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### WHERE CHEWING GUM GROWS

In the Tropical Jungles of Campeche, in Yucatan, the Precious Chicla is Found.

What the chiclero, or chiclerito gatherer, goes through to bring it from the forests of Yucatan, its home, is vividly told by the United States consul at Progress.

Primitive and laborious is the task of winning the chicla from the tropical jungles of Campeche. It was an American who discovered that this could be made into a satisfying chewing gum.

Chicla is gathered much as sap is from maple trees in the North. The chiclerito has to groove the bark, and he ascends and descends the tall trunks by means of a rope looped about his body and around the tree, progressing by hitches in the aboriginal manner as he wields his machete. The trees are tapped and drained for three successive years and then left alone for about ten years so that they may heal. The sap is cooked and molded into blocks.

It is gloomy work for the chiclerito, out at his far-off hut. He is apt to be a melancholy man and his calling has its own particular superstitions, some of them fearful. Most dangerous is the belief in "the little old man of the forest." This is a mischievous phantom in a large Mexican hat and serape, who watches and follows his victim in the darkness of the deep forest and makes his presence known by snapping twigs. Once a chiclerito has seen this little old man it is necessary to change his work to keep him from becoming depressed and to avoid the fatal accident which would result should he cut his rope upon hearing and suddenly turning to face his pursuer.

### LAUGHTER OF MANY LANDS

Wide Difference in Manner in Which People of Various Nations Show Merriment.

All the world laughs, though the nations have different ways of mirth. The Chinese is not so hearty as that of the European. It is often a titter than genuine burst of merriment. There is little character or force in it. As for the Arabian laugh, we have little of its hilarity. The Arab is generally a stolid fellow, who must see good reason for a laugh or be surprised into it. In Persia a man who laughs is considered effeminate, but free license is given to female merriment. One reads of the "grive Turk" and the "sober Egyptian," but it is not recorded that they have never moments of mirth when they hear of some particularly good thing. Italian mirth has been described as languid, but musical, the German as deliberate, the French as spasmodic and uncertain, the upper-class English as guarded, and not always genuine, the lower-class English as explosive, and the Scottish of all classes as hearty, and the Irish as rollicking.

### The London Cockney.

As used by writers of the Elizabethan period, the word "cockney" meant a mollycoddle, or a child that had been coddled too much by its mother. Then, because men who lived in the city were supposed to be less virile and strong than those who lived in the country, the rural population began to apply the term to the residents of London and other cities.

Gradually this meaning was restricted and localized until it was understood as being applicable only to Londoners. The opposite term—the one applied by townsmen to the farmer—was "down," meaning an uncouth, ill-bred man.

Today the name of cockney is applied to Londoners generally, but more particularly to people of a certain class. The London cockney may not always be well educated or refined in his speech, but he is not a mollycoddle.

### Dry Rot.

The term dry rot is commonly used to describe a condition of decay in wood. Probably nine out of ten persons who use the term have no real knowledge of its significance. In the first place, where there is decay, there must be moisture. This type of decay is really the work of a certain fungus. It is true that where this fungus grows the decaying timber appears to be without moisture. The fungus, however, will not germinate unless the wood is moist, but from then on it is able to travel in dry wood. It draws its moisture through a conduit system of slender, minutely porous strands. It is a curious fact, says Science, that wood kept sufficiently wet cannot rot.

### Strange Trade.

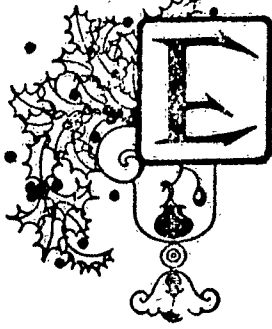
A colony of women at Hackney, one of the poor districts of London, England, has a peculiar way of earning money. They "mend" nutmegs—that is to say, they fill up the holes in worm-eaten and damaged nutmegs from spice warehouses. This work is done at home, the worm holes being filled with a mixture of nutmeg dust and gum made into a paste; and the poor women for doing this are paid at the rate of four cents per gross of nutmegs. It may here be said that even close examination on the part of a casual purchaser could not detect where the holes had been.

### His Status.

"Who was the fellow who just tried to borrow \$50 from you?"  
"He's a millionaire on paper."  
"Which means?"  
"A pauper in his own right."

## Christmas Wedding Bells

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER



LIZABETH had always, it is true, admired Howard. He was so faithful and good and reliable. He had been good to his mother and his sister. Every one knew he would be good to a wife, and they all knew, too, that he wanted Elizabeth for his wife.

"You're foolish not to take him," they said. "We all know you have the opportunity to do so every time he goes to see you. We would wager he'd proposed any number of times."

"I don't know about that," Elizabeth would laugh. They could get nothing out of her.

Once some of them spoke to Howard.

"We wish you two would get married. We're tired of seeing you courting all the time."

Howard smiled.

"It's up to Elizabeth," he said.

One woman spoke to Elizabeth one day in a very serious fashion.

"The trouble with you," the woman said, "is that you've always had so much attention. Not only Howard, but everyone has been charmed by you, and you think that will go on to the end of time. You'll find it won't. They'll stop, and then, where will you be?"

"I don't want to be married so as to escape being an old maid," Elizabeth laughed. "I've seen too many happy ones to be afraid. What's more—I think a lot more of a person who is faithful to someone they've loved than to marry for the sake of marrying. Lots of the 'old maids' are that. Some of the married ones have been so afraid they'd be thought unpopular and unwanted that they've married out of sheer cowardice."

This was very puzzling. Had Elizabeth loved someone in her earlier days—perhaps when she had gone away on a visit? No one knew. But everyone was puzzled. So much puzzled that they asked no more questions. They stopped telling her she should marry Howard. They stopped telling her what a wonderful husband he would make, and how much he loved her.

They were speculating on which visit it could have been when the tragedy occurred. And had the mysterious man married or had he been already married and so Elizabeth, as a nice, quiet girl had quickly taken herself home and out of the way?

It was snowing hard. Elizabeth was getting together her Christmas presents when the door bell rang. Outside stood Howard.

"I thought perhaps you'd not mind if I went with you when you took around the presents," he said. "I knew it was just about your time."

How lovely it was outside. The snow was falling, the air was so clear and cool, and here was Howard, so

straight and tall, his face glowing with health, his eyes so clear, so keen and so devoted. It made even the cold, crisp air seem warm and soft and affectionate.

They had delivered the presents and were now passing—the small church. Inside someone was practicing on the organ. That was doubtless the organist practicing for the music for the service in the morning. There was much beautiful music always for Christmas! So many wonderful hymns, and such an atmosphere about it all.

"I wish," Howard said, "that he'd stop practicing the Christmas music and play us a wedding march."

"Perhaps he would," said Elizabeth. "Do you mean it?" Howard shouted.

"Oh yes, my dear, of course I mean it. You've not said a word about marrying the last four times I've seen you and I've been about to do it myself. The people—they tried to keep me from seeing how wonderful you were by talking about you, making you what they saw in you—not giving me a chance to see for myself."

The organist played the wedding march. The clergyman came over hurriedly to marry them, bringing two witnesses with him.

"The Christmas bells and the wedding bells are joining together for us," Howard said a little later.

They took the basket which had had the presents in it back home. Then they announced to all the people what they had done.

"Merrie Christmas!" everyone wished them. But Elizabeth answered, "We don't need to be wished 'Merrie Christmas,' but we thank you all just the same!"

### "THE ONLY ROAD"

The Old

Round the World resounding,  
The ark's last warning  
Boom,  
Derisive scoffs the unbeliever,  
Sealing his impending  
Doom.  
Slow barred's the door,  
Friends, relatives and wickedness  
outside.

The good, the bad, the indifferent, Life's tainted underside,  
Ominous grows the silence,  
Unknown terror grips the heart.  
All nature's destroying forces,  
Of the deluge now a part.  
Backward flies the world  
To chaos, Heaven on earth no more.  
The desert now where Eden  
Shed, Replica of the golden shore,  
Sheet lightning precedes the  
Flood, fused forests follow in the  
wake,  
Forming neath the earth's convulsive  
crust, the coal mine and petrol-  
cum lake.

On the side-hill the  
Peat bog, the landscape's deface,  
With the mighty snarled oak,  
Jagged and prone at its base.  
For the sons of men no foothold,  
Paradise lost to the soul.  
Merciful God its for you  
To say perdition their Goal.  
With uplifted hands and  
Faces, their past lives to Heaven de-  
crying,

Through the seething, swirling waters  
too late for mercy applying.  
The great Jehovah moved to  
Pity, His anger with the waters fast  
subsiding.  
Creates a symbol of love,  
A Covenant with man abiding.  
On a rainbow's ruby crescent,  
From Heaven's dome a pendant,  
Noah's dove triumphant,  
With an olive branch of Emerald's  
resplendent;

The Omnipotent ever mindful,  
Subject the flesh to moral decay.  
The spirit not always manifest,  
Sojourning in its house of clay.  
Weaving vengeance on Man,  
The Dohy never doomed suffice.  
For his image and Likeness,  
He makes a Heavenly sacrifice.

### The New

From the mouth of the  
Prophet, through the wilderness a cry.  
The voice of the Lord,  
Proclaiming the coming Messiah.  
Immersed by the inspired  
One, beneath the Jordan's blessed  
wave.

The conscience stricken  
Soul, from the body to save.  
All joyous is Heaven,  
The Pearl Gates swing wide,  
God's spirit born in the flesh, salva-  
tion for man exemplified.

The Divinity revealed for  
the skeptic, or else the reason why.  
Life's purpose a vast assurance, to  
win you must live and die.  
Follow the announcing Angel,  
Through the star-lit way.

Marked by the Eternal,  
His Redemption's new highway.  
With his broad white wings aspread-  
ing, Heaven's beauty to enhance.  
Quicker than thought,  
Through endless space expanse.  
Oh messenger of joy, for the gloom  
a shining ray.

Met by reciprocal halleluiahs, Limbo  
now the milky-way.  
A gorgeous Angelic  
Spectrum, over the wide world effus-  
ing.

And with a strange light,  
Jehoshaphat's valley diffusing.  
Angels, sheep, and fear stricken  
shepherds making a glorious sight  
Never to be forgotten, the first won-  
drous Christmas night.

By Heavenly songs assured,  
The first pilgrimage's on its way.  
With homages long pent up, our debt  
to God to pay.

The good Christian never leaves the  
road, he needs no astrolabe.  
With fancy in the lead,  
Portrayed the Virgin and the Babe.  
Its the only road, bereft of earthly  
dross,  
It begins at the star,  
And ends at the Cross.  
—Michael Wolfe Scanlan.

### Toys Made in Sweden.

Toys are manufactured to a considerable extent in Sweden and are almost entirely the finer kinds of painted wooden toys. Their making was formerly a house industry, but of later years the great bulk of the output comes from a few factories.

### TOOK SENTIMENT TO HEART

Father of Dead Maori Youth Found Comfort in Maeterlinck's Really Beautiful Contention.

A pathetic story of a Maori father comes from the pen of Mr. Rex Hunter, who was born and grew up among them. In Asia, he writes:

When I went riding, Koru, who did odd jobs round the place and who rode a pony that he called Polo, came along as a sort of attendant. But his attitude was different from that of an English groom; instead of dubbing me "Mr." or "Sir," he always called me by my first name.

While I was sojourning in the South seas, during an absence from New Zealand, a letter from my sister informed me of Koru's death. He had contracted smallpox. In replying I referred to Maeterlinck's contention that the dead are never actually dead so long as the living remember them. In simple words my sister told that part of my letter to Ben, the father of the dead boy, and the thought seemed to impress him deeply. In her next letter my sister wrote:

"Yesterday I went with Ben to put flowers on Koru's grave. Ben talked as if the boy could hear him. He said, 'Well, Koru, here we are come to see you. We no forget you. You no dead while we remember you, Koru. Polo, the pony, is all right and wonder where you are. Every little while we come to see you.' And then as we left he said, 'Goo-by, Koru. You no dead while we remember.'—Youth's Companion.

### THE CHRISTMAS TREE CUSTOM

Use of the Young Evergreens is Regarded More as a Matter of Sentiment, Not of Economics.



VERY year some mathematical calculator figures out that this country would be several billions richer if, as a nation, we abolished the good, old custom of the Christmas tree. Yes, in actual dollars and cents valuation of our natural resources the United States probably would be more wealthy for the continued growth of the evergreens. However, we believe no better return ever came from trees than the true joy which all mankind gets from Christmas trees at this the greatest of all holiday seasons.

Nearly 5,000,000 young evergreens go upon the Christmas-tree market each year, 1,500,000 in New York and the New England states alone, and it is an easy matter for an enthusiast who is quick with the pencil to figure up the waste in our natural resources by the annual loss of this embryonic timber. The economic consideration is not entirely indefensible, for in the Northeastern states particularly a big proportion of the trees come from pasture land or that which would be cleared in the ordinary course of improvement. Later, these trees would be cut anyway. Of course, wholesale destruction over watershed areas should be discouraged as in any forestry activity, but it must be remembered that the Christmas-tree custom is one of sentiment, not of economics. —American Agriculturist.

### Honey Drop Cakes.

One cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of honey, one-half cupful of shortening, four eggs, 1.50 cupfuls of milk, two teaspoonfuls of vanilla, one-half teaspoonful of salt, four cupfuls of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Cream the honey, sugar and shortening together; add well-beaten eggs and vanilla; sift dry ingredients and add alternating with the milk. Mix well; bake in greased muffin tins. These are good if flavored with chocolate, using four squares of baking chocolate or ten tablespoonfuls of coco for this large recipe. They are good uniced.

### Christmas.

If we were to fancy a wholly Christianized world, it would be a world inspired by the spirit of Christmas—a bright, friendly, beneficent, generous, sympathetic, mutually helpful world. Let us cling to Christmas all the more as a day of the spirit which in every age some souls have believed to be the possible spirit of human society.—George William Curtis.

### Who's Who?

The child, the pride of the neighborhood because of his keen intelligence, was left to play at the home of a neighbor. There was something different about this home that seemed to attract the child more than any other. Here he was amused by an elderly man, who read, played the piano, slept and did nothing to mark him as the head of a household. His wife on the other hand carried on a successful department store where she spent twelve of the twenty-four hours.

This condition seemed quite contrary to the child's conception of domestic life. To him the duty of the head of the house was to leave after breakfast for business and return at night to dinner, while the wife was to stop at home and attend to the household duties. The child's mother returned and noticed that the child looked puzzled, but could not put his query into words. Finally he asked: "Mother, is she a he?"—New York Sun.

### "Nabby Pamby."

There is much curious employment for the speculative person in considering the origin of things and phrases. There is, in fact, an altogether unexpected and rich field of strange learning to be acquired in this direction by one who has the will to it. How, for instance, did the odd expression "nabby-pamby" arise, to indicate some one of a mild and jejune nature, a milkop? The original Nabby Pamby was a mild and well-meaning potester, Ambrose Phillips, who flourished in the Eighteenth century, and was the butt of the critics of that age. Pope satirized him, and we find Carey writing, "Nurses got by heart Nabby Pamby's little rhymes." The expression is thus seen to be in its origin a play upon a personal name.

### Crowded Orchard.

Prof. L. C. Corbett of the United States Department of Agriculture says he found in England a specimen of intensive fruit culture the like of which he has never encountered before. Apple trees are planted in rows 14 feet apart. Between these are plum trees flanked by gooseberries and currant bushes. The growth is so dense that the work of cultivation must be done by hand, and spraying is done by the installation of a permanent piping system. The company which owns this farm maintains a preserving plant for making jam when the fresh fruit cannot be profitably disposed of.

### It Works Both Ways.

"The vulgarity of wealthy people is so much more noticeable than that of the poorer ones."  
"Yes, and at the same time it's so much more endurable."