

Mr. Merchant



Christmas Greeting Cards

THIS OFFICE is, this season, in a position to handle the Christmas gift card business that has heretofore gone to the cities. Our stock of cards has just arrived and we will be pleased to show you the beautiful assortment of engraved, embossed, hand tinted cards from some of the best gift card manufacturers in the world.

The Successful Business Man

in recent years never fails to remember his patrons at Christmas time with an appropriate card. People have become to expect it, and it is a very inexpensive way of extending the season's greetings, proving to the customer that his business dealings with you have been appreciated and causing him to remember you when he needs any thing in the line you carry.

Call at our office and let us talk it over.

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

HEROISM SHOWN BY AMERICAN WORKERS OF NEAR EAST RELIEF

Cables Reveal Appalling Armenian Need—Hundreds of Thousands Starving.

By CHARLES V. VICKREY
General Secretary, Near East Relief



Charles V. Vickrey

Approximately 500 American men and women are standing loyally and heroically at their posts in Armenia, Turkey and the Near East. Many of them during the long winter of isolation are undergoing what we in America call "hardship." But these, our fellow citizens in the Near East, are volunteers serving with a high purpose, and they do not recognize hardship when they meet it.

They have had their opportunity to withdraw with honor from the field of famine and desolation. They have refused to leave, because they know that their departure would mean death for tens of thousands of women and children whom their efforts have kept alive and whom they are determined to save for a better future.

A dozen cables are on my desk from various centers in Armenia, Anatolia, Cilicia and Syria pleading piteously for the lives of hundreds of thousands who are homeless; "Sixty-five thousand refugees Constantinople alone;" "Twenty thousand refugees at Ismid;" "One hundred thousand people at Alexandropol will starve unless relief is provided;" "Refugees arriving from Caucasus, escaping persecution, naked, destitute! Urgent need to save most of them from death;" "Two hundred thousand starving between Kars and Alexandropol! Severe winter adding to distress."

Above all towers the mute appeal of the more than 100,000 little children, orphaned, homeless, whom these American relief workers have saved and whom we here at home must sustain not only through the winter and spring, but through the summer and autumn as well. If we do not provide, they perish! And with them dies the hope of a New Near East.

The Easter season is here—the season that commemorates the Great Sacrifice for mankind. America is known as a Christian nation. She is also the wealthiest nation that history has ever known.

Can we really enjoy our wealth and claim the name of Christian if we turn a deaf ear to the appeal which General Leonard Wood, in behalf of the Near East Relief, has sent forth broadcast for a Lenten Sacrifice Offering to save these little children in Bible Lands?

Major General Leonard Wood, U. S. Army, is head of a nationwide committee making an appeal for a Lenten sacrifice offering for the relief of the starving Christian populations of the Near East, in behalf of the Near East Relief, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

A JOB FOR PIGGY

By DORA NUTE.
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As she worked around the room the nurse remonstrated with Piggy.

"Why don't you try to like the basket weaving so you can sit out on the veranda in the shade, Piggy?" Piggy sat in his usual solitary grandeur, with his eyes closed, and murmured in a tired voice:

"Have on, little one, have on. You bring back fond memories of Nancy, me father's good old girl, after she had made a meal on his red flannel shirt."

"Well, you had better be fixed up for visitors this afternoon. I heard the superintendent telling someone on the phone how to reach here, and they had been asking for you."

"You're off again. And who would be calling on me? If your muscles were developed the way your imagination is, you would be meeting this here Carpenter instead of Dempsey."

Just then the superintendent's voice sounded in the hall. "Is Mr. M. ready to receive a visitor, nurse?"

Piggy sat with closed eyes; none of that blunch could pull any of this horse-play on him. He knew they were all waiting for his downfall. Although a brave soldier with a citation to his credit, Piggy's best friends at the Memorial Home had to admit that the superintendent's order that Piggy could not join the others on the veranda was just after his last sarcastic description of the art of basket weaving, accompanied by a flood of vituperation for the doctors who had allowed him to live when both legs were taken off.

In answer to the nurse's question, "Aren't you going to speak to your visitor?" he vouchsafed a characteristic grunt, and lifting his eyelids, a trifle, noted the visitor wore black and carried a bulky article draped in a turkey tablecloth. As the nurse withdrew the visitor drew off the tablecloth from the parcel and the room was immediately flooded with a canary's joyous song, interspersed with trills of delight at this release from the dark wrapping.

GOLDEN HEART

By SADIE M. STULL.
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"Nannie, child, remember the courtesy always due new neighbors!" "Not when they are rank trespassers! Just look at your pansy-bed, Mumsy, darling—and then at our new neighbor actually petting the brute of a raider!"

Before gentle Mrs. Marcy could frame further remonstrance Nancy darted out the garden gate. "I'll teach him he cannot add insult to injury," she flung back over her shoulder.

At any other time, Nancy would have admired the new bungalow. Now she saw only the offending canine, and the man, whose indifference to her approach added the match to her smouldering wrath.

"That beast deserves the whip instead of a caress!" she flared. "He has a whole skin this instant simply because Mumsy Darling's middle name is Forbearance. And that, mind you, after he had ruined the pride of her garden—Heartsease Corner, she delighted to call it!"

Nancy waited dramatically. Instead of the anticipated apology came a tantalizing drawl: "Really, did Rob Roy do all that?"

Nancy caught her breath. "Oh! Couldn't you see him do it?" The amused smile faded from the boyish lips. "Not very well, Miss Spitfire. I cannot see you now."

Nancy caught her breath sharply. "Oh!" she gasped in swift contrition, "how rude—how cruel you must think me."

"Not at all"—he was smiling again. "You didn't know." There was a moment's strained silence. Then the true Nancy, warm-hearted and impulsive, advanced to the veranda steps.

JUST GUESS

By ARIA E. CUTTING.
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"There! That settles his hash!" With a look that startled an innocent student in a front seat, Miss Mason, teacher at District School No. 7, crushed a letter in her hand and cast it into the waste basket.

"Earl! Are those examples all done?" "None." "Then get to work."

Shirley felt a pang of remorse immediately after her last words. Ten-year-old Earl looked at her in amazement; then there flashed in his eyes a hurt expression. In another instant Earl was puzzling over his examples.

"Golly! Why should she get mad at me? I didn't do anything. Let's see, if Rover drove 120 cows to pasture and 1-5 were lost—Oh! I can't—I guess—"

At that moment the recess bell rang. Waiting outside by the door stood a great shepherd dog.

"Hello, old girl," cried Earl, as the dog ran to greet him. "Be good now and come with me."

Earl went back into the room, the dog following at his heels. "Miss Mason," began Earl, feeling rather uncomfortable, "this is my new dog. Uncle is coming home soon and he sent me her. Isn't she a beauty?"

Shirley said nothing for a moment. Then— "She is very pretty. What's her name?" "Just guess," replied Earl. "Oh—is it Rover? Trixie?" "Why, just guess." "Puzzled, yet greatly amused, Earl went out, Guess following, giving no cue to Shirley as to what her name was.

All Things Considered

We Believe That

MAITLAND COAL

Is as cheap if not cheaper, than any other kind of fuel. If you are not using MAITLAND try some of ours the next time you order.

Platt & Frees

"VAMPS" WHO MADE HISTORY

By JAMES C. YOUNG.
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"THE ANGEL WITH THE FROZEN HEART."

IN 1793, with the French revolution at its height, a fifteen-year-old girl was married to a banker almost fifty and all Paris smiled. But Paris would have been ashamed if it had known, as historians believe, that Jacques Recamier was the father of his bride, Jeanne, and married her so that she might have his powerful protection. Throughout his life he kept a paternal attitude toward her.

"VAMPS" WHO MADE HISTORY

By JAMES C. YOUNG.
© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

A LIVING PICTURE OF BEAUTY.

SOMETIMES we hear of the "baby vamp" as distinguished from the accepted heartbreaker. That description just fits Georgiana, duchess of Devonshire, born in 1757, and the subject of one of the most famous pictures in the world. It was painted by Thomas Gainsborough when she was twenty-seven and hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

ASK AID FOR THE SUFFERING ARMENIANS

Distinguished Names on Lenten Sacrifice Appeal.

Major General Leonard Wood, U. S. Army, is head of a nationwide committee making an appeal for a Lenten sacrifice offering for the relief of the starving Christian populations of the Near East, in behalf of the Near East Relief, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

BAND CARRIES ITS OWN SHELL

One band at Pacific Grove, Cal., gives concerts in a shell which they carry away with them, says Popular Mechanics. The shell is mounted on a condemned fire truck and moves about from place to place between Pacific Grove and the beach nearby, for use in concerts at different places.

WONDERFUL DAYS FOLLOWED

Wonderful days followed; wonderful for Nancy—for the blind boy—and for the man whom sorrow and responsibility had made cruelly old beyond his years.

HE LOOKED EVEN YOUNGER

He looked even younger than from the walk—scarcely nineteen. And what at first sight she had dubbed a "sissy" wave covered a deep scar extending across his forehead.