

Bob Stillwell's Christmas

By ANNE CAREW



BOB STILLWELL sat down on his sled with his chin in his mittened hands and tried to plan what he could give folks for Christmas, for it was only three days away.

"I can't give a thing!" he muttered at last, for he did not have a penny of his own, and he knew that money was very scarce on the farm that year.

The Stillwell children would be lucky if they all had mittens and warm shoes and stockings. Yet Bob knew that his sister Nan was dreaming of a doll house, little Peter wanted a puppy all his own, and he didn't dare think of his big sister Amy and big brother Elmer and his father and mother.

"Why not make 'em something?" was the thought that came to him.

Bob jumped up and went home whistling through the woods. Under the pine trees he stopped and brushed away the snow. When he got through his pockets were full of dried pine cones, large and small, and some pieces of birch bark.

The day before Christmas Bob unlocked the woodshed door and looked at the result of his labors.

There was a doll house for little Nan made out of an egg crate, with real



He Saw the Grandest New Sled.

wall paper on the walls of the two rooms, bits of carpet on the floors and some cardboard furniture that Bob had made. He had even tacked little scraps of lace at the windows for curtains.

For Amy there was the lovely picture from the Sunday newspaper which she had admired. Bob had remembered and had made a frame for it out of strips of wood, and on the wood he had glued tiny pine cones, pieces of birch bark and dried moss, and as the picture was a woodland scene you can imagine how pretty it was. Bob had found a chair rung, which he scraped and polished with some oil and turpentine. He put some screweyes in the ends, and Amy gave him a piece of narrow red ribbon to make loops—and behold, there was a necktie holder for Elmer! For his mother he whittled a reel for her clothes lines, and it was a wonderfully handy thing, and for his father he bought a pipe. It happened this way: He did some errands for the man who kept the tobacco store in the village, and when the man would have paid him some money Bob said he'd rather have a pipe. So now they were all provided for except little Peter. How was Bob going to get hold of a real live puppy?

"You go over to my brother's place at the foot of Long hill, and you tell him I sent you," said the tobacco man. "Maybe he will let you have a puppy and work it out for him on Saturdays. He has a paper route."

"I'll do it if he will!" cried Bob eagerly. Half an hour later he hurried into the woodshed with a wriggling little puppy under his coat. Of course he had to tell his mother about that. And how Bob did enjoy the secret, running to and fro with milk and scraps of meat for the puppy!

When Christmas morning dawned I think Bob Stillwell was the most surprised boy in Little River. He was so interested in watching the pleasure of his brothers and sister with the gifts he had made, forgetting to look at the tree for his own presents.

"Look, Bobby! look!" screamed little Peter.

Bob looked and turned pale with surprise. The grandest new sled, painted a bright red, runners and all. His father and Elmer had made it together. And there was a red woolen muffler that Amy had knitted for him and other things that Santa Claus brought him.



The HOLLOW TREE

A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR CHILDREN
By CLARISSA MACKIE

NED WAYNE kicked his toes against the door.

"Say, mother, can't I go skating?" he asked.

"Not today, son," said Mrs. Wayne. "It is Christmas eve, and I want you to go into the woods and get some laurel and evergreens to trim the house. The servants are all busy with the housework."

"Aw, bother!" whined Ned. "Dear me, Neddy, that is not a nice spirit to show at Christmas time," sighed his mother, for she was much worried about her little boy's selfish spirit. Ned had a beautiful home and fond parents, but he seemed to love his own way above everything else.

So when finally Ned, sulkily enough, took a hatchet and went toward the woods his mother did not see that he had his skates hidden under his thick overcoat.

When he reached the pond he found all the skaters had gone home, for who wants to skate on Christmas eve when there are so many other delightful things to do?

So Ned took a few turns around the pond, knowing all the time that he was disobeying his mother and feeling very unhappy all the while.

By and by he took off his skates and went to the woods to cut some laurel branches. It was snowing very hard now, and he had to work fast, because by this time it was growing dark in the woods.

At last his arms were full, and he staggered along through the snow trying to find the path, but the snow had covered it up completely.

Ned was lost in the woods on Christmas eve! He began to cry, and the tears froze on his cheeks. Right beside him was a great oak tree, with a hollow trunk. There was a narrow opening in the trunk, and poor, cold, tired, lost Ned squeezed his way through the opening and found it snug and warm inside, with a thick bed of dry leaves. He stopped up the opening with branches of evergreen, and that kept the wind and snow out.

It was very lonesome in the hollow tree. Somewhere an owl was hooting, and again he heard some four-footed animal (perhaps a fox) go pat-patting over the snow. He was not exactly frightened, but it surely was very lonesome.

Sometimes he slept and dreamed of his nice warm home, and he thought of his good, kind parents and how worried they would be, and he resolved never again to disobey them.

After a while he slept and was awakened by the sound of the church bells ringing in the glad Christmas tidings.

Then he heard voices calling his name, and he shouted back, and presently he was in his father's arms.

When Ned woke up on Christmas morning and found all the beautiful gifts that Santa Claus had brought to him he registered a vow that when next Christmas came around he would be worthy of all the blessings that were showered on him.

And his parents always said, "Neddy has never been the same since he spent the night in the hollow tree."

Christmas Seals

By CLARISSA MACKIE



IT was only a few days before Christmas, and little Amy Wells was so happy. The teacher had given her some Red Cross seals to sell, and when Miss Smith had distributed the red and white and green seals among her scholars she had explained to them all about the purpose of the Red Cross society and how the money earned would be used to help the wounded soldiers.

And she had not sold one single, solitary stamp of her twenty-five!

How she had tramped around from door to door, only to meet the same kind smile and shake of the head! Amy told her mother, and when Mrs. Wells offered to buy all the stamps herself the little girl shook her head.

"I ought to be able to sell them outside my home, mother, dear," she said. "That would be real work."

Mrs. Wells sighed and smiled. She couldn't very well afford to buy even the twenty-five stamps that Amy wanted to sell, for every penny was needed in that little household. Mr. Wells had died a year or two before, and Amy's mother had to sew for a living. She was very busy, for she was trying to finish some work so as to receive the money in time to buy something for Christmas.

"Kiss me, little daughter," Mrs. Wells said, with a smile, "and then carry this dress up to Miss Granger on the hill."

The Grangers lived in a big house at the top of the hill. It was quite the largest house in Little River, and the three ladies lived there alone with two servants. They were Miss Belle Granger, Miss Lucy and Miss Beth. They were not very young, but they were very kind and sweet.

The maid admitted Amy to the front hall, all warm and glowing from a great fire on the hearth.

"How do you do, Amy? Wouldn't you like one of these little mice?"

"He patted her head."

"He must be lonesome without any folks," began Bobby. Then he leaned over and whispered to his companions. Fifteen minutes later three little boys, the oldest ten and the youngest six, let themselves through a basement door and hurried across the snowy yard to the opening in the hedge which led through a patch of woods to the village.

Mr. Bartley, the trustee, who often visited the home, lived in a big house with a wonderful garden. Everything was blanketed in snow now, and the big house was dark save for a few lighted windows on the lower floor.

Soon they stood on the porch peering in at a cozy library, where Mr. Bartley sat in a big chair before the fire, looking very lonesome. A big dog, a collie, sat beside him with his head on his master's knee.

Suddenly the dog lifted his head and barked. Mr. Bartley looked toward the window and saw the three little frightened boy faces peering in. In a jiffy he had jumped up, opened the window and lifted them in one at a time.

"Good gracious me! What are you doing out there?" he demanded.

"Please, sir, we're from the home," said Bobby. "We knew you lived all alone—and we thought maybe you'd like to hire us three kids to spend Christmas with you. We don't want any tree," explained Bobby. "We just want to hang up our stockings and wake up—something like home—before we came to the 'ylum.' Tears were in the boys' eyes now.

Mr. Bartley flourished a handkerchief and tried to laugh, but his voice cracked so queerly.

"Now, that's a funny thing," he declared. "I was just wishing I had three nice boys to spend Christmas with me—and maybe live with me all the time."

By and by Mr. Bartley called a man-servant, and together they took the three little boys up to bed.

Then they hung their stockings on the corners of the big four-post bedstead, and in two minutes they were sound asleep, while the servant, Martin, nodded in a chair outside in the hall and Mr. Bartley, buttoned into a fur lined overcoat, went striding down the snowy street to the brightly lighted shops.

I don't know who was the happier that Christmas morning the three little boys with stockings full of treasures or big Mr. Bartley, whom they called "Uncle Dick." And the best of it all was that Mr. Bartley adopted all three of the little lads who came to him that Christmas eve, and they are growing up into such fine, big boys.

Orphans to Rent—A Children's Christmas Story



IT was Christmas eve at the Bayville Home for Orphans, and three little boys sat in the chilly dining room looking out at the flying flakes of snow. It was after supper, and there was a clutter of dishes in the kitchen.

"They say," said Jimmy, "there's going to be a big Christmas tree in the parlor tomorrow, and candy and presents and everything, but I'd rather hang up my stocking than have all the old Christmas trees. You betcha I would!"

"So would I!" echoed Bobby and George.

"That trusted who was here today would make a dandy man for a father or an uncle," said Bob.

"He's a awful rich."

"And he ain't got any children or any folks at all."

"I wish he'd dopt me," reflected George.

"Hurried across the Snowy Yard."

"He patted her head."

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Temperance Notes

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

TO THE MODERATE DRINKER.

"Nations, as well as individuals, are accepting the unquestioned nervous damage of alcohol," says Mr. Robert S. Carroll in his book, "The Mastery of Nervousness." Many appalling and distorted statements have been made to frighten the drinker from his cups. But it would seem that when a committee appointed by a government to investigate the harmful effects of alcohol reports that the drinker's life is shortened 25 minutes by every glass of alcoholic liquor, even the reckless would hesitate. Six years are knocked off the earthly existence of the average drinker. The tippler answers that it is his own life that he is shortening, and if he pleases so to live and die, he alone is hurt. There is another thing to be considered:

"Three out of four of the offspring of average drinkers show inherited defects, chiefly of the nervous system. Many an intense, unhappy, miserable, high-strung neurotic of today is the defective daughter of a genial, jovial, easy-going, old-school gentleman whose mint juleps of good-fellowship burn hot in the brains of his children. Numbers of fearsome epileptics go through lives of fierce uncertainty, the unhappy products of a single ancestral spree. These innocent victims are condemned, before birth, to live with nervous systems attuned to discord, capable of expressing life only through minor strains, hopelessly deficient—pliable, depressed, morbid, blighted lives."

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 16

NEHEMIAH ENFORCES THE LAW OF THE SABBATH.

LESSON TEXT—Nehemiah 13:15-22. GOLDEN TEXT—Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy.—Exod. 20:8.

Nehemiah remained in Jerusalem twelve years, from B. C. 444 to B. C. 432. He was then recalled and was in Persia some years, perhaps five or seven, but returned about B. C. 425, the year Artaxerxes died, for we know that he returned by permission of that king. Therefore, the date of this lesson would be sometime in the summer or early autumn of 425 or 424 B. C., 16 or 15 years following last Sunday's lesson.

In the section, vv. 10-14, we see that the gifts for the house of God and the Levites, who led in worship, had been neglected. Whenever the house of God and its service of worship is neglected, we may expect that the Sabbath day and the worship of God will also soon fall into contempt. Ezra has dropped out of our history without a hint as to his end. He may have returned to Babylon, seeing that his work was completed, or he may have been recalled by the king. Perhaps he brought back information to Nehemiah at the Persian court, of the declension which had already started in the city of Jerusalem. Three times in this chapter the word "remember" is emphasized. Perhaps that offers a suggestion as to our outline.

I. "Remember" (v. 14) the Neglect of God's House. (vv. 1-14). The neglect of God's house grew up out of the incursion of heathenism into Jewish life. Nehemiah realized that the purity of the race depended upon absolute separation from the mixed multitude. (v. 3). Nehemiah also confronted the difficulty of having a priest, (v. 4, 5), who had defiled himself and also dedicated the temple, and finally the portion for the support of the priest and the temple worship had been withheld. (v. 10). This was the state of things with which Nehemiah had to contend.

II. "Remember" (v. 12) the Sabbath Day. (vv. 15-22). Nehemiah's next and most difficult reform was regarding the fourth commandment. He at once set about to learn the facts; then relates what he saw (v. 15). The record also tells how he testified against them in that they were selling merchandise on the Sabbath day. He had done evil on the Sabbath day. (v. 17). He testified against them that the merchants and sellers of ware had lodged about and within Jerusalem. (vv. 20, 21). The root of the trouble with Judah was that they forgot God's word and followed the devices and desires of their own hearts. The Jewish Sabbath in its outward form on the exact day of the week is not binding upon Gentile Christians (Col. 2:16, 17). It was given to Israel as a people. (Deut. 5:1, 2), as a memorial of their deliverance out of the land of Egypt and the house of bondage. (Deut. 5:15). The Christian, by the death of Christ, is made dead to the letter of the law of Moses. (Deut. 10:1). The principle of the Sabbath is older than even the law of Moses and is as binding upon the Christian believer as are the many other principles which underlie the Mosaic law. In its exact form, the seventh day, the observance of the Sabbath belongs to the old order and not to the Christian order. Christ, who rose from the dead (Rom. 7:4), rose on the first day of the week, and, as joined to Christ, are not under obligations to the Mosaic law, but to Christ. Therefore, the Lord's day, the resurrection day, the first day of the week, (Rev. 1:10; John 21:20; 1:10-20; Acts 27), is the day of privilege, not of obligation and is more sacred to us than the Sabbath day of these Jews. The Jews in Nehemiah's time showed their contempt of the Lord's day by making it a day of profit, hence this exhortation which we see set forth in this section. This should be a warning and an exhortation to us in these days of a secularized Sabbath.

III. "Remember" (v. 29) the Holy Priesthood. (vv. 23-31). In this section we see that the priesthood had even defiled themselves with women, and again this Nehemiah entered upon a cleansing process. (vv. 30-31). The use of this word "remember" in verses 14, 22 and 29 gives strong emphasis to the three cardinal sins against which Nehemiah was battling.

IV. Summary: As in Nehemiah's time, so now, Sabbath desecration is the surest road to national ruin, and a large proportion of our present calamity can be traced to growing irreverence for the Lord's day. Jesus swept away the cobwebs of Sabbath irreverence, but did not tear down the house. He kept the principle, but removed the barnacles with which the Pharisees and Jews had encumbered it. Jesus taught that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath; (Mark 2:27, 28), and he set himself as an example in this regard, for he is Lord of that day as well as the other days of the week.

The Sabbath is a day of rest and if observed, workmen without exception will produce more than is possible if it is not observed. Recent confirmation of this principle can be found in the report of the British ministry of munitions. To observe the Sabbath or any other divinely ordained principle tends to prosperity (I Tim. 4:8).

The chief value of the Sabbath, however, is in connection with the worship of God. The feeding of the spiritual nature; the rest which is to be differentiated from mere holiday or pleasure; its need for adult and child life; its educational value; its opportunity for Christian service and exaltation of family relations, all show it to have been created to fill a real need and to manifest the wisdom and goodness of God.

Based On Cost Per Tablet It Saves 9 1/2 c.



Women Hard at Work. Four million dollars to be expended by women for women in a single year was never heard of. This is a day of amazing things, but what the Young Woman's Christian Association has undertaken, says the New York Letter. Within two months after the declaration of war in spring, the association, with 50 years experience behind it in work for girls was in the field with its war council to meet the needs of war women and girls everywhere, both here and abroad, who are in moral or physical danger because of war-changed conditions. Hostess houses for women of the training camps, and emergency housing for girls who are taking the places of men in industry, are one of the chief needs. Twenty workers are already in Europe, and others are on the way or arriving. They are opening cafeterias in France and Russia for the women who are doing war work, and are providing rest and recreation places for nurses at the front during their hours off.

KIDNEY TROUBLE NOT EASILY RECOGNIZED

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected

An examining physician for one of prominent life insurance companies, in interview of the subject, made the following statement that one reason so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is common to the American people, and the majority of those whose applications declined do not even suspect that they have the disease.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and beneficial influence of Dr. Kilmner's Swamp Root is realized. It stands the highest its remarkable record of success.

We find that Swamp Root is strictly an herbal compound and we would advise our readers who feel in need of such a remedy to give it a trial. It is on at all drug stores in bottles of two and medium and large.

True to Life. "I don't see how you can read trashy novel," declared mother, "you see any merit in it at all?" "Why, yes," answered father, "intensely realistic."

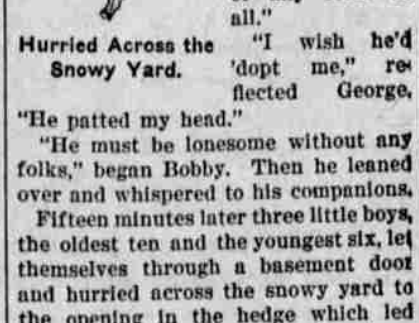
Another eye-while with Roman eyes seen at night, and in the morning the refreshed and strengthened another your eye. Adv.

She Had a Papa Once. The little girl's father had been away a long time in search of his memory must have grown dim; the child's mind. One afternoon, being rolled out in her pram, saw a little child run by a man's yard and call, "Papa, Papa." Little girl turned to her mother, remarked in a sorrowful tone, "We had a papa."

For Lameness. Keep a bottle of Yager's Liniment in your stable for spavins, curbs, splints or any enlargement, for shoulder slips or swellings, wounds, galls, scratches, colic or shoe boils, sprains and any lameness. It absorbs swellings and enlargements, and dispels pain and stiffness very quickly.

YAGER'S LINIMENT. 35c Per Bottle At All Dealers. Each bottle contains more than the usual 50c bottle of liniment. GILBERT BROS. & CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

WANTED 100 LIVE AGENTS. Quit Suffering with Rheumatism. Ladies Oxydopedia of Health.



The Dog Lifted His Head and Barked.

"I Hope You Will Have a Happy Christmas," Miss Lucy Said.

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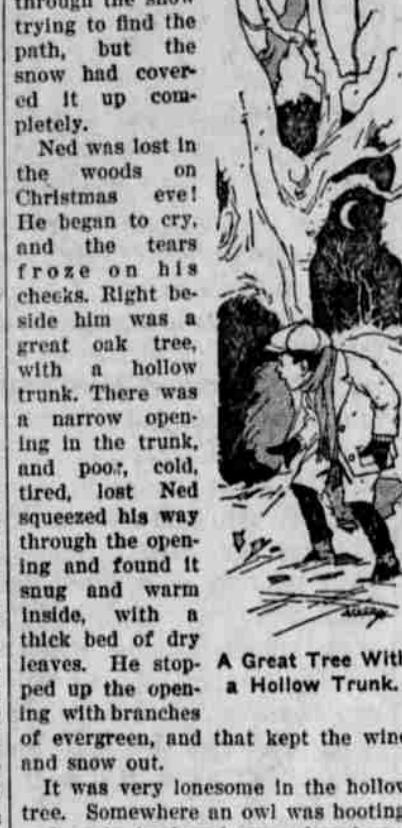
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A Great Tree With a Hollow Trunk.



A Resolution.

A Resolution.

A Resolution.

A Resolution.

Santa in Disgrace.

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Santa in Disgrace.

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Santa in Disgrace.

To Make Christmas Wreaths.

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Mabel's Odd Request.

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Optimistic Thought.

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