



## Christmas Eve

"Twas the night before Christmas  
And all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring,  
Not even a mouse."

**B**RIGHT little eyes will dance. Little hearts will beat faster. Little ears will listen, little bodies will tingle with excitement. Christmas eve!

What a glorious night that is.

On the anniversary of the birth of the Christ Child, who of us is not transformed, once again to the roseate realms of childhood.

Who, as he tucks the little ones into bed with the promise of glee and happiness to come with dawn, does not find his heart rising above worldly worries and adult cares.

The joy which is all pervading on Christmas eve is almost equalled by the joy in preparing for that happy night.

Once more the jolly old Earth has moved into a position which marks the approach to Christmas eve. Once more mother with busy fingers fashions gifts for girlhood friends. Once more dad lays his plans for a campaign in the stores. Once more little heads dream of Santa Claus and deport themselves just a little better as a guarantee that the jolly old fellow will not rule them out of the big list of receivers.

Once more stores teem with lovely gifts and men and women and little children warm to the lovely lure of Christmastime.

Each year somehow Christmas seems a little more wonderful. Each year it behooves everyone to make his preparations just a little bit earlier.

Get ready for the sublime happiness of Christmas eve.

