Santa Claus as Viewed by Portland Youngsters

Boys and Girls Not Under Shelter of Parental Roofs, Interviewed as to Kris Kringle.

TPUT LITTLE LESTER ON LYDY KNEE

MORE beautiful tale than that of the delightful old fraud, Santa Claus has never been told, and it is truly doubtful whether some pre-eminent romancer with an imaginative and prolific brain may conceive a more pleas- striking resemblance to the late illustrious ing delusion. Not a child lives that has not at one time during its life believed sincerely, the time-worn story of a jolly old fellow, garbed in a suit of red, old fellow, garbed in a suit of red, commonly in speaking of him that the fringed with immaculate fur, his face of waif really had forgotten his real coga rosy hue and bedecked with a shaggy nomen and generous gray beard, who with an amply filled sack of gladdening toys, surreptitiously slipped down the chimney to hide a doll or a horn or a box of sweets in the stocking which adorned the But sad, indeed, is the cruel awakening of the young mind and founding reply. the shaking of that implicit belief of the existence of old Kris Kringle.

The years wear on and the children who grew incredulous now tell the same old tale to their children; the tale that has been handed down from generation to generation, and yet, well as I knew that the myth is accepted by some children with the same sincerity as of old, I the school children. They awaited me was a little curious to learn just how far in the recreation-room. I shall describe the delusion might be practiced upon children who are without homes and without loving mothers and fathers to

tell the glorious story. Actuated by this desire I wended my way to the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society where I made known my wish. Mr. Gardner, the superintendent, received me very and his gray matter is unusually prothe institution escorted me to the boys' recreation room, where he introduced me appealed to me very much was that his to two little youngsters of 6 and 7. The name was William and he did not like younger was Lester Dutcher, and a the boys and officers of the society to knowing waif is he. He was but a mite call him "Willie" as they persisted in as regards size, and his hair of that light tinge, peculiarly Teutonic, was cropped so short that it made him look amusing.

Light tinge and the was the door when a contract the way of the door when the call him "Willie" as they persisted in doing. Melville Dayton is a likely young chap of \$years. Robert Allison is apparently a very well-behaved boy of the door when the call him "Willie" as they persisted in doing. Melville Dayton is a likely young chap of \$years. Robert Allison is apparently a very well-behaved boy of 12, remarkably good-looking and I His complexion was not unlike lvory and two great hazel eyes blinked from under some very long lashes. His companion, Charles Flowers, was slightly different in sppearance; his hair a shade darker than Lester's, his eyes decidedly black and his mouth small. I put little Lester on my did not know just how to word my first

query, but hazzarded:
"Well, Lester, how old are you?" 'Don' know," was his reply.

"I know," chipped in Charles, hastening to enlighten me, saying: "He's 6 an' Well, Lester," said I, "I am surprised that you did not know your age, Perhaps you may tell me something about Santa

"Santa Claus"" repeated he, looking up at me inquiringly.
"Yes. You have seen him, of course,

and can tell me what he looks like," I

My answer was a smile. Charles, was better informed and cried "I know what he looks like. His face

is all painted up with paint. I saw him," I was not wholly satisfied with my progress, so said: Lester, what is our next great holi-

Again Charles was forced to come to

"Right you are," said I, "but whose?" "Mine," he replied decisively, and I feel obligated to say for Charles that I could not discover the slightest vein of ego in his makeup.

yes." I persisted, "but Charles, someone's else birthday falls on Christ

"Turkey," he replied dubiously.

Mr. Gardner stepped into the room at this moment and informed me that the boys who were at school would return in a few minutes. Try as I might I could not obtain the slightest inkling of an idea of Santa Claus from either Charles or

I was resolved, however, to learn their desires, and said to Lester: 'What would you like for Christmas?'

"Do you mean to say that you only wish for a knife?" I asked. "Uh, huh." said Lester briefly, Charles walked over to the corner of the room

returned presently with a formidablelooking volume, which he opened across his knees. I could not discern his intention at once, so devoted my time to querying Lester.
"But. Lester." I said, "wouldn't you like

"Uh, huh," he agreed.
"And a ball?" I continued.

"Uh, huh, and a little dog," he finished "I want a little dog," said Charles ing to value Lester's suggestion. "And I want some trains, and som wagons, and a rocking-horse," he con

The ingenious little scamp had taken the book for the express purpose of turnover the pages and asking for everything that he saw pictured in the volume

Mr. Gardner again returned to the room and suggested that I visit the hospital. I assented and climbed the three flights of stairs to the upper floor where the sick bay is situated. It is in charge of a delightfully attractive nurse, of whom I shall speak later. Four patients were there—two boys and two girls. One of the boys was a precocious and incorrigible youngster who has run away from the institution repeatedly, the last time effecting his escape by sliding down an air went and then going to a near-by house from 12 young and healthy throats.

with the institution had kicked him on One at a time, please the ankle. He was obdurate and would say nothing either about what he wished for Christmas or what he thought of Santa Chus. The youngster in the next

'AU GLIAN, THERE AINT

NO SANTA CLAUS

pontiff. It was explained to me later that the little fellow had been thus dub-

bed by a man formerly connected with the society, and the name was used so

"Pope, my lad," said I," did you ever

"Yes, ma'm," answered the Pope.
"Ma'm" was a failing of his and he invariably used it.
"What did he look like?" I asked.

"Horse and wagon." was the dumb-

"No, no," I corrected, "you mean, Pope, that you would like a horse and wagon for Christmas, isn't that it?"

As a matter of courtesy I refrained

from interviewing the young lady pa-

tients and found my way down stairs

where a hubbub announced the return of

them collectively and individually and

Collectively I have never seen a joi-

lier and happier lot of lads in my life.

Individually, I feel that William Gra-

ham impressed me the most. William

is the oracle of the institution. He is

think just a little out of his element.

He was extremely modest and told me a short and adventurous tale of his

wanderings that would serve well for the plot of a successful novel. George

Simmonds is another very promising youngster of \$ years, and his very good friend of the same age, Byron William

friend of the same age, Byron William Jackson, is, I feel, destined—and I think that you will agree with me later—

to become a very successful and promi-nent man. No boy with a name like that can possibly go through life with-

out doing some great thing. But Orlin Flowers. There is a boy, the brother

of Charles, and he is a boy that I shall

ever remember. His face in particular is that of a perpetually smiling imp,

but I must say that he is an amusing lit-

tle reprobate. His hair is cropped short

and his ears stick out. These when

augmented with a very broad smile make Orlin one of the most pleasing

bits of real life I have ever beheld. His

at someone's else expense, and he cer-

tainly did at mine, but of that later. Leon Burt, aged 5; Gall Harford, aged

, and Elmer Jacobson, aged 13, are three very interesting lads. They are very well-behaved and modest in their

requests for Christmas favors. Frank Jacobson, aged 9, is the brother of

Elmer, but as much like him as Queen

Alexandra is like Alphonso of Spain. Roy Lofgren, aged 8, is quite dark,

I was introduced to the boys by Mr.

Gardner, who in his remarks said some-

thing to the effect that I was the pri-

vate secretary of Santa Claus and that

was there to find out what the boys

thought of my boss. He went on to

say that the boy who could say the

most about old Santa Claus would reap

I seated myself, and the boys, 12 of

them, gathered around me. It was per-fectly natural for me to speak to Will-

iam Graham first. He is very mag-

'Nothing," he answered, bluntly. 'Why not?' I questioned.

ame from that young imp, Orlin.

"Aw, he's talking through his hat,"

Well, Orlin, what do you think of

"Santa Claus? Say, you can't give

Santa Claus?" I asked, turning to meet

me any o' that. I'm wise," answered the precoclous Orlin.
"You said that William was talking through his hat," I parried.

Claus, how can you expect to re anything for Christmas?" I asked.

"He's always doing it," replied the

Well, if you do not believe in Santa

"Don't make any difference whether

"I want a sirgun, a horn and a pair

I get anything or not," he replied.
"You would like something, Will-

of boxing-gloves," replied William.
"And," chimed in Gail, "I want a

"Gim me the would wid a fence around it," interrupted Orlin.

back to my college days. There was a rush and I was down without a yard to

gain. The air was laden with cries of:

ain and a drum and a cork-

and I knew him by his voice.

William," said I, "what do you think

a fake. I only saw him once

will tell you later.

of Santa Claus?"

iam?" I asked.

One remark of William's that

then go on with my tale.

lific.

"Yes, ma'm," agreed the Pope.

"I forgot," said William, the oracle. "I want a football."

"All right, William," I acquiesced, Santa Claus. The youngster in the next cot, however, was extremely interesting. "What is your name?" I asked.
"Pope Leo." he replied immediately. I could not for the life of me see any being given to tales of "Wild Dick, the

young lady certainly bested me.

"Mabel," I said, "you of course be-lieve in Santa Claus?"
"Why of course," she replied gently, her eyes dancing with amusement.
"I am serious," said I, feeling that

"I am serious," said I, feeling that she was mocking me.
"I was never more serious in my life," replied Mabel with a laugh.
"I beg your pardon," was my hasty rejoinder, "Will you then tell me what you think of the old fellow." "I think he is immense," replied

Infallible Cuthroat," but I was destined | Mabel. I resolved then to give her an |

opportunity to think the matter over so turned to Mary and suggested that she

tell me something of Santa Claus. Mary is different from her companies, not only in appearance, but manner. She is apparently of sturdy Norse stock, mod-

est in her desires and extremely bashful. The sparkling black eyes and vi-

vacious manner of her companion made

"Oh, the real Santa Claus never came but maybe once in two or three years he used to send a madeup one. We al-

ways got presents."
"Well, Mary," I asked. "Are you thankful for all the happiness that comes to you at Christmas?"

"Would you like something for Christmas?" I questioned.

"It doesn't make much difference whether I ask or not because I don't

think I will get it, but as long as you want to know you might tell Santa Claus that I would like a guitar," she

Arm-in-arm the couple left the room

Mabelslaughing boisterously, and Mary

slightly confused. In the vestibule

Goldie Debau awaited me, a young miss

of 16. She crouched against the great

hall doors as I entered. I was a little

surprised naturally, but soon under-

stood. The girl was not cowed, but at

bay. She was like a wild thing that has

been robbed of its freedom. She was

cornered and ready, I felt, to spring

upon me. She glared at me with two

very piercing black eyes, but the pres-

ence of the matron forced her to wait for my first word. I really felt sorry

"That's odd. You surely would like know something about him," I sug-

"What would you like for Christ-

"Don't know," was the only answer

"Come now," I said, "do you mean

to say that you would not like a nice

new coat with a beaver collar, or a

named the articles Goldie's face bright-

word that came from her very soul.

gretted it. As though stung with a lash

despicable, I was almost induced to

give the story up. I intimated to Mr.

Gardner that I had stayed beyond my

fice. One was tall and clumsy, another

That is Wiggle," said Mr. Gardner.

"Silas Wiggle." He pointed to the heavy boy. Wiggle commenced to squirm around and gave me my cue.
"Wiggle." I said, "why do you Wig-

"Now, look here, Wiggle," I con-tinued, "I have come here to find out something about Santa Claux Can you

"Good for Wiggle," I said hopofully, feeling that P was about to hear the most interesting story of the after-

he laughed.

heavy set and the third very diminu-

must have made the interview

for the girl because, the absurd role

"Nothing," she replied simply.

'No," answered Goldie briefly.

a very trying ordeal.

gested.

I received.

she answered.

Yes, sir, I am thankful to Santa

"I used to see him once in a while up in Washington," said Mary in answer to my question "How often, Mary?" I inquired.

"How often, Mary?" I inquired.

a decided contrast.

to Mabel.

to a great surprise.
"I want a violin," was his answer.

"A violin!" I repeated, momentarily

"Yes, sir," said Elmer, emphatically.

staggered. "But is that all you would

I looked at him and could plainly see the cut of genius in his cleanly-molded features. The look of hope that light-ed the boy's face made me remorseful.

My conscience smote me. What kind of

a trick was I playing on these waifs? There I was, seated amongst them, a

scratch-pad on my knee, upon which, with my trusty Faber I chronicied their

as I left them I veritably believe that they felt assured of receiving every-thing they had asked for.

idn't get my name.

Santa Claus?" I asked

sir," he answered.

little chap.

quite small and quite amusing. Earl There, in the further corner, sat Orlin Weyman, a little waif of 7, is—well, 1 with a impish grin on his face.

The next moment carried my thoughts gart and Mary Yeakel, both fairly along mak to my college days. There was a in their teens. Mabel was a case and

"Drum, train, I want a— Gun, rocking horse, cork gun, football, Mister, give me a horn. I want a box of tools, seif, Her answers appealed to me as horsey, fire wagon!" and then the cries being delightfully sarcastic even rose to one great disconnected yell though she assured me she was quite

I was about to close the door when

I proceeded to write it down imme-

"Yes, sir; I love him," replied the

"Did you ever see him?" I questioned.

"Yes, sir," assented Earl; "saw nim

"What did he look like?" I persisted.

"Oh, he was big an' fat an' had whis-

kers an' was laughing an' had snow all

over hisself, an' he wiggled 'cause he

was cold, an' he gave me a box of

candy," was the very precise reply.
"Then, Earl, you do not believe these

ovs when they say that there is no

"Well, what would you like for Christmas?" said I, not wishing to omit

anything with the boy I had in some

inconceivable manner almost overlook-

"I want an automobile," was the very

original reply of this youngster. Will-iam looked at me as though he craved

my indulgence.
"Well, William, what now?" I asked.

"I forgot to tell you. I want a horse and wagon," he answered. "He's got de front. Might be Santy

Claus hisself in disguise." This re-mark floated through the room, and I

with a implish grin on his face.
"Orlin," I called to him "have you

Told you I want de woild," I heard

I then retired to the dignity of the

office where I asked if I might inter-

view some of the young ladies. Mr.

Gardner sent for three little misses,

Hazel Wagner, Pern Flower and Irene

Ciper. They entered the reception-

room presently and for the moment l

spoke to Irene, saying boldly:
"My dear, I would like you to tell me

a story about Santa Claus."
"Yes, sir," replied Irene. "I saw him once when his whiskers caught fire,

and he was my uncle."
"Yes," I replied, "but he was a make-

believe Santa and I would like you to tell me something of the real one." "Well, he is awfully good," replied

the little tot, "and I want him to bring

"Can you tell me a story about Santa?" I asked of Fern. She is the

sister of young Charles and that rogue

Orlin, but truly a flower, one of those

is big and fat and nice and he watches us all and when we are bad he don't

give us what we want, but if we are good we get all kinds of things." "Who do you think he is Irene?" I

"I don't know, 'cepting he is Santa

Claus," was her reply. Hazel, in answer

to a question, giggled and then laughed. She is 9 years old and used to believe in Santa Claus when she was

little, but now that she has grown to be a young lady, the myth to her is simply ridiculous. I next interviewed

two young ladies, the Misses Mabel Bo-

even now I am forced to admit that I

do not know whether she thought I was attempting to make a fool of her

me lots of things this Christmas."

ured by this bright young lady.

sweet flowers that oft blo

I am not used to girls. However,

ooked around to discover its source

"Earl, do you like Santa Claus?"

"I could use a timepiece," said Silas artfully.

in Lloyd. "Is that all you would like?" I ques-

find a scholarship in his sack, because

"Perhaps, then," I said, "vou boys will expect something for Christmas,

or not

her complexion healthy and beautiful and her figure. exceedingly well proportioned. She is graceful and dresses neatly. Emma has passed the age of belief in Santa Claus and was very much embarransed when I questioned her. I tried to assure her that I was sincere, but could not at first induce her to say anything. She finally said:

"I wish that Santa Claus would give me a nurse's uniform." The young lady has charge of the hospital at the society building, and aspires to become a successful nurse. Mrs. Graham, the matron, explained to me after Emma had left the office, that the girl longed for an opportunity to attend a nurses' training school. If Santa Claus reads this, I hope he may find a scholarship in his sack, because

whether you believe in Santa Claus

"And I need a suit of clothes," chimed

That's all," was the mutual reply. At this moment, the nurse, Emma Bell, entered. Emma is a very pretty young lady, who has been brought up at the institution. Her hair is slightly blonds, her complexion bealthy and beautiful and her figure, exceedingly well proportioned. She is graceful and dresses

letters to Santa Claus before making notes, and I was heartily in favor of doing so. The letters were jewels, all of them, I

have preserved a few, which I shall pub-lish. The first was written by Susie Zach-man. The little one has succeeded in do-

word "and" 12 times in one sentence. Its-text fellows: "The Santa Claus:—We all love you well. I hope your bird tell you that I am good to have some present? Now, I will tell you what I want? for Christmas. 3 doll or mor, and some dishes are table and chair and book and

"LOTTIE YANDLE." the appearance of that hospital, a result | The next one was written by Cora

"Boys," I howled, "take things easy, my keenness at repartee, but this Coy could not be induced to open his tention; they meet with the same loving nocence those letters were! The aliusion indulgence a parent would give. Mrs. to Sunta Claus' birds is because of a Stearns suggested that I look over some story that Mrs. Stearns tells the children. story that Mrs. Stearns tells the children, They think that wherever they go, and whether they are at play, at work or of Santa Claus watch them, and if they

are bad, the birds tell their master.

After reading the letters I went to the ing something that I have tried repeat-edly, but futilely; and that is to use the of little misses and two boys. One box was the baby of the institution, just 2 years old. The other was & and goes by the name of Pete. He was a smart little youngster, and, while he would not tell me anything of Santa Claus, clung to my knee wherever I went, knowing well that I was very closely associated with the man he expected his Christmas presents from. Vern Weaver, a little girl of 7, told me that Santa Claus had a red hat and a red vest and a red belt, and she loved

him very much.
"Vern," I asked, "will you tell me something about Christmas."
"It's Jesus' birthday," she replied,

mediately. Here was the strain I had sought since leaving the Oregonian office. "Yes, but Vern," I said, "who were

Jesus' mother and father?"
"Mary and Joseph." answered Vern.
"And where was Christ born?" I ques-

'At Bethlehem, in a manger." "How did the wise men know that the Christ was born, Vern?"

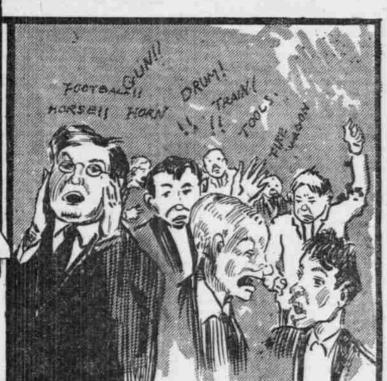
"By a big star in the east, and they llowed it until they came to the stable." Vern was becoming nervous so I asked Emma Singer how Santa Claus looked.

Emma Singer how Santa Claus II.

"Foxy Grandpa," she replied.

From the girls' room I went to the boys' playroom, where the youngsters sang sevplayroom, where the youngsters is not several to the property of the youngsters in youngsters in the young eral songs for my especial benefit. Mrs. Stearns told the boys that I had come from Santa Claus to learn what they thought of him, and I was immediately made the cynosure of all eyes. George Boyington, aged 5, climbed in my lap, and Henry Walling, aged 3, grubbed hands for keeps. I remained with the s an hour, and the only original re-





THE CRUES PLOSE TO ONE GREAT DISCONNECTED YELL FROM TWELVE YOUNG AND HEALTHY THROATS

bade Mrs. Graham and Mr. Gardner goodbye. I jumped a car and started for the Children's Home. The car had gone but a few blocks when a lady carrying an infant got aboard. The infant gave me an inspiration. Here, indeed, was the subject I had been looking for. I leaned

I was granted permission, so said first request. Baby, do you like Santa Claus?" He turned (I can't swear it was a be), and

WOULD GIVE ME A

of Emma's conscientious work, is worthy

My work at the Boys' and Girls' Ald So-

clety was now done, and there was an-

other institution that I must visit, so I

"Uh. oo. ah. vah. oo."

NURSE'S UNIFORM

"Did you understand him?" I said to

The last, by Lethia Turner, a young madame. "I did not quite catch the remiss of 13, is I think, one of the most beautiful letters I have ever read, par-Why, he said that he just loved Santa Claus," replied the lady, glaring at me as though I were an idiot. I have always ticularly because it was written by a both hands child. Even the excitement accompanying the approaching holidays could not make thought that I was a linguist, but I must master the interpretation of baby-talk this little girl forget that Santa Claus had many children to take care of. before I may claim that distinction. I remained perfectly stient and did not ven-

"For Xmas. Dear Mrs. Stearns. This is what I want for Xmas. Two yards of black ribbon. One doll. Nuts and candy. I will not ask for too much, because there are others beside myself

"LETHIA TURNER." What delightful examples of childish in

"Yes, sir," said Mary joyfully. "I would like a musical album."

"And you?" I said turning once more

"And you?" I said turning once more "swift kick." As I left the room, George after line. This was the letter:

"Cora Bailey, a yard of pink ribbon, a keep on the right side of me, saying that doll, a story-book, nuts and candy, a ring, he wished to hug me. I barely came cut two yards of black ribbons, a doll, a slive. I returned to the girls' playroom alive. I returned to the girls' pomptor comb, a neckless with a heart to say good-bye, and they all wished me The last thing I saw as the door closed was little Pete, standing with his legs far apart and throwing kisses at me with

> My chain, however, was not as yet complete. I stopped a little newshoy upon my return to the office and said:

"Well, sir, what is Santa Claus going to bring you?" "Fade away, will yer?" he yelled, "Wot de hell do yer t'ink I am? A lobater

It would have been impolitic, I think, to have interrogated him further

RECENT DECISIONS OF THE HIGHER COURTS

a state prison of a photograph, description and measurements of a person sentenced to death, but whose sentence is afterward reversed and who is subse-

A private soldier who has been sta tioned to guard a residence which durpretty lowcut organdle party gown, or ing a time of rioting and disorder has a Battenburg collarette. Will I ever forget that answer or threats have been made to repeat the will I ever forgive myself for asking offense, with orders to shoot to kill any the question. I do not think so. As I person found prowling about the house, is held, in Com. ex rel. Wadsworth vs. ened with a look of expectancy, her Shortall (Pa.) 65 L. R. A. 193, to be eyes glistened and she blurted out one guilty of no crime if he shoots a person who approaches the building and refuses to obey his command to halt. A note to this case considers the quesmartial law when there is no I laughed. The next moment I re- actual war.

ville & Nashville Railway Company Lowe (Ky.) 65 L. R. A. 122, not to be a time, but he asked me to see a few fellow-servant of a car inspector more boys and girls before I left, so I work therein, so as to relieve the remained. Three boys entered the of- pany from liability for injuries inflicted by him upon the inspector by the negligent running of the engine.

> public to use its right of way to travel on foot at a particular place so continuously and frequently as to result in a wellpeaten and clearly defined path, plain and open, is held, in Matthews vs. Seaboard Air-Line Rallway (S. C.) 55 L. R. A. 286, to be bound to use ordinary care not to maintain pitfalls or unsafe conditions which may result in injury to one attempting to use the path, relying on the safety suggested by the implied invitation arising from the visible condition

Where three coal mining companies operating in the same vein or seam in close proximity to one another, and just having commenced the development of that particular kind of coal, organize in-

The right to writ of mandamus to | the agent company is to advertise and | turned over to the city, where the comlish and control all agencies and sub- rebuild, repair or refurnish the building agencies and make all sales and collections, and deduct for its compensation 10 of it. cents per ton out of the proceeds of sale -it is held, in Slaughter vs. Thacker Coal Copland vs. Seattle (Wash.) 65 L. R. A. as tending to suppress competition and building in process of construction adjoin restrain trade, contrary to public policy.

A telephone lineman is held, in Whit-

worth vs. Shreveport Belt Railway Company (La.) 65 L. R. A. 129, not to be guilty of negligence in going to the rescue of a pole, received a shock caused by the wire was handling coming in contact with the span wire of an electric street-car system, which, because of the defective insulation of the hanger by which it was connected with the troiley wire, was heavfell headlong, and, his spurs catching on a spike on the pole, hung suspended in the air; and, the railroad company is held to be liable for the death of the lineman, where in his effort to relieve his fellow-worker, he seized the telephone wire, which had become charged electricity through the negligence of the railroad company, and was instantly

barrel to one who intends to resell it under a representation that it is of a certain quality, without opportunity of inspection on the part of the purchaser, is held, in Bunch vs. Well (Ark.) 65 L. R. A. 80, to give him the right to rescind in case the flour proves to be of inferior quality. A purchaser of machinery is held, in

Computing Scales Company vs. Long (S. G.) 65 L. R. A. 294, to have no right to rescind the contract merely because the patents under which it is manufactured

son vs. Mitchell (S. D.) 65 L. R. A. 158. not to be able to ratify the act of the imperintendent of its water works system in entering upon private property and connecting a well there located with the city water mains without the consent of its owner, so as to become liable for the

water taken from the well.

The creation by the Legislature of a

mission is given no power to maintain, aster it has once parted with possession

233, not to be liable for the death of one killed by the fall of material from a granted a permit for the construction of warn passers-by of danger in using the street pending the construction of the

sical culture is held, in German Gym-nastic Association vs. Louisville (Ky.) 65 L. R. A. 129, to be within a constitutional provision exempting from tax-ation institutions of education. The right of a city to invoke its tax-

ing power to raise funds to construct a bridge which is not located upon a street or highway having a legal exist-ence is denied in Manning vs. Devil's Lake (N. D.) 65 L. R. A. 187. The Legislature is held in Nathan vs. Spokane County (Wash.) 65 L. R. A. 336, to have no power to permit a person who, upon bringing a stock of goods into a state after the time for levying the taxes for a year has passed, pays the taxes for the whole year, to deduct from the regular assessment against him at the beginning of the time when his property was not in the

to merchants, to be given to custom ers as an inducement to secure their trade, and which redeems the stamps with articles kent in stock for that nur ose, is held in Winston vs. Beeson (N. L) 65 L. R. A. 167, not to conduct a gift enterprise within the meaning of a statute authorizing municipal corporations to impose taxes on such enterprises in the same manner as upon lot-

A municipal corporation is held, in Johnson vs. White (R. I.) 65 L. R. A. 250, to be liable for injuries to property upon which it casts surface water in a body across intervening land by means though no more water is collected than would have naturally flowed upon the property in a diffused condition. An extensive note to this case reviews all the other authorities on rights and duties of municipal corporations with respect

ture a word until I had reached the Chil-

dren's Home. Here I met Mrs. Stearns, the matron of the institution and a very

estimable woman, whose only desire seems

of humanity. Not a child escapes her at-

"What do you know about Santa Claus?" I asked. compel the removal from the records of introduce the coal in the markets, estabquently acquitted of the charge against & Coke Company (W. Va.), 65 L. R. A. him, is denied in re. Molineux (N. Y.) 342, that the contract is illegal and void.

An innkeeper is held, in Rahmel vs. the girl stealthily opened the door and Lehndorff (Cal.) 65 L. R. A. 88, not to crept to the inner hall. Once more I be liable, in the absence of negligence to the inner hall. grew remorseful. I could not find a on his part, for injuries to a guest name to apply to myself for perpetrating such a miserably cruel joke. It was servant employed in the inn. A hostler in charge of an engine running through a yard is held, in Louis-

A railroad company which permits the

Wiggle, "and I jumped out of bed and

do not know whether she thought I caught him. He was my brother." Need-was attempting to make a fool of her or succeeding in making a fool of my-seif. Her answers appealed to me as their general sales agent, and each being delightfully sarcastic even though she assured me she was quite sincere. I have always prided myself on wiggle's." The third boy, Archie Mc-succeeding in making a fool of my-seif. Her answers appealed to me as their general sales agent, and each gives it by contract the exclusive right to sell three companies; and that particular kind of coal, organize in-directly and nominally in the names of individuals a third corporation to accommission to erect public buildings for a would have nature as their general sales agent, and each gives it by contract the exclusive right to sell its entire output of coal at prices uniform as to all three companies; and

caught him. He was my brother." Need-less to say, I was keenly disappointed