



FROM A PAINTING BY MILLER

THE HOLY NIGHT

LEADERS NOT GREAT TALKERS

Jefferson's Testimony Is That Neither Washington Nor Franklin Wasted Words in Debate.

More than a century ago Thomas Jefferson said: "I served with Gen. Washington in the legislature of Virginia, before the revolution and during it, with Dr. Franklin in congress. I never heard either of them speak an minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point, which was to decide the question."

"They laid their shoulders to the great points, knowing that the little ones would follow of themselves. If the present congress errs in too much talking, how can it be otherwise? In a body to which the people send 150 lawyers, whose trade is to question everything, yield nothing, and talk by the hour? That 150 lawyers should in business together ought not to be expected."

Multiply the above by four, add several hundred new subjects for debate, divide into two parties and you have the national legislature in the year of grace 1920, remarks the Home Sector. Probably it could be calculated by an efficient expert that the amount of energy, time, money and lung power wasted in one session by congress would be enough to drain every swamp in this country, irrigate every barren acre and rescue and educate every child laborer, with enough left over then to support and train every wounded doughboy.

As it is, small wonder that gentle knocks at the door of congress are frowned out by the oratorical uproar inside.

CHARGED WITH DESERT SAND

What Is Known as the "Red Wind" Makes Life Miserable Along the Mediterranean.

Sojourners in the Mediterranean for any length of time see the red wind as well as feel its oppressive influence. It blows from the deserts of Africa and derives its name from the particles of red sand with which it is charged. Should rain descend while this wind prevails, the sand becomes mud, and thence arise the "mud shows."

In its dry state it is more oppressive by far than any other wind known to the Mediterranean, not excepting the black "sirocco." Its effects are in many ways remarkable. The sand, of excessive fineness, enters between your eyelids and your eyes; it gets into your nostrils and down your throat; it adheres to your skin and works itself into your watch; it increases the annoyance of mosquitoes, and it is so dry that, as you write or read, the paper curls up as if exposed to fire-heat. Tables and chairs of seasoned-wood and of old manufacture, crack with a report almost like a pistol-shot, and no quantity of drink has much effect on your raging thirst. All this time your skin is hard and dry, and without the relieving influence of perspiration.

Collecting Truffles.

"Truffles?" said the boy. "Why! They're a sort of mushroom that don't 'poine up.'" Accurate enough, excepting that truffles are not mushrooms. However, they are fungi (and are cousins to the mushroom) and they taste and look (inside) a good deal like mushrooms. The best truffles in the world grow in France. Other species grow in Italy and Spain and even in England.

Truffles grow underground, much like potatoes, except that they grow individually and not on the roots of a plant. In appearance they are globe-shaped, bright brown and black, and are covered with polygonal warts, not so very unlike the eyes of a potato. Their flesh is a blackish gray, seamed with white veins. They smell mighty good when they are ripe—something like crushed strawberries. Later the smell grows stronger, but it doesn't recall the perfume of the strawberries then—far from it.

Oldest of Industries.

Perhaps the oldest of all industries is sheep raising, for it was practiced even before agriculture. Wool is the product of cultivation or domestication, for there are no wild animals which closely resemble the wool-bearing sheep. Floyd W. Parsons in the Saturday Evening Post says that with the discovery that cloth could be made from wool came an effort to improve the fleece by selection and breeding. The early Romans were most successful in this pursuit, and their endeavors along this line resulted in developing a fleece of great fineness. After the conquest of the Iberian peninsula, Roman sheep were introduced into Spain, where they so greatly improved the native flocks that even during the Roman supremacy Spanish wool led the world's markets, a prestige held for many centuries.

Japs Hold Fuji Sacred.

Fuji is the name of Japan's most famous mountain, and, writes the Japanese correspondent of the London Morning Post, no Japanese thinks anything of himself until he has made some effort to ascend its sacred heights. To climb Fuji is a religious duty to most Japanese, while only a pleasure to some and a boast to others. Its graceful cone, like an inverted fan, is so familiar to all admirers of Japanese art that it needs no description here. But in Japan every mountain has a spirit; and the spirit of a beautiful or awe-inspiring mountain is to be strictly respected.



DOG LEARNS NEW STEP

Mr. DOG was old, but the younger dogs knew that if he no longer could hunt he knew more about hunting than they did and often they would sit before the door of his house and listen to his adventures when he was a young dog.

"Did I ever tell you about the time Mr. Jack Rabbit fooled me?" he asked one day.

None of them had heard it, so Mr. Dog shook himself and gave his head a final scratch and settled down in the sun comfortably to begin his story.

"It was in the very first days of my going hunting with the master," said Mr. Dog. "We had had a very good morning and when it was dinner time



I was resting under the shade of some bushes when all at once I saw something move.

"I was pretty spry in those days and off I went like a shot to see what it was. When I was out in the path I saw Mr. Jack Rabbit going lickerly-split through the woods.

"I knew pretty well where he intended to go because I had seen a piece that morning I intended to look into the first spare time I had, for I suspected that Mr. Jack lived there.

"Jack was some fast runner, but I was right at his heels and the first thing he knew he was up against a

stone wall that had no holes, I ran him in a corner.

"He turned around and faced me," Mr. Dog, he said, "but have you ever heard, and as I am about to do, should like to ask a favor of you.

"Go ahead," I said. "You are as good as a dead rabbit, but I'll cross anything but your life."

"I hear you are a great dancer and jumper," said Mr. Jack. "Would you like to see you dance? I suppose you would care to jump, as that would give me a chance to run away."

"Just what I was thinking," I replied, "but if you wish to see me dance, I will show you a few steps."

"I had taken only a few when he asked: 'Did you ever try this?' and he gave a queer little hop backward, then sideways and then backward again.

"It was a fancy step I had not seen and so I tried it, and would you believe, I forgot I was going to take him back to my master, I was so interested in that fancy backward step.

"The first thing I knew, I had taken so many steps backward that Jack Rabbit was some way from me, and as quick as I left him room enough to run out of the corner where I had him, he gave a leap and bound and away he went.

"Over the stumps and stones I followed, but he got away and I went back to my master feeling very much ashamed, and as he had been calling for some time I also was punished."

"I went the next morning to the place where I had thought Mr. Jack might live, but he had moved bag and baggage, and I never saw him again.

"Now, take warning from this story," said Mr. Dog, getting up and stretching himself, "and never try to learn any new steps from Jack Rabbit or any of his family.

"Stick to the ones you know and practice them until no steps of that family can put them beyond your reach."

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HOW IVAN WON

IVAN was a poor boy, but a wary ambitious one. His father was a blacksmith, and when the great lords would come by in their armor to have their steeds shod, Ivan would sit by the forge and gaze in wonder at their handsome array.

One day Lord Raymond rode up with his beautiful daughter accompanying him on a pony. Ivan admired the young girl as she sat waiting for her father's horse to be shod. "Have you heard the news, father?" asked Ivan's mother of her husband the next morning at breakfast. "Lord Raymond was last night called to the war by our king, and at noon today he and his 900 men will ride forth."

"But who will defend the castle if old Earl Edmond comes against it in the lord's absence?" asked the father. "I think there is small fear of that," replied the wife.

So at noon the long line of prancing steeds, headed by the lord, rode down the road and was soon lost to sight.

One September afternoon Ivan walked to the summit of a hill, from which he could see the surrounding country for miles. A flickering light caught his eye. There was a long procession of men winding across the valley, and all were clad in glittering armor. They were keeping close to the shadow of the woods, but when they crossed the sunlit path their swords flashed back the light brightly. At the head rode a huge man on a black horse and nearby carried a banner on which was a black eagle.

"It is old Earl Edmond!" exclaimed Ivan. "He is coming to attack the lord's castle in the absence of the owner."

Then far below Ivan noticed that not far from the castle was a large bridge, and below it rushed a mighty river.

"The earl will camp on this side of the big bridge this evening in the woods," said the boy aloud. "And by morning will come over to take the castle. If the timbers holding it can be cut through, tonight the wicked men will fall into the river."

With this he ran to his father's shop and got an ax. Within an hour he was at the bridge and had run to the other side, near the castle. Selecting one of the big, strong posts

which upheld the weight, he barked it out, and for two hours he kept at the work. At last the beam was almost broken in two parts. He then took the other post, and after three hours of hewing and resting, he managed to also sever that. The bridge would now fall apart were anyone to walk on it. But by placing several planks over the hole Ivan made it safe as if nothing had been done.

At dawn he heard the tramp of soldiers. The heavy horses trotted on to the bridge, while Ivan hid in the bushes at the far end. At the head still rode Earl Edmond on his black charger, who neared the side leading to the castle.



His horse came over the plank, it fell away and down steed and rider plunged into the river. The soldiers behind him could not stop their horses, and hundreds tumbled into the water after their leader.

Suddenly the sound of a battle shriled on the air and Ivan saw a flag toward him along the river bank the same Lord Raymond who had marched away two months before.

Ivan told the lord how he had defeated the wicked earl and how the castle was now saved from any attack by the enemy.

"Well done, my lad!" cried the lord. "You have done better than I could have with all my men. You were come to the castle and be part of my guard, so when you are a man you can be a knight."

So Ivan took up his abode at the castle. Years afterward, when he was married to Adèle and retaining over the surrounding land, he had a great pillar of stone erected at the bridge to mark the spot where one at a hundred hundreds of men.

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