

"OVER THE HILL" GREAT CONTRADICTION OF FILM DOM

In these days of carping criticism of motion pictures and everything pertaining thereto, it is gratifying to realize that there is at least one film production in the field in which the most zealous hunter for things to criticize can find not the least fault.

Blushes—there is not one in the entire subject Crime suggestions—none, unless one who sees the picture feels a strong impulse to do violence to any man or woman caught in the act of abusing his or her aged mother.



This photoplay is the William Fox production "Over the Hill," a picturization of two of the most popular poems in Will Carleton's "Farm Ballads." The film scenario was made by Paul H. Sloane, and the picture was directed by Harry Millarde.

"Over the Hill" will open an engagement at Loew's Star Theater on Sunday, December 25th



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HAD A TRICK WORTH WHILE

Society Beggar Knew How to Get on the Soft Side of Mrs. Gobsa Golde.

"Charity begins at home," said Dr. Wilbur P. Crafts of the International Reform Bureau of Washington, "but no truth is so disregarded as this one."

"Two beggar women met on the street one day.

"Fine coat you've got there. Where did you land it?" said the first beggar woman.

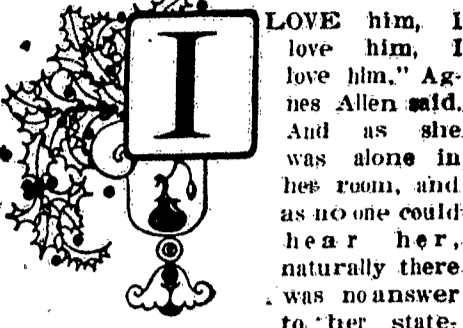
"Old Mrs. Gobsa Golde gave it to me," said the second beggar woman.

"Is that so? I've begged at Mrs. Gobsa Golde's hundreds of times, and she never gave me a cent. How did you work her?"

"Well, you see," said the first beggar woman, stroking her new coat complacently, "I didn't tell her I was begging for myself. I pretended I was begging for the heathen."

Christmas Collars

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER



LOVE him, I love him, I love him," Agnes Allen said. And as she was alone in her room, and as no one could hear her, naturally there was no answer to her statement which she had repeated several times.

She was speaking of George Farwell. George was so good looking with his wonderful blue eyes, his brown hair, his fine erect figure.

Wherever she saw men she thought how insignificant they looked beside George. She was glad that she thought that way. She hoped others thought that way about the men they cared for. Then everything would be so smooth and so simple.

She wanted everyone to like her George immensely. But it would be embarrassing if everyone thought just the same about him as she did.

The wedding was to be Christmas afternoon. Then they had planned to go to their own new little home which they had just finished furnishing and fixing up. They were going to have their own little Christmas tree there—quite by themselves, and their friends had left their wedding presents and their Christmas presents there, though almost all of the former they had seen, of course.

"Are you almost ready?" It was Mrs. Allen calling up the stairs. "Almost, mother dear," she answered.

"You'll be late," her mother called. "I'll hurry," she said. "Do you want any help?"

But she had taken longer than she had thought. Yes, if she didn't hurry she would be late! Still she would have George all her life now. How wonderful it would be! She wondered if that was why brides were so often late because they felt they had so much time!

It was a gloriously happy thought to realize how much time she had. She was only ten minutes late. The few friends were at the Christmas day wedding. And her bouquet was of holly and mistletoe. She had always said she would love to have such a wedding bouquet. It would be so merry and Christmasy and such a happy, gay kind of a bouquet.

George had consented of course. He agreed to everything she said, because he loved her so, and she was so fair with him, too, because she loved him so!

The ceremony was over. They drove away in a low sleigh with jingling bells to the small house. There, by themselves, they opened presents. What a glorious time they had!

And she had a little surprise for him. Just a little bit of a surprise. But she knew he would like it.

"Open that box, there, George," she said.

He opened it.

And looked at some collars, many, many collars, all much too big for him.

"When I was buying my wedding clothes in town that time, George, I remembered that you'd spoken of a wonderful kind of collar you liked. I remembered the name too. I was a little puzzled when the man asked me your size. I told him though that as long as he had the right kind the size didn't make any difference. When he asked me if you were big or small I told him you were big of course!"

"Why, George, what is the matter? Won't they fit you? Is the size so important?"

"My darling little girl," he laughed, "what does it matter what the size is. That is—it does matter about wearing them I'm afraid, my love. But to think you thought of me even when you were getting the wedding fineries and remembered the name of the collar."

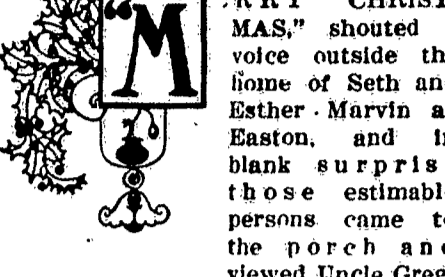
"They're my Christmas dollars," he exclaimed, "and I'll put them away in the box with the Christmas bouquet we're going to save. Such a Christmas gift from a dear little bride should never be marged by any laundry!"

"What a silly I am," she laughed gaily. "But such an adorable 'silly.'"

Holiday Prodigals

By Walter Joseph Delaney

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MRRY CHRISTMAS," shouted a voice outside the home of Seth and Esther Marvin at Easton, and in blank surprise those estimable persons came to the porch and viewed Uncle Gregory Thearle just departing. To the fence was tied the fattest, sleekest calf they had ever seen.

"Why, what is this?" inquired Mr. Marvin, staring vaguely.

"Can't you see—fatted calf! It will do for Christmas, eh? You'll need it. I'll be over later; good bye till then and Merry Christmas!"

He went his way waving his hand mysteriously and chuckling and shaking with half suppressed jollity.

"He must mean the boys, Oh, Seth, can it be that they are coming home?" palpitated Mrs. Marvin.

"I don't know, but there is some hidden mystery in the actions of our relative. You know he always liked Bob and Tom and Ned. Perhaps he has kept track of them."

Mr. Marvin sighed and he had reason to do so. And his loving loyal helpmeet cheerlessly echoed the aspiration. Then eyes met and there were mutual tears in them. Then Seth went to the woodshed and came forth again holding a hatchet and a saw.

"Where are you going?" inquired Esther curiously.

"Over to the woods. I'm going to get some evergreen and holly. It is as well to be prepared for a surprise."

Just as full had set in the three sons of the worthy couple had left home secretly one night after writing a note, honest and respectful, announcing that they had heard of positions in a distant factory, and realizing that a mortgage on the home and hard times were distressing the dear old father they felt it their duty to do something toward the family support.

For three months regularly there had come a draft for quite an amount, but no other word from the runaways.

And now—on Christmas eve—there were three glad, grateful visitors to the little cottage: Tom, Bob and Ned once more rested under the dear old home roof. The news got about town. The lads were popular and had many true friends. Three, particularly, arrived with their sisters just as the prodigals wished and hoped. And in the evening the same welcome coterie made the old home cheery with their chatter at the supper table. Then appeared Uncle Gregory. He winked and blinked at his three prime favorites, the boys, and brought two turkeys for the holiday feast.

"But the fatted calf for the prodigals," he queried chucklingly. "So appropriate, and it will last a week."

And an hour later Uncle Gregory blossomed forth in his most felicitous style. He handed a folded legal looking document to Mrs. Marvin.

"What is this, Uncle Gregory?" she inquired.

"Release of the mortgage these dear lads hoped to pay through their own exertions, but they are glib boys, if good ones, and the task was too heavy for them. And, by the way lads, here's a bank book. I consider you a good investment and I have donated what will take you through college and prepare you for battling with the world—well educated men."

"I declare!" murmured Mr. Marvin and there was a catch in his throat.

As to Mrs. Marvin she came up to the old man and placed her loving arm about him and kissed him fervently.

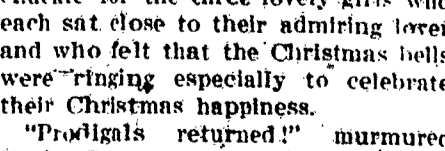
"Yes it is a genuine surprise, indeed," voiced Mr. Marvin. "Blessings come thickly when we most need them."

And the three charming girls were more beautiful to the returned prodigals than ever, and old Uncle Gregory seemed to renew his youth amid the glowing happiness of that gloriously happy Yuletide hour.

"It will be mistletoe and kisses next Christmas," he insinuated, with a chuckle for the three lovely girls who each sat close to their admiring lover and who felt that the Christmas bells were ringing especially to celebrate their Christmas happiness.

"Prodigals returned!" murmured Uncle Gregory raptly, "but practical ones. Dear, me! truly this is peace on earth, good will toward all men!" and he left for home smiling through his happy tears, and singing the refrain of a happy, merry old Christmas song.

He Brought a Fatted Calf.



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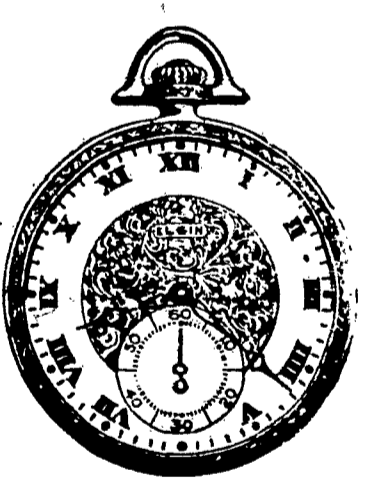
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