

Go Home for Christmas

STOP at this busy Christmas season and think for a moment of the folks back home. Consider how much happier they will be if you are with them on this Christmas day. Perhaps your parents are getting very old now—perhaps they have only a few more Christmases to spend here. Certainly your presence at the old home place would add greatly to their joy. Think of the days when you were a child—of the Christmases, now gone forever, when your father and mother did so much to make you happy. A man's mother is the best friend he ever had or ever can have. One owes it to her to spend Christmas at her side and to devote the day to making her happy. But if we have no mother what would be prettier, what sentiment or act could be more beautiful, than to visit her grave and make it green with wreaths and flowers on Christmas day?

Christmas All Year.

A spirit of generosity pervades the Yuletide atmosphere. It is known and practiced at no other season of the year as at Christmas. It is felt in every city, in every town, in every village, in the entire country.

People are prone to be more thoughtful. Men manifest desires to spread good cheer; women weave little acts of love, kindness and devotion into Christmas good will; children cherish their companions and fortunes. Persons unconsciously instill into each other a desire to distribute happiness everywhere. It all comes on the wings of that indefinable thing understood by few, but referred to by many as the Christmas spirit. It is invisible, but can be seen; it is not material, but can be felt. It comes every Christmas, but too often leaves to return perhaps next year, when the real holiday spirit again is felt.

Why does this fellowship of love and good will depart from the souls of so many persons on the wings of time?

Why does not the same spirit remain in the atmosphere after men again assume their routine of work and women become normal after their Christmas cares and worries?

Would it not be a good thing if this same Christmas spirit could continue throughout the twelve months of the year? Would it not be a good thing for mankind if all stopped to think of others as they do during the Yuletide season, if all endeavored to fill the lives of their friends, acquaintances and the less fortunate with good cheer and happiness throughout winter and summer, spring and autumn?

Try this for next year. Make it one of your resolutions, and if one resolves to do all in his power to make others happy throughout the entire twelve months no other resolutions will be necessary to assure one of happiness. After all is said and done the only real happiness is derived from making others happy.

Fine Job Printing at this Office.

A GIFT.
WHAT shall I send you for Christmas, dear?
 What can a penniless rimester send

But the wish that when skies are filled with gloom
 For you blithe April buds may bloom
 And that every throb of the heart of you
 May whisper of days when the skies were blue?

What shall I send you for Christmas, sweet?
 What can a friendless minstrel send
 But the prayer that when days drag drear
 and long

Your heart will sing snatches of sweetest song
 And that every flake of the Yuletide's snow
 May speak of the dreams of the long ago?

What shall I send you for Christmas, my own?
 What can a lonely bardling send
 But the wish that when life grows dark
 and chill

The roses of summer may bloom for you still
 And in moods when the fond old dreams
 still cling to you
 That the birds may return, my sweet, and
 sing to you?
 —Irving Dillon in Life.

The Day After Christmas.

A graceful finish is one of the most essential touches of any successful venture. The pianist does not drop his hands abruptly from the keys as soon as he has played the last note, but holds them there a moment longer until the music dies away. Diners out would be indignant if the table were whisked clean the moment the last mouthful was swallowed. They find the lingering on a little while over the coffee and nuts most delightful.

Christmas is too beautiful and too solemn a festival to drop in this hasty fashion the moment the clock strikes midnight, for any occasion which needs especial preparation also needs an adequate closing, and particularly is this true of those things whose value lies in sentiment.

There are many things to be done after Christmas. There are letters to be written, houses to be put in order, gifts to be arranged, and every one of the countless details may be done either with grace or without it. In the theater the final curtain falls with fitting dignity or appropriate gayety. It has all been a play; but, even so, the actors do not walk off after the last word is said and allow the stage hands to rush on. That would offend the mood of the audience. How much truer this is of something which is not a play, but a very real part of life!

The days after Christmas should be as mystical in their way as were the days before Christmas. The ornaments that decked the tree should be put away with the same care and pleasure with which they were brought out, the greens taken down with the same merriment that accompanied their going up.

The afterglow is sometimes the most beautiful part of the sunset, and sometimes it is even more beautiful than the sunset itself.

DAD AND MOTHER AND ME.

NOBODY'S like old Santa Claus
 With his red and jolly face.
 There's not another around the globe
 Can travel so swift a pace.
 His twinkling eyes and his merry laugh,
 His chuckle of bubbling glee—
 Nobody else is so dear by half
 To dad and mother and me.

HE doesn't forget the baby sweet
 As she rocks in her cradle white.
 He has time to wait for the lagging feet
 Of the old by candlelight.
 He has gifts and gifts for the young and
 gay.

Who encircle the Christmas tree,
 And he has the love to his latest day
 Of dad and mother and me.

THE frost is chill in the nipping blast;
 Smooth is the icy mere.
 The short, fleet days go hurrying past
 To the last of the waning year.
 And never was rose of the summer's prime
 So royally fair to see
 As the rose that blooms in the winter's
 time

For dad and mother and me.
 —Collier's Weekly.

What of Your Christmas Spirit?

The spirit of Christmas, as the idealists have it, is not recognizable by the real thing, according to modern methods.

Theoretically everything is bright, gay, full of peace for oneself and good wishes for the rest of the world.

Actually Christmas may mean anything like this:
 Grudging giving and discontented receiving.

Spurling on one's rich friends and stinting where it is not likely to count. Overgenerosity to the point of extravagance.

Rushing until you detest Christmas and everything connected with it.

Overworked nerves and overwrought tempers from a false conception of Christmas giving.

A generous spirit for your own immediate circle and utter indifference to whether any one else has a happy day.

Gorging oneself in the interest of Christmas cheer with no thought of a tortured digestion and rockiness of the day after.

A Christmas with not one thought to the real meaning of the day and what the world would have been had there been no "birthday of a king" to celebrate.

CHRISTMAS.

THE world his cradle is,
 The stars his worshippers,
 His "peace on earth" the mother's kiss
 On lips new pressed to hers.

For she alone to him
 In perfect light appears,
 The one horizon never dim
 With pentential tears.
 —John B. Tabb.

P for papers and all publications printed
A for "Apollo" in holly boxes, neatly tinted,
R for "Robert Burns," a right good seller,
K for kandies, "Morse's" you can tell her.

N for News Stand, a widely-known store,
E for everything and then some more,
W for "Wrigley's," the gum you all know,
S for stop on your way to the show.

D for "Denby's," they've stood the test,
E for endeavor to please you the best,
P for pipes and post cards too,
O for others, if they only knew,
THE PARK NEWS DEPOT is here to please you.

Here's to your happiness, health and prosperity, too
 Throughout this year and all of the new
 We stand up together and give you all a cheer
 To wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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People Worth Watching.

There are certain persons whom physiognomists say should be avoided by certain other persons. Thus, the talker is warned to keep away from the person with the overhanging forehead, for he will prove exceedingly deep in argument. The business man is advised to watch carefully when dealing with the man with the receding forehead and chin, the large, curved and prominent nose, for he will prove shrewd in business.

Quite So.

The man who never laughs at himself misses many a chance for a good giggle.

Musician's Devotion to His Art.

In 1838 Robert Schumann wrote to Clara Wieck: "I have given several hours hard study every day to Bach and Beethoven, and to my own work, and conscientiously managed a large correspondence. I am a young man of twenty-eight, with a very active mind, and an artist, to boot; yet for eight years I have not been out of Saxony, and have been sitting still and saving money, without a thought of spending it on amusement."

Stickler to Propriety.

"Waiter, waiter," called the manager. "Here is a fly bathing without a costume."—Punch.

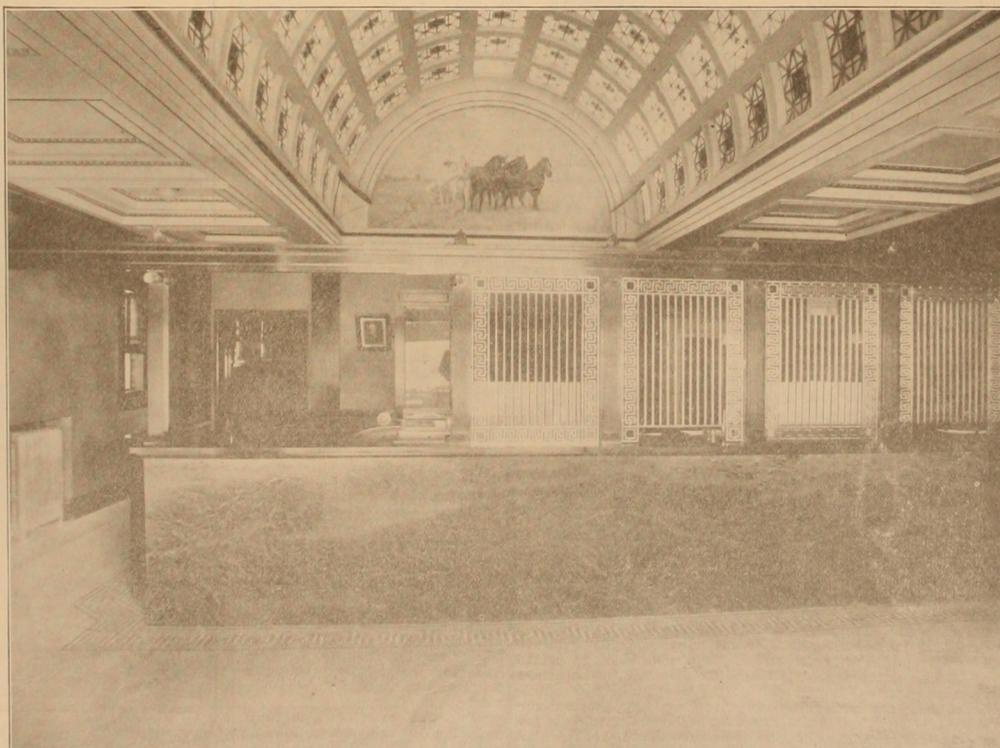
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