

Among the Lowly.



The picture is by Leon Augustin l'Hermitte and was purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, of New York City, in 1908, from the income of the Catharine Lorillard Wolfe Fund. In a letter to the directors of the museum, at the time of the purchase, M. l'Hermitte says: "I have endeavored to bring to all the figures in the scene the varieties of emotions proper to each but united as one in the expression of confidence—respectful in the old, searchingly so in the young."

CHRISTMAS GREETING

Good morning, Lord! For little boys
The day more generous is of joys
Than unto men, they say:
If so, for greater happiness
Teach us Thy holy name to bless
With fuller hearts than they!

HEARTENING THE SUPERINTENDENT

RICHARD BARKER SHELTON

THE superintendent was a tall, thin young man, with slightly stooping shoulders and near-sighted eyes which peered keenly through the heavy lenses of his eyeglasses. "Our Mr. Crawford," as he was always called by the general manager of the Perfection Electric Switch Company, had been transferred from his place as foreman of the wiring department to be superintendent of the factory at a time when an iron hand was needed to remedy the mischief which the lax methods and general inefficiency of his departing predecessor had created.

It was a difficult problem of reorganization that he had been called upon to face, but time had proved that the general manager's faith—he had stoutly advocated Crawford against the firm's opposition—had not been misplaced. The new superintendent had entered upon his duties quietly, unassumingly, but with a tenacity of purpose and an unrelenting energy that bent all things to his will. Three of the best years of his life he gave unhesitatingly and uncompromisingly to the work before him. At the end of that time the factory was running with a smoothness that took several wrinkles out of the general manager's brow and made the firm think seriously of increasing the plant.

"Our Mr. Crawford"—the firm spoke of him proudly in this manner—had made himself necessary to

day his "resignation"—oh, euphonic term!—had gone into effect they had presented him with an ornate watch charm, and when, red in the face and embarrassed he had tried to stammer his thanks, they had cheered him roundly and pressed about him to shake his hand. Powell had undoubtedly been popular with his employees, but his popularity had been gained at the expense of results in the output of the factory.

Under the new superintendent the output was satisfactory—and more. The question that continually presented itself to the young man's troubled mind was whether, in the interests of the firm he had not been too harsh with the employees. In eradicating the evils Jim Powell had wrought he had found it necessary to calculate in cold-blooded fashion, to be ready with blame and chary of praise. The result was inevitable. While the profits grew steadily Crawford realized that it was because of his ceaseless vigilance and the firmness with which he held the employees at work.

There were times—when he was tired, especially—when it seemed to him that he had merely developed into a successful slave driver.

Sometimes at 6 o'clock, when the big gang had sounded, he would sit by the time-machine and watch the men file down the stairs. He would have given much if here and there in the long line a face had been lifted to his with a nod or a comprehending smile, but the "hands" rang in their time in sullen silence. His very presence seemed to chill their spirits, and when one of them looked at him it was either with bitterness or a blank stare.

Meanwhile the Perfection Electric Switch Company prospered amazingly, and at the same time the superintendent grew a little more stoop-shouldered, a little more reserved, a little more heavy of eye.

In November of the third year it happened that "Our Mr. Crawford" was taken sick. At the time he was putting forth strenuous efforts to have an increase of pay for the employees, in consequence of which he was at the office several days when he should have been in bed. He wanted the hands to understand that their work had been appreciated, and although he had to grind his teeth to keep from crying out with the pain he went daily to the office and argued with the general manager and the members of the firm.

The firm was obdurate. It was decided finally that, in view of the extensive additions that were to be made to the plant the increase could not be granted for another year. Sick at heart and racked with pain the superintendent staggered to his apartments in the gray November dusk, went to bed and sent for a doctor. The physician came, chided the young man for his carelessness of his health and said a slight operation would be necessary the next day.

The operation was successful, and the physician assured the anxious general manager that the patient would be at the factory in a couple of weeks. But the physician had not reckoned on many things—the weariness of mind and body in his patient, the bitterness of his recent failure to induce the firm to increase the pay of the hands, and the dragging load under which he had struggled silently for the past three years.

The wound caused by the operation healed rapidly, but with the healing came no strength. Crawford sat daily propped up in a chair by the window, listless and uninterested in his surroundings. The physician was puzzled and not a little irritated; the general manager, who came daily, began to show signs of alarm.

"It's the pace of modern business, sir!" the physician snapped angrily to the attendant, who had been sent up from the hospital. "Get him interested in something. It's his only chance."

The man tried everything his fertile mind and thorough training could suggest, but with no results. Crawford sat silently by the window day after day, looking vacantly at the bare branches of the trees and the patches of dull cloud drifting across the early winter sky.

Christmas time found Crawford propped in his chair, looking out over a world newly swathed in spotless white. The doctor declared that now it was only a question of time, and the attendant had long since ceased trying to rouse the sick man's dormant interest. On Christmas Day Crawford opened an envelope from the factory and found it enclosed a substantial check. He smiled bitterly and handed it to the attendant.

"Here, take it! Merry Christmas!" he said, in a colorless voice.

At dusk it was snowing again, and just after the lights began to twinkle through the gloom Crawford, in his chair, fell into a heavy slumber. He

was awakened by a lusty rapping at the door. The attendant went into the little hall and presently returned. "Two ladies and three gentlemen to see you, sir," he said.

The visitors were ushered in, and as they entered the room Crawford gripped the arms of his chair and stared with wide opened eyes. There were two giggling girls from the wiring department at the factory, two men from the assembling bench and the foreman of the brass room.

The girls tittered and the men looked ill at ease. Crawford sat up in his chair. Two spots of color came into his wan cheeks. The foreman advanced and cleared his throat. "We've come, sir," he said, looking at the ceiling, "to show you that, even if you're not with us, you're not forgotten. Perhaps we haven't always understood you, but anyway we know you're the right sort. We've heard all about your fight for an increase for us, and even if we didn't get it, we know it wasn't because you did not do your best for us. So to show our respect for you and your efforts in our behalf we've brought you this." He tore the covering from a parcel and bore and held out a silk umbrella with a large pearl and silver handle. "And—Merry Christmas!" he finished.

"Merry Christmas!" echoed the two other men and the two girls. A lump rose in Crawford's throat. He could only beam upon them and mutter feebly, "Merry Christmas to you!"

Some few minutes after the committee from the factory had gone the doctor came bustling into the hall. The attendant met him and shook a warning finger at him. The doctor craned his neck and peeped cautiously into the room.

Crawford sat under the light. His head was hidden in the crook of one arm that rested on the window sill. Clutched tightly in the other was a silk umbrella with a large pearl and silver handle. Crawford's shoulders rose and fell convulsively; he was sobbing like a child.

The doctor smiled in comprehension. "Good!" he declared, emphatically. "That's something like it!"

And turning on his heel he stole softly down the stairs.—From Youth's Companion.

Alice in Toyland.



Jack-in-the-Box—"Hands off, there! Alice—"Why his hands are so silly!"

Christmas Shopping.

The bargain counter rush is here
And folks, in accents sober,
Are vowing that another year
They'll start out in October.
—Washington Star.

They Sleep Head Downward.

The butterfly, like the bat, invariably goes to sleep head downward, its eyes locking straight down the stem of the grass on which it rests. It folds its wings to the utmost, and thus wraps its body from the cold.—Home Notes.

THE BEST WISHES OF THE SEASON

O the Solitary, the dwellers apart, by choice or by chance, with hearth-fires that for one burn dull and for two would glow and sing—to all of these,
A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

O them that are set in Families, where love, bestowed with no thought of its return, passes back and forth abundantly between open hearts—to all of these, parents, children, kinsmen, friends,
A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

O the Poor and the Rich, envying each the others' freedom from the cares of too little and too much, yet learning year by year that without health and enthusiasm and faith and love, none can be rich, and with them none can be poor—to these,
A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

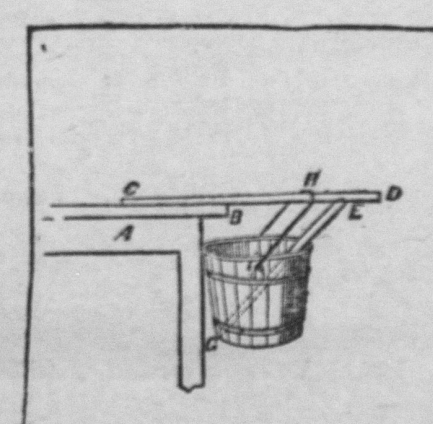
O the Workers, the vast fortunate majority, in humble places and in high, often baffled and disheartened, questioning if there is not somewhere for them a greater work with a greater reward; yet happy at the last, if they will have it so, in seeing the figure they have wrought in the fabric of living, a figure drawn by the great Designer for their weaving and none other's—to all of these,
A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

O Old and Young, with the years behind and the years ahead, years that show but a span in the centuries since the Light first shone from Bethlehem upon the paths of service, humility and sacrifice, and gave to all the ages a spirit that has made them one; to Young and Old, treading with gladness these lighted paths, even though not always knowing whence the Light comes—to all,
A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

M. A. D. W. H.



The Balanced Pail.—To support a pail of water by a stick, only half of which, or less, rests upon the table: Let A B be the top of the table, and C D the stick which is to support the bucket. Place the handle of the bucket on the stick in such a manner that it may rest on it in an inclined position, as H I, and let the middle of the bucket be a little within the edge of the table; to keep this apparatus properly in its situation, place another stick, E F G, with the end resting against the bucket at the bottom, its middle, F, resting on the opposite top edge of the bucket, and its other extremity, E, against the first stick C D, in which a notch



must be cut to retain it. The bucket will thus be kept in its situation, without inclining to either side, and, if not already filled with water, it may be filled with safety.

Curious Motions.—Procure a basin of milk-warm water, throw into it half a dozen pieces of camphor about the size of a pea; in a minute they will begin to move, and acquire a rotatory and progressive motion, which will continue for a considerable time. If now one drop of oil of turpentine or sweet oil, or even of gin, be let fall upon the water, the pieces of camphor will dart away, and be deprived of their motion and vivacity. Little pieces of cork that have been soaked in ether, act much in the same way as camphor, when thrown upon water. Camphor, being highly combustible, will burn if ignited while floating upon water, producing a singular effect.

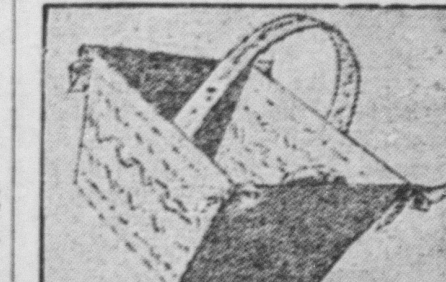
When Fairy Tales Were Really So. I wish I'd live long, long ago,
When there were mermaids in the sea,
And brownies would have played with me,
And fairy-tales were really so.

I'd like on Santa Claus' sleigh
Next Christmas Eve to have a hitch,
And I would love to see a witch
Upon a broomstick ride away.

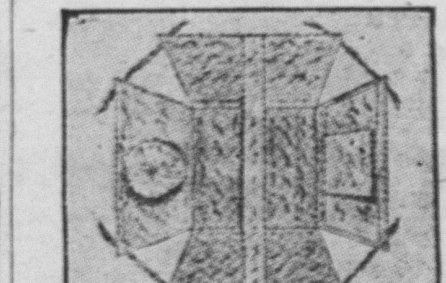
Of course, there still are lots of knights,
And there are princesses besides,
But nowadays men don't win brides
By going off on dragon-fights.
I wish I'd lived long, long ago,
When fairy-tales were really so,
—Mary Street, in December Lippincott's.

GIFTS THAT A CHILD CAN MAKE.

An inexpensive workbasket may be made of pasteboard covered with cretonne. The five sections, with handle, are covered separately and sewed together, over and over, as shown. The handle is cut the length of the basket when opened. A cushion and needle book are sewed to the sides. Small brass rings are attached at



the corners through which to tie ribbons and draw the basket into shape. This basket is easily packed for traveling, as it can be laid flat and then drawn up quickly to hold a bit



of fancy work or small trinkets. The cretonne selected should have a small figure or a vine running lengthwise, and the basket is prettier if the pattern runs narrow across the handle and in lines round the outside. Pockets for spoons may be added if desired.—From Youth's Companion.

Christmas in the Klondike.



Alaska Ike—"Wot did yer find in yer stockin' this mornin'?"
Chilcoot Pete—"Frostbitten toes."

The American Pose.

The American woman has a special gift for falling unconsciously into good poses.—London Queen.



CHRISTMAS CAROL

'Twas in a rough manger,
The little Christ lay,
Soft arms were His cradle,
His bed was the hay.
To wise men and shepherds
The Star showed the way.
Sing carol! for Christmas is here.

With gifts rare and precious,
From lands far away,
Three Kings fared to greet Him,
As sleeping He lay.
Our hearts warm and loving,
We bring Him today.
Sing carol! for Christmas is here.

CHRISTMAS EVE

See the mimic lords and ladies
Gravely stepping to and fro,
In a slow and dainty measure,
While the Christmas candles glow;
And around the glittering fir-tree
Little dancers whirling go.

Foot it gaily round the fir-tree,
Hung with gifts for great and small;
Join our blithe and tripping measure,
This is holiday for all.
"Old King Christmas!
Good King Christmas!"
Hear the merry voices call.



Crawford's Shoulders Rose and Fell Convulsively.

the Perfection Electric Switch Company, but his success had not been entirely satisfactory to himself. With all his quiet force, the superintendent was a very human young man. He had hoped to gain the complete confidence of the men and women under him. It was respect he wanted rather than fear.

The lax, easy going regime of the former superintendent had made that careless individual very popular with the factory hands. They had given him all sorts of presents on his birthday and at Christmas time. The