

# A Christmas Carol

By Charles Dickens

WORLD'S GREATEST YULETIDE STORY, RUNNING IN THE PRESS—IDEAL HOLIDAY READING.

They left the busy scene, and went into an obscure part of the town, where Scrooge had never penetrated before, although he recognized its situation and its bad repute. The ways were foul and narrow; the shops and houses wretched; the people half-naked, drunken, slipshod, ugly. Alleys and archways, like so many cesspools, disgorged their offences of smell, and dirt, and life, upon the straggling streets; and the whole crowd reeked with crime, with filth, and misery.

Far in this den of infamous resort, there was a low-browed, beetle-browed, below-a-par, begrimed, and filthy, old man, whose name was Bob Cratchit, and whose office was to be the first, nor afraid for them to see it. We knew pretty well that we were helping ourselves, before we met here, I believe. It's no sin. Open the bundle, Joe."

"and it should have been, you may depend upon it, if I could have laid my hands on anything else. Open that bundle, Old Joe, and let me know the value of it. Speak out plain, I'm not afraid for them to see it, nor afraid for them to see it. We knew pretty well that we were helping ourselves, before we met here, I believe. It's no sin. Open the bundle, Joe."

"That's your account," said Joe, "and I wouldn't give another sixpence, if I was to be boiled for not doing it. Who's next?"

"Mrs. Dilber was next. Sheets and towels, a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver spoons, a pair of sugar tongs, and a few boots. Her account was stated on the wall in the same manner."

"I always give too much to ladies. It's a weakness of mine, and that's the way I ruin myself," said old Joe. "That's your account. If you ask me for another penny, and made it an open question, I'd repeat of being so liberal, and knock off half-a-crown."

Joe went under his knees for the greater convenience of opening it, and having unfastened a great many knots, dragged out a large, heavy roll of some dark stuff. "What do you call this?" said Joe. "Bed curtains!"

"Ah!" returned the woman, laughing and leaning forward on her crossed arms. "Bed curtains!"

"You don't mean to say you took 'em down rings and all, with him lying there?" said Joe. "Yes, I do," replied the woman. "Why not?"

"You were born to make your fortune," said Joe, "and you'll certainly do it."

He recoiled in terror, for the scene had changed, and now he almost touched a bed: a bare, uncurtained bed: on which, beneath a ragged sheet, there lay something covered up, which, though it was dumb, announced itself in awful language.

The room was very dark, too dark to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge glanced round it in obedience to a secret impulse, anxious to know what kind of room it was. A pale light rising in the outer air, fell straight upon the bed: and on it plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept, uncare for, was the body of this man.

After holding E. H. Overman in his power for eight days, Governor Benson of Oregon ordered Deputy Sheriff Jim Logan to release his man, refusing to grant extradition papers so that Overman might be brought to this city to answer to the charge of forgery.

Overman, who is a well known editor and former foreman of the state printing shop, was arrested and held at The Dalles pending the issuance of extradition papers. Deputy Sheriff Logan journeyed to The Dalles last week but Governor Benson had not signed the necessary papers. Monday the governor wired Logan to release his man.

Editor, The Press—Should sounds of "weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth" reach your office through loss of Christmas presents that should have been delivered on the Washington Central, don't blame the overworked postoffice employees, blame Jim Hill and his underlings—the "higher-ups" in the postal department.

About 10 days ago a paper and merchandise sack was kicked off Great Northern train No. 2, and shoes, dolls, gloves, lace handkerchiefs, corsos, ostrich plumes and other bric-a-brac intended to gladden someone's heart at Christmas time was ground into an indescribable mass under the wheels. The morning of the 23d inst. of the mass of pouches kicked off the Oriental Limited another pouch of Christmas goodness was ground up, and this morning, Christmas, still another pouch went under the wheels of No. 2 as it flew eastward.

Adrian is a transfer point for mail designed for Coulee City, Hartline, Wilbur and other points on the Washington Central. Great Northern No. 1 and 2 each carry two to five pouches to be transferred. Formerly those trains stopped at this junction point, but now they go through at 35 miles an hour, the mail pouches being transferred by a kick of the clerk's foot as the train whizzes past the depot.

Nothing can be done but "stand pat" and talk proudly of the fact that Jim Hill discovered Washington, adopted it, developed it and named it to "eat from his hand." The only reason for writing you of our mail service is that you may acquaint the people with the probable fate of their lost or strayed Christmas presents.

I might mention in passing that occasionally the clerks fail to grab the first class pouch as they flit past the crane, and occasionally I get no Press for two or three days—then get a whole bunch. Those things, though, are immaterial; we get our papers—sometimes. And the outside world gets letters from Adrian's business men—sometimes. H. W. Mangold, Adrian, Wash.

Editor, The Press—In notice that Captain John Gray, councilman of the Second ward, has drafted a resolution proposing that the city council instruct the corporation counsel to see that foreigners identified with the I. W. W. movement are brought to the attention of the United States authorities and that they be tried and deported.

I would suggest that the above councilman insert another clause for the city council to ask the United States authorities to counsel the head of the sugar trust and all other trust bosses, including Mr. Morgan, the financial trust boss, to join the I. W. W. We would then be able to try and convict them in 15 minutes. Just think what a saving that would be to the taxpayers, and then to have them

## CHRISTMAS BUNDLES CRUSHED UNDER CAR WHEELS; BAD MAIL HANDLING IS CHARGED

Editor, The Press—Should sounds of "weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth" reach your office through loss of Christmas presents that should have been delivered on the Washington Central, don't blame the overworked postoffice employees, blame Jim Hill and his underlings—the "higher-ups" in the postal department.

About 10 days ago a paper and merchandise sack was kicked off Great Northern train No. 2, and shoes, dolls, gloves, lace handkerchiefs, corsos, ostrich plumes and other bric-a-brac intended to gladden someone's heart at Christmas time was ground into an indescribable mass under the wheels. The morning of the 23d inst. of the mass of pouches kicked off the Oriental Limited another pouch of Christmas goodness was ground up, and this morning, Christmas, still another pouch went under the wheels of No. 2 as it flew eastward.

Adrian is a transfer point for mail designed for Coulee City, Hartline, Wilbur and other points on the Washington Central. Great Northern No. 1 and 2 each carry two to five pouches to be transferred. Formerly those trains stopped at this junction point, but now they go through at 35 miles an hour, the mail pouches being transferred by a kick of the clerk's foot as the train whizzes past the depot.

Nothing can be done but "stand pat" and talk proudly of the fact that Jim Hill discovered Washington, adopted it, developed it and named it to "eat from his hand." The only reason for writing you of our mail service is that you may acquaint the people with the probable fate of their lost or strayed Christmas presents.

I might mention in passing that occasionally the clerks fail to grab the first class pouch as they flit past the crane, and occasionally I get no Press for two or three days—then get a whole bunch. Those things, though, are immaterial; we get our papers—sometimes. And the outside world gets letters from Adrian's business men—sometimes. H. W. Mangold, Adrian, Wash.

Editor, The Press—In notice that Captain John Gray, councilman of the Second ward, has drafted a resolution proposing that the city council instruct the corporation counsel to see that foreigners identified with the I. W. W. movement are brought to the attention of the United States authorities and that they be tried and deported.

I would suggest that the above councilman insert another clause for the city council to ask the United States authorities to counsel the head of the sugar trust and all other trust bosses, including Mr. Morgan, the financial trust boss, to join the I. W. W. We would then be able to try and convict them in 15 minutes. Just think what a saving that would be to the taxpayers, and then to have them

Editor, The Press—Should sounds of "weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth" reach your office through loss of Christmas presents that should have been delivered on the Washington Central, don't blame the overworked postoffice employees, blame Jim Hill and his underlings—the "higher-ups" in the postal department.

About 10 days ago a paper and merchandise sack was kicked off Great Northern train No. 2, and shoes, dolls, gloves, lace handkerchiefs, corsos, ostrich plumes and other bric-a-brac intended to gladden someone's heart at Christmas time was ground into an indescribable mass under the wheels. The morning of the 23d inst. of the mass of pouches kicked off the Oriental Limited another pouch of Christmas goodness was ground up, and this morning, Christmas, still another pouch went under the wheels of No. 2 as it flew eastward.

Adrian is a transfer point for mail designed for Coulee City, Hartline, Wilbur and other points on the Washington Central. Great Northern No. 1 and 2 each carry two to five pouches to be transferred. Formerly those trains stopped at this junction point, but now they go through at 35 miles an hour, the mail pouches being transferred by a kick of the clerk's foot as the train whizzes past the depot.

### FUHER'S GOODY GOODY CRACKER JOKE

At all Druggists Cigar and Fruit Stands.

239 RIVERSIDE

"GOLLY BUT IT'S GOOD"

ALWAYS FRESH

"TAKE ME TO THE BALL GAME AND GET ME SOME GOODY GOODY CRACKER JOKE AND I DON'T CARE IF I NEVER COME BACK."

### WHERE TO EAT TO-DAY

BALTIMORE DAIRY LUNCH

VEGETARIAN CAFE

Everything home cooked and on the counter, where you can select for yourself. Location, 112 Wall, north of Riverside. Open from 6 a. m. until 12:30 a. m.

"The House of Quality," 420 First Ave., Spokane, Wash. FINE HOME COOKING

THE WALL STREET LUNCH ROOM AND BAKERY 126 WALL STREET. You have tried our excellent 25c lunch. Now try our 25c special breakfast—hot cakes, maple syrup, potatoes and choice of ham, bacon or two eggs.

# Get in Line

You'll Never Have Another Chance Like This

## Every Piano Goes

Regardless of Profit

### OVERMAN RELEASED

### WANT 300 BUSINESS MEN TO VISIT JAPAN

### THE PUBLIC SQUARE

### WHERE TO EAT TO-DAY

### BALTIMORE DAIRY LUNCH

### VEGETARIAN CAFE

### THE PUBLIC SQUARE

### WHERE TO EAT TO-DAY

### BALTIMORE DAIRY LUNCH

### THE PUBLIC SQUARE

### WHERE TO EAT TO-DAY

### BALTIMORE DAIRY LUNCH

### VEGETARIAN CAFE

### THE PUBLIC SQUARE

### WHERE TO EAT TO-DAY

### BALTIMORE DAIRY LUNCH

### VEGETARIAN CAFE

### THE PUBLIC SQUARE

## Meeting Emergencies

For the chilly mornings and evenings of early Fall and Spring or the more bitter days of Winter in the house, in the hangar, in any place where heat is needed in a hurry, the

### PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

fully meets the emergency—never smokes—never goes wrong—in a class all by itself

Infinite pains have been taken to make it perfect.

### Automatic Smokeless Device

Turn the wick high or low there's no smell—the automatic smokeless device prevents it—no smoke either—just steady glowing heat.

Requires little care—burns nine hours—indicator glass font shows contents at a glance. THE ONE PERFECT Oil Heater. Various styles and finishes.

Every Dealer Everywhere. If Not at Yours, Write for Descriptive Circular to the Nearest Agency of the

### STANDARD OIL COMPANY

(Incorporated)

# WE CLOSE FRIDAY, Sure

### Dealers Bid For Pianos

Two piano dealers from Seattle and one in Spokane made an offer on the entire stock, while a small concern at North Yakima wants a carload of the pianos. If these instruments and the prices quoted are attractive to other piano dealers in the trade they certainly ought to be to you.

### Why We Are Quitting

Another dealer bought our lease in Tacoma "out from under us" last August. Since then we have been continually harassed by the opposing forces through the instrumentality of the landlord of the building and finally culminating in a lawsuit for \$10,000, which we have finally and fully settled by agreeing to "get out" December 31. The dealer who will occupy the room already has announced the fact both in the newspapers and by a conspicuous card in his window.

### GUARANTEE

Every piano in the stock is backed by the guarantee not only of ourselves but by a manufacturer of good standing, whose certificate of warranty will be unquestioned.

### No effort will be spared, no reasonable offer refused in our effort to dispose of our entire store by midnight, Friday, December 31. Not a piano, organ, player, player piano, desk, fixture or other stock belonging to us will remain in this building. Everything goes—Make us an offer on one or all. Individual buyers given preference over dealers

We are closing out these pianos to quit. There is no time for waiting. The crowds that are visiting our store daily are an indication that something is doing in the piano line, and certainly there was never anything like it in Spokane or the northwest.

### \$125 buys a large-size 7 1/3-octave cabinet grand piano in mahogany case, a well known New York make regularly sold at \$250

For \$150 you can buy a splendid \$275 piano, a favorite design, splendid tone and fully guaranteed. One of our leading makes, a very popular seller, thoroughly dependable, in walnut or mahogany, retailing regularly at \$350, will now be sold at \$186 each as long as they last.

### Player Pianos

What you would ordinarily pay for a piano without player will now buy a combination of an upright piano and a strictly first-class player, built in the same case. A splendid one for \$281—and another, selling ordinarily for \$850, you may have now for \$525.

### STORE OPEN EVERY EVENING

## Lucore Piano Co

WORLD'S LARGEST EXCLUSIVE DEALERS IN PIANOS

Entire Building, 118 Post Street

### TERMS

should be cash when prices quoted are considered, but we must find homes for these pianos and avoid the payment of heavy freight charges to Los Angeles. Ten dollars down takes some of them, \$15 down others, and \$25 to \$50 down takes the best piano in the house. Bring what you can spare and come down today or just as soon as you possibly can.