The Little Christmas Tree Rusan Coolidge

The Christmas day was coming; Christman eve drew near. for trees they were talking to midnight, cold and olear. in the pale moonlight, w, which of us shall chose grass the hely night?"

The tall trees and the geodly raised each a lofty head glad and secret confidence, though net a word they said. ene, the baby of the band.

net mitre in a sigh. Yeu all will be approved, "But, oh, what chance have 1?"



BUR ORRINANA ANGEL AND SANTA GLACE "I am on small, so very small, no one How thick and green my needles are

hew true my branches grew. heart and will are free. And in my heart of hearts I know I am a Christman tree."

The Christmas angel hovered nears he eaught the grisving word, And, laughing low, he hurried forth, with leve and pity stirred. He sought and found St. Nichelas, the And in his fatherly, kind ear rehearsed Christmas Gift the fir tree's plaint.

Mainte are all powerful, we know, so it That ax en shoulder, to the grove a weedman took his way.

The Christmas shopper will make no One baby girl he had at home, and he mistake by following this list of useful went farth to find

A little tree as amall as the, just suited to his mind.

Oh, glad and proud the baby fir, amid its brethrem tall,
To be thus chosen and singled out, the in first among them all! little heart best fast: He was a real Christmas tree—he had hie wish at fast

One large and shining apple, with cheeks of ruidly gold;
Six tagers and a tiny doll were all that

he could hold.

The baby laughed, the baby crowed, to see the tapers bright; forest baby felt the joy and shared in the delight.

And when at last the tapers died and when the baby slept

The little fir, in ailent night, a patient vigil kept. Though scorched and brown its needles

were, it had no heart to grieve.

have not lived in vain," he said.

"Thank God for Christmas eve!"

The First Christmas Card. The honor of the Christmas card is ascribed frequently to the late W. C. T. Dobson, an English painter In December, 1844, a date earlier than that given to any other claim, he was anxious to send some more novel Christmas greeting than that of a let ter to a distant friend, and the idea occurred to him to make a little sketch ed upon as anything but an emblem symbolizing the spirit of the season of good cheer The sketch depicted in its center a plant is regarded with dread as being family party gathered around the the bringer of ill luck and the sign of Christmas dinner table raising glasses ill omen This superstition exists both to the health of absent friends. Un in Devonshire and in Ireland, and, derneath were the words "A Merry strange to say, in neither of these Christmas and a Happy New Year to you," while on each side was a small er sketch representing an act of be nevolence. Mr. Dobson's card so platied its recipient that the following year he designed another card, of which he sent lithographed copies to Lierre circle of friends. Other artists followed his example, and the circle sanding out Christmas cards grew wider and wider until an enterprising printer saw there was money in the siness, and within a few years from its birth the Christmas card was to be

en in hundreds of they windows

HONOR OLD AND YOUNG ON CHRISTMAS DAY

ESPECIALLY in the southern part of France great preparation is made for Christmas, which be St. Barbara's grain. Women fill pistes with wheat, which are well watered and then put in the sunshine or in warm ashes to germinate. If St. Bar bara's grain grows well or ill so will the coming barvest be. Later comes the cutting of the Yule log. The oldest man of the family cuts a fruit bearing tree-almond, apple, oak or pear. The son duishes the work The log is five feet long and is expected to burn. If covered will night. from Christmas eve to New Year's day. Before the eating of the great supper the youngest mem bers of the family light the log.

The little gayly painted "creche" and other small, inexpensive clay figures are found in every home. Before dark Christmas eve the children go out to look for the magi They carry with them confectionery for the magi. figs for the servants and hay for the tired! camela. They also but up sheaves for the hirds, and the wealthy send out donkers taden with bread, meat, fire and almonds, which are sold for a few cents to the poor. The nought pie or pradding of almonds and honey is on the table for the great appper

GET ALL THE FUN YOU CAN OUT OF CHRISTMAS.

Get all the fun you can out of Christmas. Plunge into the at-mesphere right away. Smuggle sackages up and down stairs and hide them in the "aid fashlened" hiding places.

And remember everybedy, net with the substantial presents you have thought it imperative to given but with a jar of jelly. I pleas of fruit cake or book or magazine cover made from bits of lines your scrap bag has fur-nished, a dainty sachet made from silk coraps or any one of a hundred other simple things you can work on at add times. These are the sort of presents which will restore the old time thrills that have been well nigh lest in the levaless gift-giving of recent

Teach your children that the children whose neets are less dewny than their ewn. There are so many such. And there is no mero tragic thing in a child's life than to be forgetthin on Christman day. Is there any picture on earth to appealing as to see a child at a shap win daw with only a windowpane between his pinched ness and seinting finger and a high piled world of delle and drums and akates and picture books? Can you imagine a keener pang, a eners secrowful thing, than the unanswered prayer child at Christmastide?

••••••

The Christmas shopper will make no Christmas gifts:

Gifts For a Woman. A baby's bottle warmer.

A chaing dish. A curling from

A foot warmer. A bair drier

A beating pad A bot water kettle.

A coffee percolator.

A small pressing iron. A bedside reading tamp.

A sewing machine motor. A mutsery sterilizer

An art glass table lamp.

A Conster A wibrator.

Gifts For a Man

A cigar lighter. A motor for the workshop. A shaving mirror

A shaving mug A bedside reading lamp A wibrator

Gifts For the Home A small pressing iron. A luminous radiator. An electric combination grill. An art glass table lamp

Plano lamps, large and small

A com popper.

Think Mistletoe Brings Trouble. in many parts of the United King dom the silver berries and the gray green leaves of the mistletoe are look On the contrary, the places does the plant flourish.

The Christmas Dance. When grandma danced the minust Some sixty years ago The stately couples often met Beneath the mistleton

To waitzes now the customs weer, But Mabel's fory beau That damsel doth contrive to ster Benesth the mistletoe.

Darross change, but not the game. As close observers know, For mortals act about the same Beneath the mistietos. F 11 - Equiville Courter-Journal

94444444444444444 OLD SANTA CLAUS.

(Author Unknown.) Old Sants Claus ant all alone in his

den With his leg crossed over his knae, While a comical look peeps his eyes. For a funny fellow is he.

His queer little cap was tumble

and torn, And his wis was all swry, But he sat and mused the whole day long, While the hours went dying by,

He had been as busy as busy coul

be in filling his pack with toys. He had gathered his nuts and baked There were dolls for the girls

whips for the boys, With wheelbarrows, borses and drays. And bureaus and trunks for dolly's

new clothes.

All these is his pack he displays. Of candy, too, both twisted and

atriped, He had fumished a plentiful store While relains and figs and prunss and grapes. Hung up on a peg by the door.

'I am almost ready." quoth he. But one thing more-I must write them a book

And give to each one this year." So he clamped his spece to his little round nose, '
And, selzing the stump of a pen,
He wrote more lines in one little

Than you ever could read in ten He told them stories, all pretty and

new.

And wrote them all out in rime.

Then packed them away with his box of toya To distribute one at a time.

And Christmas eve when all were In led Right down the ohimney he flew, and, stretching the stocking lag ou

at the top.
He clapped in a book for you. 8888888888888888

CHRISTMAS TREE FOR CHILDREN OF THE STAGE

lic functions, are simply the outgrowth But what was that against its day after all, and all the sentiment of Arabian Nights. Christmas coming on, simost unan-

The Christmas Gift. Gaspar, Meichior and Buithazar, Three wise men who follow the star

Over the deserts early and iste Until they arrive at Bethlehem gate

Where is he born who is King of the For we bring the gifts which a king

Caspar cald, "Myrrh is the gift i bring. The very gift for an infant king." Melchior said, "Mine is frankincense, A gift I bought at a great expanse." Balthazar, "Mine is the gift of gold,

royal gift of price untold. These are the gifts of the wise men thro What, O heart, shall thy gift be?
—L. O. Williams

CHRISTMASY THOUGHTS.

Seme Timely Yulstide Sesson Advice

For Children and Others. often tired of shopping for others. This real Christmasy thoughts.

What are Christmasy thoughts? the earth beginning to shake and only They should be thoughts of what am one voice heard. "Forgive them, for I going to do for poor little Johnny, one voice heard. "Forgive ti who is alone and poor? Whom can I Englished by the gories ask mother to have at our Christmas Christmas time, still let the benignant ask mother to have at our Christmas dinner, who perhaps would have to eat all alone were it not for me? Whom can I help deliver little gifts on Christmas? And many more such thoughts. But do we think those things? Are we not much more likely to be thinking of what we ourselves!

A more and the benignant digure of my childhood stand unchange ed! In every cheerful image and suggestion that the season brings may the bright star that rested above the poor toof be the star of all the Christian be thinking of what we ourselves!

happy on Christmas think Unrusumasy thoughts before Christmas and do Christmasy things on Christmas. Receive gifts? Yes. But give gifts as they are departed. But far above i will-gifts of cheer, unselfishness and they are departed. But far above i kindness—and your Christmas will be widow's sem—and God is good!

hristmas & Tree \$

Thorles Dickens

ing at a merry company of children assembled around that prottr German toy, a Christman tree, Being now at home again and slose, he only person in the hease nwake my thoughts are drawn back by a fuecination which I do not were to resist to my own childhood. Straight in the middle of the room, cramped in the freedom of its growth by no sactroling walls or soon reached ceiling a shed owy tree arises, and, looking up into the dreamy brighthese of its top, for observe in this tree the singular property that it appears to grow downward toward the sarth, I look into my

roungest Christmas recollections. All toys at first I find, But upon the branches of the tree, lower down, how thick the books begin to nang-thin books, in themselves at first, but many of them, with deliciously smooth covers of bright red and green!

"A was an archer and shot at a froc."

op to the glant's house.

Good for Christmas time is the rudto have somewhere—for a long time ing that ferocious joke about his teeth. Tony Pastor's theater in New York She was my first love. I felt that if most respect have long been associated as a monater who was to be degraded of a cross in fire.

too, if there were in this country a less crammed in at the roof and needed to on in his rich disject:

the stereotyped children's Christmas Oh. now all common things become gittin' bigger en bigger." Suggestions story, from the Van Bibber type, with uncommon and quite enchanted to met rings are tallemans. Common flower eagles to their nests, whence the traders, with loud cries, will scare them. All the dates imported come from the same tree as that unlucky one with whose shell the merchant knocked out the eye of the genie's invisible sun.

> But, bark! The waits are playing. and they break my childish sleep. What images do I associate with the Christmas music as I see them set forth on the Christmas tree! Known before all the others, keeping far apart from all the others, they gather round Ties my little bed-an angel, speaking to a group of thenherds in a field; some travelers, with eyes uplifted, following star; a baby in a manger; a child in specious temple, talking with great men; a solemn figure, with a mild and beautiful face, raising a dead girl by the hand; again, pear a city gate calling back the son of a widow on his bler to life; a crowd of people looking through the open roof of a chamber where he sits and letting down a sick This is the beginning of the time be person on a bed with ropes; the same. ore Christmas when every one is in a tempest, walking on the waters thinking of holiday doings and Christin a ship again, on a seashore, teach in lowly stall and manger there are Fir Tree.
>
> mas presents. This, too, is a time of ling a great multitude; again, with a praises "Oh. ha great excitement, when the grownups child upon his knee and other children get tired thinking of what to give and bir. blind, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, bealth to the sick, strength again is a time when we children are the deaf, health to the sick, strength to the larme, knowledge to the ignorant: again, dying upon a cross, watched by What are Christmasy thoughts? armed soldiers, a darkness coming on,

to be thinking of what we ourselves A moment's pause, O vanishing tree are going to get?

So, children, if you really want to be appy on Christmas think Christmasy thoughts before Christmas and do know there are blank spaces on thy

May & a

THE ORIGIN YOLE LOG

AHE following story of the origin of the Yule log in Virginia is told in the Pictorial Review by La Salle Corbell Pickett in an article dealing with Christman in the south in wartime:

ting in his little cabin on a mountain side on Christman eve listening to the cold wind how over a world of snow and wishing that he had a fire to warm gayly to the Great Oak at her side. him when he heard the cry of a little "Christman is coming!" child away out in the cold. The old man habbled to the door and looked there is something wrong. See how out scross the anow, and the wind he halts at the end of the path, etespcame rushing in and made him shiver so that his "onliest two teaf" chattered with cold. Again the cry came across the snow, and he wished with all his power of longing that he could go out gone from his step."
and find the unfortunate little one, for It was quite true. Christman Spirit the plaintive cry of a little child always came toward the most perfect Fir Tree goes straight to the heart. A third in the wood with jagging step, looking time the cry came, and a miraculous away through the forest with and and power seemed to fill the old man's troubled eyes. veins. His muscles became tense and strong and be stepped from the thresh | mas?" called the Fir Tree. old into the snow, the crutch failing back in the cabin.

the expanse of frozen snow with an so answer. activity be had not possessed since be "Tell me about it all Christmas," in used to "go to camp meetin." By and wited the Fir Tree in a voice vibrant Of course be was! He was an apple by he came to a tittle child caught in a with sympathy ple alse; and there he is! He was a snow bank. He lifted the child, and as "I have been d rood many things in his time, was A. Its little form touched him a new have knocked at the door of every and so were most of his friends, except strength came into him, and the small heart, and no one has opened to me. I and so were most of his friends, except strength came into nim, and the small heart, and no one has opened to me. I am forgotten, and there is no one who never knew him to get beyond Xernes or Xantippe.

But now the very tree itself changes if there might be a piece of furniture. and becomes a beaustalk, the marrel if there might be a piece of furniture our beanstalk by which Jack climbed of which he could make a fire to warm they are all alike," he compromised. ble small greest,

dy color of the closk in which the tree coll across the threshold and into the a finger on their naked hearts, but they making a forest of fixelf for her to dreplace. The little child was looking did not street are seen. They looked making, a forest of inself for their to the Red St. It with ares like they and they me squarely in the eye, and these are Riding Hood comes to me one Christ sent gleams of light that kindled the the things they said to some woman in mas eve to give me information of the log with the most brilliant fire the old their homes: Don't break me. "I shall cruelty and treachery of that dissem man had ever seen, and the dingy be months paying the bills you are bling wolf who are ber grandmother little room was filled with radiance making. 'Christmas is a nuisance.' In New York city and other targe without making any impression on his and warmth that brought a glow to Confound this custom of giving prescities there has been a custom for years appetite and then are her after making any impression on his the soul as well as to the body and ents anyway?

These are the things they had white

was a gathering place-a Christmas I could have married Little Red Rid-shining glory he laughed a laugh that while my bands lay frozen against the children of the stage, a log flood I should have known perfect was like a song of the heart and float their hearts. custom that grew, not out of charity, bliss. But it was not to be, and there ed up and away. The old man turned

of the children who knew them years was not found seaworthy when put in Simon usually became greatly excit- the door did not open so much as a ago would today be names to respect, a washing tub, and the animals were ed, and his eyes kindled as he want crack for me to enter. She looked into

standards of acting. But that's anoth fore they could be got in even there, chase atter one eraudder, a-crawlin last year, it looked like a cheap thing. er story They are at least successful, and then ten to one they began to tum en a-creepin' in en out an around an and I whall not spend much meney on These Christmas trees in the targe ble out at the door, which was but im about, askadlin byer an a-skadlin beer. And again. It is awful to just titles, taking on the proportions of pub perfectly fastened with a wire tatch dar; a lippins' up higher and higher, have the make gifts to people, you do firs' a ill bisse blaze would come den not care a thing about. and enlarged edition of the many little

Again a forest and somebody up in a 'gallet' one, den a bright red one "No one loves me, and I cannot five celebrations, that take place and have a tree—not Robin Hood, not Valentina would fire up, an dan de blasses would without love and so I shall dia," sobtaken place wherever there is a young oot the Yellow Dwarf; I bare passed all mingulate darsets tergedder—red bed Christmas Spirit to the Fir Treaster in the company to make the more these and all Mother Busch's wonders on bins on Faller on white would all "Christmas has come to be just a big ster in the company to make the more without mention—but an easiern king mix wid de kindiestion colors or de exchange desk, where people give to and in that thinking back take a new with the glittering ecimitar and tur rainbow, an crackle en dight those whom they know will give to interest in the day it is children's lit is the setting in of the bright higher en bigger, de crackles, them and grumple in the giving."

the rescue of the waif on the street, to All lamps are most wonderful. All play suddenty and magically appeared wood yesterday," said the Eir Tree, a table cover is softened by the Little Lord Fauntle pots are full of treasure, with a little such as had never been spread before man. roy, might be drawn from just one earth scattered on the top; trees are for his eyes, and never again was he hun company that, traveling west, finds All Baba to hide in: beefsteaks are to gry or cold, and never was there a in all the forest, for none other will throw down into the Valley of Dia Christmas in old Virginia after that do, said the first woman. nounced, in some benighted one night monds, that the precious stones must without the Xule log and the Christ stick to them and be carried by the mas child to give it tight and warmth

用车间车间车间车间车 all unite to PRAISIL HIS NAMIL **E** ONCHRISTMASILVE

That celebrate our blessed Saviour

On Christman eve all constures de his Even the very

Tis said that at the

The masters of these orestures should Last they should be accused by things

claim as friend. Each creature his own thankfulness up-

The stars on high units in joyous sing. Joy. "And I sm going across the whole

And sings a Christmas carel with-

ing, Telling the old, old story, ever new. The bells from every steeple now are no one can fall to open wide the inner

Peace on earth, good will to every nation!" This is the message all these sounds, Dress foretell.

Both young arid old, all things of Unite, for God is good and all is wel All créatures, frigh and low, delight i

, poor unite Upon the first faint beams of morn Amy Smith in Philadelphia Record.

Both young and eld and rich an

THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT: A CHRISTMAS FANCY

RIVEN from the pears of the people. Christmas Spirit left the great abops, fled from the market places and from every habitat of man until he came to the quiet little sunlit path that runs

One time an old black man was attthrough the deep wood. When he was yet afar off the most perfect Fir Tree in all the forest called

"Yes," answered the big oak. "but fire an if the lead of the world's not

"Why, what is the matter, Christ-

There was no answer. The forlors in an instant he was walking over foot of the Fir Tree, but still there was figure set down on a fallen log at the

"I have been over the wide world. I

"No. but many, many bearts, and

"I have been in the home of men and At that trustant he saw a great log stood se close to them that I could tay

"These are the things they haid while As the light wrapped the child in a they looked into my eyes, and all the

"I went and stood beside the women but, it was said with all belief, from was nothing for it but to leok for the his eyes to where the fire burned and in many, many homes, and they looked genuine love. Some of the names that wolf in the Noah's ark there and put watched the flames leap in spaisecent through me as though I was not. One the people interested in thestrickis him last in the procession on the table tints over the log forming the shape besutiful lady I think of sow in particular. Ohe i wanted a place in her with these Christman trees, and some Oh, the wonderful Koah's ark; it At this point in the astractive Brer beart, and I knocked load and long, but my eyes and said: 'I wonder what Mrs. commercialized stage and genuine have their legs well shaken down be . "De fames or de cross spread on Brown paid for that beg she gave ste

"No one loves me, and I cannot live

a-getten louder en louder, en de bisses gittin bigger en bigger."

As the old man watched all this dis-"Come closer," whispered the Fir "A weman came to the beart of the men fast, "and with her ti

"We must find the most perfect tree

"'Yes,' said the second woman, for the child has no one to bring Christ mas Spirit to her, no relatives, no friends, no one to care." "They talked on and on until the

story of the little crippled child for

whom they were preparing a joyous Christmas came out. She was nothing to them, but she was alone and not like "A party of men were walking throngh the wood last Sunday," went

on the Fir Tree, for Christman Spirit had stopped sobbing now and was ilstening intently. "One of these men was telling the

others shout his aged father. Who worked his fingers almost to the bone in years gone by to give his boy an education. Now he is very feeble, almost down the western slope, and his son-who will siways be just a little boy to the old man-is going back to Dumb animals are given power to the little country village to spend a portion of the holidays with him and lift the well of loneliness from his soul. He has planned some wonderful surprises for the lonely old man away back there is the country." ended the

"Oh, has he!" exclaimed Christmas, Unto the Christ Child, whom they no longer a forlorn little figure, but a happy, happy spirit

"I am going away next week to be decked for the little crippled child." laughed the Fir Tree when Christmas Spirit stopped mid his mad dance of world, and I shall knock so earnestly at the heart of every human being that Their message on the opsiescent blue little figure of Christmas Joy as he doors to Christmas Spirit," called the danced away toward the edge of the wood and the cities and towns beyond. -Julia Chandler Manz in Buffalo Ex-

> Profit and Loss at Christmas. Old Lady-What's the matter with the little boy?

Elder Brother-Oh, he's cryin' cos I'm eatin' my Christmas cake an' won't Sive him any

Old Lady-is his own cake finished. Elder Brother - Yes, an' be cried while I was estin' that too.

epperate of the second