

**HAPPY HAYFEVERITES****Omaha "Charter Revision."**

Omaha will come before the legislature again this winter with the inevitable "charter revision" squabble. The fight is already "on" among the Omaha "home-rulers" as to just what they will ask for. The matter is of small importance to the state at large excepting that when this subject comes up it consumes about half the time of a costly legislative session, for which the people are called on to foot the bills.

**Automobile Fees \$4,177.**

The records of the secretary of state this week show that there are 4,177 automobiles owned in Nebraska. On these the state collects a certificate fee of \$1 per year, which shows that the owners of the "benzine-buggies" of Nebraska pay into the state treasury every year a sum almost twice the salary of Nebraska's governor.

See J. H. Spain, north side livery for good teams and rigs. 27-30

## CHRISTMAS -- CANDY

**OUR CANDIES ARE PURE**

The Health of a Child is Very Often Injured by the Purchase of Cheap Factory Made Candy that has Laid in Stores for a Long Time. When you are Purchasing Your Christmas Candy

**THIS YEAR**

Can You Afford to Buy this Injurious Class of Goods Knowing that the Health of Your Child may be at Stake?

We make nothing but the Purest Candies and sell them at Reasonable Prices. Ask Your Merchant to give You our Candies when You are buying Your Christmas Supply and you will know

that you are getting Candy that is Fresh and made of good pure Ingredients. Our Candy may be Obtained at our Retail Store or at any of the Principle Stores in Broken Bow, Merna, Anselmo, Dunning, Oconto, Lodi, Callaway, Ansley, Mason city, Thedford and Arnold.

**OUR CANDIES ARE PURE**

## T. M. Campbell and Son.

West Side of Square.

Broken Bow, Nebraska.

## SANTA CLAUS

Has left his complete line of Holiday Goods at "The Watts' Book Store". We have everything you can think of giving for Presents.

### BOOKS

1c to \$5

BIBLES: the finest assortment in town.  
All the new Copyrights.  
Your own price.  
Books for Children  
Books for Young People  
Books for Old People  
Books for Everyone

### Pictures & Medallions

15c to \$5.00

Christmas Cards and Booklets  
Shaving Sets  
Toilet Sets  
Smoking Sets  
Children's Knives and Pocket Sets  
Collar and Cuff Boxes  
Fancy Christmas Stationery  
Extra Fine.

### DOLLS

1c to \$5.

Doll Cabs and Gas Cars 65c to \$4.50  
Doll Beds complete with Mattress, Pillow and Cover, 65c and up  
Doll Cradels, any size.  
Doll Furniture, Chairs, Table, etc.

### Rocking Horses

All kinds, 65c and prices \$1.00 to \$5.00.  
Wagons, small and large 15c to \$2.00

### Toys, Toys, Toys

Everything imaginable, Iron Trains, Banks, Toy Engines, Express Wagons, and Stoves, oil and coal. You can cook with them.

### MUSIC

Something Still Nicer, Edison and Victor Phonographs, with Records for same. Just received 150 new Records. Also have the new 4-minute Amberol Records.

### Guitars, Violins, Banjos, Mouth Harps, Accordeons.

Autograph Albums, Photograph Albums, Postal Card Albums.

### Fancy Dishes

A full line of Fancy Dishes, Silver Dishes, Berry Dishes, etc.

Come and see for yourself, whether you buy or not. Our line simply can't be beat - and we have everything. Don't ever look us when buying presents.

**C. H. & A. W. Holcomb**  
The Watts' Book Store. Broken Bow, Nebr.

## A Madonna of the Tenements

By MAUD TUCKER



HE dark face of Mrs. Carrucio looked pale and wan and bitter as she brought her children to the day nursery; and although she had turned to go, she seemed to expect the questioning voice of the teacher.

"O Miss Florence," she said, in very broken English, "there is no God! There cannot be a God! If there is one, he has long since forgotten us! No one cares for us! And life is very hard!"

Then she rolled back the shawl from her left arm, and showed an ugly wound in the arm where her husband had stabbed her with a stiletto.

The young teacher lost no time in taking the poor woman to a surgeon, who dressed the already infected wound, and dealt with a case so difficult that he barely saved the arm from amputation.

The poor woman accepted the help stolidly, for suffering had wrought its work in her embittered spirit. A drunken, brutal husband, hard, incessant toil, and the care of three puny children weighed down her forlorn life. She lived in one basement room, and her washing supplied the children's food, when her husband did not succeed in getting the money first and spending it for drink.

"There is not a dog upon the street whose lot is not happier than mine," she said. "No, there is no God."

To the three children, Leonardo, Michael and Angelo, a fourth was soon added, and to her was given the name Rosie; for the mother did not recall the names of any Italian artists that would have fitted a little girl. And when the little girl was born, the worthless father deserted the home, which was perhaps the only thing he had done to help it for a long time.

It was no argument that changed the creed of the poor immigrant woman. The simplest necessities of life were imperatively needed in that home, and they were supplied. Day by day a visiting nurse came in and cared for her. Day by day the children were tended in the day nursery. Frequent visits of the teachers brought simple comforts to the poor tenement and life became a little brighter. But the sad look was there of a woman whose hopes were gone, and who had drunk to the dregs the cup of bitter experience.

They had a Christmas tree at the nursery, with simple gifts for the children. When the exercises were over, and the teachers were taking down the tree, one of them proposed that they should carry it over to a home where one of the children was sick. The tree was too large, and had to be cut off, but it was still a respectable tree. And its reception on the first home was so enthusiastic that they carried it to another, and yet another. Nor were gifts lacking; for a quantity of second-hand toys had been received, and there was second-hand clothing for distribution as well.

A few of the children accompanied the tree to the first home, and the procession grew. First went the tree, upheld by two or twenty children; then came the basket of decorations, then a basket of presents, and then the teachers and the throng. It was long after dinner time when they came to Mrs. Carrucio's one room.

It was a dark room, with one court window, and that window was filled with children who could not get in. The table was still loaded with the

remains of the Christmas feast, and Mrs. Carrucio was holding Rosie, while the three boys gathered about her. Into the midst of the family group came the wonderful tree, for the eleventh time decorated with tinsel and glass balls, and lighted with candles.

It bore wonderful fruit—a shawl for the mother, shoes for the boys, white clothing for baby Rosie, and an odd collection of second-hand toys.

The light of the candles found a reflection in the face of the poor woman. She had seen the Lord in the love of his children. She looked at the tree, now bare of presents, but still radiant with candles and ornaments, and looked again at the face of her babe. Upon her knees she fell in front of the wonderful tree, and over her face, that had been too sad for weeping, the tears flowed freely as she knelt and uttered a prayer. And her face became almost like the face of a Madonna, as she held her babe and sobbed her sad Magnificat in her native tongue.—Youth's Companion.



Making the Christmas Dolls