

# When Santa Came to Our House

By TOMMY SMILES

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## IN EXTENDING CHRISTMAS GREETING

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### JACK HORNER'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

'Twas the night before Christmas,  
And all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring,  
Not even a mouse.

The little verse kept continually running through Jack Horner's mind as he sat in his library with no light but the fitful flicker of the burning coals in the fireplace. It was the night before Christmas, and throughout the house not a sound was to be heard.

For some time Jack's wife had been ill, and the care and constant attention he had given her showed plainly in his worn looking face. She was sleeping now, so Jack had seated himself before the glowing coals to allow his thoughts to contrast the morrow with other Christmases that had gone before.

He had been married five years. How happy those Christmases had been to both of them, each giving a token full



"I SHALL HAVE TO WRAP UP MY LOVE FOR YOU."

of heartfelt love and each receiving with a feeling that kings could receive no more. And even before this, years ago, when they were sweethearts—and they had been sweethearts for a long time—the night before Christmas had been so much to them that each lay awake the greater part of the night in order to be up all the earlier in the morning.

And, after all these memories, here was Christmas eve, and his wife was very ill. She wouldn't be up in the

morning. No; the house would be quiet, and she would feel worse because she could not be up, bright and happy, a sort of living synonym of the day.

His wife called him from his reverie. He went to her and did her bidding. She looked up at him with the peculiar smile of a woman who is grateful for the constant love of a good man. Then she said in a low voice:

"Jack, you look so dreadfully tired I feel terrible to be sick and keep you worried and up all times of the night and day. Dear boy, you haven't had any sleep in a month, have you?"

"Never mind me," replied her husband and kissed her. "How do you feel now?"

"Fine. Tomorrow's Christmas, isn't it?" she said with a sigh. "Well, you know, Jack, I haven't been able to get out, so tomorrow I will have to wrap up my love for you and give it to you again for a Christmas present. You won't mind me giving you again that little trinket I gave you long ago, will you, Jack?"

And she laughed quietly. Fatigue and care passed from his mind. He, too, laughed softly and patted her head.

"No, I won't mind," he replied. "That's a magnificent present."

"You are so tired," persisted his wife. "Go to bed and have a good sleep. The nurse will take care of me for one night."

After a time Jack started for his room. His wife had succeeded in turning his thoughts in happy channels.

As he was leaving the sick woman smiled and said to him:

"And, Jack, don't forget to hang up your stocking."

Playfully he promised and before retiring duly kept his promise.

How he did sleep! There were muffled noises all around him. The doctor had been summoned, and the nurse was going to and fro as softly as she could. Jack's mother had arrived, and she, too, was hurrying here and there. Though it was after midnight, many lights were shining in the house. Santa Claus or some one was very busy. But Jack slept on, dreaming dreams never to be recalled.

It was nearly 7 o'clock, when the first rays of dawn peeped into his room, that he awoke. The noise had ceased and the lights were out. He arose quietly and tiptoed out of his room to the dining room.

He was not thinking of it, but he noticed immediately that the stocking he had hung from the mantle was gone. Then he heard his wife's voice calling:

"Jack, are you looking for your stocking?" it said. "Yes? Well, I have it here. Come in. Santa Claus has been real good to you."

Going in, Jack saw his mother and the nurse, and there beside his wife he could see the end of his stocking.

He pulled it out. It was empty.

"Oh, Jack," exclaimed his wife with feigned disappointment, "it must have fallen out of the stocking!"

Then he heard a something—a noise, a cry, a squeak, an indescribable something—that came from beneath the covering. He wanted to yell, to cry, to do a highland fling, but he didn't. He stood very still.

"Let's name it Santa Claus," he said at last.—New York Globe.

### SANTA CLAUS IN SALT LAKE

To a thrifty Mormon household came the patron saint of Yule. He was pulling like an engine, he was laden like a mule, for he knew a row of stockings such as nowhere else is seen. So he shoved his pack ahead of him and started down the flue. While he muttered, "This is something that I hate like smoke to do." Then he followed with reluctance through the smooty, smudgy air, quickly and the hosiery was hung in many a pair.

There were papa's socks and twenty pairs of lengthy, wifely hose; There were socks for Eddie, Willie, for Elphaiet and Mose; There were stockings of Matilda's, Esmeralda's and Susanna's; There were Charley's hose and Molly's, Cora Belle's and little Dan's. Amaryllis, George, Alphonso, Peter, Joseph, Maude, Eugene, Arthur, Lizzie, James, Amelia, Mary, Frances and Irene; Briggie, Reed, Lucile, Clorinda, Arthusa, John, Estelle, Mattie, Lucifer, Elfrida—from his lips their titles fell.

But about the shelf there dangled other hose whose owners' names He could not recall to save him as he watched the dying flames, Seven pairs, all baby sizes, each in age not quite a year. "Gee," cried Nick, "been something doing since the last time I was here! Glad I brought a stock of rattles and a lot of teething rings. Utah always gives a market for such kindergarten things. From 'race suicide' she ever has discreetly held aloof, And there's not a home in Zion free from stork tracks on the roof." —Strickland W. Gilliland in Judge.

### SOME CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS.

This Yule be wiser for, If, following his nocturnal observations, Santa Claus were to give away as much as he keeps to himself, there would be several scandals in Bohemia. Keeping Christmas is generally done at a loss. One touch of Christmas makes the whole world grin. One swallow doesn't make a Christmas. Nor does a snow bank. Even the stockings must yawn and stretch on Christmas morning. Christmas had been a weak day without the punch.

### CHRISTMAS MAXIMS.

Look not on the wine when it is red, but a little pale brandy helps the pudding amazingly. It's a foolish girl who gives her beau the mitten before Christmas. The small boy cannot be judged by his conduct on Christmas eve. A sealskin sack makes a devout Christmas churchgoer.

### Waggley's Little Joke

Sounded Funny the Day Before Christmas, but Not So Funny the Day After.

By WILL S. GIDLEY

CHRISTMAS not being more than fourteen rods off and rapidly coming in this direction, it is incumbent on everybody to get a hustle on and attend to his holiday shopping without further delay.

"Procrastination gathers no moss," or words to that effect, and the woman who postpones her Christmas purchases until the last minute usually emerges from the final, free for all scramble a wild eyed, shivering nervous wreck and feeling as if she didn't care two pins whether she ever saw another Christmas again or not.

Moral.—But why waste time pointing it out?

One thing it may be well to mention, however, and that is a Christmas gift to have the real Christmas flavor should be selected with due care as to its appropriateness. Don't give a doctor a treatise on "Mental Healing," or the Folly of Using Drugs in Disease; don't send a young married couple a set of boxing gloves; don't give a joke book to a suffragette; don't send a free correspondence course in dancing to a man with a wooden leg.

Have your present fit the person for whom it is intended. Give rein to your fancy, if you will, in picking out your holiday gifts, but not to your sense of humor. It doesn't pay to exercise your wit at a fellow's expense when you are conferring a Christmas present on him. A joke is well enough in its place, but not at a time like this,

especially if it has a sarcastic twist to it.

Take the case of John W. Waggley, for instance. You would never guess it from his name, but Waggley was a bank president. Well, while laying in his supply of Christmas gifts for his staff of employees one season a brilliantly facetious idea, a sort of inspiration, so to speak, suddenly illuminated the recesses of his intellect, and, chucking softly to himself, he sallied forth to a department store and purchased a handsome valise for the cashier of the institution over which he presided and had it left on his desk



the day before Christmas, when the presents were being passed around, adorned with a tag plainly labeled in big black letters, "Theopolus J. Peters, Boodleville, Canada."

It was a fine joke. Everybody roared over it, the cashier among the rest. But it was noticed that there was a thoughtful, faraway look on Peters' face the rest of the day.

The morning after Christmas the humorous Mr. Waggley was astonished, not to say shocked, at finding his trusted cashier missing, together with a goodly share of the portable funds of the bank, and later in the day he received another mild jolt in the shape of a special delivery letter from his erstwhile employee, running as follows:

On train en route for Canada, Christmas Eve.  
Dear Mr. Waggley—Thanks for suggestion and satchel. Hadn't thought of such a thing until you put it into my head. Now that I am safely off with a snug little fortune, sufficient for a life competency if

judiciously handled, you can't imagine how grateful I am for the hint.

In investing the funds of which I find myself (by promptly accepting and acting on your kindly suggestion) so fortunately and unexpectedly possessed I shall endeavor to follow out the precepts thoroughly impressed upon my mind during my years of association with you and do so conservatively and wisely.

With many thanks for all that you have done for me in times past and especially for your final thoughtful Christmas gift and its accompanying hint, upon which, relying on your wisdom and judgment, I have acted, I remain ever your grateful debtor. THEOPOLUS J. PETERS.

"Ever your grateful debtor," repeated Waggley, with a grim smile, as he finished reading the letter. "Guess that's right. This appears to be the sort of joke that comes home to roost. Mighty good thing I had my laugh beforehand."

And without another word John W. Waggley, banker, turned to his private cash ledger and jotted down the following items:

Debit by	
One bag bought Dec. 24 for Theopolus J. Peters, cashier.....	\$4.98
Stuffed for same as per D. phool hint of mine.....	19,364.98
Grand total .....	\$19,369.96
Credit by	
Fun got out of altered joke.....	\$0.05
One lesson in the school of experience .....	19,364.93
Grand total .....	\$19,364.98

### Christmas Cards.

The Christmas card has grown a burden, and the voice of the shopper is heard in our land. Not only is it a trouble to pick out appropriate cards, but they are not in the best taste even when found. A better method often is to write our Christmas greetings on a visiting card. This is more personal, entails less labor and is in better taste.

### Must Be Married.

"I didn't know she was married."  
"She isn't."  
"She must be."  
"Why?"  
"I just heard her say she didn't expect much this Christmas."