

A

CHRISTMAS GIFT

That Changes the Youth's Viewpoint of the Future

G

Parents who have their children's best interest at heart spend much effort and thought in hunting for the ideal Christmas gift—for a serviceable and suitable present.

I

One of our Home Savings Banks with a bank book in the Savings Department.

WE LOAN YOU THE BANK, CARRY THE KEY, GIVE YOU A BANK BOOK, ADD THE INTEREST.

F

There's no gift as suitable and generally profitable for the boy or girl as a savings account, a gift that will change the youth's viewpoint of the future.

T

Make the decision now and start a savings account with this good bank for each of your children and present them with the bank and book on Christmas morning. \$1.00 starts the account and loans you the bank.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
EMPORIUM, PA.

1884

1909

Their Christmas Turkey.

By MILDRED BENT.

PATIENTLY enough the family had endured Frank Framely's fads until he became a vegetarian. An overindulgence in turkey at the Thanksgiving feast had been followed by fasting, repentance and the adoption of the vegetarian cut. Steaks gave place to salads and lamb to lentils, wherefore the spare pennies of the Framely youngsters were invested in ham sandwiches and smoked beef instead of cake and candy.

It had been bad enough when Framely had adopted the thorough mastication fad and the entire family had solemnly chanted its food to the loud click of the metronome. It had been worse when all hands slept in a tent in the back yard because Framely had a cold and feared consumption, but even with an approved vegetarian kitchen within half a mile it was difficult to give variety to the menu with only vegetables as a foundation.

The younger Framelys refused to regard nut rogouts as fit substitutes for their mother's savory stews, and the hospitable soul of Mrs. Framely was tried by the evasive excuses of those who were invited to dinner. The poor little woman considered it necessary to explain that they were now vegetarians, and to anticipatory smiles faded from expectant faces as the owners thereof mentioned transparent previous engagements suddenly recalled.

Finally she pleaded with her husband for a turkey for Christmas, to his great horror.

"Just for one day?" he repeated after her. "My dear, would you plead with me to feed my innocent children on a diet of poisons for just one day? No, I have ordered a beautiful mock turkey from the vegetarian kitchen. They assure me that it tastes exactly like the bird, and it is molded into the same shape. The children will not know the difference if they shut their eyes."

"But they can't eat their dinner with their eyes shut," protested Mrs. Framely feebly. Her husband regarded her with mild sorrow.

"If only they might eat with their eyes truly open," he lamented, "open to the danger that lurks within the dead flesh they would stuff their stomachs with. Some day they will thank me for saving them from the evils and miseries of the flesh eaters."

Framely adroitly made his escape before his wife could find an answer to

Frank will like one of his mother's pies for Christmas, though I will admit that you do beat me on your crusts, my dear. Now give me an apron and I'll help you with the turkey."

Mrs. Framely the younger shrank from an explanation and, with the statement that things only needed to be warmed up, thrust the matter aside. When her husband came in from church with the children she slipped out to put things on the table. When the family came into the dining room she supposed, of course, that her husband had explained and so made no comment when the old lady set aside her thick vegetable soup with the comment that she never did like those new-fangled soups.

But when the turkey was brought in and set upon the table the old lady brightened up.

"I don't see how you get your turkey such an even brown all over," she said approvingly. "Mine always burns on the top. You know I like the second joint and some of the white meat, Frank."

For an instant Framely went a sickly white.

"There is no white or dark meat," he said faintly. "This is a mock turkey, a mixture of nuts and vegetables, you know. We have awakened to the error of our ways and eat no more carrion."

"Don't eat carrion," repeated his mother as she sliced a bit from the strange mixture. "You eat this sort of stuff instead?"

"The pure product of Mother Nature, of the green fields and the healthful sunshine," said her son solemnly.

"The last time I was here you were chewing your food like a cow chews its cud," remarked the old lady severely. "That was bad enough, but when you make a mock of Christmas with your mock turkey it makes me wish you were young enough to be taken across my knee again. Go get your hat. We're going to a restaurant for a real Christmas dinner."

"But, mother!"—began Framely, seeking to suppress with a glance the cheering of the children.

"Do you remember when you were a little boy about the age of little Frankie here?" demanded his mother. Framely nodded. "And do you remember how good a drunkard used to taste, with some giblet gravy and lots of stuffing and cranberry sauce?"

"Yes, mother," he assented happily.

"Then go get your hat. It's Frankie's birthday," she declared.

"Yes, mother," came for a second time, but now there was gladness in the voice, a hungry look in the eyes, and his wife knew that another fad had passed.

Old Christmas Superstitions. Ah old German saying is that between 11 and 12 o'clock on Christmas eve water can be turned into wine.

The lamp or candle must not be allowed to burn itself out on Christmas



"WE'RE GOING TO A RESTAURANT FOR A REAL CHRISTMAS DINNER."

this outbreak, and toward afternoon the mock turkey made its appearance. It resembled a gigantic candy favor in shape and color. The tinting of the outside had been rudely done and by no means suggested the crackling skin of the barnyard king bursting from the pressure of the rich juices within. Sadly Mrs. Framely shook her head as she shoved the bird into the icebox along with the rest of the packages which the wagon had brought and bustled herself with converting some meatless "mince meat" into pies.

Christmas day dawned somberly enough in the Framely household. Frank junior had thrown his carrot cutlet to the floor and had been sent from the table in disgrace, and Nellie had invited a second outburst by tearfully pleading permission to go to her grandmother's, where they would have a "real" Christmas dinner. Grandmother was on the maternal side, and Mrs. Colford's intolerance of her son-in-law's fads was an ever ready subject for acrimonious discussion.

To cap the climax, the elder Mrs. Framely arrived unannounced during the forenoon.

"I was lonesome," she explained as she followed her daughter-in-law into the parlor. "so I just packed up some mince pies and some jellies I'd made and brought them along. I guess

eye or there will be a death in the family within the year.

A Magyar superstition is that any one who eats nuts without honey on Christmas will lose his teeth. Another is that a pillow turned at midnight will bring dreams of a future lover. It is unlucky to trip on Christmas day.

The Sicilian children place pennyroyal in the beds Christmas eve because they believe it always flowers at the exact hour of Christ's birth.

All children born at midnight on Dec. 8 will become great and famous.

Christmas Diplomacy.

Lady—My husband won't wear those shirts I bought him for Christmas. I didn't think he would. And now I'd like to exchange them.

Clerk—For what, madam?

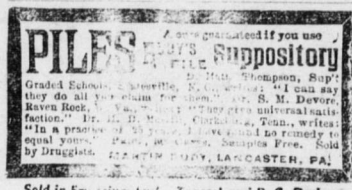
Lady—Well, you might let me look at some lace handkerchiefs and some silver batpins.—Puck.

His Popularity Explained.

"I don't see what makes that young friend of mine so very popular," said Willie Washington. "He is in demand for any number of Christmas parties."

"That is very easily explained," answered Miss Cayenne. "He is so near-sighted that he is continually mistaking holly for mistletoe."

French Proverb. Weak men never yield at the proper time.



CHICHESTER'S PILLS

DIAMOND BRAND



Ask your Druggist for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in RED and GOLD metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHER. Buy of your Druggist and ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for twenty-five years regarded as Best, Safest, Always Reliable. **SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE** WORTH TRYING

OUR STYLE SHOW IS ON

Alfred Benjamin & Co's
New York Styles
Correct Clothes for Men and Young Men for the Fall Season of 1909-10

Suits and Overcoats \$10 to 22 from
Boys and Children's \$2 to \$6 Suits from

Full line of Furnishings, Hats, Caps and DOUGLAS SHOES.

R. SEGER & CO
EMPORIUM, PA.

GAS ENGINE OILS

WAVERLY

GAS ENGINE OIL a superior oil for Gas Engine lubrication. Made from Pennsylvania Crude Oil. WEAVERLY never gums, clogs or gums, but keeps your motor in perfect running order. For your protection—ask any dealer.

"Perfect Lubrication Without Carbon Deposit."

Waverly Oil Works Co. Independent Oil Refiners, Pittsburg, Pa.

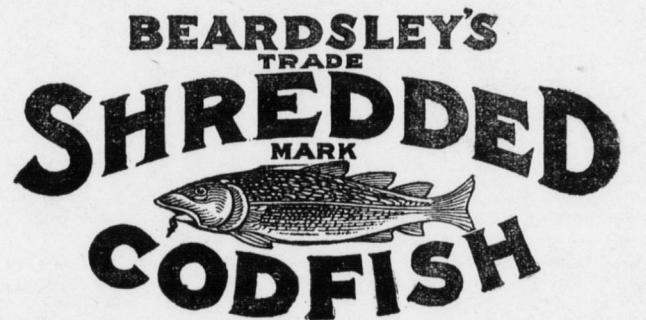
The Favorite New York Breakfast

New York City is famous for demanding the best in food. All parts of the world send their choicest products there.

And there, with the whole world's offerings to choose from, a favorite morning meal among all people is Beardsley's Shredded Codfish.

It is a frequent luncheon dish, too. It is served at least once a week in many a millionaire's mansion. For all a millionaire's money can command nothing more delicious than this.

And it is served just as often in the homes of the East Side poor. For there's no other food so economical. None will go farther than this.



No Wonder They Like It

No wonder all folks are so fond of Beardsley's Shredded Codfish. For all the world's waters produce no other food half so good.

Our cod are all caught of the Northern Coasts. The fish which feed here are the finest that come out of the deep.

And of these choice fish we select only the fattest and plumpest. Each fish is examined three times.

Then we take only the best part of each fish—the sweetest, most delicate meat.

And we prepare this fine-flavored meat all ready to cook.

Our wonderful Shredding Process takes out all the bones. And it makes the meat fine and fluffy and dainty.

For Tomorrow's Breakfast

There's a treat when you try this food which New York people like so well.

Why not have Beardsley's Shredded Codfish tomorrow—"fish-day."

Try one of the dozens of delicious new dishes it makes. Any way that you serve it you can have it ready for the table in less time than it takes to make coffee.

Please don't forget to order it today. And see that you get Beardsley's—the package with the red band. For Beardsley's is the only Shredded Codfish. Our wonderful Shredding process is patented. Beardsley's is the kind you will like.

Free Book of Recipes

With the first package you buy your grocer will give you our book of tempting new recipes.

Or write us—we will send you the book, and with it a generous sample of Beardsley's Shredded Codfish.

J. W. Beardsley's Sons
474-478 Greenwich St., New York