

ST. JOHNS REVIEW

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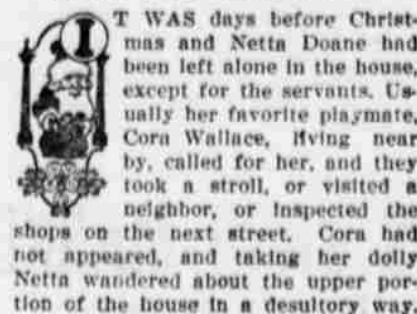
ST. JOHNS, PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1920.

NUMBER 7

A CHRISTMAS WEDDING

By Alvah Jordan Garth

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It was New Year's Eve before Christmas and Netta Doane had been left alone in the house, except for the servants. Usually her favorite playmate, Cora Wallace, living near by, called for her, and then they took a stroll, or visited a neighbor, or inspected the shops on the next street. Cora had not appeared, and taking her dolly Netta wandered about the upper portion of the house in a desultory way.

It was in her sister Winifred's room that Netta received a suggestion that she proceeded to carry out. That young lady in her haste to join her mother in a shopping tour had left her jewel case open in full sight.

"It'll fix you all up for a grand party," Dolly, prattled Netta; and then and there in turn a sunburst, a necklace and a diamond pin were attached to the clothing of the doll, innocent, artless Netta never realizing that she was playing with a small fortune.

"Now, we'll ride to the party in the automobile," announced Netta further, and she put on Dolly's coat, covering up her opulent adornment. Just then there was a call outside and Netta hastened downstairs to join Cora, waiting for her at the door. Passing her mother's room Netta noticed an open box lying on the bed. It held a lovely new doll, and in an instant she knew that it was to be her Christmas present, for a new one had been promised. Impetuously she snatched it up.

"Oh, Cora!" exclaimed Netta, appearing before her friend, "look! look! My new Christmas dolly. We'll go right over and show it to Alice Lisle. The old one is no good now," and she recklessly flung it into the street, with no thought of the jewelry it wore. Five minutes later a ragged little urchin picked up the discarded doll.

"That'll be a fine present for sister Lou," he declared, and made for the tenement—six squares distant—carrying his find to a home possessing a marked contrast to the elegant mansion that had housed the discarded

pet of capricious Netta Doane. There was a vast commotion at the Doane home that evening. Willis Frere, who was the accepted lover of pretty Winifred Doane, made his usual call to be met with tears by his fiancée. Someone had entered the house and had rifled her jewel case! Father had reported it to the police, but the recovery of the gems seemed hopeless.

Willis consoled with Winifred but had a professional call to make and left early. He was a young, rising physician, and arrived at Grey's tenements to receive good news as to a patient of long standing, Mrs. Mary Steadler. He found her on the road to recovery, and told her so, and her daughter and the other children and Paul Martin, a regular visitor at the house, were made happy at the thought of the convalescence of their loved one.

"There is the balance of your bill, Dr. Frere," spoke Martin, taking him into the next room. "The doctors who operated I have paid, too, and the hos-



pital bill is all settled. It's the only Christmas present we shall see around here this year, but isn't it enough to make our hearts glad—mother well once more! You know, I had saved up enough to marry Martha this Christmas, but I have gladly stood the expense of her mother's sickness, so there will have to be a postponement."

"We will call the bill square on your former last payment," insisted Dr. Frere, touched by the faithfulness of the young man. "What are these?" he added, as Martin lifted a box from a stand.

"It is something I wanted to ask you about," replied Martin. "This morning little Ned found a doll in the street and brought it home for Lou, who noticed all that jewelry pinned to it. We are honest people and I want you to advise me how I shall go about finding the owner."

Dr. Frere could scarcely believe his eyesight. In an instant he recognized the jewels belonging to his fiancée. It was too intense a circumstance to analyze all at once; its strangeness; its importance. He hurried back to the Doane house and told the story of Paul Martin.

"A worthy, honest man," observed Winifred's father. "These poor people interest me. What do you say to this grand Martin man having his wedding just as he expected this Christmas?"

Then back to Martin went the doc-

tor. The poor fellow's appreciation of what the Doanes designed fairly overcame him. Next day Winifred and her mother spent decorating the humble tenement rooms and arranging for the wedding.

It was a royal gift to honest need, and the most contented hearts in all the great city that Christmas night were those that had bestowed such signal happiness upon a worthy, grateful family.

A CHRISTMAS HAVEN

By T. B. Alderson

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AN OLD man sat dreamily gazing into the fireplace of a richly furnished room. It was Christmas eve and Marvin Hughes was looking back over the years of his life and was grave and saddened as he realized that he had neither chick nor child of his own, as the echo of music and the voices of rollicking children in the apartment overhead were borne to his ears.

The recognition of the fact that he was getting old, that he was missing something in life that might make him better and happier, appealed to him powerfully this Christmas eve. He had mechanically distributed the usual Christmas largesse at the office. Homeward bound he had neglected no appeal from the street mendicant. This was not soul-satisfying, however. It had dawned upon him that he had brought his isolation upon himself; that there were at least two persons in the great city who were of kith and kin and he set to summing up the duty he owed them.

"I have been no closer to them than if I were an utter stranger," he soliloquized. "It is my fault, I suppose, for I have encouraged neither; for years I have simply sent them the usual holiday check. When I am through with what I have it must go to others. Which of the two deserves recognition—Etta Harnes or Alberta Norris?"

The first subject was a widow and

second cousin. Hughes had supplied the capital to start her in a boarding house at her urgent request and she had managed to make a living out of it. For a time he called and she had put herself out to make upon him an impression of admiration of his successful business record, of gratitude for his financial co-operation, of her love and devotion for him, the last near relative she had in the world.

Then, too, she had appealed to him in a strong way. Once she had taken him to a draperied niche off the sitting room, and had showed him a life-sized oil painting of his dead mother.



"She was like a sister to me," said Mrs. Harnes pathetically, "and you know brother Willis was quite a portrait artist. I have always treasured it as the one precious memento of my life."

Hughes was duly touched, but the impression was not lasting. There was something artificial and insincere about Etta Harnes. Under the influence of his present emotions, however, his softened spirit, longed for loyal companionship.

"I'll do it!" spoke Hughes. "I shall call upon Mrs. Harnes and Alberta. One or the other I will endow with fortune and I hope to trace out some real affection for me; a genuine gladness to welcome me as a member of their household during my remaining few years."

An hour later he entered the home of Mrs. Harnes. He was told that she was out on an errand and was shown into a sitting room. Involuntarily memory directed him to the niche where he had viewed his mother's portrait. It was not in place. Then as he glanced into the room beyond Harnes saw it lying across two chairs, used as an ironing board. The shock drove him to his feet. He had fastidiously the insincerity of this unworthy relative. He was half-minded to return home. A memory of the last

time he had seen Alberta, her husband and children, however, influenced him to follow out his prescribed plan.

They had always lived humbly, but respectfully. From the day that Alden Norris had married Alberta he had but one thought in his mind—her comfort and contentment and that of the little ones who came to them as the years passed on.

Well Hughes knew the house, the room brilliantly lighted, whence echoed sounds of jollity and excitement. Its window was open for ventilation, and his eyes dimmed as he viewed the happy-faced Alberta and her husband.

"Keep Marvin away from the candles, Alden," he heard Alberta speak, and his heart thrilled. This last child then was his namesake!

He came into the house to receive the usual earnest welcome always bestowed upon him. "Alberta," he said, "I am lonely and unhappy. I have resolved to seek some congenial home where love and sympathy will bring me peace and contentment. Is it here?"

With open arms she greeted him, and amid Christmas cheer and the loving tenderness of true, honest souls, that Christmas eve Marvin Hughes was awarded the longing desire of his heart.

SANTA'S REINDEERS

By May Anselley Rigdon

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HERE was a past Christmas eve that stood out in bold prominence in the mind of Ross Evans, as he lounged in a luxurious chair in his room at the hotel and wove fond, reminiscent, and then hopeful anticipatory dreams.

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8.50 Wool Union Suits,	7.00	Jersey Gloves,	35c, three pairs, 1.00
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The shows were off of the road for the winter season now, and a few days before Christmas there came a great longing to the wanderer to see the old friends at home. There was Mrs. Alice Dalrymple, whose husband had been the best friend Evans ever had. There was her house full of little children and Ivy Clay's peerless beauty and grace, who had come into his life as a winning spirit of gentleness.

It was because of his remembrance of his last Christmas eve in Westport that he thought of her now. How fervently he recalled the merry hours with the brood of little Dalrymples, and one incident that had tinged his whole career, when he and Ivy were alone trimming the Christmas tree. She wore a rose colored, broad ribbon belt, and he was standing her on a stool. As she was adjusting some tinsel its perfumed ends swept his face. With an impulse he could not analyze (Concluded on fourth page)

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

The Hoos Studio

The Christian Church.

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---AND---

To wish the community a Merry Christmas

---AND---

A Happy New Year

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