

## A "DEAD SHOT" —SAYS MINISTER

Black-Draught Given High Praise as a Stomach and Liver Medicine by Well-Known Old Gentleman Who Has Used It.

Mineola, Texas.—The Rev. M. G. Jenkins, a retired minister of the M. E. Church South, living in this city, says: "I have used Black-Draught as a stomach and liver medicine, and have never found its equal.

Once I suffered for two months with cramps and pains, tried everything I could head of without avail, but Black-Draught was a 'dead shot.'

I am known here and all over the state for my honesty and truthfulness. I am 78 years old and have used Black-Draught for years.

I can highly recommend it to any one as a liver medicine that has no equal. It is excellent for stomach, liver and other ailments. I use it for a bad taste in the mouth, headache and other sicknesses that come from the disorders of the liver."

Theford's Black-Draught is purely vegetable, and acts actively on the bowels, gently stimulating the liver, and helping to increase the normal discharge of bile into the intestines.

It assists in the digestion of food and relieves constipation in a prompt and natural way.

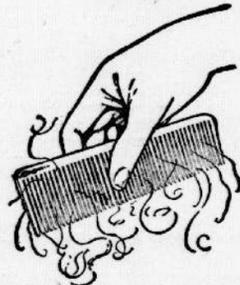
Try Black-Draught. Buy a package of Black-Draught today.—Adv.

### Hair Tonic.

"Hair tonic, sir?"  
"Yes."  
"Inside or out?"—Judge.

## "DANDERINE" STOPS HAIR FALLING OUT

Hurry! A few cents will save your hair and double its beauty.



A little "Danderine" cools, cleanses and makes the feverish, itchy scalp soft and pliable; then this stimulating tonic penetrates to the famished hair roots, revitalizing and invigorating every hair in the head, thus stopping the hair falling out, getting thin, scraggly or fading.

After a few applications of "Danderine" you seldom find a fallen hair or a particle of dandruff, besides every hair shows more life, vigor, brightness, color and thickness.

A few cents buys a bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter.—Adv.

### Assistance Unnecessary.

Dolly—Didn't you call for help when he kissed you?  
Molly—My dear, he didn't need any!

## GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER.

Constipation invites other troubles which come speedily unless quickly checked and overcome by Green's August Flower which is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. It is a sovereign remedy used in many thousands of households all over the civilized world for more than half a century by those who have suffered with indigestion, nervous dyspepsia, sluggish liver, coming up of food, palpitation, constipation and other intestinal troubles. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. Try a bottle, take no substitute.—Adv.

### Their Job.

"There is a chorus of butchers and bakers in that vaudeville act."  
"I suppose they are feeders for the star."

### Freshen a Heavy Skin

With the antiseptic, fascinating Cuticura Talcum Powder, an exquisitely scented convenient, economical face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume. Renders other perfumes superfluous. One of the Cuticura Toilet Tric (Soap, Ointment, Talcum).—Adv.

### Light Waves' Pressure.

By the use of delicate apparatus which he invented a Russian scientist has demonstrated that light waves exert a measurable mechanical pressure.

**MURINE**  
Night  
Morning  
Keep Your Eyes  
Clean—Clear—Healthy  
Write for Free Eye Care Book Murine Co., Chicago, Ill.

# Search for Santa Claus

## By Victor Rousseau



THE mind of a child is a tal images, unrelated kaleidoscope of men and curiously unstable; a patchwork of things heard and seen and only half understood. Eunice was six; too young to grasp the meaning of much that she heard, but old enough to remember. All day she played happily with her dolls in the shabby furnished room which was her mother's bedroom. The door was locked, and Mrs. Holmes, the landlady, was under instructions to look in from time to time to see what Eunice was doing; but since Eunice was never doing anything except playing with her dolls the good woman's visits became less and less frequent.

"She's the most contented little body in the world, ma'am," said the old Scotch woman to Hilda Groves, Eunice's mother. Mrs. Groves was also called Marian Fay, but that was when she stood behind the footlights and enraptured her audience with her girlish charm and ingenuitous manner. By day she was Hilda Groves, wife of John Groves, an unsuccessful writer, and the charming ingenuite was a very tired woman with a discontented droop to her mouth.

"I'm glad she's keeping out of mischief," answered Eunice's mother coldly.

"It's a wonder," soliloquized Mrs. Holmes, pausing in the act of taking a pair of sheets out of a closet and looking at the closed door, "it's a wonder that sort of parents has them kind of children."

The good woman disapproved of Mrs. Groves, whom she thought hard and unmaternal. As for John Groves, Eunice's father, who worked all day, thumping upon his typewriter in the little half empty back room, two stories up, whenever he met Eunice he experienced a curious sense of embarrassment and shame.

When her mother entered the room Eunice would experience much the same feeling of embarrassment that she occasioned her father. Though she had never been told that mothers ought to love and caress their children, Eunice wondered dimly at the cold formality of her mother's kiss, and felt chilled and repressed.

One snowy night in late December John Groves came slowly downstairs and dismissed Mrs. Holmes, who was making Eunice ready for bed.

"Congratulations, daughter," he said. "I have an offer of a position on the staff of the Manhattanite."

Eunice looked up vaguely.

"How would you like to celebrate the occasion with me, child?" inquired her father, addressing Eunice banteringly, because he did not quite know what to say to her.

"Es," said Eunice, slipping her chubby hand into his own.

"The motion is carried," said John Groves. "We are to go, then, to see Mamma transformed into a beneficent fairy. As you are doubtless aware, she takes the part of the Fairy Godmother in the Christmas play now running at the Hudsonian."

That was the first time John Groves and Eunice had ever been out together, except for an occasional stroll round the block to the newspaper man or the corner grocery. To Groves the sensation was as astonishing as it was unexpected. Here he had been creating his dream men and women all his life, while there was a live child, his own, waiting to be discovered, and full of the most amazing touches of what he would have called, in his jargon, "human interest."

But as for Eunice, she was in wonderland, and it far transcended doll-land. She had never imagined anything so heavenly as the lights, the people, and then the mystery of the tunnel-like approach to the theater, the gloomy aisle, and the wall behind the row of little lamps that went up into the roof and disclosed—Mother!

"O-oh!" cried Eunice, leaping up out of her chair. And nobody scolded or even frowned, because this was a Christmas play and the spirit of Christmas was upon everyone.

There was her Mamma, all colors and shining things, standing in the fairy garden, while her god-children grouped themselves around her. And such a transformed Mother! How happy they all were! She was laughing as Eunice had never heard her laugh in Mrs. Holmes' boarding house, and she kissed the children and gave them the most wonderful toys.

"Do you know who that old fellow is, Eunice?" inquired her father, indicating a Christmas character.

"That's Santa Claus."

"Thanta Clauth," repeated Eunice happily.

"Yes. He's the spirit of Christmas. He gives everybody everything they want on Christmas eve."

"Does he live here?" asked Eunice.

"Well, for the present, yes," her father answered. Eunice was very



silent. But when the curtain fell at last her little form was trembling with fearful joy, and she clung ecstatically to her father.

"Now we are going round to Mamma's dressing room," said her father, and before Eunice knew where she was she had passed through the tunnel again, and through a second tunnel, longer and gloomier, into a queer little room, in which her mother sat before a mirror. Her shining dress lay over a chair, and she was deadly tired, and her face was all red and white and streaky. Eunice looked at her and her heart was full of helpless misery. She burst into sudden sobs.

"The child's tired to death, Jack," said Hilda Groves petulantly. "She ought to have been in bed long ago. What made you bring her here?"

Eunice behaved uncommonly badly. She cried and cried, and the more her mother scolded her the more uncontrollable became her sobs. So that at last she had to be carried out in the arms of the dressing woman and put into a taxicab, with a very cross mother and a very subdued father, and after that she found herself in bed.

It must have been all a dream! Eunice was old enough to be able to distinguish dreams from reality. Dreams were things that happened to you when you were asleep, and she had been asleep; but she was wide awake now, wondering why it was so dark in the room, and looking through the crack of the door at the streak of light that came from the room adjoining.

Her parents were talking; she heard her mother's petulant voice.

"I'm sure I don't know what we will do with that child when she gets older, John," Hilda Groves was saying. "Of course the profession is not to be thought of for her."

"But if I take that position on the Manhattanite we can have a home of our own," answered her father.

"And have me give up my work just when I am beginning to attract the attention of the managers," answered his wife sarcastically. "After ten years of drudgery, to be robbed of the reward of it all! No, thank you, my dear."

"But I, too, will have to make the sacrifice," answered her husband.

"Frankly, Hilda, I am not thinking of you in this matter, nor of myself. I am thinking of Eunice."

"Eunice!" repeated his wife bitterly. "The child is quite happy with her dolls, and Mrs. Holmes will take all the care of her that may be necessary. It is only when you take her away from them and try to amuse her that she becomes troublesome. I sometimes wish we had no child to be a burden to us."

Eunice understood, and all her world seemed to tumble into a fathomless abyss. Her mother did not want her, then.

John Groves accepted the offer, but Hilda went on with her work. Between them they could live comfortably and save money, but there could be no home for Eunice. If Hilda left the stage their means would be straitened. The disagreement between them on this subject bred rancor which brought suffering to the child. Eunice's mother could hardly bear to look at her, and Mrs. Holmes became more and more indignant.

"I'll wager there'll be no Santa Claus for you, my lamb," she said dependently, as she put the child to bed two days before Christmas. "But you'll hang up your stockings," she continued angrily, giving the pillow a shake. "I'll fill 'em. I mean, I'll tell Santa to do so. Tell me, dearie, what would you like Santa Claus to bring you?"

"Thanta Clauth," repeated Eunice, and her eyes brightened. "Gives everybody everything they want."

"Yes," said Mrs. Holmes. "Good little boys and girls like you can get most anything. What would you like most in the world, dearie?"

"I want my Mamma to love me like the fairy children," Eunice answered.

Mrs. Holmes understood and hurried out of the room to give vent to her tears. She approached Hilda Groves that evening on the matter.

"Won't you be telling Eunice to hang up her stockings tomorrow night, ma'am?" she inquired.

"Certainly will not teach her that



"THE CHILD'S TIRED TO DEATH, JACK," SAID HILDA

nonsense," Hilda answered. "If you knew the trouble I have with her, Mrs. Holmes, you wouldn't be asking me to put any new ideas into her head. She is contented with her dolls and is satisfied, and my work takes up every minute of my time."

"And you don't do your work," cried the Scotch woman. "There's better and more natural work at your hand for you to do, and you leave it to others."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean Eunice," said Mrs. Holmes defiantly, and wiped her hands on her apron and stalked away, leaving Hilda Groves indignant and resentful.

Mrs. Holmes had put her little charge to bed on Christmas eve and later stole on tiptoe to the door. Eunice was lying with her face to the wall, her head resting upon her arm. The good woman looked wistfully at her, and at the little stockings which hung from the head of the bed. She had never had a child of her own.

She was going to fill them to overflowing with a certain store of good things that she had purchased and hidden away in the linen closet among the sheets and pillow-cases. She had candles and oranges, and firecrackers that snapped disconcertingly, containing foolscaps and mottoes and paper ornaments within their fat and crinkling bodies; a jack-in-the-box, too, and a doll, just large enough to be cunningly concealed inside a stocking. Mrs. Holmes watched the child. Her sleep did not seem sound, for once or twice she stirred, and the good landlady had that morbid terror of discovery which a real Santa always feels.

"I'll wait till Mr. Cunningham comes in and then I'll do it," she resolved. Mr. Cunningham, the last of her boarders to come home, was always punctual upon the stroke of eleven. Eunice would then be sound asleep, no doubt.

But Eunice had not slept at all. With a child's deliberate craft she had deceived the good-natured landlady. She waited till she heard Mrs. Holmes go into her room, and then she rose up ever so softly and pulled on the empty stockings, dressed herself, and crept into the hall. She listened in terror at Mrs. Holmes' door. She was reading aloud, as she did of an evening, and the solitary voice was terrifying. Not much less so was the regular breathing of Mrs. Bennett next door, the middle-aged woman who always insisted on stopping and speaking, no matter how busy Eunice might happen to be. The floor creaked, and once Mrs. Holmes stopped reading and sat up in her chair. Eunice shrank into the recess between the hall curtain and the umbrella stand. Then all was right again and Mrs. Holmes' voice droned on. The child opened the hall door and fled into the December blasts.

She had gone to find Santa Claus, for she knew that he would not come to her.

The theater was only three blocks away, and Eunice could see the distant glitter of lights as soon as she was in the street. The road was full of vehicles, and pedestrians went hurrying along the sidewalks, but nobody molested her, or was curious about the little, thinly clad girl that slipped among the crowds, dodging here and there until she reached the corner of the third block. Then Eunice halted before the rush of automobiles that whizzed past her in never ending line, and a big policeman took her by the arm.

"Where are you going, little girl?" he asked gruffly.

"Thanta Clauth," said Eunice, pointing toward the theater lights.

"Do you belong to the theater?" asked the policeman dubiously.

"Where is your Mamma?"

"Over there," said Eunice, and the policeman carried her across the street, while the automobiles parked upon either hand on a wave of his lordly fingers. He set her down at the stage entrance.

"Anybody lost a baby?" he asked

the kind old man guarding the tunnel. "What's your name, little girl?" inquired the man. "Who's your Mamma?"

"I'm Eunice, and my Mamma's a fairy godmother."

"Miss Fay's child," said the man. "She told you to come for her, eh?"

Eunice did not know what she answered, for she was running down the tunnel along a well remembered passage toward a star of light that shone in the distance. And then there burst upon her eyes the dazzling spectacle of the Christmas play.

She did not understand that those rows of ghost-like faces stretching away into the distance were the audience, and to her the setting of the stage was reality. Her eyes were fixed upon the beautiful woman who stood and bowed and smiled, a wonderful being illumined by a great shaft of light from overhead, which followed her every movement. The fairy children had gone, and Hilda Groves bowed finally and withdrew toward the palace threshold.

She had needed all her concentration to play successfully that night, and in spite of that more than one of the newspapers commented disparagingly the next day upon her performance. It was unreal, they said, and lifeless. (Could they only have seen her after the curtain fell!) To Hilda it was agony. The mother's heart was aching, but she did not know the cause, or that her child could cure her malady; she thought of Eunice only as a hateful and repugnant duty to which she must return after her evening task. She turned and entered through the palace portals, which gave upon the wings.

Now she was only a tired woman again, anxious to divest herself of her tinsel trappings. But to the little figure that stood before her she was an Olympian. Eunice stood lost in amazed admiration at this wonderful being who was her mother.

"Mamma! Mamma!" The arms were outstretched.

"Eunice!"

The harsh tones broke the spell. The child remembered her last visit and the disillusionment that followed it. She clutched at her mother's gown.

"Who brought you here? How dared you come? You should have been asleep hours ago."

The little arms were clutching at the fairy gown frantically and the upturned face was one of piteous entreaty.

"Don't scold me, Mamma. I wanted Thanta Clauth. He gives most anything to good boys and girls."

The tragedy in the child's face arrested Hilda. The cold crust of selfishness was breaking.

"I wanted him to make you love me like the fairy children, Mamma."

Love conquered. If only the critics could have seen Hilda now! Suddenly she understood the infinite sorrow of the child's mind, the tragedy of the little life which she had created, the loneliness, the craving for a mother's pity and love. Tears gushed from her own eyes and mingled with the child's as she drew her to her breast.

The doorkeeper came hurrying up. "Miss Fay," he cried excitedly, "you've got your little girl then? I thought she was waiting beside me—I just missed her. There's a gentleman—"

He gave way to John Groves. Mrs. Holmes had discovered the empty bed five minutes before, and, frantic with alarm, had rushed up to the lonely little room on the third story. John Groves had shrewdly guessed his daughter's objective.

"You've got her, Hilda. Thank God!" he began, and then stopped, astonished at the look of happiness on his wife's face.

"She came to find Santa Claus," said Hilda. "She wanted something of him, and I guess he's heard her prayer. But I think it must be Santa sent her to me. John, I've found something tonight that I never knew I'd lost, and I'm going to keep it—Eunice—home with me—us—always."

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## IN ANOTHER KEY



AGAINST HIM.

A prominent Boston lawyer has a 10-year old son who seems to be treading quite closely in his father's footsteps. One day the boy told falsehood about some boyish scrap, and his father took him aside to lecture him on the wickedness of not telling the truth. He told him the story of George Washington and the cherry tree.

"Now, Roger," he concluded, "don't you think that George was brave as well as truthful to own up to doing the deed? Give me your opinion, my son."

"Well," said Roger, seriously, "I think that the only thing he could do was to plead guilty. You see, pa, the evidence was all against him. He owned the hatchet."

**Love Is a Wonderful Thing.**  
Bride—Sometimes I think that you don't love me any more.  
Groom—Why, I love you just the same as ever.

Bride—Then I was right; you don't love me any more than you did and I thought your love would grow—boo hoo!

### The Switchboard.

Tom—Why are telephone girls called "operators?"  
Dick—Because they usually "cut" you off in the midst of conversation.—Cartoons.

### All After the Money.

"Did you ever play cards for money?"  
"Yes, but I found it unprofitable. Every other fellow in the game seemed to have the same idea."



BINDING IT.

"Would you like some of my husband's old clothes?"  
"That depends, madam; does he discard them from strength or weakness?"

### An Undisputed Authority.

Though power in its studious plan may put great things across, The family doctor is the man Who proves the real boss.

### His Reasons.

"Why did you take the rooms over that private detective agency?"  
"Because I wanted to live above suspicion."

### He Rolled the Thunder.

Joe—What was the tenor of his talk?  
Bob—There was no tenor to it; he has a bass voice.

### Follower of Fashion.

Parker—Is your wife a woman to look forward to something to worry about?  
Tucker—Yes, yes. Indeed she is—it is in style.—Judge.



LOOKING FORWARD.

Mr. Pester—Running a furnace is some job. When I finish this season I'll never tend another fire as long as I live.  
His Wife—And afterward—?

### Health Rhyme.

A man should take example From the clock, says Doctor Brown, Which always ceases working When it gets run down.

### Indications.

"You can't judge a man by his clothes."  
"No," replied Miss Cayenne. "Since we've had this fad for strikes, when you see anybody in working clothes, it's a sign they're not working."

### Poetry.

"Dancing is the poetry of motion, remarked the ready quoter.  
"I suppose," rejoined Mr. Penwidge, "that you mean to imply that modern poetry, whether emanating from bean or feet, is jazzy."