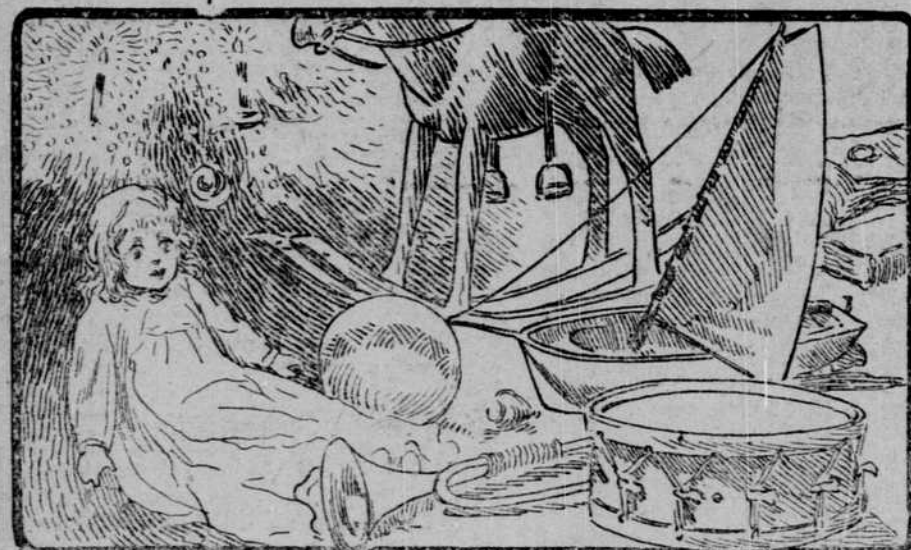


THE SAME OLD STORY

THE MAN ON DECEMBER 1

Now wifey let us be sensible this Christmas time,
Let us not spend our substance on
Each chic and child
Of every forty-second cousin we can think of.
Each \$1.98 that we spend now
Means that much more economy in the year to come.
It means
Less clothes,
Less theaters,
Less porterhouse steaks,
Less everything that you and me and Baby Jack care for.
This Christmas habit is all folly,
That we can well dispense with,
And we must.
We must think of the to-morrows,
And not spend our hard-earned coin
In riotous giving
Even though it is the fashion of the time.
We'll cut it out,
And have something for a summer day's vacation.



THE MAN ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

Ah! A box of cigars from dear old Will,
And just my favorite brand.
He never forgets.
And here's a top for Baby Jack from Cousin Eddie,
And a book from John's wife,
And Molly's baby sends a rattle, And Molly sends a centerpiece.
And George,
Our farmer cousin,
Sends a barrel of apples for the family.
Now look at this,
A necktie from Cousin Sarah,
And just my color too. And then she sends
A scarf to you, and pins for Baby Jack.
And still there's more,
The house is fairly littered up with Christmas remembrances.
Boxes from Joe, and Clark and Sue,
And Cousin Billy.
Did any other family ever have
So many thoughtful friends and relatives as we lay claim to?
I tell you it is good
To have folks think of us like this.
Just to know
That around this little old world of ours there's someone calls you friend;
Someone who remembers you. We like it,
Don't we, wifey?



THE MAN ON JANUARY 2

What's this!
A bill for Christmas presents?
The items, please?
Just tops, and drums, and books and ties,
And all the usual list of Christmas plunder, to the extent
Of \$302.47 you say.
And I told her that we would cut it out,
This folly, this Christmas giving, this reckless spending.
Well, here's your check,
But you just bet,
Another year we will have none of it.

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Christmas is a Good Day for a Cold.

BISHOP OLMSTED of Colorado is making a Christmas address to some Denver children.

"Eat heartily on Christmas day," the bishop said, smiling. "Do full justice to turkey, to cranberry sauce, to plum pudding, to all the good things. But don't give way to gluttony. Don't gloat over your Christmas dainties like a Bala boy I used to know. This boy said one Christmas morning: 'My, I wish I had a cold!'"

"Why?" asked his brother.

"Cause mother says to feed a cold, and if I had one to-day, wouldn't I feed it, though!"

Old Ideas About Christmas. Even as late as 1753 there was some doubt as to the exact date of Christmas, the old count bringing it to the 5th of January, the new count giving us the 25th of December, which is "the day we celebrate." In Devonshire, England, it is believed that if the sun shines at noon on Christmas day a plentiful crop may be looked for in the following year.



LOOKING UP THE CHILDREN'S RECORD

The Best Wishes of the Season

To the Solitary, the dwellers apart, by choice or by chance, with heart-fires that for one burn dull and for two would glow and sing—to all of these,

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year!

To them that are set in Families, where love, bestowed with no thought of its return, passes back and forth abundantly between open hearts—to all of these, parents, children, kinsmen, friends,

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year!

To the Poor and the Rich, envying each the others' freedom from the cares of too little and too much, yet learning year by year that without health and enthusiasm and faith and love, none can be rich, and with them none can be poor—to these,

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year!

To the Workers, the vast fortunate majority, in humble places and in high, often baffled and disheartened, questioning if there is not somewhere for them a greater work with a greater reward; yet happy at the last if they will have it, in seeing the figure they have wrought in the fabric of living, a figure drawn by the great Designer for their weaving and none other's—to all of these,

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year!

To Old and Young, with the years behind and the years ahead, years that show but a span in the centuries since the Light first shone from Bethlehem upon the paths of service, humility and sacrifice and gave to all the ages a spirit that has made them one; to Young and Old, treading with gladness these lighted paths, even though not always knowing whence the Light comes—to all,

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year!

—Your's Companion.

Japanese Santa Claus.

The patron saint of Japanese children is named Kotie. He is always pictured with a big sack, which is said to contain presents for the good children. When Kotie wishes to cross a river he uses this sack as a boat. He is believed to have eyes in the back of his head to watch the little ones, and has various other qualities which remind us of our Santa Claus.

The "Christmas Pye."

A "Christmas pye" of the olden times was an immense and expensive affair. At one time it was compounded of flesh, fish and fowl, and the crust was called a "coffin" in old English books.

THEN AND NOW.

Children Different Than They Used to Be When She Was Young.

"If it were not for my sister-in-law," said a young mother, "I could be perfectly happy in the bringing up of my little girl. Sister-in-law understands all about 'child nature,' and it pains her to see me treating my daughter as my mother treated me. She has been worried to death because I've let the child believe in Santa Claus. She says it's wicked to teach her, and

Christmas in the Olden Times

By Sir Walter Scott

EAP on more wood!—the wind is chill!
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festive cheer:
Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Yule more deep the mead did drain:
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew;
Then in his low and pine-built hall,
Where daisies danced their red locks flay,
And, dancing round the blazing pile,
They made such barbarous mirth the while.

As he might to the mind recall
The bolterous joys of Odin's hall.
And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again
With all his hospitable train,
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night:
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the steeple pierce the chalice fair.
The fire, the well-lit logs, the cheer,
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
The horn of plenty to the hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doffed her pride.
The hair, with roses, in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose,
The lord, undergating share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."
The fife, the well-tuned merriment,
And general voice, the happy night
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down,
The fire, the well-lit logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving men:
Then the grim board's head frowned on
high,
Crested with bays and roosemary,
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell
How, when, and where the monster fell;
And all the baiting of the boar,
The wassail round, in good brown bowls,
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.
Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din:
It was a hearty note, and strong,
Who lists may in their logs discern
Traces of ancient mystery:
White skirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;
But, O, what maskers richly dight
Can boast of bosoms half so light!

England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again,
'Twas Christmas brouched the mightiest
ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

Lack of haste sometimes meaneth waste of a job.—Thomas Asparagus.

Under the Mistletoe

The crimson coals within the grate
Were burning clear and bright,
The room was half in purple gloom
And half in rosy light.
I entered from the Winter dusk,
Withered softly fell the snow,
And saw her stand with drooping head
Beneath the mistletoe.

I placed an arm about her waist,
And from her lips I drew
A kiss that breathed of roses wet
With drops of honey dew;
But all the same I knew that when
She heard my step below,
That arifful maid arose and stood
Beneath the mistletoe.

Dorothy was taken off to bed. When I went in to kiss her goodnight there lay the child crying softly to herself. At first she wouldn't tell me what the trouble was. After long urging, she sobbed out:

"I'm 'traid, I'm 'traid. You said Santa Claus was a ghost, and I'm 'traid he'll come!"

"I sat right down and told her Santa Claus was a fat little man with a red face and white whiskers. I wish sister-in-law would let me alone. I believed in Santa Claus till I was ten years old."

Holiday Cheer.

See that your stockings are right side up; never turn the hose on Santa Claus.

"What would you like for Christmas?" "A match and an ash tray." "But you don't smoke." "No, but think of the bills that will be coming in."

"Now, children," said the teacher of the juvenile Sunday school class, "can any one tell me what man attained the greatest age in the world?" "Santa Claus," promptly answered a small boy who had ideas of his own.

Tess—May is having her own troubles worrying about Cholly Roxley. Jess—Surely, she doesn't want to marry that simpleton. Tess—Of course not, but she's having trouble keeping him on the hooks 'till after Christmas.

Molly—Do you expect to have much fun at the Christmas masquerade? Dolly—How can I help having it? My hat will be trimmed with mistletoe.

While the kiss under the mistletoe doesn't count, yet every girl counts how many she gets.

Stella—Don't you believe it is more blessed to give than to receive? Della—Yes, indeed, there is no tantalizing ignorance of how much the gift cost.

"I won't be good," said Willy. "Then Santa Claus won't bring you any presents." "Wasn't I bad last year, and didn't I get more'n ever?"



Christmas Night.

BY WILL HILL.

CHRISTMAS, crowned with mirth and cheer,
Sweet magnet-night of all the year,
From field and city, camp and foam,
Where'er our loved ones absent roam,
Thy subtle spell from far and near
Can draw them home.

Gathered round thy friendly fire,
Sisters, mother, sons, and sire
Once more in fond affection meet,
To love-set time their bosoms beat,
And every hearth's a happy quire
Of singers sweet.

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Brief Christmas Tales

"Have you no regard for your reputation, Calhoun?"
"Mah reputation hain't nuffin' to me, sah, 'londside o' mah life."
"The captain smiled and twirled his mustache."
"Even if you should lose your life, Calhoun," he said, "you'd have the satisfaction of knowing that you had died for your country."
"Wot satisfaction could dat be to me, sah, when de power o' feelin' 'll wuz gone?"
"Then patriotism means nothing to you?"
"Nuffin', sah. I wouldn't put mah life in de scales agin any government dat eber existed, for no government could replace de loss o' me."
"Calhoun, if all soldiers were like you, the world's governments would all go to pieces."
"On de contrary, sah, dey'd last forever; for if all soldiers wuz like me, den dere couldn't neber be no fightin'."

Sam Small's Hypnotism Didn't Work.
"THE late Sam Small had his faults," said an Atlantan, "but he did not dodge the penalty of them. When he went wrong, he owned up like a man, and if punishment was due, he took it."
"That was the doctrine Sam Small preached. He hated dodgers. He used to laugh bitterly at the plea of 'hypnotic influence' that used to be put up by nearly every murderer."
"I once heard him ridiculing hypnotism. He said that he bought pretty heavily one year for Christmas, and when the bill came in for turkey and mince meat, candy, ducks, chickens, plum pudding, fruit cake and so on, he thought to himself that here was a case for hypnotism to be tried."
"He went first to hypnotize the grocer. Approaching the man, he looked him squarely in the eye, at the same time repeating, slowly and impressively:
"My bill is paid."
"A change came over the grocer's face. His color faded, his eyes grew dull, his expression blank. And in a strange, mechanical voice he muttered:
"You're a liar."
"It was a Sure Proof of Lunacy."
RUFUS L. GRISWOLD, the Cleveland educator who holds that it is wrong to let children believe in Santa Claus, was arguing about his strange views at a dinner.
"Why lie to children?" he asked.
"Why let them believe in a myth? Whenever I hear mention of that loathed name of Santa Claus, I think of a lunatic. Some years ago I attended a trial. A witness was being examined as to the sanity of one of the inmates.
"You hold that this inmate is insane, do you?" a lawyer asked.
"I do," was the firm reply.
"Why are you so sure?"
"The man," the witness said, "goes about asserting that he is Santa Claus."
"And," said the lawyer, "you hold, do you, that when a man goes about asserting that he is Santa Claus, it's a clear proof of his insanity?"
"I do."
"Why?"
"Because," said the witness, in a loud, indignant voice, "I happen to be Santa Claus myself!"

MAYOR STOY of Atlantic City was talking about Christmas dinners. "If one is going to give a Christmas dinner," he said, "it is best to give a good, even a lavish one. Then one doesn't set up from the table with remorse gnawing at the heart, as was the case last year with an Atlantic City young man. He took his fiancée and her mother to a Christmas dinner in a New York restaurant. Arriving at the restaurant a little before the ladies, he ordered the dinner, and then said to the waiter:
"Look here, I'll call for two quarts of champagne after the fish, but you just bring that champagne cider in the fancy bottle instead. It's good stuff, and the ladies won't know the difference."
"Very well, sir," said the waiter.
"Then the ladies arrived, and the dinner progressed splendidly. The champagne was ordered, the cider was brought, and neither guest perceived the deception. On the contrary, they both praised the champagne. They drank heartily of it.
"But when the bill came at the dinner's end, the young man's face darkened. He beckoned to the waiter, and with nods and winks galore, pointed to the wine item.
"Waiter, there's some mistake about this charge, isn't there?"
"Oh, no, sir," said the waiter. "Two bottles of champagne, eight dollars. That was what you ordered, sir."
"Certainly. Two bottles of champagne. We remember your ordering them," the ladies chorused.
"But—" said the young man, winking and nodding like a steam engine at the waiter.
"The bill is quite correct, sir," said the waiter, firmly.
"The ladies looked at him reproachfully, and the young man could do nothing but pay up."

SAMPLE of American Christmas Pus.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON had been complimented by a New York reporter on the cup he had just offered.
"I ought to offer a cup," said the general Briton, "to the retail shop-keeper who does the biggest Christmas trade. The size of your Christmas trade amazes me—its size, and the dexterity with which it is handled."
"I heard the other day of a great Christmas bargain sale in Quincy. To one of the bargain counters a man was rash enough to venture. He struggled heroically a little while among the press, then, with a lead cry, he sank.
"Help, help!" he shouted from the floor. "My leg is broken."
"The clerk, dextrous in the handling of Christmas crowds, got him.
"And you'll find our Christmas splints and crutches, sir," he said, "on third floor back, fifth aisle to left."

Had Earned Her Christmas Gift.
"THERE are Christmas gifts and Christmas gifts," said Bishop Foss, "but the only acceptable ones are those given with a pure motive. In a crochery shop, during the holidays, I once saw the proprietor hand a plainly-dressed young woman a two-dollar bill. She looked at the bill, and said bitterly:
"Is that all? And durin' the past year ain't I broken 35 tumblers, 26 cups, nine meat platters, four saucers, 72 plates and 13 of the mistress' best tumblers?"
"There, there," said the shopman, soothingly; "here's another dollar for you. And don't forget me, you know, 's ended with a wink."

In the Interest of Peace on Earth.

ALFRED H. LOVE, the president of a Universal Peace Union, told one day in Philadelphia a peace story.
"At this Christmas season," he said, "men talk sincerely about loving one another, about the universal brotherhood of man, and in the same breath they assert that it is right to burn and maim and kill in war. They are not so logical as a young colored recruit who served in the Philippines. This young man, at the end of his initial engagement, was hailed before his captain.
"So you ran at the first fire, did you?" said the captain, scornfully.
"Yes, sah; an' I'd 'a' run sooner, sah, if I'd knowed it was comin'."

Lack of haste sometimes meaneth waste of a job.—Thomas Asparagus.

Dorothy was taken off to bed. When I went in to kiss her goodnight there lay the child crying softly to herself. At first she wouldn't tell me what the trouble was. After long urging, she sobbed out:

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