

RRC31. monstenry erted the concierge as he cheerfully took the silver cotra #<u>\*</u> happy Noel, monsieur?"

Lansing Drake entered the little impasse on the broad Avenue du Maine thaking his shoulders, for his back ached. He had been working at the Louved for five steady hours- she the very last fraction of light beild out Why not? What part had be in the festivities of these happy Fronch people? Was not he one of the homeless ones, separated by the width of an occan from his foully?

In his studio sportment be threa 100 himself on a divan with a pipe da Journal Amusant. But the Journal was full of allusions to the season, and somehow he sighed. The eve of Neel Christmas ove! It fad been the very best time of the year over there in his fear southern home. What were they doing now? Getting the things ready for the trees, and tring up the wreaths of holly with red ribbon, and hanging a branch of mistle-ob. pshow. what fight had he to think of such things tonight?

A clatter of sabots across the flagstene court-the small daughter of the weter from the ippine da Roule train and then al. In her eyes was no fear, no displeas-



tence. then the window was lifted. She Then she laughed joyously, deli-

then the window was litted, one the source of states and three out some crumbs to some cold plousity. The last rays of "You are mistakes," she said. the winter sun touched the fine, white have known you for years. I used to parting that separated the buraished chum with your sister Gertrude at school, and you used to come down waves of hair

If he only dared speak to her. She from your university, and we'd take night misjudge him before he had a walks And we went up to all the character to and the interminant. But he meets to see you run and you used to wound do I He wood serve the mes whe You alled her your that sister ment while this fit of madness lasted and mo the other kid and you Eissed, and speak to her In samer mood his me once You've forgotten the little courage might be unequal to it. He firl who shoul silent in corners and hurried out of the room and stood, hat looked at you with while eyes. But I in hand in the court close to her win couldn't forget I used to have Ger trade stile me an about you this the

1."u your neighbor across the way, married that missionary and went to mademots "" he said "It is a live in China And then I had your month since 1 first softwayou, and i've photographathe one in your track suit been wanting to know you so much. "And just to think for a whole so much 1 have no means of obtain month now yourve teen its ing opposite ing an introduction, and at the risk to me across the court, and i never of your displeasure and your scorn I knew it. Ah, Lanse, I've felt for have ventured to speak to you tanight, years you would come to me and when to tell you how the little Christmas I saw you tonight my first impulse was cared you have that the structure to attack out that the structure to the to tell you how the little ('hristman is a wyod tonght my hist implicate was , carol you sang just now somehow to stretch out both hands and be so, flow straight to a feilows heart and glad, so glad. At one, though, I saw made him think of home and all the you'd forgotten, so I determined not to old femiliar joys of the sensor." tell you who I was I wanted you to old familiar juys of the season."

a trifle. But the girl did not notice. a sister just now i tried to make you She was looking at him steadily, after recall, but I'm gind you didn't, becommon tap: from the Boulevard the first start of surprise, the color cause it's me, all me, as I am, that you James E. Booth, President Montparnasse the toot of a St. Phil- coming and going in her cheeks. But love, and it's so good that way "

clear. Then at the last, very softly, from a darkened room across the court, Lansing Drake heard a verse of the old Christmas carol he had sung

at his mpther's knoe The show lay on the ground The stars shone bright -

the great gift that had come to him-When ('hrist our Lord was born On ('hristmas night

Mether's Gerenation Day.

Bufus K. Dryer, James Cunningham, Son & Co. That first Christmas was the moth-'s coronation day Each recurring Eugene T. Curtis, her great glory In public and in pri vate celebrations of it here should be Henry A. Strong. Pres. Eastman Kodak Co. akin to the freator's satisfaction in William Hamilton,

Cyrus F. Paine, Paine Drug Co.

Alexander M. Lindsay. Sibley. Lindsay & Curr Co.

Thomas J. Devine, In Mr. Harrison S. Morris' beautiful

Nor know that out it myriads one Beside film saw a shadow run That clasped the centuries in its shads.

And angled cross asiant the air

Forgot the years, the far abods. And to, upon the sordid road The cross worn Natarean trods, Holding the journey never dons.

who holds her baby l Every mother

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He bowed his head in his hands for James E. Booth,

Christmas perpetuates the memory of his "very good" work should fill her

poem, "Incarnation," wo read how a laborer, laden with "a tray of tools, a timbered frame." walked in the supshine through a city street

But like a loving spirit, there, In even footfall at his side. A shadow walked tho passement wide With bended head and humble pride

It was as if the dateless sup

THE CATBOLIO

I told you a little while ago it was

your friendship I wanted. I was

She made no answer, but stretched

out her little gloved hand to him.

then drew it back quickly unnoticed.

me for speaking like this. If I had

known you for years and had walted

not carry him to the end of his sen-

"You've known me for a few bours only," he went on in a steady voice, "and I understand what you think of

a singular smile on her lips.

ACCURENAL.

He held out a card. His band shook recall When I spoke of your having



maknown.

flacre.

#### IF HE ONLY DARED SPEAK TO HEB!

lance. Drake was picking up him pa-Der again when-

The snow lay on the ground, The stars shone bright-

Ab. it was the quaint old English wird, with its liquid, sweet melody, which, he'd learned at his mother's thee, and it was the American girl scross the court who was singing 11: have it. Marguery's." When Christ our Lord was born

On Christmas night. No wonder the tears came to his quito seasonable) and a langouste trees are lashed if procurable. That particular carol and that mayonnaise and a bird and some perticular girl made up a combination by which he was a bit sensitive if the swreets. with had been dragged from him. Just that very morning he had written Bornet

"There's a little American girl oppothe I don't even know her name. but the mere sight of hor keeps me straight. She's all alone, and she's evidently studying music. As for her singing, she has the most beautiful volce the good God ever maved from a with violin, a voice to make you way little mother, to turn your intighto team, to turn your tears to Wughter."

From the day when he had first seen ber, watering her gerantiums on the mil the window amoss the court yonder had become a sort of shrine. And at each new glimpso of her an unformd prayer of thanks surged up within him that a creature so lovely had been which by heaven to keep the word in overhead are light, and he saw her gentieman" stainless, to make it a looking at him with a half mysterious, thing to strive for and to take a cleanly comfort in.

2

She was a stranger too. It was a bond between them. Tonight perhaps the war suffering like him from home thing at his temples beat and and tomeliness. How soon he could make her forst all that! They could have a revellon of their own and a folly little supper. laughing to-sether in aber happiness of a mutual inderstanding of the Christmas split thread. Unohaperoned? What would they need of a chaperon, they two-two tollers of the sales of art, comrades in arms made equal in rank by the blessed chance of being both strangers in this wonderful old Parlat There was a moving gleam of some

her arms repeats, unconsciously or consciously, the story of the incarnation. The blended shadow "clasps the centuries." past, present and to come, and eternity itself "in its shade "- Marion Harland in Independent.

ure, rother the expectancy of an/ex The Navy's Christmas. nlorer who, venturing far, finds the

Christmas in the regular pavy is obpresent good, though that to come be served as one of the big holidays of the year Starting off with a grand dinner Presently they went out and hailed in the middle of the day, discipling is from then on relaxed, and the fun is "Where shall it be?" asked Drake fast and furious till sundown, and of "Laure's? Voisin's? Peter's? No. I ten the evening is enlivened by amateur

theatricals. The vessel is gaviy deco-So they drove to Marguery's, and rated with bunting, and at each mast-Drake-ordered-a--boutilobaisso (to bo head and at the bow and stern green

Self Help.

They had a very jolly little supper Dashaway-Well, Uncle Jasper, how indeed and no end of amusement are you getting on with your Christ watching the merry looking French mas dinner?

builtebalase and other nice things. Ind Winterblossom done guy me a bouillebalase and other nice things. "And to think," cried the girl as the present of a fine fat turkey, sah. clock struck 11, shivering with pro-bended slarm, "that I'm sitting here Just left the colonel, and ho didn't say

at this hour, unchaperoned, in a anything about it. French restaurant-with a man who Uncle Jasper-No, sab. He's got to

hasn't even been conventionally infro count dem turkeys fust. duced!" When Mistietos Was Banned

"Don'f!" cried Drake abruptly "Come! We must be going home. It Because of its association with pa is a bit late."

san rites the mistletoe was for centu-She was stient while they left Mar ries forbidden a place in English mory's and balled a flacre. Then she, church decorations at Christmastide. broke out in a queer little voice that and it was not even mentioned in old rhymes until the seventeenth century. was low and tremulous. "I think you must have a sister. You in Herrick's time, although the boliy take such good care of a girl." and ivy had for two centuries previous The flacre rolled into the glare of been the subjects of various poetica in overhead are light, and he saw her effusions.

Circumstances Alter Cases half divine gratitude. "Please don't do that," he answered Crawford I thought you were per in a hushed voice. Something inside feetly delighted with the Christmas him was pounding furiously. Some present your wife gave you. Crabshaw-At that time I didn't know she'd had it charged.

throbbed. "Don't do what?"

"Look like that." .

She not only looked like that, but more so. "Young man, young man," laughed

are wishful of turning a girl's head."

"The Lord be good to me!" he broke out, his pent-up passion of dreams rushing to his lips now that the barrier fell. "Don't you see it's because -well. I'd hoped to pass the evening thing behind the graniums roughe, without telling you that I loved youwithout telling you that I loved youHow It Was Dome,

She - The ideal And we weren't even standing under the mistletoe! He-No. 1 did that sub rosa!-

> In Christmas Land. Mistictor just overhead-Touch one spray abovet Holly berries just as red As the lips of Lova. Christmas skies of blue and gray, Heaven in bright view. And the sweetest sift today Just the line of youl

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