The Transcript Supplement

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Collecting on Christmas

Told by a Drummer

A BUNCH of us were putting in Sunday evening swapping yarns of our early days on the road when it came the turn of an accident insurance special.

"The first trip I ever made was when I was a kid of twenty," he said. "I was shipping clerk in an agricultural implement house in Brooklyn. I was to make a collection, and, of all days in the year, I was to see the man on Christmas day!

"Why then? Well, the chap I was to see was a big farmer up in the hills of Sullivan county, and he did quite a business in farm implements among his neighbors. He had given the house a bunch of notes running four months and falling due Sept. 1. Every one of them came back protested.

"The junior partner had charge of the collections, and he figured there was just one sure way of nailing the chap, and that was to get to the house Christmas morning.

"I don't remember the name of the village I had to get off at, but I do remember it was a mighty cold night when I arrived there. I got away all right in the morning after the hotel man had given me all sorts of directions about the way to get to Johnston's place, twelve miles away.

"Johnston himself opened it and without waiting for a word from me said: 'Come right in, stranger. Mighty cold morning, ain't it? S'pose you lost your way.'

"I didn't commit myself one way or the other, but accepted his invitation by walking into the parlor. There was a bunch of children in the room, one a lad of sixteen or so, who was told to put the horse up. There was a big Christmas tree in the window, all decorated with shiny ornaments and tinsel.

"We chatted for quite awhile until he had to go to the barn to help his men tend the horses. I played with the children, and when he got back I had the littlest girl on my knee and was reading to her.

"'Started snowing again,' Johnston remarked as he stamped his feet on the rag rug outside the parlor door. 'Dinner'll be ready in a little while, but I'll have the wife hurry it up if you have to get away.'

"I told him I couldn't think of butting in on the family that way and



"YOU'LL TALK NO BUSINESS TO ME TODAY."

that if he'd give me a few minutes I'd like to talk a little business with him.

"'You'll talk no business to me today,' he said. 'You'll have dinner and supper with us and a mighty good bed tonight. You can talk business in the morning.'

"'But'— I broke in.

"'There's no "but" about it. That's the program, and I'm boss in this house!'

"And let me tell you, boys, I had a bully time!

"After breakfast my host took me into the little office he had between the parlor and dining room and told me to fire away.

"What do you think I said? 'Mr. Johnston, I don't want to talk business at all. I'm going on my way, and I'll come again tomorrow.'

"'Don't be afraid. If it's something disagreeable spit it out!' he said. 'What's the question?'

"'When are you going to take up those notes of Ehrman & Wilson's? That's what they sent me up from Brooklyn about. But after the friendly way you and your wife have treated me I have nothing more to say. I'm ashamed of my job.'

"'You're all right, young man,' he remarked, to my astonishment and relief. 'I don't blame you a bit, and I admire the stand you take. Read some more stories to Nellie out of her book while I look after the cattle, and by and by we'll drive to town, and I'll fix up the notes for you. I have been pretty hard up the last few months, but I got in a sum of money a few days ago, and everything is O. K. now.'

"When we got to the bank he gave me a certified check for the $600 he owed the house and a ten dollar bill for myself to buy something for my baby as a present from curly headed Nellie."—New York Tribune.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
ONE AND ALL
CHAS. H. BRICE

FREE! FREE!

With every purchase of $1.00 from now until December 24, 9. p. m., we will give you a chance to win a Barrel of Patapsco Flour, the person having the lucky number wins, which will be selected by some little child from sealed numbers. Come in and try your luck.



FREE! FREE!

FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

With every purchase of 25c we will give you a chance on a Coaster Sled (Snow Bird). The one holding the lucky number will be given the Coaster. Now is your time to get a nice big Coaster Sled.

We are going to help you get that list of presents which is hard to complete, by making you the special low Christmas prices listed below.

Special Xmas Grocery Sale!

Sugar, per pound	5½c
X X X X Sugar, per pound	9c
Patpsco Flour, per barrel	$6.40
Atmore's Mince Meat, per lb	10c and 12½c
Sweet Cider, per gallon	30c
Cranberries, per quart	10c
New Mackerel, each	5c
New Seedless Valco Raisins, per lb (Very clean, full weight.)	12c
Walter Baker's Chocolate, ½ cake	9c
New Currants, package	12c
Seeded Raisins, package	10c
Arbuckle's Coffee, per lb	19½c

Candies Candies

Special French Mixture	10c
Special Xmas Mixture, Choc. and Bon Bons	15c
Extra Fine French Creams. (Bon Bons Cream Walnuts.)	40c
Fine Chocolate, Assorted	40c
Fancy Boxes of Chocolates (Just the thing for a nice present.)	$1.00

You can get any price candy you desire. The finest line we ever handled. Come in and get your Christmas supplies.

Fruits Fruits

Oranges, extra large, per dozen	45c
176's Oranges, per dozen	25c
200's Oranges, per dozen	20c
Large White Malaga Grapes, per lb	12½c
1 package Cluster Raisins	20c
Loose Cluster Raisins, very fine, per lb	15c

NUTS	NUTS
New Grenoble English Walnuts	20c
Paper-shell Almonds (They are paper shell.)	26c
Butter Nuts	12c
Mixed Nuts	15c
Large Juicy Cocoanuts	5c and 6c

All nuts are very fine this seasen.

EGGS PER DOZEN ..... 41c. Bring them in.

PRESENTS

Ladies' Handkerchiefs, in neat boxes	25c and 50c
Ladies' New Style Purses	50c
Fine Table Linen	$1.25 to $2.50
Bed Spreads	$1.25 to $1.75

Silverware and Cut Glass. Any number of useful presents. Just come in and see them.

PRESENTS

Men's Monarch Shirts (Makes a nice present.)	$1.00
A Fine Line of Neckwear	25c, 50c and 75c
Men's Silk Handkerchiefs	25c and 50c
Fine Box Writing Paper	25c and 50c
Books—Latest Novels	49c

TOYS! TOYS!

We have a large line of Toys which you surely must not fail to see before you buy, and we can save you money, as we have marked them very close. Something for everyone in the family.

Wishing all a Merry Christmas.

CHAS. H. BRICE, Betterton, Md.

The Little Christmas Tree

By Susan Coolidge

The Christmas day was coming; the Christmas eve drew near.
The fir trees they were talking low at midnight, cold and clear,
And this is what the fir tree said, all in the pale moonlight,
"Now, which of us shall chosen be to grace the holy night?"

The tall trees and the goodly trees raised each a lofty head
In glad and secret confidence, though not a word they said,
But one, the baby of the band, could not restrain a sigh.
"You all will be approved," he said. "But, oh, what chance have I?"



THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL AND SANTA CLAUS.

"I am so small, so very small, no one will mark or know
How thick and green my needles are, how true my branches grow.
Few toys and candles could I hold, but heart and will are free,
And in my heart of hearts I know I am a Christmas tree."

The Christmas angel hovered near; he caught the grieving word,
And, laughing low, he hurried forth, with love and pity stirred.
He sought and found St. Nicholas, the dear old Christmas saint,
And in his fatherly, kind ear rehearsed the fir tree's plaint.

Saints are all powerful, we know, so it befell that day
That, ax on shoulder, to the grove a woodman took his way.
One baby girl he had at home, and he went forth to find
A little tree as small as she, just suited to his mind.

Oh, glad and proud the baby fir, amid its brethren tall,
To be thus chosen and singled out, the first among them all!
He stretched his fragrant branches; his little heart beat fast;
He was a real Christmas tree—he had his wish at last.

One large and shining apple, with cheeks of ruddy gold;
Six tapers and a tiny doll were all that he could hold.
The baby laughed, the baby crowed, to see the tapers bright;
The forest baby felt the joy and shared in the delight.

And when at last the tapers died and when the baby slept
The little fir, in silent night, a patient vigil kept.
Though scorched and brown its needles were, it had no heart to grieve.
"I have not lived in vain," he said. "Thank God for Christmas eve!"

The First Christmas Card.

The honor of the Christmas card is ascribed frequently to the late W. C. T. Dobson, an English painter. In December, 1844, a date earlier than that given to any other claim, he was anxious to send some more novel Christmas greeting than that of a letter to a distant friend, and the idea occurred to him to make a little sketch symbolizing the spirit of the season. The sketch depicted in its center a family party gathered around the Christmas dinner table raising glasses to the health of absent friends. Underneath were the words "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you," while on each side was a smaller sketch representing an act of benevolence. Mr. Dobson's card so pleased its recipient that the following year he designed another card, of which he sent lithographed copies to a large circle of friends. Other artists followed his example, and the circle sending out Christmas cards grew wider and wider until an enterprising printer saw there was money in the business, and within a few years from its birth the Christmas card was to be seen in hundreds of shop windows.

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