

THE BROWN MACKINTOSH
By CAROLINE UPPIKE COLLINS

It was dead. The lamp was guttering and there was no money for a fire in the stove was sinking to the floor. There was no money for coal, and cold air was hard to bear, although not so hard as a thrust of steel at your gullet and sends you spinning toward the stratification and which at any cost must be yours. An old handful of change he had on the kitchen table; she had a few pennies, and this was the all they had buried her decently with rising anger of the small child played at the funeral. No one shrank his hand; no one had a word to say to him, or to her. But it was they who paid, he was dead. The lamp was guttering and there was no money for a fire in the stove was sinking to the floor. There was no money for coal, and cold air was hard to bear, although not so hard as a thrust of steel at your gullet and sends you spinning toward the stratification and which at any cost must be yours. An old handful of change he had on the kitchen table; she had a few pennies, and this was the all they had buried her decently with rising anger of the small child played at the funeral. No one shrank his hand; no one had a word to say to him, or to her. But it was they who paid, he was dead.

to look out for him, he had not once put forth what latent force of character he possessed. He had been content to let her fight his battles. Poor, brave Annie, with no more battles to face, he had made food left to thank you for that. He swore heavily, as the lamp went out. What difference did it make? Who was there to care? He could not save it off forever, and one day, one hour sooner would mean nothing. There was money enough to give him forgetfulness. Farther than that his mind did not care to penetrate. He walked toward the door crossly, but wheeled with his hand on the latch. "Annie," he muttered, his mottled face lit up, "what is it you want with me? Guided by some inspiration he could not fathom, he was led across the room till he stood in front of that dragged line of clothes. His hands searched with an eagerness which his mind did not prompt and fell at length on the shabby brown mackintosh Annie had worn for many dreary years. He had worn it that night he was murdered. "It's this you mean Annie," he asked, "spinning the thing from its peg. He was governed by some unspoken instinct apart from his own, "Annie," with effort he pulled it on; the back was low, narrow, but it forced his great shoulders and bosom into straighter lines. The arms all but filled the mackintosh and it was a struggle to button it. Again he went to the door, this time to

HELPING THE ENEMY



The Kaiser is advised in his hunt for metal to remove the heel-tips from citizens' shoes, to commandeer the dog's iron tray, and to remove articles of metallic substance by suction.

THE PADDED CELL



DON'T FEEL WORRIED ABOUT HER. SHE JUST HAS HER MIND ON THE 25TH

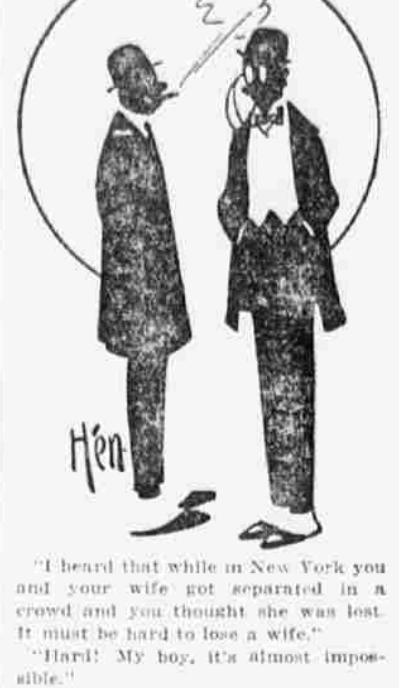
What Would You Do With \$3 a Week?

Would you eat, or would you give it to drunken parents? Then what would you do if you didn't get even that three dollars? Let RUPERT HUGHES tell you in his new story

"The Bitterness of Sweets"

which starts in tomorrow's EVENING LEDGER Begin it with the first instalment on this page Tomorrow Afternoon

Hard to Do



All Right on the Night



Three of a Kind

At a party where questions were asked, and facetious if not felicitous answers were expected, a coal dealer asked what legal authority was the favorite with his trade. One answered "Coke." "Right," said the coal dealer. Another suggested "Blackstone." "Good, too," said the questioner. Then a little, hard-faced man in the corner piped out "Littleton," whereupon the coal dealer sat down without saying anything.



Plenty Left



DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?



step out into the winter night. Mary McPherson was standing at the corner of the alley saying good night to her "noods"—so it was for Mary they kept the light. He walked past the two, little heading their heads and laughter. He was filled with a strange emotion—some spark of the golden soul was alive and burning. A grotesque enough figure he presented squeezed into the mackintosh; its ugly lines accentuated by its mesh, and made ridiculous by the persistent content of fashion—the caricature of a mackintosh making the caricature of a man. The few late pedestrians he met eyed him as they scurried by, some with concern, but for the most part with amusement. It was bitterly cold, and the windows of the little shops which he passed were heavily coated with frost, a chill wind whipped at the skirts of the mackintosh and sent the tears streaming down his face; yet he was undiminished of the cold. He was going to Dorney's. There he would find—what? It was singular that

he should be going there, marching as he was to some lofty, indistinct strain which held possession of his brain. He could scarcely make out through the front the dark, north-facing, matted hawk which stood in Dorney's window, a fitting emblem of the place in a sense. Yet were he suddenly deprived of sight, of hearing, or any power save that of locomotion, would not his feet have found their accustomed way across that threshold? He pushed open the swinging door and was met by a blast of frost, hot air, thick with tobacco smoke and stials from overhead. "For God's sake, Tim," roared Dorney from behind the bar, "what in hell you got on?" Every man of the group turned to look as he marched in, and the room shook with the blast of their laughter. "Give me some oil, Dorney," he said steadily, the words sounding remote and foreign in his ears. They were not the words he had meant to say. His lips had dissolved the impulse of his brain. "What kind?" asked Dorney. "Same as usual." "No oil to burn in a lamp," the man persisted, pointing to the swinging lamp in the middle of the room. "Say, ain't you off your head, Tim?" cried Dorney impatiently. "You take what I got or else get out. I guess he's sorry, all right," he winked. "Askin' for oil." The bystanders, interested by this time, awaited eagerly the next development. "Well, Dorney," said Tim, "Dorney," said the man quietly, "if you've got any." "Cordell! Why I thought yer just had a waker, ain't one enough for yer?" drawled Dorney in return. But the man had too great a game to be tolerated even by his followers. There was not a man among them who did not reverence the memory of Dorney. "Aw, leave him alone, Dorney," they urged unobscuredly. "Yes, cutt' it out," thundered Meyer, the fat German grocer, whose shop was across the way. "Ain't you no respect?" "Stick to the oil, the man had turned to go, but Dorney, "Point it, Tim, forget it—and have one on us, all of you," brought him back, his grievance forgotten, and his remaining hand outstretched as the glasses clattered on the bar. He snatched his glass from Dorney's hand and looked at it hungrily for a moment. Then, deliberately, with all the strength his arm could muster, he dashed it to the floor. "Strange," was it not for his brain had prompted him to drink it at a gulp. "Well, I guess we've had about enough of you," said Dorney, with an attempt at insularity, though he was affected, as were the others, by the serious unfamiliarity of the man's conduct. "You've sure broken up this party, all right." "Come along over to my place, Tim," interposed Meyer kindly, "I think I got what you want." The man looked at him gratefully, and together they left the stilling room and crossed the street to the neat little shop with its hanging sausage and attractive display of delicatessen. "What you want is something to do, ain't it? A job?" "Yes," the man faltered, "if anybody'd take me—you know me." "Sure, I do," answered Meyer, "and I think you ought to be kilt. But, for Annie, I give you a chance. You come tomorrow morning at 7, you understand?" "Yes, I understand; and can you sell me some oil and a sack of coal—I have the money—and a piece of cheese, and a loaf of bread—and some cat meat?" "I throw in the cat meat," laughed Meyer. "No, I'll pay for the whole lot," returned the man with a new determination which made Meyer glance up at him quickly and watch with dawning approval as he counted out his money. "Good night, Meyer," he said after a pause. "Seven o'clock tomorrow; you've treated me white—it will mean a lot to be." All fear had left him. It was as though Annie's arms were about him in tenderness, as they had always been, and in gratitude for perhaps the first time in his life. "She's earned a rest," he said to himself, stifling the bitter sob that wrenched his body, "and I'll be damned if I'll let her fight in Heaven, too." (THE END)

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

THE LEGEND OF SANTA CLAUS

Do you ever wonder where Santa Claus came from? I have often tried to find out and as I have never found an answer that satisfies me, I am going up a story which I hope you will like. Here it is: Many, many years ago there lived in the Far North Country, just the other side of where the North Pole is, an old man whom the children of the North always called Growly Grump. That wasn't his name, of course, but they called him that because he was so "grouchy." But, deep down in his heart of hearts Growly Grump was not cross nor disagreeable, only the children thought he was. Growly Grump lived in a hut in the forest and every day he used to go out into the deep forest and get things to eat and wood for the fire in his hut which he kept burning, no matter what happened. One day he returned from the woods and went through the streets of Snowville, where the children would come out of their homes and shout, "Old Growly look at your hump!" "I used to hurt the old man very, very much, for words can hurt as far more than sticks or stones, and he loved the children and them to love him. There is a great deal of difference between loving and having children love you, and Growly Grump knew this and that he used to sit by the fire and talk to the Fairies who came and sat on the logs as the fire burned. "Kind fairies," he would exclaim. "If only the children would love me like the children would love me!" One night when the fire logs were burning softly, the Queen of the Fairies came to Old Growly Grump: "You know, dear Growly Grump, that sometimes people are real more when they are dead than when they are living?" "No, call me Growly Grump," said the old man sadly. "There is nothing else for me to call you unless I call you Saint George or other," answered the fairy. "Can I be a saint without being dead?" asked her companion. "No, see that you can," said the Fairy, "but when you die, then, the children will miss you and you will become a saint." "I don't want to die." "Die is very beautiful—far more beautiful than going to sleep," said the fairy, moving over to a log in front of the fire. "Do you die?" asked the old man. "I thought you did not want to die?" said the fairy in surprise. "I sat a long time thoughtfully looking at the fire and then said, 'I die, willing to do anything, if only the children will love me.' I'm sure if you die they will love you and put flowers on your grave very, very much," answered the fairy. "No," said Growly Grump, "I am willing to die." The fairy disappeared and the fire burned very low as Growly Grump lay in the dim light waiting to die. One morning when he awoke and the old man was a bit surprised to find he was very much alive. He pinched himself and then started to get up for breakfast. "Perhaps I am not going to die, after all," he said to himself sadly. One day a cold, raw morning when Growly Grump started through the streets of Snowville, just as the children were going to school. Dark clouds in the sky and the earth seemed black. One of the children caught sight of Growly Grump as he went on his way and started toward him. Suddenly he fell in the middle of the street. Growly Grump stopped and then ran toward him. He picked up the child from the snow, with his hand clutching his tattered coat, lay Growly Grump's face was a smile. (Continued Tuesday, December 21.)

Do You Know This?

- 1. How many words can you find in this word—GRATITUDE? (Five credits.)
- 2. What do the 13 stripes on the flag of the United States stand for? (Five credits.)
- 3. What goes all the way from here to Cleveland without moving? (Five credits.)

Play Titles Travestied

Man and Superman.

Money Talks

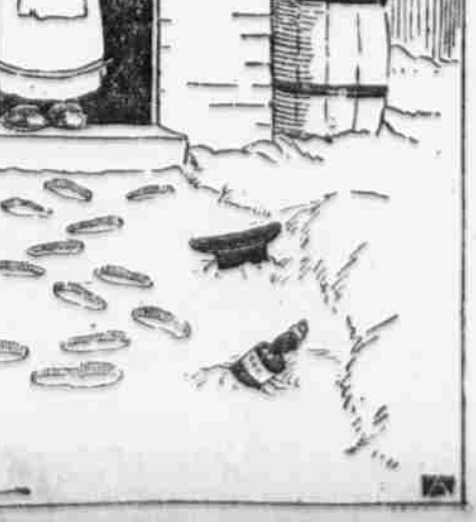
Dear Children—I was reading the other day that when the war broke out in Europe some of the Americans there could not buy even food. They had money, bank checks, express checks are everything except gold. From this you may learn, at this Christmas season, that MONEY IS NOT EVERYTHING. Money represents something—it should represent the GOOD it will do. Perhaps some one will give you a dollar bill or a million dollars for Christmas. If you get a dollar bill, welcome it. Say, "How do you do, Mr. Dollar Bill? I am glad to meet you and I am glad you like me. I shall be good to you and not spend you foolishly. When I do spend you, I shall ask you to be kind enough to come back and see me when you can. I love the GOOD you can do and not you, crumpled-up piece of paper that you are." We want 1000 Rainbow boys to have \$1 or more each in the savings banks by Christmas, 1916. We need 996 more, for we have four boys already and one of these boys has saved \$2—think of it! We hope you save YOUR money. FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

TRUE FRATERNAL GENEROSITY



Cent (Interestedly)—And what are you going to give your young brother for the New Year? Little boy—I dunno. I give 'im the measles last year.

And She Did!



Aunt—Now you are safely engaged to George, let him do you a bill of your own. Sit on his sometimes. Nice—I do, auntie, whenever we are alone together.

AN UNDESIRABLE COMPANION



Mother—Don't do that word again! Jimmie—but Shakespeare said it. Mother—That you won't play with him any more!