

The Day of the Child

By WILBUR D. NESBIT

THE tree shines with the candle glow,
The trinkets glitter jewel-wise,
And we would that our souls might know
The joy told in the children's eyes.
Such sheer delight as this of theirs—
A wondrous happiness it is!
And every word the message bears:
This is the children's day—and His!

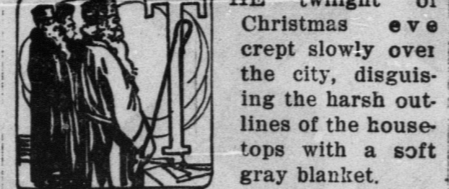
LET us come, as the Wise Men came
Those nineteen centuries ago,
Led by the Star's eternal flame
That bade them rise and hasten on.
They brought rare frankincense and myrrh,
They brought rich gems and graven gold,
They knelt, adoring, near to Her,
And all their marvelings they told.

AYE, as those Men of long ago,
Today we, too, may see the Star,
May see its mystic heavenly glow
Flash out o'er Childland fair and far,
And from our hands now fall the gifts
And we know why the Wise Men smiled
With gratefulness, and each heart lifts
Its chant of worship of the Child.



THE CHRISTMAS STAR

By JEAN DOUGLAS.



HE twilight of Christmas eve crept slowly over the city, disguising the harsh outlines of the housetops with a soft gray blanket.

The spirit of Yuletide filled the air, and since you could not help breathing it, the joyous song of "Peace and good-will" flooded the inner being as well.

In the dormer window of an attic chamber overlooking the city stood a little child. She was thin and pale, but even these ravages of beauty could not rob her features of their loveliness. Great blue eyes and golden curls enhanced the fairy-like delicacy of her face, and though ill clad she possessed the bearing of a princess. Now and again she left her post at the window and, opening the door, listened as if expecting to hear familiar footsteps ascending the stairs.

When it was almost dark and lights began to appear here and there over the housetops, like will-o'-the-wisps in a marshy bog, she drew a chair beneath the hook driven in the closet door from which an exceedingly shabby coat and weather-beaten hat were suspended. By this means she was able to reach the garments and was soon attired for the street. Running back to the window she scanned the city and the heavens. Just above the horizon gleamed a single star of wondrous brilliancy, and the child, enraptured by its beauty, forgot that she intended to go out and remained motionless watching the resplendent glory of heaven's jewel. The room was flooded with a soft shimmering light, and the child gave a sob of joy as she suddenly realized that the star moved. As far as she could see the same silvery radiance flooded the sky. The great soul within that tiny body sang with happiness and she softly whispered: "It is the star of Bethlehem. I must follow it, like the three wise men!"

She hastened from the room and down the flights of steps to the street. The star moved on and on, unflinching, and the tiny figure trembled in every limb as it followed the wondrous light.

Beyond the boundary of the city, over frozen roads and frost-whitened fields, the tireless little feet, ill protected by their worn shoes, hastened after the star.

At last she came to a tiny house nestled among a group of fir trees. From the windows came paths of yellow light, whose warmth and cheeriness drew her on to the door.

She did not pause to knock, but lifted the latch and entered. The room was scantily furnished, but a glowing log fire bathed the homely surroundings with a glorified beauty. Seated in front of the fireplace was a woman who bent lovingly over an infant. Grouped about her were three children, while the father of this happy family stood somewhat back of the mother hanging a branch of evergreen above the mantel.

As the little stranger entered and hesitated, the children rushed forward to greet her.

"Come in, child," said the mother. The tired little girl moved eagerly forward. "Have I found the king?" she asked.

"The king?" questioned the proud mother. "Yes, we think baby is a king." And she placed the soft, pink face of the infant close to that of the child, who reverently kissed its cheek.

"I have brought him a gift," she whispered, shyly, offering a little bead purse. The mother stooped and imprinted a warm kiss on the lips of the tiny gift bearer.

"He will love it, and would thank you if he could. See, he reaches for it now." The chubby fingers, attracted by the brightly colored beads, tried their best to grasp the purse.

"You have given him his first Christmas gift," said the father. "Draw near the fire—you are cold—while I get a bowl of bread and milk." The child removed her hat and coat, seated herself on the hearth stool and was soon enjoying the simple fare.

"How did you find us?" the woman asked.

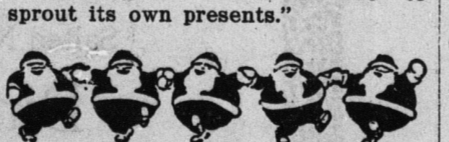
"I followed the star," she replied.



Chance for Burbank. "Here's something for Burbank to try his hand on," said a man to his neighbor.

"What's that?"

"Training a Christmas tree to sprout its own presents."



Giving of Presents. It was the custom among Romans to exchange gifts at their winter festival, and this custom may have descended to us from antiquity. But Christians like to feel that it was because the wise men brought gifts to the infant Jesus, and because of the gift of God to the world. Gifts to the poor seem from the earliest Bible times to have been an expression of a thankful heart.

The Right Christmas Attitude

BEWARE of uttering pessimistic and cynical remarks about Christmas and Christmas joys. If only from motives of vanity, abstain from grumbling during the festive season, for nothing so surely fixes a person's age as disagreeable remarks about the utter futility and absurdity of keeping Christmas. However well preserved, however free from gray hair, wrinkles and other distressing marks of devouring Time, be quite sure that your Christmas attitude will not give you away. "Heigho for the holly! This life is most jolly!" is the correct attitude. It is the attitude of the child, and at Christmas time the immortal child which lurks in every human being wakes to life if we do not frighten it and allow it to creep back to its hiding place for want of encouragement. Grumpy, disagreeable people naturally do not like Christmas, because it shows them up.

KINDHEARTED.



"Are you going to hang up your stocking on Christmas eve?" asked the boy's uncle, patronizingly.

"I suppose so," answered the boy, still more patronizingly. "Father and mother seem to expect that sort of thing, and it would be a pity to disappoint them."

Christmas Beauty. Think lovely thoughts in keeping with the spirit of the time

Hardware. Practical Christmas Gifts. The Christmas Spirit is best expressed in the selection of gifts that are both serviceable and beautiful.

Here are a few suggestions:

Coffee Percolators.....	\$2.00 to \$4.00
Coffee Pots.....	.60 to 1.50
Tea Ball Tea Pots.....	1.50 to 3.00
Tea Pots.....	.60 to 1.50
Chafing Dishes.....	3.50 to 6.00
Rogers Knives and Forks.....	3.50 to 5.00
Carving Sets.....	1.00 to 5.00
Bissell's Sweepers.....	2.20 to 5.00

Combining many Every-day Home Needs, you can find all at
Olewine's Hardware
59-10-11 Bellefonte, Pa.

Meat Market.

Get the Best Meats.

You save nothing by buying poor, thin or gristly meats. I use only the

LARGEST AND FATTEST CATTLE

and supply my customers with the freshest, choicest, best blood and muscle making Steaks and Roasts. My prices are no higher than poorer meats are elsewhere.

I always have

DRESSED POULTRY

Game in season, and any kinds of good meats you want.
TRY MY SHOP.
P. L. BEEZER,
High Street. 34-34-1y. Bellefonte, Pa.

FESTIVAL FOR THE YOUNG

Opportunity of Christmas of Bringing Happiness to Children Should Not Be Passed By.

Christmas, the celebration of the birthday of the Divine Child, is peculiarly the children's festival. And while it cannot, too, but be a time of special rejoicing among grown-ups, we realize after all, that it has no other charm to compare with the pleasure we take in some kiddy's delight over the doll or drum or picture book that our special Santa Claus has brought him.

This opportunity of making some child's Christmas one of surpassing joy, of which he will carry a gracious and ennobling memory into after life, years, it may be, after our direct influence for good or evil will have ceased forever—this opportunity of giving pleasure is one of the best that life has to offer us. And perhaps the greatest opportunity is his who in place of home times, has the wide, gray world of homeless, loveless, unhappy childhood from which to choose the most needy recipient of his Christmas giving. The chances of giving happiness in this way are so many, the means so simple, and the deed itself so worthy, that no one of us should let the season pass unimproved.



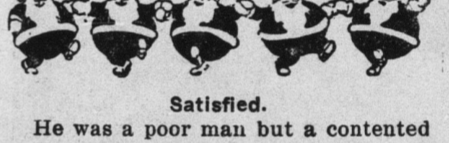
For it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when it's mighty Founder was a child himself.
—Charles Dickens

WISE AND JUST.

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He said all plants were mistletoe
To his discerning eyes.

When'er beneath a spray of green,
From holly down to fir,
He found a maiden young and fair,
He then and there kissed her.

And when the maids objected, he
Did penance there and then;
He counted up each kiss he took,
And gave it back again.



Satisfied.
He was a poor man but a contented one. Santa Claus came to him and said:
"What do you want, my friend?"
"Nothing," he replied, with becoming modesty, which he hoped would be rewarded.

And Santa Claus was so pleased that he gave it to him and passed on.

Papa's Suggestion.
Miss Fossilick (who is self-willed)—
I wish I knew what to give dear Charles for a Christmas gift.
Fossilick, pere (who hates "dear Charles")—Give him a wide berth.

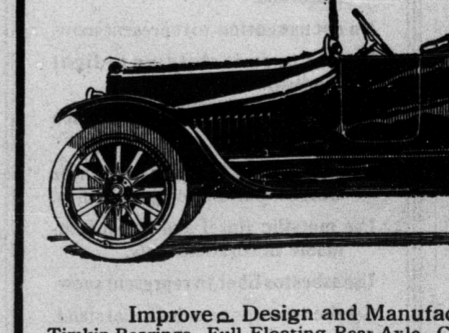
Insurance.

JOHN F. GRAY & SON,
(Successor to Grant Hoover)
Fire,
Life
Accident Insurance.

This Agency represents the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the World.
—NO ASSESSMENTS—
Do not fail to give us a call before insuring your Life or Property as we are in position to write large lines at any time.
Office in Crider's Stone Building,
43-18-y. BELLEFONTE, PA.

Automobiles.

...NEW FEATURES IN...
STUDEBAKER CARS
Three-Passenger Roadster and Five-Passenger "Six" Added to Line.
Prices are Lowered.



Improve a Design and Manufacturing Method Add to Values.
Timkin Bearings, Full Floating Rear Axle, Crowned Fenders, Non-skid Tires on Rear, Warner Separate Unit Starting and Lighting, Dimming Head Lights, Switch Locking Device, Hot Jacketed Carburetor, One-Man Type Top, Oversize tires.
The equipment on all models includes the Warner separate unit starting and lighting system, Gasoline gauge, dimming attachment for head lights, switch locking device, anti-rumble gasoline tank in dash, crowned fenders, Shiloh carburetors and non-skid tires on rear wheels.

THE NEW PRICES.

3-PASSENGER ROADSTER \$ 985
5-PASSENGER "FOUR" TOURING \$1985
5-PASSENGER "SIX" TOURING 1385
7-PASSENGER "SIX" TOURING 1450

BEEZER'S GARAGE.
GEORGE A. BEEZER, Propr. 59-3-11 Bellefonte, Pa.

The GIFT CIGARS

By WILBUR D. NESBIT

DON'T laugh! But she gave me cigars. Selected the things by their color— They came out in one of those jars— I think they were called the "Maud Muller."
I've read all these gift-cigar jokes. I know I must read them hereafter; Please wait for the place for the laughter.

Don't smile! But she bought them herself. I know how she talked to the dealer— She looked at each box on the shelf— And spoke of the wrapper as "peeler."



O, beautiful-looking were they— I think they were called the "Maud Muller."
Of course you think now of hay Unless, as I was, you are duller.

Don't grin! They wore gilt and red bands, And really looked quite artistic. She says that she now understands Why smoking has charms that are mystic. She says that it's cheering to see How much as I smoke I enjoy them. I know you are choking with glee And think that I wished to destroy them.

Now, wait! Well, I sat down and smoked; She placed the ash tray on the table; I chuckled and subtly I joked— "Maud Muller," you know, was the label. Well, talk of your jokes on cigars! I said you might laugh when I'd ended. These came out in one of those jars— And, honestly, now, they were splendid.



Couldn't Have. "Huh! I bet you didn't have a good time at your Christmas party yesterday," taunted Billy. "I bet I did," answered little Eddie. "Aw, go 'way. Why ain't you sick today, if you did?"