

## Christmas Bells

By MINNA IRVING.

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WHEN all the world is white with snow  
Ten million tongues repeat  
The tidings of the birth of Christ  
In accents clear and sweet.  
They fling the message to and fro  
O'er frosty hills and dells  
Till every earthly ear has heard  
The music of the bells.

THEY are the echoes of a voice  
Still ringing through the night  
From blossom bearing lands of sun  
To lands of frozen white,  
First heard on old Judea's plain,  
Where flocks and shepherds lay,  
By time and distance multiplied  
To welcome Christmas day.

FOR then a shepherd boy awoke  
And rubbed his sleepy eyes  
And saw a star of wondrous light  
Above him in the skies  
And, pointing to its glory, cried:  
"All hail the Christmas morn!  
Behold the star of Bethlehem,  
The Prince of Peace is born!"

### Light Up on Christmas Eve.

Some residents of Boston received the following announcement daintily printed in old English a few days before a recent Christmas:

"To All Whom It May Concern: Greeting: We again bespeak your good will and assistance in adding to the cheer of Christmas eve by placing lighted candles in the windows of your houses between 6 and 10 at night, to the end that the hearts of passersby may be gladdened and that the day of good will and glad tidings may be fittingly commemorated."

The response was more general than was expected. Scarcely a house of those to whom the appeal was addressed but had its candles arranged long before the hour appointed and promptly at 6 o'clock lighted up in a flare of Christmas light. The effect of good Christmas cheer and of welcome to the coming festival was charming. The custom will be observed hereafter.

### "My Christmas Decision"

From Battle Creek, Mich., a Christmas message was sent to the nation—a message that may mean Christmas cheer for the starving tenement dwellers, the street wail, the jobless man, the social outcast, for everybody who is lonely, neglected or friendless.

With Rev. George E. Barnes as sponsor a movement was started to "make this Christmas Christmas for everybody."

The following, called "My Christmas Decision," was sent broadcast:

"Every Christmas season makes your friendship and mine more precious and our love more tender.

"This year the thought of that love has been bringing to me a new consciousness of the needs of the whole world of Christmas cheer and love.

"Desolate homes, stricken countries and imperiled lives abroad; slackened industry and impending suffering at home—all are calling. I want you to know that my Christmas gift to you will be quite simple, but warmed with the fire of a new love, for I am going to give an extra gift to the needs of all those whom I deeply love.

"My joy in this new service will be greater if you join me in its spirit, that our Christmas celebration may be kept simple, filled with good will, winged with sacrifice and devoted to peace."

### No New Way of Keeping Christmas.

I have among my friends some who have tried new ways of keeping Christmas, says an English writer. They have not been a success. When folk have done a thing in one way for some hundreds of years it is not easy to invent a better way of doing it. Of course it has been done sometimes. We have the steam engine, the electric telegraph, and so on, but with regard to keeping Christmas day no one seems likely to invent anything new that will be as good as the old. Roses and lilies will not do instead of holly and mistletoe, and there is no satisfactory substitute for beef, turkey, plum pudding and mince pies.

## A Botanical Error

### A Christmas Poem

By GOODLOE THOMAS.

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PEGGY wore a sprig of mistletoe,  
Wore it Christmas eve. Of course you know  
What the consequences were  
Wearing that—and in her hair.

PEGGY'S not to blame for doing so,  
How could she know it was mistletoe—  
Just a sprig of green she found  
Lying carelessly around?

SOME said Peggy wasn't very slow  
At a party wearing mistletoe  
And a light in her blue eyes  
Not exactly shocked surprise.

PEGGY'S not the least to blame,  
although  
'Twas remarked, concerning mistletoe,  
Her mistake seemed odd. You see,  
Peg excels in botany!

### RED CROSS SEAL FIGURES.

225,000,000 Holiday Stickers Already Distributed in United States.

Few people have any conception of the magnitude of the Red Cross Christmas Seal Campaign. Here are a few figures that will show what a gigantic movement this is. Already 225,000,000 seals have been printed and practically that entire number distributed to agents in every state and territory of the Union from Alaska in the North to the Canal Zone in the South and from Porto Rico in the East to Hawaii in the West. Advertising circulars, posters, cards, etc., to the number of several million have also been distributed. Not less than 1,000,000 personal letters asking people to buy seals have been sent out. It is estimated that the army of workers, nearly all of whom are volunteers, engaged in selling the seals numbers well over 500,000. The advertising and publicity donated to the campaign amounts to several hundred thousand dollars. Every effort is being put forth to sell 75,000,000 seals, or less than one for every man, woman and child in the United States. This will mean \$750,000 for the anti-tuberculosis campaign in the United States, and particularly all of the 1,200 anti-tuberculosis associations of the country derive their support from Red Cross Seals.

## Fate's Christmas Trick

BY WILLIS HAWKINS.

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IT ain't for mortal man to know  
The ways of Providence, an so  
I merely say it seems as though  
It wa'n't exac'ly fair  
When Cupid, with his burnin' darts,  
Has lighted up two lovin' hearts  
For Fate, with her bamboozlin' arts,  
To separate the pair

Now, there was Cyrus Allen's case,  
When he had come within an ace  
Of bein' winner in the race  
For Kitty Warren's hand  
He stubbed his mind, as you might say,  
Upon a shadow, so that they  
Were parted in the very way  
Deceivin' Fate had planned.

It all begun when Kitty said  
She wished she had a plaster head  
Of Byron, for she'd read an read  
The pieces that he writ.  
So, Christmas mornin', here it came,  
For Cyrus, with his heart aflame,  
Had bought the bust an' sent the same  
Anonymous to Kit.

That night he meant to tell his mind,  
But Fate had fixed it so's he'd find  
Two shadows on her window blind  
That he misunderstood.  
"That's her an' Nathan Black," he said,  
"An' she's a-strokin' of his head."  
So, broken hearted, Cyrus fled  
An' quit the town for good.

If he'd 'a' had the sense to wait  
He'd soon 'a' knowed it wa'n't Nate,  
But only Byron's plaster pate  
That Kitty was caressin'.  
For she was sure it came from Cy,  
An' that's the very reason why  
She fondled of it on the sly,  
With all her heart confessin'

Milly (in horrified whisper)—Mamma,  
Willie is an infidel!  
Mamma—An infidel?  
Milly—Yes. He said he don't believe  
there's any Santa Claus.

"What is the baby crying about?"  
"Oh, nothing much. He only wants  
to eat the Christmas tree."

Thirty-seven young ladies of the con-  
gregation had in mind thirty-seven  
pairs of slippers for the curate for  
Christmas.

But one young lady made known her  
intention. And when the day arrived  
the curate received one pair of slippers  
and thirty-six dressing gowns.

## Old fashioned Christmas.

The backlog's flame has died away;  
The embers into ashes drift.  
Outside the snows are eddying, gray,  
And piling fast in many a rift.  
White robed is now the cedar tree  
Where once the catbird nightly sang,  
And from the eaves by two and three  
The icicles like arrows hang.

The shadows on the somber wall  
Flit, cross and dance amid the gloom,  
And streaks of ghostly color fall  
In changing hues about the room.  
The spiders in the corners dim  
Within their webs the closer cling,  
And from the mantel's oaken rim  
A pair of children's stockings swing.

O'er field and forest, lane and road  
Fast and still faster swirl the snows,  
And in the barn loft snugly stowed  
A drowsy rooster wakes and crows.  
The clock strikes twelve, and midnight  
wanes,  
While winter skies stretch cold and  
dear.

Frost flowers blossom on the panes,  
The snows float by and disappear.  
And then across the rooftop awells,  
Borne by the winds that fall and rise,  
A sound of many hurrying bells,  
A sound that ebbs and peaks and dies,  
And next adown the chimney creeps  
The children's saint in all the lands,  
And, true to all the trysts he keeps,  
White bearded on the hearthstone stands  
—Ernest McGaffey in Ladies' Home Com-  
panion.

### The Supreme Gift.

Fear not, my friend, giving more than  
your due,  
Remember the gift presented to you  
In the long ago and try to be true  
When Christmas comes.  
—William Lytle.

### "Jul" Stamps For Christmas.

For some years there has been a  
Christmas stamp issued by the Den-  
mark government. The Denmark stamp  
is issued by the postoffice and with the  
king's head on it and the one word  
"Jul," which is Danish for Yule. It is  
issued each year at Christmas for the  
season, and every penny from its sale  
goes to help the fight against tubercu-  
losis in Denmark. It costs a farthing  
and sells by the millions, having al-  
most doubled its sale each year for the  
past few years.

### The Christmas Tree.

The Christmas tree is rooted deep in love;  
Its verdant branches tower far above;  
Its fruit are emblems of a fairer time;  
Its odors whisper of a happier time.  
'Tis planted in all lands to spread and  
grow,  
And faith and hope among its treasures  
glow,  
Till the green life tree in our midst shall  
stand  
And earth once more becomes an Eden  
land.  
—From "Christmas Chimes."

### Red Cross Seal Jingle.

Hippity hop to the Christmas shop  
To buy some Red Cross seals.  
With one on each letter  
Of course you feel better,  
You've heeded your brother's appeal.

## Christmas Is Prophetic

By Rev. Dr. R. S. MAC ARTHUR

THE Christmas observance, for-  
tunately, is becoming more  
general each year. Many per-  
sons who have no religious in-  
terest in the season observe it for its  
delightful social features. This is it-  
self a genuine gain for all the inter-  
ests of our common humanity. More  
and more are the religious denomina-  
tions of all creeds making a part of  
Christmas a time of religious worship.  
This also is a change in a wholesome  
direction.

In celebrating the birth festival of  
our Lord we hold up before the world  
the central thought in its history.  
Christ's incarnation is the event around  
which all other events revolve in small-  
er or larger circles.

This festival is the most joyous cele-  
bration of Christendom. It makes the  
joy of childhood more joyous, and it  
lightens the burdens of age and sor-  
row with its tender memories and its  
triumphant prophecies.

It is prophetic of the golden age  
when Christ shall come again, when  
evil shall be overthrown and when the  
song of a redeemed humanity shall  
sweep over the universe as the song  
of celestial choirs echoed over the  
plains of Bethlehem.

By the gifts which characterize this  
season we commemorate God's great  
gift—the unspeakable gift of his Son  
to a world lost in sin and wandering  
in darkness. No one can rightly esti-  
mate the blessings which flow every  
year to all classes and conditions of  
men from the tender memories and  
gentle charities called forth by the re-  
membrance of the holy child Jesus.

Christmas Bells From Hill to Hill.  
The time draws near the birth of Christ;  
The moon is hid, the night is still;  
The Christmas bells from hill to hill  
Answer each other in the mist.  
—Tennyson.

## A Christmas Thought

By LUCY LARCOM.

OH, Christmas is coming again,  
you say,  
And you long for the things  
it is bringing,  
But the costliest gift may not glad-  
den the day  
Nor help on the merry bells ring-  
ing.

Some getting is losing, you under-  
stand;  
Some hoarding is far from saving.  
What you hold in your hand may  
slip from your hand;  
There is something better than  
having.  
We are richer for what we give,  
And only by giving we live.

Your last year's presents are scat-  
tered and gone,  
You have almost forgot who gave  
them,  
But the loving thoughts you bestow  
live on  
As long as you choose to have  
them.  
Love, love is your riches, though  
ever so poor;  
No money can buy that treasure,  
Yours always, from robber and rust  
secure,  
Your own without stint or mea-  
sure.  
It is only love that we can give;  
It is only by loving we live.

For who is it smiles through the  
Christmas morn—  
The light of the wide creation?  
A dear little Child in a stable born  
Whose love is the world's salva-  
tion.  
He was poor on earth, but he gave  
us all  
That can make our life worth liv-  
ing,  
And happy the Christmas day we  
call  
That is spent for his sake in giving.  
He shows us the way to live;  
Like him, let us love and give.

### Christmas Money.

The demand for Christmas money at  
the New York subtreasury grows each  
year. On a recent Christmas about  
\$250,000 a day in new coin, both gold  
and silver, was provided to meet the  
demand, which kept up until Christ-  
mas day. This Christmas money comes  
direct from the mint each year at this  
time. Thousands of residents of New  
York who never see the subtreasury  
at any other time pour down on the  
dingy old Wall street building and  
clamor for bright new gold and silver.  
The big department stores also de-  
mand new money, both to please their  
customers and to facilitate change.

# HOLIDAY GREETINGS AND THANKS TO OUR CUSTOMERS



FOR THEIR LIBERAL PATRONAGE DURING THE PAST YEAR. THE YEAR 1915 WILL SOON BE GONE, BUT WE WILL STILL BE DOING BUSINESS AT THE OLD STAND AND WILL ALWAYS APPRECIATE A SHARE OF YOUR BANKING BUSINESS.

THE SIGN "BANK" DOES NOT ALWAYS MAKE A BANK AND IS OFTEN MISLEADING. IT REQUIRES TIME, ENERGY AND CLOSE ATTENTION TO BUSINESS, A SUBSTANTIAL CAPITAL AND RIPE EXPERIENCE IN BANKING, TO MAKE A BANK. WE CLAIM, WITHOUT BLUSHING, ALL OF THE ESSENTIALS NECESSARY TO MAKE OUR BUSINESS THAT OF BANKING, AND TENDER OUR PATRONS, A SERVICE THOROUGHLY SEASONED BY YEARS OF EXPERIENCE, BACKED BY A SUBSTANTIAL CAPITAL AND LARGE SURPLUS.

## The Glasgow National Bank

GLASGOW, MONTANA.