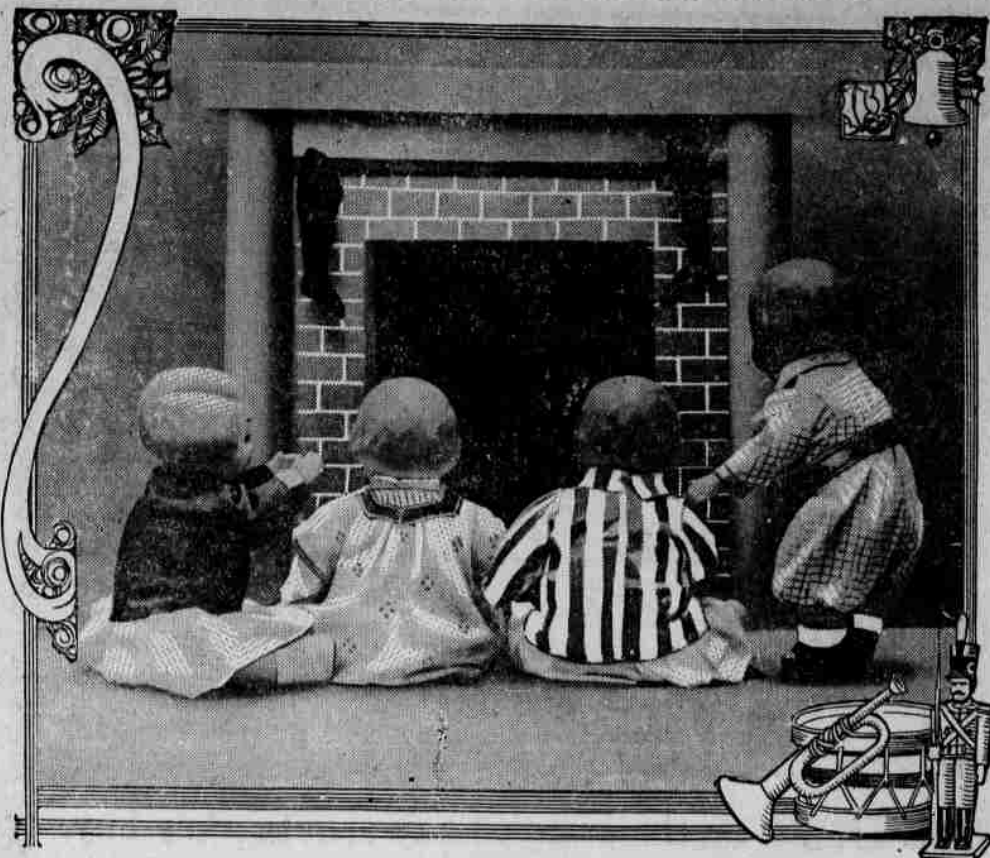


## Waiting For Santa Claus



## A Feel In the Christmas Air

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

THEY'S a kind o' feel in the air to me  
When the Chris'mas times sets in  
That's about as much of a mystery  
As ever I've run ag'in.  
Fer instance, now, whilse I gain in weight  
And ginerah health, I swear  
They's a goneness somers I can't quite state—  
A kind o' feel in the air.

They's a feel in the Chris'mas air goes right  
To the spot where a man lives at!  
It gives a feller a appetite—  
They ain't no doubt about that!  
And yit they's somepin—I don't know what—  
That follers me here and there  
And ha'nts and worries and spares me not—  
A kind o' feel in the air.

They's a feel, as I say, in the air that's jest  
As blamed-on sad as sweet.  
In the same ra-sho as I feel the best  
And am the spryest on my feet  
They's allus a kind o' sort of a ache  
That I can't locate nowhere,  
But it comes with Chris'mas, and no mistake—  
A kind o' feel in the air.

Is it the racket the children raise?  
Why, no!—God bless 'em, no!  
Is it the eyes and the cheeks ablaze,  
Like my own wuz long ago?  
Is it the bleat o' the whistle and beat  
O' the little toy drum and blare  
O' the horn? No, no! It is jest the sweet—  
The sad-sweet feel in the air.

Once again MORRIS the jeweler  
wants to tell you that any article in  
the jewelry line he sells you he will  
warrant as represented, and you will  
find him at the old stand to make  
good his promises. That is worth  
considering in making purchases.

The Singer Sewing Machine is sold  
on easy terms.  
If you see several ladies walking  
in different parts of the city, do not  
become alarmed, they are only seeing  
if they can walk long and far enough  
to become a Mazama.

Little Jack Horner  
and  
His Christmas PieWith Variations In the Style  
of the Poets

By CALLY RYLAND

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in a corner  
Eating his Christmas pie,  
He put in his thumb and pulled  
out a plum  
And said, "What a good boy am I."

If Edgar Allan Poe Had Written It.  
See Jack Horner in his corner  
With his pie.  
Where's his nut? Will no one warn her?  
He will die!  
With a thimble that is dotting  
While he's gloating, gloating, gloating,  
He is fishing for the floating  
Plum, oh, my!  
All his boast of being good,  
Careful of his dally food,  
Twinkles merrily within his saucy eye,  
eye, eye.

Robert Browning Might Have Done It.  
Pastry's all or nothing; it is not mere  
dough.  
Pounded and pulled and puzzled over, sir,  
For whiteness or for lightness—and this  
pie.  
Was of the very stuff o' life, sir.  
None of your blundering bits of work, but  
Ininitely eatable. Well, Horner sat there  
Ruminating. 'Twas Christmas, ruminat-  
ing time.  
You say, and you are right, sir.  
Lazily alive and open mouthed he sat,  
Feeling the pastry tickle at his lips.  
Yet scarcely knowing how to fathom it.  
When of a sudden—oh, the fellow's keen!  
Occurred his thumb to him, whereupon  
Straightway he plunged it in the sweet,  
"Good boy!" quoth he, and pulled out a  
damp plum.

This Would Be Walt Whitman's Style.  
I sing the Christmas pie,  
The flour, the lard, the butter that com-  
pose it;  
The richness of its stuffing.  
A divine nimbus exhales from it.  
It attracts with fierce, undeniable attrac-  
tion.  
I am drawn by its breath no less than  
Jack Horner, who holds it upon his  
knees.  
I am one with the plum concealed in its  
mammoth vastness.

I loosen myself, pass freely and am at  
the door of Horner's lips, smacking  
to taste its ingredients.  
But he does not know how to get at you,  
pie.  
He sits, sleepily considering the pose of  
his head, his puffed out lips, betray-  
ing his gluttony.  
Presently a fine smile comes on to his  
face. He lunges into the pie with  
firm thumb. Its crust yields.  
He possesses himself of its richness.  
Oh, young men, I would not have you sit  
in a corner considering pie stuffings.  
Be bold. You—whenever you are—are al-  
lowed the eternal purports of a pie.  
(I loved a certain Christmas pie ardently,  
and it gave me indigestion,  
yet out of that I have written this song.)

In the Great William Shakespeare's  
Style.

"Sweet pastry, do not scorn me, do not  
gibe  
And frown at me with crusty surliness  
I know that in your flaky depths is hid-  
den  
A mammoth plum, which, 'Ods my little  
life!  
'I'll have it if I must swing for 't.' Thus  
Jack, who, thereupon, with swashing stab of  
smote through the crispy lid, which erst  
held tight.  
And with triumphant shout, "'Ods bodi-  
nings,  
A good lad I!" withdrew the sought for  
plum.

Algernon Charles Swinburne's Style.

Here where the world is quiet,  
Here upon Christmas day,  
With plums and a pie for diet.  
In a corner sat Horner,  
No feast was ever sweeter,  
No finger was ever fester  
To yank a plum with glee to  
A mouth that's used always.

## Saving Up For Christmas

A well dressed man in a Market  
street car tendered the conductor a  
one dollar bill in payment for two  
fares and, receiving his change, care-  
fully selected the ten cent pieces and  
placed them in a separate pocket.  
"From the 1st of September until  
Christmas I never spend a dime," he  
explained to his companion. "Every  
time I get one I keep it separate from  
my other change, and when I get home  
I deposit my dimes in one of those  
savings banks that don't open until  
they contain \$10. I am one of a  
very large family addicted to the  
Christmas present habit, and some-  
times I am obliged to give as many as  
thirty or forty gifts. By not spending  
my dimes I create a Christmas fund  
without really feeling it. I have done  
this for several years and find it an ex-  
cellent plan."—Philadelphia Record.

## SNAPPING THE CRANBERRY.

Dinner Game Suggested, but Not Re-  
commended.

This is a game to be played at the  
Christmas table. When the cranberry  
sauce is brought on each guest must  
place a cranberry on the end of a  
knife, holding the knife in the left  
hand with the right hand close behind  
the cranberry. At the word "snap,"  
given by the hostess, the cranberry  
should be snapped with the first fin-  
ger of the right hand at the target.  
The game shall be continued until each  
player has shot away all of his cran-  
berries. The score is counted thus:  
Hitting the hostess with a cranberry  
counts one.  
Hitting grandpa counts two; grand-  
ma, three; Uncle Will, four; Uncle  
Tom, five, and so on, depending on  
whom the guests and those around the  
table are.

A cranberry that goes on the floor is  
out of play, but one that falls in any  
person's lap or sticks in the hair or  
on a coat or dress can be picked up  
and played again. Anybody that hits  
anybody else squarely on the nose  
counts fifty to the lucky player's score.  
This is a highly diverting game and  
one that all will enjoy, especially the  
hostess.—New York World.

## Saddening.

"What makes little Tommy so and  
on this happy Christmas day?" asked  
Fosdick.

"His presents are all unbreakable,"  
replied Keedick.—Town Topics.

Gifts for everybody at Mrs. Greg-  
ory's Variety store. 81-11.

## At Lane's Variety Store



Candies at less than you ever thought they could be sold at. For Churches,  
School Socials and Christmas Trees we will sell you Nuts and Candies at  
such a price that you will be surprised. Good, Fresh, Candies too. Come  
in and let us show them to you and also you can sample them.

## LANE'S VARIETY STORE

DALLAS,

OREGON

Miss Veva Burns made a trip to  
Portland Saturday.

Miss Fannie Dempsey was a visitor  
in Rieckrell Sunday.

Miss Alta Savage was over to Sa-  
lem Saturday visiting.

Mrs. Roy Harington of this city  
visited with her daughter in Portland  
Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Reynolds of  
Eugene are visiting friends and rela-  
tives in this city.

Don't forget the band concert to-  
morrow night at the armory. You will  
enjoy the program.

E. F. Carleton, Assistant State  
Superintendent of schools was a vis-  
itor in Dallas Saturday.

If you have not the money at pres-  
ent and want to wait until pay day,  
MORRIS the jeweler will lay your  
purchases aside for you. Don't wait  
until the last day to buy that present.  
It may be gone then.

It was a credit to the reputation of  
our local jeweler when a Portland  
man came here last week and pur-  
chased a watch of MORRIS, the Dal-  
las jeweler.

G. O. Holman went to Falls City  
on legal business Monday morning.

J. M. Card left Tuesday morning  
to attend the Poultry Show at Sa-  
lem.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Kirkpatrick left  
for Portland Sunday for an indefi-  
nite stay.

Jacob Buhler and sons of Salt Creek  
were in Dallas last Friday transac-  
ting business.

Earl Barham and Walt Sellers are  
preparing for the erection of a hand-  
some bungalow in the west part of  
Dallas.

Miss Gladys Wilson of Salem was in  
Dallas Friday and Saturday of last  
week visiting the family of Rev. M. J.  
Ballantyne and other friends in the  
city.

Allen V. Clark of Monmouth was  
in Dallas Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Bird were  
among the shoppers in Dallas Sat-  
urday. Mr. Bird is increasing his  
dairy herd he purchased the past  
week, three more fine cows.

Ed. Dunkle went over to Salem  
Saturday. He left the impression  
among friends that he was going to  
Portland to visit a sister over Sun-  
day but there are some that think  
Salem holds some attractions for Ed.  
that might have caused him to miss  
the Portland part of the trip.

It is always advisable when pur-  
chasing jewelry to know that the ar-  
ticle you buy is as represented. It  
makes you feel mean to give away  
a present and learn that instead of  
the present being gold or silver it  
was a plated article. You can avoid  
this serious matter by purchasing  
the gift at MORRIS' the Reliable  
Jeweler. 82-11.



## TOYLAND AT THE GOLDEN RULE STORE

EVERYTHING in toys and dolls for the little folks. Only a few days  
and Xmas will be here with all its joy. The little ones will be  
hanging their stockings, getting ready for Santa Claus. Remem-  
ber, the Golden Rule has presents suitable for all. Come, bring the little  
ones and let them see the toys and dolls.

## The Place to do Your Xmas Shopping and Save Money

Dolls from 1c to \$2.98 in the dressed and undressed  
Doll buggies, all steel, rubber tired, collapsable, \$1.69, 1.98, 2.98  
Dishes for the little ones, 25c, 49.  
Fancy Handkerchiefs in boxes, 49c, 77c, 89c per box

## Fancy Sets for Men

One Tie  
One Silk Handkerchief  
One Pair Silk Hose  
One Tie Pin and Clap  
98 Cents Complete

## Suitable Present For The Wife

One Casserole  
Two Baking Bowls  
Six Custard Cups

\$1.49 Complete

The Golden Rule  
46 BUSY STORES

Opposite Public Library  
DALLAS, OREGON

The Golden Rule  
46 BUSY STORES