



HE CLIMBED RIGHT DOWN THE CHIMNEY



Jacques' Christmas

By Eleanor E. King

BLIZZARD was brewing, were blowing in whirrs around corners and down the street. Huddled down in his coat stood a newsboy of some eight or nine years. His face was drawn with the cold and he beat his hands against his sides to keep them warm. Last-minute Christmas shoppers, hurrying along to get their various errands done, gave no thought to the little fellow who pestered them with his papers. He ought to have known better when they had so many things to think about.

"Yeh, all the news—the latest news. Won't cha buy one, mister? I only have a couple more." He looked up pleadingly into the face of a passer-by.

"Sorry, sonny," smiled the man. "got one here now that I probably won't ever get a chance to read—so busy," and he hurried along his way.

The rush of pedestrians subsided a moment. The boy singled out a young woman, as he said, "She looks kind I'll try her."

"Yeh—all the latest news—just out—won't cha buy one, please, lady? I only have a few."

She opened her purse and started to hunt for the money.

"I've just got to sell these papers out early tonight, 'cause it's my last chance to buy that doll. You know, my little sister, they say, isn't very well, and the only thing she says she wants is an orange for Christmas, but I know better." He paused for breath.



"She wants a doll, but she thinks she can't ask for it 'cause we haven't money for dolls. I have, though," he said promptly. "I've been watching a doll in one of the windows here. I'm going by tonight and get it."

"What is your name, son?"

"Jacques and my sister's—ma petite soeur—Marthe."

"Zshack?—What a queer—"

"No; it isn't," he said, anticipating what she was going to say. "My mother is French. Those names are beautiful—to us," he added after a pause.

"Where do you live, Jacques?"

"Sixty-nine Kensington Square. Top door, back two rooms, I've got that put now, haven't I?"

"Yes, you won't get lost right soon," she replied as she put her arm around him, and gave him a gentle tap on the shoulder. "Merry Christmas, Jacques," and she was on her way. She stopped a little way down the street, however, wrote something down, then hurried on.

Another half hour found Jacques hugging an orange and a little doll under his coat as he trudged along home. When he opened the door a little voice started chanting, "Frere Jacques, Frere Jacques—you're late tonight."

"Yes, Marthe. Today I was talking to Santa on the corner, and he said he was awfully busy. He this year."

"Oh!" said Marthe in a disappointed tone.

Jacques' mother was sewing busily upon a garment she was intent upon finishing. Tomorrow was Christmas.



and no sewing was going to be left over to bother her.

Marthe's bedtime came, and Jacques fixed his presents in preparation for the morning. He had found a Christmas tree branch in the street, and this he made into a little tree under which he placed his gifts.

Christmas morning dawned brightly in the little French home. Jacques' surprise was complete, for Marthe went into raptures over the tree and her presents. She alternately hugged and kissed her doll, keeping up a constant chatter to it in French. The orange and a few other presents that she had found under the tree she put on the shelf, so that she could admire them while she rocked her doll.

Jacques had had his surprise, too—"Give and it shall be given unto you"—for his two packets under the tree had grown to be six or seven.

"Mother," he said, "I think I will have to try my new mittens and see exactly how warm they are." So saying, he slipped into his coat and pushed on the door. What ailed it? Was it frozen shut, stuck, or what was the matter?

With his mother's help the door was opened. To their surprise they found that a huge pile of packages had been the cause of their trouble.

Jacques gave a cry of delight as he pounced upon the bundles. His mother was just as excited as he, as she helped carry in the stuff.

Then followed one of the happiest hours the family had ever known—whole two-dozen oranges and all sorts of wholesome food. Jacques' mother fairly wept with joy.

Santa remembered us after all, mother," said little Jacques, "and he left this note on one of my presents. Look, mother, it says:—

"I hope you will always be as thoughtful of your sister, Jacques. A Merry Christmas and a Bright and Happy New Year.

"SANTA CLAUS."

late afternoon and growing a little dark.

Suddenly Sally's pigtails stuck out straight behind her in surprise.

"What's that?" she whispered, and her eyes were big as saucers.

"Where?" asked Jerry, a little startled too.

"I saw something white flit in at the door!"

"So did I."

The children looked cautiously around. Nothing was to be seen.

Just an ordinary room, a bright fire and two children in front of it.

"Funny—" mused Sally.

There was the faintest rustle by the clock on the mantel. It sounded like snowflakes talking together.

"There! I heard something again!" said Sally.

Both children stared at the clock for that was where the sound came from.

It was quite dark by this time, except for the light from the logs, so it was natural that Jerry and Sally did

The Snow Fairy

By Martha B. Thomas

DON'T suppose two noses were ever pressed more forlornly against a window glass than those belonging to Jerry and Sally. If you were to look at them from the outside, in their front yard, for instance, they would not seem like noses at all; you would say that Jerry and Sally had small, white pears on their faces, and pretty squashed pears at that! This is what a window-glass does to two children who have the whooping cough and are standing as closely as possible against the nearest thing to getting out—a window.

Jerry dug his fists down into his pockets and looked as cross as a bear. Sally blinked very fast to keep the tears from rolling down her cheeks and her two pigtails quivered unhappily.

"We'll miss the party and the games and the goodies . . . and every thing!" she wailed.

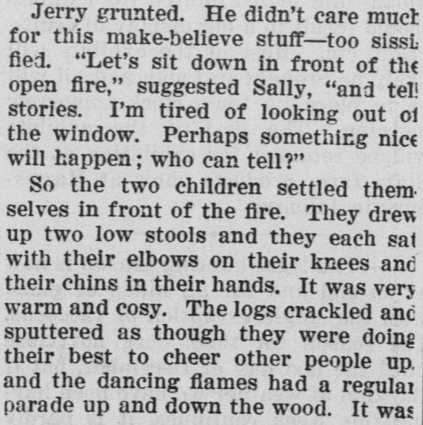
"I don't care about the old party!" declared Jerry scornfully. "What I want is to get out and make a snowman. Look at all this perfectly good snow going to waste! I call it a shame!" And you would have thought by his tone that all blizzards were invented for the express purpose of giving little boys the opportunity of playing in it.

"Mary Randall's going to wear her new pink dress and her slippers!" sniffed Sally, "and I have a red dress and new slippers too-o!" This last thought was almost too much, and one and down her cheek. Jerry pretended not to see it. Perhaps he was having trouble with his own eyes, though of course boys never cry, not even when tomorrow's Christmas and everything is spoiled because of whooping cough.

"Mother said we should have to have a party by ourselves and make believe that lots of people came to it," said Sally.

Jerry grunted. He didn't care much for this make-believe stuff—too sissy, fied. "Let's sit down in front of the open fire," suggested Sally, "and tell stories. I'm tired of looking out of the window. Perhaps something nice will happen; who can tell?"

So the two children settled themselves in front of the fire. They drew up two low stools and they crouched with their elbows on their knees and their chins in their hands. It was very warm and cosy. The logs crackled and sputtered as though they were doing their best to cheer other people up, and the dancing flames had a regular parade up and down the wood. It was



"I Call it a Shame!"

gurgled! He forgot all about that tooth that was making so much fuss about coming through. I left him kicking up his heels and crowing like a young rooster."

Sally and Jerry laughed.

"Shall I dance for you?" asked the Snow Fairy politely.

"Oh, yes!" beseeched the children.

Up jumped the white little person, and in the twinkling of an eye she had begun. The children never saw such dancing in their lives. Never!

The Snow Fairy prouetted on top of the clock; she whirled like a crystal prism. She jumped down and made a low bow to the china shepherdess, and then the shepherdess threw away her crook and danced with the fairy. Away they went, whirling and hobbling and turning and dipping. They jumped over vases; they pecked out behind pictures, they fairly flew through the air until you could not tell which was the Snow Fairy and which the china shepherdess.

Jerry and Sally clapped their hands and laughed until they could laugh no longer. They forgot all about parties and new slippers and making snowmen.

Then the strangest thing happened. They could not see the Snow Fairy at all. She wasn't there, and if you'll believe me, the china shepherdess was standing stiffly in her old spot as though she'd never had a thought of moving in her life.

"Dear me!" said Sally rubbing her eyes.

"Dear me!" said Jerry, rubbing his. Mother came in soon after that. She stood smiling down upon them.

"Both you children were sound asleep on your stools when I was in here before. Do come and have something good to eat. I have a little party all ready for you."

And Sally and Jerry never said a word about the Snow Fairy. But they were as cheerful as cherubs the rest of the day.

not at first see the little person perched on the edge of the mantel.

"How do you do?" asked a tiny voice. It tinkled like a fairy sleigh bell.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Sally.

Jerry just winked his eyes very fast "Here I am up by the clock," tinkled the voice again.

And sure enough, there she was indeed! The children saw her now. A wee, slender bit of a thing about the size of a sweet pea. And she was the whitest creature you could imagine. Snowflake ruffles with crystal trim ming, icicle jewels in her hair, and eyes bright and frosty as stars.

Jerry and Sally gasped. Sally wanted to jump up and hug her. But you can't do that with a Snow Fairy; she'd melt all to pieces in your fingers and then where would you be?

"I have come to pay you a little call," laughed the fairy, "because I like to talk with children who are full and can't go out. I just came from a house down the street where a baby is having a tooth. Such a cunning baby! I played hide and seek under its chin, and you should have heard him

Our Christmas

WHEN the shades of evening gather And the Christmas time is here And you go home from your labor To enjoy the Christmas cheer— When the Christmas tree is lighted And the children gather 'round, There is one thing must be present If the greatest joy is found.

There must be inner conscience Telling you with truthful voice That you've done something for someone That will help that one rejoice— Some poor stranger, widow, orphan, Someone that you did not owe. Ah, the gift need not be costly To relieve another's woe.

And the greatest gift at Christmas That a person ever received Was to know that through his efforts Someone's suffering was relieved; For the Master, on whose birthday All the Christmas gifts are given, Will see that act and send to him A Christmas gift from heaven.

—Thomas G. Andrews in Kansas City Star.

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His First Christmas Tree

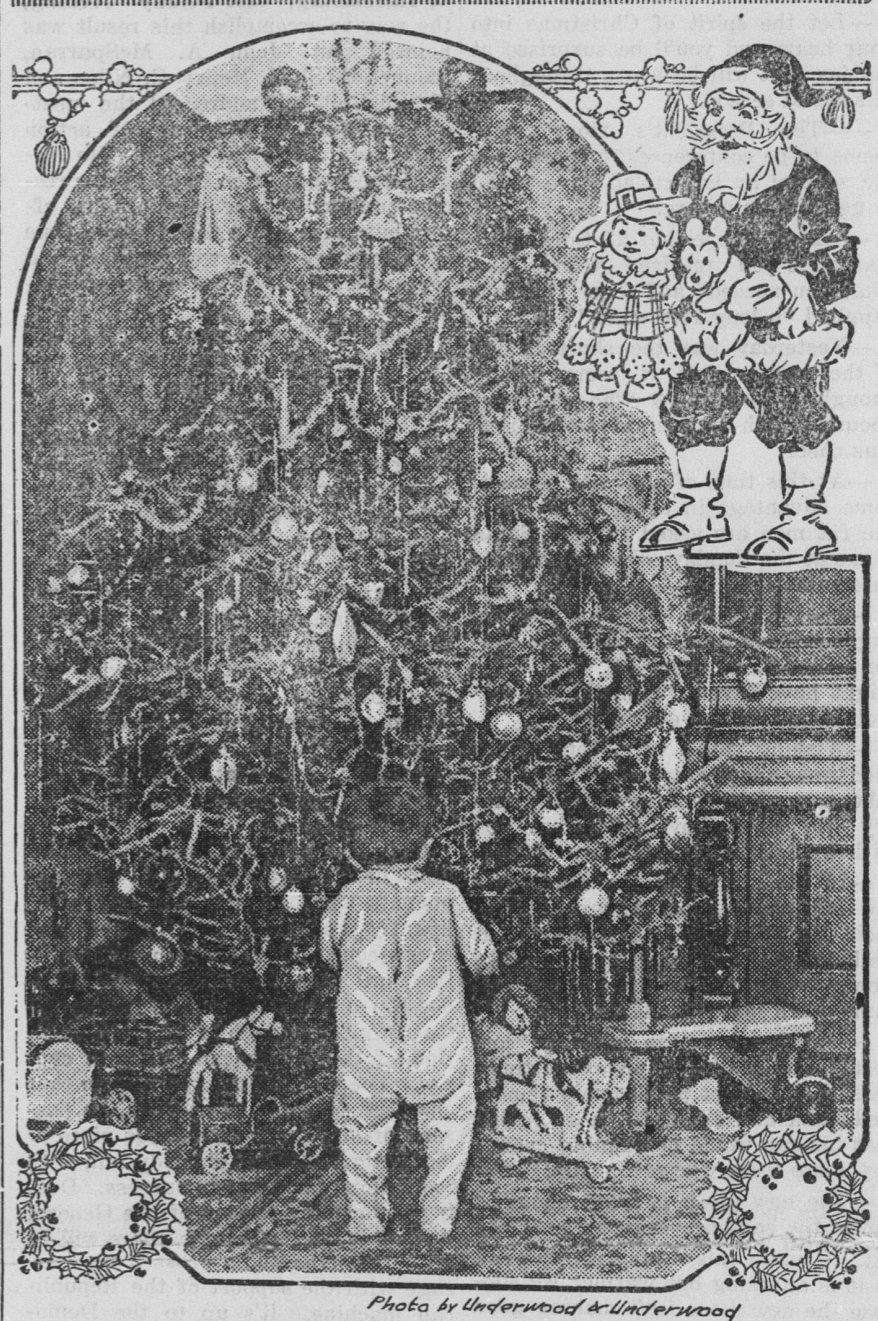


Photo by Underwood & Underwood

The Holiday Spirit

CAN there be anyone who does not polish up his holiday spirit by reading Dickens' "Christmas Carol"? Is there anyone who does not give himself the fun of skimming down the slide with Bob Cratchit and laughing at his comforter, "three yards long, exclusive of the fringe," stream out behind him like the woolly tail of a kite?

Is there anyone who does not creep up the cold staircase with Old Scrooge and shiver into his dismal room, there to eat a small and lonely bowl of porridge with the crusty old gentleman?

Is there anyone who does not love Tiny Tim and his wee, brave crutch? And Mrs. Cratchit, who can cook a goose to beat anything thus far accomplished in the history of mankind?

And then, when we follow the Spirit of Christmas Past, can anyone fail to be moved by the forlorn little figure of Old Scrooge as a lad, left in loneliness at school during the holidays? Could anything be more pathetic?

Has anyone such astounding control of his feet that he can prevent them from dancing at Mr. Fezziwig's party? And where is the impossible person who can suppress a cheer at that remarkable gentleman's performance with his legs? "If such there be, go, mark him well," for he has no pleasant places in his heart for these delightful humors.

And then the damsel with the "lace tucker"! Dear me, what a chase she gave one interested young man in Ellid Man's Buff! And how he paid her up for it in a certain shadowy corner of the room; how he did, indeed! But she liked it. Oh, yes, she liked it very much indeed, did the damsel with the lace tucker!

Then to return to the Cratchit family, who is there to resist the simple toast of Tiny Tim, a toast of five words that encompasses the hope of all men:

"GOD BLESS US, EVERY ONE!"

Raisin Macaroon Ice Cream. One quart cream, 1 cupful macarons (1 doz.), ½ cupful sugar, ¾ cupful finely chopped raisins, 1 teaspoonful vanilla.

Heat cream in double boiler. Dry macarons in oven and roll. Add macarons, raisins and sugar to the cream. Flavor and chill. Freeze.

CHRISTMAS LETTERS

SOMETIMES a letter means more than all the cards and gifts in the world. Why not send a Christmas message by letter this year? A bright holiday seal stuck at the top will introduce your remarks in a jolly fashion, and then you may continue with whatever you think friendly and suitable. This is a cheap method in the actual expenditure of money, but a rich outlay of thought for those you love. Have you not discovered that something somebody does just for you is more precious than a present bought in a hurry? Christmas letters bring great joy. Try some and see!

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The Piper in the Subway

THERE is a contrast to the holiday atmosphere as one passes into the dark and damp underground way out of the great depot. A chill strikes upon the soul as well as upon the body. The passer hurries on to escape into the light and cheer of the street. He hugs his Christmas packages a little closer and tries to whistle himself into something like gaiety.

Suddenly he is startled and helped by the tones of a merry tune and discovers the old blind man who has long haunted the dismal place. For years this unfortunate has made it his one business to stand there and pipe up the falling spirits of travelers. His face has refused the marks of darkness and his soul has kept gladness behind its closed and curtained windows. As one stops to leave a token and a word of appreciation with him he says, "Thank you; I don't know as I ever did anybody any good; some people don't like it."

SURE ENOUGH. Jimmie: Sister says she expects a handsome present from you Christmas. Cholly: Handsome? Maybe she means me.

