

## WELL, HERE'S SANTA CLAUS!



Photo by Anne Shriber



### Christmas cheer not forgotten

By MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

FOR mercy sakes, do come along and don't drag so!" Mrs. Casey jerked at the arm of her reluctant son who was craning his neck to look into three shop windows at once. "We have only half an hour before the boat leaves, and I've got a lot of errands to do yet."

"There's a man waving at you, mamma," said the small boy. "He's comin' down the street. He wants to speak to you."

"Don't pay any attention to him, Joe! I haven't time to be bothered with him. Just some one who wants me to take a message over to his folks across the bay, probably."

But the man was coming rapidly nearer. His face was alight with smiles. His hand was out before he was within five yards of Mrs. Casey. "Mamma!" Joe hissed, "You'll have to stop!"

And indeed the man had no intention of letting her pass him.

"How do you do!" he called. "I recognized you three blocks away."

He was quite close now and his hand was still out. "My, it does my heart good to see you again, Mrs. Casey."

The woman frowned. Who was this man? Why did he bother her when she was in such a hurry? There would be no other chance for Christmas shopping after today. She had come across the bay in a small motor boat; it would be leaving for the return trip in twenty-five minutes.

"You don't remember me?" smiled the man. He looked down eagerly at the puzzled woman. "It was twenty years ago on Christmas that I first saw you. And I'll never forget it as long as I live."

Mrs. Casey clutched her shopping bag more closely to her breast and stared.

"I had a brother," said the man, his face aglow with memory. "He was younger than I . . . a little shaver when you saw him. You gave us our first real Christmas, and I'll never forget it as long as I live."

Mrs. Casey blinked rapidly several times. Part of a smile began to flicker around her lips. She peered up into the man's face.

"You sent your husband down to the little shack where we lived," continued the man, and he wrapped up in warm in mufflers and coats he had brought. He drove us in a sleigh to your house. Our mother had died a few months before and we were lonely and miserable. We had moved to the village just that week and knew no one. Our father had no work and we were terribly neglected and unhappy."

"Yes . . . yes!" laughed the woman. "I know you now. My land, how big you've grown!"

"And you gave us a fine big dinner, turkey, cranberry sauce, mince pie," said the man. His voice was softened and his eyes misty with tears. "It was the greatest day of my life. I have never forgotten it. You gave us a memory of happiness that has lasted all these years and will go on forever. It was the true spirit of Christmas cheer, and my brother and I have tried to spread it around as far as we can ever since. You see what you started. God bless you!" He bent swiftly and kissed her cheek. He tweaked Joe's ear. With a smile, he strode off again and was lost in the crowd.

"Gracious sakes!" gasped Mrs. Casey. "Well, if that don't beat all! My, my, my! Those two little boys men grown now!"

With beaming face she tugged at Joe's sleeve. "Hurry up now! We must catch that boat."

"Aw, mamma . . . let me just peek into that window . . ." But Mrs. Casey was thinking of that long ago Christmas, and the man who had reminded her of it.

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**Greetings by Air and Wire**  
A world-wide Christmas custom, which originated in this country, is the sending of greetings by radio, telegraph and cable.

## Their Message To Santa



By PATIENCE EDEN

PERHAPS she was a little bit selfish. Just a trifle. Anyhow, she was extremely bored. Parties where there was no one she cared about! Bridge prizes she loathed and gave to the cook next morning! Late hours at night, and nothing to do when she got up at noon but decide which of the seven dance invitations she would accept! Tons of flowers she never wore, and seldom took the trouble to arrange even in vases about the house. And at Christmas it was worse than ever. She seriously considered running away. She'd like a new set of experiences. Something more rugged, nearer the true vitality of living. She would come back with a lot of amusing stories to regale the crowd with.

Two days before Christmas Cynthia Norris told her maid and cook they could have a vacation. "Look up the apartment, I'll let you know when I am coming back. I'm going away for the holidays."

She scurried into a taxi with a new feeling of excitement, the best part of the whole thing being a sense of something entirely untried. She had no idea where she was going. She'd select some queer person in the crowd at the terminal, follow her to the

ticket window and buy a ticket for the same place. Then Cynthia refused to think further.

But she did not select a woman to follow. She saw a rather thin man with a nice smile who was burdened with bundles. They bulged in every pocket, and he had difficulty in doing anything at all competent with them while he was buying a ticket. In fact three fell to the floor and a fourth hit a child on the head during the process. Cynthia watched this young man with growing interest. Why in the world was he permitting himself all this trouble? Surely it wasn't necessary. The man apologized to the child, gathered up his fallen packages and went undisturbed towards his train.

Cynthia impulsively bought a ticket for the town he had mentioned to the man behind the window and followed.

She was excited already. She had no idea where she was going and she didn't care. That was the fun of it.

She sat in the common coach and was obliged to share her seat with a woman who wore a shawl over her head and had a sad, foreign-looking face. The man was three seats ahead of her, completely buried under his bundles. It was a four-hour ride. People came and went. Cynthia tried to remember how funny they all were. She would imitate the way they talked, and entertain the "gang" later. This was the way to get a kick out of living—do something different.

At Hawbridge the young man leaped from his seat, jammed on his hat and plunged out of the door. Cynthia

stumbled over the feet of the woman with the shawl and jumped down from the train steps just two seconds before it began moving again.

A dreary, wooden station with a faint flicker of a lantern hanging from a hook. A few snowflakes began falling. There was no one about. For a moment Cynthia suffered a pang of loneliness. But even this was a new sensation, so she accepted it. However, she could not stay here all night, and she had a bag. She heard the explosions of a car about to start. Hurdled she ran in the direction of the noise. She could dimly see a machine with a driver.

"Could you tell me if there is a hotel here where I could stay?" asked Cynthia a little breathlessly.

"I'm afraid Hawbridge is a bit shy on hotels," replied a man's voice. "But if you'll jump in I'll take you to one possible boarding house."

Cynthia slung in her bag and climbed eagerly to the seat. The car gave a deafening roar and shot off without warning into darkness. It was a rough road and the driver paid little attention either to ruts or his com-

panion. Cynthia ventured a question or two about the village and was answered with polite brevity. This was not the way in which she was accustomed to being treated, and it piqued her.

"I live at this boarding house," finally admitted the driver. "I'm a printer on a newspaper in the next town. I could live where my work is, but I like this little village. Know a lot of kids here and have a great time at Christmas. Got a lot of stuff for the holidays."

The girl made a sudden decision. She would relate in full her exit from New York and why.

This she proceeded to do. The man chuckled once or twice but made no comment. He was a very self-possessed young man. Finally after a long silence he said casually: "Good Lord, I chucked the whole works three years ago! Couldn't stand it. Too darn boring. Same old faces.

Same old crowd. Same old parties. I bolted. Got a job on this newspaper. Keen about it. Get nearer the marrow of things somehow. I feel free as a bird and don't give a hoot what anyone thinks. It's great."

"Oh," said Cynthia again. "Want to come round with me Christmas eve?" demanded the extraordinary man. "Looks as if we might have snow. I take a sleigh, dress up in a silly Santa Claus costume, waggle a white beard and deliver gifts to the kids in town."

"I'd love to!" breathed the girl. "Please let me."

"On one condition. That you won't go back and make vaudeville out of our village."

"I promise," said Cynthia.

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**Christmas in Russia**  
Singing of ancient "Kolyada" songs is one of the typical features of Christmas gatherings in Russia.



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"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed"  
Observes some solemn, sentimental owl:  
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;  
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,  
Pray just inquire about his rise and fall,  
And whether larks have any beds at all.  
—John Godfrey Saxe.

### DIFFERENT GOOD THINGS

When preparing a mayonnaise dressing add when serving it a little whipped cream and one or two hard-cooked eggs chopped fine. A little chopped onion with seasoning also adds to the dressing. Serve on plain leaf or head lettuce as it may be preferred.

**Piquant Sandwiches.**—Cream together one cream cheese and two tablespoonfuls of peanut butter. Chop one hard-cooked egg very fine, add one chopped sour pickle and a tablespoonful of chopped green pepper, add salt and pepper and spread on buttered bread.

**Savory Sandwiches.**—Brown in one tablespoonful of oil one-half cupful of blanched almonds. Chop fine. Season well with salt, paprika and add two tablespoonfuls of chopped pickles and one tablespoonful of chutney. Spread bread or crackers with cream cheese, or an equal quantity of cottage cheese; sprinkle with the almond mixture. For a vegetable dinner try:

**Carrots and Onions.**—The forehanded housewife when the garden carrots were pulled for thinning canned many of the little new vegetables for winter use. Steep a can of these small carrots and season well with butter with a dash of lemon juice. Heap them in the middle of a large chop plate. Arrange around the buttered carrots six rounds of toasted and buttered bread. On the bread place three or four small onions which have been well seasoned with salt, pepper and butter. Pour over each a tablespoonful of hot cream and serve.

**Green Peppers With Oysters.**—Take six medium-sized green peppers, wash and dry them, then toast over the heat, turning frequently. Scrape off the blistered skin, holding them under running cold water. Remove the seeds and cut with scissors in long strips. Mince one small onion. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter, add the minced onion and green peppers and let them brown slightly. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour and, when well mixed two cupfuls of milk, a little at a time. Wrap a thin slice of bacon around each oyster, using one and one-half dozen and fasten with toothpicks. Place under the broiler flame and cook until the bacon is crisp and brown. Arrange the green pepper mixture in the center of a hot deep platter and surround with the oysters. Or the oysters may be placed on buttered toast.

**Art of Sandwich Making.**  
The choicest of food may become unattractive by the careless way of serving it. The making of sandwiches is an art and certain rules should be followed if satisfactory results are to be obtained.

First the bread used should be at least twenty-four hours old. It should be cut into even, thin slices.

Butter should be creamed before trying to spread it and it should be spread evenly and thin on the slices and quite to the edge.

Lunchbox, picnic or hot sandwiches are left with the crusts on; for afternoon tea they are removed.

If circles are to be used, save waste by baking the bread in circle loaf pans.

Square loafs are best cut into strips, squares or triangles.

The filling should be carefully mixed, not too moist to make the sandwiches soggy.

Spread the filling evenly and not too thin.

Lettuce, cucumber or sandwiches with fillings of that kind should be prepared very shortly before serving.

When using meat remove all gristle fat and dry edges and put through the meat chopper. Season well and moisten with a little salad dressing, melted butter or chili sauce.

Very thinly sliced meat spread with salad dressing may be used as filling. If sandwiches are to be kept any length of time put into the refrigerator after wrapping in a damp cloth. When packing for lunchbox or hiking trips wrap in paraffin paper.

Neeli Maxwell

## A Christmas Eve Accident

By Helen Gaisford



HAPPY tinkling sleigh bells seemed to Marilynne to keep repeating Paul's words—"I love you, love you, love you. We'll be married right away. Jingle, jingle, jingle! Married right away."

The moonlight cast their moving shadow on the snowy road. The bells continued their lively refrain. Paul heard it, too—"We'll be married right away."

"Marilynne," he said, "this is the most wonderful Christmas eve in my life. I didn't dream I could ever be so happy."

"Just we two forever. I think I must have loved you always."

"Let us be married tonight, dear. There is still time."

"Oh, no, Paul, dear. We should announce it first. Let's wait until right after the holidays."

"Why?"

"Just so that people won't say we were in too big a hurry."

"What do we care what people say? If you had a family it would be different, but we are all alone—"

She smiled at him. "Perhaps if we had to share each other we wouldn't be so happy. We can be so content with just ourselves."

"Dearest—"

"Yes?"

"You do love me?"

They were entering the outskirts of town, within a mile of Marilynne's home. At the sharp bend in the road, one runner caught on a fallen branch and the sleigh toppled to its side.

Paul was up almost before he had stopped tumbling, and was at Marilynne's side, but she lay very still. He spread one of the laprobes on the snow, using the other for a pillow, and lifted her onto it. Then he covered her carefully, loosed the kicking horse from the upset sleigh, and rode into town at a gallop.

"I'll get old Doc Weatherby," he thought. "She can't be seriously hurt; she mustn't be." He urged the horse faster. "Ah, here we are."

But Doctor Weatherby was out, and not expected for two hours. "Doctor Thompson lived about two miles farther on," Mrs. Weatherby told him. "Is it anything serious?"

"I don't know. An accident," Paul went back to his horse. "I can't leave Marilynne for so long," he thought, before he had gone far. He looked about for a possible messenger, but there was no one in sight. Before the next house he stopped, intending to ask there for some one to deliver his message. But as he stepped on the porch he noticed a sign: "Dr. J. B. Brown." He rang the bell. A man with graying hair answered it.

"Doctor Brown?"

"Yes."

"Can you come with me right away?"

"Well, I don't know. I'm very busy. Christmas eve, you know. What is it?"

"On the creek road at the bend by the willows. She may be dying. I'll go ahead, and you follow just as quickly as you can—" He was gone.

"But—" said Doctor Brown. He looked after the rapidly disappearing horse and rider. "Well, if I must—"

Marilynne stirred and opened her eyes. "Paul," she said. Then she noticed the blankets and tried to remember. She heard racing hoofbeats and raised her head. In a moment Paul was beside her.

"Are you all right? Marilynne, dear you're not hurt?"

"I'm all right," she answered shakily. "I must have fainted. We turned over, didn't we?"

"My dear, if anything awful had happened—"

"Tell me you love me."

A CHRISTMAS GREETING

WISHES old,  
Yet ever new,  
We send this  
Christmastide  
To you.

—MARY GRAHAM BONNER

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"A thousand times, I love you. I love you more than life itself; more than anything in the world."

"Not more than I love you."

The moon came out from behind a cloud, and the snow gleamed in its light. A sound of distant chimes broke through the still air. Down the road a man on horseback rapidly approached unnoticed.

"Paul," said Marilynne. "I think that after all, we'll be married right away."

The rider left his horse and ran up to them. "You're the young man who came for me, aren't you?" asked Doctor Brown.

"Yes," replied Paul, "but I don't suppose you will be needed now."

Marilynne reached out her hand. "Why, good evening, Doctor Brown. What on earth did Paul want with you?"

Paul answered her. "I was afraid you might be hurt, and thought I had better call a doctor."

Doctor Brown laughed. So did Marilynne. "Doctor Brown," she explained, "is a minister."

Paul gasped. Then he held out his hand to Doctor Brown. "In that case," he said, "you are needed, after all! Let's right this sleigh, and all drive back to town together."

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