

FOR TOM'S SAKE

A Tree Which Bore Good Fruit

By OTHO B. SENGA

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A MOST wonderful and gorgeous Christmas tree stood in the window of the great store of Warden & Joyce. All day a constantly changing throng of small admirers exclaimed at its magnificence and registered extravagant wishes before it.

Children richly clad and full of joyous anticipations, children in comfortless rags, who knew Christmas only by the sight of the happiness of others, stood side by side and gazed with longing eyes at the bewildering array of costly gifts and brilliant decorations.

A small girl of twelve or fourteen, with face unattractively old and sharp, unsmiling eyes, critically examined the tree in silence. Up and down, from side to side, her keen gaze wandered.

"I bet it's empty at the back," she finally muttered.

"Poor child! Her brief experience had already taught her the unreality and futility of many glittering things. She stepped quickly into the vestibule where she could see that part of the tree away from the window. A sudden joy flashed into her face.

"It's true—that tree is true," she whispered eagerly. "The back is as good as the front."

She hesitated an instant and then raised her clasped hands beseechingly. "God," she cried, "send me a tree for Tommy!"

Her intense longing made her voice sharply imperative, and the first word struck harshly on the ear of a richly dressed young lady who was passing close to her.

"You mustn't swear, child!" she exclaimed hurriedly.

"I wasn't swearing," the girl answered calmly, without resentment. "I was praying for a tree for Tommy."

An elegant carriage waited at the curb, and as the young lady stepped to



MISS STANHOPE GAVE ONE LOOK AT THE TALL MAN.

the sidewalk the footman threw open the door. She stood for an instant, as if thinking, and then, turning quickly, she went back into the vestibule, where the child was still standing.

"Will you come with me a minute? Out of the crowd," she added hastily as the girl faced her with surprised eyes and an unchildlike, repelling look on her thin face.

"Will you step into the carriage? Please do. I want you to tell me something, and it is so very cold!"

The girl seated herself on the luxurious cushions, the young lady followed, and the inwardly disgusted footman closed the door.

"Will you tell me your name and where you live?" the lady questioned gently.

The child regarded her earnestly. "Depends on who you are and what you want. You ain't a charity worker nor a slum visitor?"

The young lady smiled understandingly. "My name is Margaret Stanhope, and I live on Commonwealth avenue. You—you spoke of Tommy."

The girl's face softened. "Yes; he's my brother. My name is Maggie Taylor, and I live on Burnham street," adding with a return of her former manner, "but it ain't a slum street, and I don't want no charity."

Miss Stanhope smiled radiantly. "But I do, Maggie. I am so glad our names are the same. I need just what you do not—charity. Tell me something about Tommy." She lingered lovingly over the name. "Why did you pray for a tree for him?"

"Because he's sick. He's only twelve, and he works in an office, and his boss is away, and Tommy took sick after he'd gone. Tommy feels sure that if he was here he'd send his wages to him. Just the same, for he's a good boss and awfully kind to everybody, but the other man—his partner—is different."

"Maggie," said Miss Stanhope earnestly, "I wish you'd help me to have a happy Christmas. I am all alone in the world, without any one to care for me, and I want to do something for some one—for some one named Tommy, because—because six months ago I did a wrong and cruel thing to some one by that name. It would help make my Christmas happy if you would let me arrange a tree for your Tommy. Will you?"

The girl drew a long breath. "It ain't charity?" she asked doubtfully.

"Not to you nor to Tommy," answered

Stanhope joyously, "but it will be to me."

"For Tommy's sake," murmured the girl hesitatingly.

"For Tom's sake," echoed Miss Stanhope tenderly.

The unbecoming footman was still more disgusted when he was directed to make another round of the stores, and his bearing was absolutely frigid when he was required to carry a most unbecoming load of bundles up the stairs to the little home on Burnham street. That the indignity of a good sized tree was laid upon him also required the concentration of all his thoughts upon the generous wages Miss Stanhope paid to enable him to endure the present situation.

"I keep house for father and Tommy," whispered Maggie, leading the way, "Tommy's in the kitchen. I left him there in the big chair 'cause it's warmer. We'll take all these things in here"—opening the door of a neat sitting room—"and when we get the tree fixed I'll push him in in the chair."

Surely never before was a tree so quickly made to blossom and bring forth fruit, and it was a "true" tree, with gifts on every side.

Maggie surveyed it with joyful pride, her thin face losing its careworn look and becoming almost childlike with the flush of happy excitement.

"Miss Stanhope," she whispered positively, "prayers are answered—I know it now."

Always, in the way he thinks best," answered Miss Stanhope earnestly, adding in her heart, "Lord, I believe—help thou mine unbelief!"

"I'll bring Tommy in now," Maggie said, and went softly out to the kitchen.

She returned almost immediately. "His boss is there!" she exclaimed excitedly. "He got back yesterday. Ain't he awfully good to come so soon to see Tommy? Tommy looks better already! The boss 'll push him in."

They both turned toward the door as it was opened, and a big armchair with the sick boy in it was pushed carefully over the threshold.

Miss Stanhope gave one look at the tall man behind the chair and started forward.

"This is Tommy's boss," began Maggie, mindful of her duties as hostess, but the greeting of her two guests quite disconcerted her, for Tommy's boss caught the aristocratic Miss Stanhope in a close embrace, while Miss Stanhope cried penitently, "Oh, Tom, Tom, I have been so sorry, and I have wanted you so!"

The Origin of Santa Claus.
 Santa Claus is of German origin. This is true if only because that is the German name for St. Nicholas. That he is an old man is because in the ancient pagan feasts in celebration of the decay of the old year and the birth of the new an old man played the pri-

ncipal part. Among the Greeks and Romans it was Saturn, the father of all the gods, and among the Norsemen it was Thor, who was long bearded and white haired. That the saint is St. Nicholas is due to the fact that that venerable personage's feast day was celebrated at about that period. St. Nicholas was a bishop of Myra, who flourished early in the fourth century. He is the patron saint of children and schoolboys, and hence it was natural that he should be a part of a celebration when the children received gifts and when they were allowed to be "heard as well as seen."—New York Mail and Express.

Christmas in Rome.
 A characteristic sight which precedes a Roman Christmas is the so-called cotto, or sale of fish by auction, which is held at San Teodoro, near the forum, in the small hours of the morning, and every year attracts large crowds of buyers and sightseers. It is a sight worth seeing, the vast circular market literally packed with row upon row of baskets, in which the scaly fry are carefully arranged, the light glancing off their many colored scales in a thousand prismatic reflections, while the owner of each stall shouts at the top of his voice and the merry crowd goes round laughing and bargaining and trying to cheapen the fish, for at Christmas tide it often reaches fabulous prices, and one is reminded of the extravagance of the ancient Romans, one of whom is said to have paid 20,000 sesterces for a single gray mull.—London Mail.

Christmas Presents.
 The giving of presents on Christmas day undoubtedly owes its origin to a general idea to carry into practice the biblical mandate, "Peace on earth; good will to men." At first the great lords made presents to their retainers, and the season was marked by universal charity. By degrees the practice of Christmas giving spread until now everybody gives his or her friends presents.

Why Tommy Is Doing Penance.
 Grandma—Are you looking forward to your Christmas dinner, Tommy?
 Tommy—Yep, grandma, but not so much as Johnny Jones.
 Grandma—Why so, Thomas?
 Tommy—His grandma died last week, and he'll get all her Crissmus turky.

Changing Countenance.
 He changed countenance rapidly. Slipping on his face the Santa Claus mask, he made a triumphant entry into the parlor with the bundle of toys.

The Past Versus the Present.
 Oh, Christmas time is coming fast,
 So cheer up, girls; be pleasant
 And shake the fellow with the past
 For that one with the present.

The Animals At Christmas

SAID Santa Claus, "'Tis Christmas eve (The animals looked pleasant), And each of you will now receive His yearly Christmas present. But I'd be glad if every guest, Would mention what he'd like the best."

The Tapir said: "That pleases me. I'll state succinctly, therefore, If I may be so bold and free— It's only thing I care for Would be these matches on the shelf, With which I'd like to light myself."

His wish was granted. Then up spake A timid little Adder: "Sir, but a trifle it will take To make my Christmas gladder; A slate and pencil, if you please, Would let me do my sums with ease."

The Reindeer said: "You may believe I'd be a happy fellow If I were sure I would receive A good sized supercilious; And also I'd like four goshawks—Es and a rubber mackintosh."

The Pig a fountain pen desired; The Cow tin horns requested; The Horse, for a new hat acquired, His gratitude attested. The Caterpillar said: "I am Proud of my caterpillarsham."

So all of them were gay and glad, And they were happy, very; They liked the presents that they had And waxed exceedingly merry. Dear humans, at your Christmas feasts, Pray take a lesson from the beasts. —Carolyn Wells in Reader.

HIS CHRISTMAS SERMON.
An Aged Wayfarer Who Taught a Curate Contentment.
 An English clergyman declares that the best Christmas sermon he ever heard was preached by a woman—and in three words!

"In my little parish, under the sweep of the Sussex downs," he says, "I was walking swiftly home one night buffeted about by the gray clouds of driving rain that the fierce southwest swept landward from the sea when a poor, helpless, aged woman asked me for a trifle for a night's lodging."

"Curates are supposed always to be poor. It was Christmas time, and I had just parted with my last sixpence at a lonely hamlet where work was scarce. Still I could not leave my stranger in the street, so I asked her to come with me to my lodgings."

"She shambled along through the mud with her streaming clothes and clouted boots, and we entered my little room. My thoughtful landlady had made my table ready. A plate of hot toast was standing in the fender; the kettle sang vociferously, as if impatient to be used; in front of the fire stood my slippers and an easy chair."

CHRISTMAS AT SANDRINGHAM

How the Royal Family of Great Britain Celebrates.
 The royal family of Great Britain keeps up Christmas at Sandringham in a right royal and old fashioned way. Tasteful decorations with holly and mistletoe abound everywhere. Every one comes down to the dining room, where breakfast is taken en famille. Every one has presents for some one else. All the servants and tenants are remembered, so that there are many happy hearts on Christmas morning. Substantial joints, geese and turkeys, with other good things, have a delightful way of turning up at the very houses where they are most wanted.

After breakfast the royal family and guests and the ladies and gentlemen of the household go on a tour of inspection to view the decorations, and then, provided the weather is fine, they walk to church, which, of course, has been tastefully adorned in appropriate and approved Christmas fashion. On the entry of the king and queen the congregation rises—that is the only formality observed. The king's domestic chaplain takes the service—a bright choral service, with Christmas hymns and an anthem.

Then comes luncheon—which is the children's dinner—attended by the king and queen and other members of the family. The Christmas pudding is brought in, blazing up merrily, to the intense delight of the little princes and princesses.

The late afternoon is the most exciting time for the juniors. The doors of a certain room have been kept rigorously fastened since the previous evening, her majesty and other members of her family having duly dressed a large Christmas tree therein. The door is opened, and the whole party troops in, while the royal children evince the greatest delight at the Christmas tree ablaze with lights and weighed down with presents. Afterward all sorts of games are entered into with a heartiness and zest that must surely appeal to every one.

Dinner comes along at 8:45, to which all guests staying in the house and many of the household are invited by the king. The king and queen and guests assemble in the drawing room, first, and then a procession is formed, led, of course, by their majesties, who are followed in order of precedence by the others. The tables are laid in the grand salon. The guests are seated at small oval tables, the king and queen sitting opposite each other at one, and are waited on by special footmen. Boar's head, baron of beef and plum pudding are the staple dishes of the royal Christmas dinner.

After dinner there may be a dance or a command performance in the state ballroom, the walls of which are decorated by gorgeous Indian trophies presented to his majesty when he visited that country.—Pictorial Magazine.

A Thoughtful Husband.
 What is more touching at the holiday season than to see an old man planning a pleasant surprise for his aged wife? "It's trim! ter raise money enough ter git my wife a new dress for Christmas, sah," said Uncle Ebony to Mr. Featherstone.

"Ah, I see. You want me to give you some clothes to do, uncle, eh?" "Well, no, sah. I 'ought perhaps you could git de old lady a job at washin', sah!"

Jack (biting his lip) suppose that young Richman was comes to see you so often will give you such an expensive Christmas gift that you won't want the trifling present I can afford to buy you?

Marie (coolly)—No. I think you had better save your money for—er—future contingencies, Jack.

Christmas Times in Dixie.
 Oh, Christmas come ter de lan' er cotton— Bet you 'twon't be soon fergotten—
 Look away,
 Fer de Christmas times in Dixie!
 Don't keer ef de weather fair or murky— Big fat possum en a gobbler turkey—
 Look away,
 Fer de Christmas times in Dixie!
 —Frank Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

Christmas in Cornwall.
 In Cornwall Christmas eve is a special holiday with children, who are allowed to sit up till midnight and drink to the "mock," as the Yule log is called there.

The Universal Desire.
 She was superbly dressed in the pinnacle of fashion and would have been beautiful but for a certain stern, businesslike expression that rather marred the sweetness of her face.

First looking up and down, she darted swiftly into a narrow passageway and was soon knocking at a door emblazoned with the legend: "Signor Oleo Margerino. Clairvoyant. Future Foretold."

The door opened. "Where is the signor?" she nervously demanded.

"In bed, mum."
 "Horror! What's the matter with him?"
 "Nervous prostration, brought on by overwork."
 "Overwork?"
 "Yes, mum. Since September he's been busy peering into de future fer people wot wanted ter know de value uv Christmas presents dey wuz goin' to get so's they'd know how much ter spend on theirs."

Stiffening a shriek of despair, she sped away on the hunt for some other clairvoyant.—New York Herald.

A Topsy Turvy Party.
 A topsy turvy party is good fun at Christmas. Everything is done at this party "the other way around." For instance, a very small Christmas tree is fastened to the ceiling upside down. On the floor a number of packages should be laid. In the packages you must be sure to have the topsy turvy scheme. In all those intended for the girls you should put only such things as boys like or use, and the older the guest the simpler should the toys be. The next thing in this topsy turvy party after the distribution of the packages is to have some one enter the room dressed as Santa Claus with an empty basket on his back or in his hand, but instead of giving each person a present he must demand one from each person. Later on in the evening the guests play a game of forfeits, when they have a chance of getting back their gifts.

A Few Christmas Don'ts.
 Don't fuss, don't hurry, don't worry, don't fret. Christmas has come and gone many times and will come and go again. Don't do one single thing, then, for at least two weeks that will jar you into forgetting that it was the birthday of peace and good will.—Philadelphia Record.

Christmas at the North Pole.
 The candles burn on the Christmas trees; They burn with a ruddy flame, And the little Eskimo looks with glee Upon picture book and game.

He dances in ecstasies of delight, And he claps his hands for joy And then climbs into the branches bright, Where jingles the rosy toy.

Then with an expression of peace supreme And a twinkle of heartfelt fun The candles he places in a lotus dream And gambles them one by one. —R. K. Munkittrick in New York Herald.

Your Troubles Will Be Few

If you find it hard to think of a Suitable Christmas Gift for Him

COME TO FAUBLES

Your task will be an easy one. Everything that Man or Boy wears in large assortments. The right sort, the kind that you will like at satisfactory prices. It will cost you nothing to look at the many new and useful things suitable for Gifts THAT WE ARE SHOWING. A look can't hurt. IT MAY HELP. Try it.

FAUBLE'S.