

A CHRISTMAS RECONCILIATION

by KATHERINE EDELMAN

PHILIP MANION pulled down the curtains of his car with an angry jerk. Then his voice snapped out a sharp command to his chauffeur: "Get off this crowded street, Jenkins; this Christmas crowd is most annoying, rushing around like insane people!"

Jenkins gave a quiet assent and soon the big car slid quietly into the wide smoothness of the boulevard. But the traffic condition of this thoroughfare was no less pleasing to Philip Manion than the rush and hurry of the business section. It seemed as if every car in town must be there.

He grew more irritated each moment, so much so that even the well-trained chauffeur felt its influence. For the first time in his life Jenkins sacrificed safety to speed as he tried to get his master away from the thing that irritated him so. And the result was, as it so often is in such cases—a crash. It all happened so quickly both master and man were dazed with surprise and fright for a moment.

The after-accident crowd that comes from no one knows where had quickly assembled. Ugly threats were passed around. The driver of the twisted taxi was hurrying hot words at the white-faced Jenkins. Both drivers were unhurt.

But Philip Manion was unmindful of these things. He was bending over the unconscious form of a woman who lay inside the cab. Blood was streaming from a gash on her forehead and to all appearances she lay dead.

"Oh, Clare, Clare!" Manion was crying brokenly. "It is I—Philip. Won't you speak to me? You—won't you go and leave me to live on and know I killed you?"

But no answer came to his pleas; the white lips seemed to be still forever. Manion covered his face with his hands and sobbed bitterly. Then some one pulled him back from the cab—a doctor had come. And in a few minutes they were hurrying to the nearest hospital.

For an hour that seemed like an eternity Manion waited for the doctor's verdict. Gone was all the bitterness and hostility toward all that had possessed him in the past two years; in their place tenderness and sympathy had come back again. He knew now the cause for the way he had been acting in



had just been trying to crumple and stifle the crying of his heart. It was the need of Clare, the stifling of his love for her, that had turned him into a hard and bitter man.

"Oh, God! let her live!" he cried over and over. "Let her live to know that I am not the man that she thinks I am. Let her live to know that it was stubbornness and pride only that kept me away. Oh, if I had only given in and told her the truth!"

A door that held a message of life or death opened very softly and a smiling doctor motioned him in. A great surge of joy filled his heart; he knew Clare was going to live. As he entered there came from the street below the voices of carol singers, clear and sweet upon the evening air.

God rest ye little children; let nothing you frighten: For Jesus Christ, your Savior, was born upon this night. Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks were sleeping lay. When Christ, the child of Nazareth was born on Christmas day.

As if at the sound, Clare Manion stirred softly, then her eyes opened very slowly and took in the outlines of the unfamiliar room. They fell upon the man, standing with bowed head in the doorway.

"Philip, Oh, Philip! Is—is it really you, or am I dreaming?" The joy in the weak voice was unmistakable.

"Yes, it is I, Clare." Manion's voice was broken and hoarse as he sank down upon his knees by the bed. "Can—can you ever forgive me for what I have done? All I ask is a chance to atone—to show you that I can be all that you once thought me."

Next day, when the Christmas bells were pealing out their message of peace on earth and good will toward all men, no two persons felt the joy of the age-old tidings in a greater measure than they, for their hearts had opened to new understanding and faith in each other.

(By 1224, Western Newspaper Union)

Yields of winter cereals may be seriously reduced by pasturing if care is not taken, according to the Oregon experiment station. It is not advisable to pasture low, poorly drained and wet lands at all. Pasturing after the grain has reached the jointing stage will destroy many of the young heads forming inside the stem and thus reduce the yield. Fall grains use the winter months to build a food reserve which is used in the growing season. As this reserve is depleted by pasturing the yield is generally reduced accordingly.

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New York's Gift Suggestions

By Rita Rigney

The smart woman will give colored compacts and lip-sticks this Christmas—the ultra-smart will give silver ones. Unless, perchance, she finds the lovely vanities which so happily combine silver and gold with color. Then, she'll solve the difficulties of choice by taking the whole enticing lot.

New silver compacts are small and very, very flat with just the right trimness for making happy companions to sophisticated purses. One very new one has a prim little flower traced in the brushed silver color, front and back. It is made in single, double and triple styles with rouge and powder of the most flattering tints.

The ones combining metal with color are hexagonal and offer a choice of four cloisonné colors—smart black, sophisticated jade, richest ivory and gayest blue. These new little accessories to purses are a part of a clever toilet ensemble—perfume in hexagonal flacons, compacts and lip sticks—all of an irresistible new fragrance and in colors to match a mood, a type or a costume.

Really a gloriously feminine gift! The indelible rouge is ready now a bright blood-red that is so natural and so flattering. The case, though, must breathe of all that is fascinating and new so we wait—and whisper—and hope. This thought it will be silver, too.

This same busy shop has an indestructible eyebrow crayon to offer. Eyes, you know, are receiving more and more attention. Women, everywhere, are beginning to believe the poor beauty editor when she cries "What averteth a vivid mouth and smooth cheeks if the eyes are tired and haggard, the eyebrows straggling and the lashes dusty with powder?" So women, everywhere, will be glad to receive tiny brushes for brightening and smoothing brows and lashes, crayons in brown or black, pots or shadow cream in gray, blue or brown and—gift of gifts—a wee pot of nourishment for the eyelids and herbal packs for refreshing tired eyes. The cream is complete with minute directions for the careful message of the tender skin around the eyes; the packs may be used again and again providing they are dried carefully in an airy spot.

One more thought about the eyes. Crayons and shades are for women and not for girls. Girls are making the most of youth now and they gaze at the world fearlessly with bright eyes set in firm lovely skin of natural tints. For them the packs and the nourishing cream—occasionally. Matrons of distinction know the value of shadowy settings for the wells of wisdom from which they see; so for them the decorative creams.

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AMERICANS HAPPY SINCE PARISIANS DISH UP WAFFLES

(By Smith Reavis, Associated Press Staff Writer)

PARIS 649—Americans in France, tourists, residents and so-called expatriates live just about as they did in the United States, a curious correspondent has discovered after a long investigation.

Granted that they have become accustomed to the light wines of Burgundy and Bordeaux and the headier vineyards of Champagne, they will eat with relish purely American dishes, concern with other Americans on all possible occasions, read American newspapers and express their opinions in good United States.

Even Ezra Pound, expatriate of the expatriates, and proud of it, is said by his friends to relish a good waffle. The American breakfast is still generally preferred to the average coffee and rolls of France. Few citizens of the western republic, no matter how long they have lived in France, have gone completely "native."

Montparnasse, American fringe of the far-famed Latin quarter, is a good example of a little United States in France. There, where modernists, super-modernists and super-super-modernists gather to condemn the intellectual apathy of their stay-at-home countrymen, they often as not do it to the accompaniment of a ham steak cooked, not as any Frenchman ever conceived the cooking of a ham steak, but as it is done south of the now illusory Mason and Dixon line.

The most popular restaurant in the "quarter" is run by an American named Wilson, and corned beef hash with poached egg and ham and eggs form the most called-for items of his daily bill of fare.

Purely French restaurants have added American dishes, to the best of their ability, to their menus to satisfy the homesick hunger of Montparnasse's expatriates.

The great majority of American homes in Paris are furnished with articles of purely French origin, but in most of them there is a touch of the other-side-of-the-water if only in the arrangement of a chair or a table. Their owners appreciate the French taste and French culture, but merely graft them on, as it were, to the taste and culture

Practical Safety Suggestions
One sure way to make careless drivers stop at crossings is to plant flowers near the danger signal.



"I telephoned we would be there at six"—

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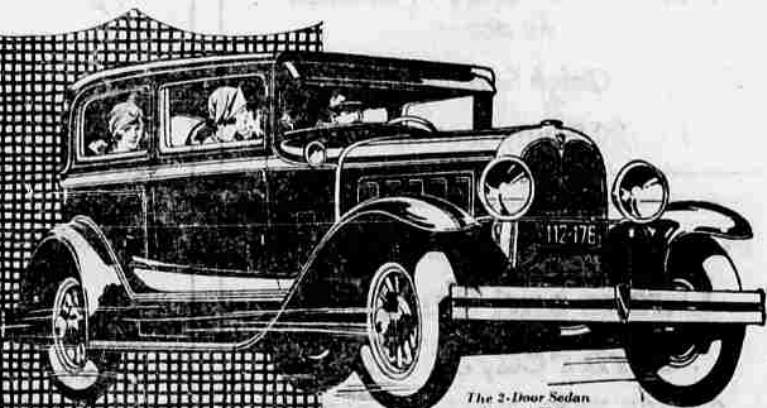
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