Studebaker

This Is A Studebaker Year

The Reason Why

For the first eight months of 1921 the sales of Studebaker cars were:

41% more than for the same period of 1920.
101% more than for the same period of 1919.

But the sales of repair parts were:

13% less than for the same period of 1920.
3% less than for the same period of 1919.

While the total number of Studebaker cars sold were:

326,000 up to Sept. 1, 1919.

375,000 up to Sept. 1, 1920.

442,000 up to Sept. 1, 1921.

Summing up, 116,000 more Studebaker cars were maintained in operation with 3% less parts business than two years ago, which con clusively proves that — Studebaker cars are standing up in service and staying out of repair shops, to a degree unexecelled, we believe, by any cars of whatever price.

Gallagher Motor Co.

230 William St.

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WHY NOT PREPARE

for a

BETTER POSITION ?

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GIVE!

IF it be true (and folks there are
This legend who believe)
That every year the Christ Child walks
Our earth, on Mary's Eve,
How much of suffering He finds
To make His kind heart grieve!

So many starving babies, pinched
And whimpering with cold,
Such piteous woe faces drawn
With hunger, gray and old!
A hundred needy cases? Oh,
The half has not been told!

And we, whose homes are holly-wreathed,
And gay with Christmas trees,
What have we done to merit cheer
And comfort—more than these?
(The Child with sad and puzzled eyes
Must wonder, as He sees!)

Then, ere the birth-morn of the Babe,
Give gladly, every one,
As this past year has prospered you,
That some poor little one
May know a tithe of Christmas joy
Before the Day is done!

—MAZIE V. CARUTHERS.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

"Chime soft and low, glad Christmas bells!
We, too, will sing,
Will bring our gifts more precious far
Than frankincense or costly myrrh
To Christ our King.
Our consecrated lives we'll give,
With trusting, loving hearts we bend
To plead for grace and strength to live,
And honor Him, our precious Friend."

Home for Christmas

Our hearts are all a-thrill, our faces all aglow,
The weather doesn't matter, it may rain or it may snow;
Rich and economy, bad and humble, and we hasten back to join
At the hearth of the students, harkening to the old and loving
All going home for Christmas.

And the old folks in the home nest, be it cot or mansion
There open their welcoming welcome, on the Feast of Christmas
To kith and kin and sometimes stranger, for this day of
cheer,
Kept in hope and faith and loving, this one day in every year—
All welcome home for Christmas.

'Tis the birthdate of the Christ-child, we have kept two thousand years;
'Tis the glory of his life work shining thro a mist of tears,
'Tis the fragrance of the lilies that has come across the sea;
'Tis the love we bear our brother that brings peace to you and me,
Till we all go home for Christmas.

M. B. H., in Walsh's Banner.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT

ALL day the children dear did play
With toys that came from Santa's sleigh
From Noah's ark
Until quite dark
The beasts were ranged, all two by two.
Each doll and game
Had grown quite lame—
Young folks were tired, grown folk, too!
Then nursery floor
Knew wild uproar,
Clown threw a ball at Teddy Bear.
It smashed the bisque doll's face so fair,
Stuffed monkey set balloons all free,
They bumped the ceiling, sad to see.
Jack-in-the-box ate candy, too,
And nuts and raisins, not a few,
The rag doll called for ice cream pink.
The parrot screamed: "I want a drink."
This seemed sound quite sane or right—
The children's dream on Christmas night.

—Philadelphia Record.

Christmas

WHEN ma begins to tiptoe round
'Nn we begin to hear
A certain hushy, whisp'rin' sound
About this time o' year,
We know that she'n Santa Claus
Are fixin' things to do
'Nn so we never peep, because
They never want us to.

When all the seats in Sunday school
Are filled with girls and boys
'Nn no one ever breaks a rule
'R makes a bit o' noise,
We know it can't be very long
'Till Santy will appear
'Nn pass his presents to the throng
That comes but once a year.

When Aunt Malindy comes and brings
The children 'n the bird,
'Nn she 'en makes popcorn strings
We never say a word.
But anybody orter see
That she has come to stay
'Til time to have the Christmas tree
Which can't be far away.

—King's Messenger.

When Santa Came

WHEN Santa came in distant days
And wistfully I watched his ways,
The garden path with frosty lace,
The drooping eaves, the fireplace—
I found him by the glowing blaze.

He lingered 'neath the cedar sprays
He smiled and mocked my childish gaze,
A calm, benign and cheery face—
When Santa came.

I see him now as through a haze,
Unchanged as when with joy he'd raise
My cheek to kiss with gentle grace—
In him a kindliness I trace
A heart that sang with love and praise—
When Santa came.

By MARY [illegible]

afterward, when she [illegible] had invited all of Mary's [illegible] near relatives for a Christmas [illegible] And that they had all [illegible]

"Now Marian dear," Bert said, "just have a simple dinner. Don't bother about the frills. Our ordinary Sunday dinner will do beautifully. Anyone who gets our usual Sunday dinner is getting a fine meal."

"Well, I guess that is about all I can do—and for so many, too," Marian said.

"You're a wonder to attempt it," Bert said admiringly. "But don't think you have to overdo it."

For days and days Marian planned her Christmas dinner. She salted nuts, she made cranberry sauce. She ordered a young turkey. She wasn't nervous about the turkey—that was just as easy as chicken.

Yes, she was planning to have an old-time Christmas dinner. She wouldn't tell Bert. She would surprise him. And then, if she surprised him, she might be quite sure that the things she had planned to do during that he was going to be pleased of her that she couldn't fulfill his expectations of her success.

So she worked and planned and schemed.

And that Christmas eve when Bert kissed her good-night she smiled to herself as she heard him say:

"Well, it's quite true. People have always eaten too much at Christmas time in past years."

Bert's family all arrived in the morning for Christmas dinner.

"Well, were you nervous over your first turkey?" asked Aunt [illegible]. And how happy Marian was that she could say that she hadn't been nervous and that it was going to come out all right, she thought.

"I bet it was a job making the first plum pudding," said Uncle George, and Bert looked angry and grieved. He didn't want anyone to make his Marian feel uncomfortable. And now his own family were doing it.

"Uncle George," Bert said, "we meant to tell you. We're not going to have one of those old-time dinners. We think that people have always felt wretchedly at Christmas—after Christmas—indigestion and all. So we're just going to have a simple dinner."

Marian had left the room—she could hear the defending in Bert's voice, and at the same time a note of sadness that their dinner was going to be so simple.

She wanted to rush in and tell them all that it wouldn't be so and to put her arms around Bert's neck and kiss him. He was standing up for her. And they were going to be critical. And she invited them all to her home. This was the way they were accepting her hospitality!

"But, following a number of similar remarks on how did she [illegible]

to boast of what she could [illegible]

At last came the dessert—[illegible] and apple pie and [illegible]. How Bert's eyes [illegible] surprise when he saw [illegible]

"What did you think [illegible] you were going to have [illegible] of a dinner without [illegible] mas trimmings?" [illegible]

"My wife [illegible] beamed. And [illegible] Bert said.

"They behaved [illegible] How proud I was [illegible] Marian darling—[illegible]

"Yes, dear [illegible]

"The [illegible] that Mary [illegible] Christmas [illegible]

"I [illegible]