

# FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

## A MESSAGE of the CHIMES

It was after eleven o'clock on Christmas Eve. Earlier in the evening the streets had been thronged with people but now few were to be seen. It was not so much the lateness of the hour that had driven them to their homes as it was the weather. That had suddenly turned bitterly cold and a blizzard had begun.

"Guess there won't be anybody out to hear the chimes," muttered Wallace Hartley, as with head bent against the driving snow, he hurried towards the city hall. It was the custom in Watertown to have a concert on the chimes in the tower of the city hall at midnight on Christmas Eve. When the weather was mild a considerable crowd would gather in the Common to listen to the music.

Wallace crossed the snowy, deserted Common and slipped along the side of the city hall to a rear basement entrance. He meant to stop and get warm and have a word with his father, who was superintendent of the building and had to stay there until the chime-ringer had finished the concert and gone. He entered, and passing through the dimly lit corridors reached his father's office.

"Hello, Wallace," said Mr. Hartley in surprise. "What brings you here?"

"Just stopped to get warm," replied Wallace. "This blizzard's going to be a terror."

"What's that you have there?" asked his father, pointing to a package Wallace had under his arm.

"A present for Mother. It's that candlestick she saw in Clayton's window and admired so much. Pretty heavy it is too. Solid brass."

"She'll be pleased to have it, son," said Mr. Hartley. "Glad you got it for her. Well, sit down and warm yourself."

"Is Mr. Hodge here yet?" asked Wallace, referring to the chime-ringer.

"Come in about five minutes ago. He's up in the tower now."

Wallace sat and warmed himself at the radiator for perhaps ten minutes. Then he rose saying, "Well, I'll run along now, Father. I'm warm enough."

"All right, Son. See you in the morning."

As Wallace made his way through the basement he passed the bottom of the tower. As he glanced up the great shaft he was struck by the idea that it would be interesting to go up to the balcony some two hundred and fifty feet up and listen to the chimes from there. Then, too, he had never been up in the tower in a snowstorm. It would be worth trying.

Mr. Hodge had taken the elevator up and Wallace had to climb the circular staircase. It was stiff work but he was young and didn't mind. Panting, he reached the landing from



got up to the belfry he could reach through the lattice and beat on a bell with the heavy candlestick.

Now with renewed hope he examined the wall of the tower. From the balcony to the belfry it was of brick, laid in a pattern that left a series of shallow indentations an inch and a half or two inches deep. It was barely possible to climb up the face of the wall by thrusting fingers and toes into these indentations.

He tried it on the leeward side. But his numb fingers slipped from the bricks when he had ascended but a few feet and he fell back on the balcony. His strength was waning. If he was to succeed it must be quickly.

He forced himself to dance and swing his arms to get his blood going again. Then, when his fingers felt more supple he ran around to the windward side of the tower. It was colder there but the force of the wind would help to hold him against the bricks. Again he set himself to climb up the sheer wall.

Inch by inch he fought his way up. A dozen times it seemed that he would slip off but each time he gripped his fingers harder on the bricks and stuck. Finally he thrust an arm through the lattice and clung there. Then he pulled the slotted inch candlestick

from his coat pocket with the other hand, thrust that through the lattice, too, and using it as a hammer he began to beat upon the rim of a bell. He could just reach it.

Half surprised he clung there, beating, until finally he knew that his strokes had grown so weak they were of no further use. He drew out his arm and the candlestick slipping from his grasp, plunged out and down to the ground. He tried to climb down. Half way he slipped and fell. He struck the balcony rail, dropped inside it, and lay there unconscious.

When he came to he was in bed in a hospital room and his mother and father were bending over him.

"Did anybody hear it?" was his first question.

"Yes, Son," answered his father, quietly. "Somebody heard it and telephoned to the Gazette office to find out about it. They had a reporter get in touch with me and I looked and found you weren't home. So we went to the tower as fast as we could."

Wallace looked at his mother. "I'm afraid I spoiled your Christmas present, Mother," he said weakly.

There were tears in his mother's eyes. "You are the only present I need this Christmas, Wallace," she said.



With Stiff, Numb Fingers, He Tore The Wrappings From The Present

which a door opened on a balcony that ran around the square tower. Just above was the room from which the chime was rung. As Wallace reached the landing the clock began booming midnight. With the last stroke the chimes began. No time to speak to Mr. Hodge now.

Wallace opened the door and stepped out on the balcony. A gust of wind slammed the door shut behind him but he thought nothing of that. He walked around the balcony to the leeward side and stood gazing out upon the storm-wrapped city. Above him the chime boomed its message of peace and good will to men.

The boy was fascinated by the sensations that came to him. As the fine snow streamed past the tower in all sorts of fantastic forms it seemed as if it were the tower that was moving through the storm like an airship. Wallace had never experienced an effect like that before. The eeriness of it was intensified by the booming bells above him, which filled the air with strange vibrations. He was in a sort of day-dream in which he imagined himself an aviator soaring through the blizzard above the city.

He was brought to himself with a start by the sudden realization that the chimes had been silent for longer than the interval between tones. Could Mr. Hodge have finished the concert already?

Wallace hurried to the door. He had meant to catch Mr. Hodge and stop him from descending with

Also he must get down before his father locked the building and went home.

The door would not yield. It was locked. Wallace, with a thrill of fear, realized that it must have a spring lock.

In a sudden panic he kicked and beat at the door and shouted at the top of his voice. There was no answer, though he shouted and kicked the door again and again. He was locked out on the balcony in the midst of a howling blizzard!

When his whirling thoughts had grown a little more steady, Wallace realized that his predicament justified all his first, instinctive fear. Mr. Hodge had finished the concert and had hurriedly descended in the elevator. Probably both he and Mr. Hartley were now on their way home. Nobody would know he was up there for his father would go home and to bed, thinking that his son was sound asleep in his own room.

Wallace turned and peered over the balcony rail. Two hundred and fifty feet below him was the deserted Common. Even if somebody should pass near the tower, it would be impossible to make him hear a cry for help in that storm. Wallace's voice would be scattered away by the wind and lost in the blizzard. Besides the snow now grew thicker all the time. It was doubtful if he could see a passer-by and certainly nobody could see him up there. He could not break down the door; he could not climb down the

make anyone hear him.

All the time it grew colder and colder. Though he had on a heavy overcoat and stood on the leeward side of the tower, Wallace was now shivering and his teeth were chattering. He knew that if he had to stay in that exposed position until morning he would be frozen to death.

"At least I can warm up a little now though the boy, and he put down his bundle which he had carried under his arm all this while and went through some rapid exercises to start his blood circulating. Then he tramped back and forth on the balcony trying to think.

Suddenly it occurred to him, that if he could get at the bells he might summon help by ringing them. He stopped and looked up at the belfry some twenty-five feet above his head in the faint light that filtered up from the street lamps he could see the lattice, like the shutters of a great window blind, that enclosed the bells. The openings in the lattice were not large enough to let him through if he got up there, but perhaps he could reach through and strike one of the bells. But could he climb up there, and if he could, would he be able to ring a bell loudly enough so there would be any chance of its being heard?

His last question was answered first. "The candlestick!" he exclaimed and with stiff, numb fingers—already he was chilled through again—he tore the wrappings from the present he had put for his mother. If he could



THE CHRISTMAS FEAST

UPSTAIRS, while folk with quip and joke were there—from kid to cat; At Christmas dinner, down below another company sat. For merry mice with manners nice were in the basement met To celebrate the day of days and all their trials forget. The brightest mouse about the house put whiskers on his face And, thus disguised as Santa Claus, crept sly to the place. The laugh went round; each diner found himself in merry mood. And blessed with banquet spoils, enjoyed the festive food.

### AMERICAN WAR VETERANS IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES COLLECT ENORMOUS SUMS

Total of \$596,868.70 Sent Abroad Every Month by Veterans Bureau; Italy Most.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30.—(L. N. S.)—World War Veterans who sent their destinies with the American flag and who now reside in foreign countries receive a total of \$596,868.70 every month from the United States Veterans Bureau, according to an announcement by the bureau.

The disbursements are sent to eighty-six foreign countries to meet the allotment and allowances, insurance and compensation claims of the men who served with the American Expeditionary Forces in France, the announcement said.

Italy, the land of sunshine, music and spaghetti, received the largest part of the money sent out. Checks aggregating \$215,917.96 are forwarded each month by the bureau to satisfy the various claims of American ex-soldiers and their dependents now residing in Italy.

Sweden, additionally famous for her fighting men, ranks second in the amount of money received by former American soldiers or their dependents. A total of \$87,421.81 finds its way monthly to the shores of Erin, where former members of the American fighting forces have taken up

their abode.

Former American soldiers or their dependents who now live in Germany receive checks every month totalling \$3,336.06 in compensation for their injuries or losses.

Every civilized spot under the sun is represented on the disbursement lists of the bureau. One man on the remote island of Tahiti, in the Pacific, receives a check each month calling for \$47.74. Five checks are sent every month to Asia Minor, four to Egypt, one to Bathonia, ninety-one to China, twenty-eight to Japan, eight to the island of Trinidad and eleven to Barbados.

### SEND FILMS TO EUROPE

OTTAWA, Ont., Dec. 30.—(L. N. S.)—The Canadian government has made arrangements with one of the largest European distributors of moving pictures in Paris by which France, Belgium and Switzerland will be given an opportunity to see many thousand feet of "Seeing Canada" films.

These films were made under the auspices of government agents at the film plant in Ottawa. They picture all phases of industry and agriculture throughout Canada. Special attention has been devoted to illustrating farming development in the western provinces. Here millions of acres of rich land await the settler in a country where it is not extraordinary for a single crop of wheat in a good year to pay for a farm.

### HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT GIVEN SURPRISE PARTY

(East Oregonian Special)

WESTON, Dec. 30.—Thelma Anderson spent several days in Pendleton last week attending to business matters.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Ferguson are visiting during the holidays at the home of Mrs. Ferguson's parents in Salem.

Mrs. Robert Hopkins and children have gone to Garfield Washington for a holiday visit with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Will F. Gould are holiday visitors at the home of Mrs. Gould's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Dowd near Washburna.

The United Brethren Aid Society met Thursday at the home of Mrs. G. W. Stages, there were forty-five ladies in attendance.

Miss Pauline Rayborn was tendered a surprise party by a number of high school chums Wednesday evening at the Rayborn home on Normal Heights. Games and merry frolics filled the hours with laughter and amusement until midnight when a delicious lunch was served by girls of the company.

Among those who shared in the fun and jollity were Misses Emma Thoresen, Helen Johnson, Iva McKinney, Ruth Jackson, Mena Price, Minnie Chaslin and Pauline and Helen Rayborn; Messrs. Leonard Snider, Leland Robe, Anson Payne Miller and Walter Rayborn, Maynard Jones and Arden Lucas.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fetter were over from Freewater Sunday, called by the illness of Mrs. Fetter's father, W. E. Driskell.

Evangelistic services at the United Brethren church will continue through the holiday week with a special watch-night sermon to speed the old year and welcome the new.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Kinner spent Thursday in Weston visiting relatives.

The attendance of the Weston schools were swelled last week by the three children of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Reynaud who arrived Monday with their mother from Athena.

A. D. Anderson of Madras, Oregon was a guest Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Smith. Mr. Anderson had been attending the irrigation congress as a delegate from North Unit in Central Oregon of which he is secretary. Bids for the construction have been advertised.

Mrs. Leon Lundell and Master Gerald left last week for Portland to visit here parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Beamer, and her brother and sister. The Yuletide season will be celebrated with a family reunion at the Beamer home.

William McKenzie of Walla Walla was a visitor in Weston Monday.

Mrs. W. H. Compton who has been quite ill for the past week at her home on Reed and Hawley Mountain is reported to be some better.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Fisk and Master Stanley left Wednesday for a Christmas vacation visit at the home of Mr. Fisk's parents in Palmer, Idaho.

Several families living on Pine Creek had a community Christmas

### DECLARES WOMEN CAN GET AWAY WITH MURDER

CHICAGO, Dec. 30.—(L. N. S.)—No one can possibly tell when a woman is punishable for a killing.

The authority for this statement is Donald R. Rieberg, special assistant corporation counsel, who admits he has sought the law in vain.

"The commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill' is not expressed in any law university understood or uniformly enforced when the killing is done by, or on account of a woman," said Mr. Rieberg.

In telling how he "sought the law in vain," the attorney said:

"It appears that an unfaithful husband or sister who gets drunk may be killed by a young—or even middle-aged—woman.

"A man may be a brigand in one state, a married man in another and unmarried in the third, and all at the same time.

"The petty crook has far more respect for the political power of his competitive crooks and his personal enemies than he has for the law.

### Returns From Adventures in Far East



Miss L. Medora Gervais, of Great Falls, Mont., recently returned to America after three years in the Far East. She was forced to leave Transcaucasia under the menace of a Red army invasion. She says American relief activities are the only hope of thousands in the Levant.

### New Victor Records January 1922

Artist	Title	Number	Size	Price
Mary of Argyle	Sir Harry Lauder	45256	10	\$1.00
Auld Scotch Songs	Sir Harry Lauder	45259	10	1.00
Drifting Along With the Tide	Lambert Murphy	18828	10	.85
A Dream of Your Smile	John Steel	18829	10	.85
Say It With Mine	John Steel	18829	10	.85
If You Only Knew	William Robyn			
Molly-O (I Love You)	Charles Harrison	18829	10	.85
Love's Ship				
Whip Francis Dances With Me				
Ten Little Fingers and Ten Little Toes	Ada Jones-Billy Murray			
I Want My Mammy	Billy Murray-Ed. Smalley	18830	10	.85
Manly Man	Peerless Quartet			
Ma and the Auto	American Quartet	18832	10	.85
It Couldn't Be Done (2) Wait Till Your Pa Comes Home	Edgar A. Guest	45258	10	1.00
Anchors Aweigh—March	Edgar A. Guest			
Yorktown Centennial—March	United States Marine Band			
Weep No More My Mammy—Fox Trot	United States Marine Band	18817	10	.85
April Showers—Fox Trot	DANCE RECORDS			
Everybody Step—Fox Trot	Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra	18825	10	.85
Ka-Lai-A—Blue Danube Blues—Fox Trot	Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra	18826	10	.85
Blossom Time—Medley Waltz	Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra			
It's You—Fox Trot	Joseph C. Smith and His Orchestra	18827	10	.85
Dapper Dan—Fox Trot	Club Royal Orchestra			
The Shiek—Fox Trot	Club Royal Orchestra	18831	10	.85
June Moon—Fox Trot				
No One's Fool—Fox Trot	The Benson Orchestra of Chicago			
Birds of a Feather—Fox Trot	The Benson Orchestra of Chicago	18833	10	.85
Leave Me With a Smile—Fox Trot	All Star Trio and Their Orchestra	18834	10	.85
Don Pasquale—Pronto to son	Bori-de Luca	89161	12	2.00
Don Pasquale—Vado core-o	Bori-de Luca	89162	12	2.00
Tu Solo	Ben'Amio Gitti	66010	10	1.25
Concerto in E Minor—Finale	Jascha Heifetz	74721	12	1.75
Just For Today	Louise Homer	87329	10	1.25
Heart to Heart	Edward Johnson	64998	40	1.25
Simple Confession	Hans Kandler	66011	10	1.25
Hymn to the Sun	Fritz Kreisler	74720	12	1.75
Rose of My Heart	John McCormack	66012	10	1.25
Romance	Erika Morini	74717	12	1.75
Symphony No. 3—C Minor Movement	Philadelphia Orchestra	74722	12	1.75
Liedes d' Marianne	Sergei Rachmaninoff	74723	12	1.75
	Renato Zanelli	66013	10	1.25

## Downey Market

### QUALITY MEATS

We have a large supply of fresh killed Turkeys, Geese, Ducks and Milk Fed Hens.

Salmon, Shrimp Meat, Halibut, Deep Sea Crabs, Eastern and Olympia Oysters.

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