

A Falls City Xmas Story

Lucy and Her Dream That Will Come True

The name isn't Jones, and therefore, we will call them the Jones family. It wouldn't be quite fair to tell of anything so personal as this and give the true name.

They live, well, not in the north part of town, therefore, we will tell a little Christmas story about the Jones family who do not live in the north part of town.

The Jones family is not large, just the father, mother and little Lucy, who has reached the en-dearing age of three.

Lucy has curly hair and brown eyes, such wistful brown eyes, and red cheeks. Lucy's walk is unsteady, almost as unsteady as her father's is at times, but that is another story. Lucy has a cheery laugh, I heard it when I told her about Santa Claus and the rein-deers.

Somebody had told her about Santa Claus before because she said she knew him. All imaginative children know Santa Claus, and Lucy is an imaginative little girl.

You see, it all came about in this way. I had a little business with Mr. Jones and had called at his home one night to see him.

There were no carpets on the floors, the cracked kitchen stove was making ineffectual efforts to heat the cold rooms. Mrs. Jones was doing up the supper dishes with Lucy's tiny feet pattering after her. Mr. Jones with thick voice and reeking breath was explaining his part of the business that called me there.

It became necessary for Jones to go to a neighbor's house and, during the wait, I caught Lucy's eye and she smiled.

"What is your name, little girl," was my opening effort at conversation.

She looked at me silently, doubtfully.

"Can't you answer the man?" asked the mother.

Again I asked "what is your name?" But Lucy was not satisfied and my effort was rewarded by silence.

"Is Santa Claus coming to see you?" I tried as another tack.

Then the brown eyes became wistful and the little girl looked up at her mother and smiled.

"If you will come here I will tell you a story of Santa Claus," I said to her holding out my hand.

She came at last, hesitatingly, and permitted me to lift her to my knee.

I had the feeling that I was on dangerous ground. It may have been the smoke from the cracked stove that made the mother's eyes shine suspiciously. I did not want to say the wrong thing, to make the little eyes shine with hope in the end to grow dim with disappointment.

"How about Santa Claus down here?" I asked the mother. She smiled sadly and shook her head.

The little girl was seated comfortably by this time and her tiny hand was playing with the buttons on my coat.

I knew I was in for it, so I told her of a far away land skirted by ice bound seas. I told her of a mansion built of ice blocks inhabited by a fat, jolly little man with a long beard and red cheeks. I spoke of the reindeers and what handsome fellows they were. I told of the workshop where wonderful things were made by the cunning hands of old Santa. I spoke of drums, and guns, and swords, for my stories of Santa Claus had always been told to little boys.

She was interested, I could see, but the tale of the workshop was not satisfying. The mother, whose knowledge was greater than mine, and who had been watching the interested face of her little girl, came to my rescue.

"Yes," she said, "and dolls."

That was it. No one could look into that little face with eyes shining, no one could hear the tiny

gasp as the hands clasped in ecstasy and doubt for a moment that in the workshop of the Santa Claus that Lucy knew there were dolls.

It was my cue, and I followed it. "Oh, lots of dolls," I said. "Dolls with long golden hair, and pink cheeks and blue eyes that close when they go to sleep."

"Big dollies?" asked the little one.

"Yes, indeed, so big that a little girl could scarcely carry them."

This was too good to keep, so climbing down she ran to her mother crying the news. "Big dollies, mama, big dollies."

"Yes, honey," said the lady whose name is not Mrs. Jones. "Yes, honey, but Santa Claus may not know where we live now, and"—

Do you know that there are tragedies enacted about us every day. I have never heard greater sadness in a human voice than I heard in that mother's that night. I have never seen greater grief than there was in little Lucy's face when it was explained to her that Santa Claus and big dollies were dreams that were not coming true.

As I sat waiting for the return of Mr. Jones I heard the sobs of a disappointed baby girl as her mother hushed her to sleep. The house was very quiet and cold. The ghostly fingers of the sleet and rain were tapping on the windows. The fire in the stove burned to ashes.

"Mr. Jones has probably gone up town," the wife finally said, and her lip trembled a little as she spoke.

"I will see him some other time," I replied reaching for my hat.

I met Jones on my way up street. He did not recognize me. His gait was unsteady and he was muttering incoherently as he staggered on towards home.

And that, thought I, that is one whom God trusts with the responsibility of a human soul.

That man is the Santa Claus of whom Lucy has dreamed.

Christmas is coming soon and the homes are filled with secrets and mystery.

In the closet of a Falls City home where there are hidden sleds and skates and guns there sits a big doll with long golden hair and blue eyes that close when it goes to sleep that would make the boys of this home wonder if they could but see it.

But a certain lady whose name is not Mrs. Jones is onto the secret and she has told Lucy that it may be that Santa Claus will find their home, and—

I just wish I could see her when her dream comes true.

ACCEPTABLE GIFTS

A Few Suggestions By Our City Librarian

The books in the following list are merely suggestions for gifts. The question of what book to give is frequently asked the Librarian and it is to help answer that question that she has compiled this list. It is not supposed to contain all of the best, or most suitable books, perhaps, but all that are recommended are worth while. More complete lists will be found at the library. An effort has been made not to duplicate library books.

BOOKS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN
Mother Goose, illustrated by Denslow
Burgess—Goos and how to be them
Grover—Sunbonnet babies primer
Overall boys; Night before Christmas; Book of trains, Circus books, Book of ships, Little people's animal books, Brownies and other stories, Brownie's famous books

Caldecott's picture books, 1, 2, 3, 4
Potter—Peter Rabbit, Squirrel Nuts, Benjamin Bunny
Baum—Wizard of Oz; Life and adventures of Santa Claus
Aspinwall—Short stories for short people
Bigham—Stories of Mother Goose village
Wiltse—Folklore stories and proverbs
Bennerman—Little black Sambo
Bridgman—Guess, Guess again, Farm book, Book of the Zoo

Smith & Lucas—Cat book
Richards—Burdy gurdy
Praeger—Adventures of three bold babies
Pyle—Christmas angel
Jackson—Cat stories
Lang—Cinderella and other fairy tales; Little red riding hood
Longmans—Infant readers, Jack and the beanstalk, Snowdrop, Fairy tale of a fox.

FOR OLDER CHILDREN
Baldwin—Story of Seigfried
Brown—In the days of the giants
LaBedolliere—Story of a cat
Little—Nan
Weschoefft—Old Rough, the miser
Crompton—Gentle heritage
Harris—Aaron in the wildwoods, Nights with Uncle Remus
Finnemore—Peeps at many lands series, Switzerland, Egypt, France, Holland, Holyland, Japan, Scotland
Alcott—Any of the little women series
Lang—Blue, green, violet and crimson fairy books
Hoyt—Child's life of Christ
Hodges—When the king came
Headland—Chinese boy and girl
Burroughs—Squirrels and other fur bearers
Suton—Lobo, Rag and Vixen; Krag and Johnny bear
Baldwin—Old stories of the east
Modern readers' Bible, books in separate volumes
Wells—Pete and Polly stories; Man without a country

Hale—For past little
Page—Captured Santa Claus
Lee—Lois Mallet's dangerous gift
Wiggin—Story of Patsy; Summer in a canyon
Ward—Lost hero
Spofford—Bester Stanley at St. Marks
Eastman—Indian boyhood
Lummis—Some strange corners of country; King of the bronchos
Miller—True bear stories
Parkman—Oregon trail

FOR BOYS
VauDyke—Story of the Other Wise Man
Page—In ole Virginia
Barnes—For King of Country
Lummis—Enchanted Burro; King of the Broncos
Pyle—Men of Iron; Jack Ballister's Fortune
Black—Four MacNicol's
Clemens—Prince and the Pauper
Crockett—Red Cap Tales
Earl—On the School Terms
Ewing—Daddy Darwin's Dove Cote
Kipling—Jungle book
Martineau—Croton boys
Pier—Harding of St. Timothy
Mitchell—Hugh Wyuae
Stevenson—Black Arrow
Turley—Maitland, Mayor, Minor
Garland—Long Trail
Tomlinson—Four Boys in Yellow-stone

FOR GIRLS
Brown—Two College Girls

Jewett—Betty Leicester
Jackson—Nelly's Silver Mine
Shaw—Castle Blair
Wiggin—Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm; New Chronicles of Rebecca
Ray—Teddy, her book
Catherwood—Story of Tont
Sidney—Five little Pepper Series
Montgomery—Anne of green Gables
Weikel—Betty Baird
Warde—Wales Books
Richmond—Round the Corner in Gay Street
Bailey—Judy
Gaskell—Cranford
Brown—Meadow Grass

FOR GROWN PEOPLE
Churchill—Mrs. Crew's Career
Cutting—Wayfarers
DeLand—R. J.'s Mother and Some Other people
Palmer—The Big Fellow
Knapp—Well in the Desert
Fox—Trail of the Lonesome Pine
Bazin—Redemption
Cotes—Cousin Cinderella
Leone—Next Street but one
Hewlett—Spanish Jade
Johnston—Lewis Rand
Brown—Rosa MacLeod
Beach—The Barrier
Nicholson—Little Brown Jug at Klidare
Chambers—Firing line
white—The Riverman
Train—The Stories of Crime
Edwards—Literary Rambles in France

Casson—Romance of the Reaper
Fagan—Confession of a Railroad Signal man
Fitzpatrick—Jock of the Bushveld
Mitton—Bachelor Girl in Burna
Johnston—Stephen A. Douglas
Hurlburt—Sunday Half-hours With Great Preachers
Burroughs—Leaf and Tondril
Maeterlinck—Life of a Bee
Grey—Last of the Plainsmen
Breck—Way of the Woods
Bennet—Vegetable Garden
White—The Pass
Abbott—Behind the Scenes with the Mediums.
Strauss—Ideas of a Plain Country Woman
Dawson—Forgotten Secret
Gullick—Efficient Life
Strong—Challenge of the city.

Mrs. McRaney's Experience
Mrs. M. McRaney, Prentiss, Miss., writes "I was confined to my bed for three months with kidney and bladder trouble, and was treated by two physicians but failed to get relief. No human tongue can tell what I suffered, and I had given up hopes of ever getting well until I began taking Foley's Kidney remedy. After taking two bottles I felt like a new person, and feel it my duty to tell suffering women what Foley's Kidney Remedy did for me." Kerr's Pharmacy.
Dr. Tefft, Dentist, Maddox block, opposite court house.

PUBLIC SALE

I will sell at Public Sale, at my farm, 1-2 mile north, 5 3-4 east of Falls City, 1 3-4 east and 2 1-2 north of Preston, on

Tuesday, Dec. 22

sale to commence at 10 o'clock, the following described property:

14 Head of Horses 14

consisting of two 9-year old mares, one 10-year old mare, one 6-year old mare, one 5-year old mare, one 4-year old mare, one 3-year old horse, two 2-year old horse colts, one 1-year old horse colt, one 2-year old mare colt, one suckling horse colt, one suckling mule colt and one old horse.

31 Head of Cattle 31

consisting of 14 cows, two are fresh. One thoroughbred cow, fresh; one 2-year-old thoroughbred heifer, two 2-year-old heifers, nine calves, one 10-months-old thoroughbred bull calf, one thoroughbred bull.

35 Extra Good Hogs

consisting of fifteen head of sboats and twenty fall pigs.

Miscellaneous:

One spring wagon, 1 Farmer surrey, 1 Top buggy, 2 farm wagons, 2 low-wheel wagons, 1 8-foot Deering binder, 1 manure spreader, 1 Deering mower, 1 side delivery rake, 1 hay feeder, 1 double-row stock cutter, 1 12-hole wheat drill, 1 riding plow, 1 lister, 2 corn drills (1 single and one double row), 1 walking cultivator, 1 Canton double-row go-devil, 1 3-section harrow, 1 disc, 2 hay racks, 1 hog rack, 2 sets of work harness, 2 single harness, 2 sets of fly nets, 150 hedge posts, some oak posts, about 35 or 40 tons of hay in barn, 600 bushels corn, 250 bushels oats, six dozen Plymouth Rock hens, some stove wood, household goods, and other articles too numerous to mention.

LUNCH ON THE GROUNDS

Terms of Sale: All sums of \$10 and under, cash. On sums over that amount, a credit of twelve (12) months given, without interest if paid when due. If not so paid note to draw 8 per ct. int. from date of sale. 3% off for cash.

AUG. DECKINGER

GEORGE HOLT, Clerk. COL. C. H. MARION, Auctioneer