

Jack and Jill

Jack, dear, my good old Uncle Bill wrote me that he was planning to come to the city on a business trip. How about asking him to bring Aunt Elinor with him?"

Jack was actually startled. "Why, I never met them. You know what it will mean, don't you? I've had country relatives visit town when I was a bachelor and that was enough to last me a lifetime."

"But, Jack, Uncle Bill gave us our silver set, and it cost hundreds of dollars . . ."

"It would have, if it had not been plated . . . I know a hall-mark when I see it and I know the plated goods, too—I never mentioned it to you, but that silver set is a false alarm!"

Jill was indignant as a bride of less than a year could be. And sometimes that is very, very indignant.

"There you go, insulting my relatives. Why, what did your relatives send us? Some old hand-painted chinaware, and a set of encyclopedias that we never read, and some chairs that you yourself said were so antique that they ought to be sent to the fossil department of the museum of natural history!"

"There, there, honey—I'm not worrying about the wedding presents. Not even a kiss would mollify her, however."

"I am delighted with the silver, or near-silver, because I've eaten the most wonderful food with it that was ever cooked by the most wonderful wife in the world."

Jill's eyes did soften at this. Then Jack started on his own tack again.

"But, I know visiting relatives. They expect you to pay their carfare, going and coming. They have lists of the shows they read about in the papers and far be it from such that they should ever pay for a ticket. Then they want to see Chinatown, and the Ghetto and Coney Island and every place in the town that is stupid and tiresome."

"But I could take them there if I knew the way. You wouldn't have to!"

"But I have always been the goat who did have to. No! No! I'm off the relative stuff for life!"

That was settled, but it still rankled in Jill's heart.

Next afternoon Jack received a telephone down at the office and the silverest voice in the world greeted him.

"We're invited to dinner, dear, and then to a musical show afterwards. I'll be down in the auto for you and meet you at your office building entrance at five . . ."

There was a rattling of the phone and they were cut off!

Jack could not get connected again and a call to the home resulted only in the information from the cleaning woman that Jill had gone to the city two hours earlier, to meet some friends.

Promptly at five Jack sailed forth from the office.

In a big touring car which resembled a Pullman in its bulk and expensive look sat Jill, between a very fat and jolly old gentleman and a smiling middle-aged lady.

"So this is Jack! Welcome to our family, young man. Jill wasn't such a bad judge after all!" was his greeting.

"This is Uncle Ben and Aunt Elinor, Jack, dear," said Jill happily. "They motored to New York, and have given me the most wonderful ride all around New York."

"Yes I haven't been here for twenty years so I hit all the old landmarks. But the town has changed. Chinatown, the Bowery, Coney Island, the Goddess of Liberty, all are changed. So we're going home tomorrow, as it only took half an

hour for me to put my deal through."

They had a wonderful dinner—fifty dollars was the check which Uncle Billy blithely paid. The show was wonderful, and Jack realized that the seats must have cost a shocking price, for Uncle Bill bought them from a speculator at the door. Another gorgeous supper, with dances for Jack and Jill together on a wonderful floor—and they were deposited at the depot in time for the very last train home.

"Sorry I won't see you again, Nephew Jack. But I am going back home tomorrow morning. You and Jill save your vacation and spend it up on my stock farm—regular summer hotel it is without the guests and profitting. I'll expect a two-week visit from you. Don't forget!"

As they rode out, Jill peeped up at Jack from her place against his shoulder. "Do you think we ought to accept and visit? He's a relative!"

Jack gulped. Then he nodded. He was actually embarrassed.

"Well, he would not have any carfare to pay for us on a farm. Let's go!"

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Common Sense

By J. J. MUNDT.
Cheer Up!

It is so easy to become cynical, suspicious, envious and disagreeable.

And why? The span of life is short. So short, we cannot, should not, waste any of it.

The cynic fails to get the joy he should possess because he is suspicious. Suspicion carries with it cold aloofness and that does not make friends.

Envy and disagreeable thoughts take the biggest toll from the person so afflicted.

The disagreeable, dissatisfied person makes others unhappy, but hurts himself the most because there can be no sunshine under a cloud of morbid thoughts.

Of course, everyone has trials and some heartaches, but there is no use in trying to prolong the stay—no use in making an effort to retain them.

While we are making this earthly trip let us be good sports.

Let us seek to make our fellow companions on life's voyage happier because we are going along, traveling the road together.

The things which bring happiness spring from the heart and happiness makes us stronger, better, more human and rational.

And if we have joy we scatter it. (Copyright, 1921, International Feature Service, Inc.)

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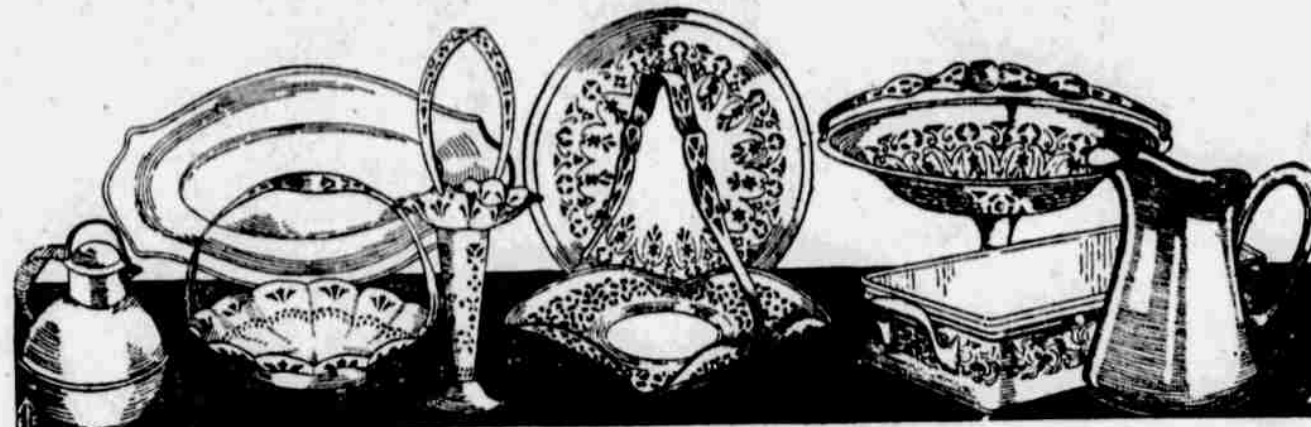
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SUGAR AND
CREAMERS
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CRACKER DISHES

Burgess-Nash Silverware Shop—Main Floor



This is your chance to tell Santa what you want to find in your stocking or on the Tree on Xmas morning. Be sure to telephone him on Wednesday night.

Children Telephone to Santa At Burgess-Nash Between 6 and 9 Wednesday Night

DOUGLAS 2100

That's Burgess-Nash—then ask for Santa. Give him your name and address and tell him what to bring you.

If you haven't a telephone remember that Santa's mail box is always waiting for little letters.



Burgess-Nash Toy Shop—Downstairs Store

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These coats were bought at from one-third to one-half less than their wholesale value from one of the country's leading manufacturers. The savings are in turn offered here in this Great Before Christmas Sale.

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Coats, which are so often beyond the reach of many, have been reduced for Wednesday.

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Burgess-Nash Coat Shop—Third Floor