



FOR CHRISTMAS

Nothing Better Than
JEWELRY, WATCHES AND CUT GLASS

We have a large assortment at lowest prices

GIFTS THAT LAST

G. E. SURGI, Quality Jeweler SOUTHERN HOTEL BLDG.

Greetings



Always come to visit you at Christmas-time each year,
But every time I come along I miss a face that's dear;
Some girlie is a woman grown, some boy is now a man,
But while the crop of kiddies lasts I'll do the best I can
To make you shout instead of cry,
And make you laugh instead of sigh!

We haven't any circulars scattered around to show our reduction on our entire stock, but if you come and see for yourself you will be convinced. Everything is below cost. Just to give you an idea of our prices we give the following:

Blue Buckle Overalls for \$1.98. We are selling Shoes that cost \$7.00 and \$8.00 for \$2.98, etc.
All our goods have to be disposed of before February 1st for I am going to move.

Full Line of First Class Jewelry suitable for Christmas Gifts.
All at Reduced Prices. All guaranteed.

A. SAWAYA

COME SEE OUR
CHRISTMAS CARDS AND TOYS.
They Are Different.

J. P. BOUVIER,
Stationer and News Dealer.
Southern Hotel Building

A Christmas Journey

A True Story for Grown-Ups
By Mary Graham Donner

HE had no children. At Christmas time she especially seemed to feel the need of them. It seemed as though every time she turned around she should see a daughter or a son or a small chubby child of her own—one of those she had dreamed of and who had never stepped outside of her dreams.

Yes! She, Gertrude Harding, was a "born mother" to whom no children had been born.

But this year she had forgotten something most important to be done. And it was only several days before Christmas.

She went down town, made her purchase after quite a delay and left the shop.

Outside were three small children, their faces close against the window pane, their eyes gleaming, their small ill-clad bodies tense and quivering with emotion.

"Aw, gee, look at it stop at the stations! There, she's off the track now! No, she ain't. She's back on again."

The second child was reading a sign. "They says that in this here shop that it's the land where the dreams of children come true. D'ye suppose they's kiddin'?"

The third child, a little girl, who was clutching what once had been a doll was looking at one in the shop's window.

"If I could jes' touch her hair," she sighed.

"Would you like to go inside the shop?" Gertrude Harding asked the children.

They looked at her abruptly. "D'ya mean it?"

And through the shop, straight to the children's department she took them.

It was a revelation to her to realize the joy that was derived by these

children from the intimate contact with toys they knew they could never own.

They had gone inside one of the big shops and had been treated as well as anybody; they had not been afraid. They had looked to their heart's content.

"It's true—what they's said," the children agreed afterward, "in there it is the land all right, where children's dreams come true." For the reality of Fairyland had been expressed by the marvelous and magical toys and games and gay decorations of the Christmas shop.

If Gertrude Harding told herself afterward, these children had so loved a trip into the gayety of a children's shop, were there not others who would like to journey forth into the world of toys, too?

She thought it over. And did not stop there. She rang up a certain number and asked for the matron.

"You're the matron of the Children's hospital, aren't you? Well, I wondered if any of your children would care to go with me tomorrow and take a trip through the children's toy shops? They're most attractively fixed up this year and some of them have special attractions, a Santa Claus and many other wondrous features!"

So Gertrude Harding called for the children. There were 15 who were able to go and of that 15 the majority were motherless.

Such an afternoon as Gertrude Harding had. And such an afternoon as the children had.

These in the shops seemed especially anxious to do what they could for the children who were so obviously from a home or hospital. The mechanical toys even seemed to put more spirit into their performances Gertrude Harding thought.

As they were coming home several little hands found their way into both of Gertrude Harding's hands. One clutched a little finger, another had hold of her thumb; so it went.

"Mrs.," one of them ventured, "let's pretend we're all children from a kindergarten and that you're our teacher. Don't let's pretend we're from a hospital, eh?"

"Yes, let's pretend that," she answered them. "Or how would it do to pretend that I was your mother and that you were all my children?"

"Would you—honest—would you pretend that?" one asked and the others looked at her eagerly, hoping, hoping, hoping she would not refuse.

"That would be the best 'pretend' of all," she smiled at them.

So they "pretended" and so they went back very happily from their Christmas shopping trip.

Once again she took them, on the

day before Christmas. It was hard getting through the crowds, but it was worth every effort.

In one of the shops a gayly dressed clown led the children in a procession. Once in a while he turned and winked at them as though to say:

"We know what fun all this is, don't we? We're in the secret of the fun that children can have at Christmas time that the grown-ups know nothing of. They must just let us go along and share our secret together, eh?"

And then the clown beat upon his drum and the children all marched stilly behind.

When a magnificent Santa Claus asked the children to sing with him and the voices of the hospital children sang out with the rest Gertrude Harding felt herself swelling with pride.

Later when Santa Claus perceived that one of the hospital children had an unusually lovely voice he asked him to sing alone.

And there in the shop he sang, sang with the thrill of happiness that a bird sings with when first he feels the warmth and sweet fragrance of the spring.

He had never been asked to sing before like this—in a big shop where people were and where people listened to him, not because he was being visited in a hospital and must do his part to entertain the visitors, but because somehow or other they liked his voice.

It rang out true and strong. He shifted the crutch which he had never been without and which he would never be without to the end of his days, and then he was asked to sing an encore.

His face was flushed with the pleasure of doing something which was liked in this big outside world.

He looked at Santa Claus and beamed.

He had already sung a popular song which he had learned from the squeaking talking machine which someone had given the hospital when it was no longer fit for the home, and now he thought he would sing something better. Somehow he felt it would be proper, and vaguely perhaps he felt it would show a gratitude for Christmas that went deeper. Dimly he thought these things.

Someone had taught them a hymn in the hospital, a hymn which he had always loved. It made one feel better, stronger, happier somehow. It was a very glorious hymn he had always thought.

And he sang:
"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious king;
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing."

Gertrude Harding had felt a lump in her throat and had smiled with eyes that were misty.

So the angels did bend near the earth—even in these days—and even over hospitals where crippled and ill children were. It was the humans, not the angels, who forgot and who went through life not thinking!

Back to the hospital she took the children late, late that afternoon. The hospital was in semi-darkness. Chil-

drum and the children all marched stilly behind.

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Right to the end of the hymn he sang and the people thanked him and Santa Claus told him it had been lovely and gave him a man-like clap on the back.

Their Day of Dreamed-of Pleasure.
(Continued on page 8)

DO'S AND DON'T'S AT THE P. O.

Thoughtfulness on Part of Patrons of Uncle Sam Will Assist Clerks and Carriers.

DON'T put off mailing that package until Christmas eve.

Don't neglect to tie it properly. It is handled at least five times before it reaches its destination.

Don't forget to write your own return address on all parcel post matter. Don't guess at the postage and give your friends the pleasure of paying "postage due."

Don't plaster Red Cross stamps on the face of packages or letters; take care not to "seal" parcel post packages with them. It raises the rate.

Don't forget that a little thoughtfulness on your part can help to make Christmas happier for Uncle Sam's men, his horses and his automobiles.

Do mail early, preferably before December 20th, writing on your packages: "Not to be opened until Christmas."

Do your best to use the post offices in the forenoon, the earlier the better. Do write legibly, both the address to which you are sending the gift and your own return address.

Do be courteous and "Christmassy" to the post office men who serve you. They are handling thousands of pieces of mail matter.

Do be brief at the counter. You keep someone else waiting if you are loaded like an express truck, with packages and foolish questions.

To Avoid the Rush, Soldier, just back from his harvest furlough, to the sergeant—"My father wants to know if 'll go and see the pig at Christmas. Here's the picture of the pig that is going to be killed."—Filegoude Blatter.