

The DOCTOR
Tells the Story
by W.E. Aspinbaugh, M.D.

Anemia
To those unfamiliar with medical terms let me say that the word "anemia" means a scarcity of blood but today its definition is extended to stand for where there is a deficiency of blood; where the number of red blood corpuscles are below normal; where the blood has lost its characteristic properties, lacks the proper color and is watery.

There are two forms of this disease, now comparatively common—one called "chlorosis" and the other "pernicious anemia," the first named being comparatively easy to treat while the latter is positively a very serious ailment.

Chlorosis is due to a lack of coloring matter in the blood and is usually encountered in young girls and young women, whose skin betrays their trouble, being greenish and waxy in appearance. There is often present headaches, extreme weariness, heart trouble, ringing in the ears and digestive disorders. Fresh air, sunshine, foods rich in iron, rapidly bring about a cure however. A short walk daily in the sunshine helps materially too.

The symptoms of pernicious anemia are many and men suffer from it more frequently than women. In such cases there is usually chronic infection somewhere and the liver, spleen and kidneys are overburdened with iron. The heart is often fatty and there may be hemorrhages. Today, due to the advancement of science, those suffering from this condition need not despair for there exists a simple remedy within the reach of all—namely liver extract.

To Drs. George R. Minot and William P. Murphy, both of Boston, humanity is indebted for the cure discovered. These doctors ascertained that calf, beef or hog livers was the exact type of diet patients needed to overcome anemia and had their patients eat at least half a pound per day.

Even if you are not suffering from either form of anemia, it is a wise precaution to eat liver once or twice a week, or to take liver extract in some appropriate form, as your physician may suggest.

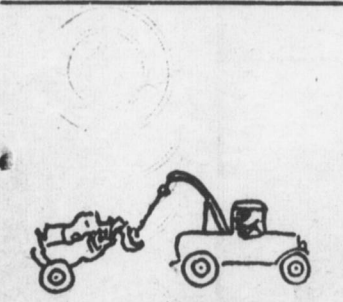
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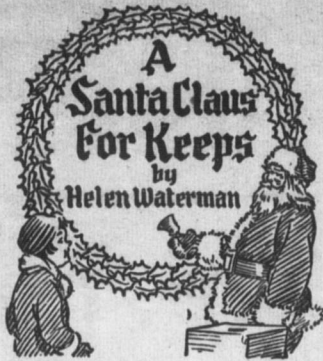
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A Santa Claus For Keeps
by Helen Waterman

BABS was such a little girl to be disappointed at Christmas, but there seemed no other way.

Her mother called her to the bedside. "Babs, darling," she began softly, "Christmas will soon be here."

The little girl's eyes shone. "It won't be the same this year, darling. There won't be any presents, or well—anything."

"No Santa Claus?"
"No Santa Claus."
"But why?"

"You're going on five, Babs. Try to understand. What we call Santa Claus is really just the love people have for each other at Christmas." Her voice trailed off in a fit of coughing. "That pillow—there—now I can breathe. It isn't I don't love you, darling. I just can't do things this Christmas. That lovely tree last year—you remember it, don't you, Babs?"

"Oh, yes, Mummy."
"We'll try to have one like it next year, if—" She choked a moment. "If I get well."

"Why, Mummy, you're crying!"
"No, no I'm not. See? Why don't you run out and play a bit? Get your coat and rubbers."

Babs went out into the snow very thoughtful. A group of children were playing down the block, but she didn't want company.

Of course there was a Santa Claus. Hadn't he come last year? And all her playmates—he came to see them, too. How could Mummy be so mistaken?

She hadn't intended to come so far. But it was fun walking on the crisp, crunchy snow. And there, ahead, were men stringing lovely colored lights and loops of greenery on lamp posts.

"What's she want, Bill?"
"I can't just get it. Something about Santa Claus."
"Why, sure, kid. Just down the block. He's ringing a little bell."

The men laughed, and Babs laughed, too. Santa Claus! She would find Santa Claus. The street was alarmingly crowded, but she could hear the thin tinkle of a bell.

Then she saw him, all dressed in red and with a long white beard. He was sitting by a big red box, and every now and then someone would drop money into it. Babs stood for a long while watching, fascinated, afraid to speak.

The tinkling stopped, and the Santa Claus came over. "What's the matter?" he asked gently. She let him lead her back to the big red box. He took her up on his lap, and gave her the little bell to ring. Slowly she told her story. Mummy, who was so sick, had said there wasn't any Santa Claus this year. Babs took care of Mummy. She didn't know how to get home.

"I think I had better see if we can't find your Mummy," Santa Claus declared. "She's probably worried about you. You aren't afraid to come with me, are you?"

"Oh, no," Babs answered trustfully, and carried the bell while he put away the big red box.

They found the right neighborhood with no great difficulty. Babs insisted that Santa Claus come in, "to show Mummy there really is a Santa Claus," and he agreed. Then things began happening. There was a doctor, and a nurse, and Babs must be quiet, and mustn't see Mummy—not for days. Through it all Santa Claus kept coming back, only without the beard or red suit.

Until Christmas, that is, and then he came dressed as she had seen him first, even to the little bell, and with a big red box full of toys for her. And as an even grander present, he said that Mummy was well enough to sit up.

He was very tender to Mummy and carried her gently to the big chair that was ready for her. Babs was sure that Mummy looked prettier than she had ever seen her. Oh, it was such a Merry Christmas! If it could only last!

"My," said Babs, "I wish you could stay here forever."
And the Santa Claus man answered very gravely. "Thank you, Babs. There's nothing I should like better."

But he wasn't looking at Babs. It was more as though he were talking to Mummy.

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The Little Fir Tree

By Henry Harding

THERE was very little sunlight in the forest. The trees were so big, all the grown up trees. The little fir tree stretched himself, and tried to imagine himself as full grown. Looking up at the sky and the stars and the moon, he listened to the big trees talk. "Isn't the moon bright tonight," one would say; and there would be a gentle rustling of their leaves as the trees would shake their heads in agreement.

"I'm afraid you're going to be stunted, because there is so much shade here," a little squirrel said to the fir one day as he jumped into its branches and brushed the top limbs with his bushy tail. "It takes sunlight to make anything grow strong and tall."

So the little fir tree stretched himself up, and kept his head pointed up toward the spot of sunlight he saw clear up through the maze of heavy tree growth. He could be straight and upstanding, even if he hadn't grown tall.

Today the ground was all covered with the snow which stayed white in the forest. All but a few birds had gone south. Every once in a while there was the sound of steel striking against wood, and infrequently a crashing sound of falling trees.

The tall trees began to tremble. "The woodcutters are out. But this is a funny time of year," one murmured.

"I never saw a more beautiful tree," he said. "It seems to glow."

mured to the others. Then one of the little snow birds spoke. "Have you forgotten that every year they come to cut Christmas trees?"

"What are Christmas trees?" the little fir asked.

"Oh, they cut down the trees and take them in the house, and put candles on them so they look like stars, and spangles that look like snow shining in the moonlight. And the people sing songs and give each other gifts, and it is a time of being glad," the little snow bird twittered.

"Oh, I wish they would take me," the little tree cried in excitement. "I'd love to see it all. I'd love to make people happy. But I'm too little," and he sighed unhappily.

"Sh! Let's all be quiet," one of the tall trees exclaimed. "The woodsmen are coming near us. We must be quiet so they won't notice us. Then we won't be cut down and left to die."

But in spite of their silence, the men drew near. They looked at the trees, and one of them said: "Oh, these are all too tall. No house or church could hold them. Let's get on."

Just then a little lad who was riding in the sled, called to his father: "Dad, can we find a little tree for sister? Couldn't we find a cute little tree to put in her very own room?"

"Ho! Ho!" laughed a big rough man. "In her own room? No little girl will stay in her room on Christmas day!"

The lad's father answered, sadly. "Yes, my little girl will. She had infantile paralysis last summer, and hasn't been able to walk since. Surely, son, we'll find a little tree for her."

"Here I am, here I am! come and get me," the little fir tree called out lustily. And the little boy turned and saw the branches trembling, and the little snow bird flying away.

"Why, dad, there is a cute little tree over there. Such a beautiful straight tree. Wouldn't that do?" he called.

The man got out from the sled. He walked to the tree and fondled it gently. "I never saw a more beautiful tree. It seems to glow. Molly will love it," he said with a smile.

The little tree was so happy that he didn't feel the blows from the ax that cut him to the ground. And when they put him into the sled, he was still happy. The little boy called to his father: "It sounds as if the little tree was singing when the wind blows through its branches." And the little tree laughed delightedly.

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Good Enough for Her
The preacher was reading the Scripture when an old lady broke in: "What kind of Bible are you using, parson?"
"I'm reading from the Revised Version," he replied.
"H'm!" she said. "The King James Version was good enough for St. Paul and it's good enough for me."

Easy to Identify
The man and his wife were hunting flies. "How many have you caught?" asked she. "Six," he replied, "three males and three females." "That's absurd," she said. "How could you tell which is which?" "Easy enough," he replied. "I caught three on the sugar and three on the mirror."

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