

A Gift for Dad A Christmas Story About Sam O'Hearn's Unexpected Present for His Father.

"How many men there are today who have lost the respect of their associates and made failures of themselves merely because at one time or another they were afraid to say 'No.'"

When Sam O'Hearn had heard these words from the lips of Prof. Simmons, principal of Columbia high school, one morning in assembly, he wondered to himself if he wasn't one of those persons who can't say "No." He was afraid so.

"Now here's the proposition, O'Hearn. You're the star man of Columbia's basketball team. The whole team swings around your playing at center. It would be the simplest matter in the world for you to throw the game to Parker high next Thursday night if you just wanted to, and if you will we fellows'll make it worth your while. What'd you say?" It was Pinky Pinkerton of Parker high. Pinky had the reputation of being the leader of the betting students of his school, and inasmuch as betting on any games between the two institutions was forbidden by the faculties, Pinky took great delight in his reputation.

Sam O'Hearn listened to Pinky's words with a throbbing heart.

"What's it worth to you guys?" he eagerly questioned.

"Well, \$25 dollars is a good price, I guess."

Twenty-five dollars! What wouldn't Sam O'Hearn do for that sum. Especially right at that moment for he was in dire financial straits. He had been working every evening after school and all day on Saturdays at Johnson's Corner Drug Store, where he and Pinky were now conversing during a spare moment, "helping out," in an attempt to earn sufficient money to purchase his mother and dad a Christmas present in the form of a talking machine that he had seen standing in the window of the Music Shop downtown.

But even though he toiled hard

and long in Johnson's he was positive he could not get enough money together to purchase the machine. It was priced at \$35 and to date, just one week before Christmas he had but 25 of these. Ten dollars short.

"Twenty-five dollars," murmured Sam O'Hearn as the scheming, crafty Pinky Pinkerton from Parker high, stood by with a half sneer on his face.

Sam leaned farther over the counter in the rear of Johnson's drug store, where Pinky had come to make his offer, and thought. That \$25 added to the 25 he already had would not only give him enough to purchase the talking machine as a Christmas present for his folks but would leave him \$15 more, which would provide him

SAFETY FIRST

A school teacher said to her boys, "Now, I am going to give each of you three buttons. You must think of the first as representing life, the second liberty and the third happiness. In three days I want you to produce these buttons and tell me what they stand for."

On the appointed day the teacher asked one of the pupils for the buttons.

"I ain't got 'em all," he sobbed. "Here's life and here's liberty, but me mother went and sewed happiness on me trousers."—Los Angeles Times.

EASTERN BOY DEFIES

POLISH CHESS WIZARD

HARRISON, N. J.—Samuel Rzeszewski, the young Polish chess marvel who took the country by storm recently, had better look to his laurels. Hugo Dynner, thirteen, of this city, who has been playing chess ever since he was seven years old and who during that time has lost but one game, has issued a defi to Samuel.

STUDYING

Lives of students all remind us We can learn with great success Graduate to leave behind us Reputations, more or less.

—Brooklyn Eagle Junior.

How Little Boy Found Merry Christmas and A New Home

Long ago by the side of the sea lived a small boy and girl. Their parents were very rich. It was growing near Christmas and these children were planning what kind of presents they would buy for their parents and friends.

It was just one week before Christmas and the children had started out to buy some presents.

As they were going along the street they heard a low cry. They looked around and saw a small boy lying in a corner by a fence. He looked very ragged and cold. His stockings and clothing were torn and he looked very pitifully.

As it was growing very late in the evening they did not know just what to do.

The next moment they had taken off their warm coats and covered the boy with them.



Then they ran home as fast as they could and told their father to come with them. Finally they arrived at the place where the boy was lying. Their father picked him up and took him to their home.

They put him to bed and covered him up. He slept all night. The next morning they went to his room. He ate his breakfast and the children played with him all day. Christmas eve the three children hung their stockings up and went to bed.

The next morning they were all very happy. They had all kinds of presents and good things to eat. These children were very happy because they with their parent's aid had saved the boy's life. These people adopted the boy and he had a good home afterwards.—Phyllis Hawkins, Junior high school.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE ART STUDENTS

(Continued from Page One)

design work were made by boys and girls of the fifth and sixth grades.

The Garfield girls who take art work with Miss Mawhood made many very attractive gifts in enamolac work, as bon bon boxes and vases and also many girls made bead necklaces modeling the clay for the beads and then enamolacing them in different colors.

Christmas boxes of cardboard covered with paper in black and colors and decorated with original designs were some of the stunning gifts made by the boys in the Garfield art classes. Candle shades in black and colors were also made by many of the boys.

Girls in the 9B grade who take art work in Senior high school with Miss Waite made some beautiful gifts in enamolac work, vases, salt and pepper shakers, and especially we would mention the decorated tile, which they made, designed and painted with enamolac.

Every Junior would be tickled to pieces to receive one of the gifts made by the boys in the 9B art class. These gifts were photograph books bound in Florentine binding.

A CHRISTMAS FAIRY VISITS MARY'S HOUSE

It was almost Christmas. Mary's mother was very poor. Mary thought she was not going to have a Christmas tree. Christmas Eve she went to sleep. In the morning she got up. She saw a beautiful tree. She was happy to see it. Mary could not keep quiet. She talked and talked all the time about the tree. She went and looked around the tree. She saw beautiful things. She said to her father that they were too poor to buy a tree. Her father and Santa Claus brought it. She found a new dress that Santa Claus had brought her. She wore her new dress on Christmas.

—Theresa Falcone, Grade 3-B, Whitewater School.



Mother, a long, long time ago there was a little boy who was born on Christmas. He was named Jesus Christ. I wish I had been born on Christmas," said five-year-old Billy Whitcombe.

"Dearie, there weren't any Christmases before Christ was born. Christmas is His birthday and as we all love him, we try to show our love by celebrating his birthday on Christmas. We got the word Christmas from his name, Christ," explained his mother.

"I wish I had a little brother or sister. I'm so lonely. The other boys at Sunday School all have brothers or sisters."

"Maybe you'll have one some day. What do you want for Christmas?"

"I'd like to have a big doll that walked and talked. It would be almost as nice as a baby."

"So it would. We'll try and see what we can do for you," laughed his mother.

"Read me a story, mother," begged Billy.

"All right, I'll read you a story about Jesus Christ," replied his mother.

While Billy's mother reads, Billy the sweet old story, old yet ever new, we will find out something about Billy.

Billy was five years old. He had beautiful curling yellow hair, and innocent, big, blue eyes. He was an only child but he had a very sweet temper and was not spoiled as most only sons are. He was very lovable. His even temper had helped him to make many friends.

His father owned the lumber mills near by. Billy loved to go down there. Jack Darlyson, one of the mill hands, had a little boy about ten years old. This little boy was a cripple and as his mother was dead, his father often wheeled him on his wheel chair to the lumber yards. No harm could possibly come to him there, because he was gentle and the rough but kind workmen would never think of harming the gentle little

The Christmas Child

fellow. Ben, for that was the cripple's name, was very fond of birds and they would come and perch on his shoulder, for he always had something for them to eat. Billy liked Ben because he always told him a nice story about birds. It was quite a common sight to see Billy walking along beside Ben's wheel chair. Mr. Whitcombe had no fear for Billy while Ben was with him.

One day Billy decided to take his sled and go down to the lumber yards. It was only a block away and there were no streets to cross so his mother permitted him to go alone. When Billy got there, he immediately began looking for Ben. He soon found him, with a pocket full of crumbs, feeding the birds. Billy ran to Ben and gave him a sack of crumbs he had brought for the birds. Ben smiled and pointed to a bird who, afraid to approach these human creatures, was standing with head cocked, looking at them questioningly from one black beady eye. The other was tightly closed. Billy immediately understood. Ben was trying to make this bird come and eat out of his hand. For quite a few minutes the two boys stood watching the bird. The robin would advance a few hops and then stop again. At last he gathered courage and flew to within a foot of Ben's feet. As neither of the boys moved, he decided it would be safe and flew up and ate out of Ben's hand. Ben smiled triumphantly. The two boys talked about the birds for a few minutes, then one of the lumbermen came up and told them that Mr. Whitcombe wanted Billy. Billy went up to the office and found his father waiting for him.

"Billy," said his father, "I will not be able to come home for dinner today. I want you to take this note to your mother."

"Alright," said Billy. He said good-bye to Benny. Although he did not know it, he would not see Benny again for some time.

Chapter II.

It was a week later that Billy went again to the lumber yard. He looked for Ben in vain. One of the lumbermen told him Ben would not come any more, Billy, sad, went home again. He did not even give the birds the crumbs he had brought for them.

But when he went home his mother cheered him up by talking about Christmas, just a week off. She told him she thought she would get him a doll that walked and talked.

"What will you call it, Billy?"

"I don't know yet. I won't know 'till I see it. Read me another story about Jesus Christ, mama."

His mother then told him a story of Jesus in Galilee. Billy enjoyed this very much, but not as much as the one about the birth of Jesus.

Will I see that star on Christmas?" he wanted to know.

"I don't know, dear. Maybe you will," answered his mother.

"Did you know that Ben had been real sick? He is better now. Do you want to have him here for Christmas?"

"Indeed I do," announced Billy. Then he started telling all about Ben. His mother listened to him for a few minutes, then stopped him and told him to go to bed and dream about his mother. As he approached the baby doll started to cry. Such a surprise. It wasn't a doll, it was a real baby! His mother smiled at him as he knelt by the tiny little creature.

"What is it, mama?" asked Billy.

"A girl," answered his mother.

"What's its name?"

"It hasn't any. You may name it."

"Can we name it Christ?"

"No, dear, but we can name her Christanna, if you wish."

"Let's name her that, then."

"Do you want to hold her?"

"Can I? Yes, I want to."

"Alright. Call daddy."

Billy called his father, who soon appeared. Billy's father sat Billy in a big chair and lifted Baby Christanna into his lap. The baby who had been crying, opened its eyes, which had been tight shut.

Such big eyes for such a little baby! They were large and blue. As soon as the baby decided she liked Billy she opened her mouth and laughed. Billy looked perplexed. Then—

"Mama, it hasn't got any teeth," he said, staring at the baby's mouth.

"Not yet, dear. It will have pretty soon, though. It can't walk or talk either, yet, but she will in a few months. She is only a few hours old now. Let father take her now, she added, seeing that Billy's arms were getting tired. In his joy and surprise at seeing the baby, Billy had forgotten about his other presents. He soon remembered now and hastened to empty his stocking. At the foot of the Christmas tree he found a dandy sled.

"Can I take Christanna a ride?" he asked.

"Not today, Billy," answered his mother. "She is too little."

So Billy went out on his sled alone. On the hill he found Bobby Brant, one of his little boy friends.

"I got a baby sister for Christmas," bragged Billy.

"Why didn't you bring her out?" asked Bobby.

"Couldn't, she's too little," answered Billy.

Billy is a big boy now and Christanna is four, but his father still teases him about wanting to take his baby sister a ride the day she was born.

MARION CHENOWETH, Junior High School.

