

**SCHOOL NEWS**

Agnes Hatting is sick from the sixth grade.

George Boyer entered the eighth grade this week.

The fifth grade have finished "Little Gottleb," the poem for the month.

Misses Frances Trunnell, Olga Adams and Lulu Weary visited the high school Wednesday.

Mary Finch has returned to the sixth grade from Rochester, N. Y., where she has been for the past month.

**A Priceless Violin.**

The violin used by Theobaldi, the Norwegian virtuoso, who will appear here Jan. 18th, 1912, is valued at the enormous sum of twenty-five thousand dollars for which sum it is insured. Just where the great value of the instrument lies only the expert can explain but of course it has to do with its superiority of tone. This truly wonderful violin was made nearly four hundred years ago by Caspar da



Salò, whose instruments are even more rare than those of Guarneri or Stradivari. This violin was a favorite instrument of Ole Bull who made frequent use of it in his concerts, and at his death it came into possession of Theobaldi whom Ole Bull proclaimed as his successor. Aside from its tone qualities, the violin would be priceless since the cherub faces which adorn its head are the work of the well-known sculptor Cellini. The Caspar da Salò violin will be used by Theobaldi in several numbers at his local engagement.

**Tongues Betray Them.**

The man who in Massachusetts says Le-o-minster at once reveals himself as a rank outsider.

But if the Massachusetts man goes up into New Hampshire and inquires for what he calls Coos county or Coos county the natives of Coos county wonder where he went to school.

And, in Maine, Sap is the test word that betrays the stranger within the state. For variety of pronunciation by those who don't know that word of only four letters is believed to hold the record.

They used to tell the story that as each train bearing summer visitors started up from Biddeford, just across the river, the brakeman announced thus:

"The next station is Sayko-Sawko-Sawko-Sawko-Sawko-Sawko-Sawko."

Maine people will tell you that it is pronounced exactly as it is spelled—S-a-e-o, Sawko.

Any Maine man recognizes a fellow Maine man at once by his pronunciation of a town name.—Boston Globe.

**Many Children are Sickly.**

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all drug stores, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. 1-3w

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**THE BARR CLAY CO. STREATOR, ILL.**

**BASKETBALL.**

**Dwight Defeated After a Hard Fought Game.**

Last Friday night at the Dwight Opera House the local fans witnessed a fast game of basketball between the Cheona high school and the Dwight high school teams.

The Dwight team started the game out by making the first goal, and for a while it looked as though they had the game clinched, but during the last part of the half the Cheona team woke up and started to play basketball and the half ended with the score tied, the score being 20 to 20.

The second half was played rather rough for both teams, and was close up to the last ten minutes of the game, when Boyer, who was playing center for Dwight, was laid out by rough play by Cheona. After time was called for about five minutes Boyer went back in the game again, but was a little afraid of the man he was playing against, and as he was the star player for the Cheona team nothing could stop them from making the goals and Dwight was defeated by a score of 39 to 31.

**A. O. H. Fair Ended New Year's Night.**

The A. O. H. fair ended Monday night and was one of the best fairs that has ever been given here. People from all the surrounding towns as well as from here attended and every one seemed to have had a jolly good time.

The vaudeville given each evening was good and the music that was furnished by Prof. Boyne's orchestra was sure fire.

Those who were lucky in drawing prizes are as follows:

Hans Rosendall, \$20 gold piece.  
Dan Cleary, \$5 in trade or cash.  
Elmer Pederson, \$5 in trade or cash.  
Lloyd Gillispie, \$5 in trade or cash.  
K. Kroll, \$10 gold piece.  
Miss Anne Slattery, \$5 in trade or cash.  
Jas. Roach, Cullom, Ill., \$5 in trade or cash.  
J. F. Quinn, Joliet, Ill., 1 pair of shoes.  
Peter L. Mitchell, Joliet, Ill., \$5 in trade or cash.  
Earl Drew, \$10 gold piece.  
Harry Carthy, \$5 in trade or cash.  
Elmer Seabert, a \$5 clock.  
J. J. Doherty, one \$3 hat.  
Katie Mumson, one pair collar buttons or \$2.50 in cash.  
Louis Duoy, Bishop Dunns Photo.

**Tennyson's Rhymes.**

As an example of faulty rhyming the great Alfred Tennyson is being held up by an English critic as in the very forefront of offenders. He is shown to have taken license as a great poet that would have damned any small rhymist. The critic gives as examples of Tennyson's imperfect rhymes "river" and "ever," "given" and "heaven," which are considered too conventional to be criticised. He then passes on to the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade," where Tennyson, with the inaccurate ear of the thorough Briton, rhymes "onward" and "hundred," "said" and "dismayed," "hundred" and "thundered," "hundred" and "blundered," "hundred" and "wondered," all in that one short poem. One may look in vain through the works of Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell or any American poet of the first rank for such orthopaedic blundering, which passes without question among Britons.

**Yucatan's Water Caverns.**

Since Yucatan, where the Mayas built their strange cities, is of coral limestone formation, it follows that it would have been a desert but for its subterranean rivers and the cenotes, or water caverns, which give access to them. The Mayas noted the courses of the underground streams and built their towns round the cenotes. Many cenotes are now found surrounded by ruins and give indications of the methods employed by the Mayas to reach their cool waters. In Uxmal a cenote about forty feet deep is inhabited by a peculiar species of fish. At Bolanchen there is a cenote having five openings in the rocks at the bottom of the cavern. Ladders made by tying three trunks together lead down a total distance of 1,400 feet, but the perpendicular depth from the surface to the water is not more than 500 feet.—Exchange.

**WITH OUR CHURCHES.**

**Congregational Church—Rev. F. F. Farrington, pastor.** Services for Sunday, Jan. 7: Sunday School, 9:30 a. m.; Community service, 10:45 a. m.; C. E. Society meeting, 6:45 p. m.; preaching, 7:30 p. m., subject, "Thou Shalt Be." A welcome for all.

**First Methodist Episcopal Church—R. A. Brown, minister.** Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.; organized classes; efficient management; competent teachers; all are invited to enroll in this Bible school. The pastor will preach both morning and evening. Hours of service, 10:45 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Good music by the vested choir and the congregation. "Come thou with us and we will do thee good."

**Bedell Danish Lutheran Church—Rev. J. Simmonsen, pastor.** West Semholte St. Sunday school 9:30 a. m. every Sunday. Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., first and third Sundays in the month, and each Friday evening previous to first and third Sundays at 7:30 p. m. Everybody welcome.

**St. Peters Danish Lutheran Church—Rev. N. V. Holm, pastor.** (corner Lincoln and W. Chippewa streets). Sunday school, 9 a. m.; church service, 10 a. m., (except third Sunday); Young Peoples meeting 2nd and 4th Sunday, 2:30 p. m.; choir practice Friday, 7:30 p. m.

**German Lutheran Church—Rev. W. O. J. Kisteman, pastor.** Sunday services at 9:30 a. m.

**If You Are a Trifle Sensitive**

About the size of your shoes, it's some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease into them. Just the thing for Patent Leather Shoes, and for breaking in New Shoes. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. 1-3w

**UNDER THE COURT HOUSE DOME.**

**Births, Deaths, Marriages and Divorces Which Have Occurred in the County During the Past Year.**

We are indebted to the Pontiac Leader for the following, which gives a review of the work done in the various county offices during the past year. The statistical matter was gathered from the records, and is substantially correct.

**BIRTHS.**

The total number of births in Livingston county from October 1, 1910, to October 1, 1911, which is the year as reported on to the secretary of state by County Clerk Kenny, was 612, and out of the entire number during that time not one report of a colored baby was made. Of all the births reported, there were but two sets of twins reported.

**MARRIAGE LICENSES.**

During the year there were 291 marriage licenses granted. Largest number granted for one month was 45, in February, while the smallest number was 12, in July.

**SHERIFF'S OFFICE.**

During the year 1911, Sheriff Paterson has housed 116 prisoners of all kinds in the county jail, against 155 in 1910, and 142 in 1909. At the present time there are 15 persons there serving sentences and awaiting trial. During the year members of the sheriff's office have taken 15 insane patients to the state hospital at Bartonville; three to state hospital at Kankakee; three to the penitentiary at Joliet, and one to the Reformatory for Girls at Geneva.

**DIVORCES.**

During 1911 there were 30 new divorce cases filed in circuit court, against 48 in 1910. Twenty-three divorces were granted last year, and four suits were dismissed.

**NATURALIZATIONS.**

During the past year 23 persons filed their declaration of becoming citizens of the United States, while seven received their final papers, becoming full-fledged citizens, and seven final petitions are pending.

**CORONER'S INQUESTS.**

During the year 1911, Coroner Snyder has held thirty-six inquests, against twelve in 1910. Of the inquests held, fifteen deaths were from natural causes, four from suicide, fifteen accidental, one from heat prostration, one from a knife wound. Of accidental deaths, five were caused on railroad, one by accidental strangulation, one by accidental fall, one by accidental electrocution, two by accidental burning, four by accidental drowning and one in a mine accident.

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**Chinese and Chinaman.**

On the subject of surprising modern words it is notable that the Oxford dictionary finds no earlier instance of "Chinaman." In the sense of a native of China, that 1854, when Emerson so used it. The previous word was "Chinaman," from which the plural "Chinamen" was formed by Milton and his contemporaries, and the false singular "Chinee" by modern Americans. But "Chinaman" in another sense, that of a dealer in china, was in use long before 1854. The Oxford dictionary gives three instances of it from London directories of 1772, 1801 and 1819, but does not notice that in 1763 one "John Crowther, Chinaman," was gazetted bankrupt. "Chinawoman" in a similar sense goes back to Ben Jonson.—London Chronicle.

**A Monument to Cheerfulness.**

The following quaint epitaph is to be seen in Crayford churchyard, Kent. It strikes one as one of the prettiest monuments to cheerfulness in all Merle England: "Here lieth the body of Peter Isnel thirty years clerk of this parish. He lived respected as a pious and a meritorious man and died on his way to church to assist at a wedding on the 31st day of March, 1811, aged seventy years. The inhabitants of Crayford have raised this stone to his cheerful memory and as a tribute to his long and faithful service."—London Standard.

**Dutch Humor.**

Here are two specimen jokes from Dutch papers of the day:

Mr. Newly Rich (to landlord)—I hear you have raised all your rents. Why haven't you raised mine as well? I can't imagine how I have merited such an insult to my dignity.

A.—I wouldn't like to be standing in your shoes just now. B.—Why? A.—Because they are in the cellar, and twenty tons of coal have been dumped over them.

**Set Him to Thinking.**

They had been talking as they walked. She had remarked pathetically: "Oh, it must be terrible to a man to be rejected by a woman!"

"Indeed it must," was his response.

Then, after awhile, with sympathetic disingenuousness, she exclaimed: "It doesn't seem that I could ever have the heart to do it."

And there came a silence between them as he thought it over.

**A Useful Occupation.**

Lord Ludliffham (warmly)—The blawstid-commoners will soon have us out of business entirely, ha! Jove! What? Lord Pungleigh-Yas-as, ha! Jove! We'll soon—ha, ha, ha—be nothing but recreation peers, y' know!—Puck.

**Gratitude.**

Mrs. Gringo—Steve, why do you applaud that wretched clarinet player? Gringo—I applauded him because he kept playing.—Chicago Tribune.

The reward of one duty done is the power to fulfill another.—Elliot.

**All Shad Are the Same.**

Fishes are proverbial aids in magnifying facts. None of the finny tribe tends more to that end than the plain, ordinary, "house broken" shad. Floridians will testify that the St. Johns shad is without equal; North Carolinians stoutly maintain that the Cape Fear river variety is the only kind worth eating; Washingtonians vow that the Potomac shad is perfection; Philadelphians swear by the Delaware product, and "It" old New York simply thinks that any other shad than the Hudson river brand is unfit to eat. And thus they go—the farther north the greater seems to be the precaution taken. The fact is, however, that they are all talking about the same old bony shad. In migrating north it goes up each of the rivers in turn. It is a salt water fish, in fact, which swims into fresh water to spawn and is captured when peripatating the species. It is true that the residue from all works, gashouses, etc., in the several large cities enumerated may give Mr. or Mrs. Shad a slightly local flavor, but none to be proud of or to provoke the unstinted partisan praise that is showered upon this much over-rated fish.—New York Tribune.

**The Judgment of Years.**

A significant bit of wisdom, to be pondered over by the very young, whose griefs and disappointments seem so tragic, was that uttered by Mrs. Dolly Madison when she was over eighty years old and near her death. Her life had been fortunate and beautiful not only because circumstances brightened and buoyed her, but from her brightness and buoyancy of her temperament. She harbored no bitterness over past experiences, but life had taught her the unimportance of most trials which loom so gigantic in approaching. Not long before her death one of her nieces went to her for sympathy in some slight trouble.

"My dear," she said, "do not trouble about it. There is nothing in this world really worth caring for. Yes," she repeated, looking intently out of a window, "I who have lived so long repeat to you that there is nothing in this world below really worth caring for!"

**Not Soon Enough.**

A man who is now one of the leading members of the Stock Exchange was rather wild in his youth, which is not an exclusive characteristic of this member of the Stock Exchange. But this man was a favorite with his mother and generally called on her to help him out of his scrapes, and she usually responded freely, even lavishly. On one occasion, however, when his demands had been especially frequent and extravagant, it was with considerable trepidation that on discovering himself "the morning after" in a distant city and picked up clean as a new fledged sparrow, he penned the following heart moving appeal, to be sent C. O. D.:

"Send \$50 and save disgrace."

His worst fears were realized when an hour later he received the reply from his mother, "Too late."—New York Tribune.

**Had 'Em Again.**

A company of motion picture actors and actresses gave a performance of "Chanticleer" on the grounds adjoining the suburban studio of a film manufacturing company. A little later out of the actors, out for a walk, came upon a man seated by the roadside and weeping bitterly.

"What's the matter?" inquired the sympathetic player.

"In one of the patients at the sanitarium for bugs over yonder," explained the despairing one, "Yesterday the doc said I was well—boo-boo—and that I could leave in a day or two. And what do you suppose I saw this morning? Roosters and hens six feet high and talkin' just like humans! If I get away from that sanitarium in ten years I'll be doing mighty well."—Lippincott's.

**When Wild Winds Blow.**

Most of us are apt to look on a storm as simply a strong wind blowing straight from one place to another. It is not so at all, for a storm wind always blows in a curve and a storm is not really a wind, but a whole wheel of winds with curving spokes. These curving spokes, blowing toward the various winds all blowing toward the hub. This hub is called the "eye" of the storm. It is the spot at which the barometer is lowest. On the rim of the wheel the barometer is high, and the nearer the hub the lower is the barometer. This wheel of winds is usually several hundred miles across.

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**A Christmas Morning**

**On Which a Bride Gives Her Husband a Present**

By Martin Stringfellow

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"I am sorry, Ella, that we are not able to celebrate this our first Christmas together," said Tom Wentworth to his bride, "but the fact nevertheless remains true."

"And why not?" asked the young wife, with surprise written on every line of her face.

"Let me tell you." He took both her hands in his and drew her down on to a seat beside him. "I have something to impart that I have kept to myself for years. You know Shuster?"

"Yes, I know the old curmudgeon."

"Well, I am indebted to him to the amount of \$1,000."

"Why, Tom! And you never told me!"

"I told you before we were married that I had barely enough income from my own profession to procure for us the necessities of life, with not a cent for pleasures. The celebration of Christmas comes under the latter head. You remember that when I finished my four years at college my father failed and I had not the wherewithal to attain my profession. Then suddenly I told you that I had obtained the means, but was pledged to tell no one when I received it."

"Yes; I remember that."

"One day while I was lamenting my hard fate in being obliged to go into business after expecting to become a lawyer I met old Shuster on the street. Shuster, as you know, lends money at a high rate of interest. He asked me what I proposed to do now that I had been graduated. I was full of my disappointment and told him about it. To my surprise, he offered to lend me the money required to study for my profession."

"But, I said, 'you only lend money on security, and I have no security.' 'I want no better security than the word of an honorable man,' he replied. 'I know when it is safe to lend money and when to refuse to lend.'"

"But you will require a high rate of interest."

"Not in this case. Six per cent will do."

"He agreed to furnish the money as I needed it and declined to take any notes for the amounts loaned. I borrowed a little over three hundred a year from him for three years, earning myself as much besides. On getting my degree I insisted on giving him two notes of \$500 each, one note to be paid each year. Now, you know that my salary with Busby and Busby is \$1,500 a year. Of this amount \$500 must go to Shuster, leaving us \$1,000 on which to live; consequently for two years we have had absolutely nothing for pleasures."

While the husband was speaking the wife drew closer and closer to him and when he had finished looked up into his face and said:

"I will give you all I can in the matter of helping up pleasures till the debt is paid."

"I knew you would, sweetheart. You see, I shall not only wish to show my self worthy of Shuster's confidence"—

"His confidence?"

"Yes. Did he not prove it in lending me the money on my bare promise to repay him?"

"Oh, certainly—yes. I suppose so."

"Well, then, it is understood that we give no presents on Christmas. We can tell every one beforehand that we intend to make nothing of Christmas this year, and next year we'll tell them the same."

"No, we won't."

"But dear, I shall have another note—"

"Never mind next year. I will agree to all you suggest for this one except one thing. There shall be one gift between us, and only one. That will be from me to you."

"Well, be it as you wish. But let it be some trifling article made with your own hands. I shall prize it all the more if you make it yourself."

This dialogue occurred previous to Tom Wentworth's departure for his office. With the last words he kissed his bride and went out. She appeared at a window and he threw her a kiss.

Unknown to her husband, Ella Wentworth made such preparations for Christmas as she chose to make. She was the financial manager of household expenses and was not required to make an accounting. As to the subject of her conversation with her husband, it must be confessed that she violated his wishes. She purchased such gifts as she would have bought had he not signified a desire that she should not do so. But she maintained absolute secrecy in these matters, bringing home the articles herself when she knew Tom was at the office and storing them away where he would not stumble upon them. She provided for an elaborate breakfast for Christmas morning, inviting every one of her own and her husband's families to join them on the occasion.

Tom saw Christmas approach with something of displeasure—that is, the Christmas of his own household. Both days we do not celebrate ourselves are not only irksome, but at times unpleasant. Tom knew what he had asked of his wife in suggesting that she give up entering upon the pleasures of Christmas in order to pay, as he expressed it, "for a dead horse." He told her when he went to his office the day before the holiday that he would be obliged to spend the evening there working over the papers of a case that had been referred to him to put in order to be used at an approaching trial. His purpose was to furnish an excuse for spending Christmas eve, which they could not afford to make a joyous occasion, away from home. He expected that she would demur at this, but she made no objection whatever. Indeed, since she was intending to celebrate Christmas morning with considerable profusion and fearing that he would notice some indication of the coming event, she was glad to have him away from the house.

Tom came home late Christmas eve, heaving a sigh as he turned his latch key. Ella was waiting for him upstairs and, instead of re-echoing his sigh, received him with a smile.

"What a treasure you are, sweetheart," he said, embracing her, "to give up so much for me."

There was a twinge of conscience on the wife's part at this undesired encomium, but she threw it off and began to speak of other subjects. We are but human, and it is not best to put too great a strain on one another. To deny a woman or a child all participation in celebrating Christmas is assigning a task without giving adequate strength for its performance. Tom lay awake that night brooding over having to deny his young wife what he knew she so eagerly desired and awoke late the next morning. Ella had dressed and gone below. Tom arose and was completing his toilet when he heard voices downstairs. Since the pair kept no servant he was surprised. Going downstairs he was astonished to see his mother and his father and his sister, while his wife's parents were just coming in at the front door.

"Merry Christmas!" all shouted at once.

Tom looked at Ella with a half astonished, half reproachful glance, which melted into a smile under the ringing salutation.

Then came others of both families, every one bringing a package. Tom was surprised to see the breakfast table drawn out to thrice its usual length, with a card bearing a name on each plate, packages piling up on each card. Ella in passing him took his hand and gave it a squeeze, looking into his eyes with an expression which might mean almost anything, but which Tom took as a pleading for forgiveness. Then the breakfast was brought in and all sat down to the table.

Neither Tom nor Ella made any reference during the meal to Ella's violation of her agreement as to celebrating Christmas. But Tom did not act disagreeably about it, after the first few moments entering into the spirit of Christmas with a hearty good will. Ella was unusually merry, showing no trace of fear at a scolding after the celebration was over. When breakfast was finished it was agreed that the presents should be taken out to the bride's father, who would read aloud the names of the donor and receiver written on them and hand them to the latter to be opened.

And so the process began, the minor articles being first distributed. Even though the gifts are trifling there is something delightful in the expectation attending these Christmas distributions. A name was read and the package handed to the receiver, who, with a smile for the donor, opened it and, no matter how unimportant the gift, expressed unbounded delight. Half an hour was taken up before the last present came up to be delivered.

"Ella to Tom," was read out in a sonorous voice.

Tom, seeing a little package no heavier than an ordinary letter, felt relieved, thinking that Ella had kept her word at least in this one item, perhaps—that she had made with her needle. The package was handed to him amid silence, all eyes turned upon him to discover what her gift would be. He broke the string and took out two bits of rectangular paper. It gradually dawned upon him that they were the two notes for \$500 each he had made to Shuster. On their face was stamped in large red letters the word "Canceled."

Tom looked up at Ella, whose eyes were dancing with delight. For a few moments he did not seem to understand the matter or at least did not know what to do. Then he arose from his seat and, going to her, took her in his arms amid a united shout of "Merry Christmas!" from the others, who by this time had gained an inkling of the meaning of the bride's gift.

Calls for an explanation coming from all sides, it was given by the bride's father:

"About the time Tom was graduated from college and needed money for his studies for a profession Ella received a legacy of about \$1,200. She desired to give it to Tom for educational purposes, but feared he would not accept it. She went to Shuster, a money lender, and hired him to propose to furnish Tom with the required means at a moderate interest, and it was through Shuster that Ella lent Tom the money, the notes for which on this blessed Christmas morning she has his wife cancels."

All leaned forward to catch every word of this brief explanation. When it was finished every one felt moved to say something, yet no one seemed to know what to say. The silence was broken by Ella's little brother, aged six, who wildly shouted "Merry Christmas!"

The words were not so irrelevant as they seemed, since it was on the first Christmas morning that the great lesson of self sacrifice was announced to the world.