Democratic Watchman.

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THE ROSE STILL GROWS BEYOND THE WALL.

By A. L. Frink.

Near shady wall a rose once grew,
Budded and blossomed in God's free light,
Watered and fed by morning dew,
Shedding its sweetness day and night.

As it grew and blossomed fair and tall,
Slowly rising to loftier height,
It came to a crevice in the wall,
Through which there shone a bead of light.

Onward it crept with added strength,
With never a thought of fear or pride
It followed the light through the crevice's length
And unfolded itself on the other side.

The light, the dew, the broadening view
Were found the same as they were before;
And it lost itself in beauties new,
Breathing its fragrance more and more.

Shall claim of death cause us to grieve,
And make our courage faint or fall?
Nay! Let us faith and hope receive;
The rose still grows beyond the wall.

Scattering fragrance far and wide,
Just as it did in days of yore,
Just as it did on the other side,
Just as it will for evermore.

"ALGY MET A BEAR."

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Blaine, admiringly. "He runs like a Mercury!"

Coach Bradley, standing watch in hand, shook his head and sighed.

At that moment the runner dashed across the white line that marked the quarter-mile on the track. His momentum carried him a few yards farther down the track, and then he waved his hand at the coach, and turned across the athletic field toward the gymnasium.

"Wright's form is good," admitted the coach to the student, who had come down to watch track practice.

"Any chance for him in the Brighton meet?" asked Blaine interestedly.

The coach looked doubtful. "He ought to be the best half-mile man in the State. It's that temper of his. I never can count on him in a race. He will go through his practice here on the field perfectly for a week and then spoil it all by losing his head in the big race. I'd like him to run against Brighton, but I can't trust him."

"I know," sympathized Blaine. "His temper is a joke among the fellows. They tease him just to see him fly to pieces."

Algernon Wright in the gymnasium was feeling the exhileration that a shower bath brings after brisk exercise in the spring sunshine. He was pleased with the promise of the track meets that were to come, for he knew that he was in good condition and that his running form was getting so that he could depend upon it. "Now if Coach Bradley only gives me a chance," he thought, "I can do something in the races this year. And maybe we can clean up on old Brighton. Griffin's got to be beaten," he growled, an angry flush rising to his cheeks. "I'll beat him, yet, if I don't do another thing in college."

As he dressed the memory of the last Alton-Brighton track meet—the big track event of the season came back to him. It was a thing he did not particularly like to remember, for there was a certain unpleasantness about it that had effected him especially. He had started to the meet on that day in high spirits. He was in the pink of condition and he was sure he could win his special race, the half-mile. At the start, he drew the inside position. At the crack of the pistol he leaped into the lead, a good pace in front of all the rest. He kept his position until half way over the last of the two laps, conscious of a runner who was just behind him and who was vainly trying to pass him. Then he heard a muttered sentence from the runner, "Run along out of the way, my little fellow. This is a man's race."

Surprised and angered at the taunt—it wasn't so much the words as the mocking tone in which they were given—Algernon Wright glanced back over his shoulder with a wrathful "Shut up!" on his lips, thus violating one of Coach Bradley's strictest rules. That made him lose his steady even stride for a moment. He almost stumbled, and in that instant his rival shot ahead of him.

Now as he remembered it again, the blood rushed hotly to his head, and it was in no pleasant frame of mind that he left the gymnasium and started toward his boarding house. Halfway across the campus he kicked violently at a small twig that lay inoffensively in the path, kicked so violently that his foot slipped on the turf, and he fell awkwardly and ingloriously on the grass. He looked around apprehensively.

"Little Algy gets back to nature," sang out the irrepressible Jinks, a Freshman whose exuberant spirits earned him the nickname of "Hi."

"Say," exploded Wright, his wrath fairly lifting him to his feet, "cut out that Algy stuff, will you? Somebody ought to teach Freshmen better manners, and I'm about ready to do the work, at least as far as one Freshman is concerned!"

"Oh, calm yourself," soothed Jinks, "Your anger may be 'Wrightchus' but it isn't becoming. Now if you'll be good I'll repeat a touching little poem I found today, just for you:

"'Algy met a bear;
The bear met Algy.
The bear grew bulgy.
The bulge was Algy.'"

he chanted, watching his victim's discomfort with obvious satisfaction.

"Only in this case, Algy met the ground," chuckled another boy.

"Come on, Al, let 'em have their fun," said Blaine, walking over to Wright and throwing his arm across the boy's shoulders. "Don't you care. Let's go to supper."

Algernon Wright shook his friend's arm free, but walked on with him. "I can't stand that Jinks fellow," he stormed. "It isn't my fault that my name is Algernon."

"Don't mind him," urged Blaine. "You did look comical, you know, the way your feet flew out from under you. You went down so—so unanimously."

"Haven't you got any respect for a fellow's feelings?" Algy grumbled.

A good dinner and a healthy appetite will combine to drive away the deepest gloom, and before long Wright had forgotten his grievance. It was not until late in the evening, when he had come out under the stars to get a breath of air before going to bed, that he remembered the incident again.

"That Jinks thinks he's clever," he muttered. "He and his jokes and his rhymes. Fool things! Nothing to 'em. 'Algy met a bear!' Humph!" Suddenly he chuckled. "That was a funny one, though. But I'd never let him know I thought it was!"

Then his sudden and embarrassing descent upon the campus came to him. Now that it was over, he could review the event without so much emotion. He was forced to smile himself as he thought of the picture he must have made. Then he grew sober again as he remembered how he had lost his temper.

"Looked funnier than ever Blaine said," he mused. "I wonder if I did. I never thought of that." He thought carefully, and tried to remember exactly how he had acted. "I'll bet I made a fool of myself," he reflected. He started as a thought new to him came into his mind.

"'Algy met a bear.'" He grinned, and then exclaimed, "H'm, that is just exactly what has been happening to Algy all this time. Come to think of it, I have a bear of a temper." He chuckled at his own witticism. "And the bear met Algy, and the bear grew bulgy, and—yes, by George, the bulge was Algy. It comes out on top—I mean outside—every time, too. There's just one thing to do; I've got to run from the bear or else tame him."

The task of keeping his temper was even harder than he had expected, for he had never really tried before. From the very beginning of the day, when the morning after his resolution, he energeticaly jumped out of bed and just as energetically struck his foot against a carelessly placed chair, it seemed to him as though temptations to give way to a burst of anger were waiting for him everywhere he turned. It was hard and he was not always successful, but little by little he found it easier to exercise control over himself. When something irritating happened, he would think to himself: "Algy met a bear —" and a smile would cross his face.

And then, one day a week after his resolution, he came back to his room, which was in a private house near the campus, to find it "stacked." In his absence three or four of his friends had dropped in to see him. One of them suggested that it would be a huge joke on Wright to turn everything upside down, and the others hilariously agreed. So they set to work with an enthusiasm which they had seldom given to their studies.

When Wright opened his door late in the afternoon, chaos and confusion met his eyes. Everything that he owned was piled in one grand heap in the center of the room. His furniture formed the foundation of the pyramid. He recognized parts of his chairs, desk, bureau drawers, and completely dismembered bed or various sections of them that emerged from the general wreck. Over the whole thing were spread the contents of his desk and bureau, while the top was crowned with a festoon of neckties pinned together. Beneath them a row of his pictures and pennants encircled the heap.

For a few seconds Algernon just stood and looked. Then the blood rushed to his face, he drew a long breath, and opened his mouth. "Algy met a bear—" He stopped, while a look of astonishment spread over his face. That wasn't at all what he had meant to say. It was in fact, far from it. But the habit had already been fixed so strongly that the words slipped out before he knew it. For a moment he felt angry again, and then the incongruity of the words in that particular situation struck him with full force, and he sat down and laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks. "I'll say it's a bear!" he told the world in general. "And it's the biggest bear that Algy ever met," he concluded, more soberly.

He fished from the pile the essentials for preparing for supper, and left the work of reconstruction until he came back. At supper the guilty members of the party watched his serene air in amazement. This was not the Algernon Wright that they knew. Finally one of them ventured, in tones of disbelief, "Been home lately, Al?"

"Just came from there," Wright assured him. "And say, Bud," he remarked, realizing what brought forth the question, "you and the rest of the bunch come over with me after supper. I have a little job for you."

The spring advanced, and as the weeks went on, the track season drew to a close. While the subject of the Alton-Brighton meet occupied the minds and speech of the students to the exclusion of all other topics, they had hardly ceased to comment at intervals upon Algernon Wright's remarkable action when his room had been stacked. Many amateur Sherlock Holmes's on the campus were still trying to find a solution to the mystery of how it all happened that way. The most even temper will break when its owner meets with that particular experience, and to have Algernon Wright go through with it in the way he did was unbelievable. Coach Bradley noticed his steadying temper with satisfaction, but with some doubt as to its permanency.

"How about it, Coach?" said Wright a few days before the meet. "Am I going to run against Brighton next Saturday?"

Bradley regarded him thoughtfully a moment before he answered. "Wright, to be perfectly frank with you, I'm not at all sure that I can let you run," he answered finally. "You know Brighton has a good track team this year, and we simply have to have every point we can possibly get. Now you have done well in every track meet this season, but—if that temper of yours gets away from you again, and you lose your head the way you did last year, we might lose the track meet."

Wright turned away, so disappointed that the tears almost came, but made no remark.

"Hmm," said the coach to himself. "I've a notion to let him run after all."

And so it happened that Wright's name was on the list of entries for the half-mile on the Alton-Brighton score card; and Myers was entered for the mile. There was a light of happiness in Algernon's eyes as he waited for his turn to come, but there was a grim set about his jaw, too, that was good to see.

By the time the half-mile was announced, the crowd in the grand stand was in a frenzy of excitement. Almost all the events had been staged, and the score was about even.

The runners drew for places, and Wright stood third from the pole. Of the five contestants who entered the race, Wright and a promising Freshman represented Alton, and the remaining three were from Brighton. It was with a feeling of excitement that Wright saw that his old enemy, Griffin, had drawn the second place from the inside of the track, and so would start next to him.

A great cheer rose as the runners took their places on the track. Brighton and Alton college yells strove for supremacy, and cries of encouragement were thrown to the individual runners. But Algernon Wright, industriously scraping the holes in the track in which to brace his feet at the start, was too busy with his own thoughts even to hear them. A glance at two of the Brighton athletes convinced him that he would have to center his attention only upon the man beside him. He set about to decide what the tactics of Griffin would be.

Griffin was murmuring in an annoying tone, evidently meant for Wright's ears, "well, if here isn't little Algy again." ("Wonder how he knows my name," thought Wright). "Who let you in, anyway? Get this Algy: when I whistle, you turn out and let me by. Understand? Or else I'll push my spikes into your heel."

Algernon Wright decided that one part of Griffin's running tactics was to try to spoil his nerve. He tried to remember how Griffin had run his race the year before, what sort of pace Griffin had, and where he might expect him to sprint. Griffin felt irritated. "What's the matter with you, Algy? Gone to sleep? Wake up and try to give us a race, anyway, can't you?"

"On your marks!" The sharp tones of the starter broke in upon the monologue.

"Get set!" The muscles of the runners tensed.

Crock; The pistol spoke sharply, and the runners were off.

Wright threw all the power he could command into that lightning start. With a thrill of exultation he knew that he was ahead at the very beginning, and he ran with all his might the forty yards to the first turn in the quarter-mile track, for he must be two paces ahead of his closest rival before he could cross in front of him to the inside of the track. The turn successfully accomplished, he settled down to the steady pace he was to maintain until the last few yards. He felt some one draw closer and closer until he was just behind his shoulder, then keep the position, and although he was tempted to sprint enough to draw away from him, he conquered the impulse and held to his pace. To the spectators it seemed that the leader of the race was running without the slightest effort, so smoothly and quietly and steadily he skimmed over the cinders.

Halfway around the second time, the man behind Wright spoke, and Algernon knew who it was. "Out of the way!" panted Griffin. "Remember what I said. I'll get you and get you good!"

This time Algernon Wright did not look around. Curiously enough now that he knew Griffin's motive, and was expecting this very thing, he felt more amused than angered.

Surprised and chagrined at the unexpected failure of his strategy, Griffin's own face flamed with disappointed anger, and he almost lost his stride. Then, at the sight of Wright's swiftly leaving him in the rear, he desperately quickened his pace. Instantly he realized that he had shortened his stride in his haste. He tried to lengthen it, and suddenly was all confusion. He almost stumbled but as he caught his balance the other Alton runner shot past him, crossed the line, and the race was over.

Exhausted, but with a heart full of gladness, Algernon Wright lay panting on the warm grass, while cheer after cheer shook the grand stand. Presently he picked himself up and joined the joyful crowd of students streaming from the field to the campus.

"Some race!" He heard Jinks voice just behind him. "That boy certainly can run. That reminds me," he dropped his voice, "have you heard this one?"

"'Algy met a bear,
The bear met Algy.
The bear grew bulgy—
The bulge was Algy.'"

Wright turned a good-natured grin on the humorous Jinks. "On the contrary," he remarked amiably, "the bulge was not Algy."

Surprised, Jinks looked at him inquiringly.

Algernon Wright only smiled.—The Boys' World.

——Gannet Peak, the highest mountain in Wyoming was scaled for the first time by A. C. Tate, of Stamford, Conn., member of the American Alpine club, and Floyd Stalnaker, of Dubois, Wyoming. The peak has an altitude of 13,785 feet and contains what is claimed by many scientists to be the largest glacier in the United States. According to the climbers, the ascent was made laboriously up a narrow ribbon of ice in which it was necessary to cut steps to get a foothold.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Every one of us, whatever our speculative opinions, knows better than he practices, and recognizes a better law than he obeys.—Froude.

There is frequently a feeling that much is to be gained by waiting until a little later, when one hopes, wraps will be greatly reduced. And we get along as best we can without our new garments on the very occasions when we most desire them. But it really does not seem this season as if this were worth while. Considering their exquisite quality, I have never known coats to be less expensive, and it is scarcely conceivable that their price tickets could be further lowered.

One of the most pronounced features of the newest coats is the bloused back. This does not mean, of course, that we are to be inflicted with the clumsy, bulky, graceless things which a blouse back can be when it is not correctly designed. The makers have cleverly given us, in these new models, not only svelte lines but the utmost chic. They have done all sorts of interesting things to the underarm seam, and have even conceived an entirely new method of setting in the sleeves, so that all superfluous material is taken care of.

Unless you are actually suffering from embonpoint, you can safely attempt one of the ultra smart bloused back affairs and wear it in the knowledge that you are flaunting quite the latest thing. One reason for its success is, perhaps, the marvelous softness of the season's materials. They are as supple as velvet and as luxurious as fur. And one may drape or coax them into the most charming lines without the least detriment to their lustrous surface. The time was when in order to get warmth one must have a weight so great as to be cumbersome. But in the new order of the fabrics they may be as light as a bit of thistledown, yet warm enough for the most "blizzardy" day.

There is no lessening of the favor in which bolivia is held. It is as popular today as it was when it made its debut several years ago. Silk bolivia is used for some of the handsomest models, and it is one of the few materials which are as lovely in black as in colors. So often, you know, black, particularly in wool materials, takes on a grayish look which is anything but attractive. Both in marvella, that distinctive favorite of fashion, and in silk bolivia black is being seen a great deal. It appears to form the queenliest of backgrounds for the ravishing fur collars of squirrel which are so smart, either in the alluring blue-gray Siberian or the very new Viatki.

Some of the new collars are so immense that one wonders whether the wrap is of cloth with a fur collar or of fur with a bit of cloth attached. Shawl collars are the vogue and many of them reach the waistline, making a lovely setting for the fair face of the wearer when they are turned back; as they are more often than not. Added to this are frequently cuffs which may, if they like, reach the elbow, and as if this were not enough there are panels edged deep with fur and sometimes even entire fur panels. The ever-present squirrel, mole, seal, beaver and any amount of caracul are the usual pelts employed in this mode.

It is, as you see, more suited to the short than the long-haired furs. But when collars alone are seen, or collars and round cuffs, there is no absence of long-haired peltry. Fox, especially platinum fox, is high in favor. It, too, combines wonderfully with black or with the new Hawaiian and ensign blues. Wolf, which once was looked upon with disfavor, is now a petted member of society. I saw a beautiful model the other day of gerona in that inviting shade known as kit-fox gray. And it was collared to the waist and below with the silkiest of natural gray wolf. When I spoke of the lovely sheen and softness of this fur, the furrier called my attention to an equally lustrous pelt of black wolf. And this, no doubt, accounts for its popularity. If wolf is going to be as pliable and as silky as fox, then there is no reason why it should not be as well liked.

Raccoon, ringtail and black opossum are other members of the long-haired variety which have fashion's sanction and the favor of milady. They are among the most adaptable of furs and they wear endlessly. And they are, or should be, comparatively inexpensive.

If your coat is to be of brown, as every second coat one meets is, the choice of a harmonizing fur is oftentimes a bit difficult. You see at a glimpse that none of the gray tones will be pleasing. Australian opossum may be used and fitch-dyed fox is lovely. So are beaver, nutria and seal. The browns of this winter are such adorable shades that it is no wonder women have gone mad over them. Brown Pollyanna with a tucked back and long-fitted panels at the side, with fascinating sleeves showing tight little lengthwise tucks, with a lining of Havana brown peau de cygne and trimming of beaver, and you have a wrap which a princess of royalty might envy.

You have probably noticed that there is a decided liking for the wrappy models whose upper portion is stitched or otherwise decorated over its entire surface. A model of seal brown veldyne is developed in this manner with an all-over tracery of flat silk braid in a matching tone. I noticed a coat of midnight blue duvetyne the other day, which boasted no fur, and whose waist to its bloused back was covered with large French knots done in silk of the same shade. It is, of course, only the smoother fabrics which may be treated in this way, as the effect would be lost on the exquisite pile materials which are so noticeably in the lead. But if the theme appeals to you, you have a choice of it in the latter with the top of caracul, and in this way you will acquire not only a smart style note, but one of the most intriguing garments of the season.

Before I forget it, I must tell you about the peachy new sports models which the younger set are wearing. They are very new as yet, but each day sees more and more of them on the streets. The material is a sort of glorified homespun or perhaps it is tweed.

"Sugar and spice and everything nice," must go into the making of these delicious holiday dishes, and as both mincemeat and plum pudding seem to ripen and improve with being kept for several weeks or months, it is none too soon to be busy with this fascinating task.

Unfortunately many housekeepers think that in these days of prohibition it is useless to try to make either mincemeat or a good Christmas pudding without the addition of either wine or brandy. I think, however, if the formulas given below are carefully followed even the most exacting caterer will be more than pleased with the results.

When making mincemeat, do not use the usual cut of round as the meat ingredient. Substitute either fresh beef heart or tongue and you will find that not only will it be more delicate and tender, but the flavor will be much richer.

Southern Mincemeat.—Put into a large kettle three pints of chopped beef tongue or heart, one pound of beef suet, put through the meat grinder six pints of coarsely chopped peeled apples, one and a half pints of strained meat stock, one cupful of boiled cider, three cupfuls of brown sugar, one cupful of dark molasses, two and a half tablespoonfuls of salt, one pound each of currants and shredded citron, three pounds of seeded raisins, one cupful of chopped candied orange peel, the juice of three lemons and the grated rind of one. Heat gradually and simmer for two hours, then add one cupful of grape juice, two tablespoonfuls of ground cloves, three tablespoonfuls of cinnamon and one tablespoonful of grated nutmeg. Seal hot, as for canned fruit.

English Plum Pudding.—Mix together two and a half cupfuls of flour, one cupful of grated bread crumbs, half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves, one and a half cupfuls of chopped, seeded raisins, three cupfuls of currants and half a cupful each of chopped walnuts, figs and minced candied orange peel. Stir one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking soda into one cupful of sour milk and add one cupful of beef suet, chopped to a powder; one beaten egg and half a cupful each of dark molasses and sugar. Gradually combine the two mixtures and beat and mix thoroughly. Steam in a large, well-oiled mould for four hours. This pudding will serve 12 persons and if preferred it may be cooked in two moulds.

Lemon Mincemeat.—Peel two lemons, cut the rind in tiny strips, cover with cold water and boil until tender. Add to the peel and the liquor in which it has cooked, half a pound each of beef suet and beef heart, very finely chopped; the juice from the lemons, six peeled, chopped apples; one and a half cupfuls of sugar, one pound of currants, half a pound of seeded raisins, two ounces of shredded citron, half a cupful of boiled cider and about the same of strained stock. Simmer until quite thick and season to taste with salt, ground cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg. Store as for canned fruit.

A Good Chrismas Pudding.—Melt half a cupful of butter and blend with a cupful of rich, sweet milk, slightly warmed. Stir into half a cupful of dark molasses, one teaspoonful of baking soda, combine with the milk and add half a cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of ginger, the same of salt and half a teaspoonful each of cloves and nutmeg. Then beat in about three cupfuls of flour. Have ready one cupful each of blanched chopped almonds, shredded figs and chopped, seeded raisins and half a cupful each of chopped dates and minced candied orange peel. Dust these with another half-cupful of flour and stir into the pudding. Turn into two oiled moulds and steam for about three hours.

CANCER CAN BE CURED.

Cencer killed 7,856 people in Pennsylvania in 1921. This is a death rate of 85.5 per 100,000 population, a higher rate than that caused by tuberculosis of the lungs which was 78.9; higher than the diphtheria rate, 22.5, or typhoid fever, 7.3.

Cancer brings death in an agonizing form, yet the disease is often curable if taken in time.

The State Health Commissioner says, "A death from cancer of the skin or of the mucous membrane near the skin, as the mouth, lips, tongue, or cheek is an entirely avoidable death. These cancers in their beginning can always be cured. Their beginnings as a rule are not cancer but some persistent inflammation which ultimately turns into cancer; a wart which grows and becomes inflamed, a mole which exhibits the same tendency, a little skin patch which scales and persists, these are the common signs which require attention and which can be cured before cancer develops.

"A painless application of radium will usually cure it," he continued, "sometimes the knife under local anesthesia, which makes the procedure so painless there is not even a wrinkling of the brow when the needful cut is made and the one or two stitches applied. A sore spot on the lip which persists more than a few days may be the forerunner of cancer—fever blisters last at most but a few days. Persistent sores on the tongue or cheek should be regarded in the same light. Lumps in the breast or growing anywhere call for immediate atention. By modern methods the removal of growths is entirely safe and painless.

"Internal cancer could be cured, and always, except that in its beginning it usually gives no sign and not until it is largely developed can it be detected by examination."

During the World war the United States lost 80,000 men, and in the same period 180,000 people died of cancer in this country.

——Subscribe for the "Watchman."

661 CITIES AND TOWNS IN THE UNITED STATES HAVE REVIVED CHRISTMAS CAROLING CUSTOM.

So thoroughly established now in this country is the venerable custom of outdoor Christmas caroling as a feature of the public Yuletide celebrations in no less than 661 cities and towns. The list of these is given in an illuminating survey on the spread of the movement made by the National Bureau for the Advancement of Music, which is co-operating with churches, schools, music teachers, club leaders and others organizing groups of carolers among the young people of the community and rehearsing them in the beautiful old melodies. According to the Bureau's records, gathered through newspaper clippings from all parts of the country, 330 cities had had the caroling in 1920, as compared with the 661 in December last, so that at the present rate of growth the list should reach at least 1,000 this year.

Speaking of the modest beginnings of the movement in America the survey says:

"Ten years ago outdoor Christmas Eve Caroling, especially by itinerant groups through the streets of town and village, was almost unknown in this country. The beautiful old custom that had once been universal in England had all but died.

"The widespread adoption of the Community Christmas Tree did much to bring the carols to public attention again. Yet the singing of the charming old Yuletide songs for the public benefit was all too infrequent and the general absence of the 'waits,' the traveling bands of carolers in their picturesque red cambric capes, was particularly regrettable.

"The National Bureau for the Advancement of Music is interested in extending more widely the influence and utilization of music among the American people, and it saw in the Christmas caroling one of the most inspiring uses of song, as a satisfaction to the singer, a joy to the community, and a means of expressing the Christmas spirit. In 1917, therefore, shortly after its own inception, the Bureau began working actively for the country-wide expansion of the custom."

Not only has the idea itself attained the great popularity indicated in the survey, which it is admitted probably leaves out a number of cities that should be included, but there have been many new developments introduced from year to year, some of which have themselves met with wide favor. One of these is the practice of serenading by the carolers outside the homes of shut-ins and the visiting of hospitals, institutions for the aged, etc. The traditional costume of cape and hood is also being more extensively used. In many towns some of the itinerant bands consist entirely of adults, in others partially of adults.

A number of these special features, as well as general information for those desirous of forming caroling groups, are described in the booklet, "Christmas Eve Caroling Being Revived," which may be obtained free upon request by readers of this newspaper who write the National Bureau for the Advancement of Music, 105 West 40th Street, New York.

A Chance to Reinvest Your Stamps.

During the war the government offered war savings stamps, paying about 4 per cent. as a method of saving for people of small means. Since the war, and to take the place of war savings stamps, the government offered treasury savings certificates in denominations of $25.00, $100.00, and $1,000, now sold to investors at $20.50, $82.00, and $820.00, respectively. They pay 4 per cent if held to maturity, five years from date of the issue. About $625,000,000 of war savings stamps, series of 1918, become due January 1st, 1923, and the government now offers to issue treasury savings certificates in exchange for them, affording the owners an opportunity to continue a safe investment with good interest. Saving has furnished the life blood for many nations and insures prosperity to the people. The government is doing everything possible to encourage saving in the United States by offering sound and attractive securities for the investment of small funds. If you want to save, and insure your future, it would pay you to investigate Uncle Sam's savings system.

The large amount of money invested, and the great number of persons who purchased war savings stamps, showed that the people of this country could save money when the necessity arose. Now, if they will take the money they saved when they bought stamps to aid the government in the prosecution of the war and buy treasury savings certificates, they will demonstrate that the thrift lessons of the war have not been without effect. The holders of the war savings stamps have seen investments of about $20.50 grow to $25.00 in five years, and a larger amount in proportion. They can see the same thing repeated if they reinvest in treasury savings certificates. Interest accumulates at the rate of 4 per cent. each year, compounded semi-annually. These savings certificates are exempt from the normal federal income tax, and from all State and local taxation (except estate and inheritance taxes), and may be held to the amount of $5,000, maturity value, for each issue, by every member of the family. They are backed by the credit of the United States government, and afford an easy and sure method of saving.

A Heavy Hand.

Professor Barrett Wendell, Yale's brilliant and famous critic, was talking at a tea about a new novelist.

"He has a heavy, awkward hand," said Professor Wendell. "When he wants to be impressive he reminds me of the divine who went to the jail to administer the last comforting rites of the church to a murderer.

"'Dugald, mon,' he said—for he was a Scot—'Dugald, mon, the gallows is ready, the rope's ready, the hangman is ready—Dugald, are you ready?'"