

NEW YORK
Herald Tribune
MAGAZINE

Section XIII

Mrs. William Brown McKinley, Editor
Sunday, December 17, 1929

Thirty-two Pages



Drawn for the Herald Tribune by Merrit A. Lyndon

They Said Christmas Was Dead!

So the Herald Tribune Magazine Took Up the Challenge—and Here Is What We Found Out

"CHRISTMAS" was one of the topics in a series of articles wrapped up in flannel gaiters and steam heated and given in evidence for a "holiday" done up in the red and green ribbon. It is a somewhat solemn, an eye of antiphrastic; a day of glumness, exclusive enjoyment, a lot of hurry and bustle and nerve strain—and the bill comes in on January first.

"Christmas! Christmas!" was one of our best working editors. "There is nothing more to say about Christmas. It has become a commercial feast. It is no longer regarded and impressed as the season for

generosity and the generous act. You take the day you have to pay—and you get ready for it. Christmas night is dead and the last Christmas story has been written. In a single efficient age story all of our emotions are satisfied and unimpaired by the psychasthenic, and the population has grown so well better believe every good deed, when there has been death! There is no more Christmas spirit—no more Christmas cheer!"

We inquired about Christmas from a President of the United States and a general agent from John Braeger and Owen D. Young, from a poet and a priest,

from a good woman and a woman of the world from a man out of of prison. They were efficient people, but their goal at that season job had not failed them much. They taught us that Christmas is one of the great common denominators of the human family, that it has been so people after Christmas and unchristian; that and others—it is the one that does the most good and best able to look into the past. But it is a day for action. It calls for deeds.

The National Spirit During Christmas was featured in the United States. It is the best season of the



"Hot Spring Shall Come, and All the Snows of Our Dreams and Our Thoughts Shall Melt and Be No More"
 Drawn for the Herald Tribune by Robert Lawson

Snow

By
 Kahlil Gibran

In your waking dream,
 When you are hushed and listening to your deeper self,
 Your thoughts, like snowflakes, fall and flourish and garment all the woods of
 your spaces with white silence,
 And what are waking dreams but clouds that bud and blossom upon the sky-
 tree of your heart?
 And what are your thoughts but the peals which the winds of your heart scatter
 upon the hills and its fields?
 And even as you wait for grace until the formless within you takes form,
 So shall the cloud gather and drift until the Blessed Finger shape its gray
 desire to little crystal stars and moons and stars.

Then Larkie, he who is the half-dumbler, spoke and said,
 Hot spring shall come, and all the snows of our dreams and our thoughts shall
 melt and be no more,
 And the sky-tree shall perish, and all its flowers shall melt and be no more,
 And he answered, saying:
 When spring comes to seek his beloved among the slumbering graves and the
 yards,
 The snow shall indeed melt, and it shall run in streams to the valleys
 To be the cog-beater to myrtle trees and laurels,
 So shall the snow of your heart melt when your spring comes,
 And thus shall your secret run in streams to seek the river in the valley,
 And the river shall unfold your secret and carry it to the sea,
 All things shall melt and turn into songs when spring comes,
 From the stars, the vast snowflakes that fall slowly upon larger fields

When the sun of His face shall rise above the wider horizon,
 Then what frozen symmetry would not melt to liquid melody?
 And who among you would not be the cog-beater in the myrtle and the laurel?
 It was but yesterday you were meeting with the moving sea,
 And you were shameless and without a self,
 Then the wind, the breath of life, gave you a veil of light on her face,
 Then His hand gathered you and gave you form,
 And with head held high you sought the heights,
 But the sea followed you, and her song is yet with you,
 And though you have forgotten your parentage, she will forget herself for
 motherhood,
 And forever she will call you unto her,
 In your wanderings among the mountains and in the desert,
 You will always remember the depth of her soul and heart,
 And though sometimes you will not know for what you long,
 It is indeed for rest and rhythmic peace,
 And how else can it be?
 In power and in power,
 When the rain dances in the leaves upon the hill,
 When snow falls, a blessing and a punishment,
 In the valley when you lead your flocks to the river,
 In your fields, where hoes, like silver scythes, join together the green garments,
 In your gardens when the early dew mingles the heavens,
 In your meadows when the mist of evening half veils your way,
 In all these the sea is with you, a witness to your heritage, and a claim upon
 your love,
 It is the merciful in you running down to the sea.