

Miracles and the Christ Child

By Katherine Edelman

IN THE far-
west land of
the early
winter had
been un-
usually mild
and although
it was near-
ing Christmas,
now the weather
was bright and
clear, almost
spring-like in
its mildness.

Everywhere that the message of the Christ Child had reached, men and women were busy and happy preparing for the great day, a new and added joy of life surging within their hearts. Into each home there had come a strengthening and rekindling of family ties and a new birth of love and service that reached out even beyond the home.

Out on the reservation, however, the Indians were about their tasks as usual, for no hint of the wonder and the glory of the Christmas time had yet come to them. And if they felt a mysterious something in the air at this time, they understood it not at all, for the brightness

from the Star of Bethlehem had not yet burst upon them.

Moonlight Brook was very lonely—she had only little Silver Star, her daughter, with her now—the big chief had sent Strong Oak, her husband, with other braves, on a mission to a distant village. And Moonlight Brook had missed him every hour, for their love was still burning as bright as the big camp fire that blazed near the tepees at dusk.

Her love of the great open spaces helped to cheer her during the long hours of his absence. Every day with little Silver Star she wandered afar. In these lonely places that she went there always came to her the sense of some unknown presence—the hand of some great power.

Early one morning Moonlight Brook called little Silver Star to her and told her that they would go for a long walk, away up to Roaring Creek. Moonlight Brook was lost in wonder at the beauty of the scene, but a great and sudden change had come over the day. Now, looking at the lowering, threatening sky, she decided that she must make all possible haste back to the village. For with the darkness and the gloom that had come over all there had come, too, from across the prairie a low menacing wind that carried with it at times small, dry snowflakes.

With Silver Star in her arms Moonlight Brook started in the direction of the village, walking with the swift, strong stride of the woman who lives much in the open. The snow now was coming down in large flakes and the wind had grown blizzard-like in its velocity. Hope was fast dying within her, for she was trembling from exhaustion. Then overwrought nature did the thing which she had tried hard to keep from happening—she sank upon the snow—her last thought as she felt consciousness leaving her, to wrap the blanket closer about little Silver Star and to wait a prayer to the Great Spirit to take care of Strong Oak when she was gone.

But the prairie has many stories to tell of strange things that have happened there, and on this day there was added to the list another of those coincidences which happen oftener in real life than some would have us believe. For Strong Oak and his party came by the very spot where Moonlight Brook and Silver Star lay a short time after they had sunk exhausted. Some of the men had tried to take the other trail, but something, within him, that strange, unknown force which comes to all at times, made him choose the Roaring Creek trail instead and he found his loved ones and with the help of the guides they reached the village in safety.

A few hours later, Moonlight Brook and Strong Oak sat hand in hand, the ecstatic happiness of being reunited surging within them. Moonlight Brook whispered over and over that it was a miracle that the Great Spirit had wrought that Strong Oak should have found her. And Strong Oak told her that while he had been gone he had heard the story of the Christ Child who had come upon earth on this day, which ever since has been called Christmas. As Moonlight Brook listened to the beautiful story that has been told so much, but which keeps its thrill through the ages, she felt that this day was indeed a day of miracles, for, like her bronzed brave, the story brought her a wonderful



from the Star of Bethlehem had not yet burst upon them.

peace and stilled the restless longings which had come to her so often in the past.
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That Mask Which Grew on Mr. Philetus' Face

PHILETUS SOLEMCOOLY could not understand why the children did not like him. He gave them good advice. He patted them upon their heads. He expressed the hope that they would be successful in life as he had been. He promised them rewards if they would behave themselves as he wanted them to. Yet they came to his school unwillingly and went home from it gladly. They were respectful, but unsmiling.

It was with hope, but not without difficulty, that a friend persuaded Philetus to officiate as Santa Claus at the Christmas festival and to assume the traditional garb of the part. Philetus did not see much use in such fanciful doings, but yielded to solicitation and appeared upon the occasion with as much grace as a feeling of foolishness would allow. His spare form was now rotund, his sober garments had become gay, and the jolly mask that had been adjusted to his long face gave him quite a new expression.

As the joy among the children progressed and the spirit of fun and frolic mounted high Philetus began to experience a change of heart. To his amazement he began having a good time himself and to feel like a real Saint Nicholas. For this reason, perhaps, he overexerted himself to such an extent that his mask fell off and it was revealed to the surprised audience that it had been contradicting the face of Mr. Solemcolly.

This was really the best feature of the evening, and it proved to have a permanence about it, for, from that time, the Philetus phiz shortened, and broadened, and fattened, and colored up, until it came to look a good deal like the face of that old fairy who is always young and kindly.

So the mask that fell off left its imprint and stayed on, and Philetus, able to be merry, became the familiar friend of the children.—Christopher G. Hazard.

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Save a life for Christmas

WHILE you are giving, give health. There are thousands of sufferers from tuberculosis, forgotten by all the world except the Tuberculosis Association. It needs your support to carry on its life-saving work. You help when you buy Christmas Seals—the Liberty Bonds in the war upon consumption.

Buy Christmas Seals! Buy as many as you can. The Great White Plague can be stamped out entirely. Christmas Seals are saving many lives. Buy Christmas Seals, and save a life for Christmas.



Stamp out Tuberculosis with Christmas Seals

Buy Christmas seals. This is not charity. It is self-protection. It is to finance the campaign that has already reduced the tuberculosis death rate in this country one-half. Finish the fight.

His Christmas Spent at Club

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

Lonesome Rich Man Finds Happiness in Playing Santa Claus

HE WAS SITTING alone in his fashionable club. It was quite deserted. It had been for some days now. Everyone seemed to have other things to do than to come to the club. They had talked, a number of them, the last time many had been there, of the busy days ahead, shopping, wrapping up Christmas parcels, helping their wives or their daughters or their grandchildren in the gay plans for Christmas.

Only he had no plans to make. He gave his employees, and a number of others with whom he came in contact, money at Christmas time. That fulfilled his Christmas demands.

Other years he hadn't felt it so much as this year. This year the loneliness seemed lonelier than ever before. His solitary condition saddened him.

Well, he would go back to his suite. He would leave the club. Perhaps among his own books, his own things he would not feel so lonely. He would not dine at the club; he would have some cheese and crackers and coffee at home. His excellent valet could always prepare a little supper for him.

Outside of the club his chauffeur and car were waiting.

He got in and sat down on the soft, luxuriously upholstered cushions, and the chauffeur closed the door, shutting out the clear, cold Christmas time air and the noise of the streets—the noise of many voices of many people going shopping, with the higher voices of children rising every once in awhile above the din.

His soul seemed to ache. He was alone. Rich, comfortable, luxurious, alone! No one wanted him, needed him, cared for him. He had everything which money could buy; he had enough money to buy everything he wanted.

No, not everything! He wanted love and affection, he wanted to be a part of all this going on outside the luxurious confinement of his car and that he couldn't buy. Mix with the crowds? Yes, he could do that, but not as one of them. Only as a lonely man who had a fat bank account which didn't help in the slightest.

And yet couldn't it help? Suddenly he had an inspiration. He called through the speaking tube to his chauffeur. "I think," he said, "I will get out here and walk the rest of the way home."

The chauffeur was surprised, but he was too well-trained to show surprise. He got out before a large store where in the window was a decorated Christmas tree. He went inside the store. No longer did he feel so lonely. He, too, had a purpose in mind. He was a part of all this now.

Tinsel, candies, red colored paper, ribbons, small toys, decorations, oh, how much he bought. His arms were filled with bundles just as were the arms of others. It was such fun to carry bundles, too. He had never known before the joy of overcrowded arms.

Home he went, carrying his beloved purchases with him. And then he summoned the janitor to his lonely suite, which now seemed filled with the Christmas cheer. He talked it all over with him, the plans for the tree, for his own Santa Claus suit.

He had given the janitor money before, of course. This time he would take part in the Christmas of the children of the janitor.

Christmas morning came. Never had he arisen so early on a Christmas morning. Dressing himself carefully, he went downstairs. He had worked until late the night before, decorating the tree, but he was not tired.

Suddenly there was a cry, a cry of joy such as he had never heard.

"Why, there's Santa Claus! Dear, dear Santa Claus!"

The janitor's children had always been afraid of him, but not so of Santa Claus! He undid his pack, he took gifts off the tree, and the children climbed over him, kissed him, hugged him, loved him. With what a splendid gusto they loved him!

And the children begged Santa Claus to stay for dinner. Curious thing for him to be doing! But he stayed, and for the first time, almost since he had been a child himself, he had a Christmas, a real Christmas, a Christmas filled with love which had driven the loneliness out!

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THE TRADE



The Christmas gift she gave to me, From I ne'er will part. I gave her a diamond; And she gave to me her heart.

DESERT HOLLY

Though not profuse enough for general gathering at Christmas time, and not as suitable as the regular holly for wreath-making purposes, the desert holly (Perezia nana) of the Southwest is a peculiar little plant with stiff, smooth, dull bluish-green leaves with prickly edges, like holly leaves, but not so stiff. The plant bears one light purplish-pink flower, the head about an inch long, with purplish bracts. The plant grows but two or three inches high, and looks somewhat like a little sprig stuck in the sand. Another plant with bluish-white leaves and erroneously called "desert holly" is sometimes used for wreaths on the Pacific coast.—C. F. Wadsworth.
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THE THREE "F'S"

THE important thing about Christmas is the way you feel. Not bodily feeling, but heart-feeling. And the heart-feeling should be one of fun, faith and frolic. Fun for as many as you can reach. Faith in the fun of giving. Frolic with the nearest and dearest.

A Christmas filled with these three "F's" will shed sparks of happiness on many a day to come. There is too much running about to find pleasure when the greatest joy can be found on our own thresholds. If we are determined to seek it.—Martha B. Thomas.
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GOOD IDEA



He—Don't you think it would be a good idea to hang up some mistletoe? She—Christmas is several weeks away. He—Yes, but we could be practicing.

HER CHRISTMAS TRIP

The family were going away for Christmas to their old home in the beautiful country which they loved so much. They hadn't gone back at Christmas time for ever and ever so long.

They said, at first, they would give their faithful, wonderful cook a check and a holiday, and then they asked her if she would like to take the Christmas trip as her Christmas present.

Would she indeed? "Just because she was no longer a child it didn't mean that she couldn't enjoy as a child!"

She went and she loved it all—even the over-crowded trains, the hurrying masses of people in the jammed stations—for wasn't it her Christmas trip?

She, too, was a part of the great holiday travel!—M. G. Bonner.
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SPEAKING OF FUEL

A Christmas gift for the man with the average domestic supply of coal: A magnifying glass, a pair of tweezers and the framed motto, "Keep the home fires burning."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT

Put the Christmas spirit into your politics and keep the partisan spirit out of your Christmas.

THOSE SLIPPERS

Grandfather is pretty sure it will be a pair of slippers. All that remains to be decided is how many pairs.

Radio Parts

Special discounts on Vario Condensers Variometers Variocouplers Sockets & Rheostats

Now is the time to get these parts. Write us for anything in Radio. RALSTON ELECTRIC Co. 310 West Second St., Albany, Ore.

With Christmas Love Came Understanding

"WELL, girls, I have made it up with Beatrice," Ann, "the hard-boiled" of the office, yanked off her coat and hat and placed them in the locker that ranged across the end of the room.

No one paid much attention to Ann usually. She was of such an explosive nature, and said such irresponsible things, that she was not taken seriously. But the break between Ann and Beatrice had been of long standing and had been commented upon so much by Ann that her announcement caused the other girls to look up questioningly.

"That's a fact," continued Ann, "and I am so ashamed of my treatment of her this long time."

"How did it come about?" asked Sadie, assistant to the department manager. "Well," exclaimed Ann, "I will have to confess my beastly nature, before I can tell you how it happened. In a spirit of spite I sent Beatrice a Christmas present, which no one but good little Bea could ever have accepted as anything but an insult. It makes no difference what it was. Today noon I met her on the street and she stopped me to thank me for the present."

"It was not the present so much, Ann, that came by mail," said she. "What made me feel good was that you had been thinking of me." Then she took hold of my hand to caress it and said, "It was not any kind of a present that I wanted most from you, Ann, but your love and companionship and sympathy. I have been hungry for you, Ann, and you had no right to take yourself away from me. I give you my love for Christmas—will you give me yours?" And little Ann, the hard-boiled, cried right on the street. "What do you think of that, girls?"

"The day of miracles is not past, it seems," commented one. "And now do you know what?" This from Ann. The girls waited expectantly for further information from the erratic one.

"Well, I always thought Christmas was to get people to spend lots of money to send things to other people that they did not want," rattled off Ann. "Now I have a new understanding of Christmas since my most loyal friend has asked me only for my love and she sure is going to get it."—C. F. Wadsworth.
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Ireland Hunts Wrens Day After Christmas

IN IRELAND Boxing Day (the day after Christmas) is known as St. Stephen's day. On this day there is practiced an old custom that has come down through the ages and which is called "hunting the wren." A crowd of grown boys with blackened faces and dressed in the most grotesque costumes seek out a wren, which is the smallest of all birds in Ireland, and carrying it with them go from house to house all over their particular part of the country, asking, or rather singing a request for a little help with the celebration which takes place in the village that evening. There are several verses which they use, the following being a sample of their kind:

The wren, the wren, the king of all birds, St. Stephen's day, she was caught in the furze, Although she is little her family is great. So please try your pocket and give us a treat (treat) Sing holly, sing ivy, sing ivy, sing holly. Just a drop to drown melancholy. And if you draw it of the best I hope in Heaven your soul will rest And if you draw it of the small It will not agree with the wren boys at all.

And so much is the spirit of hospitality and good will in evidence at Christmas time that they very seldom meet with a refusal and by evening the pile of small silver pieces has grown into large enough proportions to warrant a big celebration at which all the young folks in the district make merry.—Katherine Edelman.
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CHRISTMAS CANDLES

It is a pleasant custom, when the Christmas tree is lighted and its many candles fall to give all the needed cheer, to light a candle from its fires and give the taller candles on the shelf and on the table a share in the happy illumination.—C. G. Hazard.
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THE OPTIMIST'S VIEW

The optimist reflects that the shopping rush would be much more uncomfortable if Christmas came on July 25.

IT TAKES COURAGE

The true diplomatist is one who can say "Just what I needed" while speculating on his chances at the exchange counter.

THE POSTMAN SETS THE PACE

There would be merriment enough for all if everybody worked as hard in distributing holiday cheer as the postman.

Story of a Stocking That Was So Empty

JACOB SCRIM was accounted a prosperous man. Early in life he had adopted a motto of get-there-ativeness that had apparently served him well. He could survey premises that yielded good rentals to him, mortgages that were a first claim upon good farms, stocks and bonds that were called glittered. Sitting in his dingy office he did not appear to have any very exacting business, but his clients found that there was plenty of exaction before they were done with him. It was a favorite amusement with him during the intervals of occupation to go over his books, gloat over his securities, and refinger a stock of gold that he kept to assure himself of the reality of his power and the possibilities of his life, should he ever care to use them. This glittering illusion he strangely kept in an old stocking, hard by another in the massive safe, the second containing a collection of gems that he lived to handle without letting any of them slip through his fingers.

He was thus amusing himself one Christmas Eve, all unconscious of the radioed and radiant hopes and purposes that filled the atmosphere outside and ever surged through his room in which he sat, and all unable to tune in with any of them, when he seemed to see upon the wall a handwriting and to hear a voice that interpreted it to him, saying: "Oh poor dupe of falsity! When will you hang up a stocking emptied by benevolence and make an investment in real happiness? When will you serve love, that it may present you with his best gifts? Are there none who need but cannot have, in this great city? Are there no hopeful children who will creep down to disappointment on Christmas morning? Power of light and heat, of truth and love, of purest happiness is in these baubles that you handle, but your heart is shriveled up into nothingness. You have lost your income and must leave your principal. Come with me."

Was it a dream? Who can say? But they found him there the next morning, cold with a new coldness and grasping with a futile hand the full stocking that was so empty!—Christopher G. Hazard.
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CHRISTMAS CAROLS

IN A SMALL village every Christmas eve the organist of the little church and some of the girls and boys of the choir go forth and sing carols. They go to homes where there are older people, perhaps where they cannot get out during the winter time, and they give their Christmas concert. And they sing under the windows of these homes so that their voices sound truly as carols sung under the stars on the night before Christmas.

A simple enough thing to do, perhaps, but very lovely. It brings pleasure to those who hear the carols and those who sing them love this Christmas-time festival of their very own.—Mary Graham Bonner.
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UNDER THE MISTLETOE

"Oh, professor, see the big bunch of mistletoe I have hung on the chandelier," exclaimed the young lady, standing under it and smiling roguishly.

Young and Learned Professor (looking near-sightedly through his glasses)—"Ah, yes, it is an excellent specimen of the Viscum Album, of the order Loranthaceae. It is a jointed dichotomous shrub." And that was all.

IN MERRIE ENGLAND

The English Christmas is not unlike ours, save that we do not have their pretty custom of "bringing in the yule." In almost every family in England the boys and girls gather about the burning log on Christmas Eve to sing carols and tell Christmas legends. Often the children who live in the country assist at the dragging in of the huge log. An English child would not feel that it was Christmas if there were not a bit of mistletoe hanging in the hall, under which the unwary are kissed soundly. Little and big eat the rich and blazing plum pudding, and all join in the singing of Christmas carols and churchgoing.

A WISH

A Merry Christmas, yes, a day of laughter, And here's a wish for every day thereafter: When Christmas goes, as it of course must do, May every day that comes be merry, too.

CHRISTMAS Candies.

The Ross Confectionery,

Albany, has a full line. Ferry street, opposite St. Francis hotel.