

Santa Claus' Sweetheart.

Continued from page 6, Col. 4.]

the other occupants of the room with a look of deepest gratitude. How good every one was! Her thought was plainer to them all than the most eloquent words would have been. Indeed, words were not necessary at all.



"Dear, my little own!"

Betty in the silence turned and, still resting in the encircling arm, smiled right and left on her many friends. Then her eyes came back to the face she loved so well, and she patted it with fond fingers.

"It's the very happiest Christmas now," she laughed; "thout you 'twasn't half so nice. Did dear Santa Claus bring you too?"

"You can never guess," Elizabeth Shawe answered, the delight in her voice vibrating like a bell. "It was

Though he was the youngest of them, he knew how things were managed out in the great world. Therefore he escorted Mrs. Shawe to the seat of honor with his very best company manner, and there never was a manner like it anywhere, so his comrades heartily declared, and I'm quite sure they were right.

The great barrel chair which Jerome usually occupied was drawn up to the center of the hearth, and as soon as her mother was seated Betty brought all her new treasures and displayed them with great pride, while the men nudged one another slyly as the former owners were recognized. No matter how hard they tried to appear unconscious, a quirk of pleasure or a I-mustn't-appear-as-if-I-had-ever-seen-that-before look was a sure indication when all other signs failed. And Betty always found them out, shouting gleefully at each discovery, while her mother smiled in gratitude, no less pleased than the little one. Well, why shouldn't they be glad, too, to give all that pleasure? Somehow there was such a cozy, comfortable feeling about it they felt good all over, and they couldn't keep quiet. That was too much to expect. So the old room rang again and again with their mirth.

"Sing to us now, dear, my little own," Elizabeth Shawe said when the gifts had been duly admired. "Sing the old song about this blessed day."

Betty leaned against her mother's shoulder within the happy circle of her arm.

"You, too," she whispered; "just like we always do?"

"Yes, darling; in our own way."

The child's glance went round the room, taking in the joyful faces that smiled back at her in friendly fashion; then she met her father's eyes, and, reaching out, she took his hand in hers, drawing it close, until it rested on that other hand above her heart. A moment later she began to sing in her sweet little throat of a voice:

"I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas day—on Christmas day;
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas day in the morning."

Elizabeth Shawe took up the next verse:

"Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem
On Christmas day—on Christmas day!
Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem
On Christmas day in the morning!"



THE LITTLE CAROL BECAME A MIGHTY TRIUMPHAL CHORUS.

some one far better and kinder than Santa Claus, though you and I, darling, have much to thank that old man for, and we'll bless him all our days. Listen, sweet."

For a moment the woman bent close to whisper in the rosy ear; then, as if she realized that the men who had been so tender to her child had earned a right to share in the new found happiness, she told the story aloud. She spoke very simply so the little hearer might understand—indeed, it was meant chiefest for her—but the others crowding near were not denied a glimpse of the great joy the morning had brought into three lives.

"Not daddy," Betty screamed as the full truth dawned upon her; "not my very own, own daddy!"

She didn't wait for an answer, but ran swiftly to Shawe, who was standing just behind, and threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, you won't be a faraway daddy ever more, will you?" she cried.

"Never any more," he answered brokenly; then he gathered her close to his breast and kissed her.

The men looked on shy eyed and silent in the presence of that boundless content. Who could speak? Betty's laughter as her father released his hold and she slipped to the floor acted like magic upon them all. In a moment a deafening hubbub filled the room. After it had subsided a little the Kid, who had served as master of ceremonies on several occasions, assumed the leadership.

It was Betty's turn:
"And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas day—on Christmas day;
And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas day in the morning."

Again there came the fuller, richer tones of the sweet antiphony:

"And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas day—on Christmas day—
The voices of mother and child blended in unison, filling the room with happy, rippling music:

"And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas day in the morning."

At a signal from Shawe the men joined in the next verse, waiting for the first line to be given and then going on with the simple iteration until the little carol became a mighty triumphal chorus:

"And all the souls on earth shall sing
On Christmas day—on Christmas day;
And all the souls on earth shall sing
On Christmas day in the morning."

"Dang thet hick'ry!" old Jerome grumbled in the hush that followed. "It do set a man splutterin' ez never was!"

THE END.

In Our New World.
The immediately and directly, consequential effects of the European war on the trade, industry and finance of the Americas are more or less apparent to all. Its moral effect, the quickening of national and individual conscience, is likewise apparent to many thoughtful observers; but we are apt to lose sight of the fact that another quickening is being felt in the industrial world, throughout all the western hemisphere, and that is a better realization of the verities of national existence, a fuller comprehension in each republic of just what its place is in the congeries of nations called the world, of how best to maintain this place and to secure the fullest fruition to which the resources and capabilities of each country entitle it.—New York Telegram.

—Have your Job Work done here.

GIVE US MEN.

Give us men!
Men—from every rank,
Fresh and free and frank,
Men of thought and reading,
Men of light and leading,
Men of royal breeding,
Men of faith and not of faction,
Men of lofty aim or action,
Give us men—I say again,
Give us men!
Give us men!
Strong and stalwart ones;
Men whom highest hopes inspires,
Men whom purest honor fires,
Men who trample self beneath them
Men who make their country wreath
them
As her noble sons
Worthy of their sires!
Men who never shame their mothers,
Men who never fail their brothers,
True, however false care others;
Give us men—I say again,
Give us men!
Give us men!
Men who when the tempest gathers,
Grasp the standard of their fathers
In the thickest fight;
Men who strike for home (and altar
(Let the coward cringe and falter),
God defend the right!
True as truth, though lorn and lonely,
Tender—as the brave are only;
Men who tread where saints have trod,
Men for country and for God;
Give us men—I say again,
Give us men!
—Bishop of Exeter.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

As the Magi came bearing gifts so do we also—gifts, that relieved want; gifts that are sweet and fragrant with friendship; gifts that breathe love; gifts that mean service; gifts inspired still by the star which shone over the City of David, nearly two thousand years ago.—Kate Douglas Wiggin.

A small log a foot long, hollowed out and filled with holly, may recall the traditional Yule log sufficiently to explain its presence. A miniature Christmas tree standing upon a mound of holly is not new, but nothing better seems to have been found when it is desired that some trifling souvenir or nonsense-verse or "fortune" (hidden in gilded walnuts) be given to each person present.

"If you are looking for an unusual Christmas gift for your mother, a girl friend or any woman, the bandbox is sure to offer the answer to the problem. Gay bandboxes of every material and color are the vogue. They are often employed, too, to give an effective note of color to the bedroom, and so are sure to prove welcome gifts.

Haven't you noticed how dingy the top edges of blankets get from rubbing against the faces of the sleepers? This is especially true about the blankets on the beds of children, no matter how particular mother is about their daily baths. An ingenious woman conceived the idea of neatly basting pieces of old sheeting along the tops of the children's blankets, thus making a sort of binding on the blankets about eight inches deep on both the under and the upper sides. When the protector thus made becomes soiled it is easily removed and washed, as it takes but a few minutes to replace it. Such a protector would be a welcome gift at Christmas time if it were embroidered. A strap of linen sheeting as long as the blanket and about eighteen inches wide should be scalloped and buttonholed along the four edges. In the center of the linen thus scalloped, near the lower scalloped edge, should be worked a monogram and any further decorative needlework that one cared to put upon the gift.

Playing-cards, when first introduced into England, were looked upon purely as a Christmas pastime.

A Christmas Plum Cake—"The most attractive sort of a plum cake for the Christmas supper table," says a writer in the December *Woman's Home Companion*, "is one decorated with a wreath of holly. And when the wreath itself may be safely eaten and forms, moreover, the most delicious portion of the cake, it is especially desirable to know how to make it.

"First the cake must be smoothly and thickly iced with a rich boiled icing. Then the leaves are arranged on its surface while the icing is still a little soft. To make the leaves, slice green citron in thin transparent slices, and from them cut leaves in the shape of the holly leaf. A genuine holly leaf may be used for a pattern; have your knife sharp and you will find this making of the leaves a simple matter. When the wreath is formed place small scarlet candies at intervals among the leaves to simulate the

berries. A design of leaves and berries may also be arranged in the center of the cake.

"Mistletoe wreaths are made in the same way, the leaves being slightly longer and more pointed in shape than the holly leaves. Mistletoe berries are formed of white candies. Such a decoration is best on a chocolate iced cake."

A pocket work case containing all the necessary articles for mending is a god-send to the traveler. The most compact little case is made of a round piece of ribbon; any small scrap of about seven or eight inches in width may be utilized. At the center is sewn a flat needle-holder, made of an octagonal piece of flannel—a square with the corners clipped off—which is bound with narrow satin ribbon. This is slightly padded and filled with needles of all sizes. One side is left unattached to form a thimble pocket. Arranged about this are four spools, two of cotton, two of silk, strung through the ribbon which holds them in place. Tiny scissors, tape, buttons, and all the other little conveniences of the work case are placed inside this circle of spools. The border of the case is bound with narrow ribbon; small loops of the same are fastened at intervals; through these ribbon draw-strings are threaded.

In the midst of many suggestions as to how we may best preserve and set forth the Christmas spirit, the story stands as perhaps the most lasting and satisfying answer. Gifts shall be given, the poor shall be fed, and the needy supplied. But above these worthy and needed means of shedding abroad the Christmas spirit, the Christmas story hangs like a Christmas star a higher and a brighter means, lovely though the rest may be.

Plan definitely for the Christmas story hour. Let it be the quietest hour of Christmas day, perhaps in the late afternoon when the gifts have been examined and enjoyed and the romping fun is a bit quieted down. Or, best of all, let it be Christmas night, before the open fire.

Any pretty trifle made to contain pins makes a very acceptable gift for Christmas. A traveling convenience that is as useful at home as abroad is made after the manner of the old-time needle book that rolled up. The foundation of it is a strip of ribbon or silk—morocco and chamouis can also be used, likewise canvas—about six inches wide and 20 inches long. Lay this flat on the cutting board and cover it with two thicknesses of cotton batting; put a layer of coarse white flannel next to this, and then one of coarse-holed white net. Bind the edges neatly together with a satin ribbon matching the outside of the convenience, and then turn up four or five inches of the bottom of the strip and tack the ends to form a pocket. About five inches from the top put a plump pincushion with corners reaching to the strip edges; have this an inch and a-half deep, and stick it full of vari-colored pins—blue, green, red, pink, white and the ordinary sorts. They will look best if stuck in some ornamental manner. In the space above the cushion put black and white safety pins in several sizes, and below the cushion run a number of the invisible hairpins through the holes to the net, but still in a way to permit the strip to be rolled up. A spool of white thread, a penny thimble, a paper of needles and a tiny pair of scissors are useful things for the pocket, or it could contain several packages of cheap assorted hairpins.

SHOOTING MATCH.—A rifle match, at which over \$25.00 in prizes will be awarded to the winners, will be held near Noll's store, Pleasant Gap, on Christmas day.

RED CROSS CHRISTMAS SEALS.—Fifteen million Red Cross Christmas seals have been distributed throughout Pennsylvania, and of this number Bellefonte has received fifteen thousand for sale here. These seals are now being sold in various stores and by young ladies and boys, and the people of Bellefonte are urged to help the good cause by purchasing liberally of these stamps. If you cannot get them anywhere else, stamps may be procured at this office.



The Centre County Banking Company.

"STOP, LOOK, LISTEN!"

A Lawyer received \$10,000 for suggesting these words to a railroad. The sign, "Stop, Look, Listen!" saved the road many thousands of dollars in damages. It's a good sign. It's worth \$10,000. Wise people are often warned by a similar sign on the road of extravagance. They stop in time. How about yourself? Think this over seriously. A bank account is the Best Kind of Security at any time. If you haven't a bank account now, start one at once. Any account, however small you are able to begin with, will be welcomed and carefully conserved at

THE CENTRE COUNTY BANK,

BELLEFONTE PA.

Shoes. Hats and Caps. Clothing.



Don't Worry

You Can Get it at

FAUBLE'S

Everything For

MAN OR BOY.

FAUBLE'S

BELLEFONTE,

58-4

PENNA.

Shoes.

Shoes.

YEAGER, You Are Crazy

What are you going to do that for?

This is what a friend of mine said to me, the other day, when I told him I was going to

REDUCE PRICES

on Shoes. He said—Why do you want to cut prices, right in the height of the season? My answer to him was, well to be frank with you

I NEED THE MONEY,

and that is the way to get it—give the people some Extra Values and you will get the money.

Yes, I Need The Money and You Need the Goods,

so this is the reason that I have made some Wonderful Reductions on Shoes. So if you are in need of Shoes, you will find that I am doing just as I say, selling

GOOD SHOES, NEW SHOES,

at a Reduced Price. Call at my store and I will prove my assertions. But please remember, you must bring your pocket book along.

These Prices are for CASH.

H. C. YEAGER,

THE SHOE MAN,

Bush Arcade Bldg,

58-27

BELLEFONTE, PA.