



## For the Real Xmas Spirit

These days, holiday joys are not confined to candles, wreaths, balls, or even trees. The celebration that is without music lacks real Christmas spirit. On The Brunswick music is reproduced in tones that are exquisite. Music that thrills the very soul.

And why is Brunswick music different? Because it has a distinctly exclusive Method of Reproduction.

### The Method of Reproduction

*The Wise Xmas Shopper will hear The Brunswick before buying.*

### The Ultona

The Ultona—a scientific creation—is an all-in-one reproducer. It supplies, at a turn of the hand, the right needle, diaphragm and weight for playing any make record.

### The Tone Amplifier

The Tone Amplifier is the all-wood, vibrant throat of The Brunswick. It is oval shaped—moulded to meet musical and acoustical laws. Truer, richer, sweeter tones—those that were hitherto lost in phonographic reproduction—are restored by this great invention.

### A Brunswick Recital—Especially for You

Come here today. Tell us what records you like most and we will be glad to arrange a Brunswick concert for you. No obligation whatever. The pleasure is all ours.

**WORLAND BROTHERS**  
Rensselaer, Indiana

## COMRADES of PERIL

By  
**Randall Parrish**

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(Continued from Page Seven)

copy of the will on file. This girl had no legal rights till she was of age—see! Churchill knew this, an' he didn't do much o' anything else for ten years, but try to get his hands on her. Old Calkins was smart enough to fool him. The colonel had money enough in the deposit box, so they could live on it quietlike, an' the sergeant never wasted a cent. He just naturally lived for that girl, till about a month ago. He was smart enough not even to trust her; she never knew what they was hidin' from.

Hank touched a match to another cigarette, impressed with the story.

"Rum kind of a business, I'd say," he admitted at last, "but just where did this devil's imp of a Macklin fit in?"

"I ain't got that all figured out yet," admitted Hanley. "You know pretty near as much about him as I do. Furst time I saw the feller he rode in yere along with Cassady's outfit, after that N. P. holdup, an' he's been trainin' with Cassady more or less ever since. After I had this talk with him, when he was drunk, I put him to bed, an' picked up a letter, or two, what fell out of his pocket. I got some o' this stuff out o' them. One of them was written by Churchill, an' judgin' from the way it read, the Kid ain't really named Macklin at all—he's a Churchill himself, the old cuss' son."

"Well, I'll be d—d!"

"You know the rest; how he stumbled onto ol' Calkins down in Ponca, an' what happened. You can't make me believe the old fellow I'd ed him self; he wasn't that kind. But, however it happened, the girl was left helpless; then d—d if she didn't marry that rancher over on the Cottonwood, an' spoil the whole game."

Hank laughed coarsely.

"Tough luck; but the Kid played his hand all right."

### GREAT FIRE DAMAGE IN CORK

Flames Sweep Irish City, Doing Damage Estimated at \$15,000,000.

More than three hundred buildings were destroyed by fires in Cork, Ireland, Saturday night and Sunday, laying waste to a large part of the city.

Allegations are made that police auxiliaries in Cork, maddened by the killing and wounding of comrades by ambushed Sinn Feiners Saturday, loosed the fire demon on the city. Estimates of the loss run as high as \$15,000,000. Hours of terror were spent by the people of Cork Saturday night, the wildest disorder prevailing throughout the city. Several lives were reported lost and dispatches said two brothers named Delaney were called from their homes and shot, one of them fatally.

Two districts of Cork were swept by the flames. In the business district, along St. Patrick's street, from Cook to Maylor, hardly a shop was left unscathed. This was the shopping center of Cork and in untroubled times boasted many prosperous stores. South of St. Patrick's street the fire ran uncontrolled along Winthrop street and other narrow thoroughfares as far as Old George street. Thus an area of three blocks in this part of the town was reduced to masses of debris.

It was not in this district, however, that the heaviest loss of the fire was centered. The magnificent city hall of Cork, on the southern end of the Parnell bridge that spans the River Lee, also was laid in ruins. In addition the Carnegie library just across Anglesea street, to the west, was burned, and the Corn Exchange, just behind the city hall and to the south, was at least partly destroyed. Reports state that Albert quay, lying along the southern bank of the river, is a mass of desolation.

Exact details of the events leading up to the conflagration of Saturday night have not been received here. Some reports tend to question the accuracy of earlier dispatches, but others repeat the story told in first reports. All indicate that the disorders and fires had a direct connection with the attack made on the lorry carrying police auxiliaries.

Some newspapers are frankly skeptical of these reports and suggest that the fires might have been caused by the explosion of stored explosives, such as were found Saturday in the city of Dublin. Others indicate their belief that the fires were a reply to the establishment of martial law in southwestern Ireland, and it is remarked that dispatches have not given proof that the fires were set by men bent on reprisals.

### BIG PUBLIC SALE

As I am going to quit farming and move to town, I will sell at public auction at my farm, 7 miles south and 3½ miles west of Rensselaer; 5 miles north and 3½ miles west of Remington; 3 miles north and 4½ miles east of Goodland, and 2 miles south and 4 miles east of Foresman, commencing at 10 a. m. on

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1920,  
12 Head of Horses and Mules—Consisting of 1 gray horse 9 years old, wt. 1400; 1 brown mare 7 years old, wt. 1400; 1 pair of roan horses 4 and 5 years old, wt. 2700; 1 bay horse 5 years old, wt. 1400; 1 gray horse 5 years old, wt. 1350; 1 bay mare 4 years old, wt. 1000; 3 brown mares 1 to 3 years old; 1 mule 4 years old.

48 Head of Cattle—Consisting of 15 head of good milk cows ranging from 3 to 7 years old; 6 2-year-old steers; 7 2-year-old heifers; 6 1-year-old steers; 3 1-year-old heifers; 10 spring calves, 6 steers and 4 heifers; 1 full-blood Shorthorn bull 2 years old (registered).

30 Head of Hogs—Consisting of 5 Big Type Poland China brood sows, (papers furnished) extra good ones; 1 Durco brood sow; 23 shotes ranging from 60 to 125 lbs.; 1 Big Type Poland China boar (papers furnished).

Farm Implements, Etc.—One wide tire wagon, goods as new, with 40-in. box; 1 low-wheel running gear; 1 40-in. wagon box; 1 spring wagon; 1 trailer, extra good; 1 hog rack; 1 carriage; 8-ft. Johnson binder; 7-ft. Deering binder; 1 McCormick mower; 1 International hay loader; 2 hay racks; 1 manure spreader; 2 discs; 2 spaders; 2 16-in. sulky plows; 2 gang plows, 12-in. and 14-in.; 2 walking plows; 1 Black Hawk corn planter with fertilizer attachments and 120 rods of check wire; 1 Deere corn planter with fertilizer attachments and 120 rods of check wire; 2 harrows, 18 and 20-ft.; 1 harrow cart; 1 riding cultivator; 1 2-row Janesville cultivator with gopher attachment; 2 Tower gophers; 1 broadcast seeder; 1 endgate seeder with cart and box; 1 fanning mill; 1 feed grinder; 1 hand corn sheller; 1 tank heater; 1 DeLaval cream separator; 2 200-egg incubators; 2 sets of good work harness; 20 tons of good timothy hay in stock.

Terms—A credit of 11 months will be given on all sums over \$10, purchaser giving note with approved security, bearing 6 per cent interest from date of sale if paid when due, if not so paid to draw 8 per cent from date of sale; 2 per cent off for cash. Sums of \$10 and under, cash in hand.

THOS. E. REED.

Harvey Williams, Auctioneer.

Charles G. Spiller, Clerk. 118-22-25

Lunch by "Big Sip."

It is now time to order your automobile licenses for 1921. Come in and let me fill out your application for you.—MABEL NOWELS, at The Democrat office.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Lead pencils of all kinds and at various prices for school work at The Democrat office. A good pencil can be had at 2 for 5c; a better one at 5c, and a still better one at 10c.

It is now time to order your automobile licenses for 1921. Come in and let me fill out your application for you.—MABEL NOWELS, at The Democrat office.



The little trees of Christmas  
Stand bravely, row on row,  
Hard by the high-reared altar  
Where festal candles glow.

Dark looms the roof above them,  
Who lately from the sod  
With all the glad, green forest  
Raised myriad hands to God.

The scurrying hare that passed them  
The ducks, wedge-flying by—  
These only in the woodland  
Disturbed their reverie.

Here fervent prayers and praises  
From eager lips upspring  
That strive through finite phrases  
To laud the Immortal King.

The little trees stand steadfast,  
Green martyrs to his praise.  
Godward they lift their branches  
As in the clear, free days.

Godward they send their perfume  
From every fine-wrought limb,  
In man-made church or forest  
Alike incense to him.

O little trees of Christmas,  
Teach me the truth you know!  
Teach me to find his temple  
In woods and stars and snow.

Teach me through turning Godward  
From fear to find release,  
And steadfast, with sweet worship  
To greet the Child of Peace.

—Theodore B. Cogswell

### ARMENIA-TURK PEACE PACT

Treaty Greatly Reduces Territory of the Former Country.

Constantinople, Dec. 10.—A peace treaty between Armenia and the Turkish nationalists is reported to have been signed at Alexandropol during the night of December 2. Under the treaty Armenian's territory will be reduced to only the region of Eriven, the capital, and Lake Kokcha, excluding Kars and Alexandropol.

### Constantine Is Recalled.

London, Dec. 10.—The Daily Chronicle declares that the Greek government at Athens has definitely issued a proclamation recalling former King Constantine to the throne.

### Fires Cause \$35,000 Loss.

Shelbyville, Dec. 10.—An overheated stove in the store owned by George Johnson at Marietta, a small village southwest of Shelbyville, destroyed the store and the K. of P. building in which it was located. Mr. and Mrs. Emery Slagle, who occupied the house adjoining the K. of P. building, barely escaped from the dwelling as it burned down.

In his house upon the top of a hill,  
And almost out of sight,  
He keeps a great many elves at work,  
All working with all their might

To make a million of pretty things,  
Cakes, sugar-plums and toys,  
To fill the stockings, hung up, you know,  
By the little girls and boys.

## "And Santa, Be Sure and Don't Forget—"



### SANTA CLAUS

Beyond the ocean many a mile,  
And many a year ago,  
There lived a wonderful queer old man  
In a wonderful house of snow;  
And every little boy and girl,  
As Christmas times arrive,  
No doubt will be very glad to hear  
The old man is still alive.

In his house upon the top of a hill,  
And almost out of sight,  
He keeps a great many elves at work,  
All working with all their might  
To make a million of pretty things,  
Cakes, sugar-plums and toys,  
To fill the stockings, hung up, you know,  
By the little girls and boys.

—Sunshine Bulletin.

### Five Hurt When Auto Hits Train.

Hammond, Dec. 10.—Two Gary men were seriously injured, one probably fatally, and three others received injuries when the automobile in which they were riding crashed into a freight train standing at the crossing over the C. I. & S. railroad tracks near the eastern city limits of Hammond. The names of the injured are: Frank Spears, Dr. J. A. Stewart, Gary; Joe Dent, Gary; Lee Sewell of North Liberty, and Bryan Sewell, 335 East Seventh avenue, Gary. They escaped with a few cuts and bruises.

## CHRISTMAS GIFTS FROM THE FARM

AST Christmas I spent with a schoolmate who lives in the country. I had gone to her home in the early autumn to board because I had much writing to do and needed quiet. At the same time I needed the sweet, pure country air. When we first began talking of Christmas, fully six to eight weeks before that date, Ruth, my friend, began the old-time plaint; "I know I shall get lot of pretty things from my city friends and relatives, and what on earth can I get in this old ark that is fit to send them?"

"This old ark" was the village general store, where we were when we brought up the subject of Christmas giving.

"Ruth Preston," I answered her, "with all the opportunities you have for making the most delightful, unusual and really worth while gifts, you should worry about Storekeeper Wiggin's limited stock of cheese and chewing tobacco."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you never lived in the city, cooped up in an apartment, or in a house in a big town where the nearest woods and nearest garden were miles and miles away. Did you, now?" She admitted that she never had.

"Imagine that you did live in such a place. What would you say if you were to receive a beautiful little baby fir tree eighteen inches high, a luscious deep green, growing in a pretty little wooden tub painted deep green? Suppose it came to you carefully wrapped in wet burlap so that the

express people could see what it was, and keep it right side up?"

"It would be pretty," admitted Ruth.

"And suppose you lived in a big elevator apartment with a tiny kitchenette and a new maid every week or so and all the goodies you had you made yourself or got at a cafe or dug out of cans with a can opener. How would you like to get a great big fat mince pie, packed in a box so carefully wrapped that it couldn't crush or break?"

I had set her to thinking. Soon after that we brought up the subject once more. I sent back to the city for two dollars' worth of narrow red ribbon, Christmas labels, tags and stick-

ers. "What are you going to send him?" I asked Ruth one day as she mentioned her very wealthy brother who had lived in a distant city for twenty years, and whom she wished to remember.

"Oh, dear, Tom has so much money that anything I could afford would look cheap," she complained. "Neckties are silly and I don't know the latest styles. I'd love to surprise him once."

To a doctor friend—the one who sent me to inhale the country air for six months—I sent two dozen big, rich duck eggs, quite fresh. On each egg I pasted a tiny sticker, a little Santa or Christmas tree or stocking, or something of that sort. I placed these in a wire case which holds each egg firmly, marked them plainly, and they reached the good doctor without a break or a crack.

Every year Ruth's great-aunt sends her something of value. This great-aunt owns a string of business blocks in a big city and keeps a lawyer busy attending to her estate. At my suggestion, Ruth prepared a goose for the oven, stuffed it, packed it up in a cloth and packed

it in a box, the corners of which she filled with apples and onions for roasting. This

she sent to great-aunt, not without fear and trembling. "The very idea of sending her something to eat," she gasped, "she'll think it an insult." She invited a select few in to dinner, she wrote, and boasted of the "home-grown goose straight from my dear niece who lives on a farm." And all her guests raved.

To friends who had children we sent baskets of native nuts: walnuts, butternuts, hickory nuts, chinquapins and the like. We also made some delicious molasses kisses, wrapped them in waxed paper, packed them with sprigs of evergreen and sent them along.

If you live in the maple belt, you surely have some maple sugar left. If it is black, melt it over and recast the cakery. They will be delicious.

If you have popcorn, tie up four bunches, six ears to a bunch, and send it as a present. Country popcorn "tastes different," you know! It does. I've tasted it—Marion Aldrich, in The Farmer's Wife.

bags, some apples, a dozen pears and a little jar of delicious crab apples.

For our old

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