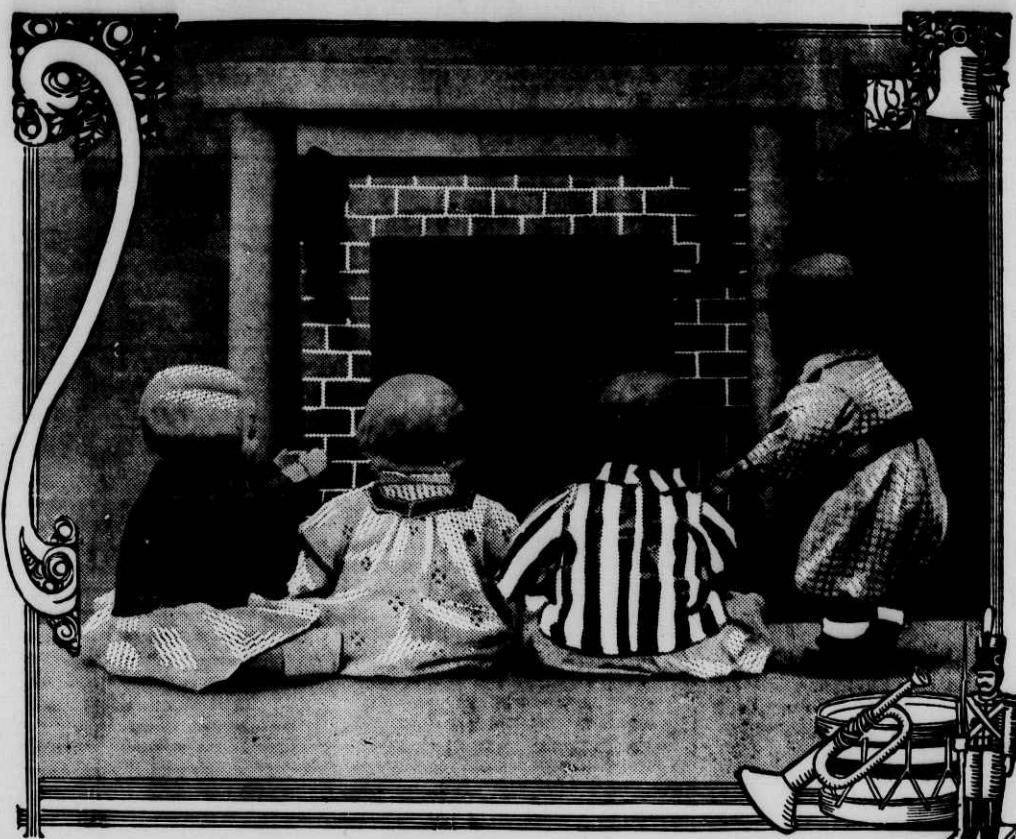


Waiting For Santa Claus



A Feel In the Christmas Air

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

THEY'S a kind o' feel in the air to me
When the Chris'mas times sets in
That's about as much of a mystery
As ever I've run ag'in.
Fer instance, now, whilse I gain in weight
And ginerall health, I swear
They's a goneness somers I can't quite state—
A kind o' feel in the air.

They's a feel in the Chris'mas air goes right
To the spot where a man lives at!
It gives a feller a appetite—
They ain't no doubt about that!
And yit they's somepin—I don't know what—
That follers me here and there
And ha'nts and worries and spares me not—
A kind o' feel in the air.

They's a feel, as I say, in the air that's jest
As blamed-on sad as sweet.
In the same ra-sho as I feel the best
And am the spryest on my feet
They's allus a kind o' sort of a ache
That I can't locate nowhere.
But it comes with Chris'mas, and no mistake—
A kind o' feel in the air.

Is it the racket the children raise?
Why, no!—God bless 'em, no!
Is it the eyes and the cheeks ablaze,
Like my own wuz long ago?
Is it the bleat o' the whistle and beat
O' the little toy drum and blare
O' the horn? No, no! It is jest the sweet—
The sad-sweet feel in the air.

Saving Up For Christmas

A well dressed man in a Market street car tendered the conductor a one dollar bill in payment for two fares and, receiving his change, carefully selected the ten cent pieces and placed them in a separate pocket. "From the 1st of September until Christmas I never spend a dime," he explained to his companion. "Every time I get one I keep it separate from my other change, and when I get home I deposit my dimes in one of those savings banks that don't open until they contain \$10. I am one of a very large family addicted to the Christmas present habit, and sometimes I am obliged to give as many as thirty or forty gifts. By not spending my dimes I create a Christmas fund without really feeling it. I have done this for several years and find it an excellent plan."—Philadelphia Record.

Why She Shops Early.
"I'm going to start my Christmas shopping right now and get it over with," said Mrs. Jones at the breakfast table.

"Ah, to aid the poor, tired shopgirl and help the movement for early deliveries!" her son remarked in tones of commendation.

"Never thought of that," was the disconcerting reply. "I'm going to buy all my presents at Smart & Co.'s, and shops like theirs have handsome delivery wagons. I want all the neighbors to see the wagons stop at my door. Last year I bought a lot of these things at expensive shops, and not a parcel was delivered until after dark. For all the neighbors know they might have come from those pay by week stores in unmarked wagons."

SNAPPING THE CRANBERRY.

Dinner Game Suggested, but Not Recommended.

This is a game to be played at the Christmas table. When the cranberry sauce is brought on each guest must place a cranberry on the end of a knife, holding the knife in the left hand with the right hand close behind the cranberry. At the word "snap," given by the hostess, the cranberry should be snapped with the first finger of the right hand at the target. The game shall be continued until each player has shot away all of his cranberries. The score is counted thus:

Hitting the hostess with a cranberry counts one.
Hitting grandpa counts two; grandma, three; Uncle Will, four; Uncle Tom, five, and so on, depending on whom the guests and those around the table are.

A cranberry that goes on the floor is out of play, but one that falls in any person's lap or sticks in the hair or on a coat or dress can be picked up and played again. Anybody that hits anybody else squarely on the nose counts fifty to the lucky player's score. This is a highly diverting game and one that all will enjoy, especially the hostess.—New York World.

Saddening.

"What makes little Tommy so sad on this happy Christmas day?" asked Foadick.

"His presents are all unbreakable," replied Keedick.—Town Topics.

A Fin de Siecle Catastrophe.

'Twas the night preceding Christmas, And Santa far away.
He lacked enough of gasoline To run his deerless sleigh.

Little Jack Horner and His Christmas Pie

With Variations In the Style of the Poets

By CALLY RYLAND

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in a corner Eating his Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum
And said, "What a good boy am I."

If Edgar Allan Poe Had Written It.
See Jack Horner in his corner
With his pie.
Where's his ma? Will no one warn her?
He will die!
With a thimble that is dotting
While he's gloating, gloating, gloating,
He is fishing for the floating
Plum, oh, my!
All his boast of being good,
Careful of his dally food,
Twinkles merrily within his saucy eye,
eye, eye.

Robert Browning Might Have Done It.
Pastry's all or nothing: it is not mere dough
Pounded and pulled and puzzled over, sir,
For whiteness or for lightness—and this pie
Was of the very stuff of life, sir.
None of your blundering bits of work, but
Infinitely eatable. Well, Horner sat there
Ruminating. 'Twas Christmas, ruminating time.
You say, and you are right, sir.
Lazily alive and open mouthed he sat,
Feeling the pastry tickle at his lips.
Yet scarcely knowing how to fathom it.
When of a sudden—oh, the fellow's keen!
Occurred his thumb to him, whereupon
Straightway he plunged it in the sweet.
"Good boy!" quoth he, and pulled out a damp plum.

This Would Be Walt Whitman's Style.
I sing the Christmas pie.
The flour, the lard, the butter that compose it:
The richness of its stuffing.
A divine nimbus exhales from it.
It attracts with fierce, undeniable attraction.

I am drawn by its breath no less than Jack Horner, who holds it upon his knees.
I am one with the plum concealed in its mammoth vastness.
I loosen myself, pass freely and am at the door of Horner's lips, smacking to taste its ingredients.
But he does not know how to get at you, pie.
He sits, sleepily considering the pose of his head, his puffed out lips, betraying his gluttony.
Presently a fine smile comes on to his face. He lunges into the pie with firm thumb. Its crust yields.
He possesses himself of its richness.
Oh, young men, I would not have you sit in a corner considering pie stuffings.
Be bold. You—wherever you are—are allowed the eternal purports of a pie.
(I loved a certain Christmas pie ardently, and it gave me indigestion.
Yet out of that I have written this song.)

In the Great William Shakespeare's Style.

"Sweet pastry, do not scorn me, do not gibe
And frown at me with crusty surliness.
I know that in your flaky depths is hidden
A mammoth plum, which, 'Ods my little life!
I'll have it if I must swing for 't.' Thus
Jacques.
Who, thereupon, with swashing stab of
Smote through the crispy lid, which erst held tight.
And with triumphant shout, "'Ods bodikins,
A good lad 't' withdrew the sought for plum.

Algernon Charles Swinburne's Style.

Here where the world is quiet
Here upon Christmas day,
With plums and a pie for diet
In a corner sat Horner.
No feast was ever sweeter.
No finger was ever fleet
To yank a plum with glee to
A mouth that gapes away.

Christmas All Year.

A spirit of generosity pervades the Yuletide atmosphere. It is known and practiced at no other season of the year as at Christmas. It is felt in every city, in every town, in every village, in the entire country.

People are prone to be more thoughtful. Men manifest desires to spread good cheer; women weave little acts of love, kindness and devotion into Christmas good will; children cherish their companions and fortunes. Persons unconsciously instill into each other a desire to distribute happiness everywhere. It all comes on the wings of that indefinable thing understood by few, but referred to by many as the Christmas spirit. It is invisible, but can be seen; it is not material, but can be felt. It comes every Christmas, but too often leaves to return perhaps next year, when the real holiday spirit again is felt.

Why does this fellowship of love and good will depart from the souls of so many persons on the wings of time? Why does not the same spirit remain in the atmosphere after men again assume their routine of work and women become normal after their Christmas cares and worries?

Would it not be a good thing if this same Christmas spirit could continue throughout the twelve months of the year? Would it not be a good thing for mankind if all stopped to think of others as they do during the Yuletide season, if all endeavored to fill the lives of their friends, acquaintances and the less fortunate with good cheer and happiness throughout winter and summer, spring and autumn?

Try this for next year. Make it one of your resolutions, and if one resolves to do all in his power to make others happy throughout the entire twelve months no other resolutions will be necessary to assure one of happiness. After all is said and done the only real happiness is derived from making others happy.

THE CHRISTMAS LOVER.

'Tis love that makes the stars revolve;
'Tis love that makes the world go round.
This Christmas purpose I resolve
On earth to make love more abound.
On me, dear maid, thy love bestow
And match my full heart's overflow.

NOR gems nor gear to thee I bring,
Nor gauds nor merchandise rare.
Love's offerings I may not sing,
But love itself I have to spare.
In boundless store, and all for thee,
If but thy heart responds to me.

—Lila.

Underwear, underwear—Fad, Fad.

Highest Market Price for GRAIN

We are now buying Grain of all kinds and paying the highest market prices in Cash. Bring in your grain at any time

Roundup Elevator Co.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM Baking Powder

Is a protection and guarantee against alum which is found in the low priced baking powders.

To be on the safe side when buying baking powder, examine the label and take only a brand shown to be made from Cream of Tartar.



Santa Claus' Headquarters TOYLAND

THE LEWIS CANDY KITCHEN has on display one of the most extensive lines of Holiday Goods ever shown in the city. Hundreds of things to gladden the hearts of the little ones, as well as appropriate gifts for the older ones. Drop in and look our stock over, and if anything pleases you we will gladly lay it aside for you until you call for it later. And do not put off your shopping until the last day—do it right now and you will be better satisfied.

A Few Suggestions

Dolls, Games, Toys of all kinds, Pictures, Leather Goods, Pipes and Cigars, Indian Trinkets, Books, Stationery and Writing Sets, Holiday Post Cards, Chinaware.

You must come to the store to fully appreciate the many Beautiful things on display here.

TRY OUR KITCHENETTE FOR A LIGHT LUNCHEON

A Few Suggestions

Smoking and Shaving Sets, Brass Goods, Xmas Trees and Decorations, Jewel and Music Boxes, Hand Bags and Pocket Books, Toilet and Manicure Sets, Candies, Nuts and Fruits.

We specialized in Candies. Buy your supply here and you will not be disappointed.

Lewis Candy Kitchen

"LEWIS NEVER SLEEPS"