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—Via the North Bank and S. S. "Northern Pacific". \$27.60 Round trip, with birth and meals, to San Francisco; \$42.50 Round trip to Los Angeles. Tickets sold from Oregon Electric points December 22, 23, 27 and 28.

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J. R. GILBY, Agent

## The Waiter-Guest

How He Gave Eclat to a Christmas Dinner

By ALAN HINSDALE

It was Christmas eve. Ned Willard sat in his bachelor rooms before a fire place, on which he had lighted a blaze, and thought of the many Christmas evenings he had spent in half a dozen children growing to manhood and womanhood. There were a father and a mother who were interested in making the anniversary of the birth of the Christ Child a happy event. Then was the going to bed with visions of Santa Claus coming in his sleigh, drawn by reindeers, distributing gifts on the way.

What a change between then and now! The father and mother had passed away. Some of the children lay beside them, while those that were left were scattered. Ned himself had drifted to a city where he was unknown. Christmas had come, and he must spend it alone. Better his daily work than the crowding upon him of happy days that were gone forever. He would go to the office the next day and busy himself with end of the year accounts.

In the morning he woke up looking straight at the fireplace. The ashes were cold, not an ember left. No stockings hung there as of yore. Life seemed to him as desolate as these ashes on the hearth. He arose languidly, dressed himself and went out to a restaurant where he usually took his breakfast, then went to the office, where he stayed and worked most of the day.

Ned had been accustomed at home to put on evening dress for dinner, and the habit had become fixed on him. He would as soon have neglected to wash his face or brush his hair in the morning as to dine in his business clothes. So he went to his room and put on his "glad rags," then went out to dine alone at a restaurant where he had not dined before, a more expensive place than he thought he could usually afford. It was 5 o'clock, and he was the only guest in the room. Having taken off his overcoat and hat, he was standing irresolute as to which of the many tables he would take when a waiter came in from the kitchen, looked at him and said:

"Are you the man who is to wait on the Vincents?"

Ned returned the man's glance without reply.

"If you are don't stand there gaping, but get a move on you. The dinner is at 8. You'll be half an hour getting there, and you'll be needed to help arrange the table."

It was evident to Ned that the man had mistaken him for a waiter. His self esteem was not flattered, but it flashed upon him that if he could not be one of a Christmas dinner party he might at least see one. Would not serving a joyous company be better than dining alone? It occurred to him to start out to fill the place of a waiter and decide on the way whether or not he would do so.

"Give me the address," he said.

The man told him where to go, and Ned jumped into a trolley car and, having on the way made up his mind, in due time rang the bell of the basement door of the Vincents. He was admitted by the butler and made himself known as the man who had come to wait at the table for dinner. He was admitted without a word, and, having laid aside his coat and hat, was led up to the dining room, where he found the lady of the house arranging flowers on the dinner table.

"This is the man sent from Kulseley's, men," said the butler.

Mrs. Vincent looked up at Ned. She was evidently pleased with his appearance.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"My name? Giovanni."

"Oh, Italian. Go into the pantry, where you will find the little neck cloths, and bring them in here."

Ned brought in the cloths and placed them on the table. This was all that was required of him then, for the dinner hour had arrived. The lady went into the drawing room, telling him to follow her and announce dinner.

How he wished that he could be one of the persons assembled there! They were nearly all young, and there were many pretty girls among them. Each man at once sought his dinner companion, and they all went into the dining room in pairs. Ned was reminded of a picture in a book giving him when he was a boy of the animals going into Noah's ark.

Ned and the butler were the only waiters, and they had all they could do to serve the viands. Nevertheless, the dinner was not hurried, and a long interval between courses was permitted.

During a lull when the company were slipping a sheet Ned stood against the wall pretending to stare at vacancy, but really observing a very pretty girl opposite him. Several times he caught her darting a glance at him, and it occurred to him that there was a chance for him to fall into one of those cases where a rich man's daughter elopes with a pauper.

When the dinner was finished and the company had gone back into the drawing room the hostess remained behind and said to Ned:

"As soon as the table is cleared come into the drawing room and play for me to dance."

Ned met this order with an expression of astonishment.

"You play the piano for dancing, don't you?" she said. "I told Mr. Kulseley that I wanted a man to wait on table and play dance music on the piano after dinner. He said he would send one."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Ned, pulling himself together. "I play the piano for dancing."

This satisfied the lady, and Ned was much pleased that he could fill the bill. He had played for boys and girls to dance at home and, though he feared he would be a trifle rusty, had no doubt that he could acquit himself fairly well. When the table was cleared and the dishes turned over to a scullion Ned went to the drawing room, where a crash had been laid and some of the furniture removed. He was received by the hostess and led to the piano.

At this time modern dancing had just been introduced, and some of the men had not learned the dances. Consequently there were more girl than men dancers. Ned not only knew all the dances in vogue, but had learned one that had just been brought out. Having played the music for the turkey trot and the fox trot, he began to play for the hesitation waltz.

"What's that?" asked the girl who had cast glances at Ned during the dinner.

Ned told her that it was a new dance just out. She asked him if he could dance it, and he said he could. She told him to show the step, which he did, and nothing would do but she must try it with him. One of the guests had caught the air for the dance and essayed to take Ned's place at the piano.

A number of years ago the bare suggestion that a lady should dance with a waiter would have excited disgust. Nowadays, when men are hired for partners in cabarets, a woman may dance with a chimpanzee provided the chimpanzee knows the step. Ned and the girl smiled away. Ned was a beautiful dancer and the girl a natural one, so she caught the step at once and with so admirable a partner danced remarkably well. Meanwhile the others stood looking on, and when Ned and his partner had finished several other girls insisted on having a turn with him. While this was going on the hostess was called out and when she returned brought a man with her carrying a cloth case.

"There has been a mistake," she said. "I inquired at Kulseley's restaurant if they could send me a man to wait on table and to play dance music besides. They said they could. Giovanni came and has filled both positions. Now comes another man, who says that he was engaged to play dance music. It all comes very handy, for now Giovanni can teach us the new dance, while this man gives us the music."

Where there is a similarity as to refinement, habit in social standing are easily got over. Ned's services were called into requisition by every girl present, and it was not long before he forgot the role he was playing. And for that matter, the others forgot that he was an Italian waiter. When about midnight Mrs. Vincent stepped up to him and told him that he was wanted without to bring in refreshments it was like a bolt on the ear.

Nevertheless, he arose from beside Miss Merrivether—the girl who had been the first to ask him to dance with her—and in another minute was passing napkins and plates among the guests. When all were served he coolly helped himself and resumed his seat beside Miss Merrivether.

The fact that he had just been serving the viands caused this act to ruffle the equanimity of the company. The eyes of every one were fixed upon him. It was one thing for him to teach them to dance, another to assume a right to eat with them, though why this is so is intelligible, for when a man hands a lady a dish he doesn't touch her, when he dances with her he holds her in his arms. Mrs. Vincent, who was appalled at the waiter's familiarity, confronted him.

"Giovanni," she said sternly, "go into the kitchen. The butler will pay you for your work."

This was too much for Ned. It drew forth a confession. He told the hostess and the company of his lonely Christmas eve and that to keep off the blues he had spent the day at work in his office. He gave an account of his being mistaken for a waiter at Kulseley's and the man that was to serve at Mrs. Vincent's dinner; how he had preferred to wait on those who were happy to dining alone in an empty restaurant.

The moment he had finished every one present clustered about him sympathetically, both men and women vying with one another for a clasp of his hand. When this was over Miss Merrivether asked the newcomer to play a waltz and, advancing to Ned, said:

"Giovanni, I claim the first dance with you as a guest."

The rest of the evening was not only a happy one for Ned, but the incident appealed to all the others, and Mrs. Vincent thanked her waiter-guest for having given a zest to her Christmas dinner party that would never be forgotten.

The next Christmas Ned spent in his own home with his wife, Mrs. Merrivether.

In these days, when servants are so hard to get, young ladies of refinement who are obliged to earn their own living might do well to hire themselves out to serve at dinners. If they are expert dancers they might be called on at times to act as partners. And why not secure husbands in the same way that Ned Willard secured a wife?

## BILLY BRADFORD

Story of a Boy Who Had Never Heard of Christmas

By F. A. MITCHEL

Billy Bradford was the son of a constitutional rover. Billy was born in 1849. When he was old enough to experience his first Christmas he was astride a donkey in Mexico. There was no Christmas for the Bradford family and no mention of Christmas. If Billy's father remembered it was "the season when we went nothing about taken place. Then she went back to the room from which she had come and resumed her Christmas preparations.

For an hour the gentleman questioned Billy and drew from him a disconnected account of his life. He was principally interested in that part of Billy's wanderings which pertained to the child's visit to San Francisco when gold was discovered in the territory and there was a great hegebra of gold hunters. For Billy told him about the "printed papers," as he called them, and that he had come to the city on his account. But the trip to the gold fields had occurred when the boy was too young to remember much about it, and he was enabled to give the gentleman very little information.

Billy took out the pocketbook and showed the certificate. The moment his interviewer saw the name of the mining company printed in large letters at the top he opened his eyes in astonishment. The certificate was for a thousand shares of stock, and each share was worth several hundred dollars. It was plain that this little orphan boy, if he really owned that bit of paper, was very rich. Never before had the gentleman seen such wealth centered in a person so near to the brute creation. The woman returned and said:

"Little boy, you're going to sleep in this house tonight."

"Reckon I couldn't do that. I never slept in a house."

"It's time you did. We're going to show you what Christmas is. Come."

"One moment," her husband interposed. "Let me have that old pocketbook you showed me."

Billy gave him the pocketbook, then went with the lady to the room where the children were. His attention first fell on a row of stockings dangling from a mantle.

"This is Christmas eve," said the lady. "Tonight, so the tradition is, Santa Claus will come down the chimney and fill these stockings with gifts. This is your stocking. Tomorrow morning you will find it full of nice things."

This was all Greek to Billy, except that something would be given him. It was a new sensation, for nothing had ever yet been bestowed upon him. Then he suffered himself to be led up to a bathroom, and after he had been soaked and the softened dirt rinsed off him he was taken to a little room with a white iron bedstead and snowy linen on it and told to get between the sheets. He obeyed, but when half an hour later the lady looked into the room Billy was not to be seen. She sought for him and found him curled up like a dog under the bed instead of in it. She thought best to leave him where he was.

The next morning Billy was dressed in some borrowed clothes and stood before a mirror to note the change in his appearance. It would be impossible to say whether he was more astonished at his clothes or his reflection. Both were a wonder to him. Then he was taken downstairs, where the children were opening their stockings, and given his own Santa Claus offering. He had no idea as to what most of the things were, but demonstrated that possession is a human instinct by being much delighted with everything he took out.

After breakfast the lady took Billy into the library and told him the story of the birth of the Christ Child in a manger; how the sins of the world had been redeemed and how the event had been celebrated once a year. Then Billy was taken back to the children, who taught him games and told him stories about what they did, how they went to school, and Billy absorbed every word of it. All day it seemed to him that he had been translated to heaven. His hair in the forest began to seem horrible to him, and he wondered if he would ever become sufficiently polished to live among these lovely persons.

And the Christmas dinner. Billy looked at the table, loaded with good things, and seemed to be in a stupor of wonder. He ate all he could cram no more into him.

After dinner the gentleman who had questioned him took Billy's pocketbook and opening it drew forth the certificates of stock that Billy was going to San Francisco to see about.

"My boy," he said, "Christmas reminds us that we must do for others beside ourselves. We have given you a pleasant Christmas, but it behooves me to do something far more important for you. I do not doubt that you are here to that which will buy every thing you can wish for—far more than you can enjoy. What was probably worthless when your father made an investment in it of a few hundred dollars is now worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. Tomorrow I will take the matter up for you and hope to establish your claim to your property."

This was lost on Billy, but Christmas was not. As it was his first Christmas, it was his happiest. And when it was ended and they told him he must wait a whole year for another it seemed to him very far away.

It took some time to establish the fact that Billy was the son and sole heir of the owner of the certificates in the mining company, but it was finally accomplished. Billy was permitted to remain with the family with whom he spent his first Christmas, and the court appointed the head of that family his guardian. Billy went to school with the children and came to look upon them as his brothers and sisters.

But at last Billy became of age, and from a wild boy he had become quite a gentleman-like and intelligent young man. The fortune he received on the day of his majority he handled with skill and discretion, enjoying the income of it with the girl who had received him when he knickered at the door and asked what they were decorating for.

If with his age he had no home. There was no mention on which his little boy might hang his stocking, and if there were there was nothing to put in it.

The mother died while the family were still moving from place to place. Then the father died while passing through an uninhabited country. Billy found himself alone. He was eight years old, considering that he was left in a wilderness, with no one to take care of him, perhaps his want of the refining influences of a home were in his favor. With a little help from kindly neighbors, he went about pro-

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Start the New Year right by insuring with the Guarantee Fund.

O. G. Bretz, Manager  
Washington County  
Hillsboro, Oregon

villing for himself as a young squirrel does when left on its own resources.

At first he slept out under the trees, then made himself a sleeping place partly under ground. For food he lived mostly on berries. But his father had left a gun, and Billie knew how to bring down birds. That is all he did, the same as wild animals.

One day while examining the articles his father had when he died Billy found some certificates of shares in a mining company located near San Francisco. He had no idea what they were, but one day a traveler passed that way, and Billy showed them to him. He told Billy that they represented a fortune for whomever owned them. When Billy told him that his father's was the name written on them and that he (Billy) was all that was left of the Bradford family the stranger advised him to go to San Francisco and look the matter up. Billy explained that his father had crossed a country with no trees and plenty of Indians and stopped awhile in a city, where upon the man inferred that Bradford had been a forty-timer, had invested in a mining venture and moved on.

The stranger furnished Billy with funds to go to San Francisco, writing out a note for the amount, and Billy made an X at the bottom. Then the lender went on his way, saying that he would likely turn up some day in San Francisco and claim the amount due him. He never did.

Billy knew nothing of traveling and walked the whole way to San Francisco, the suburbs of the town on a winter evening at dusk. Passing a house that was lighted up, he looked in through a window. A number of children were inside and some older persons were hanging evergreen festoons from the ceiling. The scene in the house pleased Billy, and he went to the door and knocked. A little girl opened it, and Billy said to her:

"What you puttin' up the green things for?"

"What are we putting them up for? Why, for Christmas, of course."

"What's Christmas?"

"Oh, my good gracious!"

She ran back into the room where the Christmas preparations were being made and cried out:

"There's a boy at the door who doesn't know what Christmas is."

The astonishment at this announcement among the children was eclipsed at sight of Billy, who followed the girl into the room and stood staring about him, half blinded by the lights. A lady descended from a stepladder and confronted him.

"Are you the boy who doesn't know what Christmas is?"

"No; I don't."

"Where were you brought up?"

"I wasn't brought up at all. I was a mover."

"What do you mean by that?"

"That's what mother said we was. We was always goin' somewhere."

"Where is your mother?"

"Dead."

"And your father?"

"Dead."

"And you never heard of Christmas?"

"No, I never did."

"Children," said the lady, "how often have I tried to make you understand how thankful you should be that you are surrounded with comforts! Here's a boy who has neither father nor mother, who has always been a wanderer and who doesn't know what Christmas is. Have you anything to be thankful for, little boy?"

"Yes, I'm thankful that I wasn't borned a groundhog or somethin' like that."

The children were not able to comprehend this assertion. They did not know that the only thing the boy had to be thankful for was that he was a human being. If they were thankful it was that they were far above other human beings who lived in small houses were ragged clothes and didn't have all the money they wanted for candy.

"Come with me," said the lady to Billy.

She led Billy into another room where a gentleman sat reading, and told the gentleman what had thus far

**GOOD AND BAD MANNERS.**

And the Brand Used in the Privacy of the Home Circle.

There are three sorts of manners—good, bad and the sort that are used in the privacy of the home circle. The last named sort are usually the worst.

Good manners seldom come naturally to any male. This is proved by the fact that they must generally be hammered into small boys with a large, round cane, the flat of the hand or the rear side of a hairbrush. As the boy grows to manhood he displays his native bad manners by telling his wife what he'd like to say to the tiresome folk who come to call and the people who give parties which he is expected to attend. His early training, however, prevents him from exhibiting his bad manners in public. Occasionally a male child is blessed with good manners from birth, but he usually expresses with exceptional thoroughness shortly before or immediately after his fifth birthday.

Men with bad manners are generally very successful in life because their competitors and opponents lose their tempers, thus making it easy for the persons with the bad manners to defeat them. Before a bad mannered person becomes wealthy he is known as a selfish boor. Afterward he is said to be eccentric.

There is grave danger that while a bad mannered person is still in the boor class some strong minded and strong muscled individual may resent his bad manners and spread his features hither and yon over his face with a few brisk and well directed blows of a pair of No. 11s. If one cares to run the risk, bad manners are great things on which to gamble.—Kenneth L. Roberts in Life.

## HIS SMUGGLING TRICK.

A Mexican Trader's Way of Evading the Customs Inspectors.

There are ways of evading duty down on the Rio Grande impossible to the port of New York. The Mexican found a way. He was a merchant just on the other side of the Mexican border. He had two vases which had caught the fancy of an American customer, but they were dear, and with the duty added—not to be thought of. The customer told the Mexican so. The Mexican fell \$5. But the price was still too dear. The Mexican fell again. But still there was the duty staring the customer in the face. Then suddenly, without explaining how, the Mexican guaranteed that the vases should be delivered free of duty on the other side of the Rio Grande—next morning at breakfast time.

"And," the Mexican said in a characteristic manner, "I will be there to collect."

At breakfast next morning, as the customer was eating leisurely, the Mexican appeared.

"Where are the vases?" the customer inquired.

"In the next room, senior," replied the Mexican, smiling blandly.

"And the duty?"

"There is no duty, senior."

"How in thunder did you manage it?" asked the American, amazed.

"I paid a greaser a dollar, senior, with the vases strapped to his back, he swam the Rio Grande. See, senior?"

"hurrying to bring in a vase from the next room and touching it gently with his fingers—"they are whole, perfect."

—New York Post.

## SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington.

Zulu Hickman, Plaintiff,

vs  
Minnie D. Jones, Walter E. Jones, Ida Brandt, Grace Lancaster, Clara Pickard, Opal Anna Lillian Martin, James Blair Martin and N. D. Simon, Defendants.

To Minnie D. Jones, Walter E. Jones, Grace Lancaster, Opal Anna Lillian Martin and James Blair Martin.

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, You and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer the answer and cross complaint filed in the above entitled suit by N. D. Simon, one of the defendants herein, on or before the 8th day of January, 1917, and if you fail to answer, for want thereof said defendant, N. D. Simon will ask for a decree foreclosing his said notes and mortgages on Lot numbered 5 Fruitful Lands, situated in Section 28, Township 1 South of Range 1 West of the Willamette Meridian in Washington County, Oregon.

2nd—For a judgment and decree herein in favor of the said defendant, N. D. Simon, and against the said defendants, Opal Anna Lillian Martin and James Blair Martin, in the sum of \$300.00, together with interest on \$300.00 at the rate of 7 per cent per annum from July 31, 1915, also on \$300.00 at the rate of 7 per cent per annum from July 31, 1915, together with the costs and disbursements of this suit and the further sum of \$100.00 attorney's fees for foreclosing said mortgages.

3rd—Directing the sale of said hereinbefore described real property and the application of the proceeds thereof to the payment of the costs of said sale and judgment.

4th—Barring and foreclosing all right, title and interest of each and all of the parties to this suit, both plaintiff and defendants in and to said real property and the whole thereof, save only the statutory right of redemption.

5th—For such other and further relief as is just and proper.

This summons is served by publication for six successive weeks by order of the Hon. Geo. E. Bagley, Judge of the above entitled Court, which order was entered in the above entitled cause on the 10th day of November, 1916, and requires that you appear and answer said defendant's answer and cross complaint on or before the 8th day of January, 1917; otherwise default, N. D. Simon, will take a decree herein as prayed for herein.

Date of first publication, Nov. 16, 1916.

Date of last publication, Dec. 28, 1916.

BEACH, SIMON & NELSON, Attorneys for Defendant, N. D. Simon.

710 Board of Trade Bldg., Portland, Oregon.