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THE FAR CRY HE HEARD

By MAGLYN DUPREE

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IT HAD not been easy for John Wellington, Sr., to select his Christmas gifts this year, although his old wife and one or two servants were all for whom he had to provide. It was Christmas Eve, and he had been through bookstores, where handsomely bound volumes of story writers, philosophers and poets were displayed on every counter; through brilliantly lighted jewelry stores, where precious stones gleamed softly against backgrounds of rich velvet; through the perfumed shop of the florist, where delicate blossoms from famous greenhouses breathed forth a fragrance that gave the lie to the bitter wind and swirling snow outside. With each he had left a generous check, but always with an unsatisfied feeling that he was paying for something he did not care to have. Finally, he had been lured into a shop whose windows displayed an attractive lot of toys for small boys, and he had selected from its almost endless store of guns, wagons, wonderful animals and ear-splitting "wind instruments," a red tin horn, costing him only twenty-five cents.

This had given him more satisfaction than any purchase he had made for many times that amount.

The other parcels he had ordered delivered, but this he had carried himself, as though it were something too precious to be trusted to other hands. It was this that he unwrapped before the big, old-fashioned fireplace where his wife sat, as soon as he had come in from the storm-swept street. As he held it up where the red gleam of the firelight was caught on its rounded surface, a look of surprise swept over the gentle old face near him.

"Why, John, you never bought that! Surely they handed you someone else's purchase."

"No," he said, his face growing suddenly tender, "I bought it."

His wife, with a woman's quick instinct, divined the reason. She stepped nearer to him and laying her hand on his arm, looked at him with pleading eyes, saying, "But why, father?"

It was the first time she had called him father for a decade past, and there was a pitiful break in the old man's voice as he replied, "I bought it for a memory, mother."

That was the first time in ten years he had called her mother, and at the sound of the name, she too, gave way—gave way, womanlike, leaning her head on his arm, and sobbing out a grief that had silently stolen the roses from her cheeks and the light from her eyes as the years had gone by. The old man's arm went round her lover-fashion while his hand gently stroked her soft white hair. "There, there, mother dear. The boy's not dead. I'll find him yet for you, if I have to hunt the world over. I was to blame," he said, with such infinite regret in his voice that the old wife reached up and drew his head down to her face and whispered, "Don't take it so, father. I know you thought you were doing the best for the boy when you sent him away to do or die on his own account, and somehow I feel tonight, as I have never felt before, that he may be found."

As she spoke, something in her tones made him feel that at last his wife had forgiven him entirely for the decision which, ten years before, had robbed her of her only child. Always before this he felt through all her gentle and kindly care for him, that tucked away somewhere in the silent recesses of her being there was just a little bitterness against him for the childless state he had brought upon her. But now that he, himself, had come to repent it, he knew beyond a doubt that the last drop of that bitterness had been swallowed up in a grief grown sweet from being shared.

He sat down in his great arm chair and looked up with misty eyes at his wife. "You're right, mother. I did think it best. I would rather have seen him dead than worthless, and I knew if he had worth, he would conquer himself, and rise without my aid, more of a man than with it." She put her arm around his neck and patted his cheek. "He has risen somewhere, father. I know it. He could not be your son and fail," she said, the loyalty and love of a lifetime lighting her face with a soft radiance.

He took up the tin horn from the table where he had laid it, and fondled it as if it were fraught with memories, instead of merely recalling them.

"It's ten years since he left," he said. "What a man he must be now—thirty-one tonight. But I was thinking, when I bought this, of the time when he was a little yellow-haired toddler, and almost drove us wild with just such a horn as this at Christmas time."

She took the horn from him, and looking dreamily at it, said, "We'll keep this, father; maybe Jack's boy will some day make these old walls ring with it at Christmas time as he made them ring, himself, so many years ago."

"God grant that he may!" said the old man. "Do you remember, mother, how he used to come chasing down the street after me when I would start off to my work in the morning?"

"Yes, and how you would pick him up and carry him back to me," she said. "And do you remember the time we came near losing him, the day he ran away to hunt you in the city?"

"Who that saw you then could forget it, mother?" and he took her hand in his and drew her down to the chair beside him. They sat hand in hand in the silence, given over to voiceless memories of the past, only the ticking of the old clock keeping an accompaniment to their dreams of other Christmas Eves. They were sitting thus an hour later when a servant opened the door and said respectfully, "There is a telephone call for Mr. Wellington."

"Can't you answer it, Mary?" the old man asked, loath to leave his comfortable chair and his dreams.

"No, sir. It is especially for you. A long-distance call, I think."

"Who the deuce wants to talk to me from a distance?" he said, as he rose and went to the telephone in the hall.

"Hello, who is this?" he asked, as he picked up the receiver. "Yes, this is John Wellington."

"A party in Chicago wants to talk to you," said the long-distance operator.

"All right, put him up. Who in thunder do I know in Chicago," he ejaculated to himself, pressing the receiver closer to his ear.

A peculiar wailing sound was all he heard, and a puzzled expression crept over his face. "Talk a little louder. I can't understand a thing you are saying," and he listened more intently. The wailing grew a little louder, but still it was nothing but an inarticulate wail, and for a moment the old man looked thoroughly disgusted.

"Confound it!" he shouted at last, "You sound exactly like a mewling infant. I don't know what you are saying."

Then a man's laugh was heard, followed by "A merry Christmas, father. You know exactly what he sounds like, but you don't know what he is saying," and there was another laugh ringing, joyful, as in his boyhood days, and the old man knew he had found his own.

"Jack, Jack, my boy, is that you?" he shouted, staggered by the unexpected joy of his sudden discovery.

"None other, father, but what you first heard was another Jack, the second Jack Wellington, Jr. He has just arrived, and his command of English is somewhat limited, but he was doing his best to introduce himself, and invite you and grandma to Christmas dinner with him, and—"

"Oh, Jack, Jack, where have you been all these years?" sobbed the old man.

"Catch the Lake Shore Limited tonight, father, bring mother with you, and I'll tell you all about it when you get here. You've got time. You see, father, I've kept track of you and mother all along. I wasn't going to let anything happen to my old folks, and—" there was a catch in his voice. "I've got the right kind of a report to make, father. Never fear that."

The old man could scarcely contain himself as he listened, pressing the receiver closer to his ear, as though he feared some bit of the precious news might escape him. Then he shouted, "All right, son, we're coming on the next train." He left the receiver dangling on the wall, and started on a run to the room where his wife sat, shouting as he went, "Mother, mother, it's Jack—our boy. Get ready, mother. I'm going to have a taxi here in twenty minutes to catch the train for Chicago." She had risen with a wild look on her face, and had started to question him, but he shook his head, saying, "No, no, I'll explain later. Not got time now. We're going to spend Christmas with Jack and his boy."

He started for the 'phone again, and then dashed back, exclaiming, "Pack the tin horn if you don't pack another thing. Any child that can cry loud enough to be heard all the way from Chicago ought to have breath enough to blow that horn," and he dashed again to the 'phone to order a taxi.

Railroad Gauges

The standard gauge of 4 feet 8½ inches is almost exclusively used on railroads of the United States, Canada, Great Britain and most European countries. A gauge 5 feet 3 inches is used in Ireland, and in Victoria and South Australia. Most of the rest of Australia conforms to standard gauge, but there are some 3 foot 6 inch roads, and that gauge is commonly used in New Zealand, Japan, South Africa, and to some extent in Egypt and the Near East. Russia uses 5 feet, Spain, Portugal and parts of India 5 feet 6 inches.

Deer's Jumping Power Is Marvel of Nature

Many years ago I was talking with a famous old woodsman of the Carolina swamps and our conversation turned to the subject of deer, and particularly to the question of their ability as jumpers, writes Archibald Rutledge in St. Nicholas. Each of us was able to give some remarkable examples of the wild deer's power as a jumper, but neither seemed certain as to the limits of this power. Finally my friend said: "Well, I believe that a deer can jump just as far and as high as he has to."

As a matter of fact, a deer's motions are singularly easy and graceful. When he jumps, he seems to float over obstructions, without careful approach and without apparent effort. Moreover, the deer is singularly sure-footed. During 30 years of hunting, I have seen in the woods upward, I think, of a thousand deer. Most of these were in flight, in wild country, where the footing was most treacherous; yet I never saw an unwounded deer fall down.

I once measured the jump of a deer which sprang from its bed—that is, the first jump it made from a position flat on the ground. It was 14 feet 1 inch. But remember that this jump was made from a lying-down position. While running, the average jump of the white-tail is from 15 to 20 feet; but by small effort a mature deer can increase this distance amazingly.

Denmark's Orchard Island

Falster is one of the Danish islands in the Baltic, which is known as "the orchard of Denmark." It is flat, well watered and richly wooded. Its chief products are hemp, corn, sugar beets, hops, cattle, honey and wax. Its capital is Nykjobing and the population is 37,000.

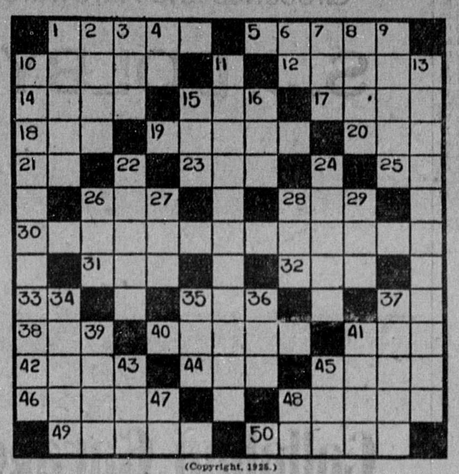
Why He Asked

"Has he got any money?"

"Well, look at the ring he gave me."

"I am; what I mean, has he got any left?"

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



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Horizontal.

1—A sore
5—Keen
10—Pressing implements
12—To burn with boiling water
14—A part of speech
15—Belonging to him
17—Actual
18—A kind of fish
19—Various clasps or fastenings
20—Printer's measures
21—Road (abbr.)
23—A pig pen
25—A prefix meaning "two"
26—A little devil
28—A cushion
30—State of decision
31—To declare
32—Small
33—Behold
35—To partake of a meal
37—A preposition
38—Breed, class
40—A certain liquid
41—Five hundred and two (Roman numerals)
42—To abound
44—Condensed moisture from the air
45—A game played on horseback
46—To surrender
48—Twelve
49—A region of the earth
50—Avidity

Vertical.

1—The young of birds
2—Noisy
3—A girl's name
4—Exists
6—High school (abbr.)
7—Part of a play
8—Unusual
9—A little mass or weight of lead
10—Skepticism
11—To deal or apportion
13—Name
15—Possesses
16—To look furtively
22—To spread
24—Prices
26—Belonging to it
27—To look closely
28—Foot of certain quadrupeds
29—To pass away
34—Pertaining to oil
35—Sorrowful
36—A seat in a church
37—Was ill
39—The bottom of a ship
41—To slumber lightly
43—One thousand and fifty-one (Roman numerals)
45—An American port
47—Doctor of medicine (abbr.)
48—Doctor (abbr.)

The solution will appear in next issue

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle.

HOW TO SOLVE A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

When the correct letters are placed in the white spaces this puzzle will spell words both vertically and horizontally. The first letter in each word is indicated by a number, which refers to the definition listed below the puzzle. Thus No. 1 under the column headed "horizontal" defines a word which will fill the white spaces up to the first black square to the right, and a number under "vertical" defines a word which will fill the white squares to the next black one below. No letters go in the black spaces. All words used are dictionary words, except proper names. Abbreviations, slang, initials, technical terms and obsolete forms are indicated in the definitions.

MAILS DELIVERED BY RADIO PLANE

A scheme has just been put before the French government whereby letters and parcels can be delivered to certain centers throughout the country by pilotless airplanes, guided entirely by electricity and wireless.

The airplanes will take the form of cylinders to hold the mails, with planes on each side of them and automatic motors in the bow. The whole system will be controlled from a central tower.

The cylinders, driven by their engines and guided from the wireless plant, will travel at a high speed, while their every movement is followed on a large, illuminated screen by the engineers in the tower. The mail bags will be stowed in separate compartments, according to their destination, and by operating a switchboard in the central tower the contents of each compartment can be released, with parachute attached, when the airplane is over the receiving station. No slackening of speed on the part of the cylinder will be necessary.

Women in Industry

Twenty-three out of every 100 women and girls over fifteen years old are employed in gainful occupations, according to an analysis of census figures by the women's bureau of the Department of Labor. The number increased from 3,750,000 in 1890 to 8,250,000 in 1920, the greatest gain being shown in "typical city industry," such as factories, trade and clerical occupations.

Wages and working hours are not yet on a par with those of men in the same fields, according to the report, which also shows that the majority of women in a number of states work more than 48 hours a week.

Ten of the thirteen states included in the bureau's survey allowed more than one-half of the working women to labor longer than eight hours a day.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Clerk Didn't Quite "Get" the Customer

A friend with a taste for books, had picked up an old volume or two at a second-hand store.

Passing the store later she paused and asked the young man at work in front:

"Have you any old books in this morning?"

The young fellow was new in the place and a bit fresh in other respects it would seem, for he grinned at what he took for a pleasantry and he answered in the affirmative.

"Where are they?" my friend asked as she stepped inside and failed to see any books about.

"Why back there by the stove, a-talkin'," the young fellow directed, surprised at her question.

"What books!" my friend exclaimed.

"Oh, books, ma'am! Why I thought you said old bucks!"—Indianapolis News.

Marble Statuary

For cleaning marble statuary and ornaments there is a paste that comes to anoint the statue, and after it has stood for an hour a clean cloth dipped in cold water will remove it. Nothing that has ever touched grease should be used on marble. If after the silver has all been cleaned properly and is back in a cabinet or closed closet, place a small piece of gum camphor on a shelf and it will keep the silver bright for a long time.

Easily Plucked

To remove the feathers from wild ducks dip them in boiling water, then wrap in a thick cloth. The feathers are steamed loose in a few minutes and the "pins" will give little or no trouble.

Uncle Eben

"De world is gittin' better an' better," said Uncle Eben, "but it's got to improve mighty fast to make up foh some o' de people dat's gittin' wuss and wuss."—Washington Star.

Exposition Attractions

Modeled closely after Biblical descriptions and other data scholars have discovered, reproductions of King Solomon's temple, the pool, the palace he built for one of his wives (who was the daughter of a pharaoh) and other edifices that graced Jerusalem in ancient times are to be shown at the Philadelphia exposition in 1926. One of the outstanding features of the city will be the 240-foot tower of the temple. The entire project is expected to cost nearly $3,000,000.

Excellent Advice

Be humble and gentle in your conversation of few words, but always pertinent when you speak, hearing out before your attempt to answer, and then speaking as if you would persuade, not impose.—Exchange.

Indian Sites Mapped

Nineteen hundred sites of Indian culture, including remains of villages, camps, burial grounds and the like, were reported in eastern Pennsylvania in a recent survey.

Judge From the Best

When a man does a noble act, date him from that. Forget his faults. Let his noble act be the standpoint from which you regard him. There is much that is good in the worst of men.—Bellows.

Those Mad Wags

A prominent author claims to find meats more inspiring than vegetables. "One of those men who would go to the steak for their ideas," comments R. W.—Boston Transcript.

The KITCHEN CABINET

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He came up smiling—used to say,
He made his fortune that-a way.
He had hard luck a-plenty, too,
And settled down and fought her through,
And every time he got a jolt
He just took on a tighter holt,
Slipped back some, when he tried to climb,
But came up smilin' every time.
—James W. Foley.

HAVE A SANDWICH

For the numberless occasions when sandwiches are so appropriate and so much enjoyed, one likes a large range from which to choose.

Caviar Toast Sandwiches.—Put the caviar into a shallow dish and add a tablespoonful of mayonnaise; mixing until creamy. Add the juice of half a lemon and one teaspoonful of scraped onion. Spread thin slices of white bread from which the crusts have been removed with the mixture and an equal number with mayonnaise. Put together in pairs, press lightly and cut into finger-sized sandwiches. Brush with soft butter and arrange in a wire broiler. Toast lightly on both sides and serve with after dinner coffee.

Roman Sandwiches.—Finely mince cold broiled smoked fish—there should be one cupful. Add one teaspoonful of anchovy paste, or three anchovies pounded to a paste; add one tablespoonful of French mustard, one tablespoonful of vinegar from a pickled onion bottle, and just enough mayonnaise to moisten the mixture. Use as a filling for bread sandwiches which have been spread with mayonnaise, adding a lettuce leaf to each sandwich. Serve with tiny cucumber pickles and coffee.

Quince Jelly and Pecan Nut Sandwiches.—Whip one cupful of quince jelly with a fork until light, add one cupful of finely chopped pecan or hickory nut meats; mix well and use as a filling between split lady fingers, or thinly sliced whole wheat bread, spread with creamed butter. Serve with fruit salad and cocoa.

Wafer Sandwiches.—Spread salted wafers with marmalade jam, jelly or conserve, put together in pairs, arrange in a paper doily lined sandwich basket and serve with a cup of tea for afternoon callers. Cocoa or coffee will be equally acceptable.

Celery and Roquefort Cheese Sandwiches.—Chop celery (to one cupful add mayonnaise to moisten), to which has been added one-third of a cupful of finely crumbled roquefort cheese. Mix well and spread between buttered slices of rye bread.

Broiled Venison Cutlets.—Cut chops from the loin of venison. Brush them with melted butter or olive oil, sprinkle with salt and pepper and roll in bread crumbs. Broil over coals or under gas until cooked to the right turn.

Helpful Hints.

All fruits should be washed before serving. Such fruit as strawberries, when not to be used at once, should be spread out on large plate or dish. If left in boxes they crush and also mold quickly.

Silk stockings will last much longer if washed after each wearing. Perspiration rots the fiber, so frequent washing makes them last longer.

Use a few drops of turpentine in the boiler when boiling clothes—it will whiten them. Added to starch it makes collars look glossy.

To stretch butter, add a cupful of sweet fresh milk to a pound of butter, softened enough to be worked into it. Butter thus treated will not keep as long as the ordinary, but it goes much farther when spread on bread. It should be used within a day or two, however, as it is apt to become sour.

Two or three measuring cups should be kept ready for use. Have them standard half-pint size and marked in eighths, quarters and halves. The advantage of two or more cups is that one may be used for liquids and one for dry ingredients without stopping to wash them.

A small-sized scrub brush kept in the kitchen sink will be found to save hands and patience in washing dishes, such as graters, and any dish which has dried-on food.

Fresh tea stains on linen may be removed by sprinkling at once with salt. Fruit stains of jam or jelly should be touched with spirits of camphor before removing the cloth.

Even a small clock is annoying to some people in the sick room. Cover it with a glass bowl. The time can still be seen, but the sound is eliminated.

When cutting shortening into flour, use two knives; the work will be done much faster than with a spoon or fork.

Vanilla is not an appropriate flavor for fried foods such as doughnuts or crullers. Use nutmeg or other spices.

Always dry granite away from a hot stove as it will chip and crack if left over heat.

Put zinc fillings, or pieces of waste zinc on the coals in the furnace; they will clean the chimney of soot.

All silver should be washed and dried as soon as possible after using.

Nellie Maxwell

Earth's Exact Diameter

The International Geodetic and Physical union says that the diameter of the earth is precisely 7,926 miles and 678 thousandths of a mile at the equator, and 7,899 miles and 964 thousandths of a mile through the poles.

Destructive Germs

That man's span of life would be 150 years if determined war against germs were made, is the recently expressed opinion of Sir Ronald Ross, British scientist.

The Wonderful Story

Their Christmas and an Odd Tree

One Surprise Package That Brought Joy to Entire Family.

By GERTRUDE WALTON

"JUST IS plain to see that for this Christmas there will be no tree—I mean one that isn't made from a basket or a table—no real tree. Any kind of a Santa Claus, as well as trees, would die in this terrible place. It would be more bearable if James were home," Mida Lee exclaimed impatiently as she looked lovingly at a photograph of her elder son, James, who, because of government service over the sea, could not spend Christmas with his home circle.

As she looked out over the treeless, snow-covered prairies of her northern ranch home, eighteen miles from town, where the season's drought had robbed them of garden and grain, her sighs rose to an excited exclamation which brought twelve-year-old Clara from an adjoining room to hear the secret her mother revealed.

"Let us be a tree—and a Santa Claus, too. You may be Santa Claus and I will be a tree laden with packages which you may take from me and give to the boys at the sheep-herders' wagon tomorrow. Father and Lester will be gone to town all day and we will visit the boys and present them with a tree and Santa Claus for Christmas Eve," Mrs. Lee laughed.

Mrs. Lee sang all the next morning at her baking, after she had tucked her husband and ten-year-old Lester in the sled for their long drive. In the afternoon, with a basket on her arm and some small packages fastened over her coat, so she would represent a tree, Mrs. Lee and Clara started to the wagon to carry Christmas to the sheep-herders.

While Mrs. Lee put the wagon in order, Clara tacked up bits of Christmas color she had clipped from magazines or had designed from paper.

On the way home Mrs. Lee and Clara planned to have their Christmas packages fastened over Mr. Lee, who would serve as a tree, while Lester, as Santa Claus, would distribute the gifts. Upon arriving home they were surprised to find Mr. Lee and Lester, who had expected to be away until dark. There was greater surprise when they found the chores done and supper ready.

"Let us have our tree and Santa Claus first," Mr. Lee said, when he heard of the plan of a "man-tree" and a boy-Santa Claus. Of course, everyone was willing. So the packages, some of which had been brought that day from town, were being fastened over Mr. Lee as the tree, when he said, mischievously winking at Lester, "Please don't forget the large package I just brought for all of you. It is in the closet."

Mrs. Lee and Clara ran excitedly to the closet when a package—a tall boy—seized them both in his arms. Through smothered joy-cries of "James! When did you come?" Mr. Lee explained that on a previous visit to town he had received word that James was coming home for Christmas. He kept the secret as a happy surprise from Mrs. Lee and Clara. Upon pretense of getting some gifts for the children, he and Lester had planned the trip to town after James, who was now hungry and ready for supper.

LETTER GOT THERE

SHE didn't have Santa Claus' address, but she knew that Aunt Mary must have it, so she wrote the following letter to him and sent it in care of "Aunt Mary, New York," having first read it to her mother:

"Dear Santa Claus:

"I hope you are well. Are you? Won't you have to come this year in your airplain, or your atomobile? Here is my list:

"Too teddy bears in dresses. A doll's writing desk. A doll, not a girl doll. A doll's house (it is in the corner bookshop that is kept by Miss Sinclair). One bear brown and the other white, I think that is all. Your loving friend."

The letter must have arrived, for the presents did.—C. G. Hazard.

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"May I serve as your tree this year, with branches, I hope, strong enough to hold all the trust and confidence you place in me, as well as to hold any packages of love and service the real Santa Claus allows me to carry to his children everywhere? Again I hope that I may be a worthy Santa Claus—His Santa Claus—to distribute His peace and good will," James said as he learned of the afternoon visit to the sheep-herders' wagon.

Grandmother Compares Present With Long Ago

JENNY and her great-grandmother were having a little chat while they waited for the announcement from the maid that Christmas dinner was ready. Grandma Smith had been born and reared in the South. She was spending the holidays with her daughter in the North. Grandmother was in her early nineties, but a remarkable woman for her age. Tall, erect, spry, she would never grow old mentally for she was too progressive in her thinking.

"Jenny, as I looked around the house just now, I couldn't help but realize what a difference a generation or two has made in our mode of living. I couldn't keep from comparing this day and home with a Christmas Day and home I knew long ago. You know, Jenny, Andrew and I were married on one Christmas, years ago. Andrew built a little cabin on a plot of ground he owned. It was perched up on a hill. I thought it was the loveliest, most beautiful cabin ever built in the whole world. And it was. It was the last word in cozy, home architecture of the times. Inside it had a dirt floor and a few pieces of hickory furniture which Andrew had made. I wove all the linens and other cloth which we used. We were so happy. We had a big home wedding. One of my wedding presents was a tin cup. That cup was a prized possession, much talked about and envied by my neighbors. Sometimes I wonder, we lived so simply—and happily—and now how complex are—"

The dinner gong boomed forth a welcome sound. The family gathered and with joyful chatterings hurried in to the festively arranged Christmas dinner table.—Eleanor E. King.

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What to Give?

When one thinks of what to give an old friend for Christmas, the first consideration is, "Now what did I give him last year?" Perhaps that is as good a way as any to open the question of New Year's resolutions.

Santa a Curiosity

Jud Tunkins says he wishes there were a Santa Claus, because it would be such a relief to have a stranger drive up to the house and not try to sell him something.—Washington Evening Star.

Costly Gifts Do Not Give Most Pleasure

MR. AND MRS. GORSE were invited to spend Christmas with Mr. Gorse's wealthy sister on her farm. "But we can't; we can't," insisted Mrs. Gorse. "Our rent has been raised this year, and living is so dear in town we cannot afford presents that even her children will enjoy."

"It's as they want, and not our gifts," rejoined Mr. Gorse. "You leave the presents to me."

On Christmas Day the Gorses drove up to the big white country house in their flivver. Such a welcome as they received. Not an idle nor an embarrassing moment—even for Mrs. Gorse who discarded so reluctantly the weight of city poverty. Laughter, music, fun prevailed. And after dinner, when the grown-ups peeked into the nursery to see what the children were doing, Mr. Gorse had his triumph. The children had discarded their expensive toys, and sat in a circle on the floor playing industriously with some ten-cent magnets he had brought.

"You know our children's likes better than we do," said the charming hostess, as she lead the Gorses back to the living room. "And nothing I received pleases me so much as the books you brought me, unless it is to have you here on Christmas day."

Even Mrs. Gorse knew that her words rang true.—H. Lucius Cook.

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