

The Genoa Tribune.

VOL. XXV. No 22

GENOA, N. Y., FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 24, 1915.

EMMA A. WALDO

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CAP SKIPPER'S
WEATHER PREDICTION

ABOUT THE SAME SORTER
DAY TOMORROW I RECKON
HERE'S ONE THAT'S
HARD TO HOOK. WHAT
CAN Y' READ IN A
POCKET BOOK?



WHY YOU ARE NERVOUS
The nervous system is the alarm system of the human body.
In perfect health we hardly realize that we have a network of nerves, but when health is ebbing, when strength is declining, the same nervous system gives the alarm in headaches, tiredness, dreamful sleep, irritability and unless corrected, leads straight to a breakdown.
To correct nervousness, Scott's Emulsion is exactly what you should take; its rich nutriment gets into the blood and rich blood feeds the tiny nerve-cells while the whole system responds to its refreshing tonic force. It is free from alcohol.
Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

From Nearby Towns.

Forks of the Creek.

Dec. 14—Mr. and Mrs. Bert Breed and daughter Hilda visited the former's father, Geo. Breed, Sunday. Miss Mattie De Remer visited her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Jump, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Snyder spent Sunday with the former's mother, Mrs. Emily Snyder.

Jay Boyer had the misfortune to lose a horse last week.

Mrs. C. J. Hatch of Groton is spending the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Calvin Kratzer.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Tarbell visited at O. C. Sill's Thursday.

Mrs. I. Swartwood has returned to her nephew's after spending a couple of months with friends in this vicinity.

Mrs. Jay Boyer and Clayton Reeves motored to Ithaca with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Reeves one day last week.

Dec. 21—The blizzard of last week delayed our mail.

Calvin Kratzer is on the sick list. Jay Boyer was in Ithaca Monday.

The teacher and pupils of the school are preparing for a Christmas tree Friday of this week.

The people in this vicinity were very much shocked to hear of the death of Fox Holden.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Reeves attended the Snyder-O'Hara wedding last week Thursday.

Poplar Ridge.

Dec. 20—Mrs. Jennie Mellroy is spending some time with her daughter in Syracuse.

Mrs. E. O. Sprague spent last week in Syracuse attending the Billy Sunday meetings.

Mrs. Elizabeth Collins is keeping house for Isaac Sherman.

Amos G. Searing of this place is at Geneva in the hospital, where he underwent an operation Friday last. He is reported as doing well.

Mrs. C. W. Ely was informed of the death of her aunt, Miss Caroline Maurice, in the hospital in Auburn Saturday last. Miss Maurice had reached the advanced age of 87 years. She had resided in this vicinity for a number of years until last summer when she went the Old Ladies' Home in Auburn.

Sunday was observed as "Peace day" at the church. Miss Emily Howland of Sherwood spoke on the subject of Peace at the morning service.

The auto bus line is idle at present. Clarence Smith is driving to Venice Center three days in the week with passengers, etc.

If last week is a specimen of Mr. Richard's fine weather, we don't care for any more like it.

Merrifield.

Dec. 20—A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to the editor and readers of THE TRIBUNE.

The Merrifield and Scipio Center schools held a joint Christmas tree and entertainment in the Merrifield schoolhouse, Friday afternoon. The children did their parts well and a very enjoyable time was reported.

Miss Ella Doremus has returned from a few days' visit with friends at Seneca Falls.

William Grant is repairing and enlarging his house.

Two showers were given last week, one at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Lacey and one by the Sherwood degree team at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Casler in honor of Miss Rose Bowness, who will become the bride of Mr. Lee Powers on Dec. 29.

Christmas exercises will be held in the Baptist and Universalist churches Friday evening, Dec. 24.

E. J. Byrnes is cutting ice on his pond to-day.

Mrs. Frank Bowen.

Lydia Titus, wife of Frank Bowen, aged 47 years, died at her home south of Aurora on Thursday last. Mrs. Bowen had been in ill health for many years and was recently a patient in the Auburn City hospital. The funeral was held at her late home Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Burial in Oak Glen cemetery.

Five Corners.

Dec. 20—We wish the editor and staff, all the correspondents and all readers of THE TRIBUNE a Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hollister, Mrs. Albert Gillow, Mrs. Jay Smith and Mrs. Will Ferris spent last Friday in Auburn.

Miss Bessie Hanlon closed her school here last Friday for a two weeks' vacation. She had a Christmas tree on Friday afternoon for the children. Each had a little token of remembrance for the Christmas of 1915.

Helen Irene, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Curtis, now sleeps in a bed that has been in use for nearly 40 years and there is not a mar on it; looks as if it had just come from the furniture room.

The Ladies' Aid bazaar of this place on Wednesday evening, Dec. 8, was quite a success financially; a fine supper and a good time socially.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Curtis made a business trip to Genoa last Saturday. They found the traveling very bad indeed.

Henry Barger and daughter Iva and husband all of Ludlowville recently spent a day with Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Barger.

Mrs. Elwood Stoughton is under the care of Dr. Skinner of Genoa.

S. B. Mead is slowly recovering from his severe illness.

Miss Pauline Chaffee is home from Auburn for the Holiday vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Doyle and little son Merton of North Lansing visited their sister, Mrs. Asa Coon and family, a week ago Saturday night and spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Doyle.

Wilbur, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Shaffer, who had the misfortune to fall and break his leg, is doing as well as can be expected, but it is a hard matter to keep him quiet; therefore it will be a longer period getting well.

Harry Smith, the blacksmith, was a very busy man last week shoeing horses.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ferris entertained at their pleasant home last Saturday, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Ferris, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Ferris and son Harry, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Ferris, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Moore and mother, Miss Jennie Ellison and Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Todd. A very excellent dinner was served and all spent a delightful day.

Howell Mosher and Carl Goodyear are spending the Holiday vacation with their parents.

Ensenore Heights.

Dec. 20—Miss Edith Main has gone to Aurelius to spend the Holidays with relatives.

Miss Ruth Daniells and her pupils will have a Christmas tree with appropriate exercises and a supper at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lester on Wednesday evening.

Miss Alpha Clark and pupils will have their tree and supper on Thursday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Sawyer.

Mrs. Charles Barnes is very ill with grip.

Floyd Van Dwyne's valuable young horse is very sick.

Miss Bessie Hanlon of Five Corners was home over Sunday.

Mrs. George Lester has moved to the home of her son Charles for the winter.

Mrs. F. B. Chapman of Merrifield spent Friday and Saturday at C. H. Wyant's.

Lansingville.

Dec. 13—There will be a donation at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lem Inman, proceeds to apply on pastor's salary, Tuesday evening, Dec. 21. Everyone is to bring refreshments for the supper.

Mrs. Wm. Baker has returned to Auburn.

Miss Gladys Drake is boarding at James Stearns' during the winter and attending school at Ludlowville.

Mrs. A. Armstrong received news Saturday of the death of her uncle, George Moreland, at Owego.

Subscribe for the home paper to-day.

King Ferry.

Dec. 22—Mr. and Mrs. Warren Counsell of Union Springs were in town over Sunday.

The postoffice was recently moved from the G. S. Aikin store into the McCormick block. Francis Callahan is the new postmaster.

Archie Smith recently purchased from the Jane Smith estate the 70-acre farm one mile east of this village.

The Genoa Dramatic club played to a full house in McCormick's hall Saturday night.

Mrs. Richard Ellison is spending a few days with friends in Auburn.

Thomas Fisher of Auburn was an over-Sunday guest of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ellison.

Wesley Ward was called Sunday to Sherwood on account of the death of his brother.

Mrs. Addie Ellison is spending a few days in Auburn, with her daughter, Mrs. Arthur O'Hara.

Mrs. C. E. Slocum and daughter, Mrs. Louie King of Boston will spend the Holidays in King Ferry.

Miss Lyda Nolan of Poplar Ridge and Miss Helen Slocum of King Ferry, who have been spending a fortnight visiting friends at Gabriel's in the Adirondacks, returned Saturday.

Dec. 21—Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Dickinson left Tuesday for Schenectady where they will spend the winter with their daughter. Their grand-sor, Leon Sisson, also returned with them.

There will be a dance at McCormick's hall Wednesday evening, Dec. 29. A chicken pie supper will be served. Good music by McDermott's orchestra from Cortland, adv.

Mrs. Janette Greenfield will make her home with Mrs. Margaret Crouch this winter.

Mrs. Arthur Crouch of Genoa visits her aunt, Mrs. M. Crouch, Tuesday.

Ray C. White is a new clerk in G. S. Aikin's store. Wm. Hall of Atwater's is also clerking at F. T. Atwater's store.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Holland made a business trip to Auburn Monday.

Mrs. Mary Murray and son Henry attended the funeral of her sister, Mrs. William Ryan, of Aurelius this week.

Mrs. T. C. McCormick and Mrs. T. L. Hatch spent Tuesday at Auburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Sprague of Poplar Ridge spent Tuesday with their daughter, Mrs. Ray White.

G. S. Aikin made a business trip to Auburn Tuesday.

A Merry Christmas to the editor and readers of the GENOA TRIBUNE.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

Sunday morning service at 10:30. A New Year's sermon. If we only realized the divine significance of this season of the year and were fully grateful for being spared from the ravages of the world war, we should be filling the church on Sunday mornings and worshipping with deep prayer.

Sunday school at 11:45. We want every one to remain for Bible study. Christian Endeavor at 6:15. Leader, Miss Marian Atwater.

Sunday evening. A service of Christmas music given by the church choir and Sunday school. The choir has some excellent things in store for us. We wish the church filled to hear this.

Prayer meeting Thursday at 7 p. m. Choir rehearsal on Thursday at 7:45.

Week of prayer begins Jan. 2 and ends Jan. 9. The meetings for weekdays are as follows: Monday 7:30; Tuesday 2:30; Wednesday 7:30; Thursday 7:30; Friday 2:30. All the churches in America have been asked by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ to pray during the week of prayer for the establishment of international peace. So let us during this week of prayer, pray for the cessation of this cruel, colossal war and for the establishment of permanent peace. The week day services will be held in the chapel. Let it be filled to the doors. The pastor will deliver an address at each service. Every one welcome.

The church and pastor wish you all Christmas joy in the Spirit.

North Lansing.

Dec. 21—We were all startled on Tuesday of last week when the news flew over the wires that Mrs. Ida Haring Davis was dead. It was not generally known that she was sick and that made it the more startling. She had been sick a few days, but her death was very sudden—no one was looking for it. She was the daughter of Frank and Alice Haring. She belonged to the Methodist church and Sunday school and for many years was the organist. She had taught school around here, and was greatly loved. She was a young woman of high ideals, ever ready to do what she could for a good cause. She was a member of the Grange, and of the W. C. T. U. She will be greatly missed. Besides her husband, she leaves one sister, Mrs. Charles Searles, and one brother, Percy Haring. The funeral was held from the late residence on Friday afternoon, Rev. F. J. Allington officiating. Interment in North Lansing.

Mrs. Helen Bower, widow of Charles A. Bower, who has been sick such a long time, passed away Friday evening last, aged 76 years. She was the last of a family of five sisters, and one brother. Mrs. Bower had been in poor health for many years and husband and sisters were all united in caring for her and they were all taken first. Mr. Bower died last June. The Short family, of which she was a member, lived in Pontiac, Mich., having moved there from the western part of New York State. Three of the girls were teachers for many years, of which Helen was one. She had a host of friends, and many will mourn her loss. We shall miss these friends who have "passed on" in the house of God; they will also be missed in social gatherings, and in our homes. The funeral was held on Monday afternoon at the church. Rev. F. J. Allington officiated and Mrs. Mangang of Ithaca sang. Burial in the family plot in our cemetery.

Fox Holden died Saturday morning at his home here, as the result of a stroke of apoplexy. Mr. Holden has been in poor health for some years, but he was feeling as well as usual the night before his death. Mr. Holden was graduated from Cornell in 1872. He commenced teaching in Trumansburg, and was afterwards principal of the Ithaca High school. He also taught in Plattsburg and Olean. In 1910 he was elected to the State Assembly and in 1911 and 1912 he was supervisor. The funeral was held at the home on Wednesday and was private. Burial at North Lansing. Rev. F. J. Allington officiated.

The body of the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey DeCamp was brought here for burial on Saturday. Mrs. Kate DeCamp has been very sick, but is thought to be better.

Mrs. Carson is entertaining her father and mother.

Chauncy Hall gave a dinner for his help in the evaporator at the home of his sister, Mrs. Cameron, on Saturday.

Dr. English of Detroit was here to attend the funeral of Mrs. Helen Bower.

Dec. 14—Mrs. Charles Barger of Five Corners is visiting relatives here.

Dana Singer is ill.

Benton Brown had a serious fall a few days ago, which resulted in several broken ribs.

The Epworth League held a social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Benton Brown last Friday evening.

Mrs. Belle DeCamp of North Lansing is a delegate from Tompkins county to the meeting of the State Grange in February.

Alfred Brooks returned recently from New York where he visited his sisters, the Misses Josephine and Elythe Brooks.

Mrs. Margaret Boyles has gone to spend some time with her daughter, Mrs. Forbes, at West Groton.

Notice.

Big bargains for Christmas buyers in diamonds, watches, jewelry and musical instruments, as I have to vacate by January first, and my entire stock must be sold, regardless of price.
J. B. Liberman, 109 E. State St. Ithaca, N. Y.

Sherwood W. C. T. U. Celebrates.

The anniversary meeting of Sherwood W. C. T. U. at the home of the Simkin and Foster sisters in Poplar Ridge proved one of the most enthusiastic and enjoyable in its history. Although a December blizzard was raging, this did not dampen the ardor of over forty white ribboners and their husbands and friends, some of whom came a long distance. Bountiful refreshments were served at 1 o'clock and a pleasant social time enjoyed by all. The program following:

The president, Mrs. Mary C. Hudson, in a few opening remarks, said: "We will consider two subjects today, our 30th Anniversary and National Constitutional Prohibition." The New York State song to the tune of Marching Through Georgia was sung, with Mrs. Sylvester Morgan at the organ.

A part of the 93rd Psalm was read and earnest prayer offered by Rev. Thos. R. Husk of Scipioville Presbyterian church. Mrs. Lillian Osborne of Union Springs, president of Cayuga County W. C. T. U., was then introduced, speaking most interestingly on "A Glimpse of 30 years of Temperance Work." Fleming Union was the first organized in this county, Sherwood next; the former has been dead some years, but prospects are bright for it to come to life in the near future and the latter has so far stood the test of years and is still waging the peaceful warfare against strong drink. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts," is the motto of Sherwood W. C. T. U.

Rev. Wm. J. Reagan, pastor of the Friends church at Poplar Ridge, gave a brief and stirring address on National Constitutional Prohibition, comparing the liquor traffic to a goat which we have by the horns, with a rope around his neck, all we have to do, is to all pull the same way.

Miss Edna Merritt of Poplar Ridge gave a finely rendered recitation most fitting for the occasion from the W. C. T. U. National Educator, "Noble Christian Womanhood."

Emily Howland of Sherwood in her own felicitous way gave bits of local history connected with the temperance cause in the eighties presenting a long petition that was circulated and signed by men, women and children in those early days asking that the town of Scipio should not be granted license for one year. A house to house visitation was made by herself and other women in the stormy days of March and the measure was carried. Scipio from that time on has been mostly Prohibition and is at present no-license as well as Venice and Ledyard, the three towns represented in the membership of Sherwood W. C. T. U.

Rev. Thos. Husk gave a forceful presentation of the benefits of Prohibition as he knew them in the South—his home having been in the states of Texas and Arkansas, and pleaded earnestly that all should work together in this common cause for God and home and native land.

A resolution for National Constitutional Prohibition was read and unanimously adopted by a rising vote. A rising vote of thanks was also given our speakers, our hostesses and the president of Sherwood W. C. T. U. for her untiring efforts in the temperance cause. A generous collection was taken for campaign work.

Meeting closed with singing "Some Glad Day" and the W. C. T. U. benediction.

Belltown.

Dec. 21—Mrs. Elwood Stoughton is improving from her recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Hilliard have gone to Detroit, Mich., to visit Mrs. Hilliard's sisters. Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hilliard will keep house for them during their absence.

The West Genoa Ladies' Aid society held their annual fair Friday evening, Dec. 17. About \$70 was taken in.

Mrs. E. D. Cheesman visited friends in Auburn recently.

The school will have a Christmas tree and exercises at the schoolhouse Friday afternoon.
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Young spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. N. R. [unclear] at Genoa.

Santa Claus' Sweetheart

By Imogen Clark

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SYNOPSIS

Terry O'Connor, a happy-go-lucky Irish man, is mistaken for Santa Claus by Betty, a little girl, and he takes her with him to make her happy.

Terry continues the pleasing deception as his horses journey toward "Santa Claus' home," and Betty tells him about her mother's Christmas.

His conscience begins to reproach him for taking Betty away, but he and she enjoy a Christmas dinner in the snow.

He tells her wonderful stories about his adventures and distributes toys and, tired and happy, she falls asleep.

He did not complete the history of the celebrated combat, therefore, but after a few lines brought it to a close and began something else. Then, before he knew it, a song that had lived in the background of his memory for many years found its way, for the little child's sake, to his lips. Curious enough, it didn't seem to him that he was singing it, for through the words he could hear his mother's warm voice carrying the tune forward, and his own voice, the best in all the country round for trilling out a drinking catch or some fantastic rime-marole set



They Joggled on Quite as Steadily as if He Were Awake.

to music, grew so tender that the roisterers at Wistar's or up at Merle would never have recognized it. But if they could have heard him they wouldn't have laughed. The song would have been like a little key unhooking the gates of childhood. Even if the words had been unfamiliar to them the sweet sounds would have taken their rank.

After he had finished singing he sat very still, one hand holding the reins, the other resting gently on the warm little bundle at his side. But his thoughts were far back in that distant past where, because of his light heart, he only dwelt on the golden spots—and his nature had many such. Then he began to build some castles in that dear, impossible, ever true country where one may rear the most beautiful houses and have them ready to be lived in in the wink of an eye; where there are never any vexing questions of rent or taxes and one doesn't have to bother about gas or electricity (such a wonderful lighting system as they have there, by the way), and there are never any repairs to be made. Perhaps a prosaically minded architect would never have called Terry's dream house a castle, but such sober matter of factness is not to be envied. Very much happier are the people who live in the clouds at times, though they do have many a tumble to earth, than the ones who never see things through the rose colored glasses of fancy, but plod along in the dull light of common graysness.

Terry belonged to the first kind, and because his mind was still full of the nonsense he had uttered to his companion he began to build a beautiful palace where the dreams of little children could come true. On every side he could see their wishes written plainly, sometimes in copybook writing, sometimes in big print and sometimes again in those funny, wavering, uphill lines that Santa Claus never fails to read. And everywhere he could hear merry laughter and shouts and the sounds of scrambling, racing feet. It was a beautiful palace! He chuckled to himself, seeing it so distinctly, and then, suddenly—very suddenly—just in front of him, a trifle at one side of the road, stood a small, square house of the sort that your eminently practical no-thought-of-beauty contractor would build. Terry's hand, reins and all went to his eyes to clear the mist from before them. Impossible! He knew the country as well as Danny and Whitefoot, and he knew, too, that no such house stood there. The shanty men's hut, the only human habitation for miles, was still some distance off. He looked again sharply, convinced that in the darkening land some snow covered tree had taken on the likeness to a building. And he was quite right—there was no house.

The bells smote the air sullenly and soberly as the horses started once more on their patient, even course. They did not merit the sharp flap of the reins on their backs—they were doing their best. Terry tried to go on with his dreams, but the thread of fancy, once broken, is hard to recover.

He caught bravely at it—there stood the house again, square, squat, unimpressive, with the low stable at one side, connected by the covered



There Stood the House Again.

—the roof that had flashed like a reproving eye hours earlier. And then he knew! He turned and looked back fearfully. As far as he could see there was no sign of life. Before him it was the same tale—even the house his fancy had conjured up had vanished. It was very still save for the bells on his horses, and they were not clinking merrily just then, only giving out a monotonous jog trot sound that did not deafen him to the faint voice crying very far away, "Dear my little own, where are you?" He shivered among his furs, still looking back, and sobbingly the words came again, "Dear my little own, where are you?"

Danny and Whitefoot pawed the snow uneasily. Merle was still distant, and they were anxious to be at rest. They even determined to pull more steadily, more swiftly. They had been saving their best wind for that, but the hand on the reins kept them still.

"Och, wurra, wurra, that iver I shtoooped to desate," the old man murmured. "What will I do wid juty sayin' 'go back' an' 'juty sayin' 'go back'?" "Tis most thirty miles from the shanty men's hut to that lovely little house, an' I can't take the journey over agin. Whist, there, nither, wid your callin' to the colleen an' crackin' me heart will be int'rely, Aisy now! The voice av you is far away loike, an' yet 'tis plain as thunder in me ears. Sure, I thought the fun av the wurrid was in this thing, an' I meant no harm at all. Whist, there, nither dear! They do be waitin' for me up at Merle, thin an' the Christmas fun, an' Christmas only comin' wanst a year, an' there's the wagger besides. Och, wurra, wurra, what will I do? I must go on, but 'tisn't wid me the darlint can be goin'."

He recognized that very clearly now when it was almost too late. His home as the child dreamed of it and his home as it really was were two very different things. He couldn't take her to the tavern at Merle, with its rough, carousing crowd—such fun was not for her—and he had nowhere else to go. Then he thought of the road ever getting darker and darker, of the frozen lake, with its treacherous ice, that he must cross; of the night growing colder. He knew how to keep himself warm, but it was another matter where she was concerned. And when he went driving into Merle to claim his bet his hand might not be steady—that had happened so often before!—and there was that ugly bit just below the tavern, where even the most careful driver must pick his way warily. But with a little child—the thought made him giddy. No, no, no! He couldn't take her with him—that was impossible! And equally he saw, because he knew himself so well, he couldn't take her back to her mother's longing arms. He couldn't go back! He sat quite still, turning over different plans in his mind, while the precious minutes slipped by unheeded. Finally his brow cleared a trifle. There was but one solution to the difficulty—the lumbermen might help him, must help him. He would see that they had no choice in the matter. As he reached this decision some of his old reckless daring came back to him, but he bore himself in a shamefaced fashion and with none of his usual jauntness, though he straightened his shoulders and tried to appear unconcerned. He began to whistle, too, as if to silence the wailing cry that still pursued the sleigh. He would not let himself listen.

"Och, child," he said, looking down at the little maid, "'tis sorry I am fer ye, darlint."



"Och, child," he said, "'tis sorry I am fer ye, darlint."

ye, darlint, but 'twill all come right in the mornin'—throbbles always do. Whist now! 'Tis sorriest I am fer meself, since I can't help meself at all, I 'twil what I am, ye see."

Chapter V. The Gift of Santa Claus.

He put his hand into his coat, and though his fingers came in contact with the flat bottle they did not draw it forth. They groped farther, past the inner coat and beneath the blouse, to something that hung against his chest suspended from a cord. When he brought out his hand it held a dingy little bag. He stripped off the outer covering, disclosing a cheap gilt locket and the half of a broken sixpence. With shaking fingers he took a wisp of hair from the trinket and, wrapping it up again, thrust it back into his breast, but the locket and the coin he folded in a bit of newspaper and stooped once more to the child.

"Sure, it ain't a dolly that will shut its eyes, mavourneen, that I do be givin' ye fer a Christmas gift," he whispered, "but mebbe ye'll like it fer the sake av wan as loved it. An' God Almighty an' all the lowly saints bless ye feriver an' iver, amin."

She stirred at his touch and opened her eyes, misty still with sleep. For a moment she looked at him in some doubt; then, as she struggled into a sitting position, she laughed gaily.

"Oh, it's really and truly you." Her glance swept their surroundings. "And are we home now—at your very home? Is that it?"

The walls of the lumbermen's hut showed indistinctly through the clearing. It was almost dark. The night that comes swiftly in the north lands was folding its mantle like a great soft wing over the whole country, though in the west there was still a faint streak of rose, as if the day was sorry to go, and so it lingered in that little, tender time between the lights, when one can dream best of all.

"Is that home?" she asked again, very softly.

"Listen, swateheart. But first take this wee packidge. Aisy, now! It wasn't fule the edges—an' shtow it away in your pocket if ye have wan. 'Tis not to be looked at nor so much as prodded, mind ye, till sunrise to-



"Is that home?" she asked again.

morry. Remember! An', second—fahil, me second is hardest fer me, fer 'tis goodby I must be sayin'."

Her lip trembled.

"But I'm goin' with you all the way," she declared stoutly.

"Sure, an' I wish it from me heart, only 'tis partin' we must be. Ye see, ye can go on, an' Danny an' Whitefoot will be proud to draw ye, but 'tis most night, an' the way gets bad up yonder, an' there's a lake to cross, an' I'm not always the stiddy driver—to me shame be it said!"

"I'd sit very still!"

"An' 'twill be cold, bitter cold! Thin I've been thinkin'—I didn't tell ye this afore—but no child has iver seen me house. 'Tis a thing av drames (an', sure, that's the truth!) Whisper, now, see ye see it, it wud all split to smithereens wid a crack like doom. An' where 'ud I be thin? The folks wud have to do widout me, I'm thinkin'!"

"The little children—us?" she asked, round eyed.

"That wud be the size av it. Av course ye cud kape on wid the deputies, I've trained thin well, an' the spirit av Christmas niver dies, the givin' an' the lovin', fer the Lord made thin in his own imidge. But ye'd be missin' me, ye know."

She was very still, the little pucker showing between her anxious brows.

"I've an illigit plan. You's a foine place to spend the night, an' 't'ry-thing will come right in the mornin'. Oh, ye'll see! An' ye'll hang up your shtockin' same as uswul. But, first, ye must put that bit there down in the toe av it, an' 'twill be Merry Christmas all round. Will ye tell me goodby now, swateheart, an' let me go on to kape me wurrd that I've been after passin' sacred-loike?"

"Yes," she said gravely. "I wanted to see Vixen and On-come-it close, but I'll let you go, 'count o' the children ev'rywhere."

He lifted her gently to the ground, and she stood quietly at one side while he tumbled out the barrel and the bags from the back of the sleigh with great caution. He could not stay for a word. Already he had much time to make up, and discussion of any sort, hospitality even, would retard him. The light had quite disappeared from the west, and a few pale stars—God's candles, he

called them—were beginning to kindle in the dark above. He stooped to her.

"Whin I'm gone, cushia machree, ye'll go to the door an' they'll let ye in—they're foine fellies. 'Tis but a shtep up there, annyhow. Ye can't niver miss it—see, where the rid light shows t'rough the cracks. An' ye'll not forget me, little wan?"

"No—no," she choked.

He caught her in his arms and kissed her. But though he held her very close he could not see her face well because of the misty curtain that had dropped suddenly before his eyes. In that moment he realized how far, how very far, below her thought of him he really was. He put her down almost roughly, detachin' the little clinging fingers with scant tenderness and sprang into the sleigh. An instant, from that vantage point, he looked her way. Then Danny and Whitefoot, surprised into using their best wind by a fierce sting of the whip, dashed into the dark, their bells swinging out a sharp, tremulous cry of bronze that cut the air like a knife.

"Goodby," she called in a breaking voice.

And back from the distance came the answer:

"Goodly, little swateheart. God love ye an'—"

She stood waiting, listening to the bells that grew faint and falter until they were like a chime from fairyland. When at last her loving ears could hear them no longer she turned and trotted obediently to the house. The door was closed, but a narrow thread of light glimmered warmly at the sill, and a tiny fiery eye peeped out halfway in the dark surface. She struck the wood with her little clinched fist—struck it once, then again. A twig snapping off in the teeth of the frost would have sounded louder.

From within there came the noise of many voices and great bursts of laughter, but no lessening of the merriment made room for her appeal.

It was a large, roughly finished room, lighted for the most part by the great heap of logs that blazed on the hearth, though a lantern fixed against the wall at the opposite side, in front of a tin reflector, shone bravely, as if to say that it was doing its best despite the fact that no one heeded its efforts. For the occupants of the room, without an exception, were gathered about the cambouse, or fireplace, where, in the full glow of the leaping flames, a number of stockings were hung—not because it was Christmas eve, but for the more prosaic reason that they must be dried. Every working day showed the same display, the men, on an average, hanging up two or three pairs apiece. Still they were keeping their Christmas eve vigil after a fashion, though it was not in the orthodox way, and, notwithstanding its noise, it lacked the real flavor of the blessed season.

"What was that?" Shawe asked suddenly.

"Didn't hear a blessed thing. Fire ahead, Sandy. Ev'ry chap's got a stunt to do this night, an' the fust lot's fell to you. Come, begin—Where's that lazy raskill Terry? He'd oughter be'n here hours ago."

"Back at Wistar's," a young fellow growled. "Told yer what to expect when yer singled him out to fetch the grub. A sorry Christmas we'll have. Any meal left in the bar? Cooky?"

"Nough to make pap for you in the mornin', kid." Cooky responded with a grunt, "so don't be sheddin' tears—you an' yer delikit appetite will pull t'rough. 'Tis plum puddin' the child was expectin'."

The young fellow laughed almost good naturedly.

"Gorry! What'd I give to smell a plum puddin', even? There was a Christmas once when I'd the taste o' one. There was turkey before, an' the bird was a t'ptopper, but it don't live in my mem'ry like the puddin'. That come in with a wreath o' greens 'bout its brown head, an' its sides crackin' open with plums the size o' Jake's thumb there. An' there was clouds o' incense risin' from it, an' the smell o' the burdin' spirits an' the blue flames lickin' each other with joy at the taste they got—'tis before my eyes thin bloomin' minnit, an' my ears is deafened with the roars the fellers sent up. You could ha' heard 'em a mile off!"

A chorus of protesting voices interrupted further reminiscences. "Shut up, will yer?" "Trow him out, some one." "You've no call to make our mouths water so."

"A puddin'," a thin faced man said dreamily as the din subsided. "I never seed its like. An' adre, you say? What was that fer?"

"Why, fer the celebration, jilt!" "Begorra," another voice broke in. "I'd like to live in the country where they've the crayther to burn. Did it smell good?"

"Smell good?" Again the young fellow laughed. "'Twas better than a garden full o' roses when the wind blows soft an' warm over 'em. 'Twas finer an' more penetratin' than the o-dick-alone the tenderfoots perfume themselves with. An' there was the sarse besides, with a dash o' rum in it to make it slip down easier."



And Back From the Distance Came the Answer.

"Gorry! The ejaculation was a wud. 'My things come plain.' 'That's about the size o' it fer ev'ry brother's son of us,' some one began philosophically. Then, in helpless rage at the turn affairs had taken, he finished with a wail: 'Hang the Terry O'Connor! He'd oughter remembered his mother's Christmas!'

"Christmas is like any other day to an elderly chopper interposed plaintively. 'It's only meant fer the kids.' 'I can hear the fire stirred restlessly. 'Tis there,' he said, with a sweep of his hand, 'they hang up the stockings all in a row—six of 'em—an' my gowan makes shift to fill 'em, too!'

"How they chitter in the mornin'," another man chimed in, "before it's peety light. Don't know as there's any good out, so nice as that. 'Whist I was home to hear it—Gord, I do!'

"Never had no little stockin' hangin' afore my chimney." The occupant of the big barrel chair looked into the blaze thoughtfully as he made the statement. "Baby's sock was too teeny that fust year, an' after—"

"Fahil, I niver had no chimney av me own at all," a reckless voice interrupted, with a hard laugh. "Here today an' gone tomorrow an' devil a soul to care where I was. It made little differ to me thin, but 'tis a wide wurrd an' a lonely wan when a man's gittin' on in the years."

"Only got so fur ez the patty cakin' age, ez you might say—it was the man in the barrel chair who was speaking again—"but turrble over-

ber. I don't think many of them knew her real name.

"Hurry along there, Forty-three," said the clerk. "What's the matter with you tonight?"

Ethel watched Addie go to the bundle counter and come running back with the parcels, and Ethel laughed.

"What are you laughing at, Ethel?" asked Uncle Peter.

Ethel told him. "She jumps like a jack-in-the-box, Uncle Peter."

But Uncle Peter did not laugh. "She is very tired," he said gravely. "Perhaps she wishes that she was going to have a Christmas tree in the morning and have a nice dinner afterward."

"Perhaps she is, Uncle Peter," said Ethel, pointing, for she did not like to be reminded of poor people.

"Shall we find out?" he asked, and he walked right up to the bundle counter and asked Forty-three where she lived and what was her real name.

Addie looked frightened. "I haven't done anything wrong," she said pitifully. "If I lose my job there will be no one to take care of grandmother."

"Don't worry, Addie!" smiled Uncle Peter. "We're just going to call on grandmother; that's all."

So tall Uncle Peter and the little girl in the fur coat who was just Addie's age left the toy department and entered the motorcar and were soon whirling through the east side streets.

They found grandmother almost helpless with crippled hands and feet, but even rheumatism could not prevent her from making the room clean and neat. But there were no signs of Christmas.

"Addie will be half dead with weariness after this Christmas rush," sighed grandmother.

"And how about Addie's Christmas?" asked Uncle Peter.

"Grandmother shook her silvery head. 'We are thankful if we can keep warm for Christmas,' she sighed. 'I wanted to get something, but I could not.'

"Do you mind if we help?" asked Uncle Peter.

"Bless your kind hearts, I shall be delighted!" And grandmother smiled so beautifully that Ethel could not help but think that Addie Simpson was rich in just having such a grandmother.

Uncle Peter and Addie had such a busy hour after that. The big auto took in the queerest load—a small Christmas tree and a box of ornaments—a big basket of good things, a chicken and oranges and nuts and raisins and candy and vegetables, and back to the big department store where they bought comfortable clothing for grandmother and Addie and some books and toys and a big doll, and back to the tenement.

"Now for your gold watch, my dear," said Uncle Peter as they went out.

"Please, Uncle Peter, I don't want the watch," said Ethel soberly. "Take the money for Addie Simpson."

Ethel's Lesson

By CLARISSA MACKIE



T was the day before Christmas, and the big department store was crowded with people hurrying to buy gifts at the very last minute.

Ethel Mason and her Uncle Peter rolled up to the store in a beautiful motorcar, for the Masons were very rich and lived in a marble house up near the park.

Uncle Peter had promised Ethel a gold watch for a Christmas present, and now they had come to buy it; but, first, they were going up to the toy department so that Ethel might see all the wonderful playthings.

Up in the toy department little Addie Simpson ran to and from bundle counter to busy clerks every time one of them called "Forty-three." Addie's number was "Forty-three," and every one called her by that num-



"IF I LOSE MY JOB THERE WILL BE NO ONE TO TAKE CARE OF GRANDMOTHER."

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Friday Morning, Dec. 24, 1915



Not only in costly gifts or rich rare food lies Christmas joy or blessing. It lies—no one can tell another where it lies. The finding must be for one's self alone. I can only say to all little children, to all grownup children, to all who are looking back as well as to those who are looking forward, to them I can say with Tiny Tim, "God bless you each this happy Christmas time," and if you would be very sure to get its meaning best make a real Christmas for somebody who might not have it but for you.—Kate Langley Bosher.

Christmas In The Farmhouse

When as a child you read stories of Christmas celebrations where the houses were decorated with holly and mistletoe and the people had such jolly times putting them up, didn't you look around your own house and wonder how that would look if trimmed with those same greens? And didn't you long to smell their spicy fragrance and to have a hand in putting them up where you thought they would look the best? And didn't you long to feel that peculiar Christmas spirit that is in the very air in cities and villages for more than a week before Christmas day itself? And then did you just settle back and say to yourself: "Well, it's no use."

"As long as I live on a farm Christmas must be just the same as it always has been—an exchange of gifts and afterward an unusually big dinner?"

I want to tell you that you are mistaken—that you can have just those very same things, even to bringing in the old time Yule log, if you are so fortunate as to have an open fireplace in the farmhouse.

City people pay from 35 cents to \$1 for a small house Christmas tree, and every one who can afford it buys a tree every year for his children. How often do farmers' children have trees? And why not? Because the parents say, "We haven't gifts enough to make a pretty tree." Many people never put a gift on—simply make it a tree of beauty for the children. Strings of popcorn, wishbones and canes gilded, gold stars—anything bright and shiny hung on a tree delights a child—a bag of popcorn with a few candles in it tastes five times as good if it has only once hung on a tree. Even if the gift must be underwear, shoes and things actually needed to wear, have them come as surprises and in as "Christmas" looking packages as possible. It is well to keep the Christmas spirit in the home.

It seems a pity for us country people, surrounded by these beautiful things deemed luxuries by our city friends, to make no use whatever of them and to let our lives become so commonplace. Christmas is not solely a day for gift giving and receiving and eating. It is a day for doing everything in your power to add to the joy of the children—a day to remember the feeble and lonely old people—a day to think of the strangers and the poor. If you haven't money to spend for gifts for them you can give some of yourself and of your own home Christmas cheer. There are homes that it is an inspiration to enter, because of the Christmas spirit they breathe forth. I trust the farm homes will not be lacking in Christmas beauty or Christmas cheer—that all of them will truly "keep Christmas."—Bertha G. Markham in Country Gentleman.

Local News, General News, Latest Novels ARE FEATURES OF THIS PAPER

NEW YORK NEWS ITEMS IN BRIEF.

Paragraphs of Interest to Readers of Empire State.

News of All Kinds Gathered From Various Points in the State and So Reduced in Size That It Will Appeal to All Classes of Readers.

Eight Englishmen left Medina last week to voluntarily become soldiers. Not a member of Revere Post, G. A. R., of Bolyar, has died this year. Rochester newsboys are preparing to erect a clubhouse for their own use.

Auburn now possesses a new motor fire truck, built by an Elmira company.

William S. Gould has been elected master of Watertown lodge, No. 49, F. and A. M., at the annual communication.

Senator Wadsworth has been elected a director of the Livingston county fair.

Geneva is to have a municipal Christmas tree with gifts for poor children.

An oil well just completed at Canisteo started off with a flow of 15 barrels a day.

Orleans county child's welfare board asks for \$2,000 to assist poor widows with families.

Batavia is to have a municipal Christmas tree and celebration on Christmas eve.

Dr. A. Wilson Dods of Fredonia has been elected president of Chautauqua county's medical society.

The Lehigh Valley's fine new freight station in Buffalo has been opened for inspection by the public.

Preparations are being made to arrange a branch of the naval militia for Niagara Falls and La Salle.

Ground has been broken in Tonawanda for a \$1,500,000 plant for the Buffalo General Electric company.

Orleans county may have a probation officer. The proposition has been placed before the board of supervisors.

Cuba Presbyterians are said to contemplate extending a pastoral call to the Rev. Frank O. Leonard of Phoenix, N. Y.

About 300 boxes of cheese have been shipped from Gouverneur so far last week. There were 250 boxes for export.

Former Sheriff A. J. Macfarlin has been appointed police justice of the village of Warsaw, at a salary of \$300 a year.

District Attorney Stowell of Steuben county will make an effort to close Corning moving picture theaters on Sunday.

Jamestown property owners have a tax rate of \$38 per \$1,000 valuation. This includes, city, school and state impositions.

Edward Appleyard, for 36 consecutive years superintendent of Jamestown's First Methodist church, has resigned that office.

While the funeral of Edward Coleman was in progress in Seneca Falls, news was received that his brother John had just died in Utica.

Jamestown's aerie of Eagles has bought a moving-picture machine. It will be operated as an entertainment feature at meetings of the order.

Maurice M. Wall of Buffalo was elected president of the New York State Motor Federation at the annual meeting of the federation in Utica.

Principal John L. Hopkins of the Nunda high school will assume the principalship of the Fairport high school on Jan. 1, at a salary of \$1,800.

The annual meeting of the Livingston County Fair association was held in Avon. The report of Treasurer W. J. Reed of Avon showed a balance of \$500.

Joseph Boccia, who was serving a sentence in the Steuben county jail for conviction upon an excise violation, died at the Bath hospital of Bright's disease.

It cost Chautauqua county \$4,500 to hold the recent election, an average of 21 cents for each vote cast. It is claimed that this one of the lowest records in the state.

There is little possibility that the board of supervisors will make an appropriation for the Jefferson county child welfare board, which was organized several weeks ago.

Clean nurses attached to the Higgins Memorial hospital have been provided with a \$35,000 home by Mrs. Frank W. Higgins, whose beneficence made the hospital possible.

Leo Urban and Bernard Osmaski of Perry were each sentenced to 15 years in Auburn prison for highway robbery by Judge James E. Norton in Wyoming county court at Attica.

James De Puy Hopkins was appointed principal of the Nunda high school to succeed his brother, J. L. Hopkins, who will go to the Newark high school as principal, on Jan. 1.

Miss Gertrude Carson, postmaster at Vandalla, was indicted by a federal grand jury in Buffalo of stealing \$513 in postal funds. She is in jail in Olean, being unable to obtain bail.

Fredonians are calling down blessings on the head of W. H. Frost, who supplies residents of that village with natural gas. His franchise permits him to charge 22 cents per 1,000 cubic feet. He has voluntarily made the price 27 cents.

Robert Hurley, who was severely injured by being rolled between two electric cars in Buffalo, was given a verdict of \$12,500 against the International railway by a supreme court jury.

A report has been received from Cornell that the dog which bit Charles Donahue of Boonville, a few days ago, was afflicted with rabies. The child was taken to New York Pasteur Institute.

William H. Taft, former president of the United States and now a professor at Yale, will be the principal speaker at the annual banquet next month of the Oneida chamber of commerce.

Vera Coyne Robinson, who claimed to be the daughter of the late Wardell G. Robinson, Oswego millionaire and professed bachelor, has broken the will of her father and gets about \$60,000.

Mrs. Flora Daniels, wife of Dr. J. H. Daniels of Buffalo, was appointed superintendent of the Albion house of refuge, at a salary of \$1,500 a year, to succeed Mrs. Alice Curtin, who has resigned.

Heavy snows have cut short the formal meets of the Genesee Valley Hunt club at Genesee, though some informal fox chases will continue up past New Year's whenever the weather permits.

Arthur H. Crist, president of the publishing company at Cooperstown, which bears his name, was elected as president of the Otsego County Agricultural society at the annual meeting of the society.

More extensive use of goats' milk, especially for the feeding of infants, is recommended by the New York city health department. The main reason for the suggestion is the immunity of goats from tuberculosis.

The annual budget for Wayne county was reported upon by the finance committee of the board of supervisors at Lyons. According to the report \$126,054.41 will be required to run the county the coming year.

Allegheny county farmers lost \$800,000 this year, owing to the almost total failure of the potato crop. Farmers who raised as much as 5,000 bushels last year have been required to purchase potatoes for their own use.

A new idea to create a huge block of electric power at Niagara Falls has been presented. It is suggested that a generating plant be installed behind the Horseshoe Fall. It is believed such a plant would provide 3,000,000 electrical horsepower.

At a special election held at Batavia at which the taxpayers were asked to vote on the proposition to pay the mayor a salary of \$600 annually and also to pay a back salary of \$600 to Mayor Burkhardt, both propositions were lost by 111 votes.

The New York State Breeders' association, in session at Rochester, elected officials are follows: President, F. W. Sessions, Utica; vice president, H. B. Harpending, Dundee; secretary, Albert E. Brown, Syracuse; treasurer, Wing R. Smith, Syracuse.

Harvey K. Murdock of Cooperstown, 80 years old, was married to his adopted daughter, Miss Carrie Clinton Murdock, by Rev. Frank S. Squyer of the Baptist church. Mr. and Mrs. Murdock left to spend the winter in Florida. He is a retired merchant.

At the annual meeting of the Genesee County Agricultural society, held in Batavia, Helen C. Miller Bergen was elected president of the society. Mr. Miller served as first vice president during the year just ended. He succeeds Frank J. Harris of Batavia.

The new pure-water storage tank at Oakfield was filled, but when the mains were tested it was found that the water did not flow properly. The trouble was located on Main street and the main dug up. A pair of workmen's overalls was found in the pipe.

William V. Cleary, former town clerk of Haverstraw was found guilty of second degree forgery by a jury at New City. Cleary, formerly a political power in the community, first gained notoriety by killing his son-in-law, Eugene Newman. Of this crime he was acquitted.

The board of supervisors appropriated \$100 for the use of the Genesee County Fish and Game Protective association and passed a resolution recommending that the closed season on ruffed grouse and black and gray squirrels be extended from Oct. 1, 1916, to Oct. 1, 1918.

The New York State Dairymen's association in Rochester elected officers as follows: President, William E. Dana, Avon; vice president, George E. Hogue, Arcade; secretary, S. C. Shaver, Albany; assistant secretary, L. D. Spink, Rochester; treasurer, R. D. Kirkland, Philadelphia.

The board of supervisors at a session in Watertown, adopted a resolution asking Senator Eleon R. Brown and Assemblyman H. E. Machold and W. D. Augsburg to assist in the passage of the proposed \$10,000,000 appropriation for continuing the state highway improvements.

The directors of the Eastman Kodak company of Rochester have voted to disburse approximately \$1,000,000 among employees as an annual wage dividend. Each employe will receive 3 1/2 per cent of his annual wages up to five years. The money will be distributed on July 1, 1916.

Thomas M. Brennan, Niagara county superintendent of highways, sent his annual report to the state highway department. In it he finds fault with the neglect of the towns to make effort to maintain the highways that have been built through the county. He claims that immense damage is done to these roads each year by the use of narrow tired wheels on heavy wagons, tractor engines and the like.

Polly's Christmas Stocking

By BERTHA M. MASTERS



POLLY DANE sat up in bed and blinked her sleepy eyes. The nursery was very quiet, except for the snapping of the coals in the grate. The fire made a soft glow of red light on the ceiling, and the figures on the Mother Goose wall paper seemed alive.

It was Christmas eve, and it seemed to Polly that she had been asleep for hours, yet the big clock in the lower hall was only booming eleven times.

"I wonder if Santa Claus will find Lucinda's stocking?" thought Polly. "Praps by and by I'll go and see if he has been there."

Polly closed her eyes and thought about Lucinda Ames, who was cook's little girl. Lucinda was as black as night, but she was just Polly's age, and Polly liked her.

Lucinda told most of her secrets to Polly. That was how Polly knew that



"SANTA CLAUS HAS BEEN!" CHUCKLED POLLY.

Lucinda wanted a little "white folks" dollie instead of the cunning black babies that people gave her.

Polly went to sleep and woke up with a start. She was sure that she had been wide awake all the time, yet from the mantelpiece there hung a fat, bulging stocking.

"Santa Claus has been!" chuckled Polly, and she slipped out of bed and pattered across the floor.

What a lovely, knobby, mysterious-looking thing her stocking was!

Polly felt of the toe.

There was money—real money! And peeping at her from the top of the stocking was the sweetest little baby doll you could imagine.

"Oh, dear, I do hope that Santa Claus has brought Lucinda one just like it!" sighed Polly. "I believe I'll see!"

Barefooted, with her little white gown trailing on the red carpet, Polly pattered silently along the hall until she reached the door that led into the wing where the servants slept.

The first door was Maggie's and the second door led into the room where Susan, the cook, slept with her little girl Lucinda.

From the knob of this door hung a big white stocking and, like Polly's, it was bulging with knobby things. But alas! From the top of Lucinda's stocking there popped a black baby doll.

It was black—instead of white. How poor Lucinda would cry!

Polly's heart beat very fast as she gently took the black baby out of Lucinda's stocking and tucking it under her arm, she ran back to the nursery.

She had to climb on a chair to reach her own white baby doll, but soon she had taken it out of her stocking and put the cunning black baby in its place.

"I never had a black dolly, and they are so dear and cunning," Polly told herself while she hugged her own precious baby to her breast.

She hugged the baby doll all the way back to Lucinda's door and she kissed it fondly as she tucked it in the top of Lucinda's stocking.

When she passed the door of her mother's room she did not see four eyes watching her.

And the most beautiful surprise of all came after breakfast!

Polly's father found two especially nice presents for Polly and Lucinda, who was crazy with delight over her white baby doll.

Santa Claus certainly does do funny things! On the Christmas tree were a white baby doll for mischievous Polly and a dear little black one for Lucinda!

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Pad your Subscription Yet?

Christmas Musings

There are warmer handshakings on this night than during the bypast twelve months. Friend lives in the mind of friend. There is more charity at this time than at any other. Poverty and scanty clothing and fireless grates come home to the bosoms of the rich, and they give of their abundance. The very redbreast of the woods enjoys his Christmas feast. Good feeling incarnates itself in plum pudding. The Master's words, "The poor have ye always with you," wear at this time a deep significance. For at least one night on each year over all Christendom there is brotherhood. And good men, sitting amongst their families, or by a solitary fire, when they remember the bright light that shone over the poor clowns huddling on the Bethlehem plains 1,900 years ago, the apparition of shining angels overhead, the song "Peace on earth and good will toward men," which for the first time hallowed the midnight air—pray for that strain's fulfillment, that battle and strife may vex the nations no more, that not only on Christmas eve, but the whole year round men shall be brethren, owning one father in heaven.

THE GENOA TRIBUNE

Published every Friday and entered at the postoffice at Genoa, N. Y., as second class mail matter.

Friday Morning, Dec. 24, 1915

"The Mystick Krewe."

The boys of the Presbyterian Sunday school recently met at the home of their teacher and formed an organization, electing the usual officers.

The first regular monthly meeting was held Tuesday, Dec. 7, at Blair Knapp's home and was a very enjoyable event; popcorn and delicious fudge being served.

It was decided to name the organization the "Mystick Krewe," its purpose being to stimulate among the boys of Genoa, an interest in the Sunday school, for in order to enjoy the pleasure of attending the regular monthly socials each applicant for membership must show his interest by attending Sunday school four successive Sundays.

The officers are as follows:
Most Noble Potentate—Blair Knapp.
Noble Counselor—Kellogg Pollard.
Noble Scribe—Randolph Hagin.
Noble Chancellor—Howard Kenyon.
Sergeant at Arms—Clifton Myers.

Fox Holden Dead.

Fox Holden, a well known resident of North Lansing and Tompkins county, died at his home at North Lansing on Saturday of cerebral hemorrhage, at the age of 66 years. The funeral was held at his late home on Wednesday afternoon and was private. He is survived by his wife.

Mr. Holden was a former Member of Assembly from Tompkins county, and was for several years supervisor of the town of Lansing. He was engaged in educational work for a long time, serving as principal of the Ithaca High school for five years, and as superintendent of schools of Olean and Plattsburgh. He was graduated from Cornell University with the class of 1872 and for a time practiced law, after which he entered upon his educational career.

Mr. Holden was vice president of The First National bank of Genoa, which office he had held since the organization of the bank.

North Lansing Grange.

At the meeting of North Lansing Grange, Dec. 4, the following officers were elected:

- Master—William DeCamp.
 - Overseer—Henry Carson.
 - Lecturer—Mrs. Henry Carson.
 - Chaplain—Mrs. Benton Brown.
 - Secretary—Mrs. James Swartwood.
 - Treasurer—Frank Singer.
 - Steward—Dennis Doyle.
 - Gate keeper—Kirby Sharpsteer.
 - Assistant steward—Fred Davis.
 - Ceres—Nellie Swartwood.
 - Pomona—Mrs. Myron Boyer.
 - Flora—Mrs. James Brooks.
 - Lady assistant steward—Mrs. Garfield Townley.
 - Organist—Mrs. Dennis Doyle.
- Installation will be held Jan. 8. Dinner will be served.

Creveling--Montague.

The marriage of Dr. J. P. Creveling, one of the oldest and best known physicians in Auburn, to Miss Mary Montague, took place at 9 o'clock Wednesday evening, Dec. 15, at St. Mary's rectory in that city. Rev. William Payne officiating. The couple were attended by Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Noble of Auburn.

Immediately following the ceremony Dr. and Mrs. Creveling left on their wedding trip, and on their return will reside in the Creveling home in South St.

Miss Montague, who is a practical nurse, has been in the employ of Dr. Creveling as office assistant and nurse for a number of years. She was formerly a resident of Genoa. This is Dr. Creveling's second marriage, his first wife having died some years ago.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

To the stockholders of the Venice Center Hall association of Venice Center, N. Y.:

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Venice Center Hall association will be held on Monday, Jan. 10, 1916, at 7 o'clock p. m., in the hall of said association at Venice Center, N. Y., for the election of directors for the ensuing year and to transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting. All stockholders are requested to be present.

Dated Dec. 20, 1915.
Norman G. Arnold,
Secretary.

O'Hara--Snyder.

The marriage of Pearl Anna Snyder and Edgar Alfred O'Hara, both of Atwater, took place Thursday afternoon, Dec. 16, at 2 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Snyder.

The house was artistically decorated in green and white. The arch under which the bridal party stood was made of evergreens and hung with white bells. In spite of adverse weather a goodly number of relatives and friends gathered to witness the ceremony.

Promptly at 2 o'clock Mrs. Cora Chaffee played the wedding march and the bridal party marched into the parlor where the ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. H. Perry of King Ferry. The ring service was used.

The bride was beautifully attired in white silk with white satin slippers. The dress was made with a lace bolero and trimmed with a dainty rosebud braid of pink. She carried a bouquet of pink carnations. She was attended by Miss Ruth E. Haskin who was attired in a pink silk gown, with pink slippers, and carried pink carnations.

The groom was attended by Sidney L. Snyder, a brother of the bride.

Following the ceremony and the hearty congratulations and best wishes of all present, the company was served with a very sumptuous wedding dinner.

The happy couple were the recipients of many useful presents including linen, cut glass, money, silver, furniture and other valuable articles.

They left on the 6:41 train on an extended wedding trip to Syracuse, Cortland and Cazenovia.

We are glad to know that Mr. and Mrs. O'Hara will reside after April 1st on the farm formerly occupied by Mr. Frank Highland.

Death of Arthur Ward.

Arthur Ward, aged 28 years, died Sunday afternoon at the home of his mother, Mrs. Minnie Ward, at Sherwood, after a long illness.

Previous to his illness, Mr. Ward had been known as a very bright young man and was much interested in electrical work. His last employment was in the Wellsville creamery.

Surviving him are his mother, Mrs. Minnie A. Ward, two sisters, Miss Antoinette and Mrs. Erwin White, and four brothers, Albert of South Butler, Wesley of King Ferry, Paul of Poplar Ridge and Claude Ward of Merrifield.

Funeral services were held at his late home Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Burial at Ridgeway cemetery.

Mrs. Robt. Mastin, Miss Ida Mastin and Chas. J. Foster of Genoa sang several selections at the funeral service.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Good Solution.

When Bobbie went to see his grandmother he was much interested in whatever went on in the kitchen. One day she said to him: "I'm going to make you a nice little pie in a saucer all for yourself. Don't you think I'm pretty good to take so much trouble?" Bobbie pondered. "Grandma," he said at length, "mother told me not to be a bother and if it's goin' to make you any trouble you can just as well make my pie regular size."

Corns Get On Your Nerves.

The corn on your toe would not pain or cause trouble if it did not connect with the nerves. Tortured nerves often cause a general breakdown of the entire system and allow disease to creep in where least expected. Nobody can sleep well or take the rest-cure with a painful, aching corn. Get rid of it by using Raccoon Plasters. Nature will then soothe and quiet the troubled nerves.

Christmas Entertainment

At the Scipio Universalist church, Friday evening, Dec. 24.

Orchestra selection Holy Night Song
Chorus
Invocation
Rec.—The Spelling Season,
Kenneth Wood
Solo
Avery Wood
Rec.—Little children wake and listen
Leland Hunter
Song
Chorus
Rec.—Poor Santa Claus
Charles Howland
Violin Solo
Louise Clark
Rec.—How the Old Grudge was ended
Mrs. Anna Kennedy
Solo
Alpha Clark
Rec.—Snowflakes
Clifford Hunter
Violin Duet
Mrs. Wood and Ruby Wood
Solo
Helen Becker
Rec.—Santa and the Mouse
Leola Shorkley

Song—Chorus
Reading
Mrs. Mary Hoskins
Violin Solo
Frederick Howland
Duet
Pearl and Elizabeth Wood
Reading
Mrs. Sarah Wood
Song—Jolly Old Saint Nicholas
Winifred Wood
Solo
Chorus
Orchestra—Sweet and Low
A Christmas tree will follow.

Wesley Southworth Dead.

S. Wesley Southworth, 72 years of age, died Thursday afternoon, Dec. 16, at the family home, Willowbrook Farm, Moravia. Mr. Southworth had been afflicted with heart trouble for the past three years, but had only been confined to his home for ten days.

Mr. Southworth was born in the town of Locke, the son of the late Erastus and Lucy Nichols Southworth. He moved to Moravia in the year 1866. Had he lived until next April, he would have rounded out 50 years of married life.

The deceased was one of the most prominent members of the Moravia M. E. church and of the Masonic fraternity of that village, having been initiated into the Masonic order 46 years ago.

Besides his wife, he is survived by two daughters, Mrs. James H. Bates and Mrs. Arthur Lester of Moravia.

Funeral services were held at 10:30 o'clock Monday morning at the family home, Rev. Grove E. Campbell, pastor of the Moravia Methodist church, officiating. Burial in Groton cemetery.

West Venice.

Dec. 20—After such a stormy week as last week, a few days of pleasant weather seems nice.

The sleighing is pretty good, but it's hard work to find the roads as they are frequently in the fields. Automobiles are not much used now.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Travis and children of Brooklyn are expected to arrive at the home of Mrs. Travis' parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cook, Thursday to spend the holidays. Miss Clara Cook of the Dryden High school faculty will spend the Holiday vacation at the same place.

Mrs. Murray, who has spent the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Ben Decker, has returned to Elmira. Charles Gee's mother and uncle have returned to their home in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Barnhart has the foundation walls up for the large barn he intends to build next spring.

We wish THE TRIBUNE editor and office force a Merry Christmas, also all the readers of the paper.

King Ferry.

Dec. 16—Miss Mary Husted of Poplar Ridge spent the week-end with D. B. Atwater and family.

The separator has been discontinued at the milk station here and the milk bought and shipped. Alfred Avery has the contract for hauling to Poplar Ridge.

§. J. Reynolds butchered a heavy hog last week. When dressed it weighed 550 pounds.

During the heavy gale last Friday it was discovered that the large farm house, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Murray was on fire in one of the upper rooms caused by an overheated chimney. With axes and plenty of good help partitions were chopped away and the blaze extinguished.

A movement is being made to organize a fire company here and money is being raised to purchase the necessary outfit for fire fighting. A new building is also being considered.

Mrs. Mary Tilton is caring for her sister, Mrs. Andrew Stillwell, who is in very poor health.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Sprague of Poplar Ridge spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. Ray White.

John Van Deripe Dead.

John Van Deripe, aged 73 years, one of five survivors of Colonel Cowen's famous battery, died at his home at Aurora Friday. He enlisted in the First New York Independent Light Artillery when it was recruited at Auburn in 1861 and served through the war. He had lived at Aurora fifty years.

Surviving are three sons, John, George and Arthur of Aurora, and two daughters, Mrs. James Sherman of Aurora and Mrs. Fred Shank of Union Springs. Funeral services were held at the home of his son, John Van Deripe, Jr., at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon, Rev. G. P. Sewell, pastor of the Aurora Presbyterian church officiating. Burial in the Aurora cemetery.

The Cayuga county survivors of Cowen's Battery now include Harrison Smith of King Ferry, John Dunks of Locke, George Burmingham of Moravia and W. E. Webster of Auburn.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

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. 11, 1916, 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.

Farms For Sale.

- 115 acres in Genoa
- 100 " Lansing
- 100 " Locke
- 62 " Venice
- 61 " Venice
- 90 " Venice

These are all extra good farms and are priced right and on easy terms.

R. W. Hurlbut, Genoa.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

TO RENT—Farm of 100 acres for board of old lady. Inquire Chas. G. Miller, Genoa, N. Y. 22tf

FOR SALE—About two tons of hay at \$9 per ton if drawn away. 22w1 Richard Pollard, Genoa.

FOR SALE—Connell farm, 30 acres, good house and barn, 9 acres new seeding. Price and terms right for quick sale. Richard Pollard, 22w1 Genoa, N. Y.

Popcorn for sale. Inquire of O. C. Sill, Genoa. 21w2

FOR SALE—A few fine thoroughbred Barred Rock pullets, 75c a head. E. Kind, Merrifield, N. Y. 21w3 Phone 13F-12

FOR SALE—30 early thoroughbred R. I. Red pullets, \$1 each; 20 March and April cockerels, \$2 each; fresh Jersey 4-year-old heifer, Jersey 6 years old, about to freshen. C. F. Everson, Moravia, N. Y. 21tf

More eggs, better fowls assured by the tonic properties of Pratt's Poultry Regulator. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. J. S. Banker, Genoa.

FOR SALE, or to let for keeping, four saddle ponies. 20w3 James Morse, Levanna.

FOR SALE—Four yearling Holstein heifers. Inquire Lewis Sellen, Genoa. 20w3

FOR SALE—Limited supply of good eating potatoes, \$1 per bu. 20tf E. G. Trapp, Genoa.

I have rugs to sell. Also I will do all kinds of mending, and plain sewing at my home, South St., Genoa. 20w3 Jane A. Louw.

WANTED—Dressed pork, veal calves, fat sheep and lambs, fat cattle and all kinds of poultry. Highest cash price paid. Cash paid for hides. Phone 8-Y-3 R. A. Ellison, 14tf King Ferry, N. Y.

WANTED—Man sober and white, country bred to run my automobile; will show you how and advance you to permanent position paying you \$25 weekly. Call at Thorpe's Garage, 815 W. Genesee St., Syracuse, N. Y. 13w13

FOR SALE—1 and 1/2 bu. peach baskets, grape baskets, grape trays, pear kegs and barrels, potato crates, etc. King Ferry Mill Co., 3tf King Ferry, N. Y.

I will pay the market price for live stock, poultry and beef hides. 33tf Wesley Wilbur, King Ferry.

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

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

Merry Christmas.

Mrs. D. E. Singer's Cash Store, Genoa.

Our Stock of Coal Is Complete

and remember that before it leaves our yard it is all Thoroughly Screened—This means something to you. Call and be convinced.

Yours very truly,

MILLER PHONE C. J. WHEELER, Genoa, N. Y.

John W. Rice Co.,

103 Genesee Street, AUBURN, N. Y.

Furs

Our stock of furs was never better than at present. Muffs and neck pieces can be selected with confidence that you are getting the best to be obtained for the money. We guarantee all furs to give satisfaction.

Coats and Suits Reduced

Coats and suits are now being offered at a great reduction in price and there are lots of good styles left to select from.



The Boy Who Didn't Believe

He didn't believe in Santa Claus
As the king o' the Christmas crowned;
"How can he come down a chimney,
An' he so fat an' round?
An' where's the reason an' where's the proof
'Bout reindeer runnin' acrost the roof?"
An' so it came, on the Christmas eve,
He built the biggest fire
The chimney ever had known, an' said
As the red flames climbed up higher:
"I'll find where your Santy Claus is at;
I'll b'lieve in him if he comes through that!"
An' Santy Claus, he came along
With a merry laugh an' about,
An' he called to the North Wind, brave an' strong:
"Come! Blow that fire out!"
An' down he came as the North Wind blew,
An' the little boy said, "I b'lieve in you!"

Village and Vicinity News.

—A Merry Christmas.

—Miss Anna Myer is home from the Cortland Normal for the Holiday vacation.

—Wm. H. Sharpsteen and Miss Jennie Sharpsteen spent Tuesday in Auburn.

—Walter Tilton is caring for James Brown of East Lansing, who is very ill.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Van Brocklin and little son are in town for the Holidays.

—Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hall attended the funeral of S. W. Southworth at Moravia, Monday.

—Genoa High school closed Thursday afternoon for the Holiday vacation. It will open Monday, Jan. 3.

—Christmas exercises will be held to-night (Friday) at the Presbyterian church at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

—Geo. T. Sill arrived home Saturday afternoon from Chicago where he is attending the College of Osteopathy.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Conklin of East Venice, Dec. 15, 1915, a son—Roger Lester. Weight nine pounds.

—The village of Groton has a population of 1,445 by the last census. The town of Lansing has a population of 2,612.

—E. C. Hillman of Levanna called on his patrons in this vicinity this week, and left some calendars for the new year.

—All sizes of meat jars at R. & H. P. Mastin's.

—Miss Clyde Mastin leaves to-day (Friday) to spend the Holidays in Buffalo, at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Freeman.

—Leland W. Singer and his college friend, Guy Wiser of South Bend, Ind., are spending the Holiday vacation at the home of the former in Genoa.

—Early Monday evening, Herbert Gay slipped on the cement floor of his cow barn, and fell, striking on a milk pail and breaking two ribs. He has been confined to the bed since that time, but is improving.

—Farmers should keep in mind the school of agriculture to be held in Genoa, five days, Jan. 10-14. Every farmer in this community should attend this school. If you have not registered, do so at once.

—Just received, 500 new books of fiction. Hagin's Store, Genoa.

—Mrs. George Corning of Auburn, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. John W. Gard, spent Monday with Mrs. John Bruton, south of Genoa. Mrs. Corning returned to Auburn Wednesday morning.

—Former President William Howard Taft will deliver a series of lectures in Bailey Hall, Cornell University, on two occasions during the coming months. The addresses will be given from Feb. 16 to 19 and from May 3 to 9.

—The company who presented "Breezy Point" at King Ferry last Saturday evening were greeted with a good sized audience, taking the bad weather and bad traveling into consideration. The receipts of the evening were \$25.

—Fine line of cut glass, silverware, watches and clocks at R. & H. P. Mastin's.

—Mrs. J. F. Brown was a guest of Mrs. Frank Wixom of Trumansburg last week. She returned to East Genoa, Friday, where she visited Mrs. Fitch Strong until Sunday. On Saturday evening they, with a sleighload, attended the social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Sill. All had a fine time.

—Mrs. Florence Foster Mosher has recovered from her operation sufficiently to be able to go to the home of her parents, yesterday. Last week we published an item thanking her friends for a purse of fifty dollars. She asks us to state that she has received an additional sum this week, for which she is very grateful.

—Rev. and Mrs. L. W. Scott went Tuesday to Auburn and on Wednesday evening left for Lexington, Kentucky, where they will spend Christmas with Mr. Scott's mother and family. Later they will go to Belmont, Illinois, to visit Mrs. Scott's mother and sister. Mr. Scott will return to occupy his pulpit on Sunday, Jan. 9. Mrs. Scott expects to remain some time.

—300 new goldfish at Hagin's store, Genoa.

—Christmas exercises were held in the Genoa High school Thursday afternoon.

—Miss Lillian Close left Thursday to spend a week with friends at East Rochester.

—Miss Edith Hunter, who has been suffering from a severe cold, is able to be out again.

—Mrs. B. J. Brightman has been a recent guest of her mother, Mrs. L. M. Lisk, at Aurora.

—Mrs. Robert Mastin, Miss Ida Mastin, Mrs. Cordelia Norman and C. J. Foster, attended the funeral of Arthur Ward at Sherwood, yesterday.

—John Snyder, a long time resident of Scipio, and who spends the winters with his daughters in Auburn, celebrated his ninetieth birthday Friday last in that city.

—Sweet oranges, grape fruit, bananas, nuts and candies at R. & H. P. Mastin's.

—The Morgan medicine show, which attracted many to Academy hall during a week's stand, left Tuesday morning. Mrs. Carl Reas received the set of table silver for being the most popular young woman.

—Switzerland has three soldiers' homes for the soldiers guarding their frontier. Americans contributed \$6,000 toward them. The Swiss people have named them George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson.

—State law provides that the State Tax Commission shall call the assessors to Albany once in two years, and in compliance with this law the commission has summoned the assessors of the towns and cities to meet at Albany on Jan. 12 and 13.

—The New York State Building at the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco, which cost about \$200,000 to erect, was sold at auction to a wrecker for \$3,050. The price was \$650 higher than was offered at private sale, the manner in which most of the buildings have been sold.

—Fine line of stationery in Christmas boxes, correspondence cards and fountain pens at Hagin's.

—On account of the absence from town of the pastor, there will be no services in the Presbyterian church next Sunday, Dec. 26, the church being closed all day. It is expected that the following Sunday, Jan. 2, the usual services will be held, the pulpit being supplied from Auburn seminary.

—G. B. Sickmon of McLean, who becomes justice of the peace on Jan. 1, offers to marry the first couple who present themselves to him on that day free of charge. George R. Fitts of the same place also offers to furnish the happy pair potatoes enough to last them the rest of the winter.

—The Anti-Saloon League announces that William F. Whitman of Cayuga county will introduce its optional prohibition referendum bill upon which the temperance forces of the state generally are united, in the coming session of the assembly. Mr. Whitman last session was not pledged to support the league's bill, but in deference to the sentiment in his county in its behalf, he voted for it.

—Levi L. Ellis died at his home in Moravia, on Dec. 14, of heart trouble, aged 55 years. Besides his wife, Mr. Ellis leaves four children, Mrs. Bert Donald of Venice, Mrs. Floyd Jaquett of Homer, Ernest Ellis of Rochester and Raymond Ellis of Moravia, also one brother, Henry Ellis. The funeral was held Friday last at his late home, Rev. G. E. Campbell of the M. E. church officiating. Burial in Indian Mound.

—It is announced from Washington, D. C., that whiskey and brandy cannot be sold as medicine on and after Jan. 1, 1916, and as a result every druggist in the United States who proposes to sell either intoxicant after that date will be required to take out a license as saloon keeper, paying the highest retailer's tax and putting his place under all local and state regulations.

—Fine line of gloves and mittens for men and children at low prices. Hagin's Store, Genoa.

—Statistics collected by the New York Department of Agriculture have been compared with last year's crop reports and show that the grain crop is larger this year, in fact the largest in many years. Buckwheat and corn alone show a slight falling off. The potato crop is estimated at 22,300,000 bushels, about two-fifths of the 1914 crop. Apples are half of last year's production and beans a million bushels less.

—We would like your name on our subscription list.

—Cornell University is having a long Holiday recess from Dec. 22 to Jan. 6.

—Ten Onondaga Indians, men and women, hit the trail at one of Billy Sunday's meetings.

—Plans are being made by the Jewish people of Ithaca for the erection of a synagogue in that city.

—Mr. Fred Trumpeter of Levanna, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia, is recovering and is able to be about the house.

—Mackinaw coats, wool and canvass lined Beach coats and vests at R. & H. P. Mastin's.

—The annual convention of the New York State Agricultural society will be held at the state capitol Jan. 18 and 19. Gov. Whitman and Myron T. Herrick, ex-governor of Ohio, will be the principal speakers.

—The meteorological observatory of Cornell University is to be located on the eminence on the north shore of Beebe lake and will be called Fuertes Observatory. The new observatory will be built next year.

—Governor Whitman has appointed S. Edwin Banks of Ithaca to be special county judge and surrogate of Tompkins county to fill the vacancy in that office caused by the resignation of Charles R. Burger.

—Dr. Wilbur G. Fish of Ithaca was elected president of the Tompkins County Medical society at the annual meeting last week. Of the 67 practicing physicians in Tompkins county, 59 are members of the society.

—Ithaca will soon have the distinction of being the first to have a city cemetery record which will include the names and locations of the bodies of all persons buried there as far back as it is possible to assemble the records.

—The liquor dealers of Syracuse are one in declaring that Billy Sunday has injured their trade—in fact practically put many of them out of business. This one achievement should silence every critic of the noted evangelist.—Ex.

—Wyckoffs Station is to have a postoffice, official notification to that effect having been received on Monday. Dennis Meacham, Lehigh Valley station agent, has been appointed postmaster, and the office will be located in the station.

—The Patrons of Industry held their state convention at Syracuse recently and selected Utica as the place for next year's meeting. Albert J. Sears of Cortland was elected president, and Wilbur A. Genung of Ithaca was chosen chaplain.

—Get some neatly printed letter heads and envelopes of THE TRIBUNE.

—What kind of sportsmanship is that which would tax thousands of humble citizens who love to fish purely because hunters who slaughter our pheasants, wild geese, ducks, rabbits and deer have to pay a dollar and 10 cents a year for that privilege, asks the Port Byron Chronicle.

—According to a report of Farm Bureau Manager J. Robert Teall, 236 farmers have been supplied with help through the Bureau, 458 farms have been visited, 936 farmers have called at the office for advice, 73 meetings have been addressed by the manager with a total attendance of 3,326 and he has traveled 10,000 miles.

—An interesting industry is the business in frogs' legs, which is carried on an extensive scale by C. F. Davison of Brewerton. He handles millions of frogs' legs in a year and at the present time he has more than 1,200,000 live frogs in small steel prisons near his home on the shore of Oneida lake. His sales amount to \$40,000 a year.

—A Vacation Wish.

John H. Finley, State Commissioner of Education in the Bulletin to the Schools of Dec. 15 says:

The advice which I used always to give to the teachers and students of the College of the City of New York as they separated for the vacation was, to

(1) Read a good book, (2) Make a new friend, and (3) Take a long walk.

And I cannot give a better mid-winter vacation wish to the thousands of teachers and their hundreds of thousands of older pupils in this larger university, of which we are all a part, than that wish which includes in what I would have it bring to every one if it could: the pleasures and benefits of another good book; the satisfactions of another good friendship added to the old friendships; and the joys of a walk among trees or under open skies.

The Appropriateness of Jewelry For Gifts.

Gifts are made to commemorate happy events and occasions. A gift is a symbol of love, happiness, friendship, respect and good will—all of which are qualities of mind or thought and if nurtured, endure forever. In making a gift one should give some article that endures so that it may be cherished as a memento of the happy occasion. Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches are the most adaptable for gift giving. It costs you nothing to inspect our display and you will get an inspiration as to the right thing to select.

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

AND THE REINDEER CAME.

What They Brought Up to the Home of the Little Rich Girl.

"An—an" the teacher said, lisped the baby of the rich, "there was reindeer hitched to sleighs full of dolls an' toys an' things, running over tops of houses on the night before Christmas."

"Yes," the proud father answered, "the teacher was right. They drove over your house last night, and Santa Claus unloaded a whole Christmas tree full of things for you."

They carried the little rich girl down the wide marble stairway to the oak paneled library on the first floor. There, between stained glass windows, was a ceiling high Christmas tree groaning with toy clowns, Shetland ponies, fairies with jeweled clothes and knobby parcels in delicate wrappings concealed in the evergreen branches. Some one turned a switch, which lighted the tree.

A tiny box hung far out on a green branch, which the rich baby's father detached and opened. The baby bent over it with an uncomprehending look. It contained gold pieces. Left to herself, she went up to the miniature house and doll family within her reach under the tree. There was the doll mother hovering over bisque children, who sat in tiny baby chairs. The house had curtains, carpets, a kitchen, real stairs and a nursery. The baby stood before it in wonderment.

Then she spied prancing reindeer attached to a toy sleigh, the back of which was filled with games, with ducks which bobbed their heads while they said "Quack," and little doll go-carts, which had lace covers and sunshades.

The morning or the afternoon of Christmas day and many other mornings and afternoons were not long enough for the baby to examine and play with all the toys and gifts which that stalwart tree held for her.

"An—an" the teacher said, added the rich baby, "that sometimes the reindeer and the sleigh stopped for only a minute at a chimney, to leave one toy, an' sometimes—sometimes he did not stop at all."—New York Evening Post.

Ithaca Auburn Short Line Central New York Southern Railroad Corporation.

In Effect Sept. 21, 1914. Corrected to Nov. 11, 1915


SOUTHBOUND—Read Down					STATIONS					NORTH BOUND—Read Up				
27	23	421	21	31						32	422	22	24	26
Daily	Daily	Sunday Only	Daily Except Sun.	Daily Except Sun.	AUBURN	Mapleton	Merrifield	Venice Center	GENOA	North Lansing	South Lansing	ITHACA	Daily	Daily
6:40 P.M.	1:50 P.M.	8:30 A.M.	8:30 A.M.	6:45 A.M.	9:20 A.M.	11:09 A.M.	11:27 A.M.	5:00 P.M.	9:00 P.M.					
6:55 P.M.	2:04 P.M.	8:45 A.M.	8:43 A.M.	7:00 A.M.	8:53 A.M.	10:43 A.M.	11:04 A.M.	4:45 P.M.	8:46 P.M.					
7:05 P.M.	2:14 P.M.	8:56 A.M.	8:53 A.M.	7:11 A.M.	9:01 A.M.	10:34 A.M.	10:56 A.M.	4:37 P.M.	8:36 P.M.					
7:12 P.M.	2:22 P.M.	9:05 A.M.	9:01 A.M.	7:20 A.M.	8:29 A.M.	10:19 A.M.	10:45 A.M.	4:16 P.M.	8:15 P.M.					
7:24 P.M.	2:33 P.M.	9:20 A.M.	9:12 A.M.	7:33 A.M.	8:18 A.M.	10:08 A.M.	10:36 A.M.	4:06 P.M.	8:06 P.M.					
7:33 P.M.	2:41 P.M.	9:31 A.M.	9:21 A.M.	7:43 A.M.	8:05 A.M.	9:55 A.M.	10:26 A.M.	3:55 P.M.	7:55 P.M.					
7:45 P.M.	2:50 P.M.	9:50 A.M.	9:32 A.M.	8:05 A.M.	7:30 A.M.	9:20 A.M.	10:00 A.M.	3:30 P.M.	7:15 P.M.					
8:10 P.M.	3:15 P.M.	10:15 A.M.	9:56 A.M.	8:30 A.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.

Just the Gift

There is a BOOK for you to give to any relative or friend that will convey exactly your message of love and good will. Nothing else will do this nearly so well. Nothing else is quite so ideal.



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Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all my friends and customers of Genoa and vicinity.

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Genoa, N. Y.

New Merchandise For Christmas

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CAPTAIN JIMMY'S CHRISTMAS

By FRANCES YALE

CAPTAIN Jimmy Smith lived in a funny little house down on the beach. Once it had been the cabin of his old schooner, Skimmer; now it was the only home Captain Jimmy and his cat Vixen had.

In the summer time he sold fish and clams and lobster to the summer cottagers, but in the winter he had hard work to keep the little cabin warm and find food for himself and Vixen.

It was the day before Christmas, and the beach was rough with ice.

"Snow!" said Captain Jimmy, as he left his little house and went up toward the village. His pipe was between his teeth, but he was not smoking—he was out of tobacco.

He smiled sadly because he knew that he would have a lonely Christmas. He had no wife or children, and he was very much alone. The poor are often forgotten.

By the time Captain Jimmy had bought some flour and salt pork and a little coffee it was dark and snowing fast. So when he heard the sound of children crying he stopped in surprise.

"Hullo!" shouted Captain Jimmy, and the crying stopped at once. In another minute he almost tumbled over two little children who were running along the beach path.

"Heave ho!" called Captain Jimmy, and he put out a long arm and gathered the little ones close to him. "What are you doing here?" he shouted, for the wind was screaming now.

They tried to explain, but Captain Jimmy couldn't understand a word they said, they cried so much, and at last, half-dragging, half-carrying them, he hurried them into the warm little cabin where he lived.

When the kerosene lamp was lighted the two children stopped crying and smiled at Captain Jimmy.

"Are you Thanta Claus?" one lisped, and the other little girl, who looked exactly like her, giggled and clung to Captain Jimmy's big hand.

"I love you, Mister Thanta Claus," she whispered.

"Bless your sweet hearts," cried Captain Jimmy, his eyes full of tears. "I guess I'll have to be Santa Claus to-night! I can never get you home to-night in this howling blizzard!"

The two little girls smiled brightly and took off their red cloaks and knitted caps and leggings and rubbers.

"We're lost," said one of the twins, and she told a long story of how they had gone to walk with nurse, who had suddenly run away and left them in the woods. "We hollered, but she wouldn't come back," said Linnie sadly. "My mamma scolded her this afternoon."

"What are your names? Where do you live?" asked Captain Jimmy as he pushed them up to the table before two great bowls of bread and milk. "Brown? Goodness me, I never heard of any Browns over to the Point! You'll have to stay here till morning."

"Will Thanta Claus come here?" asked Linnie.

"He's got to!" said Captain Jimmy.

By and by after the twins had said their prayers and were sound asleep on Captain Jimmy's bed while Vixen purred at their feet, Captain Jimmy walked the floor and whistled a tune.

"I reckon that Santa Claus could never get down my little stove pipe!" he chuckled, "so I'll just have to fill those two little stockings myself!"

Sometime afterward a number of people hurried through the snow and peered into Captain Jimmy's window. What did they see? Why, just Captain Jimmy, with his empty pipe between his teeth, holding two little stockings in his hands.

Suddenly he began to take things off the mantel-piece and put them into the stockings. They were things that Captain Jimmy loved—they were all that he had—bits of coral and pretty shells from far countries, some odd wooden toys he had played with when he was a child and two red apples.

Just as he was hanging the stockings on the edge of the shelf the door burst open and some people rushed in and began to hug him and question him, and they all talked at once. They proved to be the father and mother and aunts and uncles of the lost twins, and they were so grateful to Captain Jimmy for his kindness to the twins that they insisted on taking him home with them to spend Christmas.

And Vixen, the cat, went along too, and the stockings which Captain Jimmy had filled.

Mr. Brown engaged Captain Jimmy to be captain of his yacht, and Captain Jimmy smoked his pipe and said it was his happiest Christmas.

Christmas Near The North Pole

A JOVIAL Christmas was that spent by Admiral Peary on his last expedition to the arctic, from which he returned with the report of the discovery of the north pole. At Cape York, Greenland, the Roosevelt picked up Eskimos and dogs and by way of Etah and Cape Sheridan made her way to Grunt Land, where she had to halt in the ice locked waters of the Arctic ocean, only 600 miles from the pole when Christmas day came. The story of the party's celebration of this Christmas, one of the "farthest north" ever enjoyed by white men, was told interestingly by the explorer when he returned to the United States.

"It was not very cold," wrote Peary, "only minus 23 degrees F. In the morning we greeted each other with the 'Merry Christmas' of civilization. At breakfast we all had letters from home and Christmas presents which had been kept unopened. MacMillan was master of ceremonies and arranged the program of sports. At 2 o'clock there were races on the ice foot. A seventy-five yard course was laid out, and the ship's lanterns, about fifty of them, were arranged in two parallel rows twenty feet apart. These lanterns are similar to a railway brakeman's lantern, only larger. It was a strange sight—that illuminated race course within 74 degrees of the earth's end.

"The first race was for Eskimo children, the second for Eskimo men, the third for Eskimo matrons with babies in their hoods, the fourth for unnumbered women. There were four entries for the matrons' race, and no one could have guessed from watching them that it was a running race. They came along four abreast, dressed in furs, their eyes rolling, pulling like four excited walruses, their babies in their hoods gazing with wide and half-bewildered eyes at the glittering lanterns. There was no question of cruelty to children, as the mothers were not moving fast enough to spill their babies. Then there were races for the

roller skates," he said one day to Ben Walker. Tommy was only seven, while Ben was seventeen years old.

"Huh!" sneered Ben. "Santa Claus don't come to poor kids." And he went away.

"Mother," said Tommy, with a quiver in his voice, "Ben says Santa Claus don't come to poor folks' houses."

Mrs. Lee smiled sorrowfully. "I am

sure he will put something in my boy's stocking," she said.

"I suppose he wouldn't bring a pair of roller skates," remarked Tommy, "or some nice warm gloves and shoes for you, mother?"

"I am afraid not, dear. You see, there are so many to remember."

Tommy said nothing for a time. If his father had been alive—he choked back a sob and slipped into the dark little bedroom. In the bottom drawer of the bureau he found a pair of his father's big woolen socks.

"I'll be back soon, mother!" called Tommy, and he scooted out.

Five minutes afterward Tommy Lee was trudging up the broad avenue.

A sleigh glided up in front of a beautiful white marble mansion, and out of it hobbled an old man in a fur coat.

He wore a furry cap pulled over his white curly hair, and his whiskers were white and fluffy, and Tommy was sure that he had found Santa Claus.

Tommy Lee hopped after the furry coated old man, and when a tall footman opened the door Tommy went inside, and no one saw him until the little old gentleman snapped on the electric lights in his library.

"Please," said Tommy breathlessly, "are you Santa Claus?"

"Bless me! What a question! Perhaps I am. But how did you come in?"

Tommy Lee told him, and he even explained why he had brought his father's big woolen socks.

"One is for mother, and the other is for me, please, Mr. Santa Claus. I did wish for roller skates at first, but mother needs shoes and gloves and a little rest. Do you have any rest in your pack, sir?"

Santa Claus nodded his head. "Heaps of it," he promised. "Where is your father, my lad?"

"He is dead," said Tommy tearfully. "He was shot by a burglar who was stealing from a rich man's house. My father was a brave policeman."

"Shot—by a burglar!" Santa Claus looked very thoughtful, just as though Tommy's father had been killed in his beautiful house, which happened to be the case. "Well, young man, suppose we call for my sleigh and we will go to the shops."

Tommy Lee never forgot that wonderful ride. After the sleigh was full of beautiful bundles they dashed up to Tommy's home and started Mrs. Lee by bringing in dozens of paper packages. One of them held a fine pair of roller skates.

And while the friend of Santa Claus talked to Mrs. Lee and promised her work in his own house Tommy fell fast asleep with his cheek upon his father's woolen socks. And when he awoke it was Christmas morning.

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"AT BREAKFAST WE ALL HAD LETTERS FROM HOME."

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"Percy, the steward, wore a chef's cap and a large white apron in honor of the occasion, and he laid the table with a fine linen cloth and our best silver. The wall of the mess room was decorated with the American flag. We had mink ox meat, an English plum pudding, sponge cake covered with chocolate, and at each plate was a package containing nuts, cake and candies, with a card attached, 'Merry Christmas From Mrs. Peary.'

"After dinner came the dice throwing contests and the wrestling and pulling contests in the fo'castle. The celebration ended with a phonograph concert given by Percy.

"But perhaps the most interesting part of our day was the distribution of prizes to the winners in the various contests. In order to afford a study in Eskimo psychology there was in each case a choice between prizes. Tookoo-mah, for instance, who won in the women's race, had a choice between three prizes—a box of three cakes of scented soap, a sewing outfit containing a paper of needles, two or three thimbles and several spools of different sized thread and a round cake covered with sugar and candy. The woman did not hesitate. She had one eye perhaps on the sewing outfit, but both hands and the other eye were directed toward the soap. She knew what it was meant for. The meaning of cleanliness had dawned upon her—a sudden stablition to be attractive."

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New York Tribune.

A Friend of Santa Claus

By BERENICE JACKMAN

FOR weeks and weeks before Christmas Tommy Lee had been talking about what he expected to find in his stockings, he had written a letter to Santa Claus and given it to his mother to post, and then he flatly refused to let her peek at the presents he wanted.

"And a pair of roller skates," he said one day to Ben Walker. Tommy was only seven, while Ben was seventeen years old.

"Huh!" sneered Ben. "Santa Claus don't come to poor kids." And he went away.

"Mother," said Tommy, with a quiver in his voice, "Ben says Santa Claus don't come to poor folks' houses."

Mrs. Lee smiled sorrowfully. "I am

sure he will put something in my boy's stocking," she said.

"I suppose he wouldn't bring a pair of roller skates," remarked Tommy, "or some nice warm gloves and shoes for you, mother?"

"I am afraid not, dear. You see, there are so many to remember."

Tommy said nothing for a time. If his father had been alive—he choked back a sob and slipped into the dark little bedroom. In the bottom drawer of the bureau he found a pair of his father's big woolen socks.

"I'll be back soon, mother!" called Tommy, and he scooted out.

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A Christmas Acrostic

By BERENICE JACKMAN

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to us all, my dears! God bless us! God bless us every one, said Tiny Tim the last of all. CHARLES DICKENS.

MEN cannot live isolated; we are all bound together. No higher man can separate himself from the lowest. CARLYLE.

EVERY day is a fresh beginning. Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain and, spite of old sorrow and older sinning, take heart of the day and begin again. SUSAN COOLIDGE.

ROUGH going, ardent and sincere earnestness—there is no substitute for them. CHARLES DICKENS.

REALIZE that doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life. SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

YET to have gently dreamt precludes low ends. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

CHRISTMAS time I have always thought of as a good time—a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time. CHARLES DICKENS.

HEAP on more wood, the wind is chill, but, let it whistle as it will, we'll keep our Christmas merry still! SIR WALTER SCOTT.

REJOICE, O young man, in thy youth and let thy heart cheer thee. THE BIBLE.

I SAID it in the meadow path; I say it on the mountain stairs—the best things any mortal hath are those which every mortal shares. LUCY LARCOM.

SO the first glance told me there was no duty patent in the world like daring to be good and true myself leaving the show of things to the lord of show. ROBERT BROWNING.

THEN arose a joyous clamor from the wildfowl on the mere, and a voice within cried: "Listen! Christmas carols even here!" CHARLES KINGSLEY.

MAY the fair goddess, Fortune, fall deep in love with thee! Prosperity be thy page! SHAKESPEARE.

AGAIN at Christmas did we weave the holly round the Christmas hearth. The silent snow possessed the earth and calmly fell on Christmas eve. TENNYSON.

SO ever keep hope, for this is strength, and he who possesseth it can worry through typhoid. RUDYARD KIPLING.

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Local Studebaker Agt. Genoa, N. Y.

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AUBURN TRUST COMPANY.

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WM. H. SHARPSTEEN, Secretary,
Office, Genoa, N. Y.

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151 East State Street, ITHACA, N. Y.

We are offering our entire stock of Suits and Coats at clearance prices.

NEW YORK NEWS ITEMS IN BRIEF.

Paragraphs of Interest to Readers of Empire State.

News of All Kinds Gathered From Various Points in the State and So Reduced in Size That It Will Appeal to All Classes of Readers.

Dunkirk's school, in January this year, to \$110,000. Last year it was \$90,000. Navigation is closed on Cayuga and Seneca. The sheet of water is at a low stage. Niagara Falls has decided not to have a municipal Christmas tree this year.

Wyoming county has raised its dog tax to \$2 for males and \$5 for females.

Niagara Falls banks have ceased charging a premium on Canadian currency.

The life saving station at Youngstown is closed. It will be opened March 15th next.

An appropriation of \$70,000 will be asked of this session of congress to build a postoffice in Albion.

Wyoming county has only 34 miles of improved roads, the smallest amount of any county in Western New York.

Lackawanna is to have a Carnegie library costing \$20,000, the common council having voted \$2,000 a year for maintenance.

The Attica No-License league has been organized by the temperance and good government citizens of Attica any vicinity.

Governor Whitman drew his pencil through a proposed appropriation of \$40,000 for a boathouse for the naval militia of Buffalo.

Niagara county supervisors have appropriated \$10,000 for the relief of widows and children, through the child welfare board.

Niagara Falls postmaster reports fewer poor in that city than usual. He says every able bodied man who wants work can get it.

With \$5,000,000 capital the Donner Steel company of Buffalo was incorporated to take over the former New York State steel plant.

The fifth annual winter courses at the State School of Agriculture at Morrisville begins Jan. 4, 1916, and continues to Feb. 12, 1916.

Alexander Sachs of Rochester learned how the handkerchief game is played, paying \$800 to the two swindlers who were his instructors.

Alvah B. Hillick, 53, for many years a prominent banker of Ithaca and for about 10 years cashier of the Ithaca Savings bank, died following an illness of more than two years.

Albert Stadlmeir of Bladell has been rated by the state conservation commission as the most efficient game protector in the state of New York.

Chester A. Moody, principal of a grade school in Poughkeepsie, is formally charged with cruel and inhuman treatment of some of his pupils.

The work of supervising the Whitesville-Hallsport highway, a distance of six miles in Allegany county, by the state highway department has begun.

Dr. Eugene N. Boudreau was appointed an examiner in lunacy by Hull Greenfield, county judge, in a special term of county court at Auburn.

Robert Knapp, aged 35, died from injuries received when, while delirious, he threw himself from a fourth-story window in the Rochester general hospital.

In recognition of her 20 years of service as custodian of the Caledonia library, Miss Anna B. Mullin has been presented a gold bracelet watch by the association.

Action of the Waterloo Cement Machinery company against George Engel, charging violation of patent was decided by Judge Hazel in favor of the complainant.

The Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg railroad has placed an order for 10 new boilers with the Brooks plant of Dunkirk. The work will be turned out during February.

In a decision handed down the appellate division at Rochester declared that James D. Smith, Democrat, was elected mayor of Utica, in the November elections.

Wilson, Niagara county, reports a boom in real estate. Farmers who have acquired competencies through the sale of fruit are retiring and moving into the lakeside village.

Two Albion organizers have appealed to the Orleans county board of supervisors to do something toward improving the appearance of the grounds fronting the court house.

J. S. Kimberly of Hamilton was re-elected master of the Madison county Pomono grange for the 19th consecutive year at the annual meeting with Owahgens grange at Cazenovia.

B. H. Winchester of Newark, N. J., has made a proposition to the Seneca Falls chamber of commerce for the erection of a grain elevator there. A committee will consider the proposition.

An organized move to protest against the proposed increase of fare to 2 1/2 cents per mile on the Falls branch of the New York Central railroad is to be made by representatives of the towns of Albion, Medina, Holley, Brookport and other villages along the route.

The embargo on hay for the port of New York has been lifted and shipments are now being received by the New York Central and other roads for the piers at 33d and 36th streets.

George A. Redmond, a prominent resident of Rochester, who while an employe of the Western Union Telegraph company, founded the American District Telegraph company, died there, aged 68 years.

Two claims against the state were filed with the state board of claims by residents of Medina. Both claimants seek to recover for damage to their crops as the result of the leaking of the Erie canal.

W. H. Lonas of Greig, N. Y., killed his wife and three-months-old baby girl and then cut his own throat, dying shortly after. Before death he confessed to the murder and said it was over a family quarrel.

John R. Burnham of Essex, president of the American Game Protective & Propagation association, was elected president of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest league in annual session at Auburn.

The Morse Chain company and the Ithaca Gun company, two of Ithaca's largest industries, have reduced the daily working schedule of their employes from 10 to nine hours a day, without a reduction in wages.

James T. Lennon, individually and as mayor of Yonkers, has filed with the up-state public service commission a complaint against the proposed increase of passenger fares on the lines of the New York Central railroad.

Two shipments of shells for the allied armies are now being made each week by the munition plants of the New York Air Brake company at Watertown, each shipment consisting of about six carloads, comprising 25,000 shells.

Mrs. Ella B. Leonard, librarian of the Civic Club Free Library of Lyons, reports that during the month of November there were 2,400 visitors at the library and 1,818 books circulated. A donation of 80 new books was received.

A few days ago Arthur Lingenfelter of Depauville had the great misfortune to lose a most valuable two-year-old heifer, the cause of her death being black leg. Dr. Hurst of Clayton was called and vaccinated the rest of the dairy.

No trace has yet been found of Ray Davenport, a resident of the town of Dryden, who disappeared from his home Nov. 12, after disposing of some of his cattle and other personal property. Mr. Davenport left four children besides his wife.

Better accommodation between Vernon and Sherrill were assured by J. E. Duffy, general manager of the New York State railways Oneida line, after a conference with the transportation committee of the chamber of commerce, held in Oneida.

The Linde Air Products company of New York city has purchased six parcels of property in Utica. It is planned to erect a plant in which oxygen will be manufactured. The company is the largest oxygen manufacturing company in the country.

The Dryden town board has voted to build a stone road from the Dryden and Groton town lines at McLean to a corner at the DeCoudres farm on the Dryden-Cortland macadam road connecting the village of McLean with the state highway.

Archie Larowe has tendered his resignation as superintendent of the Bath Municipal Electric Light company, effective Feb. 1. Mr. Larowe will then remove to Canisteo, where he will have charge of the construction of the village electric light plant.

Through the efforts of a committee, arrangements have been completed for an extension farm school to be held at Youngstown, from Jan. 17 to 21, under the auspices of the extension department of the New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell university.

A low death rate for the month of November is shown in the report of the department of health in Utica. There were 95 deaths, and of this number 73 were residents of the city, 22 were non-residents. There were 156 births, of which 79 were males and 77 females.

Aviators William Brock and Franklin Russell of the Thomas company, who were taken to the Ithaca hospital after their 300-foot plunge into Cayuga lake, in one of the new United States navy seaplanes, have recovered and will resume their duties within a few days.

The establishment of a home economics department in connection with the Otsego county farm bureau at Cooperstown was made a certainty when the supervisor passed a resolution offered by Frank M. Smith of Springfield that the sum of \$400 be appropriated for this purpose.

The continued inactivity of the Waterville hop market is not encouraging to the few who are still holding their 1916 crops. It would seem from reports of the various other markets and from the small crop raised this season that there would be a market for all usable hops. However, it is thought that when the local market opens again the price will be lower than formerly.

Out of a gain of 5,524 which Cattaraugus county has made in its population during the last five years, the city of Olean has contributed 3,197 to that increase. The growth of Cattaraugus county since 1910 has been a remarkably large one as compared with other five-year periods during the past 15 years. Since 1900 the county has added 5,800 residents, and of that number 5,524 has come since 1910.

AROUND THE HOLLY TREE

by CLARISSA MACKIE

It was the day before Christmas, and it had been snowing all the morning.

The Marsden children sat round the living room fire and sang Christmas carols and talked about the millions of people who were sending letters to loved ones, just as the wise men brought gifts to the Christ Child on the Christmas stars.

Suddenly they noticed that Clarice was very thoughtful.

"What is the matter, Sis?" asked Gordon, the oldest boy.

"I am thinking of our dear woods people and how the snow has covered the food so that they may starve to death while we are having a happy Christmas," said Clarice.

Gordon whistled in dismay. "Oh, I see thought of them!" he said.

"I don't want my gray squirrels to starve to death!" said Paul.

"And Mr. Rabbit and his family," said Mabel.

"Of the snowbirds. I saw a whole flock yesterday!" cried Gordon eagerly. "For my own dicker bird!" hisped Baby in pointing a fat finger at the canary's cage in the window.

"They all laughed and kissed little Mabel."

"And what about you, Cousin Marion?" they asked of the little girl who was visiting them.

"I'm thinking about Mr. Rabbit, too," said Marion. "I was thinking I would like to see if Santa Claus remembered me."

Gordon got up and danced a hornpipe. "Let's have a Christmas tree for the woods people!" he shouted.

"What a racket there was as they all rushed into the hall after caps and coats and overcoats!"

Mabel and Gordon disappeared in a kitchen and were gone a long time when they came back they carried a big basket.

"Baby Nan was taken to her mother's room, and the merry youngsters ran shouting across the snowy garden to the path which led to the woods."

"How quiet the woods were when the merry children were in the shadow of the pines and hemlocks!"

Suddenly some twigs cracked, and a beautiful deer bounded lightly away and disappeared among the trees.

"He was hungry," said Gordon. "See how he has eaten the twigs from the hemlocks!"

All over the snow were the foot-prints of little animals—rabbits, squirrels, even the trail of a fox which Gordon and Paul pointed out.

"And threading in and out like a pattern of lacework were the dainty foot-prints of birds."

"Poor little woods people!" sighed Clarice. "I'm afraid the snow has covered all the seeds and pine cones."

"Where shall we have the Christmas tree?" asked Mabel, jumping up and down with delight.

"Here!" cried Marion, pointing to a small holly tree. "See, it is already trimmed with red berries!"

"Just the thing," said Gordon, opening his basket. "Now, youngsters, step up and help yourselves to goodies to put on the Christmas tree."

"Here are nuts for the squirrels, bits of suet for the blue jays and the snow birds, some lettuce and carrots for Mr. Rabbit and his family, some canary seed to scatter on this cloth and apples for everybody."

What a wonderful Christmas tree that was! Everybody helped to trim it, and when the lettuce and carrots had been tied on to the lowest branches so that the rabbit family could reach them the young Marsdens all drew away and hid behind a clump of hemlocks.

Bright eyes must have been watching the holly tree, for very soon the guests began to arrive Christmas Eve.

"Merry Christmas!" they called. "Merry Christmas!" And the sleigh stopped and took them all in, for they were all going to spend Christmas at the Marsdens. There were Santa's father and mother, and there were aunts and uncles and grandparents. "Merry Christmas!" they all said to each other, for they were happy.

"And I'm sure if you could have understood all the twittering and chattering around the holly tree in the woods you might have learned that the woods people were saying 'Merry Christmas!'" too.

WHAT A WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS TREE THAT WAS!

Such a twittering of birds and cracking of nuts and crunching of carrots and crisp lettuce! Don't you think their little hearts sent up thanks to the loving Father, who had reminded the Marsden children not to forget his little woods people?

And as the children raced across the snow toward home they sang Christmas carols until they were overheard by a great sleigh load of people coming from the railroad station.

"Merry Christmas!" they called. "Merry Christmas!" And the sleigh stopped and took them all in, for they were all going to spend Christmas at the Marsdens. There were Santa's father and mother, and there were aunts and uncles and grandparents. "Merry Christmas!" they all said to each other, for they were happy.

And I'm sure if you could have understood all the twittering and chattering around the holly tree in the woods you might have learned that the woods people were saying "Merry Christmas!" too.

"CHRIST'S POOR" AT CHRISTMAS.

One of the sweetest of all the Christmas superstitions is prevalent in parts of Germany.

Long ago a poor little clockmaker who loved above all things to go to church received a Christmas gift of a large red apple.

He was supremely happy because he had something to give to the dear Christ Child. Hastening to the altar of the church, he placed the precious apple on the marble hands of the Babe in Mary's arms.

Instantly the tiny fingers closed over it and a smile of heavenly joy swept over the chubby face.

This happened long, long ago, but the people in the vicinity still give to Christ through his poor at Christmas time, believing that the gift bestowed upon "one of the least of these" is received by the Christ Child himself, and rewarded by the same blessed smile which brought joy and comfort to the little clockmaker.

THE MISTLETOE.

With Christmas cheer the hall is bright. At friendly feud with winter's cold; There's many a merry game tonight. For maids and men, and young and old; And winter sends for their delight. The holly with its crimson glow. And paler than the glistening snow. The mistletoe, the mistletoe. The mistletoe, the mistletoe! The wan and wanton mistletoe!

Dear come to our festal eve, Dear Christmas breasted holly sprite! Thee, Robin, too, the hall receives, Unbidden, whom our hearts invite. And, perched among the crumpled leaves, He cocks his head and sings "Hullo!" The mistletoe, the mistletoe. Hangs up above, but what's below? Oh, what's below the mistletoe? The mistletoe, the mistletoe!

A kindly custom sanctions this. That's ta'en beneath the wanton bow, Who laughs so low? Why, here it is! Look, Jenny, where I have you now! Dear bashful eyes, sweet lips—a kiss! Ah, cheeks can mock the holly's glow! For what's below the mistletoe? Ah, ha! Why, it is Cupid O! Ah, ha! Below the mistletoe 'Tis Cupid O, 'tis Cupid O!

—Temple Bar.

Santa in the City. Santa Claus touched the button which summoned his foreman.

"Yes, sir," said the foreman, coming in from the shop.

"What are you working on?"

"Doll flats, sir."

Santa Claus turned in his chair and regarded his foreman doubtfully.

"Doll flats?" he exclaimed. "You mean doll houses?"

"No, sir," the foreman answered. "These are for city distribution, where the children don't know anything about houses."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

What They Did To Santa Claus

The children came down with a cheer blithe and bold, Their curly locks gleaming in auburn and gold. They ran with delight where the gifts were displayed, And, oh, such a babble of gladness they made!

They gazed on the tree with its glory of light, Its tinkles and baubles and ornaments bright. They emptied their stockings and, dancing with glee, Brought back the dear child world to mamma and me.

There were dolls with bright faces and books full of song, Tin trumpets and drums, blocks and bonbons a throng. And there by the chimney, with arms full of toys, Stood Santa Claus watching the girls and the boys.

They spied him—they rushed with a volley of cheers; They pulled off the wig that curled white round his ears. They poked at his eyes, gave his whiskers a twist, And laughed at the shape of his chubby, fat fist.

They tore off his coat, rolled him over the floor, Jumped on his legs, banged his head 'gainst the door. Pulled his nose till it cracked, pinched his cheeks with a vim, And laughed till the tears made their bright eyes grow dim.

Then he burst with a thud, and again rang their shout. On, on went the wild, merry frolic and rout. As they formed in battalions, while each held brigade Snowballed with the cotton from which he was made.

—Baltimore Sun.

The Charm of Christmas.

There is something in the very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. In the depth of winter, when Nature lies despoiled of her charms, wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. Heart calmed to heart, and we draw our pleasures from the deep wells of living kindness which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms.—Washington Irving.

On Christmas eve in Spain the poor man has his relations around him, over his humble "puchero" (stew); the rich man likewise, in Spain only blood relations eat and drink in the house as invited guests on Christmas eve or Christmas day.





MERRY CHRISTMAS



Sing a Song of Christmas.

Sing a song of Christmas,
Gladdest day of all;
O'er the hills and valleys
See the splendor fall.
Sing of gleaming holly,
Sing of mistletoe—
Sing a song of Christmas
Everywhere you go.

Sing a song of Christmas,
Holy, happy day,
Sing of Bethlehem's manger,
Where the Christ Child lay.
Sing of love unbounded,
"Peace, good will to men."
Sing a song of Christmas
Over and o'er again.

Sing a song of Christmas:
Even on this glad day
There are griefs and heartaches
All along the way.
Hearts that wait the uplift
Of a sun beam of cheer,
Sing a song of Christmas,
Strong and sweet and clear.

—Edith Virginia Bradt in Ladies' Home Journal



The Christmas Forest

[The region between Jerusalem and Bethlehem was formerly covered with a forest of pine, which has since entirely disappeared.]

Christmas forest in a whisper spoke,
Vine to flower and pine to oak,
From holy hills Jerusalem
To the hills upon the leafy hem,
The hoar-haze clings—
Calm Bethlehem, dark, yet like a gem,
Enwrapped with light, as jewels are,
By trembling radiance of the star.

The trees a coming wonder told
While yet the birds, their songs unung,
Dreamed of the coming of their young.
But, though of splendor bright
The forest breathed, its boughs were hung
With sable shade; no taper's beam
Cast through that dusk its happy gleam.

The angels sang; the shepherds came;
In the lone manger shone a flame
That burned with supernatural light,
The pine trees whispered through the night.

And, though the Saviour's birth
Changed not their shadowy gloom to white,
They in a patient darkness still
Watched, sighed, and obeyed his will.

Vanished is that old forest now
And withered wholly, root and bough,
Yet in all Christian realms of earth
Springs a new forest, full of mirth
That fights with radiant cheer
The evil-gin's enduring worth,
And to that water-purging prophet brings
A glory of the King of kings.

For all our merry Christmas trees
Glow fair with flame and reveries
That cluster round them year by year,
And fir and pine, or fir or pear,
Live upright, steadily die,
Knowing that they to God are dear,
And bring to man, illumine,
A torch that leads to heaven's gate.

Even so the measure slow of time,
Like a rhythm closed with time,
Raises the patient soul on high,
Brings joy to life, even from a sigh,
And in conclusion sweet
Dark grief with gladness can ally,
So shines the forest when we meet
With light and song, Christ's birth to greet.

—George Parsons Lathrop.

The Singing of Carols.

The custom of singing carols is still maintained in Italy—indeed, on the continent caroling at Christmas is almost universal—and particularly in Rome, where, during the season of Advent, Pifferari may be seen and heard performing their novenas.

These pilgrims, who, by the way, are shepherds from the Calabrian mountains, annually flock to Rome at this season. Their picturesque costume is thus described: "On their heads they wear conical felt hats, adorned with a frayed peacock's feather or a faded band of red cords and tassels. Their bodies are clad in red waistcoats, blue jackets and small cloaks of skin or yellowish homespun cloth. Skin sandals are bound to their feet with cords that interlace each other up the leg as far as the knee, and over all is worn a long brown or blue cloak, with a short cape buckled closely round the neck. Sometimes, but rarely, this cloak is of a deep red with a scalloped cape."

Because a Little Child Was Born.

Because a little child was born,
The earth is filled with peace;
Old wrongs, old sorrows are forgot
In suffering's sweet surcease.
Oh, men that strain for empty gain,
Oh, hearts with hatreds torn,
There is no room for strife today—
A little child is born!

—Teresa Beatrice O'Hara in Ladies' Home Journal



Christ and His Birthday.

As to his birth, Christ gave no thought to the manner of its celebration by his disciples. They do not appear to have remembered it during his life. Had he ever any knowledge of the adorable stories begetting his crib for us? It is hardly probable.

And, behold, that forgotten, neglected birthday has conquered a place of honor! It is celebrated in conditions in which the Saviour might recognize his own purposes. To speak of one aspect only, Jesus loved children as no one has ever loved them. "Let them come to me," he said to the lofty apostles, anxious to guard him from that merry, unruly crowd suspected incapable of edification. No doubt those most serious ancestors of our traditions had occasion that day and often in similar circumstances to believe the Master touched with insanity.

No matter, the intentions of the Son of Man have been largely realized. His birthday has become the day of the children. No earthly day has shed more brightness upon their path. No church festival gives more life to the immeasurable truth of the promise, "I shall be with you to the end of the world." None makes it sweeter to the heart.

Christmas has a charm beyond them all. It was the Christian soul, filled full with Jesus, created this festival. Every generation has given it something of its own. There has been a rivalry of good will. In the Eucharist, according to a doctrine the abuse of which must not make us forget its true and sorrowful profoundness, Christ dies from age to age for our sins and will suffer until the last sinner is saved. In the radiance of Christmas Christ smiles eternally upon the little ones * * * and the grownups who can make themselves children again.—Charles Wagner, Author of "The Simple Life."

ANCIENT YULETIDE CUSTOM.

Had Its Origin in Blowing Away of a Young Lady's Hood.

In Lincolnshire, England, a long time ago, the Mowbrays were the greatest folk in the county. It so happened that once, on Christmas day, a daughter of a Mowbray was riding over the meers, when her hood blew off. Twelve farming men from an adjoining field ran after the hood with such bedeviling earnestness that she forbade her own men from joining in the pursuit. They probably looked as funny as a man does chasing his hat down the middle of the street.

When the hood was finally captured and brought back to Mistress Mowbray she rewarded each of the men and promised a piece of land (to be vested in certain persons in trust) to provide a hood each year, which should be scrambled for on Christmas day upon the self same mere.

The custom is still continued, the winner of the hood being regaled at the village inn.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Christmas Snowballing in Old London.

The Christmas of 1676 was apparently the snowy Christmas beloved of the novelist, and the ponds in St. James' park were all frozen over. The Duchess of York, sister-in-law to Charles II, delighted in the wintry weather and spent most of the day in a horse sledge with the king. The sledding was thought horribly dangerous, however, by the court, and only the Duke of Monmouth, Mr. Griffin and Mr. Godolphin were able to drive the duchess and the king safely over the ponds. The duchess was very fond of snowballing and used to seize every opportunity to pelt her grave husband, much to his disgust.

The Ideal Gift

The ideal Christmas gift is the one to which has been applied the Golden Rule—i. e., by putting yourself in the other one's place and thinking just what you would like to have under those circumstances.

Once upon a time it happened that a woman gave her washwoman a pair of pendant pearl earrings. If not pearl, they were near pearl and pretty enough for all purposes. This woman remembered having heard the servitor express a wish for them on a hot August day, a wish breathed without any hope of fulfillment. Joy was in one heart that Christmas, for, as the recipient expressed, "Everybody gave me aprons and underwear, but those earrings I do love!" And who shall say that the present was not appropriate? Gifts of sheer prettiness often mean the most, even when they are not expensive. Was it not a Frenchman who said, "Give me the luxuries of life and I can do without the necessities?" Who cannot think of the man who would rather have a subscription to a good magazine than a pair of much needed new gloves? A person will go shabby very contentedly if the heart is warm with the thought of some precious new possession which perhaps he did not really need. We must not forget that generous gifts of frankincense and myrrh were given to the Christ Child in his lowly birthplace. A growing plant, even if nothing more than a blooming crimson geranium, will be a bright spot through many of the gray days of January and February. The dollar mark is no gauge for the ideal Christmas gift. What the boy wants, what the girl desires, what the older man or woman secretly wishes for—these are the things which shall make them happy, no matter if they do not seem appropriate or sensible.

A Christmas Carol

By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

Lo, newborn Jesus,
Soft and weak and small,
Wrapped in baby's bands
By his mother's hands,
Lord God of all!

Lord God of Mary,
Whom his lips caress
While he rocks to rest
On her milky breast
In helplessness.

Lord God of shepherds
Flocking through the cold,
Flocking through the dark
To the only ark,
The only fold.

Lord God of all things,
Be they near or far,
Be they high or low,
Lord of storm and snow,
Angel and star.

Lord God of all men,
My Lord and my God,
Thou who lovest me,
Keep me close to thee
By staff and rod.

Lo, newborn Jesus,
Loving great and small,
Love's free sacrifice,
Opening arms and eyes
To one and all!

Christmas In the Home

Many of the most beautiful things of life are but memories. Here is an incident which may become for some readers a pleasant and recurring realization of joy. It was the good fortune of the writer a few years ago to be the Christmas guest at a home where the true idea of Christmas cheer and spirit was realized. On the eve of the great day the father of the flock brought forth Dickens' "Christmas Carol," and a well worn copy it was too. After they had gathered about the fireplace he read aloud the first part of the story. Then mother and each child in turn participated until the story was completed. Many times had the writer read the carol, but under the conditions just related the beautiful tale had a newer meaning than had ever before been experienced. "When I came into that home at the Christmas season long since past," he said, "I could sense the real and true spirit of the occasion, and when I was told that the reading of this tale had been a custom of years I felt I knew the well spring in which the spirit had its growth. I have now adopted the custom in my own family, with a few changes. The story is, of course, quite long for one reading, so we have developed the plan of beginning the reading a week before the great day, reading part each night. Then when Christmas eve comes I have found it additionally valuable in fostering the Christmas spirit to have read aloud the wonderful, beautiful story of the nativity from the second chapter of St. Luke. We then complete the Carol, and every one is then truly ready for the glorious dawning of the morrow."

The City's Christmas Tree.

A woman, they say, thought of the first community Christmas tree. It was erected in Madison square, in New York city. There was something stimulating, something highly infectious, in the idea, for now cities and villages all over America are erecting Christmas trees in their public squares, says the Delinctor.

They are wonderful things, these community Christmas trees, not for their beauty alone, but for the spirit they arouse in the towns where they are found. They are the village center for Christmas joy, Christmas services, without sectarian barriers, are held about them. Christmas carols are sung at their bases. None so poor or so world worn or so hurried but he must see, must thrill with friend and stranger alike to this tree for all the world. It brings the child in the manger to every soul in the community.

The Christmas tree is essentially a symbol of the north and of the home. Yet it is inextricably blended in our minds with our faith, which is desert bred.

Most of the great religions of the world were born of some solitary spirit who sought the lonely sand waste and there wrought out that which made the desert of his soul "blossom like the rose." He who gave us the great faith went again and again out into the burning yellow barrens, where the tender, brooding, violet sky awaited him; where all the desert world, so fearful in its undomation, so overwhelming in its solitude, found focused in him all its pulsing radiance, as though in him were centered the heart-beat of the universe. In the verdureless, sand driven, star hung desert the Babe with his listening ear heard, with his dreaming eyes saw, with his throbbing heart felt, the faith that turned men's faces forever from the clod to the cross.

Why, then, should the fir tree stand in our public square, sign and symbol of that desert birth? Whatever its physical history, why should breathless thousands, hungry of body or of spirit, looking on the great pine tree hung with electric bulbs, backed by skyscrapers, topped by smoke, find in its incoherent beauty the urge set in motion by the desert bred Babe?

One would have said of the home Christmas trees that, after all, it was the gifts that gave them their glamour. There are no gifts on the community Christmas trees, yet thousands and thousands of us look on them with the thrill that belongs to faith alone. One wonders why.

Perhaps this is the reason: The community Christmas tree symbolizes that which the home Christmas tree does not. It symbolizes Christmas for all the world. It means that the dawn of real brotherhood is finding our horizon. It means, and particularly this Christmas it means, that in spite of poverty and bloodshed, in spite of greed and despair, there are in increasing numbers in the world those who would share with the world all that sacred beauty and hope that are the individual's holy of holies, the most difficult of all one's spiritual riches to share.

It is the symbol of green forest beauty, of the druid's wild faith, of the Teuton's largess and always of giving, giving. Not strange that forever in our minds it should be inseparable from the birthday of him who gave supremely; not strange, but utterly soul satisfying, that finally we have joined our hands and placed the Christmas tree in the market place—symbol that, at last, man may give himself to man.

"God bless us!" said Tiny Tim on Christmas day. "God bless us every one!" Dickens dreamed of a Christmas festival that should belong to all. His Tiny Tim, lame and wistful, might have foreshadowed the joy starved world that now crowds around the market place tree, saying as he said, "God bless us every one!"

Some Old Christmas Superstitions

If you will go to the crossroads between 11 and 12 on Christmas night you will hear what most concerns you in the coming year.

If on Christmas eve you make a little heap of salt on the table, and it melts overnight you will die the next year. If in the morning it remains undiminished you will live.

If a shirt be spun, woven and sewed by a pure, chaste maiden on Christmas day it will be proof against lead or steel.

If you are born at sermon time on Christmas morning you can see spirits. If you born elder on Christmas eve you will have revealed to you all the witches and the sorcerers of the neighborhood.

It is unlucky to carry anything forth from the house on Christmas morning until something has been brought into it.

A Quaint Christmas Custom

Blowing in the Yule from the grim old tower that had stood 800 years against the blasts of the North sea was one of the customs of the old town that abide, however it fares with the Nisse; that I know. At sun-up, while yet the people were at breakfast, the town band climbed the many steep ladders to the top of the tower, and up there, in fair weather or foul—and sometimes it blew great gusts from the wintry sea—they played four old hymns, one to each corner of the compass, so that no one was forgotten. They always began with Luther's sturdy challenge, "A Mighty Fortress is Our God," while down below we listened devoutly.

There was something both weird and beautiful about those faraway strains in the early morning light of the northern winter, something that was not of earth, and that suggested to my child's imagination the angels' songs on far Judean hills. Even now, after all these years, the memory of it does that. It could not have been because the music was so rare, for the band was made up of small storekeepers and artisans who thus turned an honest penny on festive occasions. Incongruously enough, I think, the official town mourner, who bade people to funerals, was one of them. It was like the burghers' guard, the colonel of which—we thought him at least a general, because of the huge brass sword he trailed when he marched at the head of his men—was the town tailor, a very small but very martial man. But whether or no, it was beautiful. I have never heard music since that so moved me. When the last strain died away came the big bells with their deep voices that sang far out over field and heath, and our Yule was fairly under way.—Jacob A. Riis, in Century.

THE "PRESEPIO."

Latin Countries Honor Christ's Manger at Christmas Time.

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

Only a few years since not a carpenter could be hired in Rome or Naples for weeks before Christmas. They were all busy erecting presepios in the homes of the quality, while the poorer folk were constructing their own. As the mainland grows more sophisticated the quaint old devotion is fading away, but in conservative Sicily people still make the presepio every year. All over the island families are busy from Dec. 1 to 15 putting their old presepios in order or making new ones, and there is much calling to and fro to compare results and admire new and elaborate specimens of the art. The presepio may be a little thing on a stand in one corner or it may occupy the whole side of a room, according to circumstances.

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

Spain, like Sicily, has never lost the presepio, and in both Spanish and Italian cities there are booths for the sale of miniature shepherds, magi and all the accessories of the art. In France the creche is not made at home, as in the southern countries, but it used to be a part of the Christmas decorations of every French church and is still so in the rural districts.

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS IS LINED WITH ADVERTISEMENTS THAT HE WHO RUNS MAY READ.

Weighing Happiness.

Before sending away a Christmas parcel you weigh it and then affix the proper amount of stamps. How would you like to weigh it upon scales that would indicate the amount of happiness that it will give to its recipient? We have no scales for that, but we can judge fairly well if we know how much loving thought we have put into the choice of the gift and the sending of it.—Amos R. Wells.