

SUITABLE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Fine Dress Gloves
Fancy Suspenders
Silk Mufflers
Fancy Hosiery
Bill Books and Purses
Smoking Jackets
Silk Handkerchiefs
Extra Fine Neckwear
Suit Cases
Hand Bags
Stetson Hats

A Full Stock of These Carried at

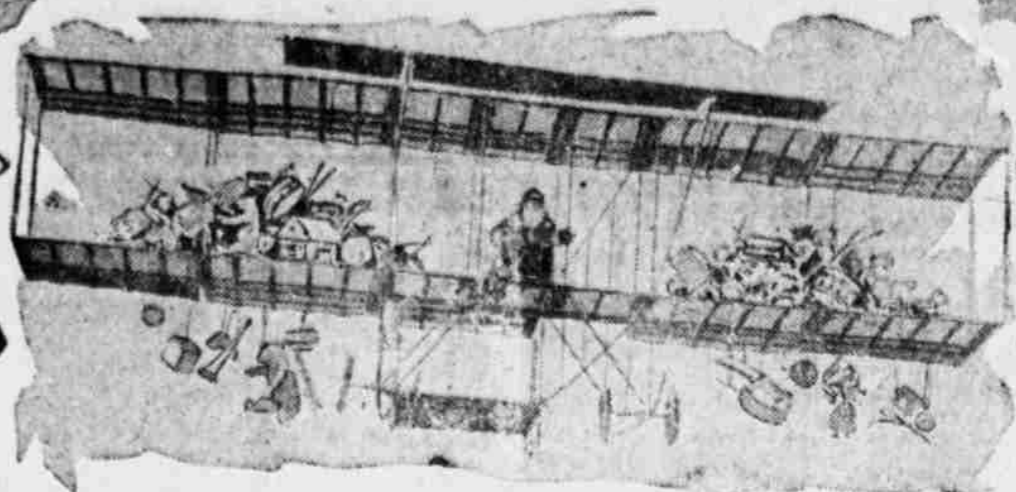
THE RINGET

ROY BECKWITH, Prop.

212 Box Butte Ave.

PHONE 369

SANTA CLAUS, JR. AVIATOR



By ARTHUR J. BURDICK.

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'TWAS the day before Christmas, and up in the north
With his presents old Santa prepared to set forth
On a visit to children to scatter his toys
And to fill with delight hearts of girls and of boys.

ALL his presents were sorted and labeled with care
And were piled in great heaps, filling all the space there.
So he called to his son, ruddy, jolly young Nick,
"Come, bring round my reindeer; make haste and be quick."

"**W**HY, my father," the rollicksome youth then replied,
"Your good reindeer of age have every one died;
Also that mode of travel is quite out of date.
Keep abreast of the times; you must strike a new gait."



POOR old Santa looked stumped, and he paused, hung his
head;
Then he heaved a deep sigh and sorrowfully said,
"I suppose I must yield, with the times keep apace,
So bring round an auto, if there's one 'bout the place."

YOUTHFUL Nick winked an eye, and he dropped a sly
smile.
"My good father," said he, "you're off many a mile.
You'd be thought a back number to auto the trip.
To be quite up with style you must use an airship."

FOR a moment the old man did not speak a word.
With violent emotions his bosom was stirred.
But at length he looked up, gave a toss of his head.
"Bring hither an up to date airship," he said.

WHEN the airship appeared Santa said, with a grin:
"Now, my son, she is ready; make haste and jump in.
In this newfangled sleigh o'er the world you may may roam
And distribute the presents, and I'LL STAY AT HOME."



UNCLE SAM'S CHRISTMAS.

By ROBERTUS LOVE.

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OUR UNCLE SAM, that busy wight,
Whose duties never let him pause,
Appeared on Christmas eve, bedight
In merry garb of Santa Claus.



Then swift through
forty-seven
states,
And territories—
three or four,
He scooted, leaving sleds and skates
And loldrols at every door.

"Now must I haste,"
cried Uncle
Sam,
"Lest I forget
some chick or
child
Of mine, his stock-
ings full to
cram,
From out my pack
with treasures
piled."

"Hal Up to '98 or so,"
Said Uncle Sam, "my work was done
With this, but now I fear—ho, ho!
My task is scarcely yet begun!"

So off he sailed across the sweep
Of salty waters, mile on mile,
And gladdened every chick asleep
In Porto Rico's placid isle.

Then swift and far
his airship flew,
Till every Filipino
tot,
Or black or blond,
or brown or
blue,
Abundant Christ-
mas presents
got.

And sailing back
above the isles
Where swart Kan-
akas frisk and
play,
He poured Hawaii
piles and piles
Of gewgaws made for Christmas day.

"I'm through," cried Uncle Sam, "at last!"
And then the jolly rogue said: "Pahow!
I wonder if I ought to cast
Some ballast off on Panama?"

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS TO ME

By AN OLD BACHELOR.

Christmas to me means opportunity.
For what?
Opportunity for kindness.
It is perhaps fifteen years since I re-
ceived a Christmas present. I'm an
old bachelor, and nobody remembers
me. Yet that doesn't make me glum
and grouchy at Christmas—no, sirree.
I'm not particularly fond of children.
Maybe if I were I would have mar-
ried and raised a few of my own. Still,
I don't dislike the little ones, and ev-
ery year I run across a lot of boys and
girls who have no Santa Claus of their
own—little orphan fellows and God's
poor. Well, when Christmas comes
along I remember these children. I'm
their Santa Claus in a small way.
Last Christmas I spent \$9 and made
nearly forty children happy. I've got
a ten dollar bill laid up to spend in
the same way this Christmas, and I'll
bet anybody another ten that the old
bachelor will get as much joy out of
sending that "X" as all the little ones
combined.



THEN SWIFT AND FAR
HIS AIRSHIP FLEW.