

HAD ASKED FOR AN ANSWER.

Willie Wanted to Be Certain His Prayer Had Been Heard.

Willie had not been a very good boy that day, and in consequence of certain inexcusable derelictions he had been sent to bed with the sun. After supper his father climbed the stairs to the youngster's room and throwing himself down on the bed alongside of the delinquent, began to talk to him.

"Willie," he said gravely, "did you say your prayers before you went to bed?"

"Yes," said Willie.

"And did you ask the Lord to make you a good boy?" asked the parent.

"Yes," said Willie, "and I guess it'll work this time."

"Good," said the father. "I'm glad to hear that."

"Yes," said Willie, "but I don't think we'll know before to-morrow. You've got to give the Lord time, you know."

"And what makes you think it will work this time, my son?" queried the anxious father.

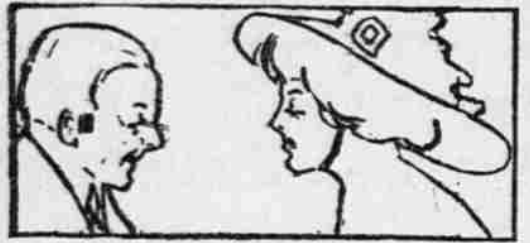
"Why, after the amen I put in an R. S. V. P.," explained the boy.—Harper's Weekly.

INVALID'S SAD FLIGHT.

After Inflammatory Rheumatism, Hair Came Out, Skin Peeled, and Bed Sores Developed—Only Cuticura Proved Successful.

"About four years ago I had a very severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. My skin peeled, and the high fever played havoc with my hair, which came out in bunches. I also had three large bed sores on my back. I did not gain very rapidly, and my appetite was very poor. I tried many 'sure cures' but they were of little help, and until I tried Cuticura Resolvent I had had no real relief. Then my complexion cleared and soon I felt better. The bed sores went very soon after a few applications of Cuticura Ointment, and when I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment for my hair it began to regain its former glossy appearance. Mrs. Lavina J. Henderson, 133 Broad St., Stamford, Conn., March 6 and 12, 1907."

LID IS ON.



"Aren't you almost ready for church?"

"I'm sorry, but something dreadful has happened. I can't go to church to-day."

"For heaven's sake, what has happened?"

"The cook is wearing one just like mine!"

Not Fair.

"Look here, Abraham," said the judge, "it's been proved right here in court that instead of doing something to help support your wife and children you spend your whole time hunting 'possum'."

The old negro hung his head.

"Now, Abe, you love your wife, don't you?"

"Ah suttinly does!"

"And your children?"

"Yas, suh!"

"And you love them both better—"

"Better ev'ry day, judge!" Abe broke in.

"—better than a thousand 'possums'?"

"Look hyah, judge," exclaimed Abe, with widening eyes, "dat's takin' a coon at a pow'ful disadvantage!"—Bohemian Magazine.

Journalism in Pennsylvania.

We have taken wood, potatoes, corn, eggs, butter, onions, cabbage, chickens, stone, lumber, labor, sand, calico, sauerkraut, second-hand clothing, coon skins and bug juice, scrap iron, shoepegs, rawhides, chinquapins, tan-bark, docks, sorghum, seed, warware and wheat straw on subscription, and now a man wants to know if we would send the paper for six months for a large owl. We have no precedent for refusing, and if we can find a man who is out of an owl and wants one we'll do it.—Treverton Times.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

The Symmetrical Figure.

Speaking of that rare gift, symmetry of person, it is more desirable than beauty of feature, because it outlasts youth. The symmetrical figure is perfectly proportioned and articulated anatomy, and nothing is more rare. Be thankful, fair ones, when you have "points" which cause us to overlook any little discrepancy in form.—Exchange.

DISTEMPER

In all its forms among all ages of horses, as well as dogs, cured and others in same stable prevented from having the disease with SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 500,000 bottles sold last year. \$5.00 and \$1.00. Any good druggist, or send to manufacturers. Agents wanted. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

Not She.

He—If I kissed you, would you give it away to your mother?

She—Oh, no. I don't think mamma would want it.

Yuletide Musings

The joyous time is drawing nigh, the time of turkey, pudding, pie; nor do we dream of after ills, of squalls, and pills, and Christmas bills.

A girl begins to hang up the mistletoe at about the age when she stops hanging up her stocking.

A pessimist is a fellow who wouldn't hang up his stocking for fear old Santa Claus might swipe it.

Christmas cigars are not always puffed up with pride.

There's many a slip 'twixt the Miss and the mistletoe.

Don't make it too strong. Many a man has been knocked out by one good, stiff punch.

Ask a truthful woman what she enjoys most about Christmas, and she will tell you the bargain sales afterward.

To sing a rhyme of Christmas time (that line is but the first of it), here's hoping you may not feel blue because you get the worst of it.

When a child writes a letter of thanks to Santa Claus, it should be cherished like a rare plant. That kid isn't long for this world.

No Christmas present is so useless that you can't pass it on to some one else next year.

Remember that it is better to give than to receive—the things you don't want.

Take off the tags. Many a friendship has been severed by the price mark on a Christmas present.

I have often wondered wherein consisted the wisdom of Solomon when he had a thousand wives. I am now convinced that it must have been in living in the days before Christmas was celebrated.

RULES FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING

Give willingly.
Give tactfully.
Put thought into your giving.
Don't consider return gifts.
Never give to others what you wouldn't want yourself.
The unexpected gift insures a special appreciation.
To give ostentatiously is the height of bad taste.
Give to the sick and the sorrowful; if you would know the true joy of giving.
Never give more than you can afford. Your friends know your circumstances as well as you do yourself and the pleasure of both giving and receiving is lost.

A Question in Finance.

"Are you good at arithmetic, my dear?" asked Mr. Perkaskie of his wife.
"I was accounted the very best arithmetician at school," replied Mrs. Perkaskie, with a touch of pride in her voice.
"I have a problem for you."
"State it."
"How can I buy \$50 worth of Christmas presents with \$10 in cash and no credit?"

The Christmas Spirit

Christmas is the season of kindness. For Christmas celebrates the coming of Christ into the world, and the heart of the Christ message is love—love expressing itself in homely channels of friendliness and good will, love that "suffereth long and is kind." If we have kindly emotions, let them have their way and blossom into kindly thoughts and kindly deeds. Let the free child spirit of open-hearted friendliness prevail. For this is the child's festival, celebrating the birth of a child, the wonderful Giver who gave himself for mankind. Let us carry the Christmas spirit through all the following days that come and go with all their measure of care or pain or pleasure, and bear in our hearts the inspiration and hope of the blessed Christmas festival of love, bearing ever ringing above the sounds of earth and sense, the song of the angels heralding in the birth of the Saviour of mankind.

MR. 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 swathed the Son of God.

Then, skilled in mysteries of Night, With tender visions of delight, She wreathed his resting-place, Till, awakened by a warmer glow Than heaven itself had yet to show, He saw his mother's face.—John B. Tabb, in Atlantic.



Lo, now is come our joyfull'st time, Let every man be jolly; Each room with Ivy leaves is dressed, And every post with Holly. Without the door let Sorrow lie, And if for cold he hap to die, We'll bury him in a Christmas Pye, And evermore be merry.

ALL of the evergreen plants have long been considered symbolic of immortality, of rebirth. Hence they, and they alone, are appropriate decorations for the Christmas season, which was originally a celebration, under the disguise of various national religious forms, of the turning of the sun at the winter solstice, and the consequent renewal of life on the earth.

When Constantine was converted, he seized upon every underlying likeness, however remote, between the old faith and the new. Every familiar symbol that might be stretched to fit the strange faith; every old custom that would help to reconcile his lately, and sometimes forcibly, converted people to their unaccustomed belief, was adopted and re-explained. And the return of the sun, bringing life and light to the winter-bound earth, became the prototype of the coming of the Son of Man, bringing life and light to the soul of the sin-bound world. So that at first all the heathen observances were retained as far as possible, and merely given a new meaning.

At the Christmas festival, the Ivy and holly still made a summer screen of the stone walls, as in ancient Germany they had turned the huge halls at mid-winter, to bowers of greenery, wherein the sylvan sprites, who dwell in summer among the forest trees, might pass the frozen months without too much discomfort. An echo from Scandinavia is still heard in the saying current among the peasants of the old world that if any bit of holiday decoration is left in the house after Candlemas day (February 2), a troop of little devils will enter and sit, one on each withered leaf, every one bringing its own small curse upon the house. These little devils are merely the old forest sprites, detained against their will by their undestroyed winter refuge and fretting to return to the awakening woods of spring.

The churches were still green with Christmas garlands in those early days, and ablaze with candles, as the temples of Saturn had always been during the corresponding Roman festival of the Saturnalia. But, as Polydore Vergil remarks, "Trymmyng the temples with hangings, floures, boughes and garlandes, was taken of the heathen people, which decked their idols and houses in suche array." And as time went on, and it became no more necessary to make concessions that would help reconcile the people to their changed faith, these "heathen" customs became distasteful to the church. One of the early councils forbids men longer "to deck up their houses with lawrell, yvie, and greene boughes, as we used to doe at the Christmasse season."

This command was observed in the temples, but in the baronial halls the old customs lived on; lived down their questionable past; won again the toleration of the priests who had sternly banished them, and to-day all the evergreens again are admitted to the strictest church, so that we again can say at Christmas,

"Now with bright Holly all the temples strow With Ivy green, and sacred Mistletoe."

The "Early Calendar of English Flowers," an old poem wherein each month is recognized by its appropriate plant symbol, ends with these lines:

Soon the evergreen Laurell alone is greene, When Catherine crowns all learned menne, The Ivy and Hollie berries are seene, And Yule log and Wassalle come round agen.

The laurel is used not at all, and the

holy but little, in American decorations at Christmas, since both plants are exceedingly rare here. But in England the use of the Ivy at least is universal, and the references to it in Christmas song and story alone would fill a small volume.

Besides its claim to appropriateness for the Christmas season which it holds in common with other evergreens, it has two especially strong recommendations of its own. On account of its habit of clinging strongly to its supporting tree or wall, it is a popular symbol of friendship and fidelity, and as such, an excellent decoration for the season of good will and universal brotherhood. And it was, in Roman days, sacred to Bacchus, who, when a baby, was hidden by his aunt, Ino, among its leaves, to save him from Juno's destructive wrath. Prynnie says:

At Christmas men do always Ivy get, And in each corner of the house it set; But why do they then use that Bacchus weed? Because they mean then Bacchus-like to feed.

This satirical explanation was but too true in the earlier days, when Christmas lasted for weeks, and was given over to a revelry almost wholly heathen in character.

To-day, in America, the Christmas decorations almost exclusively are of holly, which, for all its popularity, is less consecrated by legend than any other holiday greenery. To be sure we make a sparing use of the mistletoe, which, from the ancient Druidical meaning of purity given to its wax-white berries, and from its use by them in the marriage rite, has come to give a charter for kissing as "broad as the wind." And we have added the bitter-sweet, which has no traditional significance whatever, is not an evergreen, and is to be tolerated merely for its beauty's sake, and for the slight suggestion it gives of the holly berry.

Our American holly is said to be less beautiful than the European plant, having leaves of a duller green. But, making all allowances for possible disadvantages, it still is a remarkably beautiful tree. And as a symbol of the immortality which it is the season's special mission to teach, it surely has no rival. The leaves remain on the branches for three years, losing their hold only when they are pushed off at last by the growing buds of spring.

Throughout England, so little is its supremacy disputed, that it is popularly known as "Christmas," just as the hawthorn is called "The May."

Its name has been a matter of considerable interest. Theophrastus and other Greek authors named the plant Agria; that is, wild, or of the fields. The Romans formed from this the word Agrifolium and called it also Aquifolium, from actum, sharp, and folium, a leaf. Bauhin and Loureiro first named it Ilex, from the resemblance of its leaves to those of the Quercus Ilex, a species of oak which was the true Ilex of Virgil. Linnæus adopted the name Ilex for the genus, and preserved the name Aquifolium for the most anciently known species.

Our popular name, holly, probably is a corruption of the word holy, as Turner in his herbal calls it holy, and holy tree. The thorny foliage, and the berries like drops of bright blood, could scarcely fail to remind a Christian of the crown of thorns, and this, together with the universal use of the plant in the churches at Christmas easily would account for the name.

In Germany it is known as Christorn. The Danish name is Christorn. The same name, Christ's thorn, is found in some parts of England. But as no legend connects the holly with the crown of thorns, this name, universal among the Germanic peoples, must be merely the result of its appearance and of its Christmas popularity, as before suggested.



Love will draw the world to you and surround you with an atmosphere of happiness and success. Every hard thought gives birth to a singing serpent in your own heart.

The cashing in of the emotions in any form plays smash with the sincerity of any subsequent emotion on the part of the vender.

Yes, a magic vase is that which overflows with what is dropped into it. And that magic vase is no fanciful conception.

Drinking Barley Water.

Now that grown-ups as well as babies drink chilled barley water during the warm weather, every one is learning how to make it.

It is supposed to be better than lemonade and has excellent tonic properties. It is recommended by all doctors for those whose stomachs are not very strong through the summer season.

A good way to make it is as follows: Put a scant cupful of barley in an earthen vessel and cover with two or three quarts of boiling water. When cold, strain and add lemon juice. It should be kept on ice in order that it may be chilled. This is better than serving it with cracked ice in a glass.

It's funny where some folks get their rep for disform. For instance, Solomon is said to have had a thousand wives.

By lifting the burdens of others we lighten our own. By making others happy we bring happiness to ourselves.

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

Some women get red in the face because of innate modesty; some get furiously red, because of their quick tempers; some women get beautifully red in the face because of the beauty doctor.

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirtwaist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

If you drop in love, it overflows love. If you drop in charity, it overflows charity. Drop in envy and jealousy and hate, and it will overflow these things into your own life.

To praise a good action is to participate in its repetition.

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