



A Full Stocking By Fitch C. Bryant

UCH weather, and Christmas was but a few days away. The city was properly dressed for the occasion. Snow covered the streets and the steps leading to the beautiful homes on the boulevard where every holiday wish of the people would be gratified.

The bright-eyed, thin-clad boy on the steps of one of these beautiful homes was not wasting any time in envying the rich. He had waited there for some minutes for the big automobile he knew was due to arrive from the hospital about that time each day.

The big car pulled up beside the curb. A big, kindly-faced man stepped from it and started up the steps.

"Say, are you the doc?" The surgeon paused half-way up the steps and glanced at the small bit of humanity balanced on the stone hand-rail.

"Why, yes, my little man, what can I do for you?" he asked tenderly, as he stepped over and put a hand on the lad's knee.

"Your brother? Oh, I see. Well, what's the matter with your brother?" "Cripple." The one word, with the saddened tone, told the whole story to Doctor Harrison.

"Come in the house, and let's talk it over." "Say, doc, I don't believe you want me to come in. I ain't got no money."

"Why, that's just the reason I want you to come in," the doctor replied, with a merry twinkle in his eye, and ran up the steps closely followed by the small urchin.

"What is your name?" "Tom McGuire. You know Pat McGuire that tends bar down in East Downey street?"

"No, I don't believe I do." "Well, he's my uncle, and he says you set his leg, me of the big railroad smash-up at Hanover."

"Yes, I remember going out to Hanover with a lot of other doctors at the time of the accident; but that was ten years ago."

"That don't make any difference to Uncle Pat. He never forgets favors. Guess he ain't had many in his life."

"Did your Uncle Pat send you to see me?" "Now, but it's because what he told me 'bout you made me think it might be all right to come and see 'bout Pete's leg."

"Where is your brother, Thomas?" "Aw, don't call me that. I ain't Thomas. I'm just Tom. Raggy Tom they call me 'round the square. I sell papers on the southwest corner of the square. Business ain't so bad this time o' year, and I'm breakin' in Pete."

"He can walk, then, can he?" The physician had seated himself close to his small caller, and was giving his whole attention to the case in hand.

"Tell me more about Pete." "Pete was born that way. Doctor said one leg wasn't no good and never was goin' to be, so when Pete got big enough, I saved me pennies and bought him a crutch, and after while he got so he could use it. Then I took him down to the corner and he helped me sell papers in rush hours. He likes to be holdin' 'em, but he gets awful tired doin' 'em and hangin' on to his crutch."

"Does he stay there all day?" "Now, not all the time. Business ain't rakin' only mornin's and nights, and Pete stays home part of the time. On cold days he gets shivery 'cause he can't get 'round very fast so's to keep himself warm."

"Is there any news stand on that corner?" the doctor asked, becoming still more interested.

"Now, we dassen't put one up. Billy Hahn, he's the feller what had that corner before me, he tried to get leave to put up a stand alongside of the fountain where there's plenty of room, but the aldermen turned him down. He didn't have no pull, and I ain't got none neither. Me and Pete was up on the northeast corner, and when Billy got wet and pneumonia and died, we come down to his corner."

"Tom, are your father and mother living?" "Maw is. I dunno much about paw. He ain't no good. Uncle Pat says he sees him hangin' 'round once in in

awhile. Maw's got two younger'n me and Pete. I'm ten and Pete's goin' on nine. Maw works awful hard takin' care of the kids and sewin' fer a department store. She says to me one time: 'Tom, you look after Pete and I'll take care of the young uns.' Maw can't hardly get enough to buy 'em clothes, so I chimp in when biz is good. Say, doc, I read in my paper 'bout that kid you fixed up last week, and I'll bet ten cents Pete's leg's just like that. Think I, when I read that, I'm goin' to see Doc Harrison and tell him 'bout Pete.' Now, doc, on the level, how much do you charge for a job like that?"

"I received \$3,000 for that operation." There was a merry twinkle in the doctor's eye that was lost on his little visitor.

"Aw, say, doc, wot yer givin' me? You didn't make all that in one day?" "Yes, in two hours, Tom."

The youngster's eyes filled with tears, and he bit his lip to hold back the sobs. A good leg meant so much to Pete, and he would gladly give \$3,000 for one for him if that were possible, but the doctor might have as well asked for the moon in payment for that leg. His vision of Pete without the hated crutch was fast disappearing, but he would not let it get away entirely.

"Don't you never charge no less?" the boy managed to ask, without giving away to the burst of tears ready to flow at his disappointment.

"Oh, yes, indeed; but you asked me how much I received for an operation like last week's, and I never performed one just like that before. It was very difficult and peculiar."

"Tom slid out of the chair as if to go. 'I guess it's all off, doc. I ain't in your class.'"

"Tom, sit down there." The doctor's tone of command was filled with more laughter than severity. "Let's talk business."

The youngster obeyed, watching the eminent surgeon with a puzzled look, uncertain whether the great man was really going to make a concession or upbraid him for taking his time. Faint though it was, a new hope sprang up in the small breast. Possibly there might be some terms of payment that he could meet as he grew older and could earn more than the few pennies that meant the day's profits on his paper sales.

"Tom," the doctor continued, "I know Pete."

"You know Pete?" Tom gasped in amazement.

"Yes, I have seen him down by the fountain at the square. You know we specialists always keep our eyes open for anything in our line, so I have noticed him several times as I passed the corner. Of course, I can't say positively, but I think an operation will give Pete two legs instead of one. Now, how much can you afford to pay for such an operation?"

The youngster's eyes shone like two live coals. So the doctor knew Pete, and thought he could cure him! Was it a dream? Tom pinched himself to make sure it was all real. Yes, he was awake all right. How much could he afford? He felt he could afford anything to give Pete a new leg, but how little that was compared with what the doctor would expect! Both sat in silence for over a minute.

The surgeon knew what was going on in the youngster's mind, but thought best to let him come to his own conclusion. The boy fumbled his cap nervously while he considered the great question, and at length looked up suddenly into the surgeon's face. There was no doubt or uncertainty in his face or tone as he announced his decision.

"Doc, the only thing I've got in the world is the corner down by the fountain, where me and Pete sell papers. I can't give you all that, for I wouldn't have nuthin' for me and Pete to live on and to help maw with the kids. I'll tell you what I'll do, doc, I'll let you have half o' that corner. You can hire a kid to sell papers for you and have some dough left, but you won't make no \$3,000 in kingdom come."

The doctor knit his brows and Tom imagined he could see a quick refusal of his proposition, but the kindly gleam came back into the doctor's eye and Tom began to hope again as the doctor pondered over the proposition for a moment. Then the doctor said:

"All right, Tom; I'll accept that proposition, and we'll draw up the agreement right now. Let's see, this is December eighteenth. We'll start the new arrangement beginning with January first."

In the course of a quarter of an hour the paper was duly prepared and signed and witnessed, and Tom saw the doctor file it carefully in the strong box in his safe. With a hearty handshake, the surgeon bade adieu to his ten-year-old man of affairs, and turned to a patient waiting in the outer office.

Tom McGuire had known all too little of happiness in his hard ten years, but this was surely the climax of his earthly bliss. A new leg for Pete! Could anything be finer! He ran most of the way back to the square, and nearly knocked the cripple over in his eagerness to tell the good news.

"Say, Pete, you're goin' to have a new leg." "What?" the bewildered Pete was too intent on selling papers to bother about new legs.

"A new leg, I say. Doc Harrison, what I told you 'bout, is goin' to make one for you."

"Aw, gwan. Wot yer givin' me?" grunted the skeptical Pete, ignoring the enthusiasm of the head of the house.

"Come on, I'll show you." "Now, you don't. You don't get me losin' what leg I've got."

"Honest, Pete, I'm on the level. The doc says he bets he can fix you up good as new."

"Nixy fer me. I'm fer keepin' me bum prop. I reads how a doc saws off a boy's legs just for fun."

"Aw, Pete, don't be silly. The doc won't hurt you."

"Don't you believe it," Pete replied, and started down the sidewalk to get away from temptation. Tom knew Pete's stolid strength of will, and decided on another tack. He felt in his pocket and found sixteen cents. Counting out five pennies, he ran across the street, and soon had Dr. Harrison on the wire.

"Hello, this you, doc?—Pete won't come—Now, he's afraid you'll hurt him. He's read how a doc cut off a feller's leg just for fun—Send up a paper? Sure, but you'll have to hide yer sign, or he won't never come in—All right, I'll send him up. Please don't hurt him, will you, doc?—Good-bye."

Tom ran back to the corner.

"Hey, Pete," he called, as soon as he was within earshot of the cripple. "A guy just told me to hustle a Star up to 345 West Alden avenue. Get on a Prince street car, and hurry up. Here's a dime for carfare."

"There ain't no profit in that," Pete grunted, "go yerself an' save the dime."

"Do as yer told. I'm boss o' this corner," the young financier retorted, showing Pete toward a car as fast as the cripple could hobble. "Get off at Walnut street and walk west half a block," he shouted as he helped Pete on the car platform.

For the first time in twenty-two years Dr. Harrison's sign was hidden as the cripple struggled up the steps and rang the bell.

"Here's yer paper," he said in a matter-of-fact tone, holding out the first edition, when the maid opened the door.

"Paper?" asked the girl, pretending ignorance. "Step in a moment and I'll see if it belongs here."

Pete stepped inside and took off his cap. The girl disappeared, but returned presently, and pointed to an open door down the hall. Pete hobbled in

"Ye-es," Pete whispered, too scared to realize whether he was saying "yes" or "no."

"Now, Pete, take a good look at me," the doctor continued as he arose from his chair and stood in the middle of the room for the cripple's inspection. "I'm not really such an awful man, am I, Pete?"

"N—n—o—o," Pete answered, more because the surgeon's tone needed a negative reply than because he knew what he was saying.

"Pete, I like little boys," the doctor went on, ignoring the lad's terrified expression. "And I kind of think some of them like me. Do you think you could?"

"Ma—a—aybe," the youngster was doing his best to be brave.

The doctor glanced at the open door and nodded to the maid.

"Tom McGuire is out at the door and wants to see you," she said. "Send him in," the surgeon answered heartily. "Well, I never. Hello, Tom!"

"Hello, doc! Done anything to Pete's leg?"

"Why, no, we haven't mentioned legs. Have we, Pete?"

"Not yet," said Pete, with a feeling that something was still to come.

"Say, doc, look at it now, will you?" Tom exclaimed energetically and began to take off his brother's shoe.

"Hold on a minute, Tom; this isn't the place to examine legs, and besides, I never make an examination without the owner's consent."

"Tell the doc you want to have yer leg looked at," Tom commanded in a tone that bore authority.

Before Pete could answer, the doctor had interposed a good natured objection.

"You keep out of this, Tom. This is Pete's leg, and he shall have the whole say about what is done to that leg."

This announcement was a revelation to Pete, who had had visions of being bound and gagged while the doctor attacked his leg with a common hand-saw.

"Is that straight?" he asked, looking up dubiously into the surgeon's face.

"Absolutely!" the doctor exclaimed. "I won't touch a finger to that leg till you give me your consent."

"There, Pete, what'd I tell you," Tom broke in, but the doctor frowned at him to keep quiet. The eyes of both Tom and the surgeon were now on Pete.

"What'll it cost?" The cripple seemed about to yield but wanted one more obstacle cleared away.

"Never mind the cost. Tom and I have arranged that between us."

The look of appreciation and gratitude that the cripple brother gave

calling, but he only pulled the bed-clothes over his head and pretended not to hear. He would not for the world let maw know that he would cry, he who was supposed to bear the burden of the family on his shoulders.

"Tom! Tom! Tom!" came the call again, "here's a letter for you."

A letter for Tom? Such an event had come into his life only twice, once when the fresh air society of fered him a week in the country which he could not afford to take, and a letter from the license bureau with his newsboy badge. The dry side of the

his bare toe that it almost made him howl. A little thing like that was not allowed to break up the celebration so he grasped his mother's hands, and swung her around and around in a "ring around a rosy" until the poor woman hardly knew whether it was Christmas or Fourth of July.

"Ain't this a grand Christmas?" he shouted. "Ain't the doc bully? Ain't Peter the luckiest feller in the whole world?"

"Yes, yes, yes," groaned Mrs. McGuire, trying her best to regain her breath and balance. "O, it's—too good—to be true!"



"Aw, Gwan, Wot Yer Givin' Me?" Grunted the Skeptical Pete.

pillow served as handkerchief and towel, and holding his head low to hide his red eyes, he ran into the next room.

"John J. Sweeney," he read on the corner of the envelope, "why, he's the alderman from this district." Fingers were all thumbs trying to get that letter open and part of it was torn before the envelope would give up its secret. The note was short and typewritten but it took Tom nearly five minutes to read it aloud. Each word seemed to have taken a new meaning to the astonished boy.

"Mr. Thomas McGuire, 148 Willow St., City. Dear Sir: I have the honor to inform you that the application of McGuire and Harrison for a news stand adjoining the fountain on the southwest corner of the square has been granted and possession may be taken at once. Believe me, Yours very truly, JOHN J. SWEENEY, Alderman 17th District."

"Great Jewhilkens," Tom shouted, and his mother, too, made some sort of an exclamation that was drowned in the racket of the two smaller McGuires, who felt called upon to add to the general din.

"Me and the doc's goin' to have a real news stand right where I wanted it. Don't I wish Pete was home to hear the good news! What do you think o' that, maw? A great big news stand right at the fountain where we can sell ten times more papers! Ain't that a bully Christmas present? Say, maw, the doc's a brick and don't you forget it."

"Well, hurry up and get dressed or you won't have much Christmas Day left."

Tom vaulted chair and cradle on his way back to the bedroom and slammed his tear soaked pillow onto a corner of the room as an expression of his feelings toward tears.

"A real news stand. A great big stand all to ourselves. I can see just how it's goin' to look. Gee! ain't that grand!"

But greater news was on the way and before he had pulled on the empty stocking he heard a noise in the other room and peeped out. There was a big man in a fur overcoat at the door with another letter and he was not the postman either.

"Tom, here's another one for you." The summons was needless for Tom was already at his mother's side and had seized the white envelope.

"James B. Harrison, M. D.," he read. "That's about Pete. Jimminy Christmas! Say, maw, you open it. My hands is all shaky."

Mrs. McGuire could not make much better headway opening the envelope than Tom, but she managed to pull out the letter and Tom began to read laboriously.

"Mr. Thomas McGuire, 148 Willow St. Dear Tom: Merry Christmas from Pete and the doc. Hurrah for Pete! The operation was a great success. Pete will be running around without a crutch long before next Christmas. Come around to the hospital at four o'clock. Sincerely your friend, JAMES B. HARRISON."

"P. S.—By the way, Tom, I don't believe I shall have time to take care of my half of that newspaper privilege at the corner, so I return herewith the agreement cancelled. Leave a paper at my house every night while Pete is in the hospital and we will call it square. J. B. H."

"Three cheers for Pete," Tom yelled, and gave the table such a kick with

"Well, it is true, fer I knew the doc wouldn't fool me. Ain't he the grandest ever?"

"Tom you'll never be ready to go to the hospital by four o'clock if you don't get dressed."

Tom rushed into the bedroom and came back with the empty stocking that had hung on the chair.

"Say maw, I'll shut my eyes, and you stick them two letters in me stocking and I'll pretend I found 'em there. Ain't this a bee-ootiful Christmas?" (Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

WORLD'S MOST SACRED SPOT

Manger in Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem Where Christ is Said to Have Been Born.

What may perhaps be described as the most sacred spot on earth is the grotto or manger in the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem. This small underground chamber, reached from the church above by a flight of steps, is said to be the site of the actual manger where Christ was born, and a silver star, let into the floor underneath the altar, is alleged to be the exact spot of the Nativity. Above the star hang fifteen lamps, which have continually illuminated the little chapel for several hundred years.

The altar is adorned with most elaborate embroideries, the work of royal princesses, while from the ceiling hang a number of brass lamps and a few paintings. There has, of course, been no little controversy as to whether this is the actual site of the original manger. To begin with, it is underground, and many people wonder how it could have been used by cattle and horses. Here, however, we have to remember that in the East donkeys and mules often dwell in underground stables, and the star case would present no difficulty to the agile native cattle of Palestine. No less an authority than Colonel Conder has declared that "the rude grotto with its rocky manger may be accepted even by the most skeptical of modern explorers."

George's Threat. Little George Prim had rejoined the Sunday school, as was his annual custom, just two weeks before Christmas.

"I'm glad to see you here again," said the superintendent.

"Well, believe me," said little George, "you've got to do better by me than you did last Christmas or I'll go to the Presbyterian church next time."

Friendly Advice. "Yes," said the Fairy Prince, "you may have whatever you want for a Christmas present."

"I will choose," said the Fortunate Person, "either a wife or an automobile."

"How foolish!" exclaimed the Fairy Prince. "Why do you not select something that you can manage?"

Maid and Mistletoe. According to Archbishop Nares, the maid who was not kissed under mistletoe at Christmas would not be married in that year. The mistletoe speedily invaded the drawing room, without, however, reducing the quantity of kissing in the kitchen.

Two in One. "What a lucky fellow Bliss is." "How so?" "His fiancée's birthday comes on Christmas."

DODGING THE BEATEN PATH

Good Story as it is Related, Though it Doesn't Often Happen in Real Life.

Congressman Robert L. Dougherty of North Carolina smiled when the conversation turned to reversing the order of things. He said he was reminded of the case of Bowers.

Bowers met a benevolent party on a railroad train one day, and as the acquaintance ripened a bit he began to spread before the other the history of his life.

"When I was a clerk in a grocery store," remarked Bowers, among other things, "I received only nine dollars a week, and, like many other young men, I fell in with bad companions and began to gamble. I—"

"I see," interrupted the benevolent party, sadly, "you were tempted and took money which did not belong to you."

"Oh, no," cheerily responded Bowers. "In less than a month I won enough money to buy the grocery."

To Get Rid of Pimples. Smear the affected surface with Cuticura Ointment. Let it remain five minutes, then wash off with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing a few minutes. These fragrant, super-creamy emollients quickly clear the skin of pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, the scalp of dandruff and itching and the hands of chaps and irritations. For free sample each with 32-p. Skin Book address post card: Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Astonished Minister. The proud father had come up from the country to see his sailor son on board his ship. He had never seen a battleship before, and accordingly marveled thereat. Just as he caught hold of the two ropes which hung over the side to assist sailors to the deck, he was somewhat surprised to hear a clanging of bells—the eight bells of seamen's time. As he stepped on deck he met the officer of the watch. He saluted him and said, timidly: "I beg your pardon, sir, I've come to see my son Jack, but, 'pon my word, I didn't mean to ring so loud."

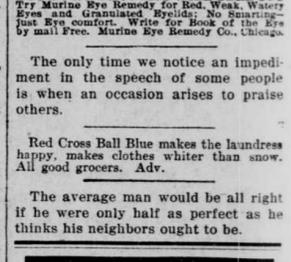
And They So Scarce, Too. "While in Washington I visited the navy yard and lunched on a battleship." "You must have a cast-iron digestion."

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murtine Eye Remedy for Red, Watery Eye and Gravel. It Relieves Red Stinging—Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murtine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

The only time we notice an impediment in the speech of some people is when an occasion arises to praise others.

Red Cross Ball Blue makes the laundress happy, makes clothes whiter than snow. All good grocers. Adv.

The average man would be all right if he were only half as perfect as he thinks his neighbors ought to be.



Rheumatism

Just put a few drops of Sloan's on the painful spot and the pain stops. It is really wonderful how quickly Sloan's acts. No need to rub it in—laid on lightly it penetrates to the bone and brings relief at once. Kills rheumatic pain instantly.

Mr. James E. Alexander, of North Haverhill, Me., writes: "Many aches in my back and hips brought on rheumatism in the sciatic nerve. I had it so bad one night when sitting in my chair, that I had to jump on my feet to get relief. I at once applied your Liniment to the affected part and in less than ten minutes it was perfectly easy. I think it is the best of all Liniments I have ever used."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Kills Pain

At all dealers, 25c. Send four cents in stamps for a TRIAL BOTTLE

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Inc. Dept. B. Philadelphia, Pa.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin, SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature



How it Happened. "He was severely injured in an auto accident, was he not?" "Quite severely."

"Did he sue the driver of the auto?" "No, he brought suit against a girl who half a block away stopped to tie her shoe. She was the reason he did not see the auto."

TYPHOID

is no more necessary than Smallpox. Army Surgeon General has demonstrated the almost miraculous efficacy of the latest scientific discovery. You vaccinated NOW by your physician, you and your family. It is more vital than house insurance. Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have results from use, and danger from Typhoid Cautions." The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., Chicago, Ill. Producing Vaccines and Serums under U. S. License

WALT WHITMAN'S OTHER SIDE

Poet on Several Occasions Showed Marked Conservatism in Writings and Actions.

With all of his radicalism, Walt Whitman was oftentimes conservative, wrote Thomas B. Harned in Case and Comment. This was because of his profound sense of justice. When the great Emperor William of Germany died, Whitman wrote a poem called "The Dead Emperor," which gave

much offense to many of his radical friends, who could not see why a monarch should be called "a good old man—a faithful shepherd."

He had a great admiration for Queen Victoria. He said that our people should be eternally grateful for Victoria's sympathy for the union during the Civil war. "I, for one," he said, "feel strongly grateful to Victoria for the good outcome of that struggle—the war horrors and finally the preservation of our nationality."

He said words in defense of President Cleveland when there was criticism because he sent a present to the pope at the time of his jubilee. I cite these cases to prove that Whitman believed in government, in law, in the acceptance of present conditions until we could better them. I remember in the year 1887 Sidney Morse, a sculptor from Boston, spent many days with Whitman in Camden making a bust of him. Morse had anarchistic tendencies. The day the Chicago anarchists were hanged he was very deponent. Whitman said to him: "It

won't do, Sidney; we must have policemen, law, order and such things until the human critter can get along without them, and that is a long way off. We can't throw bombs, and kill people, even if they are policemen." Morse's sadness was increased because he failed to get any sympathy from Whitman.

Gas Refrigeration. At a recent meeting of the National Gas association it was announced that complete gas refrigeration outfits

would soon replace the ice chest. In the near future, it was predicted by the committee, the new machines will become one of the most economical appliances that can be installed. The method of operation is simple. When it is necessary to keep the cooler or refrigerator cold, as the gas jets in the heater are lighted these jets impinge upon a tank in which is placed ammonia in a liquid form. This ammonia boils and vaporizes, the vapor being conducted through the refrigerator by means of coils, forming

the cooling agent, upon the same principle that the great ice machines in breweries and other enterprises work.

How it Happened. "He was severely injured in an auto accident, was he not?" "Quite severely."

"Did he sue the driver of the auto?" "No, he brought suit against a girl who half a block away stopped to tie her shoe. She was the reason he did not see the auto."