



GOOD morning, have you thrown a Sunshine Boomerang by sending a Christmas stamp?

These fine little "Merry Christmas" stickers, which began selling like hot cakes the minute they were put on sale in The North American publication office at 7 o'clock yesterday morning, are the best Sunshine Boomerangs you ever heard of.

You send them out as a glad greeting and they come back to you in ruddy cheeks once pale and sunken; in strong hands once drawn and shaky; in hope where was only despair; in homes made happy by the saving of daughters and mothers and fathers from the dread death; in joy where was sorrow, and in the thousand ways of goodness which can be generated among the great army of those suffering from tuberculosis by the stretching out of the helping hand.

One of the first who came to buy was a boy so small that he could just see over the counter.

"Gimme a stamp!" he said, as he tossed a copper on the marble top.

"A Christmas stamp?" asked the clerk.

"Sure," answered the kid, "me mother was took with th' cough, and me sister's got it now, an' th' fellers says this'll cure her."

He got his stamp, laid it away as carefully as if it had been a hundred dollar note, felt of his pocket to make sure the newspaper pad in which he had put it had not gone on through and marched away.

And the beauty about his faith in the efficacy of the little stamp is that it is not founded upon the sands. For if these Christmas stamps keep on selling as they have started and the movement spreads, as it bids fair to, it may not be many years before every sister so doomed will have passed from under the shadow of the plague.

Not long after he had left came a man, well-dressed and yet not happy-looking.

He fumbled around till he found a dollar in his pocket and asked for a hundred of the stamps. He seemed to want to say something, and the chance being given, he told how these greetings were

to be put on some letters and cards and little packages' his wife was to send out this Christmas.

"She told me to be sure to get them," he said, "and so I came here before going to the shop, for it's the last Christmas she'll have a chance to remember those she loves. The doctor says she may hold out till after New Year's, but her cough's so bad now I don't much think she will."

Then he turned quickly and hurried away.

So it went all day long, though, of course, most folks just paid for their stamps and went away without saying anything.

But they FELT something. They felt that a new sort of joy had come into this glad season of the year; that a new way to make coming Christmases happier was within their reach; that they were helping along in the greatest and noblest war of all the ages.

And, somehow, as I stood there watching them come and go, I thought of the millions scattered throughout the world, who are at this moment straining their tired eyes to see some star of hope.

I saw the hand of the scourge forcing final farewells from many a one who longed to stay a while with those loved, and I saw those thus left lonely wondering through their tears how they would be able to live without the dear ones.

I saw the great procession of the slain and the sorrowing, and coming to meet it, with banners of hope flying and hosts under these banners, I beheld the army of deliverance, its soldiers bearing shields the like of which I must have seen somewhere before.

And I looked again, and these shields were "Christmas stamps" grown large, and the poisoned darts of the enemy fell from them as water from walls of solid steel, and there was a great light, which was only the smiling of these who were saved by the pennies we are giving this day.

Leiph Mitchell Hodges