



ing from away felt that they had never seen the house look so lovely. Every year those who had decorated it felt they had never done so fine a job.

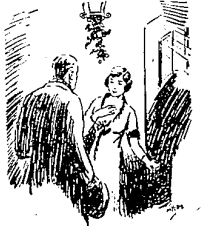
The presents were opened in front of the fire. Then the candles were put out—for they must be lighted again on Christmas night. They must not all burn out in one evening. That was the custom.

There was a slight lull after the excitement of the opening of the presents. And then came a ring at the old door bell. Sometimes the old door bell stayed out when it was pulled out, but on the whole it was a very good door bell in spite of its great age. Besides, didn't the members of the family always look after the door bell? Didn't they always push it in if they found it out when they were coming home, and didn't they announce as they got inside—"That was only my pushing the bell in. I found it out."

Oh, must of the time the floor bell worked beautifully. This time it fairly burst itself with the laughing ring that it gave.

"A caller," said the house to itself. "A caller," said the family to one another. "It's pretty late. Who can it be? But let us see. Our lights are all lighted. Whoever it was couldn't help but see that we are up, and people know how late we sit up 'Christmas eve.'"

The door was opened. One of the youngest members of the family opened the door. Not one of the chil-



Joan's Heart Sang a Quiet, Happy Little Song.

dren—they were in bed. But one of the youngest members just the same.

It was Joan who had opened the door. Joan with her bright color and blond hair and blue eyes and lolly, skipping little laugh. You thought of water skipping over pebbles in a brook when you heard Joan laugh.

"Oh," Joan said. "Oh," she said again.

The family inside were wondering why Joan didn't bring the caller in. Or was it just a message perhaps. Or was it a late package? Or was it a mistake? Or what?

"Oh," Joan said, still holding open the door. "Oh," she said again.

"Joan, Merry Christmas. Do let's make up. I can't see a future without you. I love you so much."

Oh, how Joan's heart sang a quiet, happy little song all in itself.

It was wonderful to think he would never be happy without her. The thought of his unhappiness without her made her rejoice!

It had been a stupid quarrel—it had been hard saying such mean things when both of them knew they didn't mean it.

"Joan!" He caught sight of the mistletoe. And the house fairly creaked along with excitement. The electric globe in the old lamp holder made no difference. Nothing made any difference. Here was youth and romance and mystery. Here was the mistletoe inspiring what every true mistletoe should inspire.

"Joan," called the family from within. "Who is there?"

"Barry," she answered. "He's taking off his coat."

Barry took off his coat then and went inside.

They were clasping hands.

The mistletoe looked quite dated.

"I did a good job," the mistletoe said—"patched up a quarrel and renewed a romance."

"Good work," said the house. "I approve of you."

"Merry Christmas," the mistletoe ended.

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Reason for December 25

Being Christmas Date

It is not definitely known when Christmas was first celebrated. The institution of the festival is attributed to Telesphorus, who flourished in the reign of Antoninus Pius (131-161 A. D.). This, however, is not historical.

It has often been objected that December 25 cannot be the true date of the birth of Christ, for it is then the rainy season in Palestine and shepherds would scarcely have been watching their sheep by night in the fields. The reason for the final choice of December 25 cannot now be determined.

A widespread fear of the Great Mother may have influenced the decision, also the desire to place a Christian feast in opposition to the Roman feast of "Sol Invictus" at the winter solstice. The Germans held their great Yule feast in commemoration of the return of the fiery sun, and many of the beliefs and usages of the old Germans and Romans relating to this matter passed from heathenism to Christianity and have survived to the present day. As Christianity spread, the feast of the winter solstice, the time when the day begins to increase, and light to triumph over darkness, was changed into the Feast of Christ, the Light of Life.

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The Older the Better

Christmas should always be old-fashioned. You may be sure that in 1828 and 1829 and so on back they deplored the rush and uproar of their Christmas and sighed for the good old holiday of 25 years before.—Woman's Home Companion.



By Harold L. Cook

MR. BEES settled back comfortably in the new easy chair which his daughter-in-law had given him for Christmas. His feet were resting on a little footstool from his grandfather; in his mouth was a bolar pipe from his grandson, and on his lap a first edition of Tom Sawyer from his son. He was clad in a velvet lounging robe from one of his daughters, and under his white beard could be seen a new Christmas tie and the edges of a new silk shirt. Comfortable looking slippers adorned his feet, and a new reading glass was in his hand. A box of Havana cigars, a dozen books, ties, socks, and a fountain pen were on a table at his side.

Mr. Bees was smoking and gazing into the fire. The strains of a New York orchestra playing "Holy Night" came to his ears from the mahogany radio in the corner. The seventy-five electric bulbs on a beautifully ornamented Christmas tree furnished the only light in the room except that from the fire. The music of laughter came from an adjoining room.

But Mr. Bees was not conscious of his surroundings. As he was gazing into the fire his thoughts were traveling through the mysterious flame into a distant past. He was living over again the first, and perhaps the happiest Christmas day that he could remember, a Christmas day some seventy-five years before.

In a tiny house in what was then called Canada West, now known as Ontario, a poor family was struggling against the elements for its very existence on the frontier of civilization.

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"Oh, Marvel of Marvels—a Big Red Apple!"

Mr. Bees must have been four or five years old at the time. His mother and father were in their early twenties. The one-room house was practically buried in a drift of snow that Christmas eve.

Mr. Bees, then only Ted, was busy admiring the pictures painted by Jack Frost on the one window of the little home. Such hour frost! Was there ever the like of it before or since!

It was a veritable forest of forms and trees and bushes, snowy white, more beautiful even than the green ones that grew so thickly in summer along the little stream in back of the house—and more impenetrable. Stars and planets and comets were in this frosty forest, too, and here and there the outline of a palace, at least for the imagination of little Ted. It was the most beautiful thing that he had ever seen, or perhaps ever would see, in this world at least. He could see it now, in memory, as plainly as he saw it then.

His mother was at the stove preparing supper. Soon she called him from his reverie, and he sat down by the soap box with her and with his father. A pan of warm milk was on the box—and in the milk were buns of bread—a feast for a king. Each of the little family took a spoon and ate from the brimming pan. How good it tasted! Would he could taste it now.

While his mother swept up the crumbs Ted hung his stocking near the stove. Then his mother pulled out the trundle bed, and in two minutes Ted was in the land of dreams.

How cold the house was that Christmas morning when at five o'clock he jumped from his trundle bed and ran to the stove to get his stockings! He took it quickly back to bed, and dug his hand way down into the toe to see what Santa had left for him. Oh, marvel of marvels, a big red apple! And four little animal cookies! But last and best of all, a stick of peppermint candy striped with red. What more could any child desire?

"Four after-dinner coffee, sir," said a white be-capped maid at his elbow.

As he drank the coffee, and looked into the fire, and listened to the music, Mr. Bees heard only the pan of milk simmering on the stove, saw only the hour frost forest, and tasted only the stick of peppermint candy, his happiest memories in life, perhaps.

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Season's Greetings

MAY YOURS BE A VERY

Merry Christmas

Watch!

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF THE ENTERPRISE

FOR SOMETHING WORTH WHILE

FROM—

Farmington Motor Sales

CHEVROLET



Christmas Joy and New Year Blessings

IS OUR GREETING TO YOU IN THIS JOYOUS CHRISTMAS TIME

Farmington Mills

There had been few changes in the house. The house was very old, but it was beautiful with the mellow dignity of age. It had seen so much, it had heard so much that it felt not only old but wise and understanding. Perhaps it was not even age that it felt. With so much youth and romance and gaiety coming into the house from time to time it felt young and roaucatic and gay itself.

But this year it was worried. The house believed in tradition, in memory, in sentiment, in anniversary. Particularly the house believed in Christmas.

Every Christmas it had been decorated. Green wreaths had been hung in every window. Great branches of pine had hung over the ancestral portraits which were heavy enough to bear them. Smaller pictures were given smaller sprays of green. Red candles were lighted in the candlesticks on the mantelpiece every Christmas eve. Every Christmas eve there had always been some members of the family who had moved away and had come back. The house listened silently, expectantly for the whistle of the train on Christmas eve. They for the noise of sleigh bells and the crackle of the sleigh stopping in front of the house to let out its family members who had journeyed back home for Christmas.

Of recent years it had been an automobile that had honked and stopped before the house. The house liked a sleigh better. But still it kept up with the times. It liked having an automobile in front of its door during the summer—and it liked the arrival of the automobile at Christmas time.

It was not this modern invention that had bothered the house this year. It was something else.

For years and years and years there had been a little piece of mistletoe hung under the old lamp in the front hall. It was a funny old lamp. It had pictures on its four glass sides and it was really the lamp holder, for every evening just at dusk one of the members of the family would come out and pull the lamp holder down on its workable chain and tip the lighted lamp just enough and most carefully so it would fit inside. Then back up the lamp was pulled again. From this had always hung the mistletoe.

Mistletoe was sometimes hard to get, but at a little place had always been obtained. One year there had been only two white berries on the mistletoe, but this year in spite of a great predominance of green there were five white berries. So it was not this that worried the house. It was because there was no longer a lamp. The lamp holder was there, hanging in the front hall, but it had been fastened up so that it stayed up all the time now. It didn't have to be pulled down. There was an electric globe in it and it was turned on by a button on the side of the wall.

It was this electric light that bothered the house. Somehow it seemed

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