

# One-Half Dozen. Happy Kiddies

By ELEANOR KING

THE dining room of this exquisite home was beautiful, spacious and furnished in the best of taste. Its massive Jacobean high-backed chairs, long table, draperies all harmonized. But that quality which puts one at ease was lacking. It looked austere and unfriendly. The servants had decorated the table and room profusely, trying to give a little of the Christmas atmosphere. The forbidding look still asserted itself, though. From the length of the table and amount of edibles piled upon it, one might have judged there was to be quite a party, but only four places were set.

The dinner gong sounded. A middle-aged, well-dressed man and woman appeared.

"And you say Thelma went out in the car?"

"She didn't say where she was going, Robert," replied his wife.

"She probably thought Hubert was taking too long in getting over here, so she took it upon herself to go after him."

"Undoubtedly," assented Mrs. Fremont.

Thelma came soon bursting in upon her folks, coat and hat still on. To be sure, she had Hubert with her.

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "come and see what I have out here!"

She led her folks into the front hall. To their astonishment, they found the

butler and a maid occupied in removing coats and hats from six children.

"Well, where did you get these?" said Mr. Fremont in his blustering way.

"It's like this, Dad," began Thelma with a rather apologetic air: "When I came downstairs this afternoon and saw that dining room table heaped up with good things—well, I just went for Hubert; together we found the name of the nursery or home or whatever you call it, near here and we went over there. I had the matron give me half a dozen children, and here they are." She pointed to the group in front of her, who were busy taking in their surroundings. "Children, this is my father and this my mother. Now, Dad,

here is Tony, Rose, Frederick, Charles, Anna and Marie," as she gathered the children to her. "Now, children, we are going in and have dinner. Let's see, Hubert, you take Frederick and Charles. Dad take Tony; Mother, you take Anna, and I will have Rose and Marie."

The children, ranging from six to eight, were rather shy until they set eyes on all the goodies on the table; then they were all excitement. Thelma winked at Hubert, and then looked at her dad. He was busy keeping meat enough cut up for Tony, supplying his numerous other demands, and keeping up with his many questions. The children were fairly stuffed when they climbed down from the table.

"We are going to play some games now," said Thelma. "Hubert, you get on that side of the circle; come on, Dad and Mother." But no amount of coaxing could bring Dad and Mother. Dad thought he had done his share.

"What do you think?" said Thelma to the children a little while later.

"Hubert tells me he was just in the library, and Santa left a Christmas tree and some gifts for you in there. They all made a dash for the door.

"Where do you suppose she got these things?" queried Mr. Fremont of his wife.

"I can't imagine," she replied; "this must have been the planning of more than today."

It came time for Thelma to give the dread announcement that they were to leave for the home. Before doing so she surveyed the scene before her: There was Dad, on his hands and knees, crawling about the floor with Tony, playing train. Tony had succeeded in winning over Mr. Fremont. There sat her mother reading a story to three of the youngsters, and Hubert—she could hardly believe her eyes—sat cuddling a little sleeping form in his arms. She went over and sat down on the arm of his chair.

"You dear old thing," she said, putting her arm around him; then, "Hubert, look at Dad. Won't you say this day was a success?"

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**Provision and Thrift.**  
Provision is the foundation of hospitality and thrift the fuel of magnificence.—Sir P. Shirley.

**Real Wisdom.**  
Wisdom does not so much consist in knowledge of the ultimate; it consists in knowing what to do next.—Herbert.

# Just a Picture of His Mother

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

IT WAS the first year he had ever been away from home and grown man. Other years he had been near enough to go back home for Christmas, but now his work had sent him across the continent and he couldn't possibly manage the trip.

He had some excellent new friends and he was going to have Christmas dinner with them. And the family from home had sent a beautiful Christmas box—every member of the family had sent a present.

It had been tied with holly and red ribbon and he had opened it Christmas Eve.

But now it was Christmas morning and he was just a little bit homesick. Yes, just a little bit—perhaps it was more than a little bit!

And then came the postman's ring. He had received all his presents, cards, too, from his friends at home who would not send presents, but who had remembered him.

Yes, he had been very fortunate. The homesickness he felt was only natural. And then he opened the small package which the postman's ring had brought to him.

It was a photograph of his mother, and it arrived on Christmas day.

And under it was a little note, just a few words of love and devotion and a Christmas greeting.

He felt better already! For, even though there must at times be separations, he had so wonderful a home and mother that even though they were apart actually their thoughts and spirits were as close together as though they were not separated.

It was an excellent photograph of his mother, too. What a perfect Christmas-keeping gift!

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**THE HERALD ANGELS SING**  
Hark! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the newborn King;  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled.  
—Charles Wesley.

**Reciprocity.**  
The man who has a bee in his bonnet has no right to object if his wife has a bird in hers.

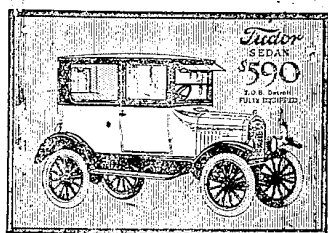
**Disease Not Spread by Phone.**  
There is no definite evidence that diseases are spread by the mouthpieces of telephones, says the minister of health.

# Merry Christmas to You

May Your Christmas Morning Be Glorious  
and Your Smile of Christmas Cheer  
Spread on Throughout the Year

TODAY, TOMORROW AND EVERY DAY AND IT SHALL BE OUR ENDEAVOR TO EXPRESS OUR DEEP APPRECIATION OF YOUR PATRONAGE BY CONTINUED QUALITY, MANIFESTED IN THE PRODUCTS WE MANUFACTURE.

FARMINGTON ROLLER MILLS  
FARMINGTON, - - - - - MICHIGAN



Give One For Christmas

To our many Friends and Patrons we extend our  
Seasons Greetings---

# A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

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