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Jewelry—always a symbol of Beauty—is the aristocrat of all gifts. Its glittering, sparkling

beauty will reflect as nothing else can, the brightness of Christmas Day and the careful thought and good taste of the donor. And this is in truth, the house of a thousand gifts—in an exquisite assortment that embraces everything from an inexpensive trinket to a costly jewel. Our mark of quality will stamp the gift—regardless of its price—as one to be loved and treasured for years to come.

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J. S. KREEGER

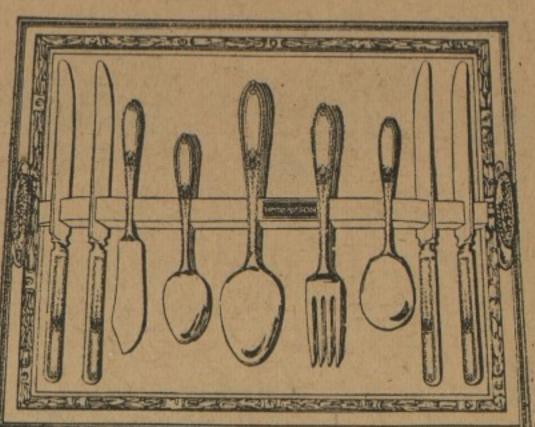
Jeweler !

Christmas! A day of torturing mem- | Horace?" he whispered; then cried,

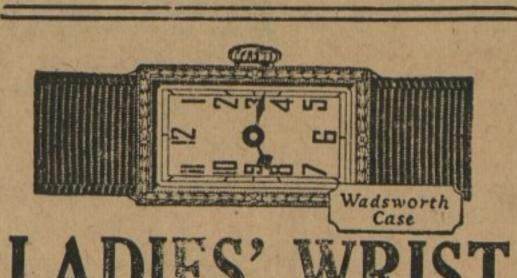
"The House of a Thousand Gifts"

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ATHAN 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 frown 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

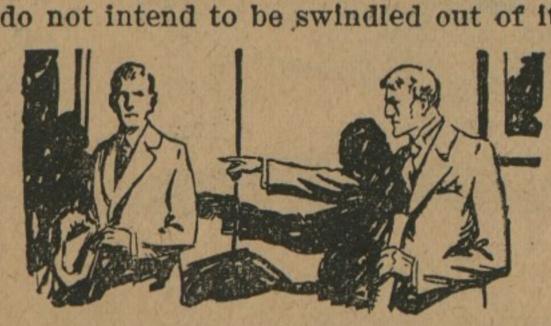
his character; everybody said he was a close-fisted miser. His long, sour face was sharper and more cunning than usual as he faced the attorney across the desk. The lawyer shook his head, and ventured a

"It wouldn't be a wise thing to do was shouting down the streetjust at this time, Mr. Berger," he ar- hoarse cries that chilled. It was comgued. "Mrs. Trotter is not well, and ing nearer. . . . to be turned out of her home would Berger went to the window and be a hard blow . . . And tomor peered out from behind the curtains.

There was a mob! A half-block away, row is Christmas." "If you don't mind," Berger snapped, in the thick shadows! Something "I'll run my own business!"

turned with a shrug; "only the people Berger shrank back from the win- ing-" of this town have been in an ugly dow, white with his fright. He glanced mood since you evicted the Babbitt at the telephone; he must summon family. You haven't forgotten that help. But, God! He had ordered the there was some hot-headed talk of instrument disconnected after a row tar and feathers-"

"Mr. Raine," Berger snarled, "I pay having rows with somebody! you to obey orders, not to tell me how Isolated! He was cut off from the become ill. Folks said they never unto conduct my affairs. This Trotter world! A mob howled before his derstood—"



Out she goes; and if you won't attend to it. I'll find another attorney who

"But tomorrow-Christmas Day-" "Out she goes, sir! Not another hour will I give her. I must have a return on my investments!"

sigh, and Berger stalked out. As he trudged through the streets, him, afraid that they would feel feathpaying back scowl for scowl as he ers, sticky with tar. passed his enemies—the citizens of Those shouts! They had sounded Hempstead—the words of the attor- like a band playing. . . ney recurred and goaded him to new He opened his eyes cautiously and bitterness. Christmas! What was looked about. His gaze fixed itself In the eastern countries-Armenia, Christmas to him? He turned in upon the face of a man beside the Syria and Greece-lamb is the chief

tering, and dropped into a chair in familiar. Berger's gaze became a his cold living room.

ter, which had left him alone.

ing money. Why blame him?

himself falling.

ories! It was just twenty years ago- incredulous, yet glad: "Horace! My or was it twenty-one?—that young son!" Horace Berger had stamped out of his | Horace Berger reached down and father's house in a temper, yowing gripped his father's hand, hard. The never to return. He had driven the features of the miser softened and he boy out. Berger reflected; his tyran-smiled.

nical interference with the young . Then terror leaped at him again. man's life had resulted in this disas- His eyes grew wide. "Horace!" he gasped. "The mob? Twenty years of lonely h-l! How You came in time to save me from the it had hardened him! Then he had mob?"

been respected, a model citizen in The younger man smiled and moderate circumstances. In those pressed his father's hand once more. twenty years—was it twenty-one?—he "It wasn't a mob, father," he said. had grown rich . . . rich! Gouging Berger was unbelieving. the poor, the rabble called his meth-"No mob?" he echoed. "No mob?

No tar; no feathers?" Berger jerked and forced his Horace shook his head. The old thoughts from their unpleasant trend. man covered his face, trembling. They were welcome to call it what "Conscience!" he whispered. "Guilty they would. The rabble was nothing conscience! It has hounded me all to him. His son had fled from him; day . . . and tomorrow is Christ-

for diversion he had turned to mak- mas!" He was weeping openly, while his Twenty years of money-making . . . son sat beside him. Presently:

and now a bent old man of seventy, he "But what-?" was left alone—alone with his wealth. "I've been taking liberties with your Alone with the hatred of the rabble. name, father," Horace explained. "I D-n the rabble! What did he care turned over some money-oh, quite a what they thought? There had been bit of money—to the mayor, and told some talk of tar and feathers, had him to arrange a merry Christmas for there? Cowards! Nothing to worry | the poor—a real merry Christmas. about in that direction. It was all heard about the Babbitt family youturned out; and I bought the Carson He must have dozed for a time. He cottage and told the mayor to give it was aroused in a sort of cloud of eery to them-Christmas present. I told



bright glinted in the light from the the mayor I had come home to spend "Oh, of course," the attorney re- street lamps. Tar! Buckets of tar! the holidays, and you were celebrat-

"Yes. I did it all in your name."

"And the the mob?" "The mayor called out the band, and with the operator. He was always a crowd followed to serenade you. They left when I told them you had

woman has not paid her rent, and I door, a mob with tar and feathers- "God!" Berger cried; and again he do not intend to be swindled out of it. and he was alone—alone with his was weeping, doing penance now for wealth! He laughed insanely, then twenty barren years.

shrieked aloud. A band burst into Presently he got up and started tune before the house . . . He felt across the room. But he paused; the telephone had been ordered discon-Nathan Berger slowly came back to nected. Unless-frail chance - the consciousness. He was lying on his operator had neglected to turn in that churlish order. He lifted the receiver. "Number please?" Berger almost shouted the number, he was so pleased. In a moment:

"Raine? Listen, Raine, this is Berger. Make out a deed, transferring that cottage, in toto, to Mrs. Trotter. I'll sign it in the morning!" Horace Berger laid his hand upon bed, and at first he recalled nothing his father's arm. Their eyes met and

"All right," said the lawyer with a of the night's terror. It all swept filled with mist. Neither of them could back. He held his hands away from speak. (©, 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

Lamb for Christmas at his great, barn-like house, mut- bed, obviously prosperous, strangely article of diet on Christmas.

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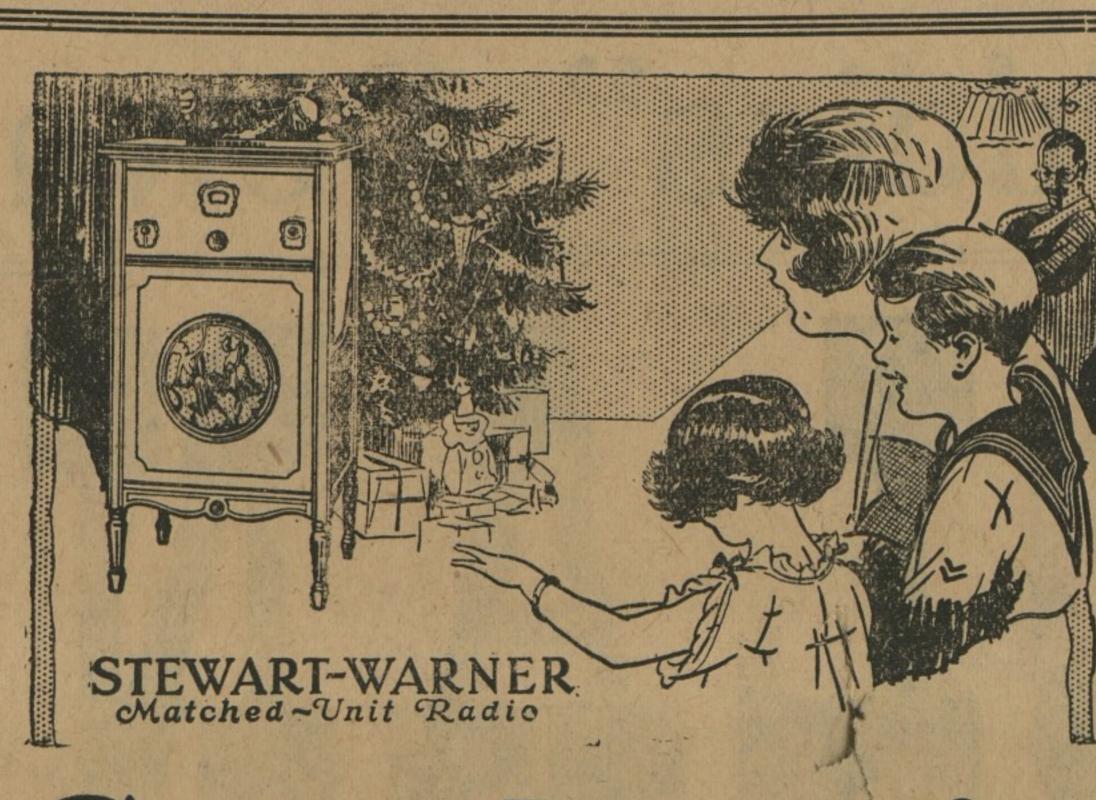
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