

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS THAT PLEASE



JACOBS CANDIES Fancy Boxes of all kinds.

These candies are too favorably known for further comment.

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15 cents a dozen to 35 cents each

The finest and best supply of Post Cards ever seen in Covington.

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The IDEAL Pen and an ideal line For Lady or Gentleman.

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Gold or silver plated. Make an excellent combination with Pen in fancy box

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It will pay you to look this stock over.

All Kinds of Imported Perfumes
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We believe we have the finest assortment of Christmas presents in town

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LET YOUR SHIP COME IN

NEXT CHRISTMAS

Join Our Christmas Savings Club Now Forming

Save a Few Cents Each Week --- Get a Big Check Christmas



Commercial Bank & Trust Co.

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Christmas in Days of Yore.
There are many old and stately ceremonies and many historical events connected with Christmas that are well worth perusing and that give us glimpses of ye ancienter times when our fathers and our fathers' forefathers celebrated and revered and... of their abundance to those for whom nothing was too good.

Substitute for a Tree.
We are not going to have a Christmas tree, writes a correspondent. To make them brilliant many pretty little ornaments are needed and they cost a good deal. My plan is for a barrel in place of a tree. I have the barrel now in a closet. It is covered with old dark green cambric and the day before the great holiday I am going to pin sprigs of evergreen and holly over it. It will look pretty gay, I think, when it is filled with the gifts that are going into it now, all prettily tissue and tied, and my son as jolly Old-Santa Claus stands over it to delve in-

to its mysteries and to proclaim the names of those who are to solve them. I am sure we will enjoy our barrel as much as we would a tree.

Best of All Holidays
TAKING it all in all. It may be safely asserted that Christmas is the merriest and the best of all holidays, and one which is likely to be observed for ages yet to come. Nations may rise and fall, new beliefs and religions may sweep away the old, but that would seem, indeed, a dreary and empty year which brought no merry Christmas in its annual round. May old Father Time long spare his holiday to mankind to gladden the hearts of all with its coming, and may each Christmas be still merrier than the last.

TOM AND THE HIGH COST OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS.
(By Lysle Ferree Cass)

WHEN Tom left the farm to go to the city to make his fortune he did it contrary to the ominous head-shaking and prophecies of disaster of all the neighbors. Even his father and mother, with past years of toil rapidly beginning to tell upon them, were pessimistic of his chances of success, nor could they resist expressing their forebodings.

The old folks loved their boy too well to reproach him for his desertion now in the first flush of his young manhood, but their hearts did ache at thought of the separation.

"You'll soon get tired of all that hurly-burly there in the city, Tom," his old father told him. "And when you do, I want you always to remember that we've still got a place for you

back here at the old homestead. It mayn't be as fine and showy as lots you'll see there in the city, but it's more the sort that the good Lord intended you for. Ma and I are hoping the best for you, son, but—when you do find out that your fortune's not away off there—just pocket your pride and come back here to us who love you."

So young Tom left the farm with shining eyes and a high heart and adventured into the great, far-away city in quest of fame and fortune.

How he fared there and all the sorry disappointments that repeatedly overtook him during that year of absence would be a long and harrowing story to tell. He chased his rainbow to its end, yet found the faded pot of gold not there as he had so confidently and blatantly expected.

Tom made applications for all sorts of office positions only to find himself quickly rejected because of his lack of experience in those specific it.

"Well, anyway, I'm young and husband used to hard manual labor,"

Tom consoled himself. "I can at least get a job with a contracting gang, as a painter, or plumber's assistant, or teamster. That will suffice to keep me going for a while until the sort of position I want turns up."

But even in those lines of work the green country boy found himself suddenly brought up short against a blank wall. He had no references as to past city employment and nobody would hire him after once finding out that he had no union card.

Huddled in his shabby overcoat on a street corner in the squalid section of the city—the icy wind whistling around him and biting through his threadbare garments—poor Tom stood on the evening before Christmas, wondering where he might find a shelter in which to sleep that night without freezing.

Just how long he had stood there, shivering in the chill wind on the street corner—bitterness against the great, unfeeling city ranking in his heart—Tom did not know. He was startled from his moody reverie by hearing a hoarse, wheedling voice at his very elbow, saying what was intended as a confidential tone:

"How'd y'like a nice hot feed and some coin to jingle in yer pants, bo? Ain't hungry, are ya?"

Whirling about, Tom saw that his accoster was an under-sized, burly fellow with a tough, rufianous visage and hands shoved deep into the side pockets of his coat. He wore a battered cap with the visor pulled low down over his eyes and spat malevolently upon the sidewalk each time before he spoke.

"How'd y'like the idea, huh?" he reiterated in his raucous, grating voice, sidling closer as he spoke and casting a wary eye up and down the nearly deserted, gloomy, wind-swept street.

Tom regarded him with distrust and undisguised mistrust. He looked like a typical thug. But misery cannot be too fastidious about the company it keeps. Finally Tom scowled blackly and answered:

"What's that to you, anyway?"

"Well, you're outta luck, ain't cha, pal? Yer on yer appers, stony broke and maybe with an empty belly, too, huh, bo? Well, I guessed that much. I ain't blind yet, I ain't. Well, I need a pal for a little job tonight and we both can make a lotta jack out of it, see?"

"You—you mean—burglary?" Tom muttered hesitantly, with an involuntary contraction of his heart.

"Humph! Not anything like safe-cracking or breaking into a house, I don't. Too many people staying up with the kids over Christmas trees to-night. I ain't keen on takin' fool chances like that. I'm tellin' ya! Now, this I wantcha for: Is something soft, safe and easy as fallin' off a log. You know the big prices people are willing to pay for real booze since the country went dry, don't cha? Well, right near here I know a certain warehouse that's got 20 cases of whiskey stored in the basement. I got hundred start in the warehouse is an old pal of mine."

Tom split on the coin we get afterwards. I've got another guy with a flivver that's ready to meet us about 2 o'clock this morning to haul away the stuff as fast as we pass it up to him through the alley windows. We've got it all framed for a fake capture and tryin' up of our other pal, the

night watchman, so that the bills can't get wise to him. We're willing to split four ways on the swag if y' wanta go in on it with us. Whatcha say now, bo, huh? Safe and easy as fallin' off a log!"

The sinister appearance of the rufian repelled Tom, and the very thought of the crime they contemplated struck him with fright. It meant jail, disgrace, if they were caught.

"But I—I never have done anything like that in my life," he stammered weakly, teeth chattering in the biting wind. "It would be criminal. The whiskey doesn't belong to us. It would be illegal for us even to try to sell it afterwards."

"Pah!" spat the ugly-visaged man, sneeringly. "You look pretty, a bird like youse, talking that way about what's lawful and all that! Lots that these rich guys have cared how you got along since you came to town, from the looks of you! They've got fine, warm homes and coin and everything. Wotta they care whether poor bums like us have to go hungry or freeze in the gutter on Christmas eve? Why should you care about them when they don't give a rap about you? You've got to go on living, ain't cha, huh?"

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mad with the strain of waiting. He shrank from letting himself think of the deed to which he was about to be party.

Involuntarily his dragging footsteps took him back into the more brilliantly lighted retail shopping district, where the crowds already had thinned, hurrying home to their families and happy, expectant kiddies with the holiday celebration in mind.

The hours dragged slowly by. It came near the hour for the stores to close. But still there was time, if poor Tom had only had money, to have rushed in, bought the presents he wanted for the old folks and children, and caught the midnight train back to the country. He easily could reach there by morning and appear as a joyous surprise to them—

But ah! Why drive himself to distraction by thinking of that when there was no chance that—

And right then, suddenly, he espied it lying there, almost at his very feet—a big, fat wallet, with not a person nearer than a hundred yards of him. Plainly someone had lost it in their mad haste to get home.

Tom stopped and scooped it up like a flash. Around the corner he surreptitiously examined it. Bills—both green and yellow, of large denominations—there fairly stuffed it! There were seven hundred dollars or more!—a small fortune to the miserable boy who had not even eaten for fourteen hours. Money! Money! Money! Far more than he possibly could need even in his most extravagant dreams. With a gurgling cry, Tom stuffed the wad of bills into his trouser pocket, threw away the fine leather purse and made a mad dash for the nearest department store.

No need now to keep his sinister, criminal appointment—no more necessity for—

But the most gladsome feature of young Tom's homecoming that next day was his blushing announcement to the old folks that he had had enough of the big city; that he had come home to stay, as they had prayed he would.



"How'd Y'Like the Idea, Huh?"

about how y' handle the stuff belongin' to all them rich guys?"

"God!" groaned poor Tom in the abyss of his wretchedness. "Yes, I'll do it! I will! I will!"

The other clapped him roughly on the shoulder with a saturnine leer and attempt at jocular fellowship.

"Well, I thought cha would," he rasped hoarsely. "We'll meet cha at the corner by the lumber yard at 1:30. Don't you fail to be there now!"

"I won't! I'll be there all right!" Tom muttered brokenly. Already in his cringing soul he felt like the thief he had pledged himself to become. Oh heaven, if only—

To kill time until the appointed hour, he dug his numb hands deeper down into his pockets and wandered aimlessly on. He had no particular objective in mind save only the need to keep moving lest he freeze or go

BOXES, OLD CHRISTMAS FAD
Ancient Custom at One Time Developed into Demand as Right and Became Nuisance.

THE bestowal of Christmas boxes is of great antiquity, and was formerly the bounty of well disposed persons who were willing to contribute something toward the industrious. Later the gift came to be demanded as a right and became somewhat of a nuisance. Long ago the Roman Catholic priests had masses for everybody, and if a ship went to the West Indies and had a box in her under the protection of some patron saint, into which the sailors put money or other valuables in order to secure the prayers of the church. At Christmas these boxes were opened and were thence called Christmas boxes. In England the day after Christmas is known as "Boxing day," from the Christmas boxes which used to be in circulation, and in the British museum can be seen boxes covered with green glaze with a slit in the side for money and presents.