



**ENTERTAINING THE YULETIDE ANGELS**

By PRUDENCE STANDISH.

HERE are these angels, invisible to mortal eyes, and how may we entertain them? They are in the spirit of Christmas, in that glad feeling in the heart which knows there is reason for joy and which tells us to do all we can for others.

When we transgress against the laws of joy and kindness we are turning the Yuletide angels from our doors. When we open our hearts fully to the Christmas spirit, in every sense of the word, we are flinging wide the portals to the winged ones and spreading the banquet they love.

To come down to plain, everyday speaking, here are a few of the sins of the most well-meaning persons committed against the holiness, love and comfort of the Christmastide.

Everybody knows that year by year the shops make a strenuous effort to encourage the early buying of gifts. Christmas goods are put on sale quite six weeks before they are needed, while many a mercantile advertisement openly pleads the case of the busy people. When we put off our shopping until the eleventh hour, men, women and children—all of whom have a right to their own share of Christmas—must work overtime. Nothing is said of the awful heat of the crowded shops, of the exhausted air, of the toiling beings who swelter and stand in icy draughts, who faint and, perhaps, are sometimes discharged for insubordination with the last hideous battle of buying. But those who are behind the scenes know it all and every one of us to human justice must surely see this side of late Christmas shopping as the bitter side.

How inadequate is the last moment present bought under such conditions—the usual conditions in cities—to express the rightful Christmas sentiment. Instead of telling of Christmas joy if it could but speak the gift would say:

"I bring you a friend's irritabilities, and a sales-woman's white cheeks, and a little cash girl's sobs, and wish you a miserable Christmas." In short, this belated purchase, obtained with such effort to all concerned, carries with it the unheard tears and sighs of the Yuletide angels, those shining spirits of gladness we turn from our doors. There is a way to escape this very great annoyance to ourselves and injustice to others. The shops are never crowded in the early morning, so do the shopping then with the very first hour. Or if you are a business person and cannot spare the time, write the friend whom you recall at this late hour a nice little note full of Christmas feeling or else run around the corner and buy her a bunch of bright berries from any of the temporary stands, which if not patronized would mean ruin to their owners. At any rate, however, you solve the problem, keep one thought in your heart:

Peace on earth and good will to all and all the poor souls hired to sell Christmas presents.

The next sinners against the Yuletide angels are the family ogres who deny the home children their rightful share of Christmas joy, who fret about having the little Christmas tree with its trifling gifts, who shatter infantile idols by revealing the sacred mystery of Santa Claus, and so on and so on. Ah, me, ah, me, could I not tell weeping stories myself of the hardness of grown-up hearts at this time—stories of the dark and dreadful day when a silly aunt of seventeen mocked me for my belief in good Eriss Kringle and when, a little later, the edict went forth that I was too old to "think much of Christmas" any more. Is anybody ever "too old" to think of Christmas? Is the heart ever too hardened not to suffer when the dearest of its saints is ruthlessly taken away?

As to this rubbishy talk of the Christmas tree being too much trouble, or too much expense, it only means that the grown-ups are thinking entirely of themselves. There are Christmas trees and Christmas trees, and the cheapest and littlest may bring just as much joy to small hearts as the most expensive ones. In fact, I

have seen little Christmas trees burdened with tiny gifts, and gay with candles, that cost no more than a couple of dollars. They were set up with love, and trimmed with love, and revealed with love; and the children and the grown-ups were all as happy as happy could be because they had invited every one of the Yuletide angels to the fun.

So don't rob the children of their good Christmas saint, Santa Claus, but leave them to find out the facts of Christmas giving themselves. And, be your home ever so poor, save something from the housekeeping money to give the children their rightful Christmas joy in another way when the tree cannot be managed. An orange, a big, rosy apple, and a walking stick of striped peppermint candy cost but little. Yet the bunch of cheap things will seem like Christmas, the real true—true Christmas, when it is dumped out of the little stocking.

Concerning more important gifts than these, they also may be of the cheapest sort. All a little child expects is something new, so the trifles bought at a reasonable hour at the ten-cent store, the cheap, home-dressed doll, the nickel watch or fifteen-cent box of paints, are all equally prized. What the kiddies want is to feel their Yuletide angels near them, and a little extra bother, a little extra patience, will achieve this blessing. Remember, too, the child without the gates, for it needs a share of your joy. Sit up a little later for the next six nights and see what you can make out of pretty scraps of stuff on hand, the colored pictures in the old fashion books, etc. Let all the children who cross your way feel some of the gladness that is in your own heart. It is so easy. Don't grumble; do what you can with enthusiasm and give everything with love.

The worst sinners against Christmas peace are those who feel the season is a nuisance and who do their level best to make others feel the same thing. They hate the excitement, the exchange of presents, the letters or cards they must send, the idea of having to give servants money, the dinners they must get up, the which they must attend. And in eating these, and all the dozen and one duties of the Christmastide, they hate everything—the joy that is in the air, the sweet church bells, the cherubim and seraphim of Bethlehem, and even him whose coming the prophet Micah foretold so long before.



**Christmas Suggestions**

Our new store offers you a wide range of choice in selecting your Christmas Gifts and a visit to our store now will offer many suggestions to those who are in doubt as to what to give. Our Holiday displays are conveniently arranged so that your Christmas shopping will be made easier and the variety of useful and fancy gifts you will find here will delight you.

**Special Christmas Sale of Novelties at 10c Each**

For the next few days we will place on sale 150 pieces of novelties, including Whisk Broom Holders, Hat Pin Holders, Paper Racks, Pictures, Mottoes, Necktie Holders and Towel Racks, at a special price of 10c each.

These articles sell regularly at 15, 19 and 25c.

**The McAllister-Weaver Co.**

New Hawkins Bldg., Downers Grove, Ill.

**J. W. Nash  
High Grade Groceries  
15 So. Main Street  
Phone 59m**

At this time, when Mutual Fellowship and Good Cheer are uppermost in the minds of the people, we desire to express our hearty appreciation of the liberal patronage accorded us during the past year, and we can assure you that, in the future, as in the past, it shall be our pleasure to strive to please our many customers, and trust that we may continue to be favored with your patronage. We also assure you, that it will be our constant aim to keep in stock only the very best grades of everything in the grocery and provision line.

Our ever-increasing business enables us to replenish our stock weekly; thereby assisting us to keep it always fresh and pure.

We carry the W. L. Douglas Men's and Boys' Shoes of which we receive shipments nearly every month in the year; thus enabling us to keep in touch with the latest styles and shapes.

Our Men's Furnishing Goods Department is always of the latest and best patterns.

Place your order with us and become one of our many SATISFIED customers.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,

We remain,

Yours truly,

J. W. NASH.