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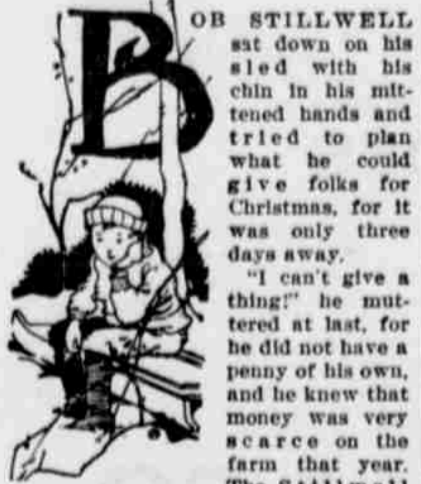
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NO. 6

Bob Stillwell's Christmas

By ANNE CAREW



BOB STILLWELL sat down on his sled with his chin in his mittened hands and tried to plan what he could give folks for Christmas, for it was only three days away.

"I can't give a thing," he muttered at last, for he did not have a penny of his own, and he knew that money was very scarce on the farm that year.

The Stillwell children would be lucky if they all had mittens and warm shoes or stockings. Yet Bob knew that his sister Nan was dreaming of a doll house, little Peter wanted a puppy all his own, and he didn't dare think of his big sister Amy and big brother Elmer and his father and mother.

"Why not make 'em something?" was the thought that came to him.

Bob jumped up and went home whistling through the woods. Under the pine trees he stopped and brushed away the snow. When he got through his pockets were full of dried pine cones, large and small, and some pieces of birch bark.

The day before Christmas Bob unlocked the woodshed door and looked at the result of his labors.

There was a doll house for little Nan made out of an egg crate, with real



HE SAW THE GRANDTEST NEW SLED.

wall paper on the walls of the two rooms, bits of carpet on the floors and some cardboard furniture that Bob had made. He had even tacked little scraps of lace at the windows for curtains.

For Amy there was the lovely picture from the Sunday newspaper which she had admired. Bob had remembered and had made a frame for it out of strips of wood, and on the wood he had glued tiny pine cones, pieces of birch bark and dried moss, and as the picture was a woodland scene you can imagine how pretty it was. Bob had found a chair rung, which he scraped, and polished with some oil and turpentine. He put some screweyes in the ends, and Amy gave him a piece of narrow red ribbon to make loops—and, behold, there was a necktie holder for Elmer! For his mother he whittled a reel for her clothes lines, and it was a wonderfully handy thing, and for his father he bought a pipe. It happened this way: He did some errands for the man who kept the tobacco store in the village, and when the man would have paid him some money Bob said he'd rather have a pipe. So now they were all provided for except little Peter. How was Bob going to get hold of a real live puppy?

"You go over to my brother's place at the foot of Long hill, and you tell him I sent you," said the tobacco man. "Maybe he will let you have a puppy and work it out for him on Saturdays. He has a paper route."

"I'll do it if he will!" cried Bob eagerly. Half an hour later he hurried into the woodshed with a wriggling little puppy under his coat. Of course he had to tell his mother about that. And how Bob did enjoy the secret, running to and fro with milk and scraps of meat for the puppy!

When Christmas morning dawned Bob thought Bob Stillwell was the most surprised boy in Little River. He was so interested in watching the pleasure of his brothers and sister with the gifts he had made with his own hands that he stood smiling, forgetting to look at the tree for his own presents.

"Look, Bobby, look!" screamed little Peter.

Bob looked and turned pale with surprise. The grandest new sled, painted a bright red, runners and all. His father and Elmer had made it, together. And there was a red woolen muffler that Amy had knitted for him and other things that Santa Claus brought him.

Little Cash

A Children's Christmas Story by Bertha M. Masters

IT WAS Christmas eve in Durgan's department store, and to the happy children who accompanied their parents to see the glittering lights and the gorgeous Christmas toys the big store was a place of splendor. But it was not one to poor little Edna Gray, the tired little cashgirl.

This Christmas eve Edna was very sad. She had planned to give her mother a nice Christmas present, and to crown it all she was going to hide the present in one of a pair of new stockings to hang on the chair beside her widowed and sick mother's bed.

A well dressed man and woman smiled at the little girl took a package of gloves to the bundle counter.

"She looks like Beatrice," whispered the woman softly, and the man nodded, with a smiling recollection of the little daughter tucked between the sheets at home dreaming of Santa Claus.

"Poor child," he murmured. And when Edna returned with their package he slipped something crisp and green into her little hand.

"Merry Christmas!" he laughed as they disappeared in the crowd.

"Oh, thank you!" breathed Edna as she peeked at the bill in her thin hand. "Now I can get mother's dressing sack and stockings and tea!"

Full of happiness, she tucked the money away in her pocket and grasped a package handed over the counter by an impatient clerk.

"Cash" took the package, and it dropped from her tired fingers to the floor. She stooped to pick it up, and as she did so her fingers came in contact with a small square leather pocketbook such as men carry. She found a corner of the stairway quite vacant of shoppers, and out there she peeked into the pocketbook. It was crammed with neatly folded bills. Inside was a name stamped in gold letters, "George B. Lawton," with an address below it.

Edna's heart sank as she went back to her work. Of course she must return the pocketbook to its owner, and she suspected it might have been the man who had given the money and wished her a Merry Christmas—the lovely lady with him had called him "George—and yet if she went to that address she would not have time to buy the things for her mother.

When she was outside the store at the closing hour she found herself in a mist of flying snowflakes. A friendly policeman told her how to reach the address she wanted.

A pretty housemaid opened the door and cried out in alarm when a very cold and bewitched little girl fell in a heap at her feet.

"Why, it's the little cashgirl!" exclaimed Mrs. Lawton, who had followed her husband into the hall.

Edna's hand struggled into her pocket, and she brought out the pocketbook. "I found this," she quavered. "I guess it is yours. What time is it, please? Will I have time to get mother's present?"

Mr. Lawton picked her up in his strong arms and carried her into a beautiful living room, and Sarah vanished to fetch a cup of hot broth.

A half hour later the Lawtons took Edna home in a great warm motor-car.

This Christmas Edna will not be a cashgirl in a store. She is in school now, and her future looks bright, thanks to her friends the Lawtons.



SLIPPED SOMETHING INTO HER HAND.



PEEKED INTO THE POCKETBOOK.



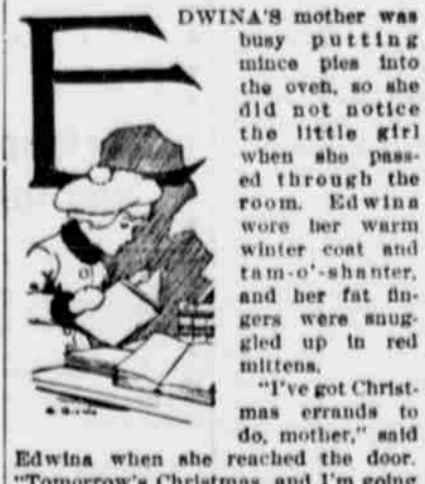
LISTENED TO HER STORY.

Santa Claus Wishes One And All A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.



A Present For Santa Claus

By ELINOR MARSH



EDWINA'S mother was busy putting mince pies into the oven, so she did not notice the little girl when she passed through the room. Edwina wore her warm winter coat and tam-o'-shanter, and her fat fingers were snugled up in red mittens.

"I've got Christmas errands to do, mother," said Edwina when she reached the door. "Tomorrow's Christmas, and I'm going to buy a present for Santa Claus."

"Well, I declare!" Mrs. Ray sank into a chair and began to laugh. "A present for Santa Claus himself?"

"A real present. I've got 12 cents. I earned this money my own self, and I want to buy something for Santa with my own money."

"Very well, dear. I am sure Santa Claus will be pleased enough to be remembered. You had better go to Smith's store."

"All right," called Edwina as she went out.

It was snowing a little—just little, light, floating flakes like tiny feathers. Inside the kitchen it had been warm and cozy, with a delicious smell of mince meat, fresh cookies and apples. Outside it was cold, and the stinging snowflakes made her cheeks tingle.

"What can I do for you, Edwina?" asked Mr. Smith.

"I want a pair of slippers—for a man," said Edwina primly.

"What size?" asked the storekeeper.

"Very big ones," said Edwina in a grownup's manner.

"Hum!" smiled Mr. Smith in a mysterious way. "Well, you can change them after Christmas if they don't fit." Edwina wondered if Santa Claus could come all the way back from



"SANTA HAS TAKEN THE BOOK AND CANDY!" SHE CRIED.

north pole just to change a pair of slippers, but she said nothing until Mr. Smith showed her a very large pair of flowered slippers.

"How good old Santa would enjoy those comfortable slippers!"

"Will 12 cents be enough?" asked Edwina anxiously.

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed Mr. Smith. "Twelve cents? No, Edwina. The price of these slippers is \$2."

"I—guess I won't take them," faltered Edwina as she left the store.

Edwina hurried away from Smith's store and went to a little ten-cent store. Here were all sorts of things she could buy with her money, but it was hard to choose something Santa Claus might like. There were books—such nice stories too. One in particular, called "Patty and Her Pitcher," was so delightful that Edwina was sure Santa Claus would like it. So she paid 10 cents for that, and with the remaining 2 cents she bought two sticks of red and white striped candy.

When she showed these things to her father and mother they did not even smile, but they said they were sure Santa Claus would be pleased.

"I shall hang a stocking for Santa and put these things in it," said Edwina, and on the stocking she pinned a note saying:

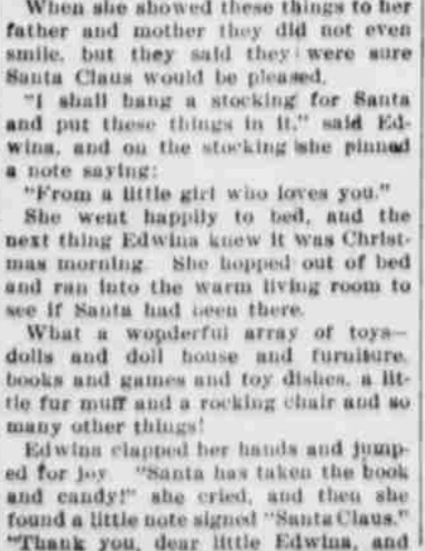
"From a little girl who loves you."

She went happily to bed, and the next thing Edwina knew it was Christmas morning. She hopped out of bed and ran into the warm living room to see if Santa had been there.

What a wonderful array of toys—dolls and doll house and furniture, books and games and toy dishes, a little fur muff and a rocking chair and so many other things!

Edwina clasped her hands and jumped for joy. "Santa has taken the book and candy!" she cried, and then she found a little note signed "Santa Claus."

"Thank you, dear little Edwina, and a Merry Christmas to you," it read.



FOUND ALL HIS BEAUTIFUL GIFTS.



The Hollow Tree

A Christmas Story for Children by CLARISSA MACKIE

NED WAYNE kicked his toes against the door.

"Say, mother, can't I go skating?" he asked.

"Not today, son," said Mrs. Wayne. "It is Christmas eve, and I want you to go into the woods and get some laurel and evergreens to trim the house. The servants are all busy with the housework."

"Aw, bother!" whined Ned.

"Dear me, Neddy, that is not a nice spirit to show at Christmas time," sighed his mother, for she was much worried about her little boy's selfish spirit. Ned had a beautiful home and fond parents, but he seemed to love his own way above everything else.

So when finally Ned, sulking enough, took a hatchet and went to ward the woods his mother did not see that he had his skates hidden under his thick overcoat.

When he reached the pond he found all the skaters had gone home, for who wants to skate on Christmas eve when there are so many other delightful things to do?

So Ned took a few turns around the pond, knowing all the time that he was disobeying his mother and feeling very unhappy all the while.

By and by he took off his skates and went to the woods to cut some laurel branches. It was snowing very hard now, and he had to work fast, because by this time it was growing dark in the woods.

At last his arms were full, and he staggered along through the snow trying to find the path, but the snow had covered it up completely.

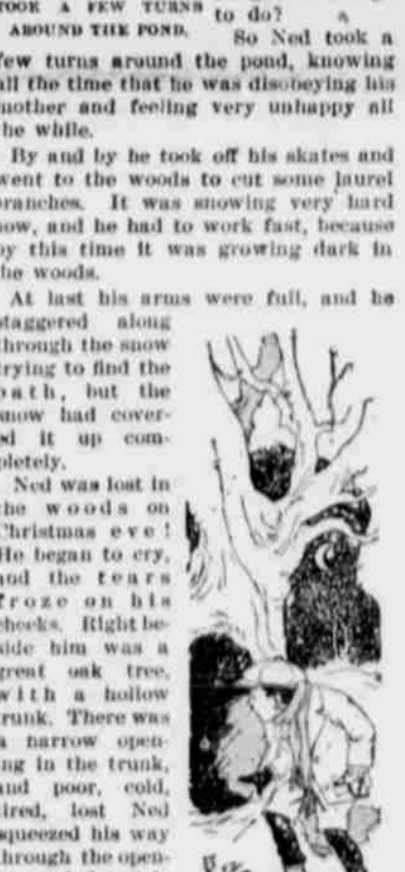
Ned was lost in the woods on Christmas eve! He began to cry, and the tears froze on his cheeks. Right beside him was a great oak tree, with a hollow trunk. There was a narrow opening in the trunk, and poor, cold, tired, lost Ned squeezed his way through the opening and found it snug and warm inside, with a thick bed of dry leaves. He slept and dreamed of his nice warm home, and he thought of his good, kind parents and how worried they would be, and he resolved never again to disobey them.

After awhile he slept and was awakened by the sound of the church bells ringing in the glad Christmas tidings.

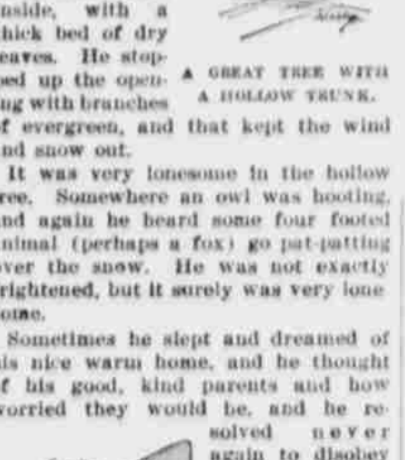
Then he heard voices calling his name, and he shouted back, and presently he was in his father's arms.

When Ned woke up on Christmas morning and found all the beautiful gifts that Santa Claus had brought to him he registered a vow that when next Christmas came around he would be worthy of all the blessings that were showered on him.

And his parents always said, "Neddy has never been the same since he spent the night in the hollow tree."



A GREAT TREE WITH A HOLLOW TRUNK.



FOUND ALL HIS BEAUTIFUL GIFTS.