



**For Men--**

Watches, Chains, Fobs, Rings,  
Kum-A-Part Buttons, Shaving Sets

**For Women--**

Wrist Watches, Rings,  
Parisian Ivory, Cut Glass

**For the Home--**

Phonograph, Player Piano, Piano,  
Silver Table Ware, Decorated Glassware

Kodaks, Kodak Albums, Kodak Self Timers;  
Tripods, Negative Albums

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**Gifts That Last**

**E. H. NEWHOUSE**

**HE IS COMING**



A Christmas Stocking  
Is Well Filled  
That Contains  
Gifts Bought Here

WHEN CHRISTMAS TIME COMES WE ARE WONDERING WHAT TO GIVE AND WHAT IT WILL COST. BELOW IS A PARTIAL LIST OF THE USEFUL GIFTS AND PRICED TO MEET THE DEMAND OF LOWER PRICES FOR GOOD MERCHANDISE.

WOOL AND SILK HOSE	SCARF AND CAP SETS In white, in the fancy colors, or dark goods which ever you prefer	SWEATERS
GLOVES AND MITTENS	BABY JACKETS	FURS
OUTING GOWNS	HANDBAGS	DOLLS
HANDKERCHIEFS	SILKS FOR DRESSES Are always useful and a sure welcome gift.	CHILDREN'S DISHES
BABY BLANKETS	BED SPREADS	WAISTS
SILK PETTICOATS		TABLE LINEN Are still scarce and hard to get, have an all linen 71-in. width at \$2.00. Also a few numbers in table cloth all ready to hem 8x4 at \$2.25.
FANCY TOWELS		
BUNGALOW APRONS		

**BARBARA PHARES**

LEAVES FROM MY LIFE  
Copyright 1922 by F. L. Browne  
I. Early Days

I was very young when first I opened my eyes to the light of a June morning almost three score and ten years ago.

So young that I do not remember anything about it. But my mother told me and I write in perfect confidence that known facts

will prove the truth of my story. For a year or more my parents were of opinion that I was destined to become a successful dairyman. With chubby hands and red lips I handled a milk route with dexterity and waxed fat thereon.

What my future was really to be became evident when at several different times my mother caught me industriously chewing up the morning

paper—trying to digest the news.

And some little time later cutting bulletins and pasting them up on the parlor wall; it is hardly necessary to add that her advice was very discouraging. I had learned by now that my legs were long enough to reach from my body to the floor and was also able to quickly tell the difference between a gum drop and peanut shell; was al-

so becoming expert in money matters, I could distinguish between silver and paper; I enjoyed biting on the coin but disliked the taste of paper money. Besides this Dad had serious objections to my chewing up his green backs.

Memory began to develop and one of the vivid impressions was that chicken was all neck, that being the portion always served to me with a lot of talk stuff about how well I liked it.

I gnawed chicken neck until I developed a set of teeth that did me good service for over 60 years.

Speaking of chicken there was an old lady who in dressing the fowl for cooking always washed it in soap suds. The funny part of it was that she would not allow the use of soaps in her laundry work.

One day I discovered an open ink bottle on the table and dipping therein proceeded to decorate the white spread with artistic finger prints and splashes. Very soon after this I discovered that mother did not appreciate my work.

Years later a smart printer patented those splashes and they became very fashionable card ornaments. Nothing the matter with me except that I was a little ahead of the times.

About now I was told that tiny boys grew up to be big men. This impressed me seriously and I set myself into the business of growing up.

Power of reason began to exert. Seeing a cause I looked for effect.

I argued that two hours a day spent in napping was a woeful waste of precious time.

I won my case but it took me quite a long time to do it.

I became greatly interested in grandmothers clock and spent many hours watching it.

One day I carefully opened the door and with great glee observed the long pendulum swinging slowly, very slowly to and fro.

After a while I reached in and deliberately stopped its swing. Later being asked why I did this I replied "Because it was tired."

Years afterward I heard this story repeated as an example of childhood wisdom.

Dear old grandfather's clock I love the memory of it yet.

It talked to me in those other days giving advice which has helped me through many a trying hour.

You my older readers who are acquainted with some grandfather's clock list; now and you will hear the words I heard. Solemnly with intervals of exactly one second between the words the clock said: "Don't fret, don't fret."

People lived that way in the good old times—the simple life.

Their wants were few and easily supplied. Happiness and content ruled.

Quite in contrast is the rush and hurry of today.

We want everything except the moon and I doubt not would include that if there were any way possible to obtain it. The clocks of today are typical of the times.

In every home on mantel or table is one of these little round shiny machines ticking away at a 2:40 gait and as fast as the words can be spoken they say: "Get, get, get, get." Woe betide those who do not heed.

The times were changing. A heavy cloud lay just below the horizon of history. A new party and a new President were coming into power.

The word politics conveyed no meaning to me but I learned that the man was big and good and great and I often marched at the head of a corps of companions who carried drums and banners and shouted lustily for Lincoln and Hamlin.

Then came the sombre days, war clouds rolled over sunnysouthern skies.

I had a set of tin soldiers, some blue some gray, and cannon that fired peas or beans.

Setting the blue and gray on opposite sides I would see how many I could knock down with a given number of shots from either. I saw men going away in answer to the call of Father Abraham.

They wore bright clothes with shiny buttons and carried guns and swords. I longed to be big and go with them. This was about the limit of my knowledge of war.

I did not know that there were fathers, sons, brothers and sweethearts marching away never to return.

On the days of big battle when our people at home would sit silent and say to me "hush" I sensed something wrong, I felt something of the suspense that throbbed in every heart and the prayer that went forth from every home.

Like all things the war came to an end, a martyred President, thousands of precious lives and millions of money made a high bill of cost. But what was might in this great fight and the world is now the better for it.

(To be continued)

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The first two classes provide connection to a specified party, while the station-to-station service is based on a desired connection to any given telephone number. The latter service is offered at one-fourth less than the rate quoted for the person-to-person call when used during the day, and the evening service from 8:30 P. M. to midnight may be used for one-half the person-to-person rate. The night station-to-station service available between the hours of midnight and 4:30 A. M. is offered at one fourth the cost of the person-to-person rate. This service provides an exceptional opportunity for long distance conversations at an extremely low rate.

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**Lincoln Telephone & Telegraph Co.**

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Clean cut and snappy. We know just how to handle type to get the most attractive display and the best results.

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No job too large or too small for us to print.



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