



The Old Christmas Hearth
LEAN back in my arm-chair as the snow-flakes soft and white
Clothe the hilltops and the valleys in habiliments of white.

A Whole Dinner
wid
Mashed Potatoes
By JESSIE LLEWELLYN.

THE holiday rush kept us late, and although thoroughly tired in mind and body I felt no relief upon being free to leave the crowded store and return to my cheap boarding house.



"Please, Mum, Gimme a Nickel?"

A CHRISTMAS HOLD-UP
By CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

WHAT about getting through to-night, driver?
"Hands up!" and their arms were extended toward the stars.



"Well, It Ain't Right."

and the driver were standing in a lone some row in the struggling moonlight.
"Hands up!" and their arms were extended toward the stars.

A Christmas Comedy of Errors
By ELISA ARMSTRONG BENGOUGH.

THERE, now, we are all ready for Christmas," said Mrs. Slickerby, as she climbed stiffly down from the chair on which she had been standing to coddle the chandler with holy kisses.



"It's Your New Set of Furs!"

mind to make a fire in the stove just to please him; he kept asking for it so long—though, come to think of it, he hasn't mentioned it lately, though I always told him it only made a dirt for me to clean up and the furnace heated the whole place anyhow.

he puts it over his knees in the buggy this winter—and the furs are not in the house, I know that, for I've been over every square inch of it in hopes I'd find he'd hidden 'em somewhere."

"Where d'you live?" she asked. Mechanically I repeated my street number.
"Ten blocks!" she scornfully replied. "Dat's easy!" and swiftly grabbing the nickel she darted around the corner.

IT CAN BE DONE WITHOUT.



Capt. Makelove—But surely you don't object to go under the mistletoe, Miss Galt?
Miss Galt—Oh, yes, I do. Why bother about the mistletoe?

ed in the wet pavement, when there came, from somewhere below my waist line, a small whine.

"Please, mum, gimme a nickel?" I looked down and beheld the smallest, dirtiest, most forsaken little woman I had ever seen. She could have been no more than seven, but there was endless weather-er tales in the hollows of her cheeks, and the over-bright black eyes bespoke knowledge of filth and starvation and wretchedness.

"Christmas! Christmas!" I repeated the words to haunting memories, and I am afraid I cried a little.
Some one tapped at my door. "Come in," I called in quite a matter of fact tone. The door opened timidly, and there on the threshold stood no other than my little beggar of the night before.

"Little woman," I said presently, lapsing into the language of him who was constantly in my thoughts, "there is one dollar coming to me, all on account of a derelict laundryman. What would you rather have than anything else that a dollar can buy?"

The child had scrambled into a chair indicated by the head waiter, and I was about to take my place opposite, when the man in the corner suddenly arose.
I cannot, even now, remember how it all happened. Confusedly I saw the youngster's eyes grow round with wonder, and the head waiter stifled an exclamatory oath, for I, there in the public restaurant, I was in that stranger's arms. And this I remember distinctly—the man's most many words:



"What About Getting Through Tonight?"

mine is in the west—he was a daring fellow, but a brave one.
"Then he is fitted for the west. Such men are his pride—if they have the right ways." He added the afterthought and noticed that she started and studied him keenly, as if to be certain that he meant nothing of direct application.



Letters for Santa Claus

"What about getting through to-night, driver?"
"Hands up!" and their arms were extended toward the stars.

"I will do this, Frank. I will give you two years to prove yourself. If you are sincere, the secret will be yours and mine. If you do not, I will tell them of to-night and of—"

zled ranchman, held both his hands until the other had vanished in the sunflower stalks. Carlin glowed under the girl's touch, and obeyed.
"Do you belong to this—company?" he asked, a little bitterly, as she loosed his arms, now that it was too late.

zled ranchman, held both his hands until the other had vanished in the sunflower stalks. Carlin glowed under the girl's touch, and obeyed.

When the last trinket had been distributed the masked chief bowed low. His fine mouth just showing beneath the fringe of black curled a little—whether in fun or contempt none could tell.

Reeder (looking up from his newspaper)—Great Scott! Here is a yarn about a man who spent a night in a pit with a Bengal tiger. Just imagine how he must have suffered!

A Sight for the Gods. The girl you'd give the world to win. To show you how she holds you dear, Now fondly ties beneath your chin. A necktie you can never wear.

ADVANTAGE IN SIZE.



Tommy—Ain't you goin' to hang up your stocking, Nellie?
His Big Sister—No, Tommy. I'm too old.

His Salutation. She ne'er will speak to him. This stupid youth so bland. She stood beneath the mistletoe, He merely shook her hand.

Great Expectations. The Minister—Well, Willie, what do you expect Santa Claus is going to bring you this year?
Willie—Oh, a lot of things that ma needs around the house.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Couldn't Give Herself Away. Charley Easyman—Well, Willie, your sister has given herself to me for a Christmas present. What do you think of that?
Willie—Huh! That's what she done for Mr. Brown last Christmas, and he gave her back to herself before Easter.—N. Y. Times.