

THE GLADSTONE DELTA.

CHRISTMAS,

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Gifts for Women

Suits.....	\$13.50 to \$27.50
Coats.....	5.00 to 25.00
Belts.....	.50 to 1.50
Waists.....	1.25 to 4.00
Underskirts	1.25 to 7.50
Furs.....	1.37 to 15.00
Shoes.....	1.50 to 4.00
Fascinators	.25 to 1.25
Scarfs.....	.50 to 2.50
Hose.....	.25 to .90
Kid Gloves	1.00 to 1.50
Wool.....	.25 to .50
Umbrellas..	.45 to 4.00
Hand Bags	.50 to 7.50
Combs.....	.25 to 2.50
Slippers....	.69 to 1.50
Hdkfs.....	.5 to 1.40
Hat Pins...	.10 to .65

Gifts for Men

Suits.....	\$8.95 to \$22.50
Overcoats..	\$6.00 to 21.00
Shirts.....	.39 to 2.00
Ties.....	.15 to .75
Mufflers....	.50 to 2.50
Gloves.....	.50 to 3.75
Hats.....	.50 to 3.00
Shoes.....	2.35 to 5.00
Umbrellas..	.79 to 3.50
Bags.....	9.00 to 10.00
Sox.....	.10 to .50
Box Ties...	.75
Suspenders	.35 to .50
Pajamas....	1.50
Night Gowns	.50 to 1.00
Hdkfs.....	.5 to .50
Caps.....	.50 to 1.50
Jewelry.....	.5 to .75

Gifts for Girls AND Boys

Coats.....	\$2.75 to \$12.50
Fur Sets....	1.25 to 3.40
Shoes.....	1.89 to 2.50
Hose.....	.10 to .35
Hdkfs.....	.5 to 1.40
Hand Bags	.50 to 7.50
Combs.....	.25 to 2.50
Dress Goods	.10 to 1.75
Ribbons....	.01 to .40
Boys' Ties..	.15 to .50
Suspenders	.10 to .50
Shoes.....	1.37 to 2.45
Caps.....	.13 to .50
Gloves.....	.25 to .75
Sweaters....	.85 to 3.00
Suits.....	1.45 to 6.00
Overcoats..	4.00 to 10.00
Mufflers....	.50 to 2.00



Sam Waitely.



Harriet Hepner.

"YES, my dear," said Aunt Susan reminiscently. "I remember my school days as though 'twas only yesterday. And the spelling matches we used to have! There was old Squire Hepner, who always took a great interest in our school. He was a peculiar kind of man. Folks would call him cranky in these days, I suppose. He was so gruff and sniden that you'd think he'd snap your head off."

"Education was the old man's hobby. He had no learning himself and used to tell us how he felt the need of it. He thought that people could not be educated unless they could spell clean from b-a, ba, to incommunicability in the speller."

"Well, Squire Hepner had heard that the Red Haw district folks were making their boasts that they could out-spell ours, and it angered him. His daughter Harriet was the best speller in our school, and they said her father offered her any cow on his place if she'd spell the Red Haw school down."

"One Friday afternoon the old squire came stamping into the schoolhouse when our school was having a spelling match. He was the director of our district, and the boldest scholar would be mute and meek when he appeared. He had two little jet black eyes that seemed to see right through you. He could make almost any scholar wiggle in his seat by fastening his eyes upon him."

"The squire was the richest man in Four Mile, but he never gave any money away, and that made it all the more surprising when, just before school let out that night, he got up and in his short, jerky, gruff way said: 'You've spelt pretty well this afternoon, scholars, and I'm glad of it, for, to my thinkin', spellin's the most important thing a body can learn. In fact, it stands to reason you've got to be good spellers 'fore you can be good readers or real good in anything. It's all well enough to know how to figger correctly, an' I reckon no grammar's much stock in it. Geography an' algebray an' history an' all that is good enough in its place, but 'cordin' to my notion spellin' beats 'em all."

"An' now, to encourage you in being good spellers an' to stop the braggin' of some districts not far from here, I'm goin' to make it an object for you to study your spellers like sixty for the next few weeks."

"In six weeks from tonight, an' that will be Christmas eve, we'll have a spellin' match in this house, an' I want it circled round that airy school in this township is free to come an' spell for the prize I'll offer, which is \$25 in gold to the one that spells down everybody."

peaked. "You see, the squire fairly hated the Red Haw district and about everybody in it. The Red Haw and ours had formerly been one district, and he opposed their being divided, because he owned land in both, and he knew that if they were divided there would be an extra tax for a new schoolhouse and a new school fund."

"The squire had a sister living in the Red Haw district, but he had not spoken to her for years and would not allow his folks to look at or speak to her or her children."

"The poor woman had, in the first place, married against the squire's wishes. That angered him. Still, he spoke to her when they met, though they did not visit back and forth any."

"Mr. Waitely, the squire's brother-in-law, was the one that first suggested the dividing of the district and did more to bring it about than any other man, which was natural, for the district was so big and the schoolhouse so far off that the Waitely children could not go to school in the winter time."

"But that didn't make the least difference to Squire Hepner. He was furiously angry with Waitely, and on town meeting day he and Waitely had some dreadful words."

"Of course Mrs. Waitely sided with her husband, and from that day the squire turned from his own kin. He

them. Then plenty of straw was put in the box, and about twenty of us boys and girls piled in, with lots of quilts and buffalo robes and warm shawls."

"I had my first beau that night. His name was Azrael Whitehead, and of all awkward boys he was the awkwardest. I think I was the first girl he had ever asked to go with him. Anyhow, I know he fell flat on his back trying to help me out of the sled, and he let me go head first into a snow bank."

"I remember that his handkerchief was wet with cinnamon drops and that he gave me a handful of peppermint and cloves. I remember, too, how we all of us went up and down hill singing and laughing at the top of our voices. We made the old woods and the valleys ring. Yes, and the sled upset, too, and we were all thrown into a ditch. The edge of the wagon bow caught my beau's big feet under it, and I thought I should cry from mortification when he lay there and actually bawled and snuffled. I was so put out about it that I wouldn't sit by him after we got into the sled or speak to him afterward."

"When we reached the schoolhouse we found it packed so full that we could not just crowd in. Most everybody had brought a candle, to stick up



HE STOOD WITHIN A FOOT OF HIS UNCLE HEPNER.

never spoke to them again, not even after Mr. Waitely died. The poor man got caught under a falling tree and was killed, leaving his widow with four children and nothing but a shabby roof over their heads and three or four acres of scrubby land."

"She had a fearfully hard time supporting herself and the children, but the squire never helped her. And, to make matters worse, her oldest child, little Sam, was a cripple, humpbacked and lame in one leg, so that he had to walk with a crutch. Of course he wasn't any help to his mother on the place, but she was trying to educate him, knowing that he never could do any physical work."

"Well, the spelling bee excitement became more and more intense as the time drew near, and when Christmas eve at last came the old Four Mile schoolhouse was a sight to see."

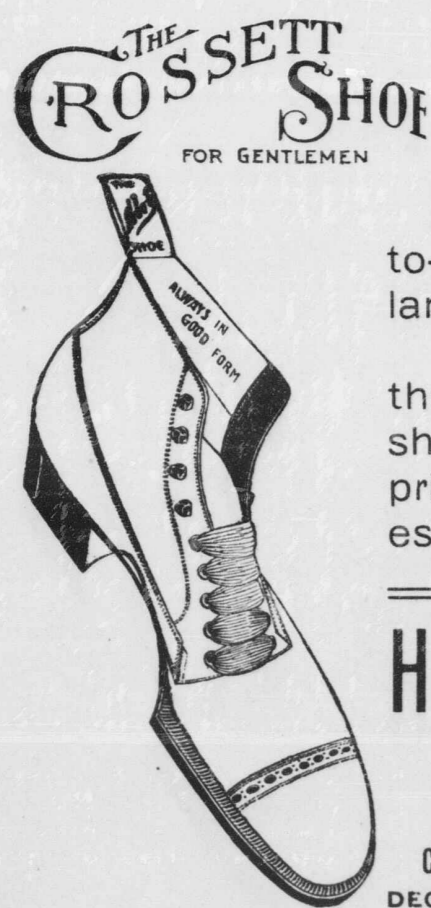
"The night was one of the coldest I ever remember. The stars shone like bright lamps in the sky. The sleighing was good and the air sharp enough to stir the blood and, if possible, still more to stimulate the boys and girls. A lot of the boys had borrowed a pair of sled runners and put a big wagon on

on the logs and some sprigs of ever-green and berries to make the room look Christmasy. There were four different teachers and well known spellers from all over the township."

"Lecta Plumb and I 'chose up.' I got first choice and took Harriet Hepner. She was pale as death and looked nervous and frightened. Lecta took Abimelech Abers, the leading speller from the Red Haw school, and I took Cinda Patch, the best speller from Jack Oak."

"Then we chose everybody in the room who could spell at all. I think we had more than fifty on a side. We stood in long rows on both sides of the house against the wall, and, much to my disgust, I got my hair full of tallow from a dripping candle."

"We were about ready to commence spelling and everybody had become quiet when the people who sat near the door made way for some one who had come late, and in came little Sam Waitely on his crutch, with his mother behind him in a poor, thin, patched old faded calico dress and a thin cotton shawl, with a faded old red hood on her head. I could see a hole worn in her shoe as she put her foot up on the



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