Our Women and Children

Conducted by Lucille Skaggs Edwards.

THE SANTA CLAUS QUESTION | Certain only we can never more re-

Must we tell the children that there is a Santa Claus? Are we teaching them to deceive?

A Reader.

Over and over again is this question being asked; the trouble is not with Santa Claus or myths in general, but the lack of imagination in this realistic age. Then, too, many have let the happy memories of their youth become absorbed in the practicalities of life. We hear, "All myths are lies and sooner or later the children will find this out."

We pity the man or woman who has not enough of the spirit of childhood to remember the joys of Good Saint Nick with his reindeer, his sleigh, and his jingling bells; who cannot tell of him with wink and shrug as parrying difficult questions; and who does not thank the mother who brought into his childhood days the joys of rhyme and myth.

One has well said, "To take Santa out of Christmas would be like taking sunshine out of day." If there is to be no Santa Claus, there must be no "Peter Pan," who never grew old, to place the cares of life far, far away and let us renew our youth Giant; no Red Riding Hood; no brave Hiawatha. Following then, we must eliminate many interesting characters in history about which there is much doubt as to their having ever lived-Wililam Tell, Guy Warwick, Joan of Arc. What, too, shall we "practicals" do about fiction and poetry? Must we not confine ourselves to "stern facts ?"

It may be wrong to teach the little ones of "Santa," but the world would be infinitely poorer if there were no make-believes, no myths. Let us see if we cannot make out a case in favor of this jolly old fellow who has such magical power to charm the young and rejuvenate the L. S. E. old.

THE SONG OF THE ROVING SONS

- Just beyond the sunset's barriers, just across the Farthest Sea,
- Lies the Land of Lost Illusions, lies the Isle of Used to Be;
- Lies the harbor that we sailed from when the world was all atune
- To the key of life's full flower, in the smyphony of June.
- How they begged that we should tarry ere we launched our daring bark,

home!

cross the Farthest Sea To the Land of Lost Illusions, to the Isle of Used to Be. -W. R. Kauffman.

WASTING TIME.

If you waste money continually, you will some day come to the end of your money. Just so with time; keep on wasting it and by and by you'll come to the end of your time. Time is money. If you don't believe this, try to borrow some, after you have squandered your own supply of time.

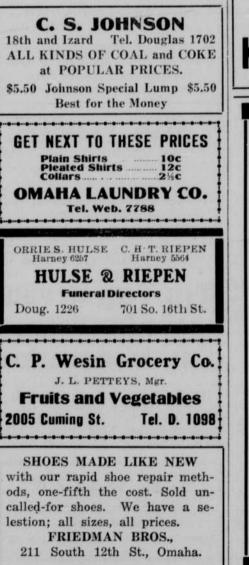
Properly organized, this means eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep and eight hours for other occupations. Most men and women who are living successfully, have made their success by right use of the hours they do not spend in sleep or at work.

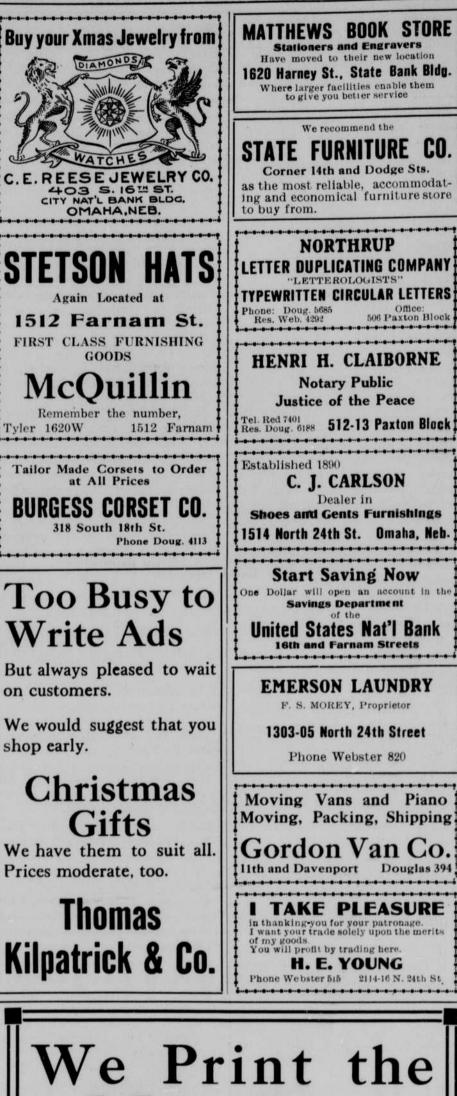
It is silly to bewail your lack of education when four hours a day would give you the equivalent of a college education in four years. It is foolish to complain of lost health when in your eight spare hours you refuse to diet, exercise and take other hygienic measures which are all that again; no Jack to kill the wicked most people require to be healthy. It is childish to protest that you do not get ahead in life, when you will not make use of any of those extra eight hours to qualify yourself for promotion.

> We all have to live on twenty-four hours a day. The question is how to get the most out of them. What are you doing with yours ?--- Mother's Magazine.

Miss Margaret Smith, who was ill several days last week, is again able to be out.

Clayton Jones, who died November 29 after an illness of several months, was buried December 1 from the undertaking parlors of Banks & Wilks.





Setting sail from southern sunlight to the realms of winter dark; How they pleaded we should never brave the breakers and the foam. But should bide beside the hearthstone and should live a life at

"No," we answered, "we must hurry, for the Roving Sons are we, We must make the great adventure; we must sail the Seventh Sea; We have done with sloth and safety and the Little People's ways; Better bitterness than languor; better life than length of days!"

And we sailed and still are sailing underneath a starless sky, Over wastes of waves uncharted, where we know not how nor why;



522-24 South Thirteenth St. **Telephone Douglas 2190**