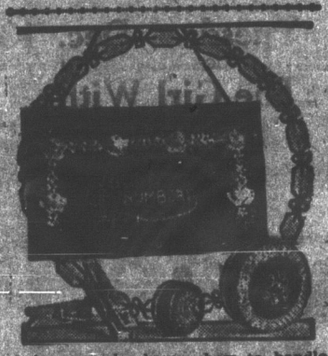
Hand-Made Toys



Here are two of many animals that are due to arrive on Christmas morning. A black kitty that will stand any amount of hard usage is very easy to make, requiring only a pair of silk stocking tops that have survived the worn-out feet. Cut off the worn feet and trim out the ankles in a curved line to form the ears. Sew a seam along this line, turn right side out and stuff with cotton to form the body. Wind the remainder of the tops with small cord to form the tail and tie a gay bow of ribbon at the end. Two white bone buttons make the eyes and heavy silk floss the mouth and whiskers and Miss Kitty is dressed up with a bow at the neck.

The elephant is made of gray duvetyn, plush or canton flannel and cut by a paper pattern. His eyes are shoe buttons, his tusks white cloth.

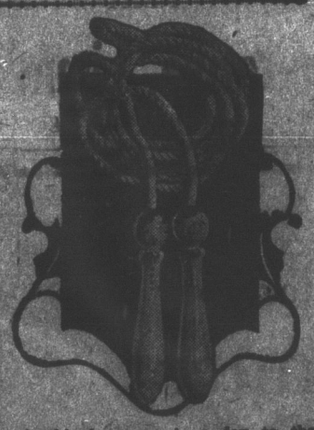
Pretty Home Gifts



Anyone who knows how to handle a paint brush and oil colors or understands the new art of painting with colored sealing wax can make the book for telephone numbers pictured here. It is merely a piece of black oilcloth folded over leaves of white paper. Small holes punched through at each end allow a black silk cord to bind the book and provide for hanging it up at the same time.

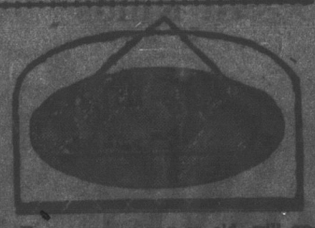
A powder box and a rouge box shown below it are covered with black lacquer and decorated with colored sealing wax that simulates ribbon and flowers.

Gay Skipping Ropes



A skipping rope is a joy to the sturdy little out-door girl, especially when it has Nannette and Rintintin for handles. They are painted a deep pink with faces, hair, neckties and buttons of black paint. By substituting clothespins for these handles and tacking the rope to them it is easy to make this treasure of childhood at home.

Handy Gifts for Men



Every man, young or old, will appreciate a good-looking rack to place within easy reach of his dressing case. The tie rack requires an oblong or oval board, smoothly covered with cretonne and a small nickel towel rack, which is screwed to the front of it. It is suspended by a silk cord fastened at the back with screw eyes.

Christmas Collars

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

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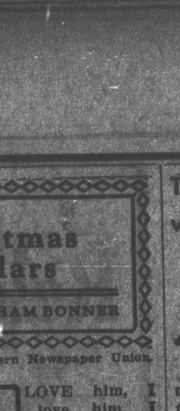
"I LOVE him, I love him, I love him," Agnes Allen said. And as she was alone in her room, and as no one could hear her, naturally there was no answer to her statement which she had repeated several times.

She was speaking of George Farwell. George was so good looking with his wonderful blue eyes, his brown hair, his fine erect figure.

Wherever she saw men she thought how insignificant they looked beside George. She was glad that she thought that way. She hoped others thought that way about the men they cared for. Then everything would be so smooth and so simple.



She wanted everyone to like her George immensely. But it would be embarrassing if everyone thought just the same about him as she did.

The wedding was to be Christmas afternoon. Then they had planned to go to their own new little home which they had just finished furnishing and fixing up. They were going to have their own little Christmas tree there—quite by themselves, and their friends had left their wedding presents and their Christmas presents there, though almost all of the former they had seen, of course.

"Are you almost ready?" it was Mrs. Allen calling up the stairs.

"Almost, mother dear," she answered.

"You'll be late," her mother called.

"I'll hurry," she said.

"Do you want any help?"

But she had taken longer than she had thought. Yes, if she didn't hurry she would be late! Still she would have George all her life now. How wonderful it would be! She wondered if that was why brides were so often late because they felt they had so much time!

It was a gloriously happy thought to realize how much time she had.

She was only ten minutes late. The few friends were at the Christmas day wedding. And her bouquet was of holly and mistletoe. She had always said she would love to have such a wedding bouquet. It would be so merry and Christmasy and such a happy, gay kind of a bouquet.

George had consented of course. He agreed to everything she said, because he loved her so, and she was so fair with him, too, because she loved him so!

The ceremony was over. They drove away in a low sleigh with jingling bells to the small house. There, by themselves, they opened presents. What a glorious time they had.

And she had a little surprise for him. Just a little bit of a surprise. But she knew he would like it.

"Open that box, there, George," she said.

He opened it.

And looked at some collars, many, many collars, all much too big for him.

"When I was buying my wedding clothes in town that time, George, I remembered that you'd spoken of a wonderful kind of collar you liked. I remembered the name too. I was a little puzzled when the man asked me your size. I told him though that as long as he had the right kind the size didn't make any difference. When he asked me if you were big or small I told him you were big of course!



"Why, George, what is the matter? Won't they fit you? Is the size so important?"

"My darling little girl," he laughed, "what does it matter what the size is. That is—it does matter, about wearing them I'm afraid, my love. But to think you thought of me even when you were getting the wedding fineries and remembered the name of the collar.

"They're my Christmas collars," he exclaimed, "and I'll put them away in the box with the Christmas bouquet we're going to save. Such a Christmas gift from a dear little bride should never be mangled by any laundry!"

"What a silly I am," she laughed gaily.

"But such an adorable silly," George answered as he kissed her.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

Vice President Coolidge Places Construction on the Greatest Event in Human History.

CHRISTMAS has but one meaning—the Nativity, writes Vice President Calvin Coolidge, in the New York Evening Post. The goodness, the justice, but also the mercy, the helping hand of God. This, the greatest event in human history, has a spiritual meaning. The Savior came to minister to the spiritual nature of man. He showed the true glory and importance of man—and helping him showed the duty of helping one another. Endowed with the power, yet He did not bestow material blessings or set up an earthly kingdom. But to follow Him gave the power to command all those.

To get the world to see the true meaning of things, that is the redemption. The creation was all declared good. It can be perverted. The enemy forever strives "out of good still to find means of evil." The material welfare of men does not come first—to make it first makes it to be destroying and destroyed. Christmas is not instituted for the purpose of earning the reward of gifts, but for giving them in their true significance. "The wages of sin is death, eternal life is the gift of God."

GUIDES BABE OF BETHLEHEM

Lighted Candle in Window on Christmas Eve Will Bring Happiness, an Old Tradition.

AN OLD tradition has it that "a lighted candle set in the window on Christmas eve will guide the Babe of Bethlehem to your home, that He may bring you happiness." In some countries it has long been the custom so to mark the coming of Christmas, and John H. Stedman of Rochester, N. Y., has originated a movement to spread it in this country. In a pamphlet urging all to light the "Christ-candle" on Christmas eve he says:

"The Irish will tell you that the Christ-candle was always lighted in their homes in the Emerald Isle as it has been for years and years in Norway and Sweden. Boston has had it for a decade. In Rochester 1916 was our third celebration—the first year a few houses shone—the second over a thousand—the third nearly every one; and it has spread to town, village and country over a 40-mile radius. Many far-away homes, Wisconsin, Maine, California, Florida, kindled their candles from ours, and when you have lighted yours you will appreciate why."

The Truer Things of Life.

We stand together at another fullness of time; perhaps it is a fullness in which material things, the man-made things, bulk largest. Perhaps it is a time in which confidence in the human seems to excel confidence in the divine. It is becoming increasingly evident that there must speedily come to men the visions of life and real values as they find their finer and larger interpretation of him whose birth the world celebrates at Christmas. There is a tragic, if inarticulate, appeal being made today for a return to the homelier, stronger and truer things of life; we are looking for a new birth of goodness that shall restore our lost peace and bring back again to earth the deeper satisfaction of the human heart.—James E. Freeman.



CHRISTMAS IN PIGVILLE

Papa Pig—My how the children will appreciate this nice bag of mud!

Christmas Cookies.

Cream together two cupfuls brown sugar and one-half cupful butter. Add one well-beaten egg, eight tablespoonfuls sweet milk, one saltspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful soda dissolved in one-eighth cupful boiling water, one teaspoonful cinnamon, 2½ cupfuls rolled oats, two cupfuls flour. Mix all together and let stand for an hour, then drop a teaspoonful at a time on greased tins. Press a fat raisin on the top of each and bake in a moderate oven. This amount makes about four dozen cookies.

Novel Christmas Tree Decorations.

Effective Christmas tree decorations can easily be made at home. Take candy sticks and dress them up in crepe paper and ribbons and thus convert them into novel candy dolls. Gilded nuts, acorns hung from the branches with colored ribbon and balls of cotton sprinkled with diamond dust, as well as rings of tiny gum-drops strung on white thread, make effective trimming.

Should Remember the Needy.

There is another thing than Christmas shopping that should be attended to as early as possible by those who can afford it, and that is the making of Christmas donations for the poor.

His First Christmas

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

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IT WAS very quiet in the house. Outside the snowflakes were chasing each other with vigor and a gayety and a sense of the merriment of the season.

Voices could be heard shouting across streets, wishing others "A Merry Christmas."

Now and again the wind blew loudly, but not shrilly nor harshly nor with a wailing sound. The wind, too, seemed to be quivering with happiness. All of nature had joined together to be as beautiful, as radiant, in honor of the day as possible.

The hills were covered with snow. The branches of the trees were laden with it. Icicles hung from eaves and from corners of houses, and windows were frosted with exquisite designs.

The shrubs, too, were covered with snow. It looked more like Fairyland than anything else.

In the house they were waiting, waiting, waiting.

How tense and long seemed the wait. How nervous, how frightful, and yet how marvelous—if all went well.

But just suppose everything didn't go well? Suppose anything happened?



Ray Clarke paced up and down the floor and wondered how he could have been so happy—so free from nervousness for so long a time.

He hated the great beauty of the outside world. When he heard people wishing each other "Merry Christmas" he almost hated their smiles and their cheerful voices.

How deeply he loved Lillian. She was worth all the Christmas presents in the world! Of course. There were no two ways about that.

And the doctor had said with such a genial, merry twinkle in his eyes: "Well, I fancy the young son and heir will be a Christmas present from the missus to you!"

He had laughed at the time, and Lillian had blushed and smiled and laughed, too. The doctor was such a friendly old soul—he had been the doctor when Lillian had been born. And he was fine, too.

But perhaps he counted too much on Lillian's strength. Ray had been sent out of the room and he had been alone here now for so long.

At first he had been so full of high spirits. But the delay had been so strange. They hadn't told him there would be any such delay. They had simply sent him out of the room and had said that everything was all right, and that they'd come and tell him soon to be back to see his child.

He would go upstairs. He couldn't stand this another moment. And it was so quiet. He had fancied it would not be quiet. Then he heard a strange shrill voice.

How curiously it sounded. Was that Lillian. She must be very ill to have a voice sound so curiously. He never heard it like that.

They couldn't keep him from her. She would want him, too. Of course she would!

He hurriedly ran up the stairs. The doctor was at the top of the stairs.

"Wait a moment; not so fast; not so fast," the doctor smiled. "I was coming to tell you."

"Couldn't you have let me come to her? Did you have to wait until it



was all over to come and tell me?" Ray said in a husky voice.

"She wanted it to be that way," the doctor said. Still he was smiling.

How could he smile at such a time? How hard and inhuman doctors became.

"I don't believe a word of it," he said. "She wanted me, I know. I heard her cry. That was it. You kept me from her. You wouldn't let me go to her and she—she—wanted me."

"My dear Ray, just a minute," the doctor said, but Ray had rushed past him and was in his wife's room. Tears were in his eyes.

Oh, he'd never forgive himself that he had consented to do what the doctor had told him to when suddenly he noticed that Lillian was looking at him, her eyes wide open, smiling happily.

"Did you hear him shout out a 'Merry Christmas' to you, Ray?" she asked.

"It was the baby who cried!"

"Not a cry, my love, 'Merry Christmas' was what he said!"

"Lillian, my own, my own," he murmured, and bent down over her. And now the tears came freely. He didn't care at all about them. Nothing mattered. For the tears—they were the tears of joy!



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