

AND BE
ALTHY

be a widespread be-
tends to make people
them put on fresh
mailed, renders them
and colds, and even
and more drastically,
with the popular her-
Daily Express.
These false ideas have
because most people
Forced methods of
to be harmful.
an easy, unstrained
an expansion of the
the action of the
erates the whole sys-
can. I know of
to do more to improve
nation than a move-
people to sing in a

Your Lungs.
Personal experience.
Being naturally, my
I never felt
the matching colds.
I have several opera-
as I was taught not
to, but to open my
lungs naturally, my
symptoms.

to sing correctly I
single day's illness.
I had a cold or a sore
throat, I would ride
in a box, wear a silk
gown, and sit
in a chair. Even after
a continuous singing
I felt tired. In fact, I
have never felt in my
life as fresh as I do now.

asked why singing
had an effect on the
lungs, you have to breathe
through a doctor, but I
average more exercise
than of the poisonous
smoke.

When in a natural
state, nearly 8 per cent. of
the air we breathe is
oxygen, but I
take up enough for a
day to see that I want
more.

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A LOST CHRISTMAS DINNER

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

Nicholas and Margery Dobson were an English lad and lassie, who lived in a great old house at Amersham, in Buckinghamshire, not many miles from Windsor Castle, which they had once visited, and where they had seen the diminutive, consequential King George II, who was then ruling England.

The house had been built in Queen Elizabeth's time, and its vast rooms, antique stairways and projecting gables gave visible proof of age and faded grandeur. It is true these were somewhat disguised by the new coat of paint and the stylish furniture of the period, which the present owner had provided, but the mansion would not altogether relinquish its claim to an honorable antiquity.

One of its most distinguishing characteristics was its turret, of indisputable Tudor architecture, from the roof of which Nicholas and Margery, as they watched the sunset, could catch a gleam of Great Hampden, the seat of the patriot, John Hampden, far up among the Chiltern Hills.

The elder Dobson was a well-to-do clothier and doth merchant. Like most of his class, he was a busy, practical man of business, far more familiar with the rise and fall of goods in the London market and the latest cut of coats and waistcoats than with political intrigues or scientific investigations.

One September night, as the boy and girl sat in a corner of the grand sitting-room, the clothier entered with a frown on his usual cheery face.

"Do you know what Parliament has been doing, mother?" he asked, as he took a seat in his high-backed arm-chair by the fireplace. "Just think, those old periwigs at Westminster have been and taken eleven whole days from us, and King George, they say, has given his sanction to their proceedings. I think it is shameful!"

"Are you so sure that they have done this?" asked Mistress Dobson, in her quiet way. "And if they have, how do you know that it is not right?"

"Am I sure?" cried the clothier, somewhat irately for him. "All I know is what Simon Collett, the haberdasher of hats and tobaccoist, who has just returned from London, told me. He said it was so, and that the new style would take eleven days right out of the year; and when I came by the King's Crown, they were talking about it there."

"But suppose they are right, after all, and that we were eleven days behind the right time, how then, father?" and Deborah Dobson looked inquiringly into her husband's face.

"What then?" said the master, shrugging his shoulders. "How do you know whether it is wrong or right, and what business is it of theirs anyhow? As it is, they have just robbed us of nearly a fortnight's time, which no king or parliament has a right to do. A pretty kettle of fish they have made of it. Here was our Nicholas, eleven years old on the morning, and he was going to have a fifth-day party. He is born on the 5th of September, I suppose you will allow. Well, this parliament says that to-morrow is the 14th. So the boy has lost his birthday, and it's a wicked shame, I say."

Here Nicholas spoke: "I don't care if I lost my party," he said, "if I have gained two weeks on Sister Margery."

"You have gained no more than she has," replied his mother. "Margery is twelve, and you are eleven, just the same. So I say, that in introducing this new style, as they call it, they have not dealt justly with you, boy, in robbing you of a birthday."

The countenance of Nicholas fell. "Then, if I have not gained eleven days on Sister Margery, I shall have my birthday party!" he said.

"That you shall, dear," declared his mother; "and Janet shall serve the best dinner for you that she can get up."

The boy clasped his hands. "And you will make her cook some oyster patties, and please cook enough, so that Margery can have some?"

"You shall have the patties if you will tell me how many kinds of years we can reckon," said Mistress Dobson. "Don't ask me! Margery will tell you."

And the lad went to work with redoubled exertions upon the toy he was manufacturing.

"Well, Margery, you may answer," said Mistress Dobson, turning with pride to her daughter.

"We have the sidereal year and the lunar year and the solar year. A sidereal year is the time the sun takes in passing from any fixed star or one complete revolution of the earth in respect to a fixed point in space. A lunar year is a year of twelve moons. A solar year is measured by the revolution of the sun."

"True," said Mistress Dobson, delighted with the readiness of her daughter's answer.

"Here, in our England, December twenty-fifth was New Year's Day, until William the Norman's time. His coronation happened to occur on January first, and as it was considered an important event, the year was ordered to commence on that day. But it soon grew out of fashion, and for four hundred years we have begun the year with the twenty-fifth of March. Now I suppose it is to begin on the first of January again."

able, and perhaps not much slower."

"I would rather ride a horse, like Cousin Jasper," said Nicholas. "I would play the knight them, and you should be a distressed damsel that I had rescued."

"But I am your queen, and I say that you shall not ride a horse!" cried Margery, with a mock impetuosity that suited well her richly-dressed figure.

"Most gracious majesty," cried a voice at the window, "I pray your leave to ride on and prepare the castle against your coronation."

And with a pleasant laugh, Sir Jasper bowed low and galloped forward. They heard the thunder of his steed's hoofs on the flinty road, and soon the echoes themselves died away.

It kept growing darker, and the crowd also grew thicker, and sometimes the sedan-bearers had to stop together, on account of the pressure.

Torches and lanterns gleamed all along the road, and there was a tumult of many voices. All England seemed coming out to the blooming.

At last they reached the field where the precious thorn-tree stood, and the two children dismounted from the sedan, glad enough to stretch their limbs.

They found the field all astir, and countless lights moving around. About the thorn-tree there was a great throng.

"It is all nonsense to think that this will blossom to-night," said a large, burly man, who looked as if he might be a butcher. "Just look at it. The plant is dead."

It was a quarter of twelve, and all grew silent. A tall man, in a black garb, and wearing a very white necktie and lace under his great, ruffled sleeves, took his post just before the thorn.

He held a lantern in one hand and a heavy silver watch in the other. The thorn would bloom at twelve precisely, if King George's Christmas was right.

As yet there was no sign of a blossom. The stock looked dead; would it revive?

Off in the distance rang a peal of bells. It was twelve o'clock. Christmas day had come; but the wonderful milk-white bloom showed not. King George and his Parliament were clearly in the wrong.

Nicholas and Margery stood hand in hand on the outer edge. They could catch a glimpse of the thorn-tree now and then, by standing on tiptoe and raising their necks, and they felt very much disappointed when the wonderful blossoms did not appear.

One by one the crowd broke up, and the field ere long was almost tenanted.

"Oh, I am so tired and sleepy!" yawned Nicholas.

"And I can hardly stand," said Margery. "I wonder where Cousin Jasper is?"

The little folks looked around with some apprehension, but no Cousin Jasper appeared, and to add to their trouble, neither Simon nor Daniel could be found. They did not know which way to go, and so they did the best thing they could do—got into the sedan-chair, closed the door, and sank down on the cushions, where they soon fell asleep.

They were awakened by a hearty voice crying: "Ah! here you are, almost like the children in the wood, only there are no robin-redbreasts to draw leaves over you. But come go with me, and get some breakfast."

They rubbed their eyes and looked up into the face of Sir Jasper Planchard. Add by his side they saw the two servants, Daniel and Simon.

The bells were ringing when they went out from the field; but, as they reached the streets, they found no one going to church. The shops were all open, and the smith's hammer and the chimney-sweep's voice were busy.

In the church door stood the parish minister alone.

"They will hang no mistletoe to-day," said Sir Jasper. "They will wait until the true Christmas for that."

It was as the knight said. It was in vain the minister talked or scolded. The people would not sing carols nor cut holly-boughs so long as the thorn-tree refused to bloom.

"The new year is all right for kings and queens, perhaps," they said, "but as for us, we keep the Christmas our father's kept."

And so there was no Christmas dinner eaten that day in Quainton.

When King George heard at London how the people of Quainton and those in the other villages refused to adopt the new style, he laughed till his fat sides shook.



1457

SLENDERIZING LINES.
Delightfully smart is this attractive frock having the modish surplice closing, and slenderizing effect accomplished by means of the bodice being cut in a deep point in front. The front of the skirt is flared at the lower edge and the back is plain. Contrasting material is effectively used for the shawl collar, vest, lower section of the sleeves, and chic bow at the left closing. No. 1457 is for ladies and is in sizes, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 38 requires 4 1/2 yards 39-inch plain material, and 5 1/2 yards 36-inch contrasting (cut crosswise), 20 cents.

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Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Himself.
Ah, Sheila is smiling!
So sweet an' beguiling!
There's never a sight in the world
half so fair;
So happy I'm feeling,
For Sheila is kneeling!
By a little white crib—the world's
centre is there!

His father an' mother—
Ourselves an' no other—
Know well why the blue of the sky
is so dim,
The flowers are fallin'
The rose down fallin';
They're lay in the pink cheeks an'
blue eyes of him.

His first Christmas mornin'—
I give you fair warnin'
The fairies have taught him, the
winsome wee elf!
Your heart you'll be losin'
Without any choosin';
Like Sheila's an' mine 'twill be there
with Himself.

—Marion Mallette Thornton.

Th—Christmas Rose.
In a manger, cradled deep
In the hay,
Mary's little Jesus lay
Fast asleep!
Softly breathing, horns locked low,
Cattle kneel,
While the wondering angels steal,
To and fro.

Old Judea wakes to find
A Rose about her heart entwined!
—Anne M. Robinson.

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**CHRISTMAS
TREE
OR
STOCKINGS**

there's nothing equals
the mitty little beauti-
fully colored
**DY-O-LA DYE
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At a Christmas party the husband of one of the guests arrived very late.

"I have only come to take my wife home," he explained.

"Oh, my dear Mr. Blank," said the hostess, "why didn't you come sooner?"

S.S. LESSON

Christmas Lesson: The Saviour's Birth, Luke 2: 8-22. Golden Text—Behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all the people.—Luke 2: 10.

The little town of Bethlehem, some seven miles south of Jerusalem, had a long and interesting history. It was the home of Naomi and of Boaz, in whose field of barley Ruth gleaned and found favor in his eyes. It was the home of their grandson, Jesse, and of David, his son, and it was there Simeon anointed him to be king over Israel. There was buried Asahel, ardent young warrior, son of David's sister, slain in David's wars. There was the well of good water by the gate from which three of the chief of his mighty men brought David drink at the risk of their lives, when the town was temporarily held by a Philistine garrison. It was from Bethlehem that the prophet Micah saw, in a vision of the future, a victorious prince come forth, of David's line, who would deliver the land from its oppressors and himself become his people's peace, Micah 5: 2-6. And there, in strange fulfillment of that prophetic hope, the Christ, Prince and Saviour, descended from David's line, was born, in the days of the infamous Herod, so-called "the Great."

It was to simple "shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night," that the vision of angels announced his coming. And it has always been to men of simple faith, doing the world's hard work, keeping their faithful watch, that the vision and knowledge of him have most surely come. The angels announced that he should be to all people, and their song was of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." These have always been the significant words of the Christian faith—joy, peace, good will to all men, and these were the significant notes of the teaching and of all the active ministry of Jesus. When peace and good will and joy are established among men then his kingdom will have come.

THE STORY.—It was evening when the two travelers reached the gates of Bethlehem. They were tired after their long journey. The road was dusty and crowded, for many other people were on their way to Bethlehem. The emperor had sent out word that every one was to return to his own home town, in order to have his name written in the emperor's book.

The two travelers who reached Bethlehem so late went at once to the little inn, or hotel. The inn keeper shook his head. "Every room is taken. There is no room for you," he said.

The gentle-faced girl who rode on a donkey looked at the man who walked beside her.

"What shall we do?" she asked. "I am so tired."

"There is a place where you may rest," said the inn keeper. Then he led Mary and Joseph to a little stable where cows and oxen lived. There was straw on the floor that could be used for a bed. It was the best that they could find in the crowded town.

That night, out beyond the city walls, in the fields where Ruth had gleaned grain for Naomi, some shepherds were watching their sheep. The shepherds sat on the ground. They wrapped their heavy coats around them, for the night was cold. They watched the stars twinkling in the sky, and they talked together. Suddenly one of them shouted:

"Look at the light! What is it?"

A great light had appeared in the sky. It was so bright that at first the shepherds could not see clearly. Then they saw that an angel was near them. He was speaking to them, and they listened, almost afraid of him.

"Do not be afraid," he said. "I have good news for everyone. To-night in Bethlehem there is born a Baby who is to be the Saviour of the world. This will be a sign to you that what I say is true: you will find the Baby in a manger, where oxen ate their straw."

Then all the sky became light, and a great crowd of angels appeared. They sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased."

The shepherds thought as they listened that they had never heard such beautiful music.

All at once the angels disappeared. The sky was dark again, and the stars were shining as before.

"Let us go at once and see the Baby," cried the shepherds.

So they left their sheep and came to the walls of Bethlehem. A sleepy gatekeeper opened the great gate to let them in.

When they found the stable they found the Baby lying in a manger, just as the angels had said. And there beside him was Mary, his mother, and near by was Joseph.

The shepherds told Mary of the angel's message, and all who heard the story wondered about it. When they had seen the Baby, Jesus, the shepherds went back to their sheep. And as they walked through the dark, quiet streets of Bethlehem and out through the gates, they sang songs of thanksgiving to God for all that they had heard and seen.

AT THE CLOSE OF THE LESSON.—The shepherds sang their thanksgiving to God because they were so glad that they had been told of the Baby Jesus and allowed to see him. The Wise Men brought gifts to the little King. They brought the first Christmas gifts. To-day we give Christmas gifts because we remember the Baby who was born at Christmas time. But did you ever think how few of us give gifts to Jesus to show how glad we are he was born?

At a Christmas party the husband of one of the guests arrived very late.

"I have only come to take my wife home," he explained.

"Oh, my dear Mr. Blank," said the hostess, "why didn't you come sooner?"



Tiny Tim's Carol.
"God bless us every one—
Along the years illumined each
As far as faith itself can reach,
That message comes from Tiny Tim.
"God bless us every one—
It echoes with a wealth of love
That wings its way to God above
With hope and cheer that will not
dim—
"God bless us every one."

"God bless us every one"—
Magic of kindly thought is there,
Music of carols in the air
As in the days of Tiny Tim.

"God bless us every one"—
Christ's soul itself is in that plea
That sparkles like a Christmas tree,
With Bethlehem's star its shining rim,
"God bless us every one."
—George Elliston.

The Holiday Cake.
Use any good cake recipe that will make three large layers. Bake one layer in a pan at least two inches larger in diameter than the other two layers.

When the cake is done, put together with your favorite filling, using the largest layer on the bottom. Cut the centre out of the top layer to within one and a half inches of the edge all around, thus making a ring and leaving a hollow place in the centre of the cake. Ice the whole with a cooked white icing.

With a pastry tube filled with ornamental frosting make roses by forcing the icing through a medium "rose tube" and twisting slightly around at the same time. Before the icing begins to set, thrust a smooth white or red three-inch candle firmly down into the centre of each rose.

If the cake is to symbolize the New Year, space nineteen of these roses and candles in the hollow in the centre of the cake. On the rim at the bottom of the cake, made by the first layer extending beyond the others, space twenty-five more roses and candles. On the ring on top of the cake space tiny Christmas trees, each may have tucked into its branches a little slip of paper on which has been written a wish, greeting or a New Year fortune.

The Christmas trees are made as follows: Procure very small pine cones and dip them into cooked icing that has been melted over hot water and tinted a soft deep green. When the icing begins to harden sprinkle on a little granulated sugar to resemble snow crystals and touch the ends of some of the branches with red fruit coloring. A bit of fresh icing placed on the cone, and the tree pressed down firmly into it will hold it tightly upright to the cone.

A good ornamental frosting is made by beating an egg white slightly, adding a tiny pinch of cream of tartar and enough powdered sugar to make the icing hold its shape when forced through the pastry tube.

With magic swiftness, yet with incredible gentleness, the clouds shutting out the valley below crept up over the mantling green, half way up the slopes white with snow, all they caught fire from the rose and softness, and in a myriad downy glimpses reflected back their light. The whole scene was suffused in the symphony of color of the surrounding mountain peaks. Like the descending of a great orchestra the harmonies faded out into rose-gray, and then into deeper and deeper shades of purple. From far below that now hushed scene, as if taking up the refrain in the chambers of memory, came the mellow tones of scores of alpine cowbells in a chorus here, now there, till caught in a moment they waited a song of peace from their world where sounds were now as hushed as in that world above the mist.

A smile, almost as radiant as the colorful panorama on that alpine height, beamed up from the courtyard, as the grateful donor in the office dropped into the open hat below his humble offering of thanks for that string of bells which had carried him above the city's turmoil and rush into the peace of that scene of long ago.

December Speaks.
Nay, no closed doors for me,
But open doors and open hearts and
glee
To welcome young and old.

Dimmest and brightest month am I;
My short days end, my lengthening
days begin;
What matters more or less sun in the
sky,
When all is sun within?

Ivy and privet dark as night,
I weave with hips and have a cheerful
shaw,
And holly for beauty and delight,
And mistletoe.

White high above them all I set
Yew twigs and Christmas roses pure
and pale;
Then Spring her snowdrops and her
violets
May keep, so sweet and frail;

May keep each merry singing bird,
Of all her happy birds that singing
build;
For I've a carol which some shepherds
heard
Once in a wintry field.
—Christina G. Rossetti, in "A Pageant."

Gummed paper for use instead of twine in wrapping Christmas parcels can be made thus: Take a large sheet of your wrapping paper and paint it with one coat of gum-arabic mullage that any druggist will make up for you if you tell him what you want it for. When the gummed paper is dry, cut it into strips about one inch wide. It can then be cut into pieces from two to three inches long, or wound into rolls. The strips are drawn over a moistened sponge and are used effectively to fasten ends of the package if you count your time worth anything, it may be cheaper to buy the gummed paper instead of making it. Better see first.

Christmas.
A golden star that reached to earth
From heaven was quietly laid,
And on this bright and shining path
A million sunbeams played.
The angels clothed in raiment white
Came softly floating near,
A radiant glory filled all space,
The music sweet and clear
Of "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men."

Went echoing round the earth;
The star alone bright; 'twas Christ-
mas morn,
The Christ Child's day of birth.

Use of the mistletoe is one of the survivals of the customs of the Druids, whose mystic religion held away over the early Britons before the conquest of Britain by Julius Caesar.

The best Christmas present any man can give to his wife is running water in the house. The cost is not prohibitive; there are numerous good systems on the market. And here's another tip—if the water is hard, put in a water softener, hooking it up to the plumbing. The good woman will wear a smile that won't come off if you do this for her. Carrying water from the well out in the back yard, or the barnyard, not only wears out the good wife's shoes and backbone, but her sunny disposition, too.

Christmas.
The Christmas season brings into a brief flower the best impulses in mankind. Common usage has decreed that it shall be a time for generosity, friendliness and good cheer.

So there are gift giving and well wishing; the children return to the old home place, either in person or in cherished memories; men and women whose youth lies far behind them are young again for a day; a hundred thousand men don whiskers and boots and belted coats and play at being Santa Claus; uncountable stockings are hung up by those youngsters whose faith in a glorious old myth is still unspooled; and there is a dinner which lives long in story and recollection.

The world indeed has come to regard Christmas in the light of old Thomas Tusser's recommendation: At Christmas play and make good cheer, For Christmas comes but once a year. And so it does, more is the pity. If mankind had been able to attain to the life of life revealed by Him whose birth is commemorated on this festival day, the spirit of Christmas would be present every day. The finer impulses would be ever in flower, good cheer ever the sovereign mood. For His assurance is given in John xv:11, that "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full."

A String of Bells.
The day's work was over, and all save one had left the close and dingy office. The sound of pails set down upon marble floors punctuated the hum of city noises without.

Suddenly, from the courtyard below, came notes so soft and mellow that at first they scarcely were noticed above the clang of distant trams and the labored chugging of passing moors. But slowly, almost imperceptibly, they began to dominate his world of sound, and to swell ever more sweetly up through the court, till they floated in and filled and transformed the dim office.

Its walls faded out, and slowly, now here, now there, a snow-capped mountain picked its way through the soft hazy mists suffused with rose tints from a sun balancing on a peak far back of that world of clouds. Like finest curtains of gray pulled back by invisible strings, the mist folded itself away, revealing uncounted scores of jagged peaks, and long, sloping, snow-mented ridges creeping down to touch the earth, and cold fingerprints the soft green of the valley below. From peak to peak the signal lights were dashed as they glared in the myriad facets of those icy slopes in response to the sun's colorful and insistent touch.

With magic swiftness, yet with incredible gentleness, the clouds shutting out the valley below crept up over the mantling green, half way up the slopes white with snow, all they caught fire from the rose and softness, and in a myriad downy glimpses reflected back their light. The whole scene was suffused in the symphony of color of the surrounding mountain peaks. Like the descending of a great orchestra the harmonies faded out into rose-gray, and then into deeper and deeper shades of purple. From far below that now hushed scene, as if taking up the refrain in the chambers of memory, came the mellow tones of scores of alpine cowbells in a chorus here, now there, till caught in a moment they waited a song of peace from their world where sounds were now as hushed as in that world above the mist.

A smile, almost as radiant as the colorful panorama on that alpine height, beamed up from the courtyard, as the grateful donor in the office dropped into the open hat below his humble offering of thanks for that string of bells which had carried him above the city's turmoil and rush into the peace of that scene of long ago.

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