

**A "BEARFOOT" CHRISTMAS**  
By EMILY BURKS ADAMS



THE beautifully decorated house, the gently falling snow, the brisk atmosphere, the hurrying, and the expecting of loved ones, evidenced the presence of Christmas.

Merry laughter and hurried steps assured Mrs. Bearfoot that her adored son and daughter had arrived.

"Hello, mother, a Merry Christmas!" shouted Rose and Wayne. "You've heard about Edith, mother, so here she is. I know you'll love her; Edith goes, and I'm about to. Shake hands with mother, Edith," continued Wayne, excitedly.

"Yes, we are so glad to have you, Miss Darrow," said Mrs. Bearfoot, as she shook hands with Edith.

"Thank you. I am delighted to be here and to know you. What a thrill I'm having! I'm wild about Oklahoma. Rose and Wayne think they have a joke on me because I thought all those well wells were windmills."

"Yes, mother," interrupted Wayne. "Edith said, 'How all these windmills remind one of Holland!'"

"Oh, well, I shall be all the wiser when I return to Chicago. I'm anxious to see all the Indians Rose and Wayne have told me about. Are they joking me about that, too? I hope so, for I am mortally afraid of Indians, but of course the government keeps them guarded."

"Yes, Edith, if I may call you Edith?" and she caught the twinkle in her son's eye. "The Indians need watching; they are cunning. Wayne is a good athlete and will see that you are not scalped, at least."

"Well, I want to climb to the top of some of those windmills. All the wells I know anything about go down and I shall still call those tall things windmills. I want to see a tepee and an Indian chief, too, before I return home."

Dinner was served and Edith noticed the exquisite table service and appointments. The drawing room was spacious and Edith marveled at the magnificent furnishings: The rugs were Oriental; the pictures were done by master artists; and the culture of



"I'll Count it a Mighty Fine Christmas Present."

The home was in keeping with the elegant furnishings.

Rose and her mother were visiting, as was only a mother and daughter can, after a four months' separation. "Oh, mother, it's too funny! Edith thinks Oklahoma is wild. Don't you like her? She is a dear, and Wayne is crazy about her. I think it is mutual, however. Her idea of Indians so amuses us."

Wayne and Edith were visiting as they, too, had been separated several months. "Well, Edith, what think you of Ponca now, and of mother? She is some mother, I tell you. You need not fear the Indians. Now that you've met mother and have seen Ponca, aren't you ready to give me that answer? I'll count it a mighty fine Christmas present."

"Oh, Wayne, you must wait until after the community tree. I want to see more of these natives. All good things are worth waiting for, you know, and besides, it ain't time yet to give out presents."

It was Christmas Eve, and Edith and Wayne were talking of the community tree. "My! What a crowd there was, Wayne. The singing was meant to divine; but where were the Indians?"

"The man who sang that beautiful carol solo was at one time an Indian chief; the girl, who gave that impressive oration was his granddaughter. The Indians were all around you, Edith."

Edith's eyes opened—"Oh! I thought the Indians wore blankets and guns!"

"Edith, the Indian of today is civilized. A race that has suffered, yes; but a truly American race; a race that has come from place to place; a race that has fought and won. Only a small portion of their vast inheritance was lost to them, but that portion has been given to us. I am an Indian, and you would I conceal it? I am an Indian, and you would I conceal it? I am an Indian, and you would I conceal it?"

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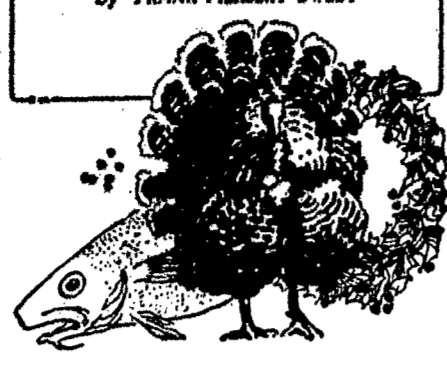
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**Cape Cod Turkeys (and the other kind)**  
By FRANK HERBERT SWEET



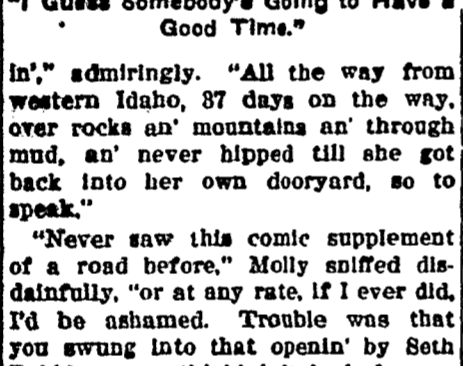
"HURRYIN'!" announced big Tom Walton, as his hard-worked car came to a labored stop in the deep sand, "an' Highway Steed's tired, I know. Let's pitch our camp right here."

"Short on gas or oil?" questioned his wife, as she slipped a handful of corn into a coop from which came a suspicious gobbling.

"No, long on sand," replied big Tom, stretching and preparing to descend.

"Hold on a minute," ordered his wily little wife, half rising and peering about. "Suppose 't would rain to-night, an' this sand change to mud. We'd be anchored for keeps—least-ways for part of our nat'l life. Besides 't ain't fit, jest sand an' measy scrub. We'll go on a little—crawl, if need be."

"All right—all right, Molly," obediently, grasping the wheel and commencing to fiddle it as he pressed on the gas. "Guess 't would be best. Crises! Beats all how Highway Steed bears up under difficulties! She's got



"I Guess Somebody's Going to Have a Good Time."

in," admiringly. "All the way from western Idaho, 37 days on the way, over rocks an' mountains an' through mud, an' never hipped till she got back into her own dooryard, so to speak."

"Never saw this comic supplement of a road before." Molly sniffed disdainfully, "or at any rate, if I ever did, I'd be ashamed. Trouble was that you swung into that openin' by Seth Dobb's store, thinkin' it looked more promisin', an' it fooled you at the very fust corner."

"How you know it's Seth Dobb's?"

"Well, 't was 40 years ago," defensively, "an' things never change on this part of Cape Cod. Hey? Hll Catch back that Christmas tree 'fore it falls off ag'in, Tom. An' while ye're at it, h'ist back that box o' presents a little more so 't won't unbalance. Hope nothin's been left by the way-side."

"Has," piped a high but rather sweet voice from the gloom of a stunted pine. "This here baggy thing fell out a box when it caught in the tree branch. Guess 't wa'n't hurt much, bein' soft an' not glass."

"Land o' Goshen!" ejaculated Molly, aghast, as the tear-stained face of the girl appeared, "that's my plum puddin'!"

"What's a plum puddin'?"

"Part o' Christmas," explained Molly. "For longer keepin' an' to be sure of havin'."

"You see," added Tom, "we come from Idaho, an' ma packed grub for hungry folks a long way, meanin' me mostly. An' while she was 'bout it she added Christmas fixins'."

"It was 40 years ago when we left here," confided Molly. "An' of course I wanted to bring all was handy to in the car. That's why I had Tom cut a handsome Christmas tree along the road. I didn't member any good ones growin' round here. An' we gathered some mistletoe an' holly, too, an' bought more Santa Claus stuff along the way."

"Gee!" envied the girl. "I guess somebody's goin' to have a good time, an' I bet it's Susan Bunch. She an' her folks have most everything—though Susan does say they can't 'ford anything but a Cape Cod turkey this year. They did have a regular turkey one Christmas, though. Susan brags on it now. I—I never saw one."

"Is that what you were blubberin'—I mean cryin' about?" asked Tom kindly.

"M-mostly," in a low voice. "I—I got to thinkin' 'bout Christmas close by, with nothin' but codfish for every 14 years I've lived, an'—an' I hate Cape Cod turkey. So—I—dropped down—an' bawled. An' I was lonesome, too. Father an' mother went for a week to the village to visit Aunt Jane who's sick, an' do her chores. I'm alone, with Billy, who's ten, an' I broke down jest a minute."

"Too bad—" began Tom.

"Don't get an' idea father an' mother

are to blame," fiercely. "They do all they can. They're plannin' to buy 'Christmas presents for us, an' lookin' forward to comin' back the day before Christmas. But they've only 47 cents between 'em, an'—" she straightened up and choked back something, and laughed.

"Got over it," she declared. "Don't often mush soft like that. Now can I help any—show direction or something? Look like you might be off the track."

"Not altogether," considered Tom. "I've been right along this road in spite of Molly's doubts. That pint of land runnin' out into the boghole yonder," nodding into the deepening gloom, "is where I blundered in with a buggy an' had to wade ashore with my feet soaked. I was embarrassed, for that was the night I proposed to Molly—crisis of my life, you see—"

"Pshaw! Tom, stop bein' foolish," laughed his wife. "Look here, my dear," to the girl, "it will take Tom all night to ramble through explanations. I don't know who's alive—though of course nobody's moved away. Nobody never does from along here."

"They do," affirmed the girl. "Who's your folks?"

"Sally an' Jane an' Ed Tate—that's my folks. An' John an' Bill Walton—Tom's folks."

"John Walton's dead, an' Bill moved to Canada," began the girl. "An'—"

"You know 'em both?" asked Tom.

"I know 'em or know of 'em. Ain't only a handful round anyhow, so everybody knows everybody else. Jane Tate moved to Provincetown, married a fish man. Ed went to be a sailor, an'—"

She climbed on the running board and was now peering into the car, first at one face and then the other. "Why! Guess you're Aunt Molly an' Uncle Tom. Sa-ay, we live only a few rods here in the scrub. Pa an' ma's of visitin' Aunt Jane, but comin' back soon. An' ma's Sally. I'm keepin' house, with supper jest ready. I was startin' to call Billy, who's pickin' cranberries?"

"Cranberries?" interrupted Molly, excitedly. "That's the one Christmas thing we couldn't find West. So Billy's got cranberries?"

"More'n a barrel, so far. Low mebbe he can sell part of 'em to the store—but shucks! No one buys cranberries here. They raise 'em, an' Cape Cod turkeys, an' three-foot pines, an' nothin'—oh yes, wild geese sometimes fly over. But come on to supper," as a "Hoo-hoo" sounded among the scrub. "That's Billy. Hope you're hungry."

"Starved," declared Uncle Tom, solemnly. "An' there ain't nothin' so good in all the West as a Cape Cod turkey."

After they had finished supper, and the woman and girl cleaned up and washed dishes and the man and eager boy gone out to groom Highway Steed as well as they could in the half darkness, they all gathered outside to talk things over.

"Pretty good cook, Janie?" asked Aunt Molly.

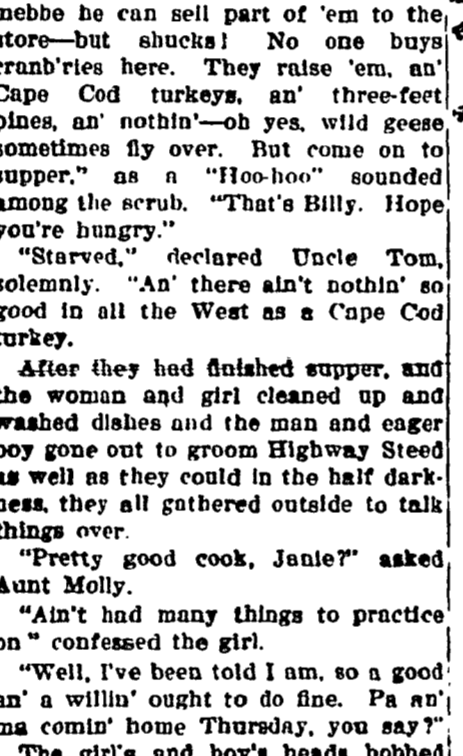
"Ain't had many things to practice on," confessed the girl.

"Well, I've been told I am, so a good an' a willin' ought to do fine. Pa an' ma comin' home Thursday, you say?"

The girl's and boy's heads bobbed together. Their eyes were snapping.

"Four days," went on the woman.

"Guess we can do it all right. We'll



The Woman and Girl Cleaned Up and Washed Dishes.

use the parlor for the tree an' presents—that's the biggest room. An' we'll have presents an' ornaments enough to make things look nice."

"Guess we will," declared the children, fervently, for they had seen "An' three regular turkeys!"

"The kitchen an' piazza," reflectively, "we'll fix up with a double table. Lots of old acquaintances we'll want to invite, an' we must have three or four helpins'. Some friends you want of course," to the children.

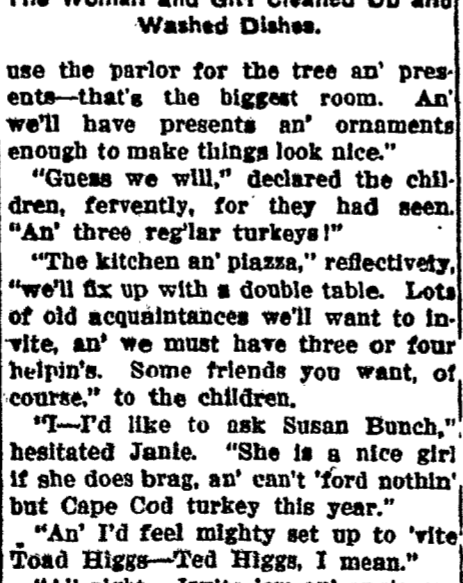
"I'd like to ask Susan Bunch," hesitated Janie. "She is a nice girl if she does brag, an' can't 'ford nothin' but Cape Cod turkey this year."

"An' I'd feel mighty set up to 'vite Toad Higgs—Ted Higgs, I mean."

"All right, invite 'em an' any more you'd like," cordially. "I guess we can scare up presents for 'em."

"How 'bout Highway Steed?" queried Tom. "Seems like comin' all the way across with no lay off, she ought to have a hand in—or rather some gas in."

"Course," agreed Molly, looking at him, considering. "Suppose you go down to the village the day before Christmas an' bring back Janie's pa an' ma. An' if there's anything to buy, bring 'em all out. An' of course take Billy an' Janie along. An' I guess," as Tom was beginning to beam, "you might go round Christmas mornin' an' bring all the guests to dinner. Seems as if they'd mebbe like it. An' I guess Highway Steed will like it, too."

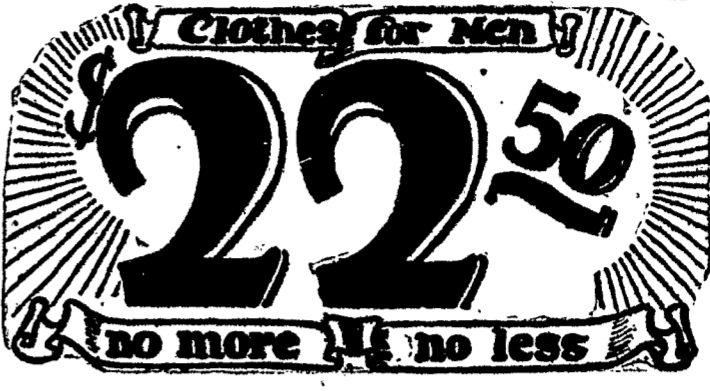


Those women who are clever at knitting may undertake to make this amusing tea cozy of leaped yarn, using cloth for the duck's bill and shoe buttons for its eyes.

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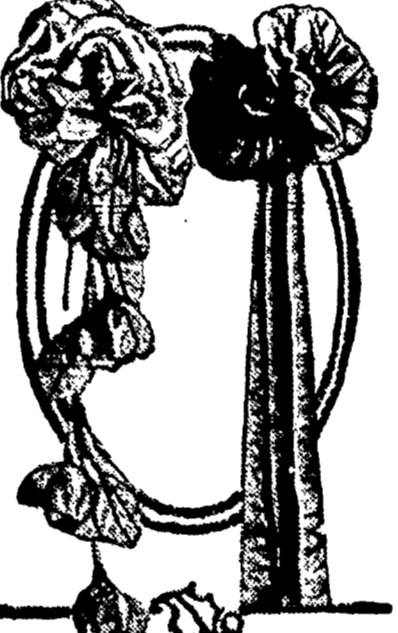
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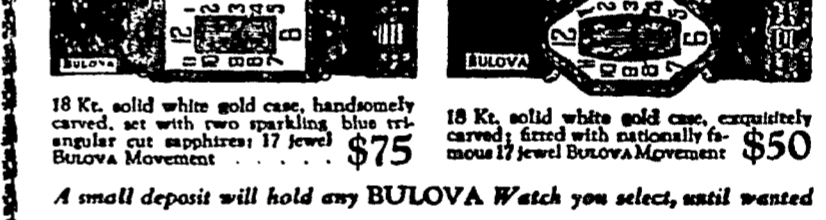
**Knitted Tea Cozy**



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