

Christmas Spirit as an Interlude

Young Executive Would Not Make Some Happy and Others Sad.

By JUSTIN WENTWOOD

THE great hall of the pentagon was brightly lit by electricity. Holly was wreathed along the walls. There was roast beef and plum pudding, and two cigars for every inmate—for the warden was a believer in modern methods of penology. And the men were falling ill.

They came in with the prison step, and their faces brightened as they saw the good cheer. They sat down, and for an hour they forgot their sorrows. They knew that in a myriad of homes families were celebrating. Many of them had wives and children who must pass this and many more Christmas without them. They gave an added poignancy to the dinner. And there was a note of sadness beneath the merrymaking.

The chief guard moved up and down the lines of tables. "Hear the governor," he called to see you, boys," he said. The whisper ran round the room. Not a heart but beat the faster for the news. The governor was a young man—not far beyond thirty.

The last governor of the state had been peculiar in his methods. He made a point of setting prisoners free on public holidays. Two Christmas before he had descended on the penitentiary and announced a whole sheet of pardons. It had left surprise and bitterness behind it, but visit of the late governor's. And he had been an old bachelor. The governor was young, married—he would take pity on them.

So Stoneman, the old forger, with five years yet to serve, heard the news with emotion. Surely he had served his time, paid all the punishment that he law could fairly ask of him.

And Richards, the murderer, who had done seventeen years and was now an old man—surely he was ripe for redemption. And Nelson, the forger, who would have looked down upon the chit, it was his associates, not he who had wrecked the bank, and he served two whole years of seven. Surely the governor would pardon his pardon.

And the boy Johnson, who had filled his brute of a stepfather, and not three years for it—he had been in the pen since he was seven—now was twenty-five. Was his life to

onebody. And they cheered with a will. The governor smiled and nodded. They were sizing him up. Why, was only a kid, this governor. A kid anybody could make do anything he wanted him to.

"Go on with your dinner," said the governor, and he remained chatting with the chief warden and some of the guards. At last he turned toward the men. A deathly silence fell. Now it was coming. Who would be taken? Who could be kept?

He began to speak in an informal way. There was none of the flourish and grandeur of the former governor. He spoke of the spirit of Christmas as an interlude in the struggle for existence. He spoke of the responsibilities of citizenship. There were many there who would look with a keener sense upon these responsibilities when they had their citizens' rights restored to them.

"Now it's coming," thought each and all of them.

And he wished them all a happy Christmas. They sat there stupefied. And suddenly there came to them an understanding of what was in the governor's mind. He would not bring the sense of triumph, of rivalry, into that meeting. He would not make some happy and others sad. That was the Christmas spirit—that interlude.

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To Bid the Christ Come In

By ARBY M. ROACH
in Louisville Courier-Journal

HE is a pretty story, of medieval birth. That every year the young Child-Come back again to earth, And wandering through the city, The forest, and the moor, Seeks if perhaps He yet may find A hospitable door.

We sing a song at Christmas Of life and love and mirth, And come our quenchless faith that Spring Will come again on earth. In the year's darkest season We make the warmest glow, And all our simpler hopes and loves And joys find utterance so.

But when we hear our fires Against the cold or rain, And set our candles or our tree Before the window-pane, There's a still higher meaning, Could we but to win, A warm heart, and a door unlocked, Unbarred.

To bid the Christ come in.

An Enterprise Limer is a good investment.

Christmas Day in Other Countries

Every Land Has Own Way of Observing the Glorious Yuletide.

By ANNA DEMING GRAY

EVERY land has its Christmas customs and superstitions, but it is only since the Christian era that the spirit of kindness and good will has prevailed all over.

The Christmas stocking originated in Italy, and the legend goes that good old St. Nicholas of Patara is responsible for it. He had a habit of going about the windows of the poor and slily throwing in a knitted purse of money. After a time the purses were hung just outside the windows, so that he might slip no one. In northern Italy it was so cold that a stocking was substituted and hung by the chimney place, and slipping down the chimney he would put his gift there.

The Russian children fill their shoes with hay ten days before Christmas and place them outside the door, so that St. Nicholas may have food for his horse, for this is the time he makes the rounds to find where the good children live, before going out to take the gifts.

The Bulgarians think that the angels talk with each other Christmas night; the sheep walk in a procession about the place, and the bees hum in their hives.

In Sweden and Norway, thirteen days are given over for the Christmas festival, and are called "Yule days," or "Tretten Yule." For days the house mother is busy making everything spotlessly clean. Boughs from the juniper and fir trees are spread upon the floor. The family go, in turn, to the bake house, which has been made warm, and here each takes a good wash from head to foot. This is considered an important part of the ceremonies, for in many cases it is the only bath taken until next Yuletide.

The children of today, and of all the years to come, will be glad that the Roundheads of Oliver Cromwell's time, and the Puritans of New England, did not succeed in taking Christmas off the map, as they tried so hard to do. The Bay Colony of Massachusetts did prohibit the making of mince pies, for a time, and declared that trimming the house with greens was a wicked and pagan custom. But we have good authority for even this custom, for Christ's only day of public honor on earth was marked by the

strewing of palm branches before Him the day of His entrance into Jerusalem.

In pagan days the houghs of holly and spruce were supposed to be placed so that the sprites and faeries might have a place to hide, and bring good luck to the family. But the Christian world has given a spiritual meaning to even this custom. The boughs of fir and spruce signify the power and love of God, which shall flourish as a green bay tree, and live to endless time. (© 1915, Western Newspaper Union.)

Bandbox Mystery Is Easily Solved

Cherished Christmas Things Bring Back Sweet Memories of the Past.

By CHRISTOPHER G. HAZARD

SHE came out of the five and ten cent store with a great number of packages and hastened home to put them in the bandbox. Then she finished the doll's dress, put it on the doll, and put the doll in the bandbox. Then she took the doll out of the bandbox and slipped a red sash to its dress and put it back into the bandbox. Then she put a label on the bandbox, which said "Not to be opened until Christmas."

Then she looked at the things out of the bandbox and undid each package and tied it up again, put a different hat on the doll, and replaced everything in the bandbox, tying down the cover. Then she took a walk, stopping at this store and that until her arms were full of bundles again and she had to go home with them. Then she took the doll and all the other things out of the bandbox again just like a magician, when he gets so much out of a hat, and put a new and splendid young lady in the doll's place and a lot of young lady things about her.

Then she put the little doll and all the little doll things back into the bandbox and tied on the cover, and put the label on again, and wrapped the bandbox up in Christmas paper, and put the bandbox away in the closet. Then she went to the closet and got out the bandbox, and looked into it once more, to see if everything was all right, and wrapped it up again, and put the label on the outside of the wrapper this time, and added another label which told the bandbox where to go on Christmas morning. Then she took down a picture of a dear little girl from the mantel and looked

long and lovingly at them, while a tear fell upon the young lady's face. Then anyone could see what it had all been about, and how she who had no child and no young lady that Christmas time was bringing back sweet memories and sending out new joys with the mysterious bandbox. (© 1915, Western Newspaper Union.)

Athletic Toys

Athletic toys are nowadays acceptable to both boys and girls. They want a tricycle or a bicycle, good roller skates, good baseball bats, balls and gloves, a tennis racket that is not merely a toy imitation of the real thing, fishing and camping outfits, a croquet set, a big toy automobile, a movie outfit or magic lantern, electrical apparatus and the dozen and one scientific toys that teach most interestingly the rudiments of exact sciences while affording entertainment and a possibility of the development of skill.—George Newell Moran.

The First Stocking

The Christmas stocking custom is said to have sprung from the legend that St. Nicholas, the boys' patron saint, climbed on a roof during one of his philanthropic trips and dropped a purse down a chimney; and the purse fell into a stocking hanging up to dry.

Christmas Bells

I heard the bells on Christmas day, Their old familiar carols play, And wild and sweet The words repeat Of peace on earth, good will to men! —Longfellow.

Fought Fire in Tree

Crawling into a hollow tree lying on the ground and extinguishing the fire burning within the tree was the unusual experience of Fred Call, a fire guard on the Boise national forest in Idaho, reports the forest service, United States Department of Agriculture.

Fire Guard Call was on duty when a bolt of lightning set fire to a yellow pine tree 42 inches in diameter. This tree happened to be hollow, and Call chopped it down in order to extinguish the blaze. Even then he was unable to get to the flames, so he crawled into the trunk, chipped away the burning wood with his knife and crawled out with it on his shovel. He made many trips into the tree, crawling about sixty feet each round trip.

Yes, Sir

Any old day is Thanksgiving day for the old maid who gets married.—Vanderbilt Masquerader.

Early Botanists

In the rapid development of the United States scientists explored the new country almost as soon as commercial barons began looking for opportunities. As early as 1785 F. Andre Michaux came to the United States from France to make a collection of plants for naturalization in France and stayed 12 years at his task.

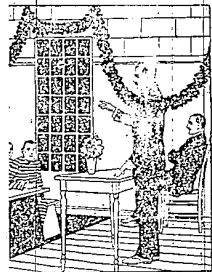
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He Spoke of the Spirit of Christmas as an Interlude.

Up away, slip away within those walls? Wouldn't the governor give him a chance?

So thought five hundred of the inmates, and gradually the suspense lifted their voices, and they hardly spoke. And the meal drew to a close. Then quick steps were heard, and a door opened. The warden entered, and the governor's eyes were fixed on him. They were

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