GOOD WILL TO DOGS

Reverend Flamande Nourice, in being dusky-locked and "dreamy", and her and unassociated!" Mrs. Nourice, capable and matronly, at the door.

in being "se Aunt Minna, a vegetarian disdaining world shall I do?" cried Flame's mothsweets-a worthy woman-so methodi-er. "I'm almost distracted! I'm-

The Lay Reader, good-looking assis- interrupted himself. Rev. and Mrs. Nourice. tant to the minister.

of the "Ratile-Pane House," who was worried about the Lay Reader." "traveling for his misfortunes," accord-

perturbable, who grieved at the necessi-ty for spending Christmas caring for to force his wife's arms into the

Beautiful-Lady, "a great, long, nar. sleeves of her fur coat. row, sofa-shaped dog, upholstered in lemon and white —a Russian wolf. Miss Flora," Flame confided.

Lopsy, red-haired setter with one Blunder Blot, the "neatest looking member that I called there this afterpaper-white coach dog, just perfectly noon? It-it looked rather lonely

ruined with ink spots," and Miss Flora, "the biggest, ugliest most wizened buildog Flame had ever seen." |tomobile. The Time: A snowless Christmas Eve.

It was a frankly disconsolate Flame respectable?" who stole that night to her father's stu- father. of his chair with her cheek snuggled of the Rattle-Pane House would rent

"Father," said Flame, "did you ever in your life know anyone who had ever Fiame. spent Christmas just the way he want-

did," considered her father. "When you ance had been reached. 're little, of course, you have to spena! "Oh, p-l-e-a-se!" implored Flame. the day the way your elders want you to! And when your're old enough to Resder?" bargained her mother. go courting," he sighed, "your lady love's sentiments are outraged if you spend the day with them! And after downstairs. you're married?" he sank back into his way he wanted to."

"Well, I." triumphed Flame, "have Christmas in my life," she laughed, "I the one chance perhans in a lifetime. it would seem! And now inother has Oh, father, dear: " implored Flame, "couldn't you please persuade mother that-

With a crisp flutter of skirts Flame's mother, herself, appeared abruptly in

"Why, wherever in the world have you people been?" she cried. Didn't you hear the telephone? Couldn't you ver hear me calling? Your Uncle Wally is worse! That is, he's better. but he thinks he's worse! And they want us to come at once! It's some-They've sent "You know how Uncle Wally feels about having young people in the house! And she can't i

"But, you see, I'm not going to Aunt | Christmas goods,

"I want to make a Christmas for steps of the Rattle-Pane House-

come.

Nourice, who resembled her scholarly made a Christmas of my own everything about it would be brand-new

"Honk-honk!" screamed the motor

"Oh, dear me, whatever in the "When in doubt," suggested Flame's send Fiame for Christmas because father genially, "choose the most tam and sweater, donned a huge white scrupic vanished.

Uncle Wally, a deMeate relative, independent of the most tam and sweater, donned a huge white scrupic vanished. Uncle Wally, a deMeate relative, in-considerately had a shock and sent for Rey, and Mrs. Nourice. doubtful doubt on the docket and— werk.

"No young girl has a level heart," Mr. Delcote, mysterious new tenant asserted Flame's mother. "I'm so "Lay Reader?" murmured her father. "Why, yes, Just what kind of a

Barret, his butler, old, crumpled, im- Christmas is it. Flame, that you want "I-I want to make a Surprise for

"Honk-honk!" urged the automobile. "At the Rattle-Pane House, you know!" raillied Flame. "Don't you re-

"Honk-honk honk " implored the au-"But who is this Miss Flora?" cried

her mother. "How do we know she's "Oh. my dear." deprecated Flame's "Just as though the owners

With a furious yank of the door bell, Uncle Wally's chauffeur an-"Why-no, I don't know that I eve- nounced that the limit of his endur-

"Oh, she's very respectable," insisted

"Will you promise not to see the Lay "Yes'm." said Flame.

Waking at dawn, two single thoughts don't spend the day with her, and your consumed Flame-the Lay reader and own family are furious if you don't the humplest of the express packages

"As long as I've promised most cushions. "N-o, no one I suppose, has faithfully not to see Bertrand, the ever spent Christmas just exactly the Lay Reader'," she laugher, "how can I possibly go to church? For the first

won't have to go to church!" She tore back the wrappings of the gone and wished me on Aunt alinna in humpiest package with eager hands only to find-a gay, gauzy layer fo animal masks nosing interrogatively up at her. No identifying card!

Perhaps a donation for the Sunday School Christmas Tree? But there m-m," mused Flame, "whatever in readjusted; the world shall I do with them? Then quite abruptly she sank back on "PEACE on EARTH, Good Will to person-strangling." her heels and laughed. But even to herself she did not say just what she was laughing at.

Taken all in all, it was a Christmostly! Useful, flavorous adventures fect: with a turkey! A somewhat nervous sally with a pie! A few experiments with flour paste! A flare or two with

possibly go to Aunt Minna's till to even ready to start for the Rattle-Pane announced Flame quite se- three tugging trips. And each start "Father says I don't have to! was delayed by her big gray pussy can Of course, you didn't say it with your stealing out to try to follow her. And admitted Flame. "But you each arrival complicated by the yeipescape from the shed yard. With the crafty cat stood waiting for her on the myself! Oh, of course, I know per arched, fur bristled, spitting at the Flame agreed, "that I storm in the shed yard, and had to be

Illustrated by C. D. Batchelor

Flame, eighteen-year-old Flamanda ish and be cry-babied over. But if I down with yards and yards of tinsel. of being actually dazzling." the doormat, and the key itself turned to see you!"

"U-m-m" sniffed Flame. "Nothing

By five o'clock the faded yellow dragged in from the shadowy parlor table loomed a big, brown turkey; at the other, the appropriate vegetables. Pies, cake and doughnuts interspersed themselves between. Green wreaths streaming with searlet ribbons hung nonchalantly about. Tinsel garlands Lay Reader. "Why have it in a deplaced above the rusty stovepipe

could go to a dozen places in the par- thrust into a covered basket and lashed | Reader. "I had never suspected myself The door key was exactly where the "Oh," explained Flame. "It's just eld butler had said it would be-under my promise. I promised mother not

stonishingly cordially in the rusty old . "We might tie my big handkerchief lock, The four dog dishes, heaping to across your eyes, suggested the Lay the brim, loomed in prim line upon the Reader. "Just till we got this mystery straightened out."

With the big white handkerchief tied but mush! Mush!" she doffed her red firmly across her eyes, Flame's last

"Well, you see," she began orecipifun to have a party all my own! No kitchen must have looked very strange parish in it at all! Or good works! Just even to a dog. Straight down its fun-And as long as mother and father lingy, wabbly floored center stretched had to go away, anyway- You see." table spread with the Rev. Mrs. she confided, 'Uncle Wally's making a Flamande Nourice's second-best table- new will. There's a corn barn and a Quaint, high-backed chairs private chapel and a collection of Chinese lanterns and a piebald pony princircled the table. At one end of the cipally under dispute. Mother, of course, thinks we ought to have the corn barn. But father can't decide between the Chinese lanterns and the private chapel. Personally," she siched, "I'm hoping for the piebald ponv.,"

> serted house?" "Oh, but, you see, it isn't exactly a deserted house," she explained "Who lives here?" demanded the Lay

"I 'on't krow-exactly," admitted Flame. "But the butler is a friend of "The-butler is a friend of yours?



"Where is your hand?" fumbled

"Lead us to the dogs!" commanded

Bertrand Laurello, who for the cause

he served, wouldn't have hesitated an

instant probably to be torn by HinJu

"Here!" attested the Lay Reader.

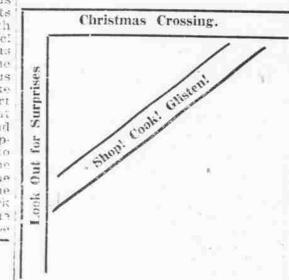
Flame.

Flame.

purely social function.

Flame took one blank glance at him and burst forth into a blood-curdling scream.

In the doorway opposite, reared a litchen works, of a railroad-crossing sign to the ef- party that I'm having."



Good Time you begin to hunt about stampede it!"
for somebody Very Special to share it "Turkey?" or somebody Very Special to share it

"Maybe that's always the way things about something else!" she mused. she opened the shed door.

"Come, Beautiful-Lovely," she implored. "Come, Lopsy! Miss Flora" Leaping, loping, four abreast, they

came plunging like so many North Winds to their party! Yelping-mouthed, slapping-tailed! Backs bristlings! Hurtling, crowding! "Oh, dear me, dear me," struggled

"Maybe a carol would caim To a certain extent a carol certainly did. Cocking their ears to the old pi ano's quavering treble notes-snorting their nostrils through its gritty guttural basses-they watched Flame's facile fingers sweep from sound to sound. "Oh, what a-glorious lark!" quiv-

ered Flame. "What a-a lonely glorious

Timidly at first, but with increasing bandon the clear young soprane voice ook up its playful paraphrase: God rest you, merrie-animals!

Let nothing you dismay! At this moment Beautiful-Lovely, auzzle lifted, eyes rolling, jabbed his hrill nose into space and harmony with a carol of his own. Wow-Wow-Wow! W-w-ow-W-w ow-w-w-0o-W-w-w-w!"

As Flame's hands dropped from the ano startled fists beat furiously on familiar voice. "Whatever in the world is happening? Let me in!

"Sil-ly!" hissed Flame through a crack in the door. "It's nothing but a party! Don't you know a-a party "Bertrand, the Lay Reader," relaxed

in a gasp of astonishment. Why! . Why, is that you, Miss he gasped, "Why, I thought t was murder! Why-why, whatever in the world are you doing here?" "I—I'm having a party," hissed Flame through the keyhole

"A-a-party?" stammered the Lay Reader. "Open the door!" 'No, I can't," said Flame. "Why not?" demanded the Lay

I just can't," she admitted a bit weakly. "It wouldn't be convenient. I -I've got trouble with my eyes." "Trouble with your eyes? Please open the door! I've been looking for you everywhere " "urged the Lay Reader. "At the Senior Warden's! At all the vestrymen's houses! I thought surely I'd find you at your own house. But I only found sled tracks."

"That was me-I," mumbled Flame. "And then I heard these awful screams," shuddered the Lay Reader. 'That was a carol," said Flame. "A carol?" scoffed the Lay Reader. 'Open the Door!"

"Well-just a Flame. It was astonishing how a man as broad-shouldered as the Lay Reader could pass so easily through a crack. Conscience-stricken, Flame fled before him with her elbow crooked across her forehead. "Oh, my eyes! My eyes!"

"Well, really," puzzled the

wasn't going to be any tree! "U-in- stretch the Parish's Gift Motto-Guly There," gasped the Lay Reader "I served first, might act as a-as a sert climb in through the window-some could almost have sworn that I heard of anesthesia?" a faint scuffle, the horrid sound of a "Lead us to the-mush," said Flame,

> "Stringling?" giggled Flame, "Oh, and the cheerful kitchen lamplight, that is just the sound of Miss Flora's glitter of tinsel, flare of red ribbons, that is just the sound of Miss Flora's glitter of tinsel, flare of red ribbons, Reader quite impulsively, "may I have Thus it was that the Master of the 'girlish glee'! Miss Flora is a—a dog, savor of foods, smote sharply on him. a kiss when I get back?"
>
> House, returning unexpectedly, stumhastily constructed pasteboard minicry I neglected to state that this is a dog

"Only if you don't trust there, ' con-

"But it's so hard to trust a dog that I'd better," conceded Flame. "Lead will bite you if you don't toust him, frowned the Lay Leader. It was Flame's turn now to wince

oack a little. "I-I hate people who nate dogs!" she cried out abruptly. "Oh, I don't hate them." lied the Lay Reader like a gentleman, "I tell you I like dogs-good dogs! I assure! you I'n very-oh, very much interested in this dog party of yours! If I could be of any possible assistance" he "May-be you could be. There is a

problem," admitted Flame, "Five probems, to be perfectly accurate. Four "And a cat?" echoed the Lay Reader quite idiotically.

"The table is set," affirmed Flame Stepping aside for a moment to "But I don't know how to get the dogs tudy the full effect of her handipork, | into their chairs! They run around so! he first psychological puzzle of her They yeip! they jump! They haven't had ife smote sharply across her senses: a mouthful to cat, you see, since last namely, that the instant you find night this time! And when they once ourself absolutely alone with a Really see the turkey I'm-I'm afraid they'll

who had dined that day on corned beef. "Oh, of course, mush was what they nappen when you get your own way were intened to have," admitted Flame. "Piles and piles of mush! Extra piles Like a blast from the Arctic, the and piles of mush, because it was! Christmas twilight swept in on her as Christmas Day! But don't you think

mush does seem a bit dull?" she questioned appealingly. "For Christmas Day? Oh, I did think a turkey would see. are too low for the dogs. Oh, I taste so good!" "It certainly would," conceded the tently. "Only dictionaries are always

Lav Reader. "So, if you'd help me," wheedled Flame, "it would be well worth stay- Chemistries on Sermons and Ancient ing blindfolded for. Otherwise," mur- Poems on Cook Books till the desired mured Flame with a faint gesture to- heights were reached.

. The door knob turned in his hand, "Oh, I say, how jolly!" eried the Lay "Get the mush." said Flame.

there on the table by the window. Please set all four dishes on the flooreach dish in a separate corner. And

"Sniff-sniff-snort!" the red setter sucked at the crack in the door. "Woof! Woof!" roared the big wolfhound.

"Slam! Bang! Slash!" Dalmatian's crisp weight.

"Yi Yi! Yi!" sang the bulldog. "Hush! Hush, dogs!" implored Flame, This is father's Lay Reader!" 'Your-Lay Reader!" contradicted

the young man gallantly. In another instant four shapes with teeth in them came hurtling through With a single sniff at the Lay Reader' heels, a prod of paws in his stomash, the onslaught swerved-and passed.

Guzzingly from four separate corners of the room issued sounds of joy and Flame turned her back to the Lay Reader, and lifted the bandage. Buig ing mush, the four dogs lay at rest 'O-h," crooned Flame. "How sweet! Now, Mr. Laurello," blithely, "if you'll get the Bibles-"
"Bibles?" stiffened the Lay Reader.

Bibles? Why, really, Miss Flame, I couldn't countenance any sort of mock service. Even just for-for quaintness even for Christmas quaintness! "Bibles? All I want them for is to plump up the chairs. The seats, you

scarcer.' Obediently the Lay Reader built

way," worried Flame, "I've mislaid my to contemplate. key here among all these dishes and Very diplomatically Flame broke anoxes. Only please—please—hurry:" "If I hurry enough," said the Lay the dog's attention to herself.

curve of her cheek a dimple opened shaken the reason of a uddenly. "Well-maybe," said Flame, young man. and sped out into the night.

Flame dragged down the bandage the unprecedented aroma of fir balso rom her eyes, dashed to the door . nd that greeted him at his new front door ello'd to the fast retreating figure, he groped through the dingy hall an Oh, Bertrand! Bertrand!" she called, beheld the gallowslike structure reare 'If you don't find 'em in the pantry in the kitchen doorway.

ook another peek at the table. and ture out the sliver chest! Hurrer Rallying back to the bright Church "I will help you,' said the Lay Read-1 took another peek at the table. mas kitchen, an accusing blush rose to opposite me" she ordered. "And the spot where the dimple had been whenever I really feel obliged to look

By Eleanor Hallowel Abbott

"Oh, shucks!" purried Flame, "1 you'll just have to leave the table, kissed a bishop before I was fixed that's all! And now—" Appraisingly her What's a lay reader?" She rolled in muffled eye swept the shining vista. her white sleeves without further late "Perfect!" she triumpher. "Perfect!" spection, and dragged out from the Then abruptly, the eager mouth wiltshadow of the sink the "humplest" lions, saw no conceivable reason at the ed. "Why-why, I've forgotten the The clumsy cover slid off, exposing moment for being eaten by dogs at a carving knife anr fork!" she cried once more the gay-colored muslin tay out in real distress. "Oh, how stupid of animal masks leering fatuously in "This—this mush that you speak of?" of me!" Without avail she searched at her.

"Poor Miss Flora must be so tire! of being so plain," she thought - [7] Something really lovely! It can't help

She selected for Miss Flora a Canary's face. Softly yellow, Its swelling, tender muslin throat fully recking with the suggestion of inpotent song! Nudging Miss Flora cambous from her sonorous nap, Flame beguing he with half a doughnut to her appointed chair, boosted her still can tiously to her pinnacle of books, and slipped the Canary's beautiful blood

resting her."

countenance over her grizzled mus. Miss Flora sat blinking beadly out through the Canary's yellow-rimmed eye sockets with frank curiosity toward such proceedings as were about to fel low. It was easy to see she was as customed to sitting in chairs. For the woifhound Flame chose a Graffe heda. Beautiful-Lovely resigned him self to the inevitable, and lolled his fine height against the mahogany chanback.

The Blunder-Blot the trim Dalma. tian, Flame assigned the Parrotis head arrogantly beaked, gorgeously varietal ed, altogether querulous.

For Lopsy, the crafty setter, she selected a White Rabbit's artless, punk

Yet out of the whole box of masks it had been the Bengal Tiger's flercely bewhiskered visage that had fascinated Flame the most. Cocking her head toward the woodshed, Flame could not be perfectly sure whether she heard a twinge of cat or a twinge of conscience.

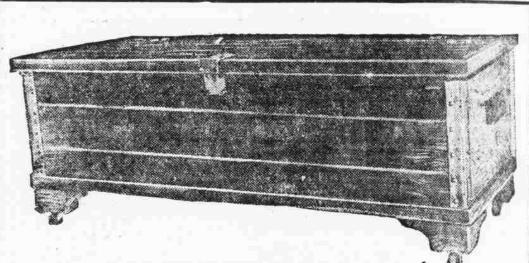
"After all," she reasoned, "it would be easy enough to set another place! And pile a few extra books! I'm almost sure I saw a black plush bag in the parlor."

In five minutes the deed was accomplished. The astonished Cat found herself slumping soggily on a great pile of books staring down as best she might through the Bengal Tiger's ear at the weirdest assemblage of animals which any domestic cat had ever been forced

other doughnut in two and drew all

House, returning unexpectedly, stumupon a scene that

The Lay Reader snatched his nat | Startled by the unwonted illumin tion from his kitchen windows and you'd better go up in mother's room "My God!" he ejaculated. "Barre



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