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

"But mankind," said the old man, sawly, "has not followed. In all the Christmas eves since it looked on the Wondrous Story of the Centuries 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

still and pure it shone over Jerusalem. | Mexico, trying to find a way to take 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.

for shedding of blood from Bethlehem | power of Spain. to the far isles of Great Britain. Shining for the first time on Christ-

mas in the New World, in 1492, the the tropical ocean off the coast of again. Hayti. It may be that there is too much Christmas eve cheer aboard the Santa Maria. For before the Star has set sue is a hopeless wreck on the begun that morning. rocks of the beautiful island.



That It Told to the Boy Who Gazed at It.

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 telligence and love. Ages have passed | Star looks on an American Odyssey. and other ages still must be before It is the Odyssey of Alvar Nunez and the Word shall be fulfilled. But every his three companions, sole survivors Christmas eve I shine upon a world of the expedition of Pamfilo de Narthat has moved forward step by step." | vaez, wandering along the northern Greater grew the radiance of the coast of Mexico, through Texas, to Star, until the world sank away, and the Rocky Mountains, and thence to Whose calm and faithful eyes are them back to Spain. They spend one these that look toward it from a cell? | Christmas eve in being worshiped as Stephen lies there, soon to be taken demigods by a tribe of Indians. They Virginia. 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 be razed and Titus leave nothing on this Christmas meeting shall a great the wharves, where two teaships are Six hundred years have passed. The Inquisition that condemns all the in- on the ships, but the vessels are forced Christian world has fallen far away habitants of the Netherlands, with but to return home without unloading. from the Sermon on the Mount. few exceptions, to death. And the Hatred and intolerance have dis- War of Liberation follows. It is the torted the cause of Christ into a cause | first to break the cruel and deadening | old dignity as member of the Corps

In the New World the Star looks on the colonists of Jamestown stealing out on Christmas eve, in 1607, to get Star sees Columbus and his crew turn | corn from the Indians by strategy. toward it from their small craft as Two years later, Christmas eve sees

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

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 Giana, 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 had been so hopeful of success that a roaring Christmas eve of it.

Two years afterward the Star gleams on his royal master, James II., spending his Christmas eve in the his throne in England.

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

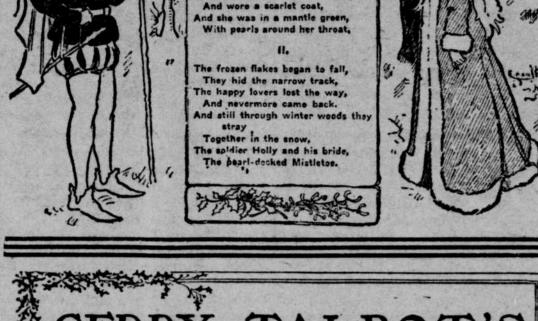
at the Star of Bethlehem as if he

were gazing at it from his home in Christmas eve, 1773, and there are bands and flying banners in Boston. Young and old, mechanics and roysterers and citizens of substance, are marching together. Singing "God The temple of the Most High shall wickedness and ferocity. Yet out of Save the King," they head straight for Mount Moriah save a little heap of freedom be born. For it is that of the lying. Some of the chests go over-Spanish rulers in the Netherlands, board, still to the accompaniment of And again there is a Christmas eve. and at it is adopted the decree of the the loyal tune. The others are left

> Lieut. John Paul Jones, in his new uniform and clothed in his three-dayof 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 Valthey roll in the great blue serges of them suffering grievously for food ley Forge, where men sit around piti. book. "You see, we haven't much

> freezing, but unfaltering. Christmas eve, 1783, George Washington has surrendered his commis sion the day before. For the first Christmas eve, 1675 and 1676, sees time in seven years, he looks up to



Polly in Mistletoe

the Holly as a soldier roamed The woodlands long ago, and met beneath a spreading oak

boro a sword and slene

GERRY TALBOT'S CHRISTMAS DINNER

denly, looking up from the letter he door. had just received, "you needn't mind | come off, after all."

The decorated end of the big, sump-Of course, her rejection at the last was unflagging. hour had been a gentle invention pre-



Gazing Wistfully.

governor and vice-regent of New Eng- he had selected a ring for her Christland, has just arrived and is making | mas gift-a little golden circlet set with a clear white solitaire.

The streets were thronged with bustling Christmas shoppers, glad of French court, a fugitive driven from heart, with merry, expectant faces, not. and here and there a wistful one, too, Sitting with a few companions by looking on, but not buying. As Talbot a camp fire in the primeval wilderness turned toward the restaurant he notoward me every year with new in- for ten Christmas eves thereafter the of Pennsylvania, a young surveyor ticed two little girls gazing wistfully into a confectioner's window.

"Yes, Min, I would. I'd do it fust thing," said the taller of the two. "Oh. my! wouldn't it be nice to be rich an' there was a plenty of crullers and tur- trying its hardest to eclipse all the invite all your friends to a big turkey key and ice cream, all went well to others in wealth and skill of decoraan' ice cream dinner!"

Minnie, who was of less sanguine came true, anyway; but her friend tions that interested Talbot in spite of his gloom. They were very poorly hurried back to the studio, clad, thin-featured and ill-nourished. but not unpleasant to look at. Talbot vas conscious, all at once, of an inexlicable impulse to gratify the first hild's wish.

"So you would really like to give our friends a Christmas dinner!' said he, smiling down at her astonished eyes. "I have a great mind to let you have your wish."

"Oh, dear me, Min!" she gasped, "I can't hardly believe it, can you? It sounds just like a make-believe thing. Won't Mis' Posey be s'prised! An' Jonas an' Meg an' Tom! Oh, won't they be jest too pleased!"

"How many shall you invite?" Talbot asked gravely, taking out his noteable fires in rags-penniless, hungry, | time to spare, so we'll have to begin our preparations at once. How many

'Well, there's Aunt Kitty an' Uncle Tim an' the baby. Mis' Posey, Jonas Boggs, Meg an' Pat Fooley-Min, can ou think of anyone else?"

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

Talbot nodded gravely. "Can you tive me some idea what they would like to have for dinner?" "There'll be turkey, won't there?"

"Certainly."

"With sauce and stuffin'?"

Talbot wrote down the various items while they added sundry incongruous articles.

"Don't you think it would be nice plate?" he asked. Both girls gasped, but looked im-

mensely 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 se-

They set off toward Sixth avenue, where they soon found themselves in a whirl of belated shoppers. Talbot consulted his list as he followed the

children from counter to counter. "Now, I think you had better both when the young couple at the other run home and let your parents see end of the room sauntered toward that you are safe and sound, then set them they were smiling.—New York shout the invitatione" said Talbot. Tiress.

"James," said Gerry Talbot, sud- when the cab stopped before his own At precisely 12 o'clock the bell rang

about the rest. The dinner will not for the first time to announce the arrival of the guests. Talbot shook hands all around with

tuous studio looked oddly distasteful a "Merry Christmas!" after which to Gerry Talbot since the reading of they all took their places at the beau-Miss Wakefield's telegram, which had tiful table, the like of which none of shattered his enthusiastic plans. He that humble party had ever looked had invited her-and, for chaperon- upon. But it was a kindly madness age, her brother and his wife-to a that possessed the host of that boun-Christmas studio dinner, which he tiful dinner, for his stories were of meant to make as festive as possible. the pleasantest and his watchful care

The door swung inward, and-

'A little friend of mine wanted to devices and mottoes of all kinds glitgive her friends a Christmas dinner, ter from the walls, and all so skiland I persuaded her to let me share fully arranged and blended that one it," he explained, jauntily. "It has is tempted to think that, after all, been a great treat to me."

Miss Wakefield read the whole should have been an artist.

said her brother.

Lou and Talbot made room for

Miss Wakefield stood before the of inspection to the mess deck. grate, while her brother and his wife examined a row of pictures half hid- amid deafening cheers, the decoraden behind the holly wreaths.



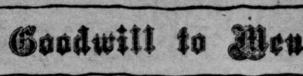
"Yes, now," he repeated.

to have a little present beside each and wish you a Merry Christmas, anyway; and so we came, you see." Talbot thought of the ring. He had

taken it from its hiding place. "For a long while I have wanted to ask you to accept this-and what goes with it," he said, simply, holding the glittering bauble toward her.

A red glow crept into her face. "Don't you think you are taking a rather unfair advantage of me, Gerry?" she asked.

"Yes. now?" he repeated. She made no audible answer, but



Many Many Many Many Many Many Many Maria



Sing a song of Christmas, Of holly, pine, and fir, Of gold and gems for tribute, Of fragrant spice and myrrh.



Sing a song of Christmas, Of love this happy morn, For lo! in old Judea Our blessed Lord is born.





Sing a song of Christmas, Of angels bringing mirth, And Heaven sending blessings To this old weary earth.



Sing a song of Christmas, Of Mother Mary sweet, And shepherds bowing lowly At the Christ-Child's little feet.





Jack Tar is notoriously a "merry soul," whether affoat or on shore; but Now and then Talbot rose to refill once a year he lays himself out to pared to avert a greater disappoint an empty glass or replenish a half eclipse even himself, and that is on a frame over the writing desk of a ment, for he had let her know unmis- emptied plate, and in the midst of one | Christmas day. It matters nothing certain well known journalist. takably how it was with him, and he of his excursions around the table where he may find himself-dodging the hall bell thrilled merrily, a pro- icebergs in the northern seas, cruislonged, intimate, expectant trill that ing among palm-fringed Pacific isl- to a large city with great literary assent all the blood rushing madly to ands, or in port 3,000 leagues from his face. There was a pause, then the lass he loves—it's all the same to James' quiet, well-trained voice said: Jack; he means to have what he ex-"Yes, madam; he is at dinner in the pressively calls a "high old time"- if not large income, so long as he and he has it.

> of explanation of which he heard not to dream, it may be, of the "old folk sult appeared to be dismal failure; one word. Indeed, to him one isolated at home," everything is practically fact filled the world-that she was ready for the morrow's feasting and smiling up at him with a great prom- reveiry. All day long busy hands have ise in her eyes. He heard himself say been engaged in converting the mess something about a delightful surprise, deck into a veritable fairy scene of which she interrupted with a half color and gaiety. Roses there are in apologetic question concerning his thousands, of all colors of the rainbow, and all fashioned by clever fin-Talbot beamed around the table. gers; furlongs of gay paper festoons; Jack has missed his vocation and

truth for herself as she looked into Now all is ready for Father Christthe good, homely faces that reflected mas. First comes an impressive ceretheir host's praises in every glance. mony, when the men, in immaculate She said nothing, but her eyes told duck, are paraded for service; the what Talbot would have given all he flag is hauled down, and in its place possessed to hear from her lips. Then the red cross pennon of the church Mr. Wakefield and his wife ventured unfolds in the breeze, and four or five in, and Talbot bethought himself to hundred lusty voices join with the ask if they had dined, which they had band in sending one good old Christmas hymn after another rolling up in "I warned Grace that we'd jar majestic volume of sound to the blue somebody's plans by running in at of heaven. There is no sermon, just this hour, but she thought we might a few hymns and prayers; but you as well look in on our way home," won't find a more impressive Christmas service the big world through.

Then come the finishing touches three plates here and there, and as to the mess deck fairyland, each mess the very end of the function, when tion. As the hour of noon draws near the eleven originally invited guests the petty officers of the watch give disposition, said there wasn't any rose and made their adieus with glad place to the smallest lads aboard, who good in wishing, 'cause nothing ever hearts and beaming faces. Talbot saw strut about in their mimic dignity them all safely stowed into the ele- and send officers and crew into conkept up a flow of charitable aspira- vator cage, when, with a "Happy New vulsions of laughter. And then, at the Year, and many jolly returns!" he first stroke of eight bells the captain

The plum puddings are sampled tions are duly admired and praised. terday," she said, "but poor Ted's tel- and good wishes the skipper withegram was so urgent that we were draws himself and his suite, and the afraid he was worse, and hadn't the "feeding and fun" begin. Such feed- preserves a Christmas card which heart to refuse him. When I discov- ing and such fun it is, too; but, in cost him one penny and brought him ered that we could take an early train delicacy, let us leave Jack to it and a fortune of £40,000. He was once home I made up my mind to run in join him again when the last mouth a doctor at Sheffield, and one Christpipe-the crown of the feast.

> martyr. And thus the hours fly in a jollity which will brighten by its memory many a long day to come. But 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

About twelve years since, the journalist to whom the card belongs went pirations. Against the advice of his parents, he threw up a situation which would have brought him in a steady cared to do the work. But he con-And he sets about it thoroughly sidered literary work was his forte. Well, Talbot knew that he was not and systematically, as becomes a and he came to the great metropolis dreaming when she came toward him sailor. Long before he flings himself to earn fame and fortune with his pen with outstretched hands and a ripple into his hammock on Christmas eve as a free lance. To be brief, the re-

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 fiveyear-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 and his officers pay their state visit 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 "I was sorry to disappoint you yes- and after a few seasonable remarks a very serious offense, ordered his immediate release.

A gentleman living in Wales still ful of plum pudding has vanished and, mas bought a shilling box of a dozen seated and happy, he produces his Christmas cards to send to his friends. After dispatching eleven he found that A diversion may take the form of his list of friends was exhausted, and a raid on a popular officer and a chair. at first thought of keeping the twelfth ing and ovation, to which he submits | card. He suddenly remembered an like a well pleased, if embarrassed, old aunt, however, living in Wales, whom he had never seen, and to her he posted the remaining card.

A little later the old lady died, and the longest and gladdest day has its the doctor found that she had left ending. "Out pipes" is sounded, and him her entire fortune. Her lawyer when Jack at last tumbles into his declared that the date of the alterahammock, weary and happy, we may I tion of her will was the day after that on which she received the card.



