Santa Claus was wearing.

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ity Dil SERT BROS. & CO., Inc., Baltimore, Md.

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There's a Rub! had used persuasion and arguin vain. At last he said in des-

at 500,000 francs of life insurall I die you will be safe from

Bridge, if you will marry me I will

a" was the reply, "but what if to't die?"-St. Louis Star.

Agreed for Once.

Gnag s-I want you to under-Mrs. Gnaggs, that I am no fool. h Gnaggs-For once I agree with A fool and his money are soon at and I have never been able

Paving the Way. what is meant by the psychomoment?"

he I give your mother a check. to, that is the psychological mofor me to tell her I won't be

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HOUSES PUT UP TO LAST

Workmen of a Past Generation Did Their Work in a Manner to Endure.

The Wayside inn, at Sudbury, of which Longfellow sung, was built in 1686. Repairs were made during the present year in which some of the original clapboards were removed. The wrought-iron nails holding those boards in place were found in almost perfect condition, though they had been in an exposed position for 228 years.

The nails were perfect because they were pure iron. Careful analysis could detect only the faintest traces of carbon, manganese, copper or sulphur. It seems established that pure iron will not rust. The celebrated iron pillar of Delhi has stood exposed to the weather for 900 years, and seems good for 900 more. It is even more free from foreign substances than the iron nails of the Wayside inn, which accounts for its superior durability.

The problem of modern manufacturers is to produce pure iron by machine processes, and do it economcally. A few claim to have gained this desired goal, but the world in general has its doubts. Work went slowly in the old days, but sometimes it went with a sureness which present-day industry has yet to achieve.

Chapter of Syrian Life.

In Syria a chaperon is the law of ocial intercourse between the young folks. At the wedding ceremony the bride appears in the center of a brilliantly illuminated room. On all sides are attendants carrying large candles richly painted and decorated. As she takes her chair, what money she possesses of gold and silver is placed on her head. The gift of the bridegroom is 40

dresses, and, as the wedding celebrations last two weeks, the bride has a chance to display her gowns, making numerous changes daily for the delightful edification of her friends.

As a rule, these dresses last a lifetime, and are usually handed down from one generation to another, and, unless destroyed otherwise than by wear, they are everlasting.

A Personal Grievance. "When I was a boy my ambition was

to join a minstrel company, put on a red coat and a silk hat and parade the streets of my native village." "I had some inclination for the stage

myself, but that wasn't what I might call the consuming ambition of my boyhood. "No? What was it?"

"I wanted to grow up with the physique of a prize-fighter and whip the dog-catcher in our town."

Wenderful Activities. "Julius Caesar was a great man,"

said the reflective citizen. "What did he do?" asked the man with the high hat and the sack coat "Why he conducted campaigns and contributed to the enduring literature of the world at one and the same

"Is that so? I didn't know there was a bull moose party in them days."

The Artificial Kind.

"I wonder why it is that terms of endearment are often followed by terms of separation?"

"I can't begin to say. What prompted you to ask that question?" "A friend of mine who used to call

his wife the light of his life recently obtained a divorce and made a contract with a musical comedy star to furnish him illumination."

A Rough-Neck Opinion.

"Do you consider bass drums and cymbals genuinely musical instru-

"No," replied Mr. Growcher. "My belief is that they are put in to keep the tired business man from going to

MESMERIZED A Polsonous Drug Still Freely Used.

Many people are brought up to be lieve that coffee is a necessity of life, and the strong hold that the drug. caffeine, in coffee has on the system makes it hard to loosen its grip even when one realizes its injurious effects.

A lady writes: "I had used coffee for years; it seemed one of the necessities of life. A few months ago my health, which had been slowly failing, became more impaired, and I some source I would soon be a physi-

cal wreck. "I was weak and nervous, had sick headaches, no ambition, and felt tired of life. My husband was also losing his health. He was troubled so much with indigestion that at times he could

eat only a few mouthfuls. "Finally we saw Postum advertised and bought a package. I followed directions for making carefully, and added cream, which turned it to the lovellest rich-looking and tasting drink I ever saw served at any table, and we have used Postum ever since.

"I gained five pounds in weight in as many weeks, and now feel well and strong in every respect. My headaches have gone, and I am a new woman, My husband's indigestion has left him, and he can now eat

anything." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to

Wellville," in pkgs. Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum-must be well

boiled 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum-is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious bever-

age instantly. 30c and 50c tins. The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum, -sold by Grocers. Santa Claus and Tittle Billee

By John Kendrick Bangs

Author of "A House-Boat on the Styx," "The Idiot," etc.

(Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Co.)

was only a little bit of of a chap, and so, when for the first time in his life he came into close contact with the endless it was as hard for him to "stay put" as for some wayward little atom of flotsam and jetsam to keep from toss-

ing about in the surging tides of the His mother had left him there in the big toy shop, with instructions not to move until she came back. while she went off to do some mysterious errand. She thought, no

doubt, that with so many beautiful things on every side to delight his eye and hold his attention, strict obedience to her commands would not be hard. But, alas, the good lady reckoned not upon the magnetic power of attraction of all those lovely objects in detail.

When a phonograph at the other end of the shop began to rattle off melodious tunes and funny jokes, in spite of the instruction Little Billee had received, off he pattered as fast as his little legs would carry him to investigate. After that, forgetful of everything else, finding himself caught in the constantly moving stream of Christmas shoppers, he was borne along in the resistless current until he found himself at last out upon the street-alone, free, and inde-

It was great fun, at first. By and by, however, the afternoon waned, and little Billee began to grow tired. He to remain quiet until her return. Up his little legs grew weary; but there was no sign of the shop, nor of the beloved face he was seeking.

Once again, and yet once again after that, did the little fellow traverse that crowded highway, his tears getting harder and harder to keep back, and then-joy of joyswhom should he see walking slowly along the sidewalk but Santa Claus himself! The saint was strangely decorated with two queer-looking and he owns a bank." boards, with big red letters on them, hung over his back and chest.

With a glad cry of happiness, Little Billie ran to meet the old fellow, and put his hand gently into that of the red and cold and rough, and so chapped; but he was not in any mood | guess I ought to know." to be critical.



His Mother Had Left Him There In the Toy-Shop.

mamma at home-wherever that might be. Little Billee had never thought to inquire just where home was. All knew that unless relief came from he knew was that it was a big gray of it, not far from the park.

"Howdidoo, Mr. Santa Claus?" said Little Billee, as the other's hand unconsciously tightened over his own. "Why, howdidoo, kiddie?" replied

the old fellow, glancing down at his new-found friend, with surprise gleaming from his deep-set eyes. "Where did you drop from?"

"Oh, I'm out," said Little Billee bravely. "My mama left me a little something, and I guess I got losted. it was not! But it's all right now, I'm found again, ain't I?"

"Oh, yes, indeedy, you're found all | really must be going, sir-" right, kiddle," Santa Claus agreed. "And pretty soon you'll take me home again, won't you?" said the child.

"Surest thing you know!" swered Santa Claus, looking down upon the bright but tired little face with you a better one," said the banker. a comforting smile. "Where do you

"As if you didn't know that!" cried Little Billee, giggling.

"Can't fool you, can I? It would be ed at the painted boards, and shud- man; it is the domination of the tunny if, after keeping an eye on dered. you all these years since you was a eh?"

"Awful funny," agreed Little Billee. Just then Little Billes noticed for been walkin' a lot today."

the first time the square boards that "What are you wearing those boards for, Mr. Santa Claus?" he

asked. If the lad had looked closely enough, he would have seen a very unhappy right away, so that we may take him look come into the old man's face; back-to his little boy. We'll have to but there was nothing of it in his

"Oh, those are my new-fangled back and chest protectors, my lad," he replied. "Sometimes we have bitter winds blowing at Christmas, and they're fine, papa!" Little Billee I have to be ready for them. It would pointed to the two sign-boards which n't do for Santa Claus to come down with the speezes at Christmas time. you know-no, siree! This board in front keeps the wind of my chest, and the one behind keeps me from getting rheumatism in my back. They are a great protection against the weather'

"You've got letters printed there," said the boy, peering around in front of his companion. "What do they current of human things, spell? You know I haven't learned to read yet."

"'Merry Christmas to Everybody!'" said Santa Claus. "I have the words printed there so that everybody can body a merry Christmas, he'll know I meant it just the same." They walked on now in silence, for

Little Billee was beginning to feel al- smiling through his tears. most too tired to talk, and Santa Claus seemed to be thinking of something else. Finally, however, the little fellow spoke. "I guesa I'd like to go home now,

Mr. Santa Claus," Le said. "I'm tired.

wondering where I've gone to." "That's so, my litle man," said Santa Claus, stopping short in his walk up and down the block. "Your mother will be worried, for a fact; and your father, too-I know how I'd feel if my little boy got losted and hadn't come home at dinner time. I don't believe you know where you live, though-now, honest! Come! 'Fess up, Billee, you don't know

where you live, do you?" "Why, yes, I do," said Little Billee. 'It's in the big gray stone house with the iron fence in front of it, near the park."

"Oh, that's easy enough!" laughed Santa Claus nervously, "Anybody could say he lived in a gray stone thought of his mamma, and tried to house with a fence around it, near find the shop where he had promised the park; but you don't know what street it's on, nor the number, either and down the street he wandered until I'll bet fourteen wooden giraffes against a monkey on a stick!"

"No, I don't," said Little Billee frankly; "but I know the number of our ortymobile. It's-'N. Y.'" "Fine!" laughed Santa Claus. Then he reflected for a moment, eyeing the

child anxlously. "I don't believe you even know your papa's name," he said. "Yes, I do," said Little Billee Indig-

nantly. "His name is Mr. Harrison. "Splendid! Made of tin, I suppose, with a nice little hole at the top to drop pennies into?" said Santa Claus.

"No, it ain't, either!" retorted Little Billee. "It's made of stone, and saint. He thought it very strange has more than a million windows in that Santa Claus's hand should be so it. I went down there with my mamma to papa's office the other day, so I Little Billee's papa, grasping the old

"Well, I should say so," said Santa Santa Claus, of course, would rec- Claus, "Nobody better. By the way, ognize him at once, and would know Billee, what does your mamma call your papa? 'Billee,' like you?" he added.

"Oh, no, indeed," returned Little Billee. "She calls him papa, except once in a while when he's going away, and then she says, 'Good by, Tom.' "Fine again!" said Santa Claus, blowing upon his fingers, for, now that the sun had completely disappeared over in the west, it was getting very cold. "Thomas Harrison, banker," he muttered to himself. "What, with the telephone book and the city directory. I guess we can find our way home with Little Billee."

He led the little fellow into a public telephone station, where he eagerly scanned the names in the book. At last last it was found-"Thomas Harrison, seven-six-five-four Plaza." And then, in the seclusion of the telephone booth, Santa Claus sent the gladdest of all Christmas messages over the wire to two distracted par-

"I have found your boy wandering in the street. He is safe, and I will bring him home right away."

Fifteen minutes later, there might have been seen the strange spectacle of a footsore Santa Claus leading a sleepy little boy up Fifth avenue to a cross street, which shall be nameless. The boy vainly endeavored to persuade his companion to "come in and meet mamma."

"No, Billee," the old man replied sadly, "I must hurry back. You see.

kiddle, this is my busy day." But it was not to be as Santa Claus willed, for Little Billee's papa, and his mamma, and his brothers and sisstone house on a long street some- ters, and the butler and the housewhere, with a tall iron railing in front | maids were waiting at the front door

when they arrived. Led by Little Billee's persistent father, Santa Claus went into the house. Now that the boy could see him in the full glare of many electric lights, his furs did not seem the most gorgeous things in the world. When the flapping front of his red jacket flew open, the child was surprised to see how ragged was the thin gray coat it covered; and as for the good old saint's while ago while she went off about comfortable stomach-strange to say,

> "I-I wish you all a merry Christmas," faltered Santa Claus; "but I "Nonsense!" cried Mr. Harrison

> "Not until you have got rid of this chill and-"I can't stay, sir," said Santa. "I'll lose my job if I do."

"Well, what if you do? I'll give "I can't-I can't!" faltered the man. "I-I-I've got a Little Billee of my own at home waitin' for me, sir. If I hadn't," he added fiercely, "do you 'ria, ha!" laughed Santa Claus. suppose I'd be doin' this?" He point- doom. It is the saving of the whole

"I guess Santa Claus is tired, papa," baby, I didn't know where you lived, said Little Billee, snuggling up close- ment, the evolution of the God in us. ly to the old fellow and taking hold that divine spark in all humanity that of his hand sympathetically. "He's can never be wholly extinguished.-

"Yes, my son," said Mr. Harrison

gravely. "These are very busy times for Santa Claus, and I guess that, as he still has a hard night ahead of him, James had better ring up Henry and tell him to bring the car around Genius, what is it but the power of

lend him a fur coat, to keep the wind off, too, for it is a bitter night." "Oh," said Little Billee, "I haven't told you about these boards he wears He has 'em to keep the wind off, and Santa Claus had leaned against the wall, "He says he uses 'em on cold nights," the lad went on. "They have writing on 'em, too. Do you know what it says?" "Yes," said Mr. Harrison, glancing

at the boards. "It says 'If You Want a Good Christmas Dinner for a Quarter, Go to Smithson's Cafe."

Little Billee roared with laughter. "Papa's trying to fool me, just as you did when you pretended not to know where I lived, Santa Claus," he said, looking up into the old fellow's face, his own countenance brimming over with mirth. "You mustn't think see them; and if I miss wishing any- he can't read, though," the lad added hastily. "He's only joking."

"Oh, no. indeed, I shouldn't have thought that," replied Santa Claus, "I've been joking, have I?" said Lit-

tle Billee's papa. "Well, then, Mr. Billiam, suppose you inform me what

'Merry Christmas to Everybody,' ' said Little Billee proudly. "I couldn't read it myself, but he told me what it and I'm afraid my mamma will be said. He has it printed there so that



"What Are You Wearing Those Boards for, Mr. Santa Claus?"

if he misses saying it to anybody, they'll know he means it just the same.

"By Jove, Mr. Santa Claus," cried man warmly by the hand, "I owe you ten million apologies! I haven't believed in you for many a long year; but now, sir, I take it all back. You do exist, and, by the great horn spoon. you are the real thing!"

Little Billee had the satisfaction of acting as host to Santa Claus at a good, luscious dinner, which Santa Claus must have enjoyed very much. After dinner Henry came with the automobile, and, bidding everybody good night, Santa Claus and Little Billee's papa went out of the house together.

Christmas morning dawned, and Little Billee awoke from wonderful dreams of rich gifts, and of extraordinary adventures with his new-found friend, to find the reality quite as

splendid as the dream things As for Santa Claus, Little Billee has not seen him again; but down at his father's bank there is a new messenger, named John, who has a voice so like Santa Claus' voice that whenever Little Billee goes down there in the motor to ride home at night with his papa, he runs into the bank and has a long talk with him, just for the pleasure of pretending that it is Santa Claus he is talking to.

How She Counted Success.

After Jenny Lind had left the stage for no apparent reason, a friend who went to see her found her sitting by the sea, with an open Bible upon her knee, looking out on the sunset glory. During the conversation the friend said: "Madame Goldschmidt, how is it that you ever came to abandon the stage at the very height of your success, when money and affluence were pouring in upon you?" Laying one hand upon the Bible, and pointing with the other to the sunset, she quietly said: "When my success was making me every day think less of this dear book, and nothing at all of the sunset's glories, what else could I "The Swedish Nightingale" counted her success by losses instead of gains. This difference is always seen between the wordling and the Christian.-Record of Christian Work

Philosophy of Amusement.
Amusement! What form of amusement must you give up if you become a Christian? No amusement that is a recreation. That must be your philosophy of amusement-Recreation, Anything that destroys you, spirit, mind and body, of course, you must give up, because Jesus is set upon making you perfect and beautiful, and he will not tolerate a retention of anything that stultifles you physically, or dulls you mentally, or blights you

True Meaning of Salvation. Salvation is not the petty conception of personal safety from some far-off higher nature over the lower; it is the education of the spiritual, the develop-

William D. Little.

spiritually.-Dr. Campbell Morgan.

HARD TASKMASTER IS GENIUS

Possession That Sets a Man Apart From His Fellows Keeps Him Constantly at Work.

being able to read? No respecter of birth, it chooses the cottage gladly, hiding in the rags of a tinker, loving the hovel, the plowland, the grimed and smoky roof. It is a personality, a living creature, a greater-thanman in man, a reading master, an angel of kindness and a tyrant of cruelty, smiling at the pupil one time, scourging him another; and as the body comes to its power with years it hears the master always teaching. never at rest, speaking with a distinct voice, unfolding pictures without end, and the amanuensis cannot keep pace with this tyrant who hurries him on with, "See this," and "See that," working while the body sleeps, show ing portions of the way and work of life which are still far ahead, planning out the whole life right up to the end, giving everything eagerly, if with pain, when the time comes That is genius, the power which works not for the man, but against him. No labor can make what is not there. Application makes a man able to learn, but not to teach, and if the master be absent no learning will call him, just as without learning-or great tribulation-he cannot be awakened; for genius is nothing but the power of reading what has been written upon the mind of an unknown tongue: and without a Daniel the writing cannot be interpreted; and Chaldeans and astrologers will strive in vain.-From "Granite," by John Trevena.

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Translating by Ear.

Two schoolgirls were busily occupied with their lessons, when the younger asked, abruptly:

"What does 'avoirdupois' mean?" "Well, I couldn't say just what it means in English," replied her friend, doubtfully, "but in French it means, 'Have some peas.' "-Youth's Companion.

Surpassed. "There aren't as many circuses as there used to be."

"There is not as much demand for them. Who wants to see a man turn somersaults while he rides a horse when an aviator may happen along any minute and loop the loop."

Rather Hopelessly. "When a man is without uplifting influences he is apt to degenerate, said the amiable philosopher. "Quite so," answered the cynic, "but

will uplift some men and I fear that the supply is limited." Correct Thing, "How do you like my gown?"

nothing less than a steam derrick

up, it is remarkable." "Yes, anybody can see at once it's from Paris. The French lady over there called it ootray."

"I may truthfully say, Mrs. Come-

you can afford to lose.

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY.

NEW YORK.

At6 months old

Another Horror of War. The other day an innocent eyes

young lady, whose demeanor has always been sweet and gentle, went to volumes under her arm.

a bookstore and returned with three "What have you there?" she was asked by a male friend. Of course, he expected for an answer the titles of three figffy novels full of moonlight

and love Instead the gentle young thing rat-

tled off glibly: "Oh, I've just bought Armies and Navies in the World War, The Beginnings of the Great European Struggle and Battles of the War on Land and

"Ye gods!" gasped the man, and then under his breath: "Sherman was right."-New York Times.

And That Helps.

"How does he keep the wolf from the door?"

"I den't know; but I know his wife boils cabbage nearly every day."

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