The Christmas Candle

The legend runs: On Christmas eve
A little candle's ray,
Shining through the dusk, will light
The Christ Child on His way.

I've polished well my window pane
And set my candle there;
I'll light it when the twilight comes
And say a little prayer:

Dear Christ Child, may my candle's light
Lead You into my heart tonight.

ANNA R. BAKER—In Chicago News

Yuletide Happiness

CHRISTMAS time! That man must be a misanthrope, indeed, in whose breast something like a jovial feeling is not roused—in whose mind some pleasant associations are not awakened—by the annual recurrence of Christmas.—Dickens.

THEY all came tumbling forth. "We're in plenty of time," they said.

"Well," said one, "you know we hear so much these days about doing your Christmas shopping early that we wanted to be just as punctual."

"It's nice to see every one again," one of the others said.

"Oh, yes, and this cold, crisp air does agree with us so well. We feel so glowing and so full of health and gayety."

At that the word "Glowing" and the word "Health" and the word "Gayety" all looked so pleased.

They had come tumbling out of the dictionary where they spent a good deal of their time, but now they would be out all the time, they knew.

It was their very own season. Each word had all its family along, too.

They were quite large families. In fact it seemed as though they were quite large enough to fill the world's orders for them.

All the words were feeling so pleased. There was the word "Holly" and there was the word "Mistletoe." There were the words "Christmas Greens." There was the word "Merry." There was the word "Happy."

There was the family of "Compliments of the Season."

There were all the "Good Wishes." They were an enormous family.

There were the words "Yuletide" and "Christmas Day" and "Christmas Eve," and there was the family of the "Spirit of Christmas."

And the word "Evergreen" came out, too, and the word "Snow" and the words "White Christmas."

Then came the words "Christmas Tree" and the word "Ribbon" had linked arms with the word "Red." The word "Tinsel" looked as bright and sparkling as could be, and the word "Stocking" just looked as though it would burst with pride.

The word "Children" was right in its element, and the word "Peace" looked so happy, so relieved. The words "Good Will" were on hand, too.

And all these words, such beautiful, happy words, had come tumbling out of the dictionary to stay until the Christmas season was over, for they knew they would be in such great use.

They had come in plenty of time—there was no fear about that. And then the word "Peace" spoke.

"It would be so perfect," said "Peace," "if human beings, all over the world, would make a real friend of me. There is no one who will be a better friend. I will make it so that instead of troubles, agonies, miseries, waste and destruction coming along people will be able to do great deeds and think great thoughts. They will be able to make life richer and more beautiful for all about them. They will accomplish great peace time improvements and deeds. They will work to do away with poverty and trouble. That would be the most wonderful Christmas every one in the world could give to every one else in the world.

"Oh, I should like to see suspicions and doubts put away, to see trust and belief in people by other people. You know how one always appears one's best with a person who thinks a lot of you—so with trust and faith the world will think more, each of the other.

"Then, beautiful Christmas Words, we could be around so much more of the time than just at Christmas.

"There is no season like Christmas. But to make the spirit of Christmas last throughout the whole year would be the greatest gift that human beings could make to Christmas. For years Christmas has given people cheer, happiness. Now, wouldn't it be a good idea for people to give Christmas a great and mighty present?

"I should so love to be a present to the world—a real, lasting present."

And all the words looked more delighted than ever. "That is a beautiful idea, Peace," they said, "and we all hope that that idea of yours will really, really grow until all, all take you as a gift not only to themselves but to every one else in the whole world."

So the Words were ready for the great Christmas season. But of all of them Peace was the one hoping the greatest, greatest hope of all!

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

Depressing People

The drier a man's mind the more likely he is to prove a wet blanket.—Farm and Fireside.

East Indian Wo[illegible]

"khaki" is [illegible] earth or a[illegible]

Mirror-Like Tree

The "looking-glass" tree, which grows in Java, takes its name from the silvery covering on the under side of its leaves.

Friendship's Duty

is no flattery to give a friend a [illegible]

One of the Least
A Christmas Story
by Robert Stead

MR. SAMPSON had not noticed that silence had fallen in the outer office. The clatter of typewriters was stilled; the hum of activity had ceased.

Deferentially his door was opened, and Jones, the head clerk, entered.

"I just thought I'd drop in and say 'Merry Christmas,' Mr. Sampson. Tomorrow's Christmas, you know."

"So it is, Jones, but I don't see anything to be merry about. People buying things they can't afford, and eating more than they can digest. Isn't it so?"

Jones hesitated. Mr. Sampson was a man of strong opinions.

"Well, speak up! If I'm wrong—show me!"

"I think you are wrong, sir, if I may say so. If you'd a little flock of kiddies you'd see it differently."

"But I haven't, and that doesn't convince me."

"You see," the head clerk went on, emboldened, "to be happy, any day, you have to think about other people, and that just comes natural at Christmas."

Mr. Sampson was silent for some moments, while he gazed through the window at the dusk settling over the city. When he spoke the crispness of his voice was mellowed.

"To be happy I have to avoid thinking of other people," he said.

Jones felt himself dismissed, and silently withdrew. He knew something of his chief's unhappy love affair, which had left him worse than a widower, and had turned all his great ability toward making money, a pursuit in which he had been particularly successful. But from happiness he seemed to be permanently divorced.

At the door of the office building an hour later Mr. Sampson was confronted by an urchin with the challenge, "Buy a paper, sir?" Ordinarily he would have ignored the child, but Jones' injunction, 'You have to think of other people,' was insistent in his ears. He bought a paper, and, on an impulse, questioned the lad.

"Had your supper?"

"No, sir. I don't get supper 'til I get my papers sold."

"How would you like to come and have supper with me?"

The boy looked his surprise. "You mean it?"

"Yes, I mean it. Come along."

But the boy demurred. "Can't go 'til I sell my papers. This is the best hour, and I got to keep busy." He made a deft sale to a passer-by without interrupting the conversation.

"How many papers have you left."

"Twenty."

Mr. Sampson counted out forty cents. "I'll buy them all. Now we can go to supper."

He led the puzzled boy across the street. His first thought was his club, but he changed his mind and turned into a cheap but wholesome restaurant. Here he ordered a meal and they ate together. Once convinced that there was no trick about it the boy attacked his food with gusto, while his host looked on with more enjoyment than he had experienced for many a day. By judicious questioning he learned that the boy's name, like his own, was George; he lived upstairs at 18 Garrett street; he had a father and mother, an older sister, and a younger brother.

He ventured a more delicate question: "Does Santa Claus come to your house, George?"

"He used to, but dad's been out of work for a long while," he boy replied, wistfully. "And the baby's sick, so mother can't go out to work, and it takes all Jean and me—and I—can earn just to keep things going."

"I'm sure it does," said Mr. Sampson. "Well, I must get along now. You can go home early tonight."

He parted with the boy, but immediately went to a telephone. "Hello, is that Doctor Morgan? Frank, I want you to run out at once to 18 Garrett street, upstairs. There's a sick child there. Take him to a hospital, see that he has everything he needs, and send the bill to me."

"I'll run right out," said the doctor. "Merry Christmas, George."

"Merry Christmas, Frank!" Mr. Sampson replied. And, as he hung up the receiver, he wondered at the new ring in his voice.

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

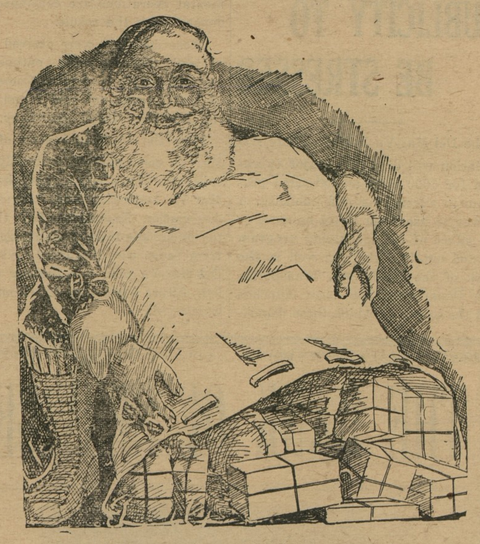
Whiskered, Indeed

It was written in Greek poetry 2,000 years ago that when the swallows fly low it will rain. Farmers throughout New England say the same today.—Farm and Fireside.

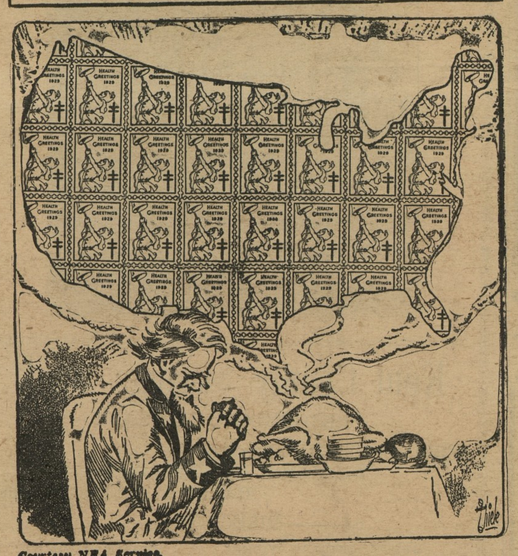
Trout Angling

Trout [illegible] with their heads upstrea[illegible] ming current washe[illegible] them. Con[illegible]

Hello! Children!
Merry Christmas to All!



A NATION'S THANKS FOR CHRISTMAS SEALS



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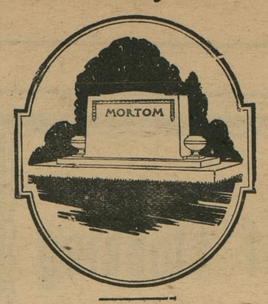

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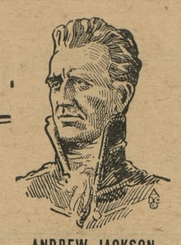

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N[illegible]CE TO CREDITORS

Notice [illegible] hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent County letters of Administration on the personal estate of

FLORENCE N. DORSEY,

late of said county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 7th day of June, 1930, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said deceased's personal estate.

All persons indebted to this estate must settle at once.

Given under my hand this 3rd day of December, 1929.

JEREMIAH DORSEY,
d7-4t Administrator.

S. Scott Beck, Attorney.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Matter of the Trust Estate of William B. Groves and Catherine R. Groves, his wife.
In the Circuit Court for Kent Co., In Equity, No. 2592.

Ordered, this 23rd day of November, 1929, by the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Equity, and by the authority of said Court, that the Creditors of William B. Groves and Catherine R. Groves, his wife, and all others claiming any interest in the estate and property or the proceeds of the sale thereof, granted and assigned by the Deed of Trust of the said William B. Graves and Catherine R. Groves, his wife, to S. Scott Beck, Trustee, for the purposes in said Deed stated and declared, be, and they are hereby directed and required to file their said claims with the proper vouchers attached thereto, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Kent County, Maryland, on or before the 24th day of January 1930, provided, a copy of this Order be published in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County, Maryland, once in each of four successive weeks before the 24th day of December 1929.

LEWIN W. WICKES.

True Copy—Test:
ROBERT A. SHALLCROSS, Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent county letters of Administration on the personal estate of

CATHERINE L. HATCHERSON,

late of said county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 14th day of June, 1930, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said deceased's personal estate.

All persons indebted to this estate must settle at once.

Given under my hand this 10th day of December, 1929.

GEORGE V. HATCHERSON,
d14-4t Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigntd has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent county letters of Administration on the personal estate of

JOHN JOHNSTON, SR.,

late of said county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 14th day of June, 1930, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said deceased's personal estate.

All persons indebted to this estate must settle at once.

Given under my hand this 10th day of December, 1929.

ROBERT W. JOHNSTON,
d14-4t Administrator.

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