

OF GENERAL INTEREST

ITEMS STOLEN FROM COLUMNS OF EXCHANGES

THE LOCAL OPTION QUESTION

Will Sycamore, Belvidere and Rockford Remains "Dry" Territory—Echo Answers No.

Sycamore is also to have a local option election at the coming municipal contest to be held next spring. A petition is now in circulation at the county seat to have the question placed upon the ballots at the next election and there seems to be little doubt that the proposition will again be before the people.

Belvidere, too, is circulating a petition to resubmit the local option question. So is Rockford. The elections occur on April 5 next year and to comply with the law the petitions asking for a vote on the matter must be filed sixty days before the election. Hence the activity now is to get the names.

Fifty dollars in bills is the reward Mrs. Frank Davis, residing in Kewanee, received last week for feeding a poor half starved tramp ten years ago. Mrs. Davis is in receipt of an anonymous letter in which the man signs himself "The Tramp" but describes himself in such a manner that Mrs. Davis readily recalls the time he visited her home.

As a result of the Cherry mine disaster the Knights of Pythias lodge of Seatonville loses 72 members who were employed in the mine in which they perished. Fred Reinholtz, employed as a cutter at the Selz-Schwab shoe factory at Elgin lost two fingers of his left hand this morning, in the knives of the machine over which he was working.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company carried insurance on 127 of the Cherry miners who lost their lives, and the company will pay death claims to the amount of \$47,000. The company had an agent at the mine, who just as soon as any of the insured were identified, wrote a check in full in favor of the widow or orphan.

Shareholders of the stock of the Wells, Fargo & Co. Express company will receive December 22, a 300 per cent dividend, the largest known in the history of Wall street. This is one of the express companies which have claimed that express rates were too low.

Chicago hunters are bothering the farmers around Compton. Peter Gallisath had trouble with a bunch of hunters and shot a valuable dog that had entered his yard. The hunters desired trouble and would not leave until Mr. Gallisath threatened to give them the same treatment as the dog received.

Bathed in flame as her flimsy dress ignited from the blaze of kerosene which she had poured upon a fire, Miss Angelacy Smith, 10 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Smith, received burns Saturday afternoon at her home in Aurora from which she is now believed to be dying at St. Charles hospital.

The Ice Harvest

Ice in the ponds and bayous is now about twelve inches thick and the ice men are getting ready for the harvest. The Ira J. Mix Co. were the first in the field, making a start at Charter Grove the first of this week. The top of the ice will not be of the best quality on account of the snow which fell at the time the cold weather set in, but the crop if harvested before a thaw, will be better than it has been for some years.

THE TRAIN SERVICE

Perplexing Question for Railroad Men and Business Men

Not in years if ever before have the railroads of the country been in such condition as present. Hardly a train of any description can keep up with the schedule, even the locals being frequently from ten minutes to one hour late. The trains from the west come along most any time of the day, some being eight and nine hours late. But if the passenger service is poor, the freight business is completely demoralized. Especially so is this the condition on the C. M. & St. Paul and the North-Western. When a merchant orders goods to come from Chicago by freight he can make no guess as to when it will appear. The roads have been caught with an overwhelming amount of business and at the time many of their locomotives are giving out, while the cold weather of the past week has added to the trouble.

The first of this week nearly every siding from Chicago to Davis Junction was filled with loaded cars, there being no engines to move them. Fifty-eight cars were stranded on the Genoa siding, while in the company's yards at Galewood over 400 cars were waiting to be moved. The freight houses in Chicago are packed to the roof.

A way freight reaches Genoa only once in a while these days. One came last Sunday evening that had been on the road from Chicago since Friday. On this train was a car of fruit and vegetables, practically all of which were frozen.

The accident at Pingree Grove last week was partly due to the congested condition, it being impossible for the dispatchers to handle the trains in the regular manner.

SUDDEN DEATH IN ACCIDENT

Superintendent of Virgil Creamery Gets Fatal Blow on Head.

A deplorable accident happened at the Virgil creamery Friday morning when the superintendent of the plant, Edward Walden, was struck on the head by a flying piece of machinery, crushing his skull and causing almost instant death.

The accident happened about 8:30. Mr. Walden was near the separator which was running several hundred revolutions a minute, when suddenly the mechanism burst sending flying pieces of machinery in all directions. A large piece struck Mr. Walden on the head with such force as not only to crush the skull but severed a piece of the scalp from the head. The unfortunate man, of course, was picked up unconscious and died in a very few minutes.

Mr. Walden was about 48 years of age and leaves a wife and one child. He was quite well known in Sycamore where he did most of his trading. He had come to Virgil from Dundee, taking the position of superintendent on the starting of the creamery some months ago by O. E. Murphy of Sycamore.—Sycamore Tribune.

Paying The Price

The talk about town today is that the liquor violators who have now spent thirty days in jail may pay a good, stiff sum to settle their cases and get out of jail. John Schmidt and others can probably get out by making a schedule but several cannot and the report is that those who have money will chip in to make up for those who are "broke" and all will be released with the exception of John Sippel.—Belvidere Republican.

LET US BE PRECISE

FIGURE THE NEW YEAR FROM EVERY ANGLE

1910, 6623, ALSO ITS 5670

The Jew, Gentile and Roman Have Different Methods of Designating the Beginning of and Lapse of Time

The almanac makers, wise and grizzled, if they are grizzled, have sometime ago finished their labors on the 1910 editions of their continued story. The carefully edited and revised copy has gone to the printers and they in turn have printed and bound the books and huge shipments have been forwarded by the patent medicine dispensaries to retail druggists all over the country.

Now while probably most people of Illinois are looking forward to writing it "1910" you would also be equally right in jotting it down as "6623", or "5670" according to whether you are a Roman, a Jew or a Gentile. The figures 1910 signify the number of years that have elapsed, or supposed to have elapsed since the birth of Christ, though there are some eminent authorities who assert that the date has been wrongly set, and that that auspicious event was not within several years of the year 1. The trouble was that the date was set some years after Christ was dead and there was no exactly accurate method of figuring backwards and ascertaining when the infant was found in the manger by the wise men of the east.

If, however, you write it "5670" that means that it is the Jewish method of reckoning the date, their basic event having occurred some thousand years previous to the Christian era. To write it "6623" would be according to the calendar defined and ordered into general use by the Roman Emperor Julian.

In other words, after December 31, 1909, the new year will be not only "1910" but it will usher in the 135th year of American independence, the 6623rd of the Julian period; the year 5670 of the Jewish era (the year 5671 beginning at sunset on October 3); the year 2662 since the founding of Rome, according to Varro; the year of 2570 of the Japanese era, and the year 1328 of the Mohammedan era, which begins January 13. The year 1910 is classified under the Dominical Letter "B," is a part of Lunar Cycle 11, Solar Cycle 15, Epect 19 and Roman Indiction 8. That's what 1910 is, and the first day of January will be the 2,418,673d day since the commencement of the Julian period. That's getting it down fine, even for an almanac.

At German Lutheran Church

The pastor of the German Lutheran church again invites everyone to attend the exercises to be given by the children at the church on Christmas eve, Friday, Dec. 24. There will be a tree and all the "fixings" that tend to gladden the hearts of the little ones and please the older people. Exercises are to be conducted in both the English and German languages, so that all may enjoy it.

Appropriate Christmas services will be held at the church on Christmas day and on Sunday at 10:30 a. m. All are cordially invited to attend these services as well.

Child Prodigy.

Marjorie Fleming, the playmate and friend of Sir Walter Scott, has legitimate claims to consideration as a prodigy. When she was a small child she repeated to him Constance's speeches in King John until, by his own statement, he "swayed to and fro, sobbing his fill."

CLASS INITIATED

Big Woodman Dolgals at the Pavilion Friday Evening

The big class of candidates was initiated into the Woodman order last Friday evening, the ceremony taking place at the pavilion where there was ample room for the work. There was a good turn-out of the neighbors despite the bitter cold, many coming from the country.

The drill work by the forester team, under the leadership of Will Jeffery, was excellent, and this despite the fact that the team had drilled only two or three weeks. If this same leader is given control of the team and is given power to select the members most proficient the Genoa camp will soon have a company of foresters second to none in the state.

After the class had been instructed in the mysteries of Woodcraft by Venerable Consul J. H. VanDresser, speeches were made by Attorney Abbott of Elgin and Deputy Bullock.

And then came the coffee, sandwiches, doughnuts, pickles, cheese and other things which always taste so good at such a time on such a night.

There was a jolly bunch of fellows and all enjoyed the evening immensely.

LITTLE GIRL DEAD

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Lockner Passed Away Tuesday Night

Irma, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Lockner, passed away at her home on State street Tuesday evening, Dec. 21, at eight o'clock, after a sickness of nine weeks with Bright's disease.

The funeral services will be held today (Thursday) at the home at 1:30 o'clock and at the German Lutheran church at 2:00 o'clock, Rev. J. Molthan officiating.

Irma Lockner was born at Oranje, Russia, December 17, 1898, being at the time of her death 11 years and 4 days of age. She came to America with her parents four years ago. She was baptised at Lodsche, Russia. For three years she attended the German Lutheran school in this city.

Besides her parents she leaves three brothers and two sisters. One brother and one sister preceded her in death.

BUTTER PRICE UP AGAIN

Value Advanced 1c Per Pound on Elgin Board of Trade

The price of butter advanced one cent per pound again Monday on the Elgin board of trade. The quotation committee after a brief wrangle in the ante-room declared the market firm at 35 cents; there was an effort to make it 36 cents.

Former markets are: December 13, 1909, 34 cents. December 21, 1908, 31 cents. December 23, 1907, 29 cents. The week's output was 206,700 lbs.

The New York market is firm at 36 cents for extras; 37 cents for specials. The receipts were 3,405 tubs. Seventeen tubs of Geneva were offered and bought by Younger at 36 cents.

Pleasure In Work Sure Sign.

You may know that you have found your place, if your work is a pleasure to you. If you long for the time to quit, you are on the wrong job. If you go to work with no more delight than you left it, the job belongs to some other man. When you have found your true calling you will not find nature putting barriers in your path of progress.

Skating at the pavilion after-noon Christmas day.

GENOA BOY IS KILLED

PAUL STOTT LEAPS TO HIS DEATH FRIDAY

FIREMAN ON C. M. & ST. P.

Fearing Results of Collision He Jumped from Engine at Pingree Grove—Funeral Monday

An hour after waving his hand at his sister, Zoe, bookkeeper at the telephone factory, Friday afternoon, who was waiting to hail him as he passed, Paul Stott, one of the youngest firemen on the C. M. & St. Paul road, leaped from the cab of his engine at Pingree Grove to escape a collision, fell headlong and was instantly killed.

The accident occurred shortly after 3 o'clock. Stott was aboard an extra east bound freight with Roy Lewin, Chicago, as engineer.

As the train speeded down the grade toward Pingree Grove, it rounded a sharp curve, to see the slowly moving way freight, No. 92, also east bound a few hundred feet down the track.

Throwing on the breaks which were unable to hold the heavy train as it dashed forty miles an hour down the slippery rails on the incline, the crew determined to leap in a desperate attempt to save their lives.

Lewin, the engineer, told his youthful fireman to jump first and to leap into a snow bank. Stott had hardly left the cab, before Lewin also jumped but a moment before his train crashed into the rear of the way freight.

Occupants of the caboose on the way freight witnessed the dramatic leap for life. They saw Stott turn a partial somersault, roll over and over and finally lay still.

Lewin struck in a snow drift and was buried up to the waist. He was uninjured with the exception of a slight jar. He had extricated himself before the other trainmen could reach him.

No one on the extra freight was injured. Five traveling men passengers in the caboose of the way freight were shaken up and bruised by the shock as the trains collided.

The list of the injured is as follows:

Anderson, Benona, 876 Prescott street, Elgin, employe of C. M. & St. P. railway, bruised about body.

Hensen, J. M., traveling salesman, 416 Summit street, Elgin, bruises about back and neck.

Malvey, M. J., What Cheer, Ia., painfully bruised; slight cuts.

Pallard, A. J., Peoria, Ill., traveling salesman, jolted and bruised.

Mansfield, J. O., 30 South Porter street, Elgin; had been hunting near Pingree Grove; injuries slight.

The rear end of the caboose and the front of the engine were damaged considerable. It required nearly an hour to remove the debris from the track and to clear the road for traffic.

When the first shock of the crash was over, trainmen from both freights hurried towards where the crew had made the jump. They found Stott, his skull broken and crushed, lying dead a few feet from the track.

Paul had evidently slipped on the cab floor as he left the train, and had struck upon his head.

Tenderly they bore him to the station not far distant. A medical student, who volunteered his assistance, after examination, pronounced the man dead.

Word was received in Elgin late in the afternoon. In the absence of Dr. A. L. Clark, local physician for the Milwaukee road, Dr. O. L. Pelton hurried to Pin-

gree Grove to dress the wounds of the injured. No one required his assistance.

The body of Paul Stott was taken to Elgin to the undertaking parlors of Bunker and Chambers.

Since Paul entered the employ of the company he had made many friends among the trainmen and had advanced rapidly to good runs and big pay. For several months he was out on the new Pacific coast extension of the road, but since the completion of that line he has been running on this division with some of the most important freight trains.

When passing through Genoa it was Paul's custom to pull the whistle cord as a signal to his mother who resides near the right of way and also to his sister who is employed as bookkeeper at the telephone factory, located near the tracks. As usual on last Friday afternoon Paul gave the signal. He caught his sister's signal as he passed. His mother heard the whistle but being busy at the time could not go out to see her son.

Paul evidently had a presentiment that something might happen on his last run. Before leaving Chicago he had laid out all his insurance policies and had even told his friends among the trainmen how he wanted his funeral arranged, asking that they be his pall bearers.

The Elgin News says that startling evidence that the wreck was the indirect result of a defective distant signal at the station was brought out as part of the testimony at the coroner's inquest over the remains.

"What can you tell about the condition of the signal system at Pingree Grove at the time of the accident?" G. A. Hulett, operator at Pingree who witnessed the wreck from the platform was asked.

"The distance signal, one-quarter of a mile west of the depot and used to warn incoming trains that the section of track between the curve and home block is occupied, was out of order," he answered. "It has worked only once in a while since it was installed in the summer."

The testimony of R. E. Lewin, engineer on the time freight which struck the way freight, showed that he did not depend upon the "danger" signal shown at the distance block but instead stood up in the cab and saw the home block cleared.

Later upon being questioned the engineer admitted that he at least did not depend upon the distance signal in passing Pingree Grove. Other testimony showed that the other trainmen did not, in view of the fact that it was out of working order during most of the time and that when in such condition constantly showed danger.

The jury returned a verdict in which the defective system of clearing trains was blamed for the accident.

Lewin testified that his statements were corroborated by William Voltz, head brakeman on the time freight who was a passenger in the cab that as he approached Pingree Grove under "orders to proceed with caution," he noted the distance signal at danger, slowed up and then looking over the cars in the yard and saw the home block cleared. He declared that because of the fact that the Pingree tracks were full of empty cars he could not see the rear end of the way freight until within four hundred feet of it.

The way freight was pulling out of Pingree and the time freight was proceeding from

(Continued on page 4)

TO ELECT SENATORS

CONGRESSMAN FULLER INTRODUCES BILL

TO AMEND CONSTITUTION

Proposed Amendment Must be Ratified by the Legislatures of the Several States Before Becoming Law.

Congressman C. E. Fuller of this district has introduced a joint resolution in the house of representatives at Washington bearing on the election of United States senators who are now elected by the legislatures of the several states.

Mr. Fuller's resolution was introduced on the 14th of this month and referred to the committee of Election of President, Vice President and Representatives, reading as follows:

"Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled (two-thirds of each House concurring therein), That the following amendment to the Constitution of the United States shall be, and is hereby, proposed for ratification by the several States, which, when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, shall be valid to all intents and purposes as a part of the Constitution of the United States, namely:

"The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each State, chosen at a general election, by the electors of the several States, for a term of six years."

It is gratifying to Mr. Fuller's constituents to note that he is the man to champion this change in the method of selecting United States senators. We doubt if he could introduce a proposition that would meet with the approval of a greater majority of the voters of this district. The people of Illinois and of other states as well are disgusted with the present expensive method of selecting a senator who in many cases is not a representative of the state in the proper sense of the word.

MASONS INSTALL

New Officers Take Their Various Chairs Monday Evening

At a special meeting of Genoa Lodge No. 288, A. F. & A. M. Monday evening of this week the following officers were installed:

- Jas. Hutchison, Jr., W. M.
- O. M. Barcus, S. W.
- G. J. Pierce, J. W.
- F. G. Hudson, S. D.
- W. W. Cooper, J. D.
- R. B. Field, Treas.
- C. D. Schoonmaker, Secy.
- J. G. Whitright, S. S.
- G. H. Martin, J. S.
- C. A. Brown, Chaplain.
- G. J. Patterson, Marshal.
- H. P. Edsall, Tyler.

AT THE M. E. CHURCH

Christmas Tree and Exercises by the Sunday School Friday Evening

Preparations have been made by the Sunday School for an enjoyable time at the M. E. church on Christmas eve. An interesting program will be rendered and there will be a tree laden with gifts for all members of the school.

A cordial invitation is extended to the public to attend this service, no matter what denomination you affiliate with.

Meddlesome Neighbors.

A girl in a small Kansas town has been engaged seven times. Her neighbors have adopted this slogan for her: "Present company always accepted."—Kansas City Journal.

The Republican-Journal

C. D. SCHOONMAKER, Publisher.
GENOA, ILLINOIS.
A SPORT-LOVING PEOPLE.

The Anglo-Saxons love sport. No matter in what part of the world they are found, the spirit is strong among them. Wherever the restless Anglo-Saxon dominates, the love of sport is dominant. The Americans are—at least, the most of them—descendants of this virile race, and nowhere is the love of sport so much exhibited as in this country. Our people are patrons of horseracing, of baseball, of golf, of football, of all out-of-door sports as no other people. The English are great sportsmen, but not to the extent that Americans are, for the reason that the opportunities are greater here. Nor does the nation suffer from this propensity. We are told, of course, by some of our college thinkers that our young men indulge too much in athletics, that this indulgence is a detriment rather than a benefit to the boys; that because of the "fad," as these wisecracks term it, we are injuring the physical powers of the boys. We do not take much stock in this sort of pessimism. Here and there a few may overdo themselves and fall by the wayside; but athletic competition has never, in our judgment, seriously injured American youth. On the contrary, it has developed in them muscle, courage and self-reliance, requisites to good health and ultimate success when they are called upon to lay aside athletics for the more serious cares of life.

Evidence accumulates that Bering sea covers a center of great seismic and volcanic activity. The commander of a revenue cutter reports to the treasury department that he has investigated Bogoslof Island, the frequent changes in which have been of much scientific interest, and that he steamed all around the island, taking soundings the entire way and finding bottom only at one place, where the lead touched at a depth of 45 fathoms. Steam jets arise from a lake in the center of the island, and the conclusion is that the island is the summit of a volcano and that the lake is the crater. Bogoslof Island has perpetrated some curious stunts from time to time, and volcanic origin seems to explain them. Uncle Sam came into possession of many interesting things when he acquired Alaska.

The news that the old mining camp of Virginia City, Nev., is sinking into the deep canyon along the side of which it was built indicates an inglorious end for a town which once attained some prominence. Virginia City grew out of the opening of the Comstock lode, and the Comstock lode formerly was among the greatest silver producers in the world. Considerable gold was also found there. At one time the lode yielded wealth at the rate of \$10,000,000 annually, and it made great fortunes for the "bonanza" owners. Altogether, between \$300,000,000 and \$400,000,000 in gold and silver was taken from the mines.

If, as is intimated, it turns out that the assassination of Prince Ito, the Japanese statesman, was the result of a far-reaching plot in Korea, the situation in that country may become most serious. Reports from Seoul, to the many of the people the killing of Ito was "not displeasing." This attitude suggests greater hostility to Japan and representatives of Japanese power than had been suspected in many quarters. In fact, there appears to be dangerous disaffection throughout the country, and an outbreak would not be surprising.

The United States is not the only country in which persons gratify their curiosity or morbid taste by crowding into courtrooms when sensational cases are in progress. Even France, where good taste is presumed to be strongly in evidence if not predominant, has a fair share of those who show similar inclinations, the opening of the Steinheil murder trial in Paris being an illustration. When 25,000 persons apply for admission to a courtroom and when \$200 is offered for a place in line "the limit" would seem to have been reached.

College professors calculate that if the birth-rate decrease continues for 750 years there will be no births at all by 2060 A. D. In that case few will survive to the time when men will live 120 years—and those who do will be lonesome.

Halley's comet is growing brighter. It is to be hoped that this is not a baleful sign, as comets are notoriously known to the superstitious as harbingers of bad tidings, generally in the shape of wars and national disasters, and, like some people, brighter at the prospect of other people's troubles coming.

The assassination of Prince Ito only proves again that there is always a brainless crank ready to take the life of a great and good man.

MADRIZ IS CHOSEN

ALLY OF ZELAYA UNANIMOUSLY SELECTED PRESIDENT OF NICARAGUA.

HE MAKES HARMONY SPEECH

New Ruler Must "Show" Uncle Sam He Is Capable of Directing a Responsible Government — Estrada Will Continue War.

Managua, Nicaragua, Dec. 21.—Dr. Jose Madriz, former judge of the Central American court of justices at Cartago, and Zelaya's candidate, was elected president of Nicaragua by the unanimous vote of congress.

The session was a stormy one, but there seemed to be perfect unanimity with regard to the election of Madriz, and when the official announcement was made there were vociferous cheering and cries of "Viva Madriz!" "Viva Leon!" "Down with monopolies!" "Down with tyranny!" "Long live the constitution!"

Assumes Office To-Day.
Dr. Madriz will assume the presidency to-day. He was escorted to the balcony of his hotel, where he greeted great crowds that had gathered around the building, and made a brief speech, urging harmony and co-operation. He pledged that he would uphold the rights of the citizens, granting free election and establishing a policy of equal opportunities for all.

Estrada Has Aspiration.
It is known both to Zelaya and Madriz that Gen. Estrada, the leader of the revolutionists, who are ready to do battle with the government forces at Rama, is strongly opposed to the new president, for it is well understood that Estrada himself has ambitions to fill the presidential chair.

The hope is cherished, however, that Dr. Madriz, in his new executive capacity, will be able to smooth out many of the rough places and bring about such an amicable condition among the people themselves that he will not be compelled to withdraw from office.

Madriz Must "Show" Taft.
Washington, Dec. 21.—Secretary of State Knox let it be known that the attitude of this government toward Nicaragua would not be changed by the election of Madriz to the presidency as the successor of Zelaya, resigned.

Madriz will have to show that he is capable of directing a responsible government which is prepared to make reparation for the wrongs which it is claimed have been done to American citizens in the little Central American republic.

Attitude is Unchanged.
It was announced at the state department that the attitude of the United States toward Madriz would be just as it was outlined in the note which Secretary Knox directed to Minister Rodriguez, Nicaraguan charge in this city.

Estrada Refuses a Zelaya Follower.
"Peace in this country can only be assured by the complete exclusion of Zelaya and his followers. We will continue fighting until this is secured. In the name of liberty, of justice on our side, we ask you to recognize my government."

This is the determination of Gen. Estrada, head of the revolutionary army in Nicaragua, expressed in a telegram to the secretary of state.

In the same telegram Estrada says no chief executive selected by Zelaya or the congress he controls will be accepted by the majority of the Nicaraguan people allied to the revolutionist cause in the struggle for justice.

FEAR WAR BETWEEN RACES

One Killed, Four Injured in Battle at Magnolia—Negro Is Burned to Death.

Magnolia, Ala., Dec. 21.—Magnolia is quiet, following a day of intense excitement, with much bitter feeling manifested between whites and blacks of this community. Ernest Slade, one of four white men shot by Clinton Montgomery, a desperate negro, is fatally injured and his death, expected at any time, may serve to further fan the flame of race hatred.

Clinton Montgomery's charred body lies in the ruins of a small negro hut near the town as the result of a visit by a posse of citizens. Brister and Shelly Montgomery, brothers of the dead negro, barely escaped lynching after the sheriff of Marengo county had captured them and was taking them to jail.

Search is being continued for Will Montgomery, another of the four brothers, whose alleged murder late Saturday night of Algernon Lewis, a young white man, precipitated the trouble.

Practically every negro resident of Magnolia left here. The whites are well armed.

Mark Twain in Poor Health.
New York, Dec. 21.—Mark Twain was an arrival from Bermuda by the steamship Bermudian, Monday. Mr. Clemens did not seem in rugged health. He has spent a month in Bermuda, where he went because of an affection of his lung.

Women Strike in Philadelphia.
Philadelphia, Dec. 21.—More than 7,000 of the 12,000 shirt waist operators went on strike, according to reports received by the strikers' executive committee. About twenty firms are affected.

CREW WINS BATTLE AGAINST FIRE AND COLD.

Take to Yawl for Refuge But Nearly Perish in Frigid Weather.

Loraine, O., Dec. 20.—The fishing tug Penelope of Cleveland burned four miles off shore. The crew of three escaped, after a battle with ice floes in bitter cold, which almost cost them their lives.

The boat, which belongs to A. H. Langell of Cleveland, was bound for its winter quarters at St. Clair, Mich. Capt. Charles Inches discovered fire in the woodwork above the engine room and in a few moments his position and that of the engineer and fireman became perilous.

While they were endeavoring to cast loose the larger of two yawls they carried, the yawl caught fire. They were forced to take refuge in the other, the smaller one, where there was barely room for the three to crawl in.

The sides of the tug were in flames before they launched their little craft. There had been no time to don extra wraps and the day was one of the coldest of the winter.

The men, their oars and their beards were crusted with ice before they had gone a mile.

Two miles off shore they encountered shore ice too thin to bear their weight, but thick enough to impede the progress of the boat. Through this they were compelled to break their way, stiffened by the penetrating wind, endangered every moment by the shifting ice.

When they reached shore, five miles west of here, they collapsed. All were brought into Loraine where they were given medical attention.

TAKES UP THE BIG STRIKE

Railroad Employees' Department of the American Federation of Labor Meets in St. Paul.

St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 18.—Pursuant to the call of Chairman H. B. Perham, the railroad employees' department of the American Federation of Labor met here to-day in special session. This meeting takes the place of the one set for next month by the federation meeting at Toronto, and Chairman Perham said the change of date was occasioned by the switchmen's strike.

The department, which has a total strength of nearly 500,000 men, will advise and co-operate with the switchmen, and it is understood that it will prepare itself for action in case a general railway strike should result.

The organization of which the department is composed are the International Brotherhood of Blacksmiths, the Boltsmakers and Shipbuilders of America, the International Association of Car Workers, the International Association of Machinists, the International Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees, Brotherhood of Freight Handlers, Order of Railroad Telegraphers, Brotherhood of Railway Clerks, International Association of Steam, Hot Water and Power Pipe Fitters, and the Switchmen's union.

MURDERER RUNS CAR WILD

Kills Motorman; Conductor Near Death—Charges Negro with Shooting—Lynching is Threatened.

East St. Louis, Ill., Dec. 20.—A negro highwayman shot and killed the motorman and fatally wounded the conductor of an Alta Sita street car near Fireworks station in the southeastern section of the city. The car bearing the bodies of the dead motorman and the unconscious conductor ran wild at high speed for more than four miles into the heart of the business district after the highwayman escaped from it.

The dying statement of the conductor is the only clew to the identity of the murderer and a general roundup of negro police characters is under way.

The conductor was robbed of his money belt and watch. The motorman was not robbed and evidently was killed while coming to the assistance of the conductor. There is talk of lynching as soon as it is certain the right man has been captured.

TAFT AT SISTER'S FUNERAL

Is Present at Obsèques of Brother's Wife—Recalls Dance Invitations Because of Death.

Washington, Dec. 18.—President Taft, accompanied by Capt. Butt, his military aid, left last evening in the private car Colorado for the Pennsylvania railroad for Watertown, Conn., to attend the funeral of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Horace B. Taft, which was held there to-day.

Immediately after the ceremonies Mr. Taft will start on his return trip to Washington.

Because of the death of his sister-in-law, the president authorized the recall of the invitations for the dance that was to have been given in the White House on December 23.

DEMANDS OF TRAINMEN DEFERRED.

New York, Dec. 21.—Although it had been expected that demands for increases in pay would be filed by representatives of 75,000 trainmen with the officials of eastern railroads, no notices of the demands were served on the companies by the brotherhoods.

BUYS FARM WITH TIPS.

St. Louis, Dec. 21.—With "tips" gained while he was an usher at the Union station here Frank Bernely Monday purchased a farm near Branson, Mo., for \$2,000.

BATTLESHIP UTAH IS LAUNCHED.

Camden, N. J., Dec. 21.—The battleship Utah was successfully launched Monday from the yard of the New York Shipbuilding Company here.

A SYMPATHETIC STRIKE.



STEAD SCORES I. C. WHILE CUSTOMERS ESCAPE

London Department Store Crowded with Christmas Buyers Suffers a \$2,500,000 Fire.

London, Dec. 21.—At least three lives were lost and many persons were seriously hurt in a fire which destroyed the big drapery store of Arding & Hobbs at Clapham, a southwestern quarter of London.

The fire was due, it is believed, to the breaking of an electric light bulb among celluloid articles.

The store, which covered an acre of ground and had five floors and a hundred departments, was crowded with Christmas shoppers. In little more than an hour the building was a mass of ruins. The damage is estimated at \$2,500,000.

All the customers made their way to the street in safety.

PRESIDENT TO SUPERVISORS

Mr. Taft Reiterates His Former Instructions Against Politics in the Taking of the Census.

Washington, Dec. 22.—President Taft's ringing address to the census supervisors from the eastern states, in conference here, was intended not only for them, but for all the other supervisors, for the candidates for enumerators' places, the politicians and the world in general. He says:

"I am very glad to see you. You number about a third of the force upon which we have to rely to take the census. I expressed my opinion about the character of your duties when I wrote that letter just for the fun of having it published. I wrote it to be a genuine instruction to you, and I hope you will observe it. I know if you pursue it, it will be an easy course for you. If you don't observe it, then I will observe you. I know, of course, there will be pressure.

"Many of you—most of you—have been recommended by congressmen, and it may be that some of these congressmen will come to you and expect, because they did recommend you, that you owe them something in the way of selecting the men as enumerators who will help them in their congressional election. You have got to use sense and discretion. You have got to select the men that you think will do the work, and if you catch them doing political work I wish you to remove them, just as I will remove you if I catch you doing political work. It is business."

INDICT MORE SUGAR MEN

Federal Grand Jury Return Number of Indictments Against Arbutckle Employees in Sugar Frauds.

New York, Dec. 21.—The federal grand jury which is investigating the sugar frauds has handed down a number of new indictments directed against former employees of the Arbutckle company.

Bench warrants have been issued and as soon as the men are arrested the names will be made public. It is stated that in the case of the frauds in the Arbutckle refinery there was no manipulation of the scales, the method employed there being simple bribery of government weighers to have them report short weights.

The report that Richard Parr, the treasury agent, who unearthed the sugar frauds on November 2, 1907, was to get \$1,000,000 of the \$2,135,486 collected from the sugar trust was denied at the office of Collector Loeb.

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Battleship Utah Is Launched.
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Fast Mail Has Narrow Escape.
Burlington, Ia., Dec. 21.—Burlington fast mail No. 13, while running 50 miles an hour near Middleton, Ia., Monday had a remarkable escape from disaster, when a driver flange broke, throwing the engine onto the ties where it ran for several hundred yards before being stopped. No one was hurt.

31 HURT IN WRECK

BROKEN RAIL THROWS BURLINGTON LIMITED OFF TRACK.

TEARS UP 200 FEET OF TRACK

I. C. Passenger Runs Into Freight, Several Are Hurt—Rock Island "Golden State" Is Derailed—Two Killed, Many Injured.

Chicago, Dec. 20.—Two women suffered serious injuries, 29 other passengers were bruised and lacerated, and occupants of five coaches were thrown into a panic when the Oriental Limited train on the Burlington road was overturned at Western Springs, Ill.

The Burlington in its official statement regarding the wreck claimed only 19 passengers had been injured.

Broken Rail Causes Wreck.
The wreck was caused by a rail which broke as the fourth car of the train was passing. The three rear cars, all sleepers, were derailed and overturned in a ditch after dragging along the roadbed on their sides for yards. The first three cars and the locomotive left the track, but did not overturn, and plowed along, tearing up the track for 200 feet.

The train consisted of an engine, a baggage car, two chair cars, and three sleepers. It was over seven hours late and was running at great speed when the wreck occurred.

The three Pullman sleepers, most of them filled with passengers coming east to spend Christmas with friends, slid down an embankment for 15 feet, and that none was killed is declared by railroad men to be one of the miracles, in the history of railroad accidents.

Pinned Beneath Wreckage.
The passengers were buried in the wreckage of the partly demolished coaches, many of them being pinned down, where they were obliged to wait until released by fellow passengers and citizens of Western Springs, who were summoned by the whistles of the engine.

I. C. Trains Collide.
Several persons were injured, some seriously, in a wreck of a Chicago-bound Illinois Central passenger train and a freight on the Freeport division of the road. The passenger train ran into an open switch, just west of Hawthorne station, where the freight train was waiting for it to pass.

Among the injured are:
—Callahan, Dubuque, Ia.
—Dods, Dubuque, Ia.
—Frank Enright, Dubuque, Ia.
—Charles Reiger, engineer.

Miss Katherine Smith, Dubuque, Ia. The engine of the passenger train was smashed to pieces, the baggage car and several coaches were thrown from the track and greatly damaged. The last car in the passenger train, a Pullman, was the only one that kept the track. Several of the freight cars were thrown from the track and demolished.

"Golden State" Wrecked.
Tucson, Ariz., Dec. 20.—Engineer Tom Walker and Fireman P. W. Bauer, both of Tucson, were killed, ten persons were seriously injured and 13 others cut and bruised when the east-bound Golden State Limited, a Rock Island train running over the Southern Pacific tracks west of El Paso, was wrecked three miles west of Benson. The most seriously injured were brought to St. Mary's hospital at Tucson.

The train was running 30 miles an hour. Southern Pacific officials say the train struck a curve at too high speed.

The injured were nearly all in the tourist sleepers and in the mail car.

Two Killed at Blakely, Minn.
St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 20.—West-bound passenger train No. 3 on the Minneapolis and Iowa division of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha railroad collided with a freight train at Blakely, Minn., about noon. Fireman Joe Zinnell and Mail Clerk F. Torgerson, both of St. Paul, were killed. None of the passengers was injured seriously.

SEES PERIL FOR TOURISTS

Viceroy of Canton Fears Anti-Foreign Outbreaks in That City—Warns Washington Authorities.

Peking, Dec. 20.—Fearing that in view of the prevalence of anti-foreign feeling in Canton, he will be unable to give visitors due protection, the viceroy telegraphed to the Wai Wu Fu a request that the Washington authorities be asked to prevent the heavy influx of Americans scheduled to reach Canton next week.

The steamship agency has arranged for 700 tourists to visit Canton in parties of 200 a day. The viceroy fears such a cavalcade of chairs blocking the narrow streets might furnish cause for trouble and possible riots with which the police would be unable to cope.

FIVE HUNDRED MEN IDLE BY FIRE.

New York, Dec. 21.—The high pressure fire-fighting system failed to check a \$200,000 blaze in the seven-story factory building adjoining the Salvation Army headquarters, Monday. From the latter 100 men and women were driven to the street.

Lurton Confirmed as Justice.
Washington, Dec. 21.—Judge Horace Lurton of Nashville, Tenn., was confirmed by the senate as associate justice of the supreme court, Monday. No opposition appeared.

OMINOUS GESTURE.



SORE EYES CURED.

Eye-Balls and Lids Became Terribly Inflamed—Was Unable to Go About—All Other Treatments Failed, But Cuticura Proved Successful.

"About two years ago my eyes got in such a condition that I was unable to go about. They were terribly inflamed, both the balls and lids. I tried home remedies without relief. Then I decided to go to our family physician, but he didn't help them. Then I tried two more of our most prominent physicians, but my eyes grew continually worse. At this time a friend of mine advised me to try Cuticura Ointment, and after using it about one week my eyes were considerably improved, and in two weeks they were almost well. They have never given me any trouble since and I am now sixty-five years old. I shall always praise Cuticura. G. B. Halsey, Mouth of Union, Va., Apr. 4, 1908."

A married man can always get a little off his sentence for bad behavior.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headaches, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. GENUINE must bear signature: *Beuthold*

WESTERN CANADA

What Prof. Shaw, the Well-Known Agriculturist, Says About It:

"I would sooner raise cattle in Western Canada than in any other part of the United States. Feed is cheap and climate better for the purpose. It is easier to grow crops here than in any other part of the world. Wheat can be grown here in quantities that are not possible in any other part of the world. The soil is rich and the climate is healthy. The people are friendly and the country is beautiful. I would sooner raise cattle in Western Canada than in any other part of the United States."

70,000 Americans

will enter and make their homes in Western Canada this year. 1909 promises to be a large crop of wheat, oats and barley. In addition to the large quantities of exports was an immense item. Cattle raising, dairying, mixed farming and grain growing in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Free homestead and pre-emption laws, 160-acre land held by railway and land companies, will provide homes for the United States alone who want to improve their land. For more information, write to the Canadian Government Agent, Literature, "Last Best West," how to reach the country and other particulars, including maps, etc., to the Canadian Government Agent, C. J. Broughton, 480 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ont., Canada, or to the Canadian Government Agent, W. F. YOUNG, P. O. Box 110, 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE

Removes Bursal Enlargements, Thickened, Swollen or Inflamed Glands, Filled Tendons, Soreness from any Bruise or Strain, Cures Spavin Lameness, Ailays Pain. Does not blister, remove the hair or lay the horse up. \$2.00 per bottle. Horse Book E. Free. A. B. ABSORBINE, JR., (Incl. 10c.) For Syphilis, Strains, Gouty or Rheumatic Depositions, Various Venereal Diseases, Ailays Pain. Your druggist can supply and give references. Will tell you more if you write, send for free book and testimonials. Mfd. only by W. F. YOUNG, P. O. Box 110, 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

KNOWN SINCE 1836 AS RELIABLE

PLANTEN'S (TRADE MARK) C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

SUPERIOR REMEDY FOR URINARY DISCHARGES. DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF 50c. H. PLANTEN & SON, 33 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A Light or a Close Shave NO STROPPING NO HONING

TRADE MARK Gillette

OLD SORES CURED

Allen's Ulcerine Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurolic Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Log, Fever Sores, all old sores. Positively no failure. By mail 50c. J. F. ALLEN, Dept. A-135, East 11th St.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

A preparation of superior merit for relieving Croup, Hoarseness and Irritation of throat of great benefit in Lung Troubles, Bronchitis and Asthma. Free from opium or any harmful ingredient. Price, 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00 per box. Sample mailed on request.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.

GREAT LOVE STORIES OF HISTORY

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Henry of Navarre and Marguerite of Valois

(Copyright by the Author.)

Two young people stood before the altar facing the archbishop of Paris one day in August, 1572. The girl was slender and beautiful. The man was tall, dark, homely, with a great hooked beak of a nose. The young couple were both under 20. All the nobility of France had flocked to Paris to witness their marriage. Yet, now that the two faced the archbishop, there was a most amazing hitch in the ceremonies.

The bride refused to make her responses! The bridegroom (Henry, king of the subsidiary province of Navarre) answered "I do" to the archbishop's query as to whether he would take Princess Marguerite de Valois as his wife. But when the same question was put to Marguerite she refused to reply. The spectators whispered excitedly. There was an awkward pause. Then a pale, wild-eyed man, gaudily dressed, stepped forward, caught Marguerite's head roughly between his hands and bent it forward by force into a nod of assent. The man who thus overcame the bride's obstinacy was her brother, the half-crazy Charles IX., king of France.

The foregoing scene is scarcely a promising opening for a "love" story and needs some explanation. France for years had been rent by quarrels between two great factions, the Huguenots (Protestants) and Catholics.

A Strange Wedding.

The dispute was political, rather than religious, and led to a long series of wars. Catherine de Medici, mother of Charles IX., and Marguerite de Valois, hated the Huguenots and made the following plan for their destruction: She arranged a marriage between Henry, king of Navarre (leader of the Huguenots) and her daughter Marguerite. All the Huguenot leaders were invited to Paris for the ceremony. While they were there a wholesale massacre was to take place on St. Bartholomew's day, and no Huguenot to be left alive.

Marguerite was as clever as she was beautiful. She did not relish the idea of being made a pawn in this game of murder. Hence her refusal to make the marriage responses. Yet, when the wedding was actually over, she did all in her power to save her young husband from the fate decreed for him. So successful was she that in spite of Catherine's plots Henry was not killed in the ensuing "Massacre of St. Bartholomew." But thousands of his fellow Huguenots were slaughtered in cold blood and his own

life hung by a thread. To Marguerite's tact and the frequent warnings she gave him he owed his safety. That the strangely mated couple grew to care very much for each other, in their own free-and-easy way, is certain. Though it was not the sort of love that endured, yet while it lasted both Henry and Marguerite were the gainers. By saving Henry from death his wife changed the whole history of France. For he was destined to become that country's greatest king. Incidentally, she won for herself the title of "Queen of Navarre" and ruled a gay court of her own in her husband's little kingdom. Henry was exiled from Paris. Marguerite, against her family's wish, insisted on following him to Navarre. There the two planned a series of diplomatic master-strokes that strengthened the Huguenot cause and made Henry's name famous throughout France.

Years passed by and the royal couple continued to govern their little Navarre court and to scheme for greater power. In course of time Henry was enabled by these plans to claim and win the throne of France.

Then it was that Marguerite should have repaid the result of her years of plotting. But she did not. Henry, instead of making her queen of France, divorced her. Having saved his life and then having helped him to achieve the highest point of his ambition, she was cast off.

Marguerite does not seem to have mourned greatly over this ingratitude. She was allowed to keep her title of "Queen of Navarre," and received a yearly income on which she maintained a little court of her own in Paris. Her palace became the resort of learning and fashion. She spent so much money in keeping up this private establishment that Henry's miserly soul was sorely vexed. Yet he and she always remained good friends. He constantly came to her for advice and aid in matters of diplomacy. She lived to see Henry's wise rule lift France to the foremost place among Europe's nations. The king, after divorcing Marguerite, married Marie de Medici, an Italian woman, and relative to the Catherine de Medici who had sought his death.

Henry was assassinated while still in the height of his career. Marie de Medici is thought by many historians to have caused his murder. Thus the change of wives profited him little and Marguerite was (somewhat tardily) avenged for his desertion.

LEICESTER AND AMY ROBSART

Amy Robsart was a pretty country girl, daughter of a wealthy old knight who lived in Berkshire, England. While a mere child she was betrothed to Robert Dudley, one of the many sons of the crafty duke of Northumberland. The duke worked hard for his own family's advancement. He arranged a marriage between one of his sons, Guilford Dudley, and Lady Jane Grey, cousin to King Edward VI. of England. In this series the story of Lady Jane Grey has been told. As a result Jane, Guilford and Northumberland were all three beheaded. Northumberland's father had already been beheaded by Henry VIII. for unlawful use of power.

It was while trying to arrange for his family's welfare that the duke arranged the marriage between his handsome, cleverest son, Robert, and rich Sir John Robsart's daughter, Amy. It seemed at the time a good match, for Robert did not then dream of the rank that was later to be his. Amy loved him devotedly, and he seems to have been fond of her in his own selfish way. The early years of their married life—they were scarcely more than boy and girl—were passed happily in quiet Berkshire. Amy was

A Boy and Girl were content to lead a simple country existence with her handsome young husband. But political temptations soon drew them apart.

Robert received an office at court under Queen Mary. Then Mary died, and her sister, Elizabeth, came to the English throne. Elizabeth, though she never married, had an eye for handsome, clever men, and often gave them higher positions at court than she bestowed on persons of real merit. Dudley knew this trait of the queen's and resolved to profit by it. Leaving his lonely little wife at Cumnor Hall in Berkshire, he took up his residence at London and devoted himself to winning fickle Elizabeth's favor. He succeeded. She loaded him with wealth and titles, and undoubtedly fell deeply in love with him. Then it was that Robert's ambition took a new and audaciously high flight.

Elizabeth was unmarried. She loved Robert, and he had more influence over her than any other living man. Why not marry her and rise at a bound to the dazzling rank of prince consort? The idea was daring, yet it seemed plausible. Only one obstacle appeared to block Robert's path to greatness. He already had a wife.

Amy meanwhile lived on, lonely and neglected, at Cumnor Hall, hoping ever that her adored husband would tire of court life and come back to her. She suspected nothing of his new plans, not even when one or two un-

successful attempts were made to poison her. These attempts failing, it was necessary to use surer means. Such means were employed, and the finger of suspicion points strongly to Robert as instigator of the whole crime.

One morning in 1560 Amy was found dead, her neck broken. The report was given out that she had fallen down a flight of stairs. A story that is more generally believed is that she was told her husband was at last coming to see her, and that as she ran, delightedly to the stairway to greet him a trap door (previously loosened by some of Robert's servants) gave way under her feet, hurling her to the floor below and killing her. In any case the faithful, trusting girl was dead, and Robert was left free to marry Elizabeth—if he could.

But often the best laid plans meet with an unexpected hitch. For some reason Elizabeth refused to wed this man she professed to love above all the world. Strong as was her affection for Robert, her selfishness was prob-

A Crime That she did not relish was Useless.

The idea of sharpening her royal power with any one. At any rate, she remained single, and Amy Robsart's vile murder was all in vain. Yet Elizabeth continued to shower favors on Robert. She made him a Knight of the Garter, gave him the great castle of Kenilworth, and in 1564 created him earl of Leicester. As years went on she raised him continually to higher and higher posts of honor. Robert had ambition without ability. Therefore he made more or less of a failure of every enterprise or diplomatic task allotted to him and was hated by the people. All of which did not dim Elizabeth's affection nor open her eyes to the man's true character. In 1576 the earl of Leicester secretly married a widow whose husband he was said to have poisoned. Elizabeth at last was aroused against her favorite. She threatened to have him cast into prison—not on suspicion of poisoning, but for daring to prefer another woman to herself. Yet she later forgave him, and he remained one of her foremost advisers until his death in 1587.

In Sir Walter Scott's novel, "Kenilworth," Amy Robsart is represented as confronting Elizabeth at Leicester's castle in 1575. The chief flaw in Scott's version is that Amy had been killed 15 years earlier, and that Elizabeth in all probability never saw the unlucky girl.

Hospitality. Hospitality goes best where it is most needed.—Hugh Miller.

MODEL DAIRY BARN AND HOW TO CONSTRUCT IT

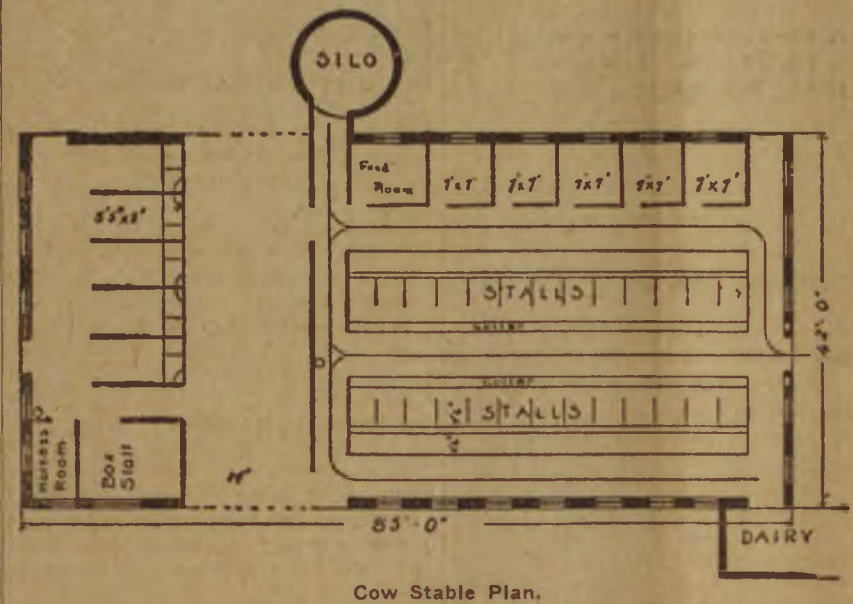
To Profitably Conduct Dairy, Farmer Must Take Advantage of Every Labor Saving Device and Arrangement.

Formerly the farmer first built a small barn or shed, complete in itself, and, as the needs required added others in line about the yards. After a time he would have a colony of barns sheds and pens none of them handy in themselves or convenient to each other and all expensive to keep in good repair. Choring on farms with such barn equipment would be heavy at all seasons of the year and necessitate the expenditure of a great amount of extra labor. On all farms, labor is a very important item, says a writer in *Homestead*. To profitably conduct a dairy the farmer must take advantage of every practicable labor saving device, machine and arrangement. In the planning of a dairy barn a prime consideration is the matter of convenience. This is, of course, second only to lighting and ventilation. The dairy barn need not be elaborate or expensive, but should be well lighted, well ventilated and convenient.

The combination dairy and horse barn now being built by Mr. B. F. Sheridan on the farm near Fond du Lac, Wis., seems to combine these

characteristics in good proportion. The barn, as this drawing indicates, will be 85 feet long and 42 feet wide. The dairy barn proper will accommodate 26 head exclusive of the young things enclosed in the calf pens built along the north wall.

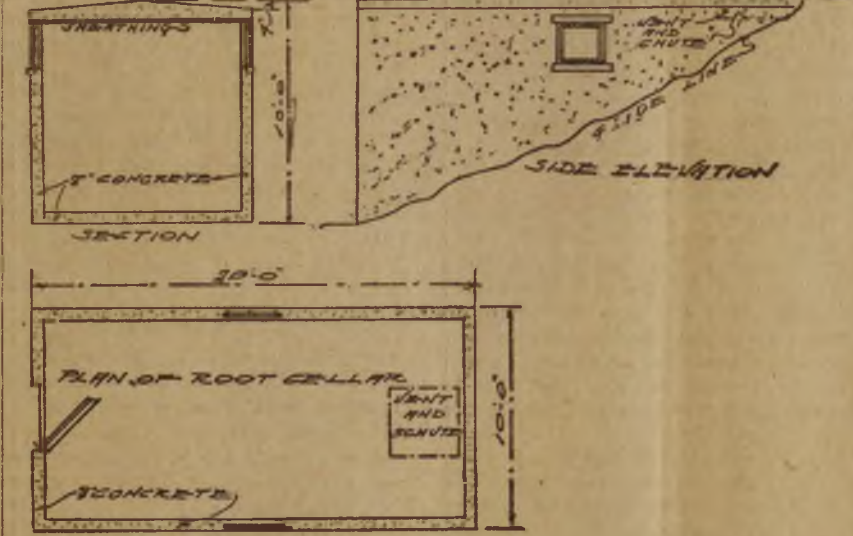
The cows will be stalled in two rows facing outward and toward feeding alleys. Both feeding and gutter alleys will be tracked for either litter or feed carriers. The track will lead to the silo and also out of doors to the manure shed or pile as the case may be. The feed room will be conveniently placed near the silo and handy to the driveway which separates the horse and cow barns. The dairy inspectors are becoming more and more strict in their requirements and the legislatures of several of the corn belt states last winter passed still more stringent laws affecting the production of milk and the manufacture of milk products. The Wisconsin law is perfectly plain upon several points and upon none is it more so than in respect to the use of separators in stables and barns. Following we give the express language of the bill which was enacted:—"cream produced by the use of a cream separator placed or stationed in any building containing a stable wherein are kept cattle or other animals, unless such cream separator is so separated and shielded by partition from the stable portion of such building as to be free from all foul or noxious air or gases which issue or may issue from such place or stable—is declared hereby to be insanitary."



Cow Stable Plan.

Like many another progressive dairyman Mr. Sheridan has equipped his barn with a suitable dairy room which houses a gasoline engine, pump and cream separator, and which we believe answers to the requirements of the dairy law. The dairy room also provides a ready entrance to the barn from the residence. Altogether the plan is a very excellent one—it provides opportunity for good lighting, thorough ventilating and is particularly convenient.

FROST-PROOF ROOT CELLAR



Roots should be kept cold. Roots are 90 per cent water, which accounts for their shriveling up so when kept in a warm dry place, as the moisture evaporates and the roots lose a great part of their feeding value. On the other hand, if the cellar is warm and moist, they rot badly.

Roots should not freeze, but they will stand a little frosty weather without injury. You can keep a few bushels of garden carrots packed in sand in a box in your house cellar if you keep the cellar window open. Sand keeps the air away from the carrots, and the open window keeps the cellar cool so they neither rot, sprout nor shrivel. Carrots kept like this are just as nice in the spring as they are in the fall.

Roots when grown in large quantities for stock must be kept on the same general plan. The air in the root cellar must be cool, clean and dry. When this fact is well understood we will get along better in building a root cellar. We must provide opposite windows to be left open in the fall until cold freezing weather; then we could have ventilators in the roof to be left open all winter.

This plan provides for a shallow excavation into a bank if you have one, with a cement wall eight feet high all around. If the cellar is built in a side hill leave a roadway on the upper side so you can fill it easily.

The ceiling joists are imbedded in this wall while it is soft. A thin narrow strip is laid in the soft cement to rest the ends of the joists on to keep them even. After putting them in place build the ventilator shafts.

The ceiling boarding is then nailed on the under side of the ceiling joists and the cement concrete is filled in over the top between the joists and over

ILLINOIS BREVITIES

Cherry—E. P. Blecknell, director of the Red Cross, arrived here and is making an examination of the relief work. He said that while conditions could not be characterized as ideal, yet he thought they had been greatly improved. When asked if he found any families in need he said: "Yes, I would say there are families in need, but I believe there are none in actual stress; there are individual cases here and there that must have special attention, and at times there are circumstances which arise that call for immediate action, and while these might seem to some people as cases of actual distress they are such that I believe cannot be well avoided. The funds for the actual relief work is being supplied by the local committee, while the funds of the Red Cross and those of the United Mine Workers are being reserved. If the legislature makes an appropriation, which I trust it will, I favor the consolidation of all three funds and placing of them in trust to be administered to the families that have sustained losses from this disaster."

Galesburg.—Developments of the scandal growing out of the sale by C. W. Morris of his equity in a Knox county farm for \$3,300 to the alms house committee and his soon after sending three checks each for \$825 to Supervisors S. McWilliams and Harvey Butt of the committee and to Lou Robertson of Abingdon, who acted as the agent of Morris, bring McWilliams and Robertson more prominently into the case. McWilliams has employed attorneys, but does not deny having received the check. Indications are that Morris will be summoned to appear either before the alms house board or the grand jury and explain the transaction. McWilliams takes the same position as Butt—that he was ignorant of the purpose of the check.

Chicago.—A father, mother and two children, all overcome by smoke, were rescued from death by policemen, who were compelled to break down a door to reach them, and two other families fled to the street in night attire as the result of two fires, one at 1612 North Halsted street and the other at 3303 South Halsted street. It was John Lay and his family who were carried out unconscious. The building is two stories high and Lay ran a saloon on the first floor. The family lives above. The fire started in the basement. It is believed to have originated when Lay thawed out frozen water pipes in the basement with a torch and is believed to have been smoldering all night.

Chicago.—Jacob Zimon, 45 years old, Maywood, was acquitted of the charge of murder in Judge Kersten's court. The verdict, which was sealed and read in court, was reached after three hours' deliberation. The medical testimony the defense introduced is believed to have been responsible for the verdict. Zimon was charged with the murder of Mrs. Josephine Bennett, 826 Thirteenth avenue, Maywood, who died in the Maywood hospital, July 18. The prosecution charged that Zimon kicked and fatally beat Mrs. Bennett, causing her death 15 days later.

Cairo.—Frank E. Davis, deposed sheriff of Alexander county, does not propose to accept the decision of Gov. Deneen depriving him of that office. He will bring suit to test the constitutionality of the law under which the governor acted. According to the attorneys who are now looking into the law, quo warranto proceedings may be begun in the circuit court at any time, and it is possible if action is taken at once to get the case before the Illinois supreme court at its February term so as to get an early decision.

Stirling.—A jury in the Carroll county circuit court deliberated 27 hours in the case in which Wray Gleason was accused of an attempt to murder his step-daughter, failed to agree and was discharged. The girl intervened in a quarrel between Gleason and his wife and was shot in the back.

Quincy.—Fire at Mendon, this county, destroyed buildings and stocks estimated worth \$20,000. Quincy sent firemen and apparatus on a special train to aid in preventing the fire spreading, to succeed in which the Mendon bank building on account of limited water supply, had to be torn down.

Freeport.—Herman F. Hanke has been appointed deputy United States marshal for the western division of the northern district of Illinois, with headquarters here.

Cairo.—The grand jury is investigating charges of graft in the city police department and will not adjourn for the holidays until the latter part of the week.

Stirling.—The board of education placed a ban on football in the Sterling high and public schools, declaring the game dangerous to life and limb.

East St. Louis.—George Heberle, 20 years old, signed a written confession that he kindled the flames which destroyed the warehouse of the Corno Mills Company and caused a loss of \$125,000. His confession also details how he caused three fires in the Nelson Morris & Co.'s plant here last May. These fires caused a loss of \$18,000. Heberle asserted that he merely wished to have "a little fun putting the fires out."

Cairo.—Henry Dillow, known as the hermit of the hills, was locked up by Deputy Sheriff George Durham. He is believed to be demented.



ON TABLE MANNERS

WHERE CLUMPSINESS IS ALWAYS UNPARDONABLE.

This is a Most Important Branch of Knowledge Which Should Be Imparted Early in the Life of Child.

The first thing a child learns is the road that lies between its little hand and rosy mouth. Yet, despite this early start in a very important branch of knowledge, nine out of ten adult persons eat improperly.

The reason of this, in the first instance, is that parents have neglected to reprove the first signs of clumsiness, thinking it all right if the child only eats the meal set before it.

To eat gracefully, which is to say noiselessly and properly, is one of the first accomplishments demanded by polite society. It is impossible to know the elegant world without it—that is, to go on knowing it, for the table-bour may have crept in once somehow. And, though one may be inclined to forgive the clumsy, hearty, and really big boy somewhat, there seems no excuse for the girl whatever her age. As she represents the ornamental side of the human race, more is expected of her than of the other sex.

As a well set table is the beginning of table education, the girl who finds her home neglected in this respect should take it upon herself to make the family board more attractive.

In the land in which we live what constitutes bad manners at table? Eating noisily, voraciously, with the elbow on the table, with the mouth full when speaking; in the guest dabbling quantities of pepper and salt and other condiments upon the food served; in wearing the napkin as a bib instead of placing it upon the

knees; in not knowing the fork for this thing and the knife for that; in buttering the bread in a whole slice instead of breaking it off in morsels and buttering those when ready to eat them; in eating the soup from the tip of the spoon instead of from the side; in the hostess or host apologizing for the simplicity of the meal and appointments when they can afford nothing better; in the guest not knowing that it is the height of indelicacy to ask for things not on the table—suppose there is no Worcestershire or mustard or olive oil in the house—and in their going away without complimenting the host or hostess upon the meal.

Along with these graver offenses there are some minor ones, though each and every "slip" counts in the summing up. For example, the polite world expects you to know that you must eat asparagus with a fork and not with the fingers; that the spaghetti must be rolled over the fork and carried deftly to the mouth without a hanging end, and never cut up; that green salad must also be disposed of, somehow, without cutting; that fish is a food for forks and never for knives; that you ought to understand, if you don't already, that if you take a chicken or bird bone in the left hand and nibble it prettily, you would be doing quite a permissible thing, whereas to hold the bone in both hands and eat greedily is an actual impertinence.

To sum up the moral significance of table manners, it must be remembered always that the offer of a meal in a private family is the highest compliment that can be paid. It is incumbent upon the guest, then, to hold it that has passed at this table as holy, whether some defects marked the meal or not. Which is to say, there must be no unflattering discussion of the entertainers upon going home, no ungracious word concerning the meal or its manner of serving. The hostess must be equally exquisite toward the departed guest, letting fall no word that would put her in any belittling or ungraceful light.

DESIGNED TO HOLD BRUSHES

Handy Pocket to Hang in Corner of Dressing Room or in the Hall.

Here is a most handy pocket to hang in a dressing room or in the hall; it is intended to hold clothes and hat brushes, needles, pins and cotton, also a bottle of benzine and a piece of flannel; which are all frequently



needed just when one is going out for a walk, and if they can be found at once, will save much needless worry and delay.

A foundation of cardboard is made for the back, shaped as shown in the

CLEANING GARMENTS AT HOME

Two Pieces of Information That Are Worth Keeping in the Memory.

If a girl is away from a cleaner's and she finds one of her best frocks spotted with grease, she can try the simple remedy of French chalk and a hot iron. The chalk is spread thickly over the spot until all the grease is absorbed.

A soiled lace waist can be changed from white to light or medium ecru by being dipped in coffee. Take the black coffee left in the pot from breakfast, strain it well off the grounds, then place it in a vessel deep enough to put the waist into. Add one quart of cold water to the coffee. Place the waist in the solution, and let it stand 15 minutes. Take it out when every piece has been through the solution. Then rinse once in clear water and hang up to dry. Press it, and you will have a beautiful waist.

FOR RECEPTION WEAR.

Not the least startling of the many autumn drapery ideas is the one-sleeved coat of chiffon that slips over the left arm and hangs over the right shoulder with many graceful folds. Indeed, the wrap is extraordinary, and ranks for the moment as a novelty pure and simple. Perhaps, as the season progresses, it may find its place and be accepted with a dress of a certain type.

Illustration. It should be about twelve inches high in the deepest part and ten inches wide; this must then be covered with art serge, a firm kind of silk or linen, and lined at the back with satin; material is then sewn on the lower part of front, to form two large pockets for the brushes, and one small one for the flannel, and a second one about three inches high for the bottle of benzine, a small round pin-cushion is affixed to the center of back, and the entire edge finished with embroidery or lace; ribbon forms a loop to hang the pocket up by, it is arranged in a bow and ends at the top.

To Thread a Needle. There are women who are so sensitive about growing old that they stop sewing in public as soon as they begin to find it hard to thread a needle. But difficulty in threading a needle is not limited to the aged. Here is a hint which will make the task easier.

In threading a needle hold the needle firmly between thumb and first finger. The thread is held in the left hand with a short end extending from between tips of first finger and thumb. The knack lies in pressing the two thumb joints hard together, keeping thread taut, when it will be found to go easily into the eye.

Post-Nuptial Shower.

It seems rather odd to give a bride a wedding shower after her wedding, but it may be done nevertheless, and it is often a highly practical plan. Brides are so overwhelmed with functions before their weddings that they often welcome the affairs that come in more leisurely fashion afterwards.



A reception gown of ciel blue meteor silk crepe cut en directoire with a long plain skirt, whose every line, however, is perfect. The bodice is made elaborate with a yoke of white fillet embroidered in silver and outlining the yoke is a fold of velvet somewhat darker than material, edged with a fringe of narrow white lace. Sleeves are also lace trimmed and the shaped bertha of crepe is held in place by two large fancy blue buttons.

KINGSTON NEWS

FRED P. SMITH, CORRESPONDENT

Mrs. R. A. Gibbs and Miss Blanche Pratt were Chicago visitors last Saturday.

The members of the W. C. T. U. sent a box of clothing to Cherry, Ill., Saturday.

Henry Homan came from Dubuque, Iowa, last Saturday to be a guest of former friends.

Melvin Nulle of Genoa spent last Friday evening and Saturday with his friend, Edgar Lettow.

Mrs. Johnson and son, Robert, of Chicago are staying at the home of R. S. Pratt for a few weeks.

O. R. Hix of DeKalb spent Thursday last week with his parents, Postmaster and Mrs. A. E. Hix.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. O'Brien are proud parents of a son, their first, born Friday morning, Dec. 17. Miss Fletcher is the nurse.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Phelps are entertaining his cousin, Ross Phelps of Caledonia, Ill. He will return to Morgan Co., Ohio, next week.

John Martin of Sterling, Colorado, was entertained a few days this week while enroute to Darlington, Wisconsin, to see his mother.

Everybody is invited to attend the watch night meeting at the M. E. church Friday evening, Dec. 31. Services will begin at nine o'clock.

Mrs. Rena Tallman came last week Wednesday from Reno, Nevada, to spend a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. Maggie Whitney.

Dr. H. M. Bannen who gave the lecture, "Getting Married," at the M. E. church last Friday was entertained at the home of R. C. Benson.

Mrs. C. G. Chellgren and daughter, Leona, left Thursday to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Olson at Woodhull, Ill.

Rev. Ernest Houghton was accompanied by a friend, Mr. Graham, of Chicago last Saturday evening. The latter preached the next morning in the Baptist church.

About fifty young people gave Guy Lanan a genuine surprise last Saturday evening at his home southeast of town. Two sleighs conveyed the young people from town and a fine time is reported.

The Kingston Camp M. W. A. No. 203 elected the following officers for the following year:

V. C. D. L. Aurner
W. A. F. H. Wilson.
Clerk, F. P. Smith.
Banker, J. T. Howe.
Escort, M. L. Bickler.
Watchman, Wm. Sergeant
Sentry, Ed. Dibble.
Manager, Stuart Shrader
Physician, G. W. Markley.

Following are the newly elected and appointed officers of Eastern Star Chapter No. 186:

Eva Howe, Worthy Matron.
Erank Arbuckle, Worthy Patron.
Ida Burgess, Associate Matron.
Amanda Movers, Secretary.
Kate Arbuckle, Treasurer.
Bess Arbuckle, Conductress.
Orrilla Parker, Associate Conductress.

Alma Vickell, Chaplain.
Jessie Parker, Adah.
Frankie Holroyd, Ruth.
Hattie Landis, Esther.
May Pratt, Martha.
Gladys Burgess, Electra.
Belle Stuart, Warder.
Frank Stark, Sentinel.

GENOA BOY IS KILLED

PAUL STOTT LEAPS TO HIS DEATH FRIDAY

FIREMAN ON C. M. & ST. P.

Fearing Results of Collision He Jumped from Engine at Pingree Grove—Funeral Monday

(Continued from page 1)

Hampshire under a "caution card." One quarter mile west of Pingree is a distance signal—the one alleged to be defective. This is located on a curve and is designed to show whether or not the tracks to the depot are or are not cleared. The signal showed danger, but was out of order and trainmen knew that it worked only occasionally.

The crew on the time freight which crashed into the way freight, admitted, after they had been questioned twice, that neither had received written orders at Hampshire, but that they had waited to catch the dispatches as the operator attempted to hand them to them. They declared, however, that he gave them a secret signal, which trainmen know to be a "caution order" and that they proceeded without the little written slips from the chief train dispatcher.

The inquest was conducted in the city hall. Hulett, Lewis and W. H. Werthwein, the latter, conductor on the way freight, were the chief witnesses. Charles Cook, conductor on the time freight and William Voltz brakeman on the way freight were also witnesses.

Paul E. son of Mr. and Mrs. James E. Stott, was born in Genoa May 21, 1887, being one of a family of eight children.

He was not the "favorite" son and brother but one of a family of favorites. The members of the Stott family were wrapped up in each other, the spirit of parental, brotherly and sisterly love being made evident in many ways. This is the first break in the family circle and the death of this loved one is a blow which causes agonizing grief.

Paul was possessed of a happy, buoyant disposition, full of life and vigor. Wherever he was present there was a stir, and especially in the home was his presence a source of joy to the other members of the family. When attending the public school, from which he graduated in 1906, he was a leader in anything that required his skill and strength. In base ball and basket ball and other athletic sports he was one of the best on the teams, going into the games with a determination that invariably brought victory to the Genoa School.

Shortly after graduating he entered the employ of the C. M. & St. P. Company, and he demonstrated there that he could use his strength and energy in serious matters as well as in the school-day sports.

The funeral was held at the M. E. church Monday afternoon, Dec. 20, at 1:30 o'clock, Rev. J. T. McMullen officiating. Music was furnished by the ladies' quartet. There was a large attendance, testifying to the deep sympathy which goes out to the heart broken members of the family.

Besides his parents there are five brothers and two sisters to mourn the loss of this beloved brother. They are: Frank of New York City, Grace E. Wilks of Seattle, Wash., Gilbert E., J. Rolland, Zoe, Alfred W., and Victor of Genoa.

Don't drug the Stomach, or stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. That is wrong. It is the weak nerves that are crying out for help. Vitalize these weak inside controlling nerves with Dr. Shoop's Restorative, and see how quickly good health will come to you again! Test it and see! Sold by L. E. Carmichael.

HANGING A HORSE.

Trial and Execution of a Steed Which Overturned a Carriage.

The following account of the private trial and execution of a horse by command of the fantastic Marquis de Briquerville is taken from an article entitled "Biographie des Excentriques," originally published without signature in La Republique du Peuple, described as "Almanach Democratique, Paris, chez Prost, 1850," and republished in Oeuvres Posthumes of Baudelaire, Paris. The article is evidently one of Baudelaire's bits of back work, but even here the master's touch is felt:

"First of all let us mention the Marquis de Briquerville, a very rich person, popularly deemed crazy and probably slightly so. At least he did all that was necessary to justify the opinion one had of him. One day as he was rushing violently through the streets in his brilliant equipage one of his horses fell. The carriage was upset, and the marquis received an ugly contusion. He is brought back to his mansion; he is in a rage; he wants to dismiss his coachman. The latter justifies himself. The accident was not caused by any fault of his. One of the horses is to blame. 'If it is so,' says the marquis, 'the horse must be punished; every fault must have its penalty.' He orders all his household to appear—steward, butler, valets, scullions, grooms. It is a veritable court of justice. They all take their places. The marquis presides. The accused is brought in. He preserves in his noble bearing the calmness of innocence. The coachman makes the accusation. The secretary of the marquis, filling the office of lawyer, presents the defense of the quadruped. He is long winded, heavy, flat, exactly as if he was pleading before parliament. He quotes the Digest; he spits Latin. He concludes by requesting that his client should be returned to the stable, whose finest ornament he is. The case is heard. The marquis gives his opinion first. He considers the accusation as proved. He votes for the sentence of death. All his valets hurry to vote like him. The whole thing seemed to them a joke. They were mistaken. The marquis had a scaffold erected in his yard. He addressed to the condemned a prolix discourse, in which he made him feel the enormity of his crime. During this oratorical display the unfortunate victim looked upon the instrument of torture with a firm eye—no affectation of courage, no despondency.

"As soon as the marquis had finished a groom threw with dexterity a rope around the neck of the patient, and a few seconds later the poor animal was suspended in the air, the coachman was pulling his feet down, a valet was stamping on his shoulders. The hanging was as correct as those daily exhibited in the square of the Greve. The attendants were stupefied with astonishment."

How Indians Poisoned Arrows.
Indians took a fresh deer liver, fastened it to a long pole and then went to certain places where they knew they would find rattlesnakes. The bucks would poke the first rattler with the liver. The snake would repeatedly strike at the liver with its fangs until its poison was all used up. Then the pole was carried home and fastened upright until the liver became as dry as a bone. The liver was pounded to a fine powder and placed in a buckskin bag. This powder would stick like glue to any moistened surface and was used to poison arrows.—Denver Field and Farm.

Accurate Measure.
A laborer in a dockyard was one day given a two foot rule to measure a piece of iron plate. Not being accustomed to the use of the rule, he returned it after wasting a good deal of time.
"Well, Bill," remarked the foreman, "what is the size of the plate?"
"Well," replied he, with a smile which accompanies duty performed. "it's the length of your rule and two thumbs over, with this piece of brick and the breadth of my hand and arm and from here to there, bar a finger."—London Mail.

A Modern Diogenes.
Ethel, aged six, had gone down the village street with her new doll. It could be plainly seen that she was in dire distress. She stood still, and after a close scrutiny of several men who passed she accosted one.

"Say, ar: you an honest man?" she demanded.

"Why, yes, I think so," was the astonished reply.

"Well, then, if you're sure you're an honest man," said the little maid, "please hold my dolly while I tie my shoe."—Woman's Home Companion.

Saloon Row at Cortland Friday

The village of Cortland, five miles south of Sycamore, records another saloon row, resulting in the cutting and more or less seriously injuring two men, while a third is detained in the county jail awaiting an investigation of his acts by the next grand jury. David Smiley, a man about sixty years of age, is charged with assaulting with a deadly weapon, Robert Meyers, constable of Cortland, and Herbison, saloonkeeper in the village. Meyers received a severe cut in the face with a knife and Herbison was cut about the arm and other places, the wounds of both being of a nature requiring them to stay indoors, neither being able to appear in court at the preliminary hearing before Justice Mitchell in Sycamore Saturday afternoon.

Sale of Dairy Herd

Having rented my farm, known as the Jacob Spansail place, 100 yards north of New Lebanon, I sell at public auction on the premises my entire dairy on Friday, Dec. 31. Sale will begin at one o'clock p. m. In the dairy are 18 new milkers and springers, 2 heifers, 2 steers coming two years old, also one team of mules, 10 and 11 years old, one mule 11 years old, black horse, 15 years old. Terms of sale: Sums of \$10 and under, cash; on sums over that amount credit of 10 months will be given on approved notes bearing interest at 6 per cent per annum. No property to be removed until settled for.

A. F. Fischbach.

M. E. Howe, Auctioneer.

HURRY HURRY HURRY

and pick out your Xmas furniture. Our stock is the largest and our prices are the lowest. Your credit is good. We deliver free and pay your cartage. Buy your Xmas furniture of A. LEATH & CO., 72-74 Grove Ave., Elgin, Ill.

Marriage Deals in France.

French marriages turn out surprisingly successful, although they are generally arranged by the parents of the bride and bridegroom. In some parts of provincial France the wishes of a man or a maid are as often not taken into consideration by the parents "making the deal." In one province a lover, after declaring his passion, may receive, while sitting at dinner at the house of his beloved, from her hands a plate of pea soup into which she has grated some cheese. He relishes that soup, for the grated cheese means that he has been accepted. If his addresses to the young woman are not welcome he finds that some one has placed a stinging nettle and some oats in his pocket. Another unmistakable sign is when the young woman turns the blackened end of a poker toward him.—New York Tribune.

Eastern Funeral Pomp.

When a rich and important Chinaman dies his funeral is conducted with much pomp and splendor. His friends and relations instead of sending wreaths send innumerable banners. These are made of white silk with inscriptions beautifully worked in black velvet and express the senders' good wishes to the deceased himself or to the members of his family for many generations. On the day of the funeral these banners are carried by hired men, who are all dressed alike for the occasion. After the funeral is over the banners are all brought back and eventually grace the rooms of the late Chinaman's house.

An Easy Way Out.

"Here, you," said the conductor, "you rang up a fare. Do that ag'in and I'll put you off!"
The small man standing in the middle of the crowded car promptly rang up another fare. Thereupon the conductor projected him through the crowd and to the edge of the platform.
"Thanks," said the little man. "I did not see any other way to get out. Here's your dime."—Success Magazine.

Houses and Lots

For Sale

RESIDENCES, ready to use, in all parts of town, anywhere from \$600.00 to \$6000.00.
VACANT LOTS, anywhere from \$50.00 to \$500.00, according to location.
BUSINESS PROPERTY, worth the price.
FARMS of various sizes, from 80 acres to 200 acres, at \$100.00 per acre and up.
HOUSES to let.

D. S. Brown
at
EXCHANGE BANK
Genoa, Ill.

For Your Xmas Dinner

OLIVES	PRESERVES
Quart Jars 25c	Qt. Jar Raspberry Jam . . . 25c
½ Quart Jar 25c	Qt. Jar Blackberry Jam . . . 25c
Bottle 10c	Qt. Jar Current Jelly 25c
2 Qts. Cranberries 15c	Cal Grapes per lb. 15c
Sweet Potatoes 7 lbs. 25c	Navel Oranger per doz. . . 30c
Mixed Nuts per lb. 15c	King Apples per pk. 60c

Old Pop Corn Guaranteed to Pop, per lb 5c

Green Onions, Radishes, Celery and Lettuce

YOURS TO PLEASE

L. W. DUVAL

Phone No. 4

IF

The Thompson Piano Company charged for the name the price of **Thompson Pianos** would be 50 per cent. more than they are.

The price I can quote you on a **Thompson Piano** at the present time is lower than any other dealer's price for **Thompson Pianos**.

I will make you a lower price on a Thompson Piano than any other dealer selling Thompson Pianos in the United States.

CHRISTMAS

is coming and I want all those who haven't pianos to received a **Reliable Thompson Piano** on Christmas Day.

I have made arrangements to deliver pianos as an especial favor for Christmas Day.

Aug. Teyler

Genoa, Illinois

COAL

Our bins are full of the highest grades of hard and soft coal. It's all bright and from the best known mines of the country. Our motto is quick service and clean service. A trial order will convince you.

E. H. Cohoon & Co.

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In amounts of \$2000 or more, anywhere in DeKalb county, with small pre-payment privileges. We also write farm insurance.

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THE LESLIE E. KEELEY COMPANY, Dwight, Illinois
CHICAGO OFFICE: 122 Madison St. Suite 608

Cough Caution

Never, positively never poison your lungs. If you cough—even from a simple cold only—you should always heal, soothe, and ease the irritated bronchial tubes. Don't blindly suppress it with a stupefying poison. It's strange how some things finally come about. For twenty years Dr. Shoop has constantly warned people not to take cough mixtures or prescriptions containing Opium, Chloroform, or similar poisons. And now—a little late though—Congress says "Put it on the label. If poisons are in your Cough Mixture." Good! Very good! Hereafter for this very reason mothers, and others, should insist on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. No poison marks on Dr. Shoop's labels—and none in the medicine, else it must be law be on the label. And it's not only safe, but it is said to be by those that know it best, a truly remarkable cough remedy. Take no chance then, particularly with your children. Insist on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Compare carefully the Dr. Shoop package with others and note the difference. No poison marks there! You can always be on the safe side by demanding

Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure
L. CARMICHAEL.

Livery Transfer 10c Hitch Barn

Gentle Horses with Stylish Rigs.
Busses and Carriages for Wedding Parties and Funerals.
Coal Hauling, Piano Moving and General Teaming.

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Bought, sold and exchanged.
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Accurately Fitted
Perfect Sight Restored

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CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

HAVE you seen our beautiful floral window? And did you notice the pretty little Xmas novelties we've scattered among the flowers?
Well, we've hundreds more of just such holiday gifts inside the store—little articles of the sort that appeal to clever people, out-of-the-ordinary gifts, which although exceedingly novel are also exceedingly reasonable.

Among them are some perfumes from California in fancy boxes—

Paul Rieger's California Perfumes

So come in when convenient for you'll find many a suggestion and solve many a Xmas problem.

L. E. CARMICHAEL

The Better Treasure

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

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Hobbs-Merrill Co.

HERE were thick furies at intervals as if the world were filled with a sudden storm of white feathers, but no weight of snow fell; the air had a sweet coldness as one inhaled it, yet was as mild as December twenty-fourth might be and not be pusillanimous—a well-behaved winter's day; there was not the ghost of a reason why the 1:05 local from Barchester should be two hours late.

The handful of passengers at Blenheim Junction wandered aimlessly, afraid to go away lest the belated train should make up time; now and again they drifted together and exchanged pessimistic surmises as to any one's chances of getting anywhere for Christmas. The shifting



"The Man Drew a Sharp Breath."

human atoms might be classified as four bunches: the small-boy bunch, three women circling about a stolid and annoyed boy; the tobacco bunch, four unshaven men; the parson—black of clothes, pallid, yet strong of face—and his friend, a prosperous business man by the look of him; and, the fourth division, a solitary individual. This last was young, and so strongly built that muscle was the first impression on looking at him. His listless movements were powerful, his face was cast in a virile mold, but it was strength and beauty gone wrong. The face was lined with



The Man Avoided the Clergyman and His Friend.

unhappiness; the eyes were dull; a swinging walk lapsed to a lurch; his coat collar was up and his hat brim down, his clothes were shabby. The hypothetical observer would have seen that the man avoided with some effort the clergyman and his friend.

As they came toward him down the long platform, walking briskly for warmth, talking earnestly together, he watched them from under his shadowing hat-brim, turned his back as they neared him, and disappeared behind the station. His hands in the pockets of his overcoat, he stared out

at the fields with resentful eyes. He came to a stop in front of a bench, and, dropping into it, drew out a letter. The thin envelope fell open as if read often before.

"Dear Carl," the writing ran, "I saw Peterson two days ago and he told me you were playing in bad luck. There's an opening out here in my business for a person who knows several languages, and you came to my mind. Would you care to take it? You would have to put up a thousand or two, and that, beyond traveling expenses, would be all the money necessary. I think you would like it. The business is going to be a big one, and we are making money now. There is plenty of work, but plenty of play also of the kind you're good at—tennis and polo and that sort. And there's the certainty of a fresh start in life with every chance of a solid career."

"I'm sure you know what a pleasure it would be to me, because it's always been a pleasure to be with you since

morning—couldn't disappoint the baby," said the steady voice.

"I know," the clergyman agreed. "I'm in the same box. Yet," he barked back, "it's taking too much risk. You have no right to run such a risk. How much are you carrying?"

"Three thousand dollars."

The man outside drew a sharp breath as if the distinct words had hit him. Three thousand dollars!

The clergyman inside repeated them, "Three thousand dollars! It's too much to carry after dark through a nest of banditti!"

"Banditti!" The other's tone protested.

But Dr. Harding persisted. "At least leave the money in town."

"Where?" Maxwell asked. "The banks are closed. The men's wages must be paid the twenty-sixth. I'll carry it safe enough—the Maxwells have carried their employees' wages to Maxwell Field for five generations."

The clergyman's reply was serious. "With two Maxwells called to discourage the practice," he said. There was silence for a moment. Then, "I see what can be done," the older man spoke. "Give me the money. I'll take it to the rectory to-night, and tomorrow you'll all be over to service and you can fetch it back. How is that?"

"You've a lonely drive, too."

"Only two miles," said Harding. "And there's no danger for me. Nobody suspects a parson of money."

Maxwell considered, hesitated. "I think I'll accept your offer, doctor," he said at last. "Quarles, the manager, objects to my landing with a bag which I carry carefully myself, as I must when it's loaded this way."

The man outside, strained forward, could imagine the manufacturer's hand laid on the stout bag on his knee. "My dress-suit case I throw at somebody to be put into the trap, and I think no more of it, but this I keep by me, and I'm so well known about the country that they are familiar with my ways."

The confident voice, the voice of a personage, went on, but the shabby figure outside relaxed, shivering a bit, against the wall of the station. He was thinking fast, but his listening now was less careful; he knew the rest; his data were collected.

There was a whistle down the track, and a wave of humanity drew together; the train pulled in, the man hovering in the background waited to see Mr. Maxwell of Maxwell Field, in a fur-lined ulster with its collar and cuffs of sable, and the thin clergyman in his overcoat a little gray at the seams, enter a car together, before he sprang unnoticed into the car behind them.

To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign—
While Shepherds watched their flocks by night
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around,
The reedy voice repeated, and a listener might have understood what Alice meant. It was much as if John Jones had met William Smith and mentioned to him a matter of news about a mutual friend, an angel. But to the woman who listened with the boy's head against her shoulder, the incongruous infections were sweet; the audacity of it seemed to bring so near, that it thrilled her, a night when, for another Child's sake, the skies had rung with a song that has echoed always. Benny's fresh tones disclosed, with careful conversational emphasis, more and more facts about angels, to him a shade less real, a shade more holy than his mother.

"Thus spoke the seraph and forthwith appeared a shining throng of angels—praising God—who thus addressed their joyful song."

An atheist would have got an impression, hearing him tell it, that the boy had seen with his eyes and heard with his ears what he related. There was a silence as the sturdy tones ended and Benny's eyes gazed on into the heart of the fire, as if they saw in a vision the still eastern night, the shepherds on the hills, the white flight of angels.

"You repeated it very nicely," Mrs. Harding said softly, and put her mouth against his head again. "Now you shall have yours."

The big 11-year-old girl caught her mother's hand—a hand worn with housework and sewing—and held it against her cheek.

"Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house," the woman began, and went on, as many women have begun and gone on with the charming old poem, to children on Christmas Eve. The fire crackled in the pauses, and the logs fell apart with gentle heaviness, an accompaniment to the swinging sentences.

"Now just one more, children dear, and you really must go to bed. It's very late—look! It's almost nine," and the girl and the boy cried out together.

"Oh, the Beasts! The Beasts!"

They pressed against her, a head on either shoulder, and held her hands in theirs, while she told them a tale of a boy in a German forest whose father and mother were so poor that there was not enough to eat in the house. She told them how he lay in



The two big children and their small mother sat on the rug before the fire, the fire being an especial luxury for Christmas Eve. The nursery was a pleasant room; the splendour fire-light washed brightness over gay colors of coarse stuffs, over cheap prints of fine pictures, over the whitewashed walls and the peace of the two white beds folded back for the night. There was a homelike atmosphere, full of



"Say 'The Night Before Christmas,' Mother, He Begged."

the alert leisure of a house where much is done. The children leaned close against the woman between them; the girl's hair was spread on her mother's shoulders, and the boy's arm was around her and his head pressed her arm.

"Say 'The Night Before Christmas' again mother," he begged. "You promised you'd say it next."

"No, she didn't, Benny," objected the girl. "She only promised she'd say it again; she hasn't said 'While Shepherds Watched' at all yet, or told us the story of the beasts on Christ-

mas Eve. Have you, mother?"

"My knee, Benny—you weigh a ton dear," remonstrated the mother, pushing a heavy foot. "We'll do this Alice. Benny knows 'While Shepherds Watched' as well as I, and he'll say it, then I'll do 'The Night Before Christmas,' and the story, and just anything you want."

"I like your saying of it, mother better than I do Benny's. He always makes the angels talk like people," Alice demurred.

But the boy, undisturbed by criticism, began at once. His large brown eyes fixed on the fire, he recited slowly and conscientiously, the two hundred-year-old Christmas carol: While Shepherds watched their flocks by night

All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around,
The reedy voice repeated, and a listener might have understood what Alice meant. It was much as if John Jones had met William Smith and mentioned to him a matter of news about a mutual friend, an angel. But to the woman who listened with the boy's head against her shoulder, the incongruous infections were sweet; the audacity of it seemed to bring so near, that it thrilled her, a night when, for another Child's sake, the skies had rung with a song that has echoed always. Benny's fresh tones disclosed, with careful conversational emphasis, more and more facts about angels, to him a shade less real, a shade more holy than his mother.

"Thus spoke the seraph and forthwith appeared a shining throng of angels—praising God—who thus addressed their joyful song."

An atheist would have got an impression, hearing him tell it, that the boy had seen with his eyes and heard with his ears what he related. There was a silence as the sturdy tones ended and Benny's eyes gazed on into the heart of the fire, as if they saw in a vision the still eastern night, the shepherds on the hills, the white flight of angels.

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AYULFIDE DEMERIE

A passing gleam called her to our thrown
It glimmers like a meteor, but is gone
What do we mortals by existence gain?
A drop of pleasure in a sea of pain
Who breathes must suffer and who thinks must mourn
The human race are sons of sorrow born
Born to be ploughed with years, and sown with cares
Nursed with vain hope, and fed with doubtful fears
Tired of beliefs, we dread to live without
Yet who knows most the most he knows to doubt
None a true soul ever born for naught
Yet millions never think a noble thought
Tis not in mortal's command success
And endless toil brings naught but bitterness
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise
The flower that smiles to-day to-morrow dies
Alas, what stay is there in human state?
Man yields to custom, as he bows to fate,
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Swift to its close bids out life's little day
And into light
Hail! Sacred dawn of glorious liberty
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee
This day is born a savior, Christ the Lord,
And man redeemed to Paradise restored
Oh, holy trust! Oh, endless sense of rest
Transcendent born to weary hearts oppressed,
Enriching all the common things of life
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife
Hope springs eternal in the human breast
And faith reveals a life divinely blest
Good actions crown themselves with lasting days
And God fulfills Himself in many ways
Time well employed is Satan's deadliest foe
And happiness oft comes from seeming woe
Life's mysteries deep hid, elude our sight
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right
Something remains for us to do or dare
Emboldened Faith will counteract despair
Life is not shadow but a promise given
Of change from woe to joy, from earth to Heaven

Christmas at Sea

By Admiral Bob Evans

ON Christmas morning," said Admiral Evans (Fighting Bob), "I thank God that he made three times as much water as land."

"Every old seadog will join me in this. The sea is his home; he loves it as the farmer loves his broad acres. Apart from it he is restless and dissatisfied, but with a voyage ahead of him he is as happy as a clam at high tide. No true sailor would exchange Christmas at sea for one on shore. It would be like Thanksgiving dinner without the turkey."

"Of all the Christmases spent at sea the one that rises before me most vividly is that of 1865, when the federal army and the gunboat fleet were trying to capture Port Fisher. The only presents we received, and they came fast and furious, were solid shot and shell from the guns of the enemy. But this didn't destroy our sense of humor. The boys would write on each solid shot or shell before placing it in the gun, 'presented by,' and add the name of the vessel from which it happened to be fired. Mighty well hurled at the fort that day lacked this Christmas greeting. All the gunners caught the spirit of the grim jest, for the fighting line is no place for serious faces."

"Despite the excitement of the fierce combat we managed to have the mastheads of all the ships trimmed with Christmas green, even though the sailors had to risk their lives in going ashore to get them, and you may be assured the sentiment of the day was not wasted."

"Last year Santa Claus followed our fleet of 16 vessels. He anticipated our 12,000-mile voyage and furnished us in advance with the pick of his best. On board the supply vessels when we sailed from Hampton roads were thousands of packages containing every imaginable Christmas gift, from a whisky flask to a smoking jacket, each package labeled, 'Don't open until Christmas.'"

"Along with those gifts he sent thousands of yards of bunting to decorate the mastheads of the battleships. It would be difficult to imagine a more beautiful sight than these ships lined up Christmas morning with the sailors breaking out the Christmas trimmings with as much zest as the small

boy displays when he lights the candles on his Christmas tree.

"Then comes the opening of the Christmas packages. This is always a gala occasion. Not a man on board would dare ignore the instruction any more than he would think of disobeying his superior officer. It has become custom through years of faithful observance. Always a bottle of wine is broken in christening these tokens from the loved ones at home.

"If I hadn't been a lieutenant myself I wouldn't dare give away official secrets."

"Last year we practically had two Christmases. We received our first mail at Trinidad, West Indies, some time Christmas week and delayed Christmas mail reached us at Callao, when the vessels were approaching their own country on the western side."

"No nation provides more plentifully for the Christmas cheer of its sailors than does Uncle Sam. Each of the battleship crews has a dinner of roast turkey, plum pudding, pumpkin pie and all the trimmings which go with it. The men are served in messes of 20 at 12 o'clock and each man is allowed one snifter of grog as an appetizer, in celebration of the occasion."

"The officers dine at six o'clock, and, as is the custom when spending the holiday at sea, are guests of the commanding officer."

Christmas Musings.

There are warmer handshakings on this night, wrote Alexander Smith, than during the bypast 12 months. Friend lives in the mind of friend. There is more charity at this time than at any other. Poverty and scanty clothing, and fireless grates come home to the bosoms of the rich and they give of their abundance. The very redbreast of the woods enjoys his Christmas feast. Good feeling incarnates itself in plum pudding. The Master's word, "The poor ye have always with you," wear at this time a deep significance. For at least one night on each year over all Christendom there is brotherhood. And good men, sitting amongst their families, or by a solitary fire like me, when they remember the light that shone over the poor clowns huddling on the Bethlehem plains 1,800 years ago, the apparition of shining angels overhead, the song, "Peace on earth and good-will towards men," which for the first time hallowed the midnight air—pray for that strain's fulfillment, that battle and strife may vex the nations no more, that not only on Christmas eve, but the year round men shall be brethren, owning one Father in heaven.

SHOW THAT MONKEYS REASON

Animals Fight Under a Leader and Roll Stones Down on Their Enemies.

Aesop's ape, it will be remembered, wept on passing through a human graveyard, overcome with sorrow for its dead ancestors, and that all monkeys are willing enough to be more like us than they are they show by their mimicry.

An old authority tells that the easiest way to capture apes is for the hunter to pretend to shave himself, then to wash his face, fill the basin with a sort of bird lime, and leave it for the apes to blind themselves. If the Chinese story is to be believed, the imitative craze is even more fatal in another way, for if you shoot one monkey of a band with a poisoned arrow, its neighbor, jealous of so unusual a decoration, will snatch the arrow from it and stab itself, only to have it torn away by a third, until in succession the whole troop have committed suicide.

In their wild life baboons, as well as the langurs and many other monkeys, undoubtedly submit to the authority of recognized leaders. There is co-operation between them to the extent that when fighting in company one will go to the help of another which is hard pressed.

In rocky ground they roll down stones upon their enemies, and when making a raid, as on an orchard which they believe to be guarded, the attack is conducted on an organized plan, sentries being posted and scouts thrown out, which gradually feel their way forward to make sure that the coast is clear, while the main body remains in concealment behind until told that the road is open.

From the fact that the sentries stay posted throughout the raid, getting for themselves no share of the plunder, it has been assumed that there must be some sort of division of the proceeds afterward. Man, again, has been differentiated from all other creatures as being a tool-using animal, but more than one kind of monkey takes a stone in its hand and with it breaks the nuts which are too hard to be cracked with the teeth.

Honor in Wall Street.

"One would hardly consider the New York Stock Exchange exactly in the light of a communion of saints." Indeed, to judge by much that appears in the daily papers and the muckraking magazines, this might be the last place to look for the very soul and spirit of integrity. But there it is 'in the midst of them.'

"Between members of that marble mansion of trade in securities on New York's famous Broad street no paper writing practices certifying to the binding obligations of a transaction. In the very fiercest rush and maddest vortex of the wild corner, a word, a nod, the merest sign, amply suffices. Whatever it may lead to—irreparable loss, ruin, bankruptcy, no matter—the deal is closed.

"I am not professing to be an apologist for whatever crimes may be committed in the name of honor. I simply record the fact—to be easily verified—that the dealings on that exchange are 'on honor.' The corinthian fairness of its pillars and entablature front is not shamed by the constant and consistent uprightness of the traffic within."—Christian Register.

Why Congressman Stole a Clerk.

When Tim Campbell was in the Fifteenth congress he stole a clerk from Congressman Scott. Scott was a new member and was made a chairman of a committee, which gave him a clerkship. He knew nothing about the clerk. Campbell did. Through some means or another he had the clerkship transferred to his own committee. Six months later Scott learned of the trick. Meeting Campbell, he said:

"That was a nice piece of petty larceny."

"Tut, tut, Mr. Scott!" said Campbell. "My committee needed a clerk worse than yours." Then, with twinkling eyes, he continued: "You are a millionaire and can afford to hire half a dozen clerks, while I must go to the government for clerical assistance."

The ready reply amused Scott. The two men were always the best of friends thereafter.—Utica Observer.

Fourteenth Century Operations.

In surgical work De Chauliac, in the fourteenth century, forestalled modern abdominal surgery. He opened the abdomen in order to stitch wounds of the intestine, described a method of suture and invented a needle-holder. A print of the thirteenth century represents a surgeon operating for hernia with the patent in the Trendelenburg position. This highly developed surgery was rendered possible by the use of anesthetics, the preparation in most common use being a combination of opium and mandragora. With these historical facts before us, a proper sense of propriety would cause us to hide our diminished heads.

Is Graduate of Vassar.

Baroness Uchida, wife of the newly appointed ambassador from Japan, is a graduate of Vassar, and is said to be one of the most distinguished women in her country. She took the highest honors in her class at Vassar, and then studied in Berlin and Paris. She is a member of a society in Tokyo for the education of Japanese women along modern lines of education. She speaks English perfectly and is always gowned after the most approved fashions.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It's just like a woman to forgive a man who doesn't deserve it.—Chicago News.

The Better Treasure

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

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(CONTINUED.)

Lying awake, the boy could not bear to think that the dear horse and cow stood hungry in the barn, on their last night of life; how he stole into the kitchen and found the coarse bread and the milk that were saved for his own breakfast, and carried them out to the stable; how, as he came to the door, he heard strange hoarse voices speaking low, and listened and found that it was Friedel and Minna talking together; how then he remembered that once a year, at midnight on Christmas Eve, dumb beasts may find speech in memory of the night when the Christ-child lay among beasts, in the manger; how little Hans listened



"Don't Go to Sleep, Benny—Listen."

to the thin old horse and the hungry old cow and heard them grieving for the poverty of their master and mistress and heard them speak of the secret which, if the beasts might have speech to tell it, would make everything right; how Hans went in boldly then and gave the animals his breakfast, and asked them to tell him the secret; how they told him, in unused, rusty voices, that beneath the empty stall of the stable was a treasure of gold, buried a thousand years before by the Romans, which would make his mother and father richer than they could dream; and how just then the bells of the distant village rang for Christmas morning, and the poor beasts were dumb again, and Hans went back to his bed and waited for daylight to tell his father and mother, who dug for the treasure and found it and were happy with the horse and cow, and rich ever after.

The story ended and the children were quiet, as if listening, thrilled, to those stammering hoarse tones of the good brutes in the chilly stable.

"Now, chickens, you must go to your roosts," the mother broke their dream, and her words ended in a sigh. "Father! It's too bad to have him left out of Christmas Eve, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," agreed Benny sturdily. "Nobody can say 'Peaceful Was the Night' 'cept father. It's too bad for father he had to go to the thing-ma-jig's funeral," and, being Christmas Eve, Benny went unreprieved for the description of his great-uncle.

"Father'll be home before morning, won't he?" asked the girl, and went on. "Oh, I remember. You said some time in the night, but we can't tell when, 'cause the trains get late. Well, I hope he'll be here in the morning when we wake up. It wouldn't be Christmas without father; would it, mother?"

"I can't bear to have him out so late," the little woman said, and her tones were troubled. She went on as if thinking aloud—a way she had with her big babies. "Father isn't well—he ought to go south—I wish he could go," and Benny answered in strong baby tones:

"Oh, he can't go, mother. We have not got money enough—you said we hadn't."

"No, dear, we haven't," she sighed; and the girl shook her mane of hair back thoughtfully.

"I wish I could find a lot of money like Hans, for father," she said.

The fascination of the frelight as the children lay in their beds, their mother gone, held the drowsy eyes open. The girl, the more aggressive, the more imaginative of the two, went back, with a thought working its way in her mind, to the story which had a hold on both, the story of how two dumb brutes may talk once a year on Christmas Eve.

"Do you believe it's true, Benny?" she consulted her brother. "Mother didn't say it wasn't, you know."

"Then it's true, and I believe it's true," said Benny stoutly. "I'm glad they can. I know Nigger would enjoy a talking. He looks like he wanted to talk when he squeals, and he squeals words sometimes. I heard him say 'corn bread' one day."

Alice lifted her brown head from the pillow and leaned on one elbow

and stared into the fire. "Nigger's out in the barn," she reflected. "Father took Mr. Jarvis' horse because Nigger's foot was lame. Benny—" she began excitedly, and stopped.

Benny gave an enormous yawn and turned his heavy yellow head. "Wuu-ut?" he inquired.

"Don't go to sleep, Benny—listen!" the girl begged. "I've got an idea—something lovely, really. Why can't we go to the stable to-night—it's Christmas Eve—and listen to Nigger talking, like Hans listened to Friedel and Minna? And maybe he'll know about some treasure and we could get lots of money, and give it to father to go south with. Mother would be glad."

The boy's sleepy eyes opened and gazed at her. "Wouldn't it be naughty?"

As happened once before in a garden, "the woman tempted him." Benny was swept out on the tide of his sister's adventurous spirit, and while the fire steamed and purred an undertone they made their plans. Very nearly were the plans shipwrecked by Nature, however, for, as they waited till the night should be older, the clock ticked, the fire sang a lullaby, and the children fell asleep.

But at half-past eleven a log dropped noisily, the light of it blazed up and the adventurer-in-chief, the deed to be done in her veins, awakened. It needed all her energy to persuade the boy, numb with sleep, that sleep was not the one possibility in a midnight world. But there was a persistent spirit in her, and in ten minutes two muffled little figures crept through the shadowy house and out over the white lawn, misty with still-falling snow, and up the slope to the door of the stable.



Two Muffled Little Figures Crept Out Over the White Lawn.

There were half-visible footsteps in the white carpet on the ground, but the big flakes had blurred them, the children did not notice. An hour before a man had hurried along the road from town, a powerful man, walking fast. As he walked he spoke to himself in a low tone.

"The note about Pat O'Hara's broken leg ought to take him three miles out of his way—it ought to delay him an hour. Lucky I remembered where the horse and trap would be kept."

He passed a stream, tinkling silver-ly in the stillness under its roof of ice and snow. He halted and stared down.

"I took my first trout in that hole," he murmured, and swung on.

But the ghost of a boy had caught his arm and clung to him and went with him down the road. He could not shake the ghost-boy loose.



"Dr. Harding took you home to lunch that day," the boy whispered, "and the trout was cooked, and they made an event of it."

"Well, what of that?" the man answered the memory aloud. "I'm not going to hurt Dr. Harding, am I?"

"He won't give up what he has set himself to guard."

The big fellow spoke again grimly:

"He'll have to." The muscles of his bent arm tightened. The clinging ghost-boy clutched closer.

"You couldn't hurt him! You could not do it in this place, where the good years of your life were passed. You know every foot of this ground—every foot of it has a happy association. You've played hide-and-seek in that barn of Harding's, and gone to sleep in the hay-loft. Can you go there and take money from him?"

The man's hand flew out. "It's not his money—I wouldn't rob him. It's money that ought to be mine—it belongs to Sidney Maxwell, my cousin, and it's Maxwell money—family money. They make millions a year—I'm



Two Muffled Little Figures Crept Out Over the White Lawn.

one of them and I've nothing—worse than nothing. I ought to be as rich as he—it's a drop in the bucket to what I ought to have."

"Whose fault is it that you haven't it?" the insistent whisper came. "You threw away your chance."

"I know it—I was a fool—I couldn't be controlled. But I was young, five years ago. If my father had lived, my uncle wouldn't have turned me out. It was Sidney who was down on me—reliable, satisfactory Sidney, who never had a temptation—never made a mistake—never threw away his birthright for a mess of pottage. He's gone from success to success without an effort." The man groaned.

"I hate him!" he muttered. "I'm his flesh and blood, and he never throws a thought to me. We had our Christmas trees together, and played with our rocking-horses on the rug before the fire. He was kind as a big brother to me then. But now, the ends of the earth are no farther apart than he and I—Carl Maxwell, my chances all gone, a failure, a pauper." He shuddered. "This night a thief. Ah!" The syllable snapped sharply and he threw out his powerful arms. "No, my chances are not all gone—there's one left." He struck his breast with his hand where the letter lay inside. "My one chance of beginning new is this night. I'll get that money which ought to be mine, and to-morrow I'll be off for China, and take up Bill Bacon's offer, and be an honest man, by Heaven, a successful one this time! I've got it in me, and I've learned my

lesson. My God! I've learned my lesson. I'll work hard and earn my life and I'll send back this three thousand to Sidney Maxwell with my first savings. I will. Jove—it's a straight road—it's a chance in a million for a man at the last gasp. I'd be a cowardly fool not to take it—and after all I'm just borrowing—not stealing. I'll send it back sure as fate."

The sophistry which has soothed many consciences was good enough for this desperate one. Something which felt like self-respect, the unused sensation of a hope, sent him springing over the two miles from the railroad town to Fairfield, and through dim, well-remembered lanes to Fairfield parsonage.

He found his way readily down the shadowy drive to the stable, and the door, left unlocked for the master, opened at a touch. The horse stamped in his stall in the dark, and Maxwell went to him and spoke quietly, and he was still.

There was an empty stall next, where would be put the other horse arriving with Dr. Harding, and here the man stowed himself. When the clergyman led the animal to the opening, then, while his hands were busy, would be the time. He might have to struggle, to knock him down perhaps—he set his teeth and drew in a breath. It was not pleasant to knock down such a friend, but it had to be done, and he would be careful not to injure him. A trained boxer knows how.

He sat drawn together, in the thick straw, waiting. Nigger, in the stall close by, stamped uneasily and put his black nose through the opening above and sniffed and blew. He could see the horse's eyes gleaming in the darkness, and feel his warm breath. So settled was his mind on the deed to come that he dropped into a sleep, comfortably wrapped in the straw. Yet his nerves were alert, and he sat up quickly, on guard at a light sound from the outside. What was it? Even allowing for the snow-covered road it was not the sound of wheels—and, while he wondered, the side door of the building, which faced him as he sat hidden, opened. A late moon had risen, making the landscape outside as clear as day, and against the white ground he saw, astonished, the figures of two children sharply silhouetted.

The big girl held the boy by the hand as they peered in. The man, unprepared for this complication, watched them, troubled, uncertain, and immediately the boy spoke in a full, sweet voice.

"He's not talkin', Alice," the boy said. "Let's go back—I'd rather go to bed."

But the girl stepped forward, warily poised, yet determined, and drew her brother. "Maybe he doesn't know it's us," she said. "I don't want to go back till I see." She dropped the boy's hand and was at the door of the box-stall. "Nigger," she whispered, "Nigger," and the horse whinnied and turned his head toward her.

The boy had followed, stumbling across the floor. "Maybe he doesn't know it's Christmas," he suggested. "Let's sing a carol so he'll remember."

They sang it and they were silent, waiting. Nigger sniffed softly, then whinnied.

Benny's slow speech began coaxingly:

I had a little pony
His name was Dapple Gray;
I lent him to a lady—

He halted, listening. "I thought maybe he'd like that because it's about a horse. I thought it would interest him," Benny explained, and proceeded as if by force of inertia:

Goosey, goosey gander,
Whither do you wander
Up-stairs—

Alice interrupted. "That hasn't got a single thing to do with Christmas, Benny."

"But it's on the next page," Benny argued stolidly.

Alice was firm. "It isn't the right kind of poetry—it ought to be sort of churchy and religious, because Nigger's a clergyman's horse and it's Christmas Eve."

"Maybe he's afraid," she said, in a disappointed tone, yet still hopeful. "Benny, say the verse about 'Fear not' to him—that might make him not be afraid."

The unseen audience listened as Benny, persuasively, as man to man, recited a hymn to Nigger.

"Fear not!" urged Benny—

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind."

"Glad tidings of great joy!" The young man in the straw sat quiet and listened.

Whatever encouragement for beasts might be in a Christmas hymn, Benny meant to extend it to Nigger. Unhurried, with the sleepy note of a bird going to roost, his piping voice plodded on, telling a tale which he did not doubt. With the full angel song he ended:

All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace,
Good-will henceforth from Heaven
Men

Begin and never cease.
"Peace! Good-will!"

There was a stir in the empty stall, but the children did not hear it. From a mile away down the road came faintly a sound of hoof-beats, and Nigger blew out an agitated breath and whinnied again gently. It was very quiet. Alice and Benny, standing patient, thrilled suddenly as a strange, hoarse voice issued from the darkness.

"Merry Christmas, children!" the voice said.

The girl clutched the boy's shoulder. "He's talkin'—Nigger's talkin'," Benny announced, interested but in perturbed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GETTING CHRISTMAS DINNER ON A RANCH

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ONE DECEMBER, while I was out on my ranch, so much work had to be done that it was within a week of Christmas before we were able to take any thought for the Christmas dinner. The winter set in late that year, and there had been comparatively little cold weather, but one day the ice on the river had been sufficiently strong to enable us to haul up a wagonload of flour, with enough salt pork to last through the winter, and a very few tins of canned goods, to be used at special feasts. We had some bushels of potatoes, the heroic victors of a struggle for existence in which the rest of our garden vegetables had succumbed to drought, frost and grasshoppers; and we also had some wild plums and dried elk venison. But we had no fresh meat, and so one day my foreman and I agreed to make a hunt on the morrow.

Accordingly one of the cowboys rode out in the frosty afternoon to fetch in the saddlebag from the plateau three miles off, where they were grazing. It was after sunset when he returned.

It was necessary to get to the hunting grounds by sunrise, and it still lacked a couple of hours of dawn when the foreman awakened me as I lay asleep beneath the buffalo robes. Dressing hurriedly and breakfasting on a cup of coffee and some mouthfuls of bread and jerked elk meat, we slipped out to the barn, threw the saddles on the horses, and were off.

The air was bitterly chill; the cold had been severe for two days, so that the river ice would again bear horses. Beneath the light covering of powdery snow we could feel the rough ground like wrinkles from under the horses' hoofs. There was no moon, but the stars shone beautifully down through the cold, clear air, and our willing horses galloped swiftly across the long bottom on which the ranch house stood, threading their way deftly among the clumps of sagebrush.

A mile off we crossed the river, the ice cracking with noises like pistol shots as our horses picked their way gingerly over it. On the opposite side was a dense jungle of bull-berry bushes, and on breaking through this we found ourselves galloping up a long, winding valley, which led back many miles into the hills. The cranberries and little side ravines were filled with brushwood and groves of stunted ash. By this time there was a faint flush of gray in the east, and as we rode silently along we could make out dimly the tracks made by the wild animals as they had passed and re-passed in the snow. Several times we dismounted to examine them. A

couple of coyotes, possibly frightened by our approach, had trotted and loped up the valley ahead of us, leaving a trail like that of two dogs; the sharper, more delicate footprints of a fox crossed our path; and outside on long patches of brushwood a series of round imprints in the snow betrayed where a bob-cat—as plainmen term the small lynx—had been lurking around to try to pick up a rabbit or a prairie fowl.

As the dawn reddened, and it became light enough to see objects some little way off, we began to sit erect in our saddles and to scan the hillsides sharply for sign of feeding deer. Hitherto we had seen no deer tracks save inside the bullberry bushes by the river, and we knew that the deer that lived in that impenetrable jungle were cunning whitetails which in such a place could be hunted only by aid of a hound. But just before sunrise we came on three lines of heart-



We Dismounted to Examine Them.

This was all we could carry. Leading the horses around we packed the buck behind my companion's saddle, and then rode back for the doe, which I put behind mine. But we were not destined to reach home without a slight adventure. When we got to the river we rode boldly on the ice, heedless of the thaw; and about midday there was a sudden, tremendous crash, and men, horses and deer were scrambling together in the water amid slabs of floating ice. However, it was shallow and no worse results followed than some hard work and a chilly bath. But what cared we? We were returning triumphant with our Christmas dinner.

DEDICATED TO SUN

BEAUTIFUL CHRISTENING CEREMONY OF THE HOPI.

Mother and Female Relatives, with the High Priest of the Clan, Alone Participate in the Formalities Observed.

The christening of a child is one of the most beautiful and impressive of the many religious ceremonials of the Hopi, an Indian tribe who still survive in the great desert of Arizona. For 19 days after the birth, the mother and child are kept indoors, and not a ray of sunlight is permitted to enter their room. At dawn of the twentieth day, the mother, arrayed in her bridal robes and accompanied by all her female relatives, walks to the very edge of the cliff, the desert lying hundreds of feet below. The grandmother carries the child and holds it until the time of the christening ceremony, while the mother and the other women form a half circle round her, all facing the east.

Just before the sun appears, a high priest of the clan to which the mother belongs marches toward the waiting group and confers with the young mother and grandmother. The different women of the party have each selected a name for the little one—no commonplace or meaningless names such as civilized babies are burdened with, but poetic phrases typifying some nature element or living thing, such as "Rushing Water," "Fleet Antelope," or "Golden Butterfly." The mother now takes the child, while the grandmother sprinkles a little cornmeal on its face and blows puffs of it toward the four points of the compass. Then, taking two ears of corn, she extends them toward the east, bringing them back with a circular motion and allowing them to rest for a moment on the child's breast.

The group, standing motionless and silent, now awaits the appearance of the sun, and when it rises majestically above the horizon of the trackless waste, the mother, with outstretched arms, lifts her child toward the glorious orb of day, while the priest calls out in a loud voice: "I consecrate thee to the God of Life!" and all the women shriek in unison the names that have been chosen; for each has the right to choose. This ends the simple and significant ceremony, and the mother afterward selects the name that pleases her most, which remains the child's name until it has developed into manhood or womanhood, when it is initiated into the society of its clan and receives the name it carries through life.

A Notable Chef.

The old-fashioned cook thought only of his cooking; the modern cook seeks to provide light and healthy food suited to the stomach," said M. Auguste Escoffier, in reply to the salutations of his confreres at the Cafe Monico on the occasion of a supper in honor of his professional jubilee. Born at Villeneuve Loubet in 1845, Mr. Escoffier entered his uncle's restaurant in 1859 and went afterward to the Moulin Rouge, in Paris, until the war of 1870. As chef to the general staff in Metz he suffered capture, but, managing to escape, he became chef to Marshal MacMahon until the end of the war, when he returned to Paris. His latest encounter with the Germans was on board the Hohenzollern, when the present kaiser was so pleased that he presented him with a diamond pin, remarking: "They may say what they like; no one cooks like a Frenchman."

The American Girl.

Many others besides Mr. Henry James have remarked upon the absurd position held in American society by young women. The ruinous indulgence of children ought at least to be confined to the home circle and not be carried into a world where age, intelligence and experience should have precedence and should form the standards. The reversal of values, so as to make the debutante the point of interest in a social season instead of the accomplished matron, is as though society should have forewarned its functions. This would be true even were the manners of the debutante all that they should be in deference, savvy and tact. The experience of Washington, where society is fairly representative, goes to show that much is still to be desired in these respects in the general education of American girls.—Editorial in Century Magazine.

Thornless Roses.

This is the day in which old adages are being relegated to the scrap heap, and the one about every rose having its thorn will now have to give way before the advance of science. It seems that a woman, Mrs. W. J. Beggs of Seattle, Wash., has succeeded in producing this prickless variety. For years she was neighbor of Luther Burbank, the California wizard; each tried to produce the thornless rose, but without success. Then Mrs. Beggs concluded that the trouble lay in the climate, and she moved to Seattle where she succeeded in producing a flower of great beauty and of a fragrance which is second to that of none of the roses which grow. The stem is smooth like that of a lily.—Pathfinder.

As a Last Resort.

Mrs. Johnson—Oh, professor, I wonder what I could do to improve my daughter's voice?
Distinguished Professor of Music—Well, I'm sure I do not know, unless you try feeding her on canary seed.

The Better Treasure

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

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(CONTINUED.)

In his perspective a beast's speaking was no larger marvel than the wonders of every day—sunrise and sunset, and stars and tides, and it may be the unwarping vision of youth saw things in not unjust proportion. But the girl was shivering with joy. She answered the unearthly tone with sweet, excited eagerness.

"Merry Christmas, Nigger," she said, and added tremulously, "I'm so glad you really can talk—it must seem nice after being dumb."

"Yes, it's nice," Nigger responded civilly, but he seemed preoccupied. He went on with promptness. "You must go back to the house, children, at once. You'll catch cold."

It was queer to have their own horse giving them orders, yet the tone was of authority.

"But, Nigger," Alice pleaded, "we want to talk to you—we want to ask you some questions."

It seemed almost as if Nigger had stopped to listen to something. They did not notice the pad-pad of hoofs still a long way off.

"What questions?" the hoarse voice demanded. "Be quick."

Alice began, but choked with excitement, and Benny plunged to her relief, collected and deliberate.

"We'd like some hidden treasure," he explained. "Treasure is money. To send father south where it's warm, 'cause he's sick. We want you to tell us where to get some treasure for father."

Nigger appeared to be struck back to dumbness by this simple request, for no word came from the stall, only another of the soft, deep inhalations—he had relapsed into beasthood. Yet once more the weird tones spoke.

"I can't tell you where to find any treasure," they said, "because there isn't any buried around here. But if you're good children and go straight into the house, then your father is going to have enough money to go south—this winter or next. Now run quickly."



The stable was quiet; small feet scurried over the snow toward the house; the door was left standing open, and strong moonlight poured through it and illumined the place. When Dr. Harding drove in, the figure of a man stood black in the patch of brightness.

"Who is that?" he asked cheerily. The man answered: "It's a friend—Carl Maxwell."

"Carl Maxwell!" the clergyman's voice had a tone of unbelief. "What do you mean—how can it be Carl Maxwell?"

The man swung forward. "Look at me," he said, and pulled away his hat. Harding looked searchingly, and with a quick movement set on the floor the bag he held, and caught the other's hand.

"My boy, I'm glad to see you," he said. "Help me unharness. We must



"I'll Take That, Carl."

get a fire and something to eat as soon as possible."

As if it were a custom to find men waiting in the stable at 1 a. m., Dr. Harding talked of the horse and the harness and the roads as they unbuckled the frozen leather, and the man's fingers slipped into the once familiar business, and his ears listened to the once familiar voice. Ten minutes of swift work and the harness hung on its hooks, and the horse stood cared for and blanketed, in its stall. Maxwell swung across the stable and lifted the small black bag.

"I'll take that, Carl," the clergyman spoke quietly.

"No—let me carry it for you," the younger man threw back, holding to it firmly.

There was a second's hesitation; Harding's fingers loosened; he turned to the door; Carl Maxwell held the bag in his hands.

Down the slope Harding led the way, and through the orchard vividly black and white with moonlight and shadow. Suddenly he faced about—the footsteps behind him had stopped—he stared through the zigzag of bare branches and deep shadows—where was the man?

"Carl!" he called, and out of a splash of blackness ten feet back stirred the figure.

"All right, doctor," Maxwell's voice answered. "I stopped to see if the seat I built in the Queen apple-tree was still there."

A low light shone in the study as the two mounted the steps of the side piazza, and the clergyman slipped his key into the lock.

He threw open the door and stood aside to let his guest enter. The man halted, and made an uncertain movement backward. Then he stepped inside. In a moment the light was turned up, the fire was blazing, the room hung with cheerfulness. Maxwell stared about it, at the books, at the papers, at the worn furniture. The clergyman watched him a moment, and then turned to a tray.

"I don't know about you, Carl, but I'm hungry." He held out a plate of sandwiches.

The young fellow set the bag down hurriedly and stretched out his hand. He was shivering, and he looked starved. Then the hand dropped. His



"I Came Here to Rob You," He Said.

teeth chattered, and he stared blankly into the clergyman's face.

"I came here to rob you," he said. Harding gazed at him; his glance wandered to the black bag; he turned his back and bent over the coffee, bubbling above an alcohol lamp. Maxwell regarded him miserably. Harding lifted his head with a smile.

"We'll talk that over later, Carl," he said. "Sit by the fire—you're cold. And drink this coffee."

The man sat down. The hot coffee was almost at his mouth, when he looked up into the other's face.

"How do you know I won't take the money?" he asked. "I could."

The parson laughed. He put a friendly hand on the deep shoulder and patted it, as if the man were a child. "Well, yes, you could," he said. "Drink your coffee, Carl."

Ten minutes later the man stood before the fire and told his story. He finished the recital with a look of bitterness in his eyes.

"I believe I'm a fool," he said. "The money means the chance of my life for a start—and I've no other chance. I meant to take it, till the children came, and then I lost my nerve. Alice has grown a lot. I taught her her first word—do you remember? I didn't do the best act entirely to get rid of them. I did it so they wouldn't be disappointed. I'm a fool. I'd planned the thing and I ought to have put it through. I could have gone to China, and in a year I'd have sent back the money—I'd have had a clear conscience and a grip on life such as I've never had before. But it's beyond me now."

The man looked down suddenly at his dingy overcoat. He smiled a queer smile at the clergyman.

"I happened to think of how they used to have us sing 'Silent Night' before we had our Christmas tree, and of the velvet clothes I wore one year," he explained. "And now," he lifted the skirt of his coat, "to be talking about Christmas trees—and carols. I'm just one of the submerged. I'll

go now, doctor. I might as well go. I had my chance and threw it away for sentiment. I'll go now." He held out his hand. "It won't hurt you to shake hands."

The clergyman did not stir. "Carl, I've got something to tell you about your cousin Sidney," he said.

The man scowled. "I don't want to hear it," he shot through his teeth. "When I saw him walking with you to-day in his furred overcoat and his prosperity I wanted to kill him. He's forgotten I'm alive. It's nothing to him that I'm strangling—in the depths."

"That's where you're mistaken," replied Dr. Harding in a quiet but positive tone.



Maxwell lifted his chin and threw at the clergyman a glance like a blow. Harding went on at ease.

"It's very much to him when you saw him talking to me to-day, what do you suppose he was talking about? You, when the man in the stable just now answered in your name, I felt as if Heaven had reached down and picked you up from somewhere and put you in my hands as an answer to what Sidney Maxwell said. He told me that Christmas never came but the thought of you was with him; that when his own boys played with their toys around their tree he remembered always how you and he had played together; that he had tried in vain to find you; that it was a constant grief that he and his father had judged you harshly; that he would give his fortune to know where you are and make things right."

As the man listened, defiance melted out of him; he did not answer or look up. The clergyman went on.

"You see what child's play it seemed to me when you spoke of stealing three thousand dollars, with the Maxwell millions waiting. Not that it would have been possible in any case," he added quickly. "You thought you could do it, but you never could—never."

"Perhaps I couldn't," the man said

more, you'll see the faces of friends you didn't know you had, waiting for you—they were there all the time and you wouldn't look at them—you were facing the wrong way.

"Of course a poor soul may wander so far into the depths that he's beyond seeing the light—that's the awful danger." The clergyman sighed. "But even then a hand stronger than your own will pull you out, if you'll trust to it. However—his tired face brightened—'however, you're not in that case, Carl. You've swung about, and sunshine and friends are waiting for you—a clean life—a man's work—a place in the world. It's wonderful how much less bad a bad situation usually is than we think. This afternoon you were going to kill yourself; you were saved from that by the hope of a crime; then two babies spoke a message and you listened to it and faced about. That's the secret, to face about, to face right."

Like drops of a strong cordial the words struck hot shafts into Max-



"Lord Helping Me, I'll Do It!"

well. "A clean life—a man's work—a place in the world."

He felt with a shock the strength and the will to get these things. The worn man whose inspired eyes burned him, who stood for a force beyond either of them, had poured strength and will into him. He threw out his arms, drew a quick breath, and rose to his feet resolutely.

"Lord helping me, I'll do it," he said.

"That's the way to go at the business," Harding said, his face glowing with enthusiasm. "You'll do it, that way."

And with that the clock in the hall struck four, and from upstairs there was suddenly an eruption and a descent of barbarians. Alice and Benny, mysteriously warned in a dream of their father's arrival, came down upon him, like a wolf on the fold, and all but tore him limb from limb with stress of affection, and then, all at once, aware of the stranger, they were shy and lapsed into silence. But Dr. Harding took his girl's hand and put it into Carl Maxwell's.

"I've brought home an old friend, Alice," he said. "Wish him a merry Christmas, my dear."

And Alice smiled and said the words, while Benny, strangling his father, re-enforced the greeting with full, slow tones.

"Merry Christmas, old friend—an' a happy New Year," said the deliberate Benny.

Harding, hung with children, loosened a hand to pat the man's shoulder. His eyes were bright with the vision of the pure in heart, who see "Benny's hit it," he said. "That's what we all wish you, and what's coming, Carl—a happy New Year!"



GOBLINS OF CHRISTMAS TIME

In Greece They Are Called Lame Needles, and They Do a Deal of Mischief.

Greeks of low degree have a belief that certain spirits called "lame needles," visit the earth at the Christmas season. One lame needle, probably the leader, comes on Christmas eve, and the rest of the tribe put in an appearance on Christmas day. They are dreadful creatures to look upon, yet are dangerous only at night, from sunset to cock crow. When not engaged in dancing, these queer goblins wander about and do any amount of mischief.

It is their custom to enter houses by the chimney; so every housewife is careful at this season of the year to leave some embers burning all night. For the lame needles dread fire, and also crosses, and it is for this reason that at Christmas time one sees so many whitewashed crosses on the cottage doors in Greece.

The priests alone have any power over these uncanny visitors, and it is to ward them off that a procession of priests and two acolytes goes from house to house on Christmas day. They give each house a blessing, waft the censor in at the door and pass on. When Epiphany comes the lame needles are forced to flee again underground.

Midnight's Mistletoe Bough

By Delna Marteen Eugones

GOOD maw'nin', Mist' Robert! Fine Christmas weather, sah! Fine Chris—fine—"

Cameron bluntly ignored the cheerful greeting and the newspaper which Midnight, the colored newsboy, held out for him, and walked on briskly down the street, his gaze directed toward the pavement.

Midnight tumbled back against his news-stand, a queer expression of bewilderment and sadness spreading over his face.

"Dat's de frs' time dat Mist' Cam'ron evah done buy a papah from somebody else," he soliloquized, a lump gathering in his throat. "Dat's de frs' time he evah pass mah place widout sayin' 'Good maw'nin'.' He ain't nevah got no kick an' no complaint t' make t' me. Dat's de frs' time Ah evah see him go bustin' by like dat an' so cogitatin' he ain't lookin' whar he gwine. Dah am sholy somethin' de mattah."

All the rest of the day Midnight was in a sort of a trance. He watched the elevated stairway from early afternoon for the return of Cameron. His fitful vigil was rewarded when the young lawyer walked wearily down the steps. Midnight watched his every move jealously to see whether he purchased an afternoon paper from his rivals. Cameron stopped at the little negro's stand.

"Good evening, Midnight," he said, languidly.

"Merry Christmas, Mist' Cam'ron. De world am treatin' me fine as silk, an' Ah ain't got no complaint t' make t' no one," returned the boy, bravely,

me fo' not seeln' you, but ah done fo'got my mannahs, Ah guess, fo' de time bein'. Ah was jus' thinkin' 'bout de fo'ks ob mah famby.

"Why, Midnight, you never told us about your folks as long as you have been serving papers at our house. Are your folks alive?"

"Jus' mah ole gran'mamma, an' she lib wid some ole frs'ns ob de famby, an' Ah sen's her de money dat she need t' lib on. Ah ain't had no daddy an' no mammy fo' de longes' time, 'cause dey bofe froze t' def in de bluzard what come 'long 'bout six year ago."

"How did you ever happen to come here?"

"Mist' Cam'ron done brought me hyar. You see, mah mammy been a cook an' mah mammy's alster a nurse in Mist' Cam'ron's famby fo' near 30 year, an' when Mist' Cam'ron come hyar mammy ax him t' git me a job some day an' den he sen' fo' me. He try me fo' a cook, but Ah guess Ah'm a pretty bad cook—enyway Mist' Cam'ron he say one day why not stah a news-stand an' he give me de money—an' dat's all de histry what is 'bout me—but, Miss Willoughby, Ah'm glad you come long to-night, 'cause Ah got a Christmas present fo' you—some mistletoe, a fine big branch what mah granmammy sen's up from Marylan'—git it offen de trees right in de swamp back o' de shanty. Ah wan' t' ax you ef yo' will please be so good an' kin' as t' come 'roun' in nite maw'nin' an' buy de frs' paper, 'cause it means good luck, you know."

Hardly had the Christmas horns blown their first greetings of the day when Midnight saw two figures coming down the street from different directions. One was Cameron, walking slowly along the main thoroughfare, and the other was Miss Willoughby.

"Merry Christmas!" called Midnight, even before the young lawyer had reached the stand. "Ah hopes you is feelin' bettah dis maw'nin'."

"Thank you, Midnight; I feel all right. Here, hurry up with that mistletoe and give me that first paper you wanted me to buy," he added,



Half Unconsciously the Two Young Persons Reached for the Bough.

concealing the anxiety that had been overshadowing him all day.

"Yes, sah," said the lad aloud to himself after Cameron had passed on toward his home, "dah am sholy somethin' de mattah—but it ain't me!"

Midnight closed his shop that night in a happy frame of mind and wandered off toward his home, whistling. He was around bright and early the next day, and when Cameron came along on his way to his office made it a particular point to see that he was not overlooked.

Hours later, when the flying snow was painting the dusk a speckled black, Cameron came back along the sidewalk more slowly and uncertainly than ever. It was Christmas eve, and Midnight felt at peace with all the world. People were flying past, their arms laden with presents, and all anxious to be home. As he stood in a sheltered corner of his booth, counting up his profits of the day, he called to Cameron:

"Mist' Cam'ron, Ah got a Chris'mus present fo' yo' motha. Ah wan' t' ax you ef you will come 'roun' in de maw'nin' an' be de frs' pussen t' buy a Chris'mas paper—It's good luck fo' me, you know. Why, Mist' Cam'ron!" suddenly exclaimed the lad as the young man came under the light, "am you sick? Yo' face am white as a ghos' an' you wa'k like you done git dis grip what ev'ryone ta'kin' bout. Mist' Brown, 'cross de street hyar, he git it; Mist' Simpkins, up at de corner, Lordy, he git de misery so he stay in de house an' dat lobely Miss Willoughby—you know de one Ah mean—Miss Helen Willoughby—not dat sister—she come 'long dis ebenin' an' dough she smilin' an' happy like, Ah know she mus' git it, too—dat mus' be why she ain't wa'k down de street wid you t'day an' yes't'day."

"Yes—I—I—guess she must be feelin' a little under the weather," said Cameron, as he turned away.

"Merry Christmas, Midnight!" exclaimed a musical voice.

"Why—why—good ebenin', Miss Willoughby. Merry Christmas. Skuse

quickly, as he glanced up the street and saw Miss Willoughby approaching briskly.

"Ah—Ah—doan know jes' whar Ah did wid dat mistletoe—ain' Ah one fool niggah? Ah put it right hyar, under dis shelf jes' two minutes ago, but Ah can't find it," he replied, rummaging nervously among a pile of papers underneath the top shelf.

"Merry Christmas!" called another voice, and Midnight raised his head and smiled into the face of Miss Willoughby, who stood at the other end of the stand, taking great pains not to see Cameron, who was striving equally to avoid her.

"Where is that mistletoe you wanted me to have, Midnight? You see, I got up very early to be the first one here, and you know you promised it to me."

"Well, ef dat ain' de funnies' thing," replied Midnight, laughing mischievously. "Ah sholy had two fine pieces ob dat mistletoe right hyar, but Ah can't fin' 'em t' save mah soul. Ah done promise dis t' you, Miss Willoughby, an' deed Ah done promise it t' you, Mist' Cam'ron, fo' yo' motha, an' Ah sholy doan know what t' do 'bout it. Ah can't bus' it in two."

Half unconsciously the two young persons reached for the bough, then hesitated.

"Why, of course, let Mr. Cameron have it for his mother," spoke up Miss Willoughby.

"Give it to Miss Willoughby," said Cameron. "Perhaps you will find the other piece after awhile."

"Ah'll give it t' Miss Willoughby ef Mist' Cam'ron'll tote it home fo' de lady."

The girl glanced at Cameron, and in another moment the young couple were walking away from the stand carrying the bunch of mistletoe between them. Midnight grinned as he leaned against his stand and commented:

"Ah guess Ah'll take dis otha piece right straight up t' Mrs. Cam'ron mah-self, 'cause Ah know dat piece ob mistletoe ain' nevah gwine t' leave Miss Willoughby's house ef Mist' Cam'ron kin' hep' it."

IRON IN TRADITION

FROM ITS DISCOVERY IT HAS BEEN A SYMBOL.

Instance in Point Is Recorded in English History of the Year 1235 and Custom Still Is Observed.

Henry III. in the year 1235, on the occasion of a tournament on ground belonging to the Knights Templar, the site of what is now the Victoria embankment, in London, England, was delighted with the dexterity shown by one Walter le Brun, a blacksmith who had a hovel on the ground, and was employed to shoe the knights' horses and repair their armor. In recognition of his skill he gave him a piece of land on which to erect a forge, and fixed the quit-rent six horsehoes with nails complete; and these horsehoes and 61 nails were duly counted on Monday afternoon by the city solicitor, as they had been counted out since the year when the rent was fixed.

In the other of the ceremonies which took place in the law courts on Monday, the rendering of the quit-rent of the sharp and blunt knives, the noticeable point is that the knives, sharp or blunt, were of iron. Iron, with its wonderful powers of cutting, molding and striking, became from the day when it first began to be dimly understood as a new force in the world, at once a symbol and an influence. Presents of iron, purchases of iron, debts paid in iron, became significant and notable events. The tradition and the belief remain with us. Still, when we deal in iron with each other, we demand certain formalities to appease the latent powers in the obscure and potent metal. When we give presents of knives and pairs of scissors we ask in return, not even now shamefacedly, but in a spirit of acquiescence in the thought of a thousand generations, that the receiver shall return to us a piece of an older easier metal. We present a school-boy with a pocketknife, and ask him for a halfpenny nail, "or else we shall quarrel." Knives "sever friendships." The power of the wonderful metal survives in a dozen different ways in the ordinary life of the town and the country side of to-day. The story which is still one of the most popular of all nursery fairy-tales is of the princess who must be guarded from childhood from the prick of a needle. The custom still survives in Scottish households, when a death has occurred in the house, of thrusting a needle or a nail into butter or meat or whisky to prevent death from entering the provisions.

Our Underworked Acres. The United States has the most fertile soil and most favorable climate in the world, but by careless methods produces an annual average yield of less than fourteen bushels of wheat an acre, while England produces more than thirty-two, Germany about twenty-eight, the Netherlands thirty-four and France 20. Of oats the United States produces an average yield an acre of 23 bushels, England 42, Germany 46 and Holland 53. In potatoes the United States produces 85 bushels an acre, Germany, Belgium and Great Britain average 250 each. Germany, with an arable area no greater than some of our largest states, produces approximately two billion bushels of potatoes annually, while the annual crop of the United States averages 275,000,000 bushels per annum. In the year ending June 30 we imported 8,384,000 bushels. In the ten years since 1898 the acreage in the United States increased 22 per cent, while our exports decreased 67 per cent, showing that in a few years we shall be obliged to import the necessities of life. The annual average yield of wheat an acre is less in the United States to-day than it was 30 years ago.

Unmapped Portions of the Earth. The international conference at the British foreign office to discuss the desirability of joint action in map making is a reminder that only about one-quarter of the land area in our globe is accurately surveyed, and that outside Europe the United States and our overseas possessions there are practically no maps existing based on exact trigonometrical surveys. Should the conference agree to commence an international map of the world, the scale chosen will in all probability be slightly less than sixteen miles to the inch. A good part of Africa, China and south America has already been mapped on this scale, and any smaller scale would be of little use. The Indian survey, indeed, has mapped the whole of India, with the exception of a portion of the Rajputana desert, on the generous scale of one mile to the inch, and with an exactitude comparable with the best European surveys.

Beethoven's Last Days. Beethoven had troubles besides the scourge of deafness. Throughout his life the conduct of his brothers irked and grieved him, and when, on the death of one of them, he adopted his orphaned son, that nephew's outrageous conduct broke his heart. Then he felt the sting of poverty. Dying he would have lacked the very necessities of a waning life had it not been for the Philharmonic society of England. The society has never boasted of the fact, but a fact it is, that a douceur of one hundred pounds sent by them to Beethoven, at his last gasp, made death less a martyrdom than the famous musician.

THE SHORT SERMON FOR HIM

Good Sense and Reason in Remarks of Country Visitor to Big City.

By nature most persons shrink a little from the preacher who amplifies his paragraphs, says the Youth's Companion. They demand from him a wise compression of spiritual facts. One wishes to go home with something so terse, so emphatic and so eminently simple in one's mind that it will keep its place there through the week. This is not altogether a modern tendency. Many years ago a countryman, wandering hopelessly through the streets of Boston on a Sunday morning, was accosted by a native, who asked him what he wanted.

"I want," said he, "to find the man who preaches short sermons." The native had no hesitation in pointing out the street which led to the church of which Dr. Charles Lowell was the minister, but anxious to discover what peculiar hold this minister had taken of this man's fancy, he suggested that the sermons at the West Church were very short, indeed, and that perhaps the great city might offer, to one who seldom entered it, others more likely to please.

"Not they!" responded the countryman, "I never heard him preach but once, and that was before the convention the other day; but I remembered every word of his sermon, as if I had preached it myself; and my wife and I had something to talk of for a week after."

"I tell you, my friend," the rustic concluded, "after he has preached his short sermon there is not much to be said on the same subject."

Novelties in War Appliances.

An illuminating shell, which bursts into flame in the air and acts as a temporary searchlight, is amongst the latest ideas of war inventors. This shell, which has been put to severe tests, would enable an admiral, for instance, to see the vessels of an enemy's fleet at a distance of several miles, the light burning long enough for the gunners to get the range. It is a French invention and not unlike the illuminating shell which has been adopted by the German government. The latter is a projectile, filled with calcium carbide, which breaks into flame as it falls into the sea, where it floats.

Another novelty in war appliances has just been secured by the great firm of Krupp. It is an air torpedo, which is reported to be one of the deadliest instruments of warfare yet devised. It is to be introduced into the German army and navy. Other recent inventions are the anti-airship gun, a shrapnel grenade adapted for use with the service rifle, and a new automatic gun mounted on a motor truck, said to be capable of conveying a supply of ammunition and a crew of ten men 25 miles an hour along ordinary roads, and to fire 3-pound shells a distance of three and a half miles at the rate of 250 shots a minute.

Individuality.

"Mr. Hokkins," says the teacher, "I feel that I should speak to you about your son. He is not succeeding in his studies as he should."

"I'm sorry to hear that. What is wrong?" asks Mr. Hokkins. "In his arithmetic, for instance, he insists that two and two make six and that the half of 12 is eight. And in geography he always answers that the Pacific ocean lies between America and Europe."

"Now, Miss Rools, you bring up a point I have often made. Our present school system is an absurd arrangement, sticking to the out-dated habits and ideas of centuries. Here my boy is displaying a little native originality, and you want to strangle it in its inception. It seems to me that the purpose of a public school should be to discover and develop and encourage original modes of thought in the pupils."—Life.

Typhoid Fever Carriers.

Typhoid fever carriers is the term applied to persons who may be infected by the typhoid germ and yet themselves free from the disease. According to statistics based on 57 cases reported by various physicians, about three-fourths of all carriers thus far recorded are women, and with very few exceptions the carriers have been engaged in some occupation, such as cook, baker or dairyman, which has enabled them to transmit the typhoid bacteria to food products, or they were inmates of insane asylums and careless in their personal habits. Carriers have in some instances had typhoid fever but a short time previous to their examination, and in others several years before. Dr. Albert believes that many people carry typhoid germs for a time without sickness.

Improved Automobile Tire.

One of the newest automobile tires, a Pennsylvanian's invention, consists of a number of rubber blocks mounted in a steel channel and reversible, so that a new surface can replace a worn one.

Easy Payments.

Owing a money-lender £18, a dairyman was ordered in the Lincolnshire (Eng.) county court to pay installments of 1d. a month, at which rate it will require 360 years to liquidate the debt.

Tom's Best Christmas

By Archie R. McKishin

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Tom Lawrence shook his fist under the grocery keeper's nose.

"You try and stop me and I'll fix you," he threatened, "even if I have to do time for it. You trying to hold a fellow away from his people this way, and it Christmas Eve, too. Why, the old man and the old woman will be right glad to see their little boy again."

He laughed wheezingly and leaned weakly against the counter.

"You can't keep me from feeding on the fatted calf, Josh. I'm going to walk in on the old folks to-night, just like the wild, wayward sons you read about. You never hear of them getting the cold hand, do you?"

A fit of coughing choked the laughter from his voice, and when he lifted his face it was gray-white beneath the lamplight.

The big grocer laid aside the package he was tying, and walked around the counter.

"Come here, Tommie," he said, opening the door of the inner room. The young man slouched forward obediently.

"Say, Josh," he whined, "cut it out, I'm tired of being preached to. Won't you get me a little whisky, just one drink?" he pleaded. "See, I'm all broke up, and I'm going home to-night. Six years of the life I've led wears

derstand you'd got a big position out west. I'm afraid I wrote 'em a letter from you, Tommie, tellin' 'em all about it and askin' forgiveness for not biddin' 'em good-by." The other nodded his head on his breast.

"You were always a big-hearted fool, Josh," he said, hoarsely. "I can't understand why you won't get me a little whisky."

"I remember their faces when they read that letter," said the grocer, heaving a big chunk on the fire. "I remember how glad they both was. Your ma said you'd be writin' again soon and let them know how you liked it. Well, you did." "I wrote again, did I?" "Yep, you wrote every week you've been away, and that's how long—let's see?" "Six years ago, day after to-morrow, Josh."

"You sent some money home, too," continued the big man, after an interval of silence. "Quite a little bit of money. Fifty dollars once, and a ten-spot every now and again." The speaker laughed queerly, his face working. "Only last night they got a letter from you, Tommie, with \$50 in it. Christmas box, I think you called it." Something like a sob came from the bowed figure.

"Your pa most always read your letters to the neighbors. They're right glad you're doing so well. Every Christmas Eve your ma and him come over here and buy a Christmas turkey with the money you send them—I always have a laugh at your pa. 'I'll eat Tommie's share,' he says. 'Cause it's next best thing to havin' him home. We're right proud of our Tommie,' he always ends. They've been writing you, too, every week regular. I read all their letters, 'cause I have to in order to know how to answer them. They got a letter from you last night with their Christmas money in



one, Josh, wear one right down to the heart and soul, and this cough—"

He sank down on a seat before the fire, his slim fingers gripping his chest.

"Sit there and get good and warm. I'll be back in a minute." The grocer slipped out, locked the door after him, and went behind the counter. Customers had come in and were waiting to be attended to.

The grocer drew a tall young man to one side.

"Jim," he said, "I want you to help me out. Go behind and serve them customers. I don't care if you haven't never sold groceries; do your best. Don't be particular about weights. Give everybody Christmas measure. I've got to stay away for a spell, 'cause—"

He whispered something in the young man's ear. His hearer started.

"Why, they think—" he commenced; but the grocer laid a big hand on his arm.

"I know what they think; and whatever you do, keep what I've told you to yourself. I don't know what to do, but I'll find out a way. When they come, call me. I'll be in here."

Lawrence lifted his white face from his hands as the grocer entered.

"Have you got it?" he questioned eagerly. The big man sat down, facing him.

"I want to have a little chat with you, Tommie," he said, gently. "You remember when you were a youngster at home here, how we used to chat together and have a mighty good time of it, don't you?"

His hearer made a grimace. "I want a drink," he said, shortly.

"You remember how you used to come down for the mail, Tommie, and I'd have you come in and help sort the letters?"

An expression that was almost a smile dawned slowly across the boy's haggard face. "I remember we used to imitate one another's handwriting, Josh," he said, slowly.

"Yes, and I got at last so's I could write just like you, Tommie. Remember you used to tell me you could almost believe it was your own writin'?"

"I remember, Josh. Go on. There's something behind all this. I'm waiting to hear it." "When you got into trouble over at Maxton's and—"

"And skipped. Yes. Well, go on, can't you?"

and, they've answered it already. Here's their letter with your address on it. Maybe you'd like to read it?"

The young man reached out a shaking hand for the letter. The other watched his face as he read. When a tear fell with a splash on the cramped writing, the grocer spoke again.

"You can send me to jail for doin' what I've done, Tommie. In one way it was wrong, very wrong. I've been guilty of openin' letters."

The other held up a thin hand as though to ward off a blow. Then he rose weakly and came over to the big man.

"Josh, old Josh," he spoke tremblingly. "You've been—you—are—Oh, I'll make it all up to you some day," he broke out, lifting his head. "I'm going to be a man. I know I'm not fit to go to them now. I've been drunk for days! But promise me you will take me to them soon, Josh."

"Day after to-morrow night is the anniversary of your goin' away. We'll go then," promised the grocer with a big smile. He took the boy's hand. "I'm goin' now. You just lie down on the sofa here. You'll stay at my place until after Christmas. He moved toward the door. Then he turned.

"Shall I fetch you anythin'?" he asked gently.

"Nothing," answered the young man, smiling. "I'm perfectly satisfied, Josh."

An hour later the grocer carried an armful of groceries and threw them into the back of the sleigh. "Merry Christmas to you both, Mrs. Lawrence," he cried, tucking the robes about the old couple. The old man chuckled, and the old lady, glancing about her fearfully, bent forward, hesitated, bent forward again, and kissed the big man on his broad forehead.

"God bless you," she said, gladly. "God bless you for sendin' for our Tommie. I'm right glad you think him so smart." The grocer laughed awkwardly.

"Yep, Tommie's goin' to work for me," he called. And with his heart in harmony with the jingling bells, he passed into his store.

A Christmas Cynic.

A woman's idea of doing charity work is to get somebody else to give the money for it.

It's very annoying to a girl to meet a man she likes when the color of the feathers on her hat doesn't harmonize with his cravat.—New York Press.



A CHRISTMAS ACROSTIC.

CHRISTMAS is not only a mile mark of another year, moving us to thoughts of self-examination; it is a season, from all its associations, whether domestic or religious, suggesting thoughts of joy. A man dissatisfied with his endeavors is a man tempted to sadness. And in the midst of winter, when his life runs lowest and he is reminded of the empty chains of his beloved, it is well he should be condemned to the fashion of the smiling face.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

HOW many old recollections and how many dormant sympathies does the Christmas time awaken! Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days; that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth; that can transport the sailor and the traveler thousands of miles away, back to his own fireside and his quiet home. Fill your glass again, with a merry face and contented heart. Our life on it, but your Christmas shall be merry and your New Year a happy one.—Charles Dickens.

REMEMBER that as surely as in that baby life at Bethlehem there lay the power which has run through all the world; the power which makes Judea burn like a star forever; the power which has transfigured history; the power which has made millions of men its joyous servants; the power of the millenniums yet to be, so surely in the humblest soul's humble certainty that it does love Christ, there lies embedded all the possibility of the most perfect sainthood.—Phillips Brooks.

IT IS a good thing to observe Christmas Day. The mere marking of time and seasons, when men agree to stop work and make merry together, is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his own little watch, now and then, by the great clock of humanity, which runs on sun time.—Henry Van Dyke.

SUPPOSE a note came on Christmas Day saying not, "I send my love and best wishes with this post-box," but, "I want you to know that your patience, or courage, or tenderness, during this last year, will help me to live more bravely and courageously this year." What a Christmas present the receipt of such a letter would be to any one of us. What a gift for any one of us to send to the human heart that has given us courage for the burden and heat of the day.—Margaret Deland.

THE season of regenerated feeling—the season of kindling, not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart. He who can turn cheerfully away from contemplating the felicity of his fellow beings, and can sit down darkling and repining in his loneliness when all around is joyful, may have his moments of selfish gratification, but he wants the genial and social sympathies which constitute the charm of a Merry Christmas.—Washington Irving.

MY CHRISTMAS wish for all is that they may taste the sweetness of love, enter into the joys of friendship, and know the divine beneficence of helping someone at present less fortunate than themselves. In these words are we to find the living spirit of the human and eternal Christmas. The universal gladness of Christmas is proportioned to the extent of its usefulness. People are happy, not in what they get so much as in what they give.—Minot J. Savage.

AND there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory

of the Lord shone around about them, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them: "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."—From the Gospel of St. Luke.

SANTA CLAUS remains, by virtue of a common understanding that childhood shall not be despoiled of one of its most cherished beliefs, either by the mythologist, with his sun myth theory, or the scientist, with his heartless diatribe against superstitions. He who does not see in the legend of Santa Claus a beautiful faith on the one side, and the native embodiment of a divine fact on the other, is not fit to have a place at the Christmas board.—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

The Christmas Tree.

Every time I see a Christmas tree studded with electric lights, garlands of tinsel gold festooning every branch, and hung with the hundred costly knickknacks the storekeepers invent year by year "to make trade," until the tree itself disappears entirely under its burden, I have a feeling that fraud has been practiced on the kindly spirit of Yale. Wax candles are the only real thing for a Christmas tree, candles of wax that mingle their perfume with that of the burning fir, not the by-product of some coal-oil or other abomination. What if the boughs do catch fire? They can be watched, and too many candles are tawdry, anyhow. Also, red apples, oranges and old-fashioned cornucopias made of colored paper, and made at home, look a hundred times better and fitter in the green; and so do drums and toy trumpets and wald-horns, and a rocking horse reined up in front that like it—Jacob Rills in Century.

A Cure for All Evils.

In certain parts of Worcestershire and Staffordshire, in England, the idea prevails that a silver coin from the Christmas morning offertory is a sovereign remedy for any ill that human flesh is heir to. Accordingly, any householder who happens to have an ailing child or other person in the house hies him to the clergyman of the parish on Christmas morning, and asks as a favor a sacrament shilling. The coin given in exchange has to be obtained by collecting a dozen pennies from as many different maidens, and then changing the coppers for a silver shilling. For this coin the applicant receives the coveted sacrament shilling, which, on being taken home, is hung round the ailing one's neck, and is popularly supposed to effect a rapid and complete cure of the complaint, no matter what it may be.

Where the Toys Are Made.

In Germany whole villages are devoted to the production of Christmas toys, and their busiest time is just about midsummer. By the end of August the receiving depots are crammed with Christmas clowns and Christmas mechanical puppets, Christmas drums and wooden horses—children's Christmas presents, in fact, of all sorts and kinds. And the travelers start out east, west, north and south with their Christmas samples about the time the corn is ready for the sickles of the reapers. In Holland, too, where more than one town is devoted, more or less, to the making of Christmas dolls, the same rule holds good. During May, June, July and August every man, woman and child in these places seem in some way to be occupied with the manufacture of miniature babies. Even at school during these particular months the sewing lessons are taken with dolls' clothes for models.

An Alibi for Santa

By Olivia Barton Strohm

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At a clearing of the forest stood MacGregor's store. It was sometimes called "The Crossing," but as the branch had long been impassable because of quicksands, these literal mountain folk had come to call it only "The Store." Here the mail was brought, from the railroad twice a week by carrier. But it sometimes chanced that somebody had an errand in town, and would "fetch" the letters with him.

This was just what happened the eve before Christmas. MacGregor himself, went for the mail—and a goodly lot of it there was, too. Several postal cards, at least a dozen letters, and as many other parcels.

He alighted from the wagon, hitched the mules outside, and hurried to the door which his daughter held open for him.

"My, Pappy, what a lot of letters! Any for me?"

Her father put them on the grocery counter, and, going back to the wagon, returned with a package of peppermint candy—sticks of red and white like small barber poles. These he put in a glass jar, then noticed the girl. "Hello, Mamie, what's in that there writin'?"

"Nothin'," was the terse response, and Mamie slipped the letter in her belt.

The man crossed to her with the swagger of conscious weakness. "Look here, Mamie, if it's from that ple-faced teacher down thar at the Gap, it'll be the worst fer you and him, too. Thar's lots of us ready to take Bud Johnson's part."

Her face flushed to the color of her Turkey red calico. "I'll never marry Bud Johnson so long as I'm alive! Shame on you, Pappy! It's all on account of that 20-acre lot. It's for sale;

to go to you, sweetheart; but will you come to me? By the pollard willow, at twilight to-night?"

Mamie glanced out of doors; the shadow of Mason's bluff was already empurpling the valley; it would soon be dusk.

She dived behind the counter, took out a suit of red flannel trimmed in white cotton, a peaked cap and mask with long, white beard attached. With this costume wrapped in a bundle she was waylaid at the door by her father. "Whar ye goin'?" he demanded, suspiciously.

"To find one of the neighbor boys to play Santa Claus; then I'm coming back to fix the tree," and snatching a shawl from the forked limb of a pine which served as hat-rack, she slipped out.

The air was fresh and frosty; already there was promise of the dark.

"At twilight," his note had said, and she started off toward the bridge at the Gap.

Face to the ladies and back to the wall; take a chaw o' terbacker and balance all.

The rafters of the cabin shook with the shuffling feet, the laughter of the dancers, the calls of the fiddler and the uncertain strains of "Old Dan Tucker." The fireplace smoked just enough to wrap the ceiling in picturesque Christmas swaddling clothes.

Coal oil lamps fitfully illuminated the tree at the far end of the big room. There was a sudden commotion at its base, as without warning Santa Claus stood on a tar-barrel, holding aloft his bundle.

"Promenade all; seats," roared the fiddler, and the dancers and the children gathered around the tree—but not too close, for Mamie, as mistress of ceremonies, waved them away from the magic circle. As he, in a thin, disguised voice, called out the names, the owner would step up and claim the parcel.

"Who is he?" one man asked, but MacGregor nudged the speaker. "Hush; it's one of the Jimson boys, most like; don't matter; we want to fool the youngsters and they think it's Old Nick himself."

"Malcolm MacGregor."

Now, it was not often that Mamie's



father had heard himself thus ceremoniously addressed, and the canny Scot blood leaped in veins he thought long dead to pride.

Somebody said: "Well, Mac, I reckon that's you," and he shuffled up to the tree and took the slip of paper Santa Claus proffered. It was a sworn promise to buy the 20-acre lot adjoining MacGregor's place, adding that the mysterious donor had stopped by the owner's farm and taken an option on it in favor of Malcolm MacGregor!

Below the business form were the written words: "The one and only consideration therefor, to be the hand of his daughter, Mary, to be mine, to have and to hold from this day forth."

MacGregor tottered to a chair, where he sat gazing at the precious paper. In the hubbub nobody noticed him; the children lingered about Santa Claus, sniffing at his empty bag, longing to touch the hem of his robe. He waved them away, signifying to Malcolm to follow him out of doors. Here, at the edge of the clearing, he awaited the man and his daughter.

When they came he said, still in the disguised voice: "May I hope, Mr. MacGregor, that you will accept of the plan—?"

"Put her thar, Bud," and Mac Gregor grasped his hand.

But he reeled and leaned against a blasted tree for support when Santa Claus, throwing off the cap, revealed the smooth-shaven, square-jawed face of the teacher at Rabun's Gap.

"Thank you, Mr. MacGregor," and the teacher moved to Mary's side.

Her father rallied to swear and say: "But I thought—"

"You thought you were swapping your daughter for a 20-acre lot,—and you were not mistaken; the only mistake is in the identity of the party, and that will scarcely matter. Or, perhaps, you prefer to let your friends know that—"

But nobody ever did know, and the identity of Santa Claus was so well kept that to this day the children believe that he hid in a cave, and the spring freshet rushed in and drowned him. Anyway, he has never come back.

"Your father will not permit me

Christmas Customs of Every Land Seen in Washington

By EDWARD B. CLARK
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WASHINGTON not only has a United States Christmas celebration but it has the festivities that mark the Christmas season in all the civilized nations of the world. At the Russian embassy there is a Christmas fete after the manner of the people in the land of the czar; there are French doings at the great European republic's official residence, and there is the genuine old English Christmas at the home of the British ambassador, and so many go on through the entire list of foreign representatives, not even barring the embassies of China and Japan, where in honor of the day, as Christian nations view it, the oriental officials have holiday dinners.

The South American people make much of Christmas. It is the great feast day in all Latin-American countries and the ambassadors and attaches and their families do not forget the customs of their native lands simply because for a few seasons they have been transplanted to new scenes. The "open house" is the order of the day in nearly every official residence in Washington after the family has had its own intimate celebration of the holiday. Large families are the rule rather than the exception among the ambassadors and ministers from the southern European and from the Central and South American countries. The children have a gala time of it at home and then the visiting begins. The presents that

green and so are the wild honey-suckle and the laurel, trees and plants that are abundant along the Potomac. President Roosevelt was, as everyone knows, a nature lover. He took every opportunity that offered to get away from the city. His daily walks and rides took him far into the country, and on Christmas day during the last four years of his term of office he went to Pine Knot, a wooded, mountain country place that belonged to his wife. Mr. Roosevelt stayed in Washington until



CHRISTMAS PARTY OF PAN-AMERICAN YOUNG PEOPLE

son and Dixon line. So it is that a Washington Christmas day idea has been made to serve the ends of science.

It has been said that in years past a great many of the senators and representatives in congress went home to spend the holidays, but that now the practice largely has passed. An exception should be made for the past, and the present, as well, in the cases of those senators and members who have in charge legislation which has been proposed in bill form at the opening of the session of congress. When bills are introduced they are at once referred to committees and if the measures are of importance the chairmen of the committees to which they have been sent, make

were all busy erecting presepios in the homes of the quality, while the poorer folk were constructing their own. As the mainland grows more sophisticated the quaint old devotion is fading away; but in conservative Sicily people still make the presepio every year as they dress Christmas trees in New York. All over the island families are busy from December 1 to 15 putting their old presepios in order, or making new ones; and there is much calling to and fro to compare results and admire new and elaborate specimens of the art. The presepio may be a little thing on a stand in one corner, or it may occupy the whole side of a room.

It may represent a whole mountain side, made of the rough, flexible bark or the cork tree. Peaks, crags and precipices abound, with winding trails, houses and castles of colored cardboard, forests of twigs and sometimes tiny pipes to furnish brooks and lakes. In the center is the grotto, with the holy family within. A sky of blue paper is stretched above, with the Star of Bethlehem conspicuous, and over the hills come the shepherds bearing the gifts to the babe.

Spain, like Sicily, has never lost the presepio, and in both Spanish and Sicilian cities there are booths for the sale of miniature shepherds, magi and all the accessories of the art. In France the creche is not made at home, as in the southern countries, but it used to be a part of the Christmas decorations of every French church, and is still so in the rural districts. Many a polished cosmopolite of Paris can remember working busily for days before Christmas in his childhood to help freshen up and rejuvenate the creche of his parish church in some little village of France. In the villages close by Paris to-day children who go about the streets singing Christmas carols carry a little creche in a box upon their shoulders.

The manger typifies the difference between the Latin and the Teuton Christmas. The Latin Christmas is a purely religious festival, as much so as any other feast of the church. It has no particularly domestic or social quality. Italian children never get presents on Christmas day. That is done on All Souls' day, in October, when they believe—if they are very small—that the spirits of their departed relatives have come back in the night and left presents for them; undoubtedly a very ancient relic of ancestor worship. It is the great Teuton family of nations that give presents to children on Christmas day. And the Christmas tree came out of the vast forests where dwell the heathen German and Scandinavian tribes. It is, in fact, a pagan relic, passed down from primitive forest dwellers and worshippers. Where Celt, Slav or Latin use it, they have borrowed it.

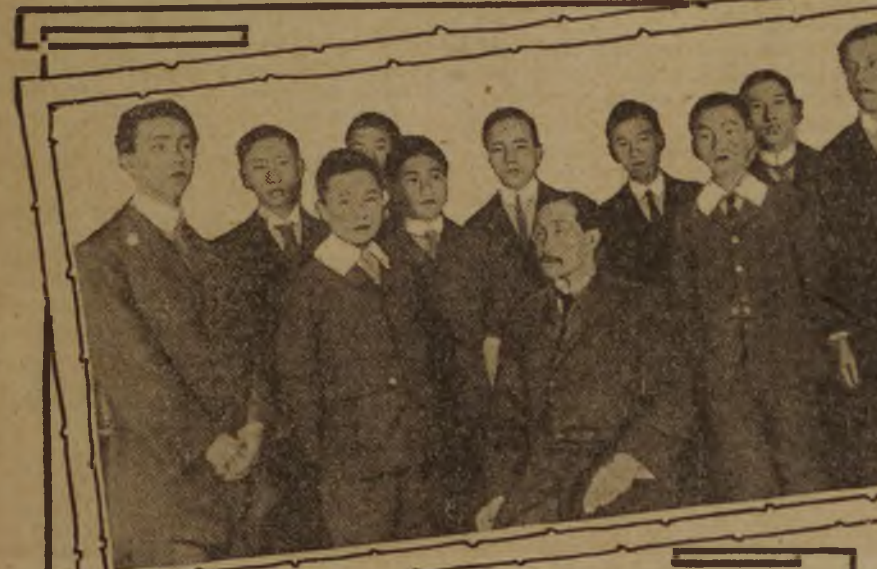
France, half Latin and half Celt, dashed with Gaul and Viking, is a family by herself in this, as in everything. She builds the manger in the churches, but at home, though she seldom dresses a Christmas tree, little Babettes and Pierres set their shoes by the fireplace instead of hanging up their stockings. Pierre and Babettes, if they are very small indeed, believe that "le petit Jesus" or "le petit Noel"—"the little Jesus" or "the little Christmas"—have brought the gifts. But the average French child is as sophisticated as young America, and Pierre has to be a very little boy indeed, to believe in "le petit Jesus." No French or Italian child ever hears of Santa Claus till he comes to America; by which it may be gathered that that good saint was strictly German, and when he emigrated, came to America like all the rest of the Germans.

The growth of the typical American Christmas, with its universal Christmas greens and present-giving, is a curious phenomenon. It has no roots in American history. The original settlers of New England never observed it. The Dutch of New Amsterdam scarcely noticed it, but made New Year's the great, joyous, popular festival. Within the memory of old people still living Christmas passed unobserved in New York, while all holiday merrymaking centered in New Year's day. Modern America has built up a Christmas festival of its own, and has rejected definitely the religious feast in favor of the social and domestic one. In one way, however, the American Christmas is more religious than any and all the Latin church feasts put together. One who has lived through a year's changing round of saints' days in Italy, in all of which no work is done and the people take holiday, will observe that the thought of the people never goes out to those in need. The abounding giving of an American Christmas; the uneasy, uncomfortable feeling that every child, at least, must have, if possible, a good dinner and a present on Christmas day, is quite unknown in the Latin countries.

The feeling that poor old bums and hoboes, even the criminals in their prisons, the paupers in their almshouses, the beggars, the unworthy—all ought to have something good to eat on that day, and a little Christmas cheer in some form—is part of the American Christmas.

The races that come to the melting pot of America keep their home Christmas for only a few years after they arrive. Then they drift off into a more or less Americanized Christmas.

For a few years after they come, also, they try to eat their traditional dishes at Christmas time. The Hungarian housewife makes the Christmas cakes which a long line of ancestral cooks made before her across seas. They are round balls of dough, covered with honey and poppy seed, and then baked. The Bohemians and Poles also make poppy seed cakes, each in a different style. The Sicilian housewife, too, has a traditional Christmas cake. It is a ring of dough with a hole in the middle—the Italian doughnut, in fact—which is fried, sprinkled with sugar and eaten hot.



CHINESE STUDENTS AT CHRISTMAS REUNION AT CHINESE LEGATION

are purchased and stored temporarily in the embassies are not all for the adults and children of the household. The probable visitors of the day are borne in mind and as a little Brazilian boy in Washington put it once: "I have had ten Christmases in ten hours."

Church going on Christmas day is the rule in Washington. Some persons have been unkind enough to say that all the American officials go to church on Christmas because the fact is very apt to get into the newspapers and "it reads well at home." The majority of the Central American and South American diplomats temporarily resident in Washington, are nominally at least good churchmen, and they attend service as a matter of training and as a matter of course. Practically all the women from the Latin-American countries are religiously devout, and with them church going on Christmas is a matter of duty that is not to be neglected under any circumstances. No child is allowed to miss church and the result is that all the capital city temples of worship are well filled on the feast day.

President Taft always has been a regular attendant at church and his service going since he became president establishes no precedent. Mrs. Taft and the children are Episcopalians, while the president is a Unitarian, and so it is that Sundays and other church days are the only days in the year that the family becomes in a sense divided. The president attends service at the Unitarian church of All Souls, of which the Rev. U. G. B. Pierce is the pastor. Mrs. Taft and the children are regular attendants at St. John's Episcopal church which in years past was attended by so many presidents of the United States that it came to be known semi-jocosely as "the Church of State." Mrs. Roosevelt and her children also attended St. John's on Sundays and Christmas days, while Mr. Roosevelt went to the little German Reformed church on Fifteenth street, and rarely missed a service.

This Christmas season the majority of the members of both houses of congress are in the capital city. Time was, and not so long ago, that senators and representatives took their families and went home to spend the holiday season, but now, for financial reasons, the national legislators in the main elect to stay in Washington for their holiday making. Prior to the passage of the last railroad rate bill most of the members of congress had passed on the railroads. Now they have to pay their way when they travel and for those who live at a distance from Washington this means a considerable expenditure of money in case they desire to go home at Christmas.

Every employe of the White House is given a Christmas turkey by the president. This is a custom of many years standing, and only once or twice has it been broken. The clerks in the departments, and there are many thousands of them, not only get a Christmas holiday, but are allowed to leave their work at noon on the day previous in order that they may do their Christmas shopping. The lot of the department clerk in Washington is not a hard one, as far as the matter of holidays is concerned. Every employe is given a month's leave on full pay in each year, and is allowed another month "to be sick in." This last statement means, of course, only that if an employe is ill he or she receives full pay for one month on receipt of the physician's certificate that the illness has been real. The clerks get seven or eight holidays each year, and these, taken in connection with the month's leave, and with the fact that the hours of work number only seven and a half each day, make the laboring condition of the department clerk fairly comfortable.

Washington's Christmas is always a green Christmas, even if there is snow on the ground, for in this latitude there are many trees and shrubs that hold their leaves and their color all through the year. As a matter of fact there is rarely any snow in the capital city that is worthy of the name. All last winter, save for a few hours, the streets were bare of snow. Then came March 4th, inauguration day, and a record-making blizzard with a downfall of snow, hail and rain mixed. The holly is always

the festivities of the day were over and the children had a chance to take account of their presents, and then he left for the log cabin in Virginia where he could sit in front of a huge open fire with a genuine "old Christmas" back log. On these Christmas outings Mr. Roosevelt did a little rabbit shooting and tried to do some turkey shooting, but the major part of the day time he spent in the fields armed only with an opera glass, with which he studied the winter birds, always with an eye sharpened to the possibility of finding some species that was rare.

President Taft loves nature, too, in a way, but he is not much of a trapper excepting where the walk leads over the golf links on which he spends his holiday afternoons, Christmas included, for in Washington because of the comparative mildness of the climate, the game of golf is possible nearly every day in the year.

There are several hundred officers of the army and navy stationed in Washington, most of them being detailed for office work in the departments for a term of four years. The naval officers perhaps enjoy their holiday-making in the capital more than do their brothers of the army, for the sailors have been compelled to spend many Christmases at sea away from their wives and families, while here they may gather their families about them and not break any sea regulations in so doing. The army officer, whether he goes to the Philippines or to some distant frontier post, ordinarily takes his family with him and so Christmas day does not to him necessarily bring with it the sense of loneliness and homesickness that it brings to the man at sea.

In the biological survey, which is a bureau of the department of agriculture, there are many scientists at work. Most of these men have spent a large part of their lives in the wilds studying birds and mammals, and shells, plants and fishes, to say nothing of reptiles. The office life is irksome to these scientists. They belong to the free air, the barren plains, and the pine forests. So it is that on every holiday that brings with it a release from office cares, they take to the open fields. About the hills in many places about Washington on Christmas day there are to be seen the little camp fires of the scientists who are cooking their mid-day Christmas dinners under the open sky.

Some time ago all the bird students in the United States were asked, if they could, to make a trip afield on Christmas day and to make a list of the birds that they found. Thousands of bird lovers followed the suggestion and are still following it. Each one of the students turns in a report to a central headquarters giving the names of the birds that on Christmas day fell under his observation. As a result of this practice the Washington scientists have many valuable notes concerning "out of season" birds. For instance, the report came to Washington on a Christmas or two ago, that on the holiday four mocking birds were seen and positively identified in the fields near Boston, Mass. Other birds were reported from other northern localities, birds that in the ordinary course of things ought to have been far south of the Ma-

SPANISH MINISTER AND SECRETARY STARTING ON ROUND OF CALLS



MISS KIYO TAKAHIRA, DAUGHTER OF THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR

a study of them in order that their merits and demerits may be determined. In some cases this means long and continued study and it is not at all unusual thing to find a committee chairman giving over the joys of the home life on Christmas day to consult precedents and to formulate arguments to be used for or against some proposed legislation, and to find him doing this in the seclusion of a stuffy office room on Christmas day.

A good many Washington people, especially those who came here from the south, go over into Virginia to hunt on Christmas day. In parts of the Old Dominion fox hunting is still the order of the winter day, and if the fox is not in evidence there are always rabbits and quail, while on the lower Potomac and in the marshes along Chesapeake bay in open winters, the ducks and the geese are fairly abundant. The outdoor life appeals strongly to the southerner, and in many cases the northerners who have come to the Potomac country have formed the hunting habit and join the Christmas day outing parties of their southern cousins.

Christmas is the great holiday of Washington. From high to low the people make the most of it. There is good cheer everywhere evident and charity is not forgotten.

AMERICA'S CHRISTMAS THE BEST OF ALL

An occasional Jersey commuter, familiar with the religious section of Barclay street, is commonly the only sort of American in New York who knows a presepio by sight. Yet the presepio is the sign of the Latin Christmas, as the fir tree is of the northern. The manger of the Barclay street windows shows only the inside of the stable, with the figures and the cattle done in Italian terra cotta. But the real presepio in its native land may show the whole countryside as well, and if the pilgrims wending their way to the manger are good Sicilian peasants, bearing good Sicilian wine and cheese on their donkeys, they are only the more interesting.

St. Francis, born in the quaint little town of Assisi among the brown Umbrian hills, in 1182, invented the presepio to make the Christmas story plain to the simple, illiterate common people. During the 800 years since it has remained a favorite devotion in Latin Europe. The Italian and Spanish call it the presepio, the manger; the French the creche, the cradle; and the Hungarians and Belgians, Bethlehem, or Bethlehem.

The Christmas Scapegoat by JACK NORMAN

Death and Life A Vision at Christmas

By CLINTON DANGERFIELD

IN THE early days of men the Lord sent two powers on earth to have dominion over them. One of these was Death—the other Life.

The stern front of Life showed what he really was: unmerciful, exacting, swift to demand obedience to a thousand laws, swift to punish with the keen sword of pain when those laws were broken.

His eyes were the eyes of a warlord; his hand as cold as iron—and as strong.

The tasks he set were many. Few of these were to the liking of the children of men, though some thinkers perceived that out of these heavy tasks came strength, also that if one wrestled with them stoutly one might even master Life himself and compel him to graciousness.

Now the other power—Death—was a woman.

Tall she was, but so perfectly formed that her height was no blemish. Sleepy-eyed she was, but her slow, sweet smile was so infinitely tender and lovely that in the midst of their tasks men stopped to gaze on her as she passed.

At last one of the young men followed her. She spoke to him—her voice being that unspeakable music which not even a violin can outsing—and the young man returned into the fields of Life no more.

Then a little child, weary of flower-gathering, pulled at her garments' hem, and all the workers held their breath, waiting to see what Death would do; for Life had painted her in very evil colors.

But Death lifted the child and laid her on her own deep bosom and sang to her.

As she sang the child slept, and an exquisite smile lingered on its lips, as though its visions were very fair.

Then Death held out the child that the workers might see, and cried:

"Oh, ye who labor, beset with unending toil, see ye how I have blessed the child? Never more shall the heat of summer vex her, nor the cold of winter! I have made her deaf to sorrow and unmoved by the vibrations ye call joy. Forever shall her brow go unwrinkled, and because she hath chosen me I will give her the key to Heaven's immortal gates."

And a worker cried:

"Ye have blessed the child because she was your chosen one?"

The cry was a question. Said Death dreamily:

"As I gave the child peace, so would I give it to all who come to me—trusting me wholly!"

Looking out across the blazing fields she stretched her rounded arms and cried: "Ye are all mine! Lover of souls am I!"

And with one accord they threw down their tools and followed her into a far land, beyond the domain of Life.

Now Life was vexed exceedingly by the unfinished task. He went straight-

way to the Lord and complained how Death had led away part of his workers.

And the Lord sent a great white angel unto the remainder and forbade them, through the angel, to hearken unto Death until they could serve Life no longer.

For the Lord knew that the stern dominion of Life must be, for the sake of the men he hoped to complete.

But only a few, a very few, of the children of men obeyed the angel. Let Death but pass the toilers, and her beauty was so great they continued to desert their posts and follow after her.

Then Life cried unto the Lord with a great voice:

"Death seduces my servants!"

And the Lord said:

"Deal with Death as thou wilt."

Therefore Life seized on Death and cut away her perfumed locks, and put on her a painted mask, most hideous to behold. And he sealed the lips of Death, saying, "Be thou dumb, and be thou no longer known as a woman." With this he cast over Death's wonderful form a black mantle, like a pall, and on it Life painted:

"This is the King of Terrors."

Then he sent Death forth, and thereafter whenever she came near the workers they fled from her and cried aloud unto Life:

"Matters not how hard thy tasks, oh dear Life, if thou wilt but save us from this frightful Death!"

And Life said unto the Lord:

"Have I not done well?"

And he answered in exceeding sorrow:

"Needs must thy work on Death stand. And this because of the weakness of men who were seduced by her beauty and who heeded not my angel's voice. Yet very differently had I planned for my people. For in the beginning I set the loveliness of Death plainly before them, that they might endure their tasks happily, knowing how sweet the end would be. But they have defeated my wisdom. On their own heads be it!"

And Life went his way, satisfied. Thereafter, when a child or man became useless to him he cast it into the arms of Death, because its task was finished.

And the soul of Death sang to the soul of the mortal given her, though her lips were dumb, and she blessed it with an infinite blessing and bore it away.

But the toilers mourned greatly that Death should have dominion over one of their number, and they turned the more desperately to Life, who smiled sternly and was content.

(Copyrighted.)

A Christmas Hymn.

O Christ, upon whose natal morn
Rejoicing angels sang,
When o'er the blue Judean hills
Their heavenly anthems rang!

O Christ, to whom with gifts from far
Came shepherd, sage and king,
Our choicest gifts on this glad morn,
Our hearts, we humbly bring!

Grant us to follow Thee in love,
Nor from Thy path to stray,
Thy blessed feet have gone before
And glorified the way.

We join the angel choirs that sing
This happy morn again,
"Glory to God, the Lord Most High,
Good-will and peace to men!"

—Martha C. Howe.



R. PETERS brought you some mail, Miss Pam," announced Aunt Sally, coming into the cozy sitting room with four damp letters.

Pamela looked them over knowingly, felt of their soft contents and smiled grimly.

"The regular Christmas donations of handkerchiefs has begun," she observed in a dry but humorous voice. "This is from Lottie Preston. This," fingering a thinner envelope gingerly, "is probably a pin cushion cover from Geraldine, and this very fat envelope contains a linen initial handkerchief from Molly Drew."

"Last year, Aunt Sally, I received 17 handkerchiefs and three embroidered cushion tops that bore unmistakable marks of previous Christmas travels. I received three invitations to spend Christmas with relatives—Salina and Pauline, of course, and the Prestons—all of whom had gaps to be filled in, and I filled them as usual. I spent \$32 for Christmas gifts that I didn't enjoy giving because I knew they were expected, and made three trips to the city for the express purpose of suiting everybody as nearly as possible, and in consequence I grew so tired that I was cross to you for two whole days before I left on my Christmas tour."

"This year I shall not make a single present outside of my immediate family—which means just us two, Aunt Sally, for I intend to make myself a handsome Christmas present instead of wasting my money on the relatives who dump all their left-overs on me. I shall not accept a single invitation, either. I have lost the Christmas spirit."

Aunt Sally's honest black face took on a look of perplexity, whereupon Miss Pamela went on to explain the situation.

"I am tired of being a Christmas scapegoat," she declared with spirit. "Everything unpleasant is loaded on my shoulders because I happen to be unmarried."

"I do wish to goodness sake you had a married!" exclaimed Aunt Sally in a tone that gave Pamela to understand that all hope had been relinquished.

"You never was cut out for an old maid," Aunt Sally maintained, sorrowfully, whereupon Pamela shrugged her well-set shoulders in half-humorous despair.

She dearly loved her faithful old servant and friend, who had descended to her together with the little country home which was the most undesirable of "effects" mentioned in the paternal will—to be equally divided among my three daughters."

Pamela being unmarried, had no need of the negotiable property which her sisters' husbands eagerly desired for the purpose of enlarging their business operations, so Pamela had accepted the country house and a third of a maternal income, which barely sufficed to cover the taxes and repairs.

"Now we shall see what Salina has to say," observed Pamela as she opened her sister's hurriedly scrawled letter.

"Dear Pamela," she read aloud. "Please don't take offense at what I have done, for I simply had to take advantage of your irresponsibility at a pinch. The Kensingtons—you remember them, don't you, Jim's sister and family?—have just come back from Texas, of course expecting to be invited here for Christmas. That is what we'd have to do if I didn't have you to fall back on. I'm sending them all down to you to spend the holidays, as we simply can't have them here, for the reason that we've invited the Masons, Jim's business friends, you know. It is likely that Tom Mason will be here if he can get away from a pressing business engagement, and as he was rather attentive to Geraldine last summer at the mountains something may come of this Christmas visit. You know how fastidious Tom is and how a crowd of noisy children would annoy him. I know men of his kind—they are as sensitive as girls, and I don't propose to spoil my daughter's prospects for the sake of the Kensingtons."

"Geraldine is packing a box of things for the Kensingtons which we will send by express to-day, so you needn't go to any expense buying Christmas presents for them. I hope you'll have a real pleasant Christmas and come to see us as soon after the holidays as possible."

Pamela threw down the letter with a determined gesture and for a few moments she thought deeply, painstakingly, with her smooth forehead puckered in a very unusual frown.

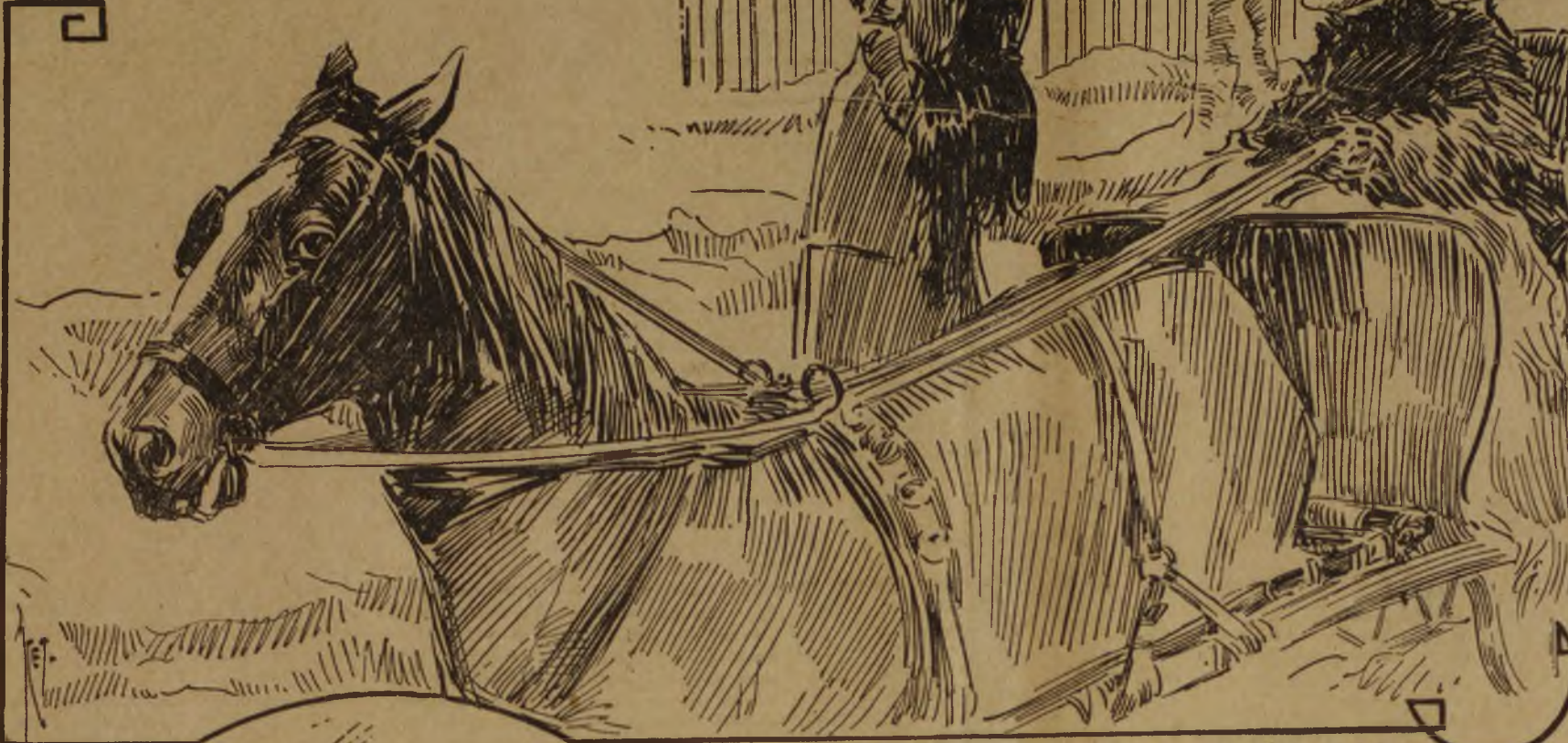
"Aunt Sally," she said suddenly, "could you possibly make out to spend Christmas week in the pasture cabin?"

"For what, Miss Pam?" asked the negress in a puzzled voice.

"For peace—I'm going to spend Christmas as I please. The Kensingtons can come if they like and make merry in my house, but I am not going to be a Christmas scapegoat any longer. Can you make the cabin do, Aunt Sally?"

"Deed an' I can," was the confident answer. "I can cook the bestes' kind in a fireplace, jes' like my old mammy could. Ben can haul us down all the bed close an' things we need."

Fortunately Salina was at home when Pamela's telephone call reached her, so there was no delay. She was surprised to receive a mes-



"I'M NOT LIVING THERE JUST AT PRESENT," SAID PAMELA



"I'M TIRED OF BEING A CHRISTMAS SCAPEGOAT."

birthday. I remember Salina told us the whole Kensingtons' history when she received her sister-in-law's announcement of the child's birth—four girls and a boy.

"That last un walks terrible puny," Aunt Sally observed with something akin to pity.

"That must be the mother. She has had a lot of sickness, I understand. The father died three years ago, but according to Jim and Salina he wasn't of much account anyway—a professor, or something bookish, I believe."

Pamela went back to her writing, but seemed unable to finish it to her satisfaction. She could not put her mind to it; instead, she kept thinking of the Kensingtons, of Salina and Geraldine, and lastly of Tom Mason, whose supposed fancy for the former surprised and rather irritated Pamela, who had always considered Tom thoroughly sensible.

"I suppose his money has spoiled him," she said to herself as her mind went back to the days when Tom was her school friend, before the Masons made their fortune in Pennsylvania oil lands.

"Certainly Tom Mason of old would not have thought of marrying an affected, vain girl like Geraldine. How Salina has spoiled that girl! Whew, there goes the ink all over my letter. Now I shall have to write another!"

But she didn't even begin another letter. Instead she rose and hung on her coat and hood preparatory to going out.

"I'm going up to the house, Aunt Sally," she announced to her surprised servant. "I'll pretend I'm a neighbor who wants to see the lady of the place."

Pamela rang her own doorbell rather timidly, and was admitted by a tall, rather pale girl in a skimpy plaid dress.

The girl led her to the dining room, where the other four were seated before an open fire. In a deep-seated rocker, with a well-worn shawl about her thin shoulders, sat a gaunt-looking woman of middle age, who introduced herself as Mrs. Kensington, a relative-in-law of Miss Pamela.

"You are not very well, are you?" Pamela asked, as she accepted a chair beside the fire.

"I'm a great deal better than I was last year," was the cheerful answer.

Miss Pamela left such a kind note of welcome for us. She must be a very nice person.

"O, yes," said Pamela, with a flush of shame as she remembered the indifferent wording of that reluctant note. "Well, I must go. Thank you for letting me warm up. I hope you'll have a real nice Christmas here."

She rushed out into the keen, wintry day in a rage against herself and Salina and Jim, who had combined in that shabby treatment of the needy Kensingtons.

Outside of her gate she narrowly escaped being run over by a trig little cutter with two occupants, one of whom she recognized with a start of amazement as her old friend, Tom Mason.

He looked exceedingly well-to-do in his fur great coat and his smooth, blond face had a fresh, boyish charm that made him look much younger than he really was, for Pamela knew that he was exactly her own age—31.

"May I stop?" he asked, as he threw back the lap robes. "The south-bound train ran off the track just below the station here and I took that opportunity to give myself the pleasure of calling on you."

"I'm not living there just at present," said Pamela, with a backward nod of her head, "but I'll be glad to have you go down to my cabin with me. And O, I do need sensible advice just this moment, and I'm awfully glad to see you, Tom."

Seated before Aunt Sally's nicely laid table in the lean-to kitchen, Pamela poured out the story of the Kensingtons.

"Do tell me what I can do to ease my con-

science and give those people a real good time," she begged.

"Why, give them a rousing good Christmas tree. I'll help," Tom offered cheerfully.

"Geraldine is sending a Christmas box for the Kensingtons, but I don't believe there'll be enough in it to make the tree look real festive," said Pamela, "so we'd better do what we can at the village."

The tree trimming began that evening with great gusto. Tom opened Geraldine's Christmas box expectantly and out tumbled a lot of antiquated toys, half a dozen summer hats, stained and crushed beyond repair, some worn and none too clean waists and two dragged, silk-lined skirts. In the bottom of the box were two baskets of cheap candy and a cake and a few showy Christmas cards.

Tom's wholesome face had taken on a look of deep disgust. He caught up the armful of rumpled finery and flung it violently on the glowing coals of the big fireplace.

"So much for Geraldine's generosity!" he exclaimed in a voice that would have made Geraldine's ears burn furiously, had she heard it.

At 10 o'clock Tom took his cheerful leave, promising to return by 10 o'clock on Christmas morning.

Tom reappeared promptly at the appointed hour, with additional packages, which he stowed in a corner, for they did not seem designed for the tree.

At 11:30 the jangle of sleigh bells announced the arrival of the guests, who trooped in rather timidly, bewildered by the littleness and humbleness of the cabin, evidently, but Tom soon put them at ease.

By the time dinner was over the guests were as happy as birds, even to the pale, weak-looking mother, who glowed with the reflected happiness of her children.

And the Christmas tree surprise! It was almost too much to be quietly borne by children who had known so very little of Christmas lavishment. Laden with gifts, they departed all a-quiver with gratitude.

"It has been a great success!" Tom declared when the jangle of sleigh bells had died away on the icy night air. "One phase of it is regrettable, though, and that is the dissatisfaction it has left in my mind."

"What do you mean?" Pamela asked, frankly surprised.

"It has made me feel dissatisfied with my bachelor existence. It is lonely at best and a pretty selfish way of living."

"So unmarried men are selfish and irresponsible as well as unmarried women, are they?" mused Pamela. "I'm rather glad to hear that because I have so often been censured for selfishness and obstinacy and—"

"Do you ever think seriously of getting married, Pam?" Tom broke in.

"I haven't for years," was the frank answer.

"I have thought of it a good deal lately—very lately," he declared, significantly. "If you could make up your mind to marry me, Pamela, we could have many a Christmas like this, for we certainly—"

"Marry you!" Pamela echoed, turning her crimsoning face toward the speaker. "Why, I never once thought of—not for years, that is," she interrupted herself to say truthfully.

"But once you did think of me," Tom cried, triumphantly. "I wanted you years ago, Pam, but now I want you a great deal more. At 31 a man knows his mind perfectly, especially if it concerns a woman that he has known and cared for all his life."

Then for the first time the remembrance of Geraldine's expectations surged through Pamela's mind. She spoke of it in a confused, embarrassed way, whereupon Tom laughed and said he guessed the Clydes would survive the disappointment, especially as he had never given them any grounds for such expectations.

"Come, Pam, give me my answer," he urged, "and don't forget that the season called for—a joyous one to me."

Aunt Sally, listening eagerly behind the half-shut kitchen door, saw rather than heard what followed. She smiled a big, intensely gratified smile as she turned back to her fragrant old pipe.

"Thank the good Lord, she's settled at last!" she exclaimed, gratefully.

Then, after a long, delicious pull at her faithful pipe, she added, triumphantly, "An' she's done better'n any of 'em, too, if she is a Christmas scapegoat."



'Tis the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature is stirring—not even a mouse.

Old Santa comes driving his reindeer, whose hoofs
Go clinkety-clack as they race on the roofs.

His sleigh is heaped high with the wonderful toys
He brings for the good little girls and the boys.

He stops at a chimney and takes up his pack
And sings as he swings it right up to his neck.

But just as he starts to go slipping down
A stranger steps up with a visitor's frown.

And ere good old Santa the chimney top vaults
The stranger lifts up his gloved hand and says, "Halt!"

"These toys you are bringing into our fairland
Are wholly illegal. Do you understand?"

The laws we've enacted must all be obeyed,
And you can't go on till the duty is paid.

Don't try to evade it, or soon, truth to tell,
A smuggler you'll be in a gloomy old cell.

Poor Santa was taken aback by this news
And trembled with wrath from his cap to his shoes.

"What's this?" he exclaimed. "Can I trust my own ears?
I've been doing this for these hundreds of years.

I've been bringing gladness to girls and to boys—
Stand back! I must take them their dolls and their toys."

Alas! In a moment a squad of police
Seized Santa and ere his stout struggles could cease

They gyved him and chained him and took him away—
And that is the reason why these Christmas day

The stockings all empty and mournfully swayed
Because the new tariff had never been paid.

NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

By E. J. EDWARDS

Memory Saved \$31,000,000

How Mexican Claim for Enormous Damages for Depredations Committed by Our Indians Was Shattered by J. H. Ashton.

It is a part of American history that during Grant's first administration the government of Mexico vainly endeavored to convince an international arbitration convention that it should be awarded \$31,000,000 damages against the United States for depredations committed by our Indians in Mexico following the close of the Mexican war and the year 1853. But so far as I have been able to learn, there is no record anywhere of the fact that, even when it seemed certain to many that this government would have to pay the heavy damages asked, the Mexican claim was completely shattered by as marvelous a feat of memory as has been recorded.

This new light on an important event in the history of world arbitration was given to me some time since by a distinguished lawyer who has been prominent in American diplomacy. And when he told me the story, he prefaced it with the remark that he saw no reason now why he should not tell it, leaving me to infer that his lips had been sealed by the man who performed the feat of memory after the latter's death.

The central figure in this drama of millions was Joseph Hubley Ashton, who was one of the founders of the American Bar association, and who died in Washington a few years ago.

He was one of the great intellects of the American bar, yet his career illustrates the truth of the saying that great lawyers often have no fame. Besides his marvelous mastery of the fundamental principles of law, Mr. Ashton probably had the most extraordinary memory of any American lawyer. I mean by this his memory was absolutely accurate. It was a phenomenal storehouse of facts, dates, names, events. The courts needed no verification of any statement that he made. And of the archives of the state department, where his work frequently took him, Mr. Ashton's memory was almost as good as an index.

This able lawyer was chosen our government's agent when the Indian claims were placed before a board of arbitration consisting of two American and two Mexican members, with the British minister to this country, Sir Edward Thornton, as umpire. Mr. Ashton had opposed to him Gen. Caleb Cushing, who had been our first minister plenipotentiary to China, and who for years had been looked upon as the equal of any great American lawyer who could be named. At this time he was at the height of his world-wide reputation as a lawyer, a scholar, and a diplomat who could talk fluently in the language spoken at any European court.

Right here comes in Mr. Ashton, with that wonderful memory of his. As has already been remarked, he frequently conducted researches in the archives of the state department, which were not then kept handily nor

indexed, as now. Casting about for a suitable defense to make before the convention, he recalled that during one of his searches among the chaos of state department papers he had accidentally come across and casually read some official document in which, it seemed to him, as he recalled it, Mexico had waived her Indian claims against this government, in consideration of the fact that the United States had paid to Mexico \$10,000,000 for what is commonly known as the Gadsden purchase. By this purchase made in 1853, this country obtained territory that now lies in Arizona and partly in New Mexico.

Hundreds, thousands of papers were examined by Mr. Ashton. Then, finally, there came a day when he pulled some loose papers from a dirty envelope—his task was over. For among these papers, whose very existence had been forgotten by everybody except the man who accidentally stumbled upon them long before when about other business, and glanced casually over them, was found a note from Gen. Almonte, written when he was the Mexican minister at Washington, in which it was officially stated that in view of the terms of the Gadsden purchase, Mexico waived all claims for depredations committed by our Indians on her territory.

There remained just one thing to do. When the convention met, with Gen. Caleb and his client cocksure of victory, Mr. Ashton quietly produced the Mexican waiver. The brilliant Cushing and the Mexicans were utterly confounded; Sir Edward Thornton, as umpire, gave judgment for the United States—an infallible memory had saved the country a fortune.

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Miss Anne's Christmas Visitors

By Lena M. McCauley

(Copyright.)

WHO IS willing to play Santa Claus? What shall we do with the children?"

This being the final question, the chairman of the board of managers sat down to wait for an answer. St. Elizabeth's orphanage was facing a Christmas without festivities, owing to the marriage of the matron, and a disabled heating plant.

Little Mrs. Thompson, confessing a brood of six boys and girls of her own, was the first to speak.

"Suppose we invite the orphans home with us; I know many town-folk would be glad to help us out. It will be a treat to them. I can take two."

"Bravo!" said the chairman, clapping her gloved hands. "I will take two little girls myself."

"Of course they will have their company manners on. I will take a boy with curls. Mr. Jones dotes on boys, and we have only girls, but I must be permitted to pick him out," cried the secretary, joining in.

"I'd rather have a child choose me. I'll go into the school room and ask those who would like to visit me to leave their names on the desk. If they choose me, I am sure they will like me. I can take four just as well as two. Our house is so large," said Mrs. Cliff, the Lady Bountiful of the village.

When the chorus had quieted, 20 children were provided for, and there was every reason to believe that all would be settled in homes before night. That afternoon a score of hospitable villagers visited the orphanage, and it proved that there were more invitations than were needed. As the children were checked off from the monthly school room list, it happened that a group of five quarantined in the attic hospital for the mumps were overlooked. It may be that the over-cautious doctor had omitted their names, or that some villager had hes-

"I know," said Jane Smith, "I know. It's the house with Christmas trees around it, and turkey gobblers in the yard."

"That's where Miss Anne lives," said John Bell. "It's a big house, and I'd think she would get real lonesome with only Peter and Rebecca."

Mrs. Brown, the cook, looked out from her window and saw the conference. "Of course nobody wants children getting over the mumps," she said to herself. "But I'll make them have a good time. I'll go upstairs right away and gather all the candle ends, and then I'll call them in and make candy."

In the old colonial house surrounded by evergreens lived Miss Anne Armstrong. Her windows overlooked the pasture where the children played beside the orphanage on the hill. Miss Anne was the last of her family. She ordered her life carefully and saw that her maid Rebecca kept the house spotless and her man Peter kept the garden weedless, while she knit endless patterns of lace.

Christmas was coming, she knew by the calendar, and that evening as she walked home from the postoffice she had witnessed the reception of orphans at more than one house of her acquaintance. Even Widow Simpkins, the washerwoman, had taken a little boy who asked to visit her jolly young family.

"Dear me, I feel left out," said Miss Anne as she saw the young strangers taken in the door. "I wonder if anyone would have elected to go with me, if I had gone to the orphanage. I must send Mrs. Simpkins some red Jonathans for the children."

Miss Anne saw the big flame of her astral lamp blaze in her window like a star sending its light across the snowy fields to the group on the orphanage steps. Then she met Rebecca at the door and seated herself beside her bountiful table.

"I do not believe that I shall have a single visitor this Christmas," sighed Miss Anne, a feeling of loneliness creeping over her. "But why should anyone think of me, when I do not think of others as I should?"

At that moment there was a clatter of feet on the porch, and the brass knocker dropped with a resounding clang. It startled Rebecca and Peter in the kitchen, and both rushed into the hallway.

Rebecca drew the bolt and turned the knob of the door which the wind tore from her grasp, letting in a



Far to the eastward there shone a new star.....

One thousand nine hundred and nine years ago, in the days of the mighty Herod, there lay upon a hillside not far from Bethlehem, one Ben Joseph, the shepherd, son of Joseph of Jaffa. Ben Joseph was almost 18 now, and had been a shepherd nearly as long as he could remember. Practically all his life he had strolled over the hillsides with his flock and cut the throats of three of his finest ewes. And this deed meant that very day he had laid himself down to sleep among them with a sheepskin for his couch and a sheepskin for his mantle. And in those long years of loneliness he had grown strong of body and wild of spirit, knowing little of faith, hope or charity and caring less; believing only in the law of recompense and that an eye was fair exchange for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

Now while Ben Joseph was silent and rather surly of face, he was only inclined to be wicked when aroused. At those times, however, he was apt to be as savage and merciless as a wolf, for it was then that the blood lust burned hot in his throat. And it happened that upon the day of which we are speaking he was nursing a great rage, for while he had been sleeping a few nights before some enemy had crept into his flock and cut the throats of three of his finest ewes. And this deed meant that very day he had laid himself down to sleep among them with a sheepskin for his couch and a sheepskin for his mantle. And in those long years of loneliness he had grown strong of body and wild of spirit, knowing little of faith, hope or charity and caring less; believing only in the law of recompense and that an eye was fair exchange for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

And as he gazed transfixed by this miracle a wonderful and subtle change came over the hard heart of Ben Joseph. From out of it his wrath fled like a scoured evil thing; the coils of hate that had burned therein turned to ashes and into their place stole a softness such as he had never felt before. He shuddered, threw his knife into the night and getting upon his feet held out his hand. "Arise, Ben Hadad. I leave you in peace," he said gently.

Full of wonderment the released one arose and together the two stood staring at the glowing marvel, all fear and hate vanished. Then Ben Hadad spoke: "I murdered your sheep because I hated you, and in return you spared my life. Why did you do so?" Ben Joseph shook his head as much puzzled as was the other.

"That I do not know. I only know that I hate you no longer. I even seem to care for you." Ben Hadad laid his hand upon the other's shoulder.

"Also my heart has grown soft. You shall take three of my best sheep in the place of the slain ones and we will be friends from this night on." His companion nodded.

"We will be as brothers throughout our lives. I will come for the sheep another day, bringing you a present. Until then peace be with you." Into the darkness he passed, his eyes still fastened upon the eastern miracle, a song of happiness arising from his heart. For though Ben Joseph knew it not, the son of God had come to earth and already the influence of his gentle spirit was waiting like the night breeze throughout the land, soothing the breast of man as the night breeze soothed his cheeks. For such was the coming and spread of the holy spirit of the Master; the spirit of peace on earth and good will to man.

"I have come to kill you, Ben Hadad," he said coldly. The man beneath him shook like a wind-thrummed reed.

"Why should you wish to kill me? I have never done you wrong and you once whipped me," he pleaded. His captor laughed sharply.

"You lie, and for lying I shall let you feel the tooth of my knife before you feel its full bite," he returned as he pricked his captive until the latter squirmed again. "And now," he went on, "you shall die as my sheep died and be of less value afterwards than they were. For at least their skins are worth something and their flesh was wholesome, while you dead will be even more worthless than living." Ben Hadad made a final appeal.

"At least you will let me pray to the stars before I die," he pleaded, and Ben Joseph smiled grimly and said that he might spend one minute in that useless way. And as Ben Hadad beginning to mutter his last words turned his despairing gaze towards the eastern heavens, the one who sat upon his breast and watched him closely in his hate, suddenly saw the eyes below him grow great with wonder while the distorted face smoothed and became soft as a child's. Greatly amazed at the wonderful transformation he turned his eyes upward as the other had done, and as he did so he gave a great gasp, his fingers loosened and he sat staring up into the night. For far to the eastward there shone a new star in the firmament such a star as the world had never before seen; lustrous, pure white, shining with a soft brilliancy beyond compare; the star of Bethlehem in all its glory as it hung over the manger of the new born Christ, the redeemer of the soul of man.

Origin of Telegraph Poles

Prof. Morse Persuaded to Adopt Plan Suggested by Alfred Vall as a Substitute for Too Expensive Subway.

In these days of almost instantaneous world communication, the telegraph pole, like the bad boy is ubiquitous. To the lay mind it is as much an essential part of the telegraph as the Morse key itself. Yet in the original plans of the inventor of the telegraph the telegraph pole did not figure by so much as a fleeting thought.

How the telegraph pole did come into existence was told to me a short time before his death by one of the two men who were associated with Prof. Morse in building the first experimental telegraph line between Baltimore and Washington.

My informant was Gen. Edward Wellman Serrell, who died about three years ago; and while it may have been stated before that the original plan was to place the first commercial telegraph line in a subway, but that poles were used instead, I hardly believe that the full story of how this came about has been told.

The late Alfred Vall, whose various suggestions led to great improvements in Prof. Morse's invention, and myself were closely associated with Prof. Morse in establishing the first operating telegraph plant between Baltimore and Washington," the general said, as we sat in the library of his home.

"Mr. Vall, who afterwards became one of the great leaders in American telegraphing, had some money, and was willing to back Prof. Morse as far as he could. But Prof. Morse had the idea that, if the telegraph was going to be commercially successful, it would have to be carried through pipes, laid in trenches, exactly as the telegraph and telephone wires are now installed in cities where overhead wires are not allowed by law. Vall, who was a practical inventor, and I, who was a civil engineer, realized that to dig a trench from Baltimore to Washington, put hollow pipes in it, and haul telegraph wires through the pipes would cost a great deal more money than Vall had to put back of Morse, or than Morse could obtain from other sources. So the situation looked dubious for days, and Prof. Morse, naturally, was much discouraged.

"Finally, there came a day when Mr. Vall, who had been thinking almost constantly over the grave problem confronting us, said to Morse in my presence:

"I wonder how it would do to string the wires on sticks?"

"It wouldn't do at all," Morse replied. "The wires would constantly be broken, or otherwise interfered with."

"Al Vall was a man who always spoke his mind.

"I don't believe it," he said, bluntly to Morse. "I have made several experiments stringing wires upon sticks. At the sticks I have run the wires through the necks of broken bottles to insulate them, and they work all right. Now, if we get tall enough sticks, and utilize trees wherever we find them along the route, I am sure that we can string our wires at very small cost, and nothing short of a big windstorm or heavy snowstorm would do them any damage."

"I took sides with 'A' Vall at once,"

the venerable engineer continued, with a reminiscent smile. "You see, my engineering experience served me. I told Prof. Morse that Vall's plan was perfectly feasible."

"At last we persuaded Prof. Morse to put aside the trench, or buried wire idea, and to turn to sticks, or poles. In the meantime, however, Vall had set up some clothes poles and strung telegraph wire along them, and thus

The Bread Returned to Weed

How a Favor to a Constituent Kept Him from Losing New York State Patronage under President Zachary Taylor.

As every student of American political history knows, Thurlow Weed, who died in 1882 at the green old age of 85, was one of the most remarkable and astute politicians that this country has ever produced.

Many and notable were his political victories, not a few of them looming large in our history. Yet perhaps the victory out of which Mr. Weed derived as much quiet satisfaction as any came to him most unexpectedly at a moment when he had acknowledged defeat—when he saw the political patronage of New York State, and all the power that its possession implied, taken away from him. And the manner in which this victory—while, I believe, has hitherto escaped chronicling—came to Mr. Weed, inevitably calls to mind the Biblical injunction to cast your bread upon the waters, that it may be returned to you after many days.

Back in the thirties, when Old-Rough-and-Ready Zachary Taylor was engaged in fighting Indians mostly, a man who had great lumber camps and mills on the northern slope of the Adirondack mountains, called one day upon Mr. Weed and explained that he was most anxious that the son of the foreman of one of his camps should be appointed to a cadetship at West Point. The caller had been of great political service to Mr. Weed, and, therefore, the latter, after listening to the other's request, said heartily:

"You see your congressman and I will endorse the application."

"But," protested the man, "I have seen him, and he tells me that he has promised the cadetship to a constituent."

"Well, if he has promised it he must keep his promise," declared Mr. Weed. However, I will see that the boy is appointed a midshipman at the Naval Academy."

But the lumberman insisted strenuously on the cadetship, and, among other things, reminded Mr. Weed that this was the sole favor he had asked of Mr. Weed in all the years that he had been content to execute faithfully the political orders given him by Mr. Weed.

This was true, and Mr. Weed knew it. So, at last, he promised that he would do what he could to get the cadetship for the foreman's boy. Of course his appeal to the congressman was all sufficient and the north woods youngster entered West Point, and Mr. Weed forgot all about the incident, simply one of the many minor

proved by ocular demonstration that his plan was feasible. At that time we got the idea of having the telegraph sticks about the height of the ordinary clothes pole, but before we began the work of securing and placing the poles, we all three decided that a higher pole would be better—it would keep the wires out of reach of people and vehicles, out of harm's way. So a pole about the height of the present telegraph pole was decided on. Vall, I believe, determining the height."

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matters which crowded his days. Years later, following the inauguration of Old-Rough-and-Ready as president, Mr. Weed journeyed to Washington, thinking that he might be received with some favor by the new administration since he had been chiefly instrumental in bringing about President Taylor's nomination. But almost as soon as he had arrived at the capital he discovered that both he and William H. Seward, then senator from New York, and a political ally, were not in favor at the White House.

It was a serious situation that Mr. Weed faced, that of being bereft of the powerful political patronage of New York state. However, he decided that he would not leave Washington without at least calling to pay his respects to the president. So he went to the White House, and sent in his card by an attendant.

In a moment a young man, coming from an inner room, almost effusively rushed up to Mr. Weed, grasped his hand, and exclaimed: "You are Thurlow Weed. I am very glad to see you. I owe you a debt of gratitude."

Mr. Weed looked inquiringly at the young man as though trying to recall him. Seeing his dilemma, the other said:

"You don't know me. You have never seen me before, I believe. But if it had not been for you I would not now be here. You secured my appointment as cadet from an Adirondack lumber camp. I am Col. William C. Bliss. I am the private secretary of the president. I served with him in Mexico."

Following a little pleasant conversation, Col. Bliss asked Mr. Weed if he could do anything for him. Mr. Weed explained that he was anxious to see the president. The young man responded: "You shall see him immediately." And a moment later Mr. Weed was being introduced to the president by Col. Bliss as the man to whom the colonel owed his appointment to West Point and his subsequent army career.

A few hours later, when Mr. Weed started back for New York, he took with him the promise of President Taylor that he should have all the patronage he wanted for New York state. He had signally triumphed over those of his enemies who had ventured at first to set President Taylor against him.

It is only necessary to add that the young man who thus unexpectedly, and at a most opportune moment, more than fully repaid his debt of gratitude to Mr. Weed, was the first husband of that recently deceased former mistress of the White House who was known to the present generation as Mrs. Dandridge.

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"Of Course I Want You."

itated, but the days slipped on towards Christmas, and they received no invitations.

Up in the sunny attic, Alice Martin and her brother Tom had long since recovered, and said lessons and played games in the sun-parlor with John Bell, Jane Smith and little Mary Moore, who had been held on suspicion, and who remembered too late that they had had the mumps years before. They relieved the loneliness of the nurse, who had become attached to the happy group, and she was in no hurry to send them downstairs.

The morning of Christmas eve came, and the five were permitted to take breakfast in the big dining hall. The nurse herself was going home for Christmas. They heard the great news for the first time. The three girls and two boys realized that they had nothing in view, but youth is hopeful, and they argued that the next hour might bring an invitation.

St. Elizabeth had never known so gay an occasion. All the orphans were dressed in their best, and one by one they were bundled into sleighs and carried away, the last going at sunset.

"I wonder who is coming for us?" cried Tom Martin, in vexation. The five friends were gathered on the steps watching the others go. "Somebody must come before long. The kids said ladies picked them out, or they picked out ladies they liked. I wish I had a chance to choose."

"Don't mind, Tom," said Alice, consolingly. "Mrs. Brown, the cook, promised to let us play in the kitchen, and have candles, and hang up stockings to-night. We can live with her till the others come back."

"I should like a truly home to-night," said Tom. "And you know which house I'd pick out if I had a chance."

whirl of snowflakes and five children, hand in hand. They went straight to Miss Anne at the table before the blazing fire.

"We've come to spend Christmas with you. We choose your house, because you have lots of room, and it has Christmas trees all around it, and because you are kind," said John Bell, confidently.

"Well, I never," said Rebecca to Peter. "What do you think of that? Come, girls, let me take off your wraps."

"Don't you want us?" asked Tom. "Alice said this was a really home."

Then Miss Anne found her voice. She rose from her chair, and putting her arm around the shivering boy, said: "Of course I want you. I'm glad you came. Peter shall find you a Christmas tree."

A little later when she looked at the circle of happy faces around her table and the passing plates of cake and marmalade, she said to herself: "I have visitors, after all, and I shall keep them always in a really home."

Little Mary Moore having finished her supper, slipped from her chair and climbed on Miss Anne's lap. That lady did not see the orphanage gingham and the clipped hair, she only saw the divine hope of childhood. She drew Mary into her arms and her feeling of loneliness vanished forever.

"Tell me, little one, why you came to my house?"

Mary looked up into the kind face and said: "I came because you were all alone, and your lamp shone like a guiding star."

Peter, sawing at an evergreen in the yard, looked in at the window. He rubbed his eyes and shook his hoary head, saying: "They picked us out for themselves. Who would have thought it?"

What Santa Brought

By W. D. Nesbit

Got the greatest Christmas gift a feller ever seen!
Haven't felt so tickled since the day I was seventeen
When I got my long pants suit an' strutted round the town
Lord! it among th' boys that looked on with a frown—
'Twasn't in a stocking an' it wasn't on a tree,
But it was a dandy gift that Santa brought to me!

Give you twenty guesses, an' you couldn't guess it right—
Bet you couldn't guess it if you tried from now to night!
Come on Christmas mornin', I was waitin' in the hall—
Couldn't s'het my eyes in sleep since Christmas Eve at all.
Lord! I had the figgers like I see 'em long ago
When I'd watch for Santa in the boy-days, don't you know!

No, it wasn't slippers, nor an auto, nor a tie—
'Tisn't any micrack thing that you can go an' buy!
Ain't another like it in the whole endurin' earth
Want? Why, I can't tell you how much money it is worth.
Just the thing I wanted, an' I simply want to say
It's the finest present ever come on Christmas day!

Doctor, I spoke to me an' he says: "I wish you joy!
It's a Christmas baby—you're the daddy of a boy!"
Now ain't that a present! Can you beat it in your life?
Isn't this a Christmas Day for me an' boy an' wife?
Bet the angels left him when they come to sing again
In their joyful chorus tellin' of good will to men.

Pudgy-wudgy baby, just a roly-poly tike
With a way of lookin' right straight at you, lovin' like—
Say! He held my finger in his little velvet hand
With a grip o' goodness—But how can you understand?
If you ain't been through it you can't know just what I mean—
Got the greatest Christmas gift a feller ever seen!



The Charm of Christmas

By Washington Irving

Of all the old festivals that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment. The services of the church about this season are extremely tender and inspiring; they dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith, and the pastoral scenes that accompanied its announcement; they gradually increase in fervor and pathos during the season of Advent, until they break forth in full jubilee on the morning that brought peace and good will to men. I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony.

It is a beautiful arrangement, also, derived from the days of yore, that this festival, which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for gathering together closer again those bands of kindred hearts, which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose; of calling back the children of a family, who have launched forth in life and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth—that rallying place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again among mementos of childhood.

There is something in the very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. At other times we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of nature. Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape, and we "live abroad and everywhere." The song of the bird, the murmur of the stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn; earth, with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven, with its deep, delicious blue and its cloudy magnificence, all fill us with mute but exquisite delight, and we revel in the luxury of mere sensation. But in the depth of winter, when nature lies despoiled of every charm and wrapped in her shroud of

sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. The dreariness and desolation of our landscape; the short, gloomy days and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings also from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasures of the social circle. Our thoughts are more concentrated; our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charm of each other's society, and are brought more closely together by dependence on each other for enjoyment. A season when heart calling unto heart.

The pitchy gloom without makes the heart dilate on entering the room filled with the glow and warmth of the evening fire. The ruddy blaze diffuses an artificial summer and sunshine through the room, and light up each countenance with a kindlier welcome. Where does the honest face of hospitality expand into a broader and more cordial smile—where is the shy glance of love more sweetly eloquent—than by the winter fireside? And, as the hollow blast of wintry wind rushes through the hall, clasps the distant door, whistles about the casement, and rumbles down the chimney, what can be more grateful than that feeling of sober and sheltered security with which we look around upon the comfortable chamber and the scene of domestic hilarity?

Amidst the general call to happiness, the bustle of the spirits, and stir of the affections, which prevail at this period, what bosom can remain insensible? It is, indeed, the season of regenerated feeling—the season for kindling not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart.

Surely happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven; and every countenance, bright with smiles and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence. He who can turn cheerfully away from contemplating the felicity of his fellow-beings, and can sit down darkling and repining in his loneliness when all around is joyful, may have his moments of strong excitement and selfish gratification, but he wants the genial and social sympathies which constitute the charm of a merry Christmas.

PASSING OF FAMOUS SWAN

Intelligent English Bird Found Strangled in Emmanuel Pond at Cambridge.

The opening of term at Emmanuel college, Cambridge, England, has been dimmed by a fatal accident which has overtaken one of the most valued institutions of the college, the male bird of the pair of swans which for many years of constantly succeeding undergraduates have sailed the waters of the Paddock pond. It had been found with its neck caught in the fence of wire netting which surrounds the pond, strangled while attempting to eat the grass on the other side. The body now lies in the gardener's tool-house, and a strong feeling exists in the college that the bursar should have it stuffed.

Emmanuel is famous among Cambridge colleges for its water-fowl, which by constant association with undergraduates passing the pond on their way to the hotel are occasionally led into dissipated courses.

Some time ago certain Emmanuel men took to scattering bread-crumbs on the lawn surrounding the pond. The unsophisticated college ducks, mistaking this action for one of pure benevolence, used to receive them thankfully. When they had come to look for them as a matter of course their benefactors soaked the bread-crumbs in brandy. The unfortunate birds quickly ate themselves into an advanced state of intoxication, and the dean of the college, who happened to pass at the time, was scandalized to see six ducks reeling back to their pond with a staggering waddle which left no doubt as to their condition.

The deceased swan, although the parent and even grandparent of many swans at other colleges, was frequently compelled to participate in college "rags," its usual function being to lie, securely trussed, in a man's bed, with a view to pecking him as he got in. The intelligent bird is stated to have come in course of time to take a noticeable delight in these disorderly proceedings.

Spurious Pity.

In his recent book, "Self-Control and How to Secure It," Dr. Paul Dubois, the eminent Swiss neurologist and psychologist, advises us to "submit our pity to the criticism of reason," before pronouncing upon its nature. A patient, who always had his eyes fixed upon his own dear boy, said to Dr. Dubois:

"I suffered greatly when I heard of the catastrophe in Martinique. I am so susceptible to the misfortune of others that I ought to give up reading that sort of news."

"And," said Dr. Dubois, "you think you are expressing an altruistic sentiment by it."

"Certainly. What else could it be?" "Pardon me, but it was nothing but intense fear. You have a constant dread of death, are alarmed at the smallest indispositions. The tale of this misfortune merely awakened your terror by reminding you of the frailty of human existence, above all, of your own. I don't believe that you have given a sou to the victims of this cataclysm."

"That's a fact," he replied, smiling. "I never thought of it."

To be healthy, pity should be useful, should broaden us, and suggest promptly the means to succor those who are in trouble.—Youth's Companion.

Clockwork Scarecrows.

The shop window represented a field of yellow grain. In this field stood an automaton of life size, a man with a gun. Every few minutes the man put the gun to his shoulder and made as if to fire.

"He doesn't fire in the window there," the clerk said. "It would be too noisy. But in real life, so to speak, he fires. He is a clockwork scarecrow, the latest thing out, a most successful invention. All the fashionable farmers will be having clockwork scarecrows next year.

"The old motionless scarecrow is no good. The crows fear it the first day. After that it is nothing to them. They would eat out of its hand if the hand held grain.

"Hence this innovation, the automatic or clockwork scarecrow. He costs \$20 and is warranted for three years. Wind him up in the morning and he runs all day.

"He works like the sample in the window. Every two, every four or every six minutes—you regulate that by a screw under his left arm—he turns round, puts up his gun and fires a blank cartridge. That scares the crows—it scatters them, believe me."

Pipe That Smokes Itself.

After filling a decanter about two-thirds full of water close it by means of a cork provided with two apertures. Through one of these pass a short pipette and through the other a longer stem that enters the liquid.

To the smaller tube affix a cork provided with two apertures. The apertures may be easily formed by means of a red hot poker. The lateral aperture serves to fix the pipe. Finally, with the other cork and a bent tube form a siphon. After the latter has been primed and is once in operation it will tend to empty the decanter, and the vacuum formed will be immediately filled by the external air flowing in through the pipe. It is then only necessary to light the latter in order to see it "smoke itself" tranquilly as long as any water remains in the decanter.

This experiment is a very interesting one and may be easily performed.—Scientific American.

The Littlest Boy and Santa Claus

By Edwin L. Sabin

(Copyright.)

THE GREAT hall clock, stationed opposite the foot of the stairs, struck two. From his bed the Littlest Boy listened with a sense of awe. Never before had he heard it strike so late an hour. Once, indeed, he had heard it strike ten, but usually it had struck eight—and when next he was awake it was striking six and morning had come.

The Littlest Boy lay and listened. The house was impressively still. The only sounds audible were the stately ticking of the monitor clock below, and the regular breathing of the Biggest Boy and the Biggest Girl in the room adjoining.

The Littlest Boy's eyes were wide open and gazing into the velvet blackness close above his face. When he had gone to bed it had been Christmas eve. He was not fully certain as to the line of demarcation, but it occurred to him that now it was Christmas day! Then he began to blink and think.

He wondered if Santa Claus had come yet. Before the grate-fire, down in the library, were ranged three chairs; a rocking-chair for the Biggest Girl, a straight-backed, ordinary chair for the Biggest Boy, and a huge, roomy arm-chair for himself. In addition, he had hung up his stockings to the mantel.

He tried to picture to himself how, if Santa Claus had been and gone, that chair and those stockings must



"Hello!" said Santa Claus.

look. At intervals, as some particularly alluring fancy stood out before him, he gave an ecstatic wriggle and a few blinks extra.

Oh, the red wagon! And the silver napkin-ring! Supposing he got them both! It did not seem to him possible that he could exist without either, and yet—and yet—he mustn't expect to get them.

If he might take one peep into the library—just one tiny peep—to find out whether or not Santa Claus had been.

He felt that he ought not to yield to this temptation; and he sighed hard and twisted. But even in the midst of his struggle he did yield, for first his disobedient right foot stole from beneath the blue coverlet, and next his disobedient left foot; and in a moment all of him, enveloped in his long, pink-flannel night-gown, was moving resolutely towards the doorway.

At the landing the stairs turned sharply. The Littlest Boy also turned with them to continue his journey. Now there ahead of him was the monitor clock, staring him in the face, and ticking loud reproval. From the library, off the hall, came the reminiscent glow of the grate-fire with which the Christmas eve had been celebrated.

Down sped the Littlest Boy, boldly ignoring the astonished clock, down the remaining flight, and across the square hall, whose rugs were soft and comforting. On the threshold of the library he stopped short, frightened at what he had done.

He had caught Santa Claus!

Aye, there was Santa Claus, bending over the big chair, which, the Littlest Boy glimpsed, was overflowing with packages and things.

I do not know but that the Littlest Boy would have beat courteous retreat (although, of course, his farther curiosity was simply tremendous) had not Santa Claus suddenly glanced up and descried him—a small, pink figure, made still pinker by the glowing coals, framed, wide-eyed, in the library door-case.

"Hello!" said Santa Claus, not moving.

"Hello!" responded the Littlest Boy. "I didn't know you were here."

"Didn't you?" remarked Santa Claus, straightening up and slowly stepping backward.

"No," assured the Littlest Boy. "Did you get in through the chimney?"

During his whole life—that is, ever since he could talk—the Littlest Boy had been trying to say "chimney;" but, somehow, that "l," being so slim

and hatchet-faced, always nimbly slipped in and elbowed out the "n." "Did I get in through the chimney?" repeated Santa Claus; and then he opened his mouth in a silent laugh. "Yes, I clumb down the chimney," he said.

"You say 'chimbley' and I say 'chimley'; but my father says—says ch—ch—chimney is right," informed the Littlest Boy.

"You don't mean it!" returned Santa Claus, who, having backed to the window looking upon the side porch, now, with his hand behind him, was deftly sliding it up.

"Please don't go, Santa Claus," besought the Littlest Boy. "We'll talk real low, so nobody'll hear. That is, if you're not in too big a hurry to stay," he added, politely.

"Sure," responded Santa Claus. "It's almost empty, isn't it!" asserted the Littlest Boy.

"But I s'pose you've lots more up in the balloon. Had you got all through with me? My chair is the middle one there, and these are my stockings in front of it."

"Well, I was kinder foolin' around when you come in," confessed Santa Claus; "but I reckon I'm through. Them other chairs are your ma's an' pa's, I take it?"

"Yes; mamma's is the rocker and papa's is the other," informed the Littlest Boy, hurriedly. "Did you bring me a red wagon and a silver napkin-ring?"

"Aren't they there?" queried Santa Claus.

"May I look?" asked the Littlest Boy, eagerly.

"Sure," grunted Santa Claus, with his favorite word.

The Littlest Boy was not slow in taking advantage of that permission. In a twinkling he was at the chair and, oblivious to the rustling that he was producing, was burrowing amidst its contents.

He did not have to burrow to find the red wagon. Its two front wheels were sticking straight up against the chair's back!

"Ooooo-ee!" jubilated the Littlest Boy, turning with sparkling eyes. "Will its sides fold over?"

"You bet!" assured Santa Claus.

"Just bushels and bushels of thanks Santa Claus," purred the Littlest Boy, rapturously. "I hope it's bigger than my Cousin James' is! Is it?"

"Sure!" said Santa Claus. "Now, about the ring? Ain't it there?"

"I don't see it?" replied the Littlest Boy, rummaging.

"Mebbe it's in the stockings," suggested Santa Claus.

And it was!—a beautiful shiny, silver napkin ring.

"Ooooo-eee!" gurgled the Littlest Boy, unwrapping it. "I bet it's the very solidest kind!"

"Lemme see," demanded Santa Claus. "That's what I intended it to be, anyhow, an' I hope I ain't made no mistake."

"Yes, it's solid, all right enough," he said, weighing it in his hand, while the Littlest Boy watched him, anxiously. "But don't you think that that there wagon an' this here ring, both together, are too much for a kid like you?"

"I don't know," responded the Littlest Boy, abashed. "I've tried to be awful good. I've picked up kindlin' and went on errands and brushed my teeth—and—and gone down cellar after dark, and—and I've hardly ever cried when I got hurt!"

"Still, seems to me," persisted Santa Claus, gazing at the shiny ring in his fingers, "that a wagon alone is good enough for one kid, besides all them other things you've got in your chair and socks. I dunno but what I'll take this an' give it somer's else."

"Well," agreed the Littlest Boy, gravely, "if—if you can find some little boy who ought to have it more'n me, then you can—can take it; and praps next Christmas—"

"God!" roared the Biggest Boy, like an angry lion, leaping through the library doorway.

With a slam up sped the window; with an oath, out whirled Santa Claus.

"You've scared Santa Claus! You've scared Santa Claus!" wailed the Littlest Boy, in despair.

"I have, have I!" exclaimed the Biggest Boy, gathering the wailer into his arms.

"And he took my ring," farther lamented the Littlest Boy.

"He did, did he!" repeated the lion—that is, the Biggest Boy—in a commiserating growl. "Never mind; we'll get another."

"But I told him he might, if there's some other little boy who'd ought to have it more," explained the Littlest Boy, truthfully. "Maybe he'll bring me one next Christmas."

Here the Biggest Boy shut the treacherous window; and with the Biggest Girl, who by this time had arrived and was hugging and kissing the Littlest Boy's two rosy feet, as they hung down inside the Biggest Boy's arms, close accompanying, carried him upstairs to bed.

What do you think? Evidently Santa Claus repented, or else he had only been joking, or else he could find no other little boy who was more worthy; for, after all, at daylight there was discovered, lying on the mat before the side-door, that very same ring—wrapped, it is true, not in fine tissue paper, but in coarse brown paper.

However, upon the paper was scrawled, in ragged but unmistakable lines:

"for the kid
"SANTY CLAUS."

Effect of Self-Satisfaction.

Nell—That was a frightfully long sermon the minister preached this morning.

Belle—Why, I didn't notice it was unusually long.

Nell—Of course not; you had on a new hat.

Two Pretty Styles.



One phase of the moyen age princess is demonstrated in our first illustration, the style being suited to either house or street wear. As illustrated, the dress is made of pale gray cloth, with a yoke of moire in the same tone, and a yoke of fancy net. The cuffs are also of the moire, but the buttons and piping used are of gray velvet in a slightly deeper tone. For theater or other evening use this gown could be of white, or cream, or pale blue, or dull rose cloth, or serge. The evening serges are very handsome and within the means of most home sewers. For street wear, serge or chevot would be good choices, and with these the yoke and cuffs could be of the same with a braid finish.

For a medium figure 5½ yards of double width serge is enough for this gown.

The second model gives one of the evening dress aspects of the moyen

age. It is made of all-over and bordered fancy net. Any bordering sufficiently wide, however, to cut the top of the garment could be used for it, as well as a pretty figured silk, Swiss, or dotted or checked muslin, with all of which materials the lace-entre-deux and ribbons here employed go charmingly.

With a thin white material, such as net, lace or Swiss or barred muslin over a tinted slip and with ribbons in the same color, this gown would be charming for any of the holiday functions soon to come. If a low effect is desired, the line of the neck could be made round and the gumpie left off, in which case the line at the bottom of the bodice, and those of the sleeves, should be cut plain.

For the medium misses' figure four yards of all-over net, and six yards of bordering would be required for this dress.

TURBANS GIVEN NEW NAMES

Milliners Work Hard Thinking Up Designations for That Form of Headgear.

Evidently the turban is to take on as many kinks and curls as the milliner can devise. And with each new kink comes a new name.

We have had Turkish, Ulian, Russian, Cossack, Sultan; now we are to have Rembrandt, Henry III., Hussar, De Stael, Drum Major and Napoleon.

Some of the furs of which they are made are of the ultra-fashionable ring-tail; also ermine and sealskin. Australian opossum and moleskin. The drum major turban is trimmed with a circlet of antique gold and bronze set with jewels.

The latter are very new and smart and will not stir the wrath of the Audubon society. A thick quill is used; then the long, coarse fur of the monkey is put in it at each side. It is amazing what influence the Audubonists are having on millinery and these fur quills are one outcome of it.

Bronze lace is widely used for trimming, and ermine and sealskin without trimming are among the most distinguished turbans of the season.

Another model that has startling distinction is of moleskin trimmed with an heroic pansy made of blue and violet bugles with a gold center.

OF CLOTH OF GOLD.



A beautiful but costly turban for evening wear or formal afternoon occasions is made from cloth of gold. It is artistically and beautifully draped and has for its sole decoration a gorgeous paradise algrette in natural coloring.

PROPER LENGTH OF SKIRTS

Fashion's Decree Makes Distinct Variations in Dimensions of the Garment.

There is confusion in the minds of many concerning skirts. There is so much talk about smart gowns being five inches from the floor for evening and nearly six inches for morning, that women wonder if there is any hour in which the long, graceful skirt is worn.

The strict decree of fashion is this: Skirts five or six inches from the ground for street wear; skirts that sweep the floor in a round train for the afternoon, and skirts five inches from the floor for the evening.

This is the decree! Everyone does not have to abide by it, but numbers of women will accept it in part, if not in whole. They may not have every evening gown made short, or every afternoon frock made long, but they will assuredly have one of each kind to show that they know what is being done in the world of fashion.

Possibilities. There are some women who are constantly utilizing old material, and then, again, others who discard a shirtwaist, skirt or dress merely because it is somewhat old style or torn in a few places.

A white linen shirtwaist, which was in very good condition, save for a few holes at the neckband and waist line (caused by constant pinning), was saved from extinction by one of the cautious, who converted it into stock collars and belts. The ends of the stocks were square, and on one collar five tiny clovers were embroidered.

There is a satisfaction in knowing that good material is never wasted. The half-worn linen skirt has countless possibilities.

Brocade Hats. Brocade is much favored for bridesmaids' hats. Perhaps it solves the color problem as well, for it is always possible to secure just the right shade of blue or pink at the silk counter when the felt hats offer no assistance to eager buyers.

Large shapes are popular, and plumes of the same color or contrasting tones are used. The design of the brocade seems especially ornamental and suitable for festive occasions. After the great event these silk hats are lovely for evening wear.

Black Fishnet. Black fishnet in coarse, heavy silk mesh is used for the all-black blouse and trimmed with black grosgrain ribbon of several widths, advancing from a quarter to an inch. The dullness of the ribbon and the extreme plainness of these little models proclaim them correct mourning for the younger woman. They are lined with lusters and black silk, except their collars and wristbands, which are left transparent.

AT THE PAVILION

Skating Every Thursday and Saturday Nights.

Moving Pictures Every Tuesday and Saturday Nights.

DOINGS OF THE WEEK

THE assistance of all subscribers is invited and solicited in making this department interesting. Any item of news left at the office, in the box at the east corner of the Exchange Bank building or given the editor on the street will be greatly appreciated. If you have visitors or have been away yourself or if you know anything good about your neighbors tell us about it.

NO PAPER NEXT WEEK

In accordance with a custom adopted by nearly every paper in the country (suspending publication one week during the year) the Republican-Journal will not be published next week. Usually about the time the last paper comes out before Christmas the entire force in a printing office is dead tired and longs for a rest the same as other people. We believe that the subscribers will gladly grant us the little vacation, and we can assure them that they will lose nothing by the deal. It is our intention to get out a better paper than ever during the coming year, and we are going to take the vacation week in preparing for the new year's work.

We wish our readers and advertisers a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Miss Clara Pond has been quite ill during the past week.

Buy Excelsior Flour today. Mr. John Floto is seriously ill with pneumonia.

W. W. and C. J. Cooper were Chicago visitors Tuesday. Born, to Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hill, Friday, Dec. 17, a girl.

Misses Mabel and Etha Pierce were Rockford visitors Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thompson went to Chicago Wednesday to spend the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Swan are entertaining the latter's aunt, Mrs. Keplinger, of Cleveland, Ohio.

WANTED—A cook and second girl. Address Mrs. Alfred Bosworth, Woodland and Highland Ave., Elgin, Ill. Chicago phone No. 673.

Fred A. Wood of Valparaiso, Ind., is now employed in the mechanical department of the Republican-Journal printery. Mr. Wood will soon move his household goods here and make Genoa his home. His wife and little boy will arrive next week.

Holiday goods at Olmsted's. Big hat and coat sale at F. W. Olmsted's.

T. A. Casey transacted business in the windy city Wednesday.

House for rent in Oak Park addition. Inquire of W. H. Jackman.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Clefford went to Lafayette, Ind., Wednesday where they will await the coming of Santa Claus.

Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter went to Barrington Wednesday to spend the holidays with their daughter, Mrs. Will Jones.

Mrs. F. G. Hudson and son went to Chicago Monday to spend the holiday season. Mr. Hudson will join his family Friday.

FOR SALE—40 acres, 3 miles from Genoa; house and lot on East Main street; two houses and lots on Genoa street; vacant lot in Citizens' add.

Jas. J. Hammond, Miss Juliet Smith and Dominick Twoxoe were married in Chicago Tuesday. Miss Smith, who is a nurse, was employed at the home of F. O. Swan during his illness and made many friends while here.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Reed were called to Biloxi, Miss., last week on account of the serious illness of the latter's father, W. S. Strong. Mr. Strong left for the south some weeks ago where he expected to spend the winter.

We have been doing our share of the holiday business and we believe that every customer has left the store well satisfied with the treatment accorded him or her. Our stock is right, our prices are right and our guarantee is absolute. Can a customer be otherwise than pleased? Are you one of the satisfied ones? Time yet to make some nice selections. G. H. Martin.

Furs and fur sets at Olmsted's. A large selection of new books for 50 cents at Olmsted's.

Roy Buck of Chicago spent Sunday at the home of his father, Alfred Buck.

Mrs. G. C. Rowen and daughter, Marjorie, were Rockford visitors last Friday.

E. H. Griggs and daughter, Jessie arrived here from Texas the first of the week.

Mrs. J. M. Kirby of Shabbona is here to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Browne.

Mrs. Jessie Briggs and son are guests at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Hutchison, Sr. They will remain here over the holidays.

Mrs. F. W. Marquart and daughter, Gretchen, left for Valparaiso, Ind., Wednesday for the holidays. Mr. Marquart will join his family the last of the week.

A new line of the famous Waterman fountain pens at E. H. Browne's. There could be nothing nicer for a Christmas gift.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the firm of Slater & Douglas are requested to call at the store and settle as soon as possible. H. H. Slater.

Exercises will be held at the Advent Christian church on Christmas eve, Friday, Dec. 24. An interesting program has been prepared and all are cordially invited to attend.

The W. C. T. U. will hold its regular meeting at the home of the President, Mrs. C. A. Smith, Thursday, Dec. 30. All members are requested to be present. Everybody invited. Sec'y.

No cheap, adulterated candy at E. H. Browne's. We have the kind that costs a little more but your children can eat it without danger of becoming ill. Fill the stockings with the good kind.

Mrs. Hawley and Miss Rheba Dunn have returned from Shawano, Wis. Their sister, Mattie, is still in a precarious condition, but with careful nursing there is a fighting chance for her recovery.

Mrs. Arthur Stewart wishes to ask any one and every one who will donate any canned fruit, jam or jellies for the sick at Wesley Hospital to please bring or send it to her home before the holidays.

All accounts of 60 days standing or over left unpaid on the first of the year will be left for collection. Please call and settle at once and save expense and inconvenience for all concerned. L. W. Duval.

Those books at E. H. Browne's have been going like hot cakes. There's a reason! They are the latest that can be sold for 50c, and the \$1.20 books are the latest that have appeared on the market. There are a lot of them left but you had better be quick if you want good selections. Those 25c books for the boys are just the thing.

L. P. Durham was an Elgin visitor last Friday.

Mrs. F. Spainsail and daughter, Mrs. Wiltfong were Elgin visitors Wednesday.

John Corson came out from Chicago this week to pass the holidays with his parents.

Mrs. Gilchrist of Fairdale was a guest at the home of her daughter, Mrs. L. W. Duval, last week.

Miss Millicent Wiltfong of South Bend, Ind., is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. Spainsail.

The Epworth League will give a program Sunday evening, Dec. 26, at the usual league hour, 6:30 to 7:30. Everybody welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wiltfong of South Bend, Ind., are spending the holidays with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Spainsail.

In making your plans for the holidays do not forget to include the dinner on New Year's day at the M. E. church. A good chicken-pie dinner for 25c.

The Republican-Journal would make an acceptable Christmas gift for a friend or relative at a distance. Its only \$1.25 for the year. It would be a reminder of your thoughtfulness fifty-two times during the year.

Remember the old time dance at the opera house on Friday evening of this week. Van Dresser's full orchestra will furnish the music. The dances will be arranged to please all, no matter what your taste may be. Dancing from 8 to 1.

Members of the Genoa Horse Thief Protective Association are requested to meet at Jackman's office on Saturday evening of this week. There is business of importance to come before the meeting and all members are urged to be present.

E. B. Arnold, formerly a resident of Genoa, now of Pierre, S. D. fell last Monday and is now suffering with several broken ribs. Mr. Arnold is a cripple and being quite feeble, due to old age, the accident will no doubt cause him considerable trouble.

Ralph Patterson has thoroughly repaired the feed mill south of the Milwaukee depot and is now prepared to do grinding quick and right, and will do it for five cents the bag. Satisfaction guaranteed. Grinding on Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

Grinding will be done by me at the mill south of the Milwaukee depot Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays for five cents a bag. Mill is now in good repair for prompt, good work. Let me "show you." Satisfaction guaranteed. Ralph Patterson.

The last call! Only one more day before Christmas. We have sent out hundreds of beautiful things to please the different members of the family in many homes, and the stock of novelties in jewelry and silverware is still complete. Call today and inspect the line.

All persons indebted to the undersigned are requested to call and settle by cash or note on or before the first of the year. All accounts left unpaid after that date will be turned into the hands of an attorney. Come and see me about this matter and save inconvenience for all concerned.

JAS. R. KIERNAN

The editor of the Republican-Journal expects to keep busy next week writing receipts for subscriptions. We like to work and do not care how many come in to keep us at it. Look at the label on your paper or wrapper today. If it shows that you are in arrears why not call and make it a Happy New Year for us.

Jas. R. Kiernan went to Battle Creek, Mich., last week accompanied by the manager of the Advance Thresher Company, A. M. Frish, with whom he made arrangements for next season's campaign. The Advance people anticipate the greatest business in the history of the company next year and are making arrangements accordingly.

A. S. Durham transacted business in the watch city Friday.

Mrs. Jas. R. Kiernan and sister, Miss Casey, were Elgin visitors Thursday.

Mrs. Jeanette Robinson, who is now residing in Chicago, is recovering from the effects of a broken leg which she sustained about two weeks ago.

Bernhart Molthan, who is attending college at Watertown, Wis., came home the first of the week to spend the holidays with his parents, Rev. and Mrs. J. Molthan.

B. Hemmelgarn, the piano tuner, will be at liberty all next week. Those desiring tuning or repairing done should avail themselves of this opportunity. Call phone 35.

Henry Patterson rounded out four score years of his life last Monday, the 20th of December. Mr. Patterson, considering his advanced age, is quite well and scarcely a day passes that he does not come down town. May he add another score of years to the record is the wish of his friends.

A large number of relatives called at the home of J. L. Patterson last Sunday and assisted that gentleman in celebrating his 37th birthday anniversary. A dinner was served that did not lack any of the Corson or Patterson features, that is, the best of everything and heaps of it. And for supper there was another feast that was not far behind the dinner in abundance.

Mr. A. T. Crawford, '13, of Genoa, Ill., has won the highest honors that it is possible for a freshman to win at the University of Wisconsin. He has recently been awarded the class numerals of 1913. This honor is only awarded to a very limited number of the most promising athletes.

"Sandy" as Mr. Crawford is popularly known in University circles, played left end on the first year foot ball team and his position was filled most creditably. Coach Barney predicts that "Sandy" will develop into one of the best ends that has ever been turned out at the Badger institution. Mr. Crawford's excellent work has received favorable comment from all the big Western papers. Out of over 300 contestants for track and foot ball work but 17 received their numerals.

The cleverest imitation of real Coffee ever yet made is Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee. It is fine in flavor—and is made in just one minute. No tedious 20 or 30 minutes boiling. Made from pure parched grains, malt, nuts, etc. Sample free. F. O. Swan

Pains of women, head pains, or any pain stopped in 20 minutes sure, with Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets. See full formula on 25c Box. Sold by L. E. Carmichael

M. E. Church Notes

SUNDAY SERVICES

Class meeting 10:00 a. m. led by pastor.

Sermon 10:30 a. m. by Rev. Joseph Caldwell, a former popular pastor of the church.

Sunday School, 12 o'clock.

Junior League, 3:00 p. m.

Epworth League, 6:30 p. m.

Special program consisting of vocal and instrumental music and short addresses.

Sermon at 7:30 p. m. by pastor.

On Friday evening, the 31st inst., a lecture on "Sidelights and Shadows of Irish Life," will be given in the church by Dr. T. W. Davidson, Methodist preacher from Ireland. We want you to keep this date in mind. The lecturer is first class in every way. We want you to hear him.

J. T. McMullen, pastor.

Preventics—those Candy Cold Cure Tablets—will safely and quickly check all colds and the Grip. Try them once and see! 48-25c. Sold by L. E. Carmichael.

A tickling or dry cough can be quickly loosened with Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. No opium, no chloroform, nothing unsafe or harsh. Sold by L. E. Carmichael

THE ROLL OF HONOR

Pupils of the Genoa Public Schools Neither Absent Nor Tardy

The following list of names includes the names of the Genoa public school pupils who have been neither absent nor tardy during the past school month:

FIRST PRIMARY

Ruth Austin, Ethel Fay, Frank Noble, Raymond Pierce, Florence Pinne, Fred Pinne, Johnnie Smith, Maud Weber, Lionel Baker, Teddie Scott. Miss Drake, teacher.

SECOND PRIMARY

Floyd Altenberg, Floyd Dralle, Amos Johnson, Grace Pattee, Myrtle Rebeck, George Stanley, Roger Weber, Emil Lauridsen, Harvey Matteson, Clarence Altenberg, John Dempsey, Harold Dralle, Myrtle Geithman, Walter Gleason, Wallace Hopkins, Floyd Mansfield, Haona Niss, Myrtle Eratt, Gertrude Rowen, Martha Scherf, Harlyn Shattuck, Velma Wahl, George Walters.

Miss Parker, teacher.

ROOM THREE

Derwin Scott, Helen Ide, Leon Schneider, Mabel Rebeck, Archie Gleason, Clarence Crawford, Earl Stoll, Agnes Weber, George Goding, Hazel Pierce, Marguerite Pattee, Walter Albertson, Pearl Newton, Myrtle Laylon, George VanWie, Ollie Dralle, Miss Corson, teacher.

FIFTH AND SIXTH GRADES

Tom Abraham, Harold Austin, John Baker, Carl Carlson, Irving Dralle, Hazel Goding, Vernum Hannah, Horatio Perkins, Mary Ritter, Charles Schoonmaker, Clara Stephenson, Lillian Stoll, Donovan Wyde, Elmer Albertson, Nora Awe, Emma Bender, Earl Deardurff, Otto Dralle, Earl Geithman, Ivan Ide, Walter Noll, Dewey Nulle, Allen Patterson, Leroy Pratt, Irene Patterson, Walter Rosenfeld, Lyle Shattuck, Charles Stanley.

The children of the Fifth and Sixth grades wish to thank those who so liberally patronized their Thanksgiving entertainment. 62 tickets were sold, making in all \$6.20. Many bought tickets who were unable to attend. This was very much appreciated. After expenses were paid there was a clear gain of \$5.00. Mrs. A. F. Quick, teacher.

GRAMMAR ROOM

Guy Bowers, Frank Brennan, Sidney Burroughs, Floyd Durham, Paul Miller, Dillon Patterson, May Ritter, Alys Sowers, Earl Stevens, Roy Abraham, Lorene Brown, Sara Carb, Herman Dralle, Tillie Dralle, June Hammond, Agnes Molthan, Verna Pierce, Greeta Ricketts, Clarence Tischler, Clara Wolter, Harold Durham. Miss Bement, teacher.

HIGH SCHOOL

Marion Bagley, Irene Corson, Ruth Corson, Margaret Deardurff, Lula Dralle, Jay Evans, Amarett Harlow, Mildred Hewitt, Minnie Reinken, Pyrlle Renn, Beth Scott, Ray Shipman, Marion Slater, Vila White, Leta Browne, Merle Evans, Harold Patterson, Ruth Patterson, Howard Stanley, Irene Anderson, Emily Burroughs, Bayard Brown, Ruth Crawford, Gertrude Hammond, Edna King, Edgar Leitow, Nina Patterson, Irma Perkins, Clive Watson, Cora Watson, Guyla Corson, Malwin Nulle, Ward Olmsted, Claude Patterson, Jennie Pierce, Grace Sandall, Ruth Slater, Harry Whipple. Miss Williams, principal.

104 Christmas Gifts For \$1.00

Can you possibly sent an absent friend a more acceptable Christmas gift than The Rockford Semi-Weekly Register-Gazette?

Twice a week, for 52 weeks, 104 copies, it costs only \$1.00. The Daily edition will be sent by mail for \$3.00

Can you buy any sort of a gift for \$1.00 that will begin to afford so much genuine and prolonged satisfaction? Every one of the 104 issues will be "just like a letter from the old home."

Ready?

Winter is Here
How are You Fixed?

We are ready to serve you.
Have Choice Hard Coal.
Our different grades of Soft Coal are all good and at prices to fit your ideas.

A Special: Extra Choice Kindling Wood.
We have plenty of it now, but later in the season it is very hard to secure. Lay in some now and be prepared. \$6.00 per cord at the yard. Cartage extra.

Have been selling good Coal since 1875.

Jackman & Son



Coming Events

Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before

But our aisles have been so crowded and shelves so loaded, and our store so busy that there really has not been a place for the shadows to fall. If you are not careful the Event will be here before you know it, come at once and make your holiday selections. Never was procrastination so out of place.

Groceries JOHN LEMBKE Dry Goods



MARQUIS DE VILLALOBAR, THE NEW SPANISH MINISTER.

THE DIPLOMATS' BUSIEST DAY

By WALDON FAYCETT



BARON MAYOR DES PLANCHES, DEAN OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS.

CITY OF 4000 B. C. FOUND

The vestiges of a city 6,000 years old have been found in Babylonia by the French expedition which has



HE first day of the year is decidedly the busiest day of the twelvemonth for the foreign diplomats stationed in America. The odd part of it is that the manifold duties which make January 1st the most crowded interval on the calendar are almost wholly in the nature of social obligations rather than business tasks. Moreover, the responsibilities of this busy day rest equally heavy upon the envoys of the various foreign powers—that is, the ambassadors and ministers—and upon the secretaries, counselors and attaches who make up the official staffs of these dignitaries. Even the women of the official foreign colony—the wives and daughters of the diplomats of high and low degree—share in the feverish activity of the dawning year. Indeed, their participation begins weeks in advance with frequent visits to the dressmakers, for, one and all, these fair foreigners must have striking new gowns for the momentous occasion.

The explanation of this display of energy on the part of a class of people who ordinarily lead the most leisurely existence imaginable is found in the fact that New Year's day of each year marks the opening of the official social season at Washington. It is a day of receiving and calling and dining (all in the most formal way), for everybody in national official circles from the president down to the least important public official, but the social merry-go-round, spins at a more lively gait for the diplomats than for any of the other participants in Uncle Sam's great annual dress parade. Not only do they have to go more different places in carrying out the day's program, but they have to do more dressing than any of the other celebrities, not even excepting the high officers of the United States army and navy, who don their full dress uniforms for this occasion.

Indeed, it is the chore of getting togged out in their gaudiest raiment that compels the diplomats to arise somewhat earlier than usual on New Year morning. Official etiquette prescribes that each foreign representative shall appear in full diplomatic uniform or court dress on this significant occasion. Now be it known, it is no slight undertaking to put on such garb. The average diplomat, accustomed as he is to fastidious dressing, finds it pretty nearly as formidable a job as the average American workman or farmer regards the donning of a dress suit. The diplomat's viewpoint will be the better appreciated when it is explained that not a few of these costly broadcloth uniforms are so heavily encrusted with gold lace and other ornaments that they are well nigh stiff enough to stand alone. It is a twentieth century coat of armor, so to speak. In many instances high boots are an item of the court dress and usually a heavy helmet or fur turban and a long cloak that reaches to the feet are included in the costume. Finally, the diplomat, of any standing, covers the entire front of his coat with the glittering insignia of royal orders and jeweled decorations—each several times as large as the ordinary badge and adding in the aggregate, considerable weight to the trappings of state.

With the time-consuming prelude of dressing out of the way, the diplomats, more gorgeously garbed than any operatic chorus, are ready for the first formal function of the day. This is the president's reception at the White House. The foreigners, all of whom have carriages or automobiles (rented for this busy day, if they do not already possess them), must leave home for the presidential mansion about 10:30 o'clock, for they are to have the honor of being the first persons received by the president after he has greeted his cabinet, and they must be in their duly assigned places in the waiting line ere the presidential party at 11 o'clock sharp, descends the grand stairway and takes station in the Blue parlor for the reception. Hard and fast rules must be observed as to the order in which the diplomats file past the president. There are two divisions. First the ambassadors, each accompanied by all the members of his staff and their wives, and then the ministers, each similarly attended. Places in each division are assigned in accordance with the length of time each envoy has represented his government at Washington. That is, statesmen who have been here for years take precedence over the newcomers.

At the head of the line walks the ambassador who by virtue of the most lengthy service in Washington is the dean of the diplomatic corps. This post of prestige is now held by Baron Mayor des Planches of Italy. The foreigners are introduced to the president by the secretary of state, who has the best of his cabinet colleagues in that he is thus temporarily in the limelight.

After the White House reception the diplo-

mats return home for a few minutes' rest, and then a little before 12 o'clock they set out for the residence of the secretary of state. Here, at noon, an elaborate repast is served. The average American citizen would declare it a luncheon, but in social-diplomatic usage it is a breakfast. Considerably more than 200 persons are expected at this breakfast, so that it can be seen that it taxes the house-keeping arrangements even in a mansion such as the \$150,000 dwelling of Philan-



HOME OF SECRETARY OF STATE KNOX WHERE THE GREAT "DIPLOMATIC BREAKFAST" IS SERVED ON NEW YEAR'S DAY

der Knox. Then, too, the same importance attaches as at the White House, to who goes first, so that servants have to be carefully drilled and the utmost care exercised lest some lesser diplomat receive more honor than is his due, while some greater luminary is correspondingly slighted.

The entire afternoon of New Year's day the diplomats devote to making ceremonial calls. Almost all the prominent hostesses in Washington, except the wife of the president, hold receptions on this eventful afternoon. Most of the diplomats go first to the home of the vice-president, then "down the line" of cabinet homes in the order of their official standing; after which they pay their respects at the residence of the speaker of the house of representatives, and then follows indiscriminate calling upon the wives of senators, representatives, army and navy officers and other official hostesses who are keeping open house. Everywhere they meet other diplomats and public officials of all grades, for calling is general at the seat of government on the first day of the year. In accordance with the Yankee idea, only the men of the American households go calling on New Year's afternoon, but the diplomats are in almost every instance accompanied by the ladies of their households. It is past sundown when this round of calling is concluded, but that does not end the day for the tired diplomats. Most of them have been invited to the ceremonial dinners that, in great numbers, close the day in Washington, hence they must hurry home and change to evening attire in order to greet yet another hostess before 8 o'clock.

A RUSKIN STORY

In 1858, when Ruskin was in his fortieth year, he was asked by a friend to give some lessons in drawing to a child named Rose La Touche—whose name indeed was French, but whose family were Irish. There sprang up between Ruskin and this young girl a very charming friendship, which, of course, at the time could be nothing but a friendship. They wrote each other letters and exchanged drawings and then for awhile they did not meet.

Ten years passed by before they saw each other. Meanwhile the child whom he had remembered as a blue-eyed, saucy, clever little blonde with ripe, red lips and hair like fine spun gold, had become a very lovely young



HERMAN DE LAGERCRANTZ, MINISTER OF SWEDEN AND HIS SECRETARY



woman of 19 years. They resumed their old acquaintance, but in a very different way. Though Ruskin was nearly 50, he gave to Rose La Touche an adoration and a passion such as he had never felt before. On her side she no longer thought of him as "very ugly," but was singularly drawn to him, despite the difference in their years.

The two met often. They took long strolls together in the pleasant fields of Surrey, and at last Ruskin begged her to make him happy and to be his wife. Oddly enough, however, she hesitated, not because he was so much older than herself, but because he had ceased to be what she regarded as "a true believer." Some of the things that he had written shocked her as being almost atheistic. She was herself, underneath all her gayety of manner, a rigid and uncompromising Protestant. She used phrases from the Bible in her ordinary talk and when she spoke of marriage with John Ruskin she said that she could not endure to be "yoked with an unbeliever."

Yet her heart was torn at the thought of sending him away; and so for several years their intimacy continued, he pleading with her and striving hard to make her see that love was everything. She, on the other hand, read over those passages of the Old Testament which seemed to bar all compromise.

At last, in 1872, when she was 24 and he was 53, she gave him her final answer. She would not marry him unless he could believe as she did. His honesty forbade him to deceive her by a pretended conversion, and so they parted, never to see each other again. How deeply she was affected is shown by the fact that she soon fell ill. She grew worse and worse, until at last it was quite certain that she could not live. Then Ruskin wrote to her and begged that he might see her. She answered with a note in which she feebly traced the words: "You may come if you can tell me that you love God more than you love me."

When Ruskin read this his very soul was racked with agony and he cried out: "No, no—then I cannot come to her; for I love her even more than God!"

When she died, as she did soon after, the light of his life went out for Ruskin.—Munsey's.



HERMAN DE LAGERCRANTZ, MINISTER OF SWEDEN AND HIS SECRETARY

been at work for several years on the site of the Roman Susa, the Shushan of the Bible and later the capital of the Emperors Darius and Artaxerxes.

According to details furnished to the Jewish World, a mound marking the site of the city has been excavated by M. de Morgan and was found to mark the site of the ancient Elamite acropolis of the city. The excavations have produced most astonishing results. Here the explorer found superimposed, one above the other, the remains of three cities, the oldest dating back to B. C. 4000, and below these the signs of older settlements of prehistoric ages.

The recent discoveries show that far more than a thousand years prior to B. C. 1800 the city was occupied by the Babylonians, and that most of the kings of that country set up their monuments in it. When the powerful Semitic dynasty of Babylonian kings contemporary with the age of Abraham was overthrown, the Elamites regained their independence and retained it until B. C. 649, when the city was sacked by Assurbanipal, king of Assyria, who destroyed the palaces and temples.

Explorations show that the chief feature of the ancient city, as of all those of the ancient east, was the temple of the city god, in this case the god Susinak, which stood upon the acropolis. An exploration of the foundations revealed the records of Gudea, king of Chaldee, B. C. 2300. Fortunately, considerable information as to the nature of the sacred edifice and its precincts is preserved by an interesting monument, which was discovered in the ruins.

In the center of the model are the figures of two nude men, one holding a water jar. These, no doubt, are the king and priest performing the ceremonies of lustration, or ceremonial purification, which are a great feature of the oriental temples and frequently mentioned in the religious inscriptions.

Primitive Mills in Brazil. Vice-Consul De Young, writing from Santos, calls attention to the small corn grinding machines in Brazil.

"In the interior of Brazil a primitive method of producing cornmeal by pounding instead of grinding is practiced. The instrument known as a 'mojollo' works automatically, and consists of a tree trunk balanced on the bank of a stream, one end of the trunk being hollowed out to form a large cup, while the other end is in the form of a pestle. Water filling the cup depresses that end of the log, whereupon the water runs out and the other end falls back to its original position, the pestle striking the corn. Some modern corn grinders have recently been introduced, but there is a good field for a very small and inexpensive grinder to take the place of the 'mojollo' in the interior, where flour mills are rare and each family grinds its own corn."

Onion as Tale-Teller. There's a divorce. 'Tis a very sad affair. An onion is at the bottom of it. Of yore hubby was fond of onions. He ate, and ate, and wifey stood it. Then he fell in love with a festive maiden. No more onions for him, much to his wife's surprise.

The more she thought of it, the more she wondered at the change. Not only did he desert the odorous onions—presently he deserted altogether.

COUNTRY WHOSE SOIL SPELLS WHEAT AND OUT OF WHOSE FARMS THOUSANDS ARE GROWING RICH.

WHAT PRESIDENT TAFT AND OTHERS THINK OF CANADA.

Another Fat Year for the Canadian West.

Our Canadian neighbors to the north are again rejoicing over an abundant harvest, and reports from reliable sources go to show that the total yield of 1909 will be far above that of any other year.

It is estimated that \$100,000,000 will this year go into the pockets of the Western farmers from wheat alone, another \$60,000,000 from oats and barley, while returns from other crops and from stock will add \$40,000,000 more. Is it any wonder then that the farmers of the Canadian West are happy?

Thousands of American farmers have settled in the above mentioned provinces during the past year; men who know the West and its possibilities, and who also know perhaps better than any other people, the best methods for profitable farming.

President Taft said recently in speaking of Canada: "We have been going ahead so rapidly in our own country that our heads have been somewhat swelled with the idea that we are carrying on our shoulders all the progress there is in the world. We have not been conscious that there is on the north a young country and a young nation that is looking forward, as it well may, to a great national future. They have 7,000,000 people, but the country is still hardly scratched."

Jas. J. Hill speaking before the Canadian Club of Winnipeg a few days ago said:

"I go back for 53 years, when I came West from Canada. At that time Canada had no North-West. A young boy or man who desired to carve his own way had to cross the line, and to-day it may surprise you—one out of every five children born in Canada lives in the United States. Now you are playing the return match, and the North-West is getting people from the United States very rapidly. We brought 100 land-seekers, mainly from Iowa and Southern Minnesota, last night out of St. Paul, going to the North-West. Now, these people have all the way from five, ten to twenty thousand dollars each, and they will make as much progress on the land in the Continent of Europe can make, doing the best he can, in ten, fifteen, or twenty years."

It is evident from the welcome given American settlers in Canada that the Canadian people appreciate them. Writing from Southern Alberta recently an American farmer says:—

"We are giving them some new ideas about being good farmers, and they are giving us some new ideas about being good citizens. They have a law against taking liquor into the Indian Reservation. One of our fellows was caught on a reservation with a bottle on him, and it cost him \$50. One of the Canadian Mounted Police found him, and let me tell you, they find everyone who tries to go up against the laws of the country."

"On Saturday night, every bar-room is closed, at exactly 7 o'clock. Why? Because it is the law, and it's the same with every other law. There isn't a bad man in the whole district, and a woman can come home from town to the farm at midnight if she wants to, alone. That's Canada's idea how to run a frontier; they have certainly taught us a lot.

"On the other hand, we are running their farms for them better than any other class of farmers. I guess I can say this without boasting, and the Canadians appreciate us. We turn out to celebrate Dominion Day; they are glad to have us help to farm the country; they know how to govern; we know how to work."

Another farmer, from Minnesota, who settled in Central Saskatchewan some years ago, has the following to say about the country:—

"My wife and I have done well enough since we came from the States; we can live anyway. We came in the spring of 1901 with the first carload of settlers' effects unloaded in these parts and built the first shanty between Saskatoon and Lumsden. We brought with our car of settlers' effects the sum of \$1800 in cash, to-day we are worth \$40,000. We 'proved up' one of the finest farms in Western Canada and bought 320 acres at \$3 per acre. We took good crops off the land for four years, at the end of which we had \$8000 worth of improvements in the way of buildings, etc., and had planted three acres of trees. Two years ago we got such a good offer that we sold our land at \$45 per acre. From the above you will see that we have not done badly since our arrival."

Prof. Thomas Shaw of St. Paul, Minnesota, with a number of other well known editors of American farm journals, toured Western Canada recently, and in an interview at Winnipeg said in part:—

"With regard to the settlement of the West I should say that it is only well begun. I have estimated that in Manitoba one-tenth of the land has been broken, in Saskatchewan one-third and in Alberta, one-hundred and seventy-fifth. I am satisfied that in all three provinces grain can be

grown successfully up to the sixtieth parallel and in the years to come your vacant land will be taken at a rate of which you have at present no conception. We have enough people in the United States alone, who want homes, to take up this land.

"What you must do in Western Canada is to raise more live stock. When you are doing what you ought to do in this regard, the land which is now selling for \$20 per acre will be worth \$50 to \$100 per acre. It is as good land as that which is selling for more than \$100 per acre in the corn belt.

"I would rather raise cattle in Western Canada than in the corn belt of the United States. You can get your food cheaper and the climate is better for the purpose. We have a better market, but your market will improve faster than your farmers will produce the supplies. Winter wheat can be grown in one-half of the country through which I have passed, and alfalfa and one of the varieties of clover in three-fourths of it. The farmers do not believe this, but it is true."

Keeping pace with wheat production, the growth of railways has been quite as wonderful, and the whole country from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains will soon be a network of trunk and branch lines. Three great transcontinental lines are pushing construction in every direction, and at each siding the grain elevator is to be found. Manitoba being the first settled province, has now an elevator capacity of upwards of 25,000,000 bushels, Saskatchewan 20,000,000, and Alberta and Port Arthur, on the Great Lakes, is upwards of 20,000,000 more.

Within the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta there are four and oatmeal mills with a combined capacity of 25,000 barrels per day, and situated along some famous water powers in New Ontario, there are larger mills than will be found anywhere in the Prairie Provinces.

Last year the wheat crop totaled over 100,000,000 bushels. This year the crop will yield 30,000,000 more. A recent summary shows that on the 1st of January, 1909, the surveyed lands of the three western provinces, totaled 134,000,000 acres, of which about 32,000,000 have been given as subsidies to railways, 11,000,000 disposed of in other ways and 38,000,000 given by the Canadian Government as free homesteads, being 236,000 homesteads of 160 acres each. Of this enormous territory, there is probably under crop at the present time less than 11,000,000 acres; what the results will be when wide awake settlers have taken advantage of Canada's offer and are cultivating the fertile prairie lands, one can scarcely imagine.



Missionary—You haven't been to Sunday school for a month. I don't expect to meet you in heaven!

Kid—Gee! I didn't know you was as bad as all dat!

FOR THE PUBLIC

New Formula Cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Hoarseness in Five Hours.

Much is being done in these days to stop the ravages of consumption, but probably nothing has been so effective as teaching the public how to break up a cold and cure coughs, bronchitis, tonsillitis, etc., with simple home-mixed medicine. A laxative cough syrup, free from whiskey is the prime need. A cough indicates inflammation and congestion and these in turn are due to an excess of waste and poisons in the system. A tonic laxative cough syrup rids the system of congestion, while relieving the painful coughing. Get the following and mix at home: One-half ounce fluid wild cherry bark, one ounce compound essence cardiol and three ounces syrup white pine compound. Shake the bottle and take twenty drops every half hour for four hours. Then one-half to one teaspoonful three or four times daily. Give children less, according to age. Cut this out and save it for some friend.

A Test. "Well," said Mr. Cumrox, "your party was a great success."

"How can you tell?" asked his wife. "Whenever a crowd comes along that makes me feel like a stranger in my own house I know it's a brilliant occasion."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

I have lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this—never suffer your energies to stagnate.

DO NOT ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE When you want *PAIN EXPELLER*, nothing is as good for rheumatism, neuralgia and similar troubles. 75 years of constant use. 12c, 35c and 50c. A woman isn't necessarily level-headed because her hat is on straight. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle. Don't worry, and you'll have nothing to worry you.

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY ROBERT AMES BENNET
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie, but detested his roughness. Led by Blake, they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring. Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. Blake recovered his survivor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle fire, killing a large leopard and smothering several cubs. In the leopard's cavern they built a small home. They gained the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights. The trio secured eggs from the cliffs. Miss Leslie's white skirt was decided upon as a signal. Miss Leslie made a dress from the leopard skin. Overhearing a conversation between Blake and Winthrop, Miss Leslie became frightened. Winthrop became ill with fever. Blake was poisoned by a fish and almost died. Jackals attacked the camp that night, but were driven off by Genevieve. Blake constructed an animal trap. It killed a hyena. On a tour the trio discovered honey and oysters. Miss Leslie was attacked by a poisonous snake. Blake killed it and saved its poison to kill game. For the second time Winthrop was attacked by fever. He and Blake disassembled the latter made a strong door for the private compartment of Miss Leslie's cave home.



"I Know Already—I Know All."

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

"Mr.—Mr. Blake, pray do not get excited—I—I mean, please excuse me. I'm—"

"You're coming down sick!" he said.

"No, no! I have no fever."

"Then it's the sun. Yet you ought to keep up there where the air is freshest. I'll make you a shade."

She protested, and withdrew, somewhat hurriedly, to her tree.

In the morning Blake was gone again; but instead of a note, beside the fire stood the smaller antelope skin converted into a great bamboo-ribbed sunshade.

She spent the day as usual on the headland. There was no wind, and the sun was scorching hot. But with her big sunshade to protect her from the direct rays, the heat was at least endurable. She even found energy to work at a basket which she was attempting to weave out of long, coarse grass; yet there were frequent intervals when her hands sank idle in her lap, and she gazed away over the shimmering glassy expanse of the ocean.

In the afternoon the heat became oppressively sultry, and a long slow swell began to roll shoreward from beyond the distant horizon, showing no trace of white along its oily crests until they broke over the coral reefs. There was not a breath of air stirring, and for a time the reefs so checked the rollers that they lacked force to drive on in and break upon the beach.

Steadily, however, the swell grew heavier, though not so much as a cat's-paw ruffled the dead surfaces of the watery hillocks. By sunset they were rolling high over both lines of reefs and racing shoreward to break upon the beach and the cliff foot in furious surf. The still air reverberated with the booming of the breakers. Yet the girl, inland bred and unversed in weather lore, sat heedless and indifferent, her eyes fixed upon the horizon in a vacant stare.

Her reverie was at last disturbed by the peculiar behavior of the seawolf. Those in the air circled around in a manner strange to her, while their mates on the ledges waddled restlessly about over and between their nests. There was a shriller note than usual in their discordant clamor.

Yet even when she gave heed to the birds, the girl failed to realize their alarm or to sense the impending danger. It was only that a feeling of disquiet had broken the spell of her reverie; it did not obtrude upon the field of her conscious thought. She sighed and rose to return to the cleft, idly wondering that the air should seem more sultry than at mid-day. The peculiar appearance of the sun and the western sky meant nothing more to her than an odd effect of color and light. She smilingly compared it with an attempt at a sunset painted by an artist friend of the impressionist school.

Neither Winthrop nor Blake was in sight when she reached the baobab, and neither appeared, though she delayed supper until dark. It was quite possible that they had eaten before her return and had gone off again, the Englishman to dose and Blake on an evening hunt.

At last, tired of waiting, she covered the fire and retired into her tree-cave. The air in the cleft was still more stifling than on the headland. She paused, with her hand upraised to close the swinging door. She had propped it open when she came out in the morning. After a moment's hesitation, she went on across the hollow, leaving the door wide open.

"I will rest a little, and close it later," she sighed, and close it weary and depressed.

An hour passed. An ominous stillness lay upon the cleft. Even the ceaseless hush of their shrill note. The only sound was a muffled reverberating echo of the surf roaring

upon the seashore. Beneath the giant spread of the baobab all was blackness.

Something moved in a bush a little way down the cleft. A crouching figure appeared, dimly outlined in the starlight. The figure crept stealthily across into the denser night of the baobab. The darkness closed about it like a shroud.

A blinding flash of light pierced the blackness. The figure halted and crouched lower, though the flash had gone again in a fraction of a second. A dull rumbling mingled with the ceaseless boom of the surf.

A second flash lighted the cleft with its dazzling coruscation. This time the creeping figure did not halt.

Again and again the forked lightning streaked across the sky, every stroke more vivid than the one before. The rumble of the distant thunder deepened to a heavy rolling which dominated the dull roar of the breakers. The storm was coming with the on-rush of a tornado. Yet the leaves hung motionless in the still air, and there was no sound other than the thunder and the booming of the surf.

The lightning flared, one stroke upon the other, with a brilliancy that lit up the cave's interior brighter than at mid-day.

In the white glare the girl saw Winthrop, crouched beneath her upswung door; and his face was as the face of a beast.

CHAPTER XX.

The Hurricane Blast.

FOR a moment that seemed a moment of eternity she lay on her bed staring into the blank darkness. The storm burst with a crashing uproar that brought her to her feet with a shriek. Her giant tree creaked and strained under the impact of the terrific hurricane blasts that came howling through the cleft like a rout of shrieking fiends. The peals of thunder merged into one continuous roar, beneath which the solid ledges of rocks jarred and quivered. The sky was a pall of black clouds, meshed with a dazzling network of forked lightning.

The girl stood motionless, stunned by the uproar, appalled by the blinding glare of the thunderbolts; yet even more fearful of the figure which every flash showed her still lurking beneath the door. A gust-borne bough struck with numbing force against her upraised arm. But she took no heed. She was unaware of the swirl of rain and sticks and leaves that was driving in through the open entrance.

On a sudden the door shook free from its props and whirled violently around on its balance-bar. There was a shriek that pierced above the shrilling of the cyclone—a single human shriek.

The girl sprang across the cave. The heavy door swished up before her and down again, its lower edge all but grazing her face. For a moment it stopped in a vertical position and

hung quivering, like a beast about to leap upon its prey. Too excited to comprehend the danger of the act, the girl sprang forward and shot one of the thick bars into its socket.

A fierce gust leaped against the outer face of the door and thrust in upon it, striving to burst it bodily from its bearings. The top and the free side of the bottom bowed in. But the branches were still green and tough, the bamboo like whalebone and the shrunken creepers held the frame together as though the joints were lashed with wire rope. Failing to smash in the elastic structure or to snap the crossbar it were as if the blast flung itself alternately against the top and bottom in a fierce attempt to again whirl the frame about. The white glare streaming in through the interstices showed the girl her opportunity. She grasped another bar and shot it into its socket as the lower part of the door gave back with the shifting of the pressure to the top. It was then a simple matter to slide the remaining bars into the deep-sunk holes. Within half a minute she had made the door fast from the first bar to the sixth.

A heavy spray was beating in upon her through the chinks of the framework. She drew back and sought shelter in a niche at the side. Narrow as was the slit above the top of the door, it let in a torrent of water, which spouted clear across and against the far wall of the cave. It gushed down upon her bed and was already flooding the cave floor.

She piled higher the coconuts stored in her niche, and perched herself upon the heap to keep above the water. But even in her sheltered corner the eddying wind showered her with spray. She waded across for her skin-covered sunshade, and returned to huddle beneath it, in the still misery and terror of a hunted animal that has crept wounded into a hole.

During the first hurricane there had been companions to whom she could look for help and comfort, and she had been to a degree unaware of the greatness of the danger. But in the few short weeks since she had caught more than one glimpse of Primeval Nature—she of the bloody fang, blind, remorseless, insensate, destroying, ever destroying.

True, this was on solid land, while before there had been the peril of the sea. But now the girl was alone. Outside the straining walls of her refuge, the hurricane yelled and shrieked and roared—a headless, formless monster, furious to burst in upon her, to overthrow her stanch old tree giant, that in his fall his shattered trunk might crush and mangle her. Or at any instant a thunder-bolt might rend open the great tower of living wood, and hurl her blackened body into the pool on the cave floor.

Once she fancied that she heard Blake shouting outside the door; but when she screamed a shrill response, the blast mocked her with echoing shrieks, and she dared not venture to free the door. If it were Blake, he did not shout again. After a time she began to think that the sound had

been no more than a freak of the shifting wind. Yet the thought of him out in the full fury of the cyclone served to turn her thoughts from her own danger. She prayed aloud for his safety, beseeching God that he be spared. She sought to pray even for Winthrop. But the vision of that beasty face rose up before her, and she could not—then.

Presently she became aware of a change in the storm. The terrific gusts blew with yet greater violence, the thunder crashed heavier, the lightning filled the air with a flame of dazzling white light. But the rain no longer gushed across on the spot where her bed had been. It was entering at a different angle, and its force was broken by the bend in the thick wall of the entrance. After a time the deluge dashed against the entrance, gushing down the door in a cataract of foam.

Another interval, and the driving downpour no longer struck even the edge of the opening. The wind was veering rapidly as the cyclone center moved past on one side. The area of the hurricane was little more than a third that of a tornado, and it was advancing along its course at great speed. An hour more, and the outermost rim of the huge whirl was passing over the cleft.

Quickly the hurricane gusts fell away to a gale; the gale became a breeze; the breeze lulled and died away, stifled by the torrential rain.

Within the baobab all was again dark and silent. Utterly exhausted, the girl had sunk back against the friendly wall of the tree, and fallen asleep. She was awakened by a hoarse call: "Miss Jenny! Miss Jenny, answer me! Are you all right?"

She started up, barely saving herself from a fall as the big unhusked nuts rolled beneath her feet. The morning sunlight was streaming in over her door. She sprang down ankle deep into the mire of the cave floor, and ran to loosen the bars. As the door swung up, she darted out, with a cry of delight: "You are safe—safe! Oh, I was so afraid for you! But you're drenched! You must build a fire—dry yourself—at once!"

"Wait," said Blake. "I've got to tell you something."

He caught her outstretched hands, and pushed them down with gentle force. His face was grave, almost solemn.

"Think you can stand bad news—a shock?"

"I—What is it? You look so strange!"

"It's about Winthrop—something very bad—"

She turned, with a gasp, and hid her face in her hands, shuddering with horror and loathing.

"Oh! oh!" she cried. "I know already—I know all!"

"All?" demanded Blake, staring blankly.

"Yes; all! And—and he made me think it was you!" She gasped, and fell silent.

Blake's face went white. He spoke in a clear, vibrant voice, tense as an overstrained violin string: "I am speaking about Winthrop—understand me?—Winthrop. He has been badly hurt."

"The door swung down and struck him, when he was creeping in."

"God!" roared Blake. "I picked him up like a sick baby—the beast!—stead of grinding my heel in his face! God! I'll—"

"Tom! don't—don't even speak of it! Tom!"

"God! When a helpless girl—when a—!" He choked, beside himself with rage.

She sprang to him, and caught his sleeve in a convulsive grasp. "Hush, for mercy's sake! Tom Blake, remember—you're a man!"

He calmed like a ferocious dog at the voice of its master; but it was several minutes before he could bring himself to obey her insistent urging that he should return to the injured man.

"I'll go," he at last growled.

"Wouldn't do it even for you, but he's good as dead—lucky for him!"

"Dead!"

"Dying. You stay away."

He went around the baobab and a few paces along the cleft to the place where a limp form lay huddled on the ledge, out of the mud. Slowly, as though drawn by the fascination of horror, the girl crept after him. When she saw the broken, storm-beaten thing that had been Winthrop, she stopped, and would have turned back. After all, as Blake had said, he was dying—

When she stood at the feet of the writhing figure, and looked down into the battered face, it required all her will-power to keep from fainting. Blake frowned up at her for an instant, but said nothing.

Winthrop was speaking, feebly and brokenly, yet distinctly: "Really, I did not mean any harm—at first—you know. But a man does not always have control—"

"Not a beast like you!" growled Blake.

"Ow! Don't 't me! I say now, I'm done for! My legs are cold already—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CLIP THIS OUT.

Valuable Recipe When Afflicted with Rheumatism or Backache.

This is a renowned doctor's very best prescription for rheumatism.

"One ounce compound syrup Sarsaparilla; one ounce Toris compound; half pint high grade whiskey. Mix them and take a tablespoonful before each meal and at bed time. The bottle must be well shaken each time."

Any druggist has these ingredients or he will get them from his wholesale house.

Wanted to Know.

Father—Well?

Tommy—Will I be a monoplane or biplane angel?

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PETIT'S EYE SALVE strengthens old eyes, tonic for eye strain, weak, watery eyes. Druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

We don't blame a man for growling if his wife treats him like a dog.

Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Original in Tin Foil Smoker Package. Take no substitute.

It's easy for a woman to paint a pretty face—if she has one.

PATHS OUT OF PLACE IN SCHOOLS.

In an address at a teacher's institute Miss Martha Sherwood said that sad and pathetic stories should have no place in the public schools. She declared the pupils' great need is humorous stories and the kind that make children roll on the ground with laughter. "Anything to make them laugh, and laugh loudly," she said. "It makes them grow, puts sunshine into their lives and develops contented men and women."

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—Mrs. Matilda Holtvert, Providence, R. I. Sold by all Druggists, Etc. Ask to-day.

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What a young man earns in the daytime goes into his pocket, but what he spends in the evening goes into his character.—Dr. Cuyler.

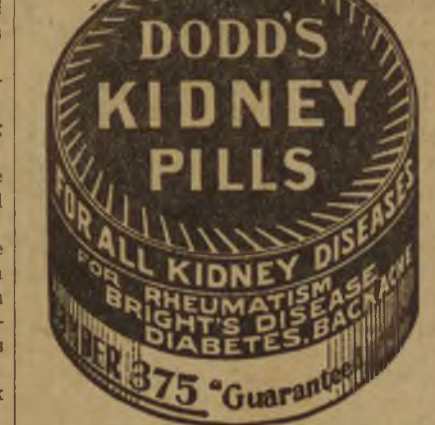
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CONSCRIPTION.

European Peasants Imagine That All Countries Enforce It.

Conscription is so universal throughout Europe that the French or Italian peasant cannot imagine a government which does not enforce it. This amusing account of the struggles of some Italians to comprehend our army system is found in an article by H. A. Fouck in Harper's Weekly.

At one of my stopping places the hostess wandered in and sat down before the register in which I had written my autobiography. Her eyes fell on the figures indicating my age. "Aha!" she cried, jabbing the number with a stubby forefinger and winking good humoredly. "Soldiering is hard work. I don't blame you any. Officers are hard masters."

I had too often been accused of running away to escape military service to be at all put out by this familiar accusation.

"Many a boy I know," went on the woman, "who has run away to America just before he reached his majority and the beginning of his three years in the army. How strange you Americans should fly over here to Italy for the same reason!"

"Well, I don't blame them," growled the innkeeper.

"But military service is not required in America," I put in.

"Eh?" cried my hearers in chorus.

"We don't have to be soldiers in America," I repeated.

"What! You have no army?"

"Yes. But the soldiers are hired, as for any other trade."

"But who makes them go?" demanded the blind musician.

"No one. They are paid to go."

The audience puzzled over this strange arrangement for several moments. Suddenly the landlady burst out laughing. "You think to fool us!" she cried. "How, if there is nobody to make them go, can there be soldiers to pay?"

"Ah! That's it!" roared the host.

"They go because they want to," I explained.

"Want to be soldiers?" bellowed the innkeeper. "What nonsense! Who wants to be a soldier and work three years for nothing?"

"But you don't understand. Those who want to be soldiers are paid wages."

"Ah!" cried a musician, with a sudden burst of inspiration. "When your name is drawn you pay a man wages to go for you?"

"No, the government pays him. Our names are not drawn."

"How much money the king must spend, paying all the soldiers!"

"Ah! They are strange people, the Americans," sighed the host. And he cast upon me a glance that seemed to say, "And liars, too, very often."

A Question of Usage.

The choir began the hymn. When they came to the line, "Neither are they afraid," the composer of the music had so written it that it had to be repeated first by the soprano, then by the alto and finally by the bass. The soprano seemed to be of conservative taste and sang the line, "Neither are they afraid." Apparently the alto had departed from the usage of her forefathers, for when she brought out the words they became "Ni-ther are they afraid," and it became a serious question which side the bass would take. The bass was an Irishman. Out rolled his rich voice, "Nay-ther are they afraid."

So the question of usage still remained unsettled.—London Standard.

The Roots of Altruism.

The three eternal roots of altruistic energy are these: First, the principle of justice—that there is a moral law before which all men are equal, so that I ought to help my neighbor to his rights; second, the principle of charity—that I owe infinite tenderness to any shape or kind of man, however unworthy or useless to the same; third, the principle of free will—that I can really decide to help my neighbor and am truly disgraced if I do not do so. To this may be added the idea of a definite judgment—that is, that the action will at some time terribly matter to the helper and the helped.—G. K. Chesterton.

Flowers as Food.

The old time epicurean was as enthusiastic over flowers and herbs as is the modern vegetarian over a cabbage. He mixed all kinds of buds, leaves and flowers with loving care and gave them all the common name of "sallets." Violets and cowslips he put into custards. Elder tops, burdock roots, broom buds and marshmallows he used for pickling. For concocting coloring sirups all manner of flowers were used. Today a cooked flower is a curiosity.

ENDOCARDITIS.

Forms and Dangers of This Affection of the Heart.

By "endocarditis" is meant an inflammation of the endocardium or membrane lining the cavities of the heart. It is caused by the presence of poisonous material, usually of living germs, in the blood and is therefore most often associated with or a consequence of some general disease, such as rheumatism, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria or pneumonia.

There are the usual two forms found in most diseases, acute and chronic, the last following upon the first, and there are also the more important divisions into simple and malignant endocarditis.

In the simple kind the lining membrane of the heart presents numerous points of inflammation—little red areas with a tuft or ball of fibrin, or clotted blood, in the center. These inflamed spots are not large, and the clots attached to them are also small in the simple form. But in malignant endocarditis the area inflamed is much more extensive, and the clots are larger, sometimes almost filling the cavity of the heart. In some cases of malignant endocarditis, then called ulcerative endocarditis, the inflammation is so acute as to cause ulceration of the affected parts.

The dangers of endocarditis are twofold—danger to the heart itself and danger to the brain or lungs or one of the other organs of the body. The danger to the heart is from injury to one of the valves. This almost always happens except in the mildest form of endocarditis, because the inflammation most often affects the edges of the valves. Even when the disease subsides without giving any sign of valvular injury at first, this often appears later through a fibrous thickening or scarlike contraction of the part originally inflamed. This interferes with the complete closure of the valve, and the result is a heart permanently crippled by valvular disease.

When there is actual ulceration of the valves injury is inevitable.

The danger to the brain or other organ is from detachment of the little blood clot from the inflamed spot and its carriage into the general circulation, where it plugs one of the smaller arteries. If this happens in the brain it gives rise to symptoms of apoplexy.

The first principle of treatment is absolute rest in bed, and this injunction must be insisted upon long after the patient feels well and is well, and for the rest of life anything that may cause heart strain must be carefully avoided.—Youth's Companion.

The First Law of Nature.

Two Irish soldiers stationed in the West Indies were accustomed to bathe daily in a little bay which was generally supposed to be free from sharks. Though on good terms with each other, they were not what might be called fast friends.

One day as they were swimming about 100 yards from the shore Pat observed Mike suddenly making for the land as hard as he could without saying a word. Wondering what was the matter, Pat struck out vigorously after him and landed at his companion's heels.

"Is there anything wrong wid ye?" inquired Pat feelingly.

"Nothin', nothin' at all," replied the other.

"Thin what did you make such a suddint retreat for an' lave me?" continued Pat.

"Bedad," answered Mike coolly, "I spied the fin av a big shark about twenty feet ahead, an' I thought while he was playin' wid you it would give me time to reach the shore!"

The Nebulae.

The discovery of the gaseous nature of the nebulae came about largely through the use of the spectroscopic and spectrum analysis. Fraunhofer proved that the spectrum of an ignited gaseous body is "noncontinuous, with interrupting lines," and J. W. Draper demonstrated that the spectrum of an ignited solid is always continuous, with no interrupting lines. In this way it was proved that many of the nebulae are gaseous, illustrating the process of development actually going on.—New York American.

No Race Suicide.

There are many anecdotes of actors and playwrights in the recollections of Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft. Some of these, of course, originate with the always amusing H. J. Byron. To a provincial landlady he once bitterly complained of having been attacked by fleas.

"Fleas, sir?" was the retort. "I am sure there is not a single flea in my house."

WEDDINGS IN BELGIUM.

The Necessary Civil Ceremony Performed in the Town Hall.

If you want to get married in Belgium you must go to the town hall of the particular city in which you happen to reside and take one of the chief parts in a brief ceremony, which alone legalizes your matrimonial union. You can go to church before or after the little bit of civic business, as you choose, but nothing that priest or minister can do for you, however soothing to your feelings or your conscience, can give any recognized binding to your wedding vows as far as the law of this country goes. In most of the ancient and wonderfully interesting town halls of Belgium there is a "salle des mariages," a spacious chamber specially reserved for nuptial ceremonies. At Antwerp the town hall is more to be admired for its interior than for its exterior. The facade is in the renaissance style by Cornelis de Vriendt and dates from 1581.

The Antwerp town hall occupies the whole of the west side of the square of old guild houses and in its center rises to a height of 183 feet. A statue of the Virgin Mary is in a niche in the center of the top story.

Half a dozen wedding parties await the advent of the deputy mayor each morning. The procession of brides and their friends leads into the marriage chamber, the walls of which are appropriately covered with five frescoes.

The several wedding parties approach the mayor's table in turn, the unmarried parties remaining seated in the body of the hall, watching their predecessors. The proceedings are very brief. The deputy mayor examines a few papers put forward by the father or other representative of the bride, asks one or two low voiced questions, smiles at the bride, nods to the groom, signs a certificate and informs them that they are man and wife. Then he touches a button on his desk, and from an adjacent apartment an organ sounds a few bars of a wedding march, during which the married pair and company file out of the chamber, and the deputy mayor murmurs the French equivalent of "next" to one of the two little pages attending him—handsome youngsters in court dress. Another wedding party stands before a desk: a repetition of the short proceedings: once more the tap on the button and the wedding march on the organ. Out they go, blushing and smiling, and No. 3 marriage begins. In less than half an hour the six marriages had been made. Nothing more and nothing less happens, no matter what the rank or position of the contracting parties may be, except that the mayor's pages can be employed to carry the bride's train if she happens to be wearing one.—Washington Star.

His Nose For News.

A cub reporter on a Pennsylvania paper was sent out by the city editor to get a story on the marriage of a young society girl and a man well known in the city.

The "cub" was gone about an hour and then returned and went aimlessly over to his desk, by which he sat down. Shortly afterward the city editor noticed his presence and his evident idleness.

"Here, kid!" shouted the superior. "Why aren't you at work on that wedding?"

"Nothin' doing," replied the boy.

"Nothing doing! What do you mean? Didn't the wedding take place?"

"Nope. The bridegroom never showed up, so there ain't nothin' to write."

Deserted.

"Do you say your husband deserted you?" said the judge to a lady applying for a separation order from her husband.

"Yes, my lord."

"Please tell the court as concisely as you can how he deserted you."

"Two months after we had completed our honeymoon he scolded me because he thought I was extravagant in the matter of getting clothes, and I went home to my people."

"Yes. Proceed."

"Well, I waited and waited and waited for him to come and beg me to return to him, and he never did!"—London Telegraph.

What "Mr.," "Mrs." and "Miss" Mean.

"Mr.," the common form of prefix by courtesy to the name of an untitled male, whether married or single, is a contraction of the word "master." "Miss" and "Mrs." are similarly contractions of the word "mistress," and as late as the reign of George II, unmarried ladies used to be styled "Mrs." Then it became convenient to distinguish between the married and unmarried woman, and "Miss" was the original spelling of the new label.

SEWING NEEDLES.

How They Are Fashioned From Coils of Fine Steel Wire.

We are so accustomed to seeing the little steel sewing needle in everyday use that we accept its presence as a matter of course, quite as if it grew on a tree like an apple.

It is true that needles have always been used, but not always in their present form. In times when skins of animals were worn for clothing the needle was made of fishbone, bone or ivory, without an eye and of goodly size and strength, in order to pierce the skins easily.

Since the latter part of the fourteenth century steel needles have been made. Various are the kinds and sizes which are now required for everyday use by a world of people for sewing by hand, by machine, for packing, upholstery and leather work, wonderful needles for surgical purposes and many others.

The material used in the manufacture of the needle consists of fine steel wire, which is supplied in coils. These coils are cut with powerful shears into lengths, each sufficient for two needles.

Several thousand of these lengths are placed together in a bundle, heated to red heat and then quickly straightened by pressure and rolling.

These straightened lengths are then pointed at both ends on a revolving grindstone. A grinder will point as many as 100,000 needles in a day, while machinery invented for the same purpose will point three times as many as a skilled workman.

Next comes the eyeing of the needles. You will remember that each length of wire referred to is sufficient for two needles. At the center of each length, therefore, is stamped the grooved and rounded impression of two needle heads, end to end, and then perforated by steel punches.

Through the double eyeholes thus formed (of say 100 needles at a time) is threaded fine wire, giving an appearance of a two edged comb. The needles are held rigid and then broken apart with comparative ease between the eyeholes.

The needles are next hardened and tempered by being subjected to red heat, plunged into an oil bath, reheated again and gradually cooled.

After this they must be scoured and polished by friction combined with soft soap, oil and emery powder. Washing, drying and more polishing follow. In fact, there seems to be no end to the polishing and finishing processes. But when the work is finally completed the needles are as near perfection as modern machinery and human skill can make them.—Exchange.

George Washington's Lottery.

The great Father of His Country was on at least one occasion the originator of a lottery, the like of which at the present day would be forbidden to send its tickets through the mails. That George Washington was interested in such a scheme is proved by a number of tickets still in existence which bear his august name. It was the Mountain Road lottery of which George was the promoter, and it is, of course, unnecessary to state that Washington himself did not financially profit from it. All the funds raised by the lottery were spent in building the road through Cumberland gap, near Fredericksburg, Va. Originally the lottery tickets which Washington signed were worth \$1 each. Now, because they bear his signature, they are easily sold for \$50 apiece, though it is certain that not one of them will ever draw a prize.

A Lesson in Grammar.

Hetty's uncle, who was a school-teacher, says the Lutheran, met her on the street one beautiful May day and asked her if she was going out with the Maying party.

"No, I ain't going."

"Oh, my little dear," said her uncle, "you must not say 'I ain't going.' You must say 'I am not going.'" And he proceeded to give her a little lesson in grammar. "You are not going. He is not going. We are not going. You are not going. They are not going. Now, can you say all that, Hetty?"

"Sure I can," she replied, making a courtesy. "There ain't nobody going."

Grecian Jokes on Physicians.

Among the jests of the ancient Greek humorists are many on the physician. Some of them are characterized by an almost American extravagance. The following are from a popular Greek anthology: "Diophrantus dreamed that he saw Hermogenes, the physician, and he never awoke again, even though he wore an amulet."

"Marcus, the doctor, called yesterday on the marble Jupiter; but, though he was Jupiter and though he was marble, his funeral takes place today."



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Makes the Baking Sweeter, Lighter

Always works right NO FAILURES Costs YOU Less NO TRUST PRICES

25 Ounces for 25 Cents BEST AT ANY PRICE or your money back

A Merry Christmas

We take this means of extending to our friends and patrons, in this locality, our heartiest wishes for the merriest of Christmases and a happy and prosperous New Year.

We wish also to express our sincere thanks for the generous patronage which has been accorded this store during this the greatest Holiday Season in the history of this store.

THEO. F. SWAN
Great Department Store
Elgin, Illinois



THERE was a time when everybody bought roofings that required painting. It was the regular thing to do. In fact there was nothing else to do, for all roofings were "smooth surfaced" and required painting regularly to keep them from deteriorating.

Now there is Amatite, an improvement over painted roofings, having a real mineral surface imbedded in pitch—making a kind of flexible concrete.

This mineral surface needs no painting. The waterproofing material, Coal Tar Pitch, is the greatest enemy to water known. It is the base of many waterproof paints. Only in a paint the pitch is diluted and made into a thin film, whereas the Amatite waterproofing is solid pure Pitch—two layers of it. It would take something like a dozen coats of pitch paint to equal in thickness that upper sheet of pitch in which the Amatite mineral surface is buried. And under that heavy sheet of pitch is a layer of wool felt and under that another sheet of pitch, just as thick as the outer one. And below them all is another layer of strong felt. That makes two roofs in one.

If the storms wore away the mineral surface and dug through the pitch and destroyed the felt, they would still be only half way through. And if the weather then removed the next sheet of pitch, you would still have left a final layer of felt—nothing more or less than an ordinary smooth surfaced roofing which could keep off the rain very nicely if painted every year or two.

But as a matter of fact, the weather never gets past that mineral surface securely gripped in its matrix of pitch.

The mineral surface is there to stay. No painting—no bother—no further expenses after the roof is once laid. We should be glad to send you a free sample of Amatite, and you can see for yourself how much better it is than the smooth surfaced kinds.

Perkins & Rosenfeld, Genoa