

Telling St. Nick



JACK and Ellen Dyson couldn't find a thing for which they could be thankful and merry this Christmas—Jack out of work and Ellen with so little in the house left for meals. But to make matters worse, shortly after Jack left, Ellen missed the emerald setting out of her ring. She hadn't worn it for a long time but it had been her great-



Jack and Ellen Joined Hands and Danced About in Their Joy.

est consolation—if the "worst came to worst"—it could be sold. And with it gone!

"Five presents here and they aren't from the five and ten, either, Jack! I know, you took my emerald to buy these, didn't you?" Ellen cried out, something she wouldn't have said had her nerves and patience not been frayed to the thin edge.

"You honestly think that of me, Ellen? If that's the way you feel, all right, think what you please!"

Neither of them realized that they were hardly accountable for their mutual lack of understanding. Tears fairly blinded Ellen as she went out to bring in the little red hen, the last member of their little flock. She kept thinking that at least this, her last offering to the holiday dinner, was honest.

Then suddenly she caught sight of the familiar emerald—there in the little red hen's insides was hidden the gem she had thought poor Jack had taken. It took but a moment or two to wash up, snatch up the emerald and dash into the workroom where she went to her knees before her husband.

"Forgive? Why, Ellen dear, it certainly did look bad for me, no wonder. If I'd not been a stubborn fool I'd have gone on and explained myself. You see, darling, on the street today I found a packet of bonds and when I returned them to their owner, he gave me twenty dollars as a reward and after he found out I was unemployed, he offered me a beginner's job in his office!"

Even an old grouch would have had to grin had he seen Jack and Ellen then join hands and dance about in their joy for a merry, lucky Christmas!

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Custom of Burning Yule

Log From Scandinavians

THE Christmas custom of burning the Yule log originated among the ancient Scandinavians. During the period of winter solstice, they kindled great bonfires honoring the god Thor. This was at the feast of Juul. The Saxons and the Goths also celebrated a winter festival which they called Jul, and so we derive our expression of "Yuletide," for the Christmas season.

In the time of the feudal lords, the cutting down and bringing in of the huge Yule log, or "clog" as it was then called, was a ceremony of great importance. One old writer tells us that the Yule clog "was to be lighted with a brand of the last year's log, which had been carefully laid aside for the purpose, and music was to be played during the ceremony of lighting."

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CHRISTMAS AND HOW



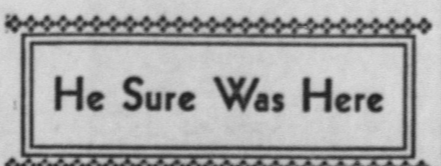
MRS. GREENE sighed as she rummaged through the old trunk for the Christmas decorations. Sighed, and also felt ashamed. For why should she be lonely, with two fine grown sons, successful enough to satisfy any mother?

But Mrs. Greene missed her tousled-headed lads, and as she fingered the battered drum, the outgrown mittens, the books and souvenirs, she felt a deep pang that no one needed her any longer.

She found the decorations and bustled down. Mary, the housekeeper the boys provided, had finished. There was really nothing left to be done. She thought of other tired Christmas eves, and could stand the oppression of memories no longer. "I'm going out," she said, and with no other explanation set out into the night.

It was crisp and starlit, and she walked far. The light and warmth of a cafe attracted her, and she stopped for tea. Over the rim of her teacup her eyes met those of a small boy just outside the window. He drew back shyly, leaving a moist spot where his nose had touched the pane. He looked very hungry, not just the healthy hunger which her sons had brought home from school, but as though he were really in need. Mrs. Greene smiled and beckoned. "Come in," she invited. The boy shook his head, started to go, but the temptation of warmth and food was too much.

"That's better," Mrs. Greene approved, when he was seated opposite her, with a great bowl of soup. "I just needed someone to talk to." And before long she had heard the boy's whole story. Having no folks, he lived with an uncle, but he wanted to get out on his own. There



He Sure Was Here



The CHRISTMAS HARVEST

By ALSON SECOR
in Successful Farming

OLD SANTA CLAUS—
Some don't believe in him because He makes them spend.
They like to borrow, but never lend
That Christmas cheer
Which permeates this time of year.

They are tight-fisted cynics, these.
They never know how presents please
The little kids, and others;
The sisters and the brothers;
The care-worn dads and weary mothers.

They never learned to live
Because they never learned to give.
You've got to plant before you reap.
If all you get you keep
Your soul gets barren, sterile, sour,
It takes the power
Of cheerful giving
To give a zest to living.

were so many little ones, and after all, he didn't really belong. He'd get by. He knew where he could get a paper route right now, if he only had a bicycle.

"I know where there's a bicycle standing useless in an attic corner," said Mrs. Greene. "It belonged to my sons. You shall have it."

His shining eyes made the whole



And Before Long She Heard the Boy's Whole Story.

night seem brighter. They left together.

There was more than the bicycle. It seemed a shame, Mrs. Greene said, for mittens not to be used, and these books, now, and—well, why not? Mary would be scandalized, and her sons might not understand—but there was their room, never opened now—

"Listen, lad," she said. "I've been aching my heart out for a son. And you need a home. Couldn't we give ourselves to each other for a Christmas present? Won't you be my son?"

"Gee!" cried the boy, voicing a wonder of love and gratitude. "You can sure have me, and Merry Christmas! Merry, Merry Christmas, Mother!"

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ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING

THERE are those to whom Christmas dinner would not be Christmas dinner without ending with plum pudding. Scald 2½ cups stale breadcrumbs with 1 cup cream. Cream ½ pound beef suet and add to it ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup corn syrup, 5 well-beaten eggs, ½ pound chopped citron, ½ pound currants, 2 teaspoons baking powder and ½ cup brandy or rum. Turn into a buttered mold and steam for 24 hours, 12 hours one day and 12 hours the next. Turn into a tin and seal until ready for use, when it must be reheated for serving. Serve with a sauce of choice.

Niftiness for New Year's



LIKE to give yourself a lift for the New Year, Milady? Then spruce up with Sew-Your-Own—the easy way to chic. Here, for instance, are three swell swing models that will make you modern as tomorrow and put you in the running for the title, "best dressed woman." Right now it's parties you're thinking of, so pick a pair of eligibles from this trio.

Will You Dance?

The New Year's Party will be festive and so will you in the model at the left in black moire. This is a very young frock and not a little flattering to the debutante figure. It has a skirt that's built for dancing, and the oh, so slender waist is no drawback.

Spic 'n' Classic.

There's always a "morning after," and that's when you'll be glad to have a spic and classic frock like the one above, center. It is suitable to take back to school to rouse the roommate's envy and, pleasantly enough, it's so easy to cut and stitch, a freshman can't go wrong. Make one version in flat crepe and a carbon copy in sheer wool—it is superb both ways.

Ah, My Friends.

How about a two-piecer of lame and velvet for that rousing family reunion over the holidays? The model above, right, is two pieces, but it's one with chic and figure flattery. You'll have your aunts making ohs and ahs and the bright young cousins calling you "the duchess"! What's more you'll look the part.

The Patterns.

Pattern 1330 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size 14 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch

material plus 6 yards of gros-grain ribbon to trim as pictured. Pattern 1397 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size 14 requires 3½ yards of 39-inch material.

Pattern 1396 is designed for sizes 32 to 44. Size 34 requires 1½ yards of 39-inch material for the blouse; 1½ yards of 54-inch material for the skirt.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third street, New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

New Pattern Book.

Send 15 cents for the Barbara Bell Fall and Winter Pattern Book. Make yourself attractive, practical and becoming clothes, selecting designs from the Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns.

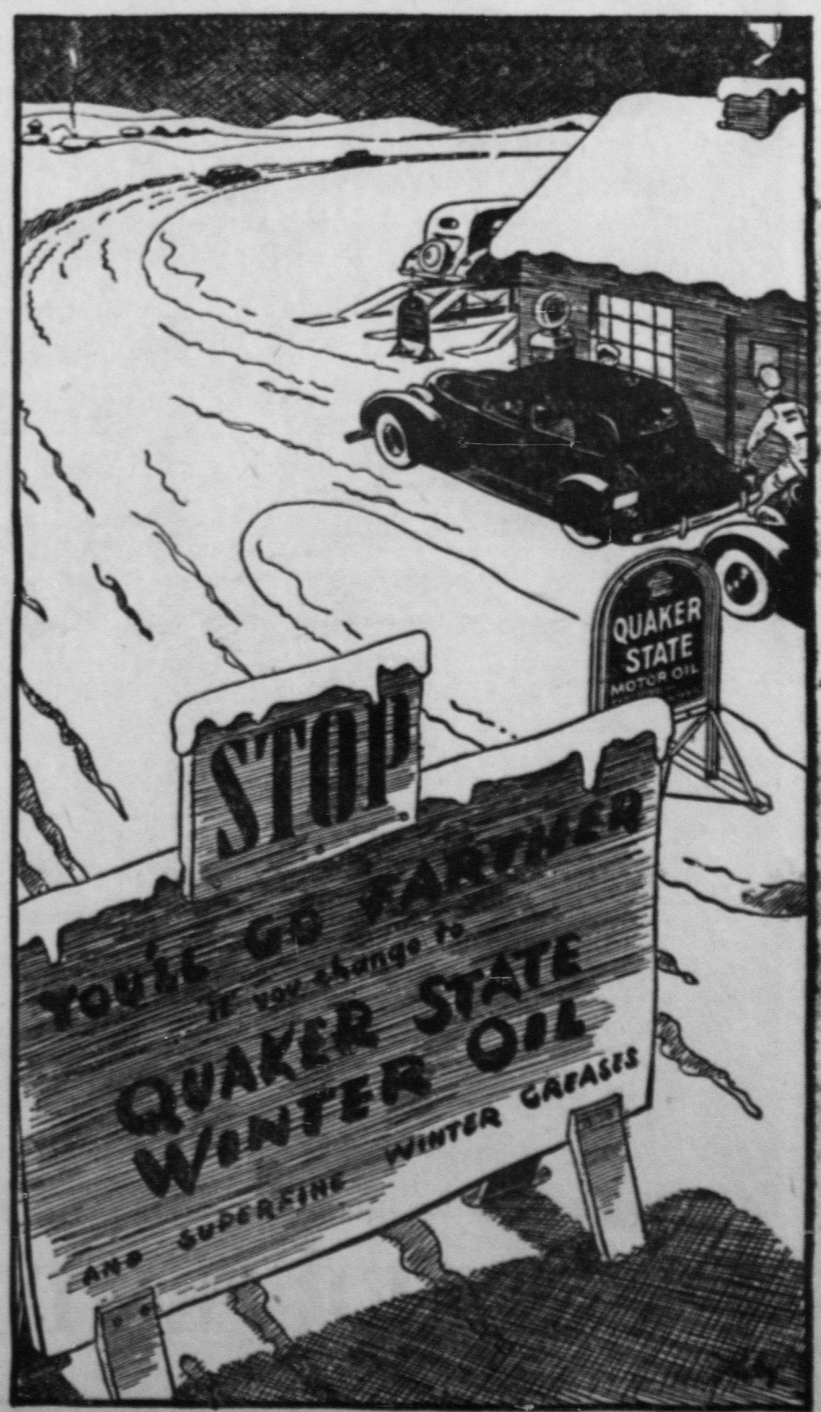
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Rising Tide

A new magazine has made its appearance on the newsstands of the country. It is pictorial in character under the name of the "Rising Tide," originally issued in England and now being prepared for distribution in eleven countries under nine different languages. The magazine is reported to be a non-profit publication carrying no advertising but such matter that is of interest to the people of the world who are seeking answers to their own problems. It is said that these problems are covered without regard to race, class or creed.

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