

Christmas Wishes to All

Home for Christmas

By Frank Herbert Sweet

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GRANNY SABLES, taking the last batch of Christmas mince pies from the oven and placing them, one by one, on the nice table top, saw through the corners of her eyes a skulking figure outside.

"Sammy," she thought, "dread an' mebbe half-starved. 'Thinkin' 'bout Christmas, an' startin' home, but 'fraild to come in. Poor boy! Been off two months this time."

Her eyes grew soft and sad.

Many years ago her son, Ben, had been that way, wild and resentful of restraint. They—her husband had been harsh with him, or rather just, punishing when punishing was due, and sternly promising more, and more, at any repetition. But Ben only acted worse, and soon ran away.

It was twenty years before they heard from him, dying, and they had gone and brought his son, Sammy, back, then nearly ten.

And now her grandson was going the same way, impatient of advice and control, though only fourteen.

A slight shadow fell across the door, though she did not look up. She knew, Sammy was peeping in hungry.

"Some can be driven, an' others must be led," Granny murmured, with moist eyes. "One way's been tried, the other hardly touched. Poor Sammy! He's suspicious an' moose, an' may run off if I ain't careful."

She picked up a pan of scraps, such as were usually given the chickens, and went to the open door calling, "Chick, chick, chickly." Scattering the scraps as far as the corner, she suddenly dropped the pan and had her arms around Sammy's neck.

"I felt you'd come home for Christmas, Sammy," she exclaimed joyously.

"Forty miles," mumbled Sammy, "an' Not a Bite on the Way."

"Smelled my cookies an' doughnuts, likely. My! my! how you used to make 'em fly. Now come in an' try some, an' the mince pies, too. I want to know if they're all right. Then you can go up an' wash. Pretty cold, I'd say, walkin'. But you always did like campin' out an' walkin'."

"Forty miles," mumbled Sammy, as he allowed himself to be urged in, an' not a bite on the way."

"In too much hurry to get home for Christmas," chuckled grandma, trying to keep pity out of her voice. "But you really shouldn't go hungry, boy; it ain't good for growin' young folks."

Sammy eyed the food longingly, but hesitated. "Where's grandpa?" he asked.

"Stick in bed with rheumatism, an' discouraged," grandma answered. "Farm-work all whichaway. I—found him cryin' 'tother day."

"Not—grandpa?" incredulously.

"Yes, but don't ever mention it to him. He hid his face under the bed-clothes when I went in, thinkin' I didn't see. Yes, grandpa feels that 'bout everything in life has gone cross with him, partly his fault, may be."

Two doughnuts, twice as many cookies and half a mince pie disappeared in silence, then, "I'd like to help if I—but he wouldn't want."

"Yes, he would. Grandpa's bark is

The Christmas Holly Girl



spoonful of powdered sugar and set in a cool oven for ten minutes.

Pumpkin Pie

Mix four cupfuls of strained pumpkin with nine eggs, beaten separately, two quarts of milk, a teaspoonful each of cinnamon, nutmeg and ginger, one sugarine made from the white of one egg beaten stiff with a level table-

Christmas

By MARY TASH LLOYD
in the Presbyterian

GOD gave his dear Son for a Savior, When the world was by sin so distressed, He took human form in descending, In a young mother's arms was caressed.

At Christmas we ponder His coming, There was no place for Him but a shed, And Mary, His mother, watched o'er Him In a manger, where cattle were fed.

Oh, wonderful story and precious! There were shepherds with flocks on the hill, Who followed His star till they found Him, He who did Scripture's promise fulfill.

The wise men, with homes at a distance, Quickly journeyed in haste to be there; They brought by the Child and adored Him, And they offered Him gifts rich and rare.

Dear Christ Child, so pure and so holy, Whom the angels are praising today, May we at Thy feet leave love's offering, Carry with us Thy blessing away.

Christmas Joy

Genuine Christmas Joy will overflow with conquering enthusiasm into other circles than that of its own experience. It is always exuberant and manifests a spirit of helplessness to others. The happy song of angels at the birth of our Savior sought

sympathetic response in the souls of the surprised shepherds. The announcement of the angel, "I bring you good tidings of great joy," indicates the power of the movement that would in some way through Christians of other ages, carry this joy to the people." The band of shepherds, after they had visited the newborn Babe, who had returned "glorifying and praising God," instantly and gratefully made known abroad the character and the cause of their gladness.—Herald and Presbyterian.

Cream Pie

Dissolve one and one-half cupfuls of sugar in two cupfuls of cream. Fold in the stiffly-beaten whites of three eggs and add flavoring to taste. Bake with one crust. A tablespoonful of sifted flour may be mixed with the sugar to good advantage.

Electrical Effect



Mabel—I asked my husband to give me an electrical runabout for a Christmas gift.

Mande—What was the result?

Mabel—He was shocked.

Very Happy on Christmas Day

By Mary Graham Brouner

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PERITY SUZETTE was very happy. Everything amused her or pleased her, or warmed her heart still more, it seemed.

She had seen a little boy, obviously poor, giving a nickel which looked as though it had had no companion in the pocket from which it came, into a bucket where money was being collected for Christmas dinners for those still more poor. The little boy had looked so enormously pleased, as he had given it with an air of complete indifference, it had been such a joy for her to have given him an engine which he had next gazed at lovingly in a shop window.

She had been amused at Alice, the little girl next door, Alice had told Gwendolyn, her playmate, that if Gwendolyn wanted a little sister she must get the address of their doctor, who had brought them one.

Suzette had watched a traffic policeman holding up the traffic while three boys and three dogs had crossed over proudly.

She had heard an older girl she knew telling of the diary she had destroyed not long before. "Because," the girl had explained, "it was written when I was engaged, and we used to quarrel then, and we never do now. It made me sick to see how I used to act." That was the way Suzette hoped her married life would be.

Then she had been amused that day because Mrs. Purdy had, as a rule, always dropped a nickel in the corner of the collected plate where it would not be noticed.

She had always explained that she didn't believe in giving ostentatiously. And this Christmas day Suzette had noticed she had put in a dollar—and had turned it so that it could be seen.

That it was a bill, but so that its denomination could not be determined. It wasn't because she wanted others to see that she gave a bill, she explained to Suzette, that she put it down conspicuously upon the plate, but she thought it was well to set an example.

Ah, yes! Suzette was very happy. All things about her seemed perfect. She had never seen such white, dazzling snow. She had never heard such clear, merry sleighbells.

She had never noticed how cheery and gay were the voices of people and how joyous were the voices of children.

There seemed to be something appealing and attractive about everyone. And how crisp and fresh was the air! How beautiful the Christmas trees standing in their gay and decorated glory in the windows of all the happy homes.

Suzette had never been so happy. Never! Never! Never! And Mrs. Purdy was happy, too. He had never been so happy. Never! Never! Never!

Everything to him seemed appealing or attractive or amusing or cheery, for Bruce had kissed Suzette under the mistletoe.

And Suzette had liked it. And so had Bruce. And he had asked her to marry him. And she had said "Yes."

And the mistletoe was winking at the happy and saying:

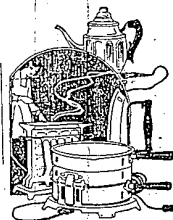
"I did a good Christmas day's work!"

Electrical Gifts

ARMSTRONG TABLE STOVES

PERCOLATORS

CURLING IRONS



TOASTERS

IRONS

WARMING PAD

RADIO

Fada Neutrodyne

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