# A Christmas Greeting

By W. E. GILROY in The Congregationalist

THERE'S not a memory of home, or friend, Be they so far remote, however

lowly; place where new affections richly That does not grow more beautiful, more holy, At Christmas.

There is no laughter of a little child, No flery passion of Youth's rosy morning. No treasure-house of Age, benign and That is not sweeter for the Christ's

At Christmas.

adorning

There is no depth of love, no pang of No mighty moving in the human No comfort for today, hope for tomorrow. In which the Christ has not a larger

So, as we send our greeting of affection, We share the memory of Him came: In fellowship, in happy recollection, Each fervent wish is hallowed in His

At Christmas.

At Christmas.



By ETHEL COOK ELIOT



OING home for Christmas?" "Yes. All of us always go. Great fun seeing each other again and exchanging news!

We go back to the

farm." "Yours must be quite a family now, with all the children. But I suppose your mother gets in extra help, and you all help, too."

It was not impertinent, because it was my best friend speaking. She is just frank and sincere. She had dropped into my office after hours, not to buy insurance from me (yes, I am a female insurance agent and not a failure at it either!) but to say "goodby" before herself leaving the city for the holidays.

No, there's no extra help to be gotten these days in the country any more than here. Not any that's worth while. So mother does it all herself. comes once a year."

We said no more about that, but after my friend had gone I remembered her clear, frank eyes and the way they had received my reply. They had been slightly skeptical. I couldn't get that skepticism out of my mind.

The result was that, after much thought, I suddenly closed office a whole week before Christmas, practically kidnaped my youngest sister away from her home in a nearby city-that comfortable home with its full nursery, cook and nurse girl-and whisked her away to the country to give mother a little surprise.

At first I thought the surprise was to turn out an unpleasant one. We arrived in the early afternoon without warning. There was mother in a huge apron, her hair tied up in a towel, the front hall full of brooms and mops, housecleaning. She could not conceal her chagrin from us, we had so suddenly appeared. It certainly was different from our customary homecoming. Then, she met us at the



We Arrived In the Early Afternoon Without Warning.

front door, her arm linked in father's, dressed in her best silk, her white hair freshly curled, behind them the house shining in spotlessness. And then the pantry filled with pies, cakes, roast ham with its cloves, and mother's wonderful jelly tarts! Such an inviting, homelike, hospitable house! people a white Christmas. Such a sparklingly clean pantry full | The stars shone down upon a little

of good things! How different today, six days before we were expected! Father had ban- the stars shone very brightly. ished himself to the barn, and we found him disconsolately smoking by stars that they were, that in that old Jim's stall. The house was chaos. house, as in many another heave which All the rugs seemed to be up and the is neither a palace nor a beautiful res-

"Oh, dear!" she greeted us. "I Christmastide.—Mary Graham B didn't expect you till Christmas Evel

#### Our Accomplishments What Have They Been?

HAVE always found, even in youth, quite as much interest in looking back as in looking forward. It is good to plan for the future, but there is quite as much to be gained from reviewing the past and in seeing how far we have come, how much we have accomplished, in what ways we have developed.

I was talking to Foreman about the year that is so nearly at an end. He was dissatisfied with his progress and uncertain as to whether or not the time and money he had expended had been worth while. He had learned little, it seemed; for all he could see, he wasn't different than when he had left the little country town nine months ago. But I could see that he was a little more self-possessed, a little surer of himself, a little less crude in his manners. He was learning to think, learning to meet people, and developing a little wider range of interest than when he left home.

As you come to the end of the year and look back, how far have you come? It is an easy question to ask, but possibly not so easy to answer.

When we were little children at

ome, mother used to teach us after we had said our prayers at night to go over in our minds for a minute or two the events of the day and try to determine whether it had been a good day for us or a bad one. Often we dropped off to sleep before we had gone far, but it was a good expertence, this looking our accomplishments in the face and trying honestly to estimate them. It is something like this that I should like to put before you as this year is closing. What has the year meant to you? New friends? New powers? New ideals? Have you done something worth while? Are you better, stronger, more able to fight the battles of the world than you were a year ago? Are you wiser with a wisdom that is clean, healthy and uplifting? If so, the year is ending happily for you.-Thomas A. Chark, Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

(©. 1924, Western Newspaper Union.) AND THE REAL PROPERTY.

### Light in the Steeple on Christmas Morning

AR above the sleeping city, like a low and leading star, like a watchful and kindly eye, like a beacon of assuring hope, a promise of Christmas morning, beamed the light in the old church steeple.

It shone down through one of the church windows and smiled upon the ictured shepherds who found a mornng at midnight; and upon the stately vise men who knew the joy of making gladness out of gifts. Its rays lighted up a garret, where two very opeful youngsters were sleeping upon very small bed, after n that the light was there. In the street below a passer looked up, saw it and smiled: another paused under the But she likes it. Christmas only glow and spell of it and dropped a coin into the poor box at the church door. The Salvation Army lass came out from the church porch and thumped her tambourine merrily because some genial influence had filled her basket so full, almost dancing down the street as the bells saw by the gleaming light that it was time to

> And so with cheering glory and with ame in another happy Christmas time.

While the old steeple, still pointing pward, remained as a witness to hings high and splendid.-Christopher G. Hazard.

(@ 1924, Western Newspaper Union.) · Company

#### PROPOGOGRAMAGAGAGAGAGAGA A REAL SANTA CLAUS

S INCE we must have our Christmas trees the chief problem is how they are to be obtained. The cutting, shipping and selling of Christmas trees has developed into an established business, extending over the entire country. One large shipper of New England has been in the business forty years and in that time has sold many thousand carloads of trees. Some of these have been shipped as far south as Texas and as far west as Chicago. This pioneer in the industry is now eightytwo years of age, but he is still active, and curiously enough he is a real Santa Claus in appearance.-Frank Herbert Sweet. (@, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

- KIN PROPERTY

## Perhaps Little Stars Knew About Christmas

HE stars shone brightly over-HE stars shone brightly over-head. Below, the snow was covering up the hard ground, which did not seem to understand Christmas. It was much too hard for that. It was better that Old King Snow sho come along and cover it up, giving the

tarm house. It was not a palace. It was not even a beautiful house. But

Perhaps they knew, bright little furniture out of place. Mother was ildence, there was great happiness and glorious celebrating of the beautiful (Q. 1924, Western Newspaper D

#### CHRISTMAS CAROLS COLD WEATHER

By Martha Banning Thomas (C. 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

O BEGIN with, it's cold. COLD!! Not your gray. pinched, peaked-y backdooryard cold where bits of paper dance in a foriorn, forgotten reel; none of your brick-front houses on dismal streets, seeming by the best calculation, to store up a

chill bleakness rather than affording protection against it-not that, but a brisk, lively, tingling cold which makes one hurry to feed the wood-boxes before dark: a cold that etches crystal ferns on the window glass, thoughtfully leaving a peep-hole near the top where you can peer out; a cold that fringes the ice-house with an orderly row of icicles that look like white, corrugated carrots, and manufactures thin, papery ice in the hollows on the ground, the sort of ice children like to stamp on, delighting in its noisy crackle and the sunburst of fine lines radiating from the point of contact.

barpost hole?" Do you, now? "Get out the maple sirup," orders Candice, flopping over the waffle iron and making a particularly neat job of it. "You'll find the jug on the pantry shelf."

Soon we are sitting before a pile of waffles a foot

"Now, Peter," remonstrates Can-dice, don't give me such an everlasting helping:" but Peter serenely continues to fill

up her plate. "They say Shorty's little shaver

ain't so well tonight," he remarks, passing the smoking beauties to his wife. "Got an awful cold. They had the doc this afternoon."

Christmas-and Shorty's little boy sick! He lives across the road and bestows his cheerful chatter and shining eyes upon us without charge and great generosity.

"I had something to give him. Guess I'll run over after supper," says Candice, making the first luscious incision into her layered waffles.

His name is Billy and he's about as big as a grasshopper: he gets "under foot" and is always frolicking at somebody's heels like a puppy. He it was, upon one occasion, who explained to us the nature of his dinner.

"Well, William," we sald, apropos of his third cookle in the middle of the afternoon, "Didn't you have any din-

"Oh, yes," he beamed upon us, "We had putting for dinner." "Putting?" we inquired. "Don't you

mean pudding?" "No, putting!" he insisted, "because

we put the flour in, you know!" Dear little Billy, with his high, clear voice that always reminded one of water running over pebbles.

"His father said he was going to get him a Christmas tree this year," continued Peter. "I saw him dragging it

down from the woods day before yesterday. Bill was hoppin' up and down some, I can tell you. Tickled to pieces, Guess that's where he

caught cold." At this point there was a great tramping and puffing in the kitchen. People walk right in on a cold

night. "Only me," sounds the soft, slurring voice of Billy's Italian father. "I jus' come t' say dat boy o' mine all right now. Verra seek dis mornin'-fine by now,

an' can I have d' milk?" A quick light-heartedness flows over us. We had not realized how deliberately cheerful we had striven to be. better! All's right with the world!

It's colder! A careful scrutiny of the thermometer reveals the temperature at six above.

Peter pokes around down cellar and covers up his apples and potatoes against a night of freezing, and brings up some red beauties to be consumed later in the evening with nuts and

Cold . . . COLDER! Sleigh beils Jingling by on the road! Merry Christmas!

Christmas Dinner Centerpiece An attractive centerplece for the Christmas dinner is made by cutting n large five-point star out of white sheet wadding. This is pinced smoothside downward. The fluffy upper side is then pulled apart a little to simulate snow and sprinkled thick with Jack Frost powder. In the center of this is placed a bowl or tall glass vase filled with holly twigs and scarlet errice, and the edges of the star are

# THOSE CHRISTMAS

By MARION R. REAGAN (C. 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

ERYL SANDS stood outside the dingy little restaurant, looking in at the heavily steamed windows with the absent, vacant stare of one whose mind is preoccupied with melancholy thoughts. People walking along the sidewalks crunched the

fresh, dry snow under their heels. Most of them were talking and laughing with the light ease of those who feel at rights with the world. But their gay chatter only made Beryl more and more conscious of her loneliness. There was not a soul in this whole city she could call her friend, not one. And as for a lover-Beryl winced. Twenty-eight and never a lover! Think of spending all of one's life alone, "Old Maid Sands" it would be, Oh, how terrible life was; how unutterably hard on girls like her. Of course there had been Jack Boulton. He had always rather liked her; taken There are waffles for supper! Do her home from church parties and so you remember how waffles look and on in the old days when they lived smell and taste on a cold night, when in Allantown. He might have fallen you're "holler as a in love with her if she had encouraged him. He was the only man who



With slow, listless steps, Beryl entered the little restaurant. She chose the cleanest looking table in the room, A man was already seated there. She sat down opposite him and began to read the menu card.

"Beryl, by George, if it isn't!" She looked up quickly and recognized with amazement the large, astonished blue eyes.

"Jack Boulton! Why, Jack, what on earth are you doing here?" He laughed that half-amused, halfynical laugh she knew so well.

"I'm down on luck, Beryl-broke I came up here to Chicago three years ago to put acress a deal but things didn't go so well, and I've been a little on the rough ever since."

Beryl was sympathetic. "I know, Jack, I think we're pretty much in the same boat. I haven't quite won fame and fortune here myself." They both laughed.

Jack looked at her a long time. She dropped her eyes under his steady

"You know, Beryl; I like that sad look in your eyes. I don't like to think that you've been sad, of course; but the look-it's appealing. It's the same expression that came into your eyes when you used to play those Christmas carols at the church. Heavens, how you could play them!" His face lit up with the happy memory of it. "Do you still play?"

"Occasionally. The plane at my boarding house is a cheap one and I hate it, but if you care to, we'll go down there after dinner, and I'll play you all these old Christmas songs. You have no other engagement?" "None," he said promptly, "And if

I did, I'd cancel it.' When Beryl had finished, she rose

from the plane and faced him. He was looking at her intently, longingly,



"You are very fond of music, aren't you, Jack?"

"Yes, when you play it I am." He the welcome prescame very close to her and took her hands. "Beryl, I was just thinking and suggested to what harmony you could make out of my discordant life, if you would, party next door Could you could you ever-" he in honor of the broke off. His voice thick with surg- housekeeper. He ing emotion.

"Yes, Jack, I could," and as he held the children over her tightly in his arms. Beryl was exultantly happy, and felt for the first be would be back time in her life, secure.

Christmas in British Isles

Christmas was introduced in what are now the British Isles under the Saxon rulers and was continued, in the winter solstice when the people had little to do, by the Anglo-Saxon kings and the succeeding monarchs of Norman blood. The celebrations beginning with court festivities and graduating down to the poorest families were frequently uproarious. In the reign of Elizabeth the Puritans attacked the Yuletide festivities, but the celebrations continued to flourish until the rule of Queen Mary. The Puritans, aided by the conditions growing out of civil war, finally succeeded by 1647 in abolishing the holiday.-George Newell Moran.

Toys for Small Children

A little tot from one to two enjoys little games that can be played with the fingers and simple toys such as dolls animals and balls made of rubber, wood, knitted or rag materials and plain blocks.

# The Actor's Christmas Party

By H. Luctus Cook (@. 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

LL of the actors of the Zoroaster Stock company were good, but perhaps Billy Kelly was the best liked by the townspeople. Billy had been there six weeks, now, and was living at Mrs. Perkins' on Center street. Hence Center street was particu-

larly thrilled at this time, because it had never before harbored a real live actor, and it could not quite get used to the idea.

Mrs. Perkins was a respectable middle-aged widow who had to take a few roomers to help out on expenses. She was a t quite sure that it was right to have Lady rooming there, as she had an inherited projettice against actors, but he paid twice as much as she had ever had before for the rooms,

far as she could determine, was a human being much like the rest of us. It did seem strange to her, however, that a young unmarried man should

did not cause any extra bother, and so

receive one hundred and f.fty dollars a week when Mr. Perkins with his family had earned only that much a month. She wondered if it was honest. And then, too, she did not always know just what to make of Billy's attentions to her. Why, one time when she had fallen asleep on the sofa without a covering, he had gone to his own room and got his genuine Japanese silk kimona and

covered her with

it. She had found it over her when she woke up. Mrs. Perkins had just finished telling this and several other incidents to the Ladies' Aid society, when one of

the progressive ladies asked: "Well, what are we to do with him for Christmas? It doesn't seem right not to do anything, when he is away rom his people and all."

Everyone else had been thinking the ame thing, but had not dared mention it, and none of them had any suggestions to make. No one dared ask him to dinner (they were so shy), and Mrs. Perkins herself, who really should have asked him, had decided to go to the hotel so as not to have to do so. They certainly could not give him ties or socks, as Mrs. Perkins assured them that he had hundreds of socks and thousands of ties, which everyone readily believed, as they had never seen him dressed twice

the same. It certainly looked like a cold Christmas for Billy. But next door to Mrs. Perkins lived a dear old maid who had been housekeeper for the Wellers for many years. Every Christmas she made mittens for all the children in the neighborhood, and when they grew too big for mittens, she gave candy to the girls and neckties to the boys. She was a community institution, but nobody ever thought of her in connec-

tion with Billy. But when Christmas morning arrived, and Center street was busy with its toys, Billy had not been forgotten. The Perkins children were just opening their packages from the housekeeper next door when one of them discovered an envelope for Billy. He darted upstairs, and timidly knocked on the actor's door and slipped the

envelope under. "What could it be?" wondered Mrs. Perkins, for she knew it was no Christmas card.

She had not long to wonder, however, for Billy soon came running down flourishing a crisp new dollar bill which he had found in the envelope, and called to one of the children coming he told

Mrs. Perkins of ent, and how it him to give a told her to take there quickiy, as

in twenty minutes. True to his vord, he was there in twenty ninutes, and with aim the whole Ladies' Ald so-

clety, and, to the delight of everyone, a whole gallon of ice cream which he and the kindly housekeeper served to all assembled, with many jokes and much merriment. Then Billy sang some rousing Christmas songs, kissed the housekeeper on the brow and taxled all the ladies

He had so many invitations to dinner he had to refuse them all, but he was not sorry for this as he joined Mrs. Perkins at the hotel, and he really liked her best of all.

Might Have Been Worse "What did your wife give you for

"Nothing." "That was tough." "Well, it might have been a necktle or a smoking jacket."

# SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

By Rev. Alan Pressley Wilson (@. 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)



r CHRISTMAS be merry, and withal, And feast thy poor neigh-bors, the great with the small.

So wrote the poet Tusser many years ago, but the suggestion is just as pertinent today as it was then. If anything, we need to be reminded of our duty to our fellowman more today than our fathers did -more today, Indeed, than ever be-

fore. This is true because the need for brotherhood is even more patent than at any other period of the history of the world. We live in an age when we think solely of ourselves and our immediate families and we should have brought to our attention the fact that we owe a debt to our neighbor and that that

debt must be paid. The story is told of a rich man who prayed-Oh, Lord! bless me and my wife, My son, John, and his wife; My son, Us four And no more!

We blush for shame that there could be found one who is so narrow, yet I am assured that such people exist today. There are those who, when they have satisfied the needs of their own, assume a self-satisfied air and say that they have done their whole duty. Approach such a person and remind him of the need of a friend or a neighbor and he will ask the time-worn question: "Am I my brother's keeper? Haven't I enough to do to look after my own family?" The teachings of Jesus Christ answer the first question in the affirmative (and the latter in the negative) with even more emphasis than God answered Cain when he originated the selfish Inquiry. Jesus taught that the Decalogue is summed up in the greater commandment-"Thou shalt love they neighbor as thyself," and His definition of "neighbor". is any one who needs our help. Territorial or other limitations do not apply when the case of one in need is

There is no geographical limitation when we are extending the hand of assistance to one who needs our help:



The Spirit of Christmas.

wherever there is found one or more whom we can (and should) assist, there neighborliness must begin.

A minister once approached one of his parishioners with the request for a contribution for the purpose of doing Christian work abroad. The particular field he had in mind was China. The man replied that he was willing to help his neighbors but did not think he was called upon to help those as far away as China.

"Whom do, you consider your neighbor?" asked the minister. "The man whose farm adjoins me," was the prompt reply. "How far down into the earth does your land extend?" was the next question and the farmer just as promptly answered: "To the center!" "Very well," said the minister quickly, "There is a man down in China whose land joins yours at the center of the earth; he is therefore your neighbor and needs your help." This was a new thought to the slowgoing church member. He learned his lesson and we need to learn the same. Only as we do so will we be able to broaden our lives into the fullness of the life of Jesus the Christ.

The application of the teaching of Jesus to business and society would produce a perpetual Christmas season; a time of peace and joy and happiness lasting throughout the year.

The giving of cheap presents or money, however, does not constitute Christmas; as well expect a bouquet of flowers (however lovely) to constitute summer! The Christmas spirit, rather than the Christmas show, honors Him whose birth, no less than His life, was the greatest Christmas gift the world has ever received. The Christmas spirit brings us into closer touch with Him whose very life was an exemplification of the precept: "It is more blessed to give than to re-

As we celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Jesus let not the going down of the sun mark the decline of the Christmas spirit but, as the days come and go, and we enter the new year, let us each one reach out the loving had to the sick, the unfortunate and the outcast, remembering that Jesus the Christ said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of one of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me!"

Change All Into Love Christmas day shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.-Shake-