

# Jasper Weekly Courier

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## A Christmas Story.

Christmas is one of the large crimson days of the calendar—but the day before Christmas is pretty sizable, too. Blodgett found that it was too much for him.

Just think, on this day whose hours marked the approach of that season of home made punch and comparing Mr. Metcalf lived to make others happy, and he was only presents, Blodgett was attempting to induce acquaintances to take stock in a company organized to manufacture a new kind of buttonhole machine!

What do you think of a man who would attempt to infuse a buttonhole machine into the period of Christmas cheer, with yuletide, mistletoe, holly, festoons, nuts, candy, cotton batting and things?

He fell over a bale of evergreen. A tin mouse tumbles (with a coil of chalked string for an alimentary system) How the waifs did throng to the mission that Christmas ran between his legs. He saw a rubber balloon, shaped eve! Some of the tots were 18 or 20 years old and came like a bologna sausage. First it expanded until it threatened to burst in smoking cigarettes. Miss Rush, who was the moving end to pop. Then it shriveled away with a long expiring spirit of the celebration, had to stop two lights at the squawk. While he gazed, fascinated, he was struck in doorway and "churn" a Bohemian girl before the exercise by a horse—a large tin horse, carried by a wocesises opened.

Mr. Metcalf was in the back room, completing his make man whose hat had been jolted forward by the elbow of a man whose hat had been jolted forward by the up, with the assistance of three fussy women. The child

elbow of a sallow woman who looked like a hall tree hung down had been told that "Santa" was coming, and they were in such turbulent expectancy that the prayer, the

Blodgett observed that the tin horse which had hit him in the back was entirely without blanket or other covering made no impression on the buzzing, fidgeting crowd, while the tin wagon to which the tin horse was rigidly attached, was bundled and wrapped in tissue paper. It was supposed to be a lively march on the organ and Mr. Metcalf pranced in, swaddled and padded beyond recognition paper around the horse.

There was a foothill of blue and yellow candy marked "8 cents a pound" and beyond it a show window full of desirably, and said: "Aw, we knew who that is."

Mr. Metcalf paddled around the tile and shook hands with the maiden ladies, who were compelled to titter and

blodgett found himself blocked in the crowd. A boy eating sugared popcorn out of a big pasteboard box wriggled through the crowd and his head struck in the part of Santa Claus) thought it would be a pretty stone fakers kept up their hoarse shouting.

Blodgett escaped the crowding into the gutter a blue and frosted Italian who held aloft a polka-dot monkey the boys standing up on their side of the house. Mr. Metcalf's soul was bubbling with good will to men. "Gad to see all the little boys," said he, through the whiskers, assuming the gruff tone peculiar to Santa Claus. A poor

little waif, weighing about 160 pounds, seized Santa Claus by the hand and dragged him into the mob of boys, all of whom closed in on him. Santa Claus fell backward

What cared Blodgett for all these? He was promoting a button-hole machine. By excellent dodging through the multitude he reached the building in which Morris had an office.

"Where is Morris?" he asked. "St. Paul, to spend Christmas," replied the boy, as he over a chair with several boys on top of him, and Miss

laid his new muffler out on the desk and proceeded to fold Rush stood up and screamed. Santa Claus struggled to it, from corner to corner. So Blodgett went to see Talbot his feet and tried to escape, but the boys followed him.

They chased him all around the tree, and then a little

Talbot was at the phone, talking. Make that a half-Scandinavian boy, who had been laughing at the frolic dozen of the quarts, then," he was saying. "Don't forget until his face was wet with tears, stuck out his foot and the sherry, either. Say, will I need any rum? Huh? All tripped 'old Santy.'

right, put in a pint of rum. Hold on. Say, I want some As Metcalf fell his head hit one corner of the low

more of those cigars, too. How's that? Yes, I should trum. He rolled over and two boys who had been chasing him came up and stepped on him.

He found Talbot in. Good! The show was beyond the wildest expectations of the

"Talbot, if you have time, I want to—" children. All the little girls were standing on the chairs, clapping their hands hysterically, while the boys were

"Excuse me a moment. 'Hello! Yes. Oh, it's you, I've siasm. Two of the frightened maiden ladies led Metcalf

Billy. What's that? Rats! You've got to come. I've siasm. Two of the frightened maiden ladies led Metcalf

got enough wet stuff—how's that? Certainly not. Just back to the back room. He had a bump on his head, his

you and Tom and Ed Langley. That's right. Now don't nose was bleeding and one of his shins was barked for a

disappoint me. Goodby. What was it, Blodgett?"

"I want to talk to you about something that I think two boxes would be plenty. All right. Good-by. Hello Blodgett."

"Talbot, if you have time, I want to—" Barkety, bark! Old dog Tray

Br-r-r-r-r-r went the telephone bell. Took to his paws and ran away

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"It's on your desk."

"Look at my Christmas present, Blodgett, a silver flask and two cups. It was filled, too. Try it. I've got just

time enough to take a drink and then I've got to go to the train and meet my sister-in-law. She and my wife are going up to Dubois to spend Christmas."

"It's no need to talk to him," said Blodgett, as he left the building. "He'll drink himself to death before Saturday morning."

He went to Richard's office and found Richard trying on a Santa Claus wig and mask, under the direction of a young lady stenographer.

Blodgett did not have the audacity to mention button-hole machine.

He went into Newton street and was pursued by an express wagon.

A tottering old man tried to sell him a sawdust doll that had two faces, so that there could not be any wrong side to it.

Blodgett went to his hotel. The clerk said: "Go up to Philip's room. They're making eggnog."

And that was the end of his day's labor on behalf of the buttonhole machine.

KRIS KRINGLE may come to brighten life for the waifs, but Mr. Metcalf will not play the part.

Mr. Metcalf is a young humanitarian, with a thin neck and translucent ears.

Formerly he was associated with some maiden ladies in movement to make life happier for those children whose parents cannot afford to load the stockings with marshmallows and filberts.

One year ago the ladies at the mission decided to have a Christmas tree and Mr. Metcalf, having been their faith-

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of presents, Blodgett was attempting to induce acquaint-

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ture a new kind of buttonhole machine!

He went about the preparations in a glow of enthusiasm

First, he secured a fur overcoat from a man who works at

the stock yards and then he bought a cap at his own ex-

pense and borrowed a strand of bells from a livery stable

and a tin mouse tumbler.

One of the maiden ladies at the mission bought the Santa

Claus wig and whiskers from a dealer in masquerade cos-

play. He fell over a bale of evergreen. A tin mouse tumbler.

(with a coil of chalked string for an alimentary system)

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exercising back by a horse—a large tin horse, carried by a wo-cises opened.

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