

THE TURNING POINT

By Douglas Newton

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It Happened On Christmas Day

Ironically enough, several strange and important war activities have taken place on Christmas day.

One which many of the British and German soldiers of the last World War remember is the strange Christmas day that took place on the 1914 front. The World War was definitely on, but for a short time, Christmas day, there was a period of peace on earth between the fighting soldiers.

In the Flanders sector, German by mutual agreement, and went over to each other's trenches and brought to spend the day in feasting and celebration.

A very important military event in colonial American history also took place on Christmas day. George Washington, leading his brave, but weather-beaten army of 2,400 men across the Delaware, captured the city of Trenton, N.J., which British and Hessian troops were then occupying. Over 1,500 enemy troops were captured in the surprise march.

do, or talked—"

"Plenty of time for that, my dear, later—and it'll be better for making to-day all Dicky's."

"Oh, Tom, you don't know what your coming has meant to me—"

"I'm not beyond guessing," he smiled.

"And—and I was afraid you mightn't come."

"Nothing could have stopped me—Nothing on earth."

Dicky stared a little then, his eyes warmed by an she fled for fear her voice and presence would spoil the magic. Singing gently she began to prepare lunch.

They had a picnic lunch in the bedroom. Dicky did not want to miss a moment of his father, and, anyway, it was a joy to them both to see him eat. Yes, he actually wanted to eat little bits of chicken and jelly with the beginnings of a boy's appetite. They could scarcely pay attention to their own food; it was such a great moment.

Tom had time—and work to play with Tom and, and Tom persuaded her to go and rest. It seemed selfish of her, but Dicky was so entirely content with her, and Tom was improving, while she was still so terribly weary that she gave in. She shut herself in her room to sleep until tea time—and woke at seven.

She could not believe the clock at first, and when she did she hurried into Dicky's bedroom, overwhelmed with confusion. "What's wrong? There was no sound in it except Dicky's breathing. She called "Tom" softly, but he was not there. She clicked on the screened night lamp and saw he wasn't there.

"Sure that he had taken the chance to go to bed?"

"No, he's not even up yet," she found he was not in the flat. She merely busied herself getting ready for the day. "At least, they would be together. Her ear on the alert or Dicky's awakening, and when she heard the boy move she went into him.

She heard him yawn, a delicious, natural yawn. He said in something of a dazed way, "Daddy, what's the cry—can I have something—an' a big drink—"

"Of course dear—What would you like?"

"Cake, an' chicken and almost anything. Daddy says I've got to like cold chicken she's quite well when he comes again."

"Come again?" she gasped.

"Comes really," he said quite calmly. "This was only a sort of pretend time, you know."

"Pretend," she caught herself up to say as naturally as she could, "Daddy's gone then?"

"Had to be back," Dicky said. "But he'll be here again quite soon, an' he's no need about worrying, it'll be for a longer and gorgeously time then—and real—"

Yet Dicky didn't seem light-headed, more normal than ever in fact. She switched on the room light. He was as Dr. Maule had made all the difference—only what did he mean by that? or by Tom's going back like this?

She glanced wildly round the room, and the first thing she saw was the plate of cold chicken she had out for Tom's lunch. It was where she had set it on an occasional table—and it hadn't even been touched. She remembered then that she hadn't seen his hat or coat in the hall—no visible sign of him at all, except himself—and she hadn't touched him. And as she grasped the strangeness of it all she remembered the telegram she hadn't opened. With a gigantic effort to master her dread she said to Dicky:

"I'll see what secrets the larder has for you," and went out into the hall, snatching the telegram from the table, bursting it open. It was from a hospital it read:

Regret to say husband, T. Logan, met with accident; not serious but

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will prevent taking his leave for some weeks. Cradley M. D.

At that same moment Robin Cradley was saying to a nursing sister as he stood by a hospital bed: "Ah, he's coming out of it—he slept all day, didn't he?"

"Like a child, doctor."

"No dreams, you think?"

"None as far as I could tell and he's doing better now, has turned a corner. Quicker but I feel that in my bones—"

"(The End)

DEAR SANTA: BRING PRESENT, OR ELSE . . .

Among the thousands of letters addressed to Santa, which never get to North Pole, one—showing faith in Santa's kindness—was mailed by a youngster in Brooklyn.

The young one's name was Mike. He definitely didn't want Santa Claus to miss him. From his associations with the neighborhood gang, Mike thought he knew how to get results.

He sat down and with pen and ink wrote a letter to the white-bearded old fellow. After listing the toys he wanted, he added: "You better bring all this stuff or I'll beat you to a wood pulp."

Intimidation is not so good. But do you think Mike got what he wanted?

When Ma left her tree decorations, and forced a smile as she waved her card at Pa, "He can't make it, neither. None of them ever yet mailed a card unless they wasn't coming."

When she came out, Pa asked mildly, "You, ain't gittin' a card, are you, Ma?"

"Nonsense, Pa. Just the Christmas onions, I s'pose." "Oh, Jim will make it easy, seeing his children is aching for them. And Billy, most died of disappointment 'cause he couldn't come home last year. But folks can't travel with a new baby and three other young ones. This year it'll be much better for him."

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The postman beamed, because he didn't know that Ma's expectation smile was not for him. "Overlooked this before, Mrs. Sawyer."

Bilently Ma passed the card to Pa after her own swift perusal. The simplest greeting in Billy's careless scrawl. "Sorry we can't make it."

"Well, I s'pose everything is for the best, Pa. What with all I've cooked, it wouldn't do any harm to invite poor Miss Coombs over."

Pa packed his pipe slowly. "You sure hanker after work, Ma," he sighed.

Give Him Something Warm and Woolly . . .

Provide for his comfort outdoors and in the house, too, these fuel conserving winter days. Make your selection from our collection of comfort-insuring gifts—in styles that will add zest to his wardrobe. Stocks are limited so don't wait—shop now!



Gloves in wool and leather styles. Some with matching scarves. \$1 and up.

S. A. McDONALD

Decorate Christmas Tree 1,300 Feet Under Ground

About ten years ago, in Ishpeming, Mich., lumber haulers on their way to a mine to put up some trussing, found a small Christmas tree on the side of the road which had probably fallen from a truck.

One of the miners picked up the tree and threw it on top of the timber. At the mine the tree was sent down 1,300 feet into the mine. One of the miners picked it up, put it on the side of the passageway. At lunch time some of the miners decorated the tree with bits of paper from their lunch kits.

"Let's do this every year," one of them suggested.

Since then a small Christmas tree is set up in that Michigan mine passageway. And not only be miners, but their guests, gather round the tree at 6 a.m. exchanging gifts and indulging in small talk about a half hour before starting their shift.

"You're not catching cold, are you, God grief, Ma, you're not crying! His arms were about her again."

"Crying? Nonsense, you silly boy. But onions is even at Christmas, said Ma."

The Last Christmas Card

Ma Sawyer sewed the final stitch in the Christmas turkey while she kept her ear "peeled" for the nurse's step. Still, she actually dreaded his coming lest he bring another card of loving regrets like the one received yesterday from their son Fred. Even four grown

Look over this splendid assortment of gifts that are bound to please.

LINGERIE

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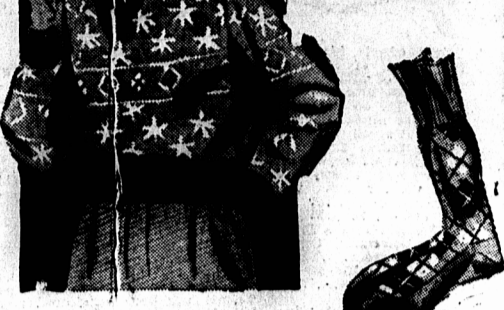
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THE FASHION SHOPPE

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TIES

for dress or sports wear. Priced from 50c



Cardigan and pull-over type sweaters in plain or patterned styles. \$2 up.



Broadcloth Shirts in fancy patterns. \$1.75 up

S. A. McDONALD

Overlooked this before, Mrs. Sawyer.

Boys did not dispel the possibility of a lonely Christmas for Ma and Pa.

She answered the double ring, and forced a smile as she waved her card at Pa. "He can't make it, neither. None of them ever yet mailed a card unless they wasn't coming."

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Welcome Gift!

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

What is so rare as a Christmas without a gift of slippers? Play Santa this year and send slippers to all members of your family.

See our lovely complete stock now on display in all styles and colors.

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FOR FATHER: A leather slipper for leisure hours.

FOR SISTER: A dressy striped satin slipper with fur trim.

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