

"Them Old Cheery Words"

By James Whitcomb Riley

PAP he allus ust to say,
 "Chris'mus comes but
 one't a year!"
 Liked to hear him that-a-way,
 In his old split-bottomed
 cheer
 By the fireplace here at night—
 Wood all in—and room all
 bright,
 Warm and snug and folks all
 here;
 "Chris'mus comes but one't a
 year!"
 Me and Lize and Warr'n and
 Jess,
 And Eldory home for two
 Weeks' vacation; and, I guess,
 Old folks tickled through and
 through,
 Same as WE was—"Home one't
 more
 Fer another Chris'mus—shore!"
 Pap 'ud' say, and tilt his cheer—
 "Chris'mus comes but one't a
 year!"
 Mosty Pap was ap' to be
 Ser'ous in his "daily walk,"
 As he called it; gen'ly
 Was no hand to joke er talk.
 Fac's is, Pap had never be'n
 Rugged-like at all—and then
 Three years in the army had
 Hepped to break him pretty bad.
 Never FLINCHED! But frost
 and snow
 Hurt his wovnd in winter.
 But
 You bet MOTHER knowed it,
 though!—
 Watched his feet, and made
 him putt
 On his flannels; and his knee,
 Where it never healed up, he
 Claimed was "well now—mighty
 near"—
 "Chris'mus comes but one't a
 year!"
 "Chris'mus comes but one't a
 year!"
 Pap 'ud' say and snap his
 eyes,
 Row o' apples sputterin' here
 Round the hearth, and me and
 Lize

Crackin' hicker'-nuts; and
 Warr'n
 And Eldory parchin' corn;
 And whole raft o' young folks
 here,
 "Chris'mus comes but one't a
 year!"
 Mother tuk most comfort in
 Jest-a-beppin' Pap; She'd fill
 His pipe fer him, er his tin
 O' hard cider; er set still
 And read fer him out the pile
 O' newspapers putt on file
 Whilse he was with Sherman—
 (She
 Knowed the whole war-history!)
 Sometimes he'd git het up some.
 "Boys," he'd say, "and you
 girls, too,
 Chris'mus is about to come;
 So, as you've a right to do,
 CELEBRATE it! Lots has died,
 Same as Him they crucified,
 That you might be happy here.
 Chris'mus comes but one't a
 year!"
 Missed his voice last Chris-
 mus—missed
 Them old cheery words, you
 know.
 Mother helt up tel she kissed
 All of us—then had to go
 And break down! And I laughs:
 "Here!
 Chris'mus comes but one't a
 year!"
 "Them's his very words," sobbed
 she,
 "When he asked to marry me."
 "Chris'mus comes but one't a
 year!"
 "Chris'mus comes but one't a
 year."
 Over, over, still I hear,
 "Chris'mus comes but one't a
 year!"
 Yit, like him, I'm goin' to smile
 And keep cheerful all the while!
 ALLUS Chris'mus THERE—
 And here
 "Chris'mus comes but one't a
 year!"

THROUGHOUT this
 Christmastide and
 Coming Year may we con-
 stantly give that greatest gift
 of love—Service—to the
 cause of right and justice, to
 our fellow man and to our
 Country. Thus giving we
 shall merit that joy which
 comes only to those of whom
 Christ said: "Well done."

My
 Teddy
 Bear
 by
 George
 N.
 Louis



Oh, Teddy Bear, I'm glad you
 came,
 I like wild animals what's
 tame.
 I'm not afraid to squeeze you
 tight,
 'Cause you won't snarl or snap
 or bite.
 I'll take you with me ev'ry
 day,
 Togezer we will romp and
 play.
 At night time, too my dearie
 Ted,
 You'll snuggle by me in my
 bed.
 If I am cross, you will not
 care,
 You'll always be my Teddy
 Bear.

WAITING FOR THE TIME



We tried to kiss her
 many times,
 But never succeeded though
 But I'll make up on Xmas
 Eve
 Beneath the Mistletoe.

The Old Shoemaker

A Christmas story from
 the French of De Coppet

NOT long ago there lived in
 the city of Marseilles an old
 shoemaker, loved and hon-
 ored by all his neighbors,
 who called him "Father
 Martin." One Christmas eve
 Father Martin, who had been reading
 the story of the three wise men who
 brought their gifts to the infant Jesus,
 said to himself:
 "If only tomorrow were the first
 Christmas day and the Saviour were
 coming to this world tonight how I
 would serve and adore him! I know
 very well what I would give him."
 He arose and took from a shelf two
 little shoes. "Here is what I would
 give him, my finest work. How
 pleased his mother would be! But
 what am I thinking of?" he continued,
 smiling. "Does the Saviour need my
 poor shop and my shoes?"
 But that night Father Martin had
 a dream. He thought that the voice
 of Jesus himself said to him: "Martin,
 you have wished to see me. Watch
 the street tomorrow from morning un-
 til evening, for I shall pass your way."
 When he awoke the next morning,
 Father Martin, convinced that what
 he had dreamed would surely take
 place, hastened to put his shop in
 order, lighted his fire, drank his coffee
 and then seated himself at the win-
 dow to watch the passersby.
 The first person he saw was a poor
 street sweeper, who was trying to
 warm himself, for it was bitter cold.
 "Poor man!" said Martin to him-
 self. "He must be very cold. Sup-
 pose I offer him a cup of coffee."
 He tapped on the window and called
 to the man, who did not have to be
 urged to accept the steaming coffee.
 After watching in vain for an hour
 Father Martin saw a young woman,
 miserably clothed, carrying a baby.
 She was so pale and thin that the
 heart of the poor cobbler was touched,
 and he called to her. "You don't look
 very well," he said.
 "I am going to the hospital," replied
 the woman. "I hope they will take me
 in with my child. My husband is at
 sea, I am sick and haven't a cent."
 "Poor thing!" said the old man.
 "You must eat some bread while you
 are getting warm. No? Well, take a
 cup of milk for the little one. Come,
 warm yourself and let me take the
 baby. Why! You haven't put his
 shoes on."
 "He hasn't any," sighed the woman.
 "Wait a minute. I have a pair."
 And the old man brought the shoes
 which he had looked at the evening
 before and put them on the child's
 feet. They fitted perfectly.
 Hour after hour went by, and al-
 though many people passed the win-
 dow, the Master did not come. When
 it grew dark the old man sadly began
 to prepare his humble supper. "It was
 a dream," he murmured. "Well, I did
 hope. But he has not come." After
 supper he fell asleep in his chair.
 Suddenly the room seemed full of the



Watched the Passersby.
 people whom he had aided during the
 day, and each one asked of him in
 turn: "Have you not seen me?"
 "But who are you?" cried the shoe-
 maker to all these visions.
 Then the little child pointed to the
 Bible on the table, and his rosy finger
 showed the old man this passage:
 "Whoever shall receive one of
 these little ones receiveth me."
 "I was sick and ye gave me meat; I
 was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I
 was a stranger and ye took me in.
 . . . Verily I say unto you, how-
 much as ye have done it unto one of
 the least of these my brethren ye have
 done it unto me."
 His Guess.
 "Who was it said to him that he
 shall be given?"
 "I don't remember, but I presume
 it was some fellow who had eight
 or nine necktie holders and had just
 received four more for Christmas."

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