

### Christmas Chimes

By O. F. PFEIFFER

THE village chimes rang out a mellow strain clear and vibrant as golden beads dropped into a crystal dish, but Adam Marsh drew his worn fur cap down closer about his ears and scowlingly took a short cut towards his desolate home.

He had neither chick nor child, only money. He hardened his soul against yuletide suggestions and tried to glory in the humanizing influence of the social friendship and "the folly of love!" Then he came to a sudden halt and sprang behind a tree. There was a light in the room where he slept. Against the lamp light there outlined the figure of a roughly dressed man standing at an open door. Marsh stole to the kitchen, down an ancient horse pistol.



gliding to the door of the lighted room, burst it in.

"What are you doing here?" he asked out. "Hands up!"

He was rather a weak than an evil that confronted him. Its owner had crestfallen, rather than sullen. "I was looking for something to be stammered out."

That's likely outside of the kitchen. "It, now!" snarled Marsh.

Tell then, finding nothing in the room I hoped I could pick up some trifle that would bring me a dollar. Say, I'm not a genuine bad. I never touched a cent that was my own until this very day. And has so shamed me, that all I ask is strength to carry back what I took."

"Ah!" jeered Marsh. "Sort of robbery to pay Paul, hey? Now I'll run no risks of your turning me. Empty your pockets," and he disgorged a rusted jackknife something that glowed with the of gold.

Back to yonder corner," ordered he raspingly. "What's this?" and his fingers clutched a locket chain the other had placed on the

Isn't yours, nor mine!" burst out the intruder. "Say, I must take that where it belongs. Listen to me. I've ten miles down the road, in a hatched little hovel. In the front was a pale, wearied woman sitting to her sick husband. In a room was a little angel of a girl



asleep on a torn thin blanket. I freed the chain and locket around the girl's throat. I sneaked up and hid. I've a wife and two little ones in the city; lost my job and was looking for work. I was as I thought of their wretched lot and I hurried away to sell the locket and steal a ride home on a bumper. Don't shoot!" for he, opening the locket and scanning the portrait within shook from foot to foot, and with glaring eyes the locket as though it were a boding wraith.

How it recalled to him the sunny-faced daughter he had met from heart and home the day he met with Rodney Blair. He never sought to learn of her fate. Now the locket she had worn he strangely found, cherished and held by her little child with his eyes fixed in it.

"The man," he said, "if you will take me where you found the people all of your dear ones shall have Christmas, indeed."

He did that for nothing," half the penitent fellow.

le Corn Blair was sobbing in mother's arms as Adam Marsh stood the doorstep of the home of the unfortunate. He heard her say: "mamma, can't we search for my locket? Every night when I pray and ask a blessing on dear grandfather I have never I shall miss seeing his picture."

try Christmas and—forgive—spoke Adam Marsh, pushing the door open. "Alice, I've come to up for my cruelty and neglect."

when the penitent had faithfully returned from the village stores a heaping basket full of Christmas cheer and gifts for the little Marsh had ordered, he started for it with a warm, snug roll of notes in his hand.

w for my own home and the Christmas of my dear ones!" he said. "Oh, I'll never stray from the straight path and then in a wild ecstasy he sang and with the chiming bells: on earth and good will to all men!"

### PRODIGES PROVE A PUZZLE

Psychological Experts Unable to Account for Their Amazing Prevalence in England.

Infant prodigies are being discovered in England almost daily. Some connect this with the psychology of war. One of the youthful marvels is Pamela Bianco, a thirteen-year-old girl artist, whose drawings were given the place of honor in an exhibition at one of the principal London galleries.

Critics dealt with them quite seriously and said that the work was suggestive of Botticelli and some of the other old masters. Pamela is an Italian girl who was born in England and never had taken any drawing lessons.

Ronnie Routledge, four, little more than a baby, whose parents know nothing of music, has enjoyed six months of tuition on the violin. At the Grimsby College of Violinists recently he outranked 43 competitors, most of them in the twenties, and scored 119 points in a possible 120. Professor Danton describes him as a miracle.

Little Robbie Day, aged seven, of Brighton, son of a motor mechanic, has wonderful powers of clairvoyance, according to the Weekly Dispatch. Blindfolded, he described a number of articles. These included a treasury note (giving its color, numbers and writing on the back), the color and texture of a piece of fabric he had never seen, the correct answer to a complicated sum in mental arithmetic and figures written down at random.

After five minutes' test he complained of feeling icy cold. "I just see little pictures and I just say them," is Bobbie's explanation.

### AFRICANS WILL BE THERE

Opportunities Offered in Abyssinia Are by No Means Likely to Be Long Overlooked.

After his visit to the United States one of the Abyssinian visitors admitted that he knew now why there were no Americans in Abyssinia. As he had seen him at home, the American, so the stranger from Abyssinia decided, is not given to slow and tedious traveling. He wants to get about quickly, and Abyssinia, with nothing faster than a pack mule, offers no inducements of rapid transportation. "That, it seems," said the Abyssinian, "has kept the American man out of our country. It is too bad. We need bridges like yours, we need streets like yours, and we need men like yours to direct the building of them." Commercially and industrially, however, the truth probably is that Abyssinia has not been "discovered," and when that happens the American man will come and build his own rapid transportation. The mere statement that the capital, Addis Ababa, is a city of some 40,000 inhabitants and no railway connection with the outside world is a temptation.—Christian Science Monitor.

### Birds Have Right of Way.

Fowl have the right of way in air, warns the director of military aeronautics. This is justice indeed, since birds flew first.

But this is not all. Recently many towns along the Atlantic coast have been visited with dead bird showers. Aviators flying by a town would see a flock of wild fowl coming their way. They would set their machine guns and let the bullets fly.

Presently a prominent citizen walking below would be hit with a large, bloody bird. He complained to the town, and the town complained to the department of agriculture. Then the federal migratory bird law between the United States and Great Britain was referred to, and it was found that shooting birds from airplanes is unlawful.

### The Wrong Man.

When I was an eighteen-year-old girl I was keeping house in my mother's absence and received word from an old friend of the family, of whom I was very fond, that he was to be our guest for a day or two. Toward evening when the doorbell rang I told our little colored maid to answer it and show Mr. Blank into the living room.

I rushed into the room which was half dark, some minutes later and threw my arms around the gentleman who rose to greet me and kissed him soundly only to hear a strange voice say, "I called to see if I could interest you in a wonderful set of books I am showing today."

I backed to the light and turned it on to view a perfect stranger—a book agent. But Mr. Blank's timely arrival just then saved a little of my embarrassing explanation.—Chicago Tribune.

### Triple Tone Electric Bell.

Three separate and distinct sounds are given by an electric bell which operates on ordinary lighting current by means of a transformer. In the home the bell can be connected with push-buttons installed at three different doors—front, kitchen and side, for example. When one button is pressed a clear ring results, when the second is operated a buzz is produced, and when the third button is pushed a combination buzz and ring results. In the office or shop this bell will prove most useful, since it can be used to call three different persons without necessitating them to count the number of rings, as must often be done when the customary signaling is employed. This bell has no contact points to burn out and no batteries to replace.



The Woman's Store

## Gift Store

TRULY this store is the "Christmas Store" for the LADIES of Klamath Falls, this is being shown every day: they appreciate a clean, light store that caters to WOMEN exclusively.

### SILK UNDERWEAR



Kayser Silk Underwear in the many dainty garments on display, will make any woman happy: they come in Jersey Silk, Wash Satin and Crepe de Chine.

Priced very moderately at \$2.50 to \$16.00. A more desirable gift would be impossible to find.

Are Your—



Only 14 days more.

### FURS



Truly this is the weather for furs; there are many different styles on display here, wonderfully appropriate for gifts.

"A satisfied customer comes again"

### SWEATER COATS

For the growing child, in sizes from 26 to 32, when it seems so cold these mornings slip this garment on under their outer garment. They are prepared for the coldest weather.

\$1.75 to \$3.00

### JERSEY SILK PETTICOATS

In the "Fitrite" style; they are finished with fancy ribbon pleating, and come in all the many pleasing colors.

### SHIRT WAISTS



They are here in Tub Silks so economical in price, and such wonderful values; the colorings are in the latest shades.

In this lot are included Crepe de Chine and Georgettes, equally wonderful values at the price. This assortment, priced at \$6.50.

## The Woman's Store

### English Women Buying Farms.

Women in England are buying their own farms or their own truck and garden spaces in rather conspicuous numbers. And this is all an outcome of the tremendous work done by women on the land during the war. The general feeling is that there will not be much room for the common female farm laborer as time advances, but for the woman who has a little money and who looks upon farming as her profession and her life work there is excellent opportunity in this direction. In the first place, on account of the compact location of the garden spaces and the cities in England transportation of foodstuffs is easy. Then garden truck and flowers do grow abundantly and profusely there, and always find ready markets.

### The Forgetful Parson.

Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson tells an amusing story of an old West country parson who had to hold two services, one in his own church and one in the church over the moor.

On arriving at the latter church he got into the pulpit and said he was awfully sorry, but he had forgotten to bring a most admirable sermon which he had written.

"Luckily," he continued, "as I came across the moor, I remembered a beautiful story, which I will tell you in place of the sermon. Er—er well, dash it, I've forgotten that, too?"

### Churches' Weathervanes.

Weathervanes seem to date from early times. According to Ducange, the cock was originally devised as an emblem of clerical vigilance. The large tail of the cock was adapted to turn with the wind. Many churches have for a vane the emblem of the saints to whom they are dedicated. St. Peter's Cornhill, London, is surmounted with a key, St. Peter having the keys of heaven and hell. St. Laurence has for a vane a gridiron, and St. Laurence at Norwich has the gridiron with the holy martyr extended upon the bars. A gilt ship in full sail is the vane upon St. Mildred's Church in the Poultry. St. Michael's, Queenhithe, has a ship, the hull of which will hold a bushel of grain, referring to the former traffic in corn at the hithe.—London Chronicle.

### Wouldn't Give Up Easily.

Mother was to entertain company, so Billy was put to bed earlier than usual. Billy resented this, and as an excuse said he didn't like to have the women see him in bed when they went upstairs to lay aside their wraps. Mother explained that as the women lived near by and because it was such a warm night the guests would come without hats or coats. It looked like bed for Billy, but as a last resort he said, "Oh, but, mother, surely they will wear their summer furs."

### ANCIENT TABLETS GIVEN TO MUSEUM

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, Cal., Dec. 11.—Bearing dates as far back as three and a half centuries before the Christian era, a group of valuable historic tablets from the excavation of the city of Babylon, have been placed in the Stanford University museum. The installments were made under the direction of Pedro J. Lemos.

Edward J. Banks of New Jersey

discovered the tablets while carrying on extensive excavations in the ruins of the famous city. Several of the pieces carry the distinct prints of the fingers which moulded them over four thousand years ago. A cone made by a priest of the temple of the Goddess Ishtar and another tablet found at Jokha, a ruin of the city of Uruk, are dated 2350 B. C. One sun dried tablet bears the name of Darius, the Persian King of Babylon, and dated in the second year of his reign

Jazz

Jazz

## Big Dance

SATURDAY NIGHT

at

MOOSE HALL

Kay-Jay Orchestra

Dancing 8:45

Z 12

December 11, 12.

Z 12

December 11, 12.