Bellefonte, Pa., December 17, 1915.

#### 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. How could she feel strange or afraid in a place where-big, grownup men though they were-such signs of expectancy were so openly displayed? She slipped from the protecting arm and ran close to the. hearth, clapping her hands in delight.

"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." She threw out this balm in eager haste. "He's truly coming. He said so. If I'd gone home with him his house would have cracked to-to smither-eens, so I stayed."

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. But, resting against him, her fears vanished almost instantly, and, as she glanced around with renewed confidence, her pretty silvery laugh tinkled out to join their rougher merriment. The men pressed closer, one of them, the oldest. acting as spokesman. He was the man whose chimney had never seen any Christmas stockings hanging before it, the baby's sock being too tiny in that faraway year, but he seemed to know better than any of them how to ask just the right questions that would set free the little tongue. Betty climbed gladly up on his knee, and from her new perch poured forth an account of her wonderful adventures.

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. Much of what she said was unintelligible to their dull, grownup minds. But if each word had been of gold they could not! have waited for it more eagerly, and when she stopped in her recital of that marvelous journey to laugh at some remembrance of Santa Claus' fooling they looked at one another, smiling ir perfectest sympathy. Perhaps, after all, they understood. Who shall say: There was no interruption except when helped on the tale, and the only person to move was a tall, gaunt man, who bent mysteriously over the fire and

in your face and

"Don't ye want to

just what that is. By some remarkable law of coincidence the story and the cooking came to an end at one and the same mocould have been more timely. Betty's whole attention was quickly transferred to the tin plate which was placed before her, and her evident appreciation of the good things of life was so keen that the lookers

go to sleep, deary?" that short time had learned that their rougher ways knees again with another petition, frightened her, laughed gently among themselves. Well, they understood that ly Santa Claus." too! While she was busy over her supper, to the utter forgetting of her sur. pause that followed. roundings, several of the men went outside to see if they could find any in the warmest corner out of the besi traces of the recreant Santa Claus. They returned, after a hasty search, bringing in the barrel and bags-sufficient proof that Terry, despite all the covering about her. But his was convictions, wise head shakings and an alien touch, and through the room gloomy forebodings, had not failed there suddenly sounded a low, wailing them. He had kept his word. But the cry: mystery deepened. Who was the little maid? Aside from her name, which definite about her. The excited little trembled. "There, honey"brain only seemed to live over the im-

"Terry O'Connor hain't a chick nor child an' never hed," old Jerome declared stoutly, as somebody ventured this solution of the difficulty, "nor amusement of his fellows and the glothere ain't any kin b'longin' to him. Guess I orter to know-I've knowed him 'nintimut these thirty years"-

"Losh, man," interrupted Sandy. "then he just inveegled the bairn awa', makin' oot he was Santa Claus! The e-normity of it!"

"Oh, Terry must olluz be jokin'. It's his way," Jerome returned tolerantly. With his arm around the small form and the little golden head resting on his breast he was knowing one of the rare, happy moments of his life. There could be scant condemnation from him under the circumstances.

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. The discussion came to a speedy close, such signs needing no interpretation to her hearers.

"Don't ye want to go to sleep, deary?" the old man asked.

When this "sure as sure" knowledge stocking, and Shawe, imperiously sum- had no quarrels with him. He was a deputy, supposing Santa Claus unable



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

to get round, would never have passed old Jerome hazarded some remark that it by. A rollicking little cheer went up at sight of the small red stocking swinging slightly to and fro in the breath of the fire, but it died away on made something that smelled like-like the instant, for the child had slipped the most delicious thing in all the to the floor and knelt there by the old world. You have to ride for hours man's knee, her face hidden in her through the snow and feel the keen air chubby hands. Perhaps in the intense stillness she missed the voice that genbe as hungry as erally guided hers, for there was a mo a bear into the ment of hesitation on her part. Ther bargain to know she began to pray aloud, halting over the words:

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

ment. Nothing She paused a moment. "And please, God, take care of muvver and uncle and faraway daddy and make Betty a good girl f'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!" Now, however, no one spoke. Betty glanced wonderingly about as she rose to her feet, a trifle dazed and even frightened, but such on, who even in grave, quiet, kind faces looked back at her that swiftly she dropped to her

> "God bless ev'rybody an' most speshil-"Amen," said old Jerome in the

A bed had been hastily constructed materials the camp afforded, and thither Jerome carried the child. She nestled down drowsily while he tucked

"Muyver-oh, muyver"-

"There, honey! There, blossom"was an unfamiliar one to them, they the man's voice broke, the hand that had not been able to learn anything soothed was clumsy and old, and it

The men sat breathless-waiting mediate past, in which Santa Claus dreading to hear the cry again, but mohad figured so importantly, the fact ment after moment passed, and it did that she was his sweetheart apparent. not come. There was one little sob ly outweighing every other considerathen the dream fairy stooped with her comfort.

How quiet the room was! And this was Christmas eve-the time when each man was to do a stunt for the ry of himself. Generally on this occasion the lord of misrule held high carnival-the flowing bowl was like a perpetual fountain, and laughter, shouting and horseplay abounded on every side. There was rum in plenty since Terry had not failed them, but no effort was made to secure it. Desire of that kind was dead, it seemed. They were content to sit there listening to the soft rise and fall of the child's breath; the land of dreams into which she had slipped open to them also. And though it was so different from those other Christmas eves it was far from being dull. Into each heart there had crept a soft glow, which did not come from the blazing logs and which no grog, no matter how skillfully blended, could have given, for once again the presence of one of God's little ones made holy a humble place.

Shawe was the first to bring the still-

ness to an end. They had been sit-

ting quiet, nobody could tell how long

when he got to his feet. Noiselessly

as he moved he broke the spell, and

delay, though first her stocking must him, some with resentment, others be hung up among the others. He pro with curiosity and others again with ceeded to draw it off, but before that reproach. Old Jerome's gaze held the could be accomplished he was let latter quality. Nobody knew much into the secrets the buttons on your about Shawe, anyway. He was not shoe always tell-what you are to be one of them. He had come to the what you will wear and in what man camp some weeks before and would be you will travel through life, in gone in a day or so-up to Merle this carriage, cart, wheelbarrow or wagon, time, and then- He was a wanderer -some outcast, perhaps, from a better had been mastered he stripped off the life gone by. Nobody knew him. They moned, came close and put the wee good enough fellow, only not of them. packet, as she directed, way down in They watched him, therefore, almost its very toe. Then he hung it up in coldly, yet noting with jealous satisthe center, where even the blindest faction that he stepped warily as he passed from the room. Then they fell to thinking again-with a difference.

He came back after a short absence with a soft, dark mink's skin in his hand-a bit of fur that a woman's fingers could fashion into a cap to cover a child's golden hair-and went to the small stocking, cramming the gift far down to keep that other company. A breath of approval fairly twinkled around the room. The grave faces melted into smiling delight, and just as the circles widen in a pool of water A Christmas Bedtime Story ments to go to him. when a stone is thrown in, spreading farther and farther till the whole surface is disturbed, so every one present came within the influence of Shawe's action. As if by one accord the men hurriedly left their places, making scarcely any noise, yet jostling against one another in their eagerness to play at being Santa Claus, each man seeking out his kit and returning with big, flowing beard of mine makes it for those little brown people, who do what would be the likeliest thing to hotter too. You know, I've only had not know much pleasure anyway. The please a little child.

seph's coat, an old habitant sash ers yet. worth its weight in gold to a connoismassed into a dizzy pyramid at the Christmastide was past. top, so its mate was pressed into servgiving because another's choice was the far other end of the earth. cessarily the same. He added his "Up, up flew my trusty reindeer, up only one of its kind. Frenchy, who



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

had a pretty trick of carving, gave a 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 hav- have carried me down to earth.' ing it with him. The young fellow they called Kid-he was something of 'that clouds aren't welcome on earth? a dandy-added a ring of massive proportions. It wasn't gold, but he pretended it was and liked to wear it let me be.' when he went to dances to make the girls think he was a fine, up and coming man. And Jerome-poor old Jerome!

It was a very meager kit that he rummaged through again and againone 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. So he could find nothing there, and a search through his pockets revealed the same depressing poverty. He had nothingnothing but a certain battered snuffbox that had been his companion for so many years that it would be easier to imagine him without his head than without the box. He was evidently of that opinion, for he stowed it down in his pocket with an air of great finality. But nevertheless, polished to an almost glittering show of youth and filled with coins, it very fitly crowned the motley collection.

It had taken some time to play San ta Claus, for each man had to wait his turn to stow away his gift. There were no deputies allowed on this occa-



They Were the Most

Beautiful Things In

All the World.

they were the most beautiful things in all the world. spread in their hearts, though the fire, banked

for the night.

sion, and the

bungling fingers

very quickly-

didn't try to, if

men stood back

She signified her willingness without eyes that had grown misty looked at 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. bitternesses and rivalries slipped away, and they knew the blessedness of peace and good will. Happy? There was just one thing to make them happier-the merry voice of a little child greeting the misty light of the Christ-

> mas dawn. [Concluded in next week's paper.]



# How Santa Claus Won His Whiskers

# For Children.

my chimney and into his flying sleigh. roof of plenty distributing the pres-

his brow; "this is hot work! And this seen persons. It is a day of good cheer this beard for 782 years. Before that boys forget their bashfulness and min-A bright red handkerchief, an orange I used to be clean shaven, and I'm not gle with the girls in their anxiety to one, a third as many colored as Jo- quite used to this white set of whisk-

"Though, dear me, I don't know seur, a scarfpin set with a cairngorm what I'd do without my whiskers. the size of a man's thumbnail-this They are quite the nicest part of me, from Sandy!--a (you mustn't laugh) next to the gifts I take to little boys pair of brand new suspenders and big and girls. Well, when I was young. and little coins that spelled liquor or 782 years ago, I longed to have whisktobacco to the givers and now bought ers. I thought that there never could what pleased them infinitely more. be anything so wonderful as whiskers, Of course one stocking couldn't begin and made up my mind to have a pair to hold the gifts, though they were -a long, flowing pair-before another

"Well, toy time arrived. I packed a ice and crowded likewise. There was thousand hobbyhorses into my sleigh, a distressing similarity in the presents a thousand drums and a full million when you came to think of it. espe-dollies. Then I mounted to the seat cially where handkerchiefs were con- and cracked my whip, and away, cerned. Still, no man withheld his away went I, up to the sky, toward

contribution proudly, as if it were the 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. They seemed to be doing a sort of dance-a windy, hoppity jig, flying this way and that way, up and down, around and about. And the moment I in the classes and schoolroom. came into their midst the very largest. It has not been until within recent whitest, flee jest of them swept to- years that Kiowa, Comanche, Apache, ward me

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

for? I asked. 'You are trying to choke a person as Christ. But when the resme, eh? And don't you know that I have to hurry down to earth to make things were taught, much against the all the little girls and boys happy by desire of the old Indians, who did not filling their stockings with toys and goodies? So let go-let go of me, do you hear?

"The cloud just laughed and laughed. 'I'll do nothing of the sort,' it said. 'I'm going down to earth with you. really beautiful little frame which his 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

> "'But don't you know,' I scolded, Their place is in the sky and nowhere else. So please please go away and

> "'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 chimneypots, 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.

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, the truth were but setting them more irregularly along the outermost twigs, where they were too soon the joy- partially hidden by clumps of leaves. Our active man-of-all-work fastened the gifts about the branches. We did not use the old ornaments of former Christmases. they seemed tawdry and trifling against radiant eyed, the immensity of the oak. Instead the looking at those tree bore actual fruit; oranges, bunches bulging little red of bananas, pineapples, gleaming yellow stockings as if among the leaves; grapes, red apples, bound to small stems; gay bags of candy and nuts swinging in unsuspected places

"Packages lurked under limbs and swung in shadows. It seemed to us, watching in the shadows that the charm How the glow of the out-of-doors, the freedom of the s p r e a d a n d 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 was shining quite dimly to \$1.98.—YEAGER'S Shoe Store.



# Indian Children at

Christmastide ITTLE Jimmy Red Eagle and his brothers peeped from un-

der 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 Clauses never came to tepees. In the first place, there is uo chimney in the tepee, and, secondly, there is no fireplace. The teacher was responsible for this, of course, this tale which buzzed in their little brown ears and made them sad. But the Red Eagle boys and girls were not discouraged because Santa had not come to their tepee and forthwith made arrange-

On the Indian reservations of the southwest Santa comes to the little red HIS is a story that Santa Claus schoolhouses dotted here and there himself told me, whispering it along the trail. The teachers have arin my ear one Christmas eve ranged for his visit there every Christbefore he climbed back out of mas, and that day is spent under the "Whee," said Santa Claus, mopping ents that have been left there by unshow their presents. At noon the teachers set out a dainty lunch, such as is not known in tepee life, and the aunt, the minister from Peru and Mme. little fellows and their sisters gorge themselves. The afternoon is spent in entertainment, partly by the little fellows and partly by the teachers and the older girls. A neat program is arranged, and songs, recitations and charades follow. At eventide the little ones are carted home in buggies and there go to sleep and dream of great

things that are to come into their lives. The holidays are a continuous round of pleasure to the reservation Indian children of the southwest. They play their rough games and cat 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. Indian girls of late years have been elevated above their former position, of waiting on bucks, to lace making, painting and studying and teaching music, until some of them are quite proficient in this line. The little girls are not allowed to play with the boys on the same playground, although the teachers advocate their association

Arapahoe, Cheyenne, Wichita, Tonkawa. Ponca or Osage children knew the slightest thing of a holiday, the birth "'Heigh, what are you doing that of Christ, or even that there was such care to have their offspring reared in demand for chemical engineers has the path of the paleface, whom they so despised. The mothers used to move are finding it difficult to fill the many their tenees close to the reservation schools, and every night they would try to worm out of the child everything the teacher had taught her during the day. Progress with the red children was thus delayed until an order against the women coming near their children during the school season was issued and enforced. The little girls are quick to learn, and the boys are apt and witty.

> Why They Sing at Christmas. In modern times the Christmas waits are bands of men and boys who on Christmas eve parade the streets of towns and villages in England, singing carols and accompanying themselves on simple wind instruments for presents from the houses in front of which

Santa's with each Girland Boy 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



#### PRETTY PERUVIAN GIRL



Miss Teresa Granda v Pezet is an interesting addition from 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

# 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.

-Since the outbreak of New York. the war and the resulting increase in chemical projects in this country the grown so rapidly that the companies

places that are now open. 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.

## LONELIEST OF PUPILS

Missouri Youth Has School and Teach er All to Himself-Sports Are Eschewed.

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.

The school in question is in district No. 2 in Medicine township and Miss Mary Phillips is the teacher. The list of matriculants has not been published. When the term began five weeks ago, it was anticipated that a number of children would enroll, but only this one boy came, so the teacher started in with the course.

## CHILD SMOTHERS IN COTTON

Little Oklahoma Girl Digs Hole in Pile and Then Accidentally Tumbles In.

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.

When the little girl was missed, her parents started out to search for her. Her father finally saw her shoes on top of the huge mound of cotton, and closer examination disclosed her body buried, head first, in the fluffy mass. She evidently had dug a hole in the pile and then accidentally fallen into it, the loose cotton packing about her and smothering her.

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. The "high cost of entertainment" is given as the cause for organizing.