

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe  
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You Know How Women Are



Fruits, Candies, Nuts.



For Christmas

Member Chamber of Commerce

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We have just installed a n up-to-date Visible gas pump, you can see what you get each time. Then it is absolutely accurate in measurement, you always get what you call for-no more and no less

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J. E. Patrick, Mgr.

Phone 96

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# Jacques' Christmas

By Eleanor E. King

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A BLIZZARD was brewing. Little cutting pieces of snow were being blown in whirls around corners and down the street. Huddled down in his coat stood a newsboy of some eight or nine years. His face was drawn with the cold and he beat his hands against his sides to keep them warm.

Last-minute Christmas shoppers, hurrying along to get their various errands done, gave no thought to the little fellow who pestered them with his papers. He ought to have known better when they had so many things to think about.

"Yeh, all the news—the latest news. Won't cha buy one, mister? I only have a couple more." He looked up pleadingly into the face of a passer-by.

"Sorry, sonny," smiled the man, "got one here now that I probably won't ever get a chance to read—so busy," and he hurried along his way.

The rush of pedestrians subsided a moment. The boy singled out a young woman, as he said, "She looks kind. I'll try her."

"Yeh—all the latest news—just out—won't cha buy one, please, lady? I only have a few."

She opened her purse and started to hunt for the money.

"I've just got to sell these papers out early tonight, 'cause it's my last chance to buy that doll. You know, my little sister, they say, isn't very well, and the only thing she says she wants is an orange for Christmas, but I know better." He paused for breath.



She Opened Her Purse.

"She wants a doll, but she thinks she can't ask for it 'cause we haven't money for dolls. I have, though," he said promptly. "I've been watching

a doll in one of the windows here. I'm going by tonight and get it."

"What is your name, son?"

"Jacques and my sister's—ma petite soeur—Marthe."

"Zshack?—What a queer—"

"No; it isn't," he said, anticipating what she was going to say. "My mother is French. Those names are beautiful—to us," he added after a pause.

"Where do you live, Jacques?"

"Sixty-nine Kensington Square. Top floor, back two rooms, I've got that down pat now, haven't I?"

"Yes, you won't get lost right soon," she replied as she put her arm around him, and gave him a gentle tap on the shoulder. "Merry Christmas, Jacques," and she was on her way. She stopped a little way down the street, however, wrote something down, then hurried on.

Another half hour found Jacques hugging an orange and a little doll under his coat as he trudged along home. When he opened the door a little voice started chanting, "Frere Jacques, Frere Jacques—you're late tonight."

"Yes, Marthe. Today I was talking to Santa on the corner, and he said he was awfully busy. He doubted if he would get all around this year."

"Oh!" said Marthe in a disappointed tone.

Jacques' mother was sewing busily upon a garment she was intent upon finishing. Tomorrow was Christmas,

"Give and it shall be given unto you"—for his two packets under the tree had grown to be six or seven.

"Mother," he said, "I think I will have to try my new mittens and see exactly how warm they are." So saying, he slipped into his coat and pushed on the door. What allied it? Was it frozen shut, stuck, or what was the matter?

With his mother's help the door was opened. To their surprise they found that a huge pile of packages had been the cause of their trouble.

Jacques gave a cry of delight as he pounced upon the bundles. His mother was just as excited as he, as she helped carry in the stuff.

Then followed one of the happiest hours the family had ever known—whole two-dozen oranges and all sorts of wholesome food. Jacques' mother fairly wept with joy.

Santa remembered us after all, mother," said little Jacques, "and he left this note on one of my presents. Look, mother, it says:—

"I hope you will always be as thoughtful of your sister, Jacques. A Merry Christmas and a Bright and Happy New Year."

"SANTA CLAUS."

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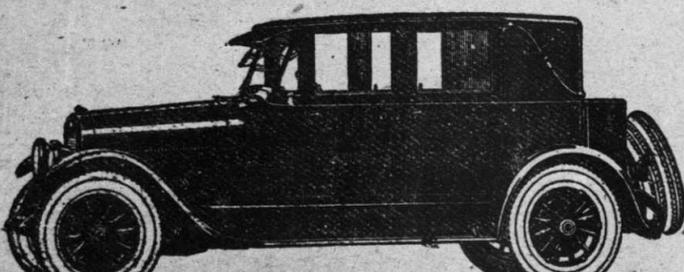
Notions and Furnishings

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