

# ELIZABETH'S CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

## How Missing a Car Changed Preconceived Plans for Family Presents and Brought Unexpected Happiness.



SHE TOLD HIM OF THE LITTLE BLACK KITTEN.

BY LOUISE LEXINGTON.

THE minister's Elizabeth was standing in the door, drawing on her gloves, meanwhile giving some parting directions to the housekeeper.

"I shall probably not be back until after luncheon," she observed, "as father wants me to make a call or two for him after I have finished shopping. I wish you would please insist upon the Orphan Baby taking her nap, and see that Edith and Judith take their umbrellas when returning to school. It is beginning to sprinkle now."

"I'll tell them," returned the gracious and tactful Mrs. Mullen, "but that ain't promising it'll be did! Of all the obstinate, heedless, mischief loving—"

"Oh, there comes my car!" exclaimed Elizabeth, cutting short the flow of disparaging adjectives. She started down the path on the run, but was brought to a conscience-stricken standstill by the walls of her tiny sister, familiarly known as the Orphan Baby.

"Tiss me good-bye, Betty!" the little girl cried, and Elizabeth, not having the heart to disappoint her, set her basket down, let her car go by and held out her arms. Gathering her smallest charge close and burying her face in the tangle of sunny curls, the little mother murmured, penitently:

"Forgive naughty Betty, darling, for not kissing you good-bye. Betty is going to take poor, lame Freddy Hill some currant cookies. Freddy is a poor little boy, who can never run or jump or play like our Tommy, but must just be still all day long."

At this sad picture, the little sister's heart quite melted, and she then and there resolved to relinquish her dearest possession, a small black kitten, for the pleasure of the unfortunate little cripple. Elizabeth promised to ask Freddy's mamma if he might be allowed to keep it, and once more started for a car. But just then the postman, rounding the corner, caught sight of her and held up a letter. "It's for you, Miss," he said; "it's a registered letter, and you're to sign this card."

With nervous haste Elizabeth affixed her signature, slipped the letter into her bag, and just caught the car by making a wild dash.

"And now I must examine my letter," she said to herself, after waving her hand at the Orphan Baby, who was still peeping through the palings. "Of course, it's from Aunt Patricia, and of course it contains a scolding. All of them do; but there must be something valuable in it besides, or she would not have registered it. But I didn't think she would ever send me another present after my disappointing her so last year by not going home with her."

Elizabeth had carefully opened the letter, and now gave an exclamation of surprise and pleasure at the contents—10 new crisp \$5 bills! These she hastily tucked into her bag while she read the letter accompanying them.

"Dear Elizabeth: I am sending you \$50, with the hope that you will spend it in some way this Christmas for your own betterment. I suppose it is idle for me to repeat that you are wasting the most valuable years of your life in thus voluntarily assuming the responsibilities and cares of a household at 18. Whenever you see fit to alter your decision of last year, come to me, and I will see that you have every advantage money can provide. Your father is, as you assert, fully competent to teach you at home, but unless you insist upon some regularity in the matter, he will allow other duties to interfere and perhaps forget all about it. Should you decide to buy books with all or a part of this money, nobody is more competent to make out a list appropriate to your needs than your father. Spend the money in any way, however, that will

give you the most happiness. It is yours. Affectionately, AUNT PATRICIA."

"Hurrah for Aunt Patricia, and after I treated her so thanklessly, too!" Elizabeth mentally exclaimed, and continued to herself: "But she evidently doesn't have much faith in father as a teacher. Dear, dear, hard-working daddy, with scarcely ever a moment to call his own! Anyway, I'd rather have the confidence and love of hundreds of people who look to him for guidance than all the money Aunt Patricia possesses."

Elizabeth's little burst of indignation was soon swallowed up in the cheerful contemplation of the added Christmas joys she could now provide for all of the dear ones at home; and as the car sped onward she fell to calculating the buying capacity of her sudden wealth. For father, there should be the long-needed new study chair. Elizabeth made a careful note of it upon her shopping list; Tommy should have a new Sunday overcoat; the twins should each have a new hat, with cherry ribbon rosettes like the ones they had admired in the shop windows yesterday. Then there would still be enough left to buy ever so many new books for her father and herself.

When Elizabeth arrived at the shopping district that morning she felt very important and dignified and selected the sensible gifts she had decided upon carefully and judiciously, scarcely looking to the right or left, lest some glittering trinket should tempt her to sudden extravagance. After ordering her purchases delivered upon Christmas eve, she started with a much lighter purse to call upon the little cripple.

Little Freddy Hill was all alone, for his widowed mother, who sewed for a living, must frequently leave home. Propped up in bed, with the prospect of spending the whole of his life thus, the pity of it all touched Elizabeth's tender heart, and she wanted to cry. Instead, however, she talked to him cheerfully, and when she told him of the pretty black kitten, the little fellow's laugh rang out joyously. How he would love it if his mother would only consent to his keeping it. Did black kittens eat so very much? He would ask his mother the moment she returned.

Mrs. Hill entered the little gate just as her visitor was leaving, and Elizabeth could not help noting the sadness of her face as she paused to exchange greetings.

"Yes, it's terribly lonesome for him," she said in answer to Elizabeth's inquiry, "especially when I'm gone. I have been trying to save enough money to buy him a wheelchair, then he could get about with more comfort; but saving money is slow work with poor folk, and I guess you understand all about that, Elizabeth Newton. I no more than get a few dollars laid by that takes every cent of it, until I wonder if there is anything quite so cruel as poverty."

Elizabeth could not get the little cripple out of her mind. She decided to forego her other calls and revisit the toy shops instead, to try if she might not find some novel gift that would serve to lessen the monotony of his weary days.

When she came in sight of the big drug store where invalid chairs were kept for sale, the thought flashed to her mind that she might have money enough left to buy one. But she put it away resolutely, saying to herself, "It is not mine to spend in that way."

When she had walked a half dozen blocks, however, she suddenly turned and with a deep-set purpose upon her earnest young face went back to the drug store she had passed.

"If it will give me the most happiness—I am sure that is what Aunt

Patricia said—the most happiness," she repeated, as she entered and made her inquiries. To her delight she found she had just enough money for the chair, and emptied her purse in payment for it. But her heart was light, and all the way home she kept repeating to herself a little verse which her brother called the "beautiful in as much."

When the little family was gathered about the lamp that evening at the minister's, Mrs. Mullen announced a caller, and Mrs. Hill was ushered in. She could stay but a moment, she said, and going straight to Elizabeth she put both arms about her lovingly.

"You are a dear, noble girl!" she declared. "When they telephoned today to ask when I wished the chair delivered, I just knew it was you who had bought it, although they would not tell me at the store. You have made me very happy. Elizabeth Newton, and Freddy will be happier still, if that is possible. We will never forget your kindness."

"Betty's a brick!" Tommy shouted, when the door had closed upon their visitor. "Now, tell us about it, sis. And Edith and Judith exclaimed in chorus: "Yes, tell us, Betty! It sounds just like a story. Please tell us."

"Yes, dear, tell us all about it," the minister added his entreaties when he could make himself heard, and drew his eldest daughter lovingly to his side.

Elizabeth thereupon related the adventures of the day, omitting only her shopping expedition in the little family's behalf. That would come out later.

"You see, father," she ended playfully, "it was really all the Orphan Baby's doings after all; for if she had not insisted upon kissing me good-bye I should have got an earlier car, and so missed the postman and Mrs. Hill as well. And I should have known nothing of my own wealth or her particular poverty." Elizabeth patted her father's arm lovingly. "It is what you would call a psychological combination of circumstances, daddy, dear," she concluded with a happy laugh.

"Rather, is it what I should call a kind, unselfish deed," her father declared, and as he bent his head to kiss her, Elizabeth saw there were tears in his eyes.

### WORTH OF SPIRITUALISM

Personal Testimony of Writer in regard to Subject.

PORTLAND, Dec. 9.—(To the Editor.)—With reference to an editorial in last Tuesday's Oregonian on "The Spiritualists' Heaven," the ideas there given on spiritualism seem to have come from the fakers who travel over the country and get money for pretended "spirit messages" from whoever is foolish enough to patronize them.

Spiritualism exploded the orthodox hell with its devil and eternal punishment, an idea which has held the masses of the people in bondage all these centuries, and left them free to think for themselves, with the result that there has been greater progress in science, literature, philosophy and religion than there has been since the beginning of the Christian era.

Spiritualism gives the only reasonable and true philosophy of life, as set forth in the works of Andrew Jackson Davis, given through him by spirits when he was a young lad. His first book was given when he was about 15 years of age. He was the son of a poor shoemaker and could scarcely read or write. Thomas Lake Harris, James G. Clark, Miss Lizzie Doten and many others have written volumes of poetry that will be read, and with interest, centuries hence. Spiritualism has not "injured religion," for true religion cannot be injured. If any people have a religion that can be injured, it is done by the heathen for the people. It cannot be true that spiritualism has "harmed" religion by making the future life "repulsive and ridiculous." The Spiritualists themselves look to the future life with great joy, and of course those who are not Spiritualists do not believe in the future life portrayed by the Spiritualists.

Spiritualists do not say that "spirits know all the facts of nature by intuition," or in any other way. To know anything, the spirits must learn it, as they must learn it while in the physical body.

The Christians believe and teach that one can be "changed in the twinkling of an eye," even at the very last moment of life, if one will "believe in the atoning blood of Jesus."

The Spiritualist knows that "death," so called, does not change the individual. He begins spirit life just as he left here, but he may have a better opportunity to improve if he so desires. This being so, it is not at all strange that silly, illiterate messages come through mediums, or that untruthful messages come, if one will listen to the conversation of Christians, when a few of them come together, he will find that most of the conversation is as contradictory and silly as the messages spoken of in the editorial as having come from spirits.

Even the "silly, illiterate" messages have been more helpful, and eased more sorrowing hearts than all the sermons ever preached or all the sciences, philosophies and religions of the world. Ever since I can remember, I have been taught, advised and cared for by spirits, and it has blessed my life all the way from infancy to this time. The Spiritualists know that idiots enter spirit



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life, just as do the wisest, but they also know that they do not "spend an eternity as gibbering idiots." They have bodies, through which they can manifest consciousness, and they have teachers who teach them as they do children.

One cannot drink clean water from a dirty vessel.

LUCY A. ROSE MALLORY.

Physicians as Truth-Tellers.

Kansas City Star.

Dr. Thomas P. Prout, of Summit, N. J., at the recent annual meeting of the Medical Society of New Jersey, presented his views on "Medical Expert Testimony." In his paper Doctor Prout said that the "befogging methods and truth perversion of court procedure at the present time were often useless in attaining the ends of justice." There were, he said, several elements in the court procedure which were handicaps in reaching the truth in cases involving expert testimony. "The physician's proper ideal," said the doctor, "in the pursuit of his avocation is truth," but, he added, "on the other hand, the ideal of the practicing attorney is sometimes very different."

Church Built by One Man.

London Strand.

In the village of Stivichal, near Coventry, is a small church which was built by one man—a stonemason, named John Green. In 1810 he laid the first stone of the edifice, and seven years later completed the building. In all that time he derived assistance from no one, doing all the work with his own hands until the church was ready for its interior fittings. This is the

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