



Millions For Christmas Greetings

WHEN the postman delivers another sheaf of Christmas cards at the door during the few days just before Christmas, how many of the recipients give a thought to the magnitude of the job of preparing sentiments for helping folks to express a cheery word to friends and kin at that season?

A word about the origin of the Christmas greeting will be interesting. Thomas Skrorock of Leth is credited by an English journal, published prior to 1848 as the originator of the Christmas card, but as no copy of his card came to public notice, another source must be found.

In 1846 J. C. Horsely, R. A. acting upon the suggestion of Sir (then Mr.) Henry Cole, produced a drawing which was lithographed by Jobbins of Warwick Court, Holborn. But one thousand cards were printed, and each was colored by hand.

From this beginning the custom of sending greetings at Christmas has spread to the entire Christian world. In an average year the output of these concerns approximates \$90,000,000 at retail prices, of which a large proportion consists of Christmas greetings.

Sentiments usually are purchased from freelance writers, who submit them to the editorial department of the publishing company, just as fiction and other manuscripts are submitted to editors of magazines, though some concerns maintain a writing staff.

Naturally, writers try to express a sentiment better than the purchaser himself could, and also to provide a variety of sentiments which individuals might find apropos for a particular friend or relative.

Besides the Christmas cards found in the stores (called "counter cards"), individual designs and sentiments are prepared to order by personal use by society people and others. Some of the greetings of this character affected by the Hollywood movie colony are very elaborate and expensive. Others bear merely a formal engraved greeting with the name of the sender.

Another class of Christmas greetings is that provided by the telegraph companies, the sentiments being sent in code and written out in full for the recipients on special blanks decorated with Christmas designs. Telephone greetings also, both local and long distance, make important additions to the big multi-million-dollar wish for joy to the world and a Merry Christmas to all.

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Christmas and Bethlehem Figure in Names of Towns

WHATEVER the story may have been behind the selection, Christmas and Bethlehem appear in various states as the names of cities, towns, or mere postoffices.

Arizona, Florida and Kentucky have places named Christmas, and Christmas Cove is the name of a town in Maine.

Bethlehem seems to have had an appeal for favorite places in Connecticut, Georgia, Indiana, Kentucky, Maryland, New Hampshire, Indiana and Pennsylvania, as there is a place of that name in each of those states.

Indiana, however, is the only state of the Middle West which has a postoffice named Santaclaus (the Postoffice department makes it one word). It is at Christmas time that Santaclaus attains its widest popularity and fame, for the daily newspapers always work up a good wire story about it.

At Christmas and the few days preceding, the postmaster at Santaclaus receives from all parts of the country letters asking him to mail enclosed letters, which are stamped and addressed, from his postoffice with the Santaclaus postmark upon them. These, running literally into the thousands, are almost invariably addressed to children. Intense excitement when little eyes read right there in plain letters, "Santaclaus!" And coming through the mail, too, from away off—maybe up somewhere near the North Pole!

Whatever it may be at other seasons of the year, but at the Santaclaus postoffice booms at Christmas time, especially just when some packages are beginning to come in to be remailed with the Santaclaus postmark.

A Merry Christmas to the postmaster at Santaclaus, Ind.—Charles Frederick Wadsworth.
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The Yule-Log With Their Initials, in the Grate

JACK BARTON was helping unload the yule log when he noticed the carved initials "D-L-E" and the surrounding heart. With a shock it brought back memories of the day, so long ago, when he and Dora had picked in the woods, and he had carved these letters there.

The lighting of the Yule log was an impressive part of the little town's Christmas Eve celebration. As the flames caught it up, Jack watched Dora there across the hall. He wondered whether she had noticed the initials. And then he saw her brush her hand across her eyes, and suddenly leave the room.

Everyone else was too engrossed in the festivities to notice, and presently he, too, stole out.

He found Dora in a parked sedan, sobbing. Gently he opened the door and came in beside her. "She sat up hurriedly and dried her eyes."

"Did you see it, too?" he asked.

"Yes," Dora answered. "I suppose I'm silly, but it seemed as if all the past was burning there."

"By Jove," said Jack, "that is a thought."

"What?"

"All the past did burn there, Dora. There were some jolly times, but there were a lot of misunderstandings, too. Let's carve our initials on another tree, and start all over again."—Helen Galsford.
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Christmas Roses Aplenty on Charmayne's Costume

CHARMAINE ELBERINK, the most popular girl in town, had just received an invitation to the annual Christmas ball another evening, opposed to dancing, had refused to allow her to accept.

Several weeks elapsed and Christmas Eve, the night of the ball, arrived. Charmayne had just turned on the switch which illuminated the beautiful Christmas tree in the living room when a huge purple box was delivered. Filled with excitement and expectation, she untied the gorgeous satin bow and out bulged a mass of rich red roses, their perfume almost smothering her breath away. A card was attached. She was afraid to look at it! What if it were not for her? She did look, however, and read these words: "Roses Bring Dreams of You."

Overcome with inspiration, she fancied she was to attend the ball. Bearing the roses, she rushed to her room above. "What could she wear?" Her mother's white satin wedding gown, came the reply.

The next moment she had it on and was trimming it with red roses. Roses everywhere! On her dress, in her hair, and even upon her slippers.

Father and mother almost collapsed when they saw her. Had Charmayne suddenly gone mad? Where had the roses come from in the middle of winter?

Before they could recover sufficiently to make any inquiries, the doorbell rang and the next moment their daughter was crushed—roses and all—in the arms of the smiling Chester Graham, who shouted, "Merry Christmas! We're off for the ball."—Alice B. Palmer.
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CHRISTMAS PLATE

ONE of the very nicest things one can receive at Christmas time is an attractive odd plate, and it will be nicer still if it contains a few homemade cookies. Take a large square of sliding paper in a color harmonizing with the decorations of the plate, gather it together at the top, with the corners all frilled out, and finish off with a spray of mistletoe, gold or silver leaves, or a contrasting bow.

Christmas Breakfast

Within recent years open house at breakfast Christmas morning has been growing more and more popular. It probably all started when friends and relatives dropped in to bring gifts and found the late-rising members of the family still at table. Mother made another pot of coffee, urged the visitors to join the family, and another of the most pleasant social customs was born. Nowadays the perfect hostess prepares for an indeterminate number at the holiday breakfast.

December's Honor

No other festival is so purely altruistic as Christmas. No other to elevate and ennoble the home. The whole of December is delightful, notwithstanding snow and sleet and storm, because December has the honor of numbering Christmas among its marching days—The Country Home.

Christmas Memories

Christmas customs, Christmas odors, Christmas weather, Christmas decorations, Christmas cheer, all go together to make memories.

The Christmas Pup Sent by Dad to the Kiddies

"ISN'T HE sweet."

"Isn't he darling . . . look, mother . . . see the white under his chin! What shall we call him?"

Mrs. Wallace reached down and gathered into her lap a somewhat forlorn, big-eyed puppy. He wore a smashing red bow around his neck, and he still bore the tag, "Merry Christmas to the Kids From Dad," dangling from the ribbon. But he cringed a little and trembled, and tried to hide under the kind elbow of Mrs. Wallace.

"See here, children," she began, trying to soothe the little fellow. "I want to tell you something. How would you like it if I wrapped Susie up in white paper, put a tag around her neck, and sent her off as a present to some one? Wouldn't you hope the people who got her would be kind to her? Would let her sleep? Would give her the proper food? Susie is nothing but a baby; so is this puppy. He's frightened, he misses his mother. And while I know you love him, I want you all to be sure not to tease him; to let him sleep, and to treat him exactly as you would want people to treat little Susie. Love him all you want, but think of his side of the matter."

They all looked a trifle soberly at Susie, who didn't know in the least what to make of it. So she patted the puppy with a fat hand and said, "Let's call him just Pup . . . and love him whole lots!"

"We'll be very careful of Pup, mother, won't we?" chorused the others. "Isn't he darling? Isn't he sweet?"

"I'm going to put him in his basket now," said Mrs. Wallace. "And I don't want one of you to waken him until he crawls out himself. Then he'll be ready to romp."

Little Susie kissed him softly on his nose.—Beatrice Nordlow.
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