

Artaban, Fourth Wise Man of the East

By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN
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ALHAZAR, Melchior, Kaspar, who followed that bright Christmas star—

You know the tale of the Wise Men, who came bearing gifts from afar.

Here is the tale of Artaban, the Fourth Wise Man of the East.

Who saw not the babe in the manger, but not of the four was the least. He stopped to smooch and dally and beat his companions and way.

But ever he pressed his quest onward in hope, though alone and astray, and ever he nursed the ailment and ever the hunger he fed,

and ever he closed the naked where-over his wandering led.

One after another vanished the gifts he had brought for the king—

To save a baby girl from starvation he sold his last precious ring.

At last, in the street, the cunning Artaban saw the baby die.

Lying there, without and helpless, his ears heard a voice cry, "On high command, his goods and service, I have brought to thee, my friend, a gift of my own."

The girl looked startled. "I never saw you before," she exclaimed. "How do you know my name?"

"I don't, all of it—just Alice. That is why I need no other. Listen! I went over to the department store this morning, as you heard. I watched the shoppers. I saw children and women look at expensive things wistfully, then turn away. I heard a tired-looking shop girl tell another that she wanted to get a crippled sister to a doctor, but couldn't afford it. Five hundred dollars would do real good there."

The girl's face brightened. "Indeed, it would, Mr. Henderson. I know that girl with a crippled sister. She supports her invalid mother and her small brothers and sisters, and sends some of them to school. And I know others. What wouldn't \$500 do?"

"I feel so, too, Alice. And you're just the one to do it."

"Me?" incredulously. "Why, you don't know me."

"Yes, I do. I was standing near the room manager when he called you up and discharged you. After you went out I heard him say to some one in a regretful way, that you were one of the best sales girls he ever had, but that you persisted in dressing so shabbily. In spite of repeated warnings, that he was forced to let you go. He wanted only attractively dressed girls."

Alice blushed scarlet. "I have no many to look after that it isn't right to waste on myself," she said in a low voice.

"I understand. I made inquiries about you, and find you are the girl I need. Now, I want you to work for me, Alice, but I shall give you the forenoon during the holidays to expend the \$500 wisely. You may keep a report to show me. Afternoons and evenings I shall want you here. The salary will be \$20 a week."

"I got only \$10 in the department store."

"I always pay \$20. A good girl is worth it. And, oh yes, you must dress nicely. I can take two or three dollars from your wages each week to pay on the things you buy. You'll want at least two dresses for yourself, with shoes, hat and other things. This dress for your mother, and what things you want for the children. You'll come?"

"Yes, indeed."

Tears were slipping down her cheeks. But they were happy ones.

MAKING HIS GIFT COUNT

By Frank Herbert Sweet

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How much? asked the girl in a sidish coat, with her poised above her pad. "Remember it's for our annual bridge club dinner, and we want to outdo all previous efforts. Shall I put down, say \$200. There will be an orchestra and dancing before the collation. Such things cost. I'm already promised about \$2,000, and want \$2,000 more. Maybe you can manage \$500 this year."

Bob Henderson glanced toward a shabby girl who had slipped a few feet down the counter. He had been waiting on her when Miss Bristow pushed arrogantly in front of her. The girl was looking toward him. She had slid a piece of goods back of the counter.

"Beg your pardon, Miss Bristow," he said, "I am waiting on this young lady. I'll listen to you in a few moments."

Miss Bristow guttered her eye-lids toward the girl. "The person can wait," she said superciliously. "She is used to it."

"I don't belong to the club, never been asked to it, wouldn't be considered eligible, and—"

She lifted her eyebrows. "You do not understand. Our set—"

"I understand all right. I'm wondering why I should help pay."

"Because we trade with you—"

"Because I have the goods you want, father."

"You don't seem to realize what an honor it is to be associated with our set even in a donation way," leily. "How much shall I set down?"

"I'll be with you in a few moments," called Bob to the shabby girl—"or if you're in a hurry I'll end this meaningless talk at once."

"No—no, sir. I've got plenty of time," faltered the girl.

"Thank you. Now, Miss Bristow," turning back and speaking crisply. "Last year I gave you a hundred dollars for some charity that wasn't charity, it seems. The trade of your set was welcome; but more, I was young and easy. This year my trade has been better, and I really can afford

to be generous. I shall greet the New Year, and then, I shall be borne in splendid bonfire. I shall end my life in a blaze of glory. It is a glorious Christmas

interrupted, though charity?" "Pay that promise?"

It is a glorious Christmas

"You will lose the trade of my set," she snapped.

"Better than my self-respect," Bob answered quietly. "And the trade of your set, while welcome, is not essential. Good-by."

He went to the old and began to unroll the pretty, gray piece of goods she had pushed back.

"About ten yards, I suppose?" he inquired. "I heard you mention that, casually, when you first looked at the goods. For your mother, perhaps, for Christmas."

"I've—changed my mind. I will look at something cheaper."

"Considering quality, this is the cheapest goods I have. But I have a little story to tell first. Then I want you to help me. And you mustn't think me impudent if I say things you won't like. You heard us talking just now?"

"Yes," wondering what was coming, "and I'll listen."

"Then you know my trade has been good enough to allow of a \$500 Christmas offering. I want to make it worth while, and I don't know how. You are familiar with the struggles of shop girls, and with the pathetic side of Christmas buyers, Alice."

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"I understand. I made inquiries about you, and find you are the girl I need. Now, I want you to work for me, Alice, but I shall give you the forenoon during the holidays to expend the \$500 wisely. You may keep a report to show me. Afternoons and evenings I shall want you here. The salary will be \$20 a week."

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NEVER a thing to make you mad,
Never a trouble to make you sad,
Never a pain to hurt or kill,
Never the need of a dollar bill,
Never a worry or never a fear—
All through the days a happy year.

KATHERINE EDELMAN

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The New Year by Anna Deming Gray

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

JANUARY 1 was not always New Year's Day, and even now in Greece and Russia it does not arrive until twelve days after the new year has started.

It took longer to agree upon a common day to celebrate New Year's than it did to select a common Christmas.

It was late in the sixteenth century before January 1 was accepted universally. The more ancient nations had always had a preference for this date, and Egypt, China and Rome celebrated the day with public rejoicing.

In Russia the day was made sacred to Janus and was a time of special sacrifice and prayer at his shrine. He is pictured as a god with two faces, one looking backward and one forward—one youthful and one very old—the Old and the New Year. In Derbyshire an old custom still prevails. At just twelve o'clock the doors are flung wide open and the New Year is ushered in with shouts of welcome.

There are places in England, also, where the Old Year is still swept out, according to an old custom. Men and boys with blackened faces and dressed to look like chimney sweeps, go through the streets with brooms, sweeping.

The practice of burning the Old Year out with huge bonfires still prevails in some places, while in many districts it is rung out by muffled drums and just at midnight the bells are rung and the New Year is ushered in.

The celebration of the new year is a time of joy and merriment. In many places the people are dressed in their best and the streets are filled with the sound of music and the sight of bonfires.

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ARRIVAL OF THE NEW YEAR

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

BEFORE the midnight service which would usher in the New Year there was an organ recital.

The church was very quiet, everything was very still. Only the beautiful chords of the organ sounded. A glorious, lighted star hung down, and the Christmas greens were still wound around the pillars and the pulpit and the Bible reading desk.

Sometimes the notes of the organ were deep and low, again they were high, clear, thrilling.

And to every person came new ambitions, new resolves. As they all joined in the opening hymn of the New Year midnight service they all felt better.

The beauty of the organ's music had touched the soul of each.

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A GOOD RESOLUTION

By Emily Burke Adams

IT WAS New Year's Eve and Uncle Ben—everybody called him Uncle Ben—said he didn't think he'd make a resolution, and then he'd have none to break.

"Well," said Mrs. Smith, his neighbor, who had brought him a loaf of bread, "if I were you I'd make a resolution to marry before another year. I'm going to quit sewing your buttons, so you'd better think about it."

Uncle Ben did think about it, and mused to himself: "Well, if I had resolved long ago to get married, I'd be married. Other folks keep their resolutions. By jolly, I'm going to resolve to marry before a year and I won't break my resolution, either."

New Year's day Uncle Ben put on his best hat and rucker and started to church. As he turned the corner he met Widow Bender.

"Well, Uncle Ben, Happy New Year," said she.

"Thank you, Mrs. Bender, and Happy New Year to you. Mine will be a happy New Year, for I'm going to be married."

"Oh, gide!" said the widow, with a disappointed look. "My New Year is to get married, if I can."

"I shall be glad to see you at the celebration," said Uncle Ben, "that is a good resolution—if I can."

They looked at each other, kitted up, and went on their way.

One was surprised to witness that morning.

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THE Christmas Party

By Eleanor King

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THE odor of soup prevailed throughout the two rooms which constituted the home of Mrs. Pourrez, and her three children, namely Raoul, the oldest, Henrietta, the middle, and Louise the youngest.

"Tonight," mused Mrs. Pourrez, "is the anniversary of our coming to America. Three years have passed, and we still have not found Andre. I have tried every way to locate him. The lady at the settlement house told me to be sure and come to the Christmas party because many people come to that who never come throughout the year. She said I might meet him."

"Oh, ma mere, do you," said Raoul, "I do wish we could find father. We would have the happiest Christmas we could imagine."

Mrs. Pourrez' work kept her quite late in the evening. Her tasks were heavy. She was endeavoring to send her three children to school and support their little home.

"Mere," said Raoul, "we shall put our candle in the window to welcome you when you return, and please may we sit up to see whether our father returns with you by chance?"

"Si vous voulez," said his mother, kissing him on the forehead. "If we wish, of course we do, but don't disturb the children."

Mrs. Pourrez' husband, Andre, had left his wife and family to come to America to try and locate himself. He left with a promise to find a cozy home and to save money for their passage. Three and a half years ago word had come that, by saving and good hard work, the home had been secured and awaited their arrival. But no Mr. Pourrez was there to meet them, as planned, on their arrival into this country. The poor mother, broken-hearted, had had to start out and earn a living to keep her family. And so each Christmas, the anniversary of their arrival, she looked to meet her husband.

Now she hurriedly made her way to the settlement house, arrayed in her best attire. Her hopes were running high. The games had already begun. The settlement house was a babel of voices. The faces in that rather dimly lit crowd were all beaming with delight as they forgot their many worries in the games they were playing. But one face in that picture lost its gaiety as the crowd was carefully scanned. She saw no Andre. Her hopes were shattered.

The games continued. Finally some one proposed that the different nationalities get together in groups and give one of their respective country's dances. The Indians started the fun, the French were to be next. The dance to be given was decided upon and the music commenced. A door opened at the back of the hall. A man appeared. A settlement house worker ushered him in, saying:

"You are just in time to join the French dance, Mr. —"

A woman came bounding forth. "Andre!" she cried, and she was lost in the two huge arms which encircled her.

"Where have you been?" was all the poor woman could gasp in her joy.

Christmas morning found the Pourrez family reunited in their new home. Around the table the family was gathered, gazing at Andre Pourrez. He was telling how illness had kept him lying delirious in a hospital for months and at the time when their boat was due in America. Every year he had gone to every settlement house Christmas party in the hope of finding them. That was why he had been late in arriving last evening.

Andre's last party on his list to how happy they all

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"Si vous voulez," said his mother, kissing him on the forehead. "If we wish, of course we do, but don't disturb the children."

Mrs. Pourrez' husband, Andre, had left his wife and family to come to America to try and locate himself. He left with a promise to find a cozy home and to save money for their passage. Three and a half years ago word had come that, by saving and good hard work, the home had been secured and awaited their arrival. But no Mr. Pourrez was there to meet them, as planned, on their arrival into this country. The poor mother, broken-hearted, had had to start out and earn a living to keep her family. And so each Christmas, the anniversary of their arrival, she looked to meet her husband.

Now she hurriedly made her way to the settlement house, arrayed in her best attire. Her hopes were running high. The games had already begun. The settlement house was a babel of voices. The faces in that rather dimly lit crowd were all beaming with delight as they forgot their many worries in the games they were playing. But one face in that picture lost its gaiety as the crowd was carefully scanned. She saw no Andre. Her hopes were shattered.

The games continued. Finally some one proposed that the different nationalities get together in groups and give one of their respective country's dances. The Indians started the fun, the French were to be next. The dance to be given was decided upon and the music commenced. A door opened at the back of the hall. A man appeared. A settlement house worker ushered him in, saying:

"You are just in time to join the French dance, Mr. —"

A woman came bounding forth. "Andre!" she cried, and she was lost in the two huge arms which encircled her.

"Where have you been?" was all the poor woman could gasp in her joy.

Christmas morning found the Pourrez family reunited in their new home. Around the table the family was gathered, gazing at Andre Pourrez. He was telling how illness had kept him lying delirious in a hospital for months and at the time when their boat was due in America. Every year he had gone to every settlement house Christmas party in the hope of finding them. That was why he had been late in arriving last evening.

Andre's last party on his list to how happy they all

THE NEW LEAF

By MARTHA B. THOMAS

WE TALK about turning over a new leaf at New Year's. How about turning over our brains? Most of us work these factories in our heads about half-time and half-capacity. When a new idea walks in we hustle him out before he disturbs the quiet of the place. Why not let him ramble about and stir up the old machinery? If he makes a racket and starts a fight with all the old ideas, let him scrap it out. You can clean up the damage afterwards, and will probably feel amazingly refreshed. The trouble with most of us is a desperate aversion to enlarging the works.

Let's put in a new window now and then, oil up the cogs, and a place for new thoughts and have a grand time with ourselves.

Further not only turned his brain over when he mailed that famous letter on the church door, but about the whole world, as well.

Newton only needed an apple as a self-starter towards the idea of gravitation.

Shakespeare looked about him at the everyday doings of "high folks and plain folks," and saw what he necessitated.

You never can tell whether you're a genius or not until you scribble around in your own head and produce something!

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Starting Off the New Year

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THEY had known each other for only a little while. But both of them knew that through the long stretch of years ahead they would grow happier and happier as they knew each other better and better.

It was on New Year's day that they announced their engagement. It was such a beautiful day upon which to announce such a glorious, romantic fact.

"My dear one," he whispered, "no man could care about a girl as I care about you."

"No one could love a man as I love you," she said. "Other girls, I know, could never feel the love I feel. It is a new feeling—to feel so much, such great, great quantities of love for another."

"No one will be as happy as we will be," he said.

"No one," she agreed.

"I don't think any one ever loved as I do you," he said.

"You sure no one ever loved as I do you," she said.

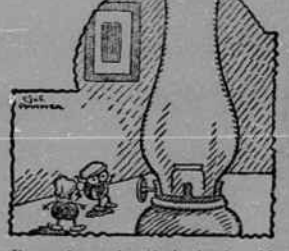
For to both of them love was new, even as the year was new.

What mattered it to them that others had said the same—that to everyone to whom love came it came as something fresh and new and beautiful and unusual?

For the continuing of romance in life is like the continuing of the years. They come along, ever, ever new because they carry with them new hopes and new joys.

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Perhaps It Is



Bugs—I wonder if that's the chimney Santa is coming down?

Let Christmas Spirit Prevail Through Year

WHAT a world it would be if all of us kept up the Christmas spirit all through the year! How much of unkindness, or discontent, or unrest, would we all be spared? How many foolish quarrels and useless bickerings would never be if our hearts held the message of love and trust and peace that they do today? How many homes would be unbroken and how many men and women would work together in a new and deeper bond of love and service? How trivial and small would appear some of the reasons that estrange us from each other? How petty and mean the petty jealousies and misanthropies that hamper our way and our joy? How different our fellow-men appear in our eyes—these things and feelings—