

H. Lawley, Mrs. Raymond Robins, Mrs. Gertrude Howe Britton, Dr. W. A. Evans, Mrs. Harriett Vittum and others also denounced the action of the board.

Mrs. Katherine Rutherford was the only dissenting voice. She arose from her seat in the audience and demanded justice for Harding and the other members of the board who opposed Mrs. Young.

MILLIONAIRE BANKER PLAYS AS SANTA CLAUS

(A well-known San Francisco millionaire sets a new fashion in applying the holiday spirit to the workaday world. He does not call it a "gift," but "simple justice and humanity." In order that he might not be accused of trying to "advertise" himself, this Rich-Man-Santa has asked that neither his name nor his picture be printed. The story, however, is true—not a Christmas parable.—Editor.)

BY JACK JUNGMEYER.

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 13.—A dozen faithful old night watchmen in San Francisco's banking district know there is a Santa Claus.

Fact is, they're working for him.

Old Jack, guardian of the banker's brown-stone mansion, made the discovery. For over two years he hadn't missed a single night in standing guard over the Rich Man's home. Sickness and trouble were not allowed to interfere. Thoughts of the family, with whom he never gathered round the hearth, were put down sternly. He was mighty thankful to have the job.

And now Christmas was in the air. Even rich folk were thinking of something beside dinners and balls and gay diversions.

"When is your night off?" asked the banker, stopping beside Old Jack.

"Why, I never get a night off," replied the watchman, saluting.

"Do you mean to tell me you've

never had a respite since you've been with me?"

"Oh, I'm not kicking, sir," the old guardian informed the banker with alacrity. "I need the job, and I'm thankful to be working."

"Hum," ejaculated the Rich Man and hurried away to his manager's office.

"I want you to hire another watchman right away," he ordered, "to act as relief for our regular night men. Let him make the rounds so that every watchman gets one night a week to spend at home with his family."

"In our own interests and pleasures we've been forgetting these faithful old souls. It's inhuman!"

Old Jack was given a two-weeks' vacation on full pay at once.

"My family will be glad to get acquainted with me again," he said, stammering his thanks. "I'm only sorry the hundreds of other night watchmen haven't employers who think of them occasionally as human beings."

That gave the Rich Man another "hunch."

And now he's proselyting among his rich business associates, trying to persuade them to do likewise.

SHE WAS COMING, TOO

Doctor Francis Warner, the eminent physician, was upon one occasion trying to bring back to complete consciousness a woman who had had a paralytic stroke. His efforts seemed likely to be in vain. For a long time her utterances were only the ravings of delirium, but suddenly she sat up in bed and, looking straight at the doctor, cried: "Oh, you funny old man!" "Ah," said Doctor Warner cheerfully, "now she's beginning to talk sense!"

Postal employees in St. Paul, Minn., have organized a co-operative company and opened a store with a view of reducing for themselves the cost of living.