

astypical of the new-born sun in that it was bedecked with lights, and was an emblem of spring on account of its rich green. Probably the Norse mythology was the origin of the "tree of candles" more than of the present Christmas tree. On the introduction of Christianity the Christmas tree, although not known then by that name, became the type of Christ.

The following quotation from L. P. Lewis gives these emblems of the Christmas tree:

"The tree itself, stately and tall, was symbolical of His Majesty and grandeur; the green, of His godliness and immortality; the lights, of His glory and of the Star in the East, and the angel on top (which was then never omitted), of the angels who gave to the shepherds the words still spoken each Christmas Day, 'Peace on earth, good-will to men.'"

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

By Wynne May

What have YOU done for your country?
What have YOU done for your flag?
Have you answered the clarion call for help?

Does your patriotism lag?
Think of the lads in the trenches,
And the boys in blue on the sea;
Giving their ALL in Democracy's cause,
Fighting for YOU and for ME.

What have you done to help them out?
Have you done aught but sing and shout?
Singing and shouting are all very well,
But its MEN and MONEY and GUNS
that will tell
On the battlefield. When we meet the Hun,
It's man for man, and gun for gun.

Have you given the wealth of your coffers?
Have you worked for the cause that is just?

Does your heart turn cold at the TRUTHS
that are told
Of the Prussians, greed and lust?
Think of the rape of Belgium,
Of the womanhood that was defiled!
Picture YOUR girl in the clutch of the beast,
Bearing a Boche's child.

Get into the fight, the thick of it,
The time has gone by for doing your bit,
Thank God for the chance of giving your ALL

To conquer the Hun, to help in his fall.
For fall he must, this monster of sin;
So give your ALL, for WE'VE GOT TO WIN.

SHIPS THAT PASS

By Mary A. Parke

Or one short hour, across the mystic sea,
The troubled ocean we call life—you came to me.

Our ships sailed close until they touched in that dream-golden hour,
I listened to your wondrous voice, surrendered to your power.

For just one hour, and yet I know my life has changed for aye.
I wonder if you guessed my love before you went your way.

Our ships sailed close, so close, my dear, I cannot help but feel
Your knowledge that my heart is yours, in woe or weal.

Like some gay pirate ship of old you stole my heart from me,
Then calm, set sail and left me there on life's uncharted sea.

My woman's pride was wounded when you did not seem to care,
But the little breezes whisper that you think of me somewhere.

And I, my heart cries out for you, my days are dark with pain,
I pray whatever gods there be, to send you back again.

It puzzled me to understand why I should yearn for you,
No thought of wooing me you had nor touch of lips we knew.

But something in my inmost soul stirred when I met your glance,
And there a hope still lingers that the fate we nickname Chance,

Will bring our ships together once again upon the sea—
That o'er the troubled waters you are sailing back to me.

A Pair of Alibis

By Edith G. Bayne

MISS Manners opened the outer door of her fourth-floor suite with her night key and saw Gilroy's letter where it lay at her feet. She caught the gleam of the oblong white even before she had switched on the studio lights, and she knew the letter was Gilroy's by the beating of her heart. Besides he had not written for ten days and, though she wasn't the least bit in love with the writer still when letters that have been coming twice a week suddenly and unaccountably stop coming—

A young Airedale dog came bounding through the studio door and leaped upon her with rapturous wet caresses and the bundle of sketches she had been carrying fell to the floor while she gave him his usual nightly welcome.

Then, beneath the rose-shaded drop-light at her desk she pulled her gloves off hurriedly and took up the letter again. With breath that came rapidly she turned it over and over realizing in a dazed way that it was "different." Presently she became aware of two astounding facts. The letter was light and thin, and it was postmarked "Quebec." Gil-

would have expected—his recovering so quickly and coming home. The letter just before this one had given her no hint of such a contingency—in fact he had then been cosily recuperating from a wound or two in an English hospital and but for the desire to meet her as he said, he was quite content with his surroundings.

"But of course my sin had to find me out, Mr. Riley," she murmured as the dog gave a sharp little bark of sympathy and then snuggled his nose in her lap. "And I'm in for it now! Oh this lonely soldier clasp! It's my belief they're not half so lonely as they claim to be."

Oh why had she ever written him! Why had she sent Grace Deering's photo? For of course it was her pretty face he had fallen in love with though he said it was her letters. She knew men! But it had all begun so innocently and all the girls were doing it. How she detested Grace Deering!

Who or what Grace Deering was she hadn't the faintest idea. There were not many pretty girls in the newspaper office where Miss Manners had her desk

and evening off and Miss Manners' friend and co-worker Phyllis Ware usually dropped in at the tea hour on Saturday. There was a casserole dish prepared by Sonia and all ready to heat, and a salad, and as the pantry tonight revealed also a fresh chocolate cake and a cold roast chicken Miss Manners congratulated herself that they would feast royally. She lighted the gaslog and then placed the Japanese screen between the utility portion of the studio and this cosy home-like corner. She brought out the best silver and carried the bowl of crimson carnations from the desk to the centre of the table.

"Now if Phyllis will hurry! It's nearly seven and she's seldom so late. . . . Shall I tell her the fix I'm in or not? Her advice would be valuable and comforting I've no doubt if only I could rid myself of the fear that she'd laugh at me."

Ruminating thus she fell once more into the perplexing train of thought that had Captain Gilroy for its beginning and its end, while Mr. Riley gnawed a ham bone with gusto on the rug.

The small clock on her desk tinkled seven.

The words of Captain Gilroy's short letter rushed tumultuously through her mind again for he had said he would be with her shortly after seven to-morrow night. . . . Wait! To-morrow? Ye gods! That meant to-night! Miss Manners breathed quickly and a flush came and went on her cheek. She had been thinking she would have all day to-morrow to produce an alibi or think up a subterfuge! She rushed over to the table and seized upon his letter.

"Of what need to write at any length when I shall see you so soon?" he said. "Soon, did I say? It seems an eternity till to-morrow night. Had I the wings of the wind. . . . But perhaps you'll let me tell you then how 'to-morrow night, to-morrow night' has been beating itself into my brain with every revolution of the train's wheels! Three months' leave—a gift from the gods—fell into my lap so suddenly it took away my breath and I had no time to cable a word. I snatched the first boat and here I am on the soil of Canada once again. Oh, my dear. . . ."

Miss Manners did not finish the few lines remaining. It was, all very absurd—and—and—well, she supposed she would have to see the ghastly farce through. How was her hair? She guessed it would do. . . . Being rather lovely hair it never looked anything else but attractive her friends would have said. Had she time to change into a nice frock? It was very silly of course but—but—when a man has professed admiration for one in bi-weekly letters for a period stretching over several months. . . . But it was Grace Deering whom he thought he was addressing! Miss Manners wavered. Her trim blue office dress was a trifle severe. . . . She did look more the Deering type in that soft old-blue clinging gown with the cream lace at the neck. . . . Perhaps he would take the blow easier if—if the one who was to deal the blow didn't look altogether a fright.

Ten minutes later she was ready. Phyllis had not put in an appearance. So Miss Manners telephoned and learned that she had had to remain at the office and so would not be up to tea tonight. Next Miss Manners called the depot and found that the train from Quebec had just arrived. She could expect the Captain, then, any time now.

She had not eaten since one o'clock, yet she wasn't conscious of hunger. With a wry smile she glanced at the pretty tea-table, in all its attractive glisten and sheen. Grace Deering could have invited her visitor from overseas to partake of the meal with her. Miss Manners, when she had finished the uncomfortable business ahead—well, she would eat her supper alone as she did six nights out of seven.

Restlessly she paced about the room, looking from time to time at the clock and listening for the elevator-bell. Perhaps he was waiting to dine first. Perhaps—perhaps he had missed his train! Yet she knew he would do none of these things. If he were in the city nothing short of an accident would keep



Beside the many thousands of prisoners that are captured or give themselves up to the Allies, there are many such dumb animals as the one seen in this British official photo that do likewise. This German messenger dog wandered into the British lines, where he was captured. A British officer is removing the message from the dog's collar.

roy's other letters were always so fat and bulky that had they been civilian-mailed he would have had to pay excess postage each time, and hitherto they had borne a foreign postmark. Quebec was disconcertingly close.

Her quick mind saw it all even before she had torn open the envelope. He was in Canada and he expected to call upon her.

She must prevent that. He mustn't ever discover how she had cheated him. When she had read the few lines she steadied herself against the table, her mind in a whirl. Then slowly she re-read the message, as though trying to find a loophole there. But it was amazingly direct as she knew the writer must be, and the vein of high hope in which it had been penned, the not-to-be-put-off-any-longer tone made her heart beat rapidly with fear or something akin to it. Miss Manners rather prided herself on the ease with which she could control difficult situations and difficult people. Here was a task right at hand which would tax all her ingenuity.

Mr. Riley whined impatiently at her side. He was not receiving enough attention and this was his hour—the time in which he revelled in being fussed over.

She patted his head absently. "Oh doggie, dear, I'm in such a dooce of a hole, as our friend Ruggles would say!"

She sank into the big armchair beside the gaslog grate and knitted her brows anxiously. It was the last thing she

and when the Captain had asked for a photo of his charming correspondent she had scrambled through the files and the cuts and had come upon this lovely picture. Without the slightest hesitation she had possessed herself of it. The face was so winsome, so young and fair and altogether pleasing that she hadn't had the least doubt but that any man would fall in love at once with the young Psyche. And it had succeeded only too well, her little ruse.

"But oh how am I to convince him that this pretty little creature isn't hiding in the background playing tricks to tease him?" mused Miss Manners desperately. "He'll want to hit me!"

She tried to persuade herself that she was making a mountain out of a molehill. Yet in her heart she knew that Gilroy's expectations would be keyed to the highest pitch and that the disappointment would be a devastating one for him. It was such a pity! Her heart beat thickly when she thought of his letters, the things he had said to her—and too, the things he had left unsaid.

She now began to realize that he was not the only one due for a heartbreak.

Vaguely at times in the past two months she had felt the beginnings of a dread but always she had laughed the idea away. Miss Manners had admirable self-control and was wedded to an artistic career.

She now sprang up and prepared to set the little table by the fire-place for two. It was her little maid's afternoon

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