

Rosie's Santy Man

By IRENE BEACH

"Oh dear! I wish he'd come," sighed Rosie Perrone. "Maybe he be sick," said the brother, as he dusted carefully the array of fruit arranged with such a holiday air in the narrow window of his shop. "He come if he not sick. You wait, Santy man no forget."



But Rosie in spite of her brother's encouraging words became very impatient. Finally she started in search of the kind friend, who was none other than the Santy of her street. Not the real Santy of Christmas eve, but a man who just pretended he was the same jovial friend of holly and cheer and wore a cloak and hat of red faced with fur, and carried instead of a long whip a wisp of straw, a sign which told of a wonderful toy-shop just around the corner.

A week before Pietro had seen from his little shop windows this same Santy man stagger and fall. Then both he and Rosie had helped the stranger into the fruit shop, where food and sympathy had been generously given. Now, it was the day before Christmas and the stranger who each day had stopped at Pietro's little shop had failed to appear.

"Maybe—he up the street somewhere," the brother had called to Rosie. "When you see him, tell him, to-morrow we look for him to eat with us. Yes?"

Rosie nodded and went on down the long avenue. There was a gentle snow falling, just enough to add to the street the touch of Christmas. But nowhere could Rosie see the kind Santy man of her street, who had told her such wonderful tales of toys, fabrics and of the real country of deep hills and red sunsets.

Suddenly she thought of something, a something so different that it made her heart go thumpy-thump. She would go to the wonderful toyshop, just around the corner and see for herself, if her friend was there.

But not a tired, hurried clerk of the shop had time to answer Rosie's questions. Finally she approached a tall gray-haired man standing in the centre of the long aisle. She felt certain he would know something about the Santy of her street.

"Please, do you know our Santy man?" "Who?" asked the man. "The Santy man, who wore a red coat, cap and carried a sign?"

"No, I don't. What is it you want to buy, little girl?" "I don't want to buy nothing. I'm just lookin' for the Santy man of my street. He—" Then Rosie could say no more. The lumps would stick in her throat, no matter how hard she swallowed.

Just what might have happened is hard to say, if a lady standing near hadn't heard what Rosie said and wanted to help her. She knew exactly what to do.

An hour later, after seeing Pietro at his little shop, Rosie rode away with the lady, who was very beautiful, by the way, in her big automobile, to the hospital, where the poor Santy had been taken the night before.

It was a wondering, curious little Rosie, who followed her friend down the long, cool hall to the ward where the sick Santy man lay. Timidly she walked to the man's bedside. He saw her. He held out his hand. Rosie grabbed it and held it close and fast in her own little hands.

"Oh—I'm so glad you're found. Me and Pietro love you so much. I never would have found you if the beautiful lady hadn't—" But Rosie didn't finish the sentence, for Santy hadn't heard a word she was saying. He was staring with deep, strange eyes at the lady, who had drawn nearer the sick man's bed.

Caleb's Conversion

By HAZEL OSWALD

It was Christmas eve, and Caleb Churton, the money-lender, sat in his great dining room, surrounded by all that makes for luxurious living.

"So Jack preferred his artist's work to this," he mused, chuckling contemptuously while he half-spoke the words.

Ten years before, his elder brother had told their father that he was not cut out for a Shylock, that he preferred to get a living by pleasanter means than his fellow-brothers' flesh and blood, and had gone out into the world cursed by the father and laughed at by his brother.

It was three years later—and 12 months after he had announced his marriage to a fellow-artist's daughter—that old Churton died, leaving all the business to Caleb, and not mentioning Jack Churton by as much as a single word in his will.

To do him justice, Caleb had rebelled against this as much as he could, but he had found out that his brother was able to keep his head above water, and, after offering him a share—only to be indignantly refused—Caleb applied himself to the task of doubling his father's wealth.

All these things went through his brain as he sat by his fire. Of a sudden a thought struck him. "I will go and parade my wealth before them—will make the wife bitterly envious and Jack sorry that he ever refused me!"

With this amiable intention he rose, ordered his automobile to be brought out, and was soon whirling toward Jack's home.

Suddenly the auto stopped, and he got out, telling the chauffeur to return in an hour, not longer, and— "If I am finished before, I can send the time somehow," he thought.

Up the steps of the great apartment he went until he came to a door labelled 42. Then he knocked, and getting no answer, entered very quietly, finding the door not locked.

He looked round the tiny hall, and then stepped into the first room. "Are you Santa Claus?" The timid little query stopped him in his wanderings, and he looked down to his feet to see a sunny-haired, blue-eyed little mite gazing at him.

"But no, you can't be Santa Claus, for he's ever so old, and has got a white beard and a long coat, and a big bag full of toys, and comes down the chimney, and doesn't come till winter. I've gone to bed, and—"

She passed in her list of details for want of breath, and, the first time for many years, Churton laughed heartily.

"You queer little mite," he said, "I'm not Santy. Who are you?" "I'm Gladys Churton, and I'm not queer. I'm very well, thank you."

"So you are Gladys," he said. "Where are your father and mother?" "They've gone out to buy some things for me, and they told me to be ever so good. They will be back soon."

Churton looked around him. It was so pleasant, so happy, evidently, and the home he had left seemed to lack a great deal. He sighed.

"What's the matter, strange man?" "Nothing, dear."

"But there must be something. I always go like that when I want a doll, and mamma won't buy it for me. Is your little girl naughty?" "I haven't got a little girl."

"Poor strange man!" with a clouding of her sunny face. Then, suddenly, "Look out, here come mamma and dad! Let's hide."

"All right, dear; tell me where." Hastily she drew him behind a curtain, and followed.

"Where's my girly?" in a clear, happy voice. The mite ran out and struggled in her mother's arms.

"You don't know who else is here," she said importantly. "There's a strange man and—poor dear!—he hasn't got a little girl, and he isn't happy."

She ran back to the curtain and dragged out a somewhat dusty, shamed-faced individual. "I came to see you—felt a bit lonely—Hang it all! Jack, I want a taste of home life, and escape from the eternal accounts. No," as the clear, blue eyes of the baby were fixed on him, "that's a lie. I came here to show off my wealth, and to make you envious; but your little ray of sunshine here took the conceit out of me. Hang it, man, take me in, for pity's sake, and let me be human this Christmas-tide. The money can go. I must stay here."

When Churton's man came back, he was told that the master would not be home for some days.

Good Slogan "I wish we could hold the elections long about Christmas time," said the astute politician.

"Oh, that's a poor time for a campaign," objected the unthinking person.

"Poor time?" responded the astute politician. "Why, just think of the vote that would be raked in for the party that set up a cry for the 'Full Christmas stocking!'"

A Silver Tea Caddy

By SOPHY F. GOULD

She was a frail-looking little girl, who had been self-supporting for over three years, since her mother died, and was tired now, as she walked through the street crowded with shop-girls like herself.

Listlessly, in order for a minute to avoid the onrush of hurrying humans, she paused before a shop window where antiques of all kinds were grouped attractively.

There was little in the window to interest a mite of a girl earning a paltry \$5 a week; yet of a sudden her eyes, a moment before so tired, lighted excitedly, and a casual observer might have noticed how exquisitely beautiful they were.

The tired line of her mouth also relaxed, and hopefully she stepped closer to the plate glass and peered for a long, concentrated moment at a silver tea caddy of quaint design. After a second's hesitation she opened the door and walked bravely into the little shop.

"The tea caddy?" she asked of the woman who greeted her inquiringly. "How much is it?"

"The little silver one?" The woman looked her surprise, as she noted the shabby black coat and much-worn skirt. "You wanted to buy it?" she asked kindly, for something in the girl's eyes made her know she was in earnest. "It is \$25."

"Twenty-five dollars!" the girl gasped, and as suddenly as it had come the brightness left her eyes. "Twenty-five," she repeated. "I'm afraid I could never afford that." She stripped her pay envelope firmly and, turning, walked out of the shop.

In her tiny room, as she cooked her meager dinner over the gas plate, and later, when lying wide awake in her narrow bed, she thought of the beautiful tea caddy. She thought until it became a cherished ideal, vested with wonderful scenes among the great people of the world.

The following day she neglected her lunch, and hurried to the shop to once more view the wonderful caddy. When she entered the woman greeted her warmly, for the expression in her eyes had proved haunting to the woman all the past night.

"Did you really want to buy the caddy?" she asked, as she handed it to the girl, "for if you do—" "I must buy it," she interrupted.

"How much could you pay?" The woman suddenly understood the girl's need, and a great kindness came to her. "Perhaps we could come to terms."

"I have \$2 that I have saved, and I think I can spare 50 cents each week. I only make \$6," she added, apologetically.

"Six dollars!" the woman gasped, as the enormity of the girl's project came to her. "You may have it at your own terms," she said impulsively.

"Oh!" For a moment the girl held it to her breast, then she handed the money without regret to the woman. In the days that followed the woman became very fond of the girl, for she came often to gaze with awe upon the silver caddy of quaint design, and in the short visits the woman learned to know what a difference an ideal can make in a life.

In watching the girl's love for the thing that kept her poorer than she need have been the woman found her own life broadening.

On Christmas eve a young man persistently tried to buy the caddy, until the woman finally told him the story of its sale. He listened in wonder, and then asked for the name of the girl, who seemed so great a marvel that he wanted his mother to see and help her.

The same evening, after the young man had left, the girl made her final payment, and with a wild joy throbbing in her heart carried the tea caddy home, and with it a beautiful bunch of holly, a festive touch from the woman.

She had pinched hard to save the 50 cents each week, but her reward was great, and worth the happiness the ideal had always given her.

It was again Christmas eve, and a dainty woman, wrapped in a soft fur coat, opened the door of the little shop, and with extended hand came to the woman. "Merry Christmas!" she exclaimed. "Don't you remember me?"

In the deep, winsome eyes there was something familiar, and suddenly the woman threw her arms about the girl, and peering over her head espied the man.

"We have just been married," he explained. "My mother found her for me, and we wanted to come to thank you for what you have done."

"I have missed your example so," the woman held her very close, laughing softly through her tears, for they were suddenly all so happy, and it was Christmas, for outside faraway bells were ringing.

An Assurance "Don't you think a holiday is more cheerful when there is an large family gathered about the festive board?"

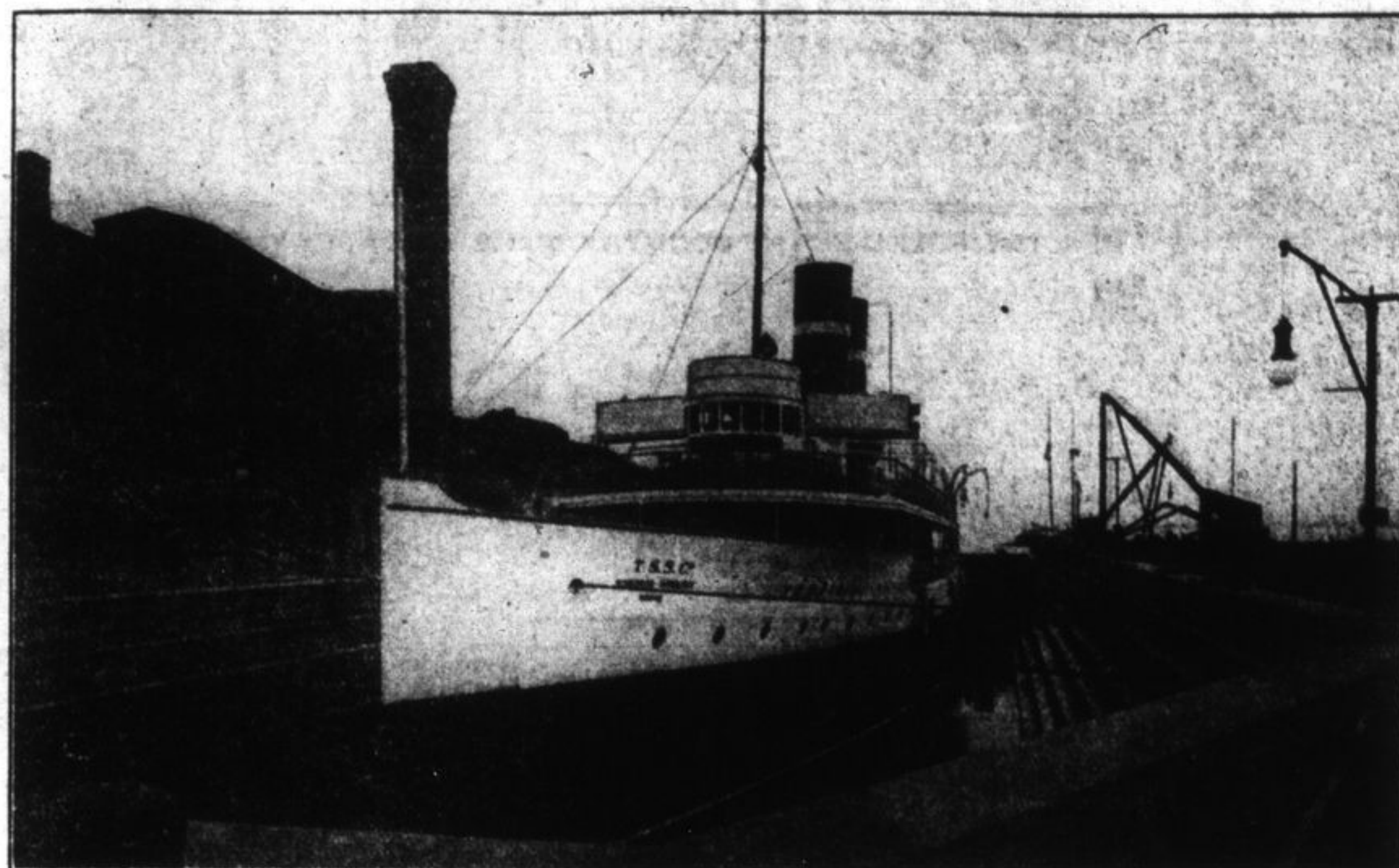
"I do," answered the sardonic person. "A large family is a glad assurance that there is not going to be enough turkey left to supply the menu for the next few days."

Indians say the best time to catch a deer is on Christmas night at twelve o'clock, when they believe the deer kneels.

In many countries where they go by the old calendar Christmas is celebrated January 6, the celebration beginning twelve days before.

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When you read, "a curtain of fire" it means one of two things:

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MARK H. IRISH, Director of Munitions Labor, National Service Board

WHO KILLED TECUMSEH?

This Question Every Little While Receives Fresh Answer.

Columbus state Journal. General Cass thought he answered this question satisfactorily to himself and friends, a few days since, in a speech in the United States Senate in which, with all necessary formality, he settled the question in favor of Dick Johnson; but like the equally important question—who killed Cock Robin?—won't stay settled and

every little while receives a fresh answer. Colonel Skinner, always down in Texas, now claims the honor of the deed. To a number, who were given their guesses and surmises, he said:

"Gentlemen," said he, "I was at that battle where Tecumseh was killed—I was! I commanded a regiment there—I did! I'm not a 'give-in' to say who did kill Tecumseh—I won't; but this much I will say: Tecumseh was killed with one of my pistols; and, gentlemen, a man would

not be very apt to lend out his pistols on a occasion of that sort!"

To Build New Palace.

Commerce Roberts. The Revista Commercial (Journal of the Chamber of Commerce of Seville) in a recent number states that the King of Spain has under consideration plans for the erection of a royal palace at Seville, where the court may sojourn for several months of each year. The new plans contemplate the building of a large

modern palace in the Huerta del Rutilo, which adjoins the older Alcazar gardens. These huertas (gardens) have been laid out in recent years with flower beds and otherwise greatly improved and are considered a suitable site for a royal residence, as they face on the Paseo de Catalina de Rivera and the Prado de San Sebastian.

By an electrical refining process a plant in Norway is producing 6,000 tons of zinc annually.

Aeroplane ready for delivery are on sale in a Broadway (New York) store.

Candidates who "also ran" acquire a lot of experience.

The thumb print as a means of identification is used in a new English time-recording machine for workmen.

New friends and old enemies are not above suspicion.