

LUCINDA'S EXPERIENCE

"Isn't it funny," said Lucinda, "how folks get caught onto each other in the street? Why, I suppose four hundred such things must happen every day, and they might happen to anybody in the most unexpected way."

"Why only this morning I saw two young women walking along together, talking and chattering and very much engaged over what they were talking about, and never giving a thought to anything, happened and then the first thing you know one of them was brought up, as my brother Claude would say, all standing."

"This girl had on a shoulder cape that was trimmed all around its edge with five circles of silk cord, and as the two girls walked along talking, the wind got under this cape and blew it out and one of those loops somehow caught on a button of the coat of a man who was passing them coming from the opposite direction."

"Really it didn't seem that there was one chance in a million that it would happen so, but that's what did happen and it stopped the girl right away, or she stopped the minute she began to feel the tug. Of course it stopped the man too, and then he and she went to work to get the loop off the button."

"You might think that this would be a simple, easy thing to do, but it wasn't. Astonishing how things can get twisted up sometimes, and it seemed as if that silk loop must have got twisted around that button at least fourteen times."

"And now the girl that had got caught and the man stood there and tried to untwist it. The other girl who she saw what had happened walked on a few steps and waited, and I thought that was a wise thing for her to do, because if she had waited she could not have done anything good, and standing there by her friend she would have made three of them batted there together and so have helped to attract a crowd."

"So the girl and the man stood there and struggled with the loop and the button. First she cried, and then she failed. I guess she was a little nervous over it, as I should think anybody would have been—and then they both worked over it at the same time, but that didn't do, and then she let go and the man took hold, and he looked to see first just how the loop was caught around, and then he untwisted it in a jiffy and set himself and the girl free. Then he lifted his hat and went on his way and the girl hurried on and rejoined her waiting companion."

"Quite an experience, that, wasn't it? But such things are happening all the time. I saw another just like it, only different, just yesterday afternoon."

"There was a man and his wife walking along together in something of a hurry, the man carrying a suit case. I guess they were going to catch a train, and coming from the other direction along the same sidewalk was a little girl about ten or twelve years old with her hair in a braid hanging down her back. And how in the world this could have happened I don't know, but as this man and this little girl were passing she tripped her braid around his just happened to, you know—and it caught on a button of his coat and stopped him."

"His wife hadn't seen this, didn't know anything about it, and she kept right along, but she missed him in a minute, and when she looked around after him there he was standing back there on the sidewalk with the little girl beside him. He had set his suit case down on the sidewalk and now he was bending over and apparently very much interested in something, and when she had got back to where he was she saw that what he was trying to do was to get that little girl's braid clear of one of the buttons of his coat."

"He got it clear finally, and then the little girl shook her braid and looked up at him and laughed, and he looked down on her and smiled, and then he picked up his suit case and hurried on."

"Now, really, wasn't it curious that the little girl's braid should get caught so, when you'd had hard work to fasten it around that button so that it would stay if you had tried to? But don't people get caught in all sorts of odd ways? Catch their umbrellas in people's hats and clothes? Don't women get their veils caught on other women's hats and hat pins? Don't people get caught to each other in all sorts of ways?"

"I tell you, girls, you never can tell what's going to happen."—New York Sun.

Preserving the Proportions.

A little Scotch boy's grandmother was packing his lunch for him to take to school one morning. Looking up into the old lady's face, the boy asked:

"Grandmother, does yer specs magnify?"

"A little, my child," she answered. "Aweel, then," said the boy, "I was just like it if ye had tak' them off when ye're packin' my loonach."

Japan Increases in Area.

As a result of its war with Russia the area of Japan's territory was raised from 180,000 square miles to 282,000 square miles, and her population increased by 10,000,000.

Something Wrong With Bud's Merry Christmas



"Twas merry Christmas till des now, an' I was feelin' dandy. But I don't feel so merry now. Say, what did all dat candy?"

SCHWALMER BOYS AND GIRLS

Their Quaint Customs and Their Odd Christmas Dances.

Over in Hesse-Nassau, a district in Germany, there is a section of the Hessian people who present an interesting study, particularly in regard to their quaint Christmas customs.

These people live in the valley of the river Schwalm. The Schwalm boys wear a peculiar round hat or cap without brim or visor. It resembles in shape a small cheese box. They wear a sort of coat with skirt reaching be-



SCHWALMER BOY AND GIRL.

low the knees, something on the order of the Highlander's kilt, and white socks with black bows.

The Schwalm girls also wear white stockings with the black bows. Their skirts reach scarcely below the knees. It is the fashion to wear several stiff skirts, which stand out from the person much in the manner of the hoop skirts of our own grandmothers. On their heads the girls wear a funny little pill box sort of hat, to which are attached broad bands tied under the chin, completely concealing the ears.

The boys and girls have an outdoor dance at Christmas when the weather favors. Each village has a favorite dancing ground where the young people gather for the fun. The boys stand in a semicircle, while the girls line up to await their partners. Everybody maintains a dignified silence. Finally one boy steps forward to the maiden of his choice, lifts his arm and bows profoundly. Each of the boys in his turn then goes through the same ceremony of choosing his partner, who is his for the day. Then begins the dance, which is vigorous and hoarty.



Dolly's Piece

The peach, the apple, plum and pear Are nice as they can be; But just give me the fruit that grows On the good old Christmas tree!

How Susie Won Her Xmas Gift.

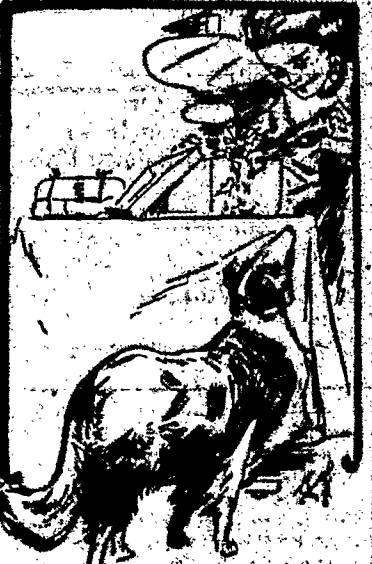


Uncle Henry—Well, well! How nice Susie is behaving in her place today! I wish you had her for a real Christmas present for working so hard!

A DOG'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

How a Friend Remembered Roy, the Collie.

Last Christmas a neatly ribboned box arrived by express in a New England town addressed to Roy, a collie dog, and large bone, with plenty of good meat still adhering, was found within. Roy put the bone where it would do him the most good after one of his friends had removed the paraffin paper and holly berry garnishment which the donor had sent along. The bone was a Christmas gift from a little girl in the south, who had spent the



A FINE LARGE BONE.

summer in Roy's town and had become very fond of the dog. Roy's next friend dictated and sent the following telegram to the little girl:

Many thanks for the bone. You are the only one who remembered me today. Many happy returns. ROY.

A Christmas Race. Here is a new sort of three-legged race which does not require all the trouble of tying your races together and is very much better than the old way. In fact, girls may go in this kind as well as boys, with no fear of hurting themselves, and two nimble girls stand a very good chance of beating two boys too.

All you have to do is to grasp the raised left foot of a companion, who hops along in front of you. It is really a race of hops, and the best hopper will surely win a Christmas gift as a prize, for it is no trick at all for the one hopped to run as fast as the hopped one can hop.

January Christmas of the Julianites.

By ROBERT DONNEL.

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"CHRISTMAS comes but once a year," wrote somebody, and everybody accepted the statement as truth. It is not true, however, for Christmas comes twice a year. Those of us who reckon by the Gregorian calendar celebrate Dec. 25. Those who still adhere to the Julian calendar observe Jan. 7. Russia is the only great nation which still holds out for the Julian calendar. The Greek Catholic church sticks to the time measurement adopted by Julius Caesar, forty-six years before the birth of Christ. Thus the Greeks and all the adherents of that church, including the Russian, hold their Christmas on the 7th day of January.



VERY FAST FOR FORTY DAYS.

In the city of New York both Christmas days are celebrated. The January date, as a matter of course, is observed by comparatively few persons, but it is observed rigidly, elaborately and faithfully by those who desire to render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's even as to the calendar.

New York city has a considerable population of Greeks, Russians, Armenians, Syrians, Serbians, Poles, Bulgarians, Montenegrins and Vlachs, all of whom observe the Julian Christmas. For forty days prior to Jan. 7 they observe a fast, eating no meat, neither beef, fish nor fowl. They eat fish eggs or caviar, but never the fish themselves. Their principal diet for the forty days fasting is made up of olives, beans, caviar, bread and oranges.

But at 5 o'clock on the evening of Christmas day, Jan. 7, the Julianite fast is over. It is not necessary to think that these people count the days of Christmas; that they rejoice and are exceedingly glad when the anniversary arrives. These facts are strictly Orthodox and need for them no elaborate proof. In fact, a round of square meals—made in fact, a round of square meals.

Our Julianite friends go to church early on their Christmas morning, but not too early. They set breakfast first. Eight meals is celebrated in the Greek Orthodox church at 5 o'clock. The forty days fast having ended two hours before the Julianites see joyfully full of the good things of the world before they enter the house of worship. The chief viand, so far as its symbolic character goes, is a spiced loaf of rye bread covered and filled with walnuts, with a cross cut on top. This is called the christopanos—"bread of the Christ." But it is not to be doubted that beefsteak, soups, fishes, puddings and other substantial are devoured. Here and there one of the presumably faithful proves faithless and falls before Christmas, his craving for a meat diet being too strong to resist. This weak brother is ignored by the faithful.

It is in the cafes in the sections of the city where the Julianites dwell that the Christmas day is celebrated with the most visible gusto. The Greek "young bloods" gather in the little restaurants and sit long over tables heavy with edibles and light with wines.



THEY WERE BROTHERS IN IGNORANCE BY THE MATELLO.

The names of some of the diners are interesting. Constantine Miconopolis is a budding Boris; who gathers around him his rosy young friends, Haralambos, Christatos, Antistatos, Kapsalacos, Pericles Doganaris and Hresala Fapanicolas. And don't let us forget Nicholas Bogras, editor of the Daily Thermopylae, who gets out an extra edition in honor of the day.

These Greeks, many of them arrayed in gorgeous new clothing, bring their feast to an end with the cups of Turkish coffee and the Turkish cigarettes, mixed in with songs and toasts. It is highly interesting for a plain American, with a plain name like Jim Jones, to sit in one of these cafes and hear the songs of the foreign gentlemen with the seven jointed swimmers, observe the satisfaction depicted in their countenances as the feast goes on and receive the impression that this is real Christmas cheer, though it be thirteen days late according to our method of counting time.

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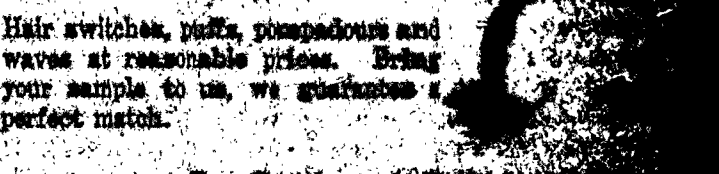
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