THEIR CHRISTMAS MOTHER

Three Lonely People Play a Game of Fellowship.

smiled Kathleen Davis, as she picked sixty-three when one is alone in the her way, stopping now and then to world and upon one's own resources. look in an attractive store window, Mrs. Scott, since the untimely death been made to order!"

it all, to give the finishing and perfect once. touch, the cathedral bells at the end of the street chiming:

"Joy, good will, friendliness. Yes, that is the keynote of Christmas!" Kathleen said to herself.

Presently she stopped by a brilliant ly lighted shop window and studied the faces of some of the crowd. It was a Christmas pageant. She liked to imagine the part in the night's drama that each was playing. She hoped that it was a happy one and that they were all hurrying some where where love awaited them.

A dignified, distinguished-looking, judge-like gentlemen caught her attention. She laughed. The wind had blown away most of the wrappingpaper from the bundle he was carrying, revealing a dashing red-and-gray through a megaphone something rocking-horse. The absurd pony was about moonlight and blues. gentleman's outward dignity.

"One of the nicest things about Christmas," thought Kathleen, almost her tables. There were not many in speaking the words aloud, "is that it the restaurant. She was grateful for makes us children again."

dressed but his face was an inspiration. "Tiny Time," she named him, ing of Christmas," she thought. She Next came a kindly-faced Irish woman recalled some past Christmas eves. poor children in her block to visit some the glowing faces of school children "But all remembered beauty is no dinner time with turkey, cranberry, the restaurant but I didn't dare. I've as cheerful and generous as ourselves. outfit—tub, wringer, boiler, clothes who, she judged, was taking all the She saw Marian, her daughter, and department-store Santa Claus. She as they sang: had her hands full managing the brood but oh, the fun she was having!

"That's real giving," thought Kathleen. "She's giving herself and that more peace, less of excitement and

Their faces were hard and brilliant power to send away all those tired, as posters. "She only gave me a cheap confused, over-laden shoppers, down box of stationery last Christmas," there in the stifling air of the music snapped one, "and I gave her an ex- department, with that quiet song in pensive pair of silk stockings. Well, their hearts instead of the echo of she'll not get much from me this year." | jazz. And Marian. . . Her patient

them. She joined the moving crowd. away. It wouldn't do to have a patron Her plans were indefinite. "I guess see her crying. How different this I'm the only one that's not hurrying Christmas might have been if Marian somewhere!" Her face was wistful. had lived. She really had no place to go except A young woman came in and seated place where a lighted tree shine in that Mrs. Scott had come to know so the window, where a little supper, a well, for she often visited the lunch fire in the grate and Mother awaited room. To right there was a touch of

This was the first year since Kath- "Miss Delight"-Mrs. Scott's private leen could remember when Mother and name for her. She had attracted Mrs. she had not kept Christmas together. Scott's attention because she always So much can happen in a year . . . asked to be seated at her tables and Life can be very cruel. When Mother while not old-fashioned she was no was with her they had always been like the young girls Mrs. Scott usually poor but they had been happy although served. "Miss Delight" was decidedly she had never been able to buy the pretty and always well dressed. From many things she had wished for her thoughtful, sweet expression Mrs. Mother. And then after it was too Scott was sure that she was not the but enough to have made Mother very hours." In time, they learned each dross I'll cell for the little impedes motion hamper. comfortable. Now, she told herself other's names and each felt the kindly have some ather one of his bitterly, she could buy the comforts, spirit of the other. "Something about even a few of the luxuries she had her reminds me of Marian," said Mrs. always desired the clothes, all the Scott. Whenever "Miss Delight" came dear, entrancing things that women to her table, it was Mrs. Scott's haplove, the books, the plays, music, flow- piest moment of the day-that is, alers-and Mother was gone . . .

She came to a flower shop. From other bright occasion when a tall, behind the frosted glass, orchids, gar- good-looking young man with adorable denias, sweet peas smiled out at her. brown eyes, appeared. He, too, was a And there in the midst of this fairy regular daily visitor and he and Mrs. garden was the very kind of a Christ- Scott also had become friendly. mas bouquet she would have liked to Most of the people at Mrs. Scott's take home to Mother. She had always tables were merely people. They If you knew how I dreamed of this the Christmas rose, threw open the given her flowers, the less expensive could be duplicated anywhere. Only Christmas. There is one condition. door and Kathleen heard her greetkind one buys in bunches done up in "Miss Delight" and the Man-with-the- For one day you are to play you are ing. "Welcome! Welcome! Welcome! Welcome! tissue paper at the elevated stations. Adorable-Brown-Eyes were individ- really my mother and let me do all the And Merry Christmas! Come right in. But to send Mother, at Christmas, dis- uals. What interested Mrs. Scott at things for you I would love to do for Put your hat and coat here. What? tinctive, out-of-the-season flowers tied first, was the fact that they came her." up with ribbon in a bewitching box there at all. By their bearing and "I think I understand," quietly Kathleen peeked around the door Oh, how good they had been to her! For a long time she stood clothes, they belonged to a higher-class smiled the White-Rose Lady. "There'll and—gasped. It was he—the Sir "Dear Marian! Dear Mother of Kaththoughtfully before the window. Then place. It interested and amused her. be my condition too. If I'm to be your Galahad of Rosenberg's!

bunch of lilies of the valley in the little table by the window, he across "That's it! I knew you'd under- "You see," explained the young Christmas Mother." window." Her eyes glowed. They the aisle. However, she had an odd stand. To-morrow at two . . . And man to Kathleen, "she's adopted me, were her mother's favorite flower. conviction that Rosenberg's, as far as wear your flowers. Good night, too." Evidently Bob had been let into She asked to have them arranged in these young people were concerned, Christmas Mother!" She was gone the Mother secret. a corsage. "A bit of green, violets existed solely as a place for seeing but she had left behind her a trail of And Kathleen said something about in several localities in Southern Britand a pink rose of the with silver ribbon." It "I wish," she had often smiled, "I rest of the evening did not matter. Mother, with glowing eyes, was ported recently from near Swift Curwas exquisite. She watched him ar- could be the head waitress. I'd seat | Christmas day! Promptly at two, opening her basket. "My! My! Isn't rent, Saskatchewan. Material from range them in a darling box. "I'll take them together! You don't often see a gray-furred figure ran quickly up this lovely? Strawberries, grapes, per-

Outside, she hurried along with the They endeared themselves to her the had given her. it with me." rest of the crowd. Her eyes danced as more because of their old-fashioned Mrs. Scott answered the bell, not flowers in mid-winter." she hugged the ribboned box. At the corner she collided with a fat man carrying home a huge lamp shade. They both laughed good-naturedly. "I'm part of the Christmas pageant now, too,"thought Kathleen and in her heart sang a song of enchantment.

In Rosenberg's department store, up on the twelfth floor, Mrs. Mary Scott, an elderly frail woman was trying not to look as weary as she felt. Ordinarily the store served only the noon lunch but as it was to be open late on Christmas eve, the management had made a special arrangement to keep the cafe open. She had been waiting on table all day. She tried to ease her sching feet by shifting her weight

-BY CHARLOTTE CONKRIGHT KINNEY. Five o'clock and Christmas eve. "A from one to the other. She was very regular story-book Christmas eve!" patient as one is apt to be patient at

through the hurrying, gift-laden of her only daughter, a music teacher, crowd. "It couldn't be better if it had had found few positions available to a gentlewoman of her years who had Great, feathery snowflakes filled the no specialized training. She was thereair. Everywhere were festoons of fore grateful for her present position cedar and holly, glittering trees, all and was most conscientious and faiththe glorious jumble of things that ful. Thoughtful people, people with mark the great Holiday. And above imagination, must have noticed her at

"Who was that sweet-faced old lady? What was she doing here?" "Joy to the World! The Lord is come!" they would ask. In her dainty white blouse with its touch of Irish crochet -carrying its hint of better daysshe looked like a sweet mother. You had a sudden longing, as you watched her, to take away the heavy tray she was carrying. You wanted to seat her at the table and serve and protect

"Seems like people might get their shopping done daytimes," thought Mrs. Scott as she folded napkins. "I hope it's working people who have no other time who'll be here to-night and not the rich folks who thoughtlessly wait for their shopping till the last

A man on the eleventh floor, in the

"Jazz on Christmas eve!" she sighed. She was putting fresh linen on a few quiet moments. Again she She found Miss Delight's pretty face black silk dress. A cripple passed. He was poorly heard the jazz. "How far we have wandered away from the true mean-

"Silent Night! Holy Night! All is calm, all is bright . . ."

That was what the world neededfor a second looking in the window. life. She wished she had it in her per, for he was not there. Mrs. Scott Matheway lips quivered. Tears gathered in her

Kathleen was infinitely sorry for eyes and she quickly brushed them

hungry, I just came to see you!" In a few moments the White-Rose Lady returned. When she had dainin her hotel. She longed herself at one of Mrs. Scott's tables. omesick child for home-a She wore the gray fur coat and toque trembling hands the florist's box. you! I . . ." her voice broke. holly in her color scheme. It was

Regardless of convention, Kathleen slipped an arm about her. "I know," she said softly. "They make you think of past Christmases and happiness." because you make me think of my "Dear child!"

"Bless your heart!" beamed the Prince of Wales." most the happiest. For there was an-

your friends in the festive season.

forgotten it:

fine fragility.

"Just bring me a cup of chocolate

and a sandwich-any kind. I'm not

"To-morrow I'll tell you everything -I mean about Mother and why I a Christmas picture." want to do this. Please don't refuse! Mrs. Scott, her cheeks a pink as

a delightful idea came to her. She They had never met, as far as she mother, you're to be my little girl. "Miss Davis, allow me to present glad that I gave them this chance to knew, yet day after day they came, It's to be a Christmas game for two Mr. Harper. Kath'een-Bob-my be happy. It was my part in the "I should like to see that levely usually at the same hour, she at the alone people to escape loneliness?" | Christmas children."

fairylight, a fragrance, a song. The "such a lovely idea . . ."

Than a vague prelude to the thought half pushed her "daughter" into a you or someone like you."

cheery dining room with a table set "You couldn't possibly ever have the blazing fire.-Charles Lamb. To-night Mrs. Scott had not dream- and pretty dishes and shining silver. Nova Scotia?" ed of seeing Kathleen Davis. Evi- Christmas candles stood on the suffet. "Sure! I lived there until I was

home. Take off your things, dear. Put "Why, yes. I remember one was untiring endeavor which see in Christ- that a young mechanic may add to his them there in my room. You see," she 'The Inchcape Rock' and 'The Death mas a forecast are more truly Chris-

"Why-why, my dear, it's lovely of I was to be Mother to-day, you'd en- "And could you-no, of course you mas world may not be farther than trucks and ships. He builds and joy staying home and having a bit of couldn't-remember a small girl who from star dust to a solar system .- learns while at play.

"Oh, Mother Scott, how wonderful through the Rye." of you! It's exactly the homey kind But he did! "You carried a tiny Ham Contest for the Holiday Her own eyes were a bit misty. "I'm but you should have let me share it . . | zas!" going to tell you something. I've been And my dear," glancing at the little "Yes, yes. Why, you do remember." coming here to lunch so often mostly table, "there are three. Who in the "Well, now, here's another of those world beside you and me?"

"Yes. And I've a plan. I want to this much-I rather think you'll en- this"

two. We'll have dinner somewhere forlorn newsboy, tramp or poor wo- Scott resting. down town and spend the day to- man you've rescued. But nothing can, "You won't be able to enjoy the surprise me now not even if it's the play to-night if you don't."

have no engagement but . . . you're goodness!" laughed the Christmas piano. They sang "Noel" and "Little not doing this, dear, just to be nice to Mother, flushing like a girl expecting Town of Bethlehem." Presently Bob piece of meat-Sydenham. me-because I told you about my a sweetheart. "Tell me, does my hair began "Mother Machree." look all right?"

"You're a picture just as you are-

Another gift? My! My!"

shyness in youngsters nowadays." the steps of the address Mrs. Scott simmons, pears . . . Oh, you dear ex- being used as an ingredient in scour- this year?" travagant children . . . fruit and ing soaps and other cleansing com- "I don't know. I called him up and

off a rose and a few lilies of the valley and pinned them on the breast of the Christmas Mother. They lighted the Christmas candles

Kathleen made a place on the table for the handsome basket. She broke

and Bob seated Mother Scott at th table as if she had been a queen. insisted on carving and neither of them would let the Mother lift a finger to serve them. It was the jolhest of dinners. It seemed as if they all had known each other for years. And They must have floated through her how good things tasted!

"Did you tell Kathleen about the play to-night?" asked Bob. (In the In reminiscent wonder. Did she find spirit of the game they spoke to each Her heart aflutter with strange pangs other intimately.)

"Oh, no! Bob has invited us to a play, dear." "Us? When did you know," Kathgreatly surprised, "that I would be Those solemn words: "His father Daleen demanded of the young man,

"It was like this," explained Mother. "After you went away last night, along comes Mr. Bob with this big box of candy. He saw the lights and thought maybe we'd be open. I guess he thought that he was the loneliest man in the city. He seemed like a lost soul. I saw how it was . . . we three all being lonely with no folks or place to go to but to a show or the movies. Companion. Christmas is a home day. So I thought we'd have just our own Christmas

"I do everything from ham and eggs hand, as our fathers and their fathers with her dishes how to set the table Have as much variety as possible in the home-made candies you give and planes." He had a sudden inspiration. "Mother Scott, you must has added to our circle. Let us en- doll-size enamel cooking utensils. let me paint you as you look to-day joy the present and laugh at the past. It is very helpful for a little girl standards. She made two interesting ready for the street, but in a huge, for my Mother's Day poster. Wouldn't Let us tell old stories and invent new to have a plain doll that she can dress discoveries which she kept to herself. white apron over a well-preserved she be great, Kathleen?"

faintly sketched all over the young "Merry Christmas, dear girl! Come leen addressing the other guest, "you the world, but to make it better by clothing. Paper patterns for her man's menu. And one day the De in. I have a surprise for you." remind me of some picture or person our individual example. Let us be baby's frock, odd pieces of material,

poetry on the back of an envelope and unmistakable and delectable odors of "You feel that way, too? How many us look of the time-cheerful and gen- her in the invaluable art of sewing. home at dinner time-Christmas- times I've wanted to speak to you in erous, and endeavor to make others | She could have a complete laundry plum pudding. Mrs. Scott half led, always wondered where I have seen Draw the curtains, pile fresh wood on basket, ironing board, irons, wax,

Lover of beauty, knightliest and best." for three. There were spotless linen lived in the little town of Lunenburg,

dently, neither had Mr. Robert Har- In the centre of the table bloomed the fourteen. My father was Douglas

"Merry Christmas!" smiled Kath- You're going to have dinner here with leen happily. "I lived over in the West sympathetic, mutually helpful world. By means of buildings outfits my leen, her eyes sparkling like sap- me," the Christmas Mother said sim- Ward on Haliburton Avenue with my A man who is habitually mean, selfish, boy was given mechanics and meply. "After you left last night, I re- grandparents. Do you recall Captain narrow, is a man without Christmas chanical studies in his play. The out-"Merry Christmas!" smiled back membered that the Smiths—I rent a Casterlin? He was my grandfather. in his soul. Let us cling to Christmas fits consist of all the main parts used the White-Rose Lady, as Kathleen had room from them-were going to be And do you remember the exercises at all the more as a day of the spirit in machinery, such as pulleys, gears, privately named her, so sweet was her away to-day. I called up Mrs. Smith Central School when all the schools which in every age some souls have pinions, axles, beams, wheels, machine and asked her if I might give a din- used to get together? Didn't you speak believed to be the possible spirit of screws, and so on. All these parts are

Kathleen tucked into Mrs. Scott's always had to be eating in restaurants "The kids in school nowadays never Meanwhile we may reflect that from of derricks, bridges, traveling cranes,

real home cooking for a change." sometimes sang?--once it was 'Comin' George William Curtis,

of a Christmas I've been longing for parasol and danced between the stan-

unexpected happenings," exclaimed "That's my secret," smiled the the Mother. "It's a good thing I plan-Christmas Mother, "but I'll tell you ned this party so you could find out all

Their eyes said eloquently that it

They chatted and laughed and White-Rose Lady. "How lovely! I Suddenly the door bell. "Oh, my worked and between spells ran to the

> "Sure I love the dear silver that shines in your hair, And the brow that's all furrowed ton.

and wrinkled with care.

Oh, God bless you and keep you,

Mother Machree!"

"The darlings!" Tears filled her eyes. It had been such a happy day!

Volcanic ash is found in large beds

In the Stable.

What must her Virgin prayers for Him have been Her child and God's? She surely knew

Could ever snare the little satin feet That, nestling in her palm, she found

Those things the angel told her! Did

Now in this darkened stable like a

gentle mind

While looking on that wee bed in th What had it meant? (This little child her own!)

vid's throne!"-"That holy thing which shall be born

of thee!"-"The Son of God!" Oh, pale young Must surely have bowed low, remen

"Yea, Lord, yea, Lord, this holy -Bertha Gerneaux Woods, in Youth's

Yuletide.

"Dear Mother Scott!" . . . Over the mas! Never let us permit thee to to allow the doll's clothes to be put fruit and candy they exchanged confi- degenerate into distant courtesies and away with care. The table for the doll dences. Kathleen was a short story formal salutations. But let us shake family could be large enough for servwriter. Bob was a commercial artist. our friends and familiars by the ing real meals, and she may be taught ones-innocent always, and ingenious, and undress and whose hair she can "Speaking of pictures," said Kath- if we can. Let us not meet to abuse comb and for whom she may make lightful Lady had scribbled a bit of Kathleen was at once conscious of _I don't know which—I've seen." patriots, but not men of party. Let and a toy sewing machine will interest the hearth, and bring your chairs to starch-and thus be taught the real

A Christmas World.

If we were to fancy a wholly Chris-"No. Your plan was the dream. "Then I have seen you!" cried Kath- bright, friendly, beneficent, generous, village or farm may be constructed. human society. The earnest faith and standardized and interchangeable, so tion, surely, than the pleasant cynic- cate things. He builds big things on a "you longed for a Christmas Mother He hadn't thought of those old reci- ism of the atheists, which smiles upon small scale, his hand and mind work . . . And I got to thinking how you tations in years. He laughed, saying, it as the festival of a futile hope. together constructing working models good-natured hopelessness to a Christ- airplanes, engines, fire ladders, auto

Party. 1. The ham that is a small village

3. The ham that is a bed or seat- paratus and though but fourteen has

4. The ham that goes to market or the phonograph and the telegraph, and

come from-Nottingham.

-hambury.

10. Another boy's name, the son of in writing.

Noah-Ham.



The Modern Santa. "Is Santa Claus gonna tretcha good

engaged a case if he's got it by Christ-



A Large One. Monk Santa-"Great Scott,

HAPPINESS IN **USEFUL TOYS**

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

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 doil house. By this I do not mean the 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-sterey house, windows may be cut in the sides, and it may be treated to a coat of paint. But let her fix it 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 plenty of fun and much development.

The bed for her doll could have a mattress, pillows, sheets, blankets and counterpane, in order that the small mether may learn real housekeeping. Oh! merry piping time of Christ- The toy bureau could be large enough

way to wash and iron, how to keep flannels from shrinking and how to

And when a boy grows older he can make things for himself and his home if he has a set of carpenter's tools. Of course it is poor economy to buy

any but first-class tools. The wonders of electricity may be opened up to your boy in the play-2. The ham used by a carpenter- room. A boy I know has a corner of his room devoted to his electrical aplearned the theory of the telephone. has put burglar alarms and electric 7. The unsteady ham-Rockingham. the equipment which he needs. My son 8. The ham that is a sort of fowl at the age of seven helped to build a toy village lighted by electricity.

9. A boy's name, a letter and a nice A toy typewriter or a printing press often develops naturally an interest

There is education in a toy model 11. Name of a city-that is, this of a piano, but it is best to select one contest, sick, and 2,000 lbs .- Hamil- with two or three octaves of the chromatic scale, for which little books of simple airs are arranged.

A book on woodwork is full of suggestions and directions for the young carpenter; a book on photography. printing and developing; and one on how to study birds and trees will stimulate the right kind of activity. And the little girl will learn to cook and make doll clothes if she receives books written in a language she can easily

Making Mothers Merry.

The oldest English name for Christmas is Moddra Niht, or Mothers' Night, 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 streve 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

The old customs of Mothers' 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 that the North of England. On that day must be Willie Hippo's stocking. If I everyone who can do so still makes a fill that I won't have anything for any pilgrimage homewards, and the mother receives the homage of her family.