

## At the Presbyterian Fete

Some Amusing Conversations Heard  
by a Tribune Reporter.

**H**OW do you do? I hope you are going to buy lots of things—you want things to give to ladies. Now here is the loveliest Kensington bag—isn't that sweet? No, of course you wouldn't know what to do with it, but you can give it to your mother or sister. Oh, what an unnatural brother! It is only two dollars. You mean thing! Now, here is an awfully pretty hair receiver—you don't? Why, I couldn't get along without a hair receiver. Yes, you might as well take that Kensington bag—Oh, that's good. Two dollars more Mrs.—. Now you have got started you are all right. Don't you want a sofa pillow cover? Well, you are very lucky; we never have too many.

Yes, that's very pretty isn't it?—well, it would do for either. You will? Oh, that's fine! They are so hard to get rid of, they are the sort of thing nobody wants.

How do you do?—Oh, that's good. We are doing very well; all those baby hoods have gone except that purple and red one; and I think Mrs.— will take that—she is rather blind, you know.

Well, have you found anything else you like? How about a clothes hanger? Well, you can't have too many clothes hangers, can you? I think these are very cunning things, such a good idea. Now, don't you want this doll? I know your little sister would like this one; it's really awfully cheap for ten dollars—now, that's fine! what a lovely new ten-dollar bill! Thanks ever so much. Yes, that's all right. Don't you want me to wrap them up for you—Oh, you are? All right—yes, I'm glad. I hate doing up bundles. Good-bye.

No, the confectionary booth is just next door. They have pop-corn balls—the girls are all crazy about them.

Oh, Mrs.—, how much do you think I ought to mark this for? Yes, it has just come. I don't know what it's for, but it's rather pretty and it looks very useful—no, her daughter made it. She said she had the velvet and the sequins and her mother gave her the lace. What do you think—two dollars and a half? All right.

Hallo, Nelle; pretty bazar, isn't it? Have you been to the chocolate booth yet? It's awfully pretty—no, thanks, I can't leave now; you ought to taste that chocolate, though. It's great—good-bye.

Oh, Mrs.—, there you are—Yes, there's just one pair left: pretty little stockings, aren't they? How old? Well, if it's little it will grow into them, and if it's big they will pull over somehow, won't they? Thank you. Now, is there anything else you'd like? This pair of brown silk hose is only one-fifty. You don't—alright. Thank you ever so much. Yes, that's your change. Who? Young, Mrs.—? Yes, she's in the linen booth.

Here, you boys must not run against this table like that. Dorothy, don't touch those dishes, darling; your fingers are so sticky. They are two dollars—no, I don't think I've got anything for three cents. No, that plate is three dollars—don't touch it. No, we haven't any plates for three cents. Now, boys you have knocked down that picture—don't you pick it up, you'll get it covered with candy. Dorothy, you've got a

piece of peanut brittle right in your hair. I don't know, we haven't counted lately. I say I don't know—we haven't counted. Run away—you can get a pop-corn ball for three cents Dorothy.

We might count the money again now Minnie, there must be a lot more by this time. You count the silver and I'll count the bills—well, you count the bills then, and I'll count the silver. We shall have to have a bigger box soon. Goodness! There is hardly any silver! What has happened? There was such a lot—Oh, of course, we've given it in change, haven't we? Of course, it's in the bills. But it never seems the same, does it? Well here's a dollar-eighty in silver, and I owe the box fifty-seven cents. I'll call it sixty—it'll be easier to add. Sixty and a dollar-eighty are what? Two-sixty? No, two-thirty! You are sure it's two-forty? All right, now how many bills have you got?—Why my dear, there must be more than that; we had eighty-five dollars ever so long ago, and I have sold that dresser scarf since then and those dollies and heaps of things. Let me count; ten and ten is twenty and five is twenty-five and ten is—well, I guess, I'll count all the tens first and then the fives—please don't talk to me. Oh, there comes Mr. James; make him buy that handkerchief—tell him Miss—made it (goes on counting.) Minnie, I've got too much now. We couldn't have had a hundred and fifty dollars, could we?—Oh, Mr. James, are you good at counting? Don't you want to count this for us? Oh, thanks ever so much—don't talk to him while he is counting—don't you hate to be talked to when you are counting. I do; I can't count very well anyway, and if anyone talks to me—oh, excuse me, I'm awfully sorry. Didn't you skip then? Weren't there two fives sticking together there? I thought I saw—no I see—all right, don't let me interrupt you. Have you been to see the vaudeville yet? Oh, excuse me! But I was afraid you hadn't heard about it. They say it's very good. You make it a hundred and thirty, do you? I should think it was all right, don't you, Minnie? That's fine! Oh, no, we don't want to count it. I guess that's all right; thank you ever so much, you've been so good we won't make you buy a thing—Oh, do you really want that handkerchief? Yes, we can add five to thirty all right. Oh, yes we've been awfully busy. Why, we would simply love to have a cup of chocolate, Mr. Whitaker, but we can't leave now, you see.

Oh, Mrs.— are you going to stay here now? Because we've been invited to go and have some chocolate. There's the money box and there isn't much change, but you can often make people take a few more things to make their money come out even. And Mrs.— owes two dollars for the things she got, so if she comes in you'll know, and you'd better mark down anything you think you can sell.

Well! Did you ever know anything like those people? they never bought a thing, they are as bad as Mrs.—; why you know, she's so stingy she won't buy anything, so she goes around with her friends and carries their packages, and every one who isn't onto it, thinks she bought a lot of things.

Horse coughs and stuffy colds that may develop into pneumonia over night are quickly cured by Foley's Honey and Tar as it soothes inflamed membranes, heals the lungs, and expels the cold from the system. Kerr's Pharmacy.

## The Day of Home Coming

Speaking of the victories of peace, on the 25th of this month the whole civilized world will lay aside business cares and worries, will lay down the tools of trade and commerce to honor One who died at the early age of 33 years. Who taught the lessons of peace and the holy influence of love and Who died despised and crucified more than 2,000 years ago.

What more appropriate way could be found to celebrate the birthday of the Christ than the universal home coming that always obtains at Christmas.

I who write this am growing a little old and have wandered far, but never have I been away from the home of my youth on Christmas. This is one of my blessings.

I remember in 1902 I was returning home from California just before Christmas. Coming out of Pueblo, Colorado, on the Denver & Rio Grand, the train was an hour and a half late. We would have but twenty minutes at Denver to catch the Burlington, east bound. If we made it several Chicago gentlemen would be home for Christmas eve and a Pittsburg man would be home for Christmas day. A railroad official on the car wired to headquarters for orders to make up lost time and if possible to make the Burlington connection at Denver. The old men fussed like a convention of the Daughters of the Revolution until the requested orders were received. Then they took up a collection of \$40 for the engineer if he would hurry up. Even the porter, whose little picanninies in Chicago were waiting for their Santa Claus, chipped in two dollars. A committee waited on the engineer at Colorado Springs and told him what was coming. Gee, how we did go! Men held their watches to time the miles, and speculated and hoped.

Well, we made it by three minutes and everyone, including the engineer, was happy.

If you have ever been on the train, the day before Christmas, you have seen and heard the hundreds who were "going home." Children and grandchildren whose duties and obligations have led them along strange paths are even now turning their faces homewards, while those who have missed them so sorely are waiting with joyful anticipations the time when the loved ones shall return to rush into their empty arms and spend Christmas at home.

This nation of ours is safe, as long as its people celebrate Christmas by home comings, for upon the foundation of the American home is builded the prosperity of God's youngest and best government.

### AFTER THE GRIPPE

**Vinol Restored This Man's Strength**

"Several years ago I was attacked by a severe case of grippé, which left me with a hacking cough, soreness in my chest, and bronchitis. I took nearly every kind of cough syrup sold on the market, besides medicine given me by physicians.

I received no permanent relief until my druggist asked me to try Vinol, and after taking three bottles I was entirely cured.

I believe Vinol to be the greatest blessing ever offered to the public, as it does what is claimed for it." R. E. R. Hicks, Maplesville, Ala.

The reason Vinol cures chronic coughs, colds and pulmonary troubles is because it contains tonic iron and all the healing and body building elements of cod liver oil but no oil.

Vinol is also unexcelled as a strength builder for old people, delicate children, weak and run-down persons, and after sickness.

A. G. WANNER, Falls City, Neb.

# What's a Good Newspaper?

The Tribune tells the news as faithfully and truthfully as it can, without fear and without favor, and comments on it with the best intelligence it can command.

The Tribune is in league with all men and women who think, and with all the agencies that strive for the happiness of the people.

The Tribune shields no wrong that ought to be exposed and stops at no truth that ought to be uttered.

The Tribune does not lend itself to the making of strife between citizens, neither rages like a demagogue nor weeps like a charlatan.

The Tribune has ideals, believes in progress, and wins its way by courage, plain speaking and fair dealing.

The Tribune assembles each week as much of the good things that are done in the world as it can find and no more of the foul than it must.

The Tribune has political opinions and may belong to a party, but it cannot be an organ and keep the high faith of the best journalism.

The Tribune knows no boss, leans to no petty satrap of office, and owes no allegiance but to that which is believed to be true.

The Tribune is run on business principles and should make money and prosper like any other business, but probably won't if that is its sole aim.

The Tribune takes a cheerful view of the world, is kind to human failing, and helps men more by entertaining them than by ranting and scolding at them.

## The Tribune is Different That's All