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FOR SUNDAY DINNER

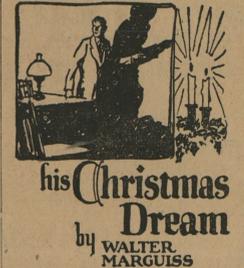


Plenty of vegetables—yes, but for real appetizing, nourishing and satisfying food you must have meat—good meat—fresh meat. Cool days demand energy building foods and there is no substitute for meat. Let us cut you a nice juicy beef or pork roast for this Sunday's dinner. Every housewife knows that Meat is seventy per cent of every good meal.

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Ben Heller
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CHESTERTOWN, MD.



his Christmas Dream
 by WALTER MARGUISS

NATHAN BERGER knew that the people of Hempstead despised him, and he returned their feelings with interest. It was not altruism, he reasoned, that made them from when he seized the property of some improvident individual to liquidate an honest debt; it was nothing more than their envy of his wealth. If the idiots were so careless as to become insolvent, they must be prepared to take the consequences.

Berger never smiled. His appearance bore out the general estimate of his character; everybody said he was a close-fisted miser. His long, sour face was sharper and more cunning than usual as he faced the attorney across the desk. The lawyer shook his head, and ventured a bit of advice.

"It wouldn't be a wise thing to do just at this time, Mr. Berger," he argued. "Mrs. Trotter is not well, and to be turned out of her home would be a hard blow . . . And tomorrow is Christmas."

"If you don't mind," Berger snapped, "I'll run my own business!"

foring, and dropped into a chair in his cold living room. Christmas! A day of torturing memories! It was just twenty years ago—or was it twenty-one?—that young Horace Berger had stamped out of his father's house in a temper, vowing never to return. He had driven the boy out. Berger reflected; his tyrannical interference with the young man's life had resulted in this disaster, which had left him alone.

Twenty years of lonely h—! How it had hardened him! Then he had been respected, a model citizen in moderate circumstances. In those twenty years—was it twenty-one?—he had grown rich . . . rich! Gouging the poor, the rabble called his methods.

Berger jerked and forced his thoughts from this unpleasant trend. They were welcome to call it what they would. The rabble was nothing to him. His son had fled from him; for diversion he had turned to making money. Why blame him?

Twenty years of money-making . . . and now a bent old man of seventy, he was left alone—alone with his wealth. Alone with the hatred of the rabble. D—n the rabble! What did he care what they thought? There had been some talk of tar and feathers, had there? Cowards! Nothing to worry about in that direction. It was all talk . . . all bluff.

He must have dozed for a time. He was aroused in a sort of cloud of eery dread, half-conscious that something like menace throbbed in the air. There was shouting down the street—hoarse cries that chilled. It was coming nearer. . . .

familiar. Berger's gaze became a start. "Horace?" he whispered; then cried, incredulous, yet glad: "Horace! My son!"

Horace Berger reached down and gripped his father's hand, hard. The features of the miser softened and he smiled. Then terror leaped at him again. His eyes grew wide. "Horace!" he gasped. "The mob? You came in time to save me from the mob?"

The younger man smiled and pressed his father's hand once more. "It wasn't a mob, father," he said. "Berger was unbelieving. 'No mob?' he echoed. 'No mob! No tar; no feathers!'"

Horace shook his head. The old man covered his face, trembling. "Conscience!" he whispered. "Guilt conscience! It has hounded me all day . . . and tomorrow is Christmas!"

He was weeping openly, while his son sat beside him. Presently: "But what—" "I've been taking liberties with your name, father," Horace explained. "I turned over some money—oh, quite a bit of money—to the mayor, and told him to arrange a merry Christmas for the poor—a real merry Christmas. I heard about the Babbitt family you—turned out; and I bought the Carson cottage and told the mayor to give it to them—Christmas present. I told the mayor I had come home to spend the holidays, and you were celebrating—"

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