



**T**HE Model 37, six-cylinder Oldsmobile is built for those who want a car at a moderate price that in appearance, power, comfort and durability, is the equal of any to be met on the road.

In both the touring car and the roadster, you find the trimness of line and the distinctive simplicity and dignity of design characteristic of Oldsmobiles.

The six-cylinder, high speed motor puts more than 40 horse power at your command. Its flexibility and wide range of speed make frequent gear shifting unnecessary and driving easy.

**OLDS MOTOR WORKS, Lansing, Michigan**

Comfort is insured by the 7-inch, heavy channel steel frame, cradled on long, broad, 54-inch springs. Deep coiled cushion springs give further insurance of smooth, easy riding. The tonneau is spacious and there is more than customary leg-room under the dash.—\$1185.00 f. o. b. Lansing.

## A. N. Durbin Auto Co., Agents.

Elkhorn Lodge, B. of F. F. and E. announces its annual ball for the evening of December 31st. The place designated is Massonic hall, but as the Lloyd opera house is to be vacated the place may be changed to that building.

Dr. Brock, Dentist, over Stone Drug Store.

William Jones, of this city, received word Wednesday of the death of his father, Rex M. Jones, who lived at Elm Creek. The deceased, who was past eighty years old, was one of the pioneer residents of Buffalo county.

For quick action and satisfactory sale list your land with Thoelecks. If

### DECREASED PASSENGER SERVICE EFFECTS BIG SAVING.

Reports show that since the beginning of the war the railroads in the fifteen states of the central military department have made reductions in passenger service aggregating 10,636,960 train miles per annum.

By thus decreasing their passenger service the railroads in this territory have effected a saving per annum of 1,176,085 tons of coal, 369 locomotives, 1,941 men and 203,839 barrels of oil.

The reductions in passenger service which have been made by all the railroads in the United States amount to over 25,000,000 train miles per year. These reductions are made to enable the railroads to handle freight service deemed more necessary for the country's welfare, with the one great object of winning the war.

Because of different conditions prevailing it has not been necessary to make as extensive reductions in passenger service in western as in eastern territory. Passenger traffic never was so heavy as it is now and service must be maintained. However, should war conditions create an emergency requiring further reductions in passenger service the officials are confident that the public will cheerfully cooperate in the aim to do what is best.

### Missouri Land For Sale.

150 acre farm, located 4 miles from Dixon, 1 1/2 miles from Helm Station, on the Frisco; 4-room frame house needs repair, orchard and timber, 85 acres cultivated. Price \$2,500; terms \$100 cash, \$100 one, two and three years, \$1200, seven years at 7 1/2%.

CHRIS VEASMAN, Dixon, Mo. 9678

References: Alvin E. Davis and M. L. Mishler, North Platte, Neb.

The two inch fire protection water pipe which extends from the ground floor to the attic of the court house, burst during the noon hour Tuesday and the water leaking through the second story ceiling pretty badly flooded the district court clerk's office, the commissioners' room and the county superintendent's office. It is probable that considerable of the ceiling will eventually fall off.

### FREE OF CHARGE

Why suffer with indigestion, dyspepsia, torpid liver, constipation, sour stomach, coming-up-of-food-after-eating, etc., when you can get a sample bottle of Green's August Flower free at Stone's Pharmacy. This medicine has remarkable curative properties, and has demonstrated its efficiency by fifty years of success. Headaches are often caused by a disordered stomach.

August Flower is put up in 25 and 75 cent bottles. For sale in all civilized countries.

## Bob Stillwell's Christmas

By ANNE CAREW



BOB STILLWELL sat down on his sled with his chin in his mittened hands and tried to plan what he could give folks for Christmas, for it was only three days away.

"I can't give a thing!" he muttered at last, for he did not have a penny of his own, and he knew that money was very scarce on the farm that year.

The Stillwell children would be lucky if they all had mittens and warm shoes and stockings. Yet Bob knew that his sister Nan was dreaming of a doll house, little Peter wanted a puppy all his own, and he didn't dare think of his big sister Amy and big brother Elmer and his father and mother.

"Why not make 'em something?" was the thought that came to him.

Bob jumped up and went home whistling through the woods. Under the pine trees he stopped and brushed away the snow. When he got through his pockets were full of dried pine cones, large and small, and some pieces of birch bark.

The day before Christmas Bob unlocked the woodshed door and looked at the result of his labors.

There was a doll house for little Nan made out of an egg crate, with real



He Saw the Grandest New Sled.

wall paper on the walls of the two rooms, bits of carpet on the floors and some cardboard furniture that Bob had made. He had even tacked little scraps of lace at the windows for curtains.

For Amy there was the lovely picture from the Sunday newspaper which she had admired. Bob had remembered and had made a frame for it out of strips of wood, and on the wood he had glued tiny pine cones, pieces of birch bark and dried moss, and as the picture was a woodland scene you can imagine how pretty it was. Bob had found a chair rung, which he scraped and polished with some oil and turpentine. He put some screweyes in the ends, and Amy gave him a piece of narrow red ribbon to make loops—and, behold, there was a necktie holder for Elmer! For his father he whittled a reel for her clothes lines, and it was a wonderfully handy thing, and for his father he bought a pipe. It happened this way: He did some errands for the man who kept the tobacco store in the village, and when the man would have paid him some money Bob said he'd rather have a pipe. So now they were all provided for except little Peter. How was Bob going to get hold of a real live puppy?

"You go over to my brother's place at the foot of Long hill, and you tell him I sent you," said the tobacco man. "Maybe he will let you have a puppy and work it out for him on Saturdays. He has a paper route."

"I'll do it if he will!" cried Bob eagerly. Half an hour later he hurried into the woodshed with a wriggling little puppy under his coat. Of course he had to tell his mother about that. And how Bob did enjoy the secret, running to and fro with milk and scraps of meat for the puppy!

When Christmas morning dawned I think Bob Stillwell was the most surprised boy in Little River. He was so interested in watching the pleasure of his brothers and sister with the gifts he had made with his own hands that he stood smiling, forgetting to look at the tree for his own presents.

"Look, Bobby; look!" screamed little Peter.

Bob looked and turned pale with surprise. The grandest new sled, painted a bright red, runners and all. His father and Elmer had made it together. And there was a red woolen muffler that Amy had knitted for him and other things that Santa Claus brought him.

## Orphans to Rent—A Children's Christmas Story



IT was Christmas eve at the Bayville Home for Orphans, and three little boys sat in the chilly dining room looking out at the flying flakes of snow. It was after supper, and there was a clatter of dishes in the kitchen.

"They say," said Jimmy, "there's going to be a big Christmas tree in the parlor tomorrow, and candy and presents and everything, but I'd rather hang up my stockings than have all the old Christmas trees. You betcha I would!"

"So would I!" echoed Bobby and George.

"That trustee who was here today would make a dandy man for a father or an uncle," said Bobby.

"He's awful rich." "And he ain't got any children or any folks at all." "I wish he'd adopt me," reflected George.

"He patted my head." "He must be lonesome without any folks," began Bobby. Then he leaned over and whispered to his companions.

Fifteen minutes later three little boys, the oldest ten and the youngest six, let themselves through a basement door and hurried across the snowy yard to the opening in the hedge which led through a patch of woods to the village.

Mr. Bartley, the trustee, who often visited the home, lived in a big house with a wonderful garden. Everything was blanketed in snow now, and the big house was dark save for a few lighted windows on the lower floor.

Soon they stood on the porch peering in at a cozy library, where Mr. Bartley sat in a big chair before the fire, looking very lonesome. A big dog, a collie, sat beside him with his head on his master's knee.

Suddenly the dog lifted his head and barked. Mr. Bartley looked toward the window and saw the three little frightened boy faces peering in. In a jiffy he had jumped up, opened the window and lifted them in one at a time.

"Good gracious me! What are you doing out there?" he demanded.

"Please, sir, we're from the home," said Bobby. "We knew you lived all alone—and—we thought maybe—you'd like to hire us three kids to spend Christmas with you. We don't want any tree," explained Bobby. "We just want to hang up our stockings and wake up—something like home—before we came to the 'sylum.'" Tears were in the boys' eyes now.

Mr. Bartley flourished a handkerchief and tried to laugh, but his voice cracked so queerly.

"Now, that's a funny thing," he declared. "I was just wishing I had three nice boys to spend Christmas with me—and maybe live with me all the time."

By and by Mr. Bartley called a manservant, and together they took the three little boys up to bed.

Then they hung their stockings on the corners of the big four-post bedstead, and in two minutes they were sound asleep, while the servant, Martin, nodded in a chair outside in the hall and Mr. Bartley, buttoned into a fur-lined overcoat, went striding down the snowy street to the brightly lighted shops.

I don't know who was the happier that Christmas morning, the three little boys with stockings full of treasures or big Mr. Bartley, whom they called "Uncle Dick." And the best of it all was that Mr. Bartley adopted all three of the little lads who came to him that Christmas eve, and they are growing up into such fine, big boys.

Mr. Bartley looked toward the window and saw the three little frightened boy faces peering in. In a jiffy he had jumped up, opened the window and lifted them in one at a time.

Mr. Bartley flourished a handkerchief and tried to laugh, but his voice cracked so queerly.

## Poinsettia Popular At Christmas Time

PROBABLY the most popular of all Christmas plants is the poinsettia, often called the Christmas rose. This is prized for its dazzling rosette of scarlet leaves which grows high up above the equally beautiful dark green foliage.

These scarlet leaves, which measure from four inches to a foot across, are usually referred to as the flowers, but, correctly speaking, they are not flowers. When these great heads of scarlet leaves are fully grown they will remain in this condition from ten to twelve weeks. The poinsettia is very easily cultivated. It grows in any good sandy soil and delights in a warm atmosphere.

The flowers will be much larger and finer if the plant is given a little stimulation in the form of liquid manure for a few weeks previous to its blooming. After it has stopped flowering—about the middle of February—it should be dried off and turned on its side in a warm place until May. The cellar is suitable if there is a furnace; if not, select an upstairs closet. The plant will become just like a dried stick, but will be alive nevertheless. When fine spring weather comes put the pot outside and water it well. It's surprising how quickly it will start to grow, but before it has made much growth cut it back to the stump. Next shake off about two-thirds of the old soil, replacing it with fresh soil composed of good garden loam and sand. When cut the number of shoots will increase, and each shoot means a head of bloom.

Immediately after the blooming season is the proper time to propagate poinsettia, which anyone can easily do. After cutting the plant back to the stump and allowing it to rest as first described take the canes or branches which have first been removed and cut them in lengths of about six inches. Be careful in making the cuttings to keep the tops all one way as they are now only dry stems. Fill a four or five-inch flowerpot with loose sand and stick the cuttings in this (bottom down) to the depth of about two inches. After the cuttings are in place tap the bottom of the pot on the table sharply several times to settle the sand. Now water thoroughly and place in a sunny window. Afterward water slightly, just enough to keep the sand damp. The cuttings will soon begin to show signs of growth. When sure that they are rooted (which should take about six weeks) transplant them into separate pots, using the soil first mentioned. They will grow in these pots during the following summer. Always keep them in the full sun and there will be little difficulty growing them.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Gift Suggestions That May Be Useful

A NICE present from a disobedient boy to his father is a shingle. To please a husband a wife can do nothing better than buy a cheap dress for herself.

A gift which bears signs of careful attention on the part of the giver is always appreciated more than one carelessly purchased in a store. To make a baby grand piano, buy a full-sized grand and a plane and plane it down to the requisite size for a flat.

An excellent motorcycle may be made at little cost if one uses a little common sense. Look around for a second-hand wheel and place it in the cellar. Then find a second-hand motorboat, which can usually be purchased at a low price in towns that are far from water. Extract the motor from the boat and affix it to the cycle. Then you have a motorcycle that will astonish anybody in the world.

A charming gift for any man who does not smoke is a box of five-cent cigars.

A pair of skates will prove a very economical present if you happen to have two one-legged friends.

To make an acceptable cravat for a young man proceed as follows: Cut a piece six inches long off the dining room carpet. Clip the fringe off any velvet curtains you may find in the house. Take the spangles off some fancy dress costume. Now sew the fringe on the carpet and fasten on the spangles. The completed cravat will delight the heart of any young man who can afford not to wear it.

A ten-carat diamond is a suitable gift to a fiancée. If you can't afford the diamond try a touring car.

A set of Milton's works may please a ten-year-old boy.

\*Note the "may."—C. B. Quincy, in New York American.

## A Christmas Heaven

A GAMEREL roof in a sheltered lane And a laughing group therein. The winds may blow with might and main.

And the storms may clash and din, But it's Christmas, Father Christmas, Hath the keeping of his kin.

Outside, a traveler in the snow, And a glad "Hello!" once more; Within, a hearth fire all aglow And a dear face at the door, And it's Christmas, Father Christmas Giveth greetings o'er and o'er.

The circles, wonderful circles, where They are gathered today, The kindness, beautiful kindness, there, And the welcome words they say, For it's Christmas, Father Christmas, Turns no prodigal away. —Frank Walcott Hutt in New Orleans Times-Democrat.