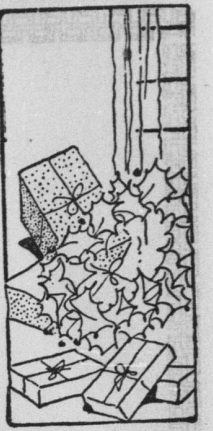




# CHRISTMAS GREETINGS



## Dreaming of Good Old Santa



## Happy With Her Christmas Gifts

By ELEANOR KING

Young Singer's Yuletide Songs Assured Her of Training for Opera

laughingly. "Where have you been, Mary?"

"It's a rather long story," replied Mary, as she removed her wraps, hanging them in the one and only little clothes closet the boarding house room afforded. This was already filled to the bursting point, needless to add.

"Do you remember my speaking of a Miss Young?"

Esther nodded in assent.

"I met her when I was a stenographer at the settlement house, you know. She tells me she is still in that work. I think it so queer that I should meet her like this after our conversation last night. Now, Miss Esther, I am coming to the point. You recollect saying that you were so blue because it was almost Christmas and you had no home to go to, no money to give to make some one happy, and you couldn't go to see George because you hadn't the railroad fare! Well—and Mary paused for breath—"now, here is your chance to show how much you meant all this. Mrs. Young was telling me her troubles."

"Oh, Mary, how awful!" and Esther burst out laughing as she threw her arms about Mary and gave her a hug. "You old dear!"

"She said," proceeded Mary, as though nothing had happened, "she was giving a big entertainment for her settlement folks Christmas eve. She was having a hard time getting artists. It seems that there are so many of these things going on that there aren't artists enough to supply the demand. Now you know."

"Yes, she wants me to sing, I suppose, but I am horribly out of practice. I—"

"Oh, hush! I never knew it to fall that is what they all start out with I took the liberty to tell her you would be glad to do it, so—"

"I surely will do my best. I will be glad to practice this very night. I will see Mrs. Young tomorrow about the songs she wants me to sing. Do you suppose George would come down to hear me sing, and then maybe stay over for Christmas?"

It was the night of the entertainment and the girls were putting the finishing touches on their dressing when

Esther suddenly broke the silence. "I think it is so queer that I didn't receive any answer from George. He might at least have told me he couldn't come."

Everything was excitement and noise in the large hall of the settlement house, where people of all nationalities were crowding in. The program began at the hour stated. Before long Esther heard her name announced and stepped onto the platform with her pianist.

Gazing at the audience, while she awaited the pianist, her wandering glance fell upon a familiar face. It could not be, but yet, in recognition, he smiled. It was George!

"The old dear," and then, in the same breath, she murmured, "Oh, God, I thank thee for the power of breath, the desire to live with which you have invested me, and, dear Lord for George!"

She threw back her head with an exalted air. George was going to hear her sing. She must do more than her best.

Never did she sing with such spirit and vigor. She seemed truly inspired. Her cup of joy was full. The burst of applause which met her ears showed the thorough appreciation of her audience for her efforts.

She couldn't get to George fast enough after the entertainment. Meeting, they both seemed perfectly oblivious of the crowds about them as he gathered her in his arms.

"Esther, you were simply divine. Your voice was wonderful. I never heard you sing like that before." Some one tapped him on the arm. It was Mary.

"But, George," said Esther, wriggling out of his grasp, realizing that they were creating quite a scene. "Why didn't you tell me you were coming?"

"Didn't you get my telegram with all the good news in it? Well, listen, then," George said, excitedly. "I brought my boss along. He has heard so much about your voice—Mr. Williamson, meet Miss Esther Hislop and her friend, Miss Mary Roner, Mr. Williamson. He is very interested in your voice—in fact, he has a proposition to put before you."

Esther slipped her arm about Mary and put her other arm through George's. She needed support.

"My idea was this," began Mr. Williamson, "for me to send you to New York for training for a year or so; being near my place of business, you could report often as to your progress."

"And I will be near George, too," thought Esther. But, aloud, she said, "I will have to take Mary. She is my inspiration always. I couldn't do without her."

"Then," proceeded Mr. Williamson, "I want to send you abroad and finish you off as an opera singer."

"All out!" shouted the janitor, rather peevishly.

"Come up to the house," Esther put in. "This is so wonderful, I want to talk it over some more. George, isn't it wonderful? We will be in New York together. Oh, what a glorious Christmas!"

Both Fell.

Two cowboy partners, Red and Slim, promised their girls that they would quit drinking for six months. About two weeks later they went to town. They knocked around for a while and then separated for an hour or so, after which they got on their horses and started back for the ranch. Red was inclined to talk, but Slim was very silent. After they had ridden for a while, Red turned to Slim and said: "What you so silent about? It ain't natural."

"Ah," replied Slim, "I promised Bess I'd quit drinkin' for six months. I guess I'm the dangdest, biggest liar in this country!"

"Didn't I promise Rose I'd quit, too, the same as you did?"

"Yes, but—"

"Well, you ain't the biggest liar then. Don't I weigh five pounds more than you?"—Judge.

—Why not send the "Watchman" to your friends as a Christmas remembrance?

## When "Old Kris" Does the Job



## Presents Were at the Wrong Door

By CHRISTOPHER G. HAZARD

Postman's Mistake Resulted in a Happy Christmas for the Peters Families

Who can tell what is on the other side of a door? This one fronted on a pleasant street and seemed to invite one into a happy home.

Its plate said that P. Peters lived there, and the door mat said "Welcome." But Mrs. Peters and the children would have been rather dismayed that winter day had visitors rung the door bell, for things were not quite all right with the Peters family.

The cuckoo, from his perch in the clock, announced the hours with his customary cheerfulness and polite bow, but failed to dissipate the atmosphere of gloom that seemed to fill the house like a fog.

The voice in the kitchen, ordinarily of a jolly character, had sunk into a minor key and sent out a sort of S. O. S. message in the words of the old song:

"Moon run down to de settin' ob de sun And de sun refuse to shine."

The sunset in the Peters' home had been caused by the cutting off of their supply train.

Three months had passed without word or remittance from the head of the family. This added the perils of poverty to the pains of absence and made the Christmas outlook decidedly shady.

Young Peters added to his mother's anxiety by remarking that his dad's business trip must have been hit by a submarine or something, while his sister intensified the situation by wondering aloud if they would ever see him again.

Both of these auguries, so unsuited to Christmas Eve, were interrupted, however, by the arrival of the parcel postman and the deposit of an immense and promising package, bearing in large letters a direction to Mrs. P. Peters. With no clue as to the sender the family naturally concluded the various and valuable assortment that was revealed to investigation to be an evidence of fatherly consideration and the advance agent of the returning traveler. Joy came out with

all the other things, and cheer took the place of chagrin.

Farther up the street and behind a door bearing the name of Paul Peters there was another household that was not as sunny as it should have been.

A letter had come—but a bundle had failed to come. The letter a program of delight, the bundle a disappointment. Uncle Joshua had known their wants by a marvelous instinct, but where was the bundle? Alas! the other things were as nothing for the lack of it and Christmas morning dawned upon discontent.

But before the morning had quite disappeared Fred came rushing in with the news that he had seen that Peters boy in the next block with a sled bearing the same name as the one mentioned by Uncle Joshua. "I didn't know there was a Peters boy in the next block," said his mother; "I'll go down and see if they can tell us anything about our bundle."

They could, and the mystery was very easily solved by the explanation of the postman at the wrong door, making a very pardonable mistake.

An explanation that led indeed to a redistribution of gifts and also to a discovery of relationships, for the Peters' families found each other out, as less than a block apart in family ties and friendliness. A discovery that was the very best Christmas gift that they could have had and which led them to think that the wrong door was all right after all.

It proved a way out for the P. Peterses and a way in for the Paul Peterses until Pa Peters of the first part put in an appearance through it in time for New Year's with such an account of himself and his adventures as proved highly satisfactory to all the combined hopes and plans of all the Peterses.

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## CARRYING IT TOO FAR



"It was so sweet of you to bring me these kisses for Christmas."

"I expected you'd stand under the mistletoe when I gave them to you."

## ..Scenic Theatre..

Two Weeks-Ahead Program

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22:

WILLIAM RUSSELL in "ALIAS NIGHT WIND," is a melodrama with action all through. Supposed to be guilty of a crime he becomes a night prowler, frustrating robberies and finally gets evidence to clear himself, and marries the female detective. Also, Universal comedy, "Nobody's Darling."

MONDAY AND TUESDAY, DECEMBER 24 AND 25:

GLORIA SWANSON in "THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTERS," a seven reel human interest story, the best for her in this line. Lavish production all through picture. She gambles and loses and a friend squares up and wants to marry her but she becomes disgusted, is nearly caught in a raid and finally marries the hero. Also, Pathe News and Topics.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26:

COLLEEN MOORE in "THE HUNTRESS," a seven reel picture dealing with Indian life. Much beautiful outdoor scenery. The fine acting of the heroine is appealing as the white girl reared by Indian foster father, and her hunt for a husband. Also, 2 reel Sunshine Comedy.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27:

SPECIAL CAST in "THE DAUGHTERS OF THE RICH," a six reel good society drama. A wealthy American mother marries daughter to rotter of a Duke but finally becomes reunited to her former sweetheart. Will satisfy. Also, Pathe News and Review.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28:

JACK HOBIE in "MEN IN THE RAW," is a hard riding daredevil picture. A desperate slide down an icy mountain. The under water scene in the River of Dread is great. If you want thrills and romance don't miss it. Also, 4th episode of "THE STEEL TRAIL," Duncan's thriller.

OPERA HOUSE.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25:

NEAL HART in "THE FORBIDDEN RANGE," a good western with plenty of fast action, which will please lovers of western pictures. Also, Larry Semon Comedy and a series of "The Leather Pushers."

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29:

DUSTIN FARNUM in "THE GRAIL," is a tale of Texas Ranger's experience capturing a youth over whom he had spiritual influence. An interesting, unusual type of picture. Also, an Imperial two reel Fox comedy, "The Two Johns."

MONDAY, DECEMBER 31:

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN in "ONE WEEK OF LOVE," is a seven reel good picture that will please most everybody. A fine cast and story with lots of surprises and thrills. Also, Pathe News and Review.

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1 AND 2 (Matinee and Night):

JACKIE COOGAN in "CIRCUS DAYS," is a fine, big drawing picture starring this wonderful little actor, and all who like him will like it. Human interest and comedy all through. A miserly uncle makes life for mother and child a hell. He runs away, joins a circus, becomes a child rider and prospers. Fine, real circus scenes. Also, 2 reel Sunshine Comedy, "Apple Sauce."

THURSDAY, JANUARY 3:

ALFRED HUNT in "BACKBONE," a first-class seven reel romance drama, well directed and well acted. Edith Roberts, as heroine in this fine tale of adventure and love, is very good. Early scenes are of days of Louis XV of France. Also, Pathe News and Review.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 4:

HERBERT RAWLINSON in "A MILLION TO BURN," is a comedy drama of interest all through. A waiter in a hotel with dream ideas becomes manager and makes a mess of it. Also, the fifth episode of "THE STEEL TRAIL."

OPERA HOUSE.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 1:

MIRIAM COOPER in "THE GIRL WHO CAME BACK," a six reel story of regeneration in which a fake marriage to heroine, who is arrested as accomplice with her husband. Also, Larry Semon Comedy.

## The First National Bank of Bellefonte

offers Good Wishes to all for a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year



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