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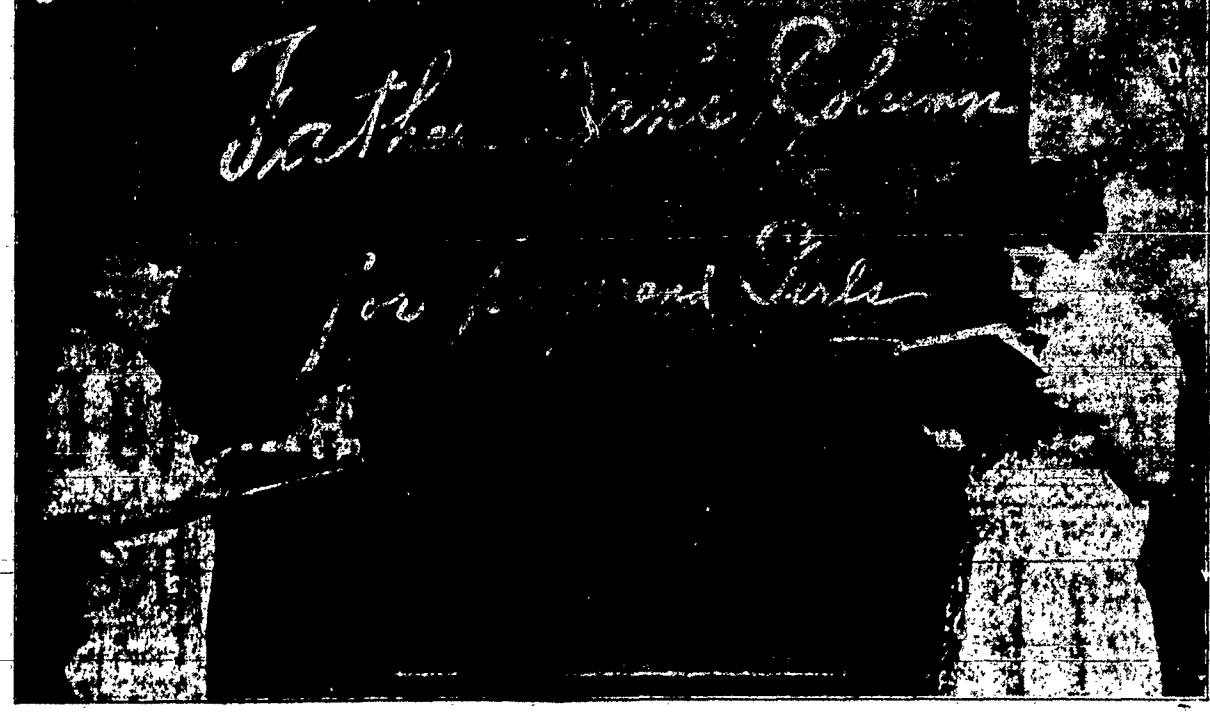
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FUN AND NO FUN

(Chapter Four in which Tom Greenwell and Wilfred Baumann make a harmless wager with startling results.)

"O Father, the angel told me to tell you that he can't come to the present to day, because he's got a black eye."

Father Murphy was training a group of boys for a Christmas play, and was preparing for the first rehearsal when he received this startling news.

"Find him, and tell him to come at once. An angel with a black eye can announce the bad tidings just as well as I," answered the patient priest.

The "angel" who was none other than Tommy Greenwell, was shortly ushered into the presence of his instructor and was asked how he came to acquire the discolored optic.

"It was this way, Father," answered the angelic one. "Wilfred Baumann and I had an argument, and told him I had shaken hands with an Indian chief, and he said he had shaken hands with the bishop, and when I said I thought an Indian chief was as good as the bishop, he called me a heathen and a rebel, and I tried to hit him, but he hit me first."

Father Murphy explained to Tommy that he was about to take part in a play where he would be privileged to represent the angel that announced the tidings of great joy, and that he would be better fitted to take the part if he kept out of arguments. This Tommy promised to do. He read the part of the "angel," and besides he had been chosen as the boy soloist at the 5 o'clock Mass on Christmas morning. Tommy was praying for two things, first that his black eye might turn white before Christmas, and secondly, that he would be able to wake up in time to go to the 3 o'clock Mass.

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Still another note managed to escape the watchful eyes of Sister Rose, and make its way to the Greenwell desk, where its contents were devoured by the "angel." Here it is:

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A Sound Sleeper

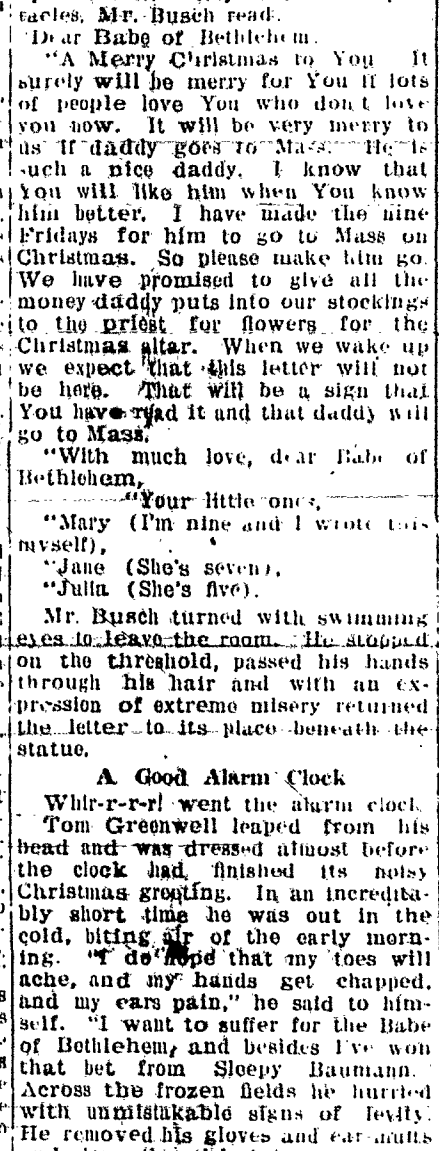
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A short distance from the Baumann home a new family by the name of Busch had recently taken up residence. Mr. Busch, a man of considerable wealth, while a Catholic, had become very careless about his attendance at Mass and had not approached the Sacraments for years, much to the distress of his devout wife and three little daughters.

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When Mr. Busch, on Christmas eve, walked up to the shelf above the fire-place and dropped a shining yellow coin into each stocking hanging there, it happened that one of the stockings slipped from its place and dropped to the floor. Picking it up, and unable to find the pin that had held it in place, Mr. Busch lifted the statue of the Sacred Heart with the intention of using it as a

Two Charming Hats of Felt for Autumn Wear



The upper model is a close-fitting tan felt, trimmed with stitching. The lower one is a winsome hat for sports wear. It is of tan felt, trimmed with brown ribbon.

Colors and Fabrics on Fashion List for Fall

Much interest centers in information about colors and fabrics which will be of leading importance this fall. The following, notes a fashion writer in the Detroit News, have been designated by both Parisian and American designers.

COLORS—Black and dulled opaque tones are favored for daytime costumes and accessories. Black is foremost, being combined with off tones of white or a color. Brown with a bluish cast is second in chic and is especially good when combined with dark capucine, olive green, and yellow. Blue fox brown is a lighter tone which promises to be popular. Greens of a dark hue with slightly brownish cast and the new olive green are exceedingly smart. Blue with a greenish tinge is newer than the bright or purple blues. Gray blue with a steel cast is exclusive. Russet and dark capucine are two other exclusive colors. Then reds of a wine tone, plum ranging from red to blue hues and steel gray follow in importance.

FOR EVENING—White and daytime colors lead. Again black is extremely good. Pale shades in blue and green as well as an apricot tone give promise of being fashionable. Among the daytime shades that are good for evening—deep blue, the brown and green just mentioned and gray are to be seen.

INFORMAL WOOLENS—Tweeds continue to be smart but have changed in texture. Loosely woven, spongy textures which are both heavy and soft are new. Black tweed, basket weaves, diagonal tweeds, feather and wool fabrics and tweeds with nub effect will all be much seen.

FORMAL WOOLENS—Some fabrics dressier than tweed will be fashionable. Many semi-lustrous and closely woven fabrics of broadcloth and sueded-fabric type will be seen. Wool crepes as soft and fine as silks and almost as sheer, light wool tweeds, a sheer Jersey and a fine rep will be used for frocks.

SILKS—Daytime fabrics for fall in silks have heavy textures and dull surfaces. Flat crepe, silk faille crepe, satin with a dull finish and plain or patterned panne velvets will lead. For evening, silks are either stiff or supple according to the type of dress. Plain crepe or satin, printed crepe and satins, moire, taffetas and panne velvets are the favored mediums.

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weight to hold the stocking. Beneath the statue lay a letter in an open letter. Adjusting his spectacles, Mr. Busch read:

"Dear Babo of Bethlehem. A Merry Christmas to You! It surely will be merry for you if lots of people love You who don't love you now. It will be very merry to us if daddy goes to Mass. He is such a nice daddy. I know that you will like him when you know him better. I have made the nine Fridays for him to go to Mass on Christmas. So please make him go. We have promised to give all the money daddy puts into our stockings to the priest for flowers for the Christmas altar. When we wake up we expect that this letter will not be here. That will be a sign that you have read it and that daddy will go to Mass."

"With much love, dear Babo of Bethlehem,
 "Your little one,
 "Mary (I'm nine and I wrote this message).
 "Julia (She's seven).
 "Julia (She's five)."

Mr. Busch turned with swimming eyes to leave the room. He stopped on the threshold, passed his hands through his hair and with an expression of extreme misery returned the letter to its place beneath the statue.

Betty's Christmas Eve
 By NONI C. BAILEY

OTHERS coming Christmas," said Gertrude entering her circle in the great department store. "Fine" said Miss Reginald's spool cases. "I'm going out to Uncle Matt's—can taste turkey and mince pie right now." "Hi! and I are invited to Charlie's." They're having a great party," said Hattie sorting dress shelves.

Betty ran the comb through the wavy hair of the dummy thoughtfully and applied a hair curler. Resolutely she snapped the rubber band into place. Betty was a stranger. Her room was comfortable, her salary sufficient, but companionship she had not found. Holiday planning was entirely apart from her. She decided with the snap of that rubber band that there would be a place in the Christmas cheer—somewhere—for her.

Gertrude noticed the change in Betty. "She's getting human," she whispered, then "What's his name, Sunshine?" she teased, approaching that familiarity which appertains to those they like. "You'd be surprised," Betty laughed.

On the street car she found her inspiration. "Masquerade Ice Carnival," the handbill read, "North River at Beaver Bend, Benefit for Crippled Children, Christmas eve at 8 p. m."

Betty's fingers were busy every night with her costume. White fur trimmed the bright red jersey. Golden-haired Betty knew what to wear.

Christmas eve found her radiant and happy, enjoying her favorite sport. Masked, she did not seem alone. Suddenly they began changing partners. Betty found herself skating first with one man, then another. They enjoyed her easy glide and graceful turns. A little-clad Scotchman seemed always ready to take her hand when another left it go. "Aren't you tired?" he asked. "Let's have lunch." It had not occurred to her to be tired—her skates were Cinderella slippers. The Scotchman's request was like the midnight bell. This stranger must not know she was alone and to accept his invitation would be to invite discovery. "I must find my friends," she prevaricated, skating swiftly away. Having obtained her wrap from the checkroom she found a sleigh "for hire" instead of a pumpkin chariot and sped home over the crisp snow.

Betty chided and excused herself for her unfinished fun and the sudden dismissal of her delightful skating partner. "I didn't dare. I couldn't bear to have him know I came alone." Happy reflections filled her Christmas day.

Next morning in the store girls were relating experiences while putting their stock in order. "Well, Sunshine, did he come?" asked Gertrude folding the covercloth. "Of course he did," said Betty caressing the dummy's hair.



Her happy face made her words ring true.

Across the aisle stood the department manager, curiously studying the group. As he approached the counter each girl busily sought her own section. He chipped a flake of wax from the dummy's ear and said, "Miss Betty, I think there's a better head in the stockroom. Come, let us see."

Betty followed him down long aisles between rows and rows of boxes, silently. She trembled. On a table were heads—brown, blonde, red, black. Betty studied them critically.

"Why did you run away last night?" the voice sounded strange and uncanny as the dummies looked. Betty started, "Oh, I—what do you mean?" "Just that," he said; "I don't believe you knew I was the Scotchman."

"Why, I never dreamed it," she laughed.

"Then, won't you go with me to the ice rink tonight? I love to skate with you, Betty. I do enjoy skating. Then perhaps you'll tell me why you ran away."

Betty laughed happily and promised. Back to the main floor they went, forgetful of the badly needed head. "Where's the new doll, Sunshine?" said Hattie. "There wasn't any—that is—that would do." Betty was thinking more of skating than of marcelled dummies that day and soon another day she came down the aisle chatting gayly with her husband, the department manager.

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