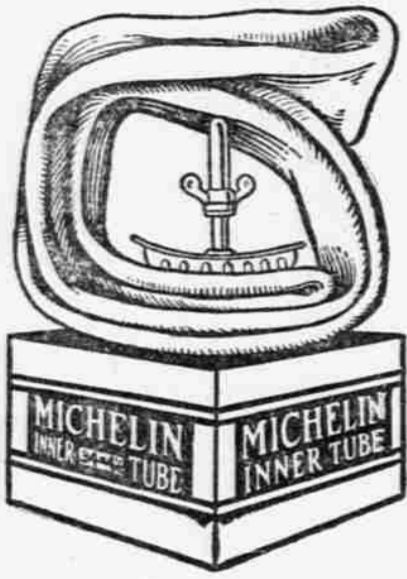


MICHELIN Inner Tubes

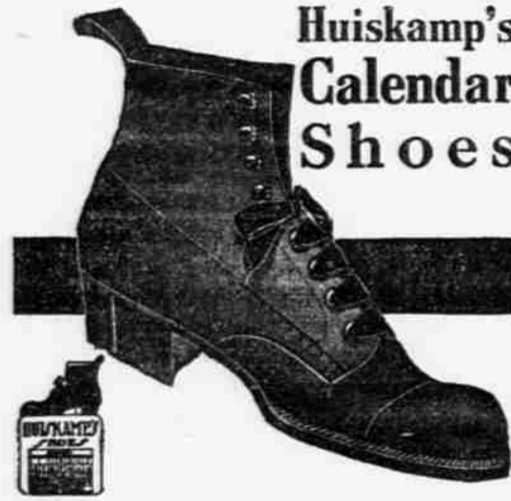
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CATHOLIC—Order of services: Mass 8:30 a. m. Mass and sermon, 10:30 a. m. Evening services at 8:00. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.
WM. J. PATTON, O. M. I.

Methodist—Preaching by the pastor at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Epworth League at 7 p. m.
LESTER E. LEWIS, Pastor.

EPISCOPAL—Sunday school at ten o'clock. Morning prayer and sermon at eleven o'clock. Evening prayer and sermon at eight. Choir rehearsal as usual; every member please attend
ALFRIC J. R. GOLDSMITH, Rector.

German Congregational—Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Junior C.E. at 1:30 p. m. Senior C. E. at 7:30. All Germans cordially invited to attend these services.
HENRY KAURERZ, Pastor.

GERMAN EVAN. LUTHERAN—Services every other Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.
REV. GROTHEER, Pastor.

BAPTIST—Bible school 5 p. m. Preaching at 11 and 8 o'clock.
D. L. McBRIDE, Minister.

W E can not know what to do with Rose—had not known for a long time. She was incorrigible—an incorrigible giver. She would give away anything from her slippers to the plume on her hat.

She did that very thing once—took an eighteen inch ostrich plume from her hat and gave it to a girl book agent. And when chided by my sister she merely opened wide her lovely gray eyes and exclaimed:

"Why, Mary Ennis, that girl had never had an ostrich plume in her life, and she looked so tired and discouraged. I just could not buy her book—it was about the horrors of something or other. But you ought to have seen the light in her face when I gave her that beautiful plume."

Perhaps it would have been good to see the light in the girl's face, but the light in Rose's was enough to disarm Sister Mary. It always ended that way. Dozens of Rose's friends had undertaken to scold her roundly for her foolish generosity, but always when she had explained one felt that only a brute could have done differently.

Rose had just begun to have some success with her drawings and was earning a little money.

"It will be such a help to her," said a friend. "She loves pretty things so and has very few of them, poor child!"

Mary sniffed, out of patience: "Help? What do you suppose she did with the \$30 she got last month for those sketches? Buy her some gloves and neck ribbons and a new waist? Not a bit of it. She sent \$5 to some girl she used to know in school who is in Colorado for her health and \$5 to some crippled second cousin in the east, gave \$5 to the heathen in India and spent the rest on the sick negro that does her chores and on her washerwoman's kids."

The worst of it is Rose's wardrobe. Her son revels in beauty. She loves pretty things with the ardor of a child. But the prettier a thing is the surer the idea will pop into her head. "What a delightful present for somebody!" It requires the eternal vigilance of Mary and five or six of her intimate friends to keep Rose presentable.

All her friends tried, singly and collectively, to make Rose over "for her own good," and all, singly and collectively, failed utterly. They gave up then and just enjoyed her as she was, for she certainly was a delight. After that we spent our time trying to devise gifts of a sort and give them at a time when they would stick.

Two years before we learned it was utter folly to give Rose things at Christmas, provided one wanted her to keep them. The girls made up that year a magnificent Christmas box full of all manner of dainty and beautiful things for her attractive person and home room.

But, alas, Christmas afternoon Rose

By William H. Hamby

was found in the highest state of delight. It was a beautiful world, she had the dearest friends in it, and this was the best Christmas in nineteen hundred years. We were suspicious at once, and when we had heard the story of the girl who had lost her place in the store, of the woman with a sick husband, of the crippled girl next door, of the old lady with the bronchitis, of the preacher's pretty little homesick wife, of the washerwoman's five children, we had heard the complete story of all our Christmas presents, except a little book of poems which I had sent.

"I kept that," said Rose laughingly. "To remember your presents by."

About the 1st of April Mary had an idea. "Harvey Ennis," she said, "I tell you what we girls are going to do. You can help anonymously if you want to. The 24th is Rose's birthday. There does not happen to be a single holiday near it, and surely not more than one or two of her friends and proteges have a birthday at the same time. So we are going to make her up just a wonderful birthday box, and maybe she will get a little good of it."

It was magical the way the friends responded to Mary's suggestion, and there were lots of friends, for everybody loved Rose and liked to give her things. That box was a beauty. It looked to me as if it contained everything a girl could use or want, and some more, and every-

thing was of the finest and daintiest. The box went Thursday evening. Friday was her birthday. Saturday afternoon as sister and I had started downtown Mary said:

"Look at Norah Conway. I never saw her go like that before. What do you suppose is the matter with her?"

Norah is a slow, awkward girl of sixteen. She was half running and tumbling down the street in great excitement with a bundle under her arm. Every few minutes she bent her head and peeked through a tear in the paper wrapper at something inside.

"I have it," said Mary, brightening. "She has something new for tomorrow."

"Harvey Ennis!" She stopped and clutched my arm. "Didn't she come down that street?" pointing to the one Rose lived in.

I nodded and bit my lip. "She's giving them away," Mary said, with wrathful conviction. "Come on; I am going to see." And she turned me about and started toward Rose's home.

On the way we met three other bundles and excited happy faces.

"Rose Merrifield," began Mary, more nearly angry with her friend than I ever had seen her.

"Now—now, honey!" Rose kissed her and patted her on the back until a sigh of resignation came, followed by an adoring smile. "They did not have anything new, you know, for tomorrow, and, Mary, tomorrow is Easter! I've had the loveliest time giving Easter presents!" And a faraway light came into her eyes.

"Presents?" echoed Mary. "What-



GAVE IT TO A GIRL BOOK AGENT. full of dainty and beautiful things for her attractive person and home room.

Where it is always Easter

By Peter McArthur.
[Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.]

When with the reapers I could hear
(Such power hath a believing ear)
The whisper of the falling grain,
"In season due we'll rise again."

In winter, when the snow was deep
And life was in its frozen sleep,
I heard a murmur, "Soon the spring
To us will resurrection bring."

In springtime, when the world awoke,
I from all the fields a voice there spoke,
And all things sang with one accord,
"We rise as rose our buried Lord."

And all the surging summer through
As grew the flowers my spirit grew,
With all that grows I claim my part—
'Tis always Easter in my heart.



INDIANOLA.

Jim Barbers left Tuesday evening on No. 5 for Grover, Colo., and Mart Akers and family on No. 15 the same evening for Deming, New Mexico. They go to make their homes at these places.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wing and Mildred visited in Holdrege a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fritsch went up to Stratton Saturday morning for a visit with Mrs. Fritsch's sister.

Keith Jones went down to Holdrege Saturday morning for a visit with a friend.

Lucy Miller and Mrs. Strunk were in McCook Saturday.

Miss Susie Collings is visiting in Colorado.

Henry Lehn of Montana is here visiting with relatives.

Word was received Saturday from Wray, Colorado, of the death of Chas. Gentry. He had been sick for several months but it was thought that he was improving.

Ernest Crabtree came home from Washington Sunday, called by the serious illness of his mother.

Harry Wilber and Nina Jones spent Sunday and Monday with friends near Holdrege.

Mrs. Lucy Dunning was given a post card shower Monday, the event being her eightieth birthday. She received about fifty cards.

Joe Kavalec who a few years ago went to the eastern part of the state to live, has sold his place there and returned to Indianola.

Mr. and Mrs. Coleman and Mrs. Coleman's sister left on No. 6 Monday evening for Iowa.

The horse which Mrs. Suiter and Myrtle were driving to church Sunday morning became frightened at a tin can and kicked over the shafts, then ran into a fence throwing them both out, breaking one of Mrs. Suiter's wrists and injuring Myrtle's shoulder.

GRANT.

A nice rain here last week. Sam Randal, general agent for the J. I. Case Threshing Machine Co., was over last Wednesday to look over Wesch brothers thresher in order to replace some repairs which were made out of poor material and workmanship.

Jefferies Brothers were over last Friday with the intention of selling Jacob Wesch and sons a Percheron stallion.

John Hoffman went to McCook on business last Wednesday.

Mrs. Henry Wesch is on the sick list.

Albert and Winifred Weeks and families, A. Peters and family and Roy Albrecht and family took dinner at the home of Jacob Wesch Sunday.

A number of people went to Cedar Bluffs Friday to see the Cedar Bluffs-Oberlin ball game.

BOX ELDER.

Miss Marie Stone visited the school in this district last Friday.

Mrs. Margaret Harrison left last Thursday for Friend, where she will make her home.

Mrs. David Brown and Mrs. T. M. Campbell called on Mrs. Driggs last Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Maude Stephens of Beverly is visiting Mrs. Mollie Spaulding.

Mrs. Stella Satchell of Imperial is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Modrell.

Rev. Brown will preach next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Subject, "The Resurrection."

The Sunday school will give an Easter entertainment at the church Sunday morning, and the Epworth League will give an entertainment in the evening. Everybody invited to attend all these services.

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