

THEIR CHRISTMAS MOTHER

Three Lonely People Play a Game of Fellowship.

BY CHARLOTTE C. KINNEY.

Five o'clock and Christmas eve. Kathleen Davis, as she called herself, stopped now and then to look in an attractive store window through the hurrying, gift-laden crowd. "It couldn't be better if it had been made to order!" Great, feathery snowflakes filled the air. Everywhere were festoons of colored lights, and filtering trees of the gorgeous jumble of things that mark the great holiday. And above it all, to give the finishing and perfect touch, the national bells at the top of the street chiming.

Why to the World? The Lord is come!—read with friendliness. Why that is the keynote of Christmas. Kathleen said to herself.

Presented by a society of brilliant people, there were not many in the crowd. She was playing. She had found that it was a happy one, and she was playing. She had found that it was a happy one, and she was playing. She had found that it was a happy one, and she was playing.

A Game of Fellowship.

BY CHARLOTTE C. KINNEY.

"Bless your heart!" beamed the White-Rose Lady. "How lovely! I have no engagement but... you're not doing this, dear, just to be nice to me—because I told you about my daughter?"

"To-morrow I'll tell you everything I mean about Mother and why I want to do this. Please don't refuse! If you know I dreamed of this Christmas. There is one condition. For one day you are to play you are really my mother and let me do all the things for you I would love to do for her."

"I think I understand," quietly smiled the White-Rose Lady. "There'll be my condition too. If I'm to be your mother, you're to be my little girl. It's to be a Christmas game for two alone people to escape loneliness."

"That's it! I knew you'd understand. To-morrow at two... and we'll have our first Good night, Christmas Mother!" She was gone but she had left behind her a trail of fairy light, a fragrance, a song. The rest of the evening did not matter.

Christmas day! Promptly at two, a great-furred figure ran quickly up the steps of the address Mrs. Scott had given her.

Mrs. Scott answered the bell, not ready for the street, but in a huge, white apron over a well-preserved black silk dress.

"Merry Christmas, dear girl! Come in. I have a surprise for you."

Kathleen was at once conscious of unmistakable and delectable odors of home at dinner time—Christmas dinner time with turkey, cranberry, plum pudding. Mrs. Scott half led, half pushed her "daughter" into a cheery dining room with a table set for three. There were silver linens and pretty dishes and shining silver. Christmas candles stood on the buffet. In the center of the table bloomed the Christmas bouquet. "Am I dreaming—Mother?"

"Your plan was the dream. You're going to have dinner here with me," the Christmas Mother said simply. "After you left last night, I remembered that the Smiths—I rent a room from them—were going to be away today. I called up Mrs. Smith and asked her if I might give a dinner here. She told me to make myself at home. Take off your things, dear, put them there in my room. You see, she said, you'll find a lovely light in her face, you'll enjoy it as Christmas Mother."

"Add I got to thinking how you always had to eat in restaurants and cafes and I thought maybe seeing I was to be Mother-to-day, you'd enjoy staying home and having a bit of real home cooking for a change."

"Oh, Mother Scott, how wonderful of you! It's exactly the homey kind of a Christmas I've been longing for, but you should let me share it!"

"And my dear, glancing at the little table, 'there are three. Who in the world besides you and me?'

"Sure! I lived there until I was fourteen. My father was Douglas Harper. We lived near the East Ward School."

"Then I have seen you!" cried Kathleen happily. "I live over in the West Ward on Halliburton Avenue with my grandparents. Do you recall Captain Casterlin? He was my grandfather. And do you remember the exercises at Central School when all the schools' used to get together? Didn't you speak pieces?"

"Why, yes. I remember one of 'No Inchange Rock' and 'The Death of Napoleon.'"

"He didn't thought of those old recitations in years. He laughed, saying, 'The kids in school nowadays never even know of them.'"

"And could you, of course you couldn't—remember a small girl who sometimes sang?—once it was 'Comin' through the Rye,'"

But he did! "You carried a tiny parasol and danced between the stanzas."

"Yes, yes, you do remember."

"Well, now here's another of those unexpected happenings," exclaimed the Mother. "It's a good thing I planned this party so you could find out all this."

"Their eyes eloquently that it was a very good thing. The little party became a gay affair that evening. Dinner over, they insisted on Mother Scott resting.

"You won't be able to enjoy the play to-night if you don't."

They chatted and laughed and worked and between the piano. They sang "Noel" and "Little Town of Bethlehem." Presently Bob began "Mother Machee."

"Sure I love the dear silver that shines in your hair. And the brow that's all furrowed and wrinkled with care."

Oh, God bless you and keep you, Mother Machee!"

"The darlings!" Tears filled her eyes. It had been such a happy day! Oh, how good they had been to her! "Dear Marian! Dear Mother of Kathleen! I gave them this chance to be happy. It was my part in the Christmas gift of their lives."

Three Great Musicians. In 1831 Chopin, Liszt and Paganini were in Paris together—a fact which had great influence on one of the trio. His association with Chopin attached him to the music of poetic imagination, and his listening to Paganini impelled him to acquire at all costs piano technique like the marvelous violin technique of the Italian. He did so, and became the greatest exponent of his age, and perhaps of any age.

IN THE STABLE.

What must her Virgin prayer Him have been Her child and God's? She surely no sin.

BY CHARLOTTE C. KINNEY.

Those things the angel told her they seem Now in this darkened stable I dream? They must have floated through gentle mind. In ruminant wonder. Did Her heart flutter with attraction and awe While looking on that wee one straw? What had it meant? (This I know not.) Those solemn words: "His name shall be 'The Son of God!'" Oh, mother, she must surely have bowed her head in prayer. "Yea, Lord, yea, Lord, this holy thing!" —Bertha Gerneux Woods, in "The Companion."



Have as much variety as possible in the home-made candles you give your friends in the festive season.

HAPPINESS IN USEFUL TOYS

The toys we buy may be selected so that the children will reproduce in their lives the things that prepare them for life.

BY CHARLOTTE C. KINNEY.

Housekeeping toys appeal to the domestic instinct of a little girl. There is nothing that will give her more pleasure and also be more instructive than an opportunity to run a whole household. For his it does not mean elaborate and costly ones, but something rather plain which she can furnish herself. Two good-sized packing boxes may be nailed together to make a two-story house, windows may be cut in the sides, and it may be treated to most of the details that her six feet up to suit herself. She may cover the walls with scraps of her own wall paper, make curtains of cheesecloth and make rugs for the floor. Gradually the different rooms can be furnished, and in the meantime there is a great deal of fun and much instruction. The best kind of doll has a mattress, pillows, sheets, blankets and counterpane. In order that the small mother may learn real housekeeping, the toy bureau could be large enough to allow the doll's clothes to be put away with care. The table for the doll family could be large enough for serving real meals, and she may be taught with her dolls how to set the table properly. This we could add to the range, correct in every detail, with doll-size enamel cooking stove.

It is very helpful for a little girl to have a doll which has a doll's face and under and whose hair she can comb and for whom she may make clothing. Paper patterns for her baby's frock, odd pieces of material, and a toy sewing machine will interest her in the invaluable art of sewing. She could have a doll with a doll's face and under and whose hair she can comb and for whom she may make clothing. Paper patterns for her baby's frock, odd pieces of material, and a toy sewing machine will interest her in the invaluable art of sewing.

MAKING MOTHERS MERRY.

The oldest English name for Christmas is Mother's Night, or Mother's Eve. In the early days, when our Saxon forefathers had just settled down in the country that was to be England, the day of December 25th was given up to games and feasting, but the night was dedicated to the special honor of mothers.

They occupied the seats of honor, and everyone brought them gifts. Sons and daughters who had gone out into the world strove to be at home on that one night in the year. A little later the name Yule was given to Christmas, and the rejoicings of the day were prolonged into the night, when men sang and told stories sitting round the cheerful blaze of the Yule log.

The old customs of Mother's Night gradually died out, though they still survive in a few remote parts of the country. Its place has been taken to some extent by Mothering Sunday in the North of England. On that day everyone who can do so still makes a pilgrimage home wards, and the mother receives the homage of her family.

oul, I saw how it was... we three all being lonely with no folks or place to go to but to a church or the movies, Christmas is a home day. So I thought we'd have just our own Christmas party."

"Dear Mother Scott!" Over the fruit and candy they exchanged confidences. Kathleen was a short story writer. Bob was a commercial artist. "I do everything from ham and eggs and beauty-clays to silk stockings and grand pianos." He had a sudden inspiration. "Mother Scott, you must let me paint you as you look to-day for my Mother's Day poster. Wouldn't she be great, Kathleen?"

"Speaking of pictures," said Kathleen addressing the other guest, "you remind me of some picture or person—"

"You feel that way, too? How many times I've wanted to speak to you in the restaurant but I didn't dare. I've always wondered where I have seen you and if there's any chance of meeting you. You couldn't possibly have lived in the little town of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia?"

"Sure! I lived there until I was fourteen. My father was Douglas Harper. We lived near the East Ward School."

"Then I have seen you!" cried Kathleen happily. "I live over in the West Ward on Halliburton Avenue with my grandparents. Do you recall Captain Casterlin? He was my grandfather. And do you remember the exercises at Central School when all the schools' used to get together? Didn't you speak pieces?"

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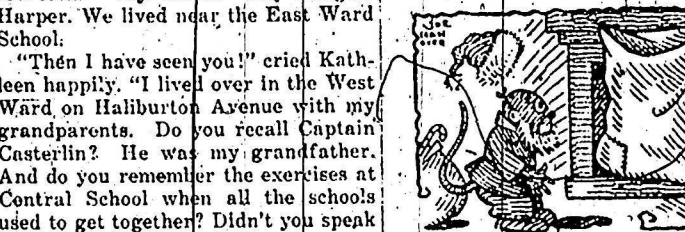
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A Large One.

Washing the Dishes

When we on simple ration...

How easy is the washing. But heavy feeling comes. The task by selling many. And though I grant that I'd scullion all my days, I'd see her smile across me.

I wash. She wipes. In I loose each dish and in White Taffy mutters, purr, And rubs lime against again.

The man who never in his Haas washed the dishes. He still is largely collied.

One warning; there is that must be handled with the Lord himself will give. If you should drop a will.

CLEMENEAU WORKS

Recent reports that Clemeneau was critically ill...

Recent reports that Clemeneau was critically ill upon investigation, disclosed just as vigorous and ever brought about the best mode of the morning. His goals in the morning. He goes to work at 8 o'clock, and stays at his work until 5 o'clock. He goes to work at 8 o'clock, and stays at his work until 5 o'clock. He goes to work at 8 o'clock, and stays at his work until 5 o'clock.

Don't Wait for Invitations.

In Slovakia, now ruled by the Hungarians, no one is ever invited to a wedding. The invitation is made good, and every one goes as a matter of course to the bride.

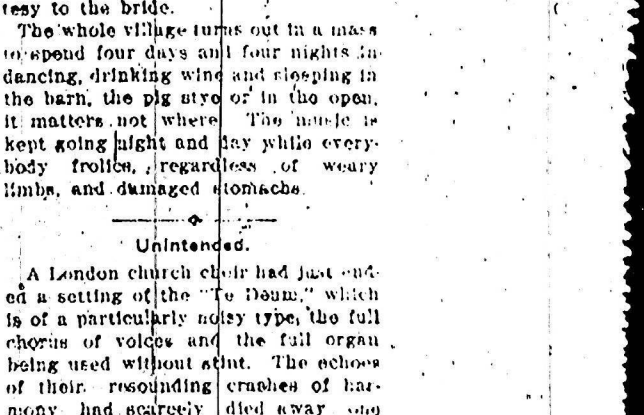
BY CHARLOTTE C. KINNEY.

The whole village turns out in a mass to spend four days and four nights in dancing, drinking wine and sleeping in the barn, the pig sty or in the open. It matters not where. The music is kept going light and gay while every body laughs, regardless of weary limbs, and damaged stomachs.

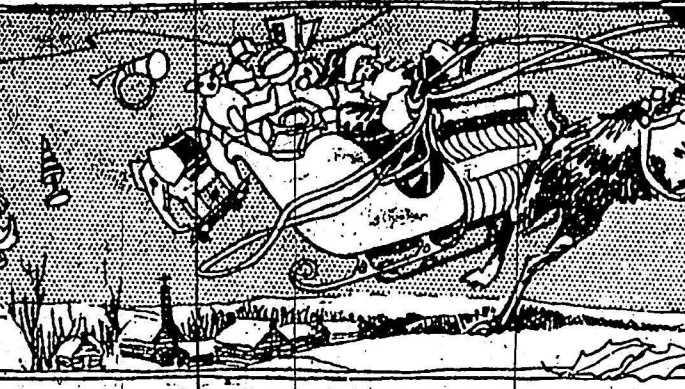
Unintended. A London church choir had just ended a setting of the "Te Deum," which is of a particularly noisy type, the full chorus of voices and the full organ being used without stint. The echoes of their resounding crashes of harmony had scarcely died away, when occurring when the Vicar began to read the first words of the Lesson. They were— "And after the uproar was ceased"—having said which he paused no doubt in all innocence.

Important, if True. The first flower seen by a bride on her wedding day must be white if she is to be happy. If her wedding wreath is uncovered by a veil the couple at leisure, and if the fogger her bouquet and stars for it, in fortune follows. The girl who catches the bride's bouquet will be married within a year, while one who "tricks" either veil or wreath, will die an old maid.

Getting Oil from Whales. Whales oil is now being extracted by Norwegian companies in floating oil refineries, equipped with machinery for hauling the whales on board in the open sea.



The Modern Game.



Getting Oil from Whales.

Cup
DA
is pure,
try it.
Blends.
Brgm
Blant, Green,
Two women approached. They
"I'm looking for a Christmas
card," she said. "I've seen
many, but I like this one best."
"It's a very nice one," said
Mrs. Scott. "I like it very
much. It's a very nice one."
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