

Christmas Greetings

To All

Home With Mother on Christmas Day

Children Could Not Be Contented Away From Lonely Parent.

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER.

HER children were no longer children. They were grown up boys. That was why they had come to the city. They had felt there would be more opportunities for them in the city and that they could help her more. Perhaps they were right. Young people had a way of sounding convincing. The animation and vivacity gave conviction to their spirited voices.

She sat up and put the kettle on the stove. It was supper time, but she didn't feel hungry. She would have a cup of tea and sit in front of the fire and dream of the other Christmas eves there had been.

Time, in a way, she thought, would make up for her loneliness this Christmas eve. For she was lonely. There was no sense in telling herself that she wasn't, for she couldn't make herself believe that. She had been trying to do so, but had failed.

They couldn't come home for Christmas. They hadn't enough to spare for the expensive journey.

They would have Christmas together and they would be thinking all day of her to whom they were written. Yes, she knew they would be thinking of her. They were dear, loyal ones, those two children of hers who were now grown up. They had seen her such a lovely Christmas boy—more than they could afford, she knew.

And she had sent them little things she thought would please them, things she had made—apples with a real flavor, bedroom slippers for hard city bedroom floors.

How quiet the house was. She had put wreaths in the windows, and had lighted all the lights and had put a few sprigs of green here and there in the rooms.

The butcher had given her a little piece of mistletoe to hang up and she had hung it up, though it seemed an

"Backward, Turn Backward—"

By CACOTHES SCRIBENDI

"BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight; Make me a child again just for tonight." Give me the faith of my childhood once more. The bright Christmas dreams, the same as of yore: Again in my old rattle bed let me make vainly the effort to stay wide awake, To get a good look at Old Santa and hear the tinkle of bells; see the prancing reindeer.

Ah, Santa and childhood and visions and dreams. We left you behind long ago, so it seems—Till December brings nearer the dear Christmas days. With the close guarded streets, the new Christmas lays. Then we know that Old Time, marching onward for aye, Can never destroy the real love for the day: When grownups have faith once again, as of yore, And become truly children at Christmas once more.

CHRIST'S MASS

THE original form of Christmas, says an authority, was "Christ's mass," and no additional possessive was used when writing of the eve of Christ's mass, Christ's mass eve. The possessive was gradually added and the word shortened to Christmas, and hence Christmas Eve. A close parallel is crisscross pattern, which by the same process is a pattern of Christ's crosses, the possessive being tortuously test through the centuries.

For Little Children

For little children everywhere. A joyous season still we make; We bring our precious gifts to them. Even for the dear child Jesus' sake.

The Christmas Morning Kiss



PHOTO BY F. FOURNIER

What Christmas Means

By Floyd Meredith in Zion's Herald

HAVE you ever wondered why it seems that Santa Claus never grows old? Why, my mother knew him in her dreams—When she was three, he was gay and bold; And that was a very long time ago. Yet Santa's as young as he used to be. It's funny he's never changed, don't you know. But lives right along so happily. My mother says—and she tells—the truth—That the reason is plain to see. For Santa Claus is the Spirit of Youth In the hearts of folks like you and me. And that he goes beaming, year on year. Same as the stars above, So that Christmas may mean—say, isn't it queer?—Nothing at all but Love!

CHRISTMAS PHOTO

SHE had her picture taken for her family for Christmas and on Christmas Eve had hung it, framed, upon the wall. Her young man came to call, and when she was but half-looking, took the picture from off the wall, for his possession. Was she angry? Not a bit of it. It was so wonderful to think he would even steal her photograph! — Mary Graham Bonner. (© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

For Kiddies Three to Five

As the child's eyes and hands become more capable of definite aims between three and five years of age—the toys used in a well-conducted kindergarten will interest the youngsters immensely in his home and provide it not only with amusement but with the first tangible instruments of real educational advancement.—George Newell Morn.

Cherub Serves as Santa's Assistant

Task Is to Aid Merry Old Kris During His Christmas Rush.

BY CHRISTOPHER G. HAZARD

HE LOOKED like a Cupid or a cherub, without any particular business on earth, but he was assistant to that merry genius who has so much business at Christmas.

time that he doesn't know what to do. His task was to trudge about with bundles in the interest of happy sights and greetings. Mr. Inkworth's printer made a mistake when he said that the boy came from a "fondling" asylum, but the word fitted his mission if it did fall to point out his source. Inkworth's proofreader was as incorrigible an egotist as old Mr. Suit, the tailor, who told Doctor Pillsbury, when he complained that one leg of his pantaloons was creased in front while the other was creased on the side, that pantaloons would sometimes work that way.

"Are your hands sticky?" asked the Cherub of small Sarah, as he pulled a dot out of his pack. "Not quite," said the young mother, as she pressed the new daughter to her heart. In the other room was a real baby, who was crying for even more than he was worth. "He wants some mamma," explained his sister, and forthwith the messenger summoned her. She was really glad to see him again, for it was he who had given her the deepest wish of her heart, the Christmas before when he brought the crying youngster to her house. It was a child that the world needed on Christmas day. God knew that. Sarah had remarked on that occasion, "God is almost as good as Maria," alluding to the character of her nurse.

His visit to Mr. Flint pleased the Cherub, for he purposed to bleed him. Having no relatives, the old man had thought that he would escape, but he was eventually argued and wheeled out of three gifts, a crutch for rheu-



And Dream of Other Christmas Eves There Had Been.

matic touch. How jubilantly her son had kissed her under the mistletoe last Christmas.

"My dainty little sweetheart," he had said.

In the distance she heard the train's whistle. That was the evening train—the second and last of the day. How hollow and mocking it sounded, and it had always sounded so gay in the frosty, crisp air.

That was the train they had come back on the year before, for they had come home that first Christmas. They had not found the city so expensive then. Since that time they had made more money, but expenses had gone up and it was agreed that considering they could not get but the day and a half off it was not wise to spend the money.

She went out to get her tea. Did she hear steps outside, and voices? Probably a neighbor coming to call. How silly she was to hope, now that the train had been in some time—

"Mother! Mother!"

Their voices! She ran from the kitchen into the living room. And there they were, her two precious dears.

"Oh, mother," they cried, "what is the use of living if we don't have Christmas together? If we can afford other things we can afford that, too. We just couldn't stay away!"

Oh, the joy and the happiness there was! Truly what did one work for if it was not to enjoy the true blessings of life, and of all blessings what one more precious than Christmas at home!

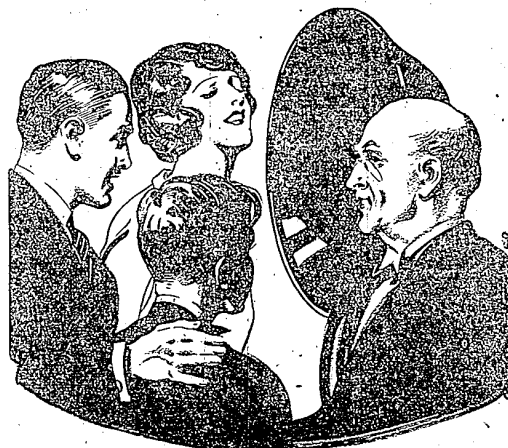
Merry Christmas

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Over the

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FARMINGTON



His Visit to Mr. Flint Pleased the Cherub.

mattie Tom Foley, a cane for his father and a bundle of clothes for his wife. Mrs. Foley found the bundle full of change, hightum for best, tightum for second best, and scrub tyf nainy days. She was delighted. At the next house the Cherub was cross-examined by the three-year-old mistress of a manse. Everybody else was out for the moment, so that the young learner had an unaltered chance to increase her stock of wisdom. The conversation was as follows:

Mistress: "What's in the can?"
The Cherub: "That's white paint."
"What you goin' to do wit it?"
"I'm goin' to put it on the wall."
"How are you goin' to put it on?"
"With a brush."
"Why are you goin' to pit the paint on the wall?"
"To make it all nice and clean and white?"

"When are you goin' to do it?"
"Tomorrow."
"Is that the paint?"
"Yes."
"Is it white paint?"
"Yes."
"Where's the wall?"
"Over there."
"Are you goin' to pit it on a wall?"
"Yes."
"So it will be nice and clean and white?"
"Yes."

At this point the Cherub produced a jumping jack and bestowed it upon the inquisitive infant, but as a new hall of questions began with "What's that for?" and as evening drew on, he concluded to call it a day's work and retreated.

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