James Whitcomb Riley little bit o' feller-I remember

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TURSING HOME-

DECEMBER 26, 1915 WHO SANTA CLAUS WUZ

to almost cry fer Christmas, like a youngster will. o' July's nothing to it!-Now Year's ain't a smell! Sunday-Circus day-jes' all dead in the shell! though! at night, you know, to et around an' hear

old folks work the story off about the sledge an' deer, 'Santy" skootin' round the roof. all wrapt in fur and fuzz-

before-I knowed who-"Santy-Claus" wug. wait, an' set up late, a week er two ahead; hardly keep awake, ner

wouldn't go to bed: tle stewin' on the fire, an' mother arnin' socks, an' rockin' in the skreeky rockin-cheer; Pap gap', an' wonder where it wur the money went. An' quar'l with his frosted heels, an' spill his liniment: me a-dreamin' sleigh-bells when

the clock 'ud whir an' buzz, ong before-I knowed who-"Santy. Claus" wuz. Size the fire-place up, an' figger how "Ole Santy" could Manage to come down the chimbly.

like they said he would: Visht 'at I could hide an' see himwundered what he'd say ketched a feller layin' fer him thataway! But I bet on him, an' liked him, same as ef he had

irned to pat me on the back an' say. 'Look her, my lad, lere's my pack—jes' he'p yoursel'f. like all good boys does!" Long afore-I knowed who-"Santy-Claus" wuz.

Wisht that yarn was true about him. as it 'peared to be-Truth made out o' lies like that-un's good enough fer me! Wisht I still wuz so confidinn' I could jes' go wild Over hangin' up my stockin's, like the little child

imbin' in my lap tonight, an' begout them reindeers, and "Old Santy" that she loves so well I'm half sorry fer this little girlsweetheart of his-Long afore-She knows who-"Santy

Claus" is! -James Whitcomb Riley.

WIT and HUMOR

One Result of the War Waiter! Vienna steak! please!" Ush, sir, we calls 'em Petrograd

His Preference "Whisky, my friend, has killed re men than bullets." That may be, sir; but, bejabers,, I'd ther be full of whisky than bullets

Defined William-"Pop, what's a paradox?" Father-"A paradox, my son, is a man who wears silk stockings and

ries to keep it a secret."—Puck. The Latest Style "He owns a coach dog." "How old-fashioned. We have a

rench poodle that rides in the autonobile with us." Unseasonable "It's a beautiful day." Yes," replied O. U. Grouitsch, the

oted pessimist, "but unseasonable for this time of the year. A Misplaced Husband "I never see her with her husband. Has she lost him?"

"I don't know. Some people seem to think she has merely misplaced A Perilous Experiment Rural Constable-"Now, then, come

ut o' that. Bathing's not allowed 'ere after eight a.m.!" The Face in the Water - "Excuse ne, sergeant, I'm not bathing; I'm ne, serson only drowning."

An Efficiency Expert expert. She goes about telling women ow to live within their incomes." Gladys-"Nothing doing here! I'm ooking for someone to teach me how live beyond mine."-Life.

The Causes "What do you suppose causes the ise in breadstuffs?"

Sometimes it is strikes, sometimes he failure of the wheat crop, someimes speculation, and often it is just

A Good Guesser Shronk stopped his motor at a desoate crossroads and yelled to a farmer who lay on a cart of fertilizer: "Hey, ornsilk, is this the way to Croydon? The farmer raised himself from the fertilizer in astonishment. "By heck, was Cornsilk?" he asked.

'I guessed it," said the motorist. "Then, by heck," said the farmers as he drove off, "guess your way to

A Simple Explanation Banks—"I had a new Experience resterday, one you might call unac-I ate a hearty dinner, nishing up with a Welsh rabbit, a Then I went to a place of amusement. I had hardly entered the building before everything swam be

Binks-"The Welsh rabbit did it." Bunks—"No; it was the lobster." Bonks-"I think it was the mince

planation than that. I never felt bet-ter in my life; I was at the Aquar-

THE HELPING HAND

DECEMBER 26, 1915

but returned the salutation—for set out for Police Headquarters. use his soap and swallow his salsuch it was, coming from a news- There, he first learned from the vation." And Proctor laughed in-Sit down, Proctor; I'll be with you lines," triumphantly take another soup."

his legs and reaching for the in- coat. evitable cigarette.

one who had reached that stage where, without being really aware of it, he posed as a cynic, so satiated with life, human emotion, tragedy and pathos, as they reeled past him each day like so many moving pictures, that he rather prided himself upon his mental attitude.

Ransom-kindly, gentle, benevolent old Ransom-had been with the Municipal Lodging House for over fifteen years. And he still believed in the flotsam and jetsam that came and went each night. To him they were his "boys," down on their luck, a little worthless, even a little wicked, but still human beings with a spark of the Divine in their hearts that needed only to be fanned at the right moment and in the right way to put them on their feet facing the world with confidence and wringing from it by fair means the living it owed them.

In one point, at least, the old man was adamant. No subterfuge, nor pleading nor profane refusal could budge him. The would-be "guest" had either to yield or get out. And that point was his firm insistence that all who tarried under his roof live up to his motto of "Soup, soap and Salvation." Many were strong for the soup, but indifferent to the soap and salvation; yet they must take all three-or nothing.

Presently he turned from his small, cheap desk, shoved off in one corner of the main room beneath a swinging electric light under which his hair shone white as snow, and faced Proctor.

"Well, my boy, what can I do for you?" he said in kindly tone. "I haven't seen you for quite a while."

"Nope,' 'the Star man repleid,

man to come back he need not be- a disarmingly, friendly tone, "A ly, but in a tone that plainly ind- "So I'll-" that counts, my boy."

"how about some hard-luck friend I ever had. Whereabouts Christmas stories the bums have on Stoughton street?" told you at one time or another? "I'm going around there now," Something with a few sobs in it— Proctor spoke up. "And I'll be what we call 'human interest glad to show you. Pop's a friend You've been on the job of mine, to." here a long time, Pop, and surely during all those years a number of "Thank you," said the man, during all those years a number of bums have been soaked to the cry- "I'll appreciate it very much, if ing stage around Christmas and you're sure it won't inconvenience have wept on your shoulder about you. My name 's Bertram Kent.' it being Christmas and about their As they left the building and old home. Huh? I can interview turned in the direction of the Lodg-

back in about an hour and perhaps though I haven't seen him for STOVE I'll have something for you. But eight," was the somewhat cryptic I must finish this statement first." reply.

ELL, what d'you know, got to his feet. At the door he a while,

paper man-with the equally stereo- Sergeant on the desk that nothing vitingly. typed reply, "Oh, nothing much." had "broke" during his absence for a moment Kent made no ory, reaching out for light. And then he added, after a mo- worth more than routine mention. comment. Then he said tensely, "A little over eight years ago, ment, "Except that this is Christ- He sauntered into the "back room" "He's the salt of the earth!" And Kent prompted, a whimsical smile mas Eye and"—he smiled sadly— where checkers and pinochle were after a slight pause he added, on his face. "One Christmas Eve "we haven't quite as much Christ- in progress, watched Patrolman "Maybe some of them swallow a -soused to the gills-and bent on mas around here as I hoped to. Hegarty, one of his best "pipe little of the salvation with their —suicide."

By EDWARD PADGETT | Proctor untangled his knees and They walked along in silence for trembling.

of the Municipal Lodging House, the bit of emotion he had displayed, "The bums still call him Pop and it—and I haven't the slightest of didn't even look up from his work he banged the door after him and eat his soup while they pretend to your name.'

Proctor, the visitor, sauntered Then he wandered back to the cudgel. "So he thinks, too, But I Kent—as I live—B. Kent!" he across the room and took the chair office arriving at the desk almost can't see it. Once a bum, always cried. indicated, sliding down onto the simultaneously with a man who a bum, is my theory. And a man'll "Yes!" And there was a strange

The stranger looked like a man night to get a bed and something now it's Bertram Kent, right out He was H. Kenneth Proctor, if down on his luck, and yet he to eat afterwards. It's just a mat- and without any hesitation. Pop, He was H. Kenneth Proctor, It didn't. His clothes were plain, ter of psychology, you know. Once I've been planning this meeting you please of the Morning Star, an old hand at the game and, indeed, even shabby, but they were not a man loses his grip and finds out for five solid years!"

Ransom looked at him long and paused, turned and called back, "He's still doing business at the searhcingly. "Your-your face is Old man Ransom-better "Merry Christmas, Pop!" Then, same old stand-in the same old kind of familiar," answered the known as "Pop," Superintendent as though half-ashamed of the lit- way," suggested Proctor presently. honest old man, "but I can't place

Pop seemed to grope back-back -back in the archives of his mem-

Suddenly the old man's face be Proctor hastened to take up his came alive with joy. "Kent-B.

small of his back, leisurely crossing had entered unattended by a blue- sit through a prayer meeting or an mixture of enthusiasm and pride experience service on any cold and gratitude in his tone. "Only



Old Pop Ransom was leaning forward tensely, the very soul of him in his eyes.

been breaking over at Headquarters linen was clean. His hands were to starve he—well, why work at a clasped and old Pop had one arm and I've been on the jump. I've rough and large, a sure sign of job that, anyway, just about pays over Kent's shoulder in affectionate. come tonight to get some Christ- work. And his face was strong, his living expenses when he can embrace. mas dope from you. I'm to come clear cut and deeply lined, with get them without working and can "One of my boys, one of my proved farm from us without any pay.

was no apprehension, "what's be- chaps—go that route, and they come back to see me after all these "You don't happen to have a se- come of the Municipal Lodging never come back!" cond cousin to Santa Claus flop- House. It used to be on Oliver | Kent started to speak, but evi- hastily and without shame—"here pin' around here in disguise, do street, I remember, some eight dently changed his mind, for just I am forgetting all my manners.

in Christmas presents for the dips, about to ask "You used to flop silver white in the glow from the ling hand toward Kent's knee and stick-ups and plain bums who have there then, huh?" but something swinging light above him.

"Say," spoke up Proctor sud- of an eyelash. "Yes-the best

you, see, and let you tell a few of ing House Proctor ventured a questhese stories. Can you think of tion. "Pop's a great old fellow, isn't he? Known him long?" "I'll try," said Ransom, "Come "A little over eight years-

across with an 'under-world' one eyes that looked out unafraid. | pick up enough for booze and to- boys!" he exclaimed joyfully, de-"Can you tell me," he asked the bacco by pan-handling? I've seen spite the tears in his fine old eyes, up against it. Can you help me Sergeant, in a tone in which there a lot of good men-newspaper and looking at Proctor.

far-seeing eyes. "Surely, for a Pop's still on the lid." Then, in "Good evening," he said pleasant- me, said that worthy quickly.



333 Eighth Ave. East. Phone M6423 don't know, except that I wanted Proctor shifted his weight and walked here from Police Head-

you? Or a hobo who comes back, years ago. And I want to know if then they had arrived at the destin- Sit down old man and let's talk it rich and rare, as the Christmas old Pop Ransom is still in charge." ation. Through the glass in the over. You're a sight for sore eyes! ehimes ring cut, and hands you a The Sergeant looked at him door they could see old Pop Ran- And how is everything with you, check for a thousand to be spent keenly before replying. He was som bent over his desk, his hair my boy?" He reached out a tremb-Then he glanced at Proctor, with have the outfit, also the experience.

you. Sit down, please."

by now, eh?"

\$5.50 per ton a coastwise freighter. I landed in part of it belonged to me. I guess said Kent. "As your friend and I central America. Why I went I he's right, too."

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your work. Let us sharpen your skates. We

finally ran into an Englishman who eyes.

For a second anger blazed up in land to join his regiment—leaving clasp the hand that lifted me out of in a thousand! Kent's eyes, but then it changed to me to run the whole plantation. the gutter. And now I'm here, Pop shook his head and started a tolerant, confident smile. "Yes, But he also let me buy a small in- Pop!" I swallowed some of the salvation," terest in the place with the money

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There are other ways," insist gaze deterred nim. They we rop glanced up as they ap pride and triumpn.

In the said that would rather talk it over without straight into the electric light with street," he said instead. "And then looked inquiringly at Kent. Would rather talk it over without straight into the electric light with street," he said instead. "And then looked evening." he said pleasant would receive the very soul of him in his head to the very soul of him in his head to the very soul of him in his head to the very soul of him in his head to the very soul of him in his head to the very soul of him in his head to the very soul of him in his head. "Then the looked evening."

cated he did not recognize him. "No!" said Kent in decisive owned a big banana plantation, and "Two months ago," Kent conthing in it. So, Pop, I thought it come rich. It's not what he act riend of yourse cumulates, but what's in his heart "Yes," replied the stranger tones. "That is, if you aren't he gave me a job. Also, he helped the stranger tones. "That is, if you aren't he gave me a job. Also, he helped the stranger tones." rt Yes, replied the stranger boil colles. That is, if you aren't he gave me a job. Also, he neiped tinued, I found out that I'd have might be well to let him hear my—

promptly, and without the quiver me, Pop?" asked Kent, his voice busy. I—I was much interested in me fight the booze—by not giving to come back to the States on I mean our story. I wonder what what you said as we walked here, it to me. It was hell sometimes! business. And from that moment he thinks now?" and I want to say a few things to Well, I got on my feet. Then he on-" turning to the old man- Proctor had the grace to look im-

made me boss of one of his gangs. "I've been looking forward to this pressed. But instantly his combat-Proctor sat, for there was some- I was making pretty fair wages, meeting with you, Pop. No, I'm tive spirit asserted itself. "I-I thing compelling about Kent. But too; and I saved them, for the not rich; I'm not even well-to-do. think it's fine!" he said. "And I he was far from subdued. "I-I simple reason that there was no- I've simply got a good salary and want to tell you, Mr. Kent, that fine prospects, for the business is you haven't yet got all you deserve. the salvation along with your soup, "After three years his manager growing and there's money in it. But I can't change my opinion. eh?" he remarked in a tone that left for a better job in the Argen- I've fifty dollars for you to buy a One come-back does not prove that just bordered on the sarcastic tine, and the Englishman gave me Christmas for the boys here now, even one out of a thousand bums "And maybe you're a millionaire his place. One year ago, when the and I had to save it up. But I've can turn the trick. You're the exwar came on, he returned to Eng- longed always to come back and ception, man, you're the one man

"You see! You see!" the old ing hand on his shoulder. you're mistaken,' 'he said. "This