

THE GLADSTONE DELTA.

Christmas Edition, 1914.

Christmas Greetings:

The Delta presents its Holiday edition to the people of Gladstone and Delta County with sincere wishes for their prosperity and happiness. The live business men of Gladstone have done their best to aid The Delta in informing the people where they can find what they need for Christmas joys. Every live merchant in Gladstone is represented in these columns and the reader will make no mistake in doing his holiday shopping with these enterprising folk. The man who advertises almost always has better goods than the back number and is never afraid to say so because he knows it is the truth. Our advertisers join with us in wishing you

**A Merry Christmas and
A Happy New Year.**

THOUGHTS FOR CHRISTMAS

The cabins and attics and cellars catch from the manger a glory they never had before Christ's advent. This is the wonder of the ages then—that Christ came into the world as a peasant's babe. It is a wonder before which the wandering star, the angels' song and the worshiping wise men pale into insignificance.

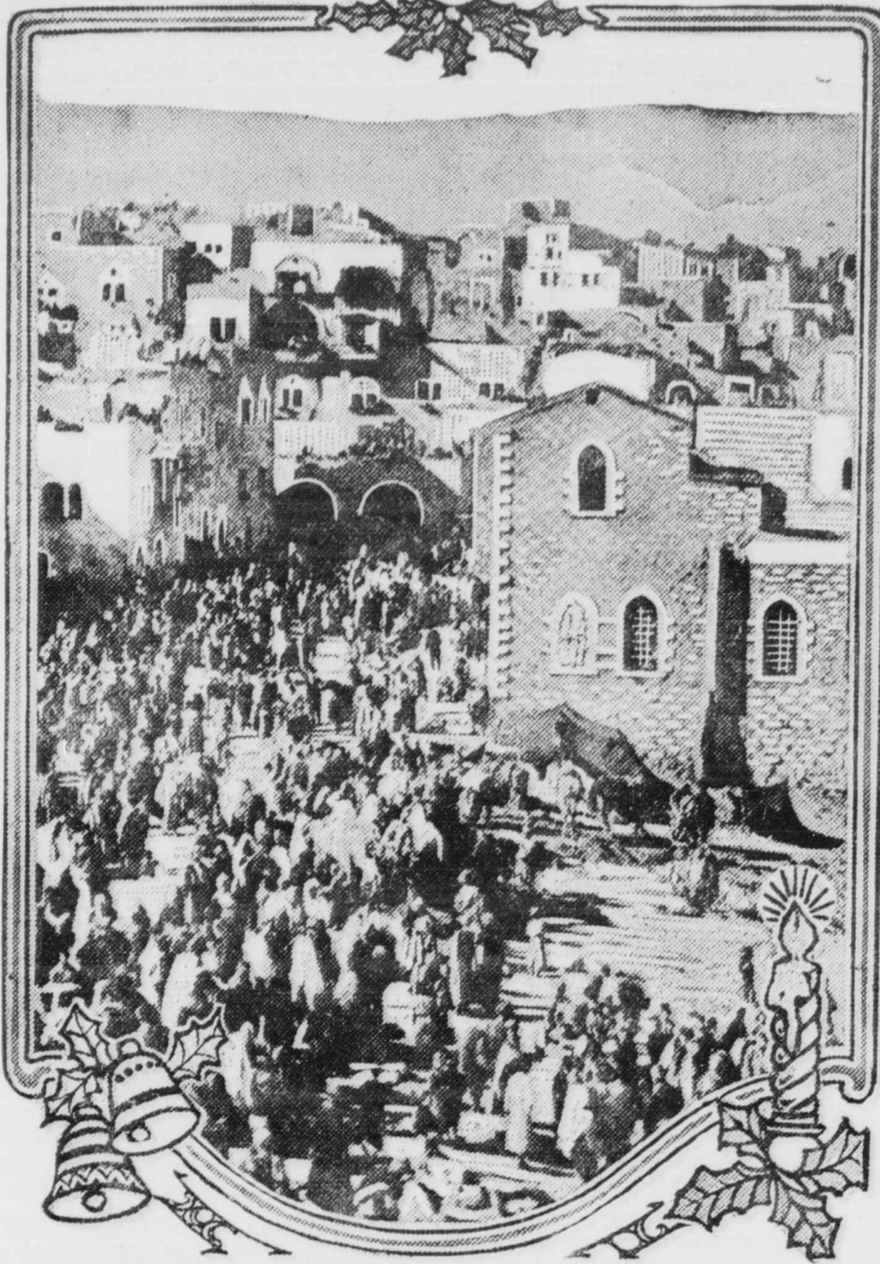
"And it came to pass, when the angels went away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing that is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste and found both Mary and Joseph and the babe lying in the manger. And when they saw it they made known concerning the saying which was spoken to

them about this child. And all that heard it wondered at the things which were spoken unto them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these sayings, pondering them in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, even as it was spoken unto them."

Christmas Conscience.
Let no pleasure tempt thee, no profit allure thee, no ambition corrupt thee, no example sway thee, no persuasion move thee to do anything which thou knowest to be evil; so shalt thou always live jollily, for a good conscience is a continual Christmas.—Poor Richard's Almanac.

Music Within Her.
"It is true I can't sing well," said the cat, that had just swallowed the canary, "but I have a good deal of music in me all the same."

Pilgrims Entering Bethlehem on Christmas Day



SANTA MAKES A TRIAL TRIP

It was a week until Christmas. Santa Claus went all over his work-rooms. All the toys were done and everything in place. "The reindeer are in such fine shape and anxious for exercise I think I'll take them out for

a trial run today," said he. So saying, Santa hurried to his stables. There the reindeer were showing their impatience to be out in the open, and Santa gave orders to his stable elves to hitch up the steeds to the sleigh, as he meant to give the good animals a little exercise.

"They need a race now and then," he said. "Otherwise they'd get stiff-kneed and would feel clumsy when trying to gallop over shifting clouds and ragged treetops and uneven roofs."

After the ride of several hours Santa cried out to his reindeer: "Now to earth, my good fellows. And don't lag. We must be there just as the dark is falling over the land. If we wait till the moon comes out we'll be seen, and that would never do."

As the darkness settled over the land old Santa dropped from a fleecy cloud to the top of a tall church steeple. There he got out of his sleigh, told his reindeer not to move from that steeple and made his descent to the roof of a convenient house. And past the windows of hundreds of homes he darted, peeping into them and counting the new faces he saw for the first time.

"Lots of new little ones," he said to himself, smiling. "God bless them all. Well, they keep me busy throughout the year. And they are increasing so rapidly that I'll have to take several hundred assistants next year."

Then Santa returned to the high church steeple, and as he was getting into his sleigh the aged bell ringer, accompanied by his grandson of ten, came out of the church with a lantern in his hand. The little grandson looked up and cried out to his grandfather: "Oh, lookee, grandpa, there in the sky! It's Santa Claus and his rein-

deer. See them flying! Oh, now they are gone—clean through that white cloud over the church. Oh, grandpa, did you see them?"

"No, my son, and neither did you. Your mind is so full of Christmas just

now that you see things mentally. You just imagined that Santa and his reindeer were over the church. Why, it wants a whole week before Christmas, sonny, and Santa never comes till Christmas eve. Come along and don't imagine things like that any more." And the aged bell ringer swung his lantern and led the way along the snow covered path to his home, his little grandson, Sammy, following. But in Sammy's heart was a feeling that he had not imagined seeing Santa. He felt the thing had been real. "He was just peeping round to see where the good children live and getting acquainted with the chimneys," said Sammy to himself. "But grandpa is too old to understand. He hasn't cared about Santa for many, many years. But I do, oh, I do! And how I should love to slip away up into the church tonight and visit Santa's realm! But that would be impossible. It is not intended for boys to get off the earth, so Santa comes to them."

Just then Sammy's grandmother opened the kitchen door for them, and as Sammy entered the good old lady stooped and kissed him, saying: "I just had a letter from your cousins, Mabel and Ted, saying they were coming to spend Christmas with us and that they had written Santa Claus of the change of their address so that he could fetch their gifts here—along with yours. Bless the dears!"

And Sammy knew that Santa would do as his cousins asked him to, although grandpa laughed at the idea and said: "That is nonsense, good wife. Children should not believe such silly things." But Sammy knew a thing or two that grandpa did not know.

The "Little People's" Christmas.
Long ago, in Merry England, the popular belief was that the "little people" of the forest come at Yule time to join in the Christmas festivities with mortals. Now, it is well known that the "little people" do not like to be seen and will not venture where there is any possibility of prying human eyes finding them. So, in order to please their sprightly little guests, rich and poor provide the tiny friends with hiding places of thick green wreaths and festoons, where they can look on the revelries unseen.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

And silent all the children
Stood awestruck looking on
Till deep into the heavens
The bird of earth had gone.

I like to think for playmate
We have the Lord Christ still
And that still above our weakness
He works his mighty will;



HIS LITTLE SPARROW WENT SOARING TO THE SKY.

That all our little playthings
Of earthen hopes and joys
Shall be by his commandment
Changed into heavenly joys.
Our souls are like the sparrows
Imprisoned in the clay—
Bless him who came to give them
Wings
Upon a Christmas day.

I like that old sweet legend
Not found in Holy Writ
And wish that John or Matthew
Had made Bible out of it.

But, though it is not a gospel,
There is no law to hold
The heart from growing better
That hears the story told:

How the little Jewish children
Upon a summer day
Went down across the meadows
With the Child Christ to play

And in the gold green valley
Where low the reed grass lay
They made them mock mud sparrows
Out of the meadow clay.

So, when these all were fashioned
And ranged in flocks about,
"Now," said the little Jesus,
"We'll let the birds fly out."

Then all the happy children
Did call and coax and cry
Each to his own mud sparrow
"Fly, as I bid you—fly!"

But earthen were the sparrows,
And earth they did remain,
Though loud the Jewish children
Cried out and cried again.

Except the one bird only
The little Lord Christ made.
The earth that owned him master,
His earth heard and obeyed.

Softly he leaned and whispered,
"Fly up to heaven, fly!"
And swift his little sparrow
Went soaring to the sky.



PARENTS, this is meant for you. **THINK** it over, **TALK** it over and then **ACT**. The best present Santa Claus can bring your children is a little **DEPOSIT** in our bank. Be sure that Santa brings a book of this kind to your home. It will teach the children to **SAVE** and take **CARE** of their money. It will prove a **GOOD INVESTMENT** for you in the result on their **CHARACTER** in later years. Bend the twig **NOW** for future financial success.

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THE TRUE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT



The Goblins
A Christmas Story

IN an old abbey town a long, long while ago there officiated as sexton and gravedigger in the churchyard one Gabriel Grubb. He was an ill conditioned, cross grained, surly fellow, who consorted with nobody but himself and an old wicker bottle, which fitted into his large, deep waistcoat pocket.

A little before twilight one Christmas eve Gabriel shouldered his spade, lighted his lantern and betook himself toward the old churchyard, for he had a grave to finish by next morning.

He strode along until he turned into the dark lane which led to the churchyard—a nice, gloomy, mournful place, into which the townspeople did not care to go except in broad daylight; consequently he was not a little indignant to hear a young urchin roaring out some jolly song about a merry Christmas. Gabriel waited until the

boy came up, then rapped him over the head with his lantern five or six times to teach him to modulate his voice. And as the boy hurried away, with his hand to his head, Gabriel Grubb chuckled to himself and entered the churchyard, locking the gate behind him.

He took off his coat, put down his lantern and, getting into an unfinished grave, worked at it for an hour or so with right good will. But the earth was hardened with the frost, and it was no easy matter to break it up and shovel it out. When he had finished work for the night and looked down into the grave with grim satisfaction he murmured:

"Brave lodgings for one, brave lodgings for one, A few feet of cold earth when life is done."

"Ho, ho!" he laughed as he sat himself down on a flat tombstone, which was a favorite resting place of his, and drew forth a wicker bottle.

"Ho, ho, ho!" repeated a voice close beside him.

"It was the echoes," said he, raising the bottle to his lips again.

"It was not," said a deep voice. Gabriel started up and stood rooted to the spot with terror.

Seated on an upright tombstone close

TO HIM WAS A STRANGE, UNIDENTIFIED figure. He was sitting perfectly still, grinning at Gabriel Grubb with such a grin as only a goblin could call up.

"What do you here on Christmas eve?" said the goblin sternly.

"I came to dig a grave, sir," stammered Gabriel.

"What man wanders among graves



"SHOW HIM A FEW OF THE PICTURES," on such a night as this?" cried the goblin.

"Gabriel Grubb, Gabriel Grubb!" screamed a wild chorus of voices that seemed to fill the churchyard.

"What have you got in that bottle?" said the goblin.

"Hollands, sir," replied the sexton, trembling more than ever, for he had bought it of the smugglers, and he thought his questioner might be in the excise department of the goblins.

"Who drinks Hollands alone and in a churchyard on such a night as this?" "Gabriel Grubb, Gabriel Grubb!" exclaimed the wild voices again.

"And who, then, is our lawful prize?" exclaimed the goblin.

The invisible chorus replied, "Gabriel Grubb, Gabriel Grubb!"

The sexton gasped for breath.

"What do you think of this, Gabriel?" said the goblin.

"It's—it's very curious, sir; very curious, sir, and very pretty," replied the sexton, half dead with fright. "But I think I'll go back and finish my work, sir, if you please."

"Work?" said the goblin. "What work?"

"The grave, sir."

"Oh, the grave, eh? Who makes graves at a time when other men are

Again the voices replied, "Gabriel Grubb, Gabriel Grubb!"

"I'm afraid my friends want you, Gabriel," said the goblin.

"Under favor, sir," replied the horror stricken sexton. "I don't think they can. They don't know me, sir. I don't think the gentlemen have ever seen me."

"Oh, yes, they have! We know the man who struck the boy in the envious malice of his heart because the boy could be merry and he could not."

Here the goblin gave a loud, shrill laugh which the echoes returned twentyfold.

"I—I am afraid I must leave you, sir," said the sexton, making an effort to move.

"Leave us!" said the goblin. "Ho, ho, ho!"

As the goblin laughed he suddenly darted toward Gabriel, laid his hand on his collar and sank with him through the earth. And when he had had time to fetch his breath he found himself in what appeared to be a large cavern, surrounded on all sides by goblins ugly and grim.

"And now," said the king of the goblins, seated in the center of the room on an elevated seat—his friend of the churchyard—"show the man of misery and gloom a few of the pictures from our great storehouses."

As the goblin said this a cloud rolled gradually away and disclosed a small and scantily furnished but neat apartment. Little children were gathered round a bright fire, clinging to their mother's gown or gamboling round her chair. A frugal meal was spread upon the table, and an elbow chair was placed near the fire. Soon the father entered, and the children ran to meet him. As he sat down to his meal the mother sat by his side, and all seemed happiness and comfort.

"What do you think of that?" said the goblin.

Gabriel murmured something about its being very pretty.

"Show him some more," said the goblin.

Many a time the cloud went and came, and many a lesson it taught to Gabriel Grubb. He saw that men who worked hard and earned their scanty bread were cheerful and bappy. And he came to the conclusion it was a very respectable sort of work after all. One by one the goblins faded from his sight, and as the last one disappeared he sank to sleep.

The day had broken when he awoke and found himself lying on the flat gravestone, with the wicker bottle empty by his side. He got on his feet as well as he could and, brushing the frost off his coat, turned his face toward the town.

But he was an altered man. He had learned lessons of gentleness and good nature by his strange adventures in the goblin's cavern. —Charles Dickens.

Oh, Tender Tale Of Old!

Oh, tender tale of old,
Live in thy dear renown!
God's smile was in the dark—behold
That way his host came down.
Light up, great God, thy word,
Make the blest meaning strong,
As if our ears, indeed, had heard
The glory of their song.

It was so far away,
But thou couldst make it near,
And all its living might display
And cry to it, "Be here!"
Here, in the unresting town,
As once remote to them
Who heard it when the heavens
Came down
On pastoral Bethlehem.

It was so long ago,
But God can make it now
And, as with that sweet overthrow
Our empty hearts endow.
Take, Lord, those words outworn;
Oh, make them new for aye;
Speak—"Unto you a child is born,"
Today, today, today.

—Jean Ingelow.

Christmas, Christmas Everywhere.

"We have received our first Christmas gift," said a city man the other day, "in the shape of two little square, cube shaped paper packages of tea with Chinese characters painted all over them. They came from our Chinese laundryman."

"When we go for the washing and produce the ticket the Chinaman reaches for the bundle."

"Ninety cent," he says, and as we are reaching for the coin he reaches under the counter and produces from there those two little square packages, which he lays down beside our bundle. We don't know what's in them or why he put them there, and as we put down the coin we take up one of the packages and say:

"What's this?" And then says the laundryman, smiling:

"Kismus."

"And as we smile in return and pick up the odd little packets we think the Chinaman is really more or less adaptable to the customs of the country."

The Cradle and the Cross.

Calvary's cross out of mind, the full significance of Bethlehem's cradle is missed. The great lesson of Christmas is not half learned except our thoughts project themselves beyond the scenes of the Redeemer's birth to the scenes of his death and the relation of his humiliation and suffering to our redemption be borne in mind.

—Christian Intelligencer.

When Hope Was Born.

Rise, happy morn; rise, holy morn;
Draw forth the cheerful day from night.
O Father, touch the east and light
The light that shone when hope was born!
—Tennyson "In Memoriam."

CHRISTMAS IN SYRIA.

THE Rev. Dr. D. G. Howie, the well known Palestine missionary, describes a Christmas celebration at midnight in a mountain village in Syria:

"From different directions men, women and children bearing their flickering lanterns wound their way through the muddy, slushy, crooked and dark lanes under the falling sleet and over a thin layer of snow already on the ground. Men and boys entered by a huge door in the middle of the south wall and occupied the body of the church; women and girls entered by another south door and stationed themselves in the western division of the immense building, which is screened from the other divisions by wooden lattice-work. All stood erect, motionless, in the cold, comfortless and very dimly lighted and too airy building.

"A few had umbrellas, but waterproofs were unknown, and consequently many of them must have stood in partly wet clothes. The question did occur to me at the time as to whether many British people could be drawn out of their beds, out of their homes, at that hour of night in that kind of weather, fasting, to attend Christmas service amid such dismal, comfortless surroundings." —Tit-Bits.

Over the Christmas Cider.

See the steaming sleighbells
Smoking on the plate!
See the luscious icicles
Blazing in the grate!

Oh, the joys of Christmas,
Driving off dull care!
Hear the mince pies ringing
On the frosty air!

Hear the turkeys chiming
On the distant lea!
Christmas is the season
Best of all for me!

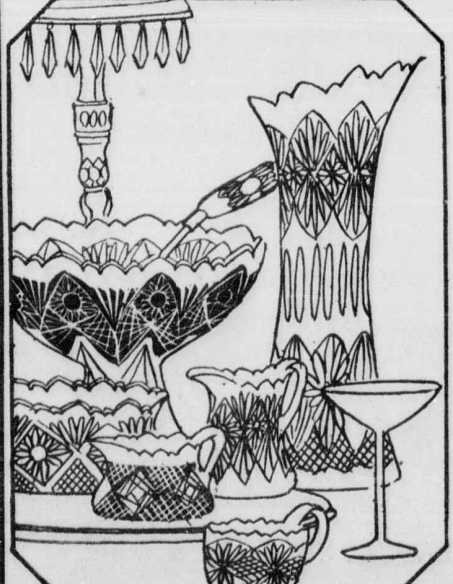
—Success Magazine.

GLAD TIDINGS



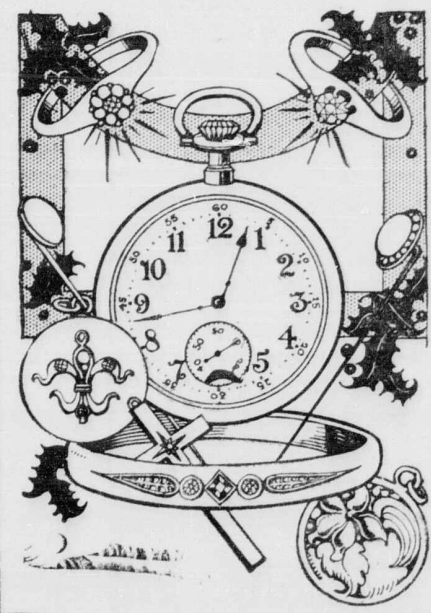
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WEEK TO CHRISTMAS
DON'T WAIT to Stop Until the Christmas Eve Rush!



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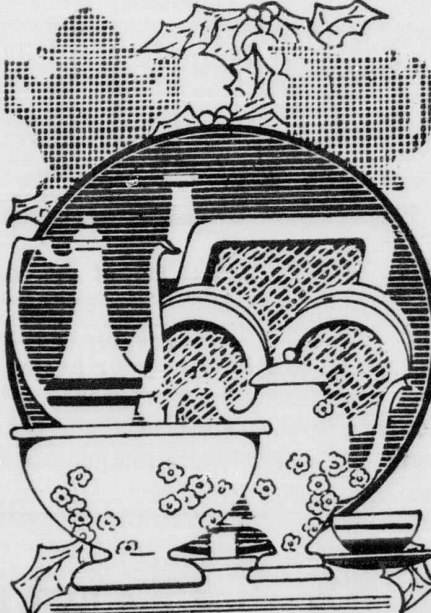
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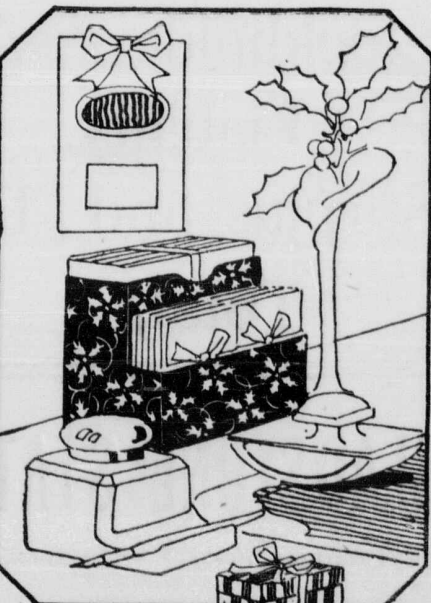
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