

Big Ben



A crackerjack of a Christmas present

Remember when you were a kid? The presents that were all shiny and bright and that "*worked!*" Weren't *they* the ones that you were proudest of?

Something for *your room*—something you could *use all year*—something like *big* people had in *their* rooms. The *sensible* presents appealed to you best when you were a *kid*. Think back a bit and see. Then think of Big Ben for those boys and girls.

Toys, of course, should never be displaced. It wouldn't be Christmas without them. But mix in *useful* things—things that develop *pride* and that make little people feel responsible. Give them presents to *live up to* and to *live up*

with. Don't make the mistake of thinking they don't feel the *compliment*.

Let *one* thing that meets the eye of your little boy and girl on Christmas Morning be that triple nickel-plated, jolly, handsome, pleasant looking, *serviceable*, and inspiring clock—*Big Ben*. See if you don't hear them say: "Why! Isn't that a crackerjack! Is that for me to use myself?"

Big Ben is a crackerjack-of-a-Christmas-present to give to any friend. He's two presents in one, a dandy alarm to wake up with, a dandy clock to tell time *all day* by. He stands seven inches tall. He's got an inner vest of steel that insures him for life—big, bold, black hands you can see at a glance in the dim morning light without ever having to get out of bed—large comely keys that almost wind themselves and a deep, jolly ring that calls just when you want, and either way you want, *five straight minutes* or *every other half minute* for ten minutes unless you flag him off.

Big Ben is sold by 5,000 Canadian dealers. His price is \$3.00 anywhere. If you cannot find him at your dealer's, a money order mailed to his designers, *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*, will send him when and wherever you say, attractively boxed and express charges paid.