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- | | | | | |
|-----------------|---------------------|------------------|-------------------|---------------------|
| Toilet Sets | Shaving Outfits | Manicuring Sets | Fancy Whist Broom | Leather Collar Bags |
| Toilet Articles | Fancy Jewelry Boxes | Fancy Stationery | olders | Leather Music Rolls |
| Cut Glass | Perfumery | Bric a brac | Fancy Cigar Cases | Military Brushes |

The above is only a partial list. To fully appreciate our line of holiday goods, a visit to the store is necessary. Remember everything must be sold before Christmas. We have the largest assortment of Post Cards and Christmas novelties in town.

HART DRUG STORE

FOURTEENTH @
COMMERCIAL ST.

Scraps' Christmas

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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It was in the Old Ladies' home. One day Miss Virginia went to her sister with a stern face.

"Adelaide" she said, "where's my gold pin?"

"Have you looked in your best dress, Virginia? You might have left it there."

"I never did such a thing," answered her sister, "but I'll look."

She went to the closet just as Mrs. Slocum and Mrs. Perkins entered the room. With her head among the dresses she did not hear them.

"No, it ain't here, Adelaide!" she called.

"What ain't? What's the matter?" cried Mrs. Perkins, looking from Miss Adelaide's frightened face to Miss Virginia's grim one. "Have you lost something?"

"I can't find my pin," she said coldly. "I suppose I've misplaced it, that's all."

"Miss Virginia, you don't mean you can't find that gold pin? Here comes Miss Pratt. Miss Pratt, poor Miss Virginia has lost her gold pin. Leastways she says she's lost it, but there's other things besides losing."

Miss Virginia looked quickly at her sister. Miss Adelaide's eyes were round and frightened.

"What do you mean?" she faltered.

Mrs. Perkins gave a quick glance around the circle and lowered her voice.

"I mean," she said, "ain't you often showed that pin to Scraps?"

"Yes."

"And ain't she admired it?"

"Yes," admitted Miss Adelaide in a low voice.

Mrs. Perkins nodded triumphantly.

"Then," she said impressively, "it must either be in the rooms or have been taken out."

"Of course," she added softly, "there ain't but one person would touch it. I think the best thing would be to settle the matter now. Suppose we—just we five—go to Scraps' room and look. I always did suspect the girl."

"I don't believe she took it!" wailed Miss Adelaide. Mrs. Perkins paid no attention to her, but waited watchfully for the next opinion.

"It don't seem right to do that way. I'd rather ask the girl," said Miss Pratt.

"But if she's honest you'd hurt her feelings for nothing," insinuated Mrs. Perkins.

"And if we waited it might go on," she said, "or others might hear of it, and then 'twould be hard on the girl. Now, if just we five go no one need know. What do you say, Miss Virginia?"

"I'll go," she said briefly.

"Then we'd better go right off," said Mrs. Perkins. "She'll be back from school pretty soon. Come on, all," and she led the way. But Miss Adelaide held back.

"What are you waiting for?" said

her sister sharply. "Come along."

So Miss Adelaide miserably joined the procession. They went softly down the corridor till they came to the door of Scraps' room. It was closed. Then for the first time they realized what they were doing. Miss Adelaide put a trembling hand on her sister's arm.

"Come away, Virginia. Tain't very much. Let the poor child have it. It—'t seems as if we're housebreakers."

"Perhaps 'twould be better to tell Miss Baker and let her look," answered Miss Virginia irresolutely. Her usual pride had quite deserted her, and she wavered visibly. Mrs. Perkins suddenly darted ahead.

"Goodness me! I never see such a pack o' cowards! Tain't as if she was one of us. She's nothing but a servant. Ain't we got a right to examine our servants' rooms for stolen goods. I'd like to know!" She opened the door violently.

"'Twouldn't take us long to look, at any rate," she said. "The room ain't bigger than a twopenny bit. Now, Miss Pratt, you feel in those clothes. Miss Slocum, you take the bed, and if Miss Virginia will take one drawer I'll take the other. And there's Adelaide—"

"There don't seem to be any room for me, and I'm only in the way. My head aches too. I guess I'd better go back."

"Adelaide!" said her sister. "There's that bag under the bed, Miss Adelaide," said Mrs. Perkins sweetly. "If you'd just as soon take that." Miss Adelaide submitted meekly.

The room had space only for a cot bed, a small bureau, a chair and a corner washstand. There was a row of hooks behind the door, and on these hung Scraps' meager wardrobe, each article drooping forlornly, as if instinct with the pitiful loneliness of the girl. Miss Pratt's ample figure as she stood before the garments searching in the jackets and hems made them seem by contrast only dejected shadows. Mrs. Slocum was poking around the mattress, her spectacles pushed high on her anxious forehead. Miss Adelaide dropped down by the other side of the bed and rested her head against the pillow.

Her thick snuff colored wig had slipped and showed a few thin gray hairs, but her misery was so real as quite to overshadow any humor in the situation. She put out her hand and touched the old bag and then drew it back as if it had burnt her. Her sister looked at her and frowned.

"It—'t's locked!" pleaded Miss Adelaide.

"I was wonder—"

"DEER MISS ADELAIDE ing how long MERRY CHRISTMAS."

"'twould be before you'd discover that!" retorted Miss Virginia. Her conscience was troubling her, but she would not yield. She tossed a key to her sister and then put the drawer back.

"Tain't in my drawer either," said Mrs. Perkins. "I guess it must be in that bag. You'd better hurry, Miss Adelaide. She'll be home pretty soon."

Miss Adelaide pulled the bag out and fitted the key. The four old ladies peered eagerly down at her. Suddenly she drew her hand back again.

"I can't," she said. "One of you

must do it."

Mrs. Perkins stooped down and pulled open the bag, which seemed full of bits of silk and ribbon.

"Where'd she get so many?" she asked. "It looks as if we're on the track now, don't it? And see here!"

She pulled from under the rags three little packages carefully tied up in bright colored bits of tissue paper. She distributed them rapidly, passing one to Miss Adelaide, who made no effort to take it, but let it roll under the bed. Mrs. Perkins dived after it and came up flushed just as Mrs. Slocum gave an exclamation of dismay.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Perkins impatiently. Mrs. Slocum laid something on the bed. The others crowded round; only Miss Adelaide never moved. They saw a red pin-cushion in the shape of a rude heart, and on it in crooked letters the plus formed the words, "DEER MISS ADELAIDE MERRY CHRISTMAS."

The silence made Miss Adelaide turn, and she caught up the ugly cushion with a little cry.

"That's what it meant!" she cried. "That's her 'meechin' ways! She was making us Christmas presents—us who'd never done a thing for her, not a thing to make her lonely life less lonely, not a thing to make Christmas a happy time for her, and she feeding her poor starved life on the scraps of kindness we fung her!"

A tear rolled down and splashed on the red cushion. Miss Virginia snatched the cushion away.

"There!" she cried. "Make things better by spotting this!"

Miss Adelaide left the room, and her sister did not oppose her. The rest worked in silence until everything was in order. Then they fled silently out and shut the door.

That night Miss Adelaide had a sick headache. Scraps came up at supper time to bring her some toast. Her thin little face looked sharply through the gloom of the room.

"Here's your toast," she said. "It's dark in here. Shant I get you a light?"

"No, no," answered Miss Adelaide quickly. It seemed to her she could not meet the child's eyes. Scraps stood a moment, full of sympathy.

"I'm sorry you're sick, Miss Adelaide," she said awkwardly. "I guess you'll feel better in the morning, won't you?"

"Yes," answered Miss Adelaide, burying her face in the pillow. "Run downstairs and get your supper, Scraps. It will be all cold."

Scraps obeyed, as she always did, and Miss Adelaide heard her shuffling down the stairs in her loose old shoes. When Miss Virginia came in she found her sister sitting up in bed, with a flushed, excited face.

"Virginia," she cried, "how much money have I in my purse?"

"Three dollars and five cents," answered Miss Virginia.

"I am going to get Scraps a pair of shoes for Christmas!" Miss Adelaide was frightened when she had said it, for it was understood between them that Miss Virginia should say what was to be bought. But no explosion came.

"You—you ain't angry, are you?" asked Miss Adelaide pleadingly.

"I haven't said I was, have I?" returned her sister. "I was thinking—"

"Oh!" answered Miss Adelaide humbly. She felt conscious of her inferiority. She never "thought." There was a knock at the door, and Miss Pratt entered.

"How's your head, Miss Adelaide?" she asked.

"It's some better, thank you."

"Was your toast hot?"

"I guess 'twas. I didn't notice."

There was silence a moment. Suddenly Miss Pratt burst out: "I don't know how to say it, but I feel down-

rich; ashamed of this afternoon. The idea of that child, poorer than any church mouse, trying to be giving us something!—I—I just can't stand it."

I've got an old brown merino I shall fix up. I guess I can afford some trimmings."

"I've been a-knocking, and no one heard me," said Mrs. Slocum, putting in her head. "I couldn't help hearing, and I'm glad! I was so worried I couldn't rest easy in my mind till I'd said I'd do suthin. I don't know what, but I've got to make up some way."

"That's real good of you, Mrs. Slocum," answered Miss Pratt, "and as I was saying—"

A knock at the door interrupted them.

"There's the last one," said Miss Virginia grimly. A flash of surprise passed over Mrs. Perkins' face as she entered upon seeing the others.

"I wonder if I don't know what you're talking about," she said gayly. "About Scraps? I thought so. Now, I've got a plan. Suppose we make

up a scrap bag for her and fill it and hang it on the door so she can find it Christmas morning. A good many of the others will help."

Miss Adelaide sat up in great excitement.

"Oh, Mrs. Perkins," she cried, "how do you think of such things? She will be so pleased!" Miss Adelaide's simple old face, wrinkled as it was, looked like that of a happy child.

Mrs. Perkins fluttered consciously. "I thought you'd like it," she said.

"But you must be tired, dear Miss Adelaide, so we won't stay. I just put my head in to tell you."

She rose, and Miss Pratt and Mrs. Slocum followed the hint.

Miss Virginia looked after her frantically, but Miss Adelaide's joy was not to be quenched.

"She will be so happy!" she kept saying.

Suddenly her sister rose and went to the medicine box.

"I'm going to give you some niter, Adelaide," she said. "I don't want to be kept awake all hours, if she will be 'so happy.'"

(Continued on page 5)

DEMOCRATS STILL ALIVE.

Chairman Mack About to Establish Headquarters.

NEW YORK, Dec. 19.—Norman E. Mack, chairman of the Democratic committee, said last night that headquarters would be established in Washington soon after the holidays.

"There is no use in taking up the

matter until after the holidays," said Mr. Mack. "We may not take it up until after the short session is over, but I can state positively that the national committee will have a permanent headquarters in Washington at an early date. It will be working headquarters, too."

"What about Bryan as a candidate four years from now?" was asked.

"There is no probability of Mr. Bryan running again four years from now, so there is no use discussing the matter," said the chairman.

The Clean Man.

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