



Christmas Gives
By Agnes Myers

"LUELLA," said her mother with a warning look, "take your hand out of those raisins and finish paring the apples for my pies."
"But, I've done most a bushel already," giggled the guilty youngster.
"S'pose you have! How many pies do you figure you children eat? Besides, Christmas time we have to have extras for folks coming in."
"Mercy me," she continued, "it's time for Joel to be home from the church bazaar! Look at that snow!"
Mrs. Dodge opened the cold closet and peered with secret delight at the fast filling shelves.
"Sally, you better help Luella with the apples, we're almost finished with the baking; and now if



His First Christmas
by Earle Hooker Eaton

*RING up the Pole and telephone
Without a moment's pause,
Or by the wireless make it known
To dear old Santa Claus,
That Papa's Boy and Mama's Joy,
And Sister's Precious Mite,
While glad bells clong will gaily hang
His stocking up tonight!*

"Ting-ling! Ting-ling! Hello, hello!
Is that you Santa, dear?
Be sure your reindeer hear your
Whoa!"

*When you are passing here,
What's that? You'll come and bring a
drum,
A jumping-jack and ball,
And other toys for little boys?
Dear Saint, you're best of all!"*

*'Tis Christmas morn, and to his shop
Old Santa homeward flies;
'Tis five o'clock, but open pop
The baby's roguish eyes.
We're dead for sleep, but out we creep,
And dress at once to get
What Santa kind, has left behind
For Toddlekins, our pet.*

*From Pole to Pole there's surely not
A babe more pleased than he,
And how he crows, the happy tot,
And gurgles in his glee.
The jumping-jack, the ducks that quack,
The drum, the horns, the ball,
The chicks that peep, the horse, the
sheep,
He tries to eat them all!*

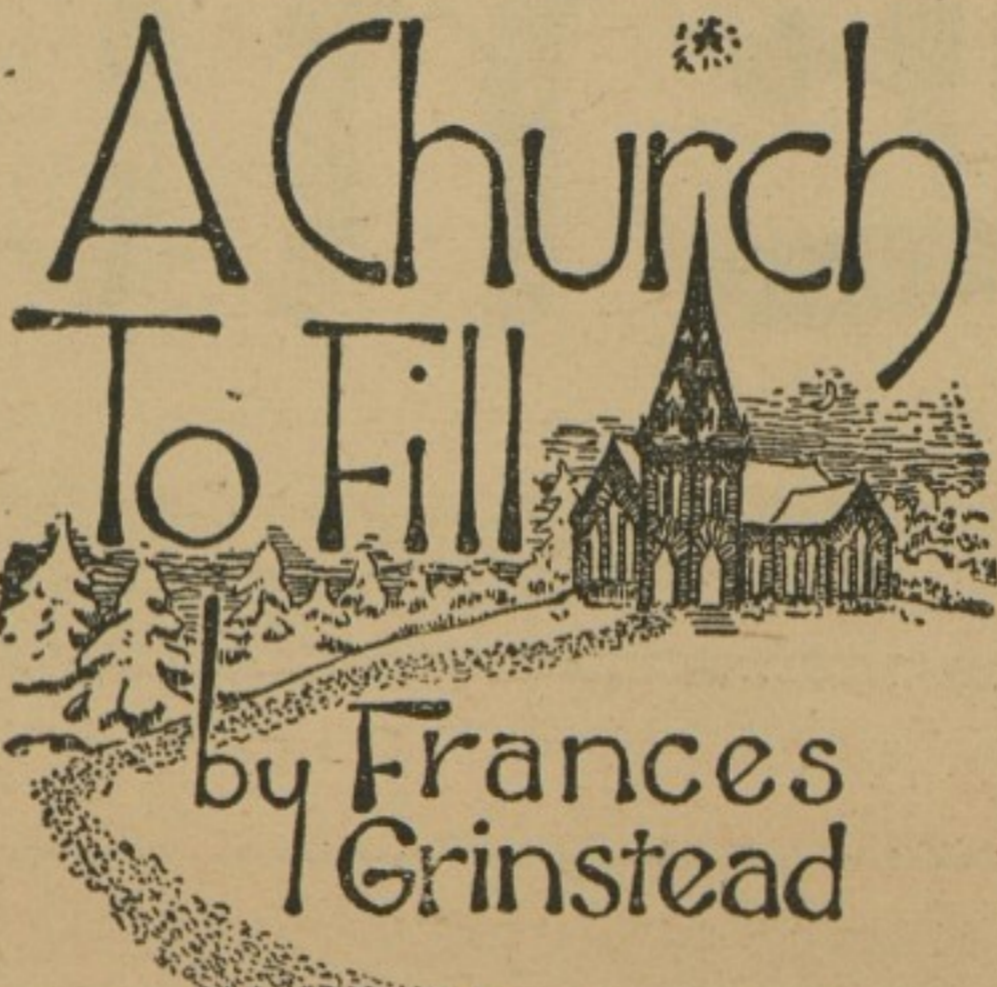
*On this his first glad Christmas lark,
The toys with blocks he pelts,
He makes old Noah wish the Ark
Had landed somewhere else!
A soldier blue he breaks in two,
A puncture gives the drum,
He fills the air with legs and hair,
And then—he sucks his thumb!*

*The Sand-Man's surely come to town,
And soft is muvver's lap;
Clear up the wreck and snuggle down,
'Tis time to take a nap.
Then rock-a-bye, close each blue eye,
Rest, my darling, rest!
(He's fast asleep, with baby sheep
Hugged tight against his breast!)*

"Mother! Mother!" Shouted Joel,
Bounding into the House,
your father would bring the turkey,
I could stuff it tonight."
She glanced toward the kitchen
window—
"My stars! Here comes old Emil
Cooper! I'll just give him a jug
of that new cider and a mince pie,
when he's going home."
Mrs. Dodge had a bountiful
nature. She anticipated Emil Cooper
and the many other hangers-on, who
always showed up around Christ-
mas; while the supply of pies and
puddings grew less and less as the
visitors departed.
"Father's coming!" cried the chil-
dren and they ran to the door ex-
citedly to meet him, followed by
Mrs. Dodge. But a look of per-
plexity spread over her face.
"Where's the turkey?" she gasped.
"Fact is—" hesitated Mr. Dodge,
"I—I gave it to Ned Blake on the
way home—for his poor family.
Mother—I couldn't, couldn't help
it."
"Well," sighed Mrs. Dodge, with a
crestfallen face. "I guess they
need it all right—and we still have
the ham."
A light quick step sounded on the
snowy porch.
"Mother! Mother!" shouted Joel,
bounding into the house with a
bundle larger than himself. "See!
See what I have! I won the big
25-pound turkey at the bazaar!"
"Why, son!" exclaimed Mr.
Dodge, "that turkey is twice the
size of the one we gave away."
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SHOP AT HOME

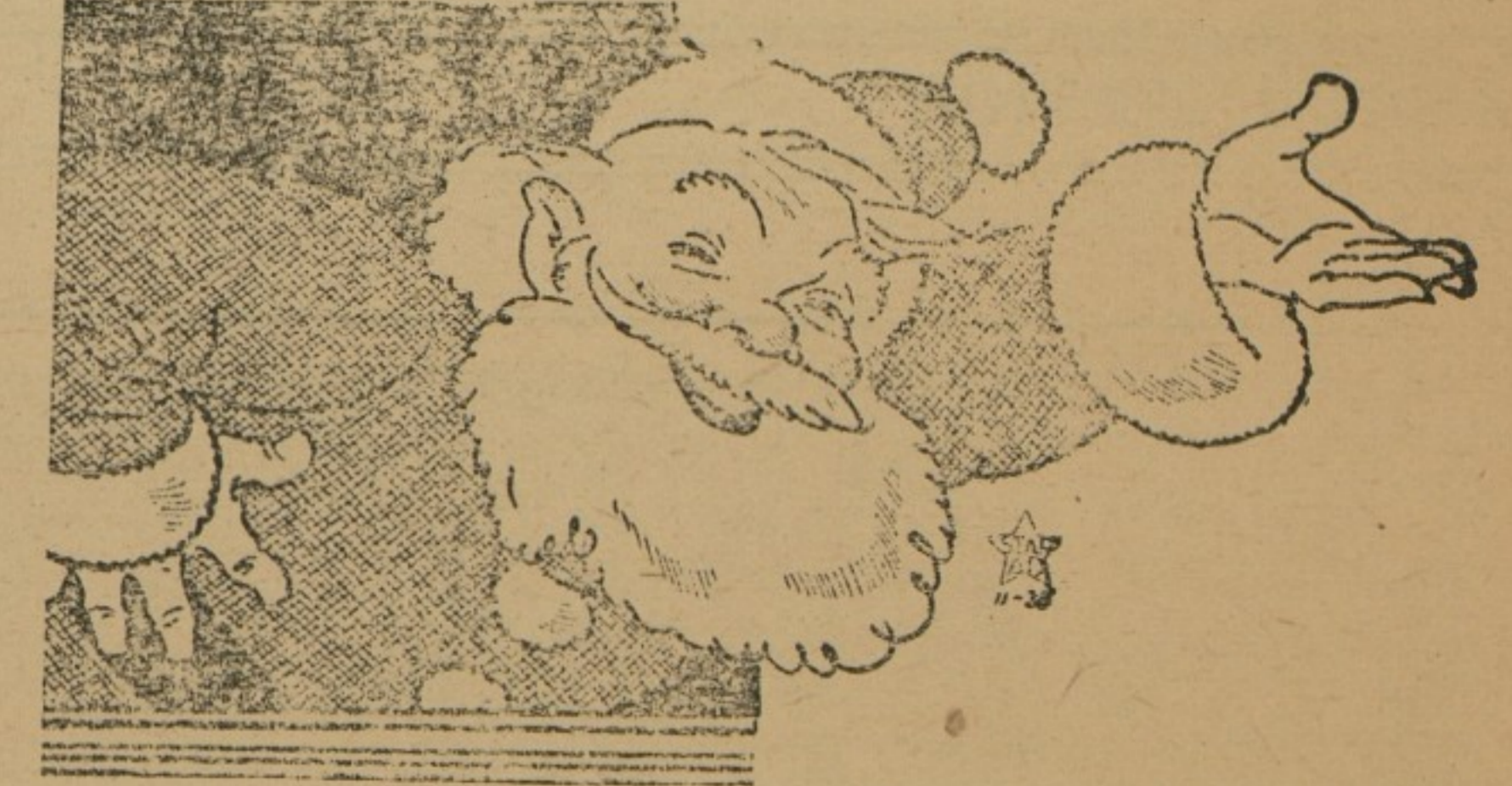
Shop early and shop at home. That is always good advice. The merchants whose advertisements appear in this Christmas Shopping Guide are your fellow-townsmen and loyal Chestertown and Kent county citizens. Their taxes, as well as yours, support local government and enterprises. They are deserving of your patronage. Give it to them.
In local stores you can find all the selection that many large city stores afford and usually the prices here are lower than those elsewhere.
Do your Christmas shopping at home and you will reap double dividends.



A Church To Fill
by Frances Grinstead

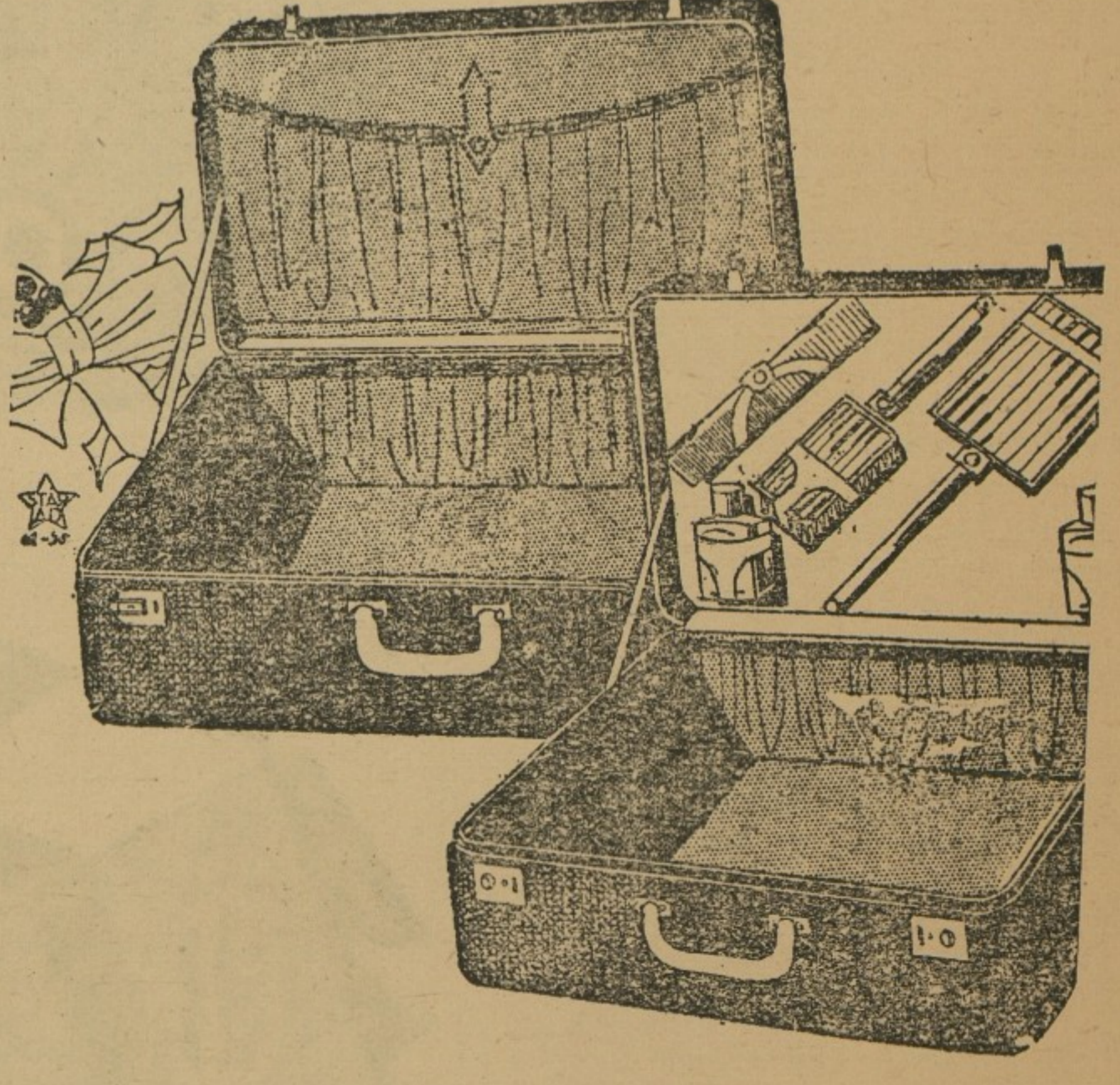
OUR family had attended Christmas services at the church on the brow of the hill.
It is just a "little brown church," but of recent years it has been modernized with a furnace, a basement for church dinners, and work table and sand piles in the Sunday school rooms. The grown-ups like it better since there are more and bigger oil lamps.
"What else are you doing at your church this week?" asked Uncle Joe as he spread his napkin and looked toward the turkey. Uncle Joe is a New England minister, with his eyes usually set on heaven; but he does like turkey.
"Why, nothing else," mother answered. "What would we have at the church besides Sunday services and the Christmas sermon, since we've left off Wednesday night prayer meetings?"
"Tell you what I'd do if it were my church," replied uncle, watching father carve. "I'd keep the place warm all this week."
Brother jumped. "You wouldn't expect me to go to church every day, sir?"
"I'd fix it so you couldn't stay away. Would you turn down a chance at an old-fashioned taffy pull?"
"Then, since your mother doesn't have to get you off to school this week, why shouldn't she go herself?"
"Are you leaving me out, Joe?" asked father, laying down the carving tools.
"Not by any means! This would be a mighty good time to get your county agent to tell you what to raise next year instead of corn and hogs. Or to get your hand in at chess. By the way, I'll have all those big low tables covered with games. I'll bet there are sets of anagrams and cribbage just going to waste in your attic."
"There are!" cried Dave, "and wouldn't it be fun, mom, to get out

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