Frank J. Stupp, 37 Clinton Ave., North

Prayer Books

Child's Prayer Books from 10c to $1.00
Vest Pocket Books at 25c, 40c, 50c, 60c, 75c, $1.00 and $3.00 up.

Key of Heaven, in three sizes, with or without Gospels, padded or flexible covers, 50c to $7.50.

Manuel of prayers, the only complete prayer book published in a variety of bindings at $1.25, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $4.50, $6.00.

Appropriate Christmas Gifts

Statues

Fine Bisque, white and colored, in the following subjects
Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary, St. Joseph, Blessed Virgin with Child,
St. Anthony, Immaculate Conception
Prices ranging from 25c to $6.00

Imported Munich Statues

Artistically decorated in colors and gold in all of the above subjects 12, 16, 20 and 24 inches from $1.50 to $8.00.

Rosaries

In Rolled Gold Chains as low as 69c

Pearl, white metal chain, at 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c and $1.00.

Pearl, Amethyst and Garnet with sterling silver chain, at $1.00 and $1.75.

Amethyst, Garnet, Emerald, Pearl, Moonshine, Carmeliam, etc., in 14k rolled gold chain at $1.00, $1.25, $2.00, $2.25, $3.00 and $5.00.

Topaz and Amethyst, genuine stones, 20 year guaranteed 14k rolled gold chain at $10 and $20.

Genuine Stone, solid gold chain, Heart and Cross at $25.

Crucifixes

Standing
Solid Brass, 12 in., $1.00.
Gold plated, 12, 15 and 24 in. from $1.50 to $10.
Gilt Wooden, 12, 16 and 19 in. from $1.50 to $3.50.
Inlaid Ebony, $1.75 to $2.[illegible]
Black Wooden from 25c to $1.00.
Celluloid, 8 1-2 in., $2.

Hanging
Black enameled Cross, white composition figure
Cross 24 in., figure 8 in. $1.50.
Cross 32 in., figure 12 in. $4
Smaller sizes at 40c and 60c

Gold Medals and Hearts

Solid Gold Hearts at 50c, 75c, $1.00 and $1.25
Solid Silver Hearts at 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c.
Medals in rolled gold, solid gold, silver and aluminum from 3c to $3.00.

Christmas Cribs and Calendars

Cribs from 10c to $15.00.
Calendars for 1911 with feast and fast days at 10c, 15c and 25c.
Others up to $1.00.

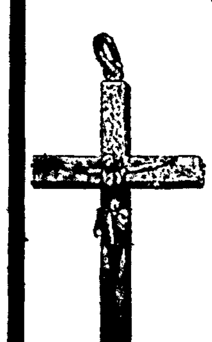
Standard Catholic Books

A full line of the works of Newman, Faber, Vaughn, Spaulding, Sheehan, Conway, Dorsey Finn, etc.
Father Ryan's poems at $1.50, $1.85 and $2.50.

Holy Water Fonts

Standing Angel, 7 inches, [illegible]
Christ under the Cross, standing, [illegible]
Hanging fonts from 10c to $5.00

Gold and Silver Crosses



Gold Filled 3-4 inch 40c.
Gold Filled 1 inch 75c.
Solid gold crosses from 75c to $8.00.
Silver crosses at 35c, 50c and 75c.

Medallions

This line is very pretty and reasonable.
Prices 25c, 35c, 40c, 50c, 72c and $1.00.

Pictures Framed and Unframed

In our Picture Department we show a large line of Religious Pictures ranging in price from 25c to $12.00.
We also do all kinds of Framing.

Candlesticks

Brass, 6 in., 60c pair.
Brass, 7 in., $1.00 pair.
Gold Plated, 6 in., $1.50 pair.
Gold plated, 8 in., $[illegible] pair.
Gold Plated, 8 in., $[illegible] pair.
White Metal, 6 in., $1 pair.
White Metal, 8 in., $[illegible] pair.

OUR CATHOLIC DEPARTMENT

Contains one of the Largest and Most Complete Stocks of this kind in New York State

FRANK J. STUPP, 37 CLINTON AVENUE NORTH

Was His Own Santa Claus

He Gave Gifts to Others and Found a Prize For Himself

By MARIA G. HAWKINS

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Sherman Bell dropped from the train and then stood watching it make its [illegible] way through the piling drifts. The wind screamed around the little railroad station and tore at the roof [illegible].

His married sister had recently gone to live in this quaint old village, and she had planned that this first Christmas in the country was to be of the genuine old time variety. One of the chief features of the Christmas eve entertainment was to be a tree and the advent of Santa Claus down one of the wide mouthed chimneys, which was to be thoroughly cleaned for the occasion.

"You are to be the Santa Claus," she had written to her brother the week before. "Frank is entirely too stout to come down the chimney, but an athlete like you should be able to accomplish it without difficulty. We have had the sitting room chimney cleaned—there are four chimneys in this old house, you know—and it is so large that by standing in the hearth one can look up and see the sky overhead. Frank will rig a rope ladder to help you on your downward path, and the fire won't be built till afterward. Now, we want it to be a complete surprise to the children, so you might as well make the descent as soon as you arrive from the train. Don't forget to take the 6:30. Remember, I shall expect to see your feet coming down the chimney at 8 o'clock sharp. Will leave one of Frank's old motor coats on the porch for you to wear."

Sherman chuckled delightedly as he made his way down the hill. How the youngsters would shout when they saw the Santa Claus he meant to be! In his pocket was a merry faced mask with snowy hair and beard attached, and in the suit case he carried was a small pack stuffed with little toys and odds and ends he had gathered. His larger gifts he had sent on by express the day before to be placed on the tree.

He came upon the house sooner than he expected. He recognized it at once by the arched gateway around which a naked wistaria vine rattled in the wind.

The windows showed a mellow glow of light as he softly entered the gate and proceeded up the snowy path toward the low house. He turned to the right and passed around to the ell where Marcia had said there would be a ladder leaning against the wall. There was a ladder here, and he looked in the porch for his brother-in-law's old fur coat. There was nothing there, and it was evident in the haste of Christmas preparations the coat had been forgotten. Sherman felt ruefully of his own fur coat and then with a shrug of the shoulders opened the suit case and adjusted his pack and in the shelter of the porch put on the mask and placed his fur cap on the snowy hair.

"They haven't come into the sitting room yet. Well, I guess I'll start my descent and let them know I'm coming. I shall freeze to death out here." As a matter of fact Sherman was very warm and comfortable.

Sherman Bell flung a leg into the mouth of the chimney and felt about for the rope ladder that was to be inside. His foot touched a small, firm foundation and rested there. Presently he was standing inside the chimney on a narrow ledge of bricks that projected there. As he looked downward at the black pit beneath there was the sound of an opening door, and then a light illumined the hearth where a neat fire of logs was laid ready to be kindled.

Nowhere could he see the rope ladder that his sister had promised should be there.

He bent his body and braced his feet on the projecting bricks.

"Hello, Marcia!" he called in a guarded whisper.

A faint scream answered his voice, and the light disappeared for an instant to be followed by a stronger one and the tramp of many feet and the sound of many voices raised in laughter, alarm or speculation.

"Merry Christmas, everybody!" roared Sherman Bell down the chimney. During the petrified silence that followed the brick that supported one foot gave way and rattled down the chimney. As a matter of course Mr. Bell lost his balance and went down after it, raising a suffocating cloud of soot as he fell. The pack of toys swung over his head, thumping him vigorously all the way down till he stuck tight in the chimney just before he reached the fireplace below.

Too sooty and uncomfortable for utterance, Mr. Bell maintained a dignified silence until his kinspeople should see fit to extricate him from his uncomfortable position.

"What do you suppose it is?" he heard a feminine voice inquiring timidly.

"It's my dear girl," scoffed an [illegible] old gentleman whose tones Bell did not recognize. "There is not the slightest doubt it is a man—a burglar, I should judge."

"A burglar in crimson silk socks?" Bell hated the youth who jeered thus at him and kicked frantically for freedom. "It's Santa Claus, of course. Isn't it Christmas eve?"

Then a girl's voice spoke—the lowest, softest contralto tones Bell had ever heard; he almost loved her for the sweetness of her voice.

"Friend or foe, Santa Claus or burglar, all are welcome here tonight, aren't they, dad?"

"Certainly, Eve!" The old man's voice softened wonderfully as he spoke to the girl. "Then our friend must be released. You can fancy how uncomfortable he must feel. Henry, can't you help him down?"

A strong hand clutched Sherman Bell's ankles and gave the necessary impetus to his further descent.

"Merry Christmas, everybody!" said Sherman feebly from behind his jovial mask.

"Merry Christmas yourself!" rejoined a strange old gentleman, and as the bedizened Santa looked dazedly around he saw that he was among perfect strangers who suddenly went off into a gale of laughter at his appearance.

He recovered himself quickly, however, and emerged from his sooty condition with a little shake of his fur coat and an adjustment of his blackened mask and beard.

The old gentleman and the girl called Eve stood together, and he bowed low before them. "Santa Claus, at your service," he said in his pleasant voice. "I'm afraid I've made a mistake. I was due to get down Mr. Frank Adams' chimney at this time, and I was sure I had the right house."

"Across the street, sir," explained the old gentleman gravely, yet with a merry twinkle in his eyes. "Santa rarely makes mistakes, yet who can blame him when these houses are so nearly alike. The Adams house and this one, sir, were built by twin brothers and are alike as two peas. We are glad to see you, though you did give us a surprise."

"It's my business to do that, of course," laughed Sherman, and then without more ado he swung his pack to the floor and proceeded to find within it some gift for each of the strangers he had dropped among. There was much laughter and merriment over the toys he distributed. Eve Ross blushed warmly over the one he gave to her. It was a miniature fireplace with a figure of Santa Claus emerging from the chimney with a pack of toys.

Afterward Sherman doffed his mask and stood forth as handsome and well set up a young man as one would care to have drop down the chimney on Christmas eve. "I'm afraid I've made a mess of the floor," he said ruefully after introductions had been made and he found himself in the midst of a family party.

"Never mind that," consoled Mr. Ross amiably as he led the way into another warmly lighted room in the midst of which stood a huge Christmas tree. "We've had that room closed for several days past because it is sooty. Something happened to the chimney the other day, and a man has been here tinkering with the job for several days. He knocked off today on account of the snow and left all his ladders and so forth around, so that made your path easy, eh?"

"It did. I found the way well prepared," laughed Sherman. "[illegible] but I believe they're waiting for me across the street, and the youngsters will be disappointed if I don't make my appearance down the chimney at the appointed hour or as near to it as I can manage."

"Surely you're not going to try to do it again tonight!" protested Eve. "[illegible] rather a dangerous feat, you know."

"Not a bit," [illegible]. "You see, the houses are low, and the drop is not a great distance, and there will be [illegible] for me. By the way, I must express my thanks for my cordial reception."

They laughed and pushed forward, and young Henry Ross gripped his hand in a most cordial manner. After he had shaken hands with everybody and promised to come over the next day and tell them about his second chimney adventure, Sherman went forth, his palm still thrilling from contact with Eve's rose leaf hand.

He found proper preparations made for him at the house across the street, and his descent of the Adams chimney was effected in the [illegible] manner, and his appearance was the signal for the wildest rejoicing on the part of his nephews and nieces.

"Where did you get so black and sooty, Sherman?" asked Mrs. Adams after awhile. "We had the chimney thoroughly cleaned, and Timothy said there wasn't a speck of soot left."

"I don't suppose there is, my dear," returned Sherman amiably. "My soot came from another chimney. Before I tackled your chimney I played being my own Santa Claus, and I've made myself the most beautiful present in the world."

"What was it, Uncle Sherman?" asked little Amy from her seat on his knee. "What was your beautiful present, and may we see it?"

"Some day I hope to show it to you," returned Sherman solemnly.

Mr. Adams spread his hands to the genial fire and eyed his brother-in-law with a keen, amused glance.

"Amy, my daughter," he said, with a chuckle, "your Uncle Sherman means he will soon introduce you to a beautiful auntie!"

Sherman [illegible] and reddened. "How do you know that?" he blurted out.

Marcia arose and, slipping her hand in her husband's arm, drew her brother to her side.

"Your face betrayed you, dear," she smiled at him.

Little Amy had been thinking deeply. "Then Uncle Sherman's wife will be Mrs. Santa Claus!" she cried joyfully.

And of course that is what they called Eve Ross after she married Sherman the following Christmas.

RUBBING UP THE ARMS.

Said to Have Excellent Results in Case of Fainting.

[illegible]

From the invariable and immediate effect of this mode of friction I [illegible] myself that it is not [illegible] the [illegible] of the medical practitioner in the friction of [illegible] patients, a process which should be [illegible] of and more energetically [illegible] in than it generally is.

GERMAN RED TAPE.

A Lesson for Picking Up Things In the Streets of Berlin.

Take care how you pick up a thing that is lost in Berlin. The other day one of our deputies going through the Prussian capital on his return from a convention at Frankfurt noticed a key at the edge of the sidewalk. He picked it up to hand it to a police agent. The representative of the city police refused to take it, saying: "You should take this key to the special bureau of things that are lost."

"Very well. Where is it?"

The agent named the street.

"Is it far from here?"

"A half hour, three-quarters of an hour if you don't walk rapidly."

The deputy replaced the key on the pavement. "[illegible]" he said.

"[illegible]"

[illegible]

A Fair [illegible].

[illegible] breakfast at [illegible] and bed at 10 [illegible] in my life [illegible]