

An After Dinner Talk By Little Tommu Jones



IF CHRISTMAS HAPPENED ONCE A MONTH
OF COURSE IT WOULD BE GRAND;
BUT REALLY ONCE A YEAR IS JUST
ABOUT ALL I CAN STAND!

Little Rastus And the Turkey



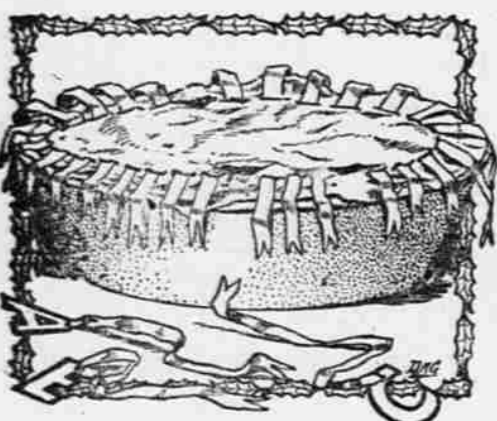
BUT, COLLY! DAT TURK, HE DONE KETCH ME!

CHRISTMAS PIES.

A Novel Sport For a Children's Party In Holiday Time.

Have a large pan covered with brown tissue paper to look like pie crust. Inside the pie have these letters, to which are attached ribbons, the other end of which come through the pie crust. The letters, neatly cut out are: Six a's, two n's, three e's, four r's, three y's, one c, two h's, two s's, one t, two n's, one d, two p's, one w and one l.

The children sit around the pie, each holding one thread. They sing: Sing a song of Christmas, A pie crust full of fun, Find the wish we wish you When the game is done. Then they pull the letters out and pin them on their breasts. Then be-



THE CHRISTMAS PIE.

gins the fun of puzzling out how the children should stand in a line so that the letters will form a sentence.

When in proper position the letters will make—
A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.



DICK'S DEVICE
Said Dick, as he got into bed,
"I surely have got a big head,
my socks are so small
they'd hold nothing at all,
so I've hung up my trousers
instead!"

SCHWALMER BOYS AND GIRLS

Their Quaint Costumes and Their Odd Christmas Dance.

Over in Hesse-Nassau, a district in Germany, there is a section of the Hessian people who present an interesting study, particularly in regard to their quaint Christmas customs.

These people live in the valley of the river Schwalm. The Schwalm boys wear a peculiar round hat or cap without brim or visor. It resembles in shape a small cheese box. They wear a sort of coat with skirt reaching be-



SCHWALMER BOY AND GIRL.

low the knees, something on the order of the highlander's kilt, and white socks with black bows.

The Schwalm girls also wear white stockings with the black bows. Their skirts reach scarcely below the knees. It is the fashion to wear several stiff skirts, which stand out from the person much in the manner of the hoop skirts of our own grandmothers. On their heads the girls wear a funny little pill box sort of hat, to which are attached broad bands tied under the chin, completely concealing the ears.

The boys and girls have an outdoor dance at Christmas when the weather favors. Each village has a favorite dancing ground where the young people gather for the fun. The boys stand in a semi-circle, while the girls line up to await their partners. Everybody maintains a dignified silence. Finally one boy steps forward to the maiden of his choice, lifts his arm and bows profoundly. Each of the boys in his turn then goes through the same ceremony of choosing his partner, who is his for the day. Then begins the dance, which is vigorous and hearty.



Dolly's Piece
The peach and apple, plum and pear
Are nice as they can be;
But just give me the fruit that grows
On the good old Christmas tree!

Milk Fed Edible Rats.
The Chinese diplomat regarded his griled frogs' legs with faint disgust. "I suppose they are good," he faltered. "It is hard, though, to conquer my repulsion. Yet they are clean—clean feeders, eh?"

The American laughed long and loud. "You," he cried, "are repelled by frogs' legs, you who eat dogs and rats!"

"Ah, but," said the Chinaman, "our edible dogs and rats are the cleanest feeders imaginable. They are equal to celery fed duck or California peach fed hog. They are confined in runs, you know, and to make their flesh white and delicate they are fed on mushes of bread and milk and vegetables—no meat whatever.

"You Americans think it disgusting to eat rats and dogs because you imagine them fattening on carrion and offal. But these frogs here—No, I'm afraid I can't. They may have fed on some tramp suicide for all I know."

He pushed back his plate and waited for the next course.

The Elusive Chuckwalla.

The chuckwalla is one of the most interesting of the creatures to be found in southern California's great desert. The chuckwalla seeks to escape his adversary by crawling into a crevice of a rock so narrow that it seems impossible to get him out. But the Indians have learned all his tricks and how to circumvent them. To the desert aborigine the chuckwalla is alluring. He feasts on the chuckwalla; hence he grows wise as to its habits. He takes a piece of strong wire or a bent twig, and, poking it into the crevice, he taps the chuckwalla on the end of the nose. In a moment the angered reptile exhales a kind of hiss, the noise being made by a rapid expulsion of the breath. As he thus exhales he loses his hold on the rocks, and in a moment the Indian pulls on his tail. As speedily as a flash of lightning the chuckwalla inhales again and tightens himself in his recess. Another tap on his nose and then exhalation; another pull, another exhalation—so it goes until at last the Indian has him in hand. Then he cooks him.—Suburban Life.

Depth at Which Miners Can Work.

Below fifty feet the temperature rises in the proportion of one degree for every sixty-five feet of depth except where currents of water carry the heat away. The result is that at a depth of about 4,000 feet we reach a temperature of 98 degrees, or blood heat. This renders it exceedingly difficult to work coal pits below that depth. This is the reason that Great Britain's coal commission decided that mines are not workable below 4,000 feet.

The thickness of the solid rocks building up the crust of the earth is at least thirty to forty miles. At that depth the heat is such as would reduce everything on the surface of the earth to liquid. But the pressure of the overlying rocks is so great that until the relation of the heat to the pressure is known it cannot be said whether the earth at that depth is fluid or solid.—Chicago Tribune.

Not "Lost in London."

The confession of the provost of the Great St. Bernard hospice that he almost got lost in London and found it more bewildering than his own Alps recalls to the London Chronicle a remarkable feat of the great guide Melchior Anderegg of Meiringen. He had never seen a larger town than Berne when he visited London, and when two famous climbers, Leslie Stephen and T. W. Hinchliff, met him at London Bridge station and walked with him thence to Lincoln's Inn Fields there was a thick London fog. Nevertheless when a day or two later the three were at the same station, returning from a trip to Woolwich, Mr. Hinchliff confidently said, "Now, Melchior, you will lead us back home." And straight to Lincoln's Inn Fields Melchior guided them, pausing only once.

Why Joyner Left Home.

"Are you ready to receive the obligations?" asked the most upright supreme locus pocus of the Order of Hoop Owls. "I am," said the candidate firmly. "Then take a sip of this prussic acid, place your right hand in this pot of boiling lead, rest your left hand upon this revolving buzzsaw, close your eyes and repeat after me."

Early next morning shreds of Joyner's clothing were found upon the bushes and trees all along the road to Pottsville, thirty miles distant, and at Scrabbletown, sixty miles away, he was reported still headed west.—Judge.

Knew the Symptoms.

The Minister—John, John, I am surprised to see you. What good does it do you getting muddled like this, putting you off your work? When you go to bed you cannot sleep, your tongue is parched, your head is like to split, and you have no appetite. John—Give yer hand, sir; ye've been drunk yerself.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Useful Key.

"What is this peculiar key on your typewriter? I never saw it on any before."
"Hist! My own invention. Whenever you can't spell a word you press this key and it makes a blur."—Boston Transcript.

Changed.

Nell—Maud couldn't have thought much of that fellow she married. Belle—Why? Nell—She boasts that she has made another man of him.—Philadelphia Record.

Everybody stumbles, but no man need lie in the mud.—Gentleman.

"Pangwangling."

A little dubious as to the exact shade of significance, but certainly alluring to the ear, is "pangwangling." It expresses—well, what does it express?—a cheerfulness under minor disappointments, a humorous optimism under small misfortunes, though indeed these seem dignified definitions for so informal a word. "I just pangwangling home in the rain," says a friend of mine, and I know he got there drenched, but good tempered. "We went pangwangling off to the theater last night," says my nearest neighbor, and I feel pretty certain they had been blue over something and felt the need of some small gaiety. It would do us all good if we pangwangling a bit more, I think.

A very meaning word is the southerner's "honing." "My, honey, I've just been honing to see you!" It is not so stilted as "I've been longing," and it is much more emphatic than "I've been wanting." It's a warm, affectionate, intimate word—honing. Let me put it into the addendum, well toward the front, for I love the sound of it.

These words are not slang. They are not exactly—as one high brow friend informed me—"low colloquialisms." They have a place in language, and they add considerably to its color.—Atlantic.

An Outside Vegetarian.

"If you are not an outside vegetarian you are not really a vegetarian at all." The speaker was a member of Philadelphia's little vegetarian church uptown. An odd figure in his gray health shirt, gray ventilated suit, gray knit gloves, gray aerated hat, gray cloth boots, he continued: "An inside vegetarian is one who puts in his interior nothing that has been procured by the slaughter of animals. An outside vegetarian puts on his exterior nothing that has been procured by the slaughter of animals.

"See my gloves—vegetable gloves of cotton, not made of the skins of murdered kids. See my boots—woven, owing nothing to some poor murdered calf. See my buttons—wooden, not made of grisly bones. Inside and outside," so the quaint faddist concluded. "I am a vegetarian, and inside and outside I get along without the murder of any creature—fish, flesh or fowl. There are many like me."—New York Press.

"Slipper Allum Tea."

The sidewalk stand, a soap box, was littered with rolls of brown bark, tobacco twists and withered switches tied with twine. The proprietor, a brown and shriveled old colored woman, sat on another box. A passing woman lingered to ask the old aunty the meaning of her wares.

"Dese t'bacca twisses is for mo'ls. an' de red oak bark is good for cuts. an' de slipper allum chips is a cure for ole maids."

"You ought to make a fortune out of that, aunty. How does it work?"

"Iuh, huh, chile, das as easy as a possum clim'in' a tree. You see, ole maid ladies is most in ginral lean an' lonesome lookin, an' slipper allum tea makes 'em fat. When dey gets fat dey gets chipperish, an' some genuum gwine come along an' take a 'mlration to 'em unless dey takes to drinkin' de tea too late—huh, huh!"—New York Post.

Who Said Gunpowder?

"I don't want you to get scared at this story," began the baldheaded man, "but I hope you've all got good nerves."

The listeners eagerly drew together. "Well," began the narrator, "people lose their lives sometimes in the strangest ways. I know an Irishman—poor fellow—who a few months ago sat down on what he supposed was a keg of black sand to have a smoke. After finishing the first pipe he knocked the live ashes into the keg. There happened to be a crowd of workmen standing by at the time, and—

"Many killed?" exclaimed a breathless listener.

"Killed—blown up?"

"Why? Nothing explosive about black sand, is there?"—London Scraps.

His Conceit.

The Abbe Pradt, a rushlight of Napoleon's time, was a most conceited man. The Duke of Wellington met him in Paris at a dinner given in honor of himself. The abbe made a long oration, chiefly on the state of political affairs, and concluded with the words, "We owe the salvation of Europe to one man alone." "Before he gave me time to blush," said the duke, "he put his hand on his heart and continued, 'To me!'"

An Oath of Silence.

In certain districts of Western Australia there are women who take an oath to remain silent after the death of their husbands. In some cases they will remain mute for two years after the funeral, and very often the oath is kept also by the mother and mother-in-law of the deceased.—Paris Revue Medicale.

The Poets.

"Poets are born and not made."
"But they ain't born tagged," opined a rural philosopher. "Their fathers consequently hafta go ahead and educate 'em, jest as if they was going to be good for something."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Defined.

"Pa, what is a knocker?"
"A knocker, my boy, is a man who usually finds fault with another man who is doing something better than he could do it himself."—Detroit Free Press.

When men are friends there is no need of justice.—Aristotle.

If It Fits You Wear This Cap

By Herbert Kaufman

Advertising isn't a crucible with which lazy, bigoted and incapable merchants can turn incompetency into success—but one into which brains and tenacity and courage can be poured and changed into dollars. It is only a short cut across the fields—not a moving platform. You can't "get there" without "going some."

It's a game in which the *worker*—not the *shirker*—gets rich.

By its measurement every man stands for what he *is* and for what he *does*, not for what he *was* and what he *did*.

Every day in the advertising world is *another* day and has to be taken care of with the same energy as it's *yesterday*.

The quitter *can't survive* where the *plugger* has a ghost of a chance.

Advertising doesn't take the place of business talent or business management. It simply tells what the business *is* and *how* it is managed. The snob whose father *created* and who is content to live on what was *handed* to him can't stand up against the man who knows he *must build for himself*.

What makes *you* think that *you* are entitled to prosper as well as a competitor who *works twice as hard* for his prosperity?

Why should as many people come to *your* store as patronize a shop that makes an endeavor to *get* their trade and shows them that it is *worth while* to come to its doors?

Why should a newspaper send as many customers to *you* in *half* the time it took to fill an establishment which advertised *twice* as long and *paid twice as much* for its publicity?

This is the day when the *best* man wins—after he *proves* that he *is* the best man—when the *best* store wins, when it has shown that it *is* the best store—when the *best goods* win, after they've been *demonstrated to be* the best goods.

If you want the *plum* you can't get it by lying under the *tree* with your mouth open waiting for it to drop—too many other men are willing to climb out on the limb and risk their necks in their eagerness to get it away from you.

It is a *man's game*—this advertising—just hanging on and tugging and straining all the time to *get* and *keep* ahead. It is the finite expression of the law of competition which sits in blind-folded justice over the markets of the world.

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R. F. D. NO. 1.

They had a Christmas tree at the Pickens school in district No. 31, Miss Geneva Fitch, teacher, and the report is that they never had a finer, bigger tree.

In district No. 3, Miss Dea Mette, teacher, a Christmas tree was also a big attraction. The exercises were well attended and every one enjoyed the occasion.

W. E. Bower has bought a farm near Denver, where his son Amos has land, and will move there in the spring. His son Ed will occupy the farm here.

Nelson Downs has purchased 40 acres from Gerald Wilcox on the "four corners", paying \$100 an acre for the same.

Arthur Randel is home from Franklin for the holidays. Will return to school, next Monday.

Mrs. Wm. Stadler of Minden, Nebr., is here visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Downs.

Mr. Dietz and family of Colorado, are visiting Fred Lenhart and family, this week.

Marsh Phillippi and wife and Johnson girls were at Dudek's Christmas.

Jake Frichtner is at home.

Both O. K.

The cash system and the edible, life-strengthening quality of D. C. Marsh's meats. And they go well together: You pay for what you get only and get only what you want.

H. E. DURHAM

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