

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Also that mode of travel is quite out of date.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.

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

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



"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 Christmas presents got.

And sailing back above the isles
Where swart Kanakas 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 received 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 married and raised a few of my own. Still, I don't dislike the little ones, and every 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 spending that "X" as all the little ones combined.