Christmas Storm

By TEMPLE BAILEY

They started at midnight for the ride | she worked. "I'm going to make you to the city. A few snowflakes were | well. Oh, poor little baby, poor little alling, and the crowd of house guests baby!" sho stood in the shelter of the portecochere urged them to stay. "You'll get caught in the storm,"

and hang up your stockings called Bobby Barnes. "There's plenty of room," their hostess

assured them. Mrs. Elmendorf, wrapped in furs until won't let me stay."

the side of the automobile.

"Please let her stay," she pleaded. From the front seat Elmendorf smiled at her gravely. "No." he said, "I'm going to take

her home," "You see," said the martyr on the "He's an ogre," said Mildred, and made

Suddenly Elmendorf leaned toward the laughing group. The yellow light from the open door shone on his dark, earnest face. Beyond the door was music and the fragrance of flowers. "You ought all of you to be at home," and his voice, crisp, decisive,

was the voice that had made criminals tremble. "We ought all of us to have | didn't know I had it in me, Eugene. But Christmas trees and hearthstones and when I saw the poor babyfamily dinners. And instead of that we've let the fires on our altars burn down, while we've gossiped and danced and played like children, instead of being men and women."

His quick smile as he nodded to them redeemed his words from harshbut the note of seriousness in what he said was reflected on their attentive faces.

'Hear, hear," from Bobby Burns. "No, I'm not going to make a speech," and the great car chug-chugged out slowly from under the archway, "my voice is to valuable. And besides you are out of my jurisdiction. But my wife isn't. And this year we spend Christmas by our own fireside,"

"You poor, abused thing!" Mildred sympathized, and waved her hand to them as they drove away into the dark-

Address.

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The Elmendorfs were distinctly bored as in the darkness the big car whizzed through the long driveway. They were out on the country road before either of the occupants spoke.

"I don't think it is very nice of you to criticise us right before Mrs. Darlington. It was a lovely evening, Eu-

"Yes, it was," he agreed, "but why didn't she invite all the children and have an old-fashioned merrymaking-Instead of bridge and champagne?" "Well, I don't see why you should complain," Helena insisted, "we haven't

any children to neglect." "No, we haven't any children," and after that there was a long pause. "I can't understand it," Elmendorf spoke as if there had been no break in the conversation.

"How they are willing to be so use less-the women"

"You men marry us for playthings," her voice was bitter, "and you expect helpmates, and we're not-

"Yes," he agreed, "you're not." Then, as if he had said to much, he half apologized. "There is so much to do in the world."

But no answer came from the back seat, and again they sped on in silence. The snow came down faster and faster, and the whirling flakes which drove shut them into a world of unreality.

against the flaming headlight seemed to "We can't go any further," Elmendorf said at last. "Who would have believed there would be such drifts?"

"Well, I wanted you to stay at Mrs. Darlington's," Helena lamented. "It was a wild idea, anyhow, to come out om town in an automobile, on such

night as this." Eugene jumped down into the snow, and peered through the darkness. "There's a house back there. I can see just a point of light in a window.' In the howling blackness he found

the door and knocked. There was no He shouted, and the wind beat his words back upon him." "I can't make anyone hear," he called spoke out into the night.

"No," Elmendorf said, "we're stuck where the Saviour is an actual Pres-"Is that you, doctor?" in the snow and---"

But the man was not listening. "Oh," he said, and his voice broke. Son't the doctor come!"

brance of hospitality, "come in. It's an all its commercialism and greed and awful storm." It was a shabby room into which

they came, lighted by a solitary can-A flickering fire burned on the hearth, and a gray cat, safely housed from the storm, slept curled up on the warm bricks. From the next room came the moan of the sick child.

As Helena unfastened her wrap a woman came to the door of the chamber. She was very young, just a girl, and her unbound hair fell over calico wrapper in straggling wisps. Her face was

"Oh," come here," she pleaded. "I what to do!" But even in the midst | Home Herald." of her agony, sky stopped to stare at the radiant woman in shining white, who stood on her humble hearthstone. In a moment, however, she returned to her plaint, "Oh, I don't know what

Helena swayed toward her husband, "I can't!" she murmured. "I can't go That took the presents 'round last year, in there, Eugene." But he shook off, Please don't forget our house again, almost roughly.

'For Heaven's sake, Helena, go!" he

The baby lay, a little curled-up, gasping bundle, on the bed. "He's dving!" the mother moaned.

fighting for breath. "Oh, you poor little thing poor little thing!" Helena's arms went about it And when they won't hold any more suddenly. She stood up holding the child close.

she directed, "and mustard. Oh, hurry, We always kee livin' for us all, "Oh, baby," she whispered, as I try to help her all I can-

The mother, kneeling on the floor, rocked back and forth, moaning, "Why

don't the doctor come?" Slowly the little limbs relaxed; slowly the color came back to the pinched face, and at last Helena lifted the limp pink body and called for the blan-

"He's better, Eugene," she said simthe looked like a plump brown bear, com- ply. Tears were on her cheeks. The blained from the back seat, "Eugene | dazzling gown was all soiled and crushed and crumpled, and her hair hung in Mildred Dwight, reckless of the fate | wet strings about her face; but to her of her chiffon ruffles, fluttered down to husband she had never been as beau-

"Oh, the young fools," she said, a few minutes later, as she sat in the front room with the baby in her arms, while her husband stirred the fire. "Not to know that hot water was the only

As she brooded Madonna-like over the child, on her low-bent face was the look that comes to all women with the care of baby helplessness.

Her husband was kneeling before the fire. He turned and looked deep into her eyes. "Forgive me," he whispered.

"That I have so wronged you-you wonder woman!" "Oh," her hand went to her heart. "I

"Yes, I know." In the next room the young mother

was sobbing hysterically. The boy husband was trying to soothe her. "Hold the baby a minute, Eugene," Helena said, and went in to them.

Presently the crying ceased, and the young farmer came out. "Your wife is an angel of mercy," he said, and brushed his hand across his eyes as he passed on to the kitchen. Eugene, listening, heard Helena's

voice speaking softly to the other woman. There was a new and thrilling note in her voice-the note of the mother bird in the spring. With the baby in his arms, he sat long by the flickering fire, seeing visions

of the home that was to be; of Helena, the wife of his dreams at last; of himself, more tender, more forbearing, growing lighter-hearted to meet the galety of her youthful moods. At last in the kitchen the chime of

the old clock struck six. The first grayness of the dawn stole in at the window. Across the snowy fields I don't suspect you'll have much left sounded the peal of the Christmas

"Helena," the man called softly, and his wife came to the door of the other

She had changed her dress, and wore a clean blue gingham belonging to the mistress of the house. About her shoulders was pinned a little plaid brushed and was wound about her But I just kind o' thought it would. head in a shining braid.

husband. "Do you like me this way?" That we ain't been forgot again.
"I love you this way," and he kissed Then when we hear the old door screak.

She laid her glowing cheek against Good-by, old Santa-Johnny Fynn. the sleeping baby's face. "Think if we had not come Eugene," she said. He opened the door. Across the east the light had come in streaks of purple

"It is Christmas morning," he said, coming back. "Merry Christmas, Hel-

The young mother came in from the other room. "I'll take the baby now,"

she said, yearningly, and held out her Helena carried it to her. "Lie down

and try to sleep," she advised, and closed the door after them gently. Then she came back to her husband. "Think if we had not come, Eugene," she said again, and laid her hand on his arm. He put his own over it, and drew her to him; and thus they stood together, in a wonderful silence, until sleigh bells jangled outside and the now

tle porch. CHRIST-CHILD IN THE HOME.

unneeded doctor tramped across the lit-

In a beautiful sermon we once heard, we were impressed with the declaration that the word 'home' is not found in the language of men to his wife. Then the door opened and a where the story of the Christ-child is. young man, haggard and half dressed, not known. And one might say that this is because motherhood and fatherhood are of the highest type only

'Christmas,' said this same divine, 'is distinctly the time of love. And how this weary, warring world needs "Whats' the matter?" Elmendorf asked this song of love! Men are dying today for the lack of a little love. Men The baby," the man said. "He's dy- are growing discouraged and giving ing. We've sent the hired man for the up hope, and are going to the bad doctor. "Then, with a sudden remem- for the lack of a little love. With selfishness the only hope for the world is to learn the lesson of love from the Bethlellem manger, and listen to the angels who sang God's "good will toward men" on that night of nights. 'Motherhood is a sacred thing only where the glad tidings of the Christchild are told. Christmas is the time of the holly and the mistletoe, the yule-lore and the stockings hung all

in a row at the fire-place. 'There is no place for "Old Scrooge" in a world where Christmas bells chime and love and laughter fill the grey with anxiety, and her eyes were very atmosphere. It is the time when the father and mother are children again. It is the time when is stilled don't know what to do-I don't know the "restless pulse of care." (-The

To Santa Claus From Johnny Flynn.

(BY EMMA H. HUDSON.) Dear Santa Claus: If you're the one But we don't live where we did then. We've moved down by the river now, The house ain't got no number on, But you just ask for Johnny Fynn, I konw you'd make it cave right in You'll have to get in at the door,
There ain't no "chimbly" to climb in.
It's just a stove pipe poked up through,
Too little for a man like you. baby, thrashing out with his tiny hands, caught at her finger. He was lit's nothin but old boards and tin, fighting for breath I konw you'd make it cave right in.
You'll find our steckin's on the cha Ma's sewed 'em up the best she could, Just pile the things down on the floor. There's only me and ma, you know, "Get me some hot water—a lot of it,"

oh. yes, the dog, but he won't bite,

directed, "and mustard. Oh, hurry,"

We always keep him in at night.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR READERS.

Down where it tumbles off the cars, 'Most every day I get coal there, The men that runs the cars don't care Ma she don't think you'll come, I know, 'Cause when we ask her if you'll come She says she don't but then she cries, Then tells us that she's takin' cold, But when I'm takin' cold I sneeze, For you ain't been to our house yet-Only but once, long time ago, And that's the time you brought me Ma says you brought me in your sleigh, When you get 'round to where we live, So I'll not tell you what to bring, For we'll be glad for anything. I hope you'll have some candy left. And cakes with sugar on the top, And peanuts, my, but I like them, I ain't had none I don't know when. We just love candy, all of us, And when we want to give ma some And she don't know I wrote to you, She took the baby and smiled at her hen ! hear the sleigh bells ring shand. "Do you like me this way?" I'll know it you-we'll all know You just don't know how glad we'll be,

Her Christmas Gift.

Dear Boy-Your Christmas roses-You guessed my wishes well! Are so divine that prose is Inadequate to tell How very much I love them In all their fragrant prime, And so I lean above them And write t o you in rime.

Some secrets I can better To these sweet leaves impart Than give them in a letter, Since they concern my heart; Bt now that I have told them These dear dreams of delight I know these flowers will hold them Until-until to-might

I read the tender not that Among the roses hid; I wonder when you wrote that If you knew what you did? u're such a dear romancer, But come and get my answer-One rose for you-that's Yes!

@@@@@@@ The Boys and Girls until the 28th.

Every hotel and restaurant has its lighted Christmas tree on Christmas Eve, and every Pension gathers such of its inmates as are not invited elsewhere about its tree, and some simple remembrance is given by the house-owner to each one. Hospitals and public institutions all have their tree, as in other countries. But this celebrating by a tree in restaurant and hotel is characteristic of Ger-

Christmas Day, and the day following, all shops are closed and the time is given over to social gatherings, as the sacredness of the Christmas Eve is now past. Luncheons, dinners, dances, two theatrical performances a day in almost every theatre at popular prices,-these are strenuous days, indeed, for a social favorite. I have found that a large circle of acquaintances in a German city leads unavoidably to a bad spell of dyspepsia, when Christmas week is past. There is something very whole-souled and hearty about German hospitality, and at no time of the year does it show itself so well as at Christmas time. The idea of Christmas festivities is to gather in the lonely; to entertain, not for personal reasons, but to give a good time to those who need it most and can enjoy it most. To be known to be alone in a Pension at Christmas time is the signal for at least two invitations a day for three days running. There is no work of any kind done for three days, except by those who minister to the One rose for you—that's Yes!
—Julian Durand, in Sunday Magazine liday," December 27th, is by com- sion that he is a somnambulist.

man cities is the "Jahrmarkt," the "We must get the boys interested," One would naturally think that now array of open booths with cheap toys, she answered; "surely you could get that the concert was over the men would "Pyramids," ginger-bread, apples, some of them to help with the enter- begin to leave, but big Bill Moore, the nuts, all things that belong to Christ- tainment. You know the men well, who foreman at the camp, had consented to mas. It is a sort of county fair, and for the greater part come from Martyn's be Santa Claus, and out of respect for is still an important event in smaller camp, and I am sure Tim Dolin will do their foreman not a man left the buildtowns and country villages. In the all he can to help you." larger cities the Jahrmarkt is disappearing. A vestige of it, kept up on is regarded merely as a curiosity.

The Travel Magazine.

mon consent the servants' holiday, when they are given a whole day of

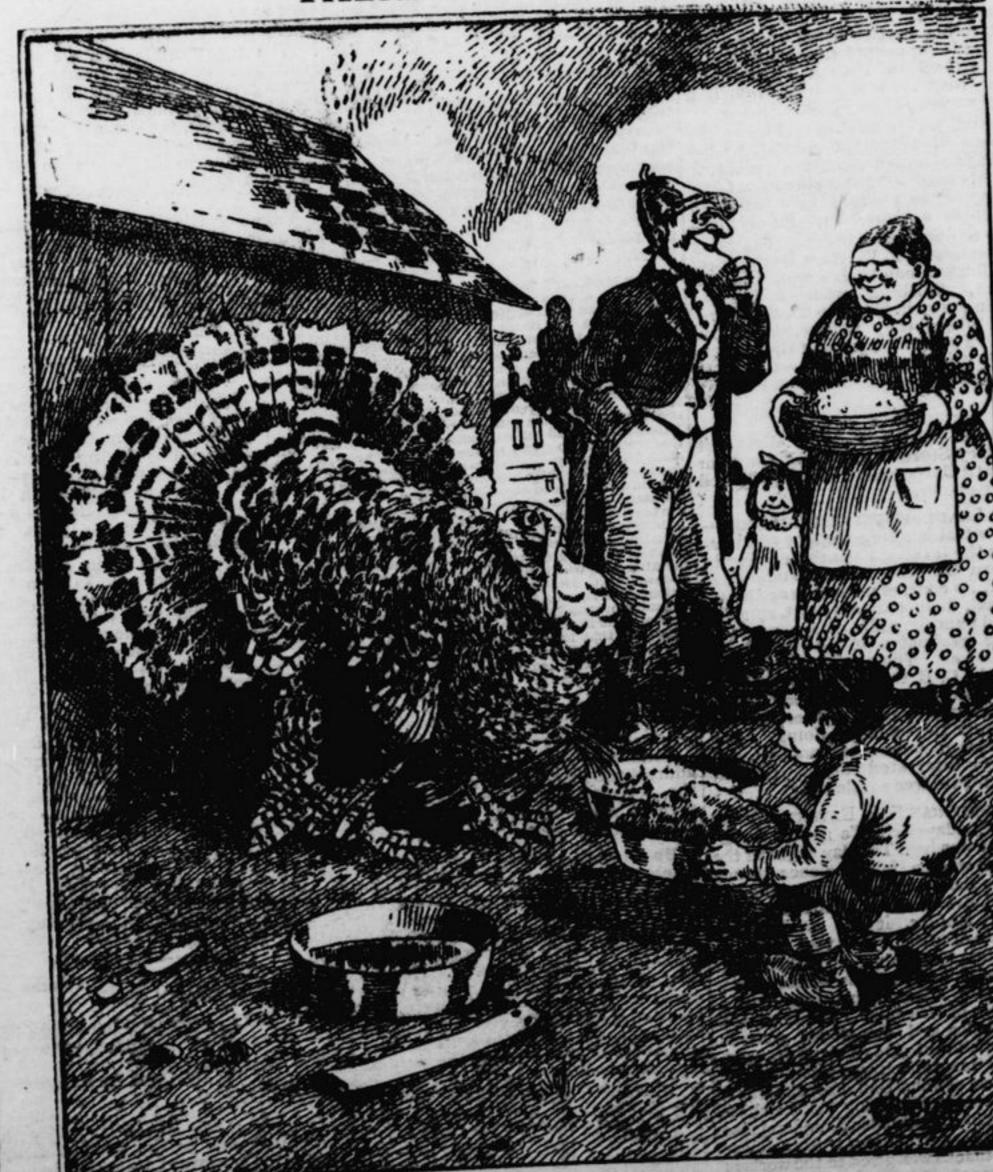
If the house-mother does not care to feel we ought to have a greater attractor to them of home and mother, then Richdo her own work that day, family and tion than Flynn's saloon for the boys and Rose described a scene in the Boer friends gather in some favorite res- on Christmas night. How would a Christ- war, and was called back again and taurant to continue the Christmas mas tree do?" cheer. Butcher, baker and grocer If Richard Rose did not laugh at his choruses by the children, and last of all

A quaint Christmas custom in Ger- Flynn's.

But it is the coming of the Christmas trees that marks the moment of man cities. In every open square Tim's all but drowned child, and when others hesitated. and wider street in the residence quar- at last success was announced, Richard ters of the town they stand, row after Rose had won forever the warm Irish row, splendid firs of all sizes. It is heart. Tim, too, was a strong tempertruly Birnam wood coming to Duns- ance man, perhaps the only one in Marinane. The most notable instance is tyn's camp, and Richard and his wife the Potsdamer-Platz in Berlin, a spot knew they could depend upon him. cafe gardens bordering it, the ap- Centre for Christmas presents, and it proaches to its great railway station, won't do to disappoint them." and its stretches of open sidewalk "We can fill it up with oranges and are hidden behind a veritable forest popcorn balls," said Bertha, laughing. of stately towering firs, looking down Then, considering the matter more seriat their feet. They bring the breath side help for that too? Let us write into one of the world's busiest of they bring the Christmas spirit that and will be sure to help us." metropolitan centres. And best of all, loosens the bonds of care, and preaches peace on earth, good will to men .-

pleasure of others. The "Third Hol- out of church don't jump to the concul-

THERE IS A REASON.



The Turk-These are the nicest people I ever saw. They are giving me all the grub I want.

AT PINE CENTRE

(W. O. Throop, in Montreal Witness.) Pine Centre, as the name might imply, was surrounded on all sides by great tracts of pine, and from it distribution was made to the lumber camps of the

district. ary country store and school house, an immense sawmill surrounded by the lumbermen's houses, the most of which were rudely constructed from rough lumber, much good-natured swearing over the a little white church on the hill top, care the Dolins took of their horses. But with its rival, the saloon, in the valley the noble creatures, slick and shining

For several years the Rev. Richard and again they broke into a brisk trot, Rose had labored among these people, but Tim, who had the lead, held them not only in the village but also in the back, much to the annoyance of the neighboring lumber camps. In two men. But Tim knew what he was doweeks' time it would be Christmas, and ing. He and the minister had previas the minister shook the snow from his ously arranged for him to arrive as late coat, before entering his home, his face in the afternoon as possible.

his wife at once noticed it.

his wife's side. pretty safely this winter, but I hear to- as the sleigh passed the saloon, much to

day that Joe Flynn is preparing to have the chagrin of Joe Flynn. night, and this means ruin to the men | the bounties set before them. As soon as and starvation for their families." stitched away without speaking. The wrinkles in the fair young brow, however, at last relaxed and she had some

suggestion to make. "Well, what is it?" he asked, anxious-

"I know you will laugh at me, but I

shops are open this third day, but wife's suggestion he felt like it, as he Richard gave them "The Race at Black other establishments are often closed asked her what attraction a Christmas Rock," which took the men by storm,

Tim Dolin had at one time been most were surprised to find Tim and Frank sareastic in his criticism of the "preach- Dolin, with their teams, waiting for the Belle-Alliance Square in Berlin, er," as he called him, but one summer them afternoon, in the greatest anxiety, he had watched for hours while the minister | these horses won't stand." worked to restore to life the form of

that rivals a New York "busy corner" | "Supposing we could manage the enfor traffic. One day it is all roar and tertainment, what could we put on the rumble, hustle and bustle. Then tree for the expectant youngsters? You suddenly, over night, the hotel and know there isn't much money in Pine

in quiet majesty on the hurrying city ously, she said: "Why not get some outof lonely mountain tops, the sweet home and tell the home folks of our silence of forest depths with them plan. Dear old Mrs. Robertson is presi- the river they flew and down the ice at dent of the Women's Missionary Society. a terrific pace, never slackening speed

So it was arranged that Pine Centre should have a Christmas tree. The moon, in all its fullness, was slow- was the first to gain it, amid the cheers

ly rising behind the pines, and soften- of his men. ing in its mellow light the rugged out- But what about Flynn's dance? A few lines of the long, low buildings of Mar- of the lumbermen were angry and said Just because a man gets up and walks tyn's camp, as Richard Rose drove up that this was a made up plan, but for

you by the bells. Don't bother with the how Tim Dolin and the parson fooled horse. I will put him up." But the the saloonkeeper. minister was already unhitching one side and afterwards accompanied Tim to the

"You see, Tim, we are going to have Christmas night, and we want you to observance of Christmas Day, and kelp us," he said, broaching his sub- that is, keeping Christmas.

"Well, sor, I'd be glad to, but I'm afread I'd be little use to ye, for I'm a mighty poor speaker, and when it comes to singin' toons I'm not in it at all." Richard laughed heartily, and then ex- owes you, and to think what you owe plained that it wasn't in the entertainment he wanted his assistance, but in

getting the men down to the concert and

back again without visiting Flynn's sathat it will be a hard matter to manage; men are just as real as you are, and but I will get my own boy to take a try to look behind their faces to the

its roaring fire and large assembly of going to get out of life, but what are men, he was heartily greeted, for in you going to give to life; to close more ways than one he had brightened management of the universe, and look their lives and in their rough way they fully appreciated his efforts, and when he invited them all to attend the Christ- willing to do these things even for a mas tree they willingly consented. Rich- day? Then you can keep Christmas. ard had visited the camp often enough Are you willing to stoop down and before to know who was talented, and consider the needs of little children; laying his hand on the shoulder of a to remember the weakness and lonefair-haired, blue-eyed youth, little more liness of people who are growing old;

Stanley asked, looking into faces of mind the things that other people the listening men.

concert to help the devil along," an old the same house with you really want, lumberman assured him, and amid the without waiting for them to tell you;

programme was short, and as a last re-sort he decided to give several readings. Are you willing to believe that love himself, ones that he was sure the lum- is the strongest thing in the worldbermen would appreciate. But as soon stronger than hate, stronger than as one difficulty was overcome another evil, stronger than death—and that was met with. The men were sure to the blessed life which began in Bethcome to town early in the afternoon. Joe lehem nineteen hundred years ago is Flynn knew this, and was chuckling to the image and brightness of the Ethimself that when the boys had once had ernal Love? Then you can keep a drink they wouldn't bother much Christmas. about the tree. Richard Rose knew this | And if you keep it, for a day, wh too, and decided that at all events they not always? must have a supper before the concert. But you can never keep it alone.—
Generously the village people, out of From "the Spirit of Christmas," by
their limited means, responded to the Rev. Henry Van Dyke.

| call, and the few surrounding settlers all contributed one or more turkeys, old Dave Smith, who had two boys in Martyn's camp, offering half a dosen when

he heard of the minister's scheme. Christmas day at last arrived, bright and clear. The roads were excellent; all preparation had been made by both the The village consisted of the custom- church people and the saloon-keeper to receive the men.

At Martyn's all were ready to start an hour before Tim Dolin and his son brought out their teams, and there was were finally hitched to the great sleighs, and eagerly started for the town. Time

wore an unusually anxious expression, To reach the hall it was necessary to and as he entered the cosy sitting-room pass the saloon, and Joe Flynn was sure that all hands would stop and drink, but "Why, Richard, what is the matter?" Richard also had considered this diffishe asked, pulling his chair up to the culty and met the men on the outskirts of the village with a sleigh load of lady "Oh, it is more trouble with our old helpers, who welcomed them and invited enemy," he answered, seating himself by them at once to the hall, where supper was ready. The load of ladies led the "I thought we were getting along way, and cheer after cheer rent the air

hristmas Heartily the lumbermen partook of supper was over they good-naturedly as-For some time Bertha Rose busily sisted in carrying out the rough tables, replacing them with benches and chairs. Richard Rose felt that now was the time he must hold the men or they would be-

gin to drift away to the saloon. The first thing on the programme was a song by Jack Stanley. He was greeted by loud applause, for he was a general favorite in the camp. Tenderly he sang again, then followed the dialogue and tree would be compared to the dance at the incidents of which fitted so closely

their own rough lives. ing. At last, when all was over, they

"All aboard for Martyn's. Pile in, boys, A few of the men jumped in. The

"Come on, boys; ride as far as Flynn's anyway," Tim suggested, and everyone jumped aboard.

Half a mile down the long, steep grade before them lay the saloon, where Fylnn and his following were anxiously waiting for the lumbermen. The two teams were jogging along side by side, when Frank Dolin shouted, "I'll go ye a race, father." 'All right, boy," Tim answered, cracking his whip over the backs of his horses.

Down the hill both the teams bound ed, ever increasing their speed, till, when they reached the saloon, it was impossible for anyone to jump off. The men, too, were all so interested in the race that they thought of nothing else and were shouting wildly and encouraging their respective drivers. On to till they were about three miles down and about to turn into the rough forest road leading to the camp. Frank Dolin

"Good avenin', sor. I knew it was it was a standing joke at Martyn's

HOW TO KEEP CHRISTMAS.

But there is a better thing than the

Are you willing to forget what wou have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world the world; to put your right in the background, and your duties in the middle distance ,and your chances to do a little more than your duty in "We will try, sor, but I'm afread the foreground; to see that your fellow load, and I will take the rest, and we'll hearts, hungry for joy; to own that do the best we can."

When Richard entered the camp, with going to get out of life, but what are around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness are you

than a boy, asked him if he would sing to stop asking how much your friends love you, and ask yourself whether "What about Flynn's dance?" John you love them enough; to bear in have to bear on their hearts; to try "You will find time enough after the to understand what those who live in laughter of the crowd Stanley consented to trim your lamp so that it will give Bertha Rose at once began to teach carry it in front so that your shathe village children several choruses, and dow will fall behind you; to make a by scouring the country side, Richard grave for your ugly thoughts, and a by scouring the country side, Richard garden for your kindly feelings, with secured enough young people to take the gate open—are you willing to do nort in a dialogue, but even then the part in a dialogue, but even then the these things even for a day? Then