

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

To enable those making Christmas presents to make a little saving we will make a reduction in prices, for Christmas only, on goods we sell that are suitable for Christmas presents.

	Regular Price	Christmas Price
Pocket Knives	25c	20c
Pocket Knives	40c	35c
Pocket Knives	50c	40c
Pocket Knives	60c	50c
Pocket Knives	75c	60c
Pocket Knives	\$1.00	85c
Pocket Knives	\$1.25	\$1.10
Pocket Knives	\$1.50	\$1.35
Rogers Bros. Plated Knives and Forks	\$4.50 per set	\$4.25
Community Plated Knives and Forks	\$4.50 per set	\$4.25
Community Plated Tea Spoons	\$1.75 per set	\$1.50
Community Plated Table Spoons	\$3.50	\$3.25
Oneida Community Silver Plated		
Cream Ladles	\$1.25 each	\$1.00 each
Gravy Ladles	\$1.50	\$1.25
Sugar Shells	75c	60c each
Butter Knives	75c	60c each
Cold Meat Forks	80c	70c each
Razors	\$2.00	\$1.75 each
Safety Razors	\$3.50	\$3.25 each
Safety Razors	\$1.00	85c each

THE J. DAVIS HARDWARE CO.



BY HARRY IRVING GREENE

Hobo Jim

OWN the long, gray country road an automobile came whizzing ahead of a cloud of dust that rolled away behind it like smoke from a bomb. In the middle of the road half a dozen turkeys were congregated, long of neck, long of limb, fat of body, juicy, tempting—basking in the fall sunlight. Suddenly there was a rattling gobble from the horn of the machine, an answering gobble from the throats of the turkeys, a cloud of feathers in the air and the man at the wheel passed on with a backward grin at the fowl as it lay fluttering by the wayside. "One more gobble gathered to the eternal roost," he chuckled.

From out of the long grass that fringed the wayside a man arose, lean and hungry, and stood looking at the still kicking victim. Then he drew a huge, old-fashioned silver watch from his pocket and glanced at it. "Just dinner time, and I haven't had a taste of a turkey in a year. Guess this is my lucky day," he soliloquized. Then he picked up the bird and started for the brook near by.

He seated himself by the bank and commenced dressing his find, tossing handfuls of feathers to the winds, feeling of the plump body with grins of satisfaction. Then all at once he looked up. A sour faced man with a big star on his coat was standing over him. "Come with me," he commanded.

"To where?" grunted Hobo Jim.

"To the place where all turkey thieves should go—to the coop."

"But I didn't steal that bird—"

Jim began, then stopped short. He was staring into the open countenance of a disagreeable looking revolver and he dropped his prey. "All right, I'll go," he said, sullenly.

Night had smothered the countryside and from out of it the snow was



"Come With Me," He Commanded.

coming down in hard, frozen particles like sifted sands. Across the fields the wind came nipping like a sharp toothed terrier, and Hobo Jim glanced anxiously about through the gloom. He had been released from the "coop" only that day after two months of confinement for having been caught with a dead turkey in his possession, and he shivered a bit beneath his thin clothes as he hurried along the lone road. To make matters worse he was hungry, broke and friendless, and to be hungry, broke and friendless upon Christmas eve is hard enough luck for any man. Then as he peered, he saw through the darkness of the roadside a glimmer of light that twinkled before his eyes like a great star of hope and he paused with his gaze fastened wistfully upon it.

With a caution grown of long experience he passed quietly to the back of the building and peered through a window. He could see into the dining room from here, and as he gazed and sniffed at a crack deep within him his stomach began clamoring like a famished wolf pack, for within a dozen feet of him was a table piled high with good things to eat, while about it the gorged family still sat nibbling. "There is enough left for a dozen lunches, and still things to throw away," he muttered as his eyes roved over the board. Much encouraged by the sight he stretched forth his knuckles in a timid tap, then putting on his most woebegone face stood awaiting his fate with a heart that fluttered anxiously.

The door opened and a man stood before it peering into the darkness. And as the lamp light from within fell upon the hobo's cringing form, the face of the one upon the threshold darkened until it matched the night. "So it is you—sneaking around here and looking for more of my turkeys," he said threateningly. "I have a no-

tion to run you in again upon suspicion. Get out of here, thief."

"But I didn't steal that bird—"

whined the caller. Then he paused suddenly, for once more he was staring into the mouth of that same unpleasant looking revolver. "Oh, I'll go all right," he added hastily.

Up the road he went hurrying, angry, disappointed, hungrier and colder than ever. In the bottom of a pocket where he had plunged a hand for warmth his big, old-fashioned watch lay ticking and his fingers closed about it fondly. It was his only possession of slightest value. Twenty years ago it had been given to him upon a Christmas eve—twenty years ago in the days of his boyhood, and he had carried it with him incessantly throughout all his wanderings. "I suppose I could get the price of a meal and a bed from that old ticker," he mused, then his jaw set. "But I wouldn't part with it for its weight in greenbacks. It is the last thing she ever gave me, and I'll hang on to it if I hang for doing it. I'll beg, starve—yes, or help myself when nobody is looking before I'll part with it." He shoved it deeper into its place and bent forward against the wind.

Five minutes later he again paused suddenly. By the wayside another light was shining, and with a quick glance up and down the road he stood listening. Nothing came to his ears but the low growl of the wind and he hesitated no longer. Sneaking into the yard with feet that fell as softly as the snowflakes themselves he once more peered through a window. There was no laden table here, but instead he saw a bed upon which lay a white faced boy with a woman close beside him. He put his ear to the pane and listened. It was not long before he learned that the two were alone in the house, and at that good news Hobo Jim smiled approvingly.

He passed quickly to the kitchen door and tried the latch. The door was not locked and he entered with the stealth of a panther. A spare bed room with door ajar was adjoining, and forming his plans as he sneaked along Jim crept within. Here, in the darkness, he would hide beneath the bed, wait until all was still, and then in the early morning hours fill his stomach and pockets from the pantry and silently steal away. Instinct told him that the woman would sleep beside the sick boy and he had little fear of being discovered. And what if he was—with a lone woman and a helpless kid as his only bar to escape! Noiselessly he crept beneath his shelter and lay listening.

Through the stillness their voices came to him in murmurs. It had been a bad year for the two in the next room, a year of privation and want, and the morrow would be the hallowest mockery of any Christmas that had ever come to them; a day when a skeleton would preside at their board and hunger be an unwilling guest. Patiently the woman was ex-



Slid the Watch Into the Stocking.

plaining to the sufferer, telling him that she feared that this year Santa Claus would pass him by without stopping. But the boy was unbelieving.

"Santa Claus does not forget. Hang up my stocking, please," he told her, and Jim heard her sigh as she crossed the room to obey him. Then as the warmth of the house came stealing softly over him Jim's eyelids fluttered and closed, the last thing he remembered hearing being the woman's voice as it began reading to the sick one.

"More blessed to give than to receive—" But Hobo Jim was now sleeping.

He was awakened and raised his head a trifle as he listened. There had been an accident in the room, a serious accident as he soon gathered, for through some misfortune the clock had been knocked from the mantle and now lay a ruin upon the floor. It was the only timepiece they had, and the woman was worrying over it considerably, for she no longer had the means of telling when it was time to give the boy his medicine, and the proper administration of the medicine was a very important matter to the sick one. "That's kind of tough on the kid," thought the hobo from his hiding place. But it was no fault of his and anyway he had troubles enough of his own.

Midnight came, and for the last hour all had been still as a cavern. Cautiously, silently, Jim backed out of his lair and rising to his feet stood alert. By the dim light from the other room he could see the pantry. Then he gave a snort of disappointment. There was not enough upon the barren shelves to fill one corner of his hollow stomach, and here were a woman and a sick boy to feed off of it. It was disgusting. Slipping mere-

ly a crust of bread into his pocket he crept out again.

From where he stood he could see the interior of the dimly lighted room beyond, and curiosity arose within him. With the tread of a prowling fox he stepped to the threshold and peered around the corner. The boy was sleeping now, while beside the bed the woman was sitting with head drooped forward as worn out from her long vigil she had fallen asleep in the midst of her watching. And as he gazed at their tired faces there came to Jim a picture of many long years before, a picture of when he had been a boy and sick as this one now was, when a woman had sat beside him the long nights through giving him his medicine and ministering to him as she read—what was it she had read? Yes, he remembered now. "More blessed to give than to receive." That was it. He had never had a great deal of confidence in these words and had never tried them out, still he had sometimes thought that one day he would put them to the test. But he had never had enough for himself, let alone others, while now—his eyes fell upon the stocking hanging from the mantle and a queer

came creeping over his face. They certainly were in tough luck, tougher luck than he was in himself, and the smashing of the clock had been bad business. For a full minute he stood blinking at them, then for the second time that night he chuckled as his hand wandered into his one good pocket. Then he withdrew it, and stretching forth a long arm slid the big silver watch into the hanging stocking.

Along the black road Jim went hurrying, hunger gnawing at his stomach, the teeth of the wind sharper than ever. In one hand he held the crust of bread and now and then he bit at it savagely. "More blessed to give than to receive." He laughed as he buttoned his coat around his throat and bent further forward against the gale.

"I dunno—I dunno, but anyway I've tried it out at last. Only thing I'm sorry for is that I won't see that sick kid's face when he finds that old ticker in the morning."

A groom of twenty-nine who eloped with a bride of eighty may not have picked a budding beauty; but he has the consolation of knowing he hasn't annexed himself to a mother-in-law

How Far Is It to Christmas?

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

How far is it to Christmas? It's across the Land of Dreams, where are the laughing valleys and the ever-singing streams, and up the hill of doubting and along the road of smiles until you reach the border of the land of otherwhites.

It's far away, and near; it is there, and close at hand—oh, earnest little fellow, can I make you understand? You lie awake and whisper, you count and count the days, and try to bring it nearer in a hundred varied ways!

Already you have seen it in a gleam of joy afar, have seen its joy approaching in the twinkle of a star; you hear the bells that jingle and the clatter of the hoofs that time a song of gladness as they gallop on the roofs.

How far is it to Christmas? It's not so far away—for all I know, already you have and hold the day; it has no time nor season; it is not set apart, but sends its blessed sunshine to every little heart.