

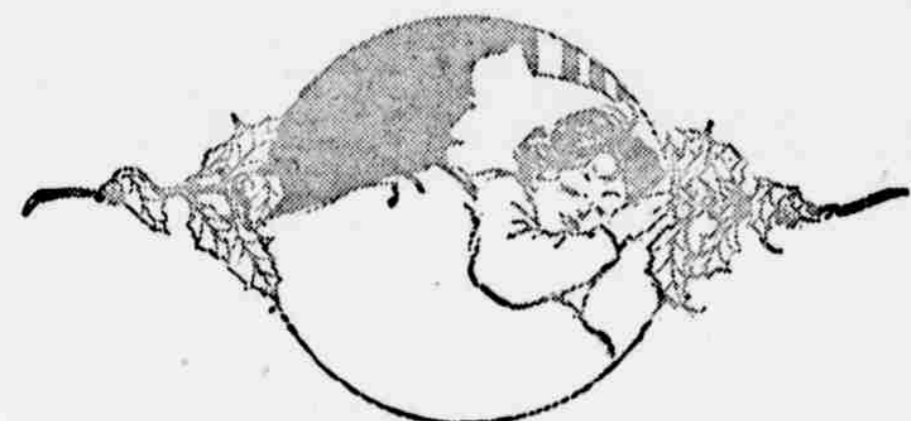
# The GRANDPA LOOK

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

You never saw, I don't believe,  
The really, truly Santa Claus  
Who comes around on Christmas Eve  
Behind his reindeers' prancing paws,  
Who stops at ev'rybody's house  
(At least where there are girls and boys)  
And leaves, as slyly as a mouse,  
His books and dolls and games and toys.



I know how Santa looks because  
He has a kind of Grandpa style.  
The smile you see on Santa Claus  
Is just like any Grandpa's smile.  
Our Grandpas have the same white hair,  
He has the wrinkles Grandpas do—  
They're so alike I do declare  
It's hard to tell between the two!



And yet we all know how he looks,  
The little children's patron saint—  
We've seen his face in picture-books,  
So red and jolly, queer and quaint.  
It's wreathed around with hair as white  
As Winter's piles of drifted snow,  
And all his features are alight  
With happy smile and cheery glow.



They both are always full of fun  
And have a twinkle in their eyes,  
They both are kind to ev'ryone  
(Especially of children's size).  
That's why that I've made up my mind  
That Grandpas all are friends of his,  
That Santa is so good and kind  
Because he's like a Grandpa is!



Yes, that's the way that Santa seems,  
The Santa that the children praise,  
The Santa that they see in dreams  
While waiting for the Christmas days.  
Why, I can shut my eyes and see  
Him just as plain as if he came!  
I know just how he looks to me,  
And that to you he looks the same.

## YULE-TIDE DECORATIONS

By ROSALIE MENDEL



A Christmas Dinner Table.

**M**ERRY CHRISTMAS! The very word expresses the spirit of the day. Christmas is the embodiment of joy and mirthfulness, a glorious day of gaiety and merriment for old and young. Let us all be children at Christmas time, and enter into the preparations and plans for the day with youthful fervor.

Everyone is occupied with the preparations for the gala occasion. The custom of decorating the homes with Christmas greens is increasing each year. Surely it is a happy thought in the midst of winter at the Yule tide season to bring the greens from the woods. The many traditions connected with holly and mistletoe make them all the more appropriate for use as decorations. The brilliant glowing scarlet of the holly berries and the green of the evergreen have always been associated with Christmas.

With a very small investment one can easily arrange many unique effects in decorations for the home and table that will accord with the spirit of the season.

Unless the Christmas tree is going to be a surprise, and you intend to trim it behind closed doors in the greatest of secrecy, let the children assist in fashioning many of the ornaments and trinkets, and they will have double the pleasure out of it. The little ones will certainly delight in stringing the popcorn with which to festoon the tree. If the popcorn is strung on wire it can be arranged most effectively. If you wish, you can dye some of the corn red and string it alternately, one red and one white kernel. The nimble little fingers can string chains of cranberries or cut stars out of gilt paper. Paper link chains can be made out of any color to harmonize with the color scheme of the tree. Paste narrow strips of paper to form rings and slip one link through another and paste securely.

It is very simple to gild nuts, and they are quite an addition to a tree when suspended with gilt cord. Snow balls are made by packing white tissue paper tight in the shape of an orange, then pasting white cotton on the ball. The cotton is dusted with diamond dust and gives a glittering effect. Icicles are made of white fringe tissue paper that has been dipped into a solution of alum. The green of the tree can also be given a frosted effect if it is touched with a solution of alum. The Christmas goodies can be put in bags of tulle. Don't forget that the large presents and heavy decorations of the tree should be at the bottom.

A pretty tree for the table is the pepper plant, which can be purchased at any florist's. The little plant can be trimmed as a Christmas tree for the central decoration of the table. Around the bottom of the tree is heaped a mound of cotton dusted with mica. At each place is a little red flower pot containing a small souvenir which is hidden by a spray of mistletoe. The souvenir can be something suggestive of the personality of the guest. Over the table is suspended by red ribbons a bunch of snow balls of white cotton sprinkled with mica. The candle shades are of ornamental sprays of holly, and a little piece of holly is pasted on the place card.

The table illustrated has the star shaped poinsettia for its main feature. If it is not possible to procure the natural poinsettia, beautiful ones can be obtained made out of crepe paper.

The basket for the center piece is heaped with poinsettias and ferns. Favors are hidden among the flowers, and ribbons are attached to them extending to each plate. A large Christmas bell adds to the festive appearance of the room. This bell is made on a wire frame 18 inches tall, covered with crushed tissue paper.

The little baskets for the salted almonds are made of 12 poinsettia leaves pasted neatly around a small paper cup.

For place cards use a white card to which is attached a small bell about two inches high. Tie on the top with a small bow of red baby ribbon.

Instead of silver napkin rings use rings made of pasteboard covered with red crepe paper to harmonize with the rest of the decorations. A crepe paper napkin designed in poinsettias would be very appropriate.

If one prefers to use a tablecloth of paper instead of damask, the same idea can be carried out by using paper in the same color scheme. Ruffle the paper around the lower edge and have two flounces, the first of plain white and the second of the decorated paper.

Candle shades are made of cardboard frames. Cut the petals from the crepe paper the same as for the other flowers, and paste around frame, finishing it with two large green leaves and a small bow of red ribbon.

Many of the dishes served can be garnished with red beets, radishes or red peppers.

A poinsettia salad could be placed at each place. Slice off the top of a large red apple and scrape out as much of the inside as possible, fill the apple with equal portions of apple cut in small cubes, chopped celery and nuts. Moisten this mixture with cream salad dressing.

Cut pimentoes in petal shaped pieces and arrange them in the form of a poinsettia on the plate. Set the apple filled with the mixture on center of plate and use small petals of the pimentoes to trim the top of the apple.

If ice cream is served for dessert, pistachio and cherry make a good combination.

As Christmas is the season of toys, table decorations which would seem absurd at any other time are very fitting on this occasion.

A table with a snow man in the center made on a wire frame and covered with cotton is very effective. Have smaller snow men at each place. Snowballs placed in groups all over the table may be surrounded with sprays of holly. The candle shades can be made of wire covered with cotton to form snow man's face.

The bonbon boxes can be small boxes covered with red crepe paper to represent a Santa Claus cap. Paste the paper around the edge of box, leaving the crepe twice the height of the box. Fringe a small piece of crepe paper to represent the tassel. Around the edge of the cap cut a band of white crepe one-half inch wide and dot with ink to represent ermine. If the ice cream is molded in the shape of Santa Claus in individual forms, or in the shape of snow balls, it will add to the fun of the dinner table.

Another table may have a Christmas star for a variation in the way of table ornamentation. A star may be formed of holly and edged with ribbon. The guests' places are between the points of the star. In the center of the star a candlestick with shades ornamented with stars cut out of crepe paper is placed. Stars of paper are hung all around the table.

From the chandelier by means of wire suspend a string of stars. Miniature stars decorate the candy boxes, and the favors are contained in star-shaped boxes. The nut cups are made of a six-inch star cut from cardboard covered with white crepe paper edged in gold.

The following menu may assist you in deciding what to have for Christmas dinner:

- |                           |                           |                         |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| Olives                    | Celery                    | Radishes                |
| Blue Points on Half Shell | Crema of Celery Soup      |                         |
| Roasted Goose             | Baked Sweet Potatoes      |                         |
|                           | Creamed Cauliflower       | Apple Sauce             |
|                           | Lettuce and Pimento Salad | Individual Plum Pudding |
|                           | Hard Sauce                | Raisins                 |
|                           | Fruit Nuts                | Camembert Cheese        |
|                           | Coffee                    |                         |
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## JOHNNY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

By Harold Carter

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

**T**WO bats, six Teddy bears, three balloons six boxes of lead soldiers," the head nurse counted. "And a football. Who wants the football?"

"Johnny Ward," answered Nurse Blair, half crying and half laughing. "Isn't it pitiful, Miss Gough?"

Nurse Gough set down her pencil and the memorandum and looked at the other wonderingly. "A football!" she reiterated. "Then he doesn't realize?"

"No, poor little fellow. Would you give it to him, Miss Gough?"

"What would the mother think?" the head nurse asked, and then Nurse Blair ceased all pretense and dabbed her handkerchief against her eyes openly.

"Let's ask Dr. Keith," she answered, and that solved the difficulty for the time being.

Johnny Ward was eight years old and had been in the hospital for nearly five weeks, ever since he was knocked down by the baker's wagon while playing upon the street almost in front of the hospital entrance. He was quite helpless below the waist, and would always be so, said Dr.

Nurse Blair had taken the ball, but she had no time to conceal it before the little woman in black had come hurrying to the bedside, and she stood holding it rather foolishly and self-consciously and could not face those searching eyes.

"I've brought him this—and these," said Mrs. Ward, holding out the box of bricks and the mechanical toy. "But you—you've given him that?"

Nurse Blair stammered something, but she could never remember what it was, for the young widow had taken both her hands in hers and was looking at her in such a way as to make falsehood impossible.

"Nurse," she said, "I want to ask you something. Will he ever walk again?"

Nurse Blair was silent. They might have been alone in the ward, so closely did the hum of conversation hedge them in. Each was with her own that Christmas morning and had no thought but for hers.

"Will he ever walk? Will he ever stand?" The widow grasped the nurse's hands tightly as though clinging to her as her last hope in life. "Tell me," she pleaded.

"Never—unless a miracle happens," answered Nurse Blair, and the woman's hands fell and she turned to the child and smiled. Then Nurse Blair understood why some of the Madonnas were painted smiling.

"Mamma!" said the voice from the bed, "I want to whisper something." The widow knelt down, but the childish whisper was loud enough to reach the nurse's ears.

"I mustn't tell you what my Christmas present is, because it will make you cry."

The widow placed her arms round his neck and pressed his face to hers. "Mamma, I want to show you something I've kept for a Christmas present for you. Sit up, mamma, and look. Look!"

Nurse Blair screamed. Dr. Keith, passing by, stopped, looked, and assumed an attitude of professional pride. His rather tired face broke into a smile.

"Do that again, Johnny," cried Nurse Blair. "Look, doctor, look! He's wiggling his toes!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Johnny proudly. "That's why I wanted a football. There, mamma, you're crying after all!"

**"I've Brought Him This—and These."**

Keith, after the operation, unless—well, miracles had happened and such cases had got well before. So he said nothing to the pretty young mother who came day after day, wistful and patient and always hopeful. Of late she had begun to suspect that her only boy, her stay that was to be in her later widowhood, would never leave the building save in a wheeled chair. But she kept her fears to herself, and nobody had had the heart to tell her.

And Johnny wanted a football for his Christmas present!

"Well," said Dr. Keith gruffly, "why shouldn't he have one if he wants it? Isn't there enough money to buy a football? Why, I'll buy him one myself. What sort should he have? What are they made of? It's a long time since I was a boy myself," he added, in self-excuse.

"Why, they're made of pigskin, aren't they, doctor?" answered the nurse. "But you don't understand. How can we let him have a football and let his mother see him with it, and him lying there so helpless? It would be inhuman, doctor."

"Hum! I'll take the matter under consideration," the doctor answered. But a few minutes later he was asking the head interne, "Where would you go to buy a football?" He put down the address in his memorandum book, and the interne looked at him in wonder, for football and Dr. Keith seemed somehow unassociable.

"Well, here's the football, nurse," he said that evening, coming into the ward. It was Christmas eve. All the children were supposed to be asleep. Here and there an eye drowsily unclosed to see if Santa Claus had really come, but sleep was stronger than expectation, and Nurse Blair would see to it that no gifts went to the sleepless. Dr. Keith held out the paper-wrapped globe. The clerk had blown it up for him, and, not thinking of having it deflated again, he had carried it thus for half a dozen blocks. "If you think it best for him not to have it, give it to someone else. Give him a Teddy bear," he said.

"Why, a boy that age doesn't want Teddy bears," answered Nurse Blair scornfully. She thought for a long while after the doctor had gone. At last she went softly to Johnny's bed and hung the football from the head. The little boy's eyes were closed and he was sleeping soundly. The little helpless feet made tiny mountains under the bedclothes. Nurse Blair turned away quickly.

Morning came; the ward awoke. Shouts and cries of delight were heard. The day nurses went from bed to bed, unwrapping packages. Nurse Blair had gone to her room, but she did not lie down. She came back, tired but resolute, a half hour before visiting time, and went to Johnny's side. He was playing with the ball, bouncing it upon the sheets. It had fallen down six times, and each time the nurse nearest had picked it up again and returned it.

"Johnny," said Nurse Blair, "your mamma will be here in a few minutes now."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Johnny. "Johnny, what are you going to do with that football?" asked Nurse Blair.

Johnny knew immediately. "I'm going to look at it and look at it and wish hard to be well," he answered. "Johnny, when your mamma comes she will see it and it will make her cry to think of the time when her little boy was strong and well. You don't want to make her cry, do you, dear?"

"No, ma'am," answered Johnny. "Then, Johnny," said Nurse Blair, the diplomat, "suppose we put it away when she comes and don't show it to her."

"Yes, ma'am," said Johnny. A tear stole into his eye and overflowed. He handed her the football. "Y-yes ma-ma'am," said Johnny, gulping. And just then the visitors came in.

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**Something He Wouldn't Break.**

Willie is a boy who is very much biased with aunts and uncles. These use every opportunity to give him presents. Last Christmas he received so many toys that his parents, instead of giving him toys, told him he could carry out one of his cherished plans.

"Actually," said his papa, "you have more things now than you can break in a year."

"Oh, no, papa," said Willie with an injured air; "there's one present I won't break."

"Well, Willie, I'm glad there's one. Which is it?—the cast-iron train from Uncle Jack?"

"Oh, no!" cried Willie. "I can manage to break that. I mean I won't break your promise to buy me a season ticket for the baseball matches."

**The Great Meaning.**

Lift up your eyes to the great meaning of the day, and dare to think of your humanity as something so divinely precious that it is worthy of being an offering to God. Count it as a privilege to make your offering as complete as possible, keeping nothing back, and then go out to the pleasures and duties of your life, having been truly born anew into his divinity, as he was born into our humanity on Christmas day.—Phillips Brooks, D. D.