DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, DECEMBER ..., 1900.



endered.] [A "drop" of scrim should be provided. On this word with you, sir?

tableau back lights must, of course, he shut off.] at these stripes! But it was my

The rainless island is a glimmering wonder of the sea, and old Fort Taylor breaks the energy of the sea, and old Fort Taylor thought of her brites the baby, Alice-the [1] breaks the emerald fringe of oranges as thought of her brings the tears. So, you the ship puffs in over waters as clear as see, I am not lost. the sky

the date palm trees, the great banyan these bars should shut me out from the memory still. There was a tiny wail. looked back to the man who had kissed It was Handel's "Pastoral Symphotree, ate luscious oranges and then suddenly recalled that it would be Christmas when I reached New York.

In my ride I had discovered some dead trees, black with buzzards, on which were Florida mistletoes, great basketlike heaps of green with waxy berries, on which scarlet birds fed. asked the negro driver to stop and gather for me some of these clusters of zigzag greenery. I would use them at a Christmas party cr festival in New York.

We sailed away at last over the opal waters of the garden of the sea. The great ocean heaved and cooled, and I entertained my friends with my beauti- love her. I can love. What is to beful clusters of mistletoe.

come of baby Alice? A woman was sick in the steerage, I "The committee on homeless children went to see her one day. She was try- have given her to me. They advised ing to nurse a baby, a tiny bit of life me not to communicate with you about too poor and thin to cry aloud. It made it, but I wished to be conscience free. my heart ache to look at it. The wom. It is my principle to conceal nothing an's eyes had been turned toward the from any one. mistletoe as I had toyed with it on "A man behind the bars has heart deck, and I carried her a sprig of the rights, lady, just the same. You cangreen not imprison a mother's love for her

"Who are you?" said I to the wasted son, nor a father's for a wee girl mother. baby. I am glad that you are to have

"Hargan's wife," she said In a strong her, ma'am. What will you do with batone. "Oh, it is good that he is to me, by Alice?" but I am so helpless!

"And who is Hargan, my friend ?" "And sure he runs the ship-Hargan,

don't ye know? "What does he do, good woman?"

"Hargan, and sure he is the stoker." I saw. Hargan ran the ship much as the old time bellows boy used to play the organ. But Hargan was a useful member of the ship's crew, and I liked the woman for her bit of pride in his

(The music of the "Pastaral Sympleony," "The Star of Bethlehem" and of the "Lokengrin Wed-ding March" may be readily secured and easily "Mr. Hargan, I believe. May I have a

LA "drop" of scrim should be provided. On this the occan should be roughly indicated in sailine colors. When a tableau is to be shown, Lum up the lights back of the scrim curtain, which may the lights back of the scrim curtain, which may then be readily seen through. At end of each the world-just a caged animat. Look sun.

first offense, and it was born in me, the baby?" and I was not educated out of my ig-

We had some hours to walt. I visited with you about her, Hargan." "That is good in you. I can bear that the withered mistletoe. It was green in her foster mother's eyes. Then she He listens,

"I will care for her and cherish her as

"I stood by her mother when she was

dying," said he, wrinkling his face, "all

my own

"I will let you put your lips against "So has the wild vine the sour juice, with you about the new nature and the hands." "Such things are the bars of hell!" he cried, "Let me go'back into the dark- will be a man!"

"Your life was turned away from the ness. Then I will come back smiling,

"Christmas afternoon you will bring

"Christmas afternoon, Hargan. Good-

[Pause in reading.]

III. "Allee-the baby-I came here to talk It was Christmas afternoon. Hargan Allee laughed and looked up to Nurse plano or reed or pipe organ, with violin and said: stood listening at the bars. He wore Ainslee in wonder. She saw tears in when practicable.]

Silence. He had moved back out of of Hargan's growing affection was the power! You shall live!' sight.

and she shall see me."

close against the bars for him to kiss. [Back lights up. Tableau,] He kissed her again and again. Baby be played and repeated planissimo on

world, but not from her little heart. I The same woman's steps were on the her in a frightened way and saw the ny" from "The Messlah." Emotions lifting his face, "I am a man!"

raised his eyes.

place as with light.

the white stars. The expulsive power

making a new soul for him.

The lips of the two met. The little he have sufficient reason. God, save but sweet grapes may be engrafted baby Alice's cheek and kiss it, as I lips had touched Hargan's soul. He my baby, and I will live true to thee upon it. I will ask the chaplain to talk promised, but you must put back your suddenly feit a quickening power and even though I should never see her again. My brain burns. Is there, is "God in heaven, help me! I will, I there not power in a new life? Allce!

Alice Hargan went out into the snow under The child's eyes opened.

> "Alice, you shall live! I have grasped He sat down by her, taking her tiny

He came again, his hands behind him. He went into a church and sank down hand. There seemed to flow out of him and Nurse Ainslee held up baby Alice in the back pew. Music flooded the some vital influence. He sat there in range in the wild state being from Car. silence, pouring out, as it were, a life ada south to Mexico, inclusive, [The "Pastoral Symphony" may here stream into the child.

is past.'

Hargan kissed the child, and said, [Considerable pause in reading.]

VL.

when I was asked to make a contribu- generic name of this substitute for turtion toward the education of Alice Har- key is "crax," and there are several gan, which I cheerfully did. I soon aft- species. Its greatest length is about er went to New Orleans.

mic clatter arose in the street-drums, cymbals and fiddles. The noise came banging on.

I leaned over the balcony to listen. Was there ever such a crowd-men, wo men, boys, negroes and whites, cripples. Chinese, sailors and evident fugitives. all singing the favorite Salvation Army melody. The music was cheap, the words were evident rhapsody, but there was a spirit in it all like a divine wing -something not cheap, but of lofty mo-

tive, struggling. Suddenly the fiddles and cymbals ceased. The drums beat on for a few minutes, when the motley crowd all sank upon their knees in front of my balcony.

A woman made a wild prayer, with a divine something in it, when a tall man rose up like a venerable prophet. [Back lights up. Tableau.]

The towering form began to sing, swaying:

When marshaled on the nighty plain, The glittering host bestud the sky, One Star alone of all the train Can fix the sinner's wandering eve Hark, hark to God the chorus breaks From every host, from every gem! But one alone the Saviour speaks-It is the Star of Bethlehem!

THE SOUTH AMERICANS' CHRISTMAS TURKEY

Among other things for which Europe and the rest of the old world are indebt. ed to America, one of the most conspicuous is that glorious bird misnamed the turkey. And it is not only American, but North American, its original

It is not even found in South Amer The doctor came late in the evening ica, and if it were not for a bird vermuch resembling it in size, habit and "Something has happened. The crisis flavor of flesh the dwellers in that ogn. tinent of our hemisphere south of the West Indies would have to go without turkey at their Christmas dinners, This bird is locally known as the curassou so called from its cry, from which the little Dutch island off Venezuela-Cura-Some seven or more years passed cao-was probably named. The Latin three feet, which approaches that of the I was reading one day when a rhyth. wild turkey, but it is not so plump and

THE CURASSOW.

heavy. In beauty of plumage it vies with the turkey, having that beautiful sheen or metallic luster which makes our American "gobbler" so handsome It has no dewlap, like its North Amer

ican cousin, but instead has a peculia

crest on its head. Though it can run about as fast as the wild turkey, which

by the way, is one of the swiftest birds

In its native wilds of tropical South

and Central America and the West in-

dies the curassow associates in large

flocks and likes the vicinity of human

habitations as well as dense solitudes

It becomes much attached to its owner,

in confinement.

being without a trace of the shyness that makes our turkey so hard to rear

When much hunted in the forests, i

gets very wild and remarkably keen o

perception, so that only a skilled hunter

can get within shot of a flock in th

treetops. In some of the West Indies it

is known as the "cockerrico," from th

loud cry it has, which can be heard

more than a mile away. This vocal

power is due to its long and convolute

The Carib Indians of Gulana are very

fond of the curassow, and at their bar

barous feasts prepare the bird by merely

putting it in a hole that has been heat

ed with hot stones and letting it remain

until well done. It is then superb, and

some of the white natives of South

THE COMMERCE OF CHINA.

The commerce of China naturally

immense. A country having so many

millions of people, all demanding suste-

nance and all capable of producing

something of profit to the world, could

not have otherwise than great possibil

ties in the way of commerce. It is this

possibility, in fact, that has attracted

Great Britain is the greatest operator

with China in the way of trade, but un-

less the threatened partition of the em-

pire takes place Russia, with all the re-

sources of the Transsiberian rallway,

After Great Britain the trade of Chi-

na now is carried on by the following

countries in the order named; Germany,

France, United States, Australia, India,

COOLING IT OFF.

Not very long ago Lord Rosebery.

happening to call at Marlborough

House by request, found his royal high-

As an opportunity presented itself his

interested in your book. May I ask the

"Certainly," replied the prince-"a fa-

"Swinburne!" said Lord Rosebery !

"Yes, a trifle," said the prince, laugh-

er 'sultry,' if I may use such a word?"

with the window open!"

"Your royal highness must indeed be

the Straits, etc.

may come in for a very large share.

the nations of the world to her.

afoot, it is more easily domesticated.

rise in his soul such as he never knew before. If such thoughts and emotions were possible to his soul, what might there not be for him in the far light Once more ahead? He listens, and he sees life. The music died away. He rose and turned to the cold air. "I will be a man! God, help Hargan!' The morn [End music. Pause in reading.] Another year. Baby Alice is now almost 4. Hargan had lived a right life. On which The better angel in his soul had grown. One day he received a note from Mrs. Ainslee. It read: "Alice is now engaged in cutting out and making a star for you. Alice is not Was born

The Prince of Peace infolds the earth,

CHRISTMAS, 1900 By Margherita Artina Hamm.

"Hargan has a good heart, he has now, and he comes to see me as often as he can. His heart is set on the baby. It's good Hargan has been to me, a poor, sick woman. He never gave me one hard word.

"Oh, lady, lady," she continued, "it is good of ye to come down here to see me. It is a favor I would ask of ye. sure. If I should die, have an eye to my baby for Hargan's sake. Her name is Alice. I was brought up a Methody.' Three days passed, and one night at midnight the bell rang, and the ship slowed up and stood still. It was an hour of a low moon and trople stars, [Lights up back of scrim drop. Tableau.] A few people stood by the side of the ship, something white went over the rail, there was a plash, and a tall man sent up a cry as out of unknown depths of the heart. He was Hargan. the stoker. It was his poor wife who had found a grave in the sea. [Pause, End tableau.]

I watched the scene from my stateroom window, and an impression came to me as though it were wafted me from the spirit of the sea graved womody" that I must have an eye for the say that, lady." tiny baby Alice.

In the morning I found a nurse for little Alice, who was still almost too weak to cry. I put some of my mistletoes on her crib, and there I first met Hargan.

He was black with soot, for after the sea burial he had gone back to his post of iron and flame to shovel coal. His forehead was high, and there was a warm light in his eye. He had tucked into his blouse a sprig of the mistletoe that I had given the poor woman.

"Oh, lady," said he, "the world is all dead to me now, and I care for nothing more-nothing unless the wee one could live. But that cannot be long. My heart will be with the baby's as long as she lives, and then the light of it will go out forever. That mistletoe carries with it a ray of hope. If you could save the baby, it would save me; it would, now Lady, I am a criminal; that was before Alice was born!"

The baby lived. Hargan stoked on in his sooty, glaring chamber shoveling the coal. The ship reached quarantine, officers came on board, and Hargan was arrested. He flung back one word to me as he was drugged away like : beast.

"For Christ's sake, care for the baby! Her mother was a 'Methody.' ' He still wore in his blouse the sprig

of mistleto I saw that the baby was taken in

charge by a society whose purpose was "On each Christmas afternoon while stones again, a little slower, a little cold, black bars. Her pure, clear, pink Hargan, the angels came to see one of our little ones, and when they went to care for motheriess waifs, and I ask- she is a liftle child," ed one of the women of the society to "But I will be here on the first Christrisit the father, simply saying:

"He was good to his wife, and there "I will bring her here." is still love in his heart. Love saves. "Oh, lady, my heart is light again.

[Pause, Back lights up, Tableau.] men Hargan stood within the tall iron "But she shall make you one, and ped. grating. He wore the prison stripes, when she goes to the kindergarten she picture books. [End tableau.] A light step fell upon the stone floor be told that there is one whom she against mine"of the corridor of the reformatory. It should remember." was that of a woman past 30, a volun- | "But she is not to know who I am?"

tary assistant in the work of the Asso- "She may after a time, if you should iated Charities. The woman's name was Ainslee-Rose be a man for the sake of little Alice." Ainslee, "She has my blood, lady."

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Luring the illness of Professor Max mouspltch lakes of Trinidad-the princi- of the adjectives usually deemed unfit 15 by 30, etc. The enumerators had Sherman was captain. Muller at the end of last year public pal source of supply-at the rate of 80,- for publication, any libel action brought gene around with a footrule and had A well known authority on bacteriolo- within six weeks. prayers were offered in a Hindoo tem-of the people they counted. The 4,500,000 tons per annum. The 4,500,000 tons is against you will fall through, for the be traced to the eating of unwashed use of Reenteen reduced to powder. ple at Madras for his recovery, a dis- in sight would not last long but for the law says your profanity proves that of the people they counted. in sight would not last long but for the law says your profamity proves that of the people they counted in reading in sight would not last long but for the law says your profamity proves that of the people they counted in reading in the north pole is the mathematical of the people they counted in reading in the north pole is the mathematical of the people they counted in reading in the north pole is the mathematical of the people they counted in reading in the north pole is the mathematical of the people they counted in reading in the north pole is the mathematical of the people they counted in reading in the north pole is the mathematical of the people they counted in reading in the north pole is the mathematical of the people they counted in reading in the north pole is the mathematical of the people they counted in reading in the north pole is the mathematical of the people they counted in reading in the north pole is the mathematical of the people they counted in reading in the north pole is the mathematical of the people they counted in reading in the north pole is the mathematical of the people they counted in reading in the north pole is the mathematical of the people they counted in reading in the north pole is the mathematical of the people they counted in reading in the north pole is the mathematical of the people they counted in the peopl pean. Similar services were also per- to are receiving constant accretions fore you are not actionable for your elected as the delegate to congress grapes. After washing some grapes forgeries.

Although no rhythmic chants of mirth Descend from seraphim on high Whose glories fill the eastern sky.

black from the coals, and she tried to lift up baby Alice to me. It went to my heart; but a sprig of mistletoe is all that is left of the mother now. "I have promised to care for the hapless one," said the lady. "The committee have given her to me for the present. She shall have love as well as

"Hapless one, hapless one! Those an who had been brought up a "Meth- are feeling words, and you may well

He clutched the bars. "Will you let me see her when I come

"Yes, I must do that. I must not do anything that would give me pain were I in your case.

"When will you let me see baby Allee?"

My head cools. I feel as if the iron bars faintly.

have a new nature. Be a man, Hargan;

Below, Above, The sounds Of love, The signs Of joy From man

And boy

Proclaim the Lord is born anew

In all who upright are, and true,

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dream of it at night.

"Let me have it!" rose a voice in the

well. It hurts me to say it, but some times I fear that we may lose her." [Slight pause in reading.] Christmas came, shadows and sunlight, rifted snow, bells, bright, sunny

faces, passing and hurrying feet, souls bearing something to some one with shining faces, as though the world had been transformed.

beating heart. There was a bit of white ried on Christmas afternoon at 3 in the Mission ribbon on the door. Was that a Christ- chapel to Henri Monet, of whom you have heard, mas sign-it might be. Some snow had fallen upon it in the changing weather. It fluttered, turned, and he read, "Diphtheria."

The door opened as he went up the steps. Mrs. Ainslee stood behind it. "Oh, Mr. Hargan!" "What is it, lady?"

"How shall I tell it? Yesterday, Mr.

The occan yawned, and rudely blowed The wind that tossed my foundering bark. Deep horror then my vitals froze Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem, When suddenly a star prose-

The storm was loud, the night was dark,

It was the Star of Bethlehem." That man was Hargan. ["The Star of Bethlehem" may be sung behind the curtain as if outside. Considerable pause in reading.]

Once on the raging seas I rod

Fifteen years had passed since first I cooled baby Alice's almost unconscious face with the sprigs of the Florida mistletoe. She had grown to be a beautiful girl, and her early friends of the mission had caused her to receive a good education. She had a genius for music and had been trained by sympathetic teachers.

1 was in New Orleans. One day there came to me a letter in trachea, which is shaped something like an unfamiliar hand, I opened it and a a French horn. startling announcement held my eyes; been transformed. Hargan went to the house with a

> Will you not accept an invitation to be present with feathers on and "insides" intact and speak a cheering word to me when the cere-mony is over? ALICE HARGAN (AINSLEE). Henri Monet! He was a famous or- America will travel a day's journey to ganist of an excellent French family. I get their "sufficiency full" of curasses knew the family well,

roasted a la Carib in the forests of Gul-Did he know all? Ought he not to ana. know all? Could I tell him all? What was my duty now?

I read the letter over and over. My conscience burned. Could I blight this radiant life by going to young Henri Monet and telling the life secret, the whole of which, besides Hargan himself, only I knew?

I lived in a state of nervous perplexity until Christmas afternoon, when I took my way toward the Mission chapel, where the marriage bells were ringing. Under a carved mistletoe bough over the chapel door were the words:

"Seamen's Friend Chapel. The Gift of Merchant Hargan." There stepped from a carriage a tall

man. It was all like a dream, but I saw in his face the better features of the stoker, the wearer of the mistletoethe face that once pressed against the bars.

He halted on the steps.

Of imports China takes the following: My conscience rose within me by an Oplum, cotton goods, raw cotton, wool irresistible influence, and I touched his en goods, metals, coal oil, seaweed and arm at the door.

fishery products. "Hargan!" She exports as follows: Tea, silk, sug-"You," he replied, "whose one kind ar, straw braid, hides, paper, clothing, thought of me found expression in the chinaware and pottery.

"Hargan, does Henri Monet know all -all that you and I know?"

"All, as I am a man of honor."

"I. I was Hargan. I am a man." (Begin "Lohengrin" or Mendelssohn's ness seated at an open window quit "Wedding March" here and continue it lost in a certain book he was reading to the end of the entertainment.]

"Lohengrin Wedding March." I followed Hargan into the church.

"The star that she holds in her hand," said the lady, "was cut out as a decorations; a star in the evergreens. Very magnificent, certainly, but you "I have brought a man to see you, present for you. She would not let me A bridal couple at the altar. Spec- royal highness, I expect, finds him rath-

(Back lights up, Tableau, Evergreen a very surprised manner, "Swinburg tators grouped about.]

[A few bars of the "Pastoral Sympho- ing. "But, you see, I am reading him

assertion, you commit libel. If, howev- that many of these queries were an- Wilcox left Newport about 1843 on the to kill a guinea pig in two days. Two that three or four carts are required to assertion, you commit libel. If, nowev- that many of these queries net of an erequires of which Joseph other guinea pigs which were inoculat- carry off the fine debris from leather ed with the net pigs which were inoculated with the germ infected water died soles and iron tires. By the incessant

be traced to the eating of unwashed use of Roentgen rays to aid in reading

traffic it is said 25 cubic yards of gran-

"Who told him?"

There came a burst of music-the lordship remarked:

over the altar, and on the evergeeens vorite writer of mine-Swinburns,

was a star!

Hargan raised his eyes. [Back lights Curtain.

with roses lay baby Alice, and in her

"'Fore God, any man can reform if ny."]

She lay there white and unconscious.

bars with his hard hands, as in the Children make their parents presents clous, precious bit of my own life, my see her in Mrs. Ainslee's lovely home, never sew his soul till then. first in the kindergartens, and she shall own heart, let me feel your pulse beat He met her in a solitary room, to which the kindergarten school of friendless

> "I can't let you take her," said the Alice-one who loves children." "May I kiss him?"

him a present."

the bars. It had grown white, "Not let me take her? Oh. God!" He ran his hand through his hair.

The step quickened. A child cried End tableau.] were moving up. And it is no present I Mrs. Ainslee seemed to drift before will have to make baby Alice, like other the iron bars as with something white [Pause in reading.] brought down from heaven. She stop

-faded and gone-Hargan's Christmas. | followed her.

Hargan was out of jall. Alice was al- hand a paper star. He stood there. He There fell on my eyes a lovely vision- name of it?" the short hair, and he clasped two iron will send you a present every year, shadow. "Let me cry with it! You pre- most 3 years old. Hargan went out to never knew his whole self till then-he it was like a parable. Every rears hung

He stretched out his hand through children had sent toys and flowers.

"Yes, and next year you may make down. End tableau.]

heavier. Hargan's thought had center- face wrinkled, and she began to cry. our little ones, and when they went ceased to think of it by day, only to signal office of this mechanical stone self lies very low of the same disease, world. [Bell sounds, Eack lights down, and the doctor says she may go soon!" She passed into the great double It was all over now for the next year room-"the ward," she called it. He

[Back lights up. Tableau.] On a little white cot partly covered

pean. Similar services were also per-formed in other towns in India, includ-ing Benares, the center of Brahmanic earning and Brahmanic earning and Brahmanic ang Benares, the center of Brahmanic earning and Brahmanic orthodoxy. The English law of libel makes pro-fanity a money saving vice. If you call the remark, "Length of residence," native birth said to have been a mem-fanity a money saving vice. If you call the remark, "Length of residence," native birth said to have been a mem-fanity a money saving vice. If you call the remark, "Length of residence," native birth said to have been a mem-fanity a money saving vice. If you call the remark, "Length of residence," native birth said to have been a mem-fanity a money saving vice. If you call the remark, "Length of residence," native birth said to have been a mem-fanity a money saving vice. If you call the remark, "Length of residence," native birth said to have been a mem-fanity a money saving vice. If you call the remark, "Length of residence," native birth said to have been a mem-fanity a money saving vice. If you call the remark, "Length of residence," and the during the night would indicate its po-Asphalt is being dug out of the fa- a man a thief and cannot prove your When the reports came in, it was found ber of the royal family. The elder tubercle bacilli in sufficient quantities ratile over it of 20,000 vehicles daily sition.