

Opened His Purse to Aid the Needy

Generous Man's Contribution Assured Caroline Visit From Santa.

By ALEC TUPPER

IT WAS a chubby girl of five years who stood before a large store window on the main street, admiring the wonderful toys arranged in the midst of red and green decorations. Every day for two weeks Caroline had appreciated seeing these things, yet she wished so hard for even one toy. Now the day before Christmas, the biting cold of the morning did not drive her away from the spot where her head reached high enough to flutter the red top of her nose on the plate glass, while her eyes dropped very deep to see how it looked in a different shape. There was a hole in each of her mittens, each thumb being drawn in on the palm for warmth, and she gave a hop, first on one foot, then on the other. One toe peeped out of a shoe. Nearly every time Santa pointed automatically to his bag of toys, Caroline laughed so heartily that the plaid coat drawn tightly about her plump waist swelled and nearly lost its two buttons.

And a man had been watching her for some time. He came up to her and asked her what she wanted for Christmas. Caroline answered that mother was very poor this year and perhaps couldn't even buy a Christmas dinner, but she looked kindly at Santa each day now, hoping he would know her very well. The man smiled pleasantly and opened his purse. He loved children and especially such as these. "Here child," he said, "take this and go right home to your mother."

Mrs. Bixby was busy ironing in the basement kitchen, with her little baby in a basket beside her, when Caroline rushed in breathless, holding a bright ten-dollar coin in her reddened, chubby palm, for she kept her mitten off all the way. "Wasn't it a happy Christmas for the Bixbys! Caroline said it was from 'a man who passed by' and when Mrs. Bixby offered a little Christmas prayer that night, she was reminded of the Christ who did so much good as He passed by—always conscious of the needy in body and spirit. She was sure that the Christ can reflect in this day from those who walk in His path."

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CHRISTMAS TRAIN

CARRY people home for the holidays. Help bring Christmas joy to many homes. Families are reunited because of me. And I wear my best festive decorations in honor of the gay season!

A holiday train is always so welcomed, and wants to look its best.—Mary Graham Bonner.

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The Christmas Tree

Some like the pine and some the elm. And some the apple tree. But just about this time each year. The Christmas tree suits me!

Alice's Christmas With Her Parents

Happy to Pay First Installment of Her Debt of Gratitude.

By ELEANOR E. KING

JERK, and the train came to a full stop. "West Chicago," bellowed the conductor. The young girl who sat facing the source of noise made a queer face. Without thinking, her hands went up to her ears to shut out the sound. The conductor noticed it, giving a surly half grin as he turned away. The train again on its way, the continual click of the wheels quickened Alice's thoughts. "Getting quite near home?" came a voice above the whirr of the speeding train.

Alice looked up into the face of the conductor.

"Yes; my but it seems good."

"Let me see, your ticket was from Colorado, wasn't it?"

"Quite so. I have spent almost a year and a half out in that country, now." Alice paused and drew a deep breath. "I have come back home for Christmas."

"O, I see!" returned her attentive listener. "A case of the return of the prodigal daughter, I take it."

"No, I tell the truth, I am the improvident art supervisor; only daughter of a family in moderate circumstances, returning home for the holidays."

Three o'clock Christmas day found Alice and her happy family together with their relatives seated at a turkey dinner. The maid was clearing the table for the dessert course when Alice, standing beside her father's chair, began:

"I came home especially for the purpose of seeing my folks of course, but most of all to present, in person, this little envelope. It represents the first installment of a series to be paid by me, in gratitude for the sacrifices on my folks' part and the joys on my part of my college and art career. Father and mother, it makes it one of my happiest Christmases to be able to do this."

Alice's father and mother together opened the envelope. The expressions, as seen by Alice as they read the contents, first registered curiosity, surprise, eagerness, then alarm.

"Alice, child! A thousand dollars! Why, dear, we never thought of such a thing as you paying us back. Why child—"

"That is just the fun of it," laughed Alice as she hugged them both—"I never you didn't."

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Cream of Chestnut Soup

Peel and blanch one quart of large chestnuts. Cook for one-half hour and rub through a sieve. Add one quart of white stock and a little chopped parsley. Blend one tablespoonful of flour with one of butter. Add to the soup, stirring it briskly. Put through the sieve again and serve with crotons of fried bread.

THE YEAR AHEAD

The light of the Christmas candles will shine all the year through Michigan if you buy and use the Christmas seals and so help to bring—

More sanatorium beds for tuberculous children and grown folks.

More open air schools for frail boys and girls.

More medical inspection for all school children.

More public health nurses.

More free clinics to help find the sick that they may be well.

More health movies.

More general knowledge of health problems.

Definite health teachings and a definite health curriculum in the public schools.

One or more after-care colonies where discharged sanatorium patients may harden up for normal life.

Phrases That Are Old

A phrase frequently heard in "necessity is the mother of invention." But few realize how old it is. We find it in the "Republic" of Plato: "The true creator is necessity, who is the mother of our invention."

When Disraeli gave the alternative title of "The Two Nations" to his novel "Sybil," to emphasize the gulf which lay between the rich and the poor of the same country, he was echoing Plato. "Any city," said Plato, "however small, is in fact divided into two, one the city of the poor the other of the rich."

Another very modern note is struck by Sir Thomas Moore in "Utopia," where, talking of education and environment, he says, "You first make thieves and then punish them."

Measuring in Tons

Two men were disputing as to the weight of an inch of rainfall. "I read somewhere that it is 101 tons of water to the acre," said one. "No," said the other, "I'm positive the correct figure is 113 tons." The weather bureau of the United States, Department of Agriculture says that both are right. The rainfall at the first instance was reckoned by the long ton, or 2,240 pounds, the common ton in Great Britain. The long ton is used for some purposes in this country, but the short ton of 2,000 pounds; which gave the second result, is more usual here.

Can Always Do That

Bill—"You know, when I get so old and feeble that I can't do anything but sit around I want to die off."

Bang—"I don't. I want to live just as long as possible."

Bill—"What do you think you'll get out of life when you get old like that?"

Bang—"Boy, I'll get a big kick out of just sittin' around and crabbin' about how the younger generation is going to the bow-wow."

Sound Advice Given by Ancient Writers

The old sanitary laws devised by the Hebrews must be recognized by hygienic experts, as based on sound and scientific modern concepts, according to Dr. Otto Bauer, physician at Jena, who writes in a German popular medical journal, *Pierré Van Pausen* comments, in the *Atlanta Constitution*. Humanity must often go back to the ancients for counsel and advice. The Mosaic laws are not the only instance. How much sound advice, for example, is there not contained in Xenophon's *Oeconomicus* for the young matrons of our day who wish to retain their schoolgirl complexion and

their skin, athletic figures!

Xenophon writes of a man who told Socrates how he had counseled his wife not to use so much white enamel for her complexion, to discard high-heeled shoes and not to dip too deeply in the rouge pot. And he added: "I counseled her to oversee the baking woman as she made the bread; to stand beside the housekeeper as she measured out her stores; to go on tours of inspection, for it seemed to me this would at once be walking exercise and gymnastics. And as a most excellent gymnastic, I recommended her to knead the dough and roll the paste; to shake the coverlets and make the beds. For by so doing she would enjoy her food, grow vigorous in health and her complexion would be lovelier."

Socrates gravely assented to this and referred somewhat contemptuously to "ordinary fine dames, painted counterfeits of womanhood."

Famous English Poet of Seventh Century

The earliest English poet of whom there is any record was St. Caedmon, whose festival is celebrated in both the Roman and Anglian calendars.

He lived in the seventh century in Northumbria, the son of a farmer, and his poetic gifts were said to be of miraculous origin.

At drinking parties each person present was supposed to compose and sing a verse. Caedmon was unable to compose a line, and when the harp was brought out he always fled from the festive party.

On one such occasion when he was lamenting his lack of poetic ability, a vision appeared to him and inspired him to write a poetic version of the Creation. The manuscript of this work, supposed to have been composed by Caedmon, is preserved at Oxford. Caedmon translated into Anglo-Saxon the whole of sacred history. He became a monk in the convent of which the famous *Hilda* was abbess.

There he lived and sang and died, in the odor of sanctity, and was afterward canonized.—Chicago Journal.

Inspiration

"Isn't that rainbow glorious!" ejaculated the honeymooning husband, as he and his bride gazed at the wonders of Niagara falls. "Perfect," she enthused. "I must get a dress like it!"—London Weekly.

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