

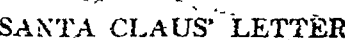
By Clara H. Stein

"See that guy sittin' there all alone," said the tall one.

"Yes, I'd like to be him, wouldn't you, Sam?" responded the little fellow.

NEXT door, in the church, they were w
singing a Christmas carol service, and f
and the strains of a joyous Christ- w
mas carol awakened in Hollister all m
recollections of old memories. That was the
first time his mother had taught him, w
and when he was a youngster. When a
boy, he had sung it, standing beside
his father and mother in the pew of
the old country church on a Christ- p
mas morning. It did not seem possi- c

Sometimes the man who likes
peace most fights hardest when war
comes.



...on this wondrous day of days,
In deathless love impeared,
ark! to the bells of Christmas-tide
That ring around the world!

Religion is a good thing that never
 has a wide swath in a horse trade.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Comments By

Rev. Ernest Bourner Allen, D. D.

Pastor of the Washington St. Congregational Church and the Marion Lawrence Sunday School, Toledo, Ohio.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR 1916

1. The Book of Acts.

We like men who DO things. The Sunday School lessons for 1916 are about ACTS, things done, things worth while done by BIG men. It is a book of beginnings and many of the great "first things" in the world are recorded. There is the first martyr, the first church, the first missionary, the first people called "Christians," the first prayer meeting after Christ ascended, the first brotherhood. Believe me, this is a great book and you will miss much if you don't read and study it. It's strictly down-to-date too! It is a book of wonders.

Two men stand out in this history of ACTS. Without men there would be no history. The two men who will challenge our attention are Peter and Paul. One was a fisherman, the other a scholar. One followed Christ, the other never saw him in the flesh. One was impetuous and hot-headed, the other was fiery, determined and intellectually a master. The early Christian church could not do without either of these men. The church needs all sorts of men today. It needs YOU.

The book of ACTS was written by a doctor. Other doctors have become famous in literature since that time. This doctor was also author of the third Gospel, a Greek by birth and a companion of Paul, perhaps his regular medical attendant.

2. The Country Church.

The book of ACTS was known as early as 95 A. D. It shows how the early church grew. Churches can grow in the same way today. There is need that our churches should grow and be strong. Over half the people of the United States still live in the country. They furnish a stream of life which goes to our cities to strengthen and purify them. We need men strong in body, brain and morals in the city. Men of fresh courage who go under in the city. Unless the country church and the country home train their youth soundly, they will be caught in the whirlwind of the city's temptations and destroyed. Men who love their country must therefore more and more support the country church and make it strong. What are you doing for the country church now, besides criticizing it? I met a man a few years ago in Michigan who admitted he had not been in the church near to his home, or any other, in twenty years except to a funeral. Such attendance will never make the church all it ought to be and can be.

3. The Hero of Acts.

Nearly three-fourths of the Sunday school lessons for 1916 are about Paul and his teaching. He wrote some fine letters and these we shall study. He was a free-born Roman citizen, altho a Jew. His home was at Tarsus, in Asia Minor, a country now under the misrule of the Turk. There is a fine Christian school at Tarsus today and I have just received into my church two Armenian young men who were educated there. Over 400,000 people of this race have been systematically slaughtered by the Turks in the last six months. The history of the Armenian race goes back to the 6th century before Christ. It was the first race to accept Christ as a nation. Probably it has furnished more martyrs for Christ than any other nation. It is interesting to study Paul's travels and teaching in this territory which today is one of the prizes sought for in the great war.

Paul was a well-educated man. His leadership was invaluable for the early church. We need educated leaders in the ministry and everywhere else today. For eighteen centuries men have been speaking in interpretation of this inspired writer, Paul, says Dr. Abbott "and they are likely to continue speaking in interpretation of him for centuries to come." He has a message. Let us examine it from week to week together.

Human nature is always the same. Furthermore, it couldn't be changed to satisfy everybody.

A Harvard professor says that he has discovered a substitute to sleep. Still, sleep is not unpleasant to take.

Young persons will kindly note with approval that the government urges the cultivation of suitable treatment for

THE EMPTY STOCKING—A CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY



Knew Him at Sight

One of the principle annual events in Chicago is the great live-stock show, which is usually held late in November or early in December. It is attended by stock-breeders and fanciers from all parts of the country, and even from Europe. Many of the visitors wear costly fur or skin overcoats, and present an imposing spectacle as they stroll along the streets of the city.

Among the visitors at a live-stock show a few years ago was a large, white-bearded man who wore an enormous overcoat, reaching nearly to his feet, that looked as if it had been made from the hide of a polar bear. Soon after his arrival, and while he was walking along near the stock-yards, a little girl who had been playing in front of a tenement house happened to see him. For a full minute she gazed at him in open-eyed wonder. Then she timidly approached.

"Hello," she said, "I'd like to whisper something to you."

"What?" asked the stranger, stooping until his ear was within whispering distance. "What is it, little one?"

"I want a wax doll."

"A wax doll, for Christmas, you know, one that will come and shut its eyes, one that's got shippers on its feet. Don't forget!"

"Little girl, who do you think I am?"

"Oh, I know who you are. You're Santa Claus."

"The man straightened up. 'Why, yes, of course. But don't you tell anybody. You're the only one that has found it out. I'll see that you get the doll and it will be just the kind you want. I haven't my pack with me, but I'll pick out the doll, all right. What's your name?'"

"She told him, and gave him the number of the tenement in which she and her mother had the top room, and he made a memorandum on a scrap of paper he found in one of his pockets. Then bidding the little girl a cordial 'Good-bye,' he resumed his walk. Later in the day he dropped into one of the largest toy stores in Chicago, and looked over the stock of wax dolls.

"What's this one worth?" he asked, having found one that suited all the requirements.

"Five dollars," said the shop-girl.

"Can I order it now and have it delivered on Christmas Eve, without fail?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sure?"

"We'll guarantee it, sir."

"All right," he said, handing her the scrap of paper. "Send it to this address, and mark it 'From Santa Claus.' Here's your five dollars."

Replacing in his pocket the fat roll of bills from which he had extracted the necessary "V," he waited for his receipt, and five minutes later he was in the street again, making his way to his hotel—Youth's Companion.

"The child goes right on amusing itself with an empty bottle and a string of spools tied together with a string."

A Christmas Child. She came to me at Christmas time and made me mother and it seemed

There was a Christ indeed and He had given me the joy I'd dreamed

NEW ENGLISH WORDS

Some Idioms That Have Worked into Languages Lately.

Probably chauffeur and garage have come to stay; they are not transients, but permanent boarders in the inn of strange meetings which the English language is. But chauffeur offensively violates the principles of our spelling—in so far as such principles exist; and garage still preserves its foreign pronunciation—although there are some already who had the courage so to speak it as to rhyme with carriage, thus Anglicizing it once for all. It is pleasant to see that there are others who do not shrink from speaking and writing risky in place of risqué, and the French have transfigured riding coat and roast beef into redingote and rosbif.

The real danger of impurity lies not in taking over foreign terms, but in applying them, without taking them over completely. Either a word is English or it is not. If it is not English, a peeper or a writer who knows his business ought to be able to get along without it. There is no imperative call for us to borrow miscreant or premiere, for instance, as tiste or denouement, zeitgeist or effluence; and it is perfectly possible to express in your own tongue the meanings covered by these terms imported in the original package.—Brander Matthews in Harper's.

Shirtwaist Box. To make the shirtwaist box get a box three feet long, one foot high and one foot wide. Be sure the lid is in one piece, and then tuck one sheet of cotton on the lid, with the smallest tacks. Now line both inside and outside of the box and lid with crotonite. Then about every two or three inches on the lid place an upholstery's tack. Fasten the lid and box together with two small brass hinges. At each end place a brass handle.—Carl Brenna.

A Tender Moment.

Of the many anecdotes that appear in 21. Anthony Cross collection, the following account of Lincoln's interview with the son of one of Mosby's guerrillas will appeal to the host of all sorts of the great president.

One day a woman, accompanied by a Senator, called on the president. The woman was the wife of one of Mosby's men. Her husband had been captured, tried, and condemned to be shot. She came to ask for his pardon.

The president heard her story, and then asked what kind of a man her husband was. Is he temperate? Does he abuse the children? and beat you?"

"No, no," said the wife; "he is a good man, a good husband, he loves me, and he loves the children, and we cannot live without him. The only trouble is that he is a tool about politics. I live in the north, was born there, and if I get him home, he will do no more fighting for the south."

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, after examining the papers, "I will pardon your husband and turn him over to you for safekeeping." The poor woman, overcome with joy, wept as if her heart would break.

"My dear woman," said Lincoln. "If I had known how badly it was going to make you feel I never would have pardoned him."

"You do not understand me," she cried, sobbing, "you do not understand me!"

"Yes, yes, I do," answered the president; "and if you do not go away at once I shall be crying with you."

One afternoon a party named Bowers had business at a state penitentiary in the west, and on returning he spoke of the visit to a number of friends.

"The prisoners down there," said Bowers, "were having some kind of Saturday afternoon ball, with a brass band and speakers to match. And say, maybe the leader of that band wasn't some worder in the choice of appropriate music! What do you suppose he was playing?"

"Search me," responded one of the friends. "Some sad hymn, I presume."

"He was not!" declared Bowers, emphatically. "He was playing 'This Is the Life.'"

It's the iron grip of poverty that makes a man's clothes look rusty.

You can't get the best of some men, because they haven't any.

A man may be slow and sure, but it's different with his watch.

STATE NEWS

BARRY FAIR SOCIETY HAS SURPLUS FOR YEAR

HASTINGS, Mich.—For the first time in years the Barry County Agricultural society shows a surplus this year instead of a deficit. The indebtedness of the society has been wiped out. The following officers were re-elected: W. R. Harper, president; John J. Dawson, secretary; Philo A. Sheldon, treasurer; H. E. Rising, Robert McKibbin, W. L. Linhope, directors.

LID ON IN GRAND RAPIDS

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Proprietors of Grand Rapids movie shows are expected to be served with warrants, the result of their violation of the order of the police closing every business in the city on Sunday. The order originated with Mayor Ellis, whose controversy with Prosecuting Attorney Barnard has attracted considerable attention locally for some time.

Candy stores, drug stores, cigar stores, cafes with music, shoe-shining parlors and others obeyed the mayor's injunction, the proprietors expressing the belief that the "wave of reform" would soon pass. Clergymen and others declared they were in favor of the move, but believed it was not the result of a desire to make the city more quiet on Sunday.

Billiard halls, which were the cause of the conflict between the officials, were not opened. The mayor favors their operation on Sunday. The theatre men, however, declared they would fight the matter in court and were warned that if they opened they would be served with warrants.

The prosecutor, it is said, has intimated he will not sanction warrants for their arrest. The Ellis forces threatened to appeal to Gov. Farris if Mr. Ferris refuses to act. A referendum vote of the people a few years ago showed a majority for Sunday movies.

Celebrated Travers County reporter much reduced patronage because of the mayor's closing on the night of the night.

LOSES CORN CROP

ROY LEAVES HIS HOME

TRAVERSE CITY—One of the minor, yet poignant, tragedies of the past disastrous season of fruit and produce growing is the closing blow dealt the newly organized Boys' Corn and Potato clubs, of the Grand Traverse region. Dozens of farmer boys hereabouts reaped only light and disappointment as a reward for their hours of labor, one and watchfulness, and many are the truly pitiful tales of the discouragement which the coming of winter has brought. When it is understood that in Grand Traverse county, out of 15 corn clubs, with an aggregate membership of over 100, only three boys had a corn, one begins to comprehend the far-reaching results of the disaster, and one can appreciate, in some measure,

sure, the pathos of such a tale as this.

Alfred Madison, 13 years old, of Buckley, was taken in charge by the officers of Traverse City a few days ago, after the boy had wandered about without food or shelter for 72 hours. When questioned by his rescuers as to the reason for his apparent homelessness, he at first stated that he simply was lured away by the call of the "bright lights," and did not care to ever go back home on the farm.

Later, however, some kindly soul drew from the lad his real tale of woe. In the spring of the year, he had planted potatoes and cucumbers on a piece of land that his father had rented to him. When everything seemed to be progressing promisingly and the outlook predicted a bumper crop and a goodly profit, along came the frost one night, to blight all growing things. In the morning there was not a living plant of vine on the boy's few acres. His work and profit and pleasure for the year had been made in a night. If this was what farming had in store for him, then the sooner he left it the better. So he left the scene of his fruitless endeavor, and the police picked him up and sent him back to his distracted parents.

FATALLY WOUNDED, CALMLY DISCUSSES THE END

LANSING—Little hope is entertained for the life of Edward P. Cummings, superintendent of Lansing public schools, who was shot while cleaning a shotgun in the basement of his home Mr. Cummings, having recovered consciousness after the accident, is calmly giving orders for preparations in case of his death.

His strong physical condition may possibly pull him through, say physicians, but they are not optimistic as to the outcome.

Fred L. Keeler, superintendent of public instruction, and a close friend of Mr. Cummings at University of Michigan and in Lansing, is at his bedside. Dr. Samuel Osborn, also a classmate at Michigan was the first physician called.

Exact details of the shooting are not known. Mr. Cummings and his son, 17 years old and had after hunting. It is believed one cartridge in the double-barreled gun was not charged, but that Mr. Cummings forgot this. While father and son were cleaning the weapon in the basement the following morning, it is believed that the second cartridge was exploded.

Mr. Cummings was president of the Michigan State Association of Teachers and until he is 30 years old and has a wife and two children. He was one of the few public school heads who appeared before the State Legislature in support of the teachers' pension bill. He graduated from University of Michigan in 1891 and came to Lansing from Grand Haven.

Men would better stop copying of women's styles in women's clothes.

What has become of the old-fashioned girl who wanted a young man with a mustache?

Three Times a Day

Anything that happens three times a day becomes important.

If you are brewing poor coffee three times each day, you are also brewing three other things:

Trouble, disappointment and great gloom.

If, however, you succeed in setting forth a real cup of coffee, fragrant and palatable, everybody in the house immediately feels satisfied, contented and happy.

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KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

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your batting eye and let some out.

Record liner column will find owner for you without cost.

J. M. DIXON, Proprietor.

WM. GORTON
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

CHRISTMAS SUPERSTITIONS

Old Legends Tell of Many Quaint Customs and Odd Believers Of the Yuletide.

Of the old customs, strange and varied, such as have been so extensively dealt with in the works of Strutt, Brand, Hone and Chambers, and some of which survive until the present day, it is not intended here to make a particular mention; the reader may best be referred to those monuments of painstaking research and erudition. The present notes deal more particularly with a few odd details of superstition, which still exists in this and other countries, and it is of the greatest interest to the student to find what a large proportion of these obsolete customs may be traced back to pre-Christmas times, when the sacrifices to the gods of the fields and trees were important celebrations in the middle of the winter solstice. The earth was then perhaps snow covered or ice-bound the grain was lying dormant, the fruit trees, denuded of leaves, were looking as lifeless as they well could, and our primitive ancestors offered up sacrifices to the tutelary guardians of their pastures and orchards in gratitude for past crops, and in hopes that they might be still further, or at least equally, blessed in the ensuing year.

One of the survivals is the quaint custom of greeting apple trees, which used to be regularly observed in the west of England. Indeed, it is quite possible that the custom may even still exist, for according to a writer in the Western Antiquary, 1883, in some places the parishioners walk in procession visiting the principal orchards of the parish. In each orchard one tree is selected as representative of the rest. This is saluted with a certain form of words which have in them the form of an incantation. They then sprinkle the tree with cider or dash a bowl of water against it to insure its bearing plentifully the next year. In other places the farmers and their servants only assemble on the occasion, and after immersing apples in cider hang them on the apple tree. The trees having been sprinkled with cider, a formal invocation is uttered, and after a dance around the tree the company returns to the farmhouse to conclude these solemn rites with various draughts of cider. Sometimes, in Cornwall a few of the household took out a jar of cider, a bottle and a gun to the orchard and put a small branch into the bottle. They then said:

Here's to thee, old apple tree!
Mats full, packs full, great bushel
bags full!
Hurrah! and fire off the gun.
Occasionally small sugar-coated cakes were laid on the branches, possibly to propitiate some local spirit or genius of the orchard. A correspondent in Folk Lore, Vol. vi, 1886, states that the custom of "chirring" the orchards was still followed by "the old folks" as late as 69 years ago, but, according to this writer, the jug of cider had a feast or cake in it. The invocation was similar to the one already quoted, and after this old custom for choice very noisy—guns were fired. The "old folks" then drank the cider and ate the sop, taking care to leave a large piece in the fork of the tree for the robins; or the charms could have no effect. After each orchard had been visited they returned to the farmhouse, drank more cider, and told tales round the fireside. This was always done on the eve of Old Christmas Day, "Old Twelfthday." On the continent the Slavs have an analogous custom, but it is hardly so propitiatory, for it takes the form of threatening the apple tree with a hatchet if they do not produce fruit during the year. Both in Derbyshire and Lincolnshire it is a popular belief that the sun shining through the apple trees on Christmas day betokens a heavy crop of fruit in the ensuing autumn.

Births on Christmas Day have not always been reckoned to be of advantage to those children who enter the world on that date; in fact, in the Island of Cos, according to Mr. Rose, such children are held to be accursed, because they thus impiously mimic the beginning of our Lord's life on earth, and when born become what the Greek islanders call Kalkazari, which are curious monsters believed in all over the Greek world.

They are not pleasant creatures, according to all accounts, combining the worst features and characteristics of the worst wolves, vampires, satyrs and such like undesirable. According to this old legend Christmas children are not ordinary infants but by the power of Beelzebub they become full-grown men and women, or take upon them some other shape. They remain on earth for 12 days until the Epiphany, for on that day by baptism the whole earth was made holy, and all demons are forced to depart from it. The Kalkazari flee a ray, crying out:

Free at last, that we may flee!
Priest, with not-belly here is he
With his holy-water brush,
With the sprinkler, too, for us;
He will sprinkle us about,
And defile us without doubt.

Until these 12 days are passed the monsters leave in their cradles the semblance of babes, and assuming the forms of Kalkazari wander about living in deserts and dark caves, feeding on snakes and lizards. These creatures seem to be very fond of pretty

women and will even dance with them by the light of the moon, but should they not be pretty enough to dance with they will be eaten for supper. As soon as the black cock crows then all dancing must cease; for this bird they have evidently no manner of partiality; in fact, he is literally their bete noir. In the houses they play all sorts of wild pranks; setting things topsy-turvy, insulting the sleepers, and in many other ways worrying and annoying the poor islanders. These latter have no liking for the Jews, and sometimes confuse them with these enterprising monsters. Incidentally it may be noted that the islanders firmly believe that the Jews wander about from Christmas to Epiphany looking for Moses, whom they desire to throttle, though why he should thus be singled out for such punishment is rather hard to imagine.

In a most interesting paper communicated by Mr. J. B. Andrews to "Folk Lore" (March 1897) is a very complete account of Neapolitan witchcraft, and from that it appears that—
Among witches by birth the women born on Christmas Eve, or at the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. Whoever invokes the devil on Christmas Eve before a mirror may become a witch.

A very full description of their methods and powers is given, and also an interesting "reference to werewolves."

The were-wolf is known, but not as the incarnation of a witch. It is a curse upon men to be born on Christmas Eve. They are known by the length of their nails. The male were-wolves in the night; they run on all fours trying to bite, but they retain the human form. If the were-wolf is so as to lose its human form, it is a stoppage of the blood.

This information was quite recently gathered first hand from witches in Naples.
In Russia this time, i. e. Christmas Eve, is considered to be most particularly favorable to divination, and there is no doubt but that the date for the birth of our Lord has infused a vast quantity of mystical power into old customs, investing them with a great mystique for good or evil, according to the manner in which it was desired that they should be regarded. In this country the popular superstition is quite in favor of the child born on the midnight which links together Christmas Eve and Christmas Day.

Another old custom, formerly held in great repute by our ancestors, was that known as the "Hunting of the Wren," and that this should have the closest possible relation to the old Christmas game of blind man's buff would seem to be almost incredible, nevertheless their close and intimate relationship has been shown by Mr. N. W. Thomas, F.R.S., in his book on "Ancient Superstitions and Totemism" (London, 1900), wherein he states them to be tribal customs of the Totem Tribe. The "Hunting of the Wren" has been often described, and was pretty general throughout Great Britain. Some parts of the country hunted other animals for Totem reasons at different periods of the year, but it was reserved for Silly Suck to hunt the wren, and the squirrel at Christmas time. According to Mr. Thomas blind man's buff corresponds in form to the "Hahnen-spiel" which is the sacrifice of a cock. Some are believed to be "cock-shy." Mr. Thomas points out that the game is now nearly all over Europe by names derived from animals such as blue cow blind mouse, blind he-goat, she-wolf, vercat, fly, owl, and wolf. In ancient Greece it was known as the Bienen-fly, in Iceland as the Fox-game and in Lithuania "Hare-catching" is a similar game. Mr. Thomas's remarks are so interesting that they are well worth quoting in extenso as a "telling conclusion to these few notes." He says:

"The explanation of these names is that the players originally wore masks; the game is known in some cases as the 'Blind Mummy,' or blind mask; this is, perhaps, why in the Hahnen-spiel the person who tries to kill the cock is frequently blindfolded; this custom points to a practice of wearing masks at the sacrifice. The player who is 'it' seems to be the sacrificer; he bears the same name as the victim, just as in agricultural customs the reaper of the last corn bears the same name as the last sheaf. Blind man's buff is essentially a Christmas game; we have already seen that the sacrifices of the winter solstice are highly important, the distribution and wide popularity of blind man's buff bear further testimony to this. We may infer that the Christmas Mummies originally officiated at a sacrifice at this season. We know from Strutt and other authorities that the Mummies frequently wore animal masks. We may further conjecture that the animals paraded at this season of the year were not tree or corn spirits, appearing after their winter sleep was over; they were simply victims, like the wren and the squirrel."

Patience is a virtue when it is possessed by our creditors.

TIDINGS OF JOY.



BUSHNELL, in Cincinnati Times-Star.
Passing on the Christmas Cheer.

Household Hints

THE KIDNIE'S HAIR

It seems rather a difficulty for mothers to keep their children's hair clean while going to school, but if they use the following shampoo it will not only keep their hair clean, but will prevent it from falling out and will kill dandruff. One fourth cake good white soap, one-half cake log soap, one-half cup kerosene, one spoonful borax or baking soda, two cups water.

Put water on and let come to a boil; shave soap fine, drop into water, then add borax or baking soda. Let it boil 15 minutes over a slow fire. Just before taking off, add kerosene; let cool before using. The above amount is sufficient for four or five washes. For good results it is required to rinse the head in two or three waters.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

Now that the large white calls are so popular, here's a tip on how to make them one for 10 cents a pair that will not be lost at any sign, and will cost you only 50 cents. Take one gent's 12 in. handkerchief and fold from corner to corner, cut through center; cut off 12 inches from each end and hem, and so hem across bottom for hand, and there you have a lovely pair of handkerchiefs for 10 cents.

Some object to so much salt on salted peanuts. Put peanut in 10-cup popper and shake well; you will be well pleased with results.
When washing new floors spotted with plaster, in a new house, never use hot water. First take a pail of cold water; then good, hot suds. Same to windows where varnish or paint is on; cold water first then scouring powder.

THE TABLE

Chocolate Pie—Beat thoroughly the yolks of two or three eggs, then add one cup sugar and pinch of salt.

SELF-MAKER VS. SELF-BREAKER.

A number of years ago two protective safe-breakers succeeded in obtaining employment in two different safe factories, worked over a period of years in the various departments, gained all the information that they desired, and subsequently working together, managed to battle the safe-makers by their skill in opening complicated safes in different parts of the country. The police were at a loss to understand how the safes had been opened, and only upon the apprehension of the two men several years later was it learned that the jobs had not been "inside" ones, as was originally suspected, but had really been the work of two men who had been initiated into the mysteries of safe-cracking, and had put their knowledge to criminal use. This put the safe-makers on their guard, and an exceedingly complicated system was immediately put into force, whereby not only was the pedigree of every workman looked into closely, but the work among the employees was so separated that no one man or two men could gather enough information about a safe to put it to dangerous use afterward. Furthermore, when an employee is discharged, or when he voluntarily leaves his position, his actions are watched, and although the safe companies refuse to discuss the particular point,

Heat two small cups milk, letting milk come to boiling point then stir in eggs etc. slowly. Then add enough dissolved chocolate to taste and do not put in any other flavoring. Pour this on crust and bake. A meringue made of the white of eggs may be heaped on top or not, as preferred. If preferred, brown slightly after pie is baked.
Delicious Boston Brown Bread—One and one-half cup yellow, cornmeal, one-fourth cup white flour, three tablespoons molasses, one half cup sugar, one cup raisins, one cup sour milk, one-fourth teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon cinnamon, one fourth teaspoon cloves, one-fourth teaspoon nutmeg. Grease and flour an empty one-pound coffee can, put above mixture in slow oven. Do not remove cover till bread is cold. This steams it.

Scalloped Potatoes—Peel the smaller potatoes and cut them in thin slices. Place in a baking dish a layer of potatoes one inch deep, season with salt and pepper and dredge lightly with flour and dot with butter here and there. Then add another layer of potatoes and season as before and continue until the dish is full. Add milk enough to moisten—about half a pint to every quart of potatoes. Cover and bake one hour and a quarter, removing the cover during the last fifteen minutes to allow the top to brown. Serve from the baking dish placed in its holder or in a paper collar.
Eggs on Half Shell—Boil four or six eggs hard, cut in halves (be careful not to hurt the shell), take eggs out of shell, chop fine, add salt, pepper and green parsley chopped fine. Fry with a tablespoon of butter and add spoonful or two of cream. Mix all well, put back into the half shells. Sprinkle with bread crumbs fried in butter.

It is a matter of record that any former employee of a safe company, who is possessed of intimate information regarding the secrets of that company's safes, is kept under constant surveillance. As an illustration of the thoroughness with which this is done, there may be cited the case of a former superintendent of one of the principal safe companies, who was discharged eight years ago for inattention, who subsequently sought and obtained a position as superintendent in an iron foundry in the middle west, who has now held that position for the last seven years, who has done his work well, and who is yet kept under the eye of a detective in the safe company's pay. There is not the slightest reason to count the man's inactivity as a new year's gift, for the man's employer, who knows his superintendent is being watched, the safe company seems unwilling to take the slightest chance.

Just about the time a man succeeds in developing a theory it explodes.

A woman snip has to love something, even if it is nothing, but a man.

The man who does things can afford to let his wife do all the talking.

Gifts for Girls.

In choosing Christmas gifts, remember, too, that to some friends comfort means a great deal. One woman last year rejoiced exceedingly in a wadded silk morning jacket which Santa Claus brought her. A kimono is also a delight to many persons, and bed-room slippers, of the warm fur-lined sort, make the name of the donor blessed every cold morning. It is safe in choosing for girls, from their early teens on, to supply some superfluous article of dress—silk stockings, a modish belt-buckle, gloves at any and all times, some late hand-some novelty in neck-wear, and to any party-going girl a bag for her fan and slippers, a dainty fan itself, a big square of the soft-finish stuff, liberty silk or Japanese gauze that winds so becomingly around the throat under the evening cloak, and is useful in a draughty ball-room, or a pair of carriage slippers—Harper's Bazaar.

Paid For.

"I say, Mr. South," remarked the family terrier of 22.1 ten, as he carefully scraped his nose upon Mr. South's patent leather prior to his sister's appearance in the parlor, that box of fat he had just sent as on Christmas was a real treat for the whole of it."

An old dog, Mr. South, gently reprimanded his brother-in-law.

"Yep, Sir, I'm a little something sticky with my nose, but I got

It all

And from the smothered whoops which were shortly heard proceeding from the nursery it was evident that something sticky was tackling the family terror and that he was again getting it all. His sister had overheard his remarks—Judge.

A PRAYER FOR THE BABIES.

O God, since Thou hast laid the little children into our arms in utter helplessness, with no protection save our love, we pray that the sweet appeal of their baby hands may not be in vain. Let no innocent life in our city be quenched again in useless pain through our ignorance and sin. May we who are mothers or fathers seek eagerly to join wisdom to our love, lest love itself be deadly when unaided by knowledge. Bless the doctors and nurses, and all the friends of men, who are giving of their skill and devotion to the care of our children. If there are any who were loved by love in their own infancy, let who have no child to whom they may give as they have received, grant them such largeness of sympathy that they may rejoice to pay their debt in full to all children who may have need of them.

Forgive us our Father, for the heartlessness of the past. Grant us great tenderness for all babes who suffer, and a growing sense of the divine mystery that is brooding in the soul of every child. Amen—Walter Rauschenbusch, in National Magazine.

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Eye Glasses would be very gratefully received by father, mother, grandmother or a very near friend. They may be purchased now and fitted either before or after Christmas.

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