

The Joys of Christmas Time

By Kennett Harris



Hark! the merry chimes are warning us that this is Christmas morning. And it's time that we were rising, though the hour isn't late. Still, the kids will be flocking, each to overhaul his stocking. And there's scads of things we've got to do that really cannot wait.

Yet, before we kick the clothes off (quite determined not to doze off), Let's indulge in dreamy musing on this joyous Christmastide; Let us, while the bells are pealing, get up some real Christmas feeling. Fill ourselves with sweet emotions that are not quite cut and dried. True, the minutes fast are gliding, but, consarn 'em, let 'em glide.

Think of these long weeks of waiting, all the glad anticipating Of the gay and festive season that at last, at last is here; Never resting, never stopping in our mad career of shopping, Searching for the ideal, not too cheap and not too dear; Crushed and elbowed in the reeking crowds, that like ourselves are seeking Just the very thing of all things that their loved ones most desired. Limp and dragged then emerging from the pushing, struggling, surging Mob, with parcels overlaid, reaching home at last, dog tired. Those experiences may be best described as "most all-fired."

Yet no antiquated stoic showed endurance more heroic Than we've manifested through the weary ordeal of that time; We have stood the stress of barter with the courage of a martyr; Now we find sweet compensation listening to the Christmas chime.



Whose clear cadence, soft and mellow, seems to whisper to a fellow That the worst is nearly over, that we soon may breathe again. Soon may find surcease of sorrow, and that, maybe by tomorrow Or the next day, may be lifted something of this mental strain. That a blessed sense of rest may soothe the tissues of our brain.

We have done with haste and flurry, no occasion now to worry, Lest some sensitive relation may have been quite overlooked. All the lists of names are checked and all the walls with green are decked, and Now within a few short hours the Christmas dinner will be cooked. Hail to Christmas! happy season! There is some substantial reason To be gleeful at thy advent—the beginning of the end. As thou comest wreathed with holly, we can certainly be jolly. Welcome thee with feast and wassail, and in general unbend, For we know that we have spent for thee the last cent we can spend!



Now the door bell will cease ringing to the people who were bringing An endless string of packages from morn to dewy eve; We no longer will be running to conceal those things with cunning, And we'll lose our wonted air of having something up our sleeve. There will be a deuced litter, when the gewgaws gleam and glitter,

Of waste paper, string and cotton, from the kitchen to the hall; But, with consciences elastic, we will grow enthusiastic And "wonder how they guessed," as on the donors' necks we fall. Looking blissful over dewdads that we didn't want at all.

Ah, this blessed thing of giving! It is half the joy of living To watch the looks of gratitude and pleasure and surprise That, at least to outward seeming, are upon loved faces beaming— As the loved one opens his parcel and digs out his gaudy ties. And the gentle wife and mother her emotion tries to smother When conducted by her husband, to some secret corner, where, As a proof of fond affection, he has hid from her detection, His gift to her, a cozy, costly, well-upholstered chair (Of whose comforts, in the future, you may bet he'll get his share).



Now this Christmas spirit moves us to sense that it behoves us To keep Poverty's bare platter and fill Destitution's cup. Bring turk and pie and gladness to the homes of empty sadness! To help out sweet Christmas charity who would not loosen up? But it's highly aggravating not to say exasperating, When we've given most nobly and without thought of stint. To find out, as we expected, that the modest are neglected. And our princely benefaction hasn't found its way to print. (Certainly we didn't ask it, but a man might take a hint).

But away with sad reflection! This is no time for dejection. Merry Christmas, happy Christmas, as we said, has come at last! All the many tribulations, all the trials and vexations That have crowded thick upon us for the last six weeks, are past. Not a protest shall be uttered, though the house with toys is cluttered. And the kids are all parading to the sound of horn and drum, Lusty lung and larynx voicing the extent of their rejoicing. We will have to stand the racket now that Christmas day is come. (Later tone our nervous system at some sanitarium).



Thank the Giver if we're able to sit 'round a well-spread table, Where the plump white-bosomed turkey sheds its savor through the room, And pudding comes on smoking, and there's no end to the joking, And no heart that harbors malice and no mind o'ercast with gloom.

Let us be profoundly grateful that we have at least a plateful, Grateful for the popsin tablets that correct our Christmas cheer; Hold it as among our mercies if there's coin left in our purses, Be thankful for those dear to us and those who hold us dear. (And most supremely thankful Christmas comes but once a year).



Yuletide Philosophy

However, the man who grumbles 'cause he can't keep Christmas and all his money, too, ought to at least keep mum. With many people Christmas presents will only come through the imagination, which will enable them to exhibit great presents of mind. The best Christmas gift isn't bought at any counter, though you may have encounters getting it. It's delivered, but not by messenger. You don't care which is the giver and which the receiver. You don't go bankrupt giving it—though you may fall into the hands (and arms) of the receiver. None is so blind as those who can't see a pretty girl under the mistletoe

JUDGED BY THEIR CLOTHES

Smart Cigar Store Clerk Ready With Apology That by No Means Mended Situation.

Herman Fellner tells this story on himself, according to the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times Star. He was in Washington on business recently and met three or four friends on the street. After a moment's chat he beckoned them to come with him. "I'm off the stuff," said he, "but I want to buy you each a cigar."

They happened to be in front of a combination cigar and news stand at the moment. Led by Mr. Fellner, they all trooped in. The clerk hurried to the cigar case to wait upon them. Before Mr. Fellner could indicate his wishes the clerk had slapped a box on the glass case. "Here y' are," said he. "Best dime smoker in town."

Mr. Fellner is sort of fussy about his smokes. He looked at the cigar then shoved the box away. "Have you no other price?" he asked.

The clerk shoved the box in the case. "Sure thing," said he. "My mistake and your treat."

Having pulled off this time-worn witticism, he addressed Mr. Fellner confidentially. "Your clothes sort of fooled me," said he. "You fellows are a pretty well-dressed lot, you know." Then he put another box on the counter. "Here," said he, "is the best nickel smoker in the village."

ECZEMA DISFIGURED BABY

"Our little boy Gilbert was troubled with eczema when but a few weeks old. His little face was covered with sores even to back of his ears. The poor little fellow suffered very much. The sores began as pimples, his little face was disfigured very much. We hardly knew what he looked like. The face looked like raw meat. We tied little bags of cloth over his hands to prevent him from scratching. He was very restless at night, his little face itched.

"We consulted two doctors at Chicago, where we resided at that time. After trying all the medicine of the two doctors without any result, we read of the Cuticura Remedies, and at once bought Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Following the directions carefully and promptly we saw the result, and after four weeks, the dear child's face was as fine and clean as any little baby's face. Every one who saw Gilbert after using the Cuticura Remedies was surprised. He has a head of hair which is a pride for any boy of his age, three years. We can only recommend the Cuticura Remedies to everybody." (Signed) Mrs. H. Albrecht, Box 883, West Point, Neb., Oct. 26, 1910. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 14, L, Boston.

Meant to Be Real Bad.

Two little girls residing in East Eighty-sixth street, Virginia Clough and Claire Feldman, who had long envied their boy playmates for their ability to enjoy such badness as is inherent in boys, resolved to be bad themselves. To this end they shut themselves up in Virginia's room and proceeded to be naughty. In fact, they practiced swearing—just to see what would happen.

When they were quite sure that none would overhear them each produced a slip of paper containing the swear word and freed away.

"Bulldog!" said Virginia. "Cigars!" was Claire's reply. But the ceiling didn't drop, and there was no earthquake to swallow them up, and the two resumed their play, a trifle disappointed at the tame termination of their badness.—Cleveland Leader.

What! Rub a Kiss Off?

At the tender age of three masculine conceit had gripped that small boy with a relentless clutch. He had kissed a little girl of three, and she was rubbing her lips vigorously. "You mustn't do that again," said the boy's mother. "She doesn't like it. Just see how hard she is trying to rub your kiss off." "Oh, no, she ain't," said the boy. "She's rubbing it in."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Peck*. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Sainted Leg. Little Girl—Your papa has only got one leg, hasn't he? Veteran's Little Girl—Yes. Little Girl—Where's his other one? Veteran's Little Girl—Hush, dear. It's in Heaven.—Home Herald.

A woman who beats the street car company out of a nickel and puts it in the church plate may believe in the eternal fitness of things.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take. Do not grip.

As a man grows older he sees something in himself every day that is calculated to make him a little less conceited.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle.

There are few shade trees in the average man's field of labor.

COSTS LESS THAN 55 CENTS A BUSHEL TO RAISE WHEAT IN CANADA.

A FREQUENT QUESTION ANSWERED.

Western Canada probably suffered less from weather conditions during the year of 1911 than did almost any other portion of the country. Seeding was most successful and the growing conditions up to July were never better. Crops of all kinds showed wonderful growth at that time and were universally good, but there was not the usually excellent ripening weather in August and the effects of this were felt. Many fields that late in July promised 40 and 50 bushels yield of wheat were reduced to 25 and 30 bushels, while some of course gave the full expectancy and others somewhat less. The quality was also lowered. In face of these conditions, it is found that during the months of September and October, the total amount of contract wheat marketed and inspected was about 20 million bushels, which realized a total of 18½ million dollars, the average price for this wheat being 97½ cents; that below contract for the two months was a little over 15 million bushels, which at an average price of 89½ cents per bushel realized a little over eleven million dollars, or a grand total for all wheat of 35 million bushels, which realized a total of a little over thirty-one million dollars.

On the first of November, there was in the hands of the farmers of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta for sale and seed about 130 million bushels of wheat, from which fact some idea may be had of the value of the wheat crop of 1911.

A careful canvass made by the Winnipeg Free Press made of a number of men farming in a large way indicates that even with the extreme expense of harvesting the crop, which has been caused by the bad weather and difficulty in threshing, wheat has been produced and put on the market for less than 55 cts. a bushel. The average freight rate is not over 13 cts. per bushel. This would make the cost of production and freight 68 cts. and would leave the farmer an actual margin on his low-grade wheat of 17½ cts. and for his high-grade wheat of 19½ cts.; and though this is not as large a profit as the farmer has every right to expect, it is a profit not to be despised, and which should leave a very fair amount of money to his credit when all the expenses of the year have been paid, unless the value of low-grade wheat sinks very much below its present level.

He Knew Her Well. "Now, old man, make yourself comfortable, and let's talk over the good old times. We haven't seen each other since we were boys together. I told you I was married, didn't I? By the way, did you ever live in Painesville?"

"Yes, I lived there three years." "Ever meet Miss Kattish?" "Ha! ha! Why, I was engaged to her! But that's nothing—all the fellows in my crowd were engaged to her at one time or another. I see you've lived in Painesville. Why did you ask about her, in particular? Come—confess?" "Why, I—er—I married her."

Wonder What Whistler Said. Robert Henri, the New York painter, was talking about those millionaires who buy merely to show off, doubtful "old masters" at fabulous prices. "Their knowledge of art," Mr. Henri said, "is about equal to that of the sausage manufacturer who said to Whistler: 'What would you charge to do me in oil?'"

"Ten thousand," answered Whistler, promptly. "But suppose I furnish the oil?" said the millionaire.—Exchange.

Modern Methods. Moliere had written many plays to ridicule doctors and medicine. Louis XIV. heard that the author had, however, a doctor at his service since he became famous and well to do, so the king one day called upon Moliere and said to him: "I have heard, Moliere, that you have a physician. What is he doing to you?"

"Sire," answered the author of the Malade Imaginaire, "we chat together, he writes prescriptions for me, I don't take them, and I am cured!"—Life.

In Deep Water. Jack's Uncle (coming up on piazza)—What do you suppose? Jack has just rescued that young widow, Mrs. Wiles, from the surf! His Aunt—There! I expected something of the sort. Now we'll have to rescue Jack.—Boston Transcript.

A Killer. Ella—How that fellow murders the English language. Stella—Yes; isn't it perfectly killing?

Tightness across the chest means a cold on the lungs. That's the danger signal. Cure that cold with Hamlin's Wizard Oil before it runs into Consumption or Pneumonia.

The easiest thing we do is to convince ourselves that we are over-worked—but the family is skeptical!

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Stain. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.

Pleasant, Refreshing, Beneficial, Gentle and Effective,

NOTE THE NAME
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
in the Circle,
on every Package of the Genuine.
DO NOT LET ANY DEALER
DECEIVE YOU.



SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA HAS GIVEN UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION FOR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS PAST, AND ITS WONDERFUL SUCCESS HAS LED UNSCRUPULOUS MANUFACTURERS OF IMITATIONS TO OFFER INFERIOR PREPARATIONS UNDER SIMILAR NAMES AND COSTING THE DEALER LESS, THEREFORE, WHEN BUYING

Note the Full Name of the Company
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

PRINTED STRAIGHT ACROSS, NEAR THE BOTTOM, AND IN THE CIRCLE, NEAR THE TOP OF EVERY PACKAGE OF THE GENUINE. REGULAR PRICE 50c PER BOTTLE, ONE SIZE ONLY, FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.

SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA IS THE MOST PLEASANT, WHOLESOME AND EFFECTIVE REMEDY FOR STOMACH TROUBLES, HEADACHES AND BILIOUSNESS DUE TO CONSTIPATION, AND TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS IT IS NECESSARY TO BUY THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE, WHICH IS MANUFACTURED BY THE

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.



PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Always ready for use. Safest and most reliable. The Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater is just like a portable fireplace. It gives quick, glowing heat wherever, whenever, you want it. A necessity in fall and spring, when it is not cold enough for the furnace. Invaluable as an auxiliary heater in midwinter. Drums of blue enamel or plain steel, with nickel trimmings. Ask your dealer to show you a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater, or write to any agency of Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

WOULD HAVE TO WAIT.



Lady—How much for children's pictures? Photographer—Three dollars a dozen. Lady—Why—er—I've only got eight.

Kindly Repartee. "I refused him because I want a husband who has known sorrow and acquired wisdom." "But, my dear, if you had accepted him he would soon have met your requirements." **Exact Description.** "My brother has just got a snap of a job." "What is it?" "Setting traps."

Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS ELECTROTYPES In great variety for sale at the lowest prices by WESTERN NEWS-PAPER SUPPLY, 121 W. Adams St., Chicago

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. High-class references. Best results. If afflicted with eye troubles, use Thompson's Eye Water

W. N. U., SIOUX CITY, NO. 51-1911.

Sioux City Directory

RUPTURE CURED in a few days without a surgical operation. No pay until cured. Write to Dr. E. E. Matheny, 601 F. L. & Tr. Bldg., Sioux City, Ia.

ROCKLIN & LEHMAN FLORISTS

SIOUX CITY IOWA Fresh Cut Flowers & Floral Emblems OF ALL DESCRIPTION ON SHORT NOTICE. Order by Mail, Telephone or Telegraph. OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT.

TYPEWRITERS

Swanson's Factory Rebuilt 2 year-iron-clad guarantee. Remington \$35, L. C. Smith \$45, Underwood \$45, Smith Premier \$35. A large stock to select from. Shipped anywhere on approval. B. F. SWANSON COMPANY, Department D, Sioux City, Iowa.



Housework Drudgery

Housework is drudgery for the weak woman. She brushes, dusts and scrubs, or is on her feet all day attending to the many details of the household, her back aching, her temples throbbing, nerves quivering under the stress of pain, possibly dizzy feelings. Sometimes rest in bed is not refreshing, because the poor tired nerves do not permit of refreshing sleep. The real need of weak, nervous women is satisfied by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It Makes Weak Women Strong and Sick Women Well.

This "Prescription" removes the cause of women's weaknesses, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures those weaknesses so peculiar to women. It tranquilizes the nerves, encourages the appetite and induces restful sleep.

Dr. Pierce is perfectly willing to let every one know what his "Favorite Prescription" contains, a complete list of ingredients on the bottle-wrapper. Do not let any unscrupulous druggist persuade you that his substitute of unknown composition is "just as good" in order that he may make a bigger profit. Just smile and shake your head! Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cures liver ills.



Rayo Lamps and Lanterns

Scientifically constructed to give most light for the oil they burn. Easy to light, clean and rewick. In numerous finishes and styles, each the best of its kind.

Ask your dealer to show you his line of Rayo Lamps and Lanterns, or write for illustrated booklets direct to any agency of the Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

