

THE GUARD WAS ANGRY.

But the Pretty Girl Didn't Need His Protection. Passengers on a subway car bound from Brooklyn to New York on Sunday afternoon had an experience that first caused frowns and then a laugh. The car was crowded, but all the women had seats. On the platform was a middle aged man, apparently respectable. On a side seat was a girl in old rose, with cheeks to match. The man on the platform caught her eye for a moment and threw a frantic look. The girl first smiled, then blushed furiously. He threw another, and she turned away a crimsoned face. "That will about do for you," said the big, rawboned guard. "Go home to your wife." This didn't seem to worry the apparently respectable man, and, catching a glint from the girl's eyes, he threw another kiss. She turned her face to study carefully a pretty hat across the car. At the Manhattan end of the bridge the girl rose to leave the car. The man who was trying to flirt with her also faced the sliding door. By that time all eyes were on the pair, the guard was mad all through, and a couple of passengers edged dangerously close. The girl in old rose took the arm of the apparently respectable man and said in a silvery voice that all could hear: "Oh, papa, how could you?" Then everybody laughed at the joking father and a lovely daughter.—New York Press.

CONQUERED HER RIVAL.

Pretty and Pathetic Story of Jenny Lind and Grisi. Jenny Lind and Grisi were both rivals for popular favor in London. Both were invited to sing the same night at a court concert before the queen. Jenny Lind, being the younger, sang first and was so disturbed by the fierce, scornful look of Grisi that she was at the point of failure when suddenly an inspiration came to her. The accompanist was striking the final chords. She asked him to rise and took the vacant seat. Her fingers wandered over the keys in a loving prelude, and then she sang a little prayer which she had loved as a child. She hadn't sung it for years. As she sang she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but singing to loving friends in her fatherland. Softly at first the plaintive notes floated on the air, swelling louder and richer every moment. The singer seemed to throw her whole soul into that weird, thrilling, plaintive "prayer." Gradually the song died away and ended in a sob. There was a silence—the silence of admiring wonder. The audience sat spellbound. Jenny Lind lifted her sweet eyes to look into the scornful face that had so disconcerted her. There was no fierce expression now. Instead a teardrop glistened on the long, black lashes, and after a moment, with the impulsiveness of a child of the tropics, Grisi crossed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arm about her and kissed her, uttering regardless of the audience.

Revised the Bill.

A young solicitor got a verdict for a client of considerable riches, but little beauty. Shortly afterward, in due course of business, he sent her a somewhat formidable account. On the following day his client called on him and asked him if he had been serious in his proposal. "Proposal? But I have not proposed," replied the solicitor, somewhat agitated. "What?" replied the fair client calmly. "You have asked for my fortune; I should have supposed that you would at least have had the politeness to take me along with it." The next day she received a revised account as follows: "Miss B., debtor to Mr. C. for legal business performed." Then in place of "i. s. d." was "Total amount, Miss B."—London Telegraph.

What She Imagined.

"Don't imagine," he said after she had refused him, "that I am going away to blow my brains out or drink myself to death." "No," she replied. "I have no idea that you will do anything of that kind. You are going away to do some wonderful thing which will bring you wealth and fame and make me regret all the rest of my life that I didn't believe you when you intimated that you were one of the greatest little men that had ever come over the asphalt."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Never Forgets 'Em.

She is continually giggling. She seems to have an ever present sense of humor. "Not at all. What she has is simply an ever present consciousness of dimples."—Boston Transcript.

Fashion Note.

"Isn't your hat rather curious in shape?" asked the uninforming man. "Certainly," answered his wife. "It has to be. Any hat that wasn't curious in shape would look queer."—Washington Star.

A Linen Shower.

Heleu—The friends of the bride elect are going to give her a linen shower. Harold—What's a linen shower? Heleu—It's a shower in which the rain comes down in sheets. Exchange.

The Lesson.

Sunday School Teacher—Now, Tom, my, what does the story of the prodigal son teach? Tommy—It teaches us how to get fresh veal.—Chicago News.

OUR CHRISTMAS ON THE PLAINS

NEVER shall forget our Christmas dinner in a construction camp in the year 1900, said a former Coloradoan. We were building a reservoir out on the plains about ten miles east of Pueblo. We had 100 men on the job, all white men.

We had a poor cook on the job and couldn't seem to find any other. As a result there had been men leaving every day and constant grumbling all the fall, and it came to a head Christmas day.

It was a beautiful, bright Colorado Christmas. The men were to work in the morning, have a turkey dinner at noon and lay off in the afternoon. The old man had bought three pounds of turkey per man—450 pounds. The birds had come out the day before.

About ten minutes after noon I heard a kind of an angry roar outside. I never heard anything like it before, and it made me jump. It meant trouble of some kind. I hurried out and saw a surging mob at the door of the cook tent. The men were all shaking their fists in the air and yelling with one steady, hoarse, prolonged yell. I went around behind the tent and slipped in. There stood the cook raging, fighting drunk, brandishing a meat ax and emitting a steady stream of profanity. In front of him surged the mob, just out of reach of the meat ax. Crazy mad, I didn't blame them. They had come off work with their mouths all made up for turkey, and not a table was set, not a spark of fire in the stove and 450 pounds of turkey scattered over the section of alkali plain which formed the floor.

The battle was short. The men ran in behind the cook, tripped him and the minute he was down had a rope around him.

"Hang him, hang him!" they roared and started off with him to the meat pole.

In all my life I never was so scared as I was that day. I didn't care in the least whether the man was hanged, drowned or died in his bed. Yet civilization rose up in me, and I knew I had to save him. I ran like a deer to get around the crowd and reach the meat pole first, and all the while I



BRANDISHING A MEAT AX.

ran I was cursing the cook. When they got to the meat pole they found me on a box facing them with a gun. "What do you want?" they roared. "Get quiet," said I.

Those in front called out, "Shut up!" When they were still I said: "Boys, I'm sorry this thing has happened. It's my fault for not watching this fool closer. But we can wash those turkeys and have a good dinner yet if some of you'll turn in and help me. They aren't hurt any. As for this scum of a cook, I don't care any more about him than you do. But I'm in charge here and I can't let him be hanged. You can go ahead and hang him if you want to, but you'll have to kill me first. Now go ahead."

I waited, but no one stirred. There were plenty of guns in the crowd, but no one was ready to undertake the job of killing me. I gave them only a minute to think. Then I said to the man that held the rope, "Untie him." He did it. "Get out of here," I said to the cook. The fellow got up, white as death with fear.

Then I turned to the men and asked if there were any who had ever done any cooking, who would help me. Half a dozen volunteered. We washed the turkeys and put them on to boil. I never worked over anything in my life as I did that Christmas dinner. The men were still silent and stullen, and I didn't know but they'd hang me if the dinner didn't suit them. I tried desperately to remember all the cooking I'd ever seen my mother do, and thanked God when I found that one of the men could make pies and another soda biscuit. About 5 o'clock we had the best dinner the camp could turn out, boiled turkey, bottled potatoes, canned squash, canned corn, canned peaches, dried apple pie, hot biscuit and coffee.—New York Press.

Depressed.

"I am afraid Higgins has met with reverses."

"What makes you think so?" "He goes about with a gloomy look saying there is no such a thing as disinterested friendship. That is almost a sure sign that a man has been trying to borrow money."—Exchange.

There are more than 600 proverbs in the English language which relate to dogs.

Christmas Presents



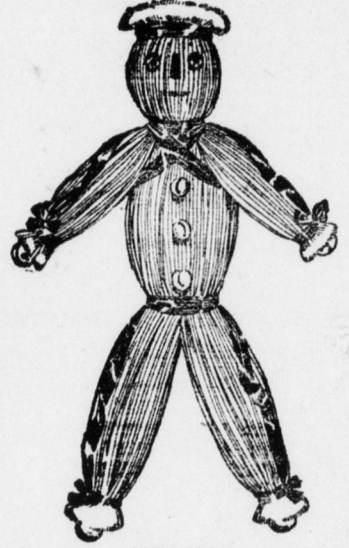
At first glance the Christmas gift for King Baby, impregnable as he is in his pink and white well fed contentment, seems the hardest problem of the holiday season. He has no wants that are obvious and patent, and it is evidently quite hopeless to ask him to follow his



THE TOY BELT.

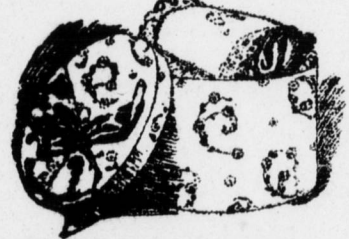
big brothers and sisters' example and write out a list of the desires of his heart for Santa to gratify. On a venture just try how his highness will like a toy belt. It is made of a piece of two inch satin ribbon long enough to fit about the waist comfortably and to tie in an attractive bow in the back with long ends. The portion that is supposed to go around the waist of the infant is doubled over to form a belt, from which hang pendent from satin streamers a whistle—silver if money is not a consideration—a rubber doll and, on the third end, a small play ball. The belt is then completed.

Easier to make than the rag doll and much more hygienic, for babies have the bad habit of putting things in their mouths and the paint on rag dolls is often poisonous, is the string doll. It is evolved from quantities of heavy



white soft string cut into lengths for the body and arms. The head is stuffed out with wadding, also the body, and the shapes formed by tying about neck and waist pieces of baby ribbon of some bright color. Beads are stuck in for eyes, and a mouth is made with colored thread worked in with a needle. About the wrist is a ribbon outlining the pudgy hand.

The baby has his bonnet box as well as his mamma, but it is a cunning little round affair covered with flowered paper in a pretty babyish design of forget-me-nots. This is one of the prettiest new ideas in connection with the infant's layette and makes a charming Christmas gift. Inside the box is fit



ted with a round, scented lining of silk, and the top of the lid is finished in the same way. Gathering the silk in ruffled fashion and catching up the ends in the center of the lid with a rosette of baby ribbon is a dainty touch to the box.

A baby cannot have too many bibs, and there is nothing a mother appreciates more than gift bibs for her baby. A pretty bib is made of sheer lawn, embroidered with the transparent embroidery which consists of catfishing done on the wrong side of the garment for the flowers and simple outlines for the stems and scrolls. Sewing on brodered lawn on to a heavy base back. Even the bib with an edge of Valenciennes lace. With this can be given one of the silver fasteners, which are new and useful.

An ace, the present for a baby in the sets of silver safety pins that come on three rings tied together with a ribbon. Each ring contains a dozen of the pins, and all the dozens differ in size. For the rubber blanket used on the crib there are slips the exact size made with small buttons and holes so that a fresh one may be put on with no trouble. These must bear the embroidered initials of the new arrival.

SOME EARNEST HOLIDAY DON'TS

DON'T think that you are too poor to keep Christmas. You can't be so poor as all that.

Don't spend so much on Christmas that you can't get even with the butcher and grocer until March.

Don't give presents that are a pleasure for ten minutes and a burden and a worry for ten years.

Don't, young women, buy neckties for your men folk; don't encourage them in being bigger guys than necces easy.

Don't give a drum to the children of your enemy who works nights. A watchman's rattle is just as good, and it is cheaper.

Don't give your wife something she doesn't care for just because you want it yourself. This "don't" works the other way just as well.

Don't forget that a basket of fruit or a box of flowers is just as nice a present in many cases as something that will last a good deal longer.

Don't try to find the price marks on the gifts you receive. If the gifts are worth having they mean something above dollars and cents.

Don't forget the Bob Cratchits and the Tiny Tims—that is, unless you are unregenerate Old Scrooge, in which case forgetfulness can be explained.

Don't put off everything to the last, because you had better for the joy of your friends give nothing than wear yourself out and be as cross as two sticks when the blessed day comes.

Don't waste any of your pity on the long haired youths who lie at the bottom of the heap in football scrimmages. You will need all your pity for yourself in the rush at the holiday counter.

Don't check off each gift you receive against each present that you gave and calculate whether you made or lost. Christmas is not the time to be any smaller or meaner than you can help.

Don't oppress children who are satiated to sadness with toys already by giving them more. There are other ways of making them happy, or if there are not it is because they are spoiled with many pleasures and are the most pitiful beings alive. In that case let them try doing something for poor children, who are blessed in powers of enjoyment, and see if the capacity won't prove catching.

Don't neglect, if you are a woman, to lay in a stock of some simple things like handkerchiefs and sachet bags for unexpected emergencies if you like to meet various people with a reasonable token.

Don't set your own happiness up as the chief thing to be looked out for at Christmas time. Try to make other people happy and forget yourself, then you will be surprised to see how really happy you are.

Don't give a book to a man with a big library or a picture to the man who makes a specialty of the fine arts unless you know pretty well what he wants. Ten to one he'd rather do the buying of such things for himself. Don't write your name or anybody else's on cards if you send them. No one can keep a lot of such trash, and it is often highly convenient just to send them on their travels to cozy Christmas greeting to other people. And why not?—Buffalo Express.

Hawaiian Christmas. Birds are singing everywhere. Happy, merry Christmas! Flowers are showing beauties rare. Merry, happy Christmas! Here in ocean stirred home. Here in pleasant tropic zone, 'Neath a glorious summer sun Cometh merry Christmas.

Day which giveth joy to all. Happy, merry Christmas! Poor and rich and great or small Merry, happy Christmas! Day when angel voices call Praise to him, the Lord of all, And peace, good will, to mankind fall On every merry Christmas.

Santa Claus comes here a-way Every merry Christmas. Sans the reindeer, sans the sleigh Of the lang syne Christmas. Here is neither frost nor snow, Here but pleasant trade winds blow. Here is paradise below And a merry Christmas.

Hawaii's homes send forth today "A merry, happy Christmas!" To the loved ones far away. "A happy, merry Christmas!" May the God child's natal day Be a happy one a-way. From sorrow free and every way A merry, merry Christmas! A merry, merry Christmas! —Paradise of the Pacific.

For the Iconoclast. Don't let your little ones into the secret that Santa Claus is an impostor. Let them figure out for themselves how a fat man with a big pack can get into the parlor grate through the chimney of a modern house heated by steam. Imagination is a quality desirable to cultivate.

The Quest of the Auto. Mrs. Newlywed—I am hoping and praying that my hubby will give me an auto for Christmas. Her Friend—How long are you married? Mrs. Newlywed—Six months. Her Friend—Well, hoping and praying may fetch it this year, but next year it will have to be sobbing and jawing.—Judge.

Xmas Display AT MEISEL'S. Our store is virtually filled with a line of beautiful imported and domestic baskets, all sizes and shapes filled with Candy, Fruit, Nuts or sold empty, from which you can choose a suitable gift for friend or relative. These baskets were purchased direct from manufacturer for cash and are selling at about ONE-HALF REGULAR PRICE.

Here are a few of the many shapes: Autos, Airships, Swans, Wagons, Wheelbarrows, Jewel, Handkerchief, Necktie and Glove baskets and boxes, beautifully padded and satin lined work baskets, etc. Our unusual line of candy boxes in Japanese wood, Leather, Glass, etc., and our magnificent display of Xmas sweets gives our store that Xmas air of good cheer. Basket and Boxes range in price from 15c to \$4.00. Candies 10c per lb and up. Xmas Post Cards, Candles, Cigars in fancy boxes, holly and mistletoe. Make selections early. THE FAMOUS UTOPIAN CHOCOLATES CAN BE BOUGHT ONLY at OUR STORE "MEISEL'S CANDY KITCHEN"

RESOLVED THAT THE GIVER IS JUDGED BY HIS GIFTS. YOU MAKE OTHERS HAPPY WITH YOUR GIFTS AND BRING HAPPINESS UNTO YOURSELF. DON'T BUY TRASH FOR PRESENTS WHEN YOU CAN BUY SENSIBLE PRESENTS. BUSTER BROWN. SENSIBLE PRESENTS ARE GOOD THINGS FOR SENSIBLE PEOPLE TO GIVE. BOTH MEN AND WOMEN LOVE TO GET THINGS TO WEAR AND CAN YOU NOT GET GOOD PRESENTS FOR MEN AT OUR STORE? AND THEN IN WHAT WAY YOU CAN MAKE YOUR CHILDREN AND YOUR WOMEN FRIENDS HAPPIER THAN BY GIVING THEM SOMETHING TO WEAR. YOU WISH TO SEE THESE THINGS BEFORE YOU BUY THEM. SO COME AND LOOK AT THEM AND GET OUR PRICES. COME TO THE "QUALITY STORE." SPECIAL PRICES ON ALL SUITS, COATS, MILLINERY AND SHIRT WAISTS. RESPECTFULLY, MRS. E. S. COPPERSMITH.