

Santa Claus' Sweetheart.

[Continued from page 6, Section one.] They widened at the sight; then the smiles brimmed over, and her whole face broke up into glee.

"Oh, you're all ready for Santa Claus!" she cried. "My, how he'll have to work—there's such a 'normous lot! But he'll fill 'em all."

A deafening roar of laughter greeted her words and sent her, unerringly as a homing bird, back to her first friend, who still knelt on the floor.

It was the fault of her companions, surely, and not her own that the things that were so real and true to her were like myths out of fairyland to them because they had traveled farther down the stream of time.

By some remarkable law of coincidence the story and the cooking came to an end at one and the same moment. Nothing could have been more timely.

"Don't ye want to go to sleep, deary?" that short time had learned that their rougher ways frightened her, laughed gently among themselves.

"Terry O'Connor ain't a chick nor child an' never hed," old Jerome declared stoutly, as somebody ventured this solution of the difficulty.

Betty, who had been alternately blinking at the fire and smiling contentedly to herself for some time, now interrupted any dispute that might have arisen concerning her absent friend by giving utterance to a series of baby yawns.

She signified her willingness without delay, though first her stocking must be hung up among the others. He proceeded to draw it off, but before that could be accomplished he was led into the secrets the buttons on your shoes always tell—what you are to be what you will wear and in what manner you will travel through life.



"And please, God, take care of muvver and uncle and faraway daddy."

to get round, would never have passed it by. A rollicking little cheer went up at sight of the small red stockings swinging slightly to and fro in the breath of the fire.

"Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me; Bless thy little lamb tonight; In the darkness be thou near me; Keep me safe till morning light. Let my sins be all forgiven; Bless the friends I love so well; Take me when I die to heaven; There forever with thee to dwell."

She paused a moment. "And please, God, take care of muvver and uncle and faraway daddy and make Betty a good girl 'rever and ever. Amen."

It was very still all around, and usually when she finished her prayers a soft cheek was laid against her own, while a soft voice echoed "Amen," and that meant "My heart wants it to be exactly so!"

How quiet the room was! And this was Christmas eve—the time when each man was to do a stunt for the amusement of his fellows and the glory of himself.

eyes that had grown misty looked at him, some with resentment, others with curiosity and others again with reproach. Old Jerome's gaze held the latter quality. Nobody knew much about Shawe, anyway.

A bright red handkerchief, an orange one, a third as many colored as Joseph's coat, an old habitation sash worth its weight in gold to a comol-seur, a scrip set with a calumogom the size of a man's thumb nail—this from Sandy;—a (you mustn't laugh) pair of brain new suspenders and big and little coils that spelled liquor or tobacco to the givers and bow bought what pleased them infinitely more.

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Each Man Had to Wait His Turn to Stow Away His Gift.

had a pretty trick of carving, gave a really beautiful little frame which his deft fingers had made in the long evenings, and the cook, when no one was looking, slipped in his prayer book, though I don't believe any one that night would have laughed at his having it with him.

It was a very meager kit that he rummaged through again and again—one that he himself had packed, and when a man has to take care of himself he doesn't put in any useless traps, any what you'd call gewgaws, not when he is old, that is.

It had taken some time to play Santa Claus, for each man had to wait his turn to stow away his gift. There were no deputies allowed on this occasion, and the bungling fingers couldn't work very quickly—didn't try, if the truth were known.

How the glow spread and spread in their hearts, though the fire, banked for the night, was shining quite dimly

now! That mighty threefold cable of the Christmas tide—with its strand of inheritance, its strand of opportunity, its strand of affection—bound them very closely to one another. In that moment old wrongs and heartburnings, bitterness and rivalries slipped away, and they knew the blessedness of peace and good will.

[Concluded in next week's paper.]



How Santa Claus Won His Whiskers

A Christmas Bedtime Story For Children.

THIS is a story that Santa Claus himself told me, whispering it in my ear one Christmas eve before he climbed back out of my chimney and into his flying sleigh.

"Whee," said Santa Claus, nodding his brow; "this is hot work! And this biz, flowing beard of mine makes it hotter too. You know, I've only had this beard for 782 years.

"Well, toy time arrived. I packed a thousand hobbyhorses into my sleigh, a thousand drums and a full million dollies. Then I mounted to the seat and cracked my whip, and away, away went I, up to the sky, toward the far other end of the earth.

"Up, up flew my trusty reindeer, up into the topmost sky, up into the windy clouds.

"Oh, you should see those clouds! They were white, and they coiled about in the blue heights like soft, thin fleece.

"What do you think it did, this cloud? It hopped right around my neck.

"Heigh, what are you doing that for?" I asked. "You are trying to choke me, eh? And don't you know that I have to hurry down to earth to make all the little girls and boys happy by filling their stockings with toys and goodies? So let go—let go of me, do you hear?"

"The cloud 'st laughed and laughed. 'I'll do nothing of the sort,' it said. 'I'm going down to earth with you. And nothing will stop me. I've always wanted to go down to earth and see the earth children. And this is my chance—my great big chance. So here I stay, around your neck, until you have carried me down to earth.'

"But don't you know," I scolded, "that clouds aren't welcome on earth? Their place is in the sky and nowhere else. So please, please go away and let me be."

"Hee, hee, not I!" sang the cloud. "I love your neck. It's so nice and warm and round. And here I shall stay."

"Just then a brilliant idea struck me. 'Truly' I said. 'Will you stay right there forever and ever and follow me wherever I go on my travels through the wide world, up and down black chimney-pots, across steep roofs, over high steeples? Will you never forsake me?'

"No, no, never! I promise—never, never, if only you will take me down to earth with you!" cried the white cloud around my neck.

"Then huddle up close to my red chin," I replied. "Cling close to my puffy cheeks and keep them warm. From now on, presto, you are my WHISKERS!"

"And there you are. That's how I came to have this long, white, fleecy beard. Isn't it a pretty beard? And isn't it a pretty story?"

A Remarkable Christmas Tree.

Here is a novel idea for a Christmas tree. "It is not an idea that can be utilized everywhere," she says, "it belongs to the green oak of the Southern Christmas or the evergreen of the North."

"Last year an electrician was set to work wiring the oak, not stringing the tiny bulbs in the usual artificial festoons, but setting them more irregularly along the outermost twigs, where they were partially hidden by clumps of leaves.

"Packages lurked under limbs and swung in shadows. It seemed as if, watching in the shadows of the festoons, the out-of-doors, the freedom of the open sky, the touch of mystery night; lays upon all things, served to heighten and add zest to our own as well as their Christmas joy."

—Ladies' \$4.00 suede shoes reduced to \$1.98.—YEAGER'S Shoe Store. 49-2t



Indian Children at Christmastide

LITTLE Jimmy Red Eagle and his brothers peeped from under their red blankets long before daybreak on Christmas morning. They cast an eye about the tepee, but not for stockings filled with presents, for Jimmy and his brothers learned many years ago that Santa Claus never came to tepees.

On the Indian reservations of the southwest Santa comes to the little red schoolhouses dotted here and there along the trail. The teachers have arranged for his visit there every Christmas, and that day is spent under the roof of plenty distributing the presents that have been left there by unseen persons. It is a day of good cheer for those little brown people, who do not know much pleasure anyway.

The holidays are a continuous round of pleasure to the reservation Indian children of the southwest. They play their rough games and eat the candy and chew the gum. Their principal play is going on the warpath. That is for the boys, while the girls play at jumping the rope, making mud pies and cooking.

It has not been until within recent years that Kiowa, Comanche, Apache, Arapahoe, Cheyenne, Wichita, Tonkawa, Ponca or Osage children knew the slightest thing of a holiday, the birth of Christ, or even that there was such a person as Christ.

New York.—Since the outbreak of the war and the resulting increase in chemical projects in this country the demand for chemical engineers has grown so rapidly that the companies are finding it difficult to fill the many places that are now open.

IS LONELIEST OF PUPILS

Chillicothe, Mo.—Livingstone county has the smallest possible school in the world—it has just one pupil. But, despite the small enrollment, it keeps grinding steadily away, confining its activities principally to the text books and eschewing football and other forms of athletics.

CHILD SMOTHERS IN COTTON

Guthrie, Okla.—The nine-year-old daughter of Paul Richey, a farmer living near Prague, thirty miles east of here, was "drowned" in a pile of cotton in her father's field.

Anti-Girl Club Formed

Kendallville, Ind.—Thirty-five young bachelors of this city have organized the "Anti-Girl" club. To be caught taking a young woman to a theater, dance or other social function, or home from church, or even to make a social call, will cost the member \$5.

PRETTY PERUVIAN GIRL



Miss Teresa Granda y Pezet is an interesting addition to the diplomatic circle to the list of debutantes in Washington society this winter. Miss Granda is spending the winter at the Peruvian legation with her uncle and aunt, the minister from Peru and Mme. Pezet.

CAN'T PROVE HE IS DEAD

Will of a Man Who Has Been Missing Twenty-One Years, Offered for Probate.

Denver.—For the first time in the history of the Denver county court the will of a man of whose death there is no record has been lodged with the clerk of the court. It may become necessary to have the maker, George T. Sheets, declared legally dead before the instrument is offered for probate.

Sheets, a contractor, made the will in 1893. He was then seventy-two years old. A year later he disappeared. The family did not know of the existence of the will until a few days ago, when Attorney Edwin Parke discovered the document in his safe. Parke turned it over to the clerk of the court.

MORE JOBS THAN CHEMISTS

Scarcity of Engineers Shown at Columbia University Since Outbreak of War.

Indication of this was given at Columbia university when Dean Frederick A. Goetze of the graduate engineering school reported that he had received a call from a mining company for several chemical engineers familiar with the iron and steel industry, but that he has been unable to find any of the recent graduates who were not already well placed.

Santa's with each Girl and Boy Sharing in their Christmas Joy.

