

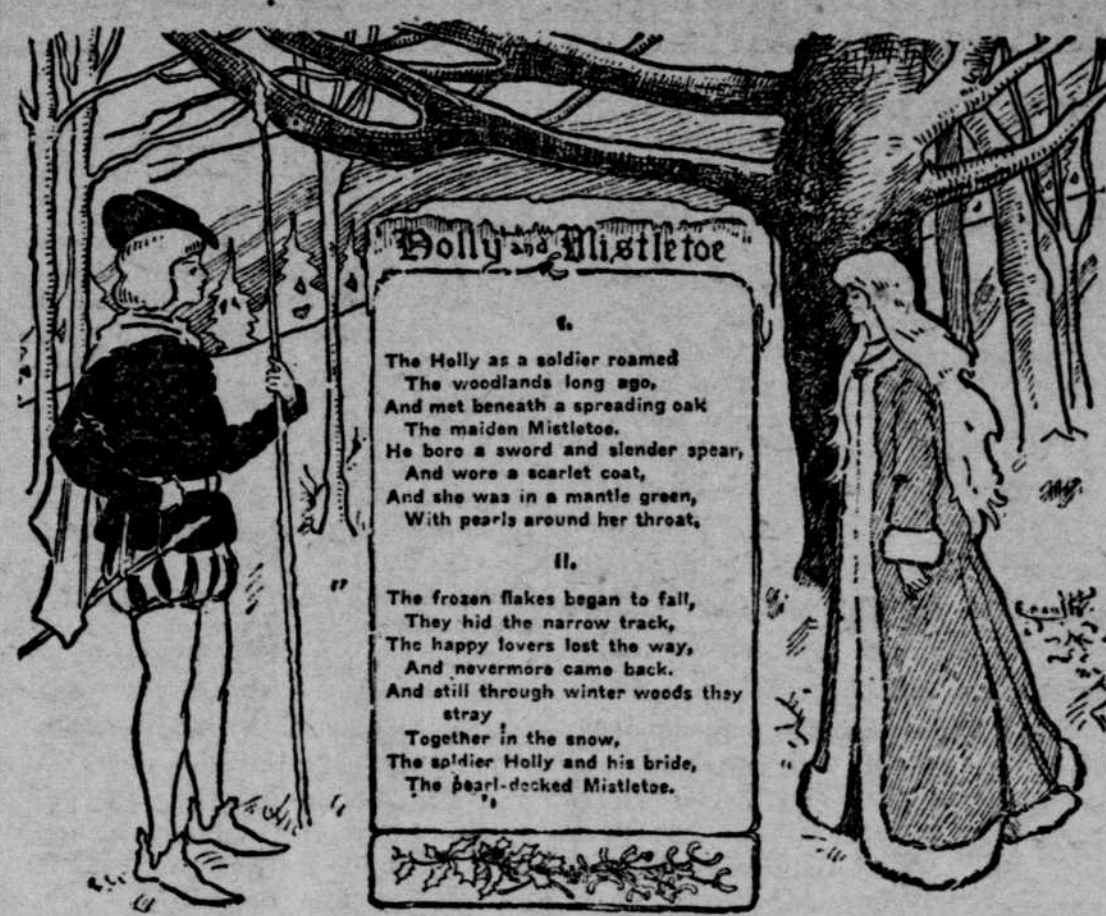
THE THREE KINGS AT THE STABLE

MUSIC COMPOSED BY BASIL HARWOOD, MAJARDOC

Sheet music for 'The Three Kings at the Stable' with vocal lines and piano accompaniment.

WORDS BY RORAI CHASSON

Lyrics for 'The Three Kings at the Stable'.



GERRY TALBOT'S CHRISTMAS DINNER

James, said Gerry Talbot, suddenly, looking up from the letter he had just received, "you needn't mind about the rest. The dinner will not come off, after all."



Gazing Wistfully.

had been so hopeful of success that he had selected a ring for her Christmas gift—a little golden circlet set with a clear white solitaire.

The streets were thronged with bustling Christmas shoppers, glad of heart, with merry, expectant faces, and here and there a wistful one, too, looking on, but not buying.

"Yes, Min, I would. I'd do it just thing," said the taller of the two. "Oh, my! wouldn't it be nice to be rich an' invite all your friends to a big turkey an' ice cream dinner?"

"I was sorry to disappoint you yesterday," she said, "but poor Ted's telegram was so urgent that we were afraid he was worse, and hadn't the heart to refuse him. When I discovered that we could take an early train home I made up my mind to run in."

"Well, there's Aunt Kitty an' Uncle Tim an' the baby, Miss Posey, Jonas Boggs, Meg an' Pat Fooley—Min, can you think of anyone else?"

"Lame Betsy an' Moll," "How many's that?" asked Lou. "Twelve, counting us three."

"That'll be turkey, won't there?" "Certainly." "With sauce and stuffing?" "Yes."

Talbot wrote down the various items while they added sundry incongruous articles. "Don't you think it would be nice to have a little present beside each plate?" he asked.

Both girls gasped, but looked immensely pleased. "Suppose you two go around with me and pick out what you consider suitable for each of your guests; because I should not know what to select."

Three decorative boxes with the word 'PAX' and lyrics for Christmas songs.



Jack Tar is notoriously a "merry soul," whether afloat or on shore; but once a year he lays himself out to eclipse even himself, and that is on Christmas day.

And he sets about it thoroughly and systematically, as becomes a sailor. Long before he flings himself into his hammock on Christmas eve to dream, it may be, of the "old folk at home," everything is practically ready for the morrow's feasting and revelry.

Now all is ready for Father Christmas. First comes an impressive ceremony, when the men, in immaculate duck, are paraded for service; the flag is hauled down, and in its place the red cross pennon of the church unfolds in the breeze, and four or five hundred lusty voices join with the majestic volume of sound to the blue of heaven.

Then come the finishing touches to the mess deck fairyland, each mess trying its hardest to eclipse all the others in wealth and skill of decoration. As the hour of noon draws near the petty officers of the watch give place to the smallest lads aboard, who strut about in their mimic dignity and send officers and crew into convulsions of laughter.

The plum puddings are sampled amid deafening cheers, the decorations are duly admired and praised, and after a few reasonable remarks and good wishes the skipper withdraws himself and his suite, and the "feeding and fun" begins. Such feeding and such fun it is, too; but, in delicacy, let us leave Jack to it and join him again when the last mouthful of plum pudding has vanished and, seated and happy, he produces his pipe—the crown of the feast.

A diversion may take the form of a raid on a popular officer and a charming and ovation, to which he submits like a well pleased, if embarrassed, martyr. And thus the hours fly in a jollity which will brighten by its memory many a long day to come. But the longest and gladdest day has its ending. "Out pipes" is sounded, and when Jack at last tumbles into his hammock, weary and happy, we may be sure he needs no rocking.



It is safe to affirm that no Christmas card played so important a part in a man's life as one which hangs in a frame over the writing desk of a certain well known journalist.

About twelve years since, the journalist to whom the card belongs went to a large city with great literary aspirations. Against the advice of his parents, he threw up a situation which would have brought him in a steady if not large income, so long as he cared to do the work. But he considered literary work was his forte, and he came to the great metropolis to earn fame and fortune with his pen as a free lance.

Too proud to admit his failure after going against the advice of his parents, he began to think seriously of destroying all traces of his identity and committing suicide. While sitting in his lodgings with this idea running through his mind, however, the postman brought a letter which contained a small Christmas card sent by a five-year-old niece to whom he was greatly attached. The words on the front of the card were simple: "Wishing you a merry Christmas and prosperity"; but on the back was written, in the child's scrawling handwriting, "From your little sweetheart, Nell."

The thought that the little girl was looking forward to seeing him quickly dispelled all thoughts of suicide from the journalist's mind, and, putting his pride in his pocket, he borrowed sufficient money to take him home. It was the turning point in his career; for he determined to try again after the holiday, with the result that he was able to go home the following Christmas and tell those who were dear to him that his work had won for him a lucrative post.

Maybe there are some readers who still remember the pathetic story attached to a Christmas card received by the German emperor two years ago from a little girl whose father had been imprisoned for lese majeste.

The card was but a cheap one, bearing the very appropriate words, "Good will toward men"; while on the back the child had written in German, "Please, Your Majesty, let my father come out of prison for Christmas day." The appeal interested the kaiser to such an extent that he caused inquiries to be made, and, finding that the man had not committed a very serious offense, ordered his immediate release.

A gentleman living in Wales still preserves a Christmas card which cost him one penny and brought him a fortune of £40,000. He was once a doctor at Sheffield, and one Christmas bought a shilling box of a dozen Christmas cards to send to his friends. After dispatching eleven he found that his list of friends was exhausted, and at first thought of keeping the twelfth card. He suddenly remembered an old aunt, however, living in Wales, whom he had never seen, and to her he posted the remaining card.

STAR IN THE EAST

Wondrous Story of the Centuries That It Told to the Boy Who Gazed at It.

"And lo, the star which they saw in the east went before them; it whispered the boy, gazing upward at its pure white light in the hush of the Holy Night."

"But mankind," said the old man, sadly, "has not followed. In all the Christmas eves since it looked on the shepherds in that field of Bethlehem, it has looked on men doing evil somewhere to their fellows. Its light has been dimmed by the lights from camp fires of armies and from flames of burning cities. I am old, and it is weary waiting for the fulfillment of the promise."

"The star is beautiful and splendid," said the boy with shining eyes. "Undimmed I shine," said the Star. "And He in whose sight a thousand years are but a day sees mankind look toward me every year with new intelligence and love. Ages have passed and other ages still must be before the Word shall be fulfilled. But every Christmas eve I shine upon a world that has moved forward step by step."

Greater grew the radiance of the Star, until the world sank away, and still and pure it shone over Jerusalem. Whose calm and faithful eyes are these that look toward it from a cell? Stephen lies there, soon to be taken to the city wall and stoned to death.

Again it shines upon the Holy City, surrounded now by a Roman army under Titus. Before another Christmas eve, Jerusalem shall be no more. The temple of the Most High shall be razed and Titus leave nothing on Mount Moriah save a little heap of ruins.

And again there is a Christmas eve. Six hundred years have passed. The Christian world has fallen far away from the Sermon on the Mount. Hatred and intolerance have distorted the cause of Christ into a cause for shedding of blood from Bethlehem to the far Isles of Great Britain.

Shining for the first time on Christmas in the New World, in 1492, the Star sees Columbus and his crew turn toward it from their small craft as they roll in the great blue surges of the tropical ocean off the coast of Hayti. It may be that there is too much Christmas eve cheer aboard the Santa Maria. For before the Star has set, she is a hopeless wreck on the rocks of the beautiful island.

The Star is to see many cruel things

in the New World after that. Its serene beam shines on Montezuma in 1519, a prisoner in the bloody hands of Cortez. It shines on Cortez again with his men in the next Christmas eve, lying before Tezcuco, which he is to enter and plunder before the end of the week.

On the Christmas eve of 1529 and for ten Christmas eves thereafter the Star looks on an American Odyssey. It is the Odyssey of Alvar Nunez and his three companions, sole survivors of the expedition of Panto de Narvaez, wandering along the northern coast of Mexico, through Texas, to the Rocky Mountains, and thence to Mexico, trying to find a way to take them back to Spain. They spend one Christmas eve in being worshiped as demigods by a tribe of Indians. They spend many others in working as slaves.

In 1567 the Star sees a gathering in Antwerp. It is a terrible gathering that conceives a thought of inhuman wickedness and ferocity. Yet out of this Christmas meeting shall a great freedom be born. For it is that of the Spanish rulers in the Netherlands, and at it is adopted the decree of the Inquisition that condemns all the inhabitants of the Netherlands, with but few exceptions, to death. And the War of Liberation follows. It is the first to break the cruel and deadening power of Spain.

In the New World the Star looks on the colonists of Jamestown stealing out on Christmas eve, in 1607, to get corn from the Indians by stratagem. Two years later, Christmas eve sees them suffering grievously for food again.

Anno Domini 1620, and the Pilgrim Fathers rest from their labor of building the settlement which they have begun that morning.

Christmas eve, 1675 and 1676, sees war in the New World. In the first

year the New Englanders, instead of gathering around sociable fireplaces, are abroad, driving before them the remnants of the Wampanoag Indians, whom they have defeated in a great battle near Narragansett bay; and in 1676 the French are taking Cayenne in Guiana, after a stubborn siege.

In 1686 the Star shines on grim and moody faces in the town of New York. Sir Edmond Andross, the first royal governor and vice-regent of New England, has just arrived and is making a roaring Christmas eve of it.

Two years afterward the Star gleams on his royal master James II, spending his Christmas eve in the French court, a fugitive driven from his throne in England. Sitting with a few companions by a camp fire in the primeval wilderness of Pennsylvania, a young surveyor looks up at it in 1753. He is George Washington, nine days' journey on his way home from Lake Erie, where he has been to carry a message to the commander of the French that will end finally in the French and Indian war. Indians are prowling on his path that night, but he looks as serenely at the Star of Bethlehem as if he were gazing at it from his home in Virginia.

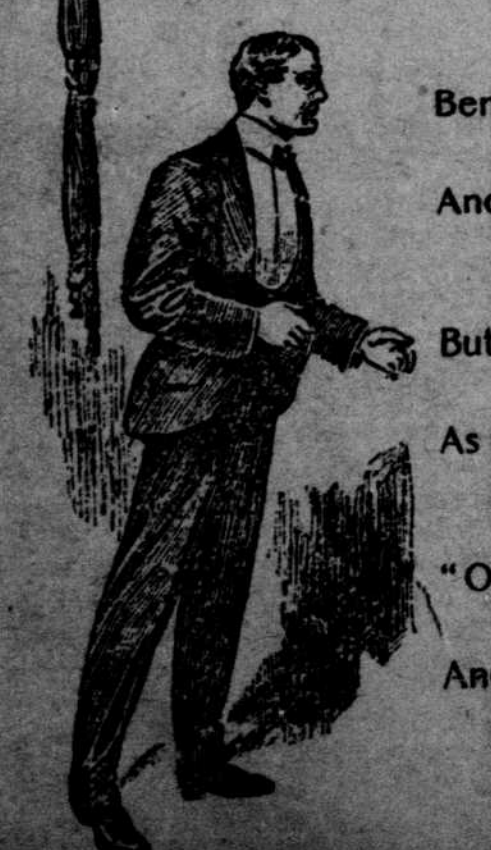
Christmas eve, 1773, and there are hands and flying banners in Boston. Young and old, mechanics and roysterers and citizens of substance, are marching together. Singing "God Save the King," they head straight for the wharves, where two tea ships are lying. Some of the chests go overboard, still to the accompaniment of the loyal tune. The others are left on the ships, but the vessels are forced to return home without unloading.

Lieut. John Paul Jones, in his new uniform and clothed in his three-day-old dignity as member of the Corps of Naval Officers appointed by Congress, swaggers around proudly on Christmas eve in Philadelphia in 1775.

Anno Domini 1776 sees 24,000 men crossing the ice-covered Delaware. And in 1777 the Star shines on Valley Forge, where men sit around pitiable fires in rags—penalness, hungry, freezing, but unflinching.

Christmas eve, 1783, George Washington has surrendered his commission the day before. For the first time in seven years, he looks up to the Star without heavy care.

HELP WANTED!



Beneath the mistletoe she stood, (The maid who owns my heart), And though I longed in lovesick mood—I dared not play my part.

But while I lingered there (forlorn) A change came o'er the maid As if some pain did through her shoot, She cried out sore afraid:

"Oh! something in my hair has caught, Come rescue me, I pray!" And strange to tell my help was sought A dozen times that day.

—Paul Gould.



about the invitations," said Talbot.