

HOLIDAY GIFTS

Old Crusty's Christmas

By OLIVE HARPER

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"MISTER, Mister! Please hold me up so I can see." These words came from the lips of a baby of four, blue with cold and quivering with a great desire to see the wonderful display of moving toys in the show window of a large store.

This strange request in the childish treble caused an old man whose face was lined

and seamed with hard and unlovely wrinkles to stop and look down. He was about to push the child away, but the little hands were raised with such utter confidence that in spite of himself he actually did lift her in his arms and gradually edge his way nearer the window through the dense crowd. The child looked and looked with staring eyes, as if she could not take in enough of the wonderful procession as it went around its allotted space. The cold hands clutched tightly at the old man's collar, and the blue lips were parted in an ecstatic smile which showed the tiny white teeth. The golden hair blew across the old man's face, and somehow he did not resent it, but when he had held her until the procession had gone twice around he began to feel tired, for he was not young.

As he turned to make his way back through the crowd the little chest heaved with a great sigh, but she did not cry. The old man smiled a cracked and grudging smile as the child said: "Fank you—you is good."

"I—good? Oh, I don't know." He started along thinking it time that the child should be put in charge of her parents, but her tiny fingers clung to his hand.

"Where is your mother?" he asked. "Muvver's dead, see?" And she picked up a fold of her black dress to show.

"Ah!" said he, suddenly choking. And yet he had gained the name of Old Crusty in the neighborhood where he lived alone, and he was also considered to be a stony-hearted miser.

"And my favver, too," continued the child, still clinging to his hand.

"Curious how surroundings influence one," thought he, "and how the enthusiasm of a crowd communicates itself. I wonder what kind of a Christmas this child will have, everybody will have something, I wonder where she lives, and if she would like a puppet."

"Little one, would you like a puppet?"

"Fai's dar?"

"Why, a—one of those ladders?" pointing to the dolls in the window.

"I dunno, I never touched em."

"Let's go inside," suddenly said the old man, some of the unlovely wrinkles disappearing. They went into the crowded store.

"Let this little girl have anything she wants, miss," said Old Crusty. The blue eyes shone like stars, and a delicate pink blossomed in the lit-



tle cheeks. The young lady at the counter was tired—dead tired, but the Christmas spirit was in her heart and she handed two dolls, one dark haired, the other blonde, and each with white teeth showing between the lips. The child chose the dark-haired one. "Looks like muvver," she said. Her happiness was as complete as that of the young mother who clasps her first-born to her heart. The old man lost some more wrinkles as he watched her ineffable delight. The young lady said gently:

"Perhaps you would like to get your little girl some—shoes and—warmer things?"

"Thank you, miss, she shall have them, for as you say she evidently needs them. But she is not mine."

When a big bundle of nice warm garments and a wonderful pair of red shoes had been made up the man thought she might possibly be hungry. So they made a queer little group at one of the cozy tables.

The baby, for she was scarcely more, said: "I likes you. Will you take me home, and my doll?"

"Yes; if you will tell me where it is," his face softening in spite of himself. But he soon found that the child had no idea of where she lived, but by degrees he learned that "Muvver was tooked away in a big box," and she had remained with Mrs. Vilkins. This lady appeared to have several children of her own, and she had "told Misser Vilkins that she couldn't be bovered wiv' Mary, so she tooked me out and I got losted."

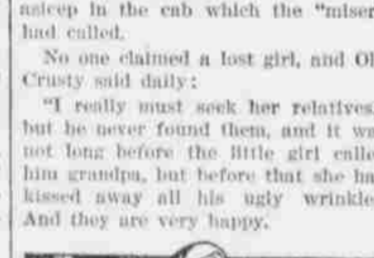
As the innocent little lips formed these words Old Crusty said to himself:

"Heartless creature—name Mary—deliberately lost this lovely child. Tender little thing! I must take her home for tonight anyhow, and look for her people tomorrow."

By the time he had made this resolution the warmth, the good bread and milk and excitement had been too much for little Mary and she lay asleep in the cab which the "miser" had called.

No one claimed a lost girl, and Old Crusty said daily:

"I really must seek her relatives," but he never found them, and it was not long before the little girl called him grandpa, but before that she had kissed away all his ugly wrinkles. And they are very happy.



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The First Christmas

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you. Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another: Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning the child.

And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

—St. Luke ii:8-20.

A Good Business Man.
A commercial traveler had taken a large order in Scotland for a consignment of hardware and endeavored to press upon the canny Scottish manager who had given him the order a Christmas gift of a box of Havana cigars.

"Naw," he replied. "Don't try to bribe a man. I cudna tak them and I am a member of the kirk."

"But will you not accept them as a Christmas present?"

"I cudna," said the Scot. "Well, then," said the traveler, "suppose I sell you the cigars for a merely nominal sum—say, sixpence?"

"Wood, in that case," replied the Scot, "since you press me, and, not liking to refuse an offer well meant, I think I'll be taking two boxes."

A Christmas Wish.
Though the weather's very cold Here's a warm wish very old, May your Christmas day be merry Very-very-very.

A Necessity.
"Good will among men is a prime necessity of reasonable living."—Arnold Bennett.

St. Nicholas In Camp

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the camp Not a sound could be heard but the snort of the tramp, tramp.

The boys were all sleeping quite snug in their bunks With occasional snoring in good solid chunks.

Some were a-dreaming of homes far away And mothers preparing for the world's holiday; Others of sweethearts and what they might send

To brighten the day and happiness lend— When all of a sudden there rose such a clatter,

All sprang up to see what the world was the matter; They rushed toward the trenches expecting the Boches,

Aching to give them some rather rough punches— When what to their wondering eyes should appear

But a convoy deep loaded with Christmastide cheer— Parcels and boxes and everything good—

While high on the pile old St. Nicholas stood, A-bowing, and smiling, and beck'ning to all

And easily looking as though he might fall. His face was familiar to all within sight,

He was given no challenge, so great was delight. With a wink of his eye and a twist of his head

He gave all to know they had nothing to dread, For pausing a moment, he went straight to work,

And selecting a package he gave it a jerk And sent it a-flying while calling a name,

As the boy it was sent to was answering the same; Then to one and another a parcel he gave,

Till each hut was still as a newly made grave. As the boys, filled with joy at the gifts they received,

Hugged them and kissed them, as though they believed These gifts were most human. And Santa looked on

Tight gripping his wheel and tooting his horn, Still bowing and smiling; then turned to the right

And said "Merry Christmas," and "to all a good night."

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes Wherein our Saviour's birth was celebrated

The bird of dawn singeth all night long, So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

—Shakespeare.

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Cash for Xmas

This is just what a Savings Account here at the Farmers and Stockgrowers National Bank can be made to represent to your wife and youngsters.

Any amount will open a Christmas Savings Account—and we'll give you a passbook containing that "Holiday Cheer" spelled in dollars and cents.

We pay four percent on time and savings accounts. Remember the third payment of 20 percent on your Fourth Liberty Loan subscription is due December 19th.

Farmers & Stockgrowers National Bank

Heppner Meat Market

H. C. ASHBAUGH, Proprietor

Now open for business in our New Shop on East Side Lower Main Street,

with a complete stock of the finest quality of

Beef, Pork, Mutton and Veal

Call and give us a trial order.

We will treat you right.

HEPPNER - - - OREGON

Holiday Greetings

We wish to extend the compliments of the season to all our friends and customers as well as to express our appreciation for their patronage during the past year.

We are prepared to cater to all of your holiday wants in our line and assure you that your orders for holiday supplies entrusted to us will have our very best attention.

Heppner Bakery

H. C. BOWLING, PROPRIETOR

Home Products for Home People!

WE MANUFACTURE

White Star Flour, Whole Wheat, Graham, Cream Middlings, Roli Barley and all Mill Feeds

GENERAL STORAGE AND FORWARDING

HEPPNER FARMERS ELEVATOR CO.

To all my friends and patrons I wish to extend the compliments of the season—a very Merry Christmas and glad and Happy New Year.

ROY V. WHITEIS.

