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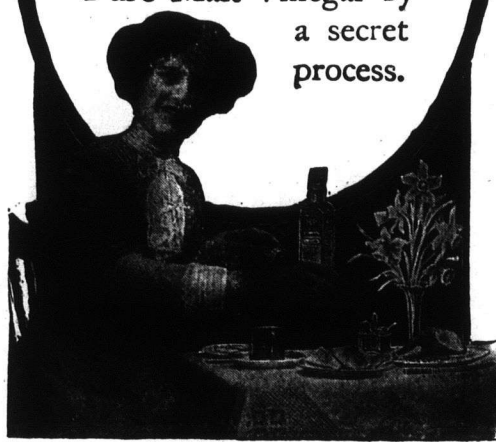
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The Christmas Spirit

Written for The Western Home Monthly by William Lutton.

MIRACLE is only chemistry. Magic is no longer poetry, but law. Infantile precocity points you, in derision, to the higher mathematics, when you hint the possibility in life of anything beyond high statute—made and provided. Pan would be sadly out of joint in a world which has reduced the origin of life to a chemical formula. Does anybody read "Alice in Wonderland," "The Arabian Nights," or "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales" to-day? The comic supplement has at once killed romance and parental authority. It is sad enough but if we cannot persuade the child in the cradle to believe that Santa Claus comes down the chimney, the Christmas spirit is still a beneficent factor in the general life. The great event which Christmas heralds may be doubted. It may be scoffingly dismissed as a figment of the imagination. A tale which ought to have been in the "Arabian Nights Entertainment." It may, on the other hand, be so spiritualized as to be wholly dissociated with fact. It was a pagan festival. What then? It came, with pagan rites, to dissipate gloom; to make a break in the dullness of the year; to mark the half-way house, as it were; to break the back

Divine pity into the world. The Roman Empire was founded on and sustained by force. It perished for want of pity. It had become dehumanized by lust and cruelty. The domestic virtues had been destroyed by a system which consecrated the courtesan and dethroned the wife. And the cruelty in their games, their wars, their loves, expressed the temperamental genius of the people. Pity came in with the Christ child; and for two thousand years, in spite of many harrowing memories, in spite of the bloody wars, it has been the one operating quality in modern life which has redeemed it from brutishness. In so far as its effects upon the individual life and human relations are concerned, it does not in the least matter that the Event may be legendary; that the historicity of it may be successfully impugned. What we are sure of is, that this new and uplifting element in human experience came from the Divine. It is not the date, nor the fact; but the feeling. You may express the Christ-child in thirty-nine articles, or Westminster Confessions, if you like. You harden a tender feeling by formulae.

We do not think of creeds at Christmas. Higher and grander than creeds



Belgian Soldiers firing at a passing Aeroplane

of winter. Deep were the carousings; generous was the wassail; and large was the mirth in the younger days of the world. The drinking capacity of the old pagans was enormous. They were in no hurry to mind the clock. They continued their festivities for weeks at a stretch. Nobody paid taxes. There was no feverish speculation in real estate. The world was young and debonair, nor had modern care ridden it like a fury. Men still drink to forget the sordid and realize idealism; but they have a policeman and a patrol wagon now. No, Santa Claus does not come down the chimney any more; but out of the legend and fancy and deep carousing, and Druidical worship, and Norse revelry and rioting, the Christmas spirit grew. It was a star; a child; an event. Call it poetry if you like. It was a new ideal in the world. It was a more enticing standard of appeal. We had the drunken carouse which took no thought for the world out of doors. With the advent of the Christ child something wistful and tender and pitiful entered into the general heart. It is not religion. It is not theology. It is a beautiful spirit, which when it operates upon the individual life and the community, redeems. To many Christmas commemorates the event to which the whole creation moves. The idealists of all ages have followed a star, yearned for something better and higher than the life that offered. The knights of King Arthur's round table followed the gleam, the Holy Grail which ever eluded possession.

The Wise Men of the East followed the Star of Bethlehem, and found the Christ-child who brought

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't alright."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "alright" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50c a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

Address me personally—

F. V. Morris, Manager, 1900 Washer Co.
357 Yonge Street, Toronto

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