Danny's Visit to the Big Toy Shop

"Drums!" Was His Christmas Slogan, and He Won the Argument.

By MARTHA BANNING THOMAS



ANNY, cling tight to

Stay close, dearbilds in a frightful cowd."

Mrs. Crawford looked down on her small son and smiled. This was his first trip to see the Christians toys and he was all flushed with bright enthusiasm. His was a tremendous occasion for Danny. "Now" "said Mrs. Crawford and she half-pushed the little lad through is revolving door. In a moment they were listle the store.

"On-o-o-in" whispered Danny. The brilliant lights, the gay garlands swing from pillar to pillar, the music playing from the balleony dazeled him. "White shall we got "nasked Jira Crawford. She knew Hell who will be store. "White shall we got "nasked Jira "Whi



glittering

dream,
"Do you like it,
dear?" smiled
Mrs. Crawford. Mrs. Crawford.

Danny could find no words.

He nodded several times, and eyes grow bluer, and wider cr. When one is three years

There was a Santa Claus. There were rocking horses, there were tooking horses, there were took that wound up and went off by themselves. There was, in fact, everything to make a child'ds heart leap with delight.

But Danny would have none of it.

"Drums," he demanded, "drums!"
They were just turning into another also when Mrs. Crawford saw a friend at the other side of the room, "Danny, there's Mrs. Morison. I must spenk to her a moment."
They were interest the miss the chance of seeing her neighbor. After a few minutes of pushing and squeezing Mrs. Morison. There passed a cordial greating her. Greated in reaching Mrs. Morison said:
"You left Danny at home?"
"Oh, no! He was determined to come, so I brought him."
"Have you left him in charge of an attendant?"
"No, he's—" Mrs. Crawford looked down at her side. Danny as yone-body's jostied him away from me.

he was close beside me in moment ago. "!" The frightened monther turned and hurried as fast as possible back to the alset from which



ahe had first spied Mrs. Morison. Perhaps Danny was atlit there pressed against the counter and waiting. How could she how could she how forgotten for an instant his small, clingin hands?

But Danny was not pressed against

the counter. People surged back and forth. Hundreds and hundreds of people. A cold, sick feeling of helpless ness swept over her. She felt lost in this merry tide of Christmas shop-



fallen fast asleep.

Both arms were hugged around a drum, and held tightly in each fist was a drumstick. He had found his heart's desire . and he was neither frightened nor lonely!

The store detective lifted hiln, dram and all, and gave him to his mother.
"Here is Danny, Bertha," he said gently.

gently.
"Daniel Henderson . . .

URSDAY, DEC. 16, 1920

the world.

The wild.

The world.

The world was a day or two ago, stater! Landed this job and was gening to surprise you at Christmas. But the minute I cought sight of your face I decided the surprise would have to come now. And I found the little rascal for you, bless him! He'll never give up that drum, so I'll make a Christmas present of it for my namesake. Do you think he looks like me?" The big detective looked about happily, and the floorwalker assured him he had never seen so close a resemblance in his like.

"Drums!" murmured Danny in his mother's arms, "drums.

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HIS SCHEME.

I. M. P. Cunius:
Making any proparations for
Christmas?
Frank Norocks:
Yep. I'm looking
for a hiding place
now.;

UNFATHOMABLE

Wiff can measure the spirit of Christinas—who define it? Born twenty centuries ago beneath the stars, it is neither Joility, contentment, nor conviviation of the stars, it is neither Joility, contentment, nor conviviation of the star of the star

Keeping Christmas for a Day; Why Not Always?

yon owe the world; to per your rights in the background, and your dities in the middle distance, and your chances to do, all till owner than your chances to do, all till owner than your duty in the faceground; to see that you are, and try to look behind their faces to their bearts huntry for Joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to get out of life, but what you go a place where you can keep can you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weak-ness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you, and sak yourself whether you love them enough to bear in mid the things the tother people have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand what these who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so than it will be a first the gate open—are you willing to do these things even for a day?—Then you can keep the good of the people have to bear on the far hearts; to try to understand what these who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so than it will be a grave for your ley thoughts, and a grave for your ley thoughts, and a grave for your kindly feelings, with the gate open—are you willing to do these things even for a day?—Then you can keep the people who are went away.

That Christmas for the which was a grave for your give whether you can keep the people who are went away when and the whole was a grave for pour give house—an and to kin.

Are you willing to do these things even for a day?—Then you can keep the

That Christmas Night
Like small curled feathers, white and
The little clouds went by.
Across the moon and past the stars,
And down the western sky:
In upland pastures where the grass
With frosted dew was white.
When the start was a start with the start was a st

In many countries of the world there still exists a belief that those born on Christmas day have the pow-er of healing by the "laying on of hands," and also possess second sight.

A BB you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and look like bull-headedness in an to remember what other people have done for you; to Ignore what the world owes you, and to think what one not so loved.

But that it's the spirit that over apart.
If you let it find you and keep it' it your heart.
Since I found that Christmas is more than just a day.
Christmas came to our house—an' nev er went away.

What's the Answer?

What's the Answer!
Wifey—Remember that old million
aire wanted to marry me?
Hubby—Yes.
"And how easily you got me away
trom him?"

"Bet your life I do, bal bal"
"Well, he married that Flossie Flap per you used to like pretty well an has just bought her a set of sables fo Christmas."

Hard to Figure Out



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