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H. C. & W. R. WRIGHT | H. C.& W. R. WRIGHT | H. C. & W. R. WRIGHT

ONE of the best reasons for Thanksgiving which the men of this locality have this year is that we continue to provide for their wearing our selected designs and models in

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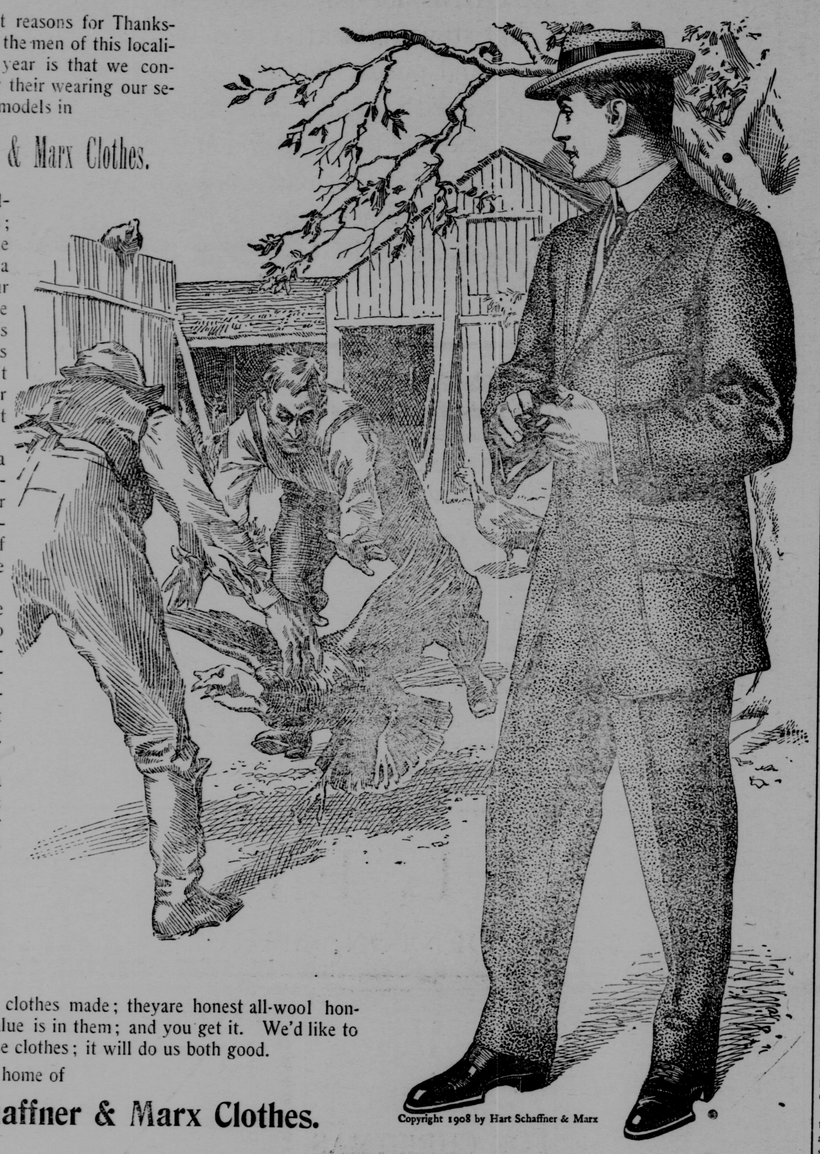
You may not realize all that means; maybe it sounds like forcing the point a little, to make our clothes a thing to give thanks for. If that's your feeling, that's because you don't know the facts or haven't thought about them.

Good clothes are a necessity; and providing them for our community is a worthy enterprise, of moral value to the community.

The fact that we're doing business to make profits for ourselves, doesn't prevent our doing business in a way that makes profits for you. The fact is, every time a man buys a Hart, Schaffner & Marx overcoat or suit here, and pays $18 to $25 for it, he makes as much out of the deal as we do; or more. We get the money; but he gets the clothes.



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All Phone Orders For Accessories Given Prompt Attention.

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Thwarting The Freeze

By FRANK H. SWEET

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"OH, mother, they're gone, every one of 'em," and Nelly Blair rushed into the kitchen, where her mother was preparing a deliciously fragrant soup, and threw herself into a chair by the one window.

Mrs. Blair took a spoonful of soup from the pot and tasted it critically, then added more salt and pepper.

"What's gone, Nelly?" she asked at last as she lifted the pot and set it on the back part of the stove, where it could simmer on leisurely to the perfection for which her soups were always noted.

"My melons, an' I know it was them Carr boys that took 'em. They killed my chickens an' shot my pigeons, an' now they've stole my melons. Oh, dear! I just hate 'em. I don't see how boys can be so mean."

Two red spots burned in her cheeks, and her eyes shone angrily. Mrs. Blair paused in her work.

"I don't like that word 'hate,' Nelly," she said gently. "It's an awful word, especially when one comes to think about it."

"But, mother, I've been watchin' them melons every day an' thinkin' how much they'd bring an' how good some of 'em would taste if we could afford to eat 'em. An'—there's the chickens and pigeons. Folks can't help hatin' such things."

"I know, Nelly; I know. But there's other things to think about. Them poor Carr boys never had no bringin' up; their pa's in prison an' they've been allowed to run wild, with no schoolin' nor nothin'. Mis' Carr's a nice woman, but she's an invalid an' can't git out an' foller 'em up like she would if she was strong. But they're awful good boys to her, Nelly. They look arter her wants just like they were girls."

"Huh!" Nelly turned abruptly to the window and gazed out across the white, sandy fields to the Carr cabin, half a mile away. The melons were too fresh in her mind for her to be so easily placated.

"There's good in most folks if it can only be brung out," Mrs. Blair resumed persuasively. "The boys ain't all bad, an' I'm awful sorry for poor Mis' Carr." She hesitated a moment, then added: "I made this soup for her an' was designin' for you to carry it over, Nelly, but I reckon I can walk that far. You can sort o' look arter the fire now an' ag'in."

"Oh, I'll take the soup," said Nelly brusquely. "I ain't nothin' ag'in Mis' Carr."

But as she passed through the small truck patch and across the palmetto and wire grass dotted fields the frown still remained on her face. She had planned to do so much with the melons—to buy a new dress for her mother and curtains for the kitchen windows and perhaps a pair of shoes for herself. She was only thirteen, but already the necessities of life had brought to her something of the experience of mature years. She and her mother planted an acre or two of the truck and raised a few chickens and gathered and sold huckleberries in their season. But the nearest market was three miles away, and, do the

SHE NOTICED SEVERAL BOYS SHRINKING AWAY.

best they could, their united earnings only met a small part of the necessary expenses. If it had not been for the orange grove they would long ago have been forced to sell the place.

A regular grower would have called this orange grove by another name, for it consisted of only four trees in an irregular group behind the house, but to the poor widow and her daughter it was always an object of pride and admiration. Many years before a Blair had planted the trees with a view to shade and with little thought that they would ever prove the mainstay of some of his descendants. The trees were all seedlings, very tall and spreading and very thrifty. Some years each of them bore as many as twelve or fifteen boxes of choice fruit.

As Nelly approached the Carr cabin she noticed several boys shrinking behind a dilapidated shed. Her face flushed. Of course they were the thieves, she told herself indignantly. That proved it.

But a short talk with the placid, even tempered invalid cooled her down somewhat; only when she left the cabin she started on a run toward home. She was afraid that if she looked around she would see the boys and say something angry.

Mrs. Blair had been in the habit of occasionally employing the Carr boys to help in the truck patch, but Nelly was now so violently opposed to this that after a few ineffectual protests the mother yielded. Now and then Nelly carried soup or some other delicacy across the fields to the invalid, but she was careful to make these visits at times when she thought the boys were away. And on their part the boys seemed equally glad to avoid her.

As summer lengthened into fall and the clear, crisp days of October and November appeared the oranges grew larger and larger and finally began to turn yellow. Nelly watched them solicitously and tried to count the number of oranges on one limb and from this small basis to estimate the numbers of boxes on each tree.

"Do you s'pose there'll be fifteen boxes apiece, mamma?" she asked one day after she had made a long calculation on a piece of brown paper.

"I wouldn't be surprised, honey. They hang very full this year."

"That would be sixty boxes," said Nelly after a few seconds' work with her pencil. "Well, call it fifty. Fifty boxes at $2 a box makes $100. An' you know, mamma," triumphantly, "we reckoned up that $60 more would keep us through the year. Now, mamma," impressively, "if we make $40 extra can't you have the new dress and curtains an' me some new shoes?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Blair gayly, "an' you shall have a new wool dress, too, Nelly, an' select it all by yourself."

At length the oranges were ready to pick, but Mrs. Blair hesitated. There were rumors that the markets had been glutted by unwise shipments of fruit and that some forwarders would hardly make expenses. So she waited and listened eagerly to such meager market reports as came to her from the neighbors.

One afternoon Nelly went to the village with some eggs. When she returned there was suppressed excitement in her face.

"I heard 'em talkin' in the store 'bout a cold wave comin'," she said excitedly. "Mr. Tibbs said he 'lowed there'd be a good many oranges froze tonight. An' it's gittin' awful cold, mamma. My hands fairly ached."

Mrs. Blair was cooking and had not noticed. She now went outside. Yes, it was certainly growing cold. The wind actually stung her face as she stepped past the corner of the house.

An hour later it was still colder, and by the time the sun sank behind the pines she was as anxious as Nelly.

Neither of them thought of supper. They had occasionally saved tender vegetables from frost by a smudge fire so placed that the smoke would float across the endangered plants. Mrs. Blair was not very sanguine about its saving an orange grove in case the cold became excessive, but there seemed nothing else they could do. So piles of brushwood were made along the west side of the trees and covered with green boughs and anything that could prevent the fire from bursting into flames. For the most part they worked hurriedly and silently, Nelly bringing the material and her mother arranging it on the piles.

But when the fires were kindled the smoke refused to meet their desire. It rose thick and black, but drifted this way and that under the branches and over the branches and off to one side, but never covering the trees with the dense canopy they were longing for. And this failure only made them work the more desperately. It was getting colder and colder, and they realized with growing dread what the loss of the oranges would be to them.

Nelly was gathering up an armful of grass and weeds, reckless of the sand spurs which clung to her fingers, when she heard approaching footsteps. Looking up, she saw Bill Carr and his four brothers.

"Hello, Nelly," said Bill, rather sheepishly.

"Hello."

"Seen you uns' fires an' thought we'd come over an' sort o' he'p. Mighty cold, ain't hit?"

"Yes." Then, after an embarrassed silence: "Well, why don't you go to work? Plenty of it here."

"Shu! No use workin' that way," contemptuously. "Smoke don't scasely tech the trees. 'Sides, smoke ain't goin' ter scare this freeze. No, sir-ee! Hit's too big. Say, Nelly, we uns is plumb sorry 'bout them melons an' things. You an' your maw have been right good ter we uns. Maw and we uns have horse sense ter know hit. We'll be mighty glad to he'p."

"Well, why don't you then?" desperately. "Every minute's needed now."

"Not in makin' fires. That's fool work. Say, Nelly, why don't you uns pick them oranges?"

Nelly rose to her feet.

"Because we can't," she said, almost breathlessly. "There ain't time." But in her voice was a sudden thrill of hope.

"Ain't time! Sho! We uns kin work like a house afire when the notion gits us, an' you an' your maw kin tote in the bags as we uns let 'em down. Hit'll be easy's day work, fer there's a full moon. Jes' say the word."

"Yes, yes!" cried Mrs. Blair eagerly.

"All right. You uns go in an' clean out a room to hold 'em. Thar'll be a pile. An' now, fellers, tumble into the house arter bags an' baskets. Remember, this is a set off fer them melons. Now scat!"

The next few hours were active ones in the Blair grove. Bags and baskets containing from a peck to half a bushel of oranges were being constantly let down from the trees, and Mrs. Blair and Nelly were kept busy hurrying back and forth between the grove and house.

At last Bill dropped lightly to the ground.

"I reckon that's 'bout all," he said composedly. "Thar's some few left on the ends o' the branches, but they're hard to git, an' we ain't no long ladders. Come, fellers, I reckon we uns had better be pushin' fer home."

But Nelly caught him by the arm.

"We're awfully obliged to you, Bill," she said earnestly. "I shan't ever forgit it."

"Oh, that's all right," then hesitatingly: "If you uns don't mind we uns 'll go up the trees an' fill our pockets with oranges. They'll likely be sp'iled 'fore mornin'."

"Take all you can carry home," interposed Mrs. Blair, "an' don't go up the trees arter 'em. An', say, Tom, come in the house 'fore you go. I've got somethin' for your maw."

During the next few days reports of the freeze came in from various parts of the state. The destruction was general, and the prices of oranges went up and up and up. When it was learned that Mrs. Blair had saved hers half a dozen buyers hastened to her with offers. Nelly was in the room during the conversation. When they left she danced wildly about the floor.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, "we'll have the $60 to live on an' can git the

"HELLO, NELLY," SAID BILL.

dresses an' things, an' there'll be $100 left to put aside! Ain't it just splendid?"

The full extent of the freeze was learned gradually, but by the end of the week it was generally known that old trees had been only slightly injured. The Blair grove escaped with the loss of its leaves.

The Wisdom of Youth.

In the good old days when the child was "seen, not heard," it was the younger generation which received instruction. Nowadays adults are under high pressure in a strenuous attempt to live up to the intellectual requirements of youth.

A reasonably intelligent woman was out in the fields with a little girl of about seven years. "Oh, the lovely butterfly!" exclaimed the woman. "Isn't it a beauty?"

"Yes," replied the small maid, rather patronizingly. "But isn't it a moth?" Mr. Jephson, one of Henry M. Stanley's officers in Africa, writes of his encounter with well informed childhood in "Stories Told In an African Forest."

"I was on a ship bound for the United States. One day I saw a sailor draw some water from the sea in a bucket, and I asked a bystander what he was doing it for.

"A small American boy of eight years was standing near. Hearing my question, he pityingly said:

"'Oh, don't you know? We are now in the gulf stream, and that sailor was drawing water in order to take its temperature and write it down in the logbook.'

"I immediately took a back seat, ashamed that my ignorance should have been so apparent."

Just as Easy.

"How to Get a Position and How to Keep It" is the title of a small book issued by a large publishing house and sold to the unemployed and others for 50 cents.

That is cheap enough if the rules laid down will work like a patent churn without putting a dollar's worth of intelligence along with each suggestion. Any man out of employment and starving would gladly give the 50 cents he didn't have for the book if he could stand off the restaurant man until he had read it.

Doubtless moving along the line of the simple rules will make a man president of a bank or manager of a moving picture show provided he can understand all of the big words on its pages.

However, there is one unfailing rule we will bet the author never mentioned, and that is to be born a millionaire. Then the reader won't care whether he keeps the position or not.

Stevenson and the Beggar.

While walking in London one afternoon Robert Louis Stevenson and Edmund Gosse met a stalwart beggar whom Gosse refused to aid. Stevenson, however, wavered and finally handed him a sixpence. The man pocketed the coin, forbore to thank his benefactor, but, fixing his eyes on Gosse, said in a loud voice, "And what is the other little gentleman going to give me?" "In future," said Stevenson as they strode coldly on, "I shall be 'the other little gentleman.'"

The Wrong Place.

A shade bustled up to St. Peter.

"My good man," he said, "will you tell me where I must go to procure souvenir post cards?"

And St. Peter, eying him sourly, told him where he could go to.—Puck.

Losing Hair.

"A man loses his hair only once," remarked the observer of events and things, "but some women mislay theirs several times a week."—Yonkers Statesman.

More Important.

"Why weren't you at the mass meeting of the unemployed?"

"I was looking for a job."—Puck.

The man who is standing up for you soon gets tired and sits down.—Atchison Globe.

A PUZZLING CLIMATE.

The Curious Way Rain Falls In Balmy Honolulu.

A PERPLEXING SPECTACLE.

Downpours Half a Mile Away That Threaten to Drench You Every Moment, but Never Arrive—A Riot of Broken Up Rainbows in the Valleys.

The most perplexing thing about Hawaii's climate to the new arrival is the matter of rainfall. You begin to experience this perplexity before you have set foot on the dock at Honolulu, when you consult anxiously with your fellow travelers as to the advisability of digging out an umbrella or rainproof before you go ashore. The chances are that you are all convinced that the heavy veil of black clouds which shuts out portions of the mountain scenery from view and the few drops of rain which the fresh shore breeze dashes in your face like flashing jewels torn from that bit of rainbow are warnings too plain to be ignored, and you prepare accordingly for the downpour which seems imminent.

You observe with some surprise that none of the wearers of the dainty costumes you pass on the street appear to be in the least perturbed by the possibility of getting caught in the impending shower until after awhile it dawns on you that the storm keeps right on impending—and nothing more. As you ride in a street car along the flashing seabeach, vivid with color of breaking surf and of flowers in trees and hedges along the way, the sunshine never appeared so brilliant. But off to the left in a beautiful little valley tucked like a deep pocket in the mountains and seemingly scarcely half a mile away there can be no doubt of the fact that a good, heavy rain is falling. The sunlight striking through the falling drops fills the valley with a glory of broken up rainbows—a riot of color that causes one to gasp and exclaim in admiration. There can be no doubt that the rain we have seen falling is real and that it is as near as it seems, for the wind now and then carries refreshing dashes of it into the open car, causing a few of the passengers to change their seats to the opposite side. But still the street is perfectly dry and the sunshine as bright as ever.

Five minutes later we leave the car at the foot of a great jagged pile of volcanic rock that marks the vent of a prehistoric volcano, and the red base and sides which support a stunted, mesquite-like growth and a few cacti look as though they hadn't had a good shower for six months. And they probably haven't.

In time one learns that Hawaii's climate is purely a matter of locality; that the report of the rainfall for any given time, published by the United States weather bureau, does not mean for every place in the territory nor for the island of Oahu nor even for the city of Honolulu, but only for the place where the rain gauge stands. It would not be true for a place half or three-quarters of a mile away. One learns that he may live in Honolulu under very different conditions as to precipitation, according to location. In some of the valleys rain falls practically every day of the year and varies in amount in different parts of the same valley, which may be only a mile or two long. There are other sections in which the splendid lawns and bowers of green foliage which surround beautiful homes are only possible through constant irrigation. And there are to be found almost every degree of moisture between these extremes.

Like everywhere else, one finds people of every turn of mind in Honolulu as to the most desirable places in which to live. In sections where the rainfall may amount to two or three hundred inches per year vegetation flourishes most luxuriantly and with a minimum of attention. There is also an absence of humid feeling in the atmosphere or disagreeable dampness which one usually associates with much rainfall. This is accounted for by the fact that the rain comes in showers, of which a dozen or more may come in a day and may occur while the sun is shining brightly, while the never failing trade winds and a porous soil dry up the surface moisture within a few minutes after a shower has passed. The heaviest precipitation also usually occurs at night.

In the dry sections, if one has plenty of water with which to irrigate (and Honolulu has a splendid system of waterworks with ample supply), one may more easily control what he would grow and at the same time escape the inconvenience of oft occurring showers. Some of Honolulu's most beautiful residence districts as well as the beautiful Kapiolani park, one of the most beautiful tropical gardens in the world, was originally barren sand plains, practically devoid of vegetation and once thought to be worthless. The newcomer is often puzzled to hear an old resident refer to "the plains" when speaking of a section of the city in which are located some of the most magnificent homes and beautiful grounds in the whole territory.

The variation of rainfall, together with the difference in temperature due to elevation, give to Hawaii a diversity of climate that can scarcely be equaled in the world, lacking only in extremes of either heat or cold.—Will J. Cooper.

Fatal Abstraction.

History tells how Archimedes the Great, while busily engaged in tracing geometric figures in the sand in his home city, Syracuse, forgetful of the fact that the city was besieged and all the inhabitants in danger of being slaughtered by the Romans, was speared by the victorious foemen, who had forced their entrance. Archimedes perished. And Plato was near to death on account of his abstraction. While walking forth one evening, his eyes fixed on the stars, his mind busy at solving some celestial problem that occupied it, he fell into a well, from which he was extricated with difficulty.—Chicago Record-Herald.