

quarter columns, and be just as careful and particular about my "ad," as though I had larger space. One great trouble, perhaps the great trouble with country advertisers is, they don't attend to their advertising, and then say it "don't pay." No, it does not; no neglected, half-managed business pays. No matter how much you sell, if you don't attend to collections you will go to the wall. A firm who can't or won't attend faithfully to every part of the business should get out of it, for it will have to go, since in these days of close competition, leaks at the spigot will empty any barrel. So a man who won't attend faithfully to all parts of his business is not a thorough business man, and no slovenly, careless, go-as-you-please man can succeed—you will go to the wall sooner or later.

The value of this kind of advertising here is made sure by the fact that the News goes into every purchasing family in your territory and the persons in each family who look after their supplies will read your "ads" every week, if only you will put them up fresh, neat and attractive. Dead beats won't read them for the one reason that the publishers of the News won't trust them for subscriptions, and you don't want them anyway.

**OUR CLUBBING RATES.**

The News is ready to form clubbing rates with its subscribers for any prominent paper or magazine published in this country, Great Britain, France or Germany. Bear in mind the News is always and everywhere \$1.00 cash. We will give you the News and

North American Review for.....	\$5.30
Harper's Monthly.....	4.25
Weekly.....	4.40
Century.....	4.60
Atlantic Monthly.....	4.35
London Weekly Times.....	4.00
Review of Reviews.....	3.20
The Forum.....	3.75

And so on; the editor can quote for rates on nearly 500 periodicals, if you wish.

We see from the County Recorder's office that Frank P. Hawkins and wife have sold the Hotel Electric to their son Richard. We did not know that to his other gifts and accomplishments our young friend added that of knowing how to keep a "hotel," but we guess the Electric will welcome one who does know how.

**RETROSPECTION.**

How swiftly pass the years!  
Another gone, and laden how?  
With hopes fulfilled? or given o'er with tears?  
With steadfast purpose that o'er-mastered fears?  
Or does it bear away an empty vow,  
Made and broken—scarce remembered now?

We're loth to answer true,  
Pass quickly, Old Year, out of sight!  
We would not have you stay, that we may view.

The burden, heedlessly we've laid on you.  
The coming years our strong resolves invite,  
And plead with us to make their burden light.  
May we be true.

—BERTHA BAKER GREEN.

**CHRISTMAS AT THE CHURCHES.**

This city went not exactly wild, but it did pretty thoroughly renew its youth Christmas Eve in nearly all the churches, though the Catholics and Presbyterians had theirs a day earlier. The News force took them all in so far as possible.

**ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.**

The teachers and pupils of St. Mary's Catholic Sunday school gave a very novel and interesting entertainment Dec. 22. A mysterious message was received from Santa Claus by Rev. Fr. Madden, informing him of the time of his visit and the manner of reception most agreeable to him. He declared he wished to visit his children in a real cottage, with a real chimney. The good pastor communicated the message to the teachers, Mr. J. Kollar, Miss Mamie Duffy, Miss Ella Dugan and Miss Dillie Nevins. They caught up the suggestion with enthusiasm, and put it into execution, to the great delight and surprise of all who witnessed it. The cottage was built and decorated in the most artistic manner with snow-covered roof, snow-flaked windows, real brick chimneys and pillars, ornamented with evergreens and surmounted by the star-spangled banner. The large audience, which filled the church to its utmost capacity, were taken by surprise by the novelty and beauty of the scene.

A few minutes before 8 o'clock the Rev. Fr. Madden stepped upon the platform and gave a brief, but lucid and touching explanation of the origin of this time-honored custom of the annual visit of Santa Claus at Christmas time. It originated centuries ago in the time of St. Nicholas, in the early age of the church. The saint was remarkable for many shining virtues, but for none more than his love of little children—particularly orphans. He distributed all his wealth to feed and clothe them. Ever since that time the interesting and charming custom of distributing gifts to little children at Christmas time has been observed in every Christian country.

In France Santa Claus, or St. Nicholas, distributes presents to all the good children, but he brings with him a companion, Fouetteur, who leaves a whip to punish the bad children.

Then the entertainment opened with the presentation of Christmas at Grandmother Gray's:

1. "I Have the Dearest Little Doll."  
Elsie Maroney.
2. "Washington's Christmas Surprise to his Country."  
Cora Cray.
3. "Away in a Manger."  
Cassie Sullivan, Mary Hilliard, Madge McCaffrey.
4. "Who Was Santa Claus?"  
Mamie Ralph.
5. "Helen's Babies."  
Bessie Moore.
6. "A Joke on Santa Claus."  
Joe Stupey.
7. "The New Santa Claus."  
Cassie Sullivan.
8. "A Wonderful Tree."  
Geo. Ralph, Joe Stupey, Elsie Maroney, Bessie Moore.
9. "Pinks Upon My Shoulder."  
Helen Sullivan.
10. "Two Little Stockings."  
Annie Maroney.
11. "A Scene in a Tenement Row."  
Mamie Hazelhurst.

The last recitation had just ended when the tinkling of sleigh-bells was heard in the distance, and all at once the children exclaimed in glee: "Santa Claus! Santa Claus!" and immediately he appeared at the top of the chimney, arranged in all the fancied habiliments of his winter wardrobe. Grandmother Gray drew aside the curtains in her sitting-room and the realistic brick chimney was revealed, with its mantle and ornaments and fire-place. Suddenly Santa Claus came down the chimney and out through the fire-place, to the amazement and delight of all present.

After some conversation with Grandmother Gray he took out his magic wand, the bricks in the chimney became loose: he took them down and gave every child a brick and large orange. He told them that the brick was not what it seemed, but contained something good to eat. They thanked him very much and went home rejoicing.

**THE BAPTISTS.**

Their great feature was the "Brownies", decidedly humorous and well done. Prof. Wilson has a distinct genius in this line, as well as in teaching conic sections or scanning Latin verse. There were a couple of of fine trees, beautifully trimmed, just for show and a big old fashioned Puritan fire-place mantle.

Prof. Wilson, as Master Mason, builded a huge wall of bricks (Cracker Jack boxes) brought down the chimney and out of the wide mouthed fireplace by his faithful helpers, the Brownies, who were officered by Chief of Police.

Cornelius Bastin, one of the Brownies, wore J. P. Kline's helmet,