

# Victrolas for Christmas

The Victrola is the Christmas Gift Supreme. This incomparable musical instrument will bring pleasure to every member of the family every day in the year. No other gift that you can select will appeal to everyone for all time as does this peer of entertainers. Reserve the style you want today.

## Will There Be a Victrola in YOUR Home This Christmas?

Today we have a complete stock of Victrolas--every style and many different finishes. But there may not be enough of these superb machines to go 'round--so place your order now--we will deliver any time you wish.

### Hoskins

We have an easy payment plan--Take advantage of this and play as you play Large Record stock--All the new records 28th of each month.

### Bismarck



## On Christmas Day

by Rosalie G. Wendel

It was Christmas day. The snow was falling heavily in the streets. There was holiday cheer in the air. The Christmas bells rang out their message of gladness. The day seemed made for happiness.

Arline, who had invited twelve friends for Christmas dinner stood at the front window waiting for her party to arrive. As she waited many sleighs flew by and happy voices rang out, but she saw or heard not, for she was lost in deep thought.

Arline had promised to give Dudley Grant her answer on Christmas day, and although she had had two months to weigh this vital subject she had not yet come to a decision. Dudley was considered by all the first families as the most eligible of Arline's circle. He was a clean, good looking, prosperous, healthy young man of fine family. If Arline had told any of her friends that she hesitated accepting this paragon they would have raised their hands in horror and cried, "What more does she want?"

She herself didn't know. That was the trouble. When he was not near she felt she loved him; but when he was with her often she became dissatisfied. Deep in her heart was a little uncertainty.

Once he had angrily kicked her brother's small tramp dog. This she could not forget. And then again, he made sport of her settlement work and her settlement friends. This she could not forgive. But she surely cared a great deal for him, whether the feeling was love or not--that was the question.

Turning toward the library table she tenderly touched with the red roses that stood in the high Japanese vase. "He surely is thoughtful," she murmured. "My love is like a red, red rose,"

sang out her small brother, with a twinkle in his eyes as he passed through the room. "Say, Sis, can I be best man?"

"A joyous confusion was heard and the merry dinner-party came bounding up the front stairs.

"We're starved," cried Harvey. "We collected, one by one, as we came along--and we've brought our appetites with us."

"That's good news," laughed Arline with sparkling eyes, "for we have the biggest goose in goosepond for dinner and the rest of the family are going to Auntie's. Mother says we should leave nothing but the bones."

"But where is Dr. Trude?" asked Berance as they removed their wraps. "He is the only one missing."

"Dr. Trude?" exclaimed Dudley in surprise. "Arline, why did you invite that man who lives in the settlement?"

"Because he is a friend of mine," answered the young woman simply. "He just telephoned, however, that he would be unable to come to our Christmas dinner as he had an emergency call. A doctor never can call his time his own, you know."

"I suppose not," asserted Dudley, with a shrug of his shoulders, "if he spends half his time with crying slum babies. This Trude cares more for his settlement practice than for all his millionaire patients put together. I wager this 'hurry call' was only to some little gutter creature."

Arline drew a long breath but said nothing.

The jolly crowd was soon seated about the beautifully decorated Christmas table. Fun rolled merrily on, but that stood in the high Japanese vase, a little gift in the lute and the words, "Only a little gutter creature," kept flashing across her mind.

In the middle of the dinner, as the laughter was at its height, the maid handed a note to Arline, remarking, "There's a little boy outside, Ma'am. He says he'll wait for an answer."

Arline opened the folded paper and read:

"My Tiny was thrown down by a automobile. Can you come back with Jimmy. She cries for you. Please come. I'm sorry on Christmas to ask you. She is very sick."

Without a moment's hesitation Arline arose and with a little tremor in her voice said:

"My friend Tiny has been hurt. She is crying for me. You all will forgive me if I go, won't you? You can have just as good a time without me, and Tiny needs me."

The guests knowing her interest in her settlement friends readily assured her that they would take care of themselves--all but Dudley Grant. He remained silent. As she went for her hat and cloak he followed her, protesting.

"It's all nonsense your rushing off in this way--spoiling our whole Christmas party. Besides, you promised to tell one of the maids to 'Tidy'!"

"Maids!" gasped Arline, opening wide her soft gray eyes. "Tiny doesn't want a maid. She wants me."

"Well, I want you, too," stated Grant. "It's absurd for a hostess to leave her party. Quixotic. There is a thing as being too conscientious--"

"Good-bye, Dudley," said Arline extending her hand, and there was a tone in her sweet, vibrant voice that the man had never heard.

Before long, Arline and Jimmy arrived at the tenement house. Jimmy led the way up three flights of stairs, through a long, narrow, dark hall and

softly opened the door of a dreary little room.

When Mrs. Higgins saw Arline her face lit up through her tears and she said, "I knew you would come, honey, even on Christmas day."

"I'm glad I'm here," softly answered Arline as she knelt down by the corner bed and placed her soft, cool hand on Tiny's fevered brow. At first in vain she tried to quiet the child, but by degrees the little girl became calm, and late in the afternoon sank back on her pillow in a deep and restful sleep.

Then Arline, rising, saw Dr. Trude for the first time since she entered the room. As they tiptoed into the next room she said, "So this was your emergency call?"

"Yes, but you did more for our little friend than I could," he answered as he gazed upon her with deep, sympathetic eyes. "I know you wouldn't fail us when Mrs. Higgins sent for you. God bless you, little woman." The doctor took both her hands in his and held them tight.

Then again the troublesome words, "Only a gutter child," flashed across her mind, and in answer she thought came, "This is a man," and all at once, as a beacon light from the darkness, she knew her own heart.

Turning away so as to hide her real feelings, she murmured, "And Tiny will get well?"

"She surely will," the doctor answered, coming close to her. "And now--as you were so successful with one patient, can you give your attention to another case?"

"Now! Today! On Christmas?" Arline asked in surprise.

"Yes, today and every other day," Trude replied with a quaver in his voice. "You are the only one who can cure him."

"Who is he?" she softly asked under her breath.

"A man who needs you more than Tiny--more than any one else in the world--a man who loves you with all his heart, with all his soul, with all his might. Will you accept the case?"

"I'll try," murmured Arline, and as

# GIFT Suggestions

## You Are Going to Buy Useful and Practical Gifts This Year



This being true, why not follow the crowd, and do your shopping early and do it at this store? Where you are sure of getting merchandise of known worth without paying the long price.

Quoting prices means nothing. It's the quality at the right price, people are looking for these days.

This is the Season of the year when we always have the pleasure of waiting on an army of lady patrons.

We enjoy it, too. Wish there were more holiday seasons--for the ladies can't come too often.

We are aware that good old "St. Nick" finds it hard work filling Men's Sox with suitable gifts--gifts they'll appreciate.

**A MAN LIKES SOMETHING HE CAN WEAR**

Get his present where he always buys his wearables. Get them here, and then you can't go wrong. He doesn't want "bargain counter" stuff!

This whole store is a veritable Christmas Tree of Gifts. Suits, Overcoats, Raincoats, Mackinaws, Beautiful Ties, and Shirts, Underwear, Hose, Fine Handkerchiefs, Collars and Cuffs, Handsome Umbrellas, Cuff Buttons, Silk Suspenders, Bath Robes, Smoking Jackets, Silk Mufflers, etc., etc., etc.

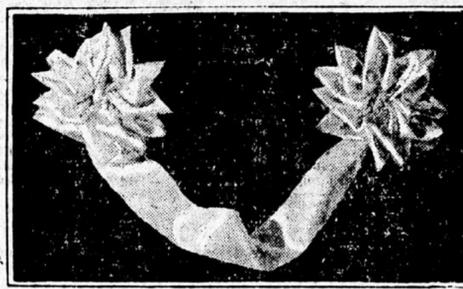
When Christmas Shopping, come here with your troubles and you'll be surprised and gratified to see how easily and satisfactorily we can fix "him" out.

Open Evenings

### S. E. BERGESON & SON

Closed Sundays

## Bonnet Rosettes and Bridle for Baby



PAIR OF DAHLIA SHAPED ROSETTES.

By Biddy Bye.  
No baby ever had enough fresh bonnet ties. Therefore this little Christmas gift is sure to prove acceptable to the mother of any baby. The flat flower shaped rosette and the bridle which snaps at one side are both new. Mothers like the style because the ribbons are not long enough for chewing, according to the teething child's custom.

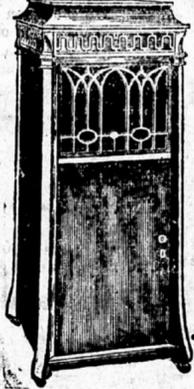
Trude opened his arms, without a moment's hesitation she nestled close to him. Then raising her radiant face she said:

"And on Christmas, too."

## What To Get Him for Christmas

By Biddy Bye.  
A \$5 list contains:  
Ash tray on standard, blacking box for bathroom, nest of ash trays, skat-tes, pajamas, cigar or cigaret box, electric immersion heater, reading

lamp, silk scarf, bill book, safety razor.  
When \$3 is the limit this list makes a good guide.  
Desk pad, silk shirt, enamel cuff links, pocket knife, cane, book ends, necktie case, silk socks, fountain pen, dress shirt studs, one of Mark Twain's or O. Henry's works, record for phonograph, pipe, gloves.  
For \$1 or less:  
Waste paper basket, cigar cutter, necktie, handkerchief, Turkish bath slippers, box of stuffed dates, coin purse, tray for shaving things, laundry bag, ink well, large collar box, fountain pen.



## Will There be Real Music in your Home at Christmas?

There is not one so unmusical as to believe that a talking machine produces real music. At best, a talking machine, no matter how much it costs, no matter what artists make records for it, no matter what claims are made for it by its manufacturers, gives only a hollow imitation of the original music.

## The NEW EDISON Is Not a TALKING MACHINE

This new invention of the world's greatest inventor is in no real sense a talking machine.

It represents more than a million dollars spent in research work by Mr. Edison.

It represents the achievement of his ambition to produce a musical instrument which recreates all forms of music so perfectly that the original cannot be distinguished from the Re-Creation.

By hundreds of tests, before hundreds of thousands of music lovers, it has been proved conclusively that when an artist sings--or plays--in comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of that artist's performance, it is impossible to distinguish the original from the Re-Creation.

The music critics of more than 200 of America's leading newspapers testify to this fact in the columns of their own papers. We shall be glad to show you what the critics say.

## Hear This New Invention

Come in to our store and let us give you a concert of Re-Created music. Come at any time. You will always be welcome. There is no obligation to buy. We merely want you to hear what we consider the world's greatest musical instrument.

### LENHART DRUG CO.

CITY NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, BISMARCK