

Poor Children's Christmas Party By ELEANOR KING

AG! Come on; send some poor kiddle to A Whole Dollar Not Too Much for Ralph to the poor Give to Be Santa Claus

children's Christmas party Friday. Buy a tag," pleaded a smiling girl at the head of the stairs which lead into one of the large art schools. Ralph, one of the many students hurrying into the school, eager to be at work, thrust his hand into his pocket absent-mindedly. This tag day business was happening too often. He had not a cent of

"You wouldn't regret giving if you could see those kiddies. We do this



every year over in the normal depart ment, you know," volunteered the girl. Ralph thought a minute, then put a crisp one-dollar bill into the basket.

"Oh! that's too much to give," called the girl, but Ralph had disappeared down the stairs into the school.

That did not end Ralph's thoughts on the matter, however. In the after noon he met Frances, one of his girl friends from the normal department "Ralph," she burst forth, "the tag day surely is going over big. They expect to make quite a lot more than they did last year. Why," she exclaimed in her joy, "do you know, they always say artists are so very poor-well, Aida told me some nice young man put a dollar bill in her basket and never said a word about wanting any change."

Ralph smiled: "That fellow probably was thinking about some composition he was making and didn't even know he put it in."

"No, he didn't, because Aida said he thought a minute before he dropped it in."

That evening as Ralph worked in his room at the boarding house, some way or other he just couldn't keep his mind off his home. He had known right along that he couldn't go home for Christmas, but as the time drew nearer-only two more days now before Christmas vacation-he felt very lonely. There was someone besides the folks who made Ralph wish he were going home. Ralph heaved a sigh.

"Gee, I hate to think of it. She will be home from college for the holidays, and I won't be there to take her around. Well, little girl, you understand if all the rest don't. Hang it, I would like to see you, Lillian!"

Everybody at school went about whistling and singing, why shouldn't he? He should. Hadn't he given that dollar he had been saving so long for some colors he wanted? If he couldn't go home, he was at least contributing to someone else's happiness. Come to think of it, there are loads of people in this very city who have no place to even think of as home.

Posing as a martyr-the idea; a healthy, hearty, young, robust boy like 2 him posing as a martyr!

His laughter echoed in the semiempty room and died out. He was seated in an old morris chair with his on; send back to the door, deep in thought, when a light rap on his room door stirred him. Thinking it one of the boys living in the house, and not bothering to rise, he called, "Come in!"

The door opened and Ralph beheld poopooooooooooooooooo a little black-eyed, black-haired urchin in what once was a white corduroy dress. Leaning against his knee, she looked up into his face. His artist's eye thought instantly, "My, those eyes! Wouldn't they be wonderful to

"Say," said the little thing as she olled her eyes, "did you know, I am oling to the children's party Friday Mother of ELLIE was exhausted, Just as were rolled her eyes, "dfd you know, I am going to the children's party Friday down at your school?"

"Well, where did you drop from?" ejaculated Ralph in his surprise. " am sure I never saw you before. don't know your name, but I think I shall call you the 'Vamp.'"

"My name Jose," corrected the little girl indignantly.

"Well, you surely know the art of rolling your eyes," laughed Ralph.

"Do you want to see my sister? She go, too, Friday."

"Yes, bring in the sister, 'Vamp'the more the merrier!"

The sister, just able to toddle across the floor, dressed in a figured calico romper suit, was hoisted and boosted into Ralph's lap by Jose. The baby cuddled against Ralph, nestling down perfectly content. Ralph felt a little thrill vibrate through his frame.

The "vamp," still at Ralph's side, leaning both elbows on his knees, peered into his face with her large, lustrous eyes.

"My sister's happy, too, you see, be cause she goes with me Friday." "I 'appy," relterated the black haired doll on Ralph's lap.

"Is that right?" laughed Ralph, hugging the little kiddles. "But, 'Vamp,' why do you come to tell me about it?"

The vamp looked rather dismayed. 'You send me and Angelica," she said,



giving Ralph a knowing little shove. "We see Santa, too, and he big, so big that he bring me and Angelica lots nice things. And he talk to us and pick us up like you did Angelica."

Ralph gave a start. Someone was thundering upon his door with two fists instead of one. The door was locked. He slipped the bolt.

"Well, at last," panted a messenger boy: "I've been pounding for the last last said at two minutes past ten. half hour here. Sorry to waken you, sir; know it's late, but I just had to Nellie's eyes. "And will you take the deliver this message tonight, sir."

door closed; Ralph read:

come home Christmas. Lillian arrives this present in remembrance of her DAD."

Ralph could have shouted for joy. A TARR TITANAM MAMMARAN TINIAN S

Christmas Carol Each room with ivy leaves is drest,

And every post with holly. Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke, And Christmas blocks are burning: Their evens they with bak't meats choke, And all their spits are turning.

In Memory of Her Little Girl By ETHEL COOK ELIOT

Mother of Daughter and Was Showered With Lingerie

all the other clerks in the Rumson department store at five

minutes of ten this Christmas eve. But there were still five minutes more in which she must serve. There were several shoppers pressing about her counter handling and .examining the beautiful French embroidery of the lingerie there. They swam before Nellie's tired eyes almost dimly as in a dream. Tired, aching feet can do that to eyes, you know.

How trying they were, these customers! How slow about coming to decisions; how impossible their questions. How did Nellie know how this or that garment would launder, or wear? How could she know? Nellie never in her whole life had possessed a stitch of such costly stuff. And still these crowding, high-voiced women expected her to prophesy the whole future life of their purchases! They were certainly better judges than she

of such things. They ought to know. But there was one lady, a lady with soft brown eyes, half smiling brown eyes, who patiently stood and waited her turn. Because of her patience in that Christmas rush, she came last But if she had been patient in waiting her turn, Nellie now had to be patient in waiting on her. For although it was already ten o'clock and time for the counters to be draped for the night, she took her time. Very carefully she chose two whole sets of lingerie. Every piece she examined closely to make sure of the quality, and the beauty of the design. Nellie thought she would never be done. In fact, Nellie found it hard, just as the brown-eyed lady was hovering over the choice of the last piece, not to cry out at her, "For Heaven's sake, make up your mind! Can't you see

I'm dropping?" But of course Nellie cried out no such thing. She just shut her young lips together, and winked back child-

ish tears of irritation and exhaustion. "I'll take this one, then," the lady at And then she looked up, smiling into lot, dear child, as a Christmas present "That's all right," said Ralph, hur- from me? I had a little girl once, riedly tearing open the telegram. The something like you and your age. Since it is Christmas you will not "Telegraphing money for you to deny me the happiness of giving you She loved pretty things just as you do, I know."

(A 1002 Wastern Newspaper Union.)

His Dinner for Christmas Day By F. H. SWEET

GHE chicken Girl Discovered squawked slid a swift Acrobatic Tramp Purloining Poultry hand to its or a Yuletide

Intruder Impaled on Window Nails, but Was Saved by New Friend

neck and stifled it. This made the fifth and and went into the bag with a spiteful lunge. I was angry at the clumsy work. A squawk was a

dead give away of new fingers, and mine were old. Of course it was a dog barking in the house path and my turning at the instant of clutching. But that was no excuse for a regular. I was getting so cocksure of myself as to be careless.

My hand shot out again and another chicken went into the bag. That made six, the number I boasted I would bring, and a fine feast for even ten hungry hoboes in a woods camp-our Christmas dinner.

But I always liked to do a little more than I promised, I would take an extra one for good measure—a nice fat one. My eyes peered along the dimly outlined forms on the roosts, and-

"Hello," said a voice at the door. I gasped audibly. Sharp ears were another thing I prided myself on, and this person had appeared at the door as noiselessly as I could have myself. The two breaks rattled me.

High up at one end was a little square window, the sash out to admit air. My eyes were as quick and accurate as my fingers, and my body had once belonged to an acrobat boy in a circus. Almost with the word from the doorway my knees bent and straightened into a swift spring, my arms in front and my palms together like a person diving.

Then the humor of it struck me, and I chuckled. "Winder hole wan't quick enough in grabbin', so missed my neck, leavin' me to squawk-same's I did number five chicken. Guess 'twas all comin' to me. Say," raising my voice, "you man who spoke, come an' get me. I've caught an' am holdin' myself. Don't s'spose there's any reward comin' to me. Christmas, you know."

It was still fairly light outside and my head suspended five or six feet from the ground.

A cautious step came 'round the cor-

"Ain't scared of me trussed up like this, are you?" I jeered, "an' still, if 't wan't for that nail grindin' into me when I so much as wink, an' my bein' turned wrong side 'round, I could use my fists like anything. I'm good with fists. Better get your gun an' shoot while shootin's good. An'-great snakes!" as the figure came within range of my screwed 'round face-"a girl-an' pretty as a picture! 'T wan't you that spoke?"

"Yes, it was, but I spoke deep's I could to sound like a man. Thievin'



"Another Chicken Went Into the Bag."

hoboes ain't good to meet when they got their stealin's on 'em. But I sure did set you going."

Her tinkling laugh sounded pleasant even in my unappreciative posi-

"Of course I came 'round the corner slow, not being sure you meant to stay. And say, I never did have a real adventure before, with me as heroine. It's just like a book. An' you do look so funny. I'm enjoyin' my-

"So'm I. An' I feel funny—just as funny's can be. An' of course I wouldn't be polite. You bluffed me to thinkin' you a man. That's why I started my high dive. Ou-u-ch!" "Winder pinches, does it?" laughed

the girl. "Carpenter who made it didn't know his business."

"Knowed-it-too-well," I groaned, between breaths, "'specially when he driv them nails. I-was twisting 'round to see you better, an'-ouch! W-h-ew! Them nails are cuttin' me right in two. Fust we-know I'll be droppin' half inside an' half out."

The girl uttered a low cry of commiseration.

"L-I didn't know," she apologized contritely. "I wouldn't have laughed. I thought 'twas just bein' squeezed too tight. Could I pull-"

"Not on your life," I cried hastily. "It would only help the nails, not me. Maybe if one side of the frame could be pried off, makin' the winder bigger. I felt it wiggle like 'twas loose when I stuck in."

"But you're an awful hobo tramp who steals an' all," hesitated the girl. "Maybe I'd better wait till the master comes back from breakin' up your pestiferous camp. But he'd slap you right in jail with the others."

"Hey!" I choked in a startled voice

-"the camp? What about the camp?" "Yes, you've been watched. A man was hid all day in the top of a pine near the edge of the swamp, watchin' your comin's an' goin's. Folks got tired o' hens stole an' watchdogs pizened, an' such like. The master an bout a dozen men, with the constable. are cleanin 'em up right now. He told me to stay round the poultry house an' watch-though 't wan't like ly anybody would come so early."

"An' was you there all the time?" I asked, in a depressed voice.

"Right in the corner, in the shadow. was sort o' scared when you slipped in; an' besides, I wa'n't sure. So I waited. But it'll be an hour or so 'fore the master gets back, an' you'll keep on hurtin'."

"That don't matter none now," I said hopelessly. "Nothin' matters. It's the pen for me. When they're caught, all them hoboes are goin' to split on me, to try to save themselves. They've been playin' simp with me. I see it now. I bragged I was smart, so they shoved me to the front an' kept pattin' an' tellin' me what a kingbird I was. Huh! I done most of the stealin'. I killed the two watchdogs. Just leave me hangin' here to get sort of used to what's comin'."

The girl hesitated, moving closer. "Don't talk as if you was all bad." she considered. "An' I like your voice. Let me see your face plainer."

But my face was toward the wall. my body limp and dejected. She placed a hand on my head and turned my face toward her.

"Ugly lookin' phiz, ain't it?" I jeered. "Better get a rope an' tie my hands.



"But You an' Me Know Better."

I'm great with my fists-boxin', you know, An' you're close enough for me to maul you right now." But she paid no attention. She

studied my face a few moments, then patted my cheek softly. "Why, you're nothin' but a boy," she | (7) "The fear of the Lord"-th said pityingly, "nothin' but just-a reverential and obedient fear

boy." "I'm past twenty-one," indignantly. 'Plenty old enough to know what I'm

doin', an' to take my medicine." "Just a boy," she repeated. "Now you wait a minute. I won't be gone long."

She hurried away, soon returning with a tall step-ladder, which she placed against the wall. Mounting to the second step she put her arms under my shoulders.

"We'll lay your head an' shoulders on this step-ladder so you'll be level an' easy," she said cheerfully; "then I'll pry off a side piece, like you said. I've noticed it's loose."

In ten minutes she had me free, standing on the ground beside her. But I felt no animation.

"'Twa'n't worth the trouble," I grinned, "though I'm just as much obliged. But I've got old tramp clothes on, an' with the country 'roused they'd spot me ten miles off an' run me in. Then the gang will throw all the stuff on me, an' make it good an' strong. No, I'll just stay here till the men come back. I see now I wa'n't cut out for a hobo, anyhow, an' I've been suspicionin' it for some time. I'm too grass green for one thing, an'-an' they're too cheap for another. My real work is diggin' in dirt like I started out. An' if it hadn't been for an uncle who put two men's work on me an' pesterin' my life out, while his own boys were goin' to school, I'd be at it now. Fact is, I ain't much."

"Nor me," returned the girl sympathetically. "I'm only second girl in the kitchen an' they keep dribblin' into me I'm no 'count. But you an' me know better. We're a whole lot. It's only other folks' envy."

My face cleared and I laughed. "Guess you're right," I agreed. "Anyhow, you're some girl. An' say, I want you to remember me as Reynolds. That's my real, not 'Rat' like the hoboes call me. Now you run into the house an' tell the men, when they come, that I'll be sittin' out here."

"Don't be silly, Reynolds. I've been studyin' it out. Would anybody know you 'round here?"

"None but the gang. I've worked in the dark-unless by the clothes."

"Then it's all right. Now there's a little room in back the hen roost where we keep chicken feed. I have the whole care of it an' keep the key. I'll lock you in there an' bring out some supper an' some peroxide to clean the hurt places with. An' in the mornin' when I slip your breakfast I'll bring some clothes a visitor left here once. They're pretty good, an' 'bout your size. You put 'em on an' come straight to the kitchen door."

"All right," I promised. "But what's

the idea—give myself up?" "Silly again. You're goin' to work. The master has been tellin' us to be on the lookout for a man to do his gardenin'. Good help's scarce, an' he'll snatch you up. An'-an' them dead chickens in the bag I'll fix up for dinner. I'd have to get some anyway, for company is comin'. Christmas dinner, you know."

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATION

Bible Institute of Chicago.)

LESSON FOR DECEMBER

UNIVERSAL REIGN OF CHRIS GOLDEN TEXT- Ask me and a tance and the uttermost parts earth for thy possession. -Ps. In PRIMARY TOPIC-Christ, the

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR

YOUNG PEOPLE -What Christ's Re

The time is Christ shall reign as King over whole world

1. The King (1s., (1:6)

was born." The be its Savior and Lord. The shall be of David's the royal stor

He was not born, but given, This assume all authority. He is we ful. The world will marvel at His kingdom will be different all kingdoms because it will no the kingdom. His kingdom will kingdom of peace. No hatred or

will be known in His kingdom. 3. The King's Qualification 11:2). The Holy Spirit shall rest Him in His sevenfold complete (1) "The spirit of the Lord"-th a divine person proceeding from Father and Son. (2) "The spir wisdom"-giving insight into things, human and divine. (3) " of understanding"-that is the a to see that which is of the hi and best. (4) "Spirit of couns that is the ability to make plans "Spirit of might"-that is the a to execute His plans. (6) "Spir knowledge"-that is the abilit perceive the will of God in all th

4. The Character of the King 11:3-5). Because of His divine at ing He shall be quick to under goodness (v. 3). Because of this cernment the right will have retion and the pretender to right be recognized and exposed. (2 shall not judge after external ap ances (v. 3). (3) Shall not d upon hearsay (v. 3). Each case be decided upon the basis of abs and perfect knowledge. (4) He defend and avenge the poor and of all the earth (v. 4). The shall inherit the earth when the siah reigns (Matt. 5:5), (5) Shall the earth (v. 4). Those whom smites are the angodly inhabl who are when in federation ag Christ. The head of this federati the Anti-Christ (1 Thess. 2:8). He shall have a zeal for justice

truth (v. 5). II. The Nature of His Kin (Isa. 11:6-10). This is a picture of the glo

Golden Age of which poets have and for which the wise men o ages have longed and looked. will then be peace, not only bet men, but between animals.

1. The Wolf Shall Dwell Wit Lamb (v. 6). The word "dwell" gests intimacy as if the lamb s receive the wolf into its home. only place and circumstance at ent in which the wolf and the dwell together is when the lar inside of the wolf. 2. The Leopard Shall Lie

With the Kid (v. 6). 3. The Calf, the Young Lion an

Fatling Shall Be Together (v They are so gentle and peaceful a little child can lead them. 4. The Cow and the Bear Shall Together (v. 7).

5. The Lion Shall Eat Straw -no longer preying upon other 6. The Sucking Child Shall Upon the Hole of the Asp (v. &

7. All Nations Shall Gather Him (v. 10). The earth shall the full of the knowledge of the Lo the waters cover the sea. III. The Glorious Issue of the

dom (Isa. 11:10-12).

The glorious rolgn of Christ attract the Gentile nations. To the real purpose of the kingfor attract the nations of the ear Jesus Christ that they might be t The nations of the earth shi brought to the place where the recognize Christ because of the and perfection of His kingdom.

Our Gethsemane. It is a great thing, when our bitterness is presented to our lip when we pray that it may pass to feel that it is not fate, that it necessity, but divine love for ends, working upon us.-E. H. C

But One Book.

When Walter Scott came in winter of his life, he said: "Br the Book." "What book?" h asked. He answered, "There