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Elizabeth Masemore ..... Secretary
Sarah Gwynn ..... Critic

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The Season

Carey Wilson, Cornelian, '15

This is the Christmas gayety—
The world all wrapped in scintillating snow,
A shining course for swiftly skimming sleighs
That jingle gladly as they come and go,
Laden with joyous youth and Christmas green,
A medley gay of silvery voices high,
Warm hearts, and cheeks that shame the holly's
glow.

This is the Christmas happiness—
The homes all full of cheer and welcome bright,
An "open house" to all who choose to come;
The kinsmen, sweethearts, friends, once more unite
And pledge anew their faith about the board,
And snatch the mistletoe's chance—giv'n reward,
Or pause at dusk to dream by firelight.

This is the Christmas holiness—
To stand at eventide with bated breath,
And feel the "Holy Night" come silently,
With radiant stars that swing far down beneath
Heav'n's dome, to shed the light of Bethlehem.
Amid the hush peal out the deep, sweet bells,
"Glory to God, peace and good will to men".

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"Santa Maria"

Louise Winston Goodwin, '16, Adelphian

THE WORLD lay peaceful—asleep—beneath the beauty of a night such as broods only over the hills and plains of Samaria.

Through the tiny window high up in the thick stone wall of an humble cottage in a little Syrian village, a star, away in the blue, began to dance and whirl, shedding an even brightening radiance about its fellows. And ever and anon, as it whirled and danced nearer and nearer, came its beauty—silver and gold and rose and blue—surely such a beautiful star had never been, and surely it was but an angel dream, she thought, as she raised her head from her pillow to watch its glorious flight.

The first thing one would notice about her was the beauty of her eyes—eyes that looked straight into the very heart of dreams and saw only truth and beauty. About fifteen she was—this Jewish girl—of medium stature, and graceful, with the clear, dark complexion of Syrian climes, and features not so much beautiful as bespeaking a noble spirit within—true and pure and sweet—a spirit harboring the ideals and visions of a dreamer.

MORE AND MORE GLORIOUS grew the ecstatic flight of the wonderful star; and as its radiance spread over the sky, its fellows began to sing. She listened, lips parted,

breathless—it was so far and so faint and so sweet. . . . Surely—was that music? She had not known "music" meant *that*. . . . It was sweeter than peace, than happiness, than dreams themselves. And as she listened, through it throbbed the tender cadences of a lullaby. Yes, that must be it—a lullaby of the stars—and it brought a tender, whimsical smile to her eyes. . . Then—wonder! As she watched she found the glory of the star was the light of an angel's face —and he was coming nearer and nearer and nearer, and before his beauty she must needs hide her eyes in fear.

When she dared to look again, there beside her, his glory filling the little room, stood The Angel. . . . "Fear not, Mary," said a voice, sweet as the sweetest notes of the lullaby, "blessed art thou among women; for thou hast found favor with God. . . Thou shalt bear a son and shall call His name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest, and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His Father, David. And He shall reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of His kingdom there shall be no end. Also that Holy Thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God."

And at the tumult of happiness in her heart, she bowed her head before The Angel and answered: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; may it be as thou hast said." And then the music of the lullaby grew fainter and fainter, as The Angel went away again. Yet she seemed to hear it still, softly and faintly, as slumber came over her—fainter and softer—"The Son of God—The—Son—of—God."

IT WAS MORNING—the hour before sunrise—and already the beggars were out at the gate, and venders were about the markets, arranging their morning wares. Down the narrow cobbled street came a girl, clad in a loose, white robe,

with a dark cloak about her head and shoulders. There was nothing extraordinary about her—just a young Syrian girl—graceful and sweet, with eyes full of faith, and hope, and love. Yet, as she passed, seeing not the market nor its occupants nor their wares, venders ceased wrangling over their displays until she had gone by; the beggars in the gateway forgot their whinings and importunings as they watched her pass, with luminous eyes fixed on something fair and beautiful and good that *they* could not see.

Out through the gate she passed—out upon the highway that led down past vineyards and on and away to the hills in the east. Following a path to the side, she ascended a hill overlooking the little village, and came to a well beneath a gnarled olive tree. She seated herself upon a stone seat there—sat watching the hills and the plains in the changing light of the sunrise. Then suddenly she arose, and lifting her face to the glowing east, she threw her arms out wide to the morning world—taking all its beauties into her joyous heart. Her cloak fell from her shoulders upon the curbing. "O, beautiful world", she breathed, "O, skies, and hills, and plains! O, Nazereth!" She turned and laid her hand lovingly upon the trunk of the twisted olive tree beside her; "O, little gray leaves above me, be glad! Is joy not come into the earth? Is not the hope of all the years fulfilled? The King is coming! Sing it, O birds! O winds! blow it into the heart of all the world! He is coming! For the angel of the Lord spoke to me in a dream. And *to me* He is coming—our King! to *me!*" And her heart was like to burst in the great joyousness of it! Had not three hundred years rooted this dream deep in the heart of all the virgins of Israel?—the dream of a Son who should be the King—the Son of God—the Prince of Peace? "O silent hills, ye can know and understand! And ye, little gray leaves, will whisper this joy to the waters

beneath you? But thou, O Nazareth, must wait His coming, and not know." . . Then she turned from the village again toward the hills.

And as her paean of joy was finished she leaned against the friendly tree, dreaming the dream that was to be fulfilled. And the sun rose high in the heavens—and shone down upon the streets of Nazareth where men had ceased to dream with the night. . . And as she pondered in her heart these things that were to be, she seemed to hear the great still heart of nature—or it might be her own thoughts, or perhaps it was the voice of angels—chanting a majestic hymn of the Son that was to be:

"Great is the mystery of godliness;
He who is to be
Manifested in the Flesh,
Proved in the Spirit,
Seen of angels,
Proclaimed among the nations,
Believed on in the world,
Received up into glory."

A LITTLE FIRE burned low and flickered—tracing soft, dusky shadows upon the stable walls. Through the door she could see the empty streets of the sleeping village, quiet and peaceful. And beyond, on the hillside, the shepherds gone back to their flocks, lounged about their fires. The Star in the East still glowed; brighter than all the rest; and somewhere, guided by its light, three white camels were crossing toward the desert—three kings were going home.

The glory of the star and the angel's song—the wonder and the excitement of frightened men in the courtyard—the worship of the simple, trusting shepherds—the adoration and homage of the kings—all were done. And peace and stillness again brooded over the village in the last hours before dawn.

There by the manger the man sat—bowed, asleep. But the heart of the woman was too full for slumber. She looked out into the night—the night of heaven-sent joy over the sleeping earth. "Sleep in peace, O world," she breathed. "Sleep in peace. For tonight is a wonder night of dreams—fulfilled. Tonight, O world, has your dream come true—and mine. . . Your dream—and mine!" And holding the child still closer, she smiled into his eyes. . . . "Yes—dream—child. . . My little dream—my son." . .

And right out of the heart of the star, down over the sleeping streets of Bethlehem, through the silent, holy night—floated a lullaby—faint and exquisitely tender—fainter and sweeter growing—"The Son of God—Peace—Peace—The Son of God—The—Son—of—God."

Yuletide in Old England

Gay Holman, '15, Cornelian

While dusting the books in the library one day, I came to the strangest looking old volume I had ever seen. It was odd that I had never noticed it before, for surely I knew all the books our small library held. Furthermore, the book was too large to have been overlooked in former dustings. At any rate, I must have a peep inside its strange covers, despite the fact that it was only a few days before Christmas and I had yet many presents to tie up. Hence, down I flopped in front of the book-case to satisfy my curiosity.

The book was bound in old-fashioned leather and on the outside, in gilt lettering, was the simple title, "Ye Merrie Yuletide". Added to the old, musty smell of the volume, there was an intangible, subtle odor of crushed rose petals among the pages, which, as I turned them over, seemed to tell the story of old-time Christmas gaieties in England. What funny pictures there were! Here was a fat coachman in all his trappings, with a sprig of green in his buttonhole; here rotund, merry-faced gentry and healthy English maidens, all in holiday attire. What a lot of jovial, rosy gentlemen, sometimes with the ruddy glow of the fire reflected on their faces or again the tall yule candle's softer light. The pictures stood out plainly, especially the one of the jovial squire in a great company of laughing boys and girls, and yet I could scarcely read a word of the printed pages. The odor of the crushed rose petals which had constantly grown stronger as I turned the pages must have made me a little dizzy.

Why, this was not our own cheery living room at all. What on earth had happened to it? It was rather bare and not so light either as a few moments ago. On looking around carefully, I found myself in an enormous room, at one end of which was a huge fireplace, and on either side were two long wooden benches with high backs. On the walls were festoons of ivy and holly and wreathed about an old sword and a knight's armor were still other festoons of the greens. I determined to

sit down quietly, as the buxom maid, who was bustling about, did not yet notice me and I felt strangely out of place. When she almost stepped on my toe I decided that somehow or other I must have gotten possession of the Invisible Cloak, and to this garment I further determined to keep a tight hold. Soon I heard shouts and laughter on the outside and presently here came a crowd of country folk, young people and children, with the jovial squire, whom I recognized as my book friend, leading the way into the hall. They were drawing a huge log behind them and the squire was singing something like this:

"Come, bring with a noise,
My merrie, merrie boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,
While the good dame, she
Bids ye all be free
And drink to your health's desiring."

This truly must be the famous yule log which I had learned was annually drawn from the forests by boys and girls to the great hall amid much merriment, and which the wayfarer saluted as he passed, for he knew it held promises of good luck and that in its flames all wrongs and heartaches would be burned out. The team came to a standstill before the great fireplace and with much ceremony it was heaved into the chimney and lighted by a brand from last year's log. While some of the pretty English peasant girls, with their fair hair and glowing cheeks, helped serve the ale, the company joined in an uproarious song with keen enjoyment:

"Welcome be ye that are here,
Welcome all and make good cheer;
Welcome all another year,
Welcome yule."

Decorations of mistletoe were not lacking in the great hall either, and many times were the blushing maidens caught under its boughs. There was an old saying that the maid who went unkissed under the mistletoe on Christmas Eve would remain unwed for another year. And so the merriment, singing, telling tales and drinking, lasted for some time. I will

not go into details to tell you how, at a late hour, I followed one of the servants up a great flight of stairs and spying, at the top, an empty room, darted in and made myself comfortable for the night. Just as I was about to doze off, I was aroused by a band of minstrels, it seemed, who were singing carols. These later proved to be the "waits" who, on every Christmas, went from house to house, singing at all times during the night. They were usually rewarded by the lord of the house with pie or ale.

On Christmas Day the greatest event was the Christmas dinner. The squire, on this festive occasion, dined in the great hall and had gathered about him his family, several friends and a great number of his kindred. The board was heavily loaded, the first course consisting of sixteen full dishes and the other five courses proportionally large. About this dinner there were always two important events, one the bringing in of the boar's head, and the other the Wassail Bowl. The boar's head was brought in by the steward, attended on either side by two servants bearing the tall yule candles. It was borne aloft, steaming, on a silver platter, and in its mouth was a lemon, which symbolized the plenty for which they prayed. As the steaming dish appeared, the diners rose and sang the old Boar's Head Song, which custom I later learned, is still practiced at Oxford. After the guests had finished this lengthy banquet, the cry, "Wassail, Wassail, Wassail," rang out three times and the steward brought in and placed before the squire a great silver bowl. At this, the chaplain, who was present, arose and answered the cry with a song. When the squire had finished mixing this delicious concoction the bowl was passed around for all to sip from. The mixture was of wine, spiced, and sweetened with nutmeg, sugar, toast and ginger.

In the evening came the servants' ball. Here master and servant mingled freely in a splendid dance in the servants' hall, where the squire and his lady led the dancing. The music for this occasion was furnished by a band of players who, to my modern ears, made a very joyful noise without much music. After a few hours, the squire and his lady left the servants to finish their revelings with such games as they should choose. Back in the great hall preparations were going

on for a masque, which was a copy of some of the more extensive mummeries, to be held later on. The gayest person in the company had been chosen Lord of Misrule and it was his duty to furnish amusement through the evening as it was the Lord of Misrule's duty in the larger masques to furnish amusement throughout the holidays. The wardrobes of every great house were supposed to furnish costumes for the fantastic disguisings. Sometimes animals were represented or again a miscellaneous collection. On this night there were paraded bear's heads, dogs, wolves, and everything imaginable. Truly it was "merrie, merrie England". Outside the "waits" caroled louder, till I awoke to hear our own American carols ringing.

Christmas Eve With the Pegotys

Genevieve Moore, '17, Cornelian

Mr. Pegoty looked like the real traditional Santa Claus as he hustled into his little home at eleven o'clock on Christmas Eve. One arm was laden with all sorts of square packages, while the other wound about among a lot of bags and supported a doll carriage over the shoulder. The light sprinkling of snow, which glistened upon his shoulders and packages, supplemented by his fat, rosy cheeks and his merry smile, concluded a perfect Christmas picture.

Mrs. Pegoty greeted him joyously, and soon they were both unwrapping energetically, stopping occasionally to listen for any movement from the slumbering household.

Mrs. Pegoty brought forth from several corners more hidden bundles, so that the room was banked on all sides with packages, papers, strings, and bright new objects intended to make the hearts of the children glad.

"Where mus' I put the eatin's?" asked Mr Pegoty, as he reached into a yellow bag to pull out a big hunk of Christmas mixture peppermint candy, which he proceeded to munch with satisfaction.

"Oh, jes' drop 'em in the bottom of each stockin'," answered his wife, "and then put in th' oranges and fruits on top of 'em, an' say, have you found Tinkey's doll?"

"It's not there, 'Gusta; you said yesterd'y you'd had it out dressin' it."

"Oh," said the little woman, "So I did. Guess it's in the dresser drawer," and she hastily tiptoed into the other room, only to come back again in a few seconds with a distressed face.

"It's not there," and she proceeded to go from the sewing machine to the couch, over the dining table, and around the floor, looking for the lost article, lifting everything and leaving a greater disorder than there had been before. Then, standing in the midst of the turmoil, she thought until her face beamed again, and this time she disappeared into the hall.

Mr. Pegoty, listening, heard her ascending the stairs. Almost breathless he waited. Yes—it happened. A yell from above disclosed to him that his wife's approach had disturbed Billy, the boy with the over-developed lungs.

Intermittently he could hear the screams of Billy, and then the soft, soothing voice of his wife. Of course the disturbance waked some of the others, and soon a voice came down over the balustrade: "Oh, Mama, Billy must a' heard Santa; he's come; it's a light downstairs!" At this Mr. Pegoty jumped and reached for the electric button, and only succeeded in turning out the light after noisily knocking over a box of blocks.

This convinced Tom. "Mother, he's there; it's 'im. I 'eard 'im droppin' 'is pack, an' 'e had th' light on—le's go down an' see Santa."

"No—no," sounded the answer to the agonized listener below. "He may not leave anything if we go down."

"Well, you stay with me; here's room, mother," pleaded the little voice.

For a while there was quiet; then movements above announced that Mrs. Pegoty was starting down—but a sleepy child's "Mama" stopped her. Quiet reigned again—quiet except for the soft coming and going of the mingled sounds of the outside world, and the faint insect-like purring of the coal fire.

When Mrs. Pegoty did finally get downstairs, the snores of her worthy husband had been added to the midnight music, and she had considerable trouble making him realize that the Santa Claus work was not over.

When the presents were finally divided, there was no doubt that Denny had more than Tom. Denny was easy to please, while Tom's taste was always uncertain.

"How about giving that book to Tom," suggested the father. "He doesn't care a bit for reading, but when he realizes Denny would like it he may be thankful for it. I don't know which way he'd make a bigger fuss, because he got too little, or because he got things he didn't like, but I guess we'd better put these over there." And she handed over a top, a whip, and the book.

"Now, you fix mine and I'll fix yours," she continued. "Those bundles over there have come to me and I've only opened one—but put that in, too—I'll love to get them all out with the children," and so, laughingly, each fixed the other's stocking.

The clock had been steadily ticking on and when the task was done the hand pointed to half past one. As the proud father and mother surveyed the array for the last time, the little woman turned to the man beside her and whispered, "Our greatest Christmas gift is the pleasure we have in fixing for them, isn't it?" And convincedly, but sleepily, he nodded.

Sour Grapes

Ruth Harris, '15, Adelphian

"The fathers have eaten a sour grape, and the children's teeth are set on edge."—*Jeremiah 31: 29.*

It was a drab, decaying, broken-backed house, with a look of wornout aristocracy about it. Such houses of "befo' de wah" type are common all over our southland, and there is nothing so full of pathos. The more aristocratic part of town has usually grown away from them and they are left bleak and bare, stranded among the "po' white trash", at length doomed to be overrun by some half dozen tow-headed, sticky-faced youngsters of the latest ne'er-do-well. But this particular house on this particular street had an air of respectability and aloofness about it. It stood in an oak grove in a field off from the street. True, it was a tumble down sort of place, but the path that led up to the gate was swept clean, and there were Christmas bells in the window. From the kitchen came the smell of roasting pork.

Just then Cora stepped out into her backyard. Outwardly she was just an ordinary old maid of thirty-odd years or so, with a sallow complexion and sandy hair that no amount of combing could keep from stringing down into her eyes. She never looked as if she were dressed, no matter what she put on. Her clothes always seemed to have been flung at her. But inwardly—the saint in heaven who had the seat nearest the great white throne would have prostrated himself in humility before the soul of Cora. Furthermore, Cora had dimples and a cheery, crackly voice which her neighbor, whose house faced on the avenue, loved to hear calling over the back fence. For the back yard of the big house adjoined Cora's back yard.

The lady who lived in the house that faced on the avenue—and by the way, she was the doctor's wife—at that moment was engaged in driving her machine into her garage.

"Hi, there! Wait a minute. I want to borrow some of your spoons. I'm going to have a little crowd over Christmas

night,'' called out Cora, with a wave of her apron. Over the back fence the two were soon engaged in conversation, carried on in such low tones that the fat lady who dwelt at the far end of the adjoining cabbage patch could not hear another word, though she happened, strange to say, to be on the near side.

''Humph!'' The lady who dwelt at the far end of the garden patch raised her rather elephantine form from gathering turnips that grew in among the dead cabbage stalks and placed her two hands on her hips.

''Humph; goin' to have a party, eh? An' yer mother died jes' at Christmas time, an' only last year yer sister Sarah went off in a stroke while she was a dressin' a doll for the Christmas tree. Christmas come on Thursday, 'n she was struck on a Monday before. Where's your heart? Better be a puttin' on sackcloth 'n ashes fer those brothers o' yourn, fer one er the t'other of 'em's bound to fall off the water wagon. Humph; a tryin' allus to be in with the big folks, 'n yer paw—I wish you could a seen 'im! When he went off the last time in the D. T.'s a-cussin' an' a-swearin', it tuck four men''—

''Heigho, Miss Cora! How you this mawnin'? No, I ain't feelin' so well. I jes' ached last night so bad, 'n it jes' hurts ter even''—

''Oh, cheer up; Christmas is coming.''

''Now, ain't that jes' like yer? A cheerin' up me when yer've got so much trouble yerself. I wus jes' tellin' my ole man t'other night, if it wusn't John, it'd be Henry; 'n if it wusn't Henry, it would be Jim, or maybe both. I wus a-sayin' that I didn't see how they could do it, an' it so hard on''—

''Look here, Mrs. Sykes,'' and there was a snap in Cora's eyes, ''There's not a one of the boys but what won't sit down and cry about it afterwards. They try as hard as they can. Why John's got a pin for not missing Sunday school in two years. They can't help it. Do you think I feel like having a party when Christmas is such a sad time for us? It's because everything's so blue and the boys are so tired at Christmas time that I'm giving it. But I smell my roast burning; I must run.''

The house was all ready for the Christmas party by Christmas night. A bright fire burned on the sitting room hearth, the twangy, old-fashioned piano was opened up, and the enlarged portraits of mother and father were festooned with mistletoe and holly.

Everybody had a good time. They always did at Cora's parties. Gradually the tired, worn look of too long hours in the shops during the Christmas rush, faded from the faces of the three younger sisters. The frivolous little girl with the fuzzy hair and lively manners, was indulging in the latest rag at the piano. Henry was engaged in a lively game of cards over in one corner. And Jim, the baby, Cora's own pet, who sometime past, in a morbid fit over his seemingly wasted life, had attempted to commit suicide—Jim, whom they were all trying to nurse into bodily vigor and mental health—was actually sitting on the sofa with the pretty girl from the other end of town. The firelight fell warmly on his shy, delicate face, now lighted up with almost the only animation it had shown for weeks. Cora saw, and her face grew radiant. Why, how handsome Jim looked tonight!

"Where's John?" someone asked.

And a shadow fell on her. The last few days at the store had been a strain on John, and he was so tired that he would not come in tonight. John, the eldest, the dependence of the family; John, who had not missed Sunday school in two years —had the demon thirst at last overcome him again?

But Cora looked at Jim again and became the gayest of the gay. She called them around the piano and they ended the day in singing the old songs they loved so well.

* * * * * *

A year has passed now, and the Christmas season is approaching. But a gloom so profound has settled over the old house that not even the angels' wings could have power to fan it away; for Cora lies waiting the summons of death. That fatal malady, which no surgeon's knife can help, and no drug have power to heal, has made itself manifest. She has been ill in the hospital ever since summer, and has come home at Thanksgiving to await the inevitable. The spirit of evil must have taken up his permanent abode with this suffering, unfor-

tunate family that the father, although a man of brilliance, should die a drunkard; that the dearly beloved mother should die just at Christmas time a year later; that two years later the eldest, Sarah, to whom they all looked for guidance, should be stricken with paralysis while making Christmas presents four days before Christmas; and that the boys all would drink in spite of their efforts to be manful. Now a second sister is about to be taken. Perhaps it is the work of Providence, or perhaps, the great uncompromising monster, Heredity, from whom there is no escape, has overtaken them all, children of that father, and his breath of fire and flame is hot upon them.

Every day the anxious brothers and sisters thought that would be her last. But she lingered on, determined to live over the Christmas season. One would scarcely recognize her now. Her mouth was blue and drawn, her skin yellow as parchment, and her voice sounded dead and lifeless, as if it were coming from a corpse. But she wanted a party and they gave it for her. Only a few friends were invited. Her doctor man was going to come, and so was the doctor's wife, the friend who lived on the other side of the back fence, the side which faced the avenue.

It was a terrible night that Christmas. The rain poured at intervals in torrents. There was a dense fog and vapors seemed to be steaming up from the earth. But all the guests were there in spite of the foul weather. There was laughter and jest and song, for Cora would have it so. There was no one of the boys missing tonight. John, Henry and Jim were all there. After awhile Cora, supported by her brothers, tottered into the parlor. The doctor said it would do her no harm. And she tried to sing some of the old songs which they had sung at another and happier occasion. But her voice made scarcely a sound.

"Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot"—and the death rattle already in her throat!

The doctor's wife turned suddenly and began to examine the pictures on the mantel. Her brothers and sisters had already left the room.

"Give us a rag," the doctor cried. The frivolous little girl with fuzzy hair and lively manners struck up "Steamboat Bill" with the loud pedal on. Thus do people hide their feelings.

The next day she sank into a stupor and never regained consciousness. With the New Year they laid her to rest. The boys had gone through the holiday season straight as a die. The soul of Cora was satisfied. But whether ever after they were able to resist the tempter I never knew.

Christmas and a Couple of Tags

Pauline Shaver, '15, Cornelian

It was Christmas Eve. Dorothy and Wendall were playing store. Indeed, storekeeping seemed to be their vocation in life during the present period—dolls, steam engines, and the other toys being mere essential incidentals to the wonderful call of merchantdom. Articles ranging from mother's scissors to Dorothy's cherished doll hat, were now on sale. Mr. Wendall was the storekeeper; Mrs. Dorothy the sole purchaser.

"Yes sir, Mr. Wendall, you can sen' me down four cents worth of Chrismus candles and two cents worth of potatoes right away." Dorothy's voice was unbelievably grown up. "And, oh, Wendall," the little mouth puckered up into uncertainty; the brown eyes filled and sought the floor, "D'you s'pose Jack was telling us the truth? He said they's no Santa Claus, Wendall; he said they's no Santa Claus. He said it was just only muvver and daddy." The little treble almost broke, but the eyes—doubtful, hopeful, eager—looked up into her brother's face.

"Shucks; course he don't know nothin' 'bout it. You listen to me, Dodo, and don't go b'lievin' evvything that that Jack Stanton tells you. Why, you saw him las' year your own self, an' year 'fore that and year 'fore that, an' you are goin' to see him tonight. Don't come talkin' to me about 'taint no Santa Claus. Of course, mother and daddy may *pay* him to come down here, but he's bound to *be.*"

Wendall, with his superior air, answered most positively. Girl's didn't know anything. They all the time had to ask boys about everything. Of course, Jack Stanton was a boy and ought to know better. But then it was rather queer that Santa could visit so many, many boys in one night. Wendell's loyalty to boys in general and to Santa Claus in particular, was being severely tested. Santa Claus won—for Santa was Santa and could do anything. The half doubt left Wendall's mind most beautifully clear at this point. He turned and faced Mrs. Dorothy.

"Yes, ma'm, I'll send your things as soon as ever I can."

Mrs. Dorothy walked sedately homeward on the other side of the bed and began arranging the miniature table for her paper doll family. Mr. Wendall was surveying his varied stock of goods, arranging it in the most precise of rows, and rather impatiently awaiting another visit from Mrs. Dorothy. Business was bad today. Mother was fixing the Christmas tree and did not have time to come in and buy as she usually did.

"Ding-a-ling," the tin can 'phone bell was ringing. Wendall, in his haste to be officious, found himself, without any warning at all, face downward on the floor. He had fallen over his father's shoes which were on sale. He got up, looked around, saw the cause of his downfall and, as big boys of six years generally do, began violently chastising the offending objects, much to the injury of his chubby little brown fists.

Mrs. Dorothy, forgetting entirely that she was leaving the tin can dangling from the bedpost, or rather the receiver off the hook, now came to the rescue of both shoes and fists.

They're the very things to put the tags on, Wendall! You know they wouldn't stick to the darning egg and we couldn't put 'em on the candy 'cause we wanted to eat that. You can paste 'em on the toes and play like they're patches where you mended 'em, and, oh, and I'll go right back to my playhouse and 'phone for you to send 'em over. I'm gone. Go to the 'phone."

"Ding-a-ling; is that Mr. Wendall's store?"

"Yes, ma'm, I'm Mr. Wendall. What can I do for you this mornin'?"

"I'm Mrs. Dorothy, an' you can sen' me the shoes you stumbled over, er, I mean some shoes and my mama's, I mean a spool of red thread an' that's all. Good-bye."

The tags were duly pasted on the shoes and were on the way to Mrs. Dorothy's house when mother's voice called them to supper. The superfluously mended shoes were forgotten and left in a dangerously menacing position for Wendall's sturdy little legs a second time. The store, too, was forgotten, for who wanted to play buying make-believe cake when sure enough cake was waiting on the table.

Supper over, Dorothy and Wendall began the wait for Santa Claus. Daddy left soon, saying he would tell him to come down right away. At last the door bell did ring. Wendall and Dorothy fairly flew to the door to let the old gentleman in. There he stood, dressed in red, with cotton all over him. He had on a red cap, while peeping from beneath that cap were the funniest little twinkly eyes, set away back in the head. Then, there was the big red nose and the wide laughing mouth and the long white beard. As he came into the room the light fell full upon his fat, jovial face, but somehow, tonight that face seemed unreal. Jack said there wasn't any Santa Claus. But, if there wasn't any, how—loyalty to the present Santa in human form prevailed over uncertainty. Dorothy and Wendall were jumping around in a sort of awed delight.

Santa spoke to everybody and laughed a great deal, and asked Dorothy and Wendall what they wanted him to bring them. He admired the Christmas tree. He pulled some candy and nuts out of his pockets and gave them to the children. But soon the time came for Santa to leave, for he had so many, many little boys and girls to visit before morning. But before he went he wished just to take them up on his knee and give them a good tight "Santa" hug. Wendall being close by, came first. But, alas! for Mr. Wendall's happiness! His joy in Santa Claus had gone from him forever. His eyes were cast down, cast down intently, cast down purposely. But Santa didn't notice and let the little boy down gently as he reached out for Dorothy. But, alas! for Mrs. Dorothy's happiness! Her joy in Santa Claus had gone forever, for just at that moment of supreme happiness, just as Santa was swinging her up in the air, Wendall had whispered in a heart-broken, catchy little voice:

"Look at Santa's shoes, Dodo; look at Santa's shoes."

Mrs. Dorothy looked and there, before her, were the shoes Mr. Wendall had stumbled over, the shoes that were sold in the play-house store, the shoes with the tag still sticking as a make-believe patch on the toe! The big brown eyes filled and lowered. Jack Stanton was right—there was no Santa Claus—there was no Santa Claus.

"And a Little Child"

Isabel Bouldin, '17, Cornelian

It was the Christmas season in New York—Christmas, with its rush and gaiety, with its crowded streets, its throngs of happy children and its message of happiness to the world.

To the woman sitting before the fire in her spacious mansion on Fifth Avenue, the Christmas season brought no pleasure. As Mrs. Sinclair sat there on this Christmas Eve, her thoughts were in the past, going back over the years. She thought of that Christmas twenty-two years before, when she had come down stairs to sit for a while before the fire and rock her two-weeks'-old baby daughter. Her little son, four years old, had prattled of Santa Claus and had hung in adoration over "little sister". How happy she had been then!

The picture shifted. It was a Christmas season two years later than the first. Mrs. Sinclair saw herself, with her little daughter in her arms and her little son by her side, telling them the story of the first Christmas night and of the manger child at Bethlehem. A bitter smile crossed her face as she murmured: "I believed then—now, I know—I told them only a myth, and that there is no Christ." . . The picture in the firelight changed and she saw a Christmas three years later—saw the little white coffin over in the corner banked with white roses. Even now the sight of white roses brought back the scene with cruel force! Her little daughter had lain there among the roses. How her heart had cried out to go too! There had been no comfort for her; she had shut herself up with her sorrow and had closed her heart to her husband and to the boy who needed a mother's love. God was cruel! God had taken her darling. She hated God and Christmas.

Oh, how the memories hurt! Mrs. Sinclair rose and walked to the window to look out at the falling snow, and then returned to her memories. Must the Christmas be so hateful? Must everything that hurt happen at that time?

Christmas six years before had found her alone with her son. The husband and father had gone from the house,

never to return, nearly a year before. Oh! that horrible, horrible Christmas! Why would these memories crowd over her? Mrs. Sinclair saw herself sitting before the fire, as she now was, when her son had come in, his face all aglow with love, to tell her of his happiness. She could see his dark head now as he bent over to kiss her. She saw him as he sat before her on the rug and told her of his love, of his marriage that afternoon to a poor shop girl.

"Mother," he had finished, "I first learned to love her because of her likeness to you and to my little sister as I last saw her. Will you not love my wife for my sake?"

Mrs. Sinclair's face was white now as she saw herself, rising in her righteous anger and disappointment, hurl hard, unforgiving words at her son. "He had ruined his name", "spoiled his career by marrying a low-down shop girl", "dishonored her". Then she saw his own face, so like her own, harden with anger, and heard those words which had seared themselves into her brain, drop from his lips:

"I was foolish to expect anything from you, mother. You sealed your heart against my father and against me years ago, when my little sister died. In the selfishness of your grief you forgot that I was your child and entitled to as much love as she."

Mrs. Sinclair heard again the bang of the door as he left, saw herself start to call him back, and then quell the impulse. And so—it was Christmas again—the fourth of these lonely, hateful Christmases.

* * * *

Out of doors it was bitter cold. The little child, stumbling along in the snow, drew in her breath sharply. Her coat was thin and threadbare, her little hands and face were red with cold. She stopped before the mansion, hesitated, ran up the steps, and to the astonishment of the butler who opened the door, darted into the house. Once inside, she looked around at the different doors, and then hesitatingly opened the one into the library where Mrs. Sinclair sat, and tripped up to her side saying: "I knew I'd find you here, Beautiful Lady."

Mrs. Sinclair turned in amazement. A little child stood by her side. Her thoughts ran back over the years. Her

own little child had curls like these, and those eyes—only her own little fairy child had eyes like these.

"What is your name, child?" she asked.

"I'm 'daddy's little Christmas child'. Tomorrow I'm five."

Had not Mrs. Sinclair's own child died on her fifth Christmas?

"How did you get here, 'daddy's little Christmas child'?" was the next question.

"I runned away; and don't you tell my daddy. He told me to stay at home," answered the little girl, as she climbed into Mrs. Sinclair's lap with a "I'm sleepy". How long had it been since she had held a little girl to her breast!

"And where is your mother, little one?"

"My mama's in heaven; that's why I came here."

"And your father—where is he?"

"He's at work over yonder uptown. I runned away."

In silence Mrs. Sinclair rocked. Soon the child slept and only the ticking of the clock broke the silence. The short winter day closed in. The child awoke, smiled and announced that she must go.

"But promise you'll come again, 'daddy's little Christmas child'; come again and be my Christmas child," begged Mrs. Sinclair.

"Oh, I'll come if you don't tell my daddy," was the answer.

And so it happened that, day after day, the little fairy child danced into Mrs. Sinclair's house and heart, bringing sunshine with her. Mrs. Sinclair was content with knowing nothing concerning the child. She did not even again ask her name, but called her "Virginia"—the name of her own little daughter, and for a few hours each day she had again her own little girl. As for the child, she thoroughly enjoyed her visits and when, at night, her father questioned her concerning the way she spent her time, she never revealed her visits to the mansion.

It was the day before Christmas a year later and Mrs. Sinclair was happy. In the library stood a huge tree upon which hung everything for which a child could wish. Further-

more, over the mantel the picture of the son of the house had been rehung, due to the child's advice "to go and find your little boy and let him put his arms around your neck and tell you he's sorry, like my daddy lets me do." Two days before the most eminent detective had begun a search for her son. So happiness had come to the big house again.

Mrs. Sinclair looked at her watch. It was past the usual hour for the child's coming. She hated to wait! Why didn't the child come? Here she came, rushing up the steps, tears streaming down her face. What had happened?

"Come quick; my daddy's *dead,* I know!" she screamed.

Why did that thrill run through Mrs. Sinclair's heart? Could she have this child if the parent died? Even as she hurried into her wraps, she made plans for the future. The chauffeur rushed them to the place the child directed, and then went for a doctor. Up the long flights of stairs in a bare room in the tenement, Mrs. Sinclair found a man lying face downward on the floor. What was it so familiar about the back of that head? Quickly divesting herself of her wraps, Mrs. Sinclair sat on the floor and turned the man over, resting his head on her lap. In the silence which followed, the child, with white, scared face, crept to Mrs. Sinclair's side.

"What is the matter? Is my daddy dead?" she sobbed.

"No, child; no, thank God, he is not. Little Christmas child, this is my son whom you taught me to forgive."

The man's eyes opened wide. He sat up. "Mother, oh, my mother, have you forgiven me?"

And the little child, dancing up and down, cried: "Now, Beautiful Lady, put your arms around my daddy and tell him you forgive him like you said you'd do!"

"Oh, my son, 'tis for you, not me, to forgive," was the response.

As Mrs. Sinclair clasped her new-found treasures to her heart, she murmured: "And a little child shall lead them!"

Outside the snow fell softly and the Christmas bells rang out their message of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Me Mickey

Maurine Brown Montague, Adelphian

"Mind you, Katy, in my absence, don't let Santa Claus forget little Mickey, your good self, and Timothy," added Judge O'Connor, after pressing into the palm of Mrs. Donovan's hand a generous present of money.

"Indaid, Yer Honor, it's Mister Timothy that's needin' a Christmas prisent this minute," Katy said, a twinkle in her gray eyes as they rested on the forlorn Timothy Finnerty, who stood, broom in hand, staring sadly at his departing master.

"Good old chap! Cheer him up, Katy, with one of those delightful eggnogs. And see that his stocking is hanging up for Santa Claus to fill," the Judge directed.

"Niver ye moind, Judge, dear, about Timothy or Mickey. Santa Claus knows the way here. God bless ye and guide ye and bring yerself home as handsome a mon as iver trod the earth," shouted Mrs. Donovan after her employer, daubing her eyes with the corner of her apron and waving hysterically to Peter, the coachman.

* * * *

"He's gone! Heaven help me, if iver Oi was so blue and forsaken. Ah, me! Oh, mercy moi!" she wailed, after running up the steps and closing the front door. She leaned against it; sobs shook her body and her apron was pressed into service. "Me poor little gossoon—me own little Mickey."

"For the love of creation and the sake of Christianity, ma'm, be so merciful as to open the door and let me in. Oi'm the poor gossoon left out in the cold, me nose as red as a lamp light and me ears swelling with cold. Be so gentle, lady, as to open a crack big enough for a cratur loike meself to crape through without injurin' me appearance in the conflict," urged a penetrating voice from the outside, emphasized by a series of loud knocks on the panels of the door.

"Hum," Mrs. Donovan exclaimed, after she had opened the door and faced the petitioner, both arms folded and her

mouth drawn into a point of determination. "Is it ye that was askin' to come in so poloitely?"

"Ere ye deef, or have ye the influenzy this foine morning, Mrs. Donovan?" Timothy inquired in tones of great solicitude.

"The impudence of the loikes of ye, Timothy Finnerty, askin' me personal quistions," Mrs. Donovan rebuked, while she rubbed her swollen cheeks with the palms of her hands. "And 'tis ye that was a wantin' to git in the house? Shure, ye was in sech a hurry 'twas a wonder ye left the do'r standin' at all, at all. Walk in, an' be quick about it."

"Oi'm that plased to do ye the honor, Katy, that Oi won't disturb ye no longer than it's proper," Timothy said, after he stepped into the hall and Mrs. Donovan closed the door. "But ain't it the quare thing, this going away of the Judge, when it's Christmas an' the very time he orter stayed at home? Now, thin, Katy, what do ye be makin' of it?"

"Makin' of it?" Mrs. Donovan reiterated, wiping her shining countenance with the flannel dust cloth she took from her apron pocket. "It's moi opinion, Mister Timothy, that it's little toime we have to be makin' of anything concerning the Judge. Because he wint to New York to spind the holidays with Mister Martin ain't maynin' he's leavin' for allus. Shure, he'll come back and let ye surve 'im, don't fret."

Timothy's face was ruddy and a veritable map of wrinkles and creases. The little blue eyes that rolled so comically and blinked so sagaciously, were lights of intelligence; and the soul of a man, no coward, but a kind creature, was reflected in the merry twinkle. As Mrs. Donovan prattled along in her garrulous and loquacious manner, Timothy stood regarding her sympathetically.

"Oi wasn't thinkin' of meself so much when Oi said Oi was wondering what drove the Judge from home, as Oi was thinkin' of ye and little Mickey."

Mrs. Donovan gasped. Her superior air vanished and she melted into tears.

"Was ye, now, Timmie?" she blubbered.

"Indaid, Oi was, Katy," Timothy assured her.

"Oh, Timmie! it's what's been troublin' me poor heart this long while. The thoughts of Christmas without the dear Judge, and me poor little Mickey without a bit of a toy."

"Pray, Katy, what's the matter with Santy Claws?" Timothy inquired.

Mrs. Donovan checked her sobs. With a nervous sigh she seated herself in one of the luxurious chairs of the reception hall and prepared to explain.

"Well, Timothy, ivery cent Oi've been managing to make has been paying poor dead Dan's debts. After Oi got that burden off me shoulders, on come this turrible war in the auld country. Oi sint a bit of money to me young brother, Jarge, in County Mayo, to help him be a sodjer, and not disgrace his name an' race by settin' at home twirlin' his thumbs when there's the Dutch to foight. Dad was a foighter an' Jarge is loike 'im."

"Yes, Katy, Jarge is loike dad in more ways than one, Oi'm thinkin'," Timothy was prompted to declare. "He's forgot little Mickey and his sister, Katy, afar off in Amerykee without a sprig of green or a bite of candy for the cilibration of Christmas. But thin, Jarge is a brave sodjer by nature, so ye do be sayin'."

"Ye soak yer tongue in vinegar and sting ivery one that ye talk about, Timothy Finnerty," Mrs Donovan exclaimed with all the vehemence of her race.

"Niver moind an auld mon loike meself, Katy Arick," Timothy answered apologetically to the tearful woman in the large chair.

"As Oi was a sayin'," Mrs. Donovan continued the thread of her story after a few persuasive glances and entreaties from the blue eyes of Timothy, "little Mickey won't get even the smell of the policemon shirt he's been settin' his dear heart on this long while back. Poor darlint, me own wee one—with his great stories and wise head that the Judge do be lovin' so," the mother's voice lingered over the passages concerning her child, in loving reminiscence of the little freckle-faced, blue-eyed Mickey. "Poor little fellow, he'll lose his faith in auld St. Nick, and him not six."

"Tush! Tush!" reprimanded Timothy, his voice booming encouragement and merriment, as it echoed throughout the long hall and large rooms, "If that's all that's bringin' grief to yer heart, forgit it. Cheer up! and do about yer juties with a song in yer mouth, instead of allus chewin' the rag. Santa Claus'll not forgit little Mickey, me bright-eyed laddie, no more'n he'd forgit me. And shure, ma'm, he ain't going to forgit me."

Timothy laughed a wholesome ripple and Mrs. Donovan smiled broadly.

"Cheer up, Oi say," Timothy insisted. "And take me word for it and don't be wastin' oidle money on yer sodjer brother Jarge. Shure, 'tis a foine country they've over there, 'Mos' Home Rule, please, Yer Honor', Oi tell the Judge."

"If it's a brave sodjer Jarge's aiming to be let 'im be one in pace. Don't be bothering the good lad with money orders. They're the most distrissful things that ever come to a human in Amerykee. And shure, what'd ye expect 'im to be in Mayo?"

"Take the bit ye got and spend it on yerself. Take that what the Judge, in the mercy of his heart, gave ye this morning and buy something for yerself. Let the little one see his mother for onct without a tear in her eye and a chip on her shoulder."

"Be ashamed of yerself, Timothy Finnerty," Mrs. Donovan scorned. "Ain't et the Christian heart ye've got? How can Oi be buying pretties for meself when there's poor Jarge a wasten in Auld Erin thinking about the war and him not marchin'. Ah, what a great sodjer man he'd make! They do be tellin' me, them that knows, he's six feet two and wider than dad."

"Oi'm a frind of the family, Oi'd have ye know, Missis Donovan," Timothy informed his listener, "and Oi take great pains in telling ye that no Hardy ever set feet upon earth a foiner or a greater sodjer than yerself, ma'm, that was Katy Hardy. Jarge don't concern me with his six feet and two no more than this broom here."

Timothy let the broom fall to the floor with a crash and looked out in the distance.

"If you was to fall over that broom and bump yer head, et's me notion ye'd be greatly inconvayienced, Timmie," Mrs. Donovan announced.

"And perhaps, if you was to take a bit more thoughts of yerself, ye'd be considerable improved," Timothy returned.

"And what kind of a cratur Oi'd look, with ribbons and folderols on? Oi'd be a haythen, decoratin' meself to look loike a Christmas tree and me Danny's widow. Oi thought better of ye than that."

"Did ye, indaid?" Timothy said. "Oi was thinkin' to meself that's a mournful looking cap ye kiver yer head with, pardon me boldness, Katy."

"Keep yer thoughts to yerself, Mister Finnerty," Katy rejoined. Her hand strayed to the cap, loosened it and slipped it from her fluffy hair. "It's a foine neck cloth ye've got strung around yer neck. Shure now, Oi hope Santa Claus'll have a dacent tie to lave ye. Moi, ain't it pretty?"

"Thank ye, me good woman; it's served me well and Oi ain't owin' it nothin'. But Oi'm a thinkin' it little toime ye've got to waste restin' yer bones in that foine chair, when there's all thim things to be fixed up for St. Nick tonight."

"Before Oi go Oi'd loike to lave ye the greetings of the season, ma'm, and yer fond brother Jargie. Oi'll carry Master Mickey me compliments. Good morning to ye, and Oi'll see ye this evening in the settin' room," with a graceful bow to the housekeeper. Picking up the broom and flourishing it in midair, Timothy turned and disappeared down the hall.

"Timothy Finnerty'll be the ruinating of me yit. But Oi guess poor mon was right when he said Mickey couldn't live without Santy Claws. Let me see," Mrs. Donovan gathered her paraphernalia and roused herself with great effort.

"Oi've no time to be wastin' here, settin' and dreamin' loike poor Jargie in Mayo. Oi'm in Amerykee and me little Mickey, that's a blue-blooded Amerykan, 'll have to have that darlint of a policemon shirt with the dear brass buttons and little dinky hat to match. Oh, won't he look cute—mavourneen—me own wee one, me Mickey."

The Sacrifice

Margaret Batterham, '18, Cornelian

"Leslie, air ye a coming to the Christmas tree tonight?" inquired one little freckle-faced country boy of the other.

"I reckon," replied Leslie.

"Will yer poppy let ye come?" was the anxious inquiry.

"I'm a coming."

With this convincing reply, Leslie abruptly ended the brief interview and stood with small back against the school house, meditatively digging his worn shoes into the frozen ground, as he swung his little battered dinner pail in his hand. He watched the other children reluctantly disperse after the final dismissal of the day, casting lingering glances back at the once familiar school house, now enshrouded in the veil of mystery, overshadowed by the great coming event. The big boys of the upper classes were merrily entering the nearby woods, shouting to one another, soon to return laden with boughs of evergreen. Indoors the older girls could he heard, excitedly talking in gay voices, bubbling over with happiness.

Amid all this festive scene of the world-wide holiday, the little shabby figure, in torn coat and patched overalls, persistently lingered near the side of the school house with a look of expectancy upon his thin face.

"Leslie, why don't you go home?" The happy young teacher stood in the doorway, her cheeks glowing in the crisp December air and her eyes shining with happiness at the thought of bringing some unusual enjoyment into the monotonous life of the mountain children.

There was no reply from Leslie as he stood shyly looking into "teacher's" face.

"Would you like to come in and help me?" said Eleanor Pagett, delighted with the happy solution of the problem.

"Yes, marm." Leslie silently but happily followed Eleanor into the room. His long waiting had not been all in vain.

"You can paste these long paper chains together for me to put on the tree. But you mustn't dare look into the other room. I don't want you to see the tree until tonight."

All the short winter afternoon Leslie sat on one of the benches, contentedly pasting the little colored strips of paper together and adoringly watching "teacher" as she flitted from one room to another, her arms laden with curious looking objects and beautiful shiny things such as the poor little mountain boy had never before seen in his dull life. This was to be his first Christmas tree, and it was his beloved teacher who was bringing this bliss to him.

When the long rays of the sun lengthened and then finally disappeared as their great producer slipped behind a mountain peak, leaving a glory of pink clouds and purple mountains as a farewell gift to the world for that day, Eleanor surveyed the finished product of her loving toil and then shut up the school house until night.

With a final word of invitation for the night, Eleanor left her little helper of the afternoon at the turning of an old trail through the woods. Leslie quietly slipped down the forgotten pathway until he came to an old stump. After much careful search he revealed what at first sight seemed to be a block of wood, but upon closer scrutiny proved a tiny boat. This was teacher's present. Many hours Leslie had spent in patient labor over this wondrous treasure, and now the gift had been completed. Only that afternoon he had brought it from home and hidden it in the old stump until the entertainment.

With a sigh of approving pleasure, Leslie put his gift to one side and opened the pail to eat the cold remainder of his noon repast.

"If I go home, poppy won't let me come back," he soliloquized.

That night when the children began to return to the school with their parents, Leslie was among the first to enter the house. Eleanor stood at the doorway and greeted each person with a hearty welcome.

"Good even', Miss Pagett. "It's mighty pert of ye to have a tree for our young 'uns," said some rough mountaineer who had come several miles from a little cabin home in a far away cove of the mountains.

"Wal, Brad, why'd ye come out tonight?" someone jeeringly inquired.

"Jest to bring the young 'uns," was the quick rejoinder.

Leslie stole around to the corner of the room where the foot of the tree could be seen under the curtains. Quickly he laid his offering of love down, now wrapped in a rude covering of old paper and painfully labelled, "Fer techer frum Lesly."

The crowded room became quiet as, with smiling countenance, Eleanor crossed over to the curtained end and turned towards her audience of stolid but expectant children and seemingly indifferent parents. As she quickly drew aside the curtain, all her labors of the past few days were fully repaid by the gasp of wonder and enjoyment that went over the room. Leslie stood on tiptoe. His little pinched, freckled face glowed with delight and surprise at the thought that "teacher" could create such a miracle of shining trimmings, lighted candles and numerous presents. His little heart seemed nigh to breaking with joy.

At this moment of heightened excitement and happiness, a disturbance was created at the door as a huge, blear-eyed mountaineer savagely elbowed his way through the crowd.

"Whar's my young 'un at?" Bart Slope demanded in a loud voice.

All eyes were centered on this rude, drunken intruder. Leslie cowered down into the crowd as he recognized his father. Detaining hands were laid upon Bart, but he rudely shook them off as he rapidly strode up to Eleanor.

"I say, whar's my young 'un at?" he reiterated.

"I think Leslie is in the room, Mr. Slope. Won't you sit down and see our Christmas tree?" Eleanor attempted to quiet the drunken man.

"I've come to take him home. Whar's he at?"

Fighting back the tears, Leslie reluctantly came through the crowd to his father's side. Eleanor threw her arm about him and drew him to her.

"I think that Leslie wishes to stay and see the tree." She was justly angered and determined that her favorite pupil should not thus be unreasonably deprived of his enjoyment.

The situation was becoming tense. Pistols were being drawn by the hot-blooded, ever-ready mountaineers and angry mutterings filled the room.

Brad glowered down upon the pair, and with a violent oath stamped his foot. Eleanor stood defiant, but disappointment showed in her face at this break in her entertainment. It was more than Leslie could endure to see this public disgrace of his father and the great chagrin of "teacher", especially when he realized that he was the unwilling cause of the trouble.

Snatching Eleanor's arm from him, he looked up at her face and exclaimed in a fit of feigned disgust and anger, "I reckon I don't want to stay to see you 'uns' old tree." He lied valiantly. "I'm a-goin' home with my poppy."

Loyally he caught hold of his father's hand and led him from the room, leaving only the little present as a denial of his treacherous act.

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AMERICA'S CHRISTMAS GIFT TO EUROPE

It is hard for us, here where peace abounds, to understand or even believe that there can be such bloodshed just across the ocean, and that while we are enjoying a happy holiday safe with our friends and loved ones, that there will be scarcely a home in Europe which will even resemble the heretofore merry Christmas season.

However, this terrible situation did present itself to the mind of some noble person, who conceived the idea of the children and people of the United States sending part of their bounty to the orphaned children and poverty stricken people who would otherwise have nothing to brighten their Christmas. The idea was made known to the editors of several papers and the news spread at once. Soon one hundred and ninety newspapers were appealing to the people all over America to help in this worthy cause. Everybody was invited to give something and the invitation was enthusiastically responded to. The government heartily approved and offered the naval

collier Jason, in command of Lieutenant Commander C. E. Courteney, to convey the gifts to Europe. Eighty receiving stations were appointed and from these the offerings were carried free of charge by the railroads to the New York dock, where they were loaded under the supervision of Major F. H. Lawton, U. S. N., and the women of the Army Post at Governor's Island. The Jason, which carries one thousand, two hundred tons, was soon full to overflowing and many things could not be loaded. The articles asked for were nearly all useful, being for the most part clothing for men, women and children, but here and there the officials received a doll or some other toy, which will doubtless fill the empty stocking of some fatherless child and make her heart glad once more.

The Santa Claus ship sailed November 14th from the New York harbor, which was thronged with cheering school children. It will stop with presents for the English at Falmouth; for the French and Belgians at Marseilles; Germans, Austrians and Hungarians at Genoa, and for the Serbs and Montenegrins at Salonica. Another ship load will be sent later for the Russians straight to Archangel. These supplies will be distributed by the Red Cross.

It is interesting to know that churches, Sunday schools and particularly old Confederate veterans gave generously. It was very touching to see these old soldiers in their eagerness to help those at war, for surely they know what it means to be in such bloodshed and to lack the essentials of life.

CHRISTMAS IN BELGIUM

Once more the Christmas season is here, and what, we ask ourselves, does this birthday of Christ mean to those countries where hate and envy are bringing destruction to thousands, and most of all, what does it mean to Belgium, the most unfortunate of them all? Here in America there are the usual happy homecomings, a spirit of good cheer as we hear the merry greetings and see around us happy faces, and pervading all a sense of good will and peace. But underneath all this is a feeling of sadness because of the realization of what this season brings to others. For what of Belgium this Christmas season? What indeed of

Belgium, where, instead of joyous bells, with their message of peace, there are the guns sending forth their message of death and destruction, where, instead of merry greetings, there are the groans of the wounded and the cries of hungry children. No happy homecoming in Belgium, for in thousands of cases there are no homes to which the people might return; they lie in ruins. The people themselves are scattered, many in foreign countries, many others in the battle lines, still others gone to that country from which they will never return. With waste and destruction, misery and want in every part of that recently happy and prosperous country, this Christmas is one without cheer, almost without hope for Belgium, and not only in that country is it a time of sadness, but in all the world, Christianity seems to be losing ground. We are forced to ask how long will envy and hate rule, banishing peace and love? There is no answer. We can only wait, and, holding fast our faith even when Christianity seems dead, pray that soon the spirit of the Christ child may return to brood not only over Belgium, but over the whole world.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Can we imagine how much of the anticipation and joy with which we think of Christmas would be taken away if there were no such thing as "Christmas gifts"? It is no exaggeration when we say that these gifts are almost the sole bringers of joy at the yuletide; for it is they which remind us most forcibly of the one Great Gift sent to the whole world many, many years ago. It is hard to decide which of the two kinds of gifts affords us the most pleasure—those to and from our friends as tokens of love and remembrance, or the ones which we send to those whom we know are less fortunate than ourselves in luxuries or even necessities, and whom we consider it a privilege as well as a duty to help at this season.

How happy it makes us feel as we wonderingly open a package on Christmas morning to find that it contains something from a former friend whom we have long since ceased to hear from and whom we were almost sure had entirely forgotten us. This little token—though it be insignificant in

itself—may carry with it worlds of meanings, making us a great deal happier in realizing that our friends are perhaps not so few after all.

Perhaps the second mentioned kind of gifts affords the most happiness to the giver. One of our girls said to me just the other day, "The happiest Christmas Day I ever spent was one a few years ago when mother and I carried a part of our dinner to a poor family who lives near us and who had no Christmas dinner of their own". It really does take just such an experience as this to make us truly happy at Christmas. Not one of us can selfishly cherish the pretty things with which our friends have remembered us and enjoy the good dinner that our mothers have prepared for us and be truly happy. We must think of the children across the street, who are longing for just a few of the things of which we have so many. Will we not remember them with our gifts and thus add to our own joy as well as to theirs?