

RETROSPECT.

The roses were not just so sweet perhaps, As we thought they would surely be And the blossoms are not so pearly white As of yore, on the orchard tree; But the summer has gone for all of that, And with sad reluctant heart We stand at rich autumn's open door And watch its form depart.

The skies were not just so blue, perhaps, As we hoped they would surely be, And the waters were rough that washed our boat, Instead of the old calm sea; But the summer has gone for all of that, And the golden-rod is here; We can see the gleam of its golden sheen In the hand of the aging year.

The rest was not quite so real, perhaps, As we hoped it might prove to be, For instead of leisure came work some-times, And the days dragged wearily; But the summer has gone for all of that, The holiday time is o'er, And busy hands in the harvest field Have garnered their golden store.

The summer was not such a dream, perhaps, Of bliss as we thought 'twould be, And the beautiful things we planned to do Went amiss for you and me; Yet still it has gone for all of that, And we lift our wistful eyes To the land where beyond the winter snows Another summer lies.

Kathleen R. Wheeler.

CHRISTMAS.

It is Christmas Eve. You have hung the last bit of tinsel on the fragrant balsam. Father has tiptoed down-stairs with the final armful of mysterious bundles. The stockings swinging from the fireplace are bulging grotesquely.

You have planned, oh, so lovingly, to give the kiddies from 3-year-old Junior to high school Bess, a happy, happy Christmas. Their hearts' desires are spread out before you—nothing has been overlooked, and you sigh with satisfaction at the thought as you and father turn out the light and go up stairs.

But I am wondering if something hasn't been overlooked after all, for all your loving, thoughtful planning, I am wondering if, in your program for the children's Christmas, you have provided for a few quiet minutes for a simple telling of the old, sweet story.

Just a few minutes will suffice. And if you would ask me when they should be, I would name those first minutes at the end of the day when dusk has turned to darkness and you and father and Junior and Bess and the two youngsters in between are encircling the open fire in a happy group and the tree is glowing gloriously in the bay window.

Then I would have father hand you the Book. It would fall open at the second chapter of Luke, and into the magical stillness of the room would come the sound of mother's low voice, reading:

"And it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed."

"And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city."

"And Joseph also went* * * unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; * * * to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, * * *"

"And so it was that, while they were there * * * she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn."

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night."

"And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them. * * *"

"And the angel said unto them. Fear not: for, behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

"And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Just the simple story as Luke tells it, ending with the shepherds' visit to the Babe; and mother reading it there in the firelight and candlelight—a precious gift of remembrance that would abide with them always.

Givable Gifts.

Only two words. Say them over once or twice. Don't you like their sound? Now let's analyze their meaning. Aren't givable gifts those which express in a certain measure you? And a gift cannot express you, your individuality, your taste and your love, unless you have expended some thought on its selection. And to go still farther, if this gift on which you have devoted much to its selection and expended money for its purchase expresses only you, are you sure that it is one that will bring real, definite joy to its receiver?

Of course, it will not unless you have kept the recipient in mind as you walked the long aisles of the shops or tied the fascinating bows of the gifts you have fashioned.

Bulbs in a Bowl.

Narcissus bulbs in pottery bowls continue to make popular holiday gifts. Boxes containing the bulbs inscribed with little verses such as this: "Water well these bulbs, then they'll surely do their best to bear my greetings and best wishes on to you!"

—Give him a smart hat. That would please any man.

Christmas for Adults By Mary Graham Bonner

GHERE wasn't a single child in the family now and Christmas, they all agreed, was a time for children. At any rate they all said that.

They had scattered as families sometimes do, and those left in the town were two older families. Yes, it was quite true. There wasn't a single child in the family now. They had nieces and nephews, small children they knew and were fond of to whom they would give presents. They would give nice presents, too.

They themselves would be sensible. They would not give presents to each other. They were grown-up. Why should they go in for something that was distinctly a possession of childhood?

They would have Christmas dinner together. That they had finally decided they could not forego. Oh, the other ruling was very sensible, and they all agreed, but—well, it was quite sensible. Children belonged to Christmas, Christmas to children. Let it remain that way.

The family who lived down by the old mill were having the Christmas dinner. The other family were coming to it and were going to bring the mince pies and the plum puddings as their part of the Christmas feast. They wanted to do something about a Christmas dinner—there wasn't any special reason for it but they wanted to do something.

The table was set the night before. There wasn't much to do Christmas



morning. Later they would go to church and join in singing the Christmas hymns. That would be suitable to the day—to the holiday, holy day, joy.

But there was a time in between—a time before when the children had had their presents—while still they were children, before they had grown up or gone away. That time would be curiously, outstandingly empty.

No one talked about it. No one said a word. But none of them could quite bear to think of that Christmas present time when the packages were opened, when there was curious, eager excitement and pleasure, delight in one's own gifts and in the gifts of others.

No one said a word. No one knew what each other was thinking.

But early that morning one of the members of the family down by the mill telephoned the other family and asked them to come down early.

"I just fixed up one or two little things," said the one who had telephoned, a little shyly, and to her own family she said the same.

They came. Every one gathered about the old table that had been brought out every Christmas. It was a shaky old table, but it somehow seemed to be a part of Christmas. And in no time it was covered with gifts. Every one had surreptitiously been fixing up little presents for each other. And the table groaned under its weight of packages tied with gay old ribbons and tissue paper as of yore.

"But we agreed we wouldn't give any Christmas presents to each other this year," they murmured from time to time.

"We said we wouldn't have a Christmas celebration now that we were all grown up."

"Christmas, we said, was entirely a day for children."

Yes, so they had said. But so deeply was the Christmas celebration around the shaky old table, before the big fireplace, rooted in the heart of each that they couldn't, in spite of their resolves, do any differently.

"I think," one of them said when every present had been opened, sim-



ple, thoughtful little gifts and surprises, "that Christmas should be for every one. No one is too old to enjoy it."

And how proudly they said to their friends as they met after church:

"You must come in and see our presents. We got lovely things. Just what we wanted!"

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Christmas Wisdom

A foolish man is one who doesn't know what his wife wants, so he goes and gets it—probably a clothes wringer.

A wise man knows his wife needs a pair of arctics, but has wit enough to buy her double-decker jade earrings! —Martha Banning Thomas.

Mistletoe

Mistletoe, when not suspended, is regarded by the superstitious as a harbinger of bad luck.—London Tit-Bits.

UNCLE JIM'S CHRISTMAS By MARION E. REAGAN

IT WAS just a week before Christmas. The Jacksons—that is to say, the J. J.'s, the R. P.'s and the W. J. Jacksons—had all met in the home of the latter to discuss what was referred to as their "predicament." The oldest son of the W. J. Jacksons had just gone into business some few months before and his father, and his two uncles, J. J. and R. P., had endorsed his note. In the meantime the business had failed and the Jacksons were now called on to make the note good. To pay, as they certainly would have to, meant to sacrifice what little they had, and none of them was any too prosperous.

"How about asking Uncle Jim for the money?" R. P. suggested. "He's rich enough and it wouldn't hurt him."

"Yes," interrupted his wife, "but you forget he's just as tight as he's rich, and there isn't one of us that's even laid eyes on him since Cousin William's death four years ago."

"That's all right," replied her husband, "people get generous impulses at Christmas time, and you never get anything in this world unless you ask for it."

Everyone agreed that what R. P. said was true enough, but none would "stoop to ask a favor of him." It wouldn't do, that was all. It wouldn't do.

However, after the little meeting broke up and the families went on their various ways, each had the idea that after all it wouldn't hurt to try Uncle Jim. They would say nothing to the rest and if it did not turn out well, no one would ever know.

And so that night three letters were sent to Uncle Jim—one from R. P., one from W. J. and one from J. J. Jackson, asking for \$5,000 to pay off the note of the young Jackson, and thus save three families from utter ruin.

Uncle Jim, an irate, extremely close old bachelor, was furious the morning of December 23. He paced the floor, his face crimson, three letters crumpled in his fist. "By George, what nerve! The begging beasts!" he exploded. He sat down to write a



"And One From J. J. Jackson Asking for \$5,000."

cerse note to each saying "No," definitely, but found it a little difficult—even he—to be so cold. Finally he thought the easiest way to get out of it gracefully would be to write saying that he himself had had reverses and was poorer than any one of them. To make it a little more graphic, he even referred to his "cold garret."

Mrs. J. J. Jackson appeared at the breakfast table next morning with a letter in her hand.

"From Uncle Jim," she answered simply to her husband's inquiry.

"Nothing doing, I suppose?" he asked.

"Oh, it's much worse than that, Jack; the poor old man—read this. Isn't it too bad, after all he's had?"

"Let's invite him here for Christmas dinner," suggested Mrs. J. J. "It's pretty hard on him, you know, being alone and old like that."

It was agreed. Mrs. J. J. sat down and wrote the following:

"Dear Uncle Jim:

"We are so sorry to have bothered you with our note, but we never knew of your—reverses. Won't you come and spend the Christmas holidays with us? The enclosed is a postal order for \$2,500 to cover the fare. Do come. We are most anxious to see you.

"Your affectionate niece, "ANN."

The peculiar thing was that precisely the same thing happened in the home of the R. P.'s and W. J.'s, with the result that Uncle Jim again received three letters from his nieces, all enclosing the fare to Evansville for Christmas dinner.

Old Uncle Jim was genuinely touched. Of all the things that might have happened, certainly this was the last he would have expected.

That night, Christmas Eve, the Jacksons met again at the J. J.'s to discuss what could be done about the note, which had to be met on the 26th. They had not gotten far with their plans when the noise of a high-powered motor was heard outside and the bell rang.

"Gracious, Uncle Jim!" exclaimed Mrs. J. J., when she opened the door.

"Of course, Uncle Jim," said the old man. "I was only teasing you when I wrote that letter. I had intended coming all along and paying off the little note. Here take these—just a few Christmas greetings for each of you."

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IF YOU'RE GOOD.

Santa Claus will come tonight If you're good And do what you know is right, As you should. Down the chimney he will creep, Bring for you a woolly sheep, And a doll that goes to sleep, If you're good.

Santa Claus will drive his sleigh, Through the wood, But he'll come around this way If you're good. With a wind-up bird that sings And a puzzle made of rings, He will bring you many things If you're good.

Jumping jacks and cars that go, If you're good, And a rocking-horse, Oh! If he would! And a dolly that can sneeze, That says, "Mamma!" when you squeeze,— He'll bring you one of these If you're good.

Santa grieves when you are bad As he should: But it makes him very glad When you're good. He is wise and he's a dear; Just do right and never fear; He'll remember you each year, If you're good.

Powders and Puffs.

Those very attractive puffs which boast a long ribbon handle and are so extremely useful when powdering one's back and shoulders, are now accompanied by their pretty bows.

Many women like individual powder puffs, especially for their guest room. These may be had as many as desired, in a decorative bag which hangs at the side of the dressing table.

Knowing how popular the compact powders are, you will not overlook them in your giving. Boxes which are delightful on the dressing table are enameled and traced with delicate flowers.

Others which are meant to be carried in one's bag are gold plated and are flatly convenient. These compacts which come in several tints and also in rouge, are most attractive and have a touch of personality as a gift.

From powder to perfume is but a step; and toilet water and perfume is shown handsomely for holiday giving. Or one may give only the container which may be filled and refilled with the individual preference in scents.

There are many who like better the more subtle sachets. And this is offered in numbers of charming ways from the scented ribbon flower, which is tucked in the corsage, to the exquisite package of satin sachets in different odors. There are rose, violet, heliotrope and the like each in its satin covering of a corresponding color.

For the Man About Town.

Give him a belt buckle. Have his initials on it, of course. A silver one for working hours. Or a gold one for sport wear. Or a platinum one for dress wear.

Umbrellas for Everyone.

The rain falls alike upon the just and the unjust—provided neither has an umbrella. But the umbrellas now being shown in the shops are a decided adornment to a street costume as well as a protection against the rain. The day of long and unwieldy handle has passed and the present fashion provides for a short, straight, post handle, usually with a leather wrist strap. This does not imply lack of adornment, however, for the handles are

frequently made of ivory. Black and dark blue are the colors usually selected.

For Miss Bobbed Hair.

A comb, all her own, and made especially for her depleted tresses. It is very slender, very new, and doubtless very useful. Sterling silver, either shining or gray in finish, mounts it. And fashions also the chic little case in which it is carried.



Merry Christmas

We take pleasure in announcing that enrollment in our **1926 Christmas Savings Club** Began Tuesday December 1, 1925

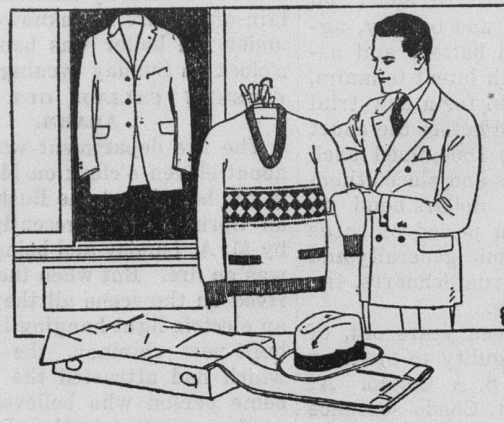

You will be sure to have money for Christmas if you join one or more of these Classes.

| | | |
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| Class 25 | Class 25—Members paying 25 cents a week for fifty weeks will receive..... | \$12.50 |
| Class 50 | Class 50—Members paying 50 cents a week for fifty weeks will receive..... | \$25.00 |
| Class 100 | Class 100—Members paying \$1.00 a week for fifty weeks will receive..... | \$50.00 |
| Class 200 | Class 200—Members paying \$2.00 a week for fifty weeks will receive..... | \$100.00 |
| Class 500 | Class 500—Members paying \$5.00 a week for fifty weeks will receive..... | \$250.00 |
| Class 1000 | Class 1000—Members paying \$10.00 a week for fifty weeks will receive..... | \$500.00 |
| Class 2000 | Class 2000—Members paying \$20.00 a week for fifty weeks will receive..... | \$1,000.00 |

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