

Bellefonte, Pa., December 17, 1926.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

Just for today, dear God, give me the faith That gilds each star to eager, childish eyes, And paints in smoke-wreaths blue the chimneyed wraith

Of reindeer speeding far through Christmas skies.

Let me again, as in the days of old, Slip hand in hand, with every face a friend In every tinsel-shine find purest gold, And treasure-trove at every rainbow's end.

Let me forget the pretense and the show, The mummery of those who give-to take, And thrill once more through Christmas candle-glow

While carol-echoes set while streets awake. I would shut far from me the wiser years,

And close my ears to wisdom's gain--and

I would be blind to Want and Woe and Tears, Nor test each hauble-sheen to find the dross.

Lord, let these Christmas bells sing back the dream:

Give me my world this day, glad, undefiled, From primrose-dawn to hollied taper

In all the sure, sweet vision of a child. -By Martha Haskell Clark.

"NARY CHRISTMAS."

Old Madame Channell, who was eighty that month, woke on the morning following Thanksgiving Day with a vague sense of impending disaster. It was a moment or two before she could classify it. Then she remembered that it was the date on which Hildegarde, her eldest daughter-in-law, appeared during the forenoon to conilt with her regarding the plans for their exceptionally merry Christmas.

"My land!" she said aloud in an exasperated whisper. She resolutely turned her face away from the light and tried to sleep again, but inexorable habit was too strong for her. It was almost half past five, and she still rose at that hour, winter and summer, dressing herself and her wisp of silver hair without calling her maid. This custom was a source of much annoyance to Hildegarde and other members of the family, but a great comfort to the maid and herself. She waited to hear the hall clock strike the half hour, and she thought a little of staying in bed and sending down word that she was not well, but she knew this subterfuge would avail her little. It would merely delay matters. unless, indeed, she was able to summon up a mortal malady, and she had no intention of doing that for at least ten years.

' She dressed herself with quick and capable fingers, and was ready long before a sleepy-eyed maid brought up her breakfast tray. Old Madame Channel despised food on a tray, but Hildegarde had explained to her, very gently and brightly, that it was hardly fair to the rest of the household to write on Christmas tags and tie up have the disturbance of Grandmama breaking her fast in the dining-room ribbon and springs of holly for the and the chill gray dawn at a little after six. Whenever Hildegarde explained anything, she did it so firmly and so thoroughly that there was no possible room for argument left; the subject never had to be brought up

Hortense, her maid, appeared shortly before eight, and did something to her hair, and dusted flesh-colored powder over her thousand-wrinkled face and manicured her hard little brown claws. Then Humphrey, her chauffeur, sent in to know at what hour she would like to drive, mentionthat (Mrs. Henry Channel was Hildegarde) had suggested the afternoon, as she had an engagement with Madame for the morning. When she had agreed to three

o'clock, her companion, Miss Fisher, came up to her sitting-room, bringing with her the book which she was reading aloud. Miss Fisher was a large, soft woman with a singularly expressionless face, and she always read books which appealed to her personally-mild, well-bred books with a gently sad ending; but it did not matter in the least, because the old woman never listened. She had plenty of things to think about or, at least, to remember. She had been alive for eighty years, and she had borne eight children and reared eleven-a dead sister's brood added to her own-and light fiction left her rather cold. She was slight and small, and very brown and weathered-looking, and Hilde-garde told her friends that it was amusing and very touching to see how dear Mother Channell clung to her quaint old-fashioned diction. Madame Channell knew, as a matter of fact, that the safest diction for her to cling to was silence; she never shocked or embarrassed anyone so long as she kept still, and she kept still a great deal of the time.

She felt it was only fair to make Hildegarde as comfortable as possible, because Hildegarde did so much for her comfort, as witness, Miss Fisher. The old lady hadn't thought that she needed a companion, but her daughter-in-law had; and if Miss Fisher hadn't added to the sum of Madame Channell's happiness she had to everyone else's in the family. She had lifted a great load off their minds. Now they could say, "Oh, Mother Channel" (or Grandmama, if it happened to be the second generation) "is with her companion, you know, Miss Fisher. Such a nice woman, and devoted to We feel we are very fortunate in securing her. She is really very unusual.'

Madame Channell didn't know wherein her companion was unusual except that she was unusually duil; but she presently got used to her and minded having her about very little. At eleven o'clock she looked up from her knitting and spoke: "When you

rel?" she inquired archly.
"I guess they'll keep," said Madame
Channell. "There's Hildegarde now." The companion went softly out of

the room by another door as Mrs. Henry Channell entered it. She was a high-colored, heavily handsome woman with a buoyant step and manner, and she bore down upon her little old heartiness.

"Good morning, Mother Channell! yesterday, are you? Sure you feel like starting our Christmas plans?"

never feel any more like it than she did then, or any less, so she merely nodded and went on with the bed jacket she was knitting for a bazar.

Hildegarde had a sheet of monogrammed note paper and a beautifully sharp pencil, and she set to work at once to make her lists. "The same once dear old program, of course," she said—" a reading of the Christmas Carol at three o'clock on the afterdance for the older boys and girls, and the tree, of course, and a midnight supper, and the Christmas waifs singing under the windows, and then per that evening for the young peo-ple—" Her pencil flew smoothly over the page.

half under her breath. "Yes, Mother Channell?" Hilde-

garde looked up alertly. "That's what you do every single, solitary year!" She felt the other's questioning surprise, but she went doggedly on. "Don't you ever want a change? Don't you ever want to do anything different?"

"What have you in mind, Mother Channell?" asked Hildegarde patient-"Have you something to sug-

"Well, I don't know's I have," her

special, but—"
"Why, dear Mother Channell"—she was gently reproachful now-"you, of all people, to want to change the beautiful old Christmas customs! all your dear ones around you—your children's children—and their children! Why, the way you have always

kept Christmas is proverbial! You are the very spirit—"

"All right, Hildegarde, all right," said the old lady, hastily. "Let's go on with the plans."

The rest of the plans, beyond notes as to caterers and orchestras and decorators, were concerned with gifts. Madame Channell had twelve of the first generation and twenty-two grandchildren and five great-grand-children to remember; but, strictly speaking, she didn't really have to remember anything, for Hildegarde remembered everything and everybody for her. All she had to do was to sign write on Christmas tags and tie up parcels in tissue paper and red baby ribbon and springs of holly for the ribbon and springs of holly fo checks for the next two weeks, and personal—she ties them up herself, and writes on the cards in her little old trembling script. We really can't realize what Christmas means to her!" rigidly to her own suite of rooms, exfamily that she had come to believe it to her. herself. Madame Channell, who was slightly as deaf as the family supas the old woman was cannily aware,

rose to go. "And where shall you drive this afternoon, Mother Channell? In the park? It is still very By the sixteenth, she was spending beautiful in the park—we've had such

a late fall." Madame Channell evaded her eyes. 'No, I guess I'll drive down-town, was to write: Hildegarde. There's something I want

Mrs. Henry halted on the threshold. "Can't I do it for you, Mother Chan-nell? Or one of the maids; or Miss Fisher? I think it's so much pleas- mama."

shortly.

Hildegarde's carefully shaped eyebrows went up. "Must you, really?

Mr. Badger is always so glad to come

him for you?" want to go. I want to see Dave were very much annoyed with the law

The sun went swiftly under a cloud. idea of-"

Old Madame Channell put down her knitting, and there were two red spots shrill.

Mrs. Henry closed the door very quietly and came back into the room. She was breathing a trifle quickly, but her voice was calm and kind. "I don't think you quite mean that, Mother Channell." (Hildegarde had such when the girl had jammed on her er Channell." (Hildegarde had such a clear, logical brain that she fre-brakes to avoid running over a lame quently knew what people meant bet- dog-traffic had prevented her turnget to the end of the chapter you leave him a nice little legacy, because might as well stop, Miss Fisher. Mrs. Henry's coming up to talk Christmas with me."

"I mean," said her mother-in-law steadily, "that he's going to be writs a slip of a girl in the driver's seat, had "seen thrown through the glass front and seen thrown through the glass front and sustained to the country through the glass front and sustained through the glass front and sustained through the glass front and sustained some bad cuts. Young Dave Quincy, catching sight of Madame Channell's car careening at a mad pace with a slip of a girl in the driver's seat, had

antly. "That was the end of the ten into my will, and share like my chapter, just there. Must we leave own grandsons. That's what I mean. the lovers in this bitter, bitter quar- "Don't you think that will seem-

rather odd—to people, when we have so many splendid lads of our own

blood?" "I guess it won't seem any odder, nor as odd, as it would for a fuss to be made over it," said Madame Chan-nell grimly. She knew she had Hildegarde there. Her will would be sacred. "That's what I'm going to mother-in-law with a great deal of Badger, Coates, and Badger's for today. I've let it go too long. He won't know anything about it-young Dave. Did you have a fine, restful sleep? There's enough young ones round here Not too tired from all the festivities yesterday, are you? Sure you feel money coming to them." Miss Fisher rapped discreetly and presented her Madame Channell knew she would large soft face at the door. "Come on ever feel any more like it than she in," said the old woman. "Mrs. in," said the old woman. "Mrs. Henry's going. We're all finished. Now you can see how those fools made it up.

She left Miss Fisher in the limousine that afternoon when she went up to see her lawyers. When she had firnoon of Christmas Eve, then a high doing astonishingly well; they were and we dash to the Receiving Hospital tea for the wee ones, and a dinner really extremely pleased with his pro- and deliver our consignment of woundgress. She received him in a small overflowing. He was a big, rangy boy with a thick thatch of fair hair "My land!" said the old woman, of cheerfulness. That young Dave was the grandson of Father Channell's dearest friend was part of Hildegarde's legend; but Madame Channell never disputed it. The fact was Channell had been a hard-working, hard-headed, hard-drinking person about whom, as he would have been the first to admit, there was no foolishness. There had been a good deal of foolishness about the first Dave Quincy. He liked to hunt and fish and play the fiddle much better than he liked to chop wood, and, consequently, mother-in-law muttered, subsiding. "I he had not amounted to very much, don't know's I've thought of anything nor had his son, who was very like nor had his son, who was very like him. But David Quincy the third was going to amount to a great deal; old Madame Channell had pledged herself that. It hadn't been romance at all, according to the dashing mod-Think of what they mean to you, with dern standards of her grand-daughters; she had been much too busy with her own eight children and her dead sister's three, and the cooking and washing and mending and gardening and butter-making and the chickens, and she had held certain quaint notions (she was quaint even then) that being married to Hank Channell, while it might not be her pleasure, was her business. Dave Quincy had helped her with her meager flower garden, and played the fiddle for her, and carried the heaviest things, and made foolish little jokes, and that was about all there had been to it; but it was the

one lyric note in a large and heavy volume of prose. The exaltation which followed her Quincy brightened up the first part of | thought she was ?" remainder of the time until the twen and sharpness about her which the old andty-fifth of December. She knew that lady found stimulating; but by the Hildegarde said to her friends: "Dear middle of the month she began to have rest now, if you don't mind excusing Mother Channell, all her gifts are so her annual feeling of being smother-(This was entirely true.) Hildegarde cept at meal times, her family conhad built up so clever and consistent scientiously brought their giddiness to

"Mama thought you'd like to see my new frock," one of the younger grandposed her to be, often heard her af- daughters would say, dashing into her fectionate little asides: "Dear Mother sitting-room. (She had six grand-Channell, isn't she quaint? But I daughters, who ranged from fifteen don't dare let her dwell too long on to twenty, who plucked their eyebrows those early days when she and Father and used layish lip sticks and rolled Channell were pioneering.... It exhausts her, emotionally." It likewise, furtive cigarettes, according to age.) Often on these occasions she would let in too strong and prosaic a light put on her other spectacles and look upon the humble beginnings of the fixedly at the vision presented to her, great Channell clan, and she was and then shake her head and say, grimly docile when her eldest daughter-in-law brightly changed the subsense; you've lost all shame!" And the girl would drop a light kiss on the Hildegarde finished her gift list and top of her head and say, "You old

> several hours a day tying up gifts and inscribing cards. When she did up a gold cigarette case her inclination

> Out upon you, fie upon you, Bold-faced jig! but she never did. Instead she wrote, With best Christmas love to Marjorie Anne from her loving Grand-

anter for you in the park."

"I'm going to Badger, Coates, and Badger's," said her mother-in-low

"Channell cars—a racer belonging to Channell cars—a racer belonging to one of the splendid lads of Hildegarde's protest and Hildegarde's own coupe, and it was several days before they were recovered. They had been to you, you know. Sha'n't I telephone taken by lawless youths and maidens im for you?"

"My land!" said the old woman. "I gasoline gave out. The Channells for not being more stringent.

Then, less than a week before 'Dear Mother Channell, don't you Christmas, Madame Channell's limousthink you have a rather exaggerated ine-loaned to one of the older granddaughters for attendance at a teawas taken. (Humphrey had left it for knitting, and there were two red spots on her cheekbones and her voice was This time the thief was a girl sixteen who had been making the police a lot "I guess you may's well know, Hil- of trouble, and she had incited others degarde, now as later, that I'm going to follow her shameless example, and to make young Dave one of my heirs." had headed a vandal's parade down the main street of the city, sitting in Humphrey's sedate place, driving at ter than they did themselves.) I ing out—the motors behind had telethink you mean that you are going to scoped. She herself had been thrown

run after it and witnessed the entire

accident. thing I ever saw!" he reported excit- you a lot, Sally, and I've believed in and sent up for Dave Quincy. "I want "She was cut on both hands, edly. and one of her arms had a vein spouting to beat the cars! And, gee, she's a pippin to look at! Well, she just held out her arm to me—I rushed out to the car as soon as it happened and picked her up—and said, 'Tie your handkerchief around that geyser, will you?' And the moment I did she ran down the line and looked over the wrecks and sorted out the kids that were most hurt, and made me help her load them into your car; and by that time a policeman arrived and got very busy trying to arrest her, but she said, 'All right, all right, but don't bother me now! I'm rushing these kids to the hospital! I've arrested myself already; I'm going to court as soon as closly tied down at home with your I've got rid of this load. Stick around and see if I don't!'

board, and this youngster drives with ished her business with the younger the blood sprinkling down from a cut Mr. Badger, she asked to have young and her head and her hands all daubed Quincy summoned. The younger Mr. with it, and my fancy tourniquet not Badger assured her that the boy was stopping up that vein any too well, ed, and then she heads the car around inner office which he seemed to fill to and beats it down to the courthouse, and jumps out and runs up-stairs, not waiting for the elevator, and bursts called her Aunt Sally and made a fuss I didn't break my promise to you beover her, and her thousand-wrinkled cause I wouldn't promise not to nip face broke up into unsuspected lines another car-I just promised to try not to; and I did try, but it wasn't any use, and I borrowed a big bus, and we had a parade and we got in a jam, you. If you were a boy, perhaps we and I shot through the show window. There's nobody hurt very bad and I that he was her dearest friend. Hank rushed 'em all to the hospital, and the

"I never heard anything so brazen

in all my life," said Hildegarde. "Well, the judge seemed all broken up about it," young Dave went on, "and he turned her over to some woman there, and I brought your car back, and the cop held me up to say. I must get you to appear against the girl, Aunt Sally. He claims this judge is too easy on kids, and they're getting so bold they'll steal a street car. ed it, but she was remembering it now. ing very calm and very amiable. It He says if all the women at that tea "Hush, Sally," said the judge. "I'm was odd, but she seemed to have left whose cars were taken will come and make a fuss, it will have a lot of weight with the court. Of course, as far as I am concerned, that girl was so game, and she's such a pippin, Aunt Sally-

Hildegarde didn't think he was concerned at all, and she made the fact civilly clear; and she thought it was Madame Channell's duty to society to appear with the other women and help to make an example of the young malefactor. She regretted having to subject her to such a strain, but she felt it was a matter of principle.

"I'd just as lief go, Hildegarde," said the old woman. Her dim eyes kindled. "My land! Wish I'd 'a' seen decisive action with regard to young it, too, Dave! How old d'you say you

her," said Hildegarde. "All this has been emotionally exhausting for her.' The other women agreed with Hildegarde about their civic duty and they filled up two benches in the small court-room on the following day. Humphrey and Miss Fisher and Hila legend about the old head of the share with her, or at least to exhibit degarde and Dave Quincy came with Madame Channell, and she had a chair placed well forward for her, so that she wouldn't miss anything.

The judge didn't seem very much impressed by the unusual influx of wealth and fashion in his chambers, but he seemed sincerely interested in Madame Channell, and he got up to speak to her and shake hands with her. He said he had always wanted to know her, which Hildegarde privately thought rather presumptuous and uncalled-for. He was very de-cent, however, about rearranging his docket so as to dispose of the girl's case at once, and not keep the ladies: waiting any longer than necessary.

He greeted young Dave very warmly, too, and they appeared to have a private word together. Hildegarde trusted that the youth was seeking to impress the magistrate with the gravity of the affair, but she did not feel very much confidence in him.

Then the girl came in with a woman probation officer, and the judge had her sit down beside him, and patted her shoulder and asked how she felt, and if her cuts were troubling her. She looked even younger than sixteen, because she wore a childish middy blouse and a short and skimpy skirt, and Hildegarde noticed with perfectly logical annoyance that she had a great quantity of naturally curly hair. (Hildegarde had to have her own permanent wave renewed every few months.) She was surprisingly neat, and her hair was such a very dark brown that it shadowed her rather thin face and made her eyes look even bigger and blacker than they were in reality.

The judge seemed very greatly depressed, and it appeared to be difficult for him to deal with the matter in hand. He began to talk to the girl in a rambling sort of fashion, but as he was telling her things she already knew he addressed himself, more or less, to old Madame Channell, who leaned forward in her chair, a hand

cupped behind her ear. Some of the women had dreaded it, much as they felt it proper to come. because they were gentle and kindly persons, and they shrank from seeing punishment inflicted, however well deserved it might be; but it apparently wasn't going to be harrowing at all. The girl sat very still, with her slim brown hands, browner for the white

brown hands, browner for the white bandages, clasped in her lap, and listened to the judge.

"Sally Dart," he said, sorrowfully, "I'm all broken up about this thing."

"My land!" said Madame Channell under her breath. "That's my own

that," he paused, as if weighing the matter very seriously, "aside from Young Dave's blue gaze was on the have to be much more concerned with ly! I wish you could just ditch the your badness than your big goodness. whole show!" think I know why you steal cars to

about her face. "I guess, perhaps," he said, looking at her consideringly, "way back in your family they sang the song of the open road and it's in your blood. But that doesn't mean anything to the police, Sally, nor to these ladies here; whose cars you and your gang took. It was square of you to take them all

you now.' The judge was a small man and he then we'll go!" looked very tired as he talked on. They lunched at a road-house and "There's only one thing I can do with dined in a town, and at ten o'clock could figure out some sort of job for a bright young city. The old lady was you with machines—see if we couldn't still up in front, bundled to her ears get you fed up with them. But you're in a fur robe. Her bonnet was askew, bus is here, and so'm I, and I guess you'll have to pinch me again!' "
"My land," gasped old Madame Channell, leaning forward, two spots of bright color in her faded face.
"I worker heard and I guess girl, Sally. So—" he stopped and cleared his throat and looked up at the ceiling—"so I guess I'll have to send you up to the Reform School."
Sally Dart sprang to her feet with a girl, Sally. So-" he stopped and and there was no hint of powder on cleared his throat and looked up at the her little, shining beak. She would

a cry which echoed through the close tion the date, but now she reopened room. Old Madame Channell was in the subject herself. a position to see her clearly, and in-

fense, and your stepmother has washone responsible for you. I'm mighty sorry to send you up there, Sally, because I know what it will be like for you to be penned up, and I hate to all kinds of bad girls. I know you will looked at her, where she stood tremb-'But you see, Sally, no one wants you, and you haven't got a job."

Hildegarde had risen and was hur quaintest thing I ever did, Hildegarde rying forward, and young Dave will!"
Quincy was grinning widely, and Sally "Sa

Dart had stopped her lamentation and

was listening dazedly.

The old woman advanced sternly upon the little judge. "You don't know what you're talking about. I want her. She's going to be my "No, the boat—the big bus here!" "All right," said Madame Channell, "go ahead! Step on her!" "The great car shot forward like a

self severely for subjecting her to it, but not half promptly and joyously handling the girl over to the custody of the old lady, nor young Quincy for aiding and abetting in every possible way. But it was not so easy to dispose of the girl herself. She was lodged for the present in the gardener's cottage, and the limousine was undergoing repairs; but it would be out only too soon, and then this absurd fancy of the old lady's must be dealt with. Meanwhile, it seemed wise to occupy her mind as fully as possible with other things, and so the red sea of Christmas preparations rolled up, and over her threshold. Old Madame Channell didn't half dame Channell didn't believe there was any peace on earth, and she was rapidly losing all her good will toward

When Humphrey came up to report that the limousine was repaired and returned, and to ask if she cared to drive during the forenoon, she sent him packing. "If I do, I'll go with my own chauffeur," she said. "I told you to report to Mrs. Henry for orders from now on." At ten o'clock she sent down-stairs, after tying up her last parcel—which seemed to her the million and tenth-and inscribing the last card.

The old head of the house had her bonnet and her warm cloak on and she let herself quietly out of doors and went to the gardener's cottage. Sally Dart came running to meet her. "Say, listen," she said, eagerness radiating from her, "the big bus is back! Say, did you mean it—honestly, cross you heart?"

"Cross you heart?"
"Cross my heart, hope-never-to-see
-the-back-of-my-neck," said Madame
Channell solemnly. "Come on!" Just
as they were gliding out of the garage she cried to the girl to stop.
"Wait a minute! I'm going to sit up "Wait a minute! I'm going to sit up front with you. I'm dressed warm. Won't do me a mite of harm."

The girl was wearing her shabby middy blouse and pinched skirt and her head was bare, but her olive cheeks glowed warmly.
"Look here," said the old lady, "first

off, we're going to get you something fit to ride in! Go on down to Fuller's." Thy found the trimmest and smart-

est of brown tweed suits, with a dark brown velvet toque, and brown suede gauntlets, and high brown shoes, and a boyish silk shirt with a round collar and an impudent little tie, and Sally Dart looked astonishingly like the flapper granddaughter and their pals, only, Madame Channell considered, Boot Shop.

"I've tried and tried to trust you," much less of a bold-faced jig. ccident.

he went on. "I've tried to help you drove to the office building which "Aunt Sally, it was the gamest to trust yourself. You know I've liked housed Badger, Coates, and Badger you because I know you're only kind of a bad girl." Sally Dart's dark head lifted a little. "There are so many kinds of bad girl you might be, because you're just about alone in the cause you're just about alone in the world, and you haven't had much of a not going home till I have to. My chance, but you're only bad about land!—red baby ribbon's like the red swiping cars to drive. Aside from rag to the bull to me, and the rustle

Young Dave's blue gaze was on the that, I'd go so far as to say you're a transformed Sally, but his voice was good girl, an unusually good girl. But here's the pity of it: We—the world—
"I wish you could cut it out, Aunt Sal-

The old woman sat staring at him, drive. You've never been anywhere in your life, and you've been pretty closly tied down at home with your can't I?" It burst from her, and she 've got rid of this load. Stick around and see if I don't!'

"So the cop hops on the running chance to go, you go, and you go fast oard, and this youngster drives with and far!" Sally Dart nodded vehecks; there's nothing for me to do! mently, and her own brown hair fell This may be the last Christmas I ever see, and I vum it'll be the way I want it!" She stopped trembling and be-came brisk and collected. "You fly up-stairs, Dave Quincy, and get mesome money-lots, two or three hundred dollars, and you tell Badger to telephone Hildegarde just before three o'clock that I've decided to spend Christmas out of town with friends; the stockings in the morning, and the and arresting blue eyes, and he swung family dinner at two, and a buffet sup- her off her feet and kissed her, and says, 'Judge, you to come here and own up to me. need to worry. Then we'll drive round you to come here and own up to me. need to worry. Then we'll drive round But I'm afraid squareness can't save and get your bag, and buy Sally and me what we'll need for a day or so,

> they were bowling smoothly toward have been very sleepy if she hadn't ou up to the Reform School."
>
> Sally Dart sprang to her feet with had forbidden her companions to men-

"The small fry's gone to bed now, stantly she was reminded of a moun- but there's about fifty stockings hung tain lion which Hank Channell had up round the fireplace ... and Maronce trapped alive and kept in a cage | jorie Anne and her gang of hoodlums for days, until she had begged Dave are dancing like South Sea Islanders Quincy to shoot it. It wouldn't eatand not much more on.... Well," or drink or sleep; it had only looked. she sighed, "live and let live. It's It was years since she had remember- their way, I s'pose." She was feel-"Hush, Sally," said the judge. "I'm sorry; you know I'm sorry. If there were anything else I could do with with the sorry and the letter were anything else I could do with sorry. you- But you know it's your fifth of- for the spirit. Sally Dart's slim young body beside her seemed to warm her ed her hands of you, and there's no more than the fur robe did, and whenever Dave Quincy tucked her up and waited on her, the years folded back for a swift instant, and she saw hardwon flowers in a prairie garden and think of your being with girls who are heard old-fashioned tunes on a fiddle all kinds of bad girls. I know you will do your best for me, but it'll be pretty Hildegarde's headache was better. hard not to pick up their ways and After all, poor Hildegarde—she their ideas." He shook his head and worked like a nailer for all she got out of life. And Hildegarde wouldn't ling, making an odd, moaning sound. bear malice; she would soon weave this mad prank into the legend. The ou, and you haven't got a job."

old lady chuckled impishly. "I bet old Madame Channell was on her you Hildegarde's telling somebody this feet, shaking like a withered leaf.
"She has, too, got a job," she snapped, "and somebody does want her!"

"I bet you she'll make it the

> "Say, listen," Sally Dart leaned coaxingly nearer, "do you care if I

temporarily as hysteria—poor Mother living creature, and the girl at the Channell had been overcome by the wheel laughed aloud, joyfully. The emotional strain, and she blamed here little old woman sat bolt upright, swallowing great mouthfuls of the fine, frosty air. She reflected goodhumoredly that she was glad they were having their kind of good time back home; then she let herself plan happily for the two young things under her care.

"I didn't know a body could be as glad as I am, at my age," she said, presently. "I guess all I needed was to get away from the doings for once. Nary Miss Fisher, nary dinner-dance. nary guest towel and boudoir cap, nary Hildegarde—my land!" She celerator. "Nary Christmas! Chil-dren, listen—Nary Christmas!"—By Ruth Comfort Mitchell.

-Ladies' \$5 velvet, satin and patent kid pumps, \$3.85, Yeager's Tiny Boot Shop.

Lock Haven Normal School to Confer Degrees.

At a recent meeting of the State Council of Education, at Harrisburg authority was granted the Norma schools of the State to confer degrees on students having completed the

work required therefore. Dr. Dallas W. Armstrong, principa of the school, explains that the State Council of Education is very carefu not to grant this privilege to any school that cannot measure up to the council's standard for doing this work He congratulated the members of the faculty on the fact that their prepar ation and teaching experience had been rewarded with this approval and also felicitated the students on the fact that the state council considered

their work to be of such a grade as t grant this action. It will now be possible for student to receive their Normal school certifi cates and Normal school diplomas a usual after completing the require two years' work; the last two year required for the bachelor's degree ma be taken immediately after complet ing the two years' course, or, if necessary, may be taken after the stud ent has been teaching for a year o two. This arrangement, he pointe out, makes it possible for any one de siring the degree in education to of

-Men's \$7 sixteen inch high to leather shoes, \$4.85, Yeager's Tin

tain one.