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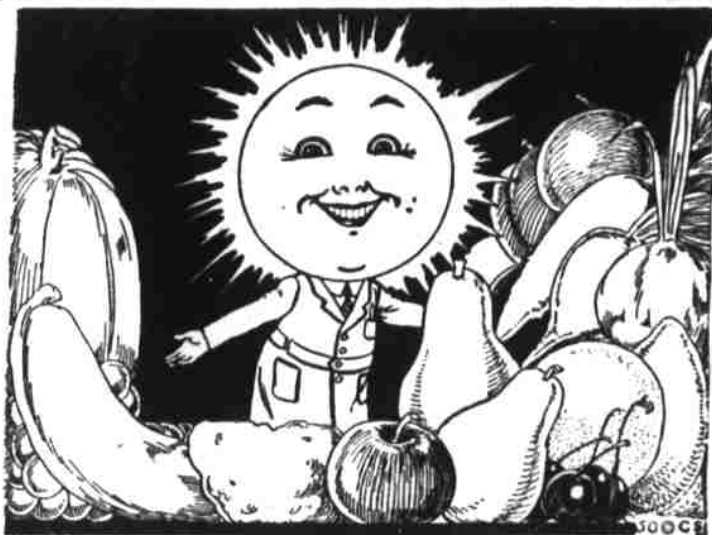
Larger food capacity, quieter operation, freedom from vibration, lower operating cost, a wider range of models, more precise engineering and manufacturing methods, greater beauty of design, proven dependability in service—these are the things that have made Frigidaire the outstanding leader in the electric refrigeration industry. Come to our display room, telephone, or mail coupon below for complete information.

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**The POOR-RICH MAN'S CHRISTMAS**  
 BY EDITH HOLLICK OLIVER

LOLIE who call on the inmates of furnished rooms either wait in the hall while the footsteps that brought the means of ingress go upstairs and become responsible for knocks somewhere in the darkness, or go downstairs into oblivion, leaving the caller to a personally conducted tour of exploration for the discovery of "two flights up;—th door."

The top floor at Mrs. Cawthorn's was an exception to furnished room rules, for two of the doors stood wide open all day. The one in front, facing north, disclosed a tiny, desolate room containing a narrow iron bed, a chair, a bureau furnished with meager toilet fittings, a trunk, and a corner curtained off for a wardrobe.

The door opposite disclosed an entirely different interior. In one window a bird in a brass cage sang above



blooming plants and in the other an old lady sat in a rocking chair when she was not peering out into the hall, or leaning over the banisters, or trotting about on visits.

Every morning precisely at 7:45 the door of the north room opened and a little, wizened shabby old man pulled the corner of the trunk forward to keep it so. Then he hung a very small empty aluminum milk can on his wrist, put its cover in his pocket, took up a neatly tied package of refuse and went away.

Mrs. Bascomb got his story from the servant the morning she arrived and found him a case after her own heart. He was Amos Blinks; he had lived in that room for ten years.

Christmas drew near and she was very busy making presents and planning surprises and treats among her multitudinous friends, but every time she passed Blinks' door her heart ached for him, and so the days passed and it was Christmas Eve.

She had been out shopping all morning; her arms were full of bundles and her heart of plans; but she glanced, as she always did, at Blinks' door, and what she saw there brought her to an abrupt stop with tears running down her cheeks. Poor old man poor old man! On the miserable bureau, among the meager toilet things there stood a Christmas tree, a very small one, and as desolate and bare as the room. The poor, proud old creature had Christmas in his heart. She would give him a surprise.

She selected the choicest of her purchases and laid them, gaily tied with red ribbons and bits of holly, on the foot of his bed. She hung the starlike little tree with bags of candy and all sorts of jolly trinkets, chuckling over his surprise and delight as she departed to replenish her stock for tomorrow's festivities. He would never know. Bless him.

That morning as he was going out the little woman with three children had popped her head out of the front parlor door and asked if she might leave her Christmas tree in his room so the children would not see it.

"It's the last place in the world anyone would look to find a Christmas tree," she said.

Blinks had borrowed three lumps of sugar from her when he had a cold and he had worried about having to buy a whole half pound to return it. This would cancel the obligation.

"If you don't make any mess," he said sourly and went out.

He had forgotten all about the tree when he returned that evening and he was even more than usually dour and bitter, for he could not avoid giving presents to the children of his partner and the janitor of the office building. It was one of the penalties of wealth. Thank goodness, no one at the rooming house had the ghost of an idea that he wasn't poor Amos Blinks, although he was Amos Blinks, the millionaire.

He stopped in the doorway of his room in a paralysis of amazement when he saw the tree and the presents, and then a smile infinitely sly and sneering broke over his face. He glanced at Mrs. Bascomb's door; it was closed, but he understood and chuckled. He heard steps coming stealthily upstairs, the little woman coming for the tree! He stripped it of its decorations with hasty fingers and carried it out to her.

"It's in my way," he said testily. The day after Christmas he deposited to his own credit at the bank \$1.50 which he had intended to spend on Christmas presents until Mrs. Bascomb gave him enough to go round, and keep a nice warm pair of socks for himself.

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