



Swift are Santa Claus' Reindeer, and Sure Footed: they are shod with Neverslip Shoes Comfortable is Good Old Santa, in His Furs, His Feet Resting on a Clark's Footwarmer

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**S. D. KELTNER'S BIG HARDWARE STORE**  
 Where There Are Beautiful Gifts for Every Member of the Family

Many Pretty and Handy Pieces In  
 Lisk Ware, (non-rust kind)

that would delight Mother  
**DECORATED DISHES** in Sets and Separate Pieces, and  
**WHITE WARE** for every-day Service, **BEAUTIFUL**  
**DECORATED STAND LAMPS, MRS. POTTS IRONS,**  
**FOOD CHOPPERS, BAKING PANS, SHEARS, SCISSORS**



**POCKET KNIVES, RAZORS, GUNS, TOOLS of all**  
**Kinds, SLEDS and SKATES, CUTLERY and SILVER-**  
**WARE, CARVING SETS**

and don't forget this is where you buy the Famous  
**Universal Stoves and Ranges**

GET SOMETHING USEFUL FOR YOUR GIFTS AT

**S. D. KELTNER'S** Enterprise, Oregon

**MRS. SANTA CLAUS.**

By **ELLA E. BARNES.**  
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**F**OR several years the proverbial Santa Claus with white beard had visited our Christmas tree to distribute the gifts and dispense his mirthful cheer. Last year he could not come, and as the age is one of womanly achievement he asked permission to send his wife.

Of Mrs. Santa Claus we had all heard, but none had seen her, and the announcement of her coming provoked great interest. Many were the queries regarding her appearance, but none could be answered. A knock at the door announced her arrival, and in came the kind old lady, covered with cotton snowflakes, rosy and animated after her long journey, but radiant with loving good cheer and affection for all. She wore a long cloak of bright red homespun in real antique, borrowed for the occasion and a wonderful poke bonnet, an ancient calash, trimmed with gleaming holly and adorned with flowing strings of red and green ribbon. Upon her hands were huge fur mittens, and beneath her cloak, which she threw back from her shoulders, we saw her spotless crossed kerchief and a wonderful lawn apron with green sprigged border. These she was pleased to exhibit to the ladies, for she took a womanly pride in her dress, although she confessed that the styles did not change

those Philippine children added to the American list not so long ago, not to speak of the Alaskans and others. Then there's that bothersome crowd at Panama. So Santa said to me, read conking: 'Hannah,' he said, 'this year I'll have to ask you to help me out by going once before the public. There's



MRS. SANTA CLAUS GAVE THE PRESENTS.

a tree I've always attended, but I can't possibly get there this year. I'll send the presents as usual, but you go down for me, won't you, and distribute them for me? A great many ladies speak in public these days, and you needn't be afraid.' So, though I'm bashful, I'm here, and please excuse any mistakes I may make. Santa sent his love and best wishes, and I've brought you each a polar snowball as a kind of curiosity. I picked them up just before I started out. They're in my bag here. This bag was one of my wedding presents, and I carried it on our first journey. Of course it's old, but I think so much of it I'd never give it up. See the letters on it—H. E. C. They stand for Hannah Santa Claus. 'Twas the first monogram I ever had."

The old lady proudly exhibited her old fashioned sole leather satchel and from its capacious depths distributed the polar snowballs. These were furnished of white cotton, and each when unwrapped was found to contain a tiny numbered star. The gifts upon the tree had been previously numbered, and the snowball indicated to each person the gift to be received. Mrs. Santa Claus herself gave the presents and kept the company amused by her comments upon the beauty and usefulness of the various articles.

The evening was one of great pleasure and merriment. At its close Mrs. Santa Claus was invited to come again; but while she thanked the ladies for their kind thoughts, she said, "I'll have to see what Mr. Santa Claus says, for I always do exactly as he wishes."

If Christmas day Saturday be  
 A great winter that year you'll see  
 And full of winds both loud and shrill.  
 But in summer, truth to tell,  
 High winds shall there be and strong,  
 Full of tempests lasting long.  
 While battles they shall multiply,  
 And great plenty of beats shall die.  
 They shall be strong, each one, and keen,  
 Ze shall be found that stealthy aught.  
 Though thou be sick, thou diest not.

**THE MOTHER OF THE TEDDY BEARS.**

By **JULIA DARROW COWLES.**  
 [Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

**O**NCE upon a time—not so many years ago either—there sat in the doorway of a small cottage in Germany a young woman with smiling eyes, a child loving heart and an invalid body. The children of the little village all knew her and sat in groups around her doorway listening to stories, telling her of their childish adventures, and then, greatest joy of all, receiving in turn some delightful toy that her deft fingers had been fashioning while they talked together.

Day by day the children gathered about this doorway. They told of the latest flower that had blossomed on the mountain side, of the wonderful span of horses that Hans, the best carver of the village, had cut from a single block of wood, of the dear little blossoms that baby Gretchen had painted upon the set of wooden dishes that were to go to the Christmas market. And to them all the young woman listened, smiling, while she plied her needle or cut—snip, snip—with her scissors.

And while they talked or while they listened the eyes of the children rested eagerly upon the busy fingers, for they firmly believed that in those fingers lay a magic which none others possessed. And why should they not believe it, for when the sun began settling down toward the mountain crests and it was time for them to run away home to their suppers of bread and milk the fingers were always stretched out toward some new member of the group, and upon them rested a wonderful animal—a kitten, or a rabbit, or a duck, or a tiny bear—and the likeness was so wonderful that the children always breathed forth deep "Oh's" and "Ah's" and knew for a certainty that there was magic in the maker's fingers. No one else in all the country could make such animals as these—not even Hans, the marvelous carver.

Always the busy worker sat in her doorway, where she could see the rugged mountains, the green grass, the nodding flowers. Perhaps it was the strength, the grace and the beauty of these that wrought themselves into her simple work.

Then it came about—and no one was more surprised than this child loving young woman herself—that she found herself making hundreds and hundreds of toy animals, for toy buyers from England and America had heard of her wonderful ducks and rabbits and bears and they wanted them for the children of their countries too.

And who, do you ask, was this young woman in faraway Germany? I can only tell you this: She is known now far and wide as the "mother of the Teddy bears."

JULIA DARROW COWLES.

**A STROKE OF FORTUNE**

The Bit of Good Luck That Overtook Barney O'Connor.

**WEALTH THRUST UPON HIM.**

The Visitor That Called to See the Man Who Had Been Injured—The Sight That Greeted Him and the Hasty Proposition He Handed Out.

Several years ago two brothers named McDonald were in business in Halsted street. Among the habits of their establishment was a man named O'Connor. A man named Anderson then was claim agent for the street railway company that connected Halsted with Chicago.

Barney O'Connor was a happy-go-lucky chap who didn't worry much about anything. He was partial to his beer, had no kith or kin to be responsible for, cared little for clothes and worked only when it was absolutely essential, which wasn't often. McDonald Bros. liked to have Barney around on account of the wit he had brought with him from the oild sod, and so they found little tasks for him to do. One day Barney was loafing around McDonald's about half illuminated and in an extremely rosy frame of mind when they decided they wanted some goods over in the city. Barney was delegated to go after them. He stopped at the corner buffet, hoisted another one and took a car for the loop.

The car was crowded fore and aft, and Barney got on the aft. He didn't get much more than halfway on the step when there came a jolt. The crowd surged back on Barney, and he, with several others, was dumped into the street. Barney suffered worse than the rest, as he was underneath. But he wasn't hurt badly. He was knocked unconscious, but after they carried him into a store and threw cold water on him he came out of it in good shape. All that remained were a few cuts.

The conductor, however, was excited. He was new at the business, and when he took the names and addresses of the victims of the crash he got considerably hauled up. Perhaps he made Barney's injuries a little more grave than they really were.

After O'Connor got over his dizziness he went on uptown and bought his stuff for the McDonalds. He also visited a drinking place on Randolph street. It was there that he learned of a clam bake that was to be held that night at a saloon on lower Halsted. Celebrations of this sort appealed to Barney, and he resolved to be on hand.

He was. They had a lovely time. Along about 12 o'clock the festivities became superjoyous, and arguments

arose. Barney was in the midst of these. Fisticuffs followed forensic froth, and O'Connor was numbered among the slain.

How he got to his room he couldn't explain coherently. He sure was some beat up. What they didn't do to him wouldn't take long to tell. It was the completest walloping he ever had experienced.

He slept late. When he woke up he wished he could have slept later. He found moving undesirable after an attempt or two at it, so he stayed in bed.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon the landlord of the rooming house came up and told Barney a man wanted to see him. Seldom had Barney had visitors, and his curiosity was aroused. But it wasn't strong enough to induce him to get up. He told the landlord to have the man sent up to the room.

Anderson, out to settle early and avoid the rush, came in and took a look at Barney. He nearly fainted.

"If I get out of this on less than \$1,000 I'll be lucky," he told himself. Then he proceeded to business.

"It kind o' bugged you up, didn't it?" he began as a feeler. He couldn't say less, for he had a conscience.

"Well, some," acknowledged Barney, not grasping the pertinence of the question, but realizing its truth.

"You know, a suit always involves a lot of delay and trouble, and the company has better facilities, and it's better for the plaintiff to settle."

"What are yez talkin' about?" Barney broke in.

"Why, I'm from the street railway, and we want to see if we can't fix this up for you for getting hurt. We want to do what's right; but, of course, you understand."

Barney saw a great light. It made him forget his woes.

"Do yez mean ye want to pay me fer fallin' off the car yistiddy?" he asked.

"That's the idea," answered Anderson.

"Well, here I am," said Barney. "How much am I offered?"

Anderson hesitated.

"Uh—er—I think—er—how'd two fifty strike you?"

"I think it's worth at least five," he replied.

"Now, look here," explained Anderson, "if you fight this case it'll cost you at least \$100 for a lawyer. You might get \$300 in a trial, and still again you might get nothing. It's always a good idea."

"I yez mean ye'll give me \$250?" Interrupted O'Connor, sitting up quickly despite his aches.

"That's it," replied Anderson, so fascinated by the picture of war's horrors portrayed by Barney's face that he failed to notice the surprise in his tones.

"I'll take it," said O'Connor in a hurry. "Bring it to me all in quarters."—Chicago Tribune.

The period of deepest sleep varies from 3 o'clock to 5.

**INSTINCT AND REASON.**

An interesting illustration of the Two Traits of Monkeys.

An illustration showing the difference between instinct and reason in monkeys came under the observation of David Starr Jordan, the famous naturalist. At one time he had two lively Macacus monkeys called Bob and Jocko. These were nut and fruit eating monkeys and instinctively knew just how to crack nuts and peel fruits. At the same time he had a baby monkey, Mono, of a kind that had the egg eating instinct. But Mono had never yet seen an egg.

To each of the three monkeys Dr. Jordan gave an egg, the first that with its teeth and tried to pull off the shell. When the inside ran out and fell on the ground he looked at it for a moment in bewilderment, then with both hands scooped up the yolk and the sand mixed with it and swallowed it. Then he stuffed the shell into his mouth. This act was not instinct; it was reason. He was not familiar with inherited instinct with eggs. He would handle one better next time, however. Reason very often makes mistakes at first, but when it is trained it becomes a means far more valuable and powerful than instinct.

The third monkey, Jocko, tried to eat his egg in much the same way that Bob did; but, not liking the taste, he threw it away.—St. Nicholas.

**A Lively Dancer.**

There was a grand ball progressing, and Mary and Jane were watching behind the door.

"Look at the colonel dancin' the polka," exclaimed the cook in admiration.

"An' is that dancin' the polka?" cried Jane in astonishment. "Sure, Oi thought he had a hole in his pocket an' was tryin' to shake a shilling down his leg!"—London Telegraph.

**Well Heeled.**

One day an Irishman went into a shoemaker's shop and asked the price of shoes sold and heveled.

"Two and sixpence," replied the shoemaker.

"But how much for heeling?" said Pat.

"One shilling," said the man.

"Sure, then, heel them up to the toes!"—London Fun.