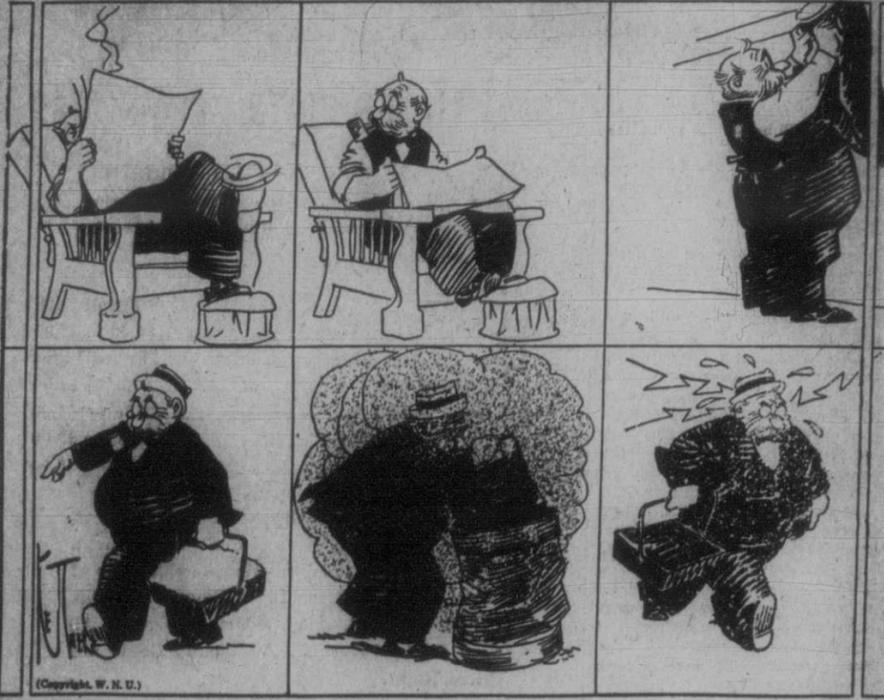


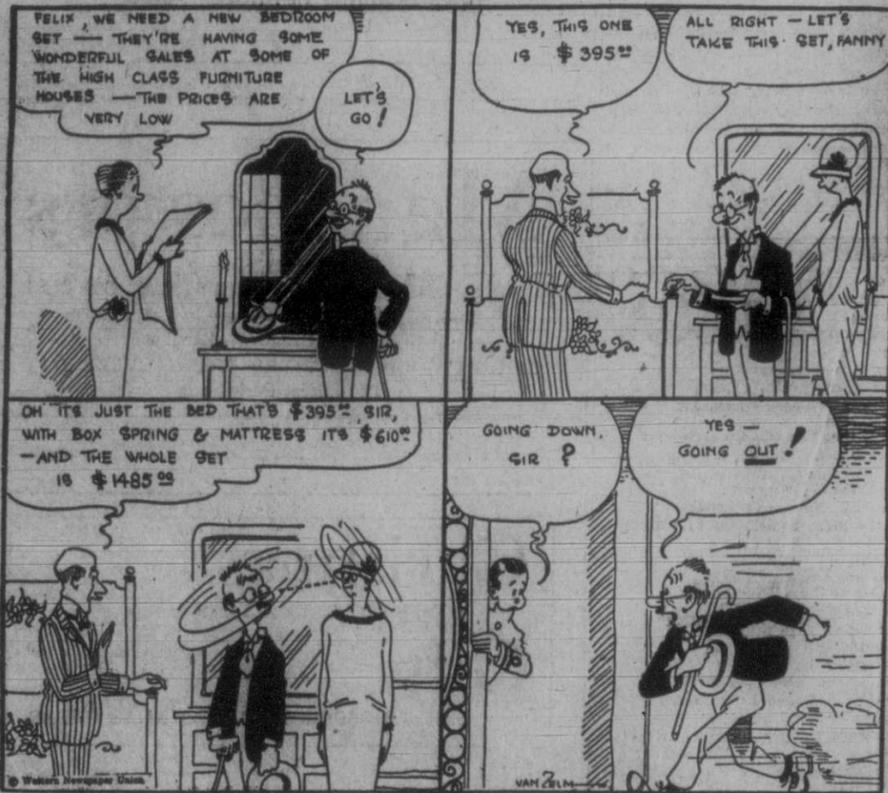
OUR COMIC SECTION

Our Pet Peeve



(Copyright, W. N. U.)

In a Hurry Too



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"Accidentally" Sounds Correct



© Charles Jones

A Christmas Greeting

By W. E. GIBROY
In The Congressionalist

There's not a memory of home, or friend,
Be they so far remote, however lowly;
No place where new affections richly blend;
That does not grow more beautiful, more holy,
At Christmas.

There is no laughter of a little child,
No fiery passion of Youth's rosy morning,
No treasure-house of Age, benign and mild,
That is not sweeter for the Christ's adorning,
At Christmas.

There is no depth of love, no pang of sorrow,
No mighty moving in the human heart,
No comfort for today, hope for tomorrow,
In which the Christ has not a larger part
At Christmas.

So, as we send our greeting of affection,
We share the memory of Him who came;
In fellowship, in happy recollection,
Each fervent wish is hallowed in His name
At Christmas.

For Mother's Christmas

By ETHEL COOK ELIOT

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)



GOING home for Christmas?
"Yes. All of us always go. Great fun seeing each other again and exchanging news! We go back to the farm."

"You must be quite a family now, with all the children. But I suppose your mother gets in extra help, and you all help, too."

It was not impertinent, because it was my best friend speaking. She had dropped into my office after hours, not to buy insurance from me (yes, I am a female insurance agent and not a failure at it either!) but to say "good-by" before herself leaving the city for the holidays.

"No, there's no extra help to be gotten these days in the country any more than here. Not any that's worth while. So mother does it all herself. But she likes it. Christmas only comes once a year."

We said no more about that, but after my friend had gone I remembered her clear, frank eyes and the way they had received my reply. They had been slightly skeptical. I couldn't get that skepticism out of my mind.

The result was that, after much thought, I suddenly closed office a whole week before Christmas, practically kidnaped my youngest sister away from her home in a nearby city—that comfortable home with its full nursery, cook and nurse girl—and whisked her away to the country to give mother a little surprise.

At first I thought the surprise was to turn out an unpleasant one. We arrived in the early afternoon without warning. There was mother in a huge apron, her hair tied up in a towel, the front hall full of brooms and mops, housecleaning. She could not conceal her chagrin from us, we had so suddenly appeared. It certainly was different from our customary homecoming. Then, she met us at the

tucked in father's, her hair freshly curled, her black silk rustling.

"My," cried Brother-in-law Jim. Nell's husband, "but you've lost ten years, mother! Such bright eyes and pink cheeks I've never seen."

Marge and I, in the darker background, nudged each other and giggled.

All the others cried the same thing. It was true enough, too. This was a different mother from the rather weary old woman we were accustomed to meeting at holidays here in the open door.

Father spoke up: "You're dead right, children," he said. "Your mother looks like this all the year except at holiday time. Then she just slaves getting ready for you and sort of gets worn out. This year was different. This year she went honeymooning with me instead."

Marge and I came forth from hiding. "Yes, and hereafter is always to be different," we promised.

And how it paid! We'd gotten into the way of thinking mother was an old woman. Now we saw her as her neighbors and father saw her—beauty, bright-eyed, carefree.

"My, it seems good to be eating other's cooking," escaped her that night, over Marge's apple tarts. "But you are naughty children just the same. Marge and you shouldn't boss me so! Right in my own house, too!"

The reproach in her eyes, though mild indeed, was for an instant real. Marge caught it, and quicker than I, got up and ran around to mother at her place. There she leaned above her and gave her one of her old, impulsive, childish hugs. "Yes, mother dear, it's your own house. But you're our own mother. So 'twas fair!"

And everybody agreed that Marge had justified our highhandedness. However that may be, from Christmas to Christmas mother seems to be growing younger.

Well, another Christmas is here, and this insurance agent must get out her aprons. The other girls have offered to take their turns, of course, but I am too selfish to let them. I look forward to the annual cleaning spree with my jolly little sister, Marge, as to a jollification. And the best part of it all is the sound of those jingling sleighbells as mother and father go whisking out of the yard.

"Oh, dear!" she greeted us. "I don't expect you on Christmas Eve!

Hoigh ho! Merry Christmas!

Nothing's ready! I've just this hour started to fix for you."

We put down our suitcases in wonderment at this unheard-of welcome from mother, our mother!

"That's just it, mother, dear," I said. "We didn't want you to do all this 'fixing' alone. We've come to fix for ourselves, and the horde that follows on Christmas Eve."

Well, at first mother simply wouldn't hear of it. We were to be company and just wait till she got the rooms we were to occupy aired and made up. Since we were all there, well we must stay. But we shouldn't drudge. She guessed we worked hard enough, each at our own particular kind of work, all the year, not to have to work when we came home.

We wouldn't listen. We had come for one thing. We laughingly overbore her in all her objections.

More than that, we called father in from the barn and got him to bundle mother up and take her off for a sleigh ride. "A sleigh ride! Who ever heard of a sleigh ride and all the parlor furniture in the hall waiting for the parlor to be cleaned!" Well, mother heard of a sleigh ride, and under just these conditions now. She heard of it from her two strong-minded daughters, her youngest and her oldest. Father caught our spirit at once and bustled her away. How merrily the bells jingled as they whirled away through the snow!

Now for it! Marge and I tucked up our skirts, draped ourselves in big aprons and wound towels about our heads, and fell to. It was hard work, but what a lark we made of it. And we had a good supper waiting for mother and father when they got back.

And every day that week we did the same. Father whisked mother off in the sleigh to visit old friends in nearby towns, or just for the ride. And while they were gone we—husted.

By Christmas Eve the house was as shining and tidy as it would have been had mother been left to herself with it. And Marge had proved herself a marvelous cook, too. There were pies and cakes, and even tarts, and the ham with cloves. The turkey was dressed, too, and the stuffing made. And mother had not so much as put her nose into the pantry door.

Then the family arrived. Three daughters, with their three husbands and several children apiece, and two brothers with their wives and offspring. And mother and father met them at the door, mother's arm



Father Whisked Mother Off in the Sleigh to Visit Friends.

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Hall's Catarrh Medicine is a Combined Treatment, both local and internal, and has been successful in the treatment of Catarrh for over forty years. Sold by all druggists.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

Baby Tortured Day and Night by Eczema

Resinol Stopped Itching and Healed Sick Skin

Brooklyn, N. Y., May 10—"I thought it might interest you to know how much Resinol has done for my baby. Her face was covered with scabs and the itching was so severe I had to keep stockings on her hands to keep her from scratching. I had to be up at night as it bothered her so she could not sleep. Two doctors, one of them a skin specialist, told me she had eczema. I tried several remedies, but nothing helped, so when I read in the paper about Resinol, I thought I would give it a trial. I can't praise it enough, for it has done wonders for the baby's skin and she sleeps all through the night now. I would advise anyone with a similar case to try Resinol Ointment." (Signed) Mrs. Rose Goersdorf, 27 Furman Avenue.

All druggists sell Resinol Soap and Ointment.

Vanity Cost Life

The Assyrians were a luxurious and beauty-loving people, and both men and women were addicted to an elaborate use of cosmetics. According to history, the last monarch, by name Sardanapalus, "dressed and painted like his women," and it is due to this vanity that he met his death. One of his generals visiting him found him penciling his eyebrows and stabbed him.

Boschee's Syrup

Alays irritation, soothes and heals throat and lung inflammation. The constant irritation of a cough keeps the delicate mucus membrane of the throat and lungs in a congested condition, which BOSCHEE'S SYRUP gently and quickly heals. For this reason it has been a favorite household remedy for colds, coughs, bronchitis and especially for lung troubles in millions of homes all over the world for the last fifty-eight years, enabling the patient to obtain a good night's rest, free from coughing with easy expectation in the morning. You can buy BOSCHEE'S SYRUP wherever medicines are sold.—Adv.

Herriot's Mascot Hungry

The governor of French Indo-China has given Premier Herriot of France a costly pet. It is an elephant eleven years old and weighing 2,644 pounds. On the trip from Indo-China to France it ate 400 bunches of bananas for which the premier had to pay. In desperation he has sent it to the Lyons zoo.

Turn flattery upside down and you have slander.

Permanent roads are a good investment—not an expense.

The High Cost of Postponing Permanent Highway Building

Poor motor roads stifle industry and agriculture; waste huge sums annually in high maintenance costs, and greatly increase gasoline, tire and repair bills.

There is not a state, not a county, not a community, that isn't paying a heavy price for having too few permanent roads.

There are still many sections of the country—even whole states—that are trying to operate twentieth century traffic over nineteenth century roads.

This is costing millions of dollars every year, and will keep on costing millions until we have well developed permanent highway systems everywhere.

Even what we often call the most progressive communities are far behind the demands of modern highway traffic with its 16,000,000 motor vehicles.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to Mexico, wanted more Concrete Roads—the roads for twentieth century traffic.

Your highway officials want to be of the greatest possible service to you. Get behind them with ways and means that will provide new Concrete roads and streets. Such an investment will pay you big dividends year after year.

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