



KENNETH FOSTER hurried through the crowded streets. Everybody looked at him, so eager, so good-natured. He wondered why he felt so out of time with them all.

From counter to counter he went. He wanted to compare values, to get the best price on everything he bought. He was going to do his Christmas shopping in a sensible way, the way it really ought to be done.

Passing through the art department his eyes fell on a beautiful piece of pottery. Unconsciously he stopped and admired its exquisite art. A sudden thought flashed through his mind. "Wouldn't mother love something like this? Wouldn't she get a thrill out of showing it to her friends?"

Quickly his resolution to buy nothing but practical gifts vanished into thin air. He would buy the piece for mother. For the rest of the family, and others, he would get the gifts he had planned, but mother must have something to bring that light into her eyes that he loved to see. He was quite sure this lovely pottery would turn the trick. He could almost hear her say, "Oh, Kenneth, I've wanted something like this all my life!"

The purchase thrilled him with a strange satisfaction. He knew that he wouldn't have got the same joy out of buying something ordinary. He wasn't going to sneer any more at people buying "gee-gaws." Christmas seemed to call



His Eyes Fell on a Beautiful Piece of Pottery.

for something different. There should be practical gifts, too; no Christmas tree was complete without handkerchiefs, sweaters, hose and gloves, and such things, but there should be other things, too. . . . Man did not live by bread alone, Kenneth was finding out; other things were necessary.

Suddenly his face broke into a grin. That's the very thing he would do. He would buy every last one of the family something practical, but he would also buy them something that he felt they would love to have; some bit of beauty or frivolity that they would not otherwise get.

The money that he was spending had come to him in a letter from his grandfather a few days before. "Buy Christmas gifts for the family with this," the old man had written. "It is quite a sum for a young fellow to spend alone, but I am sure that you will do it wisely. And I want your report of what you bought after the holidays are over."

Kenneth had felt sure that his grandfather would want him to buy sensible things, but now he felt differently. Something inside of him seemed to say that the way he was going to spend the money now was exactly as his grandfather wanted him to. What a letter he would have to write—surely he could put all the new-found joy that he was experiencing into every line.

For now Kenneth was really to time with the spirit of Christmas. There was not a shopper on the streets as happy as he was. Every counter seemed to have taken on new interest; shopping was really a pleasure, the biggest thrill that he had known in a long time.

He hurried to the book counter. There was going to be those leather-bound volumes of essays that she had wanted for so long. And Jimmie—Jimmie was going to get that motion picture machine he had been talking about. Gee, he could see Jimmie's face on Christmas morning; wouldn't he get a thrill out of showing the thing to his friends. And dad, well, dad was going to get a new set of golf clubs, a brand new set of drivers, mauls, and putters. And grandfather was going to get a letter about the shopping and its results that would fit the right out of his chair!

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Thanksgivings and Christmas. Christmas is mentioned but twice in Shakespeare and then incidentally. Juliette was, however, an important time in his life, because it was then that his plays were produced by himself at the courts of Queen Elizabeth and James I. with Shakespeare in the cast.

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 piled 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 Joe, watching the father carve. "I'd keep the place warm from morning till late night all this week, with somebody serving tea to any who might drop in, and something going on throughout the holidays. I heard Dave say last night there's nowhere to go but the movies."

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 tool.

"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 hops. 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 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 elder 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 Christmas; while the supply of pies and puddings grew less and less as the visitors departed.

"Father's coming!" cried the children and they ran to the door excitedly to meet him, followed by Mrs. Dodge. But a look of perplexity, almost distress, 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."

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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.

"I suppose 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 Joe 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. Coffee cans filled with steamed plum puddings, a fine-baked ham, frosted chocolate cakes, a whole row of pies—pumpkin and mince; and a big bowl of cranberry sauce, skins and all.

Then Jolly old St. Nick, his beard flowing in the breeze, began digging down into his packs and passing on the toys to the youngsters.

"Oh, boy!" shouted one, "see what I got—an airplane." Then two little girls cried out, joyously, as they unwrapped golden-haired dolls.

On and on Santa continued as the crowd became greater and greater and the snowstorm grew heavier and heavier. Santa's packs seemed to be endless. Soon gay colored balloons, drums, harmonicas and gold and silver horns were in evidence on all sides, adding to the gaiety of the Christmas party.

There was a lull as Santa Claus dug down into still another pack. This time he began hurling large oranges and sacks of candy into the crowd and they were catching them amidst much laughter and excitement.

Santa himself was having the time of his life. Even more so, than the happy crowd about him. For he was chuckling within, because he had been reminded by a Christmas messenger of love to do this very thing and to become the community Santa Claus.

Finally the crowd became impatient to learn who their strange, chuckling Santa really was. Who could it be, who had given so generously and impartially to all? But before they had time to speak, the jolly old fellow was jostling past people, snow and traffic until he scrambled into his sleigh.

"Get up, reindeers!" he shouted. With a jerk the sleigh bounded forward with Santa wildly shouting.

"Merry Christmas, folks, merry Christmas to all!"

But he wasn't to get away so easily for the next moment a strong north wind, whistling around the corner, tore off whiskers, mask and all, and Santa Claus stood revealed in all his embarrassment!

A hushed silence at first and then a wild shout of joy and surprise rang through the Christmas atmosphere. "Twas 'Indian Pete' the town's most confirmed miser. Never in all their lives had they seen such a glorious smile on his face, as he gazed out from his Christmas regalia and offered his hand in friendly greeting to all.

"Indian Pete" (so named because of his love for the outdoor life), had given without thought of receiving; and had incidentally received more than he ever could have received, materially—the respect and adoration of the whole town.

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THE gigantic Christmas tree in Fountain square was ablaze with colored lights and decorations. Christmas eve had arrived and the snowy atmosphere was beautifully depositing the finishing touches to the grand and wonderful community tree.

Mirth, happiness and laughter fairly abounded through the joyous Christmas crowds as they thronged the streets blinking through the snowflakes and hurrying on to celebrations. They seemed to take the community tree for granted until the illustrious sound of sleighbells was heard in the distance. Sleighbells on Christmas eve—how delectable! All eyes were turned in the direction from which they came.

Soon the object of the delightful disturbance came into sight. A bright red sleigh drawn by six horses, cleverly decorated to represent reindeers, turned the corner and headed toward Fountain square. All traffic was stopped instantly as



the children made a frantic rush to meet their Santa—the real Santa Claus from the North Pole!

"Midst wild shouts of merriment Santa, himself, in his bright red and white costume and long white beard, alighted from the sleigh with a jovial, good-natured, "Merry Christmas, merry Christmas to you all!" The children swarmed about him in uncontrollable confusion as he joyously dragged forth pack after pack bulging with bright colored toys and dolls.

What could it mean? Who was this strange real Santa Claus with sleigh and reindeers from the North pole? The people marvelled! The children were bolterous and completely out of control. Everyone forgot his own particular celebration and lingered on to see what it was all about.

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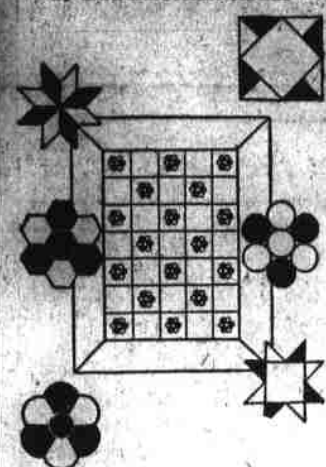
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Inexpensive, Easy Patchwork Quilts

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



Patchwork quilts as a rule are elaborate, cost quite a bit and represent many days of tedious work. This work and cost can be cut down to a minimum as shown in the illustration. Any of these designs can be used on eighteen nine-inch blocks and so arranged to make a full size quilt. About three ounces or one yard of prints is all that is required for the patchwork. Folder No. 536 in colors illustrates four ways to assemble these different designs, also cut out diagrams for six different patches like the picture. Information about yardage required for back, border and blocks is also given.

The folder No. 536 and folder No. 6 with other quilting information will be mailed upon receipt of 10 cents, or send us 19 cents and we will send folder and sufficient beautiful patches to make up the patchwork on one of these simple quilts.

Address Home Craft Co., Dept. D, Nineteenth and St. Louis Ave., St. Louis. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply when writing for any information.

Man of Tongues
The world's greatest linguist is an Englishman. He is Sir George Geier-son, O. M., who is eighty-four and knows 300 languages. His chief interest lies in India, where some of the dialects of the backward communities have never been written down. Before he could study these dialects properly, Sir George had to invent an alphabet for them, and write down words which the natives had often used but never written themselves.

Child Will Read Story That He Thinks Is Good

"Who shall define interest for another person, compounded as it is of the raw material of which personality is made?" queries a writer in the Parents' Magazine, declaring that there is apt to be one of two reasons why a child does not like to read. Either he has not mastered the technique of reading to an extent where no voluntary effort must be exerted or else he has not had access in sufficient numbers to books which correspond to his idea of a good story.

"Your child will read if he but discovers the books particularly right for his interests and tastes," declares the writer whose experiences with children and books has convinced her that there does not live the youngster who will not listen to a good story, and since reading is only a method of listening to a good story, will not read if the book is about something in which he is either actually or potentially interested; is written in words and style suitable to his reading ability; has the degree of advancement suitable to both his emotional and intellectual age levels. Those two developments, by the way, are at entirely different rates of speed. As the writer adroitly puts it: "Children do the strangest juggling and somersaulting as regards these ages, going into a hand-spring a poised adolescent, coming up at the end, an emotional eight-year-old."

Involved
He does not dislike scandal who listens to it.

No Monotony for Him to Whom All Ways Are New

There is no monotony in living to him who walks even the quietest and tamest paths with open and perceptive eyes. The monotony of life, is monotonous to you, is in you, not in the world. It may be that you think all days alike, and grow weary with their sameness, and get none of the stimulus and solemnity which comes from constantly reaching unexpected places and experiences. You cannot think what a different, what a more solemn and delightful place this world is to a man who goes out every morning into a new world, who starts each day with the certainty that he "has not passed that way heretofore."—Phillips Brooks.

Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled. Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

The Choice of Millions KC BAKING POWDER

Double Tested — Double Action
Manufactured by baking powder specialists who make nothing but baking powder — under supervision of expert chemists.
Same Price Today as 45 Years Ago
25 ounces for \$2.50
You can also buy
A full 10 ounce can for 1.00
15 ounce can for 1.50
Highest Quality — Always Dependable
MILLIONS OF POUNDS HAVE BEEN USED BY OUR GOVERNMENT

LOST...ONE HEALTHY GROUCH!

GOOD MORNING, MR. HAYNES! WANT A LEDGER THIS WEEK?

YOU'RE ALWAYS PESTERING AROUND WITH SOMETHING TO SELL! NO! I DON'T WANT A LEDGER!

KIDS ARE THE WORLD'S GREATEST PESTS! SLAM THE DOOR IN HIS FACE!

BUT, JOHN... IT WAS ONLY A NICKEL... AND YOU WERE SO MEAN TO THE LITTLE FELLOW!

LISTEN! IF I DON'T WANT A LEDGER... I DON'T WANT ONE! THAT'S THAT!

SO SHE THINKS YOU'RE MEAN, EH? JUST LIKE A WIFE, ALWAYS RUNNING A GOOD MAN DOWN!

AND FURTHERMORE — YOU WOULDN'T BE ANY RAY OF SUNSHINE EITHER, IF YOU HAD MY HEADACHES AND INDIGESTION!

BOSH! JUST BOSH! JUST BOSH! PLAN AND SIMPLE!

BUT, JOHN... YOU KNOW WHAT DR. LANE TOLD YOU! HE SAID COFFEE-NERVES WAS CAUSING ALL YOUR TROUBLE!

I WISH YOU'D GIVE UP COFFEE! LET ME GET SOME POSTUM FOR YOU TO DRINK INSTEAD!

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! — GO AHEAD AND GET SOME POSTUM! MEANWHILE JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!

CURSES! HE'S GOING TO TRY POSTUM! THAT MEANS I'M THROUGH AROUND HERE!

"SEEMS funny that coffee was harming me! I thought it was bad only for children!"

"Oh, no... the caffeine in coffee disagrees with many grown-ups, too. It can upset their nerves, cause indigestion, or loss of sleep!"

If you suspect that coffee disagrees with you... try Postum for 30 days. It contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. It's easy to make... costs less than half a cent a cup. It's delicious, too... and may prove a real help. A product of General Foods.

FREE! Let us send you your first week's supply of Postum free! Simply mail coupon.

GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me, without cost or obligation, a week's supply of Postum.
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Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Fill in completely—print name and address. If you live in Canada address: General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ont.
(This offer expires July 1, 1936)

30 DAYS LATER

Uncle Eben's Advice
"Santa Claus will soon be here," said Uncle Eben, "and 'tain't no time to tell you financial worries. If you write him a letter, don't write it in red ink."

Holiday Garnish for Salads
Cranberry jelly sliced and cut into fancy shapes with a cookie cutter or a knife makes an attractive and unusual garnish for salads and desserts during the holiday season.