

## MOTHER FINDS WHERE DOLLAR GOES FURTHEST

Rubbers and Overshoes Save the Shoes the Tots Wear From the Wear They Would Get in the Severe Weather of Winter

The thrifty housewife has been kept jumping these last two or three years to make the dollar her hard-working husband gives her go as far as it did. Prices have risen here and there, but she can still find solace in the fact that, even with the rise in the price of the fabrics and chemicals used in manufacturing, the rubbers which she buys to keep the youngsters' feet dry are still costing her about the same. She must thank the British Government for this, for it is through Great Britain's control of the rubber market and the forcing down of the price of crude rubber from three dollars to 67 cents a pound that she can do it. But, leaving all sentiment aside, the fact remains that rubber to-day provides the solution for the mother in the question of the foot togs for the tots this winter.

The dollar will not buy the shoes it did formerly, but it will buy the rubbers, and, after all, winter weather is rubber weather, and rubbers save the shoes. 26

## Honor Roll, C Company 149 Batt

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Sergeant R. D. Swift, Scout Officer.  
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Sergeant M. W. Davies  
Sergeant S. H. Hawkins  
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Don't Submit to Asthma. If you suffer without hope of breaking the chains which bind you do not put off another day the purchase of Dr. J. B. Kellogg's Remedy. A trial will drive away all doubt as to its efficiency. The sure relief that comes will convince you more than anything can be written. When help is so sure, why suffer? This matchless remedy is sold by dealers everywhere.

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I teach you all and everything about the business. By my system you can not fail, if you follow my instructions, and you will soon own a profitable business. No capital is required to start. If you are dissatisfied and want to make a success you will write for further particulars. Address

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**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**



IT was a week before Christmas, and the very "smell" of Christmas was in the air. The shops were gay with toys and books and lovely gifts for whoever had the money to buy. And to make it better the ground was covered deep with snow—cold, crisp, sparkling snow.

Six little girls with six little sleds coasted down Petty's hill for the last time that day. There were Marion and Jessie and Gladys and Natalie, Arline and Abigail. They went to school together and came home together, and they had been having fun lately sewing—making things for Christmas gifts. Funny things they were, too, made by clumsy little fingers; but, oh, how much they would be treasured by father and mother, brothers and sisters who received them, for so much love goes into the making of gifts!

So the six little friends who had been sewing for an hour since school was out were now enjoying their coasting on the little hill.

At the foot of the hill was a little snug cottage where the little lame girl lived. They did not know her name, for she had only lived there a little while, but they could see her crutches standing by the window and watch her pale face looking wistfully out at them as they trooped past happily.

Today Marion had smiled and waved her hand, and the little girl had smiled back so sweetly and waved her hand, and in her hand were bright knitting needles and something that was small and red.

"She must be very lonesome there," sighed Marion.

"Let's make her something pretty for Christmas," cried Jessie, and this was such a happy thought that the six all ran scrambling and sliding down the hill in a hurry to get home and make something for the new little girl in the window.

"It would be terrible to forget her," they told their mothers.

So six pairs of busy hands stitched and sewed some doll's clothes for the little lame girl. And somebody's brother made a little doll's bedstead out of a cigar box, and somebody's big sister made cute little blankets for it, and the little girls fussed over pillows and cases and sheets until it was the day before Christmas, and everybody was so surprised to find that Christmas was so near.

"How shall we give her the presents?" asked Natalie.

"Suppose we tie them on the door handle and ring the bell and run away," suggested Natalie.

Jessie, and they all thought that a fine idea.

So six little bundles wrapped in tissue paper with long strings attached were tied on the door handle of the little girl's house, and Marion rang the bell. And before they could scamper away the door opened, and there stood the little girl's mother smiling down at them.

"Please don't run away," she called. "Polly wants to see you."

So six bashfully smiling little girls trooped into the sunny front room where little lame Polly sat in an armchair by the window. There was a red geranium blooming in a pot, and a canary was singing in a cage overhead.

Then Mrs. Ray brought in the bunch of packages the children had brought, and they all watched Polly while she opened them, and each one cried, "Merry Christmas, Polly, dear!" when she opened the package, and when she found the bedstead they all cried "Merry Christmas!" together with one voice. Polly was so happy that she cried over her dear little presents, and then Mrs. Ray said that Polly had something for them—she had watched them going past each day and wanted to know them so much. Then Mrs. Ray brought out for Christmas gifts for the girls six of the dearest kittens, each

one with a bow of red ribbon around its neck. There were three black ones and three gray ones, and there was one white one left, which was to be Polly's own.

And when Christmas was over the little girls formed a sewing club. They called it the Kitten club, and they met each time at Polly's house; and then a wonderful thing happened. A great doctor came to see Polly, and he said that he could make her well.

"So I can slide downhill next Christmas?" she asked.

"Yes," he laughed. "I promise that you will be able to slide downhill next Christmas."

It's Paula's grandma," said Alma.

"She looks very lonesome," whispered

Alma.

Alma knew where the pretty old lady lived, for she had seen her several times walking in the garden. Through the gate and trudging up the snowy path went the twins, the big umbrella bobbing uncertainly as they approached the house. A fire was crackling on a hearth. Seated before the fire in a great armchair was the pretty old lady, looking very lonely indeed.

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ed Alice, for they were on the porch now and were peering in the window.

Alma went to the door and rang the bell, and presently it opened and a very stout, comfortable looking maid looked down at them.

"Well, Little Red Riding Hoods," she smiled. "What do you want?"

"Please," said Alma boldly, "we came to see our grandmother."

"Bless me! Miss Hemmenway your grandmother? You better go right in and tell her. She's mighty lonesome this Christmas eve!" She opened the parlor door and admitted the two.

Miss Aurelia Hemmenway lifted her head and stared at the twins.

"We need a grandma," faltered Alma, "and you would make such a lovely one."

"Please do!" whispered Alice shyly, and somehow the little arms found their way around her neck and soft baby cheeks were pressed against hers.

"You are James Burnham's little girls?" asked the pretty lady. They nodded, and she buried her face in their curls. "I am almost your grandma, children; your own grandma was my sister; I am your mother's aunt. But I will be your grandma if you like, dears."

An hour later James Burnham and his wife rushed up on Miss Hemmenway's porch and looked through the window. Sitting before the fire was Aunt Aurelia, with whom they had quarreled years ago. On either arm of her chair was a twin gloriously happy in the possession of a grandmother.

It was a beautiful Christmas for all of them. The twins nestled their feet and their toes for their new treasure, and as for Miss Hemmenway—she declared it was the happiest Christmas of her life.

OTHER Burnham twins pressed their noses against the window pane of their playroom and watched the snowflakes come whirling down out of the gray clouds above. Across the street, in the upstairs front room of the house, the twins could see that a fire was blazing on the hearth, and a little group of people sat before it. It was the day before Christmas.

"It's Paula's grandma," said five-year-old Alma to her sister.

"I saw her when she came," returned Alice. "She has come to spend Christmas. That is her room with the cozy fire. See, Paula is sitting in her lap. I wish we had a grandma."

"So do I," said Alma sadly. "But ours are both dead. 'I'd-I'd just like to borrow Paula's grandma for awhile!'"

"That would be fine," agreed Alice, "only what would Paula do?"

"I've a good mind—to go out and find a grandmother for myself," Alma said slowly.

"Alma," cried her sister, "let's!"

Ten minutes later the twins, unseen by any one and clad in their scarlet coats and caps with white leggings pulled over their rubbers, went down the street under a huge umbrella which Alma declared belonged to cook, for she had found it in the kitchen entry. Their mother was downtown somewhere shopping, and Nora, the nursemaid, was supposed to remain with them. But Nora had stepped out to mail a letter, and when she came back the twins had disappeared. But how could any one dream that they had gone out to search for a grandmother?

Once when father had asked them what they wanted most for Christmas they both declared in unison:

"Oh, a grandma, please, daddy!" But daddy and mother had both looked so sad that the twins were much ashamed.

"Where shall we go first?" demanded Alice, holding tight to her sister's hand under the big umbrella.

"I've been thinking," said Alma, turning down a side street. "Do you remember once when we were teeny, teeny little girls such a pretty old lady stopped us on the street and kissed us both and said we looked like our Grandmother Burnham?"

"She had a cane," added Alice, "and nurse said she was mother's auntie, only they didn't speak."

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Of all overworked women probably the housewife is the hardest worked. She has so much to attend to, with very little help. Her work can be lightened if she knows the value of system and she should try and take a short rest in the daytime.

A physician who became famous almost around the world, Doctor Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., the specialist in women's diseases, for many years practiced medicine in a farming district. He there observed the lack of system in the planning of the work.

If it is a headache, a backache, a sensation of irritability or twitching and uncontrollable nervousness, something must be wrong with the head or back, a woman naturally says, but all the time the real trouble very often centers in the organs. In nine cases out of ten the seat of the difficulty is here, and a woman should take rational treatment for its cure. The disorder should be treated steadily and systematically with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

For diseases from which women suffer "Favorite Prescription" is a powerful restorative. During the last fifty years it has banished from the lives of tens of thousands of women the pain, worry, misery and distress caused by these diseases.

If you are a sufferer, get Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in liquid or tablet form to-day. Then address Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and get confidential medical advice entirely free.

How Big Was the Baby? I had heard great stories about the pyramids, but after seeing the stones at Baalbek those of the great pyramids looked like children's building blocks.

In the quarry is a stone on whose upper surface a troop of cavalry could stand (if it were a small enough troop). It is squared on four sides, but is not yet detached from mother earth.

The crude Arab story has it that a female giant was carrying it when she heard her baby cry. She dropped it there, and no one has moved it since. If that baby hadn't drawn its mother's attention from her work there would be today in the walls of the temple a stone seventy feet long and fifteen feet square. It is a large stone and will no doubt some time justify the amount of work that has been done on it. At present it helps six hotels, a dozen curio shops, a score of muleteers and a station master.—Christian Herald.

Dickens and Women's Clubs. There is a certain connection between Dickens and the origin of the "women's club" movement in the United States which will interest his admirers. The New York Press club in 1868 ventured to give a dinner to him and to exclude all women workers on the newspapers of the city. The affront was felt keenly. It led straightway to the organization of a women's club called Sorosis, of which the chief members were press women, among them Jenny June Croly, Kate Field and Alice and Phoebe Cary. The success of Sorosis was such and its influence in expanding the range of women's interest and influence was so marked that it at once had imitators.—Christian Science Monitor.

Marriage and Mathematics. "Yes," said the old mathematician, with a gleam in his eyes, "I've always looked at it that way. Marriage is addition, when the little ones come it's multiplication, when dissension comes up to cloud the horizon of their happiness it's division, and when the final parting comes it's subtraction."

"And how about divorce?" asked the listener.

"Oh, that would come under the denomination of fractions."

Nervous Apprehension. "They are not going to cut me up if I