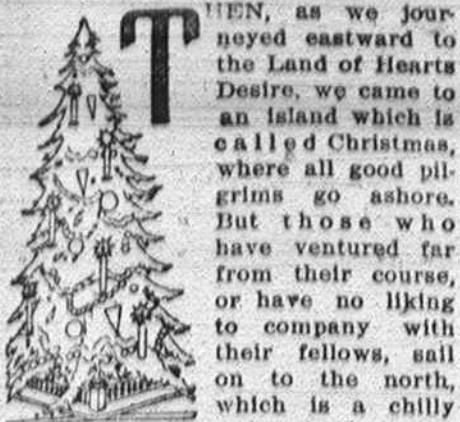


ON CHRISTMAS ISLAND

Land of Fond Memories and Home of Saint Good Will.



WHEN, as we journeyed eastward to the Land of Hearts Desire, we came to an island which is called Christmas, where all good pilgrims go ashore. But those who have ventured far from their course, or have no liking to company with their fellows, sail on to the north, which is a chilly sea, or to the south, where the blast is not tempered. For Christmas Island lies straight in the way of the honest mariner, and the stream which runs as a river through the sea hath warmth and fragrance, whereof the shores of the island give pleasant evidence. Now, the gales that sweep the island sweep westward upon the approaching pilgrims, and eastward upon the departing sails, so that the stay within the gracious port is but a part of the joy of that sea.

And as the shores came out of the horizon, a little child called, "Christmas Isle! Christmas Isle!"—so clear is the air of these parts to infant eyes. And the older folk aboard were joyful, too, for off the west coast of the island, which those who have charted these seas call the Shore of Memory, a fragrant breeze began that minute to blow; though of these names I cannot be sure, for the child had a book of his own wherein this shore was named Anticipation. And now the journey meant a few more dawns and sunsets ere a landing could be made, but with each league onward the mellow fragrance was more marked. So there was great dispute among the elder folk to say just what made up the pleasant assault upon our senses, some saying it was composed mostly of this, and others of that.

"It is lavender," said an old lady. "Lavender and spruce and burning candles. I remember the night the new dress was taken from the chest, and we danced beneath the candles, and there was mistletoe, my dear, that was how I met your grandfather. Yes, the breeze from off the shore of the Isle is lavender and spruce and burning candles."

"Ho! to me!" cried a bluff and hearty man. "It is the good smell of well-warmed horses on the snow, with the moon making a double team of them. And it is the good dry smell of popping corn and cooking apples. Oh, yes, and I will be saying there's the brown turkey in it, too. And the smell of a lantern in the barn when we go out to get the horses after the dance."

"Ah," said another—and as I looked I saw he was habited as a priest. "It is the incense, the Christmas incense, which goes in ghostly columns to the darkened roof of the great church as the Three Wise Men go in procession up the aisle attended by acolytes and hooded nuns to do homage to the Babe at the altar. Easter I know by the lilies which smother the incense, but Christmas is incense and music. It is that which makes the breeze so delightful to you, my good people."

"No," said another, "No, no. Ah—now I know what it is. It is back in the hill kirk that we are, where the foot-warmers keep us alive through the Christmas, and it's the faint scorching of honest leather and the faint singeing of homespun that the breeze is bringing you."

"It's candy! It's varnish on sleds! It's perfume on dolls! It's oranges, and evergreens, and the smell of the wood fire in the fireplace, and the smell of the cold on mother's furs!" cried the child.

And I know not to what lengths the talk might have gone, but the sailors were calling "Shore!" and there was great motion among the pilgrims.

Now, the island is ruled by a saint whose names are many, but in all tongues and races they have one meaning, which is GOOD WILL. And his name is the law of the Isle. For he holdeth that if a man hath Good Will he fulfilleth all law; and if he have not Good Will no law can put it within him; but if he have it he cannot but give proof of it. So that there is great giving of gifts in the island called Christmas, for Good Will is itself a gift which forever branches and blossoms and sets to fruit of its kind. And it is the custom of the saint to meet the pilgrim ships and give those who call upon him the choicest gifts, and when a man hath received any one of them he is forever a citizen of the island called Christmas, with all the rights thereof.

Now, the gifts are hung upon a tree which is called the Tree of Life and they shine with a wonderful light and give off a sweetness which in good time will sweeten the world. Indeed, as all pilgrims know, the reason that shores far distant from the Christmas Isle are habitable at all is that pilgrims have come back bearing their gifts of sweetness and light.

And the first gift is the Gift of the Good Thought, whereby one may break the hold of a narrow veracity which chains him, truthfully enough but all too unwisely, to the faults of his fellows. There are neither riches nor power comparable to the Good Thought, which comes of the Good Sight, whereby men have discovered

hidden worth as they found the blackened, bleak and forbidding hillside to be threshold of worlds of gleaming gold. He that receives this gift comes to himself to find himself in a friendly world. It is a gift greatly to be desired, as a fire in winter, a friend in misfortune; and by its magic are miracles wrought on those who dwell far from the kingdom of the Saint Good Will.

And the second gift is like unto it—a mild spirit of amnesty toward all pilgrims whose faulty compass takes them astray, and those who receive it are straightway inducted into the Order of the Forgivers. It strikes from the pilgrim as in the twinkling of an eye, the cold bonds of hatred, vengeance, and all the brood of malice, which make their home with a man but to destroy him.

And the third gift is the Just Judgment, by which the world is vastly lightened by reason of the number of condemnations being lessened. For as is the number of those we condemn in this world, so is the number of disappointments we carry about with us, and the number of the sunny windows we have darkened for ourselves. There are lights of life which a just judgment forbears to extinguish, and he who bears this gift walks in a mellow circle of serene tolerance.

And the fourth gift is that of the Cheerful Spirit, having which one has light at eventide, yea and at midnight. For there is no darkness like unto the darkness of the spirit bereft of cheerful lamps and fires, and there is no darkness of the spirit that the St. Good Will cannot dispel.

And when the pilgrim has received these gifts he finds among them another, which is the gift of Vision, whereby he sees the unseen. Indeed, all the gifts of St. Good Will pertain to sight and vision, for as the physical eye is the chief of the body's blessings, so is the gift of vision the savor of life, which possessing, no man perishes. For as blind men walk the way and see neither rivers nor trees nor men, so he who has not received these best of gifts walks in great blindness toward a world which encompasses him with beneficence, guidance, protection and inspiration.

And when the pilgrims sailed on, lo! they were new mortals. And no matter how great the distance they journeyed, the pleasant gales of Christmas Isle were always in their nostrils. And they went to many lands, but wherever they set foot, or built a booth or raised a tent, the people knew they had been to the Blessed Isle. And Christmas trees sprang as seedlings from the Tree of Life, and many kindnesses to friends and the poor were borne abroad on the wings of sweetness and light which forever came forth from the gifts of St. Good Will.—Detroit News.

Christmas Song

Now is the time when holly sprays
Eight all the barren, brooding ways,
And every bell, it sounds noel,
A psalm in the Master's praise.

Now is the time when ivies gleam
Like beryl in the morning beam,
And every bell, it sounds noel,
And makes the Master's praise its theme.

Now is the time when mistletoe
Is glossy in the noonday glow,
And every bell, it sounds noel,
To praise upon His name bestow.

Now is the time of ingle mirth,
The blessed day of Christ—His birth,
And every bell, it sounds noel,
To ring His praise throughout the earth.

—Clinton Scott in *Ainslee's*.

NOT A DAY OF JOY FOR ALL

Those Who Are Happy on Christmas Should Remember the Suffering and Distressed.

"It's Christmas time, friend! What will you do about it?" asks L. D. Stearns in *Suburban Life*. "Mothers! Aunties! You who love to see your babies bend, crooning softly, over their family of dolls, with that grave little smile of dawning motherhood flitting tenderly over their faces, just within a stone's throw of babies who have no dolls, and the mother heart beats in their bosoms just as it does in that of your own sheltered darlings; but their faces are grave, and sharp and old; and little drawn, white lines show about their mouths; and their eyes are not like the eyes of your children. The other day, a baby opened its eyes for the first time on this old earth; it was one of our coldest days; but in the home was no stove, no bit of warmth, no food—almost no clothes! On another street, in the midst of plenty, a woman, with two small babies toddling about, the father out hunting for work, cries—with red lids: 'We've not a dollar in the house, and nothing to eat!' Oh, mothers—oh, adoring aunties—life isn't made up of just prayers and sitting reverently in church, keeping one day in the week holy! There's a trust to keep with life that is spelled in many, many ways, if you'd make it complete."

Women and the Ballot.

Weimer-Neustadt and Waldhofen, Austria, have just given the women taxpayers the ballot, making voting compulsory for women as well as men. The legislature of Manitoba recently permitted women to practice law. The legislature of Georgia only a few days later defeated a similar amendment.

WHAT PATTY DID

By CLAUDINE SISSON

(Copyright.)



AND it had come to pass that on this day before Christmas a man not old in years sat in his room at a hotel in a strange town and felt himself of all the world the most lonely. High and low, rich and poor, mingled in the procession of happy shoppers without. He alone had no thought for

Santa Claus. It went back five years. He, the son of a railroad magnate, had dared to fall in love with the blue-eyed daughter of a locomotive driver on his father's road—a man whose face and hands carried grime—who dwelt in a cottage—who had no society outside of daily toilers. And he had dared stand before the father who thought himself specially created and say: "Father, I going to be married."

"Well?" "To Gladys Davis." "Never heard of her." "The daughter of one of our engineers."

There was a moment of painful suspense and then the storm broke. "You shall not! You are either a fool or a lunatic to think of it. An engineer's daughter! Think of your mother—of me—of your sister—the disgrace! You must have lost your senses!"

"But I am to marry her," was the steady reply. "I say no! If the jade has trapped you into an engagement buy her off. The father must use his influence or take his discharge."

"But we love and are promised to each other." In the next half hour the father stormed and cajoled. If the son insisted on such a marriage he would be cast out by the family; he would be ridiculed even by the common people. And the magnate ended up with: "Fred, I will have the engineer called up here and give him a check for a thousand dollars and tell him that this nonsense must end."

"We shall be married three days from now," was his answer. In reply to that the father pointed to the door, and the son bowed and passed out to be son no longer. He had money that had been left him by an aunt, and the father could not threaten him with poverty.

Love may always be right, but it can be so influenced as to be seemingly a mistake. The marriage took place and Fred Dillingham was ostracized. He was not kindly welcomed in the other stratum. If there is a gulf between the rich man and the workman the latter resents intrusion as much as the former. There was love, but after a few months it was influenced from both sides. Both husband and wife were made to fear that a grave mistake had been made. They fought away the idea and sought to hold their love, but that brought irritations and vexations and culminated in misunderstandings and quarrels. After two years there was a separation. Neither really desired it. It was what the gossips had predicted, and what they strove to bring about.

There was more sorrow than anger when the young husband turned his back on wife and infant a year old and went out into the world as a wanderer. The wife went back to her father's cottage, but not to struggle with poverty. The husband been generous to her.

Five long years, and Fred Dillingham had not been heard of. As an outlaw without a family, whom should he write to and why? At three years of age the child, who had been named Patty, wondered in her childish way why she hadn't a papa. At five she demanded to know. At six she stood before the embarrassed mother in indignation and threatened to go out and find one.

And at last the wanderer had recrossed the sea and headed for his home. He was tired and weary and lonely. Home? But he had none! He had left it when he left wife and baby. This struck him like a sudden blow, though he had all along realized it in a general way. No home—no wife—no child! That was why he had left the train and taken lodgings. He had no place to go. With money in his pockets, he was a tramp. And to know that Christmas was at hand, and to hear the jingle of sleigh

bells on the still street. The man could not keep back a sob.

A quarter of an hour later the outlaw was down on the street. He would mingle with the throng. He would enter the stores under the evergreen branches and look about him—aye, make a purchase and be Santa Claus to some big-eyed child on the street.

He was an outlaw, but the world should not crowd him quite to the edge. He was almost smiling as he crowded his way into a big store, and he was looking about him when a small, warm hand was cuddled into his and a child's voice said:

"Please take care of me 'till mamma finds me—I'm lost!" It was a little girl, and on her face was both a smile and a look of entreaty.

"Why, of course," replied the outlaw, pressing her hand and drawing her back a little. "So you came here with your mother after Christmas things and got separated?"

"That's it, only I think she ran away from me so that I shouldn't know what Santa Claus was going to bring me tomorrow night."

"I hope it will be something nice." "Oh, it will be. Are you buying something for your little girl?" "No-o."

"Maybe she's dead?" "I—I don't know." The girl looked up and noticed the grave expression on the outlaw's face, and cuddled closer to him and said:

"I'm sorry if I have hurt you: Mamma says I talk too much. I've just thought that maybe you are not married at all?"

"I guess that's pretty near it," replied the outlaw as he tried to laugh, but made poor work of it. "Well, if you haven't got any little girl I haven't got any papa. What you going to buy?"

"Why, whatever you say?" "But not for me?" "Yes, for you. We'll select something, and then when your mother comes I'll ask her if she'll let you have it."

"I hope she will. You look to be such a nice man that she shouldn't refuse. I picked you out as the very nicest man that came along."

"Thank you," said the outlaw as he felt his heart grow big. "Now, then, about this doll. Real hair, eyes that wink, pink shoes and almost as big as you are. She'll be a sister to you."

"And how much is it?" "Only ten dollars." "My, but can you pay that much! If you can you must be rich."

"But you see I have no little girl of my own." "That's so. Isn't Christmas nice? Do you know—there's mamma over there! Let me run and tell her."

The outlaw turned his back on the crowd and gritted his teeth and winked his eyes. He had been hit hard. Three or four minutes passed and then a hand pulled at his and a voice said: "Please, Mister nice man, tell me your name, that I may introduce you to mamma. I think she will let me have the doll."

The outlaw turned and gasped and his face went white. "Gladys!" "Fred." "You here!" "And you!"

"And this is our daughter?" "Our Patty. Father was discharged from the road and moved over here to take another run."

It was the next day, and Patty was sitting on her father's knee and the happy mother was wiping tears from her eyes, when the child said: "Say, mamma, I just picked him out as the very nicest man in all that big crowd, and I didn't make any mistake, did I? Don't anybody sit down on my doll and give her a pain!"

Made It Work. A week before the Christmas holidays an undergraduate wished to start home, thus gaining a week's vacation on the other students. He had, however, used up all the absences from the lectures which are allowed, and any more without good excuse would have meant suspension. In a quandary he hit upon this solution; he telegraphed his father the following message:—"Shall I come home at my leisure or straight home?" The answer he received was: "Come straight home." An exhibition of the telegram to the professors was sufficient.

An Assurance. "Don't you think a holiday is more cheerful when there is a large family gathered about festive board?" "I do," answered the sardonic person. "A large family is a glad assurance that there is not going to be enough turkey left to supply the menu for the next few days."



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You want Sant Claus to stop here at this store on his way to your chimney and Christmas tree; there are more things here that men and big boys want for Christmas than in any other store in town.

Some day soon you'd better come in and pick out the things you'd like to have him deliver; we'll mark them for him and guarantee to get them there at the right moment.

Here are a few things that Santa Claus will be glad to carry for you; Hart Schaffner & Marx suits and overcoats; best Christmas gift possible, \$18, \$20, \$25, \$30, \$35; finest made. Others at \$10 and \$15.

Other appropriate goods we carry in stock for holiday gifts are Suit Cases, Hats, Bath Robes, Sox, Ties, Shirts, Pajamas, Belts, Mufflers, Gloves, Silk and Linen Initial Handkerchiefs.

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