

Merry Christmas

His Last Dime



(15th Century "Nativity" by Francesco di Pietro, Santa, Rome)

Dan Driscoll was broke. Well, almost broke. He had one thin dime, riding in the dark depths of a purse that had once held hills of three figures.

He had held it for 20 years, ever since he had found it while snoozing on his father's farm. His lucky dime—that's what he had called it. Dan laughed grimly at the thought. Lucky! Had anyone ever been so unlucky as him? Here was the whole town preparing for Christmas, shopping, spending codies of money, and he was a penniless, weary wanderer. A lucky dime!

A little place around the corner caught his eye. Dan entered, his nostrils vibrating under the tantalizing odors. He looked around with greedy eyes, his mouth watering with longing. Soup, roast beef, potatoes, succulent mince pie! But he mustn't think about such things. He had just one dime—the price of a cup of coffee, or a doughnut, or a hamburger. Which would it be? The poorer little man inside the counter watched Dan dig into his pocket and took the dime from the battered purse.

Hungry as he was, he handed it over before attacking the food. His voice was a bit apologetic. "It's an old dime," he said, "been in my pocket for years and years."

The old man didn't seem to be listening. He was peering through his spectacles at the coin.

"You're sure you're telling the truth about this dime?" he queried.

"The absolute truth," Dan answered. "But, if you won't believe me, you can have your coffee and hamburger."

A shrill laugh ran through the place. "It's a good thing you ran across someone who knew, and better, somebody who was honest," the little man was saying excitedly. "Do you know that you have a dime worth more than a large?" It's — it's worth thousands."

"You mean, this thing I've held on for 20 years is worth money?"

"It's worth big money!" the café owner was waving his hands in the air. "The dime belongs to the crown. It's a relic of the times when the king's thumb and first finger, I've been looking for one of them all my life. I'm going to give you a Christmas dinner for it. I'm going to give you the line, from soup to mince pie."

"Hand me that menu!" Dan Driscoll cried commandingly. "I'm going to have a Christmas dinner for it. I'm going to give you the line, from soup to mince pie."

Why do we have Christmas trees and candles? One legend tells us that on a cold, clear Christmas Eve, Martin Luther wandered through the winter woods filled with happiness at the loveliness of the snow-laden trees, under the starry sky. He wanted to share his happiness with his children, so he cut a small fir tree and took it home. When he had set it up, he placed little glowing candles on the boughs to represent the stars of heaven.

In Holland the children call Santa Claus St. Nicholas and believe that he travels about in a white horse. Instead of hanging up their stockings, they leave their little wooden shoes, filled with grass and hay for the white horse to eat, on the step outside the front door. And lo! when morning comes the grass and hay have disappeared and in their place are gifts for such thoughtful children.

From Spain comes the gentle admonition that cows must always be treated with special kindness, for did they not stand close to the Christ Child in His manger bed and blow their warm, sweet breath on Him all through the chilly night?

Merry Christmas

Keep on wood—the wind is chilly; But let it whistle as it will, We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

We Must Fight The Good Fight

Our Fourth Wartime Christmas Without "Peace on Earth"

When Christmas Day dawns this year, one thousand one hundred and eighty-nine days of this war will have run their course. It is not a happy record; it is not a total upon which we can look with pride at this season of "peace on earth, good will toward men."

During that stretch of more than three years, we have witnessed the fall and occupation of many nations, the battering into submission of others. We have seen our young men and women go forth by the thousands for noble fronts the world over. Later, we received stunning reports of casualties. We have come to see, very God be true, that the world domination is the one thought that spurs on our enemies.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David; that is called Bethlehem (because he was of the house and lineage of David): to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. And so it was, that while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered, and she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

"Clay is God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

And it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. . . . And all were to be taxed, every one into his own city.

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Since that night in Bethlehem a thousand years have mangled and crucified humanity. Yet is Christmas forgotten? A thousand times it will be obtained on the temporary mastery over that ancient promise of good will toward men, yet in the hearts of millions of men the flame of good will burns unquenched. It is as inextinguishable as man himself, as eternal as God. It will come again to the surface to light the world once more, just as when the glory of the Lord shone down on the shivering shepherds in old Judea.

That flame reflects other meanings too. Standing out boldly in its cleansing heat is the brave, indomitable spirit of our sailors, our soldiers, our marines, the spirit of victory at any cost. There, too, we see the noble endeavors of our brave allies, and another car came roaring down the road, passing him by as the others had done. The grim lines around his mouth grew deeper, then he heard a loud grating of brakes.

"Almost passed you, it was a gay voice cried.

"Pretty fine of you to stop for an old man." He shifted into the vacant seat as he spoke.

"Oh, that's nothing," the gay voice was a bit embarrassed. "But I did a little pass you up. With this Christmas business, and the rush and hurry, one could pass up their own mother."

"I like to hear you say that. It's what I've always believed. The fact is, I was making a bit of a test today—had a bet with a friend about it. What's your name?"

"The name is Tod Jenkins. I'm headed for St. Louis—going home to spend Christmas with mother. I graduated in engineering last June."

"Perry Birch!" Tod's eyes widened in astonishment, and his foot

Fateful Meeting

In the gray dusk of a December afternoon the slowly moving figure seemed almost a part of the landscape. Half a dozen cars whizzed by but not one stopped to offer him a lift or ask where he was going. If the Spirit of Christmas, of kindness, was abroad, it was surely passing him up.

Ten minutes more of plodding through the chill, darkening air, and another car came roaring down the road, passing him by as the others had done. The grim lines around his mouth grew deeper, then he heard a loud grating of brakes.

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Do Not Encourage Witches and Sprites

Evergreens are synonymous with Christmas, but if you would comply with tradition you should not put them in place before Christmas Eve. It should be a part of the children's Christmas duties to bring them in and hang them in the designated places. They should be left in place until January 6 (Twelfth Night) when every leaf left to burn. Tradition maintains that even one leaf left to wither will encourage witches and sprites.

"An interesting story," Tod turned to look at the old man as he spoke. He almost swung the car off the road. "Why—why you look years and years younger than I thought!"

A hearty laugh sounded against the sharply rising wind. The man was speaking again. "I'm not so old, Tod," he said slowly. "I'm a long way from the old fellow you were kind enough to pick up. Yesterday we had an argument at the club. I made a bet with a fellow that I wouldn't have to walk an hour before I would find the Spirit of Christmas. It was rather a crazy thing to do, but I happen to be rather an eccentric scientist. My name is Perry Birch."

"Perry Birch!" Tod's eyes widened in astonishment, and his foot

Decorate House With Evergreens

The house may be decorated inside and out to make a fitting background for the tree. With a few greens, the place may be made over and the results will be most gratifying. For outside, make wreaths of evergreens and tie them with red oleander leaves. Prunings from the Christmas tree often may be used for the wreaths and some of the household decorations used for a touch of color.

When you are trimming your own Christmas tree, don't forget the birds. The old custom of trimming an outdoor tree for the bird and squirrel is a charming one. Popcorn, cranberries, or crackers strung together and pieces of suet tied to the tree, and an extra pound of suet scattered on the ground for the squirrels will make you feel very close kin to Santa Claus.

Druids Considered Mistletoe Sacred

Did you know that when enemies meet under the mistletoe, though they are supposed to lay down their arms for at least a 24-hour truce? That is why a hostess tries to hang some mistletoe near the doorway of her home, thus assuring perfect harmony while her guests are under her roof. The Druids of old held the mistletoe bought sacred. It was also considered symbolic and an invitation to the spirits of the forest to come in and bring good cheer. The custom of kissing under the mistletoe dates back to ancient Britain. To bring the best type of luck to the one kissed, it is claimed the twigs must be cut with a golden knife.

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Christmas Dinner Menu

- Cranberry and Grapefruit Cocktail
- Roast Chicken Savoury Dressing
- Creamed Mashed Potatoes
- Mashed Turnips
- Giblet Gravy
- Salad — Chopped Beets in Lemon Sauce
- Carrot Pudding
- Brown Sugar Sauce
- Cranberry and Grapefruit Cocktail

Boil cranberries and sweeten in the usual way. Strain and mix with the dressing. Boil grapefruit sections ready as usual. Place grapefruit in sherbet molds and pour over the cranberry juice.

Savoury Dressing

- 2 cups stale bread crumbs
- 2 tablespoons melted butter
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon powdered sage
- 1 teaspoon sweet majoran (powdered)
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper

Mix altogether and moisten with butter.

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The Chantecler

YEAR-ROUND RESORT HOTEL
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TABLE TALKS
SADIE B. CHAMBERS

On this fourth year of war please accept my heartfelt wishes for a "Happy Christmas." It will not be a merry one for many who are anxious about matters of the world. There are those of us who are not so anxious about matters of the world. There are those of us who are not so anxious about matters of the world. There are those of us who are not so anxious about matters of the world.

Plans For Better Post-War Britain
Freedom From Want For Working Classes Object of Bill

Sir William Beveridge, noted British economist, has given his plan for post-war social security which forces a system of compulsory state insurance covering all persons in Britain, regardless of age, income or job. The plan is to be introduced by a government-appointed committee.

City Brain Worker Suffers From War
Doctors state it is the city brain worker in Britain who is suffering most from three years of war.

British Sailors' Society
At Home and Abroad

SONOTONE'S Newest Instrument
Sonotone which leads the world in hearing aid sales, now announces a new instrument.

COUGHING COMES AT WRONG TIMES
Thousands use Lymoids to stop coughing.

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Early Christmas Mailing Essential

All indications point to a record volume of Christmas mail this year and wartime demands on manpower and transportation make it imperative that the appeal to "Mail Early" be closely observed.

December 16th — Alberta and Saskatchewan
December 17th — Manitoba and Maritimes
December 19th — Ontario and Quebec
December 20th — Local delivery.

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The War Against Mrs. Hadley

Adapted from the MGM Picture by WILLIAM MCCORMICK

CHAPTER ONE
Mrs. Nathaniel Hadley's Washington home had just experienced the slight flutter of refined, exclusive activity which year by year presaged the distinguished lady's natal day.

Mrs. Hadley had placed an ammonia on two things in her well-ordered existence — the Washington Chronicle and the New Deal. The Washington Chronicle had once belonged to the late Nathaniel Hadley. Under his ownership the paper's editorial policy had been staunchly Republican and ultra conservative. When Mr. Hadley owned the Chronicle it had opposed a second term for Presidents.

WOMEN'S SHIRTFROCK



By Anne Adams
You'll really live in this smart shirtwaister for women! Anne Adams has given Pattern 4000 admirably flattering details in the shaping of the notched collar . . . in a panelled bodice softness in dart-controlled, pleated front skirt. Have three-quarter or short sleeves.

GOOD EATING NEWS
Get out that strawberry jam you made last summer, for here's a cake that calls for preserves. Instead of sugar, use only the moistness so that it yields like candy for days.

All-Brain Strawberry Jam Cake
2 1/2 cup All-Brain
1/2 cup milk
1/4 cup shortening
1 cup strawberry jam
1/2 teaspoon almond flavoring
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 cup flour
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup milk
1/4 cup shortening
1 cup strawberry jam
1/2 teaspoon almond flavoring
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 cup flour
1/2 cup sugar

Yield: 9 pieces (9 x 9-inch pan).
Note: Finished cake may be topped with meringue made of 1 egg white, 1-16 teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons strawberry jam.