

## Their Gift Truck and the Presents

Mission Workers Find Pleasure in Aiding Needy at Christmas Time.

By ELEANOR E. KING

**T**HE large auditorium of the Sunday school was full to overflowing. As the last strains of the hymn died out, the superintendent took his place in front of the audience and began Christmas Eve entertainment to bring what we have enjoyed calling "White Gifts for the King." Most of you probably know the destination of these canned goods, delicacies, and clothing, but for the benefit of those who don't, I will say that one of our members is so kind as to lend us a truck for the occasion, and several of our boys volunteered to drive this "gift truck" as we might call it, to our mission house to the city. We will start with the first row of children—he pointed to the right-hand side of the church—"and all march up in front with our 'white gifts'."

The music started. It was a beautiful sight to see young and old alike march up, faces beaming, and carrying their "white gifts." The question might have come up as to who was going to get the most joy, the giver or the receiver of these gifts.

Immediately following the close of the entertainment, a group of strapping young fellows took charge of the huge pile of "white gifts" and loaded them into the truck. By the time the things were all packed in it was half-past ten. James had volunteered to drive the truck, saying as he started the truck:

"Fellows, we have to make time, or this won't get to the mission so it can be distributed tonight."

"Yes; but, Jim," protested one of the boys, "imagine making time with this old monster"—and they all joined in a hearty laugh.

They traveled at a fair rate of speed for about 15 minutes when the old beast gradually slowed down and died. James had volunteered to drive the truck, but not to play mechanic. He might be able to tinker with his father's little car, but this truck was entirely out of his line.

"Maybe we are out of gas," piped up one of the corps.

Fortwith they all trooped off the truck to investigate the gas tank.

"There is plenty of gas in the tank. Guess again, fellows," retorted James.

"Let's look under the hood," suggested another fellow sufferer.

"That's right"—and each fellow fell to examining the part he thought had gone wrong. The resulting scene was somewhat the effect of a swarm of bees around a beehive.

"Now start her," called one of the fellows from the depths of the engine.

"I think I have found the trouble—a loose spark plug connection."

While all held their breath, the starter turned over, but the engine showed no sign of life.

"Who said something about a 'Merry Christmas'? I'll say we are all lucky it isn't below zero tonight."

The boys fussed about the engine for some time. Finally, James climbed into the truck and said:

"Come on, fellows, pile in; I am going to try starting this old thing again."

"All right. We will all concentrate and say to ourselves, 'Now the old thing is going to run.'"

The starter turned it over, twice, and the third time the fellows heard a feeble response from the engine.

"Give her gas; she's going—she's going!" And sure enough, it was.

Without further delay they reached the mission house a little before twelve. The workers were waiting for them.

"We were sure you would come," said one of the women, "because they phoned us when you left the church. You had trouble?"

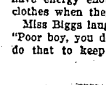
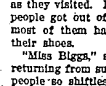
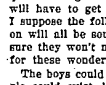
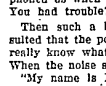
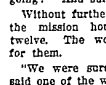
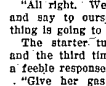
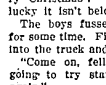
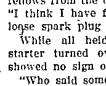
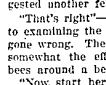
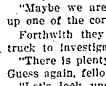
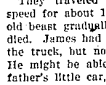
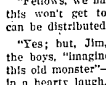
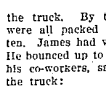
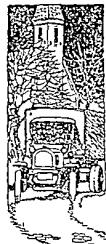
Then such a babble of voices resulted that the poor woman never did really know what caused their delay. When the noise subsided she said:

"My name is Miss Biggs. I have quite a long list of names, and we will have to get started immediately. I suppose the folks that we shall call on will all be sound asleep, but I am sure they won't mind being awakened for these wonderful gifts."

The boys could not believe that people could exist, living in such hovels as they visited. In most instances the people got out of bed fully dressed—most of them had not even removed their shoes.

"Miss Biggs," said one of the boys returning from such a scene, "why are people so shy?" They don't even have energy enough to remove their clothes when they go to bed."

Miss Biggs laughed sympathetically. "Poor boy, you don't realize that they do that to keep warm. With news-



### STAR OF BETHLEHEM

OF OLD the Star of Bethlehem led wise men to the manger cradle of a Child who was to be the Savior of the world. Since then its light has streamed across the ages for man's guidance, but how often has it failed to penetrate the hearts it should! How oft have greed, and selfishness dulled its fairer light in the hearts of men till Christmas comes to be a grab-bag or a bore!

But the Star still shines in the hearts of those who truly yearn for "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men." It still beckons to the cradle of lowliness, where love is above honors and riches. May it enter our hearts this Christmas, and leading us away from selfishness, point to the fair goal of charity. May we forget our pride and self, and may the Star of Bethlehem illumine our hearts with gratitude, and joy, and kindness to all men. May its beckoning be heeded, and lead us as it did the shepherds of the past to the cradle of the Christ, the Savior of the world.—H. Lucius Cook.

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### Peace on Earth

(From "The End of the Play.")

My song, save this, is little worth; I lay the weary pen aside, And wish you health and love and mirth.

As this this solemn Christmas, As this the holy Christmas birth, Be this, good friends, our carol still: Be peace on earth, be peace on earth. To men of gentle will.

—Thackeray.

## He Found It Paid to Read All Ads

Lester Had Set His Heart on Giving Peggy a Desk for Christmas.

By KATHERINE EDELMAN

**L**ESTER KINSLEY walked out of the store with a disappointed look upon his usually cheerful face. The sum of money that he had in his pocket was not enough to buy the Christmas gift that he wanted for Peggy. And his heart had been so set on giving her a spinet desk. True, he could let part of the payment price extend over Christmas, but Lester had made it a point to pay cash for his purchases, and the thought of breaking this rule was repugnant to him, much as he wanted to buy the desk. He would have to content himself in buying something else.

But during the days that followed he could not shake off the thought of the desk. He knew that there were many other gifts he could get with the sum that he had—gifts that would probably be just as good—but somehow when it came to looking at them he always hesitated. The spinet desk loomed before in mental vision as the only and desirable gift for Peggy. He had added a few more dollars to his fund, but he was yet short of the price, and Christmas was only two days away. He must get something today!

It had always been a habit of Lester's to read his morning paper with content. Now, before he left the house for the day he scanned it over, page by page, advertisements as well as news. Suddenly he started from his chair. The same make of spinet desk that he had looked at was advertised at another store for a price that was now within his reach. This was in a smaller store in a less pretentious street. "Such luck!" Lester Kinsley whispered to himself.

So, after all, he had the happiness of giving Peggy the Christmas gift that he thought would please her most—and it did.

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### Bells of Christmastide

The heavens gleam and glow With a million stars alight, The moon in the sky hangs low, The hills are glistening white, And over the thin, crisp snow, The bells ring joyously

From church towers, far and wide— In lands that seas divide— In the concert melody Of the world's glad Christmastide.

—Eugene C. Dolson.

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