

# A Gift List for Everybody



## Maupin's Store for Old and Young

**T**HE right place to do your Christmas shopping. Gifts that are appreciated by children and grown-ups, too. Gifts for the whole family. Come in and see the wonderful display.

### A PARTIAL LIST

Toys galore, ranging from 5c to \$1.00  
Box Stationary to suit most fastidious  
Toilet Sets. Bulk and Box Candies  
Fountain Pens, \$1.00 to \$7.50  
Beautiful framed Pictures, actual  
Photographs in colors, \$1 to \$3.50  
Perfumes, Books, Leather Goods, etc.



### EASTMAN KODAKS

Various styles and prices  
Portable Phonographs  
Imported Vases, 75c  
Jewelry, a fine assortment  
Musical Instruments, etc.



# The Maupin Drug Store

L. S. Stovall, Prop  
Maupin, Ore.

### HIS CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

By Maxine Chapman

MISS HEPPSIE'S Christmas turkey had disappeared and she had looked in every crock and cradle of the great old Padgett place, chiefly to reassure herself. She was indignantly sure that she knew who had taken her bird, although she had not really seen it go, for there had been hushed rumors of her neighbors' fecklessness. Miss Heppsie had not listened very much. Lonely and prim, she lived in the house where her father was born. The changing world beyond her walls went by without her knowing and the ill-reputed neighbors were strangers, except for an occasional glimpse of a horde of bedraggled children. And now she hated them.



Miss Heppsie Continued to Stare.

Miss Heppsie Padgett wondered what to do. The sun set red behind the naked trees and cast long purple shadows on the snow of Christmas eve. It was too late to get another turkey. The array of pies and cakes, even the dressing, were waiting for the morrow, and it was the first time in the history of the proud old red brick house that Christmas time had been without a turkey. The more Miss Heppsie thought of it the angrier she became. Then on the wide front porch she heard the commotion of many footsteps and, presently, the thud of a timid knocker. Few visitors came to the Padgett house, so the parlor was

dark and the heavy front door was bolted. Miss Heppsie opened it a trifle and, there, on her spotless porch, were a half dozen ragged children, frightened, cold, unlovely, but bathed in the chastening light of the winter moon, and, carried on the back of one, was Miss Heppsie's Christmas turkey. For a long, tense moment they looked at each other, the woman, the children, the turkey, then, quaveringly, but with a strange uplifted pride, the biggest of the children blurted out: "Maw sent it back." Miss Heppsie continued to stare. There was nothing encouraging in the steady gaze of her eyes but the boy went on: "Maw sent us out to swipe it but she changed her mind, I guess. She said it wouldn't taste good nohow, on Christmas, and we'd just have hominy and turnips, and apple sauce for pud-din', same as always. She sent yer turkey back 'cause, even if you didn't need it, really, 'twasn't hers." Suddenly the boy began to cry. "Gee, it must be grand," he sobbed, "to live in a big fine house like this and have turkey for Christmas dinner." Then, as if a great joy had come to him, he raised his head and snuffed through his tears. "But we ain't goin' to steal no more. We ain't, not ever, 'cause maw, she said we wuzn't." The moonlight that fell on his earnest face crased the lines of hardness and left only a baby purity. Babies, surely, almost all of them were, huddled there together, strangely timid yet strangely strong in the humbleness of their confession. Across the night a song rang out, carolers bearing His message. "For whatsoever ye do unto one of the least of these—"

Suddenly Miss Heppsie saw her Christmas table, laden and she in self-ish solitude, presiding at the feast. No love had ever stirred her heart at Christmas. And then she saw her feast again, with a group of happy faces round it, immersed in turkey and cake, and at the foot of the table, a mother who said, "We ain't goin' to steal no more." With a soft, choked cry, she opened her arms long empty, and into their warmth she drew the tangle of huddled, hungry, children. Across the night a song rang out, carolers bearing His message, "Glory to God in the Highest, on earth peace, good-will toward men."

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**BE MERRY AND KIND**  
A T CHRISTMAS be merry and thanks God of all; And feast thy pore neighbors, the great with the small. Yea, all the yere have an ele to the poor, And God will send luck to keep open thy doore. —Sixteenth Century Carol.

### "MERRY CHRISTMAS"

HERE is how the nations of the world say "Merry Christmas:"  
France—Bon Noel.  
Germany—Froöhliche Weihnachten.  
China—Tin Hao Nian.  
Sweden—Glad Julen.  
Portugal—Bom Festas.  
Italy—Felice Natale.  
Japan—Kingshinen.  
Rumania—Gracium Felicitatuna.  
Turkey—Ichok Yilari.  
Bohemia—Vesela Vanoce.  
Hungary—Boldog Karacsony! Unnepeket.  
Greece—Chrysoyvena.  
Poland—Wesołych Swiat.  
Croatia—Sretno Bozic.  
Denmark—Vroljke Kerstmis.  
Spain—Felices Pascuas.—Montreal Herald.

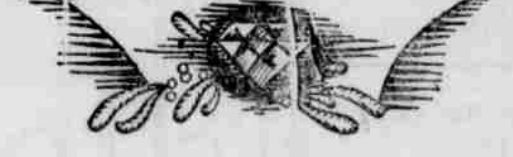
"She has no husband," the attendant answered, "he died several years ago."  
"Oh," with a catch in his breath, "I did not know she was a widow."  
"Her mother is here. She and the boy live alone. Mrs. Gainstone still makes her home with Mr. Gainstone's mother. John was bringing her home for Christmas."  
For weeks Lucy Miles Gainstone hovered between life and death. At last there came a change for the better, and one bright sunny morning late in January she was able to see the unknown friend who had kept her room abloom with roses.  
"You!" she exclaimed as Russell stepped smilingly into her presence.  
"Oh, Russell, so it was you." Tears of happiness filled her eyes as she held out her hand to him.

### AVOID THE SHADOWS

STARVING for the joy of giving—that is perhaps the starkest form of poverty of the Christmas season. To disappoint the children, to bring the shadow of a cloud into small expectant faces—this is tragedy indeed. The restriction of penitence falls heavily upon the would-be-giver. It huris—being kept from the role of Santa Claus. No tin soldiers for the thin little man, no dolly for the little mother, no fine foods with which to lead small stomachs—these are the negatives which scratch the souls of mothers and fathers who are being beaten by Life.—Holland's Magazine.

# Gifts of Jewelry

## The Gift That Lasts



Be Practical and Buy Gifts That Last—Such as the Following:

### DIAMONDS

Set in Rings, Stick Pins, Earrings, Pendants, etc.

### WATCHES

Pocket and Wrist Watches of all leading makes. Bracelets, Lavalieres, Chains, Fountain Pens, Gold and Silver Pencils, China

and thousands of other articles, each of which was designed especially as a Christmas gift.

## Pound's Jewelry and

The Dalles Gift Shop Oregon

