

Lessons from the Christmas Woman

By MARGARET SPENCER



TELL you we ought to cut it out this year," said the hard-up husband.

The Christmas woman put both hands on his shoulders. "We can't cut out Christmas, dear," she told him, gently. "But that five dollars which my brother gave me on my birthday is going to cover every cent I spend. They'll be just little remembrances."

"That's it," he answered, impatiently. "You'll keep it up, one way or another, and at the last minute I'll feel mean if I don't get into the game and squander a lot of money on presents."

He closed the door and went away. By the time he had boarded the car for town he knew that she was right. But the Christmas woman didn't know that he was thinking this.

She was busy in her own room, where, on a work table, lay a white shirt waist pattern stamped with a graceful design for embroidery. She had bought it for 50 cents, marked down from one dollar because it was the last. Her plan was to transfer its design to other pieces of cloth which she had in the house and so evolve three shirt waists, stamped for embroidery, to bestow on the three nieces, who liked to embroider. And all for 50 cents!

But the Christmas woman had just begun work, trying bravely to forget the hard-up husband's last words, when she was called downstairs to see the perfectly discouraged person, whose plaint was after this fashion: "Oh, dear! It's nothing to me how many 'shopping days' there are to Christmas. I can't buy a thing."

"But, my dear," said the Christmas woman, "think what you can make out of that luxurious box of pieces you showed me the other day?"

Thereupon she poured forth many suggestions about aprons and holders and shoe bags and top collars—enough to inspire a church bazaar.

"Oh, yes, but everything you make costs a little for ribbon or something," the perfectly discouraged person concluded, at the end of her depressing call. "I wish Christmas was past!"

Then she went straight home, pulled out her box of pieces, pondered over the Christmas woman's suggestions, schemed out a plan for saving a little money here and there, and then fell to work on her Christmas presents with new courage.

But that Christmas woman didn't know this.

She was getting at her own work again. This time she worked for fully five minutes undisturbed, then another visitor claimed her—this time the tired-to-death woman, who couldn't get away from her teething baby to go shopping, or to take one stitch on Christmas presents.

"Give me your list, and I'll shop for you," the Christmas woman volunteered.

"Mercy! I couldn't possibly tell what I want without seeing things," the tired-to-death woman protested.

Not until she was well on her way down the street did she realize that, with a little planning, she might shop by proxy after all. The idea, once it had penetrated her mind, pleased her so much that she was smiling like a really rested woman when she reached home and sat down to make out her list.

But the Christmas woman didn't know this.

"Have I called you downstairs when you were doing something important?" the dead-broke girl was asking of the Christmas woman by that time. "I'm sorry if I have, but I had to tell you my troubles. I'm in debt up to my ears. I haven't any right to give Christmas presents this year. I'm going to be cross until December 26."

"Oh, no!" the Christmas woman protested. "Why, keeping cheery is one kind of giving! And at least you can write Christmas letters."

"Why, who cares for those?" was the cynical answer.

Yet an hour later, at her desk, the dead-broke girl was busily writing Christmas letters, filling them with borrowed sweetness and humming a happy tune as the words flowed from her pen.

But the Christmas woman didn't know this.

She had gone back to her room for the third time—to find her work table empty. In vain she searched for the shirt-waist cloth.

"Bridget," she called at last, "have you taken anything out of my room?"

Bridget was washing the windows. "Only the clean rags for polishin' the glass, mum," she answered. "You said they'd be on your table."

"Oh!" she began. But at sight of Bridget's sorry face she caught herself. "Never mind, Bridget," she added. "Don't feel bad about it."

"Feel bad! Me?" echoed the astonished girl. The look in her eyes was full of admiration. "Sure, now, this is the first place I ever worked where the lady didn't get cross before Christmas!"

This time the Christmas woman knew.

With great gladness, because she had carried the message to one heart, she said, softly:

"Oh, but, Bridget, what do three little presents matter? It's joy that we must give!"

A HONGKONG TYPHOON.

Doors and Windows Smashed In by the Fury of the Gale.

Boom! Boom! Boom! The signal had changed to the ominous red-green-red, and the three dynamite bombs were the warning that the typhoon was upon us. No need to hurry the servants now—every one was only too anxious to assist. The wind was tearing round the house, seemingly in all directions, but strongest from the north, and the noise of it was louder than thunder. One outside room, more exposed than the rest, seemed to be its especial butt. We stayed there for a moment to listen to the raging of the storm, but even the stoutest heart could not sleep in that pandemonium of sound. It was well shuttered and barred, but it was incredible that it stood in that tornado of wind. The doors creaked and groaned with the strain, and the windows clattered with a shriller noise, while outside it seemed as though all the winds of all the ages were let loose for destruction. In the corner of the house, though the noise was less, one could feel the building rocking on its foundations and hardly dared speculate how much the late heavy rains had weakened them. Every moment we expected the roof would go.

Crash! The upper part of an inner glass door had blown in. There was a stampede for that part of the house, for the wind must be kept out at all costs. Sofa cushions, sheets, blankets from the beds, all were requisitioned to stuff the broken panes. We had hardly finished before there was a terrific noise in the basement and such a shouting in Chinese that one could hear the boys above the din of the storm. It was the door of the cook's room which had burst its hinges and bolts, and once the wind had found an entry it made the most of its opportunity. Twenty-seven panes of glass clattered to the ground in the basement before they could get the door wedged back into place with great difficulty. But there was little time to think of the servants, for we had our own troubles upstairs.

The wind suddenly veered round until the full force seemed to be coming from the southwest, and the front of the house began to feel it. The hall door was straining on its hinges, and we had to improvise struts and pile heavy furniture behind it to help its resistance to the wind. Then a rush upstairs, for a bathroom window had crashed in and the door was straining. Every moment the wind was increasing in fury, but the roof held. Between 3 and 4 the typhoon was at its height, and it is impossible to describe the sense of helplessness one feels in such a wild raging of the elements. Sleep was out of the question until the wind abated toward morning, and we rested a little, a tired, sorry looking household, encamped in the safest part of the house.—Nan Peacock in Leslie's Weekly.

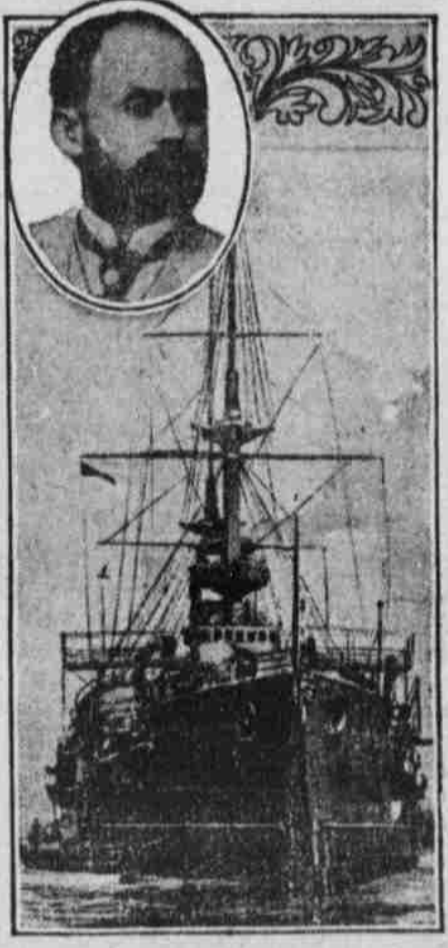
Venezuela and The Dutch.

The Acting President of the South American Republic, Juan Vincente Gomez, Whom Castro Left Sitting on the Lid—The Gelderland.



WHEN President Cipriano Castro of Venezuela started for Europe for the purpose, as he announced, of being treated by a noted physician in Berlin, he left sitting on the lid of the Venezuelan capital the vice president, Juan Vincente Gomez. That put him up to Gomez, as acting president, to handle any problems arising in the absence of his chief, and the first such problem was presented when the Dutch began their game of capturing Venezuelan warships, the initial incident in the performance being the seizure of the guardship Alexis by the cruiser Gelderland.

In anticipation of the necessity of doing something to bring the Venezuelan government to terms the Dutch had sent the cruisers Gelderland and Friesland and the battleship Jacob van Heemskirk to South American waters, and they had paraded up and down off the coast within sight of La Guayra. The Venezuelans perhaps thought that the demonstration would be confined to a parade, but if so they were disappointed when the Dutch one fine morning seized the Alexis and bore her away to Curacao as a prize. As



THE CRUISER GELDERLAND AND PRESIDENT CASTRO.

the governor of Curacao put it, this was done as "merely a reprisal against Castro's government, which refuses to give satisfaction for his unfriendly acts toward Holland."

Acting President Gomez, who is trying how it feels to run a country when there is a prospect of a fight with another and greater power, is noted for his sporting proclivities. He is said to have celebrated his accession to the temporary presidency by losing \$35,000 at a cockfight. He was acting president once before, in 1905, when General Castro tendered the reins of government to him while he went on a vacation down the Orinoco.

The South Americans call the residences of their executives palaces, and that of the Venezuelan president, which President Gomez is occupying temporarily, is called the Miraflores palace. It is also known as the Yellow House, as the executive mansion at Washington is termed. The Miraflores palace is a handsome structure in the Spanish style of architecture in the central portion of Caracas.

The strained situation between Venezuela and the Netherlands arose indirectly from the expulsion from Caracas of M. de Reus, the diplomatic representative of Holland, but it had already been rendered acute by the course of Venezuela in issuing a decree that practically killed the commerce of Curacao, the Dutch possession off the Venezuelan coast.

The Gelderland, which has visited the United States several times, is the vessel that took Paul Kruger, the president of the Transvaal, from South Africa to Marseilles after the collapse of the Transvaal's defense in the South African war. She represented the Netherlands at the Jamestown exposition.

President Castro is reputed to be worth about \$40,000,000 and is said to have taken a good many of his millions with him on his European trip. On his arrival in Berlin he went to the Esplanade hotel, where the whole first floor was reserved for his party.

The Venezuelan ruler, who is accompanied by his wife and daughter, is spending 1,000 marks (\$200) a day for his suit, and he took the rooms for a month.

On his arrival he was shown dispatches recounting the seizure of a Venezuelan coast defense vessel by a Dutch cruiser. With a gesture he replied, "I will make Holland pay through the nose for it."

MARSLAND.

Mrs. Lou Kile spent a few days last week in Alliance.

E. T. Gregg was a business visitor at Crawford Monday.

J. M. Tollman is spending a few days at Shenandoah, Iowa.

Mrs. T. Hunsacker left on Wednesday for Missouri, where she will visit with friends.

Misses Kennedy and Nation went to Alliance last Saturday to spend the holidays at home.

Mr. Waterman, of the B & M force, was at E. T. Gregg's Monday, inspecting the new crop of rice at the pond.

Mrs. Kate Walbridge, who is at the Alliance hospital is recovering nicely from a serious case of typhoid fever.

Mr. and Mrs. Bladie and Mrs. Michael were Crawford visitors recently, going over on Thursday and returning Friday.

L. Snow has been oiling the interior wood work of F. R. Bellamy's new residence while carpenter Yockey is putting on the finishing touches to an east side veranda.

The friends of Landlord Richie are glad to know that he is now on the high way to recovery from a serious illness of three weeks, and is now able to be up a little each day.

We hear that Roy Lemons, who has been running the Hughes ranch for the past three years, will not re-lease it but will go to Wyoming and try his fortune at horse ranching.

Great quantities of goody goodies, all kinds of fine candies, etc., are exhibited in our stores, and so tempting is the array that many of our hayseeds keep their hands muzzled with mittens while transacting business.

Mrs. Hughes is quite the worse from a little scrap which she engaged in recently. In hitching up her team she forgot to snap the inside lines, and as a consequence each horse went his own way. The result was a badly smashed buggy, and the driver was pitched to the ground, alighting on one shoulder. No serious results followed but just a general shaking up.

The section force is now reduced to one man. Tony and Pete, the two Italian boys who have held jobs at this place for so long, tossed up a penny to decide which would travel. Tony got tails and so left for Chicago Saturday. People were really sorry to see this nice boy, from sunny Italy, have to leave, but such is railroading.

A bank will be opened up at this place at the beginning of the new year, and will have quarters in the old Austin bank building, used of late years as the residence of F. R. Bellamy. The officers in charge will be: H. G. Furman, Pres., A. S. Enyeart, Vice-Pres., Burt Furman, Cashier. They will operate a general banking business which will be a great convenience to the people of the town and vicinity.

FAIRVIEW.

Mrs. Nellie Heath is on the sick list.

Trenkle Bros. are hauling lumber for a new barn.

Several of the neighbors gathered at the church Tuesday and erected a wind break for the horses.

J. R. Lawrence hauled spuds Monday and Wednesday of this week.

C. J. Benjamin and Henry Thornton were Fairview callers Monday.

L. J. Mungler and Miss Letha Watson were Sunday guests of Chas. Bauer and family.

Grandpa Hadley and son, J. B., also Otto Vogel and wife, were Sunday callers at J. R. Lawrence's.

Mrs. Emery of Spearfish, S. D., was the guest of Grandma Lawrence from Saturday until Tuesday.

Vincent Taylor came up from the state university near Lincoln Monday to spend Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aultra Gerdes.

There are a few cases of mumps in this neighborhood at present but we are informed that all those who have them are getting along nicely.

There will be a dance at Mike Collins Christmas night. Come, girls, and bring your beaux as this will be your last chance as leap year is about gone.

Ranch to Lease.

To lease, for from one to three years, the Hughes ranch, one mile southwest of Marsland. This ranch consists of eleven quarter sections, one half under irrigation. Good buildings, corrals, etc. For particulars, address Mrs. Mary Hughes, Marsland, Neb. 2-47

A New Call Boy

The Burlington railroad endeavors to hire only ambitious young men for call boys, and all call boys look for their men at Wiker's pantorium, opposite Hotel Charters. Phone 212.

M.R. 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.

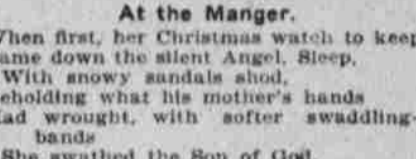
"I can't send you these things in cans or bottles; but if anyone of you will take my advice and stick to it, you'll think that Mr. Staybolt was a very kind Santa Claus."

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 skathed the Son of God.

Then, skilled in mysteries of Night, With tender visions of delight She wretched 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.

From the Hemingford Journal

H. E. Jones and family left yesterday for the winter's sojourn in Los Angeles, California, the land of winter flowers, and where no icy breezes blow. May they enjoy every moment of their stay, yet welcome the time for their return home.

Word came from Crawford the last of the week that Mrs. W. H. Fanning was down with typhoid fever, so her mother, Mrs. Worley, went up to be with and help care for her. Mrs. W. came home yesterday leaving her daughter much improved.

The railroad has another spasm of economical retrenchment by laying off all section hands save the foreman and one man, and he is the one man. It's a sight to see the crew of one in the stunt of replacing a broken rail.

Claud W. Brown has a sale of his household goods Saturday afternoon, intending to start for San Deigo, Cal., where his family now are. His sister-in-law, Miss Carrie Bushnell, expects to accompany him.

James Barry, G. L. Taylor, K. L. Pierce and H. E. Jones are incorporating a farm loan company, which will be known as Hemingford Loan and Trust Co. \$30,000 will be the capital which will be paid up as rapidly as the business will warrant. It is designed to restrict the business entirely to the field of two, three or five year loans on farms and ranches.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

"Crown"
Mrs. H. C. Haken, public stenographer, Commercial club office. Phone 677. 48-8w

The Bee Hive store for all kinds of notions, candies, etc., etc.

The "Crown"
Dr. Allen, dentist, Opera house blk.
Try Pardy's Cottage Bread.
Go to Pardy's Bakery for your Pies and Cakes.
Dr. Allen, dentist, Opera house blk.
Pardy's Bakery is 114 West Montana street.
Dr. Allen, dentist, Opera house blk.
For Rent—A large east front room, close in. Inquire at Herald office.

For Sale
Two story dwelling, eight rooms, with furniture. Corner Niobraria and Dakota street. Apply to F. B. Dismar. 40-1f.

The Geo. P. Bent "Crown" Piano
Christian Science services held every Sunday at 11 o'clock, in Odd Fellows' hall. All are cordially invited to attend. 50-1f.

The "Bent" Crown
"No bill so large, No bill so small, But this expert Can collect them all."
Expert Bill Collector Phone 677 Commercial Club Office 501f

The Alliance and Box Butte county Anti-Saloon Leagues will pay \$100.00 for the arrest and conviction of any person found illegally selling intoxicating liquors in Box Butte county, Nebraska. 51-1f

New Year is coming and most business men who are successful have all accounts straightened by that time. Let me collect those old ones that have been standing since the year one.—Mrs. H. C. Haken. Phone 677.

Wanted to buy small house in north or west part of Alliance. Inquire at The Herald office.

Pianos and Sewing Machines See Threlkeld Phone 498 Sale and Supper

The M. E. Ladies' Aid will hold a handkerchief and apron sale and serve supper in connection, in the Charters hotel dining room Friday, December 18. Everybody invited.

Christmas Entertainment
There will be a box social on Thursday, December 24th, at the school house in Dist. No. 130, eight miles north of Reno, with a program in the evening; then distributing of presents, after which will be the selling of the boxes. With each box sold there will be a free ticket given for the dance. Hot coffee will be served with the lunch.

Wanted to Winter—300 to 400 cattle, plenty of hay and range.—D. W. Albright, Kenoni, Sheridan Co., Neb., or Hall & Graham, Alliance.

Geo. A. Hills pays 6 cents for hides.

Furnished rooms for rent at 404 Wyoming avenue, or phone 205.

Piano tuning and repairing, phone 498.

Wanted—Anyone having a car of more of potatoes to sell, write us best prices; smooth, screened, matured stock.—Johnson Bros., Nebraska City, Neb.

For Sale—Two milk cows, coming fresh.—C. E. Rosenberger, Hemingford, Nebr. 3w

Notice to Patrons
The first of the new year will soon be on us and there is no better time to balance accounts. It is best for everybody. The Herald is sending statements to all delinquents and we desire settlement this month. If you have an account against us, please present it, as we wish to find out 'where we're at,' square up, and thus start the new year right. THE HERALD.

Taken Up—One three-year old steer branded — on left hip and 5 on left side. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charges.—F. McCoy. 3w

\$100.00 to loan on real estate.—F. E. Reddish. 1-8w

Carpet cleaning by the Vacuum system. No more free rooms. Prices right. Phone 507.—L. H. Brown. 1-1f