

A Cheerful Home Maketh for Creature Comfort

And the home illuminated by gas is always bright and cheerful. And, too, the economy adds to the smiles of content. If your house is not piped for illuminating gas, let us show you some figures that will convince you that it should be.

Taking Off the Chill—

Little early for the furnace—but not too early for chilly mornings and evenings. A gas radiator will take the chill off and save coal bills. Mighty fine for the bath room about this time o' year.

Pretty Fixtures For Modest Homes—

If you haven't already investigated you will be surprised to find how cheaply you can install some modern and pretty gas fixtures—fixtures that will add a whole lot to the cheer and brightness of the little cottage. We are showing a fine line of these new and up-to-date fixtures.

Using Gas—

Better get over the unfounded notion that gas is expensive for lighting or heating. It is the cheapest illuminant and the cheapest fuel. We will prove this if you will let us. Brightest and cheapest light—Hottest and cheapest heat. Here are two facts susceptible of easy demonstration.

How About Coke?—

Ever use it in the furnace or baseburner? It is "fine business." Cheaper and better than hard coal or semi-anthracite. We sell the coke.

Lincoln Gas and Electric Light Company. —Open Evenings

The Northside Dept. Store

LINCOLN'S LARGEST GROCERY STORE

Bell 481 Auto 3205-3206

SPECIALS

GROCERIES

Cranberries, per qt.10c
Celery, 3 bunches.10c
Currants, 11 oz. 2 pa.25c
Raspberries, 16 oz. 2 pa.25c
Pineapples, each15c
Oranges, finest what ever, at from 20c to 50c, per dozen.
Everything in this department at the very closest prices.

SUGAR

19 lbs for \$1.00

MEATS

Chickens, per lb.12½c
Ducks, per lb.12½c
Geese, per lb.12½c
Turkeys, per lb.23c
Sirloin steak, per lb.15c
Round steak, per lb.12c
Shoulder steak, per lb.10c
Pork chops, per lb.12½c
Everything in our meat department is of the finest quality.

JOHN GERLOCK, Cutter.

The Northside Department Store, Cor. 10th and P Streets

H. & H. DIAMONDS

are truly wonderful stones—nothing at all like the ordinary imitation diamonds—as brilliant as the real diamonds. See them, you'll be surprised and delighted.

Henderson & Hald, 10th Street, Opposite Post Office

J. S. Brothers

DEALER IN

Wines
Liquors
Cigars

..Always the Best Beer..

"That's All"

Your Christmas Trade Solicited

HAVELOCK, NEB.

Holiday Goods



Father Time Prescribes a New Year

It is almost upon us. For exchanging gifts this holiday season promises to be a record breaker. The Kenny Drug Store, Havelock, attracts many of the Xmas shoppers by its unusually fine display of Holiday Tokens.

Any Holiday Novelty

that your taste selects at this store will surprise you with the figure that is placed upon it. We advise you to come and make your selection early. Specialty of Cigars and Confections for Holiday Gifts.

Yuletide Musings

The joyous time is drawing nigh, the time of turkey, pudding, pie; nor do we dream of afterills, of squills, and pills, and Christmas bills.

A girl begins to hang up the mistletoe at about the age when she stops hanging up her stocking.

A pessimist is a fellow who wouldn't hang up his stocking for fear old Santa Claus might swipe it.

Christmas cigars are not always puffed up with pride.

There's many a slip 'twixt the Miss and the mistletoe.

Don't make it too strong. Many a man has been knocked out by one good, stiff punch.

Ask a truthful woman what she enjoys most about Christmas, and she will tell you the bargain sales afterward.

To sing a rhyme of Christmas time (that line is but the first of it), here's hoping you may not feel blue because you get the worst of it.

When a child writes a letter of thanks to Santa Claus, it should be cherished like a rare plant. That kid isn't long for this world.

No Christmas present is so useless that you can't pass it on to some one else next year.

Remember that it is better to give than to receive—the things you don't want.

Take off the tags. Many a friendship has been severed by the price mark on a Christmas present.

I have often wondered wherein consisted the wisdom of Solomon when he had a thousand wives. I am now convinced that it must have been in living in the days before Christmas was celebrated.

It's all right to pity the poor at this peace-on-earth season, but it is also well to remember that sympathy doesn't fill an empty stomach.

RULES FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING

Give willingly.
Give tactfully.
Put thought into your giving.
Don't consider return gifts.
Never give to others what you wouldn't want yourself.
The unexpected gift insures a special appreciation.
To give ostentatiously is the height of bad taste.
Give to the sick and the sorrowful if you would know the true joy of giving.
Never give more than you can afford. Your friends know your circumstances as well as you do yourself and the pleasure of both giving and receiving is lost.

A Question in Finance.
"Are you good at arithmetic, my dear?" asked Mr. Perkaste of his wife.
"It was accounted the very best arithmetician at school," replied Mrs. Perkaste, with a touch of pride in her voice.
"I have a problem for you."
"State it."
"How can I buy \$50 worth of Christmas presents with \$10 in cash and no credit?"

MR. STAYBOLT AS SANTA CLAUS

Some Things He Would Like to Give If He Could.

"Do you know the Christmas present I'd like to make if I could?" said Mr. Staybolt. "I'd like to give cheerfulness to the downhearted; courage to the timid, and strength to the weak; the power of self-denial to those who yield too easily, and a desire to work to the lazy."

"I have often thought what a pity it is that you can't buy all these things, these helpful qualities, already put up and at such a price as to put them within the reach of all; canned cheerfulness, bottled hopefulness, courage in tablets, and strength, say, in the form of a powder, and so on; or you might, I suppose, put 'em all up canned, for that matter."

"But in the absence of such market preparations and our consequent inability to buy such things and send them as gifts to those whom they might most benefit perhaps you will permit me to offer to each a word of suggestion."

"To the dispirited take a cheerful view. To the downhearted, don't dwell on the doleful side. To the timid, don't be afraid. To the weak, or those who fancy themselves so, try your strength. You'll be surprised to find how much you've got."

To those who yield too easily, deny yourself once, and again, and feel the joy and strength that will come back to you. To the lazy, get a job with a shovel, in a gang of laborers, under a driving boss; and if you are not glad to get back to your present job to do the best you know how at it, I miss my guess."

"I can't send you these things in cans or bottles; but if anyone of you will take my advice and stick to it, you'll think that Mr. Staybolt was a very kind Santa Claus."

CHRISTMAS PROVERBS

The love-light in the eyes of the precious ones of the household is the most brilliant of Christmas illuminations.

The soft Christmas light is not the least welcome where the shadows of bereavement have fallen during the year. The Christmas angels hover over such dwellings of sorrow in ministrations of divine love.

It was the Christ who said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Again, he said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."



At the Manger.

When first, her Christmas watch to keep,
Came down the silent Angel, Sleep,
With snowy sandals shod,
Beholding what his mother's hands
Had wrought, with softer swaddling-bands
She swathed the Son of God.

Then, skilled in mysteries of Night,
With tender visions of delight
She wreathed his resting-place,
Till, wakened by a warmer glow
Than heaven itself had yet to show,
He saw his mother's face,
—John B. Tabb, in Atlantic.

The Christmas Spirit

Christmas is the season of kindness. For Christmas celebrates the coming of Christ into the world, and the heart of the Christ message is love—love expressing itself in homely channels of friendliness and good will, love that "suffereth long and is kind." If we have kindly emotions, let them have their way and blossom into kindly thoughts and kindly deeds. Let the free child spirit of open-hearted friendliness prevail. For this is the child's festival, celebrating the birth of a child, the wonderful Giver who gave Himself for mankind. Let us carry the Christmas spirit through all the following days that come and go with all their measure of care or pain or pleasure, and bear in our hearts the inspiration and hope of the blessed Christmas festival of love, bearing ever ringing above the sounds of earth and sense, the song of the angels heralding in the birth of the Saviour of mankind.

FROM OUT THE SKIES



HERE once lived on a plantation a miser so mean and stingy that even his pigs were eternally disgruntled, while his geese hissed at him as he passed, and his hens cackled derisively at the very sight of him. He never paid anybody more than half of what they were entitled to, and even the mosquitoes avoided him in disgust as having a hide like an automobile tire and with no more sustenance beneath it. No man, woman, child or beast was ever fed by him without rendering services in advance for more than the food was worth, and his neighbors were afraid to shake hands with him for fear that he would steal their finger-nails. He skimmed his milk twice, made his decayed apples into cider, and when his horses got so old they could not work for him any longer he killed them and made them into glue, and then used the glue to stick another mortgage on some neighbor's house. Of course everybody hated him worse than they did the fever and ague, but he did not mind that much because in one way or another he kept getting money and that was revenge enough for him.

Now, half a mile away from this man's house was the little cabin of old Ike Clay and his old wife Sally. Ike was so poor that even the mice could not afford to board with him, much as they liked him, and his poverty was generally due to the fact that as soon as he got anything he would give it away to the first one who asked him for it, for Ike and Sally lived in the belief that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Also they were very humble and religious and devoutly believed in everyday miracles and that the Lord would feed his children even as he did his sparrows and fishes. And up to this time it had always turned out that way, but now the day before Christmas had arrived and the cupboard was as empty as Ike's pockets, and Ike's pockets had nothing in them at all but holes. But his wife's faith was unwavering and she filled the pot with water and put it on the stove that it might be hot and ready for the offering when it came.

"Where our Christmas offerin' is a-goin' ter come from I shore don't know, but the Lord works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform, and I don't reckon he is a-goin' to forget we uns," she said, confidently. But as the day slipped by and no special Providence befell them Ike began to become a trifle nervous—not that he doubted Providence in the least, but because he feared it might need a gentle reminder at this season of the year when there were so many de-

mands being made upon it. So he decided to make a little special effort of his own. He knew well enough that it would be a waste of time to ask the miser to give him a goose or gobbler, but he had a faint hope that because of the season of the year the old skinflint might perhaps soften enough to give him credit on his well-known honesty. So he set forth in the gathering dusk and sitting snow upon his mission and in a little time was tapping at the miser's back door.

For several minutes he tapped away and scuffed his feet and at last the miser came forth—not as a man comes forth, but in the manner you would expect to see a miser appear, first a nose and then a foot and then a hand and finally the rest of him, as if he grudging even his presence, and stood frowning at Ike through the gloom. Ike's clothes were ragged and flapping in the wind and his toes were leaking from the end of his shoes, but the smile on his face was cheerful and would have made a friend of any one except a miser who loved no man or woman or child or beast, and whose soul was shriveled and warped, and whose conscience was as tough as the hoof of a horse.



"Go Away!"

"What do you want?" he asked in a voice as disagreeable as the sound of filing a saw.
Ike took off his hat and his bare head began to bob bobbingly up and down like the bobber of a fish line when the fish nibbles at the hook below. "I has come to see yu, Mistah Skimpum, fo' the reason that I am most pow'ful hungry an' because there is no meat in we-un's cabin. And because this is the evenin' of the most blessed day in the whole world when the good book says there should be peace on earth and good will to man, I am a-goin' to ask yu to do me a mighty favor."

"I haven't got anything to give," interrupted the miser, hastily. "And I don't believe in Christmas giving, anyway. It is merely an excuse for beggary. I wish you would go away."
Ike's head bobbed again. "Yes, sub, but I am not begging. I'll do yu' two days' hard work to pay yu' for a turkey."

"I don't need any help. I do my own work."
"Yes, sub, I know that. But if you'll loan me a turkey for a couple of days I'll work for somebody else and pay yu' in cash."
"No, I wouldn't trust you. And, besides, if the Lord wanted you to have a turkey he would send you one without your begging for it. So go away."

Ike took a step backward with quiet dignity. "All right, sub, I reckons yu' is correct. Thank yu', sub," he said, and then went plodding homeward empty of hands and as hollow inside as an old beech tree, the wind nipping at his bare toes and howling after him like a wolf, and as a matter of fact the wolf of hunger was very close to him indeed. But Sally did not despair when she heard his story.

"That offerin' is shore a-comin', Ike," she asserted, as she put another stick on the fire to keep the water in readiness. "I don't know jest how we-all is a-goin' to get it, but I feels it a-comin' in the air. And jest yu' mark what I tell yu'."

Then they sat down together by the bare table and listened to the wind. And, my, how it began to howl! Away off in the northwest a great storm had been brewing that day and now it was approaching them like a giant in a rage. And as it passed along it came to the home of the miser and with a growl fell upon it. It gripped the house and shook it as a terrier does a rat, roaring down the chimney and whistling under the door until the shingles flew from the roof like feathers and the bones of the creaking miser rattled together in his fear. Then it pounced upon the fowlhouse, and cuffing off the roof blew with all its breath within, and in a second the night air was filled with flying fowls that flapped and squawked as they went sailing into the distance like puff balls scattered by a blast.

Over in their little cabin Ike and Sally heard the uproar and fell upon their knees in prayer. Frightened though he was Ike did not forget his hunger.

"They say it is an ill wind that don't blow anybody good, dear Lord," he began. "And I prays that out of this heah mighty gale will fall a few grains from yu' bounteous store." And scarcely was the prayer finished than there came a fearful gust and the crash of a heavy body against the door. And the latch broke and the door flew wide and upon the floor there fell with a thud a ten-pound gobbler, wind-blown and ruffled to be sure, but fat, tender and soul-satisfying—the very bird, in fact, that the miser had fattened for his own sharp teeth.

Sally arose and held the big bird high in her hands. Faith, charity and happiness illuminated her lean face until it shone as from a light within. "Didn't I tell yu' so, old man," she cried, excitedly. "Didn't I tell yu' I felt it a-comin' in the air? Bless the good Lord, for he shorely works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform." (Copyright, 1908, by Wright A. Patterson.)

Good Cause for Gladness.
"Alas!" sighed the moody man, "there is no gladness for me in this joyous season."
"Tut-tut!" said the optimist. "Surely there is a ray of sunshine for you, as there is for all of us if we but look for it!"

"No," replied the moody one. "I have not a single friend, and no relatives with whom I am on speaking terms."
"Cheer up, then," advised the other, with a shade of envy in his tone. "Can't you be glad because you will not have to buy any Christmas presents?"

"Didn't I Tell Yu' So?"

Illustration of a man and a woman sitting at a table, possibly the miser and Sally.