

The Genoa Tribune.

VOL. XXIV. No 22

GENOA, N. Y., FRIDAY MORNING, DEC. 25, 1914.

EMMA A. WALDO

M. KEMPER WILLOUGHBY, M.
GENOA, N. Y.

Office hours 8 to 9 a. m., 1 to 2 p. m.
7 to 8 p. m.
Miller Phone.
Special attention given to diseases of digestion and kidneys.

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Special attention given to diseases of men and children. Cancer removed without pain by escharotic. Office at residence.

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Agent for the following companies: Glens Falls, The Home, Fire Association of Philadelphia, The Sun of London, The Queen, Royal of Liverpool and Fidelity Underwriters, also Windstorm or Tornado insurance at low rate.

Regular trip every thirty days.

The Farmer and His Paper.

"The farmer of to-day is entirely different from the farmer of yesterday," said Secretary C. N. McIlvaine, of the South Dakota State Fair, "and I really believe that the country newspapers have been the greatest aid to the farmers and made them what they are to-day. There is no better or quicker way to get an education than to read the papers. If a man is away from his home town his home paper comes to him like a long lost friend. It just seems to me when I read my home paper as though I was shaking hands with a chum."

We would like your name on our subscription list.

NERVOUS PEOPLE

are usually thin and easily worried, the sleep gets weaker and the system gets weaker.

Scott's Emulsion corrects nervousness by force of nourishment—it feeds the nerve centres by distributing energy and power all over the body.

Don't resort to alcoholic mixtures or drug concoctions.

Get SCOTT'S EMULSION for your nerves—nothing equals or compares with it. Get it on the famous SCOTT'S.

EVERY DRUGGIST HAS IT.

From Nearby Towns.

Five Corners.

Dec. 21—Soon we will be writing 1915. The years are fleeting by so quickly and seem so short.

The dancing party which was held in the Odd Fellows hall last week Wednesday evening was quite largely attended and a good time in general.

Mrs. Jay Smith, Mrs. Will Ferris and Mrs. Snushall made a business trip to Auburn last Saturday.

Master Carl Goodyear is spending the holiday vacation from his school at Oakwood seminary with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Goodyear.

Miss Maud Ford has returned to her home here after spending the summer with her uncle, Allie Palmer near Atwater station.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ford made a business trip to Ithaca last week Thursday. They made the trip with their horse and cutter and report the sleighing fine.

Master Howell Mosher of Oakwood seminary is with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Todd during the holiday vacation.

Mrs. C. G. Barger spent a few days with her son, Henry Barger, last week near Ludlowville.

Mrs. Mary Hunt was able to ride to her sister's, Mrs. Sarah Carter, one day last week and will remain there for a time.

Dr. John Gard, who is located at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. Couse is having quite a good many calls. We hope he will remain here.

Miss Florence Todd of Cortland is spending the holiday vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Todd.

Mr. Morris Coon is much improved at this writing, which his many friends are pleased to learn.

George Coon, with Henry Strong of East Genoa recently visited Mr. Morris Coon.

News seems to be quite scarce around here.

The business meeting of the West Genoa and Five Corners W. C. T. U. will meet at the home of Mrs. Robt. Ferris Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 30.

Mrs. R. B. Ferris thought she would have chicken for dinner the other day. She chose one that looked heavier and better than the rest, so she had it killed and dressed it. Upon opening it, she found ten full sized soft shelled eggs. They were not in the egg bag so could not be laid. The hen was as poor as a church mouse. She didn't have hen for dinner that day.

North Lansing.

Dec. 21—Mrs. Benton Brown is on the gain; she has had a hard time.

The remains of Mrs. Bossard were brought here for burial on Thursday.

The Willing Workers met with Mrs. Hattie K. Buck last Thursday. An elaborate dinner was served. The ladies realized \$10.

There is little excitement except in family circles at the coming of Christmas.

When Manley Beardsley went to the barn on Thursday morning he found his horse dead. She had seemed as well as usual at night.

Mrs. Filkins had quite a serious time getting home from Auburn, the train was three hours on the road. She was exhausted when she reached home, but she is now improving slowly. Her mother is caring for her.

Ledyard.

Dec. 21.—Fine sleighing and it is being appreciated we should judge from the amount of travel.

The meetings which are being held at Poplar Ridge are being well attended by the Ledyardites.

Last Wednesday was the coldest day so far, mercury registering two and three degrees above.

Horace Avery and family, who are in Florida write that they are enjoying regular September weather.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Youngs were in Rochester the last of the week.

Subscribe for the home paper to-day.

King Ferry.

Dec. 19—Mrs. F. T. Atwater returned from New York Tuesday.

Many from this vicinity went to Auburn Monday to attend the funeral of Hon. S. E. Payne.

Charles Shaw will spend several days with friends in Greenwich, Conn.

Mrs. Ray Ellison is ill with typhoid fever. Dr. T. L. Hatch and a trained nurse are in attendance.

The foot of snow which fell here on Sunday night has given us beautiful sleighing.

Arthur Close has purchased the farm recently occupied by Kit Ellison.

PREBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

Sunday morning, the last sermon of the series on the Book of Jonah; it will sum up the salient and vital teaching of Jonah as an inspiration for the coming year.

Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.

Christian Endeavor meeting at 6:15 p. m. in the church; leader, Mrs. H. W. Smith.

Evening worship and sermon at 7 o'clock.

No teachers' meeting on Monday evening.

Prayer meeting on Thursday at 7 p. m. Theme, "Forgive Us Our Debts" in the Lord's Prayer series.

The week of prayer will be observed by daily meetings.

The children and the choir last Sunday evening helped us very ably to catch the feeling of coming Christmas.

As Santa Claus comes to us this year, let us think much about the Christ-Child.

At this Christmas time let us pray for the new converts at Poplar Ridge who have so nobly taken the Christian faith; we need a deep spiritual awakening in King Ferry.

Washington's Jubilee Singers will give us our next entertainment in our entertainment course on Jan. 11. The company will consist of seven colored people, four men and three women. They come recommended as the best interpreters of negro music that can be found. They come as America's leading Ethiopian vocalists and instrumentalists. These artists are cultured and refined, so we are told, yet withal in full accord and sympathy with the struggles, hopes, aspirations and faith of their race, which for centuries has found its principal outward expression through music, the one universal language. They are to give to us old southern melodies, quartets, river songs, plantation songs, mimicry, readings, jubilees, camp meeting shouts and vocal and instrumental specialties. This entertainment is expected to be the leading feature of what the lyceum is giving to us this season. Admission by season ticket or by single ticket of fifty cents for every one above fourteen years of age and twenty-five cents for children between eight and fourteen; children under eight free. The audience at our last entertainment filled the house but we expect a larger audience for the Washington's Jubilee Singers. Come.

Merry Christmas to you all.

Death of Edwin Snyder.

Edwin Snyder, aged 86 years, died at 8 o'clock Monday evening at the home of his son, Seneca Snyder, near Woods Mills, in the town of Scipio. Funeral services were held at his late home Thursday afternoon at 1 o'clock. Rev. A. S. Yantis of Auburn, pastor of the First Universalist church, officiated. Burial in Scipio Center cemetery. Masonic services were used.

Mr. Snyder was one of the oldest residents of the town of Scipio and was highly respected. He had resided in Scipio all his life and was well known throughout this section of the county. For the past few years Mr. Snyder had been a sufferer from heart trouble, which caused his death.

Besides being a member of the Masonic fraternity, he was a prominent member of the Cayuga County Bee Keepers' Association. He is survived by one son, Seneca Snyder, of Scipio.

Subscribe for THE TRIBUNE.

State Dairymen.

At the joint convention of the New York State Dairymen's Association and the New York State Breeders' Association which was held in Rochester last week two Cornell men, W. A. Stocking and H. H. Wing, were chosen on the respective boards of directors.

The Dairymen's Association elected the following officers: President, H. C. Elwood; Buffalo; vice president, W. E. Dana, Avon; secretary, W. E. Griffith, Madrid; assistant secretary, H. E. Jones, Syracuse; treasurer, R. R. Kirkland, Philadelphia; directors, Calvin J. Huson, John Y. Gerow, F. C. Soule, W. N. Giles, W. D. Dietrich, Professor W. A. Stocking, jr.

The Breeders' Association elected Calvin J. Huson, state commissioner of agriculture, as president. The other officers are: Vice president, H. B. Harpending, Dundee; secretary, Albert E. Brown, Syracuse; treasurer, Wing R. Smith, Syracuse; directors, Professor H. H. Wing, Ithaca; Harry S. Gail, Aurora; Harry B. Winters, Albany; George A. Smith, Geneva.

Elwood S. Akin who until two years ago at the time he removed to Glens Falls was a resident of Cayuga county and Auburn, and one of the best known importers and breeders of heavy and coach horses in the country, was chosen president of the State Draft Horse Breeders' Club at its meeting in connection with the State Breeders' and Dairy Men's annual convention held in Rochester.

Mr. Payne's Successor.

There is considerable speculation in Republican ranks as to who will succeed the late Seneca E. Payne of Auburn, as Member of Congress from this district, which comprises the counties of Cayuga, Seneca, Wayne, Ontario and Yates. Among the possible candidates already named are Charles H. Betts of Lyons, editor of the Lyons Republican and Republican State Committee man from Wayne county; County Judge Robt. F. Thompson of Canandaigua; Norman J. Gould of Seneca Falls; Chas. H. Hoyt of Penn Yan, and George W. Benham of Auburn. As Cayuga county has had the office for the past thirty years, it is the general opinion that the nomination will now go to one of the other counties in the district. Unless there should be a special session of Congress, after the conclusion of the present session on the 4th of next March, it is not probable that the vacancy will be filled until the general election next November.—Cayuga Chief.

East Venice Grange Officers.

The following officers have been elected for East Venice Grange:

Master—N. G. Arnold.

Overseer—W. W. Ketchum.

Lecturer—Ina Hurlbut.

Steward—Casper Nettleton.

Assistant Steward—Fred Coomber.

Chaplain—Alfred Sisson.

Treasurer—W. B. Teeter.

Secretary—Blanche Taylor.

Gate-keeper—Leland Close.

Pomona—Hattie Alnutt.

Ceres—Carrie Arnold.

Flora—Ruth Roe.

Lady Assistant Steward—Linnie Lester.

Chorister—Mrs. H. M. Roe.

Trustee for three years—H. M. Roe.

Purchasing Agent—Casper Nettleton.

Director Relief Association—H. M. Roe.

Notice of Stockholders' Meeting.

First National Bank of Genoa.

To the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Genoa:

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Genoa will be held on Tuesday, Jan. 12, 1915, in the Banking Rooms at 10 o'clock a. m. You are requested to be present in person, if convenient, or at least be represented by proxy. You are entitled to one vote for each share of stock held by you. The election of directors will be held and such other business will be transacted as may properly come before the meeting.

20w5 A. H. Knapp, Cashier.

State Agricultural Society.

The seventy-fifth annual convention of New York State Agricultural society will be held in the assembly parlors of the Capitol in Albany on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 20 and 21, 1915. An evening session will be held in the Assembly Chamber on Wednesday evening and a banquet in one of the hotels is planned as a fitting close of the convention. The banquet will probably be a dollar a plate and promises to be the largest banquet ever held in the city of Albany. This will be a new departure for the society and promises to be very popular. The speeches at the banquet will be brief but numerous, and will cover a wide field of subjects, by both men and women of national reputation.

Another new feature of this convention will be attendance of women. Last year the association broke away from its previous custom and elected a woman, Mrs. Julian Heath, President of the National Housewives' League, as the first vice-president. Mrs. Heath promises the attendance of a large number of her League, and all the women of the state are cordially invited to be present. The farm women are especially invited and arrangements are being perfected for their entertainment and committees will be in waiting to see that their comforts are looked after while in the Capitol City.

Where Our Sympathy Goes.

"With whom do we sympathize in the present war?" asks a correspondent. We'll answer that, says the Johnstown Democrat. With the German, French, Belgian and English boys who man the trenches. With the German, French, Belgian and English boys who crowd the hospitals. With the mothers who bore these boys, with the fathers who saw them grow to manhood and loved them as they grew. With the women who were wedged to these boys. With the children they left when they marched to the front. With the poor peasant woman who struggles against the press of war-engendered poverty. With those who in the cities cry out for food. With the men who fight for fatherland, hating war in their hearts. With the great artists like Kreisler, who must turn their marvelous melody producing fingers to works of destruction. With the people who must live out their days with lives forever blighted by this war. With the innocent whose fields have been trampled under foot by marching armies. With all the hosts of those who under the press of mistaken patriotism must offer up their lives. Those are the ones with whom we sympathize.

Aged Man Dead.

At Poplar Ridge Saturday morning occurred the death of one of the pioneer residents of this part of the county, Jonathan P. Proud. Mr. Proud, who was in his 82nd year, had spent the greater part of his life within a short distance of the house in which his death occurred. He made his home with his sister, Mrs. Calvin T. Hoxie.

Mr. Proud was for many years a clerk in the store of the late Sidney Mosher at Poplar Ridge, and was well known throughout this part of the county.

Funeral services were held at the place of death Monday afternoon at 1 o'clock. Interment in the Hick-site cemetery, west of Poplar Ridge.

WANTED—Good homes wanted for boys and girls under 14 years of age, where they will be received as members of the family; apply to Children's Department, State Charities Aid Association, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

National Bank of Commerce, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Golden Wedding Anniversary.

Dr. Elias Lester and his wife, Mrs. Caroline Foote Lester, observed the golden anniversary of their wedding Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 22, at their home in Seneca Falls. From 3 until 6 o'clock they held an informal reception to which were invited a large number of their neighbors and old friends. The only guest expected by Dr. and Mrs. Lester, who was present at their marriage, was Mrs. Lavina Baldwin of Auburn, Mrs. Lester's sister.

Dr. Lester was born in the town of Genoa, and Mrs. Lester in Venice. Mrs. Lester was the daughter of a physician, Dr. Jared Foote, whose practice covered the southern part of Cayuga county and extended into Tompkins county. Dr. Lester and his wife were school friends and when he returned from the war in 1864 to his home town, they were married. The marriage took place at the Foote homestead, Bishop Ames officiating. Proctor Mason and Miss Frances Jennings were the attending couple.

After their marriage Dr. and Mrs. Lester went to Palmer Falls, Saratoga county, where they remained for a year and came to Seneca Falls. Thirty-six years ago they purchased and occupied the home where they now live.

Dr. Lester retired from active practice five years ago. Since then he and his wife have traveled extensively. They have one daughter, Miss Caroline Lester, and two sons, Dr. F. W. Lester of Seneca Falls and George B. Lester of New York City.

Odd Bits of News.

Worcester, Mass.—The Rev. Frederick Nicholson, pastor of the First Spiritual church, recently appealed to Chief of Police Hill for "protection against love-sick maidens and scheming mothers." He said his life has been made miserable by love-letters and telephone calls.

Clarinda, Ia.—Mrs. Martin Lucas offered to crank an automobile for Mrs. Abbie Gilmore and in doing so broke her arm. Mrs. Gilmore helped Mrs. Lucas into the car and started to crank the machine. She too, broke her arm.

Merrill, Wis.—A house was shipped to the fair here recently by parcel post. The house was of the take-down variety and was sent piece by piece.

Atlanta, Ga.—Several people here have been afraid to eat oysters recently because when the oysters were put into hot water they turned a brilliant pink. Health officers say the oysters are perfectly good to eat, but they cannot explain the "blushing" of the bivalves.

Somerset, Ky.—Miss Lena Hamm, Kentucky's first police woman, started duty recently. Her uniform is of police-blue trimmed with white braid.

Famous Detective's Opinion.

Speaking recently at the Fifth Avenue Suffrage Shop, William J. Burns, detective, stated:

"In my twenty-five years' work in the cities of this country, work which has taken me into the thick of affairs, I have seen that the suffragists, while working for the ballot, are also promoting good citizenship. My experience in detecting criminals has convinced me that universal suffrage is necessary to bring about many needed reforms. When suffrage comes, you will select from among your number the women best qualified for public work, and they will make the cities fit places for the children to grow up in. I wish I could put the 'white slave' problem into the hands of a selected group of women in this city whom I could name and give them the power that men have. They would soon clean it up."

"The canoe isn't made that can fool me. Never had one tip over with me in my life." "You must be an expert canoeist." "One does not have to be an expert canoeist to be safe." "But how else—" "I never have and never will get into one of the dinged things"—Houston Post.

Advertisement in THE TRIBUNE.

Christmas

A Story

By Zona Gale

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ing them. Then one day Mary had joined Lily and Adam there on the porch, and Lily had been looking up with new eyes, and Mary had seen her face, and then Adam's face; and they had all seemed in a sudden nakedness, and Mary had known that a great place was closed against her.

Since then house and porch and garden and routines had become like those of other places. She had always been shut outside something, and always she had borne burdens. The death of her parents, middles of need, worst of all a curious feeling that the place closed against her was somehow herself—that, so to say, she and herself had never once met. She used to say that to herself sometimes. "There's two of me and we don't meet—we don't meet."

"And now he wants me to take her boy and Adam's," she kept saying. "I'll never do such a thing—never."

She thought that the news of Lily's death was what gave her the strange bodily hurt that had seized her—the news that what she was used to was gone; that she had no sister; that the days of their being together and all the asks of their upbringing were finished. Then she thought that the remembering of those days of her happiness and her pain, and the ache of what might have been and of what never was, had come to torture her again. But the feeling was rather the weight of some imminent thing, the ravage of something that grew with what it fed on, the grasp upon her of something that would not let her go.

She had never seen them after their marriage, and so she had never seen either of the children. Lily had once sent her a picture of John, but she had never sent one of this other little boy. Mary tried to recall what they had ever said of him. She could not even remember his baptismal name, but she knew that they had called him "Yes" because it was the first word he had learned to say and because he had said it to everything. "The baby can say 'Yes,'" Lily had written once; "I guess it's all he'll ever be able to say. He says it all day long. He won't try to say anything else." And once later: "We've taken to calling the baby 'Yes,' and now he calls himself that. 'Yes' wants it," he says, and "Take 'Yes,' and 'Yes' is going off now. His father likes it. He says yes is everything and no is nothing. I don't think that means much, but we call him that for fun." But Mary could not remember what the child's real name was. What difference did it make? As if she could have a child meddling round the house while she was sewing! But, of course, this was not the real reason. The real reason was that she could not bring up a child—did she not know that?

"He's six years old now, and Aunt Mary, this ain't a place for him. He's a nice little fellow and I hate for him to get rough and he will if he stays here."

She tried to think who else could take him. They had no one. Adam, she knew, had no one. Some of the neighbors there by the ranch—it was absurd to send him that long journey—so she went through it all, denying with all the old denials. And all the while the weight in her body grew and filled her, and she was strangely conscious of her breath.

"What ails me?" she said aloud, and got up to kindle a light. She was amazed to see that it was 7 o'clock, and long past her supper hour. As she took from the clock shelf the key to the barn, some one rapped at the back door and came through the cold kitchen with friendly familiarity. It was Jenny, a shawl over her head, her face glowing with the cold, and in her mitted hands a flat parcel.

"My hand's most froze," Jenny admitted. "I didn't want to roll this thing, so I carried it flat out, and it blew considerable. It's the picture."

"Get yourself warm," Mary bade her. "I'll undo it. Who is it of?" she added, as the papers came away.

"That's what I don't know," said Jenny. "but I've always liked it around. I thought maybe you'd know."

It was a picture which, in those days, had not before come to Old Trail Town. The figure was that of a youth, done by a master of the times—the head and shoulders of a youth who seemed to be looking passionately at something outside the picture.

"There it is, anyhow," Jenny added. "If you like it enough to hang it up, hang it up. It's a Christmas present." Jenny laughed elishly.

Mary Chavah held the picture out before her.

"I do," she said; "I could take a real fancy to it. I'll have it up on the wall. Much obliged, I'm sure. Set down a minute."

But Jenny could not do this, and Mary, the key to the barn still in her hands, followed her out. They went through the cold kitchen where the refrigerator and the ironing board and the clothes bars and all the familiar things stood in the dark. To Mary these were sunk in a great obscurity and insignificance, and even Jenny being there was unimportant beside the thing that her letter had brought to think about. They stepped out into the clear, glittering night, with its clean, white world, and its clean, dark sky on which some story was written in stars; Capella was shining almost overhead—and another star was hanging bright in the east as if the east were always a dawning place for some new star.

"Mary!" said Jenny, there in the dark.

"Yes," Mary answered.

"You know I said I just couldn't bear not to have any Christmas—this Christmas?"

"Yes," Mary said.

"Did you know why?"

"I thought because it's your and Bruce's first."

"No," Jenny said, "that isn't all why it's something else."

She slipped her arm within Mary's and stood silent. And Mary still not understanding—

"It's somebody else," Jenny said faintly.

"Why, Jenny?"

"Soon," said Jenny.

The two women stood for a moment Jenny saying a little, Mary quiet.

"It'll be late in December," Jenny finished. "That seems so wonderful to me—so wonderful. Late in December, like—"

The cold came prinking about them and Jenny moved to go. Mary, the shawled figure on the upper step, looked down on the shawled figure below her and abruptly spoke.

"It's funny," Mary said, "that you should tell me that—now. I haven't told you what's in my letter."

"What was?" asked Jenny.

Mary told her. "They want I should have the little boy," she ended it.

"Oh," Jenny said, "Mary! How wonderful for you! Why, it's almost next as wonderful as mine!"

"We can plan together," Jenny was saying. "Ain't it wonderful?"

"Ain't it?" Mary said then, simply, and kissed Jenny, when Jenny came and kissed her. Then Jenny went away. Mary went on to the barn and opened the door and listened. She had brought

no lantern, but the soft stillness within needed no vigilance. The hay smell from the loft and the mangers, the even breath of the cows, the quiet safety of the place, met her. She was wondering at herself, but she was struggling not at all. It was as if concerning the little boy something had decided for her in a soft, fierce rush of feeling not her own. She had committed herself to Jenny almost without will. But Mary felt no exultation, and the weight within her did not lift.

"I really couldn't do anything else but take him, I s'pose," she thought. "I wonder what'll come on the next?"

All the while she was conscious of the raw smell of the clover in the hay of the mangers, as if something of summer were there in the cold.

Mary Chavah sent her letter of blinding directions concerning her sister's headstone and the few belongings which her sister and wished her to have. The last lines of the letter were about the boy.

"Send the little one along. I am not the one, but I don't know what else to tell you to do with him. Let me know when to expect him and put his name in with his things. I can't remember his right name."

When the answer came from John Blood a fortnight later it said that a young fellow of those parts was starting back home shortly to spend Christmas and would take charge of the child as far as the city and there put him on his train for Old Trail Town. She would be notified just what day to expect him, and John knew how glad his mother would have been and his father, too, and he was her grateful nephew. P. S.—He would send some money every month "toward him."

The night after she received this letter Mary lay long awake, facing what it was going to mean to have him there—to have a child there.

She recalled what she had heard other women say about it—stray utterances, made with the hardened look that hid a secret complacency, a kind of pleased freemasonry in a universal lot.

"The children bring so much and into the house. You'd think it was horses."

"The center table looks loaded and ready to start half the time, but I can't help it with the children's books and truck."

"Never would have another house

built without a coat closet. The children's cloaks and caps and rubbers litter up everything."

"Every one of their knees out and their underclothes outgrown and the r waists soiled the whole time. And I do try so hard."

Now with all these bewilderments she was to have to do. She wondered if she would know how to dress him. Once she had watched Mis' Winslow dress a child and she remembered what unexpected places Mis' Winslow had buttoned—buttonholes that went in and down by the skirt bands and on. Armholes might be too small and garters to tight, and bow was one ever to know? If it were a little girl now—but a little boy. What would she talk to him about while they ate together?

She lay in the dark and planned—with no pleasure, but merely because she always planned everything, her dress, her baking, what she would say to this one and that. She would put up a stove in the back parlor and give him the room "off." She was glad that the parlor was empty and clean—no knickknacks for a boy to knock around," she found herself thinking. And a child would like the bedroom wall paper, with the owl border. When summer came he could have the room over the dining room, with the kitchen roof sloping away from it where he could dry his hazelnuts—she had thought of the pasture hazelnuts first thing. There were a good many things a boy would like about the place—the bird house where the martins always built, the beehive, the big hollow tree, the pasture and hill. She would have to find out the things he liked to eat. She would have to help him with his lessons; she could do that for only a little while until he would be too old to need her. Then maybe there would come the time when he would ask her things that she would not know.

She fell asleep wondering how he would look. Already, not from any impatience to have this done, but because that was the way in which she worked, she had his room in order, and her picture of his father was by the mirror, the young face of his father. Something faded had been written below the picture, and this she had painstakingly rubbed away before she set the picture in its place. Next day while she was working on Mis' Jane Moran's bead basque, that was to be cut over and turned, she laid it aside and cut out a jacket pattern and a plaited waist pattern just to see if she could. These she rolled up impatiently and stuffed away in her pattern book case.

"I knew how to do them all the while, and I never knew I knew," she thought with annoyed surprise. "I s'pose I'll waste a lot of time pottering over him."

It was so that she spent the weeks until the letter came telling her what day the child would start. On the afternoon of the day the letter came she went downtown to the Abel Ames emporium to buy a wash basin and pitcher for the room she meant the little boy to have. She stood looking at a basin with a row of brown dogs around the rim when over her shoulder Mis' Abby Winslow spoke.

"You ain't buying a Christmas present for anybody, are you?" she asked warningly.

Mary started guiltily and denied it.

"Well, what in time do you want with dogs on the basin?" Mis' Winslow demanded.

Almost against her own wish Mary told her. Mis' Winslow was one of those whose faces are invariably fore-runners of the sort of thing they are going to say. With eyebrows, eyes, forehead, head and voice she took the news.

"He is! Forever and ever more. When's he going to get here?"

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there, but I can show you the things." She had put them all in the bottom drawer, as women always do, and, as women always do, had laid them so that all the lace and embroidery and pink ribbons possible showed in a flutter when the drawer was opened. Jenny took the things out, one at a time, unfolded, discussed, compared, with all the tireless zeal of a robin with a straw in its mouth or of a tree blossoming. "Smell of them," Jenny bade her. "Honestly, wouldn't you know by the smell who they are for?" "I dunno by you would," Mary admitted awkwardly and marveled dumbly at the newness Jenny was feeling in that which, after all, was not new!

When these things were all out a piece of tissue paper parcel was left lying to the drawer.

"There's one more," Mary said. Jenny flushed, hesitated, lifted it.

"That's nothing," she said; "before I came I made some little things for my Christmas. I thought maybe it would come first, and we'd have the Christmas in my room, and I made some things—just for fun, you know. But it won't be fair to do it now, with the whole town so set against our having any Christmas. Mary, it just seems as though I had to have a Christmas this year!"

"Oh, well," said Mary, "the baby'll be your Christmas. The town can't help that, I guess."

"I know," Jenny dashed back brightly. "You and I have got the best of them, haven't we? We've each got one present coming, anyway."

"I s'pose we have," Mary said.

She looked at Jenny's Christmas things—a ribbon rattle, a crocheted cap, a first picture book, a cascade of colored rings—and then in grim humor at Jenny.

"It'll never miss its Christmas," she said drily.

"Don't you think so?" said Jenny soberly. "I dunno. It seems as if it'd be



She Sat by the Stove and Read the Letter.



"We can plan together. Ain't it wonderful?"

kind o' lonesome to get born around Christmas and not find any going on." She put the things away and closed the drawer. For no appreciable reason she kept it locked and the key under the bureau cover.

"Do you know yet when yours is coming?" Jenny asked as she rose.

"Week after next," Mary repeated, "two weeks from last night," she confessed. "If he comes straight through."

"I think," said Jenny, "I think mine will be here—before then."

When they reached the foot of the stair Mary unexpectedly refused to go in the sitting room.

"No," she said, "I must be getting home. I just come out for a minute anyway. I'm—I'm much obliged for what you showed me," she added and hesitated. "I've got his room fixed up real nice. There's owls on the wall paper and puppies on the wash basin," she said. "Come in when you can and see it."

(To Be Continued.)

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Friday Morning, Dec. 25, 1914

The Christmas Angel.

Here comes the Christmas angel,
So gentle and so calm.
As softly as the falling flakes
He comes with flute and psalm.
All in a cloud of glory,
As once upon the plain
To shepherd boys in Jewry,
He brings good news again.
He is the young folks' Christmas.
He makes their eyes grow bright
With words of hope and tender thought
And visions of delight.
Hail to the Christmas angel!
All peace on earth he brings.
He gathers all the youths and maids
Beneath his shining wings.
—Rose Terry Cooke.

FOR THE CHRISTMAS SEASON.

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury and refinement rather than fashion; to think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasion, hurry never—in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious grow up through the common—this is to be my symphony.—Channing.

Peace on Earth.

Peace? Yes; that is after all and above all our Christmas gift. To make joy for others, to behold their joy, to rejoice in it, is the joy unspeakable. And why? Because it is godlike and divine. Even so the Father joys in our joy, and the Son perfects his joy in completing ours. Peace is the product of passing out of the human into the divine element and activity. No man is peaceful who cannot share, in some faint way at least, in the experiences of his Father and his God. That is the only real absorption into the divine, the perfection of which heathen philosophy has dreamed as its highest goal, but which the gospel alone has brought to light and made accessible and attainable.

How much our Christmas Sunday has in store for us! May we all indeed realize its richest treasures and feast our souls upon them. May it be the happiest of happy Christmas days that comes once more to us. As we hear our children sing, may it be the echo of the angel's song, and as we unite with them in praising Christ the Lord may his peace enter into our hearts and abide there forevermore.

Christmas and the Children.

Once a year at least we are all children together. Imagine, if you can, a world from which childhood should be absent. If in any star among those sweeping planets over our heads there is one wholly inhabited by grownup folk that must be a quiet and grave place, a place to shun, a place of loneliness, robbed of motive and of charm.

Our homes exist for the children. They afford us our best reason for the incessant toil, which is less a curse to the race than a blessing. Their insistent claims on our care cannot be put aside. Their joyful irresponsibility is in contrast to our continual sense of obligation. Like the birds and the flowers, they bring song and bloom into our lives, and their dependence on us is as simple, their faith as sincere, as ours ought to be on the great All Father.

When Christmas comes their little cups are full to the brim. Such small things please them, too—the doll, the train of cars, the toy elephant, the picture book. When we do not spoil them by defrauding them of their share in the giving as well as in the receiving, how much pleasure they take in choosing their presents; what wonderful ideas they have of the possibilities of a dollar; how they select the biggest and most beautiful things without a thought of the cost! Money is nothing to a child. He has not yet entered upon that sordid phase of being when expense outrides itself like a gentle of evil in the garden of roses. A child's heart is as large as heaven. A child's love is as wide as a child's life. At Christmas we all dwell for a little while under the beautiful scepter of the Child in the Midst.—Margaret E. Sangster.

An Ancient Christmas Hymn.

Oh, come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
To Bethlehem hasten now with one accord.
Come and behold him,
Born the King of angels—
Oh, come, let us adore him,
Christ the Lord!

Sing, chorus of angels;
Sing in exultation:
Jesus, forever be thy name adored,
Word of the Father
Now in flesh appearing.
Oh, come, let us adore him,
Christ the Lord!

—From the Latin.

British Museum Coins.
The collection of coins and medals in the British museum consists of over 250,000 specimens.

THE ORIGIN OF THE YULE LOG

THE following story of the origin of the Yule log in Virginia is told in the Pictorial Review by La Salle Corbell Pickett in an article dealing with Christmas in the south in wartime:

One time an old black man was sitting in his little cabin on a mountain side on Christmas eve listening to the cold wind howl over a world of snow and wishing that he had a fire to warm him when he heard the cry of a little child away out in the cold. The old man hobbled to the door and looked out across the snow, and the wind came rushing in and made him shiver so that his "coldest two teeth" chattered with cold. Again the cry came across the snow, and he wished with all his power of longing that he could go out and find the unfortunate little one, for the plaintive cry of a little child always goes straight to the heart. A third time the cry came, and a miraculous power seemed to fill the old man's veins. His muscles became tense and strong, and he stepped from the threshold into the snow, the crutch falling back in the cabin.

In an instant he was walking over the expanse of frozen snow with an activity he had not possessed since he used to "go to camp meetin'." By and by he came to a little child curled in a snow bank. He lifted the child, and as its little form touched him a new strength came into him, and the small burden seemed to give him wings to speed back to the little cabin. He put the child on the bed, drew the ragged quilt around it and looked about to see if there might be a piece of furniture of which he could make a fire to warm his small guest.

At that instant he saw a great log roll across the threshold and into the fireplace. The little child was looking at it with eyes like stars, and they sent gleams of light that kindled the log with the most brilliant fire the old man had ever seen, and the dingy little room was filled with radiance and warmth that brought a glow to the soul as well as to the body and seemed to flood the world with light.

As the light wrapped the child in a shining glory he laughed a laugh that was like a song of the heart and floated up and away. The old man turned his eyes to where the fire burned and watched the flames leap in opalescent tints over the log forming the shape of a cross in fire.

At this point in the narrative Br'er Simon usually became greatly excited, and his eyes kindled as he went on in his rich dialect:

"De flames er de cross spread en chase after one erudder, a-crawlin en a-creepin' in en out en around en about, a-skadlin hyer en a-skadlin dar; a-lippin' up higher and higher; firs a lil blue blaze would come, den a yellor one, den a bright red one would flare up, en den de blazes would all mingle darsefs tergedder—red en blue en yellor en white would all mix wid de kindleation colors er de rainbow, en crackle en crackle en lip higher en bigger en bigger, de crackles a-getten' louder en louder, en de blazes gittin' bigger en bigger."

As the old man watched all this display suddenly and magically appeared a table covered with a Christmas feast such as had never been spread before his eyes, and never again was there any cry or cold, and never was there a Christmas in old Virginia after that without the Yule log and the Christmas child to give it light and warmth.

ALL UNITE TO PRAISE HIS NAME ON CHRISTMAS EVE

'Tis given out in many a song and story
That celebrate our blessed Saviour's birth—
On Christmas eve all creatures do him glory,
Even the very lowliest ones of earth.

'Tis said that at the dawn of Christmas morning
Dumb animals are given power to speak.
The masters of these creatures should take warning
Lest they should be accused by things so meek.

In lowly stall and manger there are praises
Unto the Christ Child, whom they claim as friend.
Each creature his own thankfulness upraises
And sings a Christmas carol without end.

The stars on high unite in joyous singing,
Telling the old, old story, ever new.
The bells from every steeple now are ringing
Their message on the opalescent blue.

"Peace on earth, good will to every nation!"
This is the message all these sounds foretell
Both young and old, all things of his creation,
Unite for God is good and all is well.

All creatures, high and low, delight in singing,
Both young and old, and rich and poor unite
In that sweet message which the bells are ringing
Upon the first faint beams of morning light.

—Amy Smith in Philadelphia Record.

For the Children

Preparing For the Visit of Santa Claus.



Photo by American Press Association.

When good old Santa Claus drops down the chimney here pictured he need waste little time looking for stockings to fill. As soon as he pops out of the fireplace he can begin unloading his pack, and in a jiffy the gifts he has brought can be transferred to the time honored receptacles hanging to the mantelpiece. According to the picture, the stockings look pretty long to be worn by the little girl who is hanging them up. Perhaps she borrowed a large pair so that Santa would find plenty of room for the presents he brings. Quite a shrewd young lady she is, but Santa Claus is wise and is not easily hoodwinked.

New Year's Resolutions.

For a New Year's party or for one given near Jan. 1 a good suggestion is new year resolutions. Pencils and paper are distributed, and every guest is asked to write his or her resolutions for the new year, or, if preferred, to write some one else's resolutions (or those some one else ought to make) signed by that person. The papers are folded and collected, and each in turn draws one and then in turn reads aloud the resolution drawn. Here are a few specimens:

- If I can't be honest I'll be as honest as I can.
- I will not chew taffy with my imported ivorys.
- For healthful exercise I will walk around the block each morning before rising.
- I will try to stop smoking in my sleep.
- I will always walk with my left foot on the right side.

The Crow's Riddle.

The crow had thought very hard all week thinking up a riddle. Saturday night he flew to the raven's tree. "Suppose you tell me," said he, "the difference between a dude and a man with a glass eye." "Hub," croaked the raven, "there's a great deal of difference—uh, great deal of difference!" Then he put his claw to his beak and thought and thought and thought and thought and thought! "Well, what is it?" said the crow, beginning to get impatient. The raven thought some more, but at last had to give it up. "Caw, caw!" laughed the crow. "Caught you that time! A dude has an eyeglass, and a man with a glass eye has a glass eye. Ha, ha, ha!" And the crow flew away, much pleased with himself.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Behead.

- 1.—A timepiece and leave a safeguard.
 - 2.—A married lady and leave the first man.
 - 3.—Cost and leave a favorite food of the Chinese.
 - 4.—Tiny pests and leave frozen water.
 - 5.—A white gem and leave a title.
 - 6.—To talk and leave the top of a mountain.
 - 7.—A fruit and leave part of the head.
 - 8.—A bird's beak and leave sick.
- Answers: 1, a-lock; 2, m-Adam; 3, p-rice; 4, m-ice; 5, p-earl; 6, s-peak; 7, p-ear; 8, b-ill.

Dr. Diddy's Donkey.

Seat all the players in a line and ask the leader to state that Dr. Diddy's donkey walks in an awkward way. The next player must form a sentence retaining the words Dr. Diddy's donkey and awkward, although he can have the animal engaged in any way that to him seems best, such as kicking, braying, eating, drinking, dancing, grazing, etc. The players other than the one giving the sentence may laugh as much as they choose, but the one speaking must pay a forfeit if he smiles. The task of framing sentences with the four words goes down the entire line of players.

Tom's Resolve.

"I'm going to turn a brand new leaf," said little Tom, the sinner.
"But I shall wait till after I have had my New Year's dinner.
For 'mong the things that I'll resolve is to check my appetite
And cease from eating everything
That I can find in sight.
But just this once I'll eat my fill;
Then, if my stomach pains,
I'll turn the leaf and make resolve
To ne'er do so again."

Jack Horner Pies

Popular Feature of Christmas Parties

ELABORATELY trimmed Jack Horner pies, within which are concealed small gifts and favors, are conspicuous at holiday parties. One design is in the shape of a huge Christmas bell. It is of gold paper, with clusters of holly tied in place with scarlet gauze ribbon, and is to be suspended by ribbon from a chandelier. Inside the white tissue paper lining are concealed two dozen favors, each one connected with a long streamer of scarlet gauze ribbon with a little gilt bell at the end.

The same design is carried out in an immense bell covered with frosted silver paper and decorated with sprays of mistletoe tied with green and scarlet tulle. The mistletoe harmonizes with the frostiness of the silver paper, and the tulle is even lighter and prettier than the gauze ribbon. The individual bells are of silver to match.

A big plum pudding Horner pie, made of just the right shade of brown crape paper and with many little depressions showing simulated bits of fruit made of black glazed paper, is another design. Each simulated plum is the starting place for a ribbon attached to a gift, so that each guest is literally asked to "pull out a plum" from the contents of the big dish. The dish is surrounded with a circle of holly tied with a full bow of scarlet tulle.

Another Horner pie, designed to hang from a central chandelier, is in the form of a fashionable muff, with many frillings of white crape paper and an elaborately arranged lining of white tissue, inside of which are the gifts. The muff represents white fur and is made of short fringes of paper. On each side is fastened a spray of mistletoe attached to the end of each red ribbon hanging from the inside of the muff.

Where the Jack Horner pie is to be used as a centerpiece on a table a small natural Christmas tree makes a pretty decoration. The gifts can be arranged in a pan or dish, giving space in the center for a firm base for the tree.

An ornamental flowerpot or jardiniere can be fashioned in this way, covering the outside with closely laid rows of twisted paper rope and scattering artificial moss around the base of the Christmas tree. Under this start the ribbons, connecting each gift to a miniature tree, which serves as a favor for each person.

Tiny wisps of evergreen, kept upright by a spool, make pretty table decorations at each plate. The spoons can be painted red or green or can be covered with tinsel paper.

CHRISTMAS IN THE ARCTIC

A good many years ago the missionaries in Labrador began to make use of white turnips at Christmas time. Maybe our brethren in their first attempts to grow something on this bleak coast were glad surprised at the heartiness and the returns this vegetable yielded, and in order to make the most of it and with an eye to benefiting the Eskimos they reserved a quantity of these nice large turnips for Christmas. Then on Christmas eve, during one of the most impressive services of the year, these same turnips were served with a small lighted candle stuck in the middle, and each child in the community, from the infant in arms to the boy or girl of fourteen, received one of them as a Christmas gift. White turnips are classed at home among the inferior or common fruits of the field, but this is by no means the case in Labrador. Most of these people of the far north have never seen an apple or an orange or a plum, and as they cannot think of these fruits by comparison the turnip occupies the highest rung of the ladder in their estimation. You ought to see one of these Eskimo boys or girls bite into a turnip, writes Christian Schmitt in the Christian Herald. It is enough to make one's mouth water. At Christmas it has been more than once not only the turnip disappear, but the candle also.

Mixed Orders.

The very last telegraphic dispatch wired from Germany before hostilities began in the Franco Prussian war was from Count Benedetti, the French ambassador, and was sent to the French foreign office. After stating that war could not be avoided the dispatch wound up with the following extraordinary statement: "Do not put so much seasoning in your next consignment of sausages." The astonishment that this message caused to the recipients at such a time can well be conceived, but it afterward turned out that the immobility of war and a perfect flood of telegrams had befogged the German telegraphists. As a matter of fact, they had mixed a purely commercial telegram from a Teutonic pork butcher named Benedict with the historic message from Count Benedetti.—London Standard.

A Definition.

Debutante: A girl who sleeps all morning, drinks tea all afternoon and walks backward all night.—Life.

Some men, like pictures, are fatter for a corner than a full light.—Saneca.

A Merry Christmas.

We take this occasion to wish you a Merry Christmas and to thank those who by their generous patronage have helped to make this store's holiday business so great.

If you were the recipient of some useful gift purchased at this store and you find that the size is not right, or if you wish to change it, either bring or send it and we will see that you get what you want.

If Santa Claus did not bring you all of the things you were expecting, you'll find this store a good place to get them.

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A CHRISTMAS LEGEND

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

I like that old sweet legend
Not found in Holy Writ
And wish that John or Matthew
Had made Bible out of it.

But, though it is not a gospel,
There is no law to hold
The heart from growing better
That hears the story told:

How the little Jewish children
Upon a summer day
Went down across the meadows
With the Child Christ to play

And in the gold green valley
Where low the reed grass lay
They made them mock mud sparrows
Out of the meadow clay.

So, when these all were fashioned
And ranged in flocks about,
"Now," said the little Jesus,
"We'll let the birds fly out."

Then all the happy children
Did call and coax and cry
Each to his own mud sparrow,
"Fly, as I bid you—fly!"



HIS LITTLE SPARROW WENT SOARING TO THE SKY

But earthen were the sparrows,
And earth they did remain,
Though loud the Jewish children
Cried out and cried again.

Except the one bird only
The little Lord Christ made.
The earth that owned him master,
His earth heard and obeyed.

Softly he leaned and whispered,
"Fly up to heaven, fly!"
And swift his little sparrow
Went soaring to the sky.

And silent all the children
Stood awestruck looking on
Till deep into the heavens
The bird of earth had gone.

I like to think for playmate
We have the Lord Christ still
And that still above our weakness
He works his mighty will;

That all our little playthings
Of earthen hopes and joys
Shall be by his commandment
Changed into heavenly joys.

Our souls are like the sparrows
Imprisoned in the clay—
Bless him who came to give them
Wings
Upon a Christmas day.

Most Liberal Christmas Givers.
The big private banking houses of Wall street are the most liberal rewarders at Christmas, just as they are the heaviest salary payers throughout the year. The greatest house in the street has been known to give 100 per cent bonus to all employees at New Year's—that is, double pay for the entire year. In that firm New Year's is the greater day. Nobody has ever explained exactly why it is preferred to Christmas. Often the house gives 40 per cent. But, like other private banking firms, it never lets it get out what bonus it will pay for fear that the size of the gift will be taken by the world to indicate the state of prosperity of the firm's preceding year. Every year the amount of the bonus naturally does leak out afterward through the people who get pieces of it and who lunch with benefited ones from other banking houses. So it is that almost everything in Wall street leaks out through the amiable weak houses of inebriated gossip.

The "Little People's" Christmas.
Long ago, in Merry England, the popular belief was that the "little people" of the forest come at Yule time to join in the Christmas festivities with mortals. Now, it is well known that the "little people" do not like to be seen and will not venture where there is any possibility of prying human eyes finding them. So, in order to please their sprightly little guests, the poor provide the tiny friends with hiding places of thick green mosses and ferns, where they can

OLD SANTA CLAUS.

[Author Unknown.]
Old Santa Claus sat all alone in his den
With his leg crossed over his knee,
While a comical look peeped out at his eyes,
For a funny fellow is he.

His queer little cap was tumbled and torn,
And his wig was all awry,
But he sat and mused the whole day long,
While the hours went flying by.

He had been as busy as busy could be
In filling his pack with toys,
He had gathered his nuts and baked his pies
To give to the girls and boys.

There were dolls for the girls and whips for the boys,
With wheelbarrows, horses and drays,
And bureaus and trunks for dolly's new clothes,
All these in his pack he displays.

Of candy, too, both twisted and striped,
He had furnished a plentiful store,
While raisins and figs and prunes and grapes
Hung up on a peg by the door.

"I am almost ready," quoth he,
"And Christmas is almost here,
But one thing more—I must write them a book
And give to each one this year."

So he clapped his specs to his little round nose,
And, seizing the stump of a pen,
He wrote more lines in one little hour
Than you ever could read in ten.

He told them stories, all pretty and new,
And wrote them all out in rime,
Then packed them away with his box of toys
To distribute one at a time.

And Christmas eve when all were in bed,
Right down the chimney he flew,
And, stretching the stocking leg out at the top,
He clapped in a book for you.

CHRISTMAS TREE FOR CHILDREN OF THE STAGE.

In New York city and other large cities there has been a custom for years to have somewhere—for a long time Tony Pastor's theater in New York was a gathering place—a Christmas tree for the children of the stage, a custom that grew, not out of charity, but, it was said with all belief, from genuine love. Some of the names that the people interested in theatricals most respect have long been associated with these Christmas trees, and some of the children who knew them years ago would today be names to respect, too, if there were in this country a less commercialized stage and genuine standards of acting. But that's another story. They are at least successful.

These Christmas trees in the large cities, taking on the proportions of public functions, are simply the outgrowth and enlarged edition of the many little celebrations that take place and have taken place wherever there is a youngster in the company to make the more or less homesick oldsters think back and in that thinking back take a new interest in the day. It is children's day after all, and all the sentiment of the stereotyped children's Christmas story, from the Van Bibber type, with the rescue of the walf on the street, to the rich old grandfather whose heart is softened by the Little Lord Fauntleroy, might be drawn from just one company that, traveling west, finds Christmas coming on, almost unannounced, in some benighted one night stand.

The Christmas Gift.
Gaspar, Melchior and Balthazar,
Three wise men who follow the star

Over the deserts early and late
Until they arrive at Bethlehem gate.

"Where is he born who is King of the Jews?
For we bring the gifts which a king may use."

Caspar said, "Myrrh is the gift I bring,
The very gift for an infant king."

Melchior said, "Mine is frankincense,
A gift I bought at a great expense."

Balthazar, "Mine is the gift of gold,
A royal gift of price untold."

These are the gifts of the wise men three,
What, O heart, shall thy gift be?
—L. O. Williams

CHRISTMASY THOUGHTS.

Some Timely Yuletide Season Advice For Children and Others.

This is the beginning of the time before Christmas when every one is thinking of holiday doings and Christmas presents. This, too, is a time of great excitement, when the grownups get tired thinking of what to give and often tired of shopping for others. This again is a time when we children are still at school and thinking sometimes real Christmasy thoughts.

What are Christmasy thoughts? They should be thoughts of what am I going to do for poor little Johnny, who is alone and poor? Whom can I ask mother to have at our Christmas dinner, who perhaps would have to eat all alone were it not for me? Whom can I help deliver little gifts on Christmas? And many more such thoughts. But do we think those things? Are we not much more likely to be thinking of what we ourselves are going to get?

So, children, if you really want to be happy on Christmas think Christmasy thoughts before Christmas and do Christmasy things on Christmas. Receive gifts? Yes. But give gifts as well—gifts of cheer, unselfishness and kindness—and your Christmas will be the merriest sort of day.

Christmas Gratitude

Do we think enough about saying "Thank you" at Christmas? We hurry and rush through the busy days before Christmas, and then when Christmas actually comes we put off the mood of giving and sit down intent upon the culmination of our effort, which is reached when we receive. We take what comes—sometimes eagerly, sometimes with a disappointed shrug—but we take what comes, do we not, and are we always prompt to give our thanks? A certain benevolent lady said last year, "I gave thirty-eight presents this Christmas and received only nine letters of thanks." This seemed dreadful beyond words. "And what of the others?" I hastened to ask. "Some of them thanked me when we next met," she said carelessly, "and some of them never thanked me at all. You know," she added after a pause, "one of the hardest things to do is to give thanks graciously. Some people can never do it." It is the distinct mark of high breeding. I don't suppose any one but a king or a princess has really the perfect art of saying "Thank you." It is a mark of good breeding to be prompt and gracious in giving thanks. Even if the gift is a picnusion and you already have ninety-nine others, say "Thank you" sweetly, affectionately and in the spirit of Christmas. Do not let twenty-four hours pass by without taking sufficient time to write an appreciative, affectionate little note to every one who has remembered you at Christmas time. Though this may be looked upon as a duty to others, it is far more than that; it is a duty to yourself, a very real duty, for to be discourteous is to be selfish, and to be selfish is to be outside of many of life's keenest joys. As a matter of self training, if for no other reason, say "Thank you" as quickly and attractively and sincerely as you can.

Old Folks and Santa Claus.



"An' little folks can't find him,
'Cause they're always fast asleep."

Old folks must see Santy Claus when stockin's are to fill,
For they keep the chimney corner, an' they're always dreamy still.

But Santy Claus don't mind 'em
If even a watch they keep,
An' little folks can't find him,
'Cause they're always fast asleep.

I know the old folks see him an' like him mighty well,
An' why he doesn't mind 'em is—he knows they'll never tell.

But little folks dream of him
W'en bundled in a heap,
An' they hear him comin', comin',
Down the chimney in their sleep.

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

This Year's Christmas

Never has there been a time when the Christmas event stood under so impressive illumination as it does in this year's Christmas tide. The birth of Jesus is this year a larger fact for the thought and life of the world than in any year till now. The phenomenon of the life of Jesus and his power in the world forms the summum question in the thinking of our times. Though there are some mournful defections from the divine truth of the manger event, the aggregate state of Christendom exhibits the ever enduring power of the grace that then and there came to seek and save the lost. No period has ever seen such wide circulation and study of the Holy Scriptures as the present, although recent events have demonstrated the still existing need of closer adherence to the divine principle of "peace on earth, good will to men." The evangel of a Saviour come thrills more hearts this Christmas than in any other year of this dispensation.

The Little Christmas Tree

By Susan Coolidge

The Christmas day was coming; the Christmas eve drew near.
The fir trees they were talking low at midnight, cold and clear,
And this is what the fir tree said, all in the pale moonlight,
"Now, which of us shall chosen be to grace the holy night?"

The tall trees and the goodly trees raised each a lofty head
In glad and secret confidence, though not a word they said,
But one, the baby of the band, could not restrain a sigh.
"You all will be approved," he said.
"But, oh, what chance have I?"



THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL AND SANTA CLAUS

"I am so small, so very small, no one will mark or know
How thick and green my needles are,
How true my branches grow,
Few toys and candles could I hold, but heart and will are free,
And in my heart of hearts I know I am a Christmas tree."

The Christmas angel hovered near; he caught the grieving word,
And, laughing low, he hurried forth, with love and pity stirred.
He sought and found St. Nicholas, the dear old Christmas saint,
And in his fatherly, kind ear rehearsed the fir tree's plaint.

Saints are all powerful, we know, so it befell that day
That, ax on shoulder, to the grove a woodman took his way.
One baby girl he had at home, and he went forth to find
A little tree as small as she, just suited to his mind.

Oh, glad and proud the baby fir, amid its brethren tall,
To be thus chosen and singled out, the first among them all!
He stretched his fragrant branches; his little heart beat fast;
He was a real Christmas tree—he had his wish at last.

One large and shining apple, with cheeks of ruddy gold;
Six tapers and a tiny doll were all that he could hold.
The baby laughed, the baby crowed, to see the tapers bright;
The forest baby felt the joy and shared in the delight.

And when at last the tapers died and when the baby slept
The little fir, in silent night, a patient vigil kept.
Though scorched and brown its needles were, it had no heart to grieve,
"I have not lived in vain," he said, "Thank God for Christmas eve!"

The First Christmas Card.
The honor of the Christmas card is ascribed frequently to the late W. C. T. Dobson, an English painter in December, 1844, a date earlier than that given to any other claim, he was anxious to send some more novel Christmas greeting than that of a letter to a distant friend, and the idea occurred to him to make a little sketch symbolizing the spirit of the season. The sketch depicted in its center a family party gathered around the Christmas dinner table raising glasses to the health of absent friends. On the depth were the words "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you," while on each side was a smaller sketch representing an act of benevolence. Mr. Dobson's card supplanted its recipient that the following year he designed another card, of which he sent lithographed copies to a large circle of friends. Other artists followed his example, and the circulating Christmas cards grew wider and wider until an enterprising printer saw there was money in the business, and within a few years from the birth the Christmas card was to be seen in hundreds of shop windows.

CHRISTMAS IN OLDEN TIME

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

HEAP on more wood! The wind is chill!
But, let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the newborn year
The fittest time for festive cheer,
And well our Christmas sires of old
Loved, when the year its course had rolled
And brought blithe Christmas back again
With all its hospitable train,
With social and religious rite
To honor all the holy night.
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung,
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf and all!



"THEN CAME THE MERRYMAKERS IN."

Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doffed his pride,
All hailed with uncontrolled delight
And general voice the happy night
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
The fire, with well dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide.
The huge hall table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then came the merry-makers in
And carols roared with blithesome din.
It was a hearty note and strong,
England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale.
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

A HISTORIC CHRISTMAS.

Charlemagne Crowned as Emperor of the Romans 1,100 Years Ago.

On Dec. 25, in the year 800, the holy Roman empire was born. Europe was in the iron grasp of Charlemagne. The great king had gone to Rome to investigate charges lodged against the pope, Leo III. The pontiff made good his defense and on Dec. 23 took a solemn oath of exculpation. Two days later, early on Christmas morning, the pope celebrated mass in the great basilica of St. Peter's, a church not at all like the huge renaissance structure reared by Bramante and Michelangelo.

The edifice was crowded to the doors, for all Rome flocked in those days to see the wonderful Frank, who, like Mohammed, spread his gospel by the sword. Charles, clad in Roman costume, with the chlamys hanging from his shoulders, knelt in prayer before the tomb of St. Peter. When he rose to his feet Leo approached and, placing a golden crown upon the king's head, acclaimed him emperor of the Romans. Again the pontiff folded him in a purple mantle, and a great shout went up from the people as a greeting to the first of the new Caesars.

The scene is thus described by Eginhard, the historian of Charlemagne: "At the moment when, in his place before the altar, he was bowing down to pray Pope Leo placed on his head a crown, and all the Roman people shouted, 'Long life and victory to Charles Augustus, crowned by God, the great and pacific emperor of the Romans!' After this proclamation the pontiff prostrated himself before him and paid him adoration, according to the custom established in the days of the old emperors, and thenceforward Charles, giving up the title of patriarch, bore that of emperor and Augustus."

A millennium later, on the banks of the Seine, another pope crowned another emperor, who had planted his throne on the wreck of the fabric reared by Charlemagne.

A Christmas Time Saver.

To save the minutes on Christmas eve and leave time for the many things that are bound to come up shut off from the children one room in the house suitable for the tree a couple of weeks before Christmas and gradually accumulate there all decorations and presents. The tree can be trimmed a day or two before the holiday and the presents wrapped more quickly and easily because they are all in one place.
—Housekeeper.

Village and Vicinity News.

A very Merry Christmas to all our readers.

From now on the days will slowly begin to lengthen.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Smith and family are spending a few days in Pompey.

Geo. T. Sill arrived home Saturday last from Chicago to spend a two weeks' vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Claud Reas of Cortland are guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Reas.

Miss Irene Mulvaney is home from Auburn, where she attends school, for the holidays.

Genoa High school closed Wednesday for the holiday vacation. It will re-open Monday, Jan. 4.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sellen will spend Christmas at the home of their daughter, Mrs. O. D. Hewitt, in Locke.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Miller are spending Christmas with their daughter, Mrs. Millard Green, in Ithaca.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Hand went to Ithaca last evening to remain a few days. Mr. Hand will return Monday, but Mrs. Hand will remain longer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Cannon, with their granddaughter, Miss Marjory Cannon, of Auburn, went to Brooklyn Thursday to spend the holidays with their daughter, Miss Mabel Cannon.

Rev. A. B. Aldrich, who for the past eight years has had charge of the Waterloo Baptist church, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Sennett Baptist church and will commence his duties at that place the first of the year.

Mrs. Claude Sellen of Shelby, Ohio, was a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sellen, several days last week. Mr. Sellen arrived Monday and they will spend the holidays in this vicinity. Arvid Sellen is also visiting relatives in Moravia and vicinity.

The monthly meeting of Genoa W. C. T. U. will be held on Friday afternoon, Jan. 8, at 2:30 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Waldo. The regular time would be Jan. 1, but as this is New Year's day, it was thought best to postpone it a week. All are invited.

Big assortment ladies' neckwear, kid gloves, handkerchiefs, hosiery, at Robt. and H. P. Mastin's.

Mrs. Sarah M. Bates, formerly of King Ferry, 82 years of age, died at 3 o'clock Wednesday morning at the home of her niece, Mrs. Jennie K. Harris, 216 North Seward Ave., in Auburn. The funeral will be held at the home of Mrs. Harris at 10 o'clock Saturday morning with Rev. Vernon N. Yergin, pastor of Calvary Presbyterian church officiating. Burial will take place at King Ferry.

The marriage of Miss Ellen D. Myers and Floyd Lester took place Wednesday morning, Dec. 16, at 11 o'clock in the Methodist church of Moravia, Rev. O. D. Fisher officiating. A wedding luncheon was served at the Goodrich House and the bride and groom left on the afternoon train for a short wedding trip. Mr. and Mrs. Lester will reside in Sempronius.

Christmas day is not a holiday for Uncle Sam's rural mail carriers. The boys have to do their twenty mile drives the same as any other day in the year, to care for the over abundance of packages and other mail matter. Do you remember the days when you had to drive three, four or more miles to town to get your mail? If you do, be thankful on Christmas day; be thankful to Uncle Sam and the carrier, who serves you.

When the editor of a country paper starts in on Monday morning to get up something for his paper in the way of interesting local news and finds after nosing around, that nothing has happened in the town or community that he can write up, and nobody gives in any personals or local news, and every fellow he talks to says, "I don't know a thing," and his liver is not working just right and he feels as though he had just as soon loop the loop with Lincoln Beachy as to go to work—that's the time when he would like to turn the job over to the "Smart Aleck" who thinks he could get up a better paper than the editor and not half try.—Lawrenceburg Register.

A Christmas Hymn.
Sing, Christmas bells!
Say to the earth this is the morn
Whereon our Saviour-King is born.
Sing to all men—the bond, the free,
The rich, the poor, the high, the low,
The little child that sports in glee,
The aged folk that tottering go—
Proclaim the morn
That Christ is born
That saveth them and saveth me.

Sing, angel host!
Sing of the star that God has placed
Above the manger in the east.
Sing of the glories of the night,
The virgin's sweet humanity,
The Babe with kingly robes bedight.
Sing to all men, wherever they be,
This Christmas morn,
For Christ is born
That saveth them and saveth me.

Sing, O my heart!
Sing thou in rapture this dear morn
Whereon the blessed Prince is born.
And as thy songs shall be of love,
So let my deeds be charity.
By the dear Lord that reigns above,
By him that died upon the tree,
By this fair morn
Whereon is born
The Christ that saveth all and me.

—Eggs are bringing 54 cents—the highest price this season.

—Rev. and Mrs. L. W. Scott were in Auburn the first of the week.

—Mrs. E. Alling and Miss Flora Alling went to Auburn Wednesday to spend a few weeks.

—The Auburn Y. M. C. A. basket ball five will play the Genoa Baracas at the rink to-morrow (Saturday) evening. Skating after the game.

Buy you Fur Coats, Mackinaw Coats, Sweaters, Gloves, Mittens and Underwear at lowest prices at Robt. & H. P. Mastin's.

—The present board of supervisors, it is expected, will take action on changing the town meetings from February to the time of the general election in November.

—There are 13 schools in the State of New York with not more than one pupil each, 74 with not more than two pupils each, and 172 with not more than three pupils each.

—It is said that in 1880 there were 6,000 boats being operated on the canals of the state, and since that time the number has dropped until the present year the number on the Erie canal was about 150.

—William Wilson is spending a two weeks' holiday vacation at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Morell Wilson. He is attending Cushing Academy at Ashburnham, Mass.

—The board of supervisors have confirmed the nomination of William B. Avery of Ledyard as the Republican member of the Board of Election Commissioners and Thomas Woods of Auburn as the Democratic member.

—When a marriage certificate is given a couple by a clergyman or other person officiating at a wedding the certificate must bear a ten cent stamp. The license and certificate returned to the town or city clerk for recording does not require a stamp.

—A news item tells of a Kansas town of 4,000 people which was visited one day by a big metropolitan circus. To see the show 6,000 farmers brought their families, each family in its own automobile. This shows how disastrously prohibition has affected that part of the state of Kansas.

—The rivers of Illinois are chief among the clam producing streams; the annual catch on the rivers of the state is enormous. Thousands of tons of shell are sold, while the value of the pearls and "slugs" (seed pearls) taken from the Wabash alone is estimated at more than \$1,000,000 a year.

—The government will meet all expenses for the entertainment and comfort of the attending Civil War veterans from the North and from the South in the national celebration and peace jubilee to be held in the Vicksburg National Park in October, 1915. The veterans will be guests of the government.

Rose blankets from 60c to \$4.50 per pair at Robt. and H. P. Mastin's.

—Rev. Horace W. Smith and Miss Mabel D. Gutches, both of Port Byron, were married in Auburn Sunday by Rev. Grove E. Campbell, pastor of the Wall St. M. E. church. Mr. Smith is grand lecturer of the Grand Lodge, F. & A. M., and is well known in Masonic circles throughout the country. Mrs. Smith is a graduate nurse, having served in Clifton Springs sanitarium, and in a hospital in Cincinnati, Ohio. After the ceremony Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Smith left for New York, where they will spend some time and then reside in Port Byron.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. F. Ray VanBrocklin of Genoa, Dec. 24, 1914, a son.

—The State Fair Commissioners report a clear gain of \$6,000 for the 1914 fair.

—Mrs. C. L. Cady returned to her home in Moravia last week Thursday after spending several weeks at Dr. Skinner's hospital.

—Mrs. Nancy Pierce of McGraw, aged 90, has knitted eleven pairs of wristlets to be sent in a barrel to sailors with other goods.

—Leland W. Singer is home from Cornell accompanied by his friends, Guy B. Wiser of South Bend, Ind., and John C. Tunniceff of Moline, Ill., for the holiday vacation.

—The Ladies' Aid of East Genoa will hold a watch social and parcel post sale at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Sill Thursday evening, Dec. 31. Everybody come and have a good time.

—A movement has been started in Oswego to send a carload of underwear from the mills in that city to the suffering Belgians. Committees have been named to solicit contributions.

—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brownell are inmates of the W. R. C. Home at Oxford. The latter is the only woman who ever served in the ranks and is drawing a pension as a veteran of the Civil War.

Buy your Rubbers, Arctics, Felts and Sheep Lined Shoes at Rock Bottom Prices at Robt. & H. P. Mastin's.

—Ithaca's city policewoman, Mrs. Katherine Shaw, besides being police officer acts in the capacity of matron and chaplain of the county jail, where she has conducted religious services once every week during the year. She also looks after juvenile prisoners, the needy families of prisoners and others.

—The annual State meeting of the Principals' Association, and of several other teachers' associations, will be held in Syracuse Dec. 28-30. Addresses will be given by Dr. John Finley, Commissioner of Education of New York state, Dr. Wm. Arnold Shanklin, President of Wesleyan University, and other speakers of note.

—There will be an enumeration of inhabitants of this state next summer, as required by law every decade. For this purpose, there will be an enumerator for every election district as well as one or more supervisors for every county. The pay for their work is two dollars a day and one cent for each name recorded.

Kaustine Large Complete Toilet also Waterman-Waterbury Sanitary Toilets suitable and convenient for any home in village or on farm. I am now installing these plants in several homes. Please call on me for particulars. 44tf F. C. Hagin, Genoa.

—Five carloads of evergreens have been shipped from Lowville to New York city and Rochester. Five thousand trees are estimated to the car, which makes a total of 25,000 young evergreens to leave Lewis county this year. The trees standing bring only about 2½ cents apiece, but average from \$1 to \$25 for very high ones.

Genoa Presbyterian Church.
Morning service at 11 o'clock. Preaching by the pastor. Just one year ago to-day the pastor first came into the pulpit of the church, little dreaming that it should be his privilege to labor this people. The service will be in part a retrospect of the past year. You are invited to come and bring your friends.

Sunday school at close of morning service. Our school has been growing the past few weeks. We trust now that Christmas is past, we may settle down to the best winter's work our school has known.

Christian Endeavor at 6:30. Topic: "The Year and all Years for Christ."
Evening service at 7:30 o'clock. Preaching by the pastor.

Thursday evening at 7:45 mid-week service. This service will be a preparatory service looking forward to our Communion service on the following Sunday.

The pastor and wife wish to take this opportunity to wish to all the people in the town a large share of the true Christmas spirit. May the past year not have been spent in vain and may the coming year prove the best year of your life.

Annual Meeting.
The annual meeting of the Genoa Cemetery association will be held in Peck & Hand's hardware store on Tuesday, Jan. 5, at 2 p. m.

21w2 E. H. Sharp, Secretary.

WATCHES.

We always carry a full line of watches at the right kind of a price. There is nothing better than the best—we have the best watches at prices as low as they can possibly be sold. If you want an honest, reliable watch at the lowest possible price let us show you our leader—The South Bend Watch—price \$10 up, Elgin or Waltham price \$5 up. Other makes of watches—good ones too from \$1 up. We personally inspect every watch before we offer it for sale. Buy your watch of a reliable jeweler.

A. T. HOYT,
Leading Jeweler & Optician
HOYT BLOCK MORAVIA, N. Y.

—Mrs. Wm. Loomis is spending a few days with her sister in Auburn.

—Mrs. Thos. Sill is entertaining the Sill family to-day for their annual Christmas reunion.

—The East Venice Grange will hold their annual Christmas tree Saturday evening, Dec. 26, at the hall, East Venice.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Riley entertained a company of friends last Sunday at dinner, it being their wedding anniversary.

—Dr. and Mrs. F. M. Willis and their daughter of West Seneca Street have gone to Williston, N. C., to spend Christmas the guests of Dr. Willis' parents.—Ithaca News.

—The eighty-seventh Lansing temperance anniversary will be held at the Presbyterian church in Ludlowville New Year's Eve. Rev. E. R. Evans of Dansville will be present and he will occupy the Presbyterian pulpit on the following Sunday, January 3.

—Some of the supervisors of Onondaga county are advocating a plan of appointing commissioners from outside the county to equalize values and fix the rates for taxes. The plan is in operation in Madison county and is a success.

—Mrs. Cora Leonard died Tuesday at the family home at Moravia, after a short illness. Mrs. Leonard had resided in Moravia all her life. She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Bert Wilkins and Mrs. William Bross; two sons, James and Albert Leonard, and several brothers and sisters. The funeral was held at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon at the family home. Interment in Indian Mound cemetery.

Ithaca Auburn Short Line Central New York Southern Railroad Corporation.

In Effect Sept. 21, 1914.

SOUTH BOUND—Head Down				STATIONS				NORTH BOUND—Head Up			
27	23	421	21	31	32	422	22	24	28		
Daily	Daily	Sunday Only	Daily Except Sun.	Daily Except Sun.	Daily Except Sun.	Sunday Only	Daily Except Sun.	Daily	Daily		
P M	P M	A M	A M	A M	A M	A M	A M	P M	P M		
6 20	1 50	8 30	8 30	6 45	AUBURN	9 20	11 09	11 27	5 00		
6 35	2 04	8 45	8 43	7 00	Mapleton	9 35	10 54	11 14	4 45		
6 46	2 14	8 50	8 53	7 11	Merrifield	8 53	10 43	11 04	4 35		
6 55	2 22	9 05	9 01	7 20	Venice Center	8 44	10 34	10 56	4 27		
					GENOA	8 29	10 19	10 45	4 16		
7 10	2 33	9 20	9 12	7 33	North Lansing	8 18	10 08	10 36	4 06		
7 21	2 41	9 31	9 21	7 43	South Lansing	8 05	9 55	10 26	3 55		
7 40	2 50	9 50	9 32	8 05	ITHACA	7 30	9 20	10 00	3 30		
8 05	3 15	10 15	9 56	8 30		A M	A M	A M	P M		

Trains No. 21 and 23 going South, and No. 22 and 24 going North are the motor cars and do NOT stop at Flag stations. Sunday trains No. 422 and 421 are the motor cars and these stop at all stations.

Additional Trains between Ithaca and Rogues Harbor leave Ithaca 10:00, (daily except Sunday) 12:15, (Sunday only) 2:00 and 4:40 daily and 9:30 p. m. (Saturday only.) Also leave Rogues Harbor at 10:40 a. m. (daily except Sunday) 12:50 (Sunday only) 2:35 and 5:15 p. m., daily, and 10:05 p. m. Saturday only.

WE WISH YOU A

Merry Christmas

or better than that—A Happy Christmas. For happiness is more desirable and more enduring than merriment.

And may this Happy Christmas crown a year of happy days.

HAGIN'S UP TO DATE **GROCERY**
GENOA, N. Y.



Make Mastin's Your Headquarters for Holiday Goods.

Everything from a toy to the finest cut glass, silverware and clocks.

Big Assortment of Dry Goods.

Rugs of all sizes.

Fine Groceries, Bake Stuff, Candy, Fruits,

Cranberries, etc.

Merry Christmas to all.

R. & H. P. Mastin, GENOA, N. Y.

Watch and Clock Repairing a Specialty.

Christmas Homecoming

One of the great features of Christmas is the home meeting. Now many hundreds of thousands who have been separated throughout the year will now be gathered together once more under the old home roof! It is well that it should be so. It warms the heart to read of the trains to the north and the trains to the south, east and west being filled with people going home for their Christmas holidays. "I am told," said Gladstone once, "that the strain of our commercial life has loosened even the bonds that unite the family; that in the struggle for existence the parents forget the child and the child forgets the parents. Well, I read the other day that some hundreds of thousands of people were leaving London to spend their Christmas holidays at home. That is a pleasing and practical refutation of much of this pessimism." It is. If the parents did not think of the children they would not have them home, and if the boys and girls did not think of the parents they would not go home. Blood is a great deal thicker than water, and nothing will alter it. Go home for Christmas!

December.
Oh, holly branch and mistletoe
And Christmas chimes wherever we go
And stockings pinned up in a row—
These are thy gifts, December!
And if the year has made thee old
And silvered all thy locks of gold
Thy heart has never been a-cold
Or known a fading ember.
The whole world is a Christmas tree,
And stars its many candles be.
Oh, sing a carol joyfully
The year's great feast in keeping,
For once upon a December night
An angel held a candle bright
And led three wise men by its light
To where a child was sleeping.
—Harriet P. Bloodgett.

Christ the Center.
It is not a mere figure of speech that Christ, the anniversary of whose birth we celebrate, is to our moral and spiritual what the sun is to our planetary system. The dependence in both cases is alike. If the body has appetites the soul has ambition, and both must be satisfied or human equilibrium is lost. We must possess the two, linked together in some mysterious way, or we shall fly to social and moral chaos. Good government, good morals and every orderly, well directed progression rests on that concession.
To be infidel to it is to destroy the ideal, to shatter the heart of the race, to make might right, to enshrine selfishness and greed and to displace and do violence to the public conscience.
The Man of Nazareth and what he represents are the embodiment of the law of moral gravitation which holds the world in its orbit. He gave us the ideas on which orderly communities base their legislation. He furnished us with the spiritual ideal, created new motives, made quiet, humble endurance a cardinal virtue and placed on the brow of bereavement the radiant coronet of hope.
Others have sought the same end, the same crowning achievement. Confucius, Zoroaster, Mohammed and Buddha were of the royal family of souls, but at most they were mere princes in the presence of the King. They gave much; he gave all.

A YULETIDE THOUGHT.
Wouldst thou learn thy
Lord's meaning in this thing?
Learn it well. Love was his
meaning. Who showed it thee?
Love. What showed he thee?
Love. Wherefore showed it he?
For love. Hold thee therein and
thou shalt learn and know more
in the same. But thou shalt
never know nor learn therein
other thing without end.—Juliana of Norwich.

Real Meaning of the Day.
What with the happy bustle and planning and working and shopping which Christmas brings, there is real danger that the deepest significance of the day may be overlooked. Superficially, Christmas is the season of evergreens, of gayly decked trees, of Santa Claus, of feasting and of the giving and receiving of presents. But if that is all that it is it is not enough.
The heart of Christmas—the meaning that vitalizes all the observances and perpetuates the festival throughout the centuries—is a rude manger in an oriental khan, wherein lay the Babe who was the son of Mary and Son of God. In its very name and in its very character Christmas is the birthday anniversary of the Christ Child. They miss the message of this gladdest day of the year who have not eyes to discern in it the cooling, helpless, beautiful Babe who in his complete humanness warms our hearts and who in his divinity sets our spirits to soaring.

A Christmas Vision.
At Christmas, when the pealing bells
Ring back our hearts to Bethlehem,
Whence the fair flower of Jesse's stem
Eternally our love compels:
Borne on the peal my fancy soars,
Far from the Thames and noisy Strand,
To Christmas in that distant land
Where a more ancient river flows.
And there the desert's changeless calm
Is troubled. Gods and goddesses,
All Egypt's monstrous deities,
Gather in fear by wall and palm.
The cry is heard: "O Egypt, hark!
We gods must die. Another comes."
Again the unrelenting drums
Shatter the horror of the dark.
Afar, where some oasis, spiced
With palm and lotus, charms the Nile,
The sphinx, with her mysterious smile,
Sees Mary kiss the sleeping Christ.
—R. Ellis Roberts.

The Christmas Spirit

Christmas! One dayspring of cheerfulness and freedom from cankering care and selfishness and envy in a year of toil and strife and consuming unrest. Christmas, marvelous boon to humanity, springing legitimately from the brief, eventful life of the carpenter's Son, is a fixed institution. The twentieth century could not spare it if it would; wouldn't it if it could. The Christmas spirit is everywhere pervading the world for this brief, blessed day. Leveling ranks, silencing selfishness, dwarfing care, ignoring toil, forgetting creed and cult and birth and environment, it makes peace and good will not only possible, but inevitable. The gifts it bears are the spontaneous fruit of the omnipotent, all pervading spirit of Christmas—a wellspring in the desert, a sunbeam on a wintry day, a single exception to a steadfast rule. The spirit of Christmas never cloy. We cannot have too much of it. Morning, noon and night, for breakfast, dinner and supper, the first thing on awaking and the last thing on going to sleep, every hour of every day of every week of every month of the year we want the spirit of Christmas, for it is the spirit of ministration, of giving, of service, of doing for others.
"Not to be ministered unto, but to minister"—this motto lived out on every day of the year would dispel the sorrows of the world, smooth out its wrinkles, abolish its poverty, soothe its pain, comfort its heartaches, heal its diseases, make it a heaven. This is what is typified by every Christmas tree and every gift it bears, by every bulging little stocking that hangs in the chimney corner, by every wreath of holly, by every greeting and merry wish.

The Christmas Picture.

And they came *** and found Mary and Joseph and the Babe (Luke II, 16).
So simple was the real Christmas story as recorded by the angel of history. I should like to have heard the innkeeper, whose discourtesy and hearle-sue s have been assumed rather than proved, tell just what did happen on that first Christmas eve. It is possible to frame a likeness so gorgeous by us to divert attention from the face itself. An accompaniment may be so brilliant as to drown the sweetness of a great solo. Not the "song in the air," nor yet the "star in the sky," but rather
A mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry

make the real Christmas story. God did a diviner thing for men when he sent redemption by the travail and arms of Mary than if he had reversed the motion of the planets.
By the way of Christmas lesson, then, let us remind ourselves of the simple, human ways in which God comes to earth. To Bethlehem he came as a baby, to Nazareth as a lad, to Jerusalem as teacher and friend. As he came to those cities of old, so he is always coming. I do not forget, of course, that he comes also in sunsets and fields, in storms and earthquakes. Earth's crammed with heaven
And every common bush affame with God
But the supreme advent is always by a man. The real gospel is not a gospel of beauty, but the gospel of a person. Perhaps if we had spent more time by the Christmas manger we might have sooner ceased expecting salvation to drop from the skies. God comes most and best by men and women.
Appeal has recently been made on behalf of the overworked employees of store and office, suggesting that Christmas purchases be made earlier than usual. In other words, it is suggested that while we are planning for a joyous Christmas of our own we give others a chance to have one. That is precisely the point. The Christmas message must be translated by us in terms of consideration for others. Christmas joy must be borne to the homes of humbler folk, not by angels, but by human hands and feet.

A Christmas Carol.
"What means this glory round our feet,"
The magi mused, "more bright than
morning."
And angels chanted dear and sweet,
"Today the Prince of Peace is born!"
"What means that star," the shepherds
said,
"That brightens through the rocky
glen?"
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good will to
men!"
"Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb.
We wait for him like them of yore.
Alas, he seems so slow to come!"
But it was said in words of gold
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim
That little child who might be bold
In perfect trust to come to him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet life which is the law.
So shall we learn to understand
Simple faith of shepherds there,
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to
men!"
And they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel song,
"Today the Prince of Peace is born!"
—James Russell Lowell.

THE MAGIC OF CHRISTMAS.
It is a wonderful thing—the period of Christmas! I wonder how many hundreds of thousands of parents have discovered at Christmas time under the magic of the season—through some little thing done by son or daughter—that those they thought estranged from them by those things which come between them still loved them with a memory more tender than they had dreamed of. I wonder how many sons and daughters have under the magic influence of Christmas had their hearts softened so as to be moved by some little manifestation of love by father or mother, which they would have thought little of, perhaps despised, at any other season.—Charles Dickens.

A Christmas Acrostic.
Many wish you joy and gladness
Everywhere on Christmas day.
Rich and poor, in smiles or sadness,
Reach a hand and good words say.
Yours and mine may be the pleasure;
Care and woe our neighbors share.
Have we not in our heart's treasure
Riches such as we can spare?
Is there not a tender feeling,
Something more than "That's too bad?"
Think how much we need when kneeling
Morn and noon and night, how glad
And joyful is our portion here,
Since overflowing is our cup
Amid our sins of doubt and fear.
Not that we're worthy, but we sup
Daily with our Lord and Saviour.
And how kind are his attentions,
How ungrateful our behavior!
And how sinful our inventions,
Pray that he may still show kindness,
Pardon us our lack of love,
Yearly blessing us. What blindness
Not to ever faithful prove!
Even now we may start living;
We may live as from the dead,
You and I may live by giving,
Even lift a drooping head,
And we'll have a happy day
Right along through all the way.

The True Christmas Spirit.
Chime on, ye bells! In every clime
Thou angels' strain uplift.
It is the spirit, not the time,
That sanctifies the gift.
The Christ Child with the children comes
To every Christmas tree
To bring the spirit to our homes—
"To do it unto me."
Oh, holly branch and mistletoe,
And Christmas chimes wherever we go,
And stockings pinned up in a row—
These are thy gifts, December!
—St. Nicholas.

True Christmas Gift Found In Every Stocking

A STORY is told by one of those roving Scots, to whom the whole world is a patrimony, of two old immigrants in the highlands of Argentina who had left the old world for the new so long ago that they had almost forgotten their native tongue. But one Christmas eve, when the shrill wind blew about their windows and a silver veil about the moon held a threat of snow to come, they slipped back into the language of the land of their birth and began to put into words those endearing thoughts which in all countries are prefaced with "Do you remember?" Thus they recollected the day when her hair was like spun flax and he was a notable wrestler; the day when they were married; the days before the first of their children was born—the children who now had sought far distant homes of their own. "And do you remember," said she, "how in the old land I put on my shoes one Christmas eve to see what luck the fairies would bring me?" * * * He remembered, and—for they were growing sleepy, these old people—there was a long silence. "I have the shoes still," said she. And out of some drawer she brought the wooden shoes that she had worn on the Christmas eve when they were betrothed. "Shall we put them out again?" she whispered. "What's the use?" said he. "Perhaps it might bring back—who knows?" urged the old woman. And so before he raked out the embers she opened the door cautiously and set the two little shoes on the threshold. * * * And when the old people woke next morning he went half expectantly to the door and presently returned rather ruefully. "Look!" said he. "Here's all the luck we've got." * * * The shoes were filled with snow.
But that was not forgetfulness of fortune. The gift that came to the old people had reached them the night before, and presently you will guess what it was. Their case is the case of all of us—the young, the middle aged, the old.
We each of us put out our shoes, hang up our stockings, expectant of the presents Santa Claus will bring and forgetful of the truth of experience that we are more likely to receive the gifts we deserve than the gifts we expect. That is not so, should not be so, with the children. Santa Claus softens the cynic regulation for them, and in the hospitals let us hope that the thrill of Christmas morn makes the dwellers in the cots forgetful for a moment of the trouble which has brought them there. Indeed, it does, and even if you filled their shoes with snow they would find a welcome for it. "It's cold and slushy outside," said a visitor to a little girl at the hospital. "You're warmer here." * * * "Ah, but," said she, "I like the snow; I'd like to see it a-comin' down." Nowhere, indeed, is the coming of Santa Claus so firmly believed in as it is in the children's wards of the great hospitals, for there is among the poor a simplicity of faith which tends to get worn thin under circumstances when the round of happiness is more easily attainable.
Content—perhaps that's the thing, better than the cracker surprise, better than the first prize at the club, but content is the hardest gift for the fairies to bring. You hear of it in stories. Even in the story of the Princess Cleopatra, who loved the Chevalier Wogan and knew it when he carried her over the snowy stream, we are given to understand that the lovers were soled in their parting because they parted for duty's sake. But the princess, we know, died in a convent, and her true lover died a lonely man, for his princess never came riding into the city of his dreams. But perhaps he had something instead of content, something which dies only with life itself. It is that which the old people found in the shoes. You will now have guessed what it was, and we wish you all no better gift, for the snow was—hope.

CHRISTMAS AGAIN!
Once more the hallowed, gracious Christmas time is upon the earth. At last the long year of toil over tools and arts and industries is all but ended. The Christmas festival, dedicated to happiness and good will, has come. This morning the whole city has awakened to quadruple joy. The very atmosphere of our earth is rosy, stained with the rich colors of the heart. All windows are bright with holly and evergreen. Parents have discovered that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Joy runs riot in the heart of little children. Youth overflows with animal spirits. Suddenly the aged have shed their years and become young again. Before the light had fully dawned the carols had begun to be heard in the churches. And every passing hour will behold larger multitudes thronging to these temples of the soul. All feel that no flowers are sweet enough, no songs bright enough, no gifts rich enough for the Christmas day. For once all strife and enmity have disappeared from the market place.—Rev. Newell D. Hillis, D. D.

THE BIG CHRISTMAS

THE trust magnate was breakfasting sitting opposite his handsome, laughty looking wife. The room was done in oak and tapestry, and in the great fireplace a fire of Yule logs burned.
He was iron gray, thin, tired looking, with an occasional attractive twinkle in his eye. She was inclined to be stout; her hair was snow white, elaborately dressed. A shadowy sweetness lingered in the corners of her mouth.
"Do you remember one Christmas day, so many years ago," she questioned him, "when we were so poor we had no dinner?"
"Clearly. And now we have no digressions," he remarked.
"And one Christmas when you were so ill and we were in a hotel and so uncomfortable?"
He nodded cheerfully.
"You are forgetting the big Christmas," he remarked.
"We've had so many of them together," she said, "it makes me feel quite old and a little bit sad."
"Think back," he said, "to one Christmas night that we were together in a sleigh on the old mill road. There were stars in the sky, and it was cold. You were snuggling close to me."
"Why, Harry, we weren't engaged then."
"You were one of those snugglesome girls, Mary. I repeat, you were crowding me some, but I didn't mind it. You wore a red knitted hood tied under your chin and a— a tippet—yes, that's it, a tippet of white fur with little black specks on it like a cat."
"Ermine, you foolish boy."
"And suddenly we bumped over something and you were scared, and the next thing—you had kissed me."
"It was you that kissed me. The idea—why?"
"How could I? I was driving. You deliberately kissed me, Mary. Don't deny it after all these years."
"I don't remember it, Harry."
"I remember it distinctly, for I had always wanted to; but, being a modest youth, I was afraid. But that delightful bump in the road broke the ice. I dropped the reins and asked you to marry me. You said yes. You remember now, don't you?"
She was blushing faintly, and the shadows that had been dimpled deepened at her lips. She nodded her head.
"The horse jumped. Over went the sleigh, and we tumbled into a big snow-drift, not quite knowing what was the matter. The horse, being the one livery stable hack in the place, was used to lovers, so he just stood still, looking back at us while I righted the cutter and lifted you in. We were the happiest two in the world, weren't we?"
"Yes," she said softly.
"That was the big Christmas, Mary."

CHRISTMAS WREATHS.
Order your Christmas wreaths as early as possible if you wish to have the most satisfactory results. Later on, when every one is so busy, one is apt to get what is left and be thankful.
A wreath of boxwood, with branches of holly, statice, cones and mistletoe arranged on it, and also a wide red satin bow, makes an exceedingly fine looking wreath. Wreaths made entirely of statice, with sprays of holly and mistletoe on them and red satin ribbon bows, are much liked.
Every one knows and likes the holly wreaths, especially when of great size and thickness and plentifully sprinkled with red berries. These three styles of wreaths are probably the best of all the various wreaths made up and sold at Christmas time.

Something Doing.
No wonder Christmas is the one best time of all the year.
When all the little cares of life are made to disappear.
And if there's one regret it is the precious moments fly.
For everything is lovely when the mistletoe hangs high.
—J. J. O'Connell in Philadelphia Ledger.

Collecting on Christmas

Told by a Drummer

A BUNCH of us were putting in Sunday evening swapping yarns of our early days on the road when it came the turn of an accident insurance special.
"The first trip I ever made was when I was a kid of twenty," he said. "I was shipping clerk in an agricultural implement house in Brooklyn. I was to make a collection, and, of all days in the year, I was to see the man on Christmas day!"
"Why then? Well, the chap I was to see was a big farmer up in the hills of Sullivan county, and he did quite a business in farm implements among his neighbors. He had given the house a bunch of notes running four months and falling due Sept. 1. Every one of them came back protested.
"The junior partner had charge of the collections, and he figured there was just one sure way of nailing the chap, and that was to get to the house Christmas morning."
"I don't remember the name of the village I had to get off at, but I do remember it was a mighty cold night when I arrived there. I got away all right in the morning after the hotel man had given me all sorts of directions about the way to get to Johnston's place, twelve miles away.
"Johnston himself opened it and without waiting for a word from me said: 'Come right in, stranger. Mighty cold morning, ain't it? S'pose you lost your way?'
"I didn't commit myself one way or the other, but accepted his invitation by walking into the parlor. There was a bunch of children in the room, one a lad of sixteen or so, who was told to put the horse up. There was a big Christmas tree in the window, all decorated with shiny ornaments and tin seals.
"We chatted for quite a while until he had to go to the barn to help his men tend the horses. I played with the children, and when he got back I hid the littlest girl on my knee and was reading to her.
"Started snowing again." Johnston remarked as he stamped his feet on the rag rug outside the parlor door. "Din ner'll be ready in a little while, but I'll have the wife hurry it up if you have to get away."
"I told him I couldn't think of butting in on the family that way and

A CHRISTMAS ARMFUL
"What do you think I said? 'Mr. Johnston, I don't want to talk business at all. I'm going on my way, and I'll come again tomorrow.'
"Don't be afraid. If it's something disagreeable spit it out!" he said.
"What's the question?"
"When are you going to take up those notes of Ehrman & Wilson's? That's what they sent me up from Brooklyn about. But after the friendly way you and your wife have treated me I have nothing more to say. I'm ashamed of my job."
"You're all right, young man," he remarked, to my astonishment and relief. "I don't blame you a bit, and I admire the stand you take. Read some more stories to Nellie out of her book while I look after the cattle, and by and by we'll drive to town, and I'll get the notes for you. I have been pretty hard up the last few weeks, but I got in a sum of money a few days ago, and everything is O. K. now."
"When he got to the bank to get me a certified check for the \$250 I owed the nurse and a two dollar bill for Nellie to buy something for the baby as a present from party last night." —New York Tribune.

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"Yes," she said softly.
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YOU'LL TALK NO BUSINESS TO ME TODAY.
that if he'd give me a few minutes I'd like to talk a little business with him."
"You'll talk no business to me today," he said. "You'll have dinner and supper with us and a mighty good bed tonight. You can talk business in the morning."
"But—I broke in
"There's no 'but' about it. That's the program, and I'm boss in this house!"
"And let me tell you, boys, I had a bully time!
"After breakfast my host took me into the little office he had between the parlor and dining room and told me to fire away.
"What do you think I said? 'Mr. Johnston, I don't want to talk business at all. I'm going on my way, and I'll come again tomorrow.'
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HOLIDAY GREETINGS



CHRISTMAS SEALS WIN.

Widespread Sales Prove Their Hold on Favor of the Public.

MORE than 41,000,000 Red Cross Christmas seals were sold last December, according to a report issued by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis and the American Red Cross. In this way \$440,000 was netted for anti-tuberculosis work in various parts of the United States.

The sale in 1913 is a gain of 4,000,000 seals over 1912, or 10 per cent. It is hoped that this year the 50,000,000 mark will be reached. The seal design for 1914 has been selected, and orders for the printing of 10,000,000 seals have been placed.

New York state led the country last year with a sale of over 10,500,000 seals or one for each man, woman and child in the state. Of this number more than 6,825,000 were sold outside of New York city. Pennsylvania came next with a sale of 3,125,000, Ohio was third with 2,800,000, Wisconsin fourth with 2,700,000, and Illinois fifth with 2,500,000. Hawaii sold the most seals per capita, the total sale being somewhat over two for each inhabitant. Rhode Island came second with a sale of two per person.

Beginning with a sale of 13,500,000 in 1908, in six seasons the revenue which these little holiday seals have brought to the anti-tuberculosis campaign has more than tripled, an aggregate for the period of over \$1,800,000 or 180,000,000 seals.

Business Even at Christmas.

She was a sentimental young girl and had devoted much time and tender thought to the home decorations for Christmas. Her surprise may be imagined when she came downstairs one morning and found the decorations moved around. The mistletoe boughs that had been half hidden in secluded places had been substituted for the holly wreaths and were now hung in the front windows in plain view of passersby.

"Say, sister," explained her little brother, "you've had that mistletoe hanging up for nearly a week and you haven't had a single customer. You're not up to date. What you want to do is to advertise."—Judge.

Where Santa First Appeared.

It was in New York, or, rather, New Amsterdam, that Santa Claus made his first American appearance in something like the garb and manner now familiar to all of us. From the Netherlands the Knickerbockers brought with them the Christmas of love and sympathy in religion, of comradeship among neighbors and of festivity in the family.

CHRISTMAS MORNING'S NO TIME TO SLEEP



CHRISTMAS SPIRIT ABIDES

Wondrous indeed was the mission of the Christ Child! He gave himself to the world on the first Christmas day, and with him came every other good gift.

With him came bountiful tables and good cheer in lordly and homely homes and happy parents and merry children. Men's hearts thawed out, and long faces grew shorter, and sad eyes twinkled with glee, and evergreens sparkled with candles and bore marvelous fruit of loving gifts, simple or costly, in millions of homes.

The trees wither; the toys get broken; the groaning tables are lightened of their load. Dec. 25 is succeeded by the cold, dark days of mid-winter, but the spirit of Christmas abides. In a way every day is a Christmas day, for the Christ Spirit does not take its flight. Every day of the year ministering spirits go about their humble, homely tasks. Every day some one is catching the blessed contagion of Christmas and learning that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Ah, yes, every day is a Christmas day to him who learns this secret of secrets! —Rev. P. S. Henson, D. D.

The sewers of Paris are the most wonderful in the world and constitute one of the sights of the city.

A law which will prevent the shipment of any live calf in this State under the age of three months is urged by the societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

A Syracuse man has invented a machine for automatically wrapping eggs or fruit in waterproof paper. It is claimed that 30 dozen eggs can be wrapped in three minutes and a barrel of apples or oranges in two minutes.

That the American public has a love for gum is indicated by the fact that the Beechnut company of Canada, Joharie has applied to the Internal Revenue department for 40,000 four-cent adhesive stamps weekly, one of which must be attached to every dollar package of chewing gum. Should this rate of use continue for a year the cost to the company would be \$83,200.

Out of 53 farms sold the past year by a real estate dealer in Mexico, Oswego county, 32 were bought by people from the West, residents of Minnesota, Nebraska, Iowa, Wisconsin, Washington, California, Ohio, Illinois, Oklahoma and South Dakota being among the purchasers. A large number of farms in Tompkins county have been sold to Western men during the past year.

J. A. Loyster of Cazenovia, who lost his only son in September last, following vaccination, has issued a circular letter to the newspaper editors of the State inquiring if there have been similar cases in their vicinity. He states he has already found 15 cases. Mr. Loyster is not planning an indiscriminate campaign against vaccination but is endeavoring to secure some exact information about vaccination results which may possibly be used as a basis for some modification of the practice that will tend to minimize its dangers.

The Rising Generation.

"Find out what your boys' aspirations are when they are young and help them to the attainment of them," advised a Philadelphia lecturer to an audience of parents. And it is not hard to do. Our own investigation reveals that if the boys of to-day can have their way, we shall soon have a generation made up of baseball pitchers and detectives, because it is clear the Indians can not last.—Houston Post.

The Child is Father to the Man.

Governess—"Well, Tommy, why don't you let your little sister have the sled part of the time?"

Tommy—"I do. She has it going up the hill and I have it coming down."

The March of Woman Suffrage.

One little suffrage State
Lonely to the view,
Didn't go and bust the home;
Then there were two.

Two little suffrage States,
Where the sex was free,
Didn't take men's jobs away;
Then there were three.

Three little suffrage States,
Hollerin' for more,
Didn't seem to blight the crops;
Then there were four.

Four little suffrage States,
Helping men to strive,
Didn't go and put on "pants;"
Then there were five.

Five little suffrage States,
Deep in politics,
Didn't scorn the frying pan;
Then there were six.

Six little suffrage States,
Voting just like men,
Didn't lack the chivalry;
Then there were ten.

Ten little suffrage States,
Mankind didn't shelve,
Two more from out the West;
Then there were twelve.

Twelve little suffrage States,
When the Right is Great,
Heaven speed the happy day;
There'll soon be forty-eight.
McLanburgh Wilson.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

FOR SALE—Six hole Sterling range in good condition.
22w3 Mrs. John Stickle, Genoa.

FOR SALE—A new upright piano, mahogany case, at a bargain, now stored in private house in Genoa. Address or call at TRIBUNE OFFICE.

FOR SERVICE—Chester White boar.
22w3 A. M. Bennett, Venice Center.

Poultry wanted at Carson House, Genoa, MONDAY morning, Dec. 28, 1914. Large hens and chickens 44 lbs. and over 12c; small hens 10c; chickens 11c; ducks 12c; geese 12c; guineas 35c; suckling pigs 8c to 9c. Phone me about turkeys. Phone 42-F-4. Dressed pork wanted.
S. C. Houghtaling, Auburn, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Farm of 14 acres; good house, barn and henhouse, abundance of fruit, land level and productive, near church, school and store. Price reasonable. Easy terms.
22tf Clarence Hollister, Atwater.

FOR SALE—One cow.
A. M. Bennett, Venice Center, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Brown horse, 7 years old, sound and kind, work in any harness. I will grind your sausage at any time. Frank Brill, King Ferry.
21w2

FOR SALE—Set light bobs, heavy three spring wagon.
21tf Fred Oldenburg, Genoa.

We print noteheads, letterheads and envelopes for the farmer or business man at reasonable prices.

FOR SALE—Farm of 84 acres or will rent for money rent or on shares.
C. F. Strong, East Genoa.

FOR SALE—22 Grade Holsteins, 12 fresh and nearby springers; remainder due in March and April. Also 10 horses, roadsters and workers.
19tf Archie B. Smith, King Ferry.

FOR SALE—Two dry cows.
Stephen Donovan, Venice Center, N. Y.

WANTED—For another year, a good man to work farm of over 200 acres on shares; must bring references.
Charlotte A. Green, Bell phone 91—M. Moravia, N. Y.
20w4

FOR SALE—My residence with barn and good garden. Easy terms. For particulars, inquire of Mrs. A. J. Hurlbutt, Genoa. 16m3

Cash paid for poultry delivered every Tuesday. We want your furs, beef and horse hides, deacon skins.
14tf Weaver & Brogan, Genoa.

FOR SALE—Kemp's 20th Century manure spreader, nearly new.
46tf B. B. Riley, Genoa.

Men Wanted

To sell our products and employ salesmen. Good pay and chance for advancement.
YALE OUTFIT
KNIGHT & BOSTWICK
Nurserymen
NEWARK, NEW YORK STATE, Dep. A.

That Cold of Yours.

Once more the season of frequent colds has come. Everybody ought to know how to avoid colds, but the number who bark and snuffle proves that the simplest precautions either aren't understood or else aren't practiced. Fallacy one about a cold is that it should be kept heated. Fresh air, fresh air and still more fresh air is the best preventive of colds. It's the sharp contrast between the stuffy air of overheated rooms, with their billions of flying dust specks and bacteria and the cool outdoors that chiefly breeds colds. You may get a cold while breathing fresh air, but it won't be the fresh air that causes it. Did you ever see a hunter, woodsman, or primitive Indian with a cold? Fallacy two is that you should "feed," that is, gorge a cold. Of course you must eat. But don't overeat. And be doubly careful that the bodily excretions aren't interrupted. If you must eat more than usual, put the emphasis on fruits. Drinking copiously and frequently of pure water is a good medicine for a cold—much better than whiskey.

But the best cure is to be so careful with exercise, eating and ventilation, that a cold won't have anything to do with you. Walk more, open the windows more, drink more water and avoid dope.—Fort Wayne Sentinel.

How We Get the News.

Day before yesterday a lady called us up and with tears in her voice reproved us for not mentioning the fact that she had a friend visiting her last week. We told her that she had not let us know anything about it and that therefore, we did not know that she had a visitor. Then she said, "Well, you should have known. I thought you were running a newspaper." Some people think that an editor's five senses are augmented by a sixth that lets us know everything that happens, even if we see, hear, feel, taste or smell it not. Dear lady, editors are only human or at least, almost human. If you have a friend visiting you, if you are going away, or have returned from a visit out of town, if Johnnie falls and breaks his arm, if your husband chops his toe instead of a stick of wood, if anything happens that makes you glad, or sad, happy, or mad, call us up. Tell us about it. That's the way to get it in the paper.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the policy holders of the Cortland County Patrons Fire Relief Association will be held in Assembly Hall, 90 Main St., Cortland, N. Y., on Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 10:30 a. m. The term of office of the following directors expires on that date and their successors will be elected: R. Fred Brooks, O. P. Gallup, F. A. Covey, F. J. Collier, W. E. Russell, Fay L. Cruthers, and F. S. Wood. Officers will be elected and the report of the secretary and treasurer presented.
F. J. Collier, President,
22w2 N. F. Webb, Secretary.

Mrs. Gabber—Amanda Brown told Mrs. Perkins that I was a sneak and always prying into other people's affairs.
Mrs. Blabber—How do you know?
Mrs. Gabber—Heard 'em over the telephone. I always listen when them two cats is talking together.

Notice to Creditors.

By virtue of an order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, notice is hereby given that a persons having claims against the estate of Hannah Stephenson late of the town of Genoa, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administrator of &c., of said deceased, at his place of residence in the town of Genoa, County of Cayuga, on or before the 30th day of June, 1915.
Dated December 8, 1914.
William F. Stephenson,
Administrator.
Albert H. Clark,
Attorney for Administrator,
Auburn, N. Y.

Christmas Gifts.

Roasters
Percolators
Nickle Ware
Food Choppers
Family Scales
Oil Heaters
Sad Irons
Bread Mixers

Sleds
Skates
Pocket Knives
Driving Lamps
Vac. Sweepers
Wringers
Washing Machines
Robes

PECK & HAND

Miller Phone.

GENOA, N. Y.

Useful New Year's Gifts

AT GENOA CLOTHING STORE.

I have a great variety of useful gifts in very attractive Holiday Boxes. You can find suitable gifts for every friend you wish to remember.

Articles from 25c up to \$1.50. Besides my big line of regular stock of Clothing. Fine Sweaters for Ladies, Men and Boys. Hats, Caps and all kinds of Furnishing Goods.

Shoes, Arctics and Rubbers for Men and Boys. All this is very useful and appreciated. Whoever gets such gifts will take the pleasure of using them and will greatly appreciate them.

Will greatly appreciate it if you will call and examine my goods.

I wish everybody a Happy New Year.

M. G. SHAPERO.

John W. Rice Company,

103 Genesee St., AUBURN, N. Y.

Special Sale of Suits and Coats.

Beginning Saturday morning all Suits and Coats will be offered at a great reduction in price, Suits for Women, Misses and Juniors, all colors and all sizes are in stock.

Coats for Women, Misses and Children all at a liberal reduction.

Special sizes for stout figures.

Here's a Good One.

The editor of a Kansas paper says that he picked up a Winchester rifle recently and started up the street to deliver the weapon to its owner. The delinquent subscribers got it into their heads that he was on the war path, and every one he met insisted on paying all they owed. One man wiped out a debt of ten years' standing. On returning to the office he found a load of hay, fifteen bushels of corn, ten bushels of potatoes, a load of wood and a barrel of turnips.
—LaBelle Star.

If you have anything to sell, if you want anything, have lost or found an article, make it known through a special notice in THE TRIBUNE.

It Would Make a Difference.

Schoolmaster—Now, if your mother were to give you a large apple and a small one and told you to divide with your brother, which apple would you give him? Johnny—D'you mean my big brother or my little brother?—London Tit-Bits.

Association of Ideas.

Man (in bakeshop)—My wife told me to get something else—what was it? Baker—You have biscuits and a pie—maybe it was some crullers. Man—No; I distinctly remember her telling me not to get things twisted.—Boston Transcript.

CLOTHING. FURNISHINGS. MOSHER, GRISWOLD & CO

A Very Merry Christmas

Is the wish of this store, not only to its patrons, but to all mankind.

Mosher, Griswold & Co.

Established 1838.

87-89 Genesee St., Auburn.