



poes for stealing rides, we pay gintleman or walk, eh, lad?" he boy started from his reverte, the bising beats walking for d transit if you're in a hurry, the bising prinned. "Gee, that Stamy grinned. "Gee, that smells great, I'm as hungry camp robber."

a camp robber."
They ate in silence, each busy in his own thoughts. When the al was inished, the man produced mort-stemmed pipe from an inpocket of his heavy woodsman it, filed it, crowding the tobacco with his thumb; then stooping accoped a live coal from the fire I puffed a moment in quiet satisfies, watching the boy from ler his shaggy eyebrows as he at fresh fagots to the blaze, he boy, with hands thrust deep his pockets coutinued to move liessly about. "Gea, Tim, this ther is getting on my nerves."

e've had days of it. I'm begin-ng to want to see the sun again." The old man laid aside his pipe. Now, lad, suppose ye tell Tim all hout it. What's botherin' ye—I've pissed that whistle of yourn. What's oo yer mind?"

Jimmy resumed his sent on the og. "Oh, nothing much, Tim. I sens I'm sort of cuckoo tonight, t thinking—oh shucks! it's nother, anyway."

Go on, lad, I'm Hatenin'. A glow color mounted to the boy's ce. "It's thinking of Christmas, in. It's only three days off, and and I've never been away before, doesn't matter, forget it." He stily threw a pine bough into the

lad, but it's a long time long time. Fe're from a mebbe?"

dad's no farmer. He's a yr, and got along fine till nes struck—you know how sent"

went."
Tim supplemented.
ere wasn't much work."
at's right, Tim, and I wasn't
a school. I wrote a note tellom and Dad not to worry
magnitude have three more

om and Dad not to worry
me—they have three more
tout for—and I hit the trail
great Northwest"
gave him a reassuring pat.
Ind, An ye're fed up an aort
ipinted an homesick?"
mess that's right, Tim. But.
I was thinking of Christman
of under my skin. They'll all
to but me. Nobody to not the
hat was my job. We always
a, even in the hardest times.
I covior to manage. Doesn't
man get you, too, Tim's
tyou folks somewhere you'd
spat\*

An hour later the boy was awakd by a hand on his shoulder, and
his voice calling: "Wake up,
hiny, I wants to talk to ye."
Humy ant up, rubbing his eyes,
key, Tim what's on your mind?

Shot."

Tim fumbled in his pocket and produced a bit of paper, First, I want to say: "Merry Christmas from Timothy Ryan to Mr. James Madden of Mobray, loway. Here it is—a ticket to ye're old home town, An' the fast train will pick ye up in exactly forty minutes. We got to get zoin'. lad.
"But Tim." Jimmy blinked the

last bit of sleep from his eyes. He turned the paper over and over un-til he was convinced it was gen-nine. "I—I don't understand, Tim. How did you get this and where? "Tim laughed merrily, "One at a time, lad, First; I got it over you

at the little railway station where they sell tickets. Second, I paid fer it with money, earned money I laid by when work was good."

"That's fine of you Tim, but I

can't take your money, You need it for yourself."

Sure ye kin, lad, an' there's enough left fer me—an' yer wel-come to it. Ye see, Jimmy I sort of tuk to ye the day ye walked inter the loggin camp jest as they were cloain' down fer the winter an' we tuk the trail togither. An' when ye talked of Christmas, an sich, ye set me thinkin'. The gift is not ter you alone, but fer yer folks who misses ye more than ye know. Old Tim's made many a mistake, I says to myself, but this 'aint one, an mebbe it will help square some of

He laid a gnarled hand on the boy's shoulder. "There's only one thing I'm askin, ind, an that is: ye'll stay off the road. It's not fer the likes of ye. Go home an finish yer

"You're right, Tim." Jimmy replied soberly. "I've come to realize that. You've helped me to see things differently, Tim. I've got a dandy iden." His face glowed with eager-ness. "Go home with me. Mom and dad would make you welcome; and you say you have money." But the old man shook his head. "No, no lad, I bin on the road too long. I in progress in the old homestead know yer folks wud be grand to me; much obleeged to ye fer thinkin' of it-I'll be gettin' along where ther's housin' quarters, an mebbe a bit of work."

The eastbound train came to a stop. As the slender youth was climbing aboard, with a last hand clasp, old Tim pressed a crumpled bill into his hand. "Ye must eat, lad, an' don't lose yer ticket. Don't fergit ye're ridin' like a gintleman." The old man laughed, but there was an undertone of wistfulness.

thought of eating, Tim. It is just that I'm going home. Home, Tim,



Tim Fumbled in His Pocket and Produced a Bit of Paper.

and I owe it to you. I'll pay it back some day—I'll tell mom and dad what a good pal you've been—and you promised to write. I'll be thinking of you Christman."

"Thankee, lad, thankee, Tell yer folks howdy, an' merry Christmas,

The train roared away in the white fog. Old Tim watched till the white fog. Old Tim watched till the red light disappeared and the rumble grew faint in the distance. He rubbed a moist hand across his hrow." "An' he celled me pai. "Tis a fine lad he is, an l'il be missin' him. Three days to Christmas; he'll make it." By the dim light from the station window, he pulled a worn purse from his pocket and emptied the few remaining coins into hir hand. He shook his heed slowly. Reaching into an inner pocket he drew forth a letter addressed to a small town in Iowa; ed to a small town in lowa;

slowly he rend; "Dear Tom, I been hankerin' to see ye an the old home agin. I'll be comin' fer Christmas. Yer broth-

widentias



By Alice B. Palmer WAS Christmas day! Ice coated - snow coated-crisp and delightful! Great prep-

arations for the holiday feast were at the far end of Jay street. A gergeous Christmas tree and attractive berry-laden holly wreaths shone through the windows, while the evergreens without added to the beauty of the festive atmos-

There were just seven of them in the little family-father, mother and children. They were all busy in the happy holiday task of help ing mother. The turkey was sput



Long Ago There Had Also Beer "Just Seven of Them!"

tering in the oven and the cranberries were popping. Joyous song and laughter rang through the gally

Lucia Bell, a new resident sev. eral doors down the same street. was sitting alone dreamily gazing out upon the Christmas ice castles. Just then she heard a knock. Who in the world could be rapping at her door on Christmas day? "Come in!" cried the startled Lucia Bell. In stepped a small girl beaming with the very joy of being alive, "My mudder-my-we all want

you to Christmas dinner!" Lucia Bell, smiling a smile of Christmas joy, was truly delighted and accompanied the happy little girl to the house of great Christmas preparations.

"Won't you be one of us," said mother sweetly, "and cut the Christ-

Lucia Bell was thrilled and before anyone knew it she had them trimly cut and ready to serve.

Twas at the height of the Christmas dinner that something very wonderful happened to Lucia Bell. Why there they were—all of them! Strange she hadn't noticed before! In those other days long ago there had also been "just seven of them!" Opposite to her now, she could plainly see her own brothers and slaters sitting around that other table. She rubbed her eyes and blinked at the happy scene. At that very moment the little family hefore her became Christmas fairies in the mind of Lucia Bell; and she smiled a smile of tender gratitude toward each one of them.

6 Western Newspaper Union. mas dinner that something very



TOT a cent to spare for gifts this year, Clare dear, I'm sorry," Mrs. Jordan told her daughter shortly before Christmas. "We can afford cards, though, so you figure up how many you have to send and I'll get them when I go to the store tomor row. No gifts, and yet there was

money for greeting cards. Well, why not spring a surprise on all of them? Yes, that would work and it would be a grand surprise and yet heaps of fun, too. .. .. .. "No. I don't want any greeting

cards, mother, but if you'll just get me a dozen stamped envelopes in-stead, I'll be all set for Christmas." "Well, I must say you take this

to please, but you might let me in on this secret, child!" "Nope, it wouldn't be a secret But try as he would he couldn't then," she sent back, smiling with get the picture of the little fellow her knowledge.

Granny Hitchcock, over on the Christmas list. "My Christmas gift to you this year is-my promise to come to read to you once every week in the new year and I'll write our letters, too, on that same day each week." The envelope sealed completed the wrapping of that gift. The next on the list was the garage mechanic's wife.

"Dear Mrs. Simmons: My Christmas gift to you this year is my promise to stay with and keep lived. Then in order to have some Buddy after school, one day each month—the day the Mothers' club meets from 4:30 to 6:00. You won't



"Nope, It Wouldn't Be Secret Then," She Sent Back.

have to hire any one on those oc There was a promise to Mina

Hillman that Clare and some of her classmates would come down and recite their pieces and sing some of their songs. "Other folks will be thanked just once during the year, but I'll be seeing folks smile and hear them

ly mean it, the whole year long. Money presents cheat the rivers out of a lot of fun, that's sure," she

saying 'thanks,' and know they real-



8 ROSS HUTTON finishe telling his little daughter the story of Christmas, of the erds and the Christ child, and had as tacifully as possible ex-plained about Santa Claus, Polly heaved a sigh, "Well, I think there's a Santy Claus and I hope he brings me a sheep like the ones in the

The day before Christmas, Ross saw a white woolly lamb in the window of a toy shop. He was glad he had walked to his office. Otherwise he might not have seen the lamb. He would stop on his way home and get it. But one of the men in the office offered to drive him home, so the lamb was forgotten until he heard Polly as she was being put to bed tell her mother she hoped "Santy" wouldn't forget about the "sheep." Ross looked at his watch and decided the shop would probably still be open. Anne called to him to ask where he was going, and he answered, "Back in a few minutes."

When he parked his car before the shop, the thought that the lamb might not be there struck him for the first time. He felt much relieved, therefore, when he saw the lamb in the window.

As he tucked the package under his arm and turned to leave the shop, a little boy came in. Ross heard him ask the proprietor if he still had the lamb that was in the window that morning. He was told the gentleman just leaving had bought it. "Oh," the disappointment showed in his voice. Wasn't there something else he would like? But there didn't seem to be anything else.

As he got into his car Ross caught sight of a small boy standthe window, his gaze fas-



Santa Claus Had Brought Her a Sheep and a Baby Doll.

tened on the place where the lamb had been. He seemed so disappointed, it was too bad there wasn't another lamb for him, Ross thought as he drove away. But probably something else would catch his the lamb. Children were like that. Ross wondered though if Polly remembered before it was too late. for another.

corner. He often came into the if ungrammatical. shop. Tonight he had come to buy the little lamb for his small sister, found it gone. The proprietor had tried to interest him in something else, but he hadn't been successful in doing it. Ross interrupted to know in just which house the boy satisfactory excuse to offer at home,

he bought a baby doll for Polly. When somewhat later he came into the living room where Anne was busy trimming the Christmas tree, she wanted to know where on earth he had been. He shook his head and put his finger to his lips as a warning not to waken Polly. He placed the package under the tree and with a happy smile he began helping with the work of trim-

The next morning he was awak ened by Polly's happy cry that she knew there was a "Santy Claus" because he had brought her a 'sheep" and a baby doll just as she asked him to. Ross sprang out of hed and into the living room. Where could the "sheep" have come from? For there was Polly with a lamb under one arm and the doll under the other.

"Where?" Ross asked, pointing to the lamb. Anne whispered that she had bought it.

"There is a Santy Claus, isn't there, Daddy?" Polly's voice implied she was giving information rather than asking it. Ross heartly agreed with her:

"There certainly is a Santa Claus beyond a doubt."

Hang Pillow Cases At Christmas in St. Croix, Virgin Islands, the youngsters hang up pil-

lowenses instead of stockings.

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## "Ain't" Is Vulgar, Yet We Shy at "Am I Not?"

A teacher of English has pointed out a curious effect of the constant fancy and he would forget all about stressing of the vulgarity of the use of the word "ain't" In conversation Admitting that the continued instrucwould have forgotten so easily. He tion has been useful in some direcscarcely thought so. The poor little | tions, he says that, when it comes thing would have been mightily dis- to questions, the result seems to appointed. He was glad he had have been to substitute one error

The child would ordinarily remark. "Ain't I glad I don't have to do it?" out of his mind. Halfway home he or, "I'm right, ain't I?" is now likely turned his car around and went to change, somewhat self-conspicu-back to the shop. The boy had ously to "Aren't I glad I don't have orner, was the first always on her left, so Ross asked the proprietor to do it?" or, "I'm right, aren't I?" if he could tell him where the boy Especially, to the girls, it seems. lived. He lived just around the that sounds a lot more elegant, even

It is strange that people should shy at the little expression, "Am I and was so disappointed when he not." Americans just do not care for those three little words. Among our homespun citizenry there is a deep-seated suspicion that they can note either condescension or pase Many prefer to stumble around looking, ineffectually, for something just as good, which they seldom find -- Roston Herald.

Or Counterfeiting Some people make money even when times are hard. That's talent.

### PANAMA CANAL NOT JUST MERE DITCH: A SECOND-STORY LAKE

The Panama canal is of tremendous importance, for it makes it possible for us to have one navy instead of two. The excellent way in which the locks are handled lets us move the whole of our fleet from the Atlantic into the Pacific, or vice versa, in a day and a haif. And, furthermore, from a purely engineering angle this canal is more vuinerable than most.

It is not (as so many people still seem to believe) a big ditch dug across the narrow strip of mountainous land that connects North and South America. It is really a secend-story lake that carries the ships from one ocean to the next by way of the attic. Instead of digging a deep ditch across the isthmus, our engineers dammed up two small rivers and created two vast artificial lakes. They then cut through the narrow mountain ridge that separated these two lakes and constructed a number of gigantic locks which carry the vessels from the Atlantic tidewaters to the artificial lake, away up high between the mountains. and which drop them just as gently when the time has come for them to go back to the other sea.

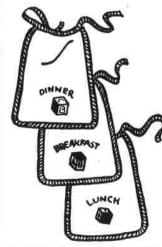
A canal like that depends for its efficiency upon its locks. Once one of the locks has been destroyed or even seriously damaged, the canal is as helpless as an automobile without gasoline.-Hendrick Willem Van Loon in Cosmopolitan,

## Simple Set of Bibs For the Little One

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK

Plenty of bibs must always be handy for the little one and a mother is always ready to make up a few more if they cost as little as these do and also require a little handwork.

This package No. A-4 contains a set of three bibs stamped with designs like shown above on a



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