

Beasley's Christmas Party

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

V—Continued.

Beasley had just opened the front door, returning at noon from his office, when Hamilton Swift, Junior's, voice came piping from the library, where he was reclining in his wagon by the window.

"Cousin David Beasley! Cousin David, come a-running!" he cried. "Come a-running! The Hunchbergs are here!" Of course Cousin David Beasley came a-running, and was immediately introduced to the whole Hunchberg family, a ceremony which old Bob, who was with the boy, had previously undergone with courtly grace.

"They like Bob," explained Hamilton. "Don't you, Mr. Hunchberg? Yes, he says they do extremely!" (He used such words as "extremely" often; indeed, as Dowden said, he talked "like a child in a book," which was due, I dare say, to his English mother.) "And I'm sure," the boy went on, "that all the family will admire Cousin David. Yes, Mr. Hunchberg says, he thinks they will."

And then (as Bob told me) he went almost out of his head with joy when Beasley offered Mr. Hunchberg a cigar and struck a match for him to light it.

"But whar," exclaimed the old dandy, "whar in de name o' de good Gawd do de chile get dem names? Hit lak to skeer me!" That was a subject often debated between Dowden and me: there was nothing in Wainwright that could have suggested them, and it did not seem probable he could have remembered them from over the water. In my opinion they were the inventions of that busy and lonely little brain.

I met the Hunchberg family, myself, the day after their arrival, and Beasley, by that time, had become so well acquainted with them that he could remember all their names, and helped in the introduction. There was Mr. Hunchberg—evidently the child's favorite, for he was described as the possessor of every engaging virtue—and there was that lively matron, Mrs. Hunchberg; there were the Hunchberg young gentlemen, Tom, Noble and Grandee; and the young ladies, Miss Queen, Miss Marble and Miss Molanna—all exceedingly gay and pretty. There was also Colonel Hunchberg, an uncle; finally there was Aunt Cooley Hunchberg, a somewhat decrepit but very amiable old lady. Mr. Corley Lindberg happened to be calling at the same time; and, as it appeared to be Beasley's duty to keep the conversation going and constantly to include all of the party in its general flow, it struck me that he had truly (as Dowden said) "enough to keep him busy."

The Hunchbergs had lately moved to Wainwright from Constantople, I learned; they had decided not to live in town, however, having purchased a fine farm out in the country, and, on account of the distance, were able to call at Beasley's only about eight times a day, and seldom more than twice in the evening. Whenever a mystic telephone announced that they were on the way, the child would have himself wheeled to a window; and when they came in sight he would cry out in wild delight, while Beasley hastened to open the front door and admit them.

They were so real to the child, and Beasley treated them with such consistent seriousness, that between the two of them I sometimes began to feel that there actually were such people, and to have moments of half-surprise that I couldn't see them; particularly as each of the Hunchbergs developed a character entirely his own to the last peculiarity, such as the aged Aunt Cooley Hunchberg's deafness, on which account Beasley never forgot to raise his voice when he addressed her. Indeed, the details of actuality in all this appeared to bring as great a delight to the man as to the child. Certainly he built them up with infinite care. On one occasion when Mr. Hunchberg and I happened to be calling, Hamilton remarked with surprise that Simpledoria had come into the room without licking his hand as he usually did, and had crept under the table. Mr. Hunchberg volunteered the information (through Beasley) that upon his approach to the house he had seen Simpledoria chasing a cat. It was then debated whether chastisement was in order, but finally decided that Simpledoria's surreptitious manner of entrance and his hiding under the table were sufficient indication that he well understood his baseness, and would never let it happen again. And so, Beasley having coaxed him out from under the table, the offender "sat up," begged, and was forgiven. I could almost feel the splendid shaggy head under my hand when, in turn, I patted Simpledoria to show that the reconciliation was unanimous.

Autumn trilled the last leaves behind her flying brown robes one night; we woke to a skurry of snow next morning; and it was winter. Down town, along the sidewalks, the merchants set lines of poles, covered them with evergreen, and ran streamers of green overhead to encourage the festive shopping. Salvation Army Santa Clauses stamped their feet and rang bells on the corners, and pink-faced children fixed their noses immovably to display-windows. For them, the season of seasons, the time of times, was at hand.

To a certain new reporter on the Despatch the stir and gaiety of the streets meant little more than that the days had come when it was night in the afternoon, and that he was given fewer political assignments. This was annoying, because Beasley's candidacy for the governorship had given me a personal interest in the political situation. The nominating convention of his party would meet in the spring; the nomination was certain to carry the election also, and thus far Beasley showed more strength than any other man in the field. "Things are looking his way," said Dowden. "He's always worked hard for the party; not on the stump, of course," he laughed; "but the boys understand there are more important things than speechmaking. His record in Congress gave him the confidence of everybody in the state, and, besides that, people always trust a quiet man. I tell you if nothing happens he'll get it."

"I'm for Beasley," another politician explained, in an interview, "because he's Dave Beasley! Yes, sir, I'm for him. You know the boys say if a man is only for you, in this state, there



The Head and Front (and Backbone, Too), of the Opposition to Beasley Was a Close-Fisted, Hard-Knuckled, Risen-From-the-Soil Sort of Man, One Named Simeon Peck.

Isn't much in it and he may go back on it; but if he's for you, he means it. Well, I'm for Beasley!" There were other candidates, of course; none of them formidable; but I was surprised to learn of the existence of a small but energetic faction opposing our friend in Wainwright, his own town. ("What are you surprised about?" inquired Dowden. "Don't you know what our folks are like, yet? If St. Paul lived in Wainwright, do you suppose he could run for constable without some of his near neighbors getting out to try and down him?")

The head and front (and backbone, too) of the opposition to Beasley was a close-fisted, hard-knuckled, risen-from-the-soil sort of man, one named Simeon Peck. He possessed no inconsiderable influence, I heard; was a hard worker, and vigorously seconded by an energetic lieutenant, a young man named Grist. These, and others, they had been able to draw to their faction, were bitterly and eagerly opposed to Beasley's nomination, and worked without ceasing to prevent it. I quote the invaluable Mr. Dowden again: "Grist's against us because he had a quarrel with a clerk in Beasley's office, and wanted Beasley to discharge him, and Beasley wouldn't; Sim Peck's against us out of just plain wrongheadedness, and because he nev-

er was for anything nor for anybody in his life. I had a talk with the old mutton-head the other day; he said our candidate ought to be a farmer, a 'man of the common people,' and when I asked him where he'd find anybody more 'a man of the common people' than Beasley, he said Beasley was 'too much of a society man' to suit him! The idea of Dave as a 'society man' was too much for me, and I laughed in Sim Peck's face, but that didn't stop Sim Peck! 'Jest look at the style he lives in,' he yelled. 'Ain't he fairly tappered in luxury? Look at that big house he lives in! Look at the way he goes around in that big car of his—and a nigger to drive him, half the time!' I had to holler again, and, of course, that made Sam twice as mad as he started out to be; and he went off swearing he'd show me, before the campaign was over. The only trouble he and Grist and that crowd could give us would be by finding out something against Dave, and they can't do that because there isn't anything to find out."

I shared his confidence on this latter score, but was somewhat less sanguine on some others. There were only two newspapers of any political influence in Wainwright, the Despatch and the Journal, both operated in the interest of Beasley's party, and neither had "come out" for him. The gossip I heard about our office led me to think that each was waiting to see what headway Sim Peck and his faction would make; the Journal especially, I knew, had some inclination to coquette with Peck, Grist, and Company. Altogether, their faction was not entirely to be despised.

Thus, my thoughts were a great deal more occupied with Beasley's chances than with the holiday spirit that now, with furs and bells and wreathing mists of snow, breathed good cheer over the town. So little, indeed, had this spirit touched me, that, one evening when one of my colleagues, standing before the grate-fire in the reporter's room, yawned and said he'd be glad when tomorrow was over, I asked him what was the particular trouble with tomorrow.

"Christmas," he explained, languidly. "Always so tedious. Like Sunday."

"It makes me homesick," said another, a melancholy little man who was forever bragging of his native Duluth.

"Christmas," I repeated—"tomorrow!"

It was Christmas eve, and I had not known it! I leaned back in my chair; in a sudden loneliness, what pictures coming before me of long-ago Christmas eves at home!—old Christmas eves when there was a Tree. . . .

My name was called; the night city editor had an assignment for me. "Go up to Sim Peck's, on Madison street," he said. "He thinks he's got something on David Beasley, but won't say any more over the telephone. See what there is in it."

I picked up my hat and coat, and left the office at a speed which must have given my superior the highest conception of my journalistic zeal. At a telephone station on the next corner I called up Mrs. Apperthwaite's house and asked for Mr. Dowden.

"What are you doing?" I demanded, when his voice responded.

"Playing bridge," he answered.

"Are you going out anywhere?"

"No. What's the trouble?"

"I'll tell you later. I may want to see you tonight before I go back to the office."

"All right. I'll be at home all the evening."

I hung up the receiver and made off on my errand.

Down town the streets were crowded with the package-laden people, bending heads and shoulders to the bitter wind, which swept a blinding, sleet-like snow horizontally against them. At corners it struck so tumultuous a blow upon the chest of the pedestrians that for a moment it would halt them, and you could hear them gasping half-smothered "Ahs" like bathers in a heavy surf. Yet there was a gaiety in this eager gale; the crowds pressed anxiously, yet happily, up and down the street in their generous search for things to give away. It was not the rich who struggled through the storm tonight; these were people who carried their own bundles home. You saw them: toilers and saviors, tired mothers and fathers, worn with the grinding thrift of all the year, but now for this one night careless of how hard-saved the money, reckless of everything but the joy of giving it to bring the children joy on the one great tomorrow. So they bent their heads to the freezing wind, their arms laden with darning bundles and their hearts uplifted with the tremulous happiness of giving more than they could afford. Meanwhile, Mr. Simeon Peck, honest man, had chosen this season to work harm if he might to the greatest of his fellow-men.

I found Mr. Peck waiting for me at his house. There were four other men with him, one of whom I recognized as Grist, a squat young man with slippery-looking black hair and a lambrequin mustache. They were donning their coats and hats in the hall when I arrived.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Puttin' One Over on 'Em.

A country man and his wife, who had just come to the city, went into a restaurant. They sat down at the nearest table and had been waiting for quite a while, when the manager came over and said, "Pardon me, but this is a self-serving cafeteria. You'll have to serve yourself." Her husband, muttering to himself, arose and served the table, and when the meal was almost finished, he whispered to his wife, "Mary, I'll tell you what let's do. Let's slip out without washing the dishes."—Atlanta Constitution.

The American Legion

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

WILL HELP RUN GOVERNMENT

Brig. Gen. John R. McQuigg, Ohio, Organizer, Predicts Reform Through Ex-Service Men.

"There is an avalanche coming down on government before long when the service men get properly organized. The government will be run as it has not been run in the past, and is being run now."

The above statement was made by Brig. Gen. John R. McQuigg, veteran organizer, campaigner and silver-tongued orator of the American Legion in accepting his recent unanimous election as chairman of the Cuyahoga County (O.) Council of the Legion which includes all Cleveland Legionnaires.

Entrance of ex-service men into the active affairs of government will purify American politics and will inject a new note of Americanism into this country's affairs, according to General McQuigg, although the Legion, as an organization, will never participate in partisan politics.

General McQuigg is serving his third term as Legion national executive committee member from Ohio, and is a past commander of the Ohio department. At the recent national convention in New Orleans he was chosen a three-year member of the national finance committee. He was chairman of the very important resolutions committee at the convention, and presented the resolution on adjusted compensation to the convention. He played an active role in the compensation fight in congress.

A brigadier general of the Ohio National Guard, Mr. McQuigg is president of the Windermere Savings and Loan company of Cleveland, and is a former mayor of East Cleveland. He has always been active in civic and political affairs and has been a practicing attorney since 1890.

General McQuigg is a veteran of both the Spanish and World wars. In the recent war he commanded the One Hundred and Twelfth engineers in the Thirty-seventh division at Camp Sheridan overseas.

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ANOTHER LEGION MAN A HERO

Omaha (Neb.) Member Stops Runaway Team, Saving Many Persons From Threatened Injury.

E. W. Sears, a member of Douglas County post of the American Legion at Omaha, Neb., is recovering from wounds received when he performed a heroic rescue of several pedestrians whose lives were threatened by a runaway team of horses at a downtown corner in Omaha.

The team was dashing into a crowd of men and women when Sears became aware of the situation. There was no time to pull the pedestrians out of the way. With all the presence of mind displayed by doughboys attacking a German machine-gun nest, Sears ran into the street, leaped at the horses and succeeded in catching a bridle. The team stopped a few feet from the crowd of men and women.

Sears, however, was injured, suffering a deep wound in the leg when one of the horses struck him with an iron shoe. Praised for his bravery by a number of persons in the crowd, Sears refused to admit that he had done anything extraordinary.

"Any of my buddies in the Legion would have done the same," the war veteran said.

INFLUENCE OF LEGION POSTS

Organizations Can Build Solidly Into Life of Community, National Vice Commander Says.

Active participation of American Legion posts in the affairs of their communities was urged by P. Plummer of Casper, Wyo., national vice commander of the American Legion, in a recent address to members of the Legion national headquarters staff at Indianapolis.

"The entire future of the American Legion depends upon the manner in which it appeals to the great body of American people who were not in the war," Mr. Plummer said. "By usefulness in behalf of a greater village, town or city, the Legion post can build itself solidly into the life of the community and develop a powerful national influence."

Mr. Plummer announced that he was going to take an active part in the Legion's program for 1923 instead of considering his office an honorary title.

HONOR HERSHELL, THE POET

Buddies Join Author, Popular With Doughboys in World War, in Celebrating Birthday.

William Herschell of Indianapolis author of "Long Boy," "The Kid Has Gone to the Colors" and other poems popular with the doughboys in the World war, was honored by his Indiana American Legion buddies at a recent celebration of the poet's forty-ninth birthday at Greensburg, Ind.

Alvin Owsley, national commander of the Legion, who spoke at the celebration, said that Herschell was one of the few war writers who knew the heart of the fighter, and who spoke his language. The Hoosier poet's strength is in his knowledge of the thoughts and actions of the millions of plain, ordinary people who form the bulk of America's population, according to Mr. Owsley. The tribute to Indiana Legionnaires was voiced by Perry Faulstich, Indiana commander. Philip B. Stapp, editor of "The Hoosier Legionnaire," was in charge of arrangements for the banquet and acted as toastmaster.

"Why Do They Call Them Buddies?" was written by Herschell and was dedicated to the Legion at the banquet. The poem follows:

Why do they call them Buddies? What other name as sweet Has ever been war-hallowed By rain and snow and sleet? What other name than Buddies Would men like our men bear When all hell belched its baptism And death was everywhere?

Why do they call them Buddies? Though not of common kin, Old Glory called them brothers When Freedom said: "Go in!" They swept in mighty legions To man land, sky and sea; Gob, devil-dog and doughboy— A fighting trinity!

Why do they call them Buddies? Because they stand today, Still Buddies to the Buddy Left shattered by the fray. Though peace may grow unmindful Of war's unsetting debt, The Buddy to the Buddy Stands fast—and can't forget!

That's why they call them Buddies! The shrapnel's shriek is gone, But still, beneath Old Glory, The Buddies carry on! And so, tonight, heart-happy, I breathe this fervent prayer: God make the way all roses For Buddy Legionnaires!

Herschell's legion of friends know him as "Bill." He has been the leading feature writer of the Indianapolis News for years and his poems have had nationwide circulation.

TO HAVE BIG ATHLETIC MEET

Secretary Lindberg of Legion's National Commission at Work on Program for Next Convention.

On the road to complete recovery of his health shattered by the World war, Al. C. Lindberg, secretary of the American Legion's national athletic commission, is on the job at Legion national headquarters preparing for the largest ex-service athletic meeting in history at the next national convention in San Francisco.

Lindberg came back from France after spending months in hospitals suffering from wounds caused when an airplane he was piloting crashed to the ground. This was not before he had participated in a number of air battles with German aviators.

Although Lindberg suffered continually from his war wounds, he did not remain long in American hospitals. When the Legion's athletic commission was formed to encourage the spread of clean, wholesome sports among ex-service men and the younger generation, Lindberg was called from his home in Chicago to assume the position of secretary of the commission. His work was primarily responsible for the success of the Legion's recent athletic meet at the New Orleans convention.

A few days ago Lindberg submitted to an operation in a Chicago hospital in which several ribs were bound together with strips of silver and it is now believed that he will recover his health.

Lindberg is remembered in the sports world for his athletic career at the University of Illinois, where he was a ten-second man in the 100-yard dash and a member of the varsity football baseball and basketball teams.

Legion Men Edit Newspapers.

Editors of South Dakota newspapers took a holiday during one day of American Education Week, held December 3 to 9, inclusive, under the auspices of the American Legion. In each newspaper office members of the Legion wrote the editorials and news and did all the work of getting out the newspapers for that particular day. The work was supervised by the regular editorial staff of the various publications. The editing of newspapers is expected by Douglas Sheldon, South Dakota Legion adjutant, to aid materially in making known the Americanization program and plans of the Legion for the coming year.

MRS. G. W. HALL SICK FOR YEARS

Wants Women to Know How She Was Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lima, Ohio.—"Indeed, your medicine is all you say it is! I had very severe troubles such as women often have, and could do no heavy work. I was sick for several years, and from reading your ads, I finally decided to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am now doing my own washing, which I haven't done for several years, and can walk long distances without those dragging pains and weak feelings. The Vegetable Compound is fine, and I never forget to say a good word for it to other women when they say they need something."—Mrs. G. W. HALL, 659 Hazel Avenue, Lima, Ohio.

There are many women who find their household duties almost unbearable owing to some weakness or derangement. The trouble may be slight, yet cause such annoying symptoms as dragging pains, weakness and a run-down feeling. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a splendid medicine for such conditions. It has in many cases relieved those symptoms by removing the cause of them. Mrs. Hall's experience is but one of many.

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Advertisement for Nujol laxative. Text: Stop Laxatives Which Only Aggravate Constipation. Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. When you are constipated, not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid is produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it. Try it today. Nujol is a LUBRICANT—NOT A LAXATIVE.

Advertisement for Parker's Hair Balm. Text: PARKER'S HAIR BALM. Removes Itch, Dandruff, Itching, Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists. (Brewer Chemical Works, Paterson, N. J.)

Advertisement for Hindercorns. Text: HINDERCORNS. Removes Corns, Calluses, etc. Store all pain, causes comfort to the foot, makes walking easy. Use by mail or at Druggists. Hirsch Chemical Works, Paterson, N. J.

Advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Fragrant Talcum. Text: Comfort Your Skin With Cuticura Soap and Fragrant Talcum. Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c. Making it Snappy. "He doesn't like the words of our song." "Give him the air."—Columbia Jester.

Advertisement for Women Need Swamp-Root. Text: WOMEN NEED SWAMP-ROOT. Thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it. Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease. If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased. Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble. Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions. Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store. However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Advertisement.

Advertisement for Castoria. Text: Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria. It is a physical impossibility for a man or woman to be happy without a sense of humor.

Advertisement for Murine eye drops. Text: MURINE. Night and Morning. Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they Tingle, Itch, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes, Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At All Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.