

A REVISED CHRISTMAS.

BY CLARISSA MACKIE.

MRS. WASHINGTON JONES stuffed up the blond bangs on her forehead and smiled amicably at her husband. Mr. Washington Jones recognized the signs of approaching conflict and sighed as he put down his evening paper. "Well, Linda?" he inquired. "Washy, I've an idea," she announced. "I saw it coming!" groaned Mr. Jones. "In fact, it's more than an idea," went on Linda, with growing enthusiasm in her project; "it is a fixed determination."

"Of course I know mother would love that sewing table, Washy; but, of course, she has a wicker one that Adela gave her two years ago and she seems to like it immensely. Well, she needs a new bathrobe—that's something she really needs; so you can cross out the sewing table and put down 'bathrobe' in its place. That ought to be a saving of \$10 right there."

"Good!" cried Mr. Jones enthusiastically. "Let the good work go on! Next, your father; he is down for a set of his favorite Kipling, in de luxe binding with all the trimmings; price \$22."

Mrs. Jones swallowed rapidly and made immediate response. "I had thought of a dozen shirts for father. The soft white ones that he wears—let me see, that would be sav-



"And that \$50 can go to charity," said Mrs. Jones.

ing \$10 more. And Ethel was to have a silver candelabra—a pair of all wool blankets instead. Tom can get along without another Russian brass smoking set. We will give him some socks. And—"

For another hour Mrs. Jones dictated to her husband, and he joyfully substituted the more useful and much cheaper articles for the handsome presents they were in the habit of sending to their various relatives and friends.

When the revised list was completed Mr. Jones made a rapid calculation and announced that under the new system of Christmas giving they would save something like \$50 in money while at the same time they would have the satisfaction of knowing that their friends were receiving useful and necessary articles instead of the customary frivolous and expensive gifts.

"And that \$50 can go to charity," said Mrs. Jones with a sigh of satisfaction as her husband tucked his notebook in his pocket.

The joyful smile faded from Washington Jones' face. "Might I suggest," he murmured meekly, "that in leaving that \$50 in the bank it would be conferring charity upon a most worthy object—to wit, myself?"

"Washington! Would you be selfish at this season?" chided his little wife. "I would not," protested Mr. Jones eagerly. "I would pass this good money on to the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker; otherwise the gas man."

"Think of the starving!" "I am. The butcher told me last week that he was supporting forty-two families over the holiday season so that they might make a proper display of Christmas giving, and he significantly added that his own family might starve for all the forty-two customers cared."

"How impertinent!" commented Mrs. Jones rather weakly as she followed her husband upstairs.

The ensuing two weeks were very busy ones for Mrs. Washington Jones. She shopped with care and discretion, and her choice of gifts was remarkable for their practicability.

It is true that Mrs. Jones' conscience was troubled by the thought of how her father would be disappointed at the sight of a dozen white shirts instead of a much desired set of Kipling's works. She knew that her sister had long desired the silver candelabra and that her young brother-in-law, Bob Jones, would set more store by a new golf bag than he would appreciate a dozen handkerchiefs. But the edict had gone forth, and so far as Washington Jones was concerned, the butcher and baker and the gas man would be gladdened at Yuletide by the sum of \$50, which would exactly square their several accounts to the new year.

As for the public charity to which Mrs. Jones longed to subscribe her name, she was compelled to be content to contribute the meager sum of \$5.

Christmas was a bright and sunny day, and Mrs. Jones felt filled with the holiday spirit as she prepared to go downtown and make her final purchases. There was a pleasant fragrance of Christmas goodies floating up from pantry and kitchen, and the two children were in close attendance upon Bridget, who was making mince turnovers.

The windows were gay with Christ-

mas wreaths or branches of holly tied with ribbon, and everywhere the spirit of Christmas cheer prevailed. As the day wore on Mrs. Jones felt a singular lack of interest in purchasing shirts and handkerchiefs and neckties. She had omitted five friends with whom she had been in the habit of exchanging foolish trifles, and she substituted engraved Christmas greetings in place of the usual remembrance.

Then, at the very last moment, Linda Jones became reckless, and in a brief hour she flew from shop to shop, to emerge guiltily with small parcels, which she smuggled into the house and proceeded to tie up in white tissue paper packages bound about with red ribbons.

All the evening messengers came and went from the Jones house. Some of the messengers were summoned to carry packages to Mr. Jones' neglected friends, remembered at the eleventh hour, the same dainty white packages we have seen her prepare so hastily.

Mrs. Jones' heart grew heavier as she noted that on this Christmas eve her own proportion of gifts had dwindled beyond belief. Scarce a half dozen packages awaited her search among the daintily tied bundles delivered at the door and piled at once beneath the Christmas tree in the library.

"Well, how are things coming along?" cried Washington Jones when he breezed into the house at 9 o'clock.

"We are all ready," answered his little wife wearily. "I've sent off all my presents, and the children have gone to bed to dream of Santa Claus. Do you know, Washy, I'm afraid that Dicky will be so disappointed over having a new overcoat instead of that new sled he wanted. I'm sure he would rather have worn his old coat another winter. And Dolly?"

"What about Dolly?" asked Dolly's papa. "Don't tell me that you neglected that kiddie's big baby doll she's been writing Santa for?"

"I did," admitted Mrs. Jones guiltily. "I bought her a new velvet bonnet instead."

For fifteen minutes Mr. Washington Jones poked among the parcels under the tree. When he straightened himself he uttered one ejaculation. "Well, by thunder," he cried, and, rushing into the hall, he crammed on his hat, leaped into his overcoat and dashed out of the house.

"Dear me, what can be the matter with Washy?" murmured Mrs. Jones, rather dazedly, for somehow Christmas was turning out differently than she had expected. In fact, it didn't appear at all like Christmas to eliminate all the little luxuries that made holiday giving so pleasant. Then she sat down on the floor and rather gloomily inspected her own parcels.

"A pair of blankets from mother; says she knows I wanted practical gifts! Tablecloth and dinner napkins



Scarce a Half Dozen Packages Reward Her Search.

from Ethel—hum! Cookbook from Tom—the big goose! And the rest are of the same sort. May Woods has just sent a card, and so has Kitty and Alice. Oh, dear; this is from Washy! I hope it isn't gloves or stockings! I shall scream if it is!"

But it wasn't. It was so very frivolous that Linda Jones smiled through her tears and kissed the gorgeous gilded basket of bonbons. Inside the basket was a small white box, and in the box was a bracelet. Well, Washington Jones was the same extravagant, foolish, dear, dear boy as he had been when he asked her to marry him!

When Washington Jones presented himself at his home it was nearly midnight. In his arms were some large packages which he piled under the Christmas tree.

"Dicky's sled and a new pair of skates and a train of cars," he announced grimly; "Dolly's baby doll and a crib for it and a doll carriage!"

Linda interrupted him by a surprised shriek. "Washy Jones! You never bought all those toys?" she asked.

"I did—my kids are going to have the kind of a Christmas they want," he tossed over his shoulder. "I buy their clothes anyway."

"But, Washy, dear," quavered Linda, "you see I got to thinking about that and so I bought Dicky a sled, too, and a pair of skates and Dolly's doll and the other things!"

silence. Then Mr. Jones opened his mouth and spoke huskily:

"Did you suffer the same change of heart toward your parents and friends?" he asked.

Linda nodded dumbly. Washington Jones uttered a whoop of surprise.

"Then," he choked mirthfully, "then, my dear, your mother possesses a bathrobe and two mahogany sewing stands, your father owns a dozen new linen



"Because you gave me such a lovely, foolish present, dear," confessed Mrs. Jones.

shirts and two sets of Kipling, your sister Ethel!"

"Oh, dear!" wailed Mrs. Jones hysterically. "Washy Jones, did you go and buy all those things, too?"

"I did," said Jones solemnly. "It will take us a week after Christmas, my dear, to untangle this business and separate our friends and relatives from their duplicate presents. Tomorrow I will take the children in the motor, and we will distribute an extra sled and skates and doll toys among some poor children—and—what are you crying about, honey?"

"Because you gave me such a lovely, foolish present, dear," confessed Mrs. Jones, "and because I'm glad I chanced those suits of underwear I bought for you and got that silver mounted fishing rod you've been wanting so long—and more than that!"

"Never mind about any more. I've stopped and made the promised Christmas gifts to the butcher, baker, etc., and do tell me if you must why you are still crying, my dear?"

"Oh, because I am such an unsuccessful spuz!" sighed Linda. "You may be that," twinkled Washington Jones over her heaving shoulder, "but to me you appear to be just the successful wife of an average American family, and I wouldn't have you change a bit!"

Paper and Papyrus.

The newspapers of today are printed on paper composed almost or quite all of wood fiber. The result is that in a few years the paper, as it becomes thoroughly dry, will break and crumble. The "papyrus" reed of old Egypt gives the name of paper, and the roll or "volumen" of manuscript of old Rome is the origin of the term "volume" applied to a book.

When the excavations of Pompeii were first conducted many charred rolls were found. These at first were thought to be half burned sticks. They were carefully unrolled and found to be examples of classic literature. Boxes of these rolls were carried from place to place as wanted. Representations of them, packed for the use of the students, are seen in the wall paintings of Pompeii. The water plant, papyrus, was once abundant, but is now almost extinct in the Nile.—Indianapolis News.

Rain on the Diamonds.

Madge—Do you think Mr. Phan loves you more than he does baseball? Maude—I really don't know. Last night he told me that my eyes were like diamonds.

Madge—That is a sign of affection. Maude—Then a little later he said that when I cried it made him feel like a postponed game.—Judge.

Improvement on Shovel.

An ingenious inventor has found the ordinary form of shovel capable of improvement. He makes the blade adjustable to any desired angle by pressing a spring in the handle. For digging a ditch or a hole the blade is kept straight down. As the hole becomes larger the blade is changed to form an angle with the handle so that it can be used as a spoon in removing the loose dirt as it accumulates. This inclined blade is also useful in excavating hollow trenches such as are used in irregular lands for the quick distribution of water.

Plural.

"Is the word 'politics' singular or plural?" "Plural," replied Senator Sorghum. "I know a man who is trying to be a Republican, a Progressive and a Prohibitionist all at once."

EVERYTHING HAS NOT GONE UP IN PRICE

All the goods we advertise here are selling at prices prevailing this time last season.

MINCE MEAT.

We are now making our MINCE MEAT and keeping it fully up to our usual high standard; nothing cut out or cut short and are selling it at our former price of 15 Cents Per Pound.

SWEET POTATOES.

Finest Selected SWEET POTATOES at 40 Cents Per Peck. Fine Celery, Oranges, Grape Fruit, Apricots, Peaches, Prunes—All spices (Except Pepper). Breakfast Foods, Extracts, Baking Powders, Soda, Cornstarch. The whole line of Soaps and Washing Powders, Starches, Blueing and many other articles are selling at the usual prices.

COFFEES, TEAS AND RICE.

On our Fine Coffees at 25c, 28c, 30c, 35c and 40c, there has been no change in price on quality of goods and no change in the price of TEAS. Rice has not advanced in price and can be used largely as a substitute for potatoes. All of these goods are costing us more than formerly but we are doing our best to Hold Down the Bill on high prices, hoping for a more favorable market in the near future.

Fine Ripe Cranberries at 10 Cents for a Standard Dry Measure Quart until after Christmas.

LET US HAVE YOUR ORDER

and we will give you FINE GROCERIES at reasonable prices and give you good service.

SECHLER & COMPANY,

Bush House Block, 57-1 Bellefonte, Pa.

Shoes.

Shoes.

PRICES REDUCED PRICES REDUCED

YEAGER'S SHOE STORE



When the Time Comes to Purchase

the Shoes and Slippers that you expect to give for Christmas presents, remember you can save on each pair that is purchased at Yeagers.

Compare the Prices Below

with any other firm selling shoes, then you be the judge as to the better place to buy.

- Ladies' Kreep-a-Wa Slippers, all colors, 98c
Childs' Kreep-a-Wa Slippers, all colors, 75c
Men's good quality Felt Slippers - 75c
Men's Black and Tan Romeo Slippers - \$1.75
Ladies' 8-inch Kid Boots - \$3.25
Boy's High Cut Shoes - \$3.00
Childs' Champagne Kid Shoes - \$1.50
Ladies' Warm Shoes for cold feet - \$1.35

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY

on anything you may need in the shoe line.

YEAGER'S,

The Shoe Store for the Poor Man. Bush Arcade Bldg. 58-27 BELLEFONTE, PA.

Come to the "Watchman" office for High Class Job work.



Be a Regular at the Receiving Teller's Window!

Make a bank deposit at least once a week. If you haven't a bank account start one today. And, once started, promise yourself that you'll add to it.

In the Event of Ill Health, Loss of Position or Other Misfortune Your Bank Book Will Be Your Support THE CENTRE COUNTY BANK, BELLEFONTE, PA.



"I'm going to join the 'Spugs,'" she laughed gleefully.

to give all of our relatives—things they actually need."

Mr. Jones drew out a notebook and pencil.

"I have here the memorandum we drew up at Thanksgiving, outlining what each one would like and what we could afford to give," he began. "Now, there is your mother, my dear; we planned to give her one of those mahogany sewing tables of colonial design. You will remember that I was rather staggered at the price of it, but as I exist only to make you happy, my love, I agreed upon it. Now, what do you propose to substitute for the sewing stand?"