

Night and Day in Santa Claus Tree

Two Youngsters Have Exciting Part in Church Christmas Celebration.

By FRANK HERBERT SWEET

ANT — never — seen a — Christmas tree, Limp?

"No, sir."

"No one?"

"Alma told me, Miss. Never been out the city."

"That's nothing I can't neither. But I've seen trees an' end, in windows front of stores an' round markers where they start like-like woods, an' just as green. An' say I've seen dogs running 'round 'em barkin', like they's busy workin' 'em. Why, they're busy workin' 'em. Christmas, course you've seen some."

"Tall, you, I don't guess I know. My street don't have none. 'Sides, I ain't been out 'round 'em lately."

"That's so," agreed his companion, with a sudden change from decision to the dearest sympathy. "You've had to be a kid. I kind of forgot, you hope, 'round so sorry on that crutch. Spec' you'll throw the extra leg away some day."

"Spec' I will."

"Go anywhere you like, I guess, now. Al'tain 'em 'round."

"Anywhere, then, boss. Never been

could see among, while others were so dense that a person a few feet up the trunk was wholly invisible.

The boys, of course, chose one of the dense trees to push their way up into, ten or twelve feet. It suggested mystery and bears.

"Ain't it nice an' warm in here," said Limp drowsily. "Bliss. I could go to sleep. I didn't sleep much last night, boy," he said.

"Go ahead," encouraged Mugs. "Mebbe I'll join you. Couldn't find a nice an' warmer place. An' bein' at

think we couldn't fall down, though I'm goin' to fix myself cross-legged on the branches, with my arms wrapped 'round."

"Me—too," sleepily.

It was only a little past noon. About four o'clock several men pushed their way among the big trees, examining and comparing them.

Finally the densely-branched one in



"No, He Isn't Dead, Only Fainted From Exhaustion."

which the boys were sleeping, was selected.

Workmen quickly appeared, to lift it into a truck, and only when it was being raised from the ground to the truck did the boys awake, at first bewildered.

Then their arms closed, frantically about the trunk, with visions of policemen and station houses, keeping their silent. They would have to wait until the tree stopped shaking, with the noise clear away, and then sneak down and sneak away.

But it did not clear away below.

At the church to which the tree was carried, more people joined the workmen handling the tree, and within the church, while being set up, still other voices, many of them hoarse, rose to the strained ears of the boys.

"Have to wait till it grows dark, seems," whispered Mugs hoarsely, to Limp. "Can you hold out?"

"Course."

Then a bombshell exploded in rather a soft voice.

"Wess a few of us would better stay here all night to hang the church groover and get the tree decorated to be ready for the presents tomorrow. Ought to have had the tree here to commence on several days ago. But that's the usual way of the buying committee, at the last moment."

"All right. We can make a good start tonight, and tomorrow there'll be a superabundance of help."

There was. So the boys hung to the tree all night, and all the next day while the outer ends of the branches were covered with many lines of presents, and on into the evening when the church died to overflowing. And all the time Limp's face was growing whiter and whiter.

It was just when the presents were being removed that the branches will fall, and the white-faced boy went limp and slid from branch to branch, and so to the floor, the match clattering on ahead.

That was more than Mugs could stand. He forgot policemen and station bosses, and fong himself down, regardless of body and dislodged presents.

"He ain't dead?" he sobbed. "Limp ain't dead, is he?"

Men and women gathered about them, and listened to Mugs' rambling, disjointed story. One man was kneeling beside Limp.

"No, he isn't dead," he assured Mugs, "only faint from exhaustion."

Then, to those around, "I had not thought of any present to me, and just slipped in to look on. But it seems I am having the most important gift of all. I am a surper, and my car is outside. I will take the boy to my hospital at once."

"In goin'," declared Mugs.

"No, my boy, not now. You will go with me to my place in the country. But I will take you in to see your friend every day. When he gets well he'll come out to join us."

"Will he get well?"

"No question of it, I think. And neither of you will ever need to get into a Christmas tree to get warm again."

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Advice to Santa

Children who write letters to Santa Claus might advise him not to get too close to open flames or his whiskers and trimmings are liable to catch on fire, suggests the national safety council.

HIGH POINT WOMAN OUT FOR ASSISTANT ATTORNEYSHIP

Washington special of Dec. 10 to

Winston-Salem Journal: De district attorneys prefer "bloodes" Miss Edith Hayworth, whose home is at High Point, would like to know, as she applies to be assistant district attorney for the middle district of North Carolina.

She has no preference as between E. J. Gavin and Frank Limney, and will be glad to serve with either.

The fair young Portia called on Senator Overman this afternoon in an effort to enlist his support. Inasmuch as the appointment is to be made by a district attorney not yet named or at least his recommendation will be a prerequisite, the senator could only tender his good wishes.

This latest Tar Heel Portia is fair to look upon, and it is easy to see that poor bootleggers would have a hard time if she starts to prosecuting. She finished at George Washington Law School here last year and journeyed down to Raleigh in August for her examination before the supreme court. She passed with flying colors. And then returned to her position in the department of justice where she has been two years. It

was not until last April that she got sworn in as a member of the North Carolina bar.

SHIPSTEAD HOLDS BALANCE OF POWER IN THE SENATE

Washington—A tall, blond viking from Minnesota, Henrik Shipstead, the last of his party in the senate, has had thrust upon him by the turn of the wheel of political fortune a power which has come to but few senators irrespective of their length of service.

The sole senate survivor of the farmer-labor party will wield the balance of power as between the two major parties, and his vote will be eagerly sought by Republicans and Democratic leaders on the major issues which will split those forces in the pre-presidential campaign season.

When these occasions arise Shipstead can call himself into dirty caucus, make his decision and execute his orders without those fears of a break in his party ranks which so often beset the directing heads of the larger forces on the senate floor.

A native of the state he represents Shipstead is one of the younger group of senators, being 43 years old. He is a dentist by profession, but long before the farmer-laborite in Minnesota sent him to the senate he had been a close student of governmental affairs, and he has gained for himself places on several important committees, including that on foreign relations.

DUKE UNIVERSITY WILL GET \$200,000 MORE

New York, Dec. 10.—A donation of \$200,000 to the endowment fund of Duke University, Durham, N. C., by C. C. Duke, president of the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., was announced tonight at a dinner of Duke alumni here. Mr. Duke was a friend and business associate of the late James B. Duke, founder of the university.

Irish potatoes have been shown to be a more profitable crop than beef cattle on some mountain farms, say those who have grown the tubers during the past few years.



"Go 'Long With Me to Where Christmas Trees Hang Out—"

has far out before, proudly, "Guess I'll go across an' stress some time."

"Say," with sudden inspiration, "go with me to where Christmas trees hang out—hundreds an' hundreds, white frozen the boys chasin' mebbe some. That's wess six or eight blocks, 'round seven, so you can keep 'em."

"Keep 'em, grammy!" scolded Limp. "But I can't see an' heat 'em up. Mama says so. So I can't bend it now. Sure, I can heat you with these legs."

"Come on, then."

They made good time the six or eight blocks, but before covering them Limp was going very slowly and his face was white.

They reached a sight of the trees, and his face was forgotten, and the white-faced boy on a wonderful push.

"So them's trees—Christmas trees," he breathed. "Ain't they—pretty?"

"What are you doing there, boys," suddenly demanded the owner of the trees, as the two approached near enough for Limp to thrust an estate card into the green folder.

"This tree's been in heat most all his life, till lately, an' ain't never seen a Christmas tree afore," explained Mugs. "He's real keen over 'em."

The man looked at Limp, curiously, his eyes growing more kindly.

"All right, go ahead," he nodded. "Help yourself. I think myself they're pretty good, but to go a little longer over."

Thus permitted, the boys pushed their way deep among the evergreens. There were little ones for table use, and from that all the way up to great trees nearly a forty feet high, for church or home burning. Some of these big trees had open branches one

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