

# At Baby's Shrine

Without the cares we grown folks meet,  
 Without a thought of pain,  
 The baby with its pattering feet  
 Goes to the shrine again  
 To stand, enraptured, gazing wide,  
 To worship there in glee,  
 Where super-joys of Christmastide  
 Reward the devotee.

—Charles Frederick Wadsworth.



## Desert Gold

By ZANE GREY  
Author of Riders of the Purple Sage, Wildfire, Etc.

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

Copyright by Harper & Brothers.

(Continued from page 7)

And have some spunk about it!"  
 "Gile went thoughtfully back to his room. Then remembering the hope Mrs. Redding had given him, Dick lost his gravity in a flash, and something began to dance and ring within him. He simply could not keep his steps turned from the patio. Every path led there. His blood was throbbing, his hopes mounting, his spirit soaring.

"Now for some spunk!" he said, under his breath.  
 Plainly he meant his merry whistle and his buoyant step to interrupt this first languorous stage of the siesta which the girls always took during the hot hours. But neither girl heard him. Mercedes lay under the pale verde, her beautiful head dark and stiff upon a cushion. Nell was asleep in the hammock. Her sweet, red lips, with the soft, perfect curve, had always fascinated Dick, and now drew him irresistibly. He had always been consumed with a desire to kiss her, and now he was overwhelmed with his opportunity. It would be a terrible

thing to do, but if she did not waken at once—No, he would fight the temptation. That would be more than spunk. It would—She stirred—he feared she would awaken.

He had dropped back erect when she opened her eyes. They were sleepy, yet surprised until she saw him. Then she was wide awake in a second, bewildered, uncertain.

"Why—oh here?" she asked, slowly.

"Large as life!" replied Dick, with unusual gaiety.

"How long have you been here?"

"Just got here this fraction of a second," he replied, lying shamelessly.

"I thought—I was—dreaming," she said, and evidently the sound of her voice reassured her.

"Yes, your looked as if you were having pleasant dreams," replied Dick.

"So sorry to wake you. I can't see how I came to do it. I was so quiet. Mercedes didn't wake. Well, I'll go and let you have your siesta and dream."

But he did not move to go. Nell regarded him with curious, speculative eyes.

"Isn't it a lovely day?" queried Dick.

"Yesterday was finer, but you didn't notice it."

"Oh, yesterday was somewhere back in the past—the inconsequential past."

Nell's sleepy eyes opened a little wider. She did not know what to make of this changed young man. Dick felt gleeful and tried hard to keep the fact from becoming manifest.

"What's the inconsequential past?"

"You seem remarkably happy today."

"I certainly am happy. Adios. Pleasant dreams."

Dick turned away then and left the patio by the opening into the yard.

Nell was really sleepy, and when she had fallen asleep again he would return. He walked around for a while. Presently, as if magnet-drawn, he re-

traced his steps to the patio and entered noiselessly.

Nell was now deep in her siesta. She was inert, relaxed, untroubled by



Nell Was Now Deep in Her Siesta. She Was Inert, Relaxed, Untroubled by Dreams.

dreams. Her hair was damp on her brow.

Again Nell stirred, and gradually awakened. Her eyes unclosed, humid, shadowy, unconscious. They rested upon Dick for a moment before they became clear and comprehensive. Her first stood back fully ten feet from her, and to all outside appearances regarded her calmly.

## TRADE AT

# BULLOCH'S DRUG STORE

where you get a FREE TICKET with every purchase, which may win for you a

"TALKING MAMMA DOLL"

or

"GOLD WATCH AND CHAIN"

which will be given away Christmas Eve.

We handle a full line of Holiday Goods, such as is found in first class drug stores. Watch our window, get ideas, and purchase.

Fine stock of Ivory Goods on display inside. Come in and inspect our stock of Stationery, Kodaks, Perfumes, Thermos Bottles, Parker Fountain Pens, Pipes, Cigars in special Xmas Packages, Elmer's and Nunnally's Candies.

DON'T FORGET TO DEPOSIT YOUR TICKET IN THE BARREL BEFORE GOING OUT

"I've interrupted your siesta again," he said. "Please forgive me. I'll take myself off."

He wandered away, and when it became impossible for him to stay away any longer he returned to the patio.

The instant his glance rested upon Nell's face he divined she was feigning sleep. Dick dropped upon his knees and bent over her. He wanted more than anything he had ever wanted in his life to see if she would keep up that pretense of sleep and let him kiss her. She must have felt his breath, for her hair waved off her brow. Her cheeks were now white. Her breast swelled and sank. He bent down closer—closer. But he must have been maddeningly slow, for as he bent still closer Nell's eyes opened, and he caught a swift, purple gaze of eyes as she whirled her head. Then, with a little cry, she rose and fled.

(Continued next week)

## The Wishing Buttons

By CHRISTOPHER G. HAZARD

TO US children there was a mysterious charm about old Mr. Uplook. He used to spend a good deal of his time in the back part of his shop, turning bits of mahogany into little boats and telling us stories while he chipped and polished. He had a small person in his throat whom he called Pedro, and he would make him grunt out answers to our questions in a wonderful manner. His vest buttons were connected with several insects, and when we touched them there would come out now a bee, then a mosquito, and once in a while a bug that would snap off our noses. The buzzing of the bee, the piping of the mosquito, and the dangerous assault of the snap bug gave us many a thrill and him much enjoyment.

One Christmas time, being rather short of rich relatives and very long on hope, we conceived the idea of drawing upon the fairy resources of our good friend, by suggesting a button that would connect with the good genius of the holidays and bless our wishes. So we asked Mr. Uplook if he thought the first two buttons on his coat could by any possibility have anything to do with the Christmas case. He said that he would have to go into his back room and see about it first, but when he came out we knew by his looks that it would be all right.

We wanted to press the buttons several times, but Mr. Uplook thought that once would be enough, and said that in each case we might whisper two desires, whispering loud enough for him to hear, so that he might be sure we were getting the thing straight. So we pressed and whispered in that perfect faith that Mr. Uplook always inspired in us.

We were not surprised on Christmas morning when things happened just as we had expected, and kind Mr. Uplook seemed just like a real Santa Claus as he stood by the roadside with his camera, taking a picture of one boy with red-topped, copper-toed boots, riding on a new sled; and of another who was trying a pair of shining skates on the wayside pond and trying to keep a fur cap in its place. And we boys were painting upon our hearts a picture of this good friend that has lasted until now.

### How Did Auntie Know?

It was their second Christmas and the young wife was proudly displaying the big Christmas remembrance, an electric washer, from "friend husband" to the relatives gathered, when one auntie remarked: "Isn't that just typical of married life—the first Christmas a talking machine and the second Christmas a washing machine!"

## CARD GAMES AT CHRISTMAS

Thin Pasteboards Afforded Means of Entertainment in England During Yuletide Season.

A UNIVERSAL Christmas custom of England in olden times was playing at cards. Persons who never touched a card at any other season of the year felt bound to play a few games at Christmas.

A prohibitory statute of Henry VII's reign forbade card playing save during the Christmas holidays. Of course this prohibition extended only to persons of humble rank.

Sir Roger De Coverley took care to provide both creature comfort and amusement for his neighbors at Christmas by sending "a string of hog's puddings and a pack of cards" to every poor family in the parish.

Even the pulpit comes in for its share of anecdotes regarding playing cards. Fuller gives an example of a clergyman preaching from Romans 12:3, "As God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith." The reverend gentleman in question adopted as an illustration of his discourse the metaphor of "dealing" as applied to cards, reminding his congregation that they should follow suit, ever play above board, improve the gifts dealt out to them, take care of their trumps, play promptly when it came their turn, etc.

Short notes were frequently written on the backs of playing cards. In an old collection of poetry is found the following lines:

"To a Lady Who Sent Her Compliments to a Clergyman on the Ten of Hearts."

"Your compliments, dear lady, pray forbear,

"Old English services are more sincere;

"You send ten hearts—the title is only mine,

"Give me but one and burn the other nine."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## CHRISTMAS FEAST FOR BIRDS

Feathery Tribe in Bosnia Not Forgotten—Food Placed Near Nests and Shelters.

C HRISTMAS is not merely a festival celebrated by and for man alone. Among the folklore of other countries are several quaint stories in which animals and birds give evidence of their adoration. A well-known Bosnian legend offers a version of world-adoration. They claim that on the holy day "the sun in the east bowed down, the stars stood still; the mountains and forests shook and touched the earth with their summits, and the green pine tree bent; the grass was be-flowered with the opening of blossoms; incense sweet as myrrh pervaded upland and forest; birds sang on the mountain tops and all give thanks to the great God."

In Bosnia on Christmas Day a sheaf of rye is put near birds' nests and bird houses for the birds' Christmas.

An old Indian legend says that on Christmas night all the deer in the forest kneel in adoration before the Great Spirit. Woe to him, however, who tries to spy upon them. He is punished with perpetual stiffening of the knees.

Many people of the Old World claim that on Christmas night animals are gifted with speech, but none must trespass or eavesdrop.

Many and many have been the tales which account for the robin's red breast. In great many parts of Europe he is called the Saviour's bird, and a story is told that when the Christ was crucified the robin, unable to stand his suffering, ventured to pluck the thorns from His head. In doing so, the blood stained the robin's breast, which sign he wears today.

# "Lots for Your Money Brands"

Should Not Tempt You—Use

# CALUMET

The Economy BAKING POWDER

That's What Millions of Housewives Do



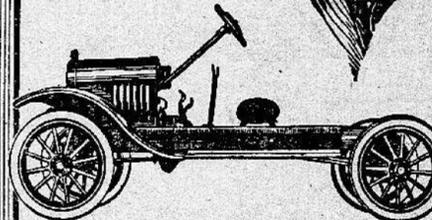
—They know that Good Baking Powder can't be sold for less—that "more for the money" means bake-day failures, waste of time and money—that Calumet means economy.

The sales of Calumet are over 150% greater than that of any other baking powder.

BEST BY TEST

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAKING POWDER

## Buy a Ford— and Spend the difference



Your deliveries made quickly at less expense; your trade zone enlarged; your patronage increased; your business made more progressive by the use of a Ford Chassis and a body to suit your requirements. Let us figure it out for you. Terms if desired.

L. F. WEHRLI, Telephone 5 Covington, La.

## CHRISTMAS OPENS THE HEART

It is the Gladdest Season When the Happiest People Are Those Who Give the Most.

C HRISTMAS is one of the words of the language that convey a suggestion, create a vision, project an atmosphere of glamour, romance and sentiment far greater than themselves.

To say Christmas is to open the eyes of the mind and the doors of the heart to the dearest recollections of our childhood; and these fond and shadowy remembrances mean little unless they create in us the desire to have Christmas mean as much to children today as it meant to us when we were tiny.

For Christmas, the birthday of an immortal child, was, and is must remain especially the festival of the bright innocence of infancy. That is why we resent it when some over-literal and painfully conscientious person rises up in duty bound to declare there is no Santa Claus. Such joy-killers, robbing the nursery of an illusion cherished, would take away the fairy tales and quell the spirit of adventure and flood every mystery of shadowland with the light of common day.

with the old-time, traditional observance of Christmas. We need for the life of our own souls the Christmas tree and the Yule log at the domestic hearth, and the stockings hung a-row, and the joyful clatter of the great morning, and the dinner with the family gathered round in glad reunion.

We need the sweet custom of the interchange of tokens, when into that custom there creeps no accent of calculation, no hint of a mercenary calculation. For we know that it is of the very essence of Christmas to give, not to receive. The blessing rests on those whose love, "great enough to hold the world," seeks outlet on this day to other lives—cramped and pinched, alone and poor, meager in comfort, facing the day without a smile and the night without the pillow of a hope.

It is a wretched celebration of the time to shut oneself in with a surfeit of a feast and a piled heap of gifts and exult that we have so much. Those whose Christmas is the merriest, whose coming year is certain to be happiest, are those who give the most away, and in the giving give themselves.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Nut Bread.

One egg, 1 cupful sugar, 3 cupfuls flour, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 large cupful nuts, a little salt. Use enough water to mix; let stand 30 minutes; bake slowly one hour.

Let no improving modernist tamper