

A Christmas on the Salonika Front

A truly wonderful time, Christmas! A time of meeting, when familiar faces gather round...



THE USUAL HERALD WAS GUNFIRE

THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

It needs scarcely be said that Her Majesty does but little of her Christmas shopping in person...

\$10,000,000 FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT

When the average Londoner sits down to his Christmas dinner, he allows no sordid consideration of cost to qualify his enjoyment...

"London Calling..."

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He had recollected Marion in the whimsy of the moment. He had recalled their last meeting; had recalled the fact that she had not answered him between those dances...



Here he is!

YULE-TIDE YARNS

"LA BEFANA"

The little Italians who live in Florence have a wonderfully long Christmas celebration. Their Carnival time starts at Christmas and lasts until Shrove Tuesday!

CHRISTMAS DAY LONG AGO

In all civilized countries Christmas Day is celebrated with feasting and merriment. Today we have many new ways of enjoying the festive occasion...

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

Many, many years ago, as we all know, a party of poor shepherds saw a brilliant star that moved across the sky.

THE DUTCH "SANTA CLAUS"

Just as we look forward to our Christmas Day, which we celebrate on December 25, so the little Dutch boys and girls look forward to their St. Nicholas Day...

HIS MAJESTY THE TURKEY

How He Gets His Name

In many country districts the turkey-cock is supposed to get his name from his curious call. Listen to him closely in the paddock...

The Christmas Tree

DECEMBER the 24th—Christmas Eve!

Billy Bumps had helped his father to put up the holly and mistletoe and all the little decorations that go to make a jolly Christmas...

At the top was Doris waving the lantern, so that Santa could see his way.



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I said, 'because I've some very important work to do. Just at this time Santa Claus is coming down from the sky. He comes down the rainbow really, for the rainbow is always there although you can't always see it...

IN THE DAYS OF MERRIE ENGLAND

Continued from page 1. But a more teasing of the past was not all of this magnificent and orthodox character. For example, a Christmas banquet in Charles I's time included such novel fare as a 'soup of snails, a dish of green fish buttered with eggs, a rabbit stuffed with oysters, and a spinage tart'...

caste, 'you've left me rather than you knew, you hell bound! Joy, I thought I'd finished up all this juice long ago! Well, well, Civilization, I'm going to listen to you once again—er? ... A fine supper, a good-fire, a better pipe, and a bit of music—now what the devil have I got to grumble at, all things considered.' He affixed the batteries leads to the powerful set, and twirled its dials—a confused scream—'It's going to function—It is... damme it is!' He was shouting, but did not know it. 'Come on, world—let's hear your voice once again!' He heard ships snarling and spattering at one another out on the oceans... He laughed and screamed and waved his hands. 'Hello, old packets—sorry and all that, you know, but I really can't stop to ever-hear your pleasant conversations. Good-bye to you all, though! Best of luck—best of luck! Hello, New York—short wave station... Gad, what a racket! Hello! His face paled and he staggered back from the set. He had never again hoped to hear the words—for the only stations able to reach out to his lonely place among the Arctic snows were Russian and American—but there, in his hut, four thousand miles to the grim north of the Strand, came a quiet voice: 'London calling... A Merry Christmas to you all.' The explanation was simple, but it did not help to take from John Mortimer his lonely madness. An American experimental station, receiving London clearly, was re-transmitting its program. And there, in the snow wastes, a man from England heard the voices and the laughter and the songs of England stealing out to him to give him... death! For Mortimer gulped up his carefully prepared soup, and gave himself up wholly to the sounds from the air. The fire he left unattended and unheeded... His carefully arranged hut was disordered—he clanged wildly about it to the tune of an hotel band far away. The program ended. He heard a voice bidding everyone 'Good-night'... Then was a silence. 'I'm going to London,' John Mortimer told the set quite seriously. 'Good-night to you, too!' A madman walked out to the snow. Before him loomed a dark and irregular mass in the perpetual twilight. 'Ha, that is London,' he told his unattended hands. 'I know it's London... why?' He answered himself in a strange tone, half-memorial, half-confidential. 'I can see Saint Paul's; there's the dome—and look at all those squat black buildings around it! Why anyone with half an eye can see that's London!' He blundered on toward the 'blackness' he saw. It seemed to move toward him. 'Now, that's funny,' were the last words he gave to the wind, 'I'm not going to London half so