The Acton Free Press

THURBDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1923 ----GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

He little knew the sorrow that was le his vacant chair He never guessed they'd miss him or he'd surely have been there; He couldn't see his mother or th hope that illed her throat. Or the tears that started falling

who roud his hanty note; And he couldn't see his father sitting morrowful and dignb, he never would have written tha he thought he wouldn't come.

He little knew the gladrens that his presence would have made. And the Joy It'would have given, or never would have stayed. He didn't know how hungry had the little mother grown, Once again to see her baby and claim him for her own. He didn't guess the meaning of visit Christmas Day. Or he never would have written that

he couldn't get awny. He couldn't see the fading of cheeks that once were plak, And the allver in the treases; and didn't stop to think How the years are passing swiftly und folks. They was pretty near not speaknext Christmas It 'might be There would be no home to visit and no mother dear to see. He didn't, think about it-I'll not he didn't care. He was heedlers and forgetful, or

Are you going home for Christman? Have you written you'll be there? Coing home to kins the mother an to show her that you care? Coing home, to greet the father in way to make him glad? If you're not, I hope there'll come a time you'll wish you had. Just sit down and write a letter, will make their heart strings hum with a tune of perfect gladness-if

aurely have been there.

CHRISTMAS

Lord Jesus Christ was born on Decomber 26. In fact there are serious put up in his own yard.". considerations that seem to support the contrary uplaion. After everything their flocks in the open fields at the grin. very dead of winter. The question, end in failure. Even the great John mony-". Milton has given it his sanction and approval in "The Nativity Hymn": . It was the winter wild,

While the heaven-born child All meanly wrapped in the rude manger lois;

Has doffed her gandy trim, With her great Master so to sympathize. It was not till near the close of fourth century that Christmas came

Nature in awe of Him

day by the Christian Church, Let us pause for a moment to consider the real significance of that lowly birth in far-off Bethlehem which set the multitudes of the heavenly host to shouting for very joy. Suppose that it had not been, what then? stands solld in the history of man. I don't suppose." He is indeed more substantial, more . "Louisa," said Mrs. Kitchell, "Louisa any form of matter or any mode of Her tears splashed pitifully on her force. The conceptions of earth and wool. air and fire and water change around "Don't go to rusting up your knitan everlasting mountain peak. All at- ting needles, ma," said Cornect: but a legend, an idea and hundreds of as of tears kept back. such attempts have been made-have ... At the sound of somebody in character and left not a rack behind. silence. Hiram Kitchell opened the The result of all criticism; the final door. He was a short man with a is that Christ is historical. He is such bushy gray brows, but his mouth and a person as men could not have im- chin had an obstinate look. He eyed agined if they would and would not his silently crying wife, and Cornecl have imagined if they could. He is bristling with her mixed emotions, and neither Greek myth nor Hebrew legend. he comprehended what had been the The artist capable of fashioning Him subject of conversation. and create a Christ. A real Christ "I reckon," said Erastus Hoxson

What has been true in the past will along with the kiln so we can fire up be true in the future. Let no one nurse before Christmus." historical Christ upon the thoughts and hurry," his wife said, dryly. throne of His glory ut the right hand He knew the signs and he frowned .. tinios of our race. As the world fortunes, He's-" mystery of His character, it bows lag. Split it on a nail," said Mr. Moxthat grows with the advancing suns. "He's lost what little money he put majesty of Him goes beyond all thought. The greatest English poet of this century addresses Him as Nathan appeared. "Birong Bon of God, Immortal Love." Far be it from us to dock Him out with grandson, seven 'years' old. For four "fred up."

No wonder that the ungels mang und! It out with the dawning of the morn- and groon things on it that shine." gather in the house of (lod. Int aged perate light in her faded blue eyes. saints with invetical vision of coming giories speak it through glad lips to late, Take back what you've said in the generation that is following after Wruth and unreasonableness!" them. Let young believers, with their noble enterprises, take it up and re- husband's rejoinder. post it with added volume: "Clory "Gran'pa," said Nathan, "I want to God in the highest. It is the angele' express wagon for Christmas. Mr song, but it belongs also to man. 'The Whitton's got them, red ones, and I calcutial visitants uttered it on only want one." one occasion, and then withdrew from "You know in your heart, 'Rastus, the earth. Hince that time it has been there's no sense or reason in it." said folding ages when the angels will come it grow and widen. Don't! O 'liastus' what he wanted, little fellow! I fild a soot-mark, back and join once more with men in Look at the years gone by. Wo've not have the money." a jubitant antiphony. Calhering in never had any such friends as the

The Bree Press Short Story

A Christmas Crisis

EMMA A. OPPER

ORNEEL" FLINT, Mrs. Kit- | I want some skates chell's widowed daughter, ting room door. 'There! she said, "ma's got to going about the it He catastrophe. Can't you head her off? alning her cousin's first wife's sister. from a neighboring village pursued her subject. "Next thing was, Hiram boarded a horse of 'linatus's when Rantus was altering his barn. It died of the bots afterward, and 'Rustus words trailed after him to went and 'twas Hiram's feed-told that to He slammed the door behind him.

ing. diready, and after that-" "After that the thermometer forty degrees when they have in sight of one another," said Corneel. She was small and narrow-shouldered, with a humorous, wide mouth and durting

"And now 'Rastus has bullt the lime kiln." sald Mrs. Kitchell. "He and Hiram always suspected there was lime or semothing or other on our land and 'Rastus's: some of it's so stony it's spoiled for crops. And three yours ago a fellow was here from Middisbridge, and speared round with t pickaxe and said 'twas limestone, and you'll tell them that you'll come, they'd better put up a kiln and get rich. Hiram wasn't able to do it alone, he hasn't been prospered lately; but he It is by no means certain that our the agreement-he's hauled bricks and boards, and hired men, and get a kiln

"As close under pa's nose as he

ent, will waste little time in trying to banked our hopes on it. But it isn't no skates, and no express wagon! current tradition has so imbedded most forty years. Sarah Hoxson came beyond this. Itself in the popular mind, and in the here a bride, and Hiram and I were He felt as if the world had come to starlit night, literature of the world, that any at- married the next April, and settled an end with a great crash. He lay tempt to dislodge it would probably here. Forty years of peace and har- there with a crushed heart, and kicked "Heavens to Belsey!" he uttered, in

so. It was town's talk, pretty near, about ma and Mrs. Hoxson. Always and the air was damp and springlike. and forever running in and out, and swapping pickle receipts and cake re-

"I've never felt I could keep house without Sarah," said her mother. "Well, you're not keeping house," to be generally celebrated as a sacred said. Corneel. "I am, She's given stocking-bags and plush broom-holdright up, ma has; isn't fit to do anything but alt and knit wristlets." "You're not maying," the distant

relative gasped, "that you don't see anything of them any more! "We see Mrs. Hoxson looking over here out of her window," said Corneel. Every chapter of human history for folding her arms with a jerk. "Makes the past 1,800 years would have been me thing of Lady Jane Grey behind different. No exaggeration is involved the bars. Pu told ma and me he'd gone forth from the occupant of the kith and kin, and he wanted his family reaching not merely every community. Mr. Hoxson's told his wife, but I guess but also every man on the face of the he's contrived to make himself underearth. Jesus Christ is the most real stood. They've got the gate in the and the most potent figure in the fence between us nailed up. I've annals of time. In "The Gospel of An thought some of having a telephone happened." Age of Doubt," Dr. Henry Van Dyke put in," said Corneel, grimly, "but

tempts to resolve him into a myth, her own voice had a strained sound drifted over the enduring reality of His kitchen, they dropped into sudden verdiet of enlightened common sense, bearded face and pleasant eyes under

appeared in the world and created he shoved back his chair from the supper table that evening, "we'll get

the delusion that the hold of this "You've got it up in a terrible stew and affections of men is going to be Their eyes met. They had always weakened as the centuries sweep by, been happy together, until the husband He Himself spoke with far-reaching had quarrelled with his neighbor, and prophecy when He said! "And I, if I the lime-kiln had gone up. Now their be lifted up, will draw all men unto serene trust had waned. They were at me." He has been lifted up first to odds, and captious and sharp-tongued. the cross-which was thus made the Mrs. Hoxson scraped the leavings perfect symbol of an infinite and self- on one plate, then faced her husband. renouncing love-and thence to the She tried-twice before she could speak.

of the Majesty on high. From that "Rustus," she said, "you know perpoint of vantage, He commands the feetly well there's as much lime on hearts of men. Not less and less, but Hirum Kitchell's place us there is on more and more, He aways the dos- ours, and he's poor. He's had misenters deeper and deeper into the "Tother cout of mine wants, mend-

He was the Hoxsons' orphaned ed black smoke. Mr. Hoxson bad or asleep? out love of their bourts was his.

shouted to one another till the Judeaen grandmother. They selden knew five tone of stone a day, and you draw stalked off. air was vibrant and tremulous with the where Nathan was till he got home. out four of good limet. I'll get a the highest; on earth, beace, good will Nathun. He was stocky builty and the kiln at Middlebridge and got all and dry off." to men." Bhall not the glad unthem ruddy, with cheeks that stuck out fat- the points. I'm going to have a double be repeated a thousand thousand times ly. He reached ougerly across the in this closing week of 19357 Let the table. "Mr. Whitton's sait a great big chimes in all the church towers ring Christmas tree in his store, with red you're laying out to spend Christmas?" hard. He grasped the other's shoulding. Let the tuneful choirs proclaim He ate in atlence; and his grand- brought him in. it to the listening audiences as they mother returned to her charge, at des-"'Rastus," she implored, "It len't too

"You'll drive me to staying out in hearts affame and their wills set to the barn the whole time!" was her

the bright regions of the air, they will Kitchells. I can't help thinking you've wanted," said her husband, the more but have caught fire," was what he cry sloud in full-throated volume: been most to blame, 'Restus, and if graffly because his conscience hoavily said, finally; but his words came hus-"Glory to God in the highest"; and you'd take the first sjep..."

from the redeemed earth men will "Gran'pa," said | Nathan, thickly, and Mr. Hoxson, "I haven't didn't you come to me? I sin't a didn't you come to me? I sin't a didn't you come to me? I sin't too late to the surrequent. "Tisn't too late to the surrequent."

ence that overturned his chair. He let "Christmast" he said, thunderously Don't talk about Christmas. I've got enough magging to stand without your peatering me about Christmas. If u man tan't have any peace in his own house he'd better get out of it, and I'm about ready tol" The wrathful

. An unuttérable detonishment sat of Nathan's round face. He stopped oating, and sat transfixed. Nover before had his grandfuther spoken to him in such a way. He stared in affright. "Gran'ma," the gasped, "ain't I going to have any presents for Christ-His grandmother had sat down, ing with eagernous and joy; Nathan. heavily. She made no unswer, with his mouth stretched wide. little boy went and stood before her and frantically thumped her knees. "Stevie Budlcott's going to get a sled! and some blue-mittens, he said so.

Ain't I going to hang up my atocking and get some presents, gran'ma?" But he saw that his grandmothe ittle heeded him. She gazed over his head, "Child!" she said, "I don't rightly know what you're saying. I've got a load of trouble in my heart!" Nathan went and lay down on stomach behind the stove, where the cat was, and rubbed bis little grimy stripped wristlets. And Hiram Kitchell bewildered. Everything was strange watching him, their faces illumined awarded the palm for political reand terrible, and not to be believed, with broad smiles, Itis small perceptions did not reach

hung up on the foot of the bed. No "He's over to Hi Kitchell's," he said Her mother, who was knitting wrist- little bundles to be found bulging it let it be distinctly affirmed, is one of lets of blue wool, dropped her needles. out in the morning-O joy dear and no great importance. Wise believers. "O Louisal" she faltered. "It isn't the inexpressible! No big bundles on the knowing that it is relatively indiffer- worst of it, about the lime. We'd all floor under it. No mouth organ, and barn. His men had gone home. At determine a more correct date. The that. Here we've lived side by side for There were no depths of wretchedness there was to be a first drawing of the

> the air futilely, and sobbed. "Ma's getting postical," said Corneck It promised to be a green Christmas. teeming with strunge thoughts and "Peace and harmony! I should say There were only a few sodden rem- unwelcome. He could not exercise nants of snow in the fonce-corners, them; they chained him there. the neighbors in a red shawl pinned when he, his grandfather, had forclepts, and patterns for crocheted edg: over her head, and tightly across her meagre shoulders. Her face perked the child before. This year the limeout of it sharply, and her wide smile kiln had driven everything else out of did not disguise the sarcastic mood his head. It had remained for Corneel ly: which was hers in these days. She Flint and the Kitchells to give Nathan

Christman," she said. "We're too but the unger he strove to rouse flickpoor; poorer'n Job's turkey. We have gred foebly, and died within him. not the heart for it, either. The catastrophe's upset us so we aren't good for much. I'a can brug und of Nathun's blissful face haunted him. in the statement that an influence has got done with 'Rastus Hozson and his it. Have salt pork and cabbage, I sup- with a struggling gratitude. Little

rude stone manger in the city of David, should abide by it. I don't know what ing any presents, either. Nothing but dear. He was stirred; he was touched. wristlets. Ma keeps right on manu- He felt the uplifting influence of facturing wristlets, all kinds und the perfect night, although his eyes colors of the rainbow. It's all she's were hidden from it. It was the eve got spunk to do since the catastrophe of Christmas. They hadn't made any thing of Christmas when he was a boy. Going home one afternoon she met Nowadays Tolks made a terrible hullatruly says: "The person of Jesus Christ pa and Mr. Hoxson wouldn't favor it, little Nathan Hoxson. He promptly bulloo. turned back with her. "I alh't going!

> Christmas, I nin't." of her own satirical complaints. "Stevie Burdicett's going to get

ain't going to get anything?" said going to forgut things any more'n I Nuthan. "Who sald you weren't?"

the materials. A non-existent Chris- off," he said to Corneel, with quick he had crept into her hungry heart.

They went slowly along, in un frstopped and held confidential converse, were dried by the warmth of a serone and beaming amile.

His grandmother met him at the door "I want you should take these over to flory force within. Phoobe Kitchell," she said. grandpa ain't here. Hurry along." She awaited his return in nervous treplattion. She had not before ven tured any deflance of her husband's bearing a minee ple on the plate. "She burst right out a-crying," he

said, broathlessly, "and she kave me

this to give to you, und her love." For some days before Christmas resounding explosions startled the ears of the neighborhood. Mr. Hoxson and his helpers were blasting out lime- He stood there, clutching the roof, and Even those who withhold from Him into the tool-factory that failed. He's stone, and on the morning before whom He can be said to have imitated, been unfortunate. You've got a plenty, Christmas his wife looked out upon chell's voice broke in upon him. and none has followed after Him that and you've but up the kiln out of what seemed to her an unhely punis worthy to be named as approaching spite, right here close to him. You demonium. A desen men, workmen Him in the awful qualities of stain- hadn't the right to. You haven't stuck and interested loiterers, were guthered less purity and absolute holiness. The to your word with him." about the lime-kiln shed. A wagon- body in sight, and the house was dark "Where's Nathan?" Mr. Hoxson de- load of limestone in Jugged great places manded. The door bunged upon, and stood hauled up, and a rude derrick it's about put out. Give me the water, rose beside the chimney, which beich- if you've got some. You been dead

idle words, or to follow the example years he had been the unxlous joy | Bhe heard him expatiating, with a hig sound. He threw Mr. Hoxson's of those who deny itis claims and yet of their lives. He took his own way large manner, to the curious assem- patiful on the last smoldering spot. load Him down with a burden of without asking for it, but his way was bluge: "Calculating to run it a week "You'd better tack some tin on it fulsome compliment. In His presence & sweet one. People said he "ran or so, and see what wants changing, if you don't want to burn up the we feel that the only proper attitude over his grandparents, but the tender- Bha'n't fire up for good till February, whole thing. Let me down there." "Where you been, lamby?" said his ing begins in the spring. You put in Hira'n Kitchell shouldered it

oven when I get 'round to it." his wife demanded, when dinner time ur. "I was sittling out there, thinking

"Hey? Why len't it? Business business," he threw back at her. "It lan't that, 'Rautus. It's the spirit When he came in ut eight welock

for a late bite of supper, his wife broke the sterri allence which held thom. "I'm terribly worried about Nathan, she said. "He hasn't been home to supper, and I don't know where he is. Generally he's abed by this time. want you to go and look for him. I'm the possession of mortals. But the his wife, "and hean't been from the scared. I've got a few little things to day is coming somewhere in the un- first; and Hiram: knows it. Don't let put in his stockings, I couldn't get

"You ought to have got what he

He got a lantern and started off make it right, I recken. I want you nxiously. He wont down to the main should burn your stone here, the same street of the village. It was Christians us I de, and share what's made, and ever and the street was populous. The you can pay your share of putting two dry-goods stores were billiont up the kilo when you're able." with light, and with a gay stray of gifts persunalvely faunting themselves Illa surging feelings made him fairly He went into all the stores and made lumbries about Nathan, but includy his old friend classed it! and seen him. He turned his lantern up every dark corner. Where was th little fellow? Had be lost bimself? Had be been carried off? Tramps

He turned toward home. He step ned at every house on the way, with the same unxlous formula': "You seen anything of Nathan?" Nobody had He repeated it with dogged persistence, Had be tumbled into the river? Had he gone down to the railroad and got fore her incrediblous gage her husband's Looking in the intror again, do you well to the work. It is horse driver, explain how you can get the agency, run over? Erestus was almost home, eyes felt. "Can't believe my heart not find there the reflection of a young

were frequent. Ills grandfather felt

the chill of four creeping into h

volce shook. The tays from a lighted window streamed out upon blus. It was Hiram Kitchell's window, and he started to pass on; but something fixed bls astonished eyo-a little figure, distinct in his huste had burst open, in the room's brightness.

He strode into the . yard-Hiram's Kitchell's promises. . Heartfelt relief and thankfulness warred in his heart with unger. What was Nathan doing here ut Ili Kitchell's? You, It was Nathan-Nathan, with his chubby, full moon of a face shin-

Erustus Hoxson, stood and gazed The plain, poor sitting room looked festive. Propped on a chair' in the middle was an overgreen bush. There were bits of lighted candle on it, and eyes, and pranced and capered. strings of pop-corn. There had been colebration, and all the presents, ovidently, were Nathan's. He clutched a toy gun and trumpet in one hand and a great orunge in the other, and both sleeves

could get it," said Corneel. "Said he'd far. He knew that trouble broaded in the shrouding darkness his face The silent watcher stood there long has been said and weighed, it remains put up a lime-kiln with Belial sooner in the air. but he had not suffered from was working. He turned himself slowhard to believe that the Palestinian than he would with Hi Kitchell." Her it till now. He was not going to ly, and stumped home in a daze. He shepherds would have been watching broad mouth stretched in a mirthless have any Christmas. No stocking thrust his head in at the kitchen door

> und shut It. Old Erastus wandered off, and sal down on a wheelbarrow beside the ten o'clock they would be buck, and lime. He was alone in the still and

He dropped his head in his hands examporation, because his mind was Corneel Flint and the Kitchells had Corneel Flint went around among made a Christmas for little Nathan, gotten him! He never had forgotten

sniffed at the sight of embroidered a Christmus. Hi Kitchelli "Corneel Flint had better keep her ers in surreptitious process of making, nose out of other folks's concerns! "We're not doing unything about She's a chip of the old block," he said; The scene at the Kitchells's remained distinct before his eyes. The vision bluster all he's a mind to, it's wearing "Hi Kitchell was about as tickled over on him, and it ought to. We aren't it us Nathan was. Old fool!" he said: going to have a turkey-can't afford but he faintly smiled with sympathypose, same as usual. We aren't mak- Nathan was very near to him, very

Even the minister he had preached to hang my stocking up," he said, as a sermon about it hast Hunday. "Tried abiding in human apprehension, than __ Her voice trembled, and broke, he had said to everybody he had on- to make out that folks ought to turn countered since his culamity had be- themselves inside out, pretty nigh," fallen him. "Ain't going to get any Ernstus said to himself,"to have things amooth and peaceable at this season "Land of the living!" said Corneel of the year. Pshaw! Tax-ray and His words were like a childish echo bobtall! There's some things there's no glossing over, if 'tis Christmas. a Christmas or twenty-fourth of May. sled and some blue mittens, and I what's the odds? Hi Kitchell sn't

am, neither!" Barah thought he had been mor "Gran'pa," said Nathan, and his thats to hisme-than III had. Hhe harped on that same old string-about their Corneel felt un ache, in her own living there alongside of one another throat. Bhe wrapped her arm and a for forty years. About the love there corner of her shawl around Nathan, as had always been between them. About they went. She loyed the little boy the time Ill Kitchell had turned Murdid not exist, nor could be have found . "Your turnip's scorching. Take it well. She had never had a child, and tin Disborough out of his house for literally compiled with, mot the up- deliver the transportation free of any

them back what they'd spent for Nuthan-fifty cents, maybe. He struggled against his state of mind: 1 regular line. At Corneel's gate they writhed beneath it; but he stroye impotently. "O Lord!" he grouned, and when Nathan went home his tears and lifted his face to the sturry sky

in supplication. He knew not how long he He turned and looked at the cloud She held a plate of hot doughnuts, of sparks hurled from the kiln by the He sprang up, "Heavens to list-

soy!" he ajuculated. It looked us if the lime kiln shed roof was aftre. He ran for water. Against the shed's side he found a ladder leaning. He stern commands. Nathan came back dld not account for its presence, but he rushed up. A splant of cold water met him, and took his breath. On the roof a figure stood, blackly silhousetted against the sky. It was Ill

A wrathful, suspicion held Erastus. Ill Kitchell had set the shed affred

"I was out in the wood shed, and saw your shed catching fire where the sparks fell. There wasn't unv-

but't much demand for lime till build- 'They descended' the ladder, and

"Down to the stores, gran'ms," said dollar a barrel easy. I've been up to Mr. Hoxson, "Come by the kile Hirain Kitchell marched on, the ladder dragging behind blot. "Hit" suld "Do you think this is a right way old Erustus, and pursued, broathing

> things over, If you want to know how it came that I didn't see the blaze. kind of guess I've been meaner'n you have, Iti-some. Barah's said so the you're doing it in." He clattered his whole time. Ill Kitchell, you drop that ladder and stop where you be! I was coming over to talk to you. You can believe it or you needn't. I'd have been over there this night." Hirum Kitchell turned. He hid his mouth with his smoke-blackened hand. He was sixty yours old, and set in his ways, and he was bitterly ashamed to let it be seen what tumultuous! emotions possessed him now. He dabbed his hand across his eyes, leaving

HOW DO YOU CARRY YOURSELY A PLOW THAT DANKS THE SNOW

"I'm obliged to you," mild Mr. Kitchell sight; but he held out his hand, and an aket, graceful bearing.

They leaned against the fence. The itmosphere of septiment distressed then both. They chopped the subject short. Between them the entastrophe was buried doeply and forever. The sound of little Nathan's bubbling laugh came floating out to them. He went to the kitchest door. "Nathan's having a Christmas tree over to

the Kitchell's," he said to his wife "You want to go over there with me? tlet your bonnet on." She turned and stared at blin. "Hate to tell Barah I haven't found ain't too tough for a change, can you, lady who gives an impression of bin!" he muttered, ligging; and his murch?" he said, humbly. "Get your energy, power, and saif-possession?

> Trembling from head to foot, also fold lowed the two men through the fam-Illar old gate, which Hiram Kitchell look of disgust on her face. Into the fostal brightness of th Kitchella's sitting room they contered

motionions with surprise. Hhe mochanically placed some chair after a But Mrs. Hoxson took her old friend In her urms There, there Phoebel The time for crying is over and done with," she said, joyfully.

Nathan tried to bring into

in single file. Cordeol Filat stood

grandparents' view all his presents at once. He waved them before their "Morry Christmas!" she shouted, und further words falling him, blow plereing blast on his tin trumpet. .

POLITICAL REPARTEE

British elections, Mr. Brian Phillips fists into his eyes. He was dismayed und his wife and Corneel Flint aut declares that Mr. Oladstone always a nicety the right degree of servility parter to his great opponent. Disraell, cording to their rank. He never allpbecause of a retort he made to un unfriendly crowd quite eut in his career. The future Lord Heaconsfield. then scarcely known, was standing for Parliament against . Colonel Grey, who had the powerful backing of the great Whig family of that name. The audionce was inclined to regard the brilsuperstitious and important old genliant young Jow as an allen and an

> some one shouted, "but, pray, what do "I stand on my head," was the in-

stantaneous reply. If there has been nothing in recent years to match this famous flash of wit, there have yet been some excollent answers, in which the heckled candidate has got the best of hie might I have leave for a few mo-

ments now? My house is on fire!" When the ship-owning millionaire, Hir Donald Currie, was usked at Greenwich if his father had not been the local burber, he admitted, prompt-

been a barber, you would have been the same. When the famous Mr. Lloyd George, who is proud of his lowly birth and bringing up, was asked a similar question, he scored as swiftly and even

grandfather used to drive a donkey and cart. . "You will have to forgive me, ladles and gonflomen," Mr. Lloyd George applogized; "the cart had quite oscaped my memory, but I see the don-

A parallel case, in which the young uristocrat proved as uble us the solfmade man to hold his own when jeer- as does the Yuletide. Though you were ed at, was that of Viscount Lewishum, at the ends of the earth you would long! a protectionist or, as the English say, to be home for Christmas and if it "turiff reform" candidate, who was were at all possible you would be suspected of a lack of sympathy for there. In the long ugo when travelthe poor, because of his too fortunate ling facilities were very limited, people "Yah!" cried a ragged listener, as he

"He calm, my good man." the viscount A temperance orator, speaking during the same campaign, was so fre-

shouts of "Turn blm out!" No, don't turn him out," suggested

remained wholly friendly to the orator

"How do you carry .. yourelf this

one side before a long interes; allow clear of the sidewalk. The shower of the shoulders to droop, the body to some, it is to be emphasized, is burled it burns without relat, smake or noise may down and forward, and see what char over the eldewalk, and on the tropression you get from the glass. In lawns where, thus deposited, it can be it not that of a young buty whe is un- indefinitely without any inconvenience. graceful, Ineffective, undignified, and if found necessary, the muchine can otherwise inferior? Now, raine your chest, draw your budy to your full height, and do not doubtless more in the nature of a think about your shoulders. Throw sthat then a real utility. Mince its used in each decality who will help your weight forward, so that it is supported on the front part of the feet.

A certain university town has a skillful and artistic dressmaker. After one of the events of commencement week, she left the college yard with a

"Didn't you enjoy the class-day ex professy" inquired a friend, "I enjoyed them," was the "until I saw three of my hundsomest gowns rulned. I made every one the drosses worn by that quartette of girls who sang the class ode. All of the dresses were correct in line and style, but thron of the girls sugged down, and thrust the lower part of the body forward until the bottom of their skirts dipped up in front like a ninety. cent wrapper; and on that high plat form it was especially conspicuous. Let us change our morning saluta tion for awhile, and try that of the French: "How do you carry yourself?"

ORDERLY SERVANT

and trusted head butler. That immuculate servant knew to to adopt to his muster's guests, acped, he never smiled, and to see him conducting operations at a dinner party was to see an artist at work. And yet, one night, James, the immaculate, was plainly unnerved. Courses were served in their wrong order, whe was 'spilt, and, us a final blow, sait was upset upon a very

"Anything wrong, James?" the host had inquired, soon after the dinner

"No, wir," gallantly replied the old sorvant. At last, however, when the ladles had retired to the drawing room, he begged a word with the host. "I beg your pardon, sir," he murmured in a respectful undertone, "but

HAD NOTHING ON HER

It was Christmas wock and the jani-"It is true-and if your father had tor was on his usual rounding wishing his patrons the compliments of the season, hoping, of course, to be remembered in some way. He came to the door of a new tonant and on it being opened he Wished the lady the usual compliments, at the more severely. The hockler unwisely same time adding: "I'm the man that inquired if he remembered that his empties the garbage can." "Thank you, same to you," was her

WHERE WILL YOU SPEND

roply; "and I'm the lady that fills it."

CHRISTMAST In all the cycle of the year there is no time that brings families together fourneyed many weary miles and und dured great hardships that they might be with friends and loved ones on began to speak. "You want to tax Christmas Day. To-day it is so different. The modern rullway enables re-manured him. "We don't intend to you to cross the continent in a few days in comfort. This year there promises to be the usual heavy Christmas and New Year travel north, south, quently interrupted by a rowdy in the cast and west, and in order that you crowd that the rest, even those who may reach your destination as comhad been at first hostile, turned ugainst fortably and speedily as possible the offender, and there were lusty Canadian National Railways are making preparations far in advance. Anyone wishing to pay for the travelling the speaker, mildly. "Turn him upside expenses of relatives or friends from down, and let the bear run out of any point, need only to place the money n-the hands of nearest ticket ugent The suggestion, although it was not of the line; our representative will

morning?" in the solutation with which of a cleant of flying particles to their French people great one another. It wake, but the engineers of the South simply implies that mental and physic. Park Board of Chicago take advantage of states moniford themselves in the of this traft. They have a play that entrying of the hody, and that health aweeps steam a reven fact bothway. and mental vigor give the powersent taking the sound-late the machine and then throwing it, in a cascade that fested by the U. M. Government and Make this experiment. Bland with deposits it on the back hown, well is leading universities and found to

throw the show no less than 250 feet but this extreme perfermance is send a lamp on 16 days' FREE trial, Introduction, the plow how been given him introduce it. Write him to-day plenty of hard use, and has shoul up for full particulars. Also sak him -----

AB YOU PACE OBSTACLES

When you enumerate the obstacle against which you must contend, is very important that you should have the right purpose. It does not do to underestimate your adversary, nor your hardely, but it makes all the difference in the world whether you expatiate on the difficulties in your way in order to excuse yourself for fullure, or in order to brave yourself up to the most intense offert.

TAKE YOUR OWN ADVICE

If you tell your friend to meet dis aster bravely, take that counsel t your own heart. Het un example of courage. If you urge the duty of forgiveness on some acquaintance, be sure your own heart is free from the least touch of resentment or unkindliness. Whatever advice you give others, give it to yourself, and before the eyes of those you have counselled, act upor

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