

generosity. It is usual-fathers who know the unselfishly as Christ dren, but people who permeated with this tmas spirit of giving. r left hand doeth' and understand His words

re. He is a represen nowever, and as such, eal as anything which world. Your Sunday nows that just as well e did not know exactin it to you."

ased crying and had ely to her mother. "So replied, "Yes, my dear, Santa, and when you th us you brought him or he had been away s." as was a lovely one

endletons because at n Christmas eve, Sandown their chimney eir stockings full. Beapple which had been d then he hurried on other people who be-

tmas Snow REFERENCE

XX BYS





Dolly didn't care. Here in her small coom, with the rickety dresser and ncomfortable chair, she began thinking of Christmas at home. She assured herself that she was perfectly satisfied where she was, but it did no harm to remember some of the fun she had had in the square old house in the

Dolly's Christmas

Martha

Banning

Thomas Thomas

the length of four dark

people laughing and having a good

few bundles, mostly things for sup-

per. She knew no one here to whom

she could give a present if she wanted

to. She knew no one who would, by the

remotest chance, give her a present

Well, she had wanted to leave the

born and brought up. It was too dull,

much too dull for Dolly. Her parents

had begged her to stay. The old man

with whiskers who kept the country

store had shaken his head over her.

Her Uncle Jonah, a hard-headed, tight-

fisted, rich old farmer had declared

she shouldn't have a penny, not a cent

of his money if she "up and kited out

to the city." And she had retorted im-

pertinently that she hoped Uncle Jonah

could take them right on to which

ever place he was going when he died.

Uncle Jonah somehow had not relished this remark. He told her never to

set foot in his house again, and Dolly

Now she dropped her bundles on

her very narrow bed, and dragged off

her hat. Her bright hair tumbled about

her ears, her blue eyes looked tired,

her mouth sagged a bit at the corners.

She threw her coat on a chair, and

sighed. She had intended to begin at

once to cook her supper on a tiny

electric plate, then clear up the things

and go out to hunt up some fun. Some

of the girls at the store said they were

going to the "movies" and then on to

a cheap dance. They had invited her to come along. Dan Dugan had in-

vited her to go out to supper with

him, but she did not tell them that.

They would have thought her so duml

not to have accepted. Dolly had liked

Dan because he looked a little like

Roger. But he really wasn't in the

least like him. She discovered this at

their second meeting. Dan worked at

a soda fountain and had a lot of smart

cracks which sounded funny the first

time you heard them. But she had

grown tired of his humor very soon. He was generous enough but some-

thing in his too familiar manner made

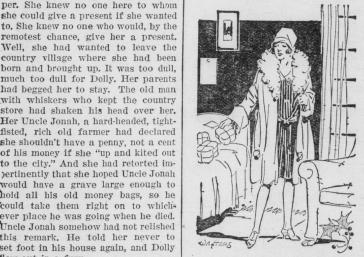
flew out in a fury.

ould have a grave large enough to hold all his old money bags, so he

FTER all," murmured Dolly

She forgot her supper; she forgot that she was going to the "movies." She sat on the edge of her bed and clasped her hands around her knees. Her blue eyes were blind to the cracked window shade and the dusty looking globe of the electric light. She saw instead the big lamp on the mid-dle of the living room table at home. The lamp had a cheerful yellow shade. Books and magazines were scattered about. Her mother was wrapping up to her rickety pine dress-er, "Christmas in the city isn't so awful!" She had just clambered up four flights of stairs, and marched rather solemnly

halls. All the doors were closed in the and come out skating. halls; behind them she had heard There were long garlands of groundpine hung about the pictures. There time. In her arms she had carried a were bunches of holly pinned to the



She Dropped Her Bundles on Her Very Narrow Bed.

curtains. There was mistletoe. There was a general smell of good things which had been put away in the pantry. There was, in short, a warm se-

Then Roger had burst into the door, bringing a cold blast of wintry air. "Come on out, Dolly," he shouted. "the skating's grand. Moon's up and

everything." "Do go, dear," her mother had said. "It's a shame to stay in a night like this. I'll have doughnuts and hot coffee for you when you come home." So she had gone with Roger. Millions and millions of stars in a deep blue sky. Frost in the air and sharp shadows

cast by the bare trees on white houses Roger had laughed and joked all the way to the pond. They had skated around together, skimming over the smooth surface as easily as swallows. Gradually they had stopped talking. It had all been glorious and somehow very sweet. Then suddenly, shyly, her want to slap his face. So she had declined his invitation, saying she was asking Dolly to marry him. She had going somewhere else. Danny was mad, loved him for it, but she said "no."

of course, and said a number of un- | She said she first must try her own pleasant things about dames who life in the city. She must be inde-worked a guy until something better pendent. She could not bear the thought of settling down in the dull village.
"But we won't stay here always,"

"No," Dolly replied. And they went home without saying another word.

"Well," sighed Dolly aloud, "I must get my supper."

While she was busy heating water for coffee, cutting and buttering bread and washing lettuce in her sink she

heard a man's footstep pass the door.

Why she listened at his passing she could not guess, but when a clear whistle broke the chill silence of the hall she dropped the lettuce, and without knowing what she was doing, she flung open the door.

Dolly pursed her lips and whistled a feeble likeness to the cheery tune

now descending the stairs. The whole expression of her face had changed. Her eyes sparkled, her face was flushed, her very hair seemed to curl more prettily about her ears.

The footsteps halted; the tune stopped. Dolly kept on with her end of it. A man was coming up the stairs. A tall man with broad shoulders and red hair. He wheeled about at the newel post and stared at Dolly. At grinned a wide, happy youthful grin.
"I'd know that tune, Roger, if I heard it in China!" she called out. The young man made great haste in approaching. He had nothing to say whatever. He merely sent his hat sailing somewhere into the shadows and took Dolly in his arms. He hugged her until she gasped for breath.

After a while she persuaded him to find his hat and come into her room. "To think," said Roger, "that I have ombed this darn city fore and aft to find you. You know you moved a month ago and never sent home your address. To think I chose this house, this very house, and have been coming in and out of it for three days, and never knew you were here. I'd about given

Dolly twinkled at him out of her olue eyes. Roger looked about at the rickety dresser, the narrow bed, the one uncomfortable chair. He said nothing but his voice was very tender when he finally took her hand and said softly: "We can catch the nine o'clock train for home, if you hurry. I came to get you, Dolly. I could not bear to think of you alone in this dreary hole. Your mother and father are waiting for us. They've hung up your stocking by the fireplace. And the oond is frozen solid. Grand skating!" Dolly found her suit case and flung

n her clothes. She jammed on her hat and caught up her coat. "Come, Roger, let's go!" she said. They went down stairs. At the foot man was waiting. At the sight of

olly and her companion, his jaw fell.

"Merry Christmas, Danny Dugan!"

ang out Dolly, and clung more tightly to her escort's arm. Christmas night Roger and Dolly were slowing skimming around the pond. There was a moon. There was just enough frost in the air to give the landscape a silvery white look. As they skated in rhythm and their breaths mingled in a sort of frosty cloud, Roger whispered, "Will you marry me, Dolly?" "Yes," she said.

"Let's see how fast we can skate around the pond and then go home to " she laughed happily-"coffee and doughnuts!"

ANTIQUATED LAWS REAL PERIL

By JUDGE FREDERICK E. CRANE, New York Court of Appeals.

NTIQUATED laws are the bane of the American people today. We are trying to adjust our modern scope of life to fit laws that were incorporated practically centuries ago.

I do commend the progress, little though it may be, that law has made to date to become modernized. There are articles always being printed criticizing the law. Most of these articles were written by men who never even served on a jury, let alone profess a knowledge of the law. Because of their profession, they take advantage of the exemption iaw, exempting writers and newspaper men from serving on juries.

Probably no one ever thinks of the law in the same light as his religion-but it can be viewed in the very self-same light-for the law is part of mankind. There is one law that is even higher than the Constitution of the United States-and that is the law of personal liberty.

The young lawyer of today has an advantage over the lawyer of my day. At that time there was no workmen's compensation law-but there was a master-and-servant law in effect. There probably was no lawyer who was not confused at some time or another by the intricateness of the master-and-servant law.

As an example, if two workmen were hoisting a machine and A told B how to do the work, A would have no recovery under the old law for injuries, because he would then be classed as a master.

The law is to be used every day, and not kept as a monument to the dead, or living on past performances. The thing we call the law is an instrument of government, for the protection, control and regulation of mankind-and if necessary, by force.

SIN IN MODERN DISGUISES

By REV. DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK (Baptist).

Present-day individualism is a psychological cosmetic, under which sin, nastiness and filth are being paraded just as they were in the Eighteenth century. One of the most characteristic phenomena of our time is the way we rationalize sin. We take every-day, garden varieties of nastiness and personal infidelity, dress them up in new psychological phraseclogy, and say "Oh, how modern."

St. Paul tells us that sin can disguise itself as an angel of light, but Paul never dreamed of our new psychological cosmetics, by means of which any sin from adultery up can walk abroad, now as self expression, now as release from an inhibition, now as the new freedom, or now as overcoming a complex. Amid all this looseness, disguised in the paint and apparel of the new phraseology, we all of us need to hear a salutary and challenging summons—"pull yourselves together."

This is not by any means a reactionary appeal to old moral codes or taboos. It is primarily an appeal to a knowledge of history. The idea that this looseness is really modern is absurd to anyone who knows history. One can find every item of it reduplicated in the Eighteenth cen-

DEFECTS IN SOCIAL ORDER

By DAVID SEABURY, Psychology Expert.

Our social order has never been built in the past on a knowledge of human nature. Marriage and child training have always been based on the old prejudices and stereotypes, not on human nature and its needs.

Experimental psychology is pointing the way to a new aristocracythe aristocracy of the brains. It has shown that a moron is just as likely to be born in the millionaire's family as in the poor man's.

Engineers, teachers and architects have all been educated for their professions, but society has never offered any training for motherhood, which is the hardest job of all.

The new psychology offers a challenge to our ideas about matrimony. Men and women marry without a knowledge of human character, without any real knowledge of compatability, with only a fixed idea of social dominance. There is nothing wrong with marriage as an institution; there is something ghastly wrong with what we have done with it.

Education, too, must change its views, and must consider the emotional interference of the child, as it affects his behavior in school and his application to his studies.

NORDIC SUPERIORITY A MYTH

By DR. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, New York.

Because of the wars, migrations and colonizations of history there has been such an intermingling that there is no such thing as a pure race. I maintain that, while there are superior individuals and families, there is no such thing as a superior race. No sillier idea has ever been presented to the ignorance, credulity and selfish pride of men than the idea of white, or Nordic, supremacy.

There are no racial groupings but only social groupings, and there is no race problem in countries in which negroes and whites have lived together without social distinctions. I argue, too, that there is no such thing as an instinct of race prejudice, no person being born with an aversion to any member of the human family. The so-called race prejudice resulted from matters of education, environment, social custom and tradition. The prejudice could be eliminated in a generation by proper rearing of children. I, therefore, hold the "race problem" to be an educational, social and religious problem.

CHURCH HURT BY DISSENSION

By REV. DR. JOHN W. BRADBURY, New York.

Modern churchmen have been attacking one another rather than the foes of humanity. A great deal of the ancient challenge of the church has been soft-pedaled in recent years. The church has become so intricately involved with the power of wealth and dazzled with the glamor of worldly pageantry and pomp that it no longer seems to ride out into the lists against intrenched wrong and unholy greed. Its great spokesmen have for years been turning their guns upon each other instead of upon the foes of humanity. The malnutritioned mentality of loudspeaking modern prophets can see nothing of the great problems of mankind but passes its time decrying such petty things as denominational differences as if to put all men into one denomination would cure the social evils of mankind.

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Things We Don't See

So many of us go through the day and hardly notice the sparkle of sunlight on a lake or goblet, the majestic angles cast by a skyscraper or a picket fence, the grace, of a dandelion winding over a hill.-Woman's Home

Very Serious

"What makes you look so miser-

"I would like to change a \$20 bill." "But that is nothing serious." "But I haven't got one."

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