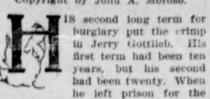
SANTA CLATS By JOHN A.MOROSO

Alias Santa Claus

Copyright by John A. Moroso.



second time he was an old man, penniless and friendless. He was a large man and with big blue eyes. Had be been well fed and well groomed he might have been termed a handsome old man, for his physique was fine, and there was grave dignity suggested in his carriage. Gottlieb boarded a train and went to New York.

It was a fine June day and the old convict enjoyed every moment of it. The crush of the elevated trains overhead and the clang of trolley gongs core music to his ears.

He wondered as he trudged onward liether Cock Eye Garry McGurry ould be still alive. Cock Eye kept ten cent table d'hote in Chathaur quare, and if a man just out of jall nt to his place without a cent in his sockets he might peel potatoes or erub the floor for a good meal and perhaps the privilege of sleeping in the coal bin under the sidewalk. In due lime he found that Cock Eye had been rathered to his fathers, but that the lace was still running. The new prorictor needed a man to help with the scullion work for a day and Jerry Gottlleb worked at the appointed task, filled his stomach and started forth at sunset to carry the banner, which phrase, in the jargon of the underworld, means to walk the streets dur-

'ark row and then east to Oak street. Mear the green lamps of Oak street police station was an old house with the windows lighted. Over the door was a large sign with this legend:

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and be that hath no money. Come ye, buy and eat. Yea. come, buy wine and milk without

money and without price." Jerry was pondering the marvel of wine and milk without price, when a little clean shaven man, shabbily clad and of his own age, started up the steps, turned, came back to him and then took him by the arm, saying: "Come along, brother. You belong here as much as I do." The stranger carried a battered Bible under his left arm. tucked close to his body.

Gottlieb entered the long meeting room with its slick benches and grimy wall paper, its Biblical texts offering the Lord's help tacked here and there. and its little stand at one end for the preacher. There were hardly a baker's dozen of men on the benches.

The old convict slipped into a seat. tired of body, but feeling at home gmong the tatterdemalions of society



He Talked Directly to the Old Gray Outcast In the Rear of the Room.

that had gathered to hear the shabby advocate of God among the miserables say what he had to say in his Master's behalf.

Out in the hall a little man with a cropped sandy mustache who had followed Jerry rolled a cigarette and sat at the foot of the stairs, a sinister thing in the yellow light of a flickering gas jet.

The mission worker began his preach. ing, and he talked directly to the old gray outcast in the rear of the room.

A great peace descended upon the soul of Gottlieb.

The old mission preacher talked the language of Gottlieb's own tribe. He, too, had done the wrong things in life. and had come to know the sad and yet helpful leasons of regret. Something in the preacher's argument for righteousness shone forth above all possible forms of creed and dogma.

For five years Gottlieb hung about

in a cascade of silver. He lost the prison pallor, and a flush of health book of Isaiah it came: came to his cheeks. Until his friend, the preacher, gave him the job as janitor of the mission he slept on the wharves, crawling between bales of freight of all sorts, like the Son of Man, uncertain of anywhere that he might call his own for the casual slumber of the harried fox.

Remorseless mutation brought death to Gottlieb's preacher friend. He asked Jerry to take up his work.

"You see, sir," the old convict explained, "I'm a two termer, and the bulls always keep after me. I'd get the whole mission pinched if I did anything else but clean up the place. That's my job, sir. I'm the janitor."

It was in the late fall when this happened. Gottlieb felt the hands of his friend grow cold. He left the body as a nurse came and made a record for her report of the transition of the evangelist. He went to a window and looked out into the fleecy, tumbling sky. He told himself that he would meet his friend again some time, somewhere, somehow. He had come to believe in the promises of God.

"Well, Santa Claus!" a voice sounded In his ears. "Why not come downstairs with me and have a cup of ten?" The nurse had come to offer, as best les. she could, her sympathy.

A little, paunchy dominie, with round cheeks and a diploma from a seminarial institution, endeavored to take up

One day the mission doors were locked, and Jerry Gottlieb stood on the

happy season, swept by the old man who held with strong stolidity to the idea that God was his friend and that his right hand would uphold him.

A finely dressed lady bought a pair of shoestrings and gave him 50 cents, bidding him keep the change. Here was a bonanza. On Christmas day he could lie in his lodging house bed and rest his tired old bones. He could linger Jerry made his way farther south to about the stove in the reading room and keep warm all day, and he figured out he could have two meals surelyreal meals, 10 cent meals-bean soup, bread, coffee and hash!

> A limousine came plowing through the snow and stopped on Gottlieb's side of the corner. A fine looking man of middle age in a fur lined broadcloth coat opened the door and beckoned to

"Would you like to make \$10 a day during the holidays?" he asked "Ten dollars a day?" gasped Santa

Claus. "Yes, and easily," explained the rich man. "My little boy doesn't believe in Santa Claus any more, and I know that a mask doesn't fool him now. I want him to believe in Santa Claus just as long as possible, and if I rig you up tonight we'll put one over on that lad, by Jupiter we will! What do you say?

"It's a godsend to me, sir," replied Gottlieb.

"Jump in." The big limousine forged ahead, hurling great gouts or snow to right and left. On the Jersey side of the river Santa Claus and the father of the little boy who didn't believe any longer took a parlor car, and the train

worn steps stroking his patriarchal beard thoughtfully. It was a sinister day for him, for his job was gone, and his only friend was gone. The Rev. T. Beverly Wainwright, the successor of the old evangelist, had received a call to a very snug parsonage in the upper west side.

to the job of Jerry Gottlieb, janitor of this closed house of God. But there serve tea in, along with samovers. had been a place to sleep and always a bite to eat, for the Oak street mission had managed a handout of soup or broth and bread along with its handout of salvation. Now the bread and the broth and the corner to sleep in were gone. A faith in God was his only remaining asset. There was one place for him to visit, Cock Eye's old place.

Gottlieb tried for any kind of work day after day, night after night and got nothing. His flowing Santa Claus beard was against him. The snow began to fly again, and when he was driven from doorways by the cops he would collect old newspapers, cover himself with them and sleep on a bench in one of the parks. The newspapers held in what warmth there was in his body, and the snow covered him and sealed his poor man's bianket.

Again and again he was compelled to resort to Cock Eye's place for a hand-out and a few moments of warmth, There he received many tempting offers. One was from a famous pickpocket who wanted to use him as a stall-that is, as the men who gets in the way, of a victin and gives the thief a chance to escate. His dignified appearance at Lahron begin expression which had coace with the fulth his

the threshold of this genuine it dingy coid, but one iesson and been arriven place of worship in Oak street. His into him along with the lesson of faith, beard grew until it reached his waist It rang with hope, and his dead friend had ever had it on his lips. From the

> "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

> time from the sly, sandy mustached person who had been ever at his beels since his release from Sing Sing, the headquarters detective whose business it was to watch those who had sinned, had paid for their sin and who might be expected to sin again. The detective wanted him for a stool pigeon.

Gottlieb, alias Santa Claus, as he was now known to the police, refused, was arrested as a vagrant and sent to Blackwell's island for thirty days. "When you change your mind," his shadow informed him, "send me word."

There was no change of mind and Gottlieb served his thirty days, a month of somewhere to sleep and something to eat. He came out on the eve of Christmas and once again started his hunt for a corner to lie in and a chance to pay for it. He managed to earn a dime that morning by helping an overloaded home going shopper get aboard an elevated train with his bund-He invested half of his capital in shoestrings-ten pairs. The retail price is 5 cents a pair

(Continued next week.)



HE ideal Christmas gift is a useful luxury-a luxurious necessity, as it were something that one wants and needs, but hesitates to buy for oneself.

A unique gift is a samovar for milady's tea table. The cut shows a beautiful one in copper, but even rarer ones may be found in the brass and copper antique shops that thrive in



There had been no salary attached some places. Delectable goblets in metal on a matching tray come to

We have come to recognize the bayberry candle as typical of the Christmas season. It is made from the fruit of the bayberry bush and is a very lovely transparent green. This candle does not smoke when lighted and exudes a pungent odor, which is not unlike the breath of the pine trees.

than a gift of Christmas candles, which shops. could be accompanied with a pair of either silver or glass candlesticks in

which burn the Christmas candle. A box of silk stockings makes a fastidious gift. From the picture we get a hint of them in bright shades for



dead friend of the mission had trans- sports, others in striped effects and mitted to him would serve the thief still more that aim to match the smart should not be constructed with a drawwell. He was very hungry and very silk aweater which would also be ap-

preciated by any man's "best girl." Here's a regular long list to pick

from: Large silver hairpin, Dresden penholders, opera glass holders, silver glove buttoner, a wastepaper basket. bag for opera glasses, a sliken chair drapery or rug for chair, a leather shopping bag, silver shirt waist studs, glass or china puff box, two silver coffee spoons, sterling silver penholder, Another temptation came to aim, this' sweet grass workbasket, one silver strawberry fork (or more of them). a Dresden china table bell. Japanese bedroom slippers, belt of gold or



silver braid, elderdown dressing jackets, sterling silver heart brooch, ster-

ling sliver or gold trankets. Purses have a wide range. The one illustrated is rather elaborate and may be mounted on material like milady's afternoon frock. The embroidery in gold thread and jewsled clasp are in keeping with the choice fittings inside.

For the motor girl are a dinner basket. fur robes, rubber robes, foot warmer. leather coat, map measurer, set of road maps, "overnight" bag, compact mending outfit in case, small cushion, goggles, fur gloves, motor cap, automobile horn, knitted muffler, linen dust coat, tool kit, folding tollet case, automobile clock, automobile mirror, automobile flower holder and tour book.



OR men-and they are generally the stumbling block at Christmas time-there are a few new concelts. The "pipe holder" is a brand new idea.

Or try a copper chafing dish, book rack, half a dozen white dress ties, razor roll, box of favorite shaving soap and powder, bookcase, writing table fitted with assorted stationery, gloves, suit case, collar bag, Malacca cane, sapphire or opal scarfpin, bedroom slippers and seal ring.

If he travels a case fitted with toflet necessities, like the one fllustrated. would be appreciated.

Handkerchiefs of pure linen with an embroidered initial are \$1.50 for a box



Nothing could be more suggestive of half a dozen in some of the good

Beautiful neckties are to be had for \$1.50 and quite magnificent affairs for \$3 and \$5.

Heavy gloves are \$1.50 and \$2 a pair. Dogskin and pigskin with one button are what the man of the moment likes.

Pictured are interesting fobs; others desirable may have college or more personal emblems attached.

More mannish and serviceable are leather wallets or bill folders of pigskin, hand sewed, from 50 cents up; cardcases of pigskin for \$1, cigarette cases \$2, crystal and leather flasks from \$1.50; morocco tle, handkerchief or collar boxes, jewel boxes of pigskin. reindeer lined, \$1.75; razor rolls \$2.

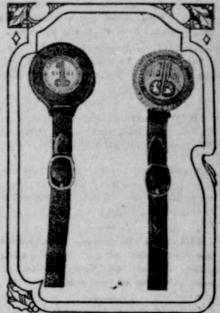
There is one sort of handkerchief case that is useful in traveling. It has a case on each side like a pocketbook, and the back is lined with heavy pasteboard, padded. It shuts up and fastens with a clasp. A soiled collar bag, made of liven, is a good thing. It



string at the top, but should have the back fastened straight on a brass rod or reed.

Or give him a gayly painted photo-

graph frame to hold pictures. More personal in their uses are a cane with handle of horn or ivory (in golf design if he is strictly up to date). a pipe of brier or meerschaum with mouthpiece of amber, a blanket bathrobe amply large for comfort, an umbrella with handle of hobnails, carved ivory, sterling silver or natural wood. Or, if he is fond of dancing, a stunning pair of patent leather pumps like those illustrated might walk directly into his heart.



A humble shaving mug, to be usea each morning, is often an affectionate reminder.

Or a small suver tipped cardcase which can be slipped into his inner waistcoat pocket.

Of if he is a university boy give him a huge red or blue silk muffler for

Or a set of books you have heard him express a wish for, and see, first of all, that the edition is a readable

Small boys like a watch, as suggest-



ed by the illustration, as well as pocketknives, tool chests, a bowl of gold fish, Silk mufflers are from \$1 to \$12. For about \$2.75 are imported mufflers in dark colors.

