RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA, CHIEF

Beasley's Christmas Party By **BOOTH TARKINGTON** こうちょうちょうちょうちょう Copyright by Harper & Brothers VI-Continued.

Part of the room was clear to our view, though about half of it was shut off from us by the very king of all Christmas trees, gljttering with dozens and dozens of candles, sumptuous in silver, sparkling in gold, and laden with Heaven alone knows how many and what delectable enticements. Opposite the Tree, his back against the wall, sat old Bob, clad in a dress of state, part of which consisted of a swallow-tall coat (with an overgrown chrysanthemum in the buttonhole), a red necktle, and a pink-and-silver liberty cap of tissue-paper. He was scraping a fiddle "like old times come again," and the tune he played was, "Oh, my Liza, po' gall" My feet shuffled to it in the snow.

-8-

No one except old Bob was to be seen in the room, but we watched him and listened breathlessly. When he finished "Liza," he laid the fiddle across his knee, wiped his face with a new and brilliant blue slik handkerchief, and said:

"Now come de big speech."

The Honorable David Beasley, carrying a small mahogany table, stepped out from beyond the Christmas tree, advanced to the center of the room; set the table down; disappeared for a moment and returned with a white water-pitcher and a glass. He placed these upon the table, bowed gracefully several times, then spoke:

"Ladies and gentlemen-" There he paused.

"Well," said Mr. Simeon Peck, slowly, "don't this beat hell !"

"Look out!" The Journal reporter twitched his sleeve. "Ladies present." "Where?" said L

He leaned nearer me and spoke in a low tone.

"Just behind us. She followed us over from your boarding house. She's been standing around near us all along. I supposed she was Dowden's daughter, probably."

"He hasn't any daughter," I said, and stepped back to the hooded figure I had been too absorbed in our quest to notice.

It was Miss Apperthwalte.

She had thrown a loose cloak over her head and shoulders; but enveloped | Bob sawed madly at "A New Coon in in it as she was, and crested and Town." epauletted with white, I knew her at

seemeneerees | drew; while old Bob again set his | Then into the vision of our paralysed fiddle to his chin and started to scrape and dumfounded watchers came the the preliminary measure of a quadrille. little wagon, pulled by the old col-Beasley was back in an instant, ored woman, Bob's wife, in her best, shouting as he came: "Take your and there, propped upon pillows, lay pardners1 Balance all !" Hamilton Swift, Junior, his soul shining rapture out of his great eyes, , And then and there, and all by him-

a bright spot of color on each of his self, he danced a quadrille, performing at one and the same time for thin cheeks. He lifted himself on one elbow, and four lively couples. Never in my life

have I seen such gyrations and capers for an instant something seemed to be as were cut by that long-legged, loosewrong with the brace which was under jointed, miraculously flying figure. He his chin.

was in the wildest motion without Beasley sprang to him and adjusted cessation, never the fraction of an in-It tenderly. Then he bowed elaboratestant still; calling the figures at the ly toward the mantel-piece.

top of his voice and dancing them "Mrs. Hunchberg," he said, "may 1 have the honor?" And offered his arm. simultaneously; his expression anxious but polite (as is the habit of other "And I must have Mister Hunchdancers); his hands extended as if to berg," chirped Hamilton. "He must swing his partner or corner, or "opwalk with me." posite lady;" and his feet lifting high

"He tells me," said Beasley, "he'll be mighty glad to. And there's a plate of bones for Simpledoria."

"First four, forward and back!" he "You lead the way," cried the child; shouted, "Forward and salute! Bal-'you and Mrs. Hunchberg." ance to corners! Swing pardners!

"Are we all in line?" Beasley glanced back over his shoulder. "Hooray ! Now, let us on. Ho ! Music there !" "Br-r-ra-vol" applauded Mister Swift.

And Beasley, his head thrown back and his chest out, proudly led the way,





Miss Bess B. Wetherholt of Ohio Receives Important Position in

National Organization.

Miss Bess B. Wetherholt of Gallipolis. O., has recently been appointed . national secretary of the American Legion Auxiliary by Dr. Kate Walter-Barrett, national president, of the organizati o n which is composed of mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of Legion members and men who died in the serv-

drew national at-Wetherholt, tention when the membership of the Ohio Auxiliary was trebled during the first ten mont's she acted as secretary of that department. During the same period the number of local units was doubled. Miss Wetherholt was secretary of the Ohlo department with headquarters at Columbus from the time the department was formed until she assumed the national office. The Ohio Auxillary was also notable in its efficient work for the relief of sick and disabled soldiers in the hospitals of that state during Miss Wetherholt's term of office. She has also been president of the auxiliary unit at Gallipolis

Miss Wetherholt was educated in the public schools of Gallipolis and in a private school at Cincinnati. following her graduation from the latter institution she engaged in legal work. During the war she served in the statistics section of the ordnance department in Cincinnati. Her spare time was spent in organizing chapters of the American Red Cross,

Three brothers of Miss Wetherholt were World war fighters.

ENTITLED TO THE POSITIONS

Commander of Portland (Ore.) Legion Post Asserts Ex-Service Men Should Have Preference.

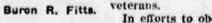
The ex-service man who has equal or better qualifications for a city govposition ernment is entitled to preference in appointment or election. according to James J. Crosslev, of Portland, Ore., commander of Portland post, No. 1, of the American Legion.



ment Incapacitated as Result of Recent Campaign.

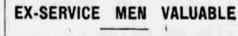
In a Los Angeles hospital lies Buror R. Fitts, past commander of the Cal

ifornia depart ment of the Amer ican Legion, with the knee that wat shattered b; shrapnel in the Argonne once more in splints a a result of hl trenuous activit. the campalgr which obtaine farm and hom loans for needy



tain support for the ex-service men's measures before the recent election Mr. Fitts made one of the greates' speaking tours ever undertaken in an; state. He made 165 speeches in 152 towns in all parts of California, Th physical and mental strain under mined the health of the Legion leader In addition, in trying to keep all of his speaking engagements he ofter used an airplane. One of the plane? In which he was riding crashed near Carpinteria, pinning Mr. Fitts under the wreckage and injuring his shattered leg. Recovering consciousnes, in the hospital, he began writing telegrams to be sent over California, urg ing the people to vote for the tw issues he had fought for.

The measures the Legion her, fought for were accepted by the peo ple of California by a 2 to 1 majority Fitts' sacrifices will mean that Cal' fornia veterans may obtain farms o. homes of their own at a low rate on interest and on easy, long-time pay ments. Also thousands of acres of California lands-provided for by th last legislature-will be settled by vet erans with this ald. Taxation is not increased. The provisions are in no way a bonus, but every cent is to be repaid by the veterans with interest. Mr. Fitts is a deputy district attorney of Los Angeles county. He ob tained national note for his efforts in behalf of disabled ex-service men as vice commander, commander and national executive committeeman of the California department.



Director of Welfare Division of Large Concern Says Boys Have Lost Restlessness.

Men who fought in the Vorld wat have lost their restlessness and are becoming the most valuable employees of big business establishments, according to Henry A. Reninger of Alentown, Pa., dl-



package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for

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Laugh at other people's jokes. It is the most tactful compliment-and good-hearted.

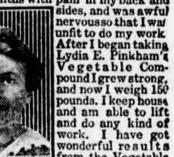
Red Cross Ball Blue is the finest product of its kind in the world. Every woman who has used it knows this statement to be true.-Advertisement.

The spider is seldom in danger when his life is hanging by a thread-



Pains in Back and Nervousness. Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's **Vegetable Compound**

Montevideo, Minn. —"I suffered for three months with pain in my back and sides, and was awful

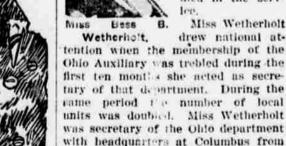


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from the Vegetable Compound and recommend it very highly to my friends. I give you permission to publish my testimonial." — Mra OLE BERGSTROM, 210 8th St. So., Montevideo, Minnesota.



"First couple, face out !" shouted hilarating measures. Hamilton Swift, Beasley, facing out with an invisible Junior, towed by the beaming old mamlady on his akimboed arm, while old my, followed in his wagon, his thin little arm uplifted and his fingers curled as if they held a trusted hand.



once. There was no mistaking her, even in a blizzard.

She caught my hand with a strong, quick pressure, and, bending her head to mine, said in a soft whisper, close to my ear:

"I heard everything that man said in our hallway. You left the library door open when you called Mr. Dowden out."

"So," I returned, maliciously, "you -you couldn't help following !" She released my hand-gently, to

my surprise. "Hush," she whispered. "He's say-

ing something."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Beasley again-and stopped again,

Dowden's voice sounded hysterically in my right ear. (Miss Apperthwaite had whispered in my left.) "The only speech he's ever made in his lifeand he's stuck !"

But Beasley wasn't: he was only deliberating.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began-"Mr. and Mrs. Hunchberg, Colonel Hunchberg and Aunt Cooley Hunchberg, Miss Molanna, Miss Queen, and Miss Marble Hunchberg, Mr. Noble, Mr. Tom, and Mr. Grandee Hunchberg, Mr. Corley Linbridge, and Master Hammersley :--- You see before you tonight, in my person, merely the representative of your real host. Mister Swift. Mister Swift has expressed a wish that there should be a speech, and has deputed me to make it. He requests that the subject he has assigned me should be treated in as dignified a manner as is possib'e-considering the orator. Ladies and gentlemen"-he took a sip of water-"I will now address you upon the following subject: 'Why We Call Christmas Time the Best Time."

"Christmas time is the best time because it is the kindest time. Nobody ever felt very happy without feeling very kind, and nobody ever felt very kind without feeling at least a little happy. So, of course, either way about, the happiest time is the kindest time-that's this time. The most beautiful things our eyes can see are the stars; and for that reason, and in remembrance of One star, we set candles on the Tree to be stars in the house. So we make Christmas time a time of stars indoors; and they shine warning against the cold outdoors that is like the cold of other seasons not so Find. We set our hundred candles on the Tree and keep them bright throughout the Christmas time, for while they shine upon us we have light to see this life, not as a battle, but as the march of a mighty Fellowship! Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you !"

He bowed to right and left, as to an lifting the table and its by "-- with. | par"

wheeled about and enacted the second couple.

"Third couple !" He fell in behind himself again.

"Second couple, fall in!" Beasley

and flapping down in an old-fashloned

I think the combination of abandon

and decorum with which he per-

formed that "Grand Right-and-Left"

was the funnlest thing I have ever

Neither did Miss Apperthwalte, at

"Now do you believe me?" Peck

was arguing, fiercely, with Mr. Schul-

"He is," Grist agreed, hoarsely. "He

s a stark, starin', ravin', roarin' luna-

They were all staring, open-mouthed

"Do you see where it puts us?"

"I guess I do!" said Grist. "We

come out to buy a barn, and got a

house and lot fer the same money. It's

They shook hands, exalted with tri-

"This'll do the work," giggled Peck.

'It's about two-thousand per cent bet-

ter than the story we started to git.

Why, Dave Beasley'll be in a padded

cell in a month! It'll be all over town

tomorrow, and he'll have as much

chance fer governor as that nigger in

there!" In his ecstasy he smote Dow-

den delirlously in the ribs. "What do

"Walt," said Dowden. "Who came

This staggered Mr. Peck. He

rubbed his mitten over his woolen

he said, slowly-"who in Hallfax did

cap as if scratching his head. "Why,"

"The Hunchbergs? Where-"

"Listen," said Dowden.

you think of your candidate now?"

in the cabs that Grist saw?"

come in them cabs?"

the greatest night's work you ever

Simeon Peck's rasping voice rose

tic! And the nigger's humorin' him !"

and aghast, into the lighted room.

meyer. "Is he crazy, or ain't he?"

seen. But I didn't laugh at it.

Gr-r-rand Right-and-Left!'

step.

my side.

high.

umph.

done, Sim Peck !"

"I guess it is!"

"Shake on It, Sim,"

"Fourth couple, if you please! Balance-ALL !-- I beg your pardon, Miss

Opposite the Tree, His Back Against the Wall, Sat Old Bob.

Molanna, I'm afraid I stepped on your train.-Sashay All !"

After the "sashay"-the noblest and most dashing bit of gymnastics displayed in the whole quadrille-he bowed profoundly to his invisible partner and came to a pause, wiping his streaming face. Old Bob dexterously swung a "A New Coon" into the stately measures of a triumphal march.

"And now," Beasley announced, in stentorian tones, "if the ladies will be so kind as to take the gentlemen's arms, we will proceed to the dining room and partake of a slight collation."

Thereupon came a slender piping of joy from that part of the room which had been screened from us by screened from us by the Tree.

"Oh, Cousin David Beasley, that was the beautifuliest quadrille ever danced house tonight, isn't there room forin the world! And now, please, won't for just one fool? It's Christmas audience politely applauding, and, you take Mrs. Hunchberg out to sup- time !"

When they reached the door, old Bob rose, turned in after them, and, still fiddling, played the procession and himself down the hall.

And so they marched away, and we were left staring into the empiy room. . . .

"My soul!" said the Journal reporter, gasping. "And he did all thatjust to please a little sick kid!" "I can't figure it out," murmured Sim Peck, piteously.

"I can," said the Journal reporter. "This story will be all over town tomorrow." He glanced at me, and I nodded. "It'll be all over town," he continued, "though not in any of the papers-and I don't believe it's going to hurt Dave Beasley's chances any." Mr. Peck and his companions turned toward the street and went sliently.

The young man from the Journal overtook them. "Thank you for sending for me," he said, cordially, "You've given me a treat. I'm for Beasley !" Dowden put his hand on my shoulder. He had not observed the third figure still remaining.

"Well, sir," he remarked, shaking the snow from his coat, "they were right about one thing: it certainly was mighty low down of Dave not to invite me-and you, too-to his Christmas party. Let him go to thunder with his old invitations, I'm going in, anyway! Come on. I'm plum froze."

There was a side door just beyond the bay window, and Dowden went to ft and rang, loud and long. It was Beasley himself who opened it.

"What in the name-" he began, as the ruddy light fell upon Dowden's face and upon me, standing a little way behind. "What are you two-snowbanks? What on earth are you fellows doing out here?"

"We've come to your Christmas party, you old horse-thief!" Thus Mr Dowden,

"Hoo-ray !" said Beasley.

Dowden turned to me. "Aren't you coming?"

"What are you waiting for, old fetlow?" said Beasley.

I waited a moment longer, and then it happened.

She came out of the shadow and went to the foot of the steps, her cloak falling from her shoulders as she passed me. I picked it up.

She lifted her arms pleadingly. though her head was bent with wtat seemed to me a beautiful sort of shame. She stood there with the snow driving against her and did not speak. Beasley drew his hand slowly across his eyes-to see if they were really there, I think,

"David," she said, at last. "You've got so many lovely people in your

(THE END).



instrumental in Jas. J. Crossley. the organization of a committee in his post charged with the duty of seeing that all veterans of the World war received a square deal in obtaining municipal positions. Working in close co-operation with the mayor and city commissioners, men and women recommended by the Legion have been named as municipal judge, superintendent of the women's bureau of the police department and chief clerk of the park hureau.

In many cases ex-service men have led the list of applicants for positions in the civil service examinations, according to Mr. Crossley. In the examination for chief clerk of the park bureau, Albert Rufner, an ex-service man, finished first.

FOR THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

President of Returned Sailors' and Sol diers' League of Australia Urges Co-operation.

On the eve of American Education week, during which the American Legion urged that importance of ability to read and write the English language should be emphasized, Alvin Owsley, Legion national commander, received a telegram from G. J. C. Dyett, president of the Returned Sailors' and Soldiers' league of Australia, stating that the "continued close co-operation of English-speaking peoples is the only safeguard to the peace and happiness of humanity."

Mr. Dyett, who brought the greetings of his organization to the recent Legion national convention in New Orleans, recently sailed for his home.

Replying to a message from Commander Owsley to Australian ex-service men, Mr. Dyett stated:

"I profoundly appreciate the sentiments conveyed in your message to Australian soldiers which absolutely coincide with those uttered in my address at the Legion national convention. I desire to reiterate our admiration of American soldiers and the sincere friendship of the people of America, and trust for continued close cooperation of English-speaking peoples as the only safeguard to the peace and happiness of humanity."

rector of the safe ty and welfare division of a large cement company.

Mr. Reninger stated that the Henry A. Reninpolicy of his comger.

pany was to give every man who went to war his old job or a better one when he returned and that ex-service men are given preference in employment which has developed since the war.

"There are a number of American Legion members on our safety and welfare committee," said Mr. Reninger. "Their service is of the highest order and they have become the hardest workers on our staff."

Before Mr. Reninger and his Legion assistants tackled the job of reducing accidents among the 5,000 employees of his company, 75 working days out of 100,000 were lost because of accidents. This year Mr. Reninger believes that the number of days lost will be only 25.

Mr. Reninger is a member of the Legion post at Allentown and has taken a prominent part in the Legion's activities in Pennsylvania.

NAMED TO DEAL WITH CRIME

H. Findlay French, Representing Le gion, Elected Secretary Baltimore Criminal Justice Commission.

A survey of the courts, prisons, pardon and parole system, social conditions and all other elements of the community life bearing upon the prevention and punishment of crime is part of the work of H. Findlay French. recently elected secretary of the Baltimore criminal justice commission.

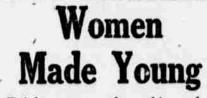
The commission has been formed by the Baltimore American Legion, Chamber of Commerce, Board of Trade, Clearing House association, Women's Civic league and similar organizations. Mr. French, who is American Legion national executive committeenian from Maryland, represents the Legion on the commission

Mr. French has stated that the commission has received the heartlest cooperation from the similar commission in Chicago, which has been in existence for two years, and from the Cleveland commission, which is a year old. The Baltimore commission, he said, will be guided largely by the experience of these commissions.

The aim of the commission is to make recommendations for improvement of the means of apprehending and punishing criminals and preventing the conditions that breed crime. During the World war Mr. French served with the Eightieth division.

Another Nervous Woman Finds Relief

Port Huron, Mich .- "1 suffered for two years with pains in my side, and if I worked very much I was nervous and just as tired in the morning as when I went to bed. I was sleepy all the day and didn't feel like doing anything, and was so nervous I would bite my finger nails. One of my friends told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it helped me so much that I soon feltfine."-Mrs. CHARLES BEELER, 1910 Elk Street, Port Huron, Mich.



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