

For Boys and Girls

We have a full assortment of Toys, including boys' Wagons, girls' Dolls, Rubber Balls, Tops, Marbles, Mechanical Toys, Xmas candles and holders. Plenty of warm clothing Caps, Mufflers, Shoes and Slippers, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, etc., for boys and girls. All goods priced right.

THE BIG STORE'S

Holiday Specials

Our Saturday Sale

for next Saturday includes Some of the greatest bargains ever put out. Take advantage of these great before-Christmas Sales.

Very nice Military Set, in leather case	\$2.00
Splendid Traveling Medicine Case	\$1.95
All-Leather Music Roll, flat style	.65
All-Leather Music Roll, round style	\$1.19
Nice Purse for gentleman	.25
Very nice Purse for gentleman	.50
Gentlemen's Bill Books, all leathers	.50
Gentlemen's Suspenders in Holiday boxes	.50
Gentlemen's Arm Bands, very fancy	.25
Gentlemen's Arm Bands, fancy	.15
Gentlemen's Arm Bands, in burntwood boxes	.25
Gentlemen's Garters, in Xmas boxes	.25
Gentlemen's very fine Dress Gloves warranted	\$1.50
Gentlemen's Bow Ties, all silk	.25
Gentlemen's Four-in-hand, all silk	.25
Gentlemen's Four-in-hand, all silk	.50

We have listed here only a few of the many things you will find at our store appropriate for Xmas gifts. You will notice that the variety and price are right. Other things are priced along these lines.

Gentlemen's Silk Ties	.25	Men's Silk Handkerchiefs	.50
Gentlemen's Cuff and Collar Boxes	.75	Men's Leather Belts in a variety of styles at	.25 to .50
Gentlemen's Smoker Sets	\$1.00	Men's Silk half Hose, all colors, pair	.25 to .50
The greatest assortment of Mufflers for Gentlemen. They are all Silk and all styles and assortment of colors and priced at, each	.50	Ladies' Silk Handkerchiefs	.25
Men's Linen Handkerchiefs	.25	Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs	.25
Men's Linen Handkerchiefs	.12 1/2	Ladies' Linen Initial Handkerchiefs	.60
Men's Linen Handkerchiefs, in boxes half dozen	\$1.50	Ladies' Linen Hdkks. in burntwood boxes, per box	.30
Men's Silk Handkerchiefs	.25	Center Pieces for the table or dresser	.50

Dresser Scarfs, pure white linen, each	.50
Dresser Scarfs, linen color linen, each	.50
Auto Scarfs of pure silk, at	.50
Ladies' Mufflers, all shades	.75
Ladies' Mufflers, all shades	.50
Ladies Glove Boxes	.25
Ladies Handkerchiefs Boxes	.25
Ladies' Hair Brushes, pearl back	\$1.25
Ladies' Hand Mirrors, pearl back	.50
Ladies Hand Mirror, celluloid back	.25
Ladies' Hand Mirrors, celluloid back and cover	.75
Ladies Fancy Collars and Ties, priced from	.25 to .50
We have a full line of Messaline Silks in all colors, the yard at	.85
A full line of Kabe Silks, all colors, yd.	.25
Ladies' Silk Hose, all colors, pair at	.50

Specials for Next Saturday!

Men's shoes retailing for 3.50 at \$2.85 retailing for 4.00 at \$3.28 Men's 5.00 shoes for \$3.63 Men's 3.00 shoes for only \$2.37

SATURDAY GROCERY SPECIAL

Holland Herring, 1 keg	.95c
3 package Matches	.10c
Crystal Cooking Salt, 3 sacks	.25c
Tomatoes, per can	.7c
Corn, per can	.7c
Prunes, 3 lb. for	.25c
G. S. Soap, 8 bars	.25c
Gold Dust, pk.	.20c
Pearline, pk.	.20c
Clothes pins, 2 1/2 dozen	.5c
3 cans Salmon	.25c
2 bottles Schneider's Catsup	.35c
3 packages 10c Tobacco	.25c
4 packages 7c Tobacco	.25c
Unsweetened Chocolate, pk	.15c
1 gallon good Syrup	.45c
Best Mince Meat, 2 lbs.	.25c
Cranberries, 2 lbs.	.25c
New Stock Fish, 2 lbs.	.35c

Great Saturday Shoe Specials

Men's Work Shoes \$2.40 at	\$1.90
Men's Work Shoes \$3.50 at	2.67
Men's Work Shoes, \$2.95 at	2.48
Ladies' Shoes, retailing for \$2.00 at	1.67
Ladies' Shoes retailing for \$3.00 at	2.48
Ladies' Shoes retailing for \$2.50 at	1.87
Ladies' Shoes retailing for \$3.50 at	2.87

Bugby every day Shoes retailing for \$2.00 at	1.67
Bugby every day Shoes retailing for \$2.25 at	1.87
Bugby every day Shoes retailing \$2.50 at	2.15
Misses' Shoes retailing for \$2.00 at	1.67
Misses' Shoes retailing at \$1.85	1.48
Misses' Shoes retailing at \$1.50	1.28

SATURDAY GROCERY SPECIAL

Best Flour	\$1.12 1/2
20 pounds Rice	1.00
20 pounds Sugar	1.00
Best Sugar	4.95
25 pounds Rolled Oats	1.00
5 pounds Cleveland Baking Powder	1.25
1 pound Cleveland Baking Powder	.30c
1/2 pound Cleveland Baking Powder	.15c
80 oz. can K. C. Baking Powder	.50c
25 oz. can K. C. Baking Powder	.18c
Pineapple, 2 cans	.25c
Fish Flakes, 1 can	1.0c
S. W. Beans, 14 lbs.	\$1.00
Good Coffee, 5 lbs.	1.00
Cream Cheese, 1 pound	.20c
Good Bacon, 1 pound	.22 1/2
Best Hams, 1 pound	.20c
10 lb. pail Compound	\$1.12
Kinsin Herring, 1 dozen	.30c

LEWIS SHATTUCK

Main Street Phone 203 Gresham

THE REVOLT OF THE TOYS

By WELLS HAWKS.



THE irritated hotel guest was fuming and quarreling with the clerk because he could not sleep. It was 10 o'clock on Christmas eve, and the throngs of merry-makers on the streets made so much noise that snoring on a ground floor was impossible. In a most obliging manner the clerk gave the guest an inside room on the sixteenth floor in place of his suit with windows opening on the street.

Outside a throng of merry people noisily awaited the coming of the gladdest day in all the year; women and children, old and young, jostled and pushed, blew horns and threw confetti, and the policeman stood on the corner and smiled, and the real people who could not sleep looked out from their windows and laughed and said, "It is so good to see them happy."

But on the sixteenth floor of the big hotel and in the solitude of an inside room a big, selfish man stood and rubbed his hands and smiled because it was so quiet. Once the distant blowing of a horn was heard, and he stood on a chair and stuffed a bath towel into a ventilator.

"Fine, fine!" said he. "Those fools! I'll get some sleep now."

And he undressed and walked about and smiled. Long ago, when the hair just above his ears began to show a little gray, a great wall arose in his life and cut off the past—the past when he was a boy. And dead vines hung about this barrier, and its walls grew thicker and higher until it forced back all of the streams of happiness and smiles that came from childhood's happy memory, and his heart grew hard and cold.

"Christmas!" he sneered as he reached for the electric light. "All over the country, I suppose, they are deluding children with the Santa Claus tomfoolery."

Then it was darkness, and he tucked himself deep down under the covers. A great happiness came over him, for he could not hear a sound, so he closed his eyes and sleep came to him.

Outside the noise grew fast and louder. Only a little time and the bells would ring the midnight hour and it would be Christmas morning. A million housetops were silent, for beneath

them, in their tiny beds, were the little expectant hearts.

And he in the inside room was snoring. Suddenly he threw his arm up and grabbed the side of the bed. He tossed his legs wildly about and rocked like a man in great agony. Then he was still for a moment, and then suddenly he sat erect and, shaking his fist in the air, exclaimed:

"Back, I say! Back before I fire!"

Let us crawl over the wall around his heart and look. The room is filled with a thousand soldiers—more than that.

There is regiment after regiment. Some are of lead, others of tin, while those making the assault on the bed are wooden. From back of the bureau comes a troop of cavalry, the tin horses fairly galloping as the captain brandishes his sword. From under the wasteland comes a battery of artillery. They are placing their guns. The little general, pointed so grandly, is on the man's shoulder. Will he capitulate? There is quiet among the troops. The general comes down and consults for a moment with the commander of the wooden soldiers. The man looks at them with terror. He has asked



A DOWNFALL OF BALLS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

for more time. Suddenly the troops move back again, and around the bed appear hundreds of tiny tents. The man in the bed groans. They are going to starve him out.

The man sticks his head out from the cover for air. His head is hardly out when it is struck by a great rubber ball, and then, like a July storm, when a great cloud breaks, there comes from above a downpour of rubber balls, footballs, baseballs, jackballs, tennis balls and balls of every description.

They bent on the bed and pummed the man like hail on a bed of roses. He lies still and groans. The shower ceases, and with the noise of a hurricane, there comes rushing through the air what seems an African typhoon.

"It is the hoops, the hoops!" cry the wooden soldiers.

And so it is. The air is filled with every kind of hoop, and they roll backward and across the bed like a storm lashed sea. The man screams in pain. Some of the hoops have bells on them, and they ring in his ears as the sharp edges of the bent hickory cut his face. He is weak and pale, but does not give in.

Then there is a clang of bells and a blowing of whistles, and with a rush the entire toy fire department makes for the bed. Following them come the tin locomotives, wildly ringing their bells, and back of them the toy trolleys. The bed looks like a side street during a four alarm fire.

Now the hose connections are made, and scores of streams of water beat on his face. From the foot of the bed comes a cloud of steam from the engines, while hot and blazing above are sparks from the trolleys as they grind along the brass of the bed. He fights hard, but finally succumbs and falls weak and exhausted. The firemen ring their bells and start back for the fire houses, while the soldiers keep back the crowds of brownies, Indians, rubber men, tenting, jumping jacks and walking monkeys that were clinging around the ropes.

The man watched all this carefully. Then he covered his eyes with his arm. Somehow it all faded away. He seemed to be climbing over a wall. He reached the top and, looking down a pathway, saw a summer house. About it the lilacs fell in great clusters. Looking through the doors, he saw beneath a vista of the cedars and waving maples rows of flower beds, and she was there among them, clipping, training and guiding over trellises the tender blossoms she loved so dearly. In the summer house and on the floor he saw a boy.

He was lying on the floor, while his chubby hands played about the fort of sand the little soldiers he took from a box. The man sighed. He opened his eyes and looked about him. It was the inside room on the sixteenth floor. It was very quiet. He looked in the glass and saw a tear in his eye. It ran down his cheek, and another came

in its place and followed it. Then he threw open the window. Like a tempest in rushed the noise—the blowing of the horns, the clatter of the rattles and the laughter of merry people. He dressed hurriedly. From his satchel he took a portfolio and, taking out a check book, wrote a check and, grabbing his hat, rushed out of the room.

"Cash this for me and in a hurry," said the man to the night clerk.

The clerk went to the safe and brought out a roll of bills. He counted it, but there was not enough, and he opened the petty cash drawer and gave the man all that was there.

"Fine!" said the man, stuffing it into his pocket. "I'll be back in the morning."

The man rushed into the street. Just a half block up a lot of little boys were looking at a cart full of rubber balls. The man handed the peddler a big bill and said, "Give all of these to the boys." The peddler looked surprised, and the boys yelled with glee. Across the street were a lot of little girls, tired and worn from the day and night's work of running at the cry of "Cash!" but just happy at looking in the windows. Almost like a madman the man pushed them into the store, and soon each had a great doll and a shawl and candy and so many things that are good before they knew it.

Across the street was a man selling boxes of tin soldiers.

"Ah!" said the man, with a reminiscent sigh. He pumped on a box and yelled for all the boys around to come near him, and as they did he handed each a box of soldiers and then paid the man twice the cost.

"What is it?" said the man.

"It is Santa Claus gone wild!" said a policeman who had children at home.

The man rushed on and into a market. It was very late, and the poor were buying the leftovers for a Christmas dinner. The dealers were packing up the best to save for the New Year's sale.

"Open up!" cried the man as he flourished a roll of bills. And as the multitude of pale and worn went by those in the market who were reached out and gave them money and said:

"This is to buy for the children," while the dealers poured into the evening baskets the best on the stalls.

It was morning when he threw himself in bed, tired, but such a good tired. He stretched himself out and fell asleep. And in Sleepland he looked out, and there before him, as far as his eyes could reach, were the soldiers all drawn up for review. The tiny hands began to play. The officers marched proudly at the head of the column. The parade began to move—up the room, then up to the bed and across. He arose and saluted, for as they passed the guns were all at present arms, and the colors dipped as they went before him.

The toys were the victors, but they honored the conquered.—New York Mail.

The Christmas Stocking

ANG up the Christmas stockings; Leave not a dear one out. And when on Christmas morning With ringing song and shout. For in the silent midnight! Should Santa Claus appear And crown with gifts of gladness 'Tis the love time of the year.

Hang up the baby's stocking. The cunning little elf Is still too very thin To do it for herself. And hang the mother's stocking. Oh, very much in sight! Some one must think for mother, Or she'll forget it quite.

Hang father's sturdy stocking (Right here between the boys), And give him books and papers, As he gives the children toys. Let Santa Claus be careful About the politics. For father has a conscience That to the right side sticks.

Hang up the old folks' stockings. Hang up the little girl's. Dear grandma, with her silver hair, Sweet Popsy with her curls, Will both be very happy When down, in rosyate cheer, The merry Christmas morning, The love time of the year. —Ethel Bridges.

Why Need They Have Been Slaves? In Athens in the year 303 B. C. there were 21,000 citizens, 10,000 foreigners, and 400,000 slaves.

School teachers of Copenhagen, Denmark, receive \$320 a year. The French Parliament has passed a law which grants official assistance to large families in poor circumstances.

The theory that woman is crowding man out of the educational field is denied by Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, superintendent of Chicago's schools. Alfred E. Brown, head of the dramatic branch of the Brooklyn institute, was enrolled as walking delegate of the Woman's Suffrage party of New York state.

Stomach Troubles Disappear. Stomach, liver and kidney troubles, weak nerves, lame back and female ills disappear when Electric Bitters are used. Thousands of women would not be without a bottle in their home. Eliza Pool of Depew, Okla., writes: "Electric Bitters raised me from a bed of sickness and suffering and has done me a world of good. I wish every suffering woman could use this excellent remedy and find out, as I did, just how good it is." As it has helped thousands of others, it surely will do the same for you. Every bottle guaranteed, 50c and \$1.00. At all Drugists, H. E. Bucklen & Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis.

Great Combination Offer

THE OUTLOOK has made arrangements with the Portland Evening Telegram whereby we can give subscribers the advantage of a gigantic combination offer for a limited period. You can get a Metropolitan evening paper with all the latest news from all over the world and all the news of Eastern Multnomah County at a remarkably low price.

The Evening Telegram is the best paper in the state, market reports unexcelled, Saturday edition contains a magazine and comic section in colors.

The Portland Evening Telegram,	\$5.00 per year
The Outlook	1.50 "
Total	6.50

Both papers through this office if paid in advance for 1 year, on or before December 31, 1913.

\$4.50