

MORSMAN'S

YE SHOPPE OF S. CLAUS & CO.

MORSMAN'S

Ho! All ye who shoppe for ye Christmas-tyme. We have sundry and divers things to put in ye stockings that are liken to hang by ye fireside with mouths to be filled. We have beauteous and costly presents for kin and for friends. Likewise wondrous and artful toys to mayke ye children happie and diligent, also those that mayke them to grow in wisdom. Our prices will please ye, for we have taken a little off here and yon and ye may read below what each price will buy. Comme ye early, for it is ye early bird that catcheth the worm, and ye early shopper getteth ye best choosing. We invite all to our shoppe and bid ye welcome.

Five-Cent Section (In Balcony)

Decorated Mugs.
China and Glass Vases.
Nut Bowls.
Doll Heads.
Pictures in Frames.
Dolls.
Toy Dishes.
Decorated Plates.
Rubber Balls.
Etched Tumblers.
Stuffed Dogs.
Calliops histles.
Pig Banks.
Transparent Slates.
Horns and Bugles.
Musical Toys.
A. B. C. Blocks.
Whips with Whisties.
Reins with Bells.
Jumping Jacks.
Celluloid and Metal Rattles.
Toy Lanterns.
Transparent Slates.
Decorated Metal Cups.
Glass Berry Dishes.
Salts and Peppers.
Pop Guns, etc. etc.

Ten-Cent Section (In Balcony)

Decorated Creamers (Fine)
Gold Band Mugs.
Decorated Plates.
Cups and Saucers.
Irridescent Berry Bowls.
Post Card Albums.
Beautiful Pictures.
Box Stationery.
Stationery for Children.
Games.
Metal Carts.
Nodding Figures.
Wood Boxes.
Dominoes and Checkers.
Celluloid Horns and Rattles.
Jack in the Box.
Bell Toys.
Potts Flat Irons.
Horses and Carts.
Mail Box Bank.
Bisque Dolls and Heads.
Flutes and Musical Toys.
Rag Dolls.
Worsted Dolls.
Bisque Figures.
Humming Tops.
Dolly's Knife and Fork.
Rolly Dolls.
Big Paint Boxes.
Many Other Beautiful Presents.

25-Cent Section (In North Room)

Creamers and Milk Pitchers.
Tea Pots.
Pictures and Panels.
Berry Dishes.
Cups and Saucers.
Large Worsted Rattles.
Wagons of all Kinds.
Noah's Ark.
Horns and Bugles.
Dancing Dogs.
Kaleidoscopes.
Stuffed Animals for Baby.
Air Ships.
Automobiles.
Climbing Monkeys.
Guns, Pop-guns, Targets.
Perfumes in Christmas Boxes.
Mechanical Toys.
Push Toys of Every Kind.
Pocket Knives.
Doll Buggy.
Express and Milk Wagons.
Games.
Pacing Bob and Cart.
Kid Dolls—Dressed Dolls.
Dolls Cradles and Beds.
Cement Blocks.
Carpet Sweepers.
Post Card Albums.
And Half has not Been Told.

50-Cent Section

Gold Pens and Pearl Holder.
Fine Mechanical Toys.
Mosaic Puzzles.
A. B. C. Blocks—Building Blocks.
Magic Lanterns.
Post Card Albums.
Pneumatic Alligator.
Accordeons.
Parlor Suites.
Work Boxes.
Pianos and Musical Toys.
Large Rolly Dolls.
Stationery in Beautiful Boxes.
Esquimaux Babies.
Teddy Lions.
Pillz Vases.
Cream and Sugars.
Dressed Dolls.
Drums.
Knit Dolls—Rag Dolls.
Ladies Hand Bags.
Choice Perfumes in Boxes.
Celluloid Baby Sets.
Glove and Necktie Boxes.
Games—Post Card Albums.
Mechanical Toys—Big Variety.
Decorated Dishes of all Kinds.
Doll Cabs.
Kid Dolls.
Great Values in This Section.

Front Section

Music Rolls, from \$1.00 to \$2.50.
Dolls, from 75c to \$4.00.
Ladies Hand Bags, from \$1 to \$10.
Perfumes in Boxes, from 75c to \$1.
Toilet Sets.
Military Brush Sets.
Cigar Cases.
Shaving Sets.
Baby Toilet Sets.
Stationery 75c to \$2.50.
Post Card Albums.
Desk Sets.
Manicure Sets
Mirrors.
Leather Goods.
Jewel Boxes.
Sewing Boxes.
Post Card Projectors.
Magic Lanterns.
Air Rifles.
Engines and Attachments.
Hook and Ladder Trucks.
Fire Engines.
Automobiles and Wagons.
Mirrorscopes.
Trains and Tracks.
Children's Dishes.
Hand Painted Dishes.
Waste Baskets.
Great Variety—Beautiful Goods.

MORSMAN DRUG CO.

A beautiful line of Christmas Post Card—good ones from four for 5c—up to 5c each; Christmas Booklets; Children's Books and Books for Boys and Girls; Gift Books in great variety and beautiful workmanship; Folding Doll Cabs, from \$1.25 to \$4.00; Hobby Horses and Go-Carts. DON'T PASS US BY!

MORSMAN DRUG CO.

WHY?

By MRS. ANNA REAVIS GIST.

Set the house in order, a guest is expected. A guest most welcome; one for whom we have planned and longed with a yearning "half pain and half rapture" even to counting the weeks and the days until he come again. And now the time of his arrival is at hand. The last finishing touch has been added, and a hurried inventory taken to see that nothing is forgotten for this momentous occasion: expectancy is written on every face and happy throbbing is in every heart. One and another of the busy group exchange glances, now and then, and it is plain to see they have a common thought. Their smiles are of the kind that rise from depths of thought and linger a while upon the lips; no words are spoken, none are necessary, for they all understand. Eyes grow misty with the very thought of what is coming. Dear absent one! how fondly he is expected and how carefully the place is prepared for him. For months we have lived on the thought of this hour and anticipated joy, we all know it, at least, equal to the joy when it is realized.

Eagerly this one and that peer from the window out into the night, to catch the first sight of the train as it comes gliding over the rails, long before it is due, as if watching would add speed to speed; but it is a way anxious watchers have always had, and always will, as long as there is one away from home.

Ah! happy the home where the watching is not in vain, where the absent one is not gone to return no more.

And there were others, also, counting the days and all diverging lines are not drawing toward one common point. The trains are crowded to-night; there is something astir that is interesting all humanity. Every seat is occupied; no man heeds his neighbor; each has his own secret that he is nursing and keeping warm, but it is the same secret. Here one looks out of the window while the lights of the village whirl by, though he sees them but vaguely, so engrossed is he in a vision of his own, in which his own reflection in the window becomes the face of another waiting and watching somewhere, for the man of business is going home. A group at the far end of the car

are beguiling the time with laughter and song and an oft repeated wish that the "train would hurry." They are restless and almost boisterous in their eagerness to overcome the obstacle of distance and outstrip steam in its velocity, for youth is there, and youth is always restless and eager and never more so than now, for youth is going home.

Nearby is another, who with his head thrown back on the seat is watching the uneasy spirit of the youth ahead, and a sigh escapes him as he thinks how often this scene has been enacted before him in his sojourn, and how near seem the days when he, too, was restless and imperative, and yet how distant, for age was there, and age was to lay aside the strain of a busy life and be care free for a little while, and no better time than now, when the tide of humanity has turned homeward.

The man in his overalls and blue jacket is there, another with the evidence of wealth is there; all with one accord have become a part of the universal procession. Tomorrow the clang of industry will be silent and the "grinding cease," the mill and the shop will be deserted, save as a legion of echoes will whisper together and commune with the winter wind over the strange loings of that strange creature, man.

The pick and the shovel will be laid aside and a thousand work horses will stand before their well filled mangers awaiting the hand of a master who has forgotten the hum and the crash of the mighty engines in listening to the love song of home.

The office and public building will be closed and the class room empty. Friday the very atmosphere seemed surcharged with expectancy as eager youth hurried through the set form of study, simply because it was set, for the busy little god of anticipation was playing havoc with the grey matter within the cranium of the youth that was soon to go home. Tomorrow the room will be like a hollow tomb from which an Angel of Gladness has rolled away the stone and set the captives free—the old clock on the wall will hold undisputed sway and tick away the moments with an alarming rapidity in contrast to the slow measured tick of a few hours ago, when youth repeatedly scanned

its face, fearing the hands had stopped, so deliberate were they in moving.

Who knows but that it was upon some such an occasion as this when "the man with the hoe" perhaps, had left that weapon, in the field amid the briars and stubble, and there with his little world about him had made such a picture of sweet content, that falling upon the vision of a lone wanderer, with no where to lay his head, and who afterwards died in an attic, it reflected down through the ages in letters of living flame, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." It was no "higher plane" of science, literature or art that gave the world that song, but the "simple good folks at home."

The theory that book learning, alone, lifts to a higher plane of living is out of accord with the facts of history, and is contradicted every year in the remembrance of a lonely, lowly stable, where dreamy-eyed cattle looked on in amazement at the strange mysterious miracle wrought in their midst, while the winter wind swept over Bethlehem's plains.

Book learning is not always wisdom, and simplicity not always weakness, for they alone, are "simple good folks" who think good things and do gentle acts; good thinking is the secret of higher living, for "as a man thinketh, so he is." Such have been the moving power of the world and always will be until the words "unless ye become like little children" are forever blotted out and the heavens will roll together like a scroll.

But why this strange proceeding? Why has all mankind become seized with a common impulse? Why have the wheels of human activities been reversed? Why should all roads lead home on this one day out of the three hundred and sixty-five? It is not much learning, for the least are as the greatest. It is not wealth, for the widows mite is as worthy as the millions. It is not the strong arm of the law, for love alone reigns. It is not age, for it never grows old. It is not youth—no not youth—though if youth were taken out, the custom would soon become a memory, that rich legacy of age. It is not the wise men, for they came from afar to worship in a manger. It is not the "peace on earth" sung by celestial lips, for even that was antecedent. It was not the silent star in the Christmas sky, for that was a herald. What, then? A voice said ages and ages ago

"a little child shall lead them," and it was a "little child" in the arms of his young mother that established the Christmas and the home coming, in whose honor all Christmas carols are sung, and all Christmas candles lighted and all tiny stockings hung and all "Merry Christmases" spoken.

Dr. Henry VanDyke says: "There is a better thing than the observance of Christmas Day—and that is, keeping Christmas."

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you?

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you, really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke; and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open. Are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas. And if you can keep it for a day, why not always? But you can never keep it alone.

Home-Made Fire Extinguishers.
A simple fire extinguisher may be made at home, and if kept always on hand, will sometimes prove of great value. Take 20 pounds of common salt and ten pounds of sal ammoniac or nitrate of ammonia, which can be bought at any drug store. Dissolve these in seven gallons of water. Put in thin glass bottles holding a quart each, cork tightly, and seal to prevent evaporation. When a fire breaks out, throw one of these bottles so that it will break in or near the flames, or if this is not possible, break off the neck of the bottle and scatter the contents on the fire. This has been tested. Sometimes it is necessary to use several bottles.—National Magazine.

Just a Suggestion.
In Shakespearean days they used to label the scenery. They hung out placards stating that "This is a wood" or "This is a castle." We don't need to do that now. Still, we might use the scheme to advantage. It would help sometimes to see an alleged Theban bearing the legend, "This is an actor."

What Christmas Means to Me

By R. COOPER BAILEY.

In the rush of labor and duty that are crowding in on one these days, it is not easy to give in a brief paragraph a satisfactory answer to the question. But at first blush, the thought that leaps to mind is this: That the return of the Christmas season is another call to the leaders and teachers of public thought and opinion, to seize the opportunity of telling the world in tones of conviction, that GOD LOVES and shows that love by giving. And that if we would be "imitators of God as little children," we must learn that we can best serve God by "Giving to God's Less Fortunate and Unhappy Children Who Are Near to Us." Oh, that we might bring back to the world the keen realization of the fact that God really cares for men, that He is interested in their sorrows and sufferings, their tears and groans.

Oh, that we may surely catch the real "Gloria in Excelsis" and see that, so far as we are responsible, its true meaning shall be told in song and story, until men shall feel the utmost throbbing of the heart of the Loving Father. "Glory to God in the highest, and on Earth Peace Among Men in Whom He is Well Pleased." Tell that story to the traveler, to the prodigal, to the faint-hearted and socially ostracised, that God is well pleased with men, and only longs to help them to put away the unmanly and dehumanizing sin in which they are so surely enthralled. So, Christmas means another glorious chance to bring the angel song into present day terms, another opportunity to tell people of the God who, more than they ever dreamed, is only waiting to be gracious to those who may even have gone to the "uttermost."

MUST CONTROL THE EYELID

Wink Is Absolutely Forbidden to Persons Engaged in a Number of Vocations.

"Your eyes look strong enough," said the oculist to his new patient. "What's the matter with them?" "I wink," said the patient, helplessly. "Ah-ha," said the oculist. "What's your business?" "I have none just now, on account of that wink," said the hopeless young man. "I used to be a clerk in a dry goods store till that wink got the upper hand of me. That queered me with the shoppers. They thought I was trying to flirt with them. They complained. I couldn't make the boss understand, and—here I am."

"Just so," said the oculist. "You have my sympathy. I am treating a street car conductor, a druggist and a young man who has just entered the ministry for the same trouble. They are also out of a job because they couldn't help winking. It is all right for a longshoreman or a sand blaster to wink whenever he feels like it, but a person who meets the general public, especially the feminine part of it is likely to be in hot water half the time if he doesn't learn to control that wink."

Feminine Amenities.
Stella—"Yes, Jack saved my life."
Belle—"Only one of them dear."
New York Sun.

Open-Air Barbers in Spain.

Fingers that smell of garlic, soap that gives no lather, a razor that may have been used for cutting a raw ham, and a flourish that reminds one of an executioner rather than of a barber—such are the qualifications of the itinerant Spanish hairdresser, declares a writer in the Wide World. The victim—we use the term advisedly—must be a patient, long-suffering man, neither the slave of time nor of any petty feelings such as delicacy and sensitiveness, as otherwise he will fare badly at the hands of his torturer. For the Spanish open-air barber is a calm man, who takes everything for granted, and never for a moment doubts that you are satisfied with his attentions and will pay him accordingly.

Couldn't See It That Way.

The nine-year-old daughter of a Richmond lady was endeavoring to teach the dusky offspring of the cook the letters of the alphabet. Teeny had learned the first two, but couldn't remember the letter "C." "Don't you see with your eyes?" demanded the youthful tutor. "Can't you remember the word see?" "Yassum," said Teeny. Five minutes later Teeny again began bravely. "A, B," and there she stopped. "What do you do with your eyes, Teeny?" demanded her instructor. "I sleeps wif 'em," said Teeny.—Sunday Magazine of the Milwaukee Sentinel.