



.. JOKES ..

Edna: Do you know how to make peppermint rock?
Joan: Yes, sway it gently to and fro.

Jack: I say, Dick, have you heard the news?
Dick (eagerly): No, Jack.
Jack: Better buy a paper then, old man, you'll find it all there.

The master was testing the knowledge of his class. Placing a fifty-cent piece on the desk, he said sharply: What is that?
Heads! cried Dick in the front row.

Mr. Wiggle: Do you know if I can see over that house, my lad?
Piggie: Yes sir. Just hold on to the fire of this rocket, I am going to fire it off!

Now boys, said the school inspector. Is there any question you would like to ask me about long measure before I pass on to the next class?
Yes, sir, said Jimmy Jones. How many policemen's feet does it take to make a Scotland Yard?

Sam: What do you think of a man that throws a banana skin on the footpath?
Snowball: I don't know. What do you think of a banana skin that throws a man on the footpath?

History Professor: Define the Middle Ages.
Student: They used to be 30 to 45, now they are 50 to 70.

Mrs. Smith: Man is something like a lobster—
Mrs. Doe: Yes, when he gets in hot water he turns red.

She I see in the paper that three people were killed in a feud.
He: Those cheap little cars are very dangerous.

The lady visitor was chatting with Little Nan.
How many others have you, dear?
asked the visitor.
Three replied Nan.
And how many sisters?
Just one, replied Nan. I'm it.

Mummy, the barometer has fallen! cried Doris.
Mum? asked mother.
Er—er—yes, quite a little bit, it's broken! said Doris.

Gentleman: I saw you playing with some very rough boys just now, Donald. Why don't you choose some nice quiet little boys to play with?
Donald: Their mothers won't let me.

Peter: What makes herrings feel ill, mummy?
Mummy: I didn't know they ever did feel ill, Peter.
Peter: Oh, yes, they do. It says in this book that thousands of herrings are cured every year!

Mother: Why did you run all the way home from school, Frank?
Frank: I was trying to stop two boys from fighting, mummy!
Mother: Oh, who were the boys?
Frank: Bob Puncher and me!

Teacher: Now, Joyce can you tell me what a camel is?
Joyce: Yes teacher, it's like a coffee only it's wrapped in paper.

But you musn't sit in it! cried Joan, after she had admired her friend's new party frock.
Why ever not? cried Peggy, looking very puzzled.
Well, you know, was the reply silk is never sat in (satin)!

AN ENIGMA
First in cab, but not in cart,
Second in stag as well as in hart
Third in grey, but not in blue
Fourth in colour, but not in hue
Fifth in cream, but not in milk
Sixth in lame as well as in silk.

THE LUCKY NUMBER —By J. B. WILMOT

The Honourable Freddy Todington was feeling unconsciously bored. Two hours previously he had received a nasty set-back to his endeavours to interest a certain young lady in his charms. Even the fact that he was the son of Lord Lanchester had failed to arouse her to the point where young women, even nowadays, are supposed to know how to bait their hooks.

"Well," thought Freddy, as he raced his car into the heart of Essex, "that's the last chance she's going to get. In future my dear Dolores, the Honourable Freddy will have other more appetising fish to fry."

The car was a fast piece of mechanism and Freddy always knew how to handle the fast stuff. The low blue auto, with a nose as long as its tail, zoomed along the black roads that led to Ryecomb Manor heedless of everything. The man at the wheel, well-known as a competitor at Brooklands, had apparently forgotten that the even the abolition of the speed limit did not mean that the owner of a racing car could use the country's roads in this reckless manner. But Freddy was past caring for laws. He had invited Dolores down to Ryecomb for Christmas and she had turned him down. Nothing else mattered. He knew he would have a rotten Christmas unless something else turned up during the next three days.

The car swung round a dangerous corner as if it were taking the banking at Brooklands; the white ribbon of the powerful headlights sweeping the leaf-bare hedgerows for a second before settling down once again to blaze along the next stretch of road.

A mile farther along something happened. The car was mechanical-ly accurate; the road surface as good as one could expect after all those raids on the Road Fund, and Freddy was no great believer in the supernatural.

The headlights, as has been observed, were powerful illuminants. That is to say they could pick out road objects three or four hundred yards away, and that was what happened. There, dancing about in the centre of the road, arms stretched eerily above its head, was a figure; whether human or ghostly Freddy could not tell. It had a perfectly snow-white chest, a black body and legs and a mixture of black and white that might or might not have been its head.

Instantly Freddy's foot was raised from the accelerator pedal and transferred promptly to the brakes. For a moment the car protested at this curbing of its natural function; or perhaps the shudder that ran through its steel frame was because it, too, had seen the ghostly dancing figure down the road. As for Freddy, he was quite certain he had only had two quite innocuous alcoholic concoctions at his club before setting out. Then he realized as the car came to a halt half a dozen yards from the apparition that it was a man in a black tail coat and a boiled shirt. At that distance the headlights rested midway on that boiled shirt spreading a large halo such as might with advantage have been used as an advertisement for immaculate laundering.

The Hon. Freddy was annoyed as he still sat at the wheel waiting for the spook to perform its next act. He was unaware that a lunatic asylum was in the vicinity, or that this was a new device of the local constabulary for the purpose of, preying on unsuspecting motorists. So he waited.

Noting that the car had stopped the figure advanced cautiously at first, then at a brisker pace. Then coming alongside the man peered into Freddy's face.

"What's the big idea?" Freddy demanded. "Rehearsing for a mummifying party or have you got the physical training complex?"

"If you will pardon me, sir, would you care to make up a party for dinner? Her ladyship has been dis-

appointed by a guest and she refuses to sit down thirteen at table. If you could oblige, sir, I assure you her ladyship will be most grateful."

For a moment Freddy was too shocked to reply. The man was obviously insane and he had always heard that insane people should be humoured. To flare up, as he felt like doing, might easily be fatal, and Freddy did not like being a fatality.

"Now that's what I call real kind of you," Freddy purred. "What time is the meal served?"

"In half an hour, sir. Of course, sir, there's the matter of dressing, but perhaps her ladyship won't mind that for once."

And so it was that Freddy, who had been quite a jolly menu, decently cooked food, and the wine was the genuine vintage. He had passed occasional pleasantries with his neighbor, a somewhat frilly spinster whose age might have interested an archaeologist. Lady Helena, in the midst of her duties at the top of the table had found time to note that Mr. Toddy was comporting himself quietly and reasonably. She had noted too, that his table manners were, fortunately, quite accurate.

The diners dispersed to the spacious drawing room for coffee, but Freddy was in no hurry. He lingered a little and winked at the mask that George knew for his face. Then a surprising thing happened. A pleasant voice said: "I think Aunt Helena forgot to introduce us."

It was Rosemary; Freddy knew that it would happen like that. They stood for a moment together. Her name was Rosemary Carlen, Lady Belcoe's niece. He told her his name was Toddy which was quite true for all his friends called him that.

In the lounge hall a big log fire was burning and there was a pleasant little inglenook simply yearning for occupation.

Freddy explained how he came to be there but Rosemary knew the facts.

"Do you know these parts well or were you passing through, Mr. Toddy?"

"I had the good fortune to be passing," Freddy told her noting that the inglenook still looked yearning. "Shall we sit here for a while, he ventured.

"Aunt Helena will be horribly annoyed," smiled Rosemary. "We ought to be with the others, Mr. Toddy."

But the inglenook was not disappointed and neither was Freddy. Rosemary was the most attractive thing he'd met for years.

"It's odd that I've never met you in London," he observed casually. "It's not odd at all," Rosemary told him. "The Ogre's too cute for that. I'm sorry," she corrected herself quickly, "I should have said Aunt Helena."

"Say no more sweet maid," smiled Freddy. "I've read all about it in books. You need a deliverer," he went on. "By the way that precisely is your Aunt's objection to your mixing."

"She just hates designing young men," answered Rosemary, with a laugh.

"I was never any good at art," responded Freddy. "I couldn't design a plain square."

And so it went on until George appeared looking abysmally worried until he caught sight of them.

"Her ladyship has sent me to see why you are not having coffee, Miss Rosemary."

In a moment she had gone, but she flung him a smile over her shoulder.

"George," announced Freddy, lighting a cigarette, "thirteen's my lucky number."

George, however, was not interested in mathematics.

"Her ladyship, sir, mentioned to me that you might wish to continue your journey. She also said that she would like to thank you when you have changed," he added, significantly.

The Honourable Freddy had no urgent desire to continue on his way, but he realized the absurdity of his position and having changed in his plus fours he found Lady Helena awaiting him.

"I must thank you very much, Mr. Toddy," she smiled, holding out her gloved hand. "And I do hope you have enjoyed yourself. By the way, I didn't inquire before, but you are not by any chance looking for a position—unemployed, I mean."

Freddy smiled. "If you mean have I anything particular to do, the answer is in the negative."

"Then I wonder if you'd mind coming in to help George on Christmas Eve? We're having a big party and George gets so nervous when he's on his own. I'm sure you could manage it."

"What time do I report for duty, your ladyship?" smiled Freddy.

Freddy reported for duty at six o'clock at Ashburton House. The idea propounded by Lady Helena had appealed to his sense of humour. He had never officiated as a wine waiter before and his lordship, the Earl of Lanchester, would be vastly amused if ever the escapade came to his ears.

George was devoutly glad to find that Mr. Toddy had turned up. He had as good as hinted to Lady Helena that Mr. Toddy would not, for George could not conceive anyone supporting an expensive car with

to Mr. Frederick Toddy her mind was more composed. It was true that George's efforts at outfitting had been of a rather generous order, nevertheless, Mr. Toddy (what an absurd name it was, she thought) looked as if he might be a gentleman and he spoke quite nicely, too, but nowadays with all this mania for education, speech was becoming more and more deceptive as a criterion of quality.

Dinner was duly served at seven o'clock and Freddy found himself, after his introduction to Lady Helena, hurried into the dining apartment and pushed, rather than

shown, by George into a chair at the far end of the table.

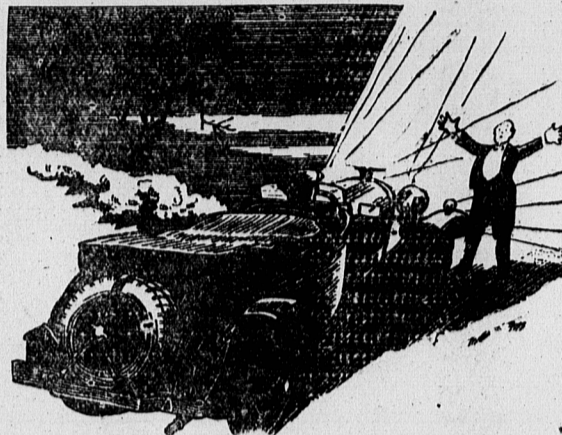
Hastily and with an accustomed eye he weighed up form. Lady Helena presided with a plump urbanity although he was quick to notice that she kept shooting an inquiring glance in his direction. He noticed, too, that on the far side of the table from himself there sat a particularly attractive girl who appeared to answer (or not as the case might occasion) to the charming name of Rosemary. Now the Honourable Freddy prided himself on being something of a judge of form and as he surveyed her he wondered why he never remembered having seen her before. He was quite certain she had never been entered for any of the Matrimonial Stakes. Had she been Freddy would have known her form to the most minute detail.

Next to the girl, a vacuous youth was seated. He had much too prominent teeth which he displayed in a successive series of inane giggles. On the other side of the girl was a man he had often seen at Ascot; Colonel Somebody or other with a complexion like a tomato and a snort like bull Rhinoceros. The remainder Freddy dismissed as being of no consequence. He knew their types well; he knew, too, that Rosemary could not possibly be interested in either of her dinner companions.

He realized that it had been rude of Lady Helena not to have introduced him to the girl, but such little formalities never troubled Freddy, and when once during the fish he caught her looking across at him he considered it a favourable omen. It meant that a much more desirable fish than flet of sole was awaiting a bait.

Having decided that Rosemary, pretty, brunette and with clear turquoise eyes, fell into his category of possible starters, the Honourable Freddy fell gallantly to the task of conducting the dinner from dish to dish with occasional glances at Rosemary, during which ocular excursions he found that he was not wholly without recompense.

At last the meal ended. It had



"The apparition was a man in a black tailed coat and boiled shirt."



It isn't far to Bethlehem town. It's anywhere that Christ comes down

And finds in people's friendly face A welcome and abiding-place. The road to Bethlehem runs right through

The home of folks like me and you. Madeline Sweeney Miller

Shepherds in the fields abiding Watching o'er your flocks by night, God with man is now residing, Yonder shines the infant Light; Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new born King.



What Is Christmas

The jubilee of earth.

Mercy's day of triumph.

The spring tide of Christian hope.

Cement to unite broken families.

The glorious birthday of the King of Kings.

The rising day of the Sun of Righteousness.

Time's reminder of the loved ones gone before.

The loadstone which attracts many a prodigal to his father's house.

The sun which may thaw some drops from even a miser's heart.

The dove which carries the olive branch of "Peace on earth to our families."

An annual visitor who has a warm heart, though his head be crowned with a garland of snow.

The focus which should always unite the right but scattered rays of family affection.

elsewhere, but it was with something of a surprise that, looking in on the dancers he saw "Toddy" dancing with Rosemary. He had never heard Lady Helena mention that she even knew the Lanchesters although he was aware that Lady Helena would have given half her soul to have been able to include them on her social list.

"Something must have happened," murmured Mr. Prothero, as he put away a magnum of the best champagne. "I must really congratulate her on her success. It should be an ideal match. Old "Toddy" ought to be settling down soon."

Lady Helena was not in the best of tempers when she encountered Mr. Prothero. The Colonel had been particularly military in his remarks about bridge players.

"My dear Basil," smiled Lady Helena, "I'm so glad you've come. Rosemary has been frightfully neglected all the evening. You know what I mean, don't you, dear boy?"

"I don't think she's being neglected now," Mr. Prothero informed her, as they walked from the drawing room. "In fact, I came to congratulate you on getting old "Toddy" here. I know you've always wanted to get in with them. It's a feather in your bonnet old dear."

"Might I inquire what you are talking about, Basil?" demanded Lady Helena. "I hope I may take it as a compliment to my champagne."

"Do you mean to tell me that you don't know that you've got the Earl of Lanchester's son here—the Honourable Freddy Todington?"

Lady Helena's face went an outrageous pink.

"I certainly do not, Basil. But please cease your joking and go and find Rosemary."

(Continued on page 4)



Christmas Joy

The universal joy of Christmas is certainly wonderful. We ring the bells when princes are born, or toll a mournful dirge when great men pass away. Nations have their red-letter days, their carnivals and festivals, but once in the year and only once, the whole world stands still to celebrate the advent of a life. Only Jesus of Nazareth claims this world-wide, undying remembrance. You cannot cut Christmas out of the Calendar, nor out of the heart of the world.—Anon.