

# Her "Sunshine Factory" Gifts

By MARTHA B. THOMAS

Generous Woman Operated "Plant" From Which Presents Were Distributed

Every Christmas Package Had Something That Somebody Wanted

Some people considered Miss Tilly a queer old maid. But those people were too blind and stupid to care really what she was. Other people looked upon her as a fat, funny spinster who had curious ideas. These people were tolerant but uninterested. But still others knew Miss Tilly for what she was, and these were rewarded by a glimpse into her "sunshine factory."

Miss Tilly was comfortably situated and had a "neat, tidy office." She never had to worry about the gas bill or the butcher's bill or the coal in the cellar. But let it be said at once that she worried about other people's bills and found many quiet opportunities to help them out, that is—the bills and the people.

It was a source of great bewilderment how much Miss Tilly knew about other folks' affairs. Not in a prying, inquisitive way, but in a generous,

smiling one. It seemed as though she made a point of learning about all those who needed a bit of encouragement or help. And all this interest on Miss Tilly's part served as the foundation of the "sunshine factory."

Take that blustering, bleak afternoon two days before Christmas, when Mrs. Billings fairly blew into Miss Tilly's front hall. Her arms were full of bundles; she was breathless with struggling against the wind, and she was wiping away the half-dozen tears from her cheeks.

Mrs. Billings bustled out, took all the bundles and escorted Mrs. Billings to a chair near the fire.

"Now, do tell me all about everything," smiled the hostess, "as soon as you get your breath. I'm eager to know if you found out exactly what Pa Saunders wanted most, and if Miss Susie needed some overshoes, as I thought, and how many children loved candy canes better than oranges, and—"

Mrs. Billings smoothed out her skirts, folded her hands in her lap, cleared her throat and said: "Miss Tilly, if half the people in this town knew how good you were, they'd feel pretty small and mean. There isn't a person who looks after folks the way you do, and you won't let me say a single word about it."

Miss Tilly laughed. "What's the use? I get a lot of fun out of discovering what people need and then sending it to them. I feel like Santa's second cousin. Now, tell me about everybody."

"Well," began Mrs. Billings, "Pa Saunders said that of all things he'd like best was one of those little bulbs of Japanese lilies. Isn't that just like him? He needs wood for his stove, but he said he always hankered after seeing one of those bulbs grow, so I got half a dozen and a jar filled with pebbles."

"Yes," said Miss Tilly, "I'm glad he likes the lilies. We'll send some wood, too."

"And Miss Susie looked a little wist-

ful and said she wanted some of those new fashionable boots with big tops and wrinkles at the heel!"

"Oh, dear Miss Susie!" laughed Miss Tilly again, "how absurd and lovable she is!"

"So I bought a black pair with astrakhan around the top, or imitation. And all the children I spoke to wanted oranges and candy canes, so I've had five dozen of each sent up here. I selected ten wreaths from the little girl who isn't very well and makes them to help her mother earn money, and I bought half a dozen books for the folks who can't get about much."

Miss Tilly beamed. "Now, let's take them into the 'sunshine factory' and do them up, or at least those things you've brought with you."

She led Mrs. Billings to a large room on the second floor. This room had no furniture but long tables and a chair or two. Over the door was tacked a small sign: "Sunshine Factory" was printed on it. Evidently the sunshine was the important part, for it was printed in larger letters.

Here were piled great heaps of Christmas presents, wrapped and tied and tagged. And every gift was something that somebody wanted more than anything else for Mrs. Billings acted as a clever spy; it was her business to discover what people wanted. Miss Tilly was the general to whom she reported.

"I've hired two boys," remarked this rosy general, "to take the gifts around Christmas eve. And I've pasted a tiny label on each present—'From the Sunshine Factory.' Here's one that gave me the most pleasure of all. You must never, never tell."

Miss Tilly opened a small, gray velvet box; sparkling on blue satin was a small diamond ring. "This is for Billy Saunders. He's the best lad in town and is in love with that pretty Molly Sherwood. He wants to marry her, and can in a couple of years, but he doesn't dare ask her because he can't afford an engagement ring just now. I can't bear to see them unhappy. Youth should be glorious with dreams. I've known him ever since he stole apples out of my orchard, bless him! This gift I'll take myself, or he'd never accept it."

Mrs. Billings planted a warm, re-sounding kiss upon the flushed cheeks of Miss Tilly.

"I shall burst trying to keep these things to myself, but I promise not to tell. You are the best woman that

ever lived, and the only one who owns a 'Sunshine Factory.' You bring happiness to the whole town and then pretend to be surprised when the people tell you about the mysterious presents they receive. Some day I shall pin a sign on your back."

"What sign?"

"Ask and ye shall receive!"

"Pshaw!" said Miss Tilly, but her eyes were very bright.

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**SQUARE WITH THE GAME**

Husband—Have you bought a Christmas present for Aunt Matilda yet?

Wife—No, I'm waiting until we get hers.

Husband—Why?

Wife—She always sends us a check!

—M. B. Thomas.  
(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

A Want Ad will sell what you do not need and get what you do need.

# Holiday Trip His Awakening

By KATHERINE EDELMAN

Cliff Winters Learned a Lesson From Shoppers and Won a Sweetheart

LIFFORD WINTERS was jealous. He would not have admitted the fact to himself for all the world, but it was quite plain to everyone else, including his little brother, ten.

For five years he had thought of Stella Thompson as his—the thought had never occurred to him that someone else might come along and take her from him. True, he had never come right out like the men in the story books and asked Stella to be his, but surely he thought any girl would have sense enough to know when a man really wanted her. Things had been so pleasant, anyhow, coming and going to Stella's home, that he had put off naming the day, but otherwise, in his mind, the whole thing had been settled.

Now, however, it looked as if Stella was lost to him—that he was out of the running—for Dick Carpenter had come back from the city. Stella seemed to have eyes for him only and Clifford saw very little of her. It seemed as if no matter what time he called he could not find her there—her mother always met him with the same remark: "She just left with Dick, or 'Dick and she are in the parlor now.'"

He had just come from there now, after being told that Dick and Stella had gone to town. The jealousy that was getting at his heart grew more bitter each moment, and so much did it possess him that he could not go about his work.

Jumping into his little car again he made his way along the smooth country road until he reached Trenton. There he found that the town was full of Christmas shoppers and that there was little chance of his running across Stella and Dick, even though they should be there.

He wandered aimlessly around for an hour and watched the crowds as they came and went, noticing particularly the young men of his own age. They were hurrying in and out of stores and nearly always on the outgoing trip they were carrying packages. He could see them through the windows at times making their purchases—candy, flowers, jewelry and other things—and they all seemed so happy about it. They were buying them for mothers, or wives or sweethearts, he thought.

Swift as a flash the realization came to him that never during all the years that he had courted Stella Thompson had he given her a gift—not even at Christmas. What had been the matter with him? He had just never stopped to think—no wonder that Stella had turned from him to Dick Carpenter. What a fool he had been to think that affection could live and thrive with the little thought that he had given it! He wondered if it was too late now to make amends—at least he could make an effort and try.

That evening when he called at the Thompson home and asked for Stella the refusal that Mrs. Thompson was going to utter died upon her lips as she saw the change in him. The easy-going, half-hearted Clifford Winters of the past was gone and in his place was an aggressive, quick-spoken fellow who acted as if he would not be denied. And when Stella herself came along she could only gasp as he placed a large bouquet of roses in her arms, and before she could recover from the surprise which this occasioned Clifford had asked her the all-important question and she had answered "yes."

Clifford always thought through the years that followed that their happiness was due to that holiday trip he made to town, but Stella's mother often smiled to herself as she thought how she used the vain little Carpenter boy to awaken Clifford.

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**NOTICE TO PUBLIC.**

I will be absent until about Jan. 15. My work will be in charge of A. Ruegg and C. Owsley. Phone orders for plaster and cement work, Gresham 195x. AL. HAMMAR.

# BIRDS BECAME A NUISANCE

Passenger Pigeons Nested in Such Numbers That They Completely Destroyed the Trees.

The passenger pigeon presents one of the marvels of bird life. A century ago this bird, now extinct, existed in flocks of such gigantic proportions that the numbers appearing places of these vast herds were usually located in the tallest and densest forests. As they were birds of very powerful flight, they apparently often ranged several miles during the day, but at evening returned in a body to the roost. The tall trees for thousands of acres were completely killed, and the ground strewn with massive branches torn down by the clustering weight of the birds which had rested upon them.

Their nesting places were even more wonderful. In Michigan the largest nesting place in recent years occurred in 1876 or 1877, and was 28 miles long and some three or four miles in width. The last nesting place of any importance was also in Michigan in 1881, but only of moderate size, perhaps eight miles long. In the nesting places every tree of suitable size was loaded down with nests, a large hemlock, for instance, holding from 20 to 40. At the large Michigan nesting it was estimated that 500 nesters were at work, and that their average catch was 20,000 birds a piece.

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**ODD WAY TO GET RELIGION**

Bishop Must Have Had "Pull" That Was Altogether Out of the Ordinary Run.

The minister was in the midst of a revival service that looked very promising from almost every angle. The finance committee had brought in Miss Nightingale to direct the chorus; the young hopefuls of the neighborhood had listened attentively to the minister, and graciously accepted his invitation to enter the fold.

One day while he was preparing his sermon, his wife and Miss Nightingale came into his study. The conversation soon drifted to church affairs and finally settled down to a discussion of a certain bishop, of whom the minister is not very fond. Here the conversation lagged, and the minister's thoughts went back to his sermon. The two women soon dropped the bishop and took up some of the local characters.

In speaking of one of them, Miss Nightingale said: "Has he got any religion?"

"Oh, yes," said the minister's wife, "he got it two years ago."

The minister's ear caught the last sentence, and thinking that it referred to the honors that had been bestowed on the bishop, snapped out: "Yes, but he got it through a pull."—Indianapolis News.

**The Glory of Georgia.**

After more than a century of Russian rule the little state of Georgia, a Christian republic between Armenia and the Caucasian mountains, is naturally proud of her regained independence, and very jealous of her newly won rights, as was recently shown by her protest entered at Lausanne against Russia's right to speak for her at the conference. The history of Georgia stretches far back into the centuries and she has enjoyed more than one era of prosperity in that time. Kennel, a tolerably well-known traveler of the Nineteenth century, described the country, possibly with exaggeration, as the most beautiful and highly favored region in the world. In one respect at least this praise was deserved, for the loveliness of the Georgian women was always proverbial throughout the Near East, and the fame of their beauty spread to western lands.

**He Did Hand It Over.**

Senator Charles Batt, who preaches a doctrine of using care in the expenditure of public funds, comes from Vigo county. There he was fighting the raising of tax rates by the school board. One of the most pertinent of his remarks recently was: "I don't think the board that spends the money should determine the amount of taxes to be paid. Let one board fix the amount of expenditures and—" "Judge," one of the board members interrupted, "does your wife fix the amount of your expenditures?"

Mr. Batt nodded his head. He afterward said that that argument caused him more trouble than any other he had ever given as it was told to his wife who was willing to serve in that capacity.

**Danger in Exposure.**

Her Husband—You look tough with all that makeup on. I wish you'd cut it out.

Mrs. Ruddyglow—But I'm so accustomed to it I'm afraid I'd catch cold without it.

# Balks at Paying



Mrs. Mary Summertime, of Detroit, collected her husband's \$800 army disability pension for five years, but now balks at paying him alimony and will appeal.

**"Household Management"**

We might call the kitchen the main room in a house, so in planning a home let us start with that. The first thing that should be remembered is to have the utensils together—together, but in a place where they are to be used. This will save much running around, loss of time and energy.

Then consider the light. A good light is essential. A light that hangs from the middle of the room is not good, because one is usually directly in one's own shadow. For instance, if you put something in the oven, you are standing with the light behind you. Therefore the lights, if possible, should be in the side walls. This will light up your kitchen without casting shadows.

Next thing is the ventilation. If it is possible, have two windows. As we all know, smoke and odors will arise, and for that reason windows should be made to pull down from the top as well as up from the bottom. When one has a choice of where to put the windows, have them on opposite sides

of the room. This gives cross ventilation.

Then the walls. Tiles are, of course, excellent, but very expensive. Oil paint is very good, and washes easily. Then there is sanitas paper, which can be used if one likes a design on the walls.

One thing the floor must not be, and that is porous. Composition floorings are fair, but linoleum is better. Medium weight linoleum is good, as it has a slight give which is a great help in not tiring one as much. Lay your linoleum carefully, so that no water may enter the cracks where it is put together. Cement is a very good thing to use to prevent this.

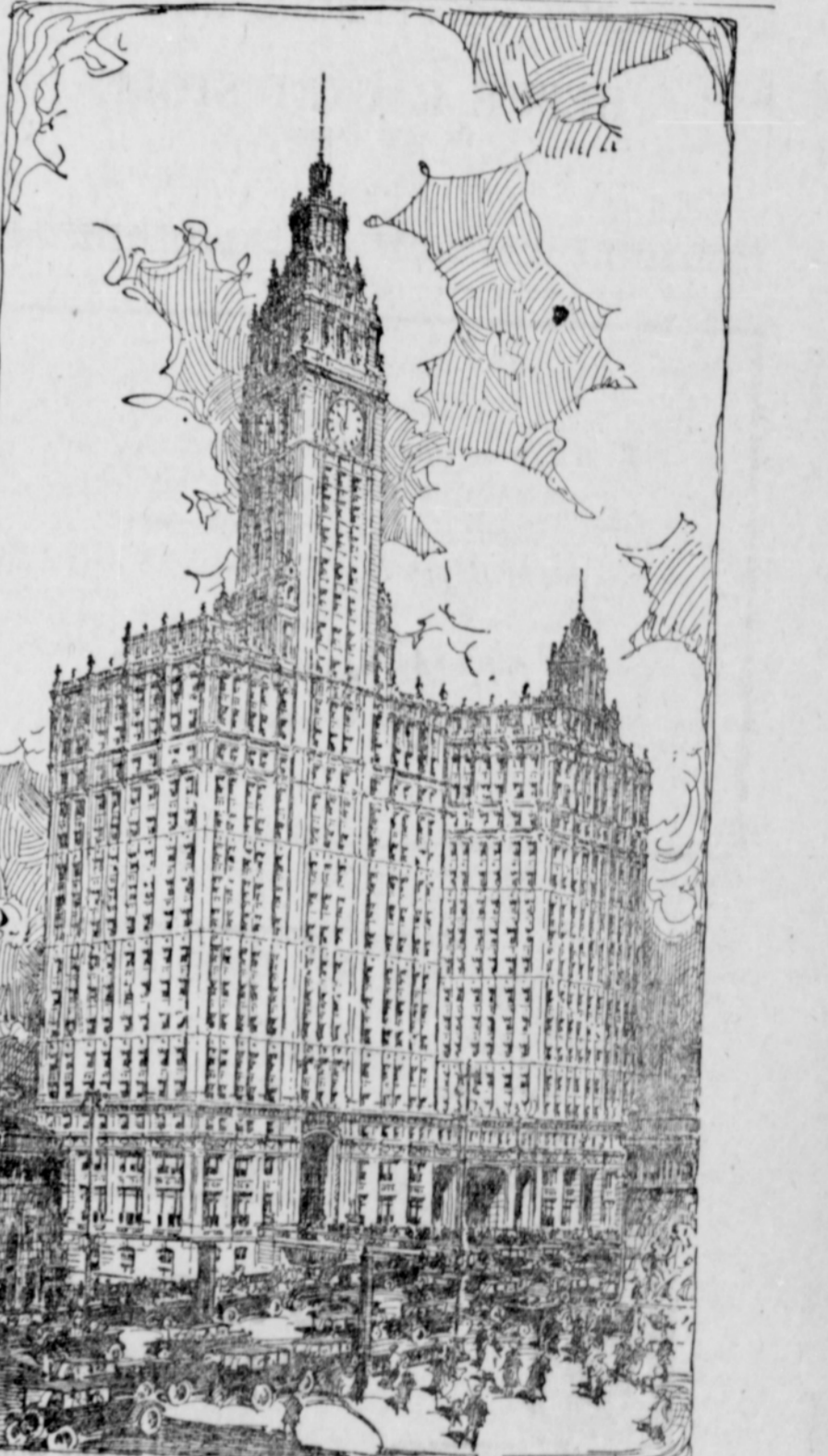
**Record Number of Chinese Pheasants Released.**

Oregon has liberated in excess of 10,000 Chinese pheasants in the fields of eastern and western Oregon this year, a record for this state and one that has never been equaled by any other state.

This announcement has been made by the Oregon State Game commission following a check of the 1923 activities at the two state game farms at Corvallis and Eugene.

Since Chinese pheasants now furnish 90 per cent of the upland bird shooting in the state, sportsmen have been supporting an increased program of propagation and the state game commission has been giving close attention to the matter of protection.

**Hall's Catarrh Medicine** is a Combined Treatment, both local and internal, and has been successful in the treatment of Catarrh for over forty years. Sold by all druggists. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio



# Here's Proof That Advertising Pays

Famous Wrigley Building in Chicago Being Doubled in Size

The part of the Wrigley Building erected two years ago has filled such a want that the north section, nearly double the floor area of the south section, is being added.

This north section, nearly completed, occupies the entire block, immediately across North Water Street, fronting on Michigan Avenue and reaching to the height of the main part of the first structure, with a connecting bridge.

The space in the new section is already nearly all taken by high-class firms in advance of the completion of the building.

Here is a concrete (as well as a steel and glass) proof of the saying that "advertising pays." In these magnificent buildings Mr. Wrigley has erected an impressive testimonial to this great truth. They loom large and beautiful. They typify the achievements of the man who built them. They stand as a monitor over the activity of the Nation's second city—inspiring—dominating—massive—bearing unanswerable testimony to the POWER OF ADVERTISING.

**HOME SWEET HOME**  
Oscar Turas Time Back in His Flight  
by Terry Gilkison  
AUTOCASTER

OLLIE SAID I WAS GETTING OLD AND SEEDY. WELL I'LL TAKE HER BACK TO THE BYGONE DAYS WITH THIS BARBER-SHOP MAKE-UP!

HELLO, OSCAR. SWIFF SWIFF. WHAT'S ALL THAT? WELL, MERCY ME, WHAT'S HAPPENED?

WELL, I SHOWED YOU THERE WAS STILL SOME LIFE! I ONLY GOT A BONJELLA MASSAGE AND VIOLET DE CREME HAIR TONIC.

HEE, HEE! YOU LOOKED SO FUNNY STANDIN' THERE AND THAT ODDOR OF VIOLET, HAH!

ONE HOUR LATER  
MY! DID YOU NOTICE THIS IN THE PAPER WHERE IT SAYS LONDON'S POLICE COMPRISE A STAFF OF 20,114?  
FUTILE TASKS  
TRYING TO WRITE WITH A ROSE OFFICE PEN.