

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

SOVEREIGNTY OF THE POLE.

AT LAST the North Pole—the goal of so much heroic effort—seems to have been achieved. To-day it is the scientists who are busy, to-morrow the lawyers will begin, for law follows the explorer like his shadow into each new region which he occupies, and dispenses its rights, its duties and its privileges. . . . The territorial sovereignty, for whatever it is worth, belongs presumably in this case to the United States. The claim suggested for Denmark on the ground that the pole is a part of Greenland can hardly be maintained, since Peary has proved Greenland to be an island.

Any pretensions by the British crown in right of Canada, as to which Sir Gilbert Parker questioned the Prime Minister, are as unsubstantial. They would belong, if set up, to the same category of claims as that of the Spaniards to enslave the whole of America south of the Gulf of Mexico, or that of the King of France to monopolize the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi. But there is what lawyers would call a preliminary objection, which goes to the root of the matter. Can there be any question of territorial sovereignty if the only territory is an open polar sea? Cook sunk his cylinders with the Stars and Stripes in it on an ice floe, and Peary seems to have planted his flag on the same precarious and shifting foundation, and the sea, it has long been settled, cannot become the exclusive property of any nation.—British Law Journal.

THE NEW HIRED MAN.

THE perennial complaint of farmers that labor is difficult to get and all but impossible to retain has greatly stimulated the ingenious to invent machinery to take the place of the hired man. The American farm of the future—if the signs are right—will be run by the shifting of a switch or the turning of a valve. A competitive test was held at Winnipeg this year between eighteen makes of steam and gasoline-drawn gang plows. A 32-horsepower engine hauling a gang of twelve plows won the gold medal for the steam class, having plowed 3.6 acres in one hour and two minutes. A 15-horsepower gasoline tractor plowed 1.09 acres in one hour, fifteen and one-half minutes. Among the entries was a tractor which could pull plows and other farm implements, carry 7,000 pounds over rough roads and furnish the power to drive threshing machines and presses.

There are now on the market disc harrows which will pulverize the ground, turn furrows, cultivate, pile dirt about plants or pull it away. An improvement in the reaper ties wheat bundles with their own straw. A corn picker grabs the ears from the standing stalks, husks and throws them into a wagon. Another machine takes the corn in shocks, husks and delivers the ears ready for the shelling machine, while at the same time cutting and shredding the stalks, blowing the shredded fodder through a pipe into the hay mow, or

into stacks, ready to be pressed. Mechanical contrivances more or less in general use on the farm saw wood, pump water, run cream separators, the churn and the washing machine, shear sheep, gin and compress cotton.

With the increase in the prosperity of the farmers one may expect the agriculturist soon to have his own little electric lighting plant, his water and sewage systems, elaborately equipped repair shops and automobile garages.—Toledo Blade.

AMERICAN ACHIEVEMENT.

AMERICA founded the first government under which all men were equal before the law. Since the Declaration of Independence was published to the world the democratic idea has hourly received new impulse, until now it seems irresistible. Americans were the first to demonstrate the feasibility of relying on a citizen soldiery to defend the land and its institutions against foreign and domestic attack. Americans were the first to abolish titular distinctions and to deprive social eminence of any support save character or the consensus of those who choose to consider themselves as socially elect.

It was an American who invented the steamship. An American invented the telegraph. An American invented the telephone. An American invented the electric light. An American invented the reaper, which makes it possible to feed a billion and more people on this planet. It was an American, too, who invented the sewing machine. Americans also were the conquerors of pain when they discovered how, by the use of sulphuric ether, the tenderest human nerve could be made insensible to the surgeon's steel.—Boston Globe.

BRAINS VS. BRAWN.

THE men at the English Cambridge respect each other's brains as the men at Cambridge, Mass., and at every other college in America revere the muscles of a few of their fellows. The Englishmen are in the honor schools; they enter the intellectual lists; they compete strenuously in activities that equip them to become statesmen and scholars, men of individuality and of character apart from their professions.

Will it not be well, Dr. Lowell asks, to seize this freshman by the scruff, throw him among his mates, and, with the aid of some thoughtful upper class men, bump into his head different ideas, ideals, hopes and aspirations than those that prevail with the pasty-faced "rooters" on the football bleachers? Let him and them be made to feel that the exercise, physical and mental, is for them, and that there are prizes to be won in both fields.

If Dr. Lowell can bring this about he will have changed for the better, and considerably, the life of students in the United States.—New York Times.

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WHEN SHOULD GIRLS MARRY?

A GRANDMOTHER has undertaken to answer the question in the headline in a magazine article. Having had experience, she thinks she knows what she is talking about. It is her opinion that no girl should marry before she is 25 years old. There never has been and never can be any fixed rule for the mating of human beings. Ages ago parents were the sole arbiters of the marital destinies of their daughters. They gave in wedlock when and where and to whom they pleased, and the daughters had nothing to do with the bargain.

The matter is one in which there is pretty nearly independence of thought and action on the part of American girls. Parents may try as they will to shape their daughters' love affairs to conform to their own ideas, but it is a rare case in which they succeed—and even then success on the part of the parents is not a guarantee of the girl's happiness. It has been estimated that a woman's chances of marriage begin to diminish at the twenty-fourth year and decline rapidly to the thirtieth year, when they have almost disappeared. The period of greatest expectation is from 19 to 23. It is between these periods that the majority of women must make up their minds, and they do it from the dictates of the heart oftener than from any other consideration.—Savannah News.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

THE Department of Commerce and Labor has just issued a comprehensive compilation of marriage and divorce statistics from all over the world, which furnishes much information of interest.

Hungary alone of civilized countries leads the United States in number of annual marriages in proportion to marriageable population, with 339 weddings to every 10,000 unmarried adults. Saxony follows closely with 350, while Ireland, laid waste and pitifully poor from British oppression, is at the foot of the list with but 126.

The United States average is 357. New England and California rank about 250. Therefore, it appears that the coast States, as usual, are leaving their burden of good citizenship to the Mississippi valley.

The increase of divorce is shown by the fact that in 1870 but one decree was granted for every 1,233 married persons, while in 1900 there was one divorce to every 250 married couples. Illinois has been unduly accused in this respect, since the figures show the States of Washington and Delaware away in the lead, while Illinois is only twenty-fourth in respect of the number of divorces granted, and South Dakota is but twenty-second. Big cities lead the country districts by a comparatively small percentage.

The divorce habit in other countries is also on the increase, although religious beliefs and the great expense

of divorce actions keep the ratio behind that in this country. There is no immediate danger of the great American divorce record being exceeded or even equaled.—Chicago Journal.

REASON FOR HIGH PRICES.

WHEN the Chicago packers raised the price of No. 1 beef loins from 19 to 21 cents a pound they gave the shortage of cattle receipts as a reason, and showed that there had been a falling off of about 200,000 head of cattle in the stock yard receipts during the last year. An investigation of the market records showed that the price of the grade of cattle used for such cuts was from 25 to 35 cents a hundred pounds higher than it was on the same day a year ago, while No. 1 loins were 2½ cents lower a year ago than the new price fixed by the packers. Thus it will be seen that, while the price of such cattle increased from 25 to 35 cents a hundred during the year, the price of No. 1 loins increased \$2.50 a hundred in the same interval, so it doesn't seem that the packers' theory that their increased prices are due to a decrease in the cattle receipts is fully substantiated.

About all the investigations made into the subject tend to the conclusion that in these days prices are high because they are high. This merely means that we are living in an era of high prices, and while it is doubtless true that some of these prices are the effect of demand and supply, a good many of them are high purely as a result of sympathetic influences. Holders—i. e., controllers of commodities—have found that by judiciously but persistently raising their prices and holding them firm they can get just about what they want to ask.—Indianapolis News.

WOMEN POLICE.

WOMEN police is the latest panacea for the attainment of ideal civic conditions.

The idea emanates, of course, from the facile, not to say erratic, brain of a woman reformer, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, president of the National Woman Suffrage Association, who informed the students of the University of Minnesota the other day that all Minneapolis needs to become a model city is 100 women on its police force. "One hundred women specialists put on the police force of a city would make for improvement in civic conditions."

It will doubtless strike the ordinary observer that what the average criminal needs most is fathering—administered with a strong hand. The criminal has been mothered already ad nauseam. States and municipalities vie with each other in coddling him. Large sums are spent to make his cell a boudoir and to save the poor convict from feeling the shame of his condition.—Kansas City Journal.

QUEER STORIES

Laces were originally made for men's wear.

Irrigation has literally reclaimed the desert in California.

Roumania has six million inhabitants, of whom thirty thousand are blind.

Most of the large olive growers in Spain have their own mills for the extraction of the oil.

Tests by an eastern railroad have demonstrated that it is possible for a single locomotive to haul over 6,100 tons.

In a potato growing contest in Derbyshire, England, one competitor got a yield of 229 pounds from one pound of seed, cut into eighty sets.

Submarine sounding signals give warning to vessels ten miles distant of the dreaded English bank at La Plata River, Uruguay, where dense fogs are frequent.

Consul Alfred A. Winslow reports that work was begun August 31 on the first railway locomotive ever built in Chile, at the works of the Sociedad de Maestranzas y Galvanizacin in Valparaiso.

Asiatic Turkey had a civilization thousands of years ago. The interior of that country is populated to-day by farmers to whom modern knives and forks are unknown; the spoons they use are of wood, and each family makes its own.

The burden of taxation on the Japanese people for the present year, including national and local taxes and contribution to works of irrigation and to the repair of damage caused to public works by floods, shows an average of \$22 a head of the population.

In order to demonstrate that the anti-Jewish feeling is growing less in Austria, the Philadelphia Exponent says: "It is well known that the dual empire does not exclude Jews from the ranks of officers in the army, not even from the highest grade. A recent return shows that the Austrian army contains one Jewish lieutenant field marshal, three major generals, ten colonels, eleven lieutenant colonels and seventeen majors, besides a large number of officers of lower grade."

A Chicago dude applied for a position to Phil Armour. The young pup made one of those vestmental surveys of the old man, who thereupon said: "Well, how do you like my looks, and what do you want?" "Sir, if you please, my desire is to sell sausage."

said the dude. "Oh," said old Phil, "the way you looked at me, I thought my family had sent you to measure me up for a new suit. Butchers might look at you, but they wouldn't listen to you. Show him out, John."—New York Press.

STUDENT BUILDS AIRSHIP.

It Has No Engine, But Will Bear Up Aviator—A Definite Purpose.

Tarleton Bean, a pupil in the third year of the technical high school, has constructed a biplane in his back yard somewhat on the order of the Wright machine, the Washington Star says. He uses it as a glider in which to gain experience in steering and balancing an aeroplane.

The biplane is twenty-three feet by four and one-half feet, and is built of wood, covered with unbleached cotton. It has a front horizontal rudder and a rear vertical cone, similar to the Wright machine. It has one seat, right in the center of the second lower plane. The entire craft weighs about eighty pounds. It has no engine, and in order to fly young Bean relies upon the momentum gathered in gliding down hill.

He built the aeroplane himself, assisted by some of his companions from the technical high school, where they learned sufficient of practical construction work to enable them to build an excellent machine.

After the machine was completed it was taken by the young men to a large field on a hill near the T street bridge to give it its first trial. There was considerable excitement in the neighborhood when the machine first appeared upon the street and many persons followed it to the field to watch the trial flights.

Mr. Bean was quite satisfied with his experiments, which demonstrated that the machine was capable of supporting its passenger, could be balanced and would respond to its rudders. In order to lessen the work of carrying it forward for a start he is going to mount it on a truck made of bicycle wheels.

He explained that his machine is not a mere glider in the ordinary sense of the word, but an aeroplane without an engine, in which, by using momentum as a motive power, he expects to make short flights down hill. Young Bean is not making these flights just for the fun of the thing, but with a well defined purpose of acquiring experience in balancing and guiding an aeroplane before attempting a flight in one that is propelled by motor power and which ascends to considerable height. He believes that his method of learning the management of an aeroplane is a logical and safe one.

An engine for an aeroplane costs

about \$2,000, but he hopes to be able to get one before very long, and by that time he expects to have acquired sufficient experience with his present machine to be able to manipulate one that is propelled by motor power.

POSTOFFICE TIME SAVER.

Letters Registered Automatically by Machine Almost Human.

Those who know what it is to wait at the postoffice counter to get important letters registered just before closing time for the foreign mails will be interested to learn of an ingenious machine invented by a young Hungarian which does away with the need for securing the official stamp and the signature on the receipts and all the trouble and inconveniences that are often occasioned thereby, the Pall Mall Gazette says.

In the French model, which has just been exhibited before the Paris Academy of Sciences and may receive a trial from the French postoffice, the coin to be inserted in the slot is the "nickel" of 2½ centimes, which rolls by gravity past the magnet and, being only slightly attracted, goes on its way into the receiver. The work of numbering and dating the letter after its insertion and handing out a receipt similarly dated and numbered, with which the sender, in the event of loss or damage, may claim compensation, is performed by the simple turning of a handle. This in itself is sufficiently ingenious to attract attention, but the arrangements of automatically providing against fraud or tampering with the machine are at least as ingenious and complete. Every coin which is not the regulation "nickel" is automatically rejected through a special opening by means of the varying attractive power of the magnet upon objects of various weights and compositions, so that if by accident any other coin is inserted it is duly returned and the same summary rejection is effected in cases where a piece of iron of the proper weight is introduced.

Moreover, a receipt cannot be obtained for fraudulent use unless a letter is entrusted to the care of the machine, which is almost human in its discrimination between right and wrong. These automatic letter-registering boxes are already on trial in Hungary, Germany, Austria and some other countries, and as time savers deserve every encouragement from the postal authorities, if their performance stands the severe test of everyday use without breaking down.

Very Likely.

"She thanked him with a look." "I s'pose her gown was so tight that she couldn't trust herself to speak eh."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

VERY EXACTING BUSINESS.

It Takes Lots of Time and Trouble to Fight Bacteria.

If we are to sterilize the mouthpieces of telephones every day, to kill the bacteria and prevent infection, and must scrub the doorknobs every day for the same reason, why not be consistent and go on scrubbing and scrubbing every thing with which we come in contact? the Memphis News-Scimitar asks.

If these bacteria must be cleaned out once a day, why not once an hour, or once a minute? The pestiferous things are apt to get in any second.

Of course everybody knows that drinking water must be not only boiled but distilled. We have all often enough been warned that handshaking is dangerous and kissing deadly. All of which warnings we have all duly observed of course!

Now, after having long and virtuously refrained from water as God made it and from the other enticements, it is hard to be informed by the bacteriologists that we still are in momentary danger from microbes unless we scrub, scrub, scrub.

And when we get used to scrubbing and learn to look upon it as a matter of course instead of a hardship, may not the microbes steal another march upon us through the scrub brush? Maybe we shall have to sterilize the soap and then sterilize the sterilizer. Bacteriologists are insatiable. They never know where to stop.

But their demands, if fully acceded to, would leave us no time to make a living. It would be scrub, scrub with us all the time. The farmer, instead of plowing, would have to put in all the time killing the microbes in his plow handles; the butcher, instead of killing beef, would never cease to scour his knife and cleaver. There would be nothing produced to eat, and while saving ourselves from death from microbes we would all die of starvation.

This sort of thing may very easily be carried too far. The bacteriologists must learn to draw the line somewhere.

We may soon become as ridiculous as were the Salemites in the days of witchcraft.

Stopped in Time.

"When you do tell a lie," remarked Hamlett Fatt, "tell an elaborate lie." "I don't know about that," said Yorkick Hamm. "Following that policy would have lost me the job I just got." "How so?" "A manager wanted to know if I had ever played Richelleu. I never have, but I said yes. I was about to say that I originated the part."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

We are sorry things do not run your way oftener.

THE TIPPING EVIL IN AMERICA.



W. D. Howells, who recently returned from England, has given some fresh information about London's new "no tip" hotel. Mr. Howells found tipping in England "pretty near as bad as it is here." He was interested in the new hotel and went there to lunch. The place was so crowded that it was almost impossible to get in. A single daily charge is made for a bedroom, with lights, attendance and breakfast. Tipping is prohibited.

This experiment, in the heart of London, is certainly interesting. The house is run by two of London's great cheap restaurant syndicates, which is controlled, by the way, by the British tobacco trust. So there is plenty of money behind it. Its success as a "no tip" hotel depends largely, if not entirely, on the disposition of the public to discountenance the habit of tipping. We have been led to believe that the frequent and vociferous denunciation of this practice by Englishmen is more or less insincere. An Englishman wants comfort, and he is willing to pay an extra sixpence or so to get it, but he objects, naturally, to others doing the same thing. The supply of comfort is always limited.

Tipping in this country is worse than in England only because the tips are larger, says the New York Times. The English sixpence tip becomes a quarter here; the threepenny tip is a dime, and is generally received without thanks. We do not have to tip so many persons. Shopmen and policemen get tips in London. But undoubtedly the habit of tip giving and tip taking is growing in this land of republican institutions, strangely and inexcusably. It is a deplorable habit for both the giver and the recipient.

Patron Saint of Aviators.

It has been stated that the Vatican had been approached with the view of selecting a patron saint for aviators and that it had been suggested that Elijah would be an appropriate person. The originator of the story seems to have not taken into account that Elijah was an Old Testament character, and as such would be ineligible. No doubt, going to heaven in a chariot of fire would have made Elijah an

appropriate patron. A Paris contemporary suggests that Sainte Colombe should be chosen. Her name alone has much to recommend her. She suffered martyrdom at Sens under Marcus Aurelius.—London Globe.

Probably it isn't necessary for a musician to be born, but it is necessary for him to have more practice than the average member of a country band gets.

IN TOUCH WITH FRIENDS and RELATIVES



Grandmother may not be as spry as she used to be, but she is in close touch with her world for all that.

The telephone enables her to make as many calls as she pleases, and in all sorts of weather.

Formal gatherings have their place, but it is the many little intimate visits over the telephone that keep people young and interested.

Grandmother's telephone visits do not stop with her own town. The Long Distance Service of the Bell Telephone takes her to other towns, and allows relatives and friends to chat with her, although hundreds of miles away.



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A Group of Ancient Houses

For Illustrations, See Another Section

Soon after this subject was assigned me I began to question my friend, "Do you know the oldest house in Hampton?" In the majority of cases the answer was, "Why I don't know, I suppose the old Gen. Moulton place, isn't it?" to which I had to reply, "I don't know, I searched magazines, papers, the town history, and everything I thought would throw any light on the subject, and concluded that the Holmes house (Old Parsonage, so called) must be the oldest, it having been rebuilt in 1767, while the Gen. Moulton house was not built until 1769. One day the old Dearborn house, now occupied by Mr. Hugh Brown, was mentioned as probably the oldest in town, which was confirmed by a visit to Mrs. Getchell, whom I went to see to find out how old her house was, and also by Mr. Toppin and Mrs. Brown.

Godfrey Dearborn came from Exeter, England, and settled in Exeter, New Hampshire, in 1639.

In 1645 he built the Dearborn house or the Western house, half now standing.

The large front room upstairs was the first room in town to be plastered, and I am told that the plaster is the same on the room now and is still firm.

The timbers are large oak ones, hand hewed, some of them covered, some in the rough, and the timbers in both barn and house are well preserved. Clapboards are made by hand, most of them, the nails hand-wrought.

Mr. John Dearborn, the eighth in descent from Godfrey Dearborn, was the last of the name to hold the farm, it having been handed down from generation to generation. It is said that much credit is due his wife for the excellent condition of the house, she having made such improvements as to better preserve it from damp and decay. Mr. Dearborn was born Sept. 2, 1810, and died Nov. 14, 1880,

and soon after the death of his wife some years later, the property came into the possession of the present owner, Mr. Hugh Brown, who has called it "Crystal Spring Farm."

Mrs. Brown tells me they found four wells on the place. Although this is considered the oldest house in Hampton, I think the following in reference to the Page house, now occupied by Mrs. M. E. Getchell, and Mr. William Cole, may be of interest, it having been furnished by Mrs. Getchell.

Mr. Ira Lane's house is some over two hundred years old, built of oak, and has been in the Lane family one hundred and sixty one years.

The Page homestead is one of the oldest in Hampton and still remaining in the hands of the descendants of original owners. It kept the name of Page until 1881, when occurred the death of Mrs. Susan Page, widow of Josiah Page of the sixth generation.

Robert Page, the ancestor, came to this country from Ormsby, England, and settled in Hampton in 1639, receiving ten acres of land for a homestead. Since then there have been three houses built on the place. The first one was probably a log house that was accidentally burned with all in it except a churn, which Mrs. Page in her excitement took across the street, and there watched the burning of her home. Records say she could as easily have taken a box of valuable linen, but she thought only of her churn. The neighbors immediately came to their help and cut timber and helped build another house.

Records tell where those timbers were cut. In 1781, after the Revolutionary war was over, Abner Page, of the fifth generation, then took the old house down, which had been standing one hundred and five years and used many timbers from that old house in his rebuilding. If overreckoning is, according to shipbuilders rules, that a ship is as old as the timbers in its construction, we can find the age of the house, add a hundred and five years to the one twenty-eight years since rebuilding, and have a house that is two thirty three years old. That will carry us far beyond

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ROYAL Baking Powder
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No fretting over the biscuit making. Royal is first aid to many a cook's success

the Revolutionary war, and far into Indian times.

Three joints of the east end of the barn on the Page homestead were built in 1773 by Abner Page. When they were shingling the barn, as the workmen returned from dinner, they found Lydia Page, daughter of Dr. Samuel Page, who was two years and five months old, sitting astride the ridgepole of the barn. She had climbed the ladder, over two or three stagings, and seated herself on the highest point. Abner Page said afterward that his hair seemed to stand on end, but he did not speak until he had hold of the child. That child in after years married Mr. Nathaniel Locke, and lived to a good old age, and her descendants can now be remembered in the fourth and fifth generation.

The Adna Garland house on the Beach road was among the older houses of Hampton. This house, when built, was a two and one-half story dwelling house with an ell. The main part of the house was torn down and the ell bought and removed to High street by Mr. Adgerson, a colored man, and at his death Mr. Richard Price took possession and still lives there. The present Dana Garland house is in the same inclosure but a little further to the east. There are some now living in town who remember the old house, with its large rooms and white sanded floors.

Peter Garland, the son of John, came from England, the ancestor of all the Hampton families bearing this name, about the year 1653. The

Continue on last page of this section

Holiday Tips By Porter Rogers & Co.

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| Men's and Young Men's Raincoats, | 6 50 to 18 00 | Squirrel Lined, | 3 50 to 5 00 | Suit Cases, Straw and Leather, | 98c to 10 00 |
| Men's Reefers, | 4 50 to 10 00 | Men's, Ladies', Children's Sweaters, | 98c to 6 00 | Jewelry, Scarf Pins, Cuff Buttons, | 25c and up |
| Ullsters, | 10 00 | Smoking Jackets, | 3 98 to 6 50 | Cashmere and Silk Mufflers, | 48c to 1 50 |
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| Zephyr Coats, water proof, | 5 00 to 10 00 | Underwear, | 25c to 2 00 | Initial Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, | 25c to 48c |
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The Merry Minstrels.
"What am the difference, Mr. Bones, between a forger and a man playing poker, who calls the other fellow's bet?"
"As usual, Sambo, I am at a loss to answer your query. What is the difference between a forger and a man playing poker who calls the other fellow's bet?"
"The first man raises a check and the second one checks a raise."
During intermission, ladies and gentlemen, the orchestra will play that delightful melody entitled, "Father Please Be Careful, the Janitor's Got a Grouch."—St. Louis Star.

BABY'S SKIN ROUGH AS BARK.

Baby Boy Had Intense Itching Hamor—Scratched Till Blood Ran—Found a Cure in Cuticura.
"Our son, two years old, was afflicted with a rash. After he suffered with the trouble several weeks I took him to the doctor, but it got worse. The rash ran to the neck and made large blisters. The little fellow didn't want to do anything but scratch and we had to wrap his hands up to keep him from tearing the flesh open till the blood would run. The itching was intense. The skin on his back became hard and rough like the bark on a tree. He suffered intensely for about three months. But I found a remedy in Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. The result was almost magical. That was more than two years ago and there has not been the slightest symptom of it since he was cured. J. W. Lasek, Yukon, Okla., Aug. 28 and Sept. 17, 1908." Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props. of Cuticura Remedies, Boston, Mass.

Fresh Air Tablets.

In these modern days a food or medicine that can't be put up in a tablet is almost a back number. Even the air is prepared in compressed form. A few days ago, when an apartment in Washington's fashionable Connecticut avenue district became too warm and the hostess complained of the stuffiness of the atmosphere, her visitor, who was just back from Paris, handed her a brown tablet and told her to dissolve it in water. The tablet bubbled away at a great rate, and the hostess said she felt relieved; the stale air seemed to become pure and bracing; in fact, it was oxygenized. "I bought these tablets in France," said the visitor. "They are the invention of the acetylene specialist. They are a combination of chemicals that in water give off oxygen in abundance. The tablets are in winter very popular in France, where one is considered equal to a window wide open for an hour."—From the Pathfinder.

Oysters Cornered.

Fourteen thousand acres of the choicest Blue Point oyster beds in the Great South Bay, which has been the heritage of the Smith family of Brookhaven since originally granted to them by King George III. in 1767, has just been sold to a syndicate of Long Island, Conn. oyster dealers.

Splendid

A large and a fresh reliable color
This is the ocean
the ocean which
of vision. Lot
home are unexcelled
lets address E

NEWS AND VIEWS WOMEN

Examining Girls for College.

Miss Elizabeth A. Wright, physical instructor in Radcliffe, denies a statement recently credited to her, that "a perfectly healthy body should be preferred in matriculation to a perfectly molded brain." Miss Wright now says she is not prepared to go to such an extreme, and she explains as follows: "I consider it advisable that girl students in entering college should receive a thorough physical examination by a competent physician, and that the result of this examination should be an influential factor in determining the character and quantity of work in college."—New York Press.

Fight Wicked Milk Men.

The Federation of Women's Clubs in Oregon has started a fight for pure milk in that state. There are fifty clubs in the federation, ten having come in within the last year, and the organization has had the strength to move apathetic state officials against unscrupulous milk dealers. In the annual convention, a short time ago, a report that strong influences were opposed to the clubwomen was followed by the adoption of a resolution denouncing all persons or bodies working against pure milk as opposed to good citizenship. The federation intends to carry the campaign into every city and town in Oregon and to continue it until the milk supply is above suspicion.—New York Press.

Will Purify Politics.

Mrs. Kate Barnard, Commissioner of Charities and Correction in Oklahoma, is a convert to equal suffrage. Her chance of mind has been a gradual process covering more than two years. Formerly she was opposed to women voting, believing that they were not fitted for politics. She has been studying the problem and making close observations in different parts of the country and now favors the admittance of women to suffrage on equality with men. Mrs. Barnard has been lecturing in the East and has spoken in public many times of her shift in opinion. She believes that equal suffrage will be won in America in a few years and that the practical influence of women will make for the purifying of politics.—New York Press.

Courtship At Long Range.

Women do all the proposing in New Guinea. There it is beneath the dignity of a man even to look at a woman, and for a man to propose would be to lose all social standing. When a girl in New Guinea is attracted by a youth and wishes him for a husband she sends a piece of string to his sister or mother, who delivers the string as token of her desire for an engagement. If the girl elects to change her mind her fiancé is privileged to flog her, and if he breaks the engagement the girl's relatives are free to treat him in the same way. It is seldom an engagement is broken, however, for the courtship goes on at a distance. From the moment the string is passed until the wedding the couple must not meet, or approach within 10 feet of each other.—New York Press.

The Circus Cotillon.

At one of the smart London dances this season a pretty novelty was introduced in the cotillon in the form of a "circus" figure. The men were given wooden hoops covered with paper in many vivid colors. As they advanced toward their partners in lines of 10 or 20, they had to jump through the hoops as they went. When they reached their partners they threw the hoops over their heads and each couple waltzed within a broken paper circle. It met with the greatest success, and will probably be followed in American parties this coming season. Another brilliant idea that was recently carried out abroad was a bird party given in Paris. Every one went dressed as some kind of feathered creature.—New Haven Register.

Women Conductors.

The most remarkable feature of the Valparaiso street car system is its conductors; they are women. The sex is also employed in like capacity in Santiago and all the other cities of Chile that have horse or electric trams. This practice sprang into being at the time of the revolution of 1891, when men and money were scarce and women plentiful. Having apparently given satisfaction to their employers during the intervening years they are still retained. The first women conductors were said to have been young and pretty and to have been dressed in natty uniforms. Tradition even goes further and says that at that time youth and good looks were a part of the "entrance requirements." In the light of the present this seems hard to believe. It is also recorded that after a while the natty uniforms were dropped, and it is just possible that the apocryphal "youth and beauty" clause was stricken out at the same time. Today, judging from what I have seen in a somewhat painstaking survey of the situation, I would say that the possession of youth and beauty, far from being a requirement, was now the means of earning a fat dis-

qualification. The customary dress of a lady tram conductor of today is a broad brimmed slouch hat, a short jacket with the sleeves turned back an inch or two and a short black skirt, always hanging with a heavy port or starboard list. They are neither flirtations nor prudish, and no scandals are heard about them. To a foreigner it is an interesting sight to note how capably she manages her car, and the quiet, business-like way in which she goes through the routine of collecting fares, giving change, discharging passengers and seeing that the rule regarding the number admitted is not broken.—Los Angeles Times.

Economy.

Economy is not always what it seems to the average housewife. In fact, the number of women who spend money wrongfully in a wild effort to save it is only too large. There are certain ideas, most of them very much exploded, which the average woman believes mean saving. For instance, as regards cooking, stews are supposed to be economical, but in reality they are far from it. When you consider the length of time a stew has to cook and therefore the gas that is burned, also the vegetables, condiments, etc., that go to form it, you come to the conclusion that chops would have been far cheaper. A large roast served for several meals is another fallacy. In the first place, a large roast is far from cheap. Again it takes a great deal of gas to cook it, and, lastly, it dries up and you have to lose portions of it; also because it is cold the average woman is apt to serve more vegetables with it, so the result is the same as if a small amount of fresh meat has been cooked each night which proves more palatable and nourishing as well. Buying groceries by the large quantity is cheaper if you have a store-room where you can keep them under lock and key and dole them out as needed, but if they stay out in the kitchen the average servant will only use them more recklessly; and two pounds will go as quickly as one. It is not cheaper in most cases to put up your own preserves or canned vegetables, says the Utica Observer. Again the expense of fuel must be considered, and the vegetables themselves come pretty high when you consider all the spices, sugar, etc., that must be added to them. Simple sweets, such as dates, figs or baked apples and fresh fruit, are much more healthful and economical. Having a "cheap" maid is another thing that is no economy. She breaks and spoils more than the difference in her wages. Besides, a first-class maid can help in many little household economies that the less educated one has no conception of. The way to economize in household matters, as in everything else, is not to get the same amount and get it cheaper, but to do with less and cut out the unnecessary element.

Use Clean Brushes.

If you want to keep your hair in a healthy condition, be careful to always use a clean hair brush. Many bad cases of dandruff are due to carelessness in this matter. Directly the brush begins to look grimy wash it in soda and water. Have the water nearly boiling and "pat" it with the bristles. Be careful that the back of the brush does not get wet, as it ruins the polish. When quite clean, rinse in warm water, then let stand for ten minutes in clean, cold water, and leave in the air to dry. Don't put the brush to dry in the sun or too near the fire or the bristles will turn yellow. If the back has been dampened rub it with sweet oil, then polish.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Russian Fad in Bathroom.

Everything Russian is tremendously fashionable just now. Russian hats, coats, embroideries and other details of dress have almost choked out the incipient Louis XV mode carefully nurtured because of its extravagant possibilities in fabrics and trimmings by the dressmakers. The latest addition to the Russian belongings of the fashionable woman is Russian soap. This soap has a pungent yet delightful fragrance, totally unlike any other soap on the market, and the price is so high—because of the expensive oils and perfumes used and the extreme popularity of the new fad—that the soap is used often as a perfume sachet in the dresser drawer rather than being wasted for bathing purposes.—Washington Star.

Pretty Homemade Curtains.

Pale green hopsacking, burlap or coarse meshed linens make a very pretty and heavy curtain for the library. They are to be worked with a broad border in a cross-stitch design. The borders may be placed either down the curtain and across the bottom, or a narrower one may be used down each side across, or the vertical stripes can be omitted and a deeper border substituted, applied two inches and a half above the edge. Handsome curtains for bedrooms can be made from unbleached muslin, with floral borders of cretonne. These are carefully basted to the material and the edges of flowers cut out and buttonholed. These are much newer than the stitched cretonne bands. If the borders are put at the edge of the curtains without a margin of muslin and the outline made irregular, the effect of the hand-embroidered curtain can be obtained.—Washington Star.

Recipes.

- Nut Cookies.**—Cream 1 scant tablespoon butter with 1-2 cup sugar; add 2 eggs, 1 scant cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons milk, generous cupful of hickory nuts, vanilla to flavor. Drop with a teaspoon on buttered tins and bake in moderate oven.
- To Cook Bacon.**—Have the bacon cut into very thin slices, lay them on a gridiron and let the gridiron rest on a shallow pan, so that the pan will catch the drippings from the bacon. Put in the oven and let cook until the bacon is a golden brown. Drain on brown paper. Serve hot.
- Spiced Cranberries.**—Boil together 3-4 pounds of brown sugar, 2 cups of good vinegar, 2 tablespoons each of ground allspice and cinnamon and 1 tablespoon of cloves to a syrup, then add 5 pounds of cranberries and let simmer two hours. Turn into a stone jar and keep closely covered.
- Ginger Sherbet.**—Boil together for eight minutes one pound sugar and one pint water and set aside to cool. Add strained juice of six lemons and two oranges and freeze. Cut fine four ounces preserved ginger, add it with two tablespoonfuls of ginger syrup to frozen mixture. Beat well together, repack and set aside for three hours to ripen.
- Bordeaux Sauce.**—One peck of green tomatoes, 2 quarts of onions, 1 medium head of cabbage, 3 large red peppers. Chop all together quite fine; 2 quarts of vinegar, 1 pound of sugar, 1-2 ounce each of cloves, all-spice, cinnamon, black pepper, celery and mustard seeds, small cup of salt, tablespoonful of tumeric powder. Mix all well together and cook slowly for 2 or 3 hours. This amount makes 8 quarts.



Blue Dinner Table.

Blue is a shade seldom chosen for table decoration, as it is not easy to carry out this color scheme satisfactorily in either lights or flowers. A model dinner table set out in an exhibition department of a large shop last month showed an ingenious arrangement of blue decoration. The china was an old-fashioned flow blue pattern, the glassware being the artistic colonial sort, which is borrowed from Martha Washington days. Tall vases of deep blue "bachelor buttons" stood at each corner of the board and in the center was a tall epergne of the blue and white china, heaped with luscious dark blue plums. The overhead light was softened by a pale yellow silk shade.—Washington Star.

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MODES THAT BLOSSOM THIS SEASON

New York City.—The simple shirt waist that is double breasted is a favorite one of the season, and this model is turned back to form the single revers that are most effective.



It will be found appropriate for all waisting materials, silk, wool, cotton and linen, and for the simpler gown as well as for the odd waist. Moire velours is being much used for waists this season and would be exceedingly handsome with trimming of plain silk or satin and corded silks, too, are much in vogue, and simpler materials include taffeta, French flannel and the familiar washable waistings. In the illustration silk serge is combined with satin, and that material is one of the best liked and newest that the season has to offer. The waist consists of the lining, which is optional, fronts and back. The sleeves are made in one piece each and can be finished with the straight cuffs or with the rolled-over ones shown in the front view, as

liked. There are pleats over the shoulders that mean becoming fullness and which conceal the armhole seams. The neck is finished with a high turned-over collar.

Child's Cap and Bib.

Caps and bibs that are embroidered by hand are the daintiest of all for little children and their making involves very little labor. Illustrated is a cap that can be made either with or without the turned-over portion and a simple but satisfactory bib. The embroidery designs are effective without meaning any great amount of labor. In the illustration both caps and bib are made of handkerchief linen, but all materials that are used for caps and bibs are appropriate. Silk is much liked for caps and is always pretty, and the bib can be made of thinner or heavier material, as liked. If embroidery means too great labor the caps can be finished with lace frills at their edges and left plain or trimmed in any way that may suit the fancy, and made from bengaline, velvet or any preferred material. Velvet with edge of fur is smart and much liked for cold weather wear. The bib also could be finished with a little lace frill and made of cross-



barred muslin or of all-over embroidery. The cap is made with the brim portion and crown. The turned-over portion is separate and when used is joined to the front edge. The bib is made in one piece.



Black Satin Capes.

Black satin capes are so very effective over evening frocks of lace or pale tints that they are bound to be worn all season, in spite of the fact that they are not warm.

Every-Day Coat.

The woman who has one or two good frocks left over from last year and who wishes other one-piece frocks should buy a handsome coat as an every-day garment.

The quantity of material required for any size is for bib and cap three-fourth yard twenty-one, one-half yard thirty-six inches wide.

Long-Lived Gloves.

If the girls will get their gloves with the fingers just a little bit long, and before they use them put a wee bit of absorbent cotton in the tip end of each finger, they look nicer, are just as handy, and will wear twice as long.

The Hamptons Union

A Weekly Newspaper Devoted to the Interests of Rockingham County

Published Every Thursday Morning BY THE ROCKINGHAM PRINTING CO HAMPTON, N. H.

Charles Francis Adams, Mgr.

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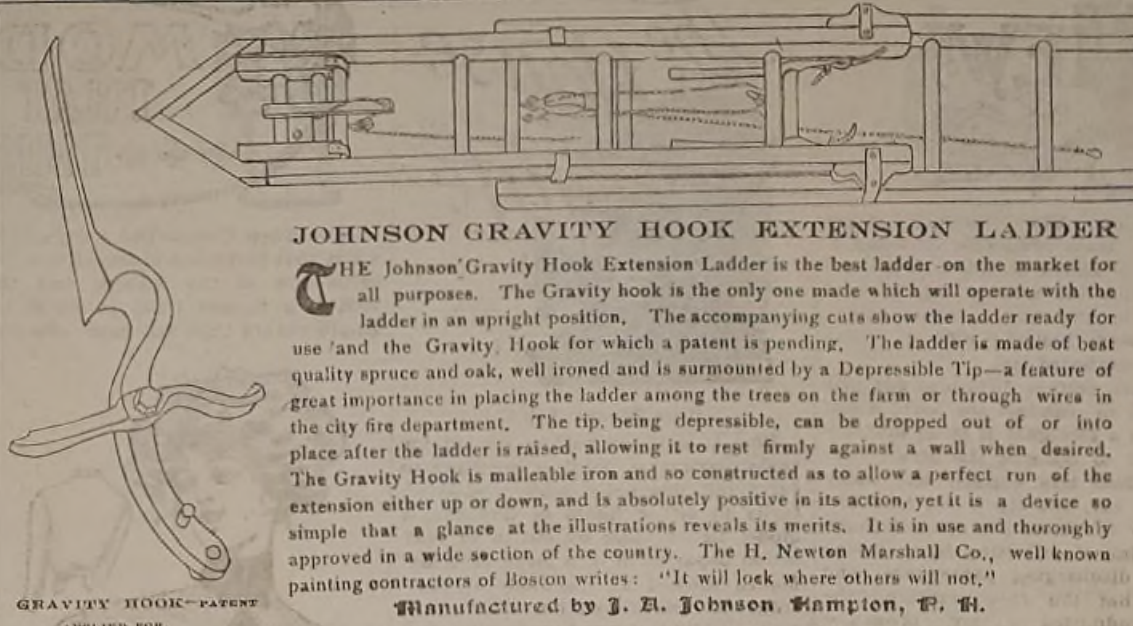
DECEMBER 9 and 16, 1909

EDITORIAL

We are giving herewith the long promised tenth anniversary issue of the Union. Although illness and other seemingly almost unsurmountable difficulties have compelled us to curtail some features, we are, nevertheless, giving our readers a souvenir number which has never been surpassed by any newspaper in New Hampshire, and to be produced in a country town in two weeks as this issue has been, is a creditable effort.

Any stranger, taking up this issue, cannot help but be impressed with the facts presented. He can readily ascertain what the death record for ten years has been; can see at a glance the steady advance in valuation of taxable property and note the very moderate tax assessments, and also the number and nature of the buildings erected during the ten years. He can get a good idea of the house in which he would be likely to stay if he were a summer guest, the style of a home he would number his own among if he became a permanent resident, and above all the congenial dispositions of a host of his new friends. Our business, societies, churches, are all featured, and taken all in all there is nothing a home seeker would desire to know in advance that is not given herein. Send a copy to friend or stranger, and help boom the old town.

In the industrial activities of Hampton, which this issue designs to foster one of the foremost men is unquestionably Mr. Ernest G. Cole, post master, head of a large and growing grocery and hardware store, treasurer of the Water company, a member of the board of directors of the E. H. & A. St. Ry. and the Exeter & Hampton Electric Co., and deeply interested in all that pertains to the interest of



JOHNSON GRAVITY HOOK EXTENSION LADDER

THE Johnson Gravity Hook Extension Ladder is the best ladder on the market for all purposes. The Gravity hook is the only one made which will operate with the ladder in an upright position. The accompanying cuts show the ladder ready for use and the Gravity Hook for which a patent is pending. The ladder is made of best quality spruce and oak, well ironed and is surmounted by a Depressible Tip—a feature of great importance in placing the ladder among the trees on the farm or through wires in the city fire department. The tip, being depressible, can be dropped out of or into place after the ladder is raised, allowing it to rest firmly against a wall when desired. The Gravity Hook is malleable iron and so constructed as to allow a perfect run of the extension either up or down, and is absolutely positive in its action, yet it is a device so simple that a glance at the illustrations reveals its merits. It is in use and thoroughly approved in a wide section of the country. The H. Newton Marshall Co., well known painting contractors of Boston writes: "It will look where others will not."

Manufactured by J. A. Johnson, Hampton, P. H.

the town. His worth and ability in most of these is readily understood and appreciated, but there is one service especially which the Union takes pleasure in speaking of at this time—his able and excellent administration of the office which he holds under the President in the Post office department. Looking forward from the days when Mr. Cole first took charge of the office in Hampton, the improvement in the service which he has been able to effect is almost marvelous, and our office today has, as one official said, as good as there is in the United States. It is Mr. Cole's idea to keep all we have and still press onward, and more is actually coming. Instead of the serious loss which the early withdrawal of the E. H. & A. mail car was at first thought would be the town is a distinct gainer. Instead of receiving the first mail from Boston in the morning from Amesbury, it will now come from Exeter, arriving here only fifteen minutes later, and bringing later mail from Boston as well as the morning papers. There will be other mail facilities in addition to this, and the Hampton office will be a distributing centre for Seabrook and Hampton Falls, through the closed pouch service on the electric passenger cars. Mr. Cole is also promised three deliveries a day to Hampton Beach station.

In town affairs, Mr. Joseph B. Brown, chairman of the Board of Selectmen, is gradually being acknowledged as the best fitted for the difficult position which he has held for a number of years, and who has, during the development of the Beach property and the construction of the sewer, represented the town in the highest degree of justice and ability. Thousands of dollars have been saved the town by the watchfulness of the chairman of the selectmen, backed up by his thorough knowledge of matters pertaining to landed rights of the citizen as distinct from those of the town as a whole.

In many cases that are now brought before the selectmen it requires not only knowledge of the subject itself, but as well where additional information is to be found. Mr. Brown, by his long study of town matters, his research of town records, and his personal knowledge of men and things in town affairs, his unquestioned integrity and his firm stand in behalf of town interests as opposed to outside influences, render him the most desirable and the most valuable servant of our interests living in town today. One by one those who have long opposed him are coming to see his work from a different point of view.

We should consider our anniversary number incomplete did we not make some reference to the engineer who constructed the sewer at the Beach and put it into successful operation. Mr. W. T. Ross, C. E., undertook unflinchingly a very difficult task, and carried it through to a successful close. He has also done some excellent work in surveying and plotting the town lamps, and all the maps appearing in this issue were made by him.

New Public Library

Work will be started early in the spring on the new library building in Hampton, presented to the town by Representative Howard G. Lane. George W. Griffin of Concord, N. H., Architect, prepared the plans for the beautiful structure that will grace the town. The building will be a modern one in every particular. It will be constructed of gray pressed bricks, with composite stone trimmings, copper and slate roof. It will contain a vestibule, delivery room, Librarian's room, stack room, and reading room. In the Reading room there will be a large brick fire place, with built in book-cases and the room will have a panelled dado. The entire building

will be finished in Oak, finished natural, and the walls and ceilings will be painted and water-colored in pleasing colors. The Vestibule and Delivery room will have terrazzo floors, with hard wood floors in other rooms. The building will be heated with hot air and lighted by electricity throughout. The entire building will be furnished with oak furniture, including book stacks in stack room.

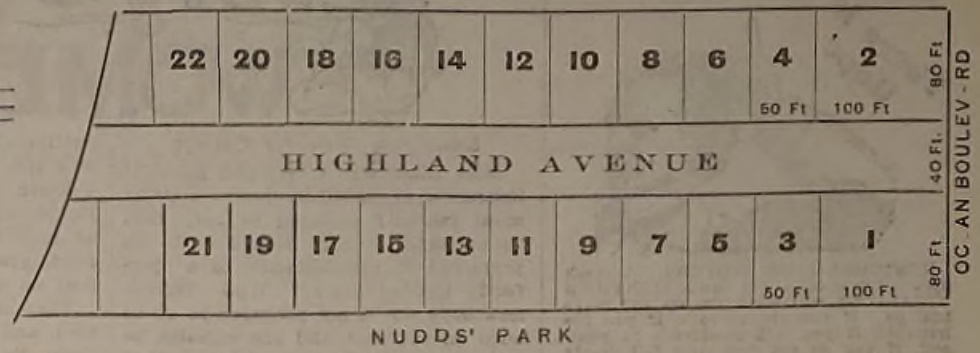
Anniversary Poem

BY MRS. LUCY A. MARSTON
It is the custom nowadays,
To celebrate our friends' birthdays;
And with the friends we hold communion,
We must include the Hamptons Union.
Just half a score of years have flown,
Since we'd a paper all our own;
We'd miss it if it failed to come;
It's grown into our heart and home
We eagerly scan the weekly news,
Tho' some will smile as they peruse
How Mrs. A has been to town,
And Mrs. B was invited down
To spend the day with Mrs. C,
And a family party with Mrs. D;
Or to another has come, we see
A birth, a marriage, a death maybe.
You think these things are trivial,
vain;
They are part of someone's joy and pain,
It may not all be written for you;
And if the stories are not all true,
Don't blame the paper; you know full well
What different stories folks will tell
Of the same event, and how it grows;
Have you read the story, "The Three Black Crows?"
If not, then read and a warning take,
And strictly true all your stories make.
Our paper strives to please you all,
And something give to great and small.
It keeps its pages sweet and clean;
No one can carp at what is seen.
Then let us help with all our might,
To make our little paper bright.
O, Hamptons Union! may your days
Be many, and the devious ways
By which you reach a greater height,
Be ways of Justice, Truth, and Right.

Building in Ten Years

- Lewis Goss, house
- Lewis Knowles, house
- George R. Rowe, house
- Arthur Rowe, house
- Charles B. Walton, house
- George A. Wear, 4 cottages
- Albert Rowe, house
- Josiah Felch, house
- Fred Gourban, house
- Joseph A. Dow, house
- Elias Dow, 2 houses
- John W. Dow, house
- Glarence E. Locke, house
- Merton Rowe, house
- Albert Dunhack, house
- John Follansby, house
- Simeon Beckman, house
- James Garland, 2 houses
- James E. Charnly, house
- Thomas F. Lanigan, house
- Clarence A. Stevens, house
- Hale Fresh Air Fund, house
- Florentine Berry, cottage
- Alice M. Tufts, cottage
- C. M. Mullen, cottage
- Arthur E. Sargeant, cottage
- Moses W. Thomson, cottage
- Albert E. Dow, cottage
- L. G. Pray, cottage

House Lots For Sale at Hampton Beach



Apply to
MRS. C. M. DEARBORN,
Dearborn's Lumber Yard, Hampton, N. H.

- Mary A. Brown, cottage
- Annie E. Flatherly, two hotels
- Joseph O. Hobbs, cottage and stable
- Charles Rand, cottage
- Kate M. McLaughlin, cottage
- Joseph Perkins, cottage
- Frank Green, cottage
- Alvin Locke, cottage
- Willis G. Chase, cottage
- Emerson T. Cole, cottage
- E. G. Chase, two cottages
- George A. Faxon, cottage
- J. W. Wailbridge, cottage
- Jacob Tass, cottage
- E. H. & A. St. Ry., Theatre, dance hall, ocean house, 5 cottages, club house, band stand
- Granite State Land Co., 1 hotel, 2 cottages
- W. O. Cobb, cottage
- Gale F. Jackson, cottage
- Emma S. Forbes, cottage
- James W. Clark, cottage
- Howard Arnold, cottage
- A. K. Chase, 2 cottages
- H. J. Knowlton, 2 cottages
- J. R. Buswell, cottage
- William Locke, cottage
- John F. Walton, cottage
- Charles E. Small, cottage
- A. G. Wade, cottage
- H. J. Hall, cottage
- W. D. Lajori, cottage
- W. R. Prescott, cottage
- Patrick J. Smith, cottage
- Albert E. Bailey, cottage
- Ernest Witham, cottage
- Charles Fillion, cottage
- Albert Gyan, cottage
- William Wight, cottage
- Thomas Donahue, cottage
- John J. Dolan, cottage
- George H. Manson, 2 cottages
- C. T. Gillis, cottage
- J. S. Manson, cottage
- William H. Green, cottage
- Margaret Horner, cottage
- Herbert Manning, cottage
- Arthur H. Clure, cottage
- Mary A. Nolan, cottage
- J. A. Weinbeck, cottage
- John L. Robertson, cottage
- Arthur W. Saunders, cottage
- Charles B. Hanson, cottage
- Florence Munsey, hotel
- E. G. Chase, cottage
- Frank J. O'Dea, cottage
- Mrs. G. B. Graves, cottage
- Libby G. Bodwell, cottage
- Sarah A. Ashworth, hotel
- Moses H. Dow, two cottages
- Everett P. Jacobs, two cottages
- Anna M. Rice, cottage
- Emily J. Smith, cottage
- Frances E. Moulton, cottage
- Fred Batchelder, cottage
- Edward Wentworth, cottage
- Mary D. Akein, cottage
- Harry Brown, three cottages
- Charles W. Dodge, store and cafe
- Edward Janvrin, four cottages and one hotel
- Orin B. Dow, cottage
- Lemuel C. Ring, four cottages
- Duncan C. Rhoder, hotel and two cottages
- John A. Tucker, cottage
- Dudley and White, studio and cafe
- William P. Wibelin, cottage
- George W. Bryant, two cottages
- W. W. Ham, hotel and two cottages
- Jeanette Tufts, cottage
- Frances S. Brown, cottage
- Laura A. Larbombe, cottage
- Edward Langley, cottage
- Joseph L. Leavitt, cottage
- Charles H. Moody, cottage
- Joseph L. Nudd, cottage
- Elya Pressey, cottage
- Horace E. Bond, cottage
- Charles H. Cutler, cottage
- George P. Cutler, cottage
- Charles L. Hill, three cottages
- John M. Tilton, cottage
- William H. Thayer, five cottages
- Ira J. Wibelin, five cottages
- Thomas J. Whitney, five cottages
- Mrs. Parker, five cottages
- B. B. Roberts, five cottages
- Susan E. Newcomer, four cottages
- John P. M. Green, four cottages
- Luha Benoit, four cottages
- Charles W. Howard, four cottages
- George W. Marsden, four cottages
- Bert Smithron, four cottages
- Patrick J. Dorgan, four cottages
- Annie Swett, two cottages
- Charles F. French, two cottages
- Edward W. Singleton, two cottages
- J. L. Tensbury, two cottages
- Jacob Carleton, two cottages
- John M. Clark, two cottages
- W. H. C. Follansby, two cottages
- Leonard F. Smith, four cottages
- Clarence M. Collins, four cottages
- Albert N. Dow, four cottages
- Charles F. Adams, house and office
- George F. Batchelder, house
- Clarence T. Brown, house and barn
- Edward J. Brown, house and barn
- Frank H. Coffin, house
- Elias D. Elkius, house
- George H. Flkins, house and shop
- Edward O. Emery, house
- Isaac Glines, green house
- Hampton Water Works Co., pumping station
- A. C. Hanson, house and barn
- Mary A. Higgins, house
- Ralph S. James, house
- Abbott L. Joplin, house and barn
- Orin L. Lane, house
- Joshua A. Lane, Lane block
- Howard G. Lane, house
- Irving E. Leavitt, house
- Emma Marston, house
- Bamford Moorehouse, house
- John I. Page, house
- Fred E. Perkins, house
- John A. Towle, house and stable
- Irving Powers, house
- William F. Preckle, house
- Lemuel C. Ring, house and stable
- Fred E. Sanborn, house
- E. H. Thompson, house and stable
- Frank P. Towle, house and stable
- Edward B. Towle, house and stable
- Fred B. Towle, house and stable
- David A. Towle, house and stable
- Alvin N. True, shop
- Samuel Ware, shop

George B. French Co.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Always Welcome Remembrances
Furs, Suits, Waists and Other Wear Things Make Delightful Gifts.

Furs

- River Mink Neck Pieces, \$4 25
- Opposum Neck Furs, 5 00 and 5 50
- Opposum Pelerine, 6 50
- Japanese Mink Ascot Tie, 5 50 and 5 75
- Japanese Mink Neck Pieces, 10 00 to 30 00
- Silka Fox Sets, 90 00
- Sable Sets, very fine grade, 100 00
- Black Fox Scarfs, 18 00 to 25 00
- Black Fox Muffs, 13 50 to 22 50
- Black Lynx Set, 90 00
- Opposum Muffs, 5 98
- Japanese Mink Muffs, 12 50 to 18 50
- Angora Furs for Children, 1 00 to 3 50 set
- Thibit Sets, Children's, 2 25 to 3 50
- Squirrel Sets, 5 00
- Martin Sets, 5 00
- Ermine Sets, 3 50

Sweaters

- Ladies' Sweaters, C. at style, plain and fancy weaves, 2 25 to 7 98
- Children's Sweaters, 1 00 to 2 98

Kimonas

- Long Crepe Kimonas, in Red, Light blue, pink, white, 2 25
- Long Teazle Down Kimonas, 1 25 to 3 98
- Elderdown Dressing Secques, Red, Blue and Gray, 1 00 to 1 25
- Bath Robes, best quality Elderdown, all colors, 3 98, 5 00 and 5 50
- Blanket Wrappers, 2 98, 3 98 and 5 00

Waists

- Embroidered Linen Waists, new patterns, 2 98, 3 98 and 5 00
- Tailor Made Waists, in Fancy Stripes and Plain, large variety of choice patterns, 1 00 to 2 25 ea. h

Knit Goods

- Crochet Shawls, hand made, in White, Cinchilla and Black, 1 50
- Crochet Scarfs, 1 00 to 2 25
- White Shawls, square, 1 50 to 3 50
- White Wool Faginators, 75c to 1 00

and Newmarket, N. H., from which place he was called to Hampton.
 Mr. Phillips married Miss Minnie E. Jones of Franklin county, Me., twenty-two years ago. They have two daughters—Fanny, sixteen years old, attends Robinson Seminary at Exeter, and Lillian, thirteen years old, attends Hampton High School.
 Mr. Phillips and family are all musical and in this way add much to musical parts of the church meetings.

Rev. Herbert F. Quimby

The pastor of the Methodist church is Rev. Herbert F. Quimby, born at West Unity, N. H., educated at Stevens High School, Claremont, N. H., and University of Vermont at Burlington, Vt. Mr. Quimby studied Theology at Boston University, taking a special four years' Methodist course and preaching. Meanwhile graduating in 1892; he married first Miss Eva M. Hodgman the same year. One daughter, Bernice L., was born to them. Mr. Quimby's second marriage was to Miss Jennie Elliott and a boy, Elliott H., blessed their union. Mr. Quimby was made elder of the Methodist denomination in the summer of 1896. His pastorates have been at Brookline, N. H., Peterboro, Salem, First church; Milford and Ankers, Moultonboro, Groveton, Canaan, N. H., Haverhill, Mass.; Derry, N. H., and then in Hampton since last April.

Mr. Quimby is a native son of New Hampshire and his father still lives in Claremont, an active and energetic gentleman of 82 years. The Rev. Silas Quimby is a cousin of Mr. Quimby's father.

Rev. James L. McLaughlin

The Rev. James L. McLaughlin was born on Prince Edward Island, July 15, 1868. His mother died when he was fifteen years of age and he was converted the following year, going to New Bedford, where at the age of twenty he began preaching the gospel. He was married at Warren Summit, N. H., to Mary J. MacLeod of his native home, by Edgar James M. Little. After living here he took a pastorate at Groveton, N. H., staying there four and one half years. He next preached at London Ridge, nine years, and from there came to Hampton. He has been here four and one-half years, has baptized thirty one and started sixty on the Christian road during his pastorate. The present membership of the school is seventy-two. The church building was erected in 1871, the church organized in 1877 and itinerant preaching until Elder McLaughlin came as pastor in May, 1905. In May, 1906, extensive improvements were made to the church building.

Rev. I. S. Jones

The Rev. I. S. Jones, whose photograph is printed in this issue, is one of Hampton's most prominent ad-

opted citizens. He was born Feb. 1, 1836, moved from China, Me., to Durham, Me., in 1849, with his parents and entered the High school and after graduation studied literature and theology at the New Hampton Literary Institute. In 1861 Mr. Jones enlisted in 15th Me. Infantry and was with Gen. Butler at Ship Island, and among the first infantry at New Orleans, where he arose to the rank of corporal. Being discharged on account of disability, after regaining his health he was ordained to the Christian ministry in his native town in 1863. His first pastorate was at Millbridge, Me. Mr. Jones preached continuously for twenty-eight years throughout New England, at one time holding a pastorate in the neighboring town of Rye for five years. In 1894 Mr. Jones began the undertaking business at Lisbon Falls, Me., successfully for three years.

Seeing a larger business he moved to Pennsylvania, where he was very successful for five years, but his health again failing, was ordered East by his physician. Mr. Jones soon regained his health and started in business in Hampton in 1902, after meeting some of the business men of the town.

Aside from the undertaking business, he supplied the pulpit in the Free Baptist church of Amesbury for sixteen months, and then was made pastor of the parish, where he is preaching at the present time. He has also taken active interest in all that will tend to uplift and beautify the town, as is testified to by his beautiful home, Rose Lawn, on the beach road. Mr. Jones is president of the Cemetery Association, and superintendent of the town cemeteries. Under his immediate direction the cemeteries of the town are being beautified and put in the proper place as the sacred resting place of the dead.

John Barton Oxford

Hampton types have figured in many of the magazine stories of "John Barton Oxford," a pen name of Richard Barker Shelton, who has also published much work under his own name. "The Pride of Mrs. Dobbis," "The Way Mysterious," "Age's Came," "Unfolded Hands" and "Enoch Tate's Rival," all of which appeared in *Munsey's*; "The Threat of Abner Phillips," Amos Bradley's Change of Heart," "The Midnight Watches" and the Purple Pamphlet," in the "Youth's Companion," "The Apple Limbs" and "His Bearers," in the Red Book; "Lish Baker's Imagination," in the Bohemian, and "Even Unto the End" and "Sister Martin's Circus Prayer," (the latter a prize winner in one of the short story contests) in the "Black Cat," are essentially stories of Hampton and Hampton characters.

Mr. Shelton has found in the local field abundant material for his pen-

For a period of seven years Mr. Shelton was connected with the Boston public library, and it was while there in 1889, that his initial stories appeared in the "Black Cat," *Munsey's Magazine*, the *Criterion* and the *National*.

Seven years ago he resigned his position in the Boston library, to take up short story writing as a profession. His stories have been published, besides the magazines already mentioned, by *Everybody's*, *Leslie's*, *Woman's Home Companion*, *Hamptons*, and *The Literary Magazine*, besides appearing broadcast in the lesser magazines, which cater to the prevailing taste or rapid fire fiction, as well as through the agency of the syndicates which supply fiction to the daily newspapers throughout the country.

Since entering literary work Mr. Shelton has resided for a greater part of the time in Hampton, and of all his stories, those in which he finds his local color close at hand appeal to him personally most strongly.

Sheldon L. Marston

Sheldon Leslie Marston, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Marston, was born at Portland, Me., Oct. 8, 1887. He came to Hampton, N. H., with his parents March 4, 1902.

March 20, 1905, Mr. Marston enlisted in the United States Navy at Portsmouth Navy Yard, N. H., first serving on the U. S. S. *Consolation*, training ship, at Newport, R. I.

After serving a short time on the training ship, he was then transferred to the U. S. S. *Yankton* at New York City. A short time after this, he was transferred to the U. S. S. *Maine*, on which ship he went around the world with the Fleet, his rating being marksmanship, small arms, first class.

In a recent issue of the *Boston Globe*, a photo was shown of a group of American Sailors seated around the Sphinx in Egypt. Mr. Marston being one of the group. He has a piece of this Sphinx, also many other beautiful things brought from different parts of the world, among them being a beautiful book, containing many kinds of beautiful pressed flowers from the Holy land, Jerusalem, and many other wonderful things. He also has a certificate telling about the trip across the equator.

After returning from the trip around the world, on the *Maine*, Mr. Marston received his honorable discharge from the United States Navy at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, on the 19th day of Oct., 1908, at the age of twenty one, having served three and one half years.

This was a trip to long be remembered by all.

New Shoe Industry

The shoe shop, built about 1887, having recently been sold, is soon to be started again. Having been idle most of the time since 1892 and

AT TATTERSALL'S
Early Bought Is Trouble Saved
 Do your Christmas shopping now and get first choice of all the good things. Here are a few of them:

- FOR THE MEN—Diamond Rings, Cuff Links, Scarf Pins, Watches, Fobs, Military Brushes, Cigar Cutters, (Gold and Silver) Watch Chains, Plain and Stone Rings, Fountain Pens, &c.
- FOR THE LADIES—Diamonds Set, Brooches, Cluster, Rings and Brooches, Watches, Locketts, Plain and Stone Set, Toilet Sets, Fobs, and Watch and Locket Chains, Collar Pins, Fancy Stone Set Rings, Veil Pins, Barrets, Stick Pins, Cuff Links, Gold, Gold Filled and Pearl Chatain Pins and Brooch Pins, Belt Pins, Pendants, Thimbles, Fountain Pens, Gold and Pearl Beads, Silver Mesh Hand Bags, Bracelets, in large variety, Hoop and Adjustable, Gilt Clocks, Etc.
- FOR THE CHILDREN—Bracelets, Dress Pin Sets, Knife, Fork and Spoon Sets, Kings, (Plain, Chased, Diamond Set, and all other stones) Napkin Rings, (sterling Silver only) Neck Chains and Locketts, Etc.

JAS. H. TATTERSALL,

THE RELIABLE JEWELER.

EXETER INN BLOCK.

EXETER, N. H.

changing owners frequently, has been purchased by Mr. F. R. Merritte for the West Lynn Shoe Co., of Lynn, and by Jan. 1st, will be in active operation. There have been many improvements installed, such as electric lights, steam heat, and running water with sewer. At present machinery is being moved from the company's Lynn shop, which is closed, and installed here with new machinery, to fill in what is wanted to equip the plant in first class order.

When running actively, a force of nearly three hundred hands will be employed, making 1500 pairs of shoes daily. The superintendent, Mr. Merritte, is an experienced shoe man of Haverhill, Mass. At present he resides at the Fellows cottage at the beach with his family of wife and two daughters.

American help will be hired with native or local help preferred. Such an industry coming to our town will make business and enhance the value of our houses and house lots and create a boom in the village generally.

Exeter & Hampton Electric Co.

One of the most valuable of the institutions in Hampton is the system which supplies the power for all but one of the industries in town, and the light for streets and dwellings.

The present company was organized as a separate concern in April, 1907. For some time previous it has been run as a branch of the E. H. & A. St. Ry. Co. In 1903 it was leased to the Rockingham Light & Power

Co., and so remained until 1906, when Allen Hells of Concord took charge as receiver and held it until the present company was organized in 1907. Since the reorganization the financial condition of the company has been excellent. It is now paying dividends, and substantial ones; and is the only portion of the original Lovell scheme which has such a record.

This excellent record is due, we can conservatively state, to the personal efforts of the manager and treasurer, Mr. Charles W. Rogers, who, from the time when he became associated with the system in 1901, has been untiring in his labor to serve the public in the highest manner of efficiency. His cordial, friendly, and at the same time business-like, way of meeting people has made every one his friend, and brought an ever increasing business to the company. It is undoubtedly this personal equation of the manager that has caused an increase of 150 per cent in the current sold, one-third of which has been in the past two years. It is Mr. Roger's policy to get the people to realize that the company is to serve them, and anything they want will be supplied if it can be had. The company furnishes a large portion of the power used in Exeter and Hampton including that for the Union and for the pumping station at Hampton beach and the News Letter, lights the streets of both towns and the beach in summer, the public buildings and innumerable dwellings, and its rates compare very favorably with those of many large cities.

Splendid Lots for Hotels & Dwellings

AT HAMPTON BEACH

A large tract of land lying between the ocean front and a fresh water lake is being put on the market by a reliable company recently organized to develop property.

This entire tract of land has an exceptional view of the ocean, and each front lot will command a view of the ocean which can never be obstructed and which is limited only by the strength of vision. Lots are all good size, and when taken in multiple for a site for a seashore home are unexcelled on the Atlantic coast. For full particulars and illustrated booklets address Ernest G. Cole, Hampton, N. H.

A Strange Gift

by Charlotte Brewster Jordan

Little Karina Suzanne Hjorth was called Zanna for short. She lived in Norway, away up on a mountaintop. Although she had been born in Norway, she had not always lived there. For ten happy years she had lived in America, and then (when Zanna was thirteen years old) they had returned to the house on the rocks which Mr. Hjorth had built for them all, close by his great mill.

At first Zanna thought it was beautiful to live on a mountain so high that, in order to reach her home, she had to climb up two hundred and thirteen steps. Zanna counted them all herself, and wondered how her sturdy Norse grandfathers ever had the patience to cut these rough steps out of the solid rock hundreds of years ago. There were just two hundred steps too many for Mrs. Hjorth, who, after two or three attempts, always lost her breath at the unlucky thirteenth step. So after that her husband always drove her round by

is too bad we cannot have our garden, dear, but things might be very much worse. It is better for us all to live here with father than to have all the flower-gardens in America." Zanna thought so, too, and like a brave little girl tried not to think



about the bare, ugly rocks. I have often noticed, haven't you, that if we don't let ourselves think of what we can't have, it makes it easier to do without them?"

So Zanna thought instead of Christmas, and of what she would like in her stockings, and on the beautiful tree which she and Joanne would have together. In fact, she thought so hard about it that before she knew it the next day was to be Christmas.

You all know how early she got up to peep into her stockings, for you probably do the same thing yourselves. Everything was lovely by the nursery chimney-place, and when she hurried to the breakfast-room she was just in time to meet the postman with his arms full of presents from her little schoolmates in America.

"But Zanna hasn't seen the best of all yet," said her mother.

"More yet!" exclaimed excited Zanna. "Why, I can't think of anything else I want!"

"It is so big," explained her father, with a twinkle in his eye. "That old Saint Nick couldn't think of getting down the chimney with it."

"Couldn't get it down the chimney!"

"No. In fact, he couldn't carry it

at all. He had to get four horses, instead of reindeer, to cart it here in wagon loads—four hundred, I think. They left it out by the kitchen with Miss Karina Suzanne Hjorth's name on it. Get on your wraps and we'll see."

Sure enough! It was just as Mr. Hjorth said. The big, flat rock was covered deep with—what you'll never guess, so I'll tell you right now—with four hundred cart-loads of soil! Rich, black, woody earth several feet deep! And Zanna was so happy she could hardly keep the tears back, for she knew that this strange Christmas present would be a joy to her all her life long.

And when her mother gave her present, a package of seeds of every kind—mignonette, phlox, pansies and asters—Zanna thought she was the very happiest girl in Norway—

Youth's Companion.



THE WORSHIPERS

By WINIFRED WATSON GANTENBEIN

Down a little village street Rode three strangers, grave and slow. Women coming from the well, Workmen whom they chanced to meet Turned to gaze, and wondered low What they sought in Israel.

"Is it but a star," they cried, "That has guided you so far? Lo, the skies of Palestine Beam with many a light beside! What so paltry as a star That a torch can render mean?"

Then the strangers went before Where the little Christ-child lay, And the children in the street Followed at the open door. All forgetful of their play Came the dusty, hurrying feet.

Shepherd, saint and sage and child Kneel beside the manger bed. But the people in the street Turned away and lightly smiled At the rapturous words they said, Kneeling at the Baby's feet.

"Just a little peasant child," Said the people passing by. "Shone a halo round the bed When the sleeping Baby smiled? 'Twas the lantern hung near by Shining dimly on His head."

Shepherd, saint and sage and child, Kneeling at the Baby's feet, Heard the angels sing that morn. But the moth, still and mild, Listening to the words they said, Knew the glory that was born.

The Christmas Ghosts.

Ghost of the Past, in the near shadow biding The heart's unspoken call, With hand unfasting all our treasures hiding Deep in thy chambered hall, Draw to-day's curtain back from Memory's portal And to our sight display What we called lost, but what thy care immortal Has only stored away.

Ghost of the Present, shape so quickly flying, Smile through thy little hour; Press on our lips one kiss of love undying, Drop at our feet one flower.

Ghost of the Future, holding in suspension The coronet and cross, Our thought of thee be hope, not apprehension; Our praying, gain, not loss. Shine through the cloud that veils thee from our faces;

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.



Some beckoning joy disclose; And, like the aurora in northern places, Brighten our Christmas snows. —Edward A. Church, in Christian Register.

Rooster—"Did you say anything rude to the cook?" Turkey—"No. Why?" Rooster—"He says he's going to cut you dead when he sees you Christmas Eve."

At all. He had to get four horses, instead of reindeer, to cart it here in wagon loads—four hundred, I think. They left it out by the kitchen with Miss Karina Suzanne Hjorth's name on it. Get on your wraps and we'll see."

Sure enough! It was just as Mr. Hjorth said. The big, flat rock was covered deep with—what you'll never guess, so I'll tell you right now—with four hundred cart-loads of soil! Rich, black, woody earth several feet deep! And Zanna was so happy she could hardly keep the tears back, for she knew that this strange Christmas present would be a joy to her all her life long.

And when her mother gave her present, a package of seeds of every kind—mignonette, phlox, pansies and asters—Zanna thought she was the very happiest girl in Norway—

Youth's Companion.

CHRISTMAS CHATTER

YULE TIDE QUIDS AND QUIRKS

Sing a Song of Christmas: SING a song of Christmas, Stockings full of toys, Just the things to please you, Little girls and boys. Now they all are emptied, Lots for me and you. Wain't that a pretty thing, For Santa Claus to do? —Selected.

The Holiday in Insectdom.



"You ought to get a jolly fine Christmas box, Master Caterpillar, if you hang all your stockings up!" —Royal Magazine.

Inevitable.

The seasons come, the seasons go— Christmas is here before we know it, When we must take our hard-earned cash And indiscriminately blow it. —Puck.

True Christmas Colors.

Red and green are the true Christmas colors, and there cannot be too much repetition of these hues at this season. In addition to the holly, with its brilliant fruit and foliage, bay, box, cedar and the other evergreens are combined with broad, holly red satin ribbons, streamers and bows. These combinations appear most frequently in wreaths and garlands.

A Christmas Prayer For the Home.

Lord, look upon our family, kneeling together before Thee, And grant us a holy, happy Christmas Day. With loving heart we bless Thee: For the gift of Thy dear Son Jesus Christ, For the peace He brings to human homes, For the good-will He teaches to sinful men, For the glory of Thy goodness shining in His face.

With joyful voice we praise Thee; With deep desire we beseech Thee; Help us to keep His birthday truly in this household, And answer, for His sake, these our Christmas prayers.

In praying and praising, in giving and receiving, In eating and drinking, in singing and making merry, In parents' gladness and in children's mirth, In dear memories of those who have departed, In good comradeship with those who are here, In kind wishes for those who are far away, In patient waiting, sweet contentment, generous cheer, God bless us every one, this day, with the blessing of Jesus.

Remembering our kinship with all men, By well-wishing, friendly speaking and kindly doing, By cheering the downcast and adding sunshine to daylight, By welcoming strangers (poor shepherds or wise men), By keeping the music of the angels' song in his home, God help us every one to spread abroad the blessing of Jesus; In whose name we keep Christmas: And in whose words we Thy children pray together: Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. —Henry Van Dyke.

"Christmas."

Hark! The Christmas bells are ringing! Sounding sweetly o'er the moor, Sending tidings of rejoicing, Leaving some at each one's door.

Oh! The joy on that glad morning, When in the sky a fiery gem, Lighting up the land surrounding, Called the star of Bethlehem.

"Gloria in Excelsis, Deo!" Pure angelic voices sing. Sweetly sounded their anthem, "Glory to the new-born King!"

The Star of Bethlehem.

When Jesus Christ, a little child, In Bethlehem was born, There shone a star across the wild More glorious than the morn. It glowed and gleamed, it blazed and beamed Above the lonely hill. Ah! blessed star of Bethlehem, It lights the nation still! —Denis A. McCarthy.

When Jesus Christ, a little child, In Bethlehem was born, There shone a star across the wild More glorious than the morn. It glowed and gleamed, it blazed and beamed Above the lonely hill. Ah! blessed star of Bethlehem, It lights the nation still! —Denis A. McCarthy.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER

(Grapefruit with cherries, surrounded by holly) Cream of celery soup. Lobster patties. Roast turkey with oyster dressing, chestnut punch, caramel sweet potatoes, peas, cranberry jam. Orange salad, cheese balls, wafers (Individual plum puddings, surrounded by holly) Coffee.



Kindness the Boss Who Wins. Bobby and Jack were playing one day That the new-fallen snow was now-mown hay; So they hitched old Rover up to their sled To haul it back to the old woodshed.

Then Bobby raised his whip with a crack And brought it down across Rover's back. But Rover, stinging beneath the blow, Stood perfectly still, refusing to go.

"I'll make him go!" young Bobby cried, "If I have to mark his stubborn hide! And again the rod was raised on high. But of a sudden he heard Papa cry:

"Stop, stop, my son! Do you not know How to get old Rover to haul the snow? Speak to him gently, and pat his head. Then you'll see how well he will draw the sled."

This Bobby did, and away they sped With the sled of snow, as Papa said. "I want you, my sons, to bear in mind That the boss who wins is always kind." —Washington Star.

A Wonderful Clock.

A wonderful clock has been invented by an Englishman, consisting virtually of a small battery and five wheels. It will run three years without a particle of attention and at the end of that time all that is required is to attach a new battery. Another English clock allows the possessor to ascertain at a glance the time, the meridian and relative position of every part of the empire, besides being able to witness the actual speed and direction of the world's rotation. The motive power is a clock in the base of a stand and the apparatus requires winding only once each week.—Washington Star.

A Circus Parade.

Cut out the paper animals, rough riders and Indians which come in sheets sold for a penny each. Paste each of these figures to the flat round end of an empty spool, being careful to have the lower edge of the paper a little above the bottom edge of the spool. After mounting use a very large needle to carry a long piece of cord through both ends of the spool. Tie the cord in a knot in the middle of the long side of the spool, leaving the ends to go through the holes in the next spool. Continue this plan until all of the spools are joined, placing the string when necessary. If the joining is done in this way all the figures form a parade which will not tumble over when moved along the floor by pulling the first string. To make the parade interesting have it begin with several camels and end with a good many elephants.—Washington Star.

At a Hotel Fire.

Near the end of June my father and I left New York to go to our camp on Lake Placid, in the Adirondacks, to open it for the rest of our family. Our camp is situated about a quarter of a mile from a summer hotel, which is about two miles from the station. We took all our meals at the hotel. The evening of July 1 came along, and the family was to arrive the following morning. We took supper at the hotel, and afterward started for camp, as usual, and went to bed.

We slept until 1 o'clock, when we were startled by hearing shouts, and my father looked out of the tent and saw the sky all red. We dressed quickly and went over to the hotel, which we saw was on fire. When we reached there people were running around in their nightclothes and men were carrying goods to a safe distance. The hotel men used the hose, but it did not have any effect, so they quit. One of the bellboys ran into the hotel to get his watch, and when next we saw him he was jumping from the hotel all aflame. There was another exciting incident, when a woman was trapped on the second floor, and a man climbed up outside and carried her down.

The hotel burned to the ground, and it was all over at 4 o'clock in the morning. The bellboy died a few hours afterward. We found out that the cause of the fire was an explosion of gas which came from a jet that had not been turned off.—Walter L. Mack, in the New York Tribune.

Roomy Shoes.

In "Recollections of a Drummer Boy," the author, Mr. Kieffer, tells many amusing incidents connected with the uniforms supplied by Uncle Sam to the soldiers of "Camp Curtin." After describing various difficulties resulting from ill-fitting garments, he says: I remember hearing of one poor fellow in another company, a strapping six-footer, who could not be suited. The largest shoe furnished by the government was quite too small. He tried his best to get his foot in, but in vain. His comrades chaffed him unmercifully, whereupon he exclaimed: "Why, you don't think they are all boys that come to the army, do you? A man like me needs a man's shoes, not a baby's."

There was another fellow, a very small man, who had received a very large pair of shoes, and had not been able to effect an exchange. One day the sergeant was drilling the company on the facings—Right face, Left face, Right-about face—and of course, watched his men's feet closely to see that they went through the movements promptly. Noticing one pair of feet down the line that never budged at the command, the sergeant rushed up to the possessor of them and

Serious Subjects.

Britisher. "You Americans joke about subjects in which there is very little humor." Hobbie. "The subjects of King Edward, eh, old chap?"—Boston Transcript.



the winding roadway, which was very much longer. But little Zanna always liked to climb the steps.

Back of their home was a noisy, rushing waterfall which splashed and foamed night and day, and turned the mill-wheels, and then tumbled noisily down and down the rocks till it became a commonplace, demure canal.

Zanna often used to ride on the queer little canal-boats to see if she could not find some English-speaking tourists whom she might invite to her home. But she never found any, and instead, used to watch the peasant folk coming from the market. Zanna thought she would never tire of looking at the fair-skinned, flaxen-haired maidens with their ample woolen skirts and bright-colored knit bodices, quaintly cut and fastened together with curious brass or silver clasps and buckles.

After awhile, however, Zanna became used to the rosy-cheeked peasants, and then she began to grow very lonely. I think she was really a little homesick for the children and flowery valleys of her American home.

"Of course I have you and papa and Baby Joanne," she said to her mother one day. "And I don't think I would get lonesome for any one else if only some green grass and pretty flowers grew up here. But it's just rocks, great, bare rocks everywhere. And it always make me wonder whether the giants didn't try to build houses with these awful rock blocks, and got angry because they couldn't, and then just threw them round. Why, that big flat rock back of the kitchen is twice as big as our whole yard over the ocean!"

I think Zanna grieved more than most little girls, for she used to have a magic touch with all growing things and loved her "plant children" far more than dolls.

"Never mind," said mother, who heard the sigh and guessed for what her little daughter was longing. "It

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

O day of exultation, Of Jesus' wondrous birth! O herald of salvation, Good will and peace on earth! With gladness and rejoicing, We hail thy blessed morn, Loud hallelujahs voicing, For Christ the Lord is born!

O happy Christmas morning! O Bethlehem's bright star! The eastern sky adorning, And guiding from afar The Magi, tribute bringing, To Christ, the new-born King, While angel hosts are singing, And heavenly arches ring.

We hail thee, dawn of gladness, Proclaiming peace to men, Dispelling care and sadness, Restoring joy again! We worship and adore thee, O Jesus, this blest day: Prostrate we fall before thee, And own thy sovereign sway!

O Babe of Bethlehem's manger, O lowly shepherd's King, O holy Infant Stranger, Receive the love we bring! O Jesus, mighty Saviour, Our hearts we give to thee, We seek thy blessed favor, Through all eternity!

HOW JOY AND GLADNESS CAME TO MRS. MAILLORY

It was Christmas Eve. The snow, which had been falling all day now turned to rain. The dreary drizzle lent a chill to the air.

Mrs. Maillory stood at her drawing room window, held back the dark velvet curtains and looked out on the silent avenue. There were few pedestrians in sight. Now and then a carriage came under the electric light, and the watcher at the window caught glimpses of the dainty raiment of the occupants as they whirled gayly past on their way to some Christmas festivity.

"Christmas festivity!" she repeated aloud, and her voice was low and tense and expressed her pent up scorn and weariness of the whole Christmas season.

She stood thus for a few moments, staring out into the night. The damask portiere was pushed aside with a quick, light motion, and a slim, neatly attired maid appeared in the doorway. Her eyes fairly danced with delight, and though she spoke with a demure dignity it was evident that something highly pleasing to her fancy was afoot.

"Does it please you that I come in now, madam?" she asked, with a quaint little accent that would at once mark her Parisienne—had her trim appearance not already done so. Mrs. Maillory turned slowly from the window.

The maid placed the trinkets on the table for her mistress' inspection of her jewels that should have the power to give joy to any woman, but Mrs. Maillory looked at them indifferently, and toyed with them with her slender white fingers.

She frowned with displeasure as the maid laid before her a wrap of costly fur.

"My nephew should not have sent me this," she said sharply. "He cannot afford it. It was only because I gave them their wedding silver."

The maid did not hear this, for she was lost in raptures over a firmly matted piece of real lace and hand-painted chiffon.

"Oh, the exquisite 'mouse,'" she cried, with more enthusiasm than knowledge of correct English.

Mrs. Maillory smiled little at the maid's quaint happiness in the gifts. She was rather fond of Janette and was often amused at the girl's extravagant expressions. Janette was a happy, care-free soul and always ready to cater to her every mood.

She ran to her mistress with a veritable little squeal of pleasure as she untied one box. It was a fine gold necklace with a butterfly pendant, frail, jewelled, delicate as a breeze. Mrs. Maillory read the card and her face turned pale.

"Cat!" she whispered.

The gift was from a woman whom Mrs. Maillory thoroughly disliked, and she had not tried to hide her feelings. The woman, through ambitions of her own, had persistently clung to Mrs. Maillory, and had used her name as the entree into many fashionable gatherings. As she looked at the jewel, Mrs. Maillory could have crushed its delicate beauty in her hand.

the baby brother. The child had showed this pink ribbon proudly to the visitor; her "Sunday ribbon," she told her.

The great lady fingered the soiled, gaudy piece of pink cambrie and ribbon gently, almost reverently, and there were tears in her voice as she said softly:

"Her one treasure, her bit of a ribbon—she gave it to me—she gave it to me because it is Christmas."

With a sob that was half joy, half sorrow, she laid her head over on the queer, shabby little offering and wept away all the grief and lonely heartache, for in the gift of a little child she had found her real Christmas.—Boston Globe.



A TOY TRAGEDY.

She came to please some girlie
From far across the sea.
Her locks were dark and curly;
A pretty doll was she.
Her hair was like the raven's wing,
With tenderly prone to curl and ding.

They put her in a stocking,
And coldly left her there
Between—oh, it was shocking!
A tiger and a bear.

Of course, she spent a dreadful night
And Christmas morn her hair was white!
—Louisville Courier-Journal.



Christmas 'Way Down South.

You hear dat fiddle's music—de clappin' of de han's!
Dey beats de jubilation of de halleluia ban!
You hear dat flo' a-creakin'? En don't you hear de call:
"Balance ter yo' partners, en swing yo' ladies all!"

Chris'mus times, good people!
Heel en ter you li'l!
Yander come de white folks—
Ketch 'em "Chris'mus Gif'!"

Who dat 'way off yander, rackin' down de road?
De ole-time, gray-head deacon, wid a congregation load!
De meetin'-house is empty—can't miss de Chris'mus chance—
Dey muster heerd de music, en dey comin' ter de dance!

Come in dar, you people,
En swing aroun' de hall!
Heel en toe, en roun' you go,
En "Chris'mus Gif' " ter all!

De very backlog's dancin', en up de red sparks go,
En pelt de han's wid fire, whar dey moan 'in de snow!
Dey better take de road home, en hunt de holler tree,
Fer dis here time is Chris'mus, en de fiddle's dyin' free!

Watch out fer dat mistletoe!
Ketch you, I be bound!
Kiss her fer dat "Chris'mus Gif' "—
Swing yo' sweetheart roun'!

Come in—de whole plantation—en fine de deac'n's fee!
En glimpse dat peaceful 'possum—dat turkey, brown en sweet!
De table piled wid plenty!—come in, en En see de deacon smack his mouf en say amazin' grace!

Ain't dis halleluia
Ter de soul er you?
"Pears like Heaven come down ter airth
En tell you, "Howdy do!"

Chris'mus times, good people! De let de music roll!
De snow done hide de medders, but de summer's in you' soul!
Han's roun'—de ole Ferginny Reel! en let de shadders creep
Like ghosts acrost de snowflakes—but we'll dance de stars ter sleep!

Chris'mus times, good people—
Bes' time sence de fall!
Glory halleluia,
En "Chris'mus Gif' " ter all!
—Frank L. Stanton, in the Saturday Evening Post.

GIRLS HARVESTING CROPS.

Many of Them Earn Good Wages in Wheat Fields of Northwest.

The small grain harvest that was recently being finished throughout Southern and Central Nebraska supplies convincing proof that the women of the West are rapidly crowding the men out of the fields of labor and are candidates for positions in all of the respectable vocations. When the Nebraska small grain harvest opened there was a great shortage of male help. Even \$3 a day, with board, lodging and washing, did not attract the city man. A large number of college students went to the rescue of the ripening grain, but the supply was far less than the demand. Farmers became desperate. The price of wheat kept on soaring and they could not afford to let the grain go back into the ground. Out in Beatrice one day Henry Wilson, a farmer living nine miles south of town, needed four men for gathering and shocking wheat. He offered idle park loungers \$3.25 a day, but they declined to go to work. Stopping at a lunch counter before going home, Mr. Wilson told of his troubles to Miss Jeannette Allison, a waitress. "Why don't you hire girls?" she asked.

They would not go into the harvest field and they would not do the work if they could," responded the farmer.

"Try them," ventured the girl.

"Give me the same wages as you would a man and I will go. Besides, if I do not do the work of a man I will not charge you a cent."

Not only did Miss Allison ride home with Farmer Wilson that night, but four of her girl friends went along. The next evening Farmer Wilson told his wife that he had never had harvest hands that did better work than the five girls. The second day farmers came from miles about, saw the girls at work, and that night many of them went to Beatrice and other neighboring towns, where they hired fifteen young women to work in the grain fields.

Word was passed down to Omaha that young women could have employment in the harvest fields of Gage County. An employment agency published this ad:

"Wanted—One hundred young women to work in the harvest fields. Wages \$3 per day. Board and washing."

The next day that employment agent did business. He was swamped with applicants, all young women, school teachers, stenographers, college girls and girls who had been working in factories at from \$6 to \$7 per week. All they wanted was to be given a trial. The farmers gave them the trial, and they made good. They remained with the farmers until the harvest was finished, and many of them will continue during the stacking and haying, receiving from \$1.75 to \$2 per day and board.—Omaha (Neb.) Dispatch to Boston Transcript.

Old Favorites

Bonny Eloise.

O sweet is the vale where the Mohawk gently glides
On its clear, winding way to the sea,
And dearer than all storied streams on earth besides,
Is this bright, rolling river to me;
But sweeter, dearer, yes, dearer far than these,
Who charms where others fall,
Is blue-eyed, bonny, bonny Eloise,
The belle of the Mohawk vale.

O sweet are the scenes of my boyhood's sunny years,
That bespangle the gay valley o'er
And dear are the friends seen through memory's fond tears,
That have lived in the best days of yore;
But sweeter, dearer, yes, dearer far than these,
Who charms where others all fall,
Is blue-eyed, bonny, bonny Eloise,
The belle of the Mohawk vale.

O sweet are the moments when dreaming, I roam
Thro' my loved haunts, now mossy and gray;
And dearer than all is my childhood's hallowed home,
That is crumbling now slowly away;
But sweeter, dearer, yes, dearer far than these,
Who charms where others all fall,
Is blue-eyed, bonny, bonny Eloise,
The belle of the Mohawk vale.
—C. W. Elliott.

In the Starlight.

In the starlight, in the starlight, let us wander gay and free,
For there's nothing in the daylight half so dear to you and me;
Like the fairies in the shadows of the woods we'll steal along,
And our sweetest lays we'll warble, for the night was made for song;
When none are by to listen, or to chide us in our glee;
In the starlight, in the starlight let us wander gay and free.

In the starlight, in the starlight let us wander, let us wander;
In the starlight, in the starlight, let us wander gay and free.

In the starlight, in the starlight, at the daylight's dewy close,
When the nightingale is singing his last love-song to the rose,
In the calm, clear night of summer, when the breezes softly play,
From the glitter of our dwelling we will gently steal away;
Where the silv'ry waters murmur, by the margin of the sea,
In the starlight, in the starlight, we will wander gay and free;
In the starlight, in the starlight, we will wander in the starlight,
In the starlight, in the starlight, we will wander gay and free.
—Stephen Glover.

BIG FINDS IN MESSINA RUINS.

Jewelry and Valuables Worth \$20,000,000 Unclaimed.

Jewelry and other valuables which the military authorities have collected from the ruins of Messina and for which no claimants can be found are estimated to be worth \$20,000,000.

This vast collection of riches is heaped up in the subterranean vaults of the citadel and in wooden shelters, says a Rome letter, and is intrusted entirely to the honesty of four officers, who have not even sufficient soldiers to guard the shelters.

In one of these shelters the soldiers have constructed rough shelves, on which diamonds and gold are piled in the most extraordinary manners. A small cardboard box, the size of a matchbox, contains a necklace of pearls valued at over \$20,000; between an old pair of boots and a pair of oars there is a single envelope containing state bonds of \$400,000 made out to bearer.

In another small wooden box lies a diamond solitaire, worth a fortune, which was registered by the soldiers as a white stone. Further on a petroleum can contained gold coins amounting to \$10,000.

There are also safes innumerable filled with hundreds of gold watches, rings, chains, bracelets, earrings, pocketbooks and treasures of all sorts.

All these riches have been found in the superficial excavations carried on up to the present, while the wealthiest part of the town—the first and second floors and the cellars—is still untouched.

Her Handicap.

"You say you won your husband through wearing a \$2 graduating gown?"

"I did."

"How romantic! I suppose you are very happy?"

"Oh, yes. But that \$2 gown was an awful bad precedent to establish, I've found."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Departure.

Mrs. Oatcake—Mary Jane, who was that young fellow in th' parlor last night?"

Mary Jane—He's an automobile drummer, mother.

Mrs. Oatcake—Fer th' land's sake! hev they got tuss' drums 'stead uv horns on them pesky things?—Brooklyn Citizen.

Ridiculous.

Wife—Now, see 'ere, Jim; if yer don't provide for me better I shall quit—so I warns yer.

Husband—Provide better? Well, I like that. Why, ain't I got yer three good jobs o' work this last month?—The Sketch.

Before a girl puts on long skirts, she has somewhere acquired the impression that no man can have a good time innocently.

MADONNA IN CONTEMPLATION.



"Yes, Janette, you may bring in—my Christmas gifts." There was a trace of irony in the last two words, but her manner was entirely haughty and indifferent. She crossed the room and sat in a large armchair of rare Italian hand-carved wood. The pale violet lamp screen on the table beside her shed a soft light, and the rose light from the great open fire caught a gleam now and then from the jewels on her fingers. It was a curious light, the combination of the rose and violet, but it was almost wondrously lovely. Mrs. Maillory was a beautiful woman—a stern, classic beauty. The folds of her black velvet gown fell about her in simple stately grace; her bare neck and shoulders gleamed white against the dark chair. Her hair was gray about the temples, and her deep dark eyes were at times inexpressibly sad. She was lonely, but she was proud, and none knew of her sad Christmas Eve. She had refused scores of invitations, and was keeping her Christmas Eve as was her custom, having her gifts brought to her there in the dimly-lighted drawing-room.

Her husband was keeping his Christmas Eve, as was his custom, in the great dense forest. Mr. Maillory was what the world calls an upright man—honored on the street, of a fint-like integrity in his business. His word was as good as a bond. He surrounded his wife with every possible luxury, excepting the one priceless luxury for which a woman would sacrifice all others—friendship and comradeship. These he reserved for a few old friends, men who had been through financial battles with him, who had shared his college frolics and studies.

That afternoon he had hurried in, gathered up his hunting traps and started off. He had given his wife a check—a princely sum—and said:

"Just buy yourself a little trinket, Victoria, my dear, and have a nice time at the Van Arden's tonight."

"If he had only bought me a little something himself," she thought, sadly. "If it were only a few flowers!"

Janette came in, followed by a footman in gorgeous livery carrying a large number of little packages of all shapes and sizes. He came several times and arranged the packages as Janette directed. The maid was all little flutterings and happiness and fitted from this box to that

The stately footman came into the room, the picture of shocked dignity. Janette was about to take the brown paper parcel which the footman held out stiffly before him, then started back with a little scream.

"The impertinence!" she cried.

"What does this mean?" asked Mrs. Maillory, haughtily.

"A very ragged little girl left this awful package, madam. She insisted on its being given to you."

"Bring it to me."

The footman gave the crumpled bundle to his mistress.

"Misses Malry," was written in a round, childish scrawl. A strange feeling came over the woman.

"You may go," she said to Janette and the man, and the maid withdrew reluctantly.

When the hard knots of the string were finally taken off, Mrs. Maillory exclaimed in surprise. A little note, written in the same childish hand, was pinned to the curious pink cambrie square. The note ran:

"Dear Misses Malry: You don't know me but you can see to our house a mile ago and brot things when Jonnie the baby had mesles. You wuz good to us, and we like you. We wish you a merry Christmas. The thing I made you is for your hankerchief."

"MAMIE O'DONNELL."

"What does the child mean?" thought Mrs. Maillory in great surprise.

The she remembered. The O'Donnells were on her charity list. She looked at the gift. It was a pink cambrie square, the four corners turned back and tied with a ribbon. The stitches were large and uneven, the cambrie was soiled and the ribbon old. She looked closely at the ribbon. It had been used, evidently as a hair ribbon. Suddenly a thought came to the woman—she remembered the day perfectly when she had brought ease and comfort to little Jonnie. The mother was away at work, and the little sister kept house and cared for

in a perfect whirlwind of joy. This was a rare treat, opening Madame's Christmas gifts.

"Oh, they are so many!" she cried. "I do not know which one to open first."

Gift after gift was held out to Mrs. Maillory, but she looked at each indifferently and sometimes impatiently. They were all given from a sense of duty, she knew that. Climbers on the social ladder wished to be her friends, that they might through her influence open the closed doors of society. Those in her own set liked her as well as women who live for fashion and society are capable of liking one another. Charity organizations courted her favor, for she was always ready to respond to their calls. Unlike many of the women of her acquaintance, she went personally to the poorer quarters, and aided the wretched poverty there.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring—not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

De Lit' Tin Horn.

Sho' er you bo'n,
Dey gwine ter be fun wid de lit' tin ho'n!
En some folks'll growl, in de ol'-fashion'
way,
Kase it rouse 'em fum res' at de breakin'
er day!
But de lit' folks say dat dey never shall kee—
"Chris'mus des come once a year!"

Sho' ez you bo'n,
Dar's de life er de worl' in dat lit' tin ho'n!
En de fines' er sights—en de purtiest, too,
Is dem rosy-red regiments marchin' ter you!
Some folks, dey may growl, but de chillup
don't kee—
"Chris'mus des come once a year!"

Christmas Eve.

For fear one waif, this winter night,
Should lack a garment's fold,
Bring forth fair vesture, warm and bright,
Lest the dear Christ-child go cold!

Nor let one hungry from your door
Fare sorrowing unfed,
The whitest loaf bring from your store,
Lest the Christ-child faint for bread!

Hush mirth, to hark, this blessed eve,
The wanderer's weakest cry—
The homeless at your hearth receive,
Lest the Christ-child pass you by!
—Edith Hope Kinney, in Youth's Companion.

Plum Pudding.

This is a good recipe: Crumble a small loaf of milk-bread and pour over it one pint of milk. Soak until soft, then add three well-beaten eggs, one cupful of dark brown sugar, one cupful of chopped and creamed suet with all the stringy substance removed, one pound of seeded and chopped raisins, one pound of currants, one-fourth of a pound of finely chopped citron, one-fourth of a teaspoonful each of cloves, allspice and grated nutmeg, and one-half teaspoonful each of cinnamon and ginger and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Boil four hours in a well-buttered mold. This recipe may be made in double the quantity, as it will keep for a long time. When ready to use, steam well until heated through. Decorate with holly sprigs. Serve with hard sauce, made by creaming one-third of a cupful of butter with one cupful of light brown sugar, and adding drop by drop, creaming it in, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Pile on a dish in a pyramid, and dot with candied cherries and blanched almonds.

Dinner for Christmas Tide

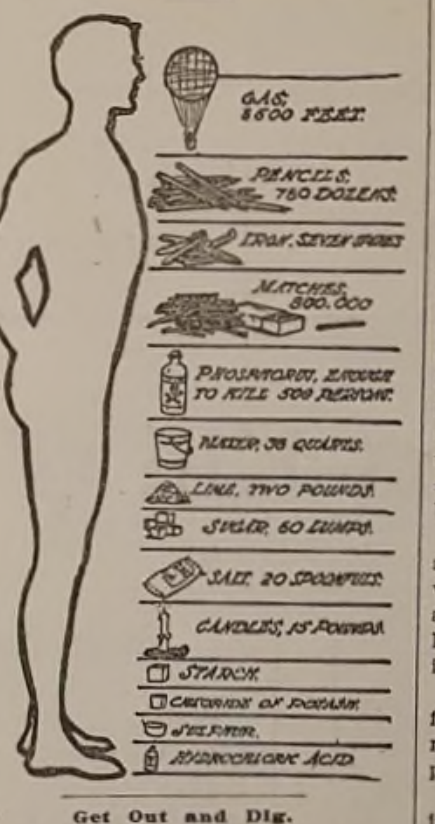
CHRISTMAS MENU

Oyster Soup
Roast Turkey
Mashed Potatoes
Baked Macaroni and Cheese
Stuffed Peppers with Rice
Dilled Onions
Tomato and Lettuce Salad
French Dressing
Christmas Mince
Fruit Pudding
Hard Sauce
Coffee
Nuts
Raisins
Celery
Cranberry Jelly

Christmas Eve (Children)

Chicken Broth with Rice
Bread Sticks
Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches or Bread-and-Orange Marmalade
Jelly Sandwiches
Lady Fingers
Springerle
Ice Cream
Cocoa

WHAT MAN IS MADE OF.



Get Out and Dig.

An English specialist in nerve diseases has been recommending all who suffer from any kind of mind disturbance to take to digging, for he says there is something about mother earth that gives steadiness and balance. If every woman who is a victim of neuralgia, nervous headache or irritability would take a spad and dig a little patch in her garden every morning before breakfast and then interest herself in this little patch so far as to see what can be grown in it he is of the opinion that she would soon forget her troubles. The remedy is a simple one and worthy of a trial by those who find it within their reach. It is cheaper and more agreeable than traveling to a distance for baths and other cures and if used with discretion can do the patient no harm.

Sublime Self-Confidence.

"Do you think that you can make my daughter happy," asked Mr. Cumrox.

"She has been happy with you, hasn't she," rejoined the confident youth.

"I think so, sir."

"Well, if she's that easy to please, there ought to be no difficulty."—Washington Star.

Enough to Frighten One.

Tommye—Does your papa frighten you when he tries to make you go to sleep?

Ethel—Yes; he sings to me!—Yonkers Statesman.