CHRISTMAS **MESSAGE AT NIGHT**

By ALICE E. ALLEN.

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seemed to Ruth as she flew for the dozenth time to her telephone that dreary afternoon of the day before Christmas that she had friends in the grim old city of which she had never known until then-true friends, even if they were humble and too poor to do more than telephone their good wishes.

This special message was from Ruth's proprietor. Could be call that evening? Ruth's "Of course not, Mr. Mayne," was firm. Could be take her out, then-a dinner somewhere, the theater? Just this once, for Christmas' sake? Buth's refusals as transmitted by the telephone were all firm and relentless. But as she came away and sat down in her chair by the win dow her eyes were wistful,

"It will never do for the proprietor to call upon his stenographer," she said, with a sorry little smile. "To be sure, there was a time"-when he was changed."

Perliaps because it was Christmas eye; when memorles, no matter how well behaved at other times and seasons, will walk abroad; perhaps because other things -- such as love, joy. peace and good will-were thronging heaven and earth below; perhaps only because Ruth was tired and perplex



MER REPUBLIS WHEN PIRM AND RELEOFT

ed and lonely-whatever the reasonsitting there in her little window, looking down upon the street, with its throng of gay, good natured shoppers, Ruth did what she had sternly forbidden herself to do-she went back over the years which had made such changes in her life. There was her father's business disgrace, the loss of everything, followed by his death. Then came her own beginning in business In spite of herself, Ruth smiled to think of what her old friends would say could they know what a capable little business woman necessity had made of her. But not one of them all knew where she was. Not one had traced her to this great city-that is, except Jack. Jack? As soon as Ruth admit ted that name into her thoughts, it dominated all else. It brought back its owner strong, manly, insistent-one of the won't-take-no-for-an-answer kind Buth found herself wondering-almost -that Jack had taken her no as final Apparently he had. It had surely been as strong as she could make it. And he had gone away-and had not come back With the many friends who had rung up to ask how she was and to say "Morry Christmas" there had been no Jack-Jack of the strong face, the loyal heart, the tender eyes and voice How had she ever let him go?

Some time you will want me. Ruth,' he had said. Above the rush and roat of the great city Ruth beard the words again just as she had heard them every day and every night since Jack had gone away. "I could urge you now. but I want you of your own free will dear. And you will come some day. I do not even need to ask a promise-1 know. What is ours does come to us if we walt bean walt

That was three years ago At first Buth bad half expected his return But he never came And he never sent her a word Ruth was tired of watch ing the malls now And her proud lit tie head told her eager little heart that It was not fair to call Jack back just because life was hard and lonely and | would listen to it oftener." almost unbearable sometimes. So she eark that she enjoyed. She had her little rooms by bernelf, her books, her somewhere

pictures, enough to ent and wear. What more need any one ask? Noth-ing-except at Christmas. At Christmas, to a woman, love is a necessity. That night, in the middle of the darkest hour. Ruth sat up straight in bed She was absolutely sure that the telephone bell over her desk had just rung. All was still, so, after a min-

und of waiting, she lay down again, laughing to herself. The telephone had been so busy all day bringing her messages that she had heard it in her dreams. It could not really have rung After a little she drowsed off, only to hear its shrill lingle again and again. It no longer wakened her. But in her dream she went to the telephone, took down the receiver and lis-

tance a voice spoke—Jack's voice. "Merry Christmas" was its only message. But so strong and clear were the words that when Ruth finally awoke to a sunny Christmas morning, she still tingled to their memory. Perhaps, when one first awakes, the heart has more control over one than the head. Anyhow, when Ruth sat up and looked out of her window at the already busy streets far below her, her eart was doing the talking.

"Jack is waiting for you-some where," it said "And he belongs to you. Why not claim your own?"

After a minute Ruth's heart spoke again. "What if you are poor? What if he is not rich? Can't two work to gether better than apart? Why not ber father's clerk-"but times have give Jack a Christmas gift? The only ne he wants?" Ruth dld not give her head time to

argue with her beart. As soon as she was dressed she was at the telephone giving Jack's business number. After she had waited what seemed a long, long time her head did remind her. "Why, of course," she said slowly,

he will be up country today." She was just about to hang up the receiver. "Wait a minute," cried her heart. Hearts do know things, especially at

Christmas. And then-"Hello!" said a big, hearty voice out of the distance.

"Oh, Jack!" cried Ruth. "Is it you, really you?" "Yes, Ruth," said the voice. "Who lse? You wanted"-

"To-wish you a merry Christmas, Jack," Ruth faltered. "Thanks. That all?"

"Yes," said Ruth, listening to ber head. Then: "No-not quite. I-I wanted to hear your voice; that's all." "Is it?" asked the voice Ruth wanted

to hear. "You see, Jack," Ruth hurrled on, ' dreamed about you last night. thought you called me up, and-and it

was only a dream." "I came so near it," said the voice, "that I stood here by my phone for an hour. But it was late, and-well, Ruth, I wanted you to call me up this time."

"You're not in the country?"

"Not yet. We go tonight."

"Mother and L. She's spending part of Christmas in the city. But we miss the snow and the sleighbells and the home folks."

"It sounds lovely," cried Ruth, "and so Christmasy. Give your mother my love, Jack, and wish her the merriest

Christmas." "She'll be glad to hear from you,

SITTING IN HER LITTLE WINDOW.

Ruth; we've been talking of you. Any

thing eise?"

"Sure. dear?" Ruth's eyes were so full of tears that. as she said afterward, she couldn't see

to talk. "Sure, dear?" asked the voice again. "That's all," she said bravely, "only are you well?"

"Perfectly. And you?" "Oh, yest Wasn't it strange I heard the bell when you didn't really ring up | flamed like red bolly berries.

met night, Jack?" No," sala Jack firmly "Your heart heard mine, fittle girl. If only you

"I can't niways bear it." laughed toiled away until toll became work- Ruth "My head is such a good talker." "Time's up," said a strange voice

tened. Out of the darkness and dis-

The next minute she again took down the receiver. "Get 3806 again; quick!" she said. "Hello!" sald Jack's voice.

But there was no answer

"Is that you, Jack?" "Of course. Something you forgot, dear?

"No; I didn't forget. I wouldn't say it, but I must. Don't look at me. Jack,



"I'VE BEEN HEADY, ALWAYS, JACK." but listen. I'm listening to my heart

now. There is something I want, Jack." "Yen." "It's a big something. Guess. No: don't guesa. Walt. It's you." Ruth hing up the receiver and can to the

chair by the window quite the other side of the room. It was not quite a minute when the elephone bell rang shrilly.

"Is this Miss Hazen?" said the oper

"Yes," anid Ruth. "Message wasn't finished-wait." "Hello;" came Jack's voice, big. strong, vibrant with happiness. "That

you, Ruthy" "Coming," said the voice, "mother and I, to take you up state with us lan you be ready in an hour?"

"Yes." anid Ruth. "I've been rendy always, Jack " What came next most have surprised even that long suffering, much endur

ing wire. Sure it is that Ruth's checks And even before she ran to put her clothes In her suit case, to do her batr and to put on her one good gown, from above her bookcase she rook a spris

she fied it over the telephone. "If ever anything deserved a merry Christmas," she cried, "you do!"

of scarlet bolly. With a red ribbon

Ouotations to Go With Christmas Gifts ***********

PRETTY and original touch may A be given a Christmas gift by accompanying it with a dainty card on which are written the recipient's name and some apt quotation of an appropriate nature. A few selected quotations suitable for different gifts may be of interest For a postal card album;

Kind messages that pass from land to and -Longfellow For a set of books by a well known

inthor:

The chief mlary of every people arises from its authors - Dr Johnson For a small afternoon ten enddy: Tea, thou soft, thou soher, sage and ven-erable liquid -Colley Cincer

For a merul purse: The best friends are in the pursa. -Gernan Proveris

Happy the man who, void of cares and in sliken or in leathern purse retains A splendid shilling

-John Philips. With a pack of cards:

The cards heat all the players, be they never so skillful - Emerson. With a pair of gloves: Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand! Romeo and Julies.

With a silver handgluss: The heart, like a mirror, should reflect all objects without being sullied by any

With a "tear off" calendar: The lengest day must have an end.-A Christmas gift of a ring for a flan-

cee or wife: fig let our love As endless prove And pure as gold forever

-Robert Herrick. For the last baby: Much is she worth, and even more is nade of her - W. E. Hentey

With an umbrella; The year, most part deformed with dripng rains -- Cowper With a cookbook:

The taste of the kitchen is better than the smell .- Old Proverb. With an electric torch lamp:

To a great night a great lanthorn -- Old With a needlecase: Who * * * hath need of a hundred eyes -

Old Proverb. With a photograph: Generally music feedeth the disposition of spirit which it findsth.-Bacon.

A RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL.

HRISTMAS celebrations in Mexico differ greatly from ours and usually last for several days. Bright lanterns suspended in the air proclaim the glad tidings of the holldays, and every Mexican Jacal, no matter how humble, puts out its beacon to light the steps of the Saviour should be perchance appear. The story of the birth of the Redeemer is annually portrayed in all Mexican towns and in a symbolle language which the most igno

rant can readily understand. The performance is given by fifteen players, consisting of Joseph and Mary and the infant Jesus, two archangels, Lucifer and three of his minious and a number of shepherds. The costumes are adapted to the Mexican conception of the characters and are novel in the extreme All of the costumes are got up tastefully, and, while a strict conformance with the requirements of the first century might rob Joseph of his sombrero, still it is doubtful if the esson which it is desired to instill in the minds of the people would be an effective if all the minor details of the

early Jewish fashions were followed. The scene of the play opens near Bethlehem, where the shepherds are tending their flocks, by a host of angels appearing and telling them of the birth of the Saviour and inviting them to follow to where he lies. They follow the star which leads them to the stable, in the manger of which the infaut rests in the arms of Mary and Joseph. While rejoicing, Lucifer, armed with two swords, appears and attempts to de stroy the child Jesus, but is repulsed by two angels, who keep watch over him. Not to be outdone, Lucifer summons three archdemons, who fight with the angels for the course of half an hour, resulting in the final overthrow of the evil one and his emissaries and the placing of the feet of the angels upon their necks.

Then the shepherds break out into rejoicing, and, while a portion of them sing the praises of the Redeemer who is born unto them, others chant in a harmonious atrain the goodness and mercy of God This feature, accompanied by music on the harp and violin. is kept up until a late hour each night until the holidays are over.

One must understand the Mexican people and their devoutness and intense religious feeling to fully appre clate how strongly the presentation of the shepherds affects their minds.

Spot's Friend

By ELDON SPEAKE [Copyright, 1913, by American Press Asso-ciation.]

EAR Mr. Santa, I don't know you, And maybe it's just as well, For, bein's you never done nothin' for me,
I aln't quite so 'fraid to tell
What it is that I'd like to have you do

Just as quickly as ever you can.

And maybe some day I can pay you back If I ever grow up to a man. A dog catcher came here last week and

My puppy away somewhere,
And I am so lame that I can't go look
And get him away from there.
And even if I could go where he's at
I haven't no dollar to pay. And if you will kindly advance me that I'll try and return it some day.



"SPOT-THAT'S HIS NAME."

You know, my papa he went and died And left just my mamma and me And Spot-that's his name—and we cried and cried, For we missed him a lot, we three,

and mamma she works, and we got along, And Spot he stayed home with me And never went out, for I'm not very strong.
And I have to have some one, you see.

The dog man that took him away he said He'd keep him ten days in the pound, And after that time poor Spot'll be dead— And three days from now Spot'll be

drowned. So please, Mr. Santa, if you can spare A dollar to set Spot free, Please take it and give to the man up

there
And send home my puppy to me.

And please, Mr. Santa, if you haven't got No dollar to spend that way,

And tell him we'll meet some day. And if you don't mind that he's not very

And if there's nobudy to see,
I wish you'd just kinda-he'll know what Just give him a pat for me.

HOW TO SPEND CHRISTMAS.

Forget Yourself For the Day and Try to Make Others Happy.

than ever before and scatter mer- up until the midnight bell tolls. riment on all sides. Have you tiful phase in popular superstition," a yourself that you have forgotten other folks?

Those you have forgotten are good folks, aren't they, the best folks in the world? And you are just going to show them how appreclative you are You don't like this modern way of turning dear old Christmas Inte on occasion for trading and exchanging gifts. You are going to see all the friends you can on that day fantastic garb and shine hambs with as many; put them on the back and tell see you are going to write cheery, warm hearted letters and tell them you want to best from them oftener, isn't that now you feel about the greatest of all birthdays?

PLUM PUDDING AND MINCE PIE CHRISTMAS NECESSARIES

Plum pudding and mince ple are minor but necessary accompaniments of the old day, but it is still the happlest Christmas day, and strangely enough day of all the year-at least where the the former was long ago accepted as shadow of misfortune does not cloud typical of the riches and spices brought | the sky. by the three wise men to the child in the manger, while the Christmas pie was held in abbotrence by all members of strict puritanical bodies, who be-

All plums the prophets' sons deny, And spice broths are too hot: Treason's in the December ple And death within the pot

Celebrating the Day Anciently and Now

On Christmas eve the bells were rung; On Christmas eve the mass was sung. That only night in all the year Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear. The damsel donned her kirtle sheen; The hall was dressed with holly green. Forth to the wood did merry men go To gather in the mistletoe. Then opened wide the baron's hall To vassal, tenant, serf and all. Power laid his rod of rule aside. And Ceremony doffed his pride. The heir, with roses in his shoes, That night might village partner choose

O sang Sir Walter Scott of the glories of Christmas eve and of Christmas itself. And the world yields to him the paim for the best practical description of the season's dear delights. Christmas with us is a day of giving

and receiving, of good cheer and good feeling, and essentially it is one of religious significance. Hence it will sound strange to many to be told that a number of our Christmas customs come down to us from pagan times. Yet such is the fact. Traces of some heathen rites are found in England aswell as here, and the cause of their survival lies deeper than theology. When the mother country, so called, was converted to Christianity the priests found her people wedded to many old customs. Not all of these were what they would have had them, but they had a practical work to perform and went at it in a practical way. The more revolting of these customs they properly uprooted altogether; the better of them they preserved, only ingrafting the rites of the church upon

Thus it came about that festivities which had their origin in the old Roman Saturnalia and had come into use among the druids survived in the grim mythology of the Saxons and are a portion of our inheritance today. Conspicuous among these are the burning of the Yule log and the hanging of the mistletoe bough.

Among all peoples who celebrate the day at all it has always been a day for eating and drinking, for singing and dancing and merriment of all kinds. Indeed, this has been the criticism of the church against the manner of observance-that its spiritual meaning was too often forgotten in the general tide of worldly cheer.

In England its observance is universal. The chroniclers tell us that in Cheshire no servants would work on this day, even though their failure to do so resulted in their discharge. The richest families were compelled either to do their own cooking on Christmas or eat what had been prepared beforehand, while dancing and merriment reigned. And the games that were played: number nearly legion, the most of them, though, on Christmas eve. Run-



THE STREETS IN MANY PLACES WERE FILLED

WITH MUMMERS DAY off, a few remembrances ning in sacks, ducking for apples, from relatives and friends and jumping at cakes suspended by a a good dinner-is that all that string and trying to catch them be-Christmas means to you? Sure tween the teeth, drinking hard cider ly you are going to make it an mixed with egg and spices, and a casion for more than usual re- score of others-these claimed and still joicing this year, a real old fash. claim in Devonshire the time of old loned Christmas. Surely you are and young, the children themselves going to be more liberal in spirit being allowed on this one night to sit

voted so much time to enjoying very old belief, was that all the powers of evil lay dormant and harmless on Christmas day. The cock crowed through the live-

long night to drive all evil spirits away; the bees sang in their winter bives; the cattle, half human at all times, became wholly so at midnight and talked like human beings.

Bread that was baked the night before Christmas could not possibly become moldy The streets in many places were filled with mummers in

Indeed, there were munimers in the days when Saturnalia reigned over them how gaid you are to be with them. And to those you cannot were not necessarily of the Cheisters. were not necessarily of the Christmas time. The love for masquerade is al-

most as old as the human race itself. But as to the day itself, it was then, as it is now, a very merry day, with good fellowship bubbling even from hearts where theological nonbellef dwelt--a day sacred to the family, tothe eating of roast turkey and cranberry sauce or roast beef and plum pudding and walnuts and the drinking

of beer, sie and wine. It has changed to some extent since-

Many a man works overtime because his wife needs the money.

Governor Johnson of California saysthe progressive party is in a "crisis." And Roosevelt 10,000 miles away.