

# Two Christmas Stories

By KATHERINE GLOVER

(Copyright, 1906, by Katherine Glover.)



"SHE ISN'T COMING."

It was Christmas eve, and Carl's little bohemian restaurant was beginning to fill with gay, laughing folk, who sauntered in by twos and threes, the men slapping one another on the shoulders as they passed, bantering the little German proprietor and taking calm and easy possession of things, as if they were well used to the ways of the place. Shabby and ill kept most of them looked, but their faces were bright and their lips were bubbling with little snatches of song, overflowing evidently from hearts full of gaiety.

At one table in a corner sat a man apart from the crowd and clearly oblivious to the life of the place, his eyes eagerly watching first the clock and then the door. Once or twice he started and half rose from his chair as some one entered, scanning a face closely, only to sink back with a long sigh. It was five minutes of 7 o'clock. "She isn't coming," he thought, and he let his chin fall heavily into his palm while he tried to gather his thoughts. At last, half conscious of some one approaching, he looked up and found a girl standing there, her hand outstretched. "I am late," she said hurriedly. "Have I kept you waiting long?"

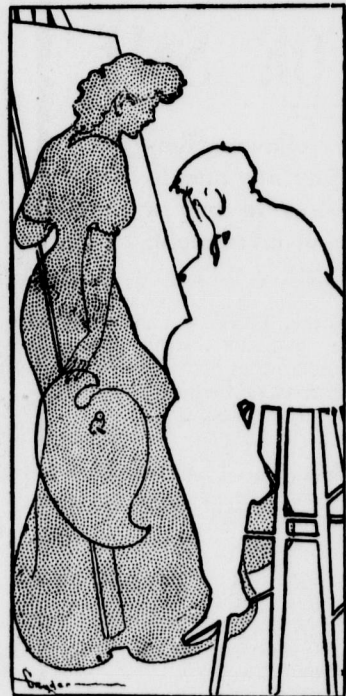
"Yes, but it doesn't matter. Nothing matters now that you are here," he said warmly, taking her hand in both of his. "Sit down and let me look at you." He drew out her chair and seated himself opposite. Both were silent for a moment while they looked steadily into each other's eyes. The color rose slowly in the girl's cheeks, and she turned away.

"It is almost like old times, isn't it?" she asked, with a nervous little laugh. "Like all the best of the old times rolled into one," he said. "Heavens, how I have wanted to be back, Joyce!"

"We are both growing too old to be sentimental, Jack. I want you to tell me all about Paris and your success. I read about you and was very proud to be an old friend of the distinguished young American artist, Mr. John Hamilton Seawell."

They were interrupted by the waiter, an old friend of the two, who bowed and scraped an infinite number of times before they could stop him. "Tonight we are to have all the things we used to pretend we didn't like because the figures were too steep for our incomes, with a few of the more familiar things thrown in for old lang syne," he said, scanning the menu card. Joyce nodded her head and smiled, and the order was finally given after a long conference of the three.

When the waiter brought the dinner, the table was heaped with little dishes



"SOMETIMES HER IMAGE WOULD STEAL BETWEEN HIM AND THE CANVAS."

of all sorts, more than they could possibly have eaten if they had been saving up for this one meal during all the time of their separation. In reality they were both too excited to be hungry, and their tongues went so fast that there was time only for spasmodic dips into the various dishes. When the dinner tapered off to coffee and cheese, however, they both fell into silence. The man lighted a cigar in the old easy way they were used to and said between puffs, "I want to tell you a story, Mlle. Joyce, if you will listen."

"I shall be most happy," she said with assumed gaiety. "But be sure to make it end well. I don't like sad stories on Christmas eve."

"I shall do my best not to make it end unhappily, but that isn't for me to say. Well, here goes:

"Once upon a time there lived a dear, foolish maiden and a stupid, struggling artist, whom she befriended.

The maiden at least ought to have been very rich, possessor of stately mansions all that sort of thing, if she had had her deserts, but, truth to tell, both of them were very, very poor—so poor that the maiden used to wear frayed skirts and cracked shoes sometimes, though she laughed and pretended she did it for fun, and the artist was so poor that—well, he was poorer than any really respectable person ever was before. The two lived next door neighbors high up in the same cheap boarding house in a busy little city called New York. For some unfathomable reason the maiden took pity on the artist and used to help him out of his domestic difficulties and try to patch up his moral snags and tears as well. She was his good angel and made the days of struggling worth while for the stupid artist. She used to write wonderful stories—much too wonderful to be appreciated by the earthy editors she had to submit them to. In spite of their poverty, they used to have good times together, those two. When things grew very somber they would help each other jeer at fortune. There was a little restaurant where they would have jolly dinners whenever the artist sold a sketch or two. Carl, the keeper of the restaurant, was their friend and served them good dinners seasoned with sage philosophy. The day dawned when the artist had an opportunity to go abroad and study his art under the great masters—the thing he had longed for all his life.

"When the chance came, however, it seemed a small thing compared to the loss of the maiden. There was not money enough for both to go, so he preferred to stay and make a little home for her in the busy, heartless city. But for once the maiden was cold and unyielding, telling him that she didn't care enough for him to share his home. She sent him away with a heavier heart than he had ever had before. He went to Paris, where he pitched deep into work to try to forget the maiden, but thoughts of her would creep in in spite of himself, and sometimes her image, a laughing, haunting image, would steal in between him and his canvas, and then he would have to give up work for that day. It was no use. He would go out on the streets and walk and walk and walk, trying to wonder if the maiden's answer was final, calling up little scenes of their days together, conjuring up her looks to see if he could not again read in her eyes and find something there that he wanted. He wrote her long letters telling her a great many things that were not always kind. Some of the letters he sent across the ocean to her; others he tore up and tried to forget. But there were only three letters from her in all the four years he was gone, and they all came on Christmas eve. Long friendly letters they were, just like the chats they used to have, but with no sign of the thing he wanted her to write above all else. The stupid artist worked so hard that he could hardly help winning some shadowy success in all that time. There was a picture or two in the salon; his instructors grew encouraging; there was a line now and then in the papers, all of which puffed him up mightily because he vainly hoped they might make some difference with the maiden.

"When four years had passed the artist thought he might return to his home in New York and start his work there. He told himself over and over again that he was going home to the maiden, and his heart beat absurdly with hope of seeing her and then sank heavily again at thought of the change the years might have made, of the estrangement they might have brought. During the time he had been away she had written many stories and had finally convinced the editors of their worth. He saw her name in the contents of a number of magazines. The old days were changed. He would no longer find her in the cheap boarding house. If she sent him away three years before, she probably had almost forgotten him in all this time, but the thought of the Christmas letters spurred him to write to her and tell her of his return. He would reach New York the day before Christmas, the anniversary of his leaving. Would she meet him that evening at half past 6 in the little restaurant? He would wait for her at their same table in the corner, and they would talk over old times. The artist arrived in New York on the day he expected, and all afternoon he wandered about, waiting for the hour of their engagement, yet half dreading it for fear she should not come. But the good fairy waved her wand for him this time, for the maiden really came, and she is just the same, dear, sweet maiden as in the old days, only the shabby clothes are replaced by new, well cut things, and there is a quiet air of prosperity about her. She looks just a little older, perhaps, and the eyes are a trifle more serious, but they are the same tender, splendid eyes, reflecting a big, sweet soul. The two talked over many things, but all the time the artist has searched the maiden's eyes to see if he could find there any sign of what he has longed for all these years, a different answer to the question he put to her four years ago. He is eager to offer again to make a home for her and to spend his life trying to make her the happiest woman in all the world."

He looked over at the girl. "It is for you to end the story," he said quietly. Her cheeks were flushed, and she

was toying with her spoon. She looked up at him a moment, and her eyes were shining. "I want to go back a little and change your story some. I shall begin where the artist had his opportunity to go abroad and study. When he told the maiden about the chance and offered to give it up for her it was the hardest thing she ever had to do in her life to refuse the sacrifice, but she had some small sense of right, and she knew what those years abroad would mean to his future, so she rebuffed him and made him do the thing she knew his head dictated, though his foolish, generous heart led him to offer the other. He thought it was hard for him, perhaps, but he had Paris, with all its diversions, and the spur of his new work, while she had only the lonely sense of his absence. She used to haunt the places where they had been together, and sometimes the days dragged so that only the thought of the millstone she would have been to him if she had acceded to his plan kept her from doing some desperate thing. Then there came his letters begging her for some line in return, and that was the hardest battle of all. She fought it steadily for three days before she won. She knew if she wrote to him her letters would keep her in his mind and that some time she might carelessly say something to bring him back sooner than he ought to come. It was hard not to yield to what her heart pleaded for, but she felt he could do his best work cut off from thoughts of her and then"—

Joyce paused.

"And then?" the man said quickly. "She thought perhaps he might have fooled himself that he wanted to marry her while circumstances drew their lives so closely together. Now that he was seeing more of the world and meeting other women he would weigh the matter and would learn his mind. If he came back and still wanted her, she would know he meant it, and"—

"Yes," the man broke in eagerly. "That's all," she ended lamely, smiling up at him.

"No, not all. Together shall we try to end the stories with 'They lived happily ever after?'"

She reached out her hands to him for answer, and he closed them tenderly in his.

was toying with her spoon. She looked up at him a moment, and her eyes were shining. "I want to go back a little and change your story some. I shall begin where the artist had his opportunity to go abroad and study. When he told the maiden about the chance and offered to give it up for her it was the hardest thing she ever had to do in her life to refuse the sacrifice, but she had some small sense of right, and she knew what those years abroad would mean to his future, so she rebuffed him and made him do the thing she knew his head dictated, though his foolish, generous heart led him to offer the other. He thought it was hard for him, perhaps, but he had Paris, with all its diversions, and the spur of his new work, while she had only the lonely sense of his absence. She used to haunt the places where they had been together, and sometimes the days dragged so that only the thought of the millstone she would have been to him if she had acceded to his plan kept her from doing some desperate thing. Then there came his letters begging her for some line in return, and that was the hardest battle of all. She fought it steadily for three days before she won. She knew if she wrote to him her letters would keep her in his mind and that some time she might carelessly say something to bring him back sooner than he ought to come. It was hard not to yield to what her heart pleaded for, but she felt he could do his best work cut off from thoughts of her and then"—



"SHE USED TO WRITE WONDERFUL STORIES."

Joyce paused.

"And then?" the man said quickly. "She thought perhaps he might have fooled himself that he wanted to marry her while circumstances drew their lives so closely together. Now that he was seeing more of the world and meeting other women he would weigh the matter and would learn his mind. If he came back and still wanted her, she would know he meant it, and"—

"Yes," the man broke in eagerly. "That's all," she ended lamely, smiling up at him.

"No, not all. Together shall we try to end the stories with 'They lived happily ever after?'"

She reached out her hands to him for answer, and he closed them tenderly in his.

Joyce paused.

"And then?" the man said quickly. "She thought perhaps he might have fooled himself that he wanted to marry her while circumstances drew their lives so closely together. Now that he was seeing more of the world and meeting other women he would weigh the matter and would learn his mind. If he came back and still wanted her, she would know he meant it, and"—

"Yes," the man broke in eagerly. "That's all," she ended lamely, smiling up at him.

"No, not all. Together shall we try to end the stories with 'They lived happily ever after?'"

She reached out her hands to him for answer, and he closed them tenderly in his.

Joyce paused.

"And then?" the man said quickly. "She thought perhaps he might have fooled himself that he wanted to marry her while circumstances drew their lives so closely together. Now that he was seeing more of the world and meeting other women he would weigh the matter and would learn his mind. If he came back and still wanted her, she would know he meant it, and"—

"Yes," the man broke in eagerly. "That's all," she ended lamely, smiling up at him.

"No, not all. Together shall we try to end the stories with 'They lived happily ever after?'"

She reached out her hands to him for answer, and he closed them tenderly in his.

Joyce paused.

"And then?" the man said quickly. "She thought perhaps he might have fooled himself that he wanted to marry her while circumstances drew their lives so closely together. Now that he was seeing more of the world and meeting other women he would weigh the matter and would learn his mind. If he came back and still wanted her, she would know he meant it, and"—

"Yes," the man broke in eagerly. "That's all," she ended lamely, smiling up at him.

"No, not all. Together shall we try to end the stories with 'They lived happily ever after?'"

She reached out her hands to him for answer, and he closed them tenderly in his.

Joyce paused.

"And then?" the man said quickly. "She thought perhaps he might have fooled himself that he wanted to marry her while circumstances drew their lives so closely together. Now that he was seeing more of the world and meeting other women he would weigh the matter and would learn his mind. If he came back and still wanted her, she would know he meant it, and"—

"Yes," the man broke in eagerly. "That's all," she ended lamely, smiling up at him.

"No, not all. Together shall we try to end the stories with 'They lived happily ever after?'"

She reached out her hands to him for answer, and he closed them tenderly in his.

Joyce paused.

"And then?" the man said quickly. "She thought perhaps he might have fooled himself that he wanted to marry her while circumstances drew their lives so closely together. Now that he was seeing more of the world and meeting other women he would weigh the matter and would learn his mind. If he came back and still wanted her, she would know he meant it, and"—

"Yes," the man broke in eagerly. "That's all," she ended lamely, smiling up at him.

"No, not all. Together shall we try to end the stories with 'They lived happily ever after?'"

She reached out her hands to him for answer, and he closed them tenderly in his.

Joyce paused.

"And then?" the man said quickly. "She thought perhaps he might have fooled himself that he wanted to marry her while circumstances drew their lives so closely together. Now that he was seeing more of the world and meeting other women he would weigh the matter and would learn his mind. If he came back and still wanted her, she would know he meant it, and"—

"Yes," the man broke in eagerly. "That's all," she ended lamely, smiling up at him.

## Ice Ice Ice

WE ARE NOW PREPARED to take orders for Ice in ton lots, to be delivered from our plant in Ritzville during February and March of the coming year.

**Our Ice is made from Distilled Water. It is therefore absolutely pure**

**Call and file your orders now.**

You will then secure the advantage of special price named to farmers and others who cannot be served by us direct during the summer. Our special price will enable you to put up strictly pure Ice, free from snow and air, at no greater expense, all things considered, than the inferior quality of Ice cut from the creeks and ponds, always more or less contaminated with filth and refuse of various kinds.

## Ritzville Electric Co.

## BIRTHDAY OF THE KING

Historical and Descriptive Account of the Origin of Its Celebration.

(Continued from page 1)

### A CONSECRATED LIFE.

By REV. W. H. HARRIS.

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! Whose is the heart that is not gladdened and made to sparkle anew with the old yet ever new exclamation with each successive Christmas?

Merry Christmas! Where is the disheveled and corrupted soul that sends back a clash of disapproval to the heart that has been awakened with Christmas cheer, until it finds expression in a hearty Merry Christmas?

Humanity is highly blessed with the joy and festivity that gives birth to the Christmas spirit, remembering that the greatest and richest gift the world has ever received was given at the Christmas tide. Yea! Christmas conception and birth, with all of its attendant joys and pleasures, found its life in that gift that caused an Angel Choir to sing the refrain, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Good Will Toward Men." Prefaced to the shepherds by an angel in the words "Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

That Holy Gift helps the world to remove the burning fires of hell called selfishness, and therein erect an altar of appreciation causing an incense of perfume, felt in the souls of others, known as good cheer, often crystallizing in little tokens of a material kind. However, the richer blessing born in the heart by Christmas influence is when we, like the shepherds, accept the heavenly message, and at the impulse of the impression we arise and seek the new-born King and saviour of men.

The heart that is capable of a response called joy at receiving a token of remembrance by a friend may experience a celestial sunbeam in receiving the Christ gift. If the poison of selfishness may be stifled by the Christmas spirit in remembering our friends with a material gift, then the whole poison may and will be removed by the

marvelous light of the Star of Bethlehem.

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning! Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid Star of the East, the horizon adorning, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining, Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall. Angels adore Him in slumber reclining, Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion, Odors of Edom, and offerings divine? Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean, Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine.

Vainly we offer each ample oblation, Vainly with gifts would His favor secure; Richer by far is the heart's adoration; Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor."

May this Christmas, the nineteenth hundred and tenth birth day of our Lord, awaken new sunshine in our hearts until we will offer a gift that will cause the Angels at God's throne to sing anew the anthems of old. Not only will it cause the celestial worlds to echo and re-echo with songs of rejoicing, but old Earth will become Eden again and men may eat of the fruit of the Tree of Life and feel the zephyrs of the divine. What is that gift? The one that God and the Angels prize the most, and that brings the greatest possible boon for man? Answer, "A life fully consecrated to God."

**Inheritance Tax on Irving Estate.**

The estate of the late Peter Irving, of Tacoma, will pay \$5,711 into the state treasury as inheritance tax. This will be the largest tax ever paid in from Pierce county and only four or five in the state have exceeded it. W. A. Fairweather and Elmer Hayden, executor and attorney respectively, of the estate, were in Olympia today and after a consultation with the state tax commission and the state treasurer agreed the amount of the estate subject to the operation of the inheritance tax law was \$188,389. The reason the tax is so comparatively large to the amount of the estate is that most of the property goes to heirs, nephews and nieces of the deceased, the law providing for a higher rate of taxation when the property does not descend to the direct heirs.—Olympia Recorder.

## What a Newspaper Ought to Be.

In discussing the 56th anniversary of the Oregonian, the Boise Statesman aptly says:

The fact that the Oregonian has lived for 56 years and prospered and exerted a powerful influence upon the development of the great field in which it is published is conclusive evidence that it has lived up to its conception of the mission of such a publication. No paper can live that prostitutes itself to private gain; no one can survive and become influential that is a slave to private interests of any kind. It must be above use of its columns for its own profit or other individual interests. To live long a paper must enjoy the confidence of the people, but it cannot retain public confidence if it stoop to use its columns for any other than legitimate purposes. No paper enjoys the confidence of the public that takes money for its opinions or in any other manner derives pecuniary benefit therefrom, and none can survive in public estimation that is the organ of any private interests of any character.

Had the Oregonian been an offender against either of these rules it could never have risen to its present commanding position, while, in all probability, it would have gone to the graveyard of dead journals before it had been published ten years. A newspaper has a duty to perform to the public.

If it performs that duty faithfully and with a reasonable degree of ability it will secure and retain a place in the public mind from which it cannot be displaced.

As a righteous journal—one that always tells the truth and expresses its views candidly and without fear or favor—there is always a pack baying, but these never succeed in breaking it down in public confidence. By unerring instinct, the people learn to know their newspaper, it cannot hide its real character from them permanently, and if it be corrupt they come to understand it just as certainly as though the fact were publicly admitted by the offender.

Nor does an honest paper have to sing its own song to win public esteem; indeed, the paper that does so persistently is generally suspected, and in most cases the suspicion is fully warranted.

For Sale—I desire to sell my dence property on Knob Hill.

I. W. W.

## Washington Horticultural Association.

The third annual convention of the Washington State Horticultural Association will be held at Everett Jan. 14th to 16th inclusive. The sessions will be held in the auditorium of the Public Library building. The Chamber of Commerce will provide rooms adjoining the library auditorium for delegate headquarters.

The Snohomish County Industrial Club, an organization composed of representatives from all the different commercial associations of the several towns of the county, will give a banquet to the visiting delegates on the evening of Jan. 15th.

Special excursion rates of one and one-third fare on the certificate plan has been granted by the railroads from all points in the state. In purchasing your ticket be sure to ask the agent for a certificate. You pay full fare going, take a certificate which when signed by the Secretary of the association and presented at Everett ticket offices, will entitle holder to return ticket for one-third of the fare paid for going trip.

Special arrangements are being made by the fruit growers of the Yakima Valley to take a delegation of 100 or more to Everett for the annual meet.

Auxiliary societies already have been reported from Walla Walla, Prosser and Winthrop, Wash. An unusually interesting program is being arranged, which will include Gov. Mead and speakers from the State College of Washington University, etc. Prof. A. B. Leckenby, former representative of the U. S. Department of Agriculture to the Philippines, and an authority on horticultural matters will deliver an address.

Hotel rates ranging from 50 cents to \$1.25 per day for room will prevail.

The Northwest Fruit Growers Association will hold its annual meeting at Seattle Jan. 16th to 18th inclusive. All fruit growers are invited to both conventions.

## Wheat Lands

Both improved and unimproved. With small cash payments down we can give the balance on crop payment plan.

Think of this! 320 acres improved, 160 in wheat, up nice, price \$8300—\$2500 cash, balance crop plan. Write for particulars.

A. O. LEE, Cunningham, Wash.

## Notice.

I hereby notify all persons owing me whether on notes or open account, that same must be settled by January first, next, or I shall be compelled to place them in the hands of an attorney for collection.

JOHN LAFRENZ