

Jacques' Christmas

By Eleanor E. King

A BLIZZARD was brewing. Little cutting pieces of snow were being blown in whirls around corners and down the street. Huddled down in his coat stood a newsboy of some eight or nine years. His face was drawn with the cold and he beat his hands against his sides to keep them warm.

Last-minute Christmas shoppers hurrying along to get their various errands done, gave no thought to the little fellow who pestered them with his papers. He ought to have known better when they had so many things to think about.

"Yeh, all the news—the latest news won't cha buy one, mister? I only have a couple more." He looked up pleadingly into the face of a passer by.

"Sorry, sonny," smiled the man, "get one here now that I probably won't ever get a chance to read—so busy," and he hurried along his way.

The rush of pedestrians subsided a moment. The boy singled out a young woman, as he said, "She looks kind like my ma."

"Yeh—all the latest news—just out—won't cha buy one, please, lady? I only have a few."

She opened her purse and started to hunt for the money.

"I've just got to sell these papers out early tonight, 'cause it's my last chance to buy that doll. You know, my little sister, they say, isn't very well, and the only thing she says she wants is an orange for Christmas, but I know better." He paused for breath.



She Opened Her Purse.

"She wants a doll, but she thinks she can't ask for it 'cause we haven't money for dolls. I have, though," he said promptly. "I've been watching a doll in one of the windows here. I'm going by tonight and get it."

"What is your name, son?"

"Jacques and my sister's—ma petite soeur—Marthe."

"Zack!—What a queer name!"

"No; it isn't," he said antipathetic what she was going to say. "My mother is French. These names are beautiful—to us," he added after a pause.

"Where do you live, Jacques?"

"Sixty-nine Kensington Square, Top floor, back two rooms. I've got that down pat now, haven't I?"

Beidelman -- Hernandez

One of the most beautiful church weddings of the season was solemnized last Saturday, December 9 in St. Andrew's Episcopal church, when Miss Helen Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Beidelman, of Rogers street, became the bride of Mr. Philip Hernandez, of Chicago. The Rev. Hugh M. MacWhorter, rector, performed the ceremony.

Promptly at four o'clock the St. Andrew's choir entered, singing very impressive hymns. They were followed by the bridesmaid, Miss Marguerite, sister of the bride, who wore light grey canton crepe, a black picture hat trimmed with Spanish lace, and carried pink roses. Next came Grace, another sister of the bride, as maid of honor. She was gowned in pink crepe de chine, a black picture hat similar to her sister's and carried yellow tea roses.

Next, to the strains of the wedding march played by Mrs. George Bateman, came the bride on the arm of her father, who gave her away. She was beautifully gowned in white georgette crepe with a veil of white net hanging very gracefully. Both dress and veil were trimmed with beads. She carried a wonderful shower bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. They were met at the altar by the groom and best man, Mr. Saturnino Sainz, of Chicago, and the time honored ring service was responded to.

The ushers were Lee and Harold Beidelman, brothers of the bride. Immediately after the ceremony a reception was held at the Beidelman home for about thirty-five close friends and relatives of the bride and groom. After hearty congratulations supper was served. Mr. and Mrs. Hernandez received many beautiful gifts and left that evening for Chicago where they will make their

"Yes, you won't get lost right soon," she replied as she put her arm around him, and gave him a gentle tap on the shoulder. "Merry Christmas, Jacques," and she was on her way. She stopped a little way down the street, however, wrote something down, then hurried on.

Another half hour found Jacques hugging an orange and a little doll under his coat as he trudged along home. When he opened the door a little voice started chanting. "Frere Jacques, Frere Jacques—you're late tonight."

"Yes, Marthe. Today I was talking to Santa on the corner, and he said he was awfully busy. He doubted if he would get all around this year."

"Oh!" said Marthe in a disappointed tone.

Jacques' mother was sewing busily upon a garment she was intent upon finishing. Tomorrow was Christmas.



His Mother Was Just as Excited as He.

and no sewing was going to be left over to bother her.

Marthe's bedtime came, and Jacques fixed his presents in preparation for the morning. He had found a Christmas tree branch in the street, and this he made into a little tree under which he placed his gifts.

Christmas morning dawned brightly in the little French home. Jacques' surprise was complete, for Marthe went into raptures over the tree and her presents. She alternately hugged and kissed her doll, keeping up a constant chatter to it in French. The orange and a few other presents that she had found under the tree she put on the shelf, so that she could admire them while she rocked her doll.

Jacques had had his surprise, too—"Give and it shall be given unto you"—for his two packets under the tree had grown to be six or seven.

"Mother," he said, "I think I will have to try my new mittens and see exactly how warm they are." So saying, he slipped into his coat and pushed on the door. What ailed it! Was it frozen shut, stuck, or what was the matter?

With his mother's help the door was opened. To their surprise they found that a huge pile of packages had been the cause of their trouble.

Jacques gave a cry of delight as he pounced upon the bundles. His mother was just as excited as he, as she helped carry in the stuff.

Then followed one of the happiest hours the family had ever known—whole two-dozen oranges and all sorts of wholesome food. Jacques' mother fairly wept with joy.

Santa remembered us after all, mother," said little Jacques, "and he left this note on one of my presents—Look, mother, it says—"

"I hope you will always be as thoughtful of your sister, Jacques. A Merry Christmas and a Bright and Happy New Year."

SANTA CLAUS

The guests from Downers Grove were: Rev. Hugh M. MacWhorter, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Bond, Mrs. Geo. Mills and daughter, Irene, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Beidelman and daughter, John Ehninger, Jr., and Herbert Radell. The Chicago guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Wagner and daughter, Geraldine, Mr. and Mrs. Ray and daughter, Louise, Mr. and Mrs. Coulin, Messrs. Herbert Kaufman, Saturnino Sainz, Albert and Jack Seufy, David Rydin and George Lostogoko.

WOMANS CLUB TO ENJOY BOOK REVIEW WEDNESDAY

Mrs. Frances B. Ward to Tell Beauties of "The Everlasting Mercy" by John Masefield.

Members of the Womens Club are looking forward to a treat at their next meeting, Wednesday, December 20 when Mrs. Frances B. Ward will review the book, "The Everlasting Mercy" by John Masefield. Anyone who has heard Mrs. Ward knows that she can hold the attention of her audience by her remarks which are tinged with a bit of humor and have that sincerity which shows mastery of a subject. Mrs. C. B. Ide will make complete the afternoon with "New Voices in Poetry." She has culled some really clever bits of verse from her readings of the past few months which will be appreciated.

Music for the afternoon will be furnished by Miss Adelaide Walter, pianist, who has before this charmed the club members with her playing.

The social hostesses will be Mesdames J. C. Branta and Rose Waples. At the last meeting of the club, Mrs. Roy C. Toombs, chairman of the Red Cross annual roll call in the community, reported that \$412.25 had been collected here and forwarded to the Chicago chapter. This amount was collected between Armistice Day and Thanksgiving to help along the great work being done all over the world by the Red Cross.

PLAN BIG TIME FRIDAY, DEC. 22nd AT FOOTBALL DANCE

School Committee and Mothers Assisting. Busy With Plans for an Excellent Affair.

One of the most unique and best parties ever given in the high school will be the banquet and dance Friday evening, December 22 when the football men of the school will be honored. A limited number of tickets are in the hands of the school committee for those not students and application for them should be made at once.

The committee in charge is Edith Perron, Catherine Deegan, Gardiner Barr, Herbert Hawkins, Don Stevenson, Julia Perron, Mary Genevieve Snow, Hubert Hoffert. They are assisted by a committee of mothers who are interested, composed of Mesdames N. C. Perron, A. B. Snow, E. H. Huntington, A. H. Barnhart, R. L. Rumbaugh, W. H. Ray and G. E. Bensley.

"BILL" LUTHIN, OF HINSDALE SECURED FOR LOCAL SHOW

"Nine O'Clock Town" to be Shown on February 5, 6 and 7, for Benefit of School.

February 5, 6 and 7 are the dates for Alpha Sigma Beta's show, "Nine O'clock Town" to be given for the benefit of the local high school. You should check off one of these dates immediately and see that all your friends do the same thing as the show is being given for a worthy cause and should measure up to the best that Downers Grove has ever witnessed.

The manager very reluctantly announces that he has secured the services of William Luthin of Hinsdale to take the role of Judge DeForest, the man who breaks the Blue Laws in his own home. Bill—as Mr. Luthin is known to all his friends as an actor of no mean ability and is known for his splendid acting in every town

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A Christmas Tragedy—Fr Pop



along the "Q." Bill has never been seen in action in Downers Grove and it will be well worth seeing him carry on as a sinister Judge and then turn to the frolicsome lawbreaker and imbiber of stronger spirits. Bill also is slated for some heavy singing and at this end can stack up with the best, having filled numerous engagements on the professional stage.

Set aside a date now for either the 5, 6 or 7 of February and thus not only give your support to the high school but see the best musical comedy Downers Grove has had the privilege to see.

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