

The Bible gives expression to this

ritory of another until gifts have been

time possibly grew out of the desire

to emulate the amazing unselfishness

of Christ. The custom was nurtured

in Germany. Here it became the habit

to make periodic exchange of gifts

among friends, relatives, acquaint-

ances. It became an obligation, and

From Germany, the custom of Christ-

mas gift giving spread over Europe.

the struggling colonists who had cut

has become more and more an insti-

tution, as the generations have slipped

by, and today we exchange gifts as a

It was a custom among the Romans

for the priest to put a box on all out-

going ships. The people were required

ship was ready to sail, the box was

sealed and went to sea with it. On

Christmas, at which time mass was

the contents were kept by the church :

is related that frequently at the open-

ing of this box those who had not

placed anything in it came forward

and offered gifts in the form of money

During the early period of Chris-

danity it was customary for poor men

and women to sing carols in the

streets at Christmas time. They would

be given food, clothing and money.

sometimes distributed to the poor. It

the return the box was turned over

to put something into it. When the

exchanged.

this period.

matter of course.

or jewelry.

about? So simply and naturally has gift-making strong man in the desire to gain his | so. And custom, among superstitious slipped into our scheme of friendship and protection. things that we scarcely recthought. Says Deuteronomy 16:19: did not make gifts to the singers who ognize it as a thing in itself.

Gift-making has a history as old as time, and there are many occasions wise." Meaning, of course, that it is on which we deem it fit and proper, easy to obtain what one wants if one nay, even obligatory, to give and ex- distributes gifts judiciously. change gifts. Nearly every one exobserved to its fullest possibilities.

Glancing over the ages, we find that gift-making has always existed in some | bearskin or a sharp flint spear, he felt he feared and distrusted strangers, just as some of us do today. He scorned the weak and cringed before the strong. The conditions of life forced him to these reactions.

Whatever impulses primitive man may have had to share his possessions or to make a gift of something which he really preferred to keep for himself, grew out of fear. From what we know about the nature of our earliest ancestors we cannot believe that he would have parted with anything he wanted unless he was afraid. When the lightning flashed and the thunder roared, an overwhelming fear possessed him. Unable to reason that these were natural elements over which he could not possibly exercise control, he shot at the storm with arrows and shouted at the thunder. When these efforts failed his fear increased. What had he done to anger the gods? Perhaps a gift would appease this anger. To him the giving of a treasured possession meant real sacrifice. For instance, if he made a bonnie and burned some of his hardearned food, he expected the gods to appreciate his sacrifice and turn off

The Egyptians made great gifts to their kings. The Israelites gave a to the priest who placed it aside until tenth of all their grain, their wine, their cattle to the king. This custom spread everywhere, and even Christianity failed to wipe it out. Ambassadors, visiting foreign countries. brought gifts. We are told that Queen Elizabeth received thousands of gifts from her subjects at New Year's.

There remains little doubt that, what other purposes may have induced the making of a gift, there lurked behind it an unconscious desire to win the friendship of the person of power to gain one's own endseven as the weak man of the primi-

Would Be Popular Ruling

The New England judge who decid

ed that at least one egg is necessary

er than he anticipates, I fear. I un-

derstand she took the money and went

to Rena,"-Louisville Courier-Journal.

chowder.-Detroit News.

Gay Christmas Lights

not because of the songs they sang, tive tribe made a gift to the tribal but because it was the custom to do we have the myth today. and How to Make Them among the leaves, make unique covers from glowing lights that throw for bare droplights. Use two wreaths, placing one on each side of the light mystery over familiar things, and fasten edges together with paper Replace your usual electric light clips or paste together after inserting shades with Christmas ones of heavy light bulb. Paste rose or yellow tis-

and fit close at the top of the light around the neck.

the edges. Wreaths cut from green | an electric bulb between two stars six cardboard, a few red berries painted or eight inches across, cut from white rose-colored paper brushed with lin- sue paper over the cut-out wreath censeed oil to make it transparent. No ters or crush tissue paper over the

**できるまるできるさささまた。** BIRTH OF CHRIST

in a custard might have gone even further and ruled that there must be HRISTMAS commemorates a clam, or section thereof, in the but one event, the birth of Christ, but originally four events were commemorated-Purposeful Vacation the birthday, the appearance of "He gave his wife \$1,000." "That the star which guided the Wise will get her a long vacation." "Long-Men, the baptism of Christ, and

the first miracle. -

"A gift doth blind the eyes of the caroled Christ's praise. From actual records we know that gift making to children goes far back into prehistory. At various museums Among many peoples, the making of here and abroad there are on view changes gifts at Christmas time, and a gift became a sort of ceremony. A dolls, animals, and other toys which this year we expect to see the custom gift meant much more to primitive have been taken out of the long buried

man than it does to us. When he tombs of children. brought himself to part with a choice We can easily picture a savage father of long ago bringing a curious form or other. Our savage ancestors that he was parting with something shell for his child to play with. We were great hands at the game. But akin to himself. Thus the exchange can see a savage mother carefully gift-giving in primitive man did not of gifts came to be a common way of fashloning a flint or bone toy that her spring from any thought or idea con- formally binding two persons to- child might have something with which nected with generosity. His was not gether. When the Dasuns of North to busy himself. Among these primithe simple desire to please. Being Borneo exchanged weapons they were live peoples, marriage was not conselfish and unutterably superstitious, sworn friends. In central Celebes, sidered binding until a child was born. even today, the exchange of gifts is The birth of the child therefore must recognized as a ceremony for estab- have been an occasion of great celelishing friendship. In Patagonia, no bration, and perhaps all the clansmen chief is allowed to enter into the ter- presented gifts to the newcomer. It would have been a ceremony-to show

peoples, is sacred. They were afraid

that evil would befall them if they

The exchange of gifts at Christmas friends. Painted clay dolls, some in the form of humans and some in the form of animals, were given to early Egyptian children as playthings. Among the early Romans, the man who adopted a child gave it rich gifts to prove that he was able to take care of it.

the child he was welcome and among

to escape it the man with many friends Gifts have always accompanied sometimes took an extended trip at christenings. In the Middle Ages the godparents usually presented the child with gold or silver spoons. It is barely possibly that the phrase, "born with It crossed the sea and was brought to a silver spoon in his mouth," may have come from this custom. loose from all Old World influences. It

The custom of presenting children with gifts at Christmas time was most pronounced among the Germans in early life. Kris Kringle is their name for Santa Claus. It is derived from Krist Kindli, which means Christ child. We can understand why the holiday would have been recognized as being particularly a child's festival.

Saint Nicholas, or Santa Claus, is regarded as the patron saint Christmas. The old nursery myth is a pack on his back to leave gifts for arms as if suffering from the cold. said and the box opened. Sometimes good children.

It is possible that this myth origchimney at the beginning of the new year to enable good luck to enter the household. A housewife, busy cleaning the chimney at or about Christmas time, might have whispered to her children, to keep them out of mischief, that if they were good Santa laus would come down the chimney and bring gifts to them. Impressed. the children hurried to spread the news among their playmates, and so

tissue paper, and sewing them together with an edging of tinsel rope. Either place the tree under a light fixture and use a short drop cord or run an extension cord over a ceiling hook placed above the tree.

Let such a star shine welcome from the big wreath in door or window. On frame is necessary if they flare widely light bulb and snap a rubber band the door extension cord should run to the hinged side and through screw buibs. Finish them with poinsettla A beautiful star to hang above the hooks to the point from which it drops seals or sew green paper rope along Christmas tree is made by enclosing to the wreath.-Frances Grinstead.

#### Be Careful of Rust

Rust stains washtubs, sinks and bathtubs. Rusty water ruins clothes in the laundry. Walls are stained and ceilings fall when pipes leak and rugs and furniture are frequently damaged by dripping water.

Had One Virtue Golfer (wishing to be kind to his friend's partner)-Well, no, he is not a great golfer yet, but I hear he is very good to his mother.-London Opinion.

## The GIRL in the MIRROR

ELIZABETH JORDAN

(@ by The Century Company.)

CHAPTER XIII—Continued

There had been a long silence after his last words, but when she spoke it was as if there had been no interval between his chatter and her response

"Almost any other man would have been 'heroic,' " she went on, "Almost any other man would have been excited and emotional at times, and then would have been exacting and difficult and rebellious over all the mystery. and the fact that I couldn't explain. I've set that pace myself," she confessed. "I haven't always been able to take things quietly and-and philosophically. The wonderful thing about you is that you've never been overwhelmed by any situation we've been in together. You've never even seemed to take them very seriously. And yet, when it came to a 'showdown,' as Shaw says, you've been right there, always."

"You're the kind," she said, "that in the French revolution, if you had been a victim of it, would have gone to the guillotine with a smile and a jest, and would have seen in the experience only a new adventure."

At that, he shook his head. "I don't know," he said slowly, and with the seriousness he had shown her once or twice before, "Death is a rather important thing. I've been thinking about it a good deal lately." "You have!" In her astonishment, she straightened in her chair, "Why?"

"Well," he hesitated, "I haven't spoken about it much, but-the truth is, I'm taking the European war more seriously than I have seemed to, I think America will swing into the fight in a month or two more; I really don't see how we can keep out any longer. And I've made up my mind to volunteer as soon as we declare

That was all she said, but it was enough. Again he turned away from her and looked into the fire.

"I want to talk to you about it sometime," he went on. "Not now, of course. I'm going in for the aviation look that made him thoughtful. It end. That's my game."

almost inaudibly.

"I've been thinking about it a lot," he repeated. There was an intense. expected relief in this confidence, which he had made to no one else but Bangs, and to him in only a casual phrase or two. "That's one reason why it has been hard for me to get down to work on a new play, as Bangs and Epstein have been hounding me ning through it. to do. I was afraid I couldn't keep my mind on it. All I can think of, besides you-" he hesitated, then went | d-d interference!" on rather self-consciously-"are those fellows over there and the tremen- inside the door. But he was not the house, and, hatless and coatless as he dous job they're doing. I want to sleek, familiar, torpid figure of recent was, hurriedly made his way through help. I'm going to help. But I'm not encounter, going into it with any illusions about through, fighting mad. His jaws were military bands and pretty uniforms set; his sleek head and heavy shouland grand-stand plays. It's the biggest job in the world today, and it's ready to spring, and his protuberant got to be done. But what I see in it in the meantime are blood and fith and stench and suffering and horror and a limitless, stoical endurance. And-well, I know I'm going. But I can't quite see myself coming

Save for his revelation on the morn ing they met, this was the longest personal confidence Laurence Devon had ever made to another human being except his sister Barbara. At its end, as she could not speak, he watched her for a moment in silence, already half regretting what he had said. Then she rose with a flercely abrupt movement, and going to the window stood looking at the storm. He fol-

lowed her and stood beside her. "Laurie," she said suddenly. "Yes?"

"I can't stand it."

"Can't stand it?"

He repeated her words almost absently. His eyes were on a stocky figure moving among the trees below. It kept in constant motion and, he observed with pleasure, it occasionthat he comes down the chimney with ally stamped its feet and swung its "I can't stand this situation."

Then we must clear it up for you. inated with the custom of cleaning the He spoke reassuringly, his eyes still on the active figure. "Is that one of our keepers, down there?" She nodded.

"He has instructions to watch the front entrance and windows. There's

another man watching the rear." 'I hope he hasn't a nice little bottle of chloroform in his overcont pocket, or vitriol," murmured Laurie, reflectively. "By the way," he turned to her with quickened interest, "something tells me it's long after lunch time. Is there any reason why we shouldn't est?"

She smiled. "None whatever. The Icebox contains all the things a well-regulated icebox is supposed to hold. I overheard Shaw and his secretary dis cussing their supplies."

"Good! Then we'll release Mother Fagin long enough to let her cook He strolled to the bedroom door. On

a chair facing it the woman sat and gazed at him with her flerce eyes. "Would you like a little exercise?" he politely inquired. There was no change of expression in the hostile "Because if you would," he went on, "and if you'll give me your word not to cry out, give any kind of him crowded Shaw and the secretary.

whatever, I'll take that bandage off your mouth and let you cook lunch for us and for yourself." The fierce eyes set, then wavered, He waited patiently. At last the head lans and sending the second helpless nodded and he expeditiously untied

"The very best you've got, please," he instructed. "And I hope you can cook. If you can't, I'll have to do it front door. myself. I'm rather gifted that way."

"I can cook," avowed the old woman ! locked. Shaw, if he had entered that

> "Good work! Then go on your Joyons way. But if you feel an impulse to invite into your kitchen any of the gentlemen out in the grounds, or to release the secretary, restrain it. They wouldn't like it in here. They wouldn't

like it at all." A strange grimace twisted the woman's sardonic features. He interpreted it rightly.

"I'm glad you agree with me," he sald. "Now, brook trout, please, and broiled chickens, and early strawberries and clotted cream."

the stole expression that was her ha-"We ain't got any of those things."

"We ain't?" Her guest was pained. What have we got?" "We got ham and eggs and lettuce

she declared.

and milk and coffee and squash pie. He sighed. "They will do," he said resignedly. Do you think you could have them

ready in five minutes?" The luncheon was a cheerful meal, for Laurie made it so. When it was finished he went to the kitchen window, opened it, and carefully arranged several hot ham sandwiches in a row. "For the birdies," he explained. "For the cold little birdies out in the

grounds." "This storm will be a good thing for us," he mentioned to Doris, when they had returned to the upstairs sitting "It will be dark soon after four, and the snow will cover our footsteps. But I'm inclined to think," he added, reflectively, "that before we start I'd better go out and truss up those two birds in the grounds."

She showed an immediate apprehen-

"No. no! you mustn't think of that! she cried. "Promise me you won't." "As you wish, of course. But if they interfere when we're getting started, surely you'll let me rock them to sleep, won't you?"

She did not move, but gave him a was an odd, sidelong look, frightened "Yes, it would be," she corroborated, but watchful. He remembered that once or twice before she had given him such a look. More than anything else that had happened, this glance chilled him. It was not thus that the woman he loved should look at him.

Suddenly he heard her gasp, and the next instant the silence of the room was broken by another voice, a voice of concentrated rage with a snarl run-

"So you're here, are you?" it jerked. "By G-d, I'm sick of you and of your

He turned. Shaw was standing just ders were thrust forward as if he were eyes had lost their haze and held a new and unpleasant light.

But, angry though he appeared, Her bert Ransome Shaw was taking no chances in this encounter with his undesired guest. Behind him shone the now smug countenance of the blond secretary, and on each side he was flanked by another man. Powerful fellows these two seemed, evidently Italian laborers, gazing at the scene uncomprehendingly, but ready for any work their master set them. In stupefaction, Laurie stared at the tab leau, while eight eyes unwinkingly stared back at him. Then he nodded

"Well, Bertie," he said pleasantly you're outdoing yourself in the size of this delegation. Four to one. Quite some odds." His voice changed. "You contemptible coward! Why don't you take me on alone? Have you got your chloroform cone?"

The complexion of Shaw, red with cold, darkened to an apoplectic purple. "You'll soon find out what we've got," he barked, "and what's coming to you. Now, are you going to put up a fight against four, or will you go quietly?"

"I think," said Laurie thoughtfully, "I'd rather go quietly. But just where is it I'm going?" "You'll soon know." Shaw was car-

rying a coll of rope, light but strong, and now be tossed it to one of the Ital-"Tie him up," he curtly ordered.

"Oh, no," said Laurie, backing a step. "Tut, tut! I wouldn't advise that, I really wouldn't. It would be one of those rash acts you read Something in his voice checked the

forward stride of the Italian with the rope. He hesitated, glancing at Shaw. With a gesture, the latter ordered the two men through the door. "Walt just outside," he directed.

He turned to Laurie. "Out you go!" he ordered brusquely. Laurie hesitated, glancing at Dorls,

but he could not meet her eye. At the window, with her back to the room, she stared out at the storm. Even in that moment her attitude stunned him. Also, he felt an unconquerable aversion to anything in the nature of a struggle before her. Perhaps, once outside the room, he could take on those ruffians, together or in turn. Without another word, he crossed

the threshold into the hall. Before him hurried the two Italians. Behind alarm or signal, or start anything He walked forward six strides. Then, as the side railing of the stairway rose beside him, he saw his opportunity. He struck out right and left with all his strength, flooring one of the Italagainst the wall. In the next instant he had leaped over the slender rail of the stairway, landed half-way down the stairs, and made a jump for the

As he had expected, the door was

when the four men were upon him, If he could have taken them on on by one he could have snapped their necks in turn, and he would have done so without compunction. As it was with four leaping at him simultane ously, he called on all his reserve strength, his skill in boxing, and the strategy of his football days.

way, had not been too hurried to at-

tend to this little detail. Laurie had

just time to brace his back against it

His first blow sent the blond secre tary to the floor, where he lay motionless. After that it was hard to dis-She looked at him with a return of tinguish where blows fell. What Devon wanted and was striving to reach was the throat of Shaw, but the slippery thing eluded him.

He fought on with hands and feet. even drawing, against these odds, on the savate he had learned in Paris. Blood flowed from his nose, his ear and his lip. Shaw's face was bleeding. too, and soon one of the Italians had joined the meek young secretary in his slumbers on the floor. Then Laurie felt his head agonizingly twisted backward, heard the creak of a rusty bolt, and, in the next instant, was hurled headlong through the suddenly opened door, to the snow-covered ve

randa. As he pulled himself up, crouching for a return spring, Shaw, disheveled and breathless on the threshold, jerklly addressed him.

"Try it again if you like, you young devil," he panted, "but remember one thing: the next time you won't get off so easily."

The door slammed, and again the bolt shot into place. Laurie listened. No sound whatever came from the inner hall. The old house was again apparently dead, after its moments of flerce life. He slowly descended the steps, and, bracing himself against the nearest tree, stared at the house, still gasping from the effects of the

He was out of it, but he had left Doris behind. The fact sickened him. So did the ignominy of his departure. He was not even to be followed. His absence was all the gang desired. His impulse was to force the door and again face the four of them. But he realized that he could accomplish nothing against such odds, and certainly, as a prisoner in the house, trussed up with Shaw's infernal rope. he would be of no use to either Doris or himself. He decided to return to the garage and get his car and the weapon he had left there. Then, if the four still wanted to fight, he would show them something that might take the spirit out of them

Having arrived at this same conclusion, he turned away from the silent | the Hebrews from about 64 A. D. the heavy snow-drifts toward the pub lic road.

### CHAPTER XIV

Mr. Shaw Decides to Talk

At the garage he found Burke faith ful to his trust and with an alert eve out for more five-dollar bills. The proprietor temporarily lost sight of these. however, in his sudden and vivid in terest in the new patron's appearance.

Laurie answered his questions with word that definitely checked the further development of curiosity. Then, huddling over the stove, and warming his lcy, sonked feet, he curtly outlined his intentions. He was going to change back into his own clothes, he explained, and he would want his car at five o'clock sharp. This, he intimated, would give Burke a little more than half an hour in which to get his mental processes started again and to have the car rendy.

Burke whistled inaudibly. Obviously the joke the lad had played had not panned out to the young man's taste. Burke was sorry for that, experience had been that with these young "rounders" generosity went hand in hand with success and its attendant exhilaration; and that when depression set in, as it obviously had done in this instance, a sudden paralysis numbed the open palm.

However, even granting that this was so, he had already been largely overpaid for anything he had done or might still be expected to do. He nodded his response to the young man's instructions, and though he was not a subtle person, he succeeded in conveying at the same time a sense of his sympathy wit' the natural annoyance of a high-spirited practical joker whose joke had plainly miscarried. Ordinarily his attitude would have amused Devon, but Laurie was far from his sense of humor just now. Still whistling softly, Burke departed, to make a final inspection of the car. leaving Laurie the sole occupant of the cramped and railed-in corner that represented the private office.

That young man was in the grip of a characteristic Devon rage, and as he rapidly got back into his own clothing his fury mounted until the blood pounded at his temples. He dared not let himself sum up the case against Shaw, though the manner in which he had been kicked out savored strongly of contempt. Evidently Shaw didn't care where he was, so long as he was outside of the house.

Neither dared he sum up the case against Doris, though he could not for a moment banish from his mind the picture of her as she had stood with her back to him and his four assailants. Why had she stood thus? Because she was indifferent to any fate that befell him? Or because she was numbed by her own misery? Crowding forward with these questions was sick fear for her, alone in that sinister house with four thugs and an old hag whose sole human quality seemed to be a sardonic sense of humor exercised at his, Laurie's, expense,

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Got That Settled

"How did you come out at the poker party last night, Jim?" "Oh, not so bad. Briggs won enough from me to pay off that fifty he owed

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