

The Old Toymaker

by Christopher G. Hazard.

"MRS. JONES has been makin' pies," observed Ruth. "Mince pies?" replied her sister. "No, Jones pies," answered Ruth. It was promising for somebody, for Keturah Jones never made pies without making one over. The batch might be mince, apple or pumpkin, but there was always an extra pie for good nature and good luck.

This time it was a Christmas pie and destined for the old toy maker. It was his only chance of holiday joy, for, while he could whittle out boats, carve dogs that could almost bark and cats that seemed afraid of them, and make doll houses, he could not cook, and he lived alone.

He was an old man, queer but kindly. His old house seemed to be falling down, or at least it was leaning that way, but yet it sheltered the toy shop bravely and tried to feel as young as ever because it had seen old Hans stand on his head just to show how young he was. On the way to him with the pie the children wondered if he would sing for them again as he had done the last time they watched him at his work. It was the song about the miller's dog that they wanted, but they found him working on a toy horse, and when they noticed that there was something wrong about the horse they forgot about the dog. "You haven't got that right, Mr. Hans," said Ruth; "you shouldn't put a necklace of sleigh bells around his stomach." "Well, well," said the old man, "I'll have to see about that; but perhaps I was thinking about something to eat when I put the bells in the wrong place." "Well, here it is," said Ruth, uncovering the pie, "and we wish you a Merry Christmas." "Sure," said Mr. Hans, "sure it will be merry, and you shall be merry, too," and he took down a bundle as he put the pie upon the shelf.

It was a very interesting bundle, but the children suddenly remembered the song and forgot the bundle. This was the song:
The miller's big dog lay on the mill floor,
And Bongo was his name, oh
A wonder what he lay there for,
And why he was so lame, oh.
B-a-n-g-o-o-o
O Bongo was his name.
The miller he said if the dog was dead,
Why, that would be the end, oh;
But since he only laze instead,
Old Hans would soon him mend, oh.
B-a-n-g-o-o-o
O Bongo was his name.

The special fun of it was when they spelled the dog's name around the circle, each singer taking one letter, and then all joining in on the last line. Then the children forgot the song and remembered the bundle. It was well wrapped, for they took off paper after paper, like peeling an onion, until they came to the girl doll that could call for mother and the boy doll that could play on a mouth organ. Then, with both the presents going, they also went, leaving a pleasant smile on the old man's face and all the toys looking happily at each other.

Mrs. Jones welcomed the travelers back with a taste of her cooking for themselves, and was as happy as all good Christmas cooks are. She said, "You can't make chocolate almonds out of horse chestnuts, but those youngsters surely did put in their thumbs and pull out plums."

Santa Fetched My Dolly



TWELFTH NIGHT

CHRISTMAS ends in England on the fifth of January, old Christmas Day, or Twelfth Night, with a great party for the little folks, which is the occasion for the cutting of the special "Twelfth Night cake," thus winding up the season; and if you have not tasted at least twelve samples of Christmas pudding during the twelve days between new and old Christmas—well, you are out of luck.

The Road to Happiness

by Katherine Edelman

ARTHUR BENTON had been born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth. Ever since he could remember he had never felt the need of a single thing that money could buy—there was scarcely a wish of his that had ever been left ungratified. His father had left him a large fortune before he was twenty-one and things had always been very easy for him. His father, shrewd business man that he was, had left the money so that there would be no chance of Arthur's running through it in a hurry, were he so inclined. But he need not have worried on that score, for so far it seemed as if Arthur was truly following in his father's footsteps—his one desire seemed to be to add to the pile. He did not even spend one-fourth of the lavish allowance he had been left which would come to him each year until he was twenty-eight.

He was now twenty-five and there seemed great danger of his developing into a money-making type. Not that he denied himself a single thing that he cared for, but like many others who have had everything all their lives, Arthur never stopped to think that there were many whom he could help to happiness by a little of what was his.

Three days before Christmas he stood at the counter of one of the largest stores in town. It was during the rush hours of the day and the clerks were all busy. Arthur chafed at the delay. "Hang it all," he thought to himself, "why won't they wait on somebody. I'll go somewhere else and get service."

Leaving the store hurriedly he started impatiently across the street, forgetting to look for passing cars. He never could tell afterwards how it happened—there was the feeling of some huge bulk bearing down upon him and he knew no more.

When he awoke he was lying in a cool, white bed in a very bare and spotlessly clean room. Beside his bed sat a white-robed figure, a trained nurse, he saw at a glance. He was in a hospital! Yes, he remembered all now! He tried to ask the nurse how long he had been there, but his strength was scarcely enough for even that. She told him very quietly that he had been there a little over a week—that he had been badly injured, but was well on the way to recovery now, and that the doctor had said he would be as well as ever very soon if he would do just as he was told. He looked more closely into the nurse's face as she spoke—yes, this was the girl that had been in his dreams so much—the dreams must have been really true.

In the days that followed, Arthur Benton began to be more and more interested in the sweet-faced young nurse. She was so very good to him, so gentle and so kind; no one had ever been that good to him before. He realized now that with all his wealth he had missed something in life—something that money could not buy. She read to him a great deal, too, and he enjoyed listening as her soft, melodious voice rang out in the still room. But often he would find himself losing the thread of the story or poem in watching the play of her delicate features or the glint in her shining hair. But he liked best of all when she sat and talked to him and told him of herself and her ambitions. She and her father were very much interested in little crippled children and they were planning to build a home where they could be cared for. Her father was a doctor and the most wonderful man in the whole world. He had done so much for the poor of the city, but she rather feared that this time he was trying to do more than was possible—he was finding the financial aid for the home a great problem. As she spoke he could almost visualize the multitude of little ones that would come to the home through the years and pass out of its doors again into the world strong in

Santa Said It With Doll Babies



body again. What a wonderful work it would be—how great a privilege to have even a part in its making!

Finally there came a day when there seemed no further need of Arthur Benton staying at the hospital. The doctor had pronounced him as fit as a man could be and he, himself, felt that it was true, yes, even more than true. For in addition to regaining the health and strength that had been his before, something new and wonderful had come into his life—something that made him feel better and happier than he had ever felt before. For he had won the love of a girl so wonderful that he marveled each time he thought about it. Helen Goodman was different from all the girls he had ever known—there was no question about it in Arthur's mind. He had also learned the many wonderful things that he could do with his wealth—how much happiness he could bring to humanity by using part of it to do the things for which there was such a crying need—and how much happiness he could also bring to himself in doing all of this.

A few weeks later there was a wedding and the two who had been brought together during the Christmas time started out as one, on a road that was straight and shining—the road to happiness.

Room for Christmas

By Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution
WELCOME, Mister Christmas!
Here is where we live,
With room for you, and always
Just all you have to give,
Come in! The fire's burning
And fine the table's set,
And bear us sing the old song:
"This life's worth living yet!"
II.
Welcome, Mister Christmas!
We love you more and more
When we see you on the threshold
Of the dwellings of the poor.
You bring the weary wanderers
From where their feet may roam
To the light, and cheer and comfort
Of all our hearts at home!

It is said that four-fifths of the whiskey sold for medicinal purposes is watered. But as long as they don't put anything worse than water in it there's no cause to worry.

Now that Irving Berlin is a proud father we can expect some new lullabies. This is to remind him that the word "diabolic" is one that rhymes with "colic."

Now a movement has been started for full dinner pails for working girls. But most of them will continue to prefer the noon-time salad with ice cream.

The Christmas Coat

By Minna Irving in Town Topics
THE earth on Christmas Eve exclaimed
To winter, with a pout,
"My old brown coat is shabby now,
In fact it's all worn out,
It's ragged here and tattered there
And torn the other way.
I ought to have a brand new one
To wear on Christmas Day."
Old winter blustered for awhile
And loudly banged the door,
And then gave in as he has done
So many times before.
And lo! when Christmas morning dawned
All gold and blue and bright,
Earth wore a truly regal coat
Of emina pure and white.

President Calles of Mexico seems to be the man who raises the nick in Nicaragua.

Primitive Bookkeeping

The old Acadians, or Cajuns, of southwestern Louisiana were a primitive people. Their customs, if quaint, were often ingenious. In those early days the sole intruders from the outside world were the commercial travelers. They saw some curious things. One of them, making the round of the prairie in his buggy, stopped at a boutique, or small Cajun store. The proprietor could neither read nor write. Nevertheless, he had a card index system of credit of his own. This he kept upon pieces of plank, putting down first the mark peculiar to each debtor. Afterward he added a picture of each article that was bought and charged. An admirable system.—Adventure Magazine.

Plaster of Paris

Plaster of paris is derived from a mineral called gypsum. Burned first to dry off the superfluous water, this gypsum yields a fine chalky powder which, when moistened again into a paste, and pressed into a mold, hardens into a perfect replica of its model, so making an ideal material for cheap statues and the like. Gypsum is found in many parts of the world, but as a large part of Paris happens to be built over whole beds of it, that city was the first to discover this particular way of using it. Hence models and statuettes so fashioned were spoken of as being made of plaster of paris.

Old Babylonian City

Haran as a city of note is often mentioned in Babylonian inscriptions, and had many historical connections, though the excavator has not gone far with his investigation of its ruins yet. Nabonidus, the last Assyrian king of Babylon, for instance, speaks of being inspired by his god to rebuild the temple Ehulhul (or House of Joy), which the Scythians had destroyed when taking Haran, and describes in a glowing inscription how he had rebuilt and adorned the city.

Attributes of Wealth

Wealth is not the real prize of life; it is only a trophy, a symbol, and may carry with it no satisfaction; indeed, it does not carry with it genuine, lasting satisfaction unless won and employed fairly, honestly, honorably.—Grit.

Well-Meant, but Ill-Timed

A physician had been called in to treat the spoiled child of a certain family. After his departure the mother returned to the room and told the youngster that the doctor had complained that the child had been very rude to him. "Why, mother," replied the kiddie, "he's just an old fogey, that's all! He got mad because I put my tongue out before he told me to."

Reasons for Failure

The "small" man remains small by reason of his own shortcomings, not because of the prevention of others. We too frequently go far afield to learn the reason for our failure, when all we have to do is to look around a bit at home.—Grit.

The old-fashioned girl who used to tremble very time she was asked to recite "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star" in the parlor, now has a daughter of her own who isn't afraid to sing "Yes Sir, That's My Baby," anywhere.

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and a
HAPPY NEW YEAR
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