

To youth the season is filled with delights, the season of gifts, when the bashful becomes bold enough, under cover of the holidays to make known who the loved ones really are and to fix impressions which last while life lasts.

To the middle aged it is the season for balancing the year's accounts, for estimating what the departing year has brought them; what possibly the coming year has in store for them, whether prosperity has smiled upon them, whether just ambitions have been gratified; whether labor has been rewarded, and honest hopes have been realized.

To the aged whose souls are at peace the season brings no sorrows nor regrets. Rather when the carols ring out they take on a new rhythm, for blinded with the earthly tones are tones of voices that long ago grew still here, but now in sublimated music come back and make a refrain for the earthly song. And to them come flashes of light as though eyes that long ago grew dim here have recovered their light, and loving hands seem bending down and faces that here grew pallid and still, once more beam with the old love-light that were theirs when life held within it so much that was sweet and old age was never thought of save as a something so far away that it was not worth the worry to think of it. So the great average of the season is of joy, of loving words, of children's caresses; of kindly greetings, of music, of children's voices—of good will.

Men and women are the better for it through all the succeeding year; for children each coming of it makes an epoch in their lives; for every one it is an incentive to nobler exertion for the coming year; to the eye of faith it is a new assurance of the real presence of a power infinite in wisdom and mercy that ordered the seasons like the stars in their processions and planned that each should bring its especial blessing, and

divine lessons. And the refrain swells in splendor with each year:

"Glory to God the Highest, on earth
Peace and to men good will."

The Earth's and Nation's Unrest.

The year past has been filled with unrest—unrest in the elements and in the hearts of men; even the solid earth has been oppressed in places and its crust has been rent in pain.

The first great upheaval was in San Francisco and vicinity; there the surface of the ground was moved eight feet out of its former position, causing ruin in the path of the monster, and when this was followed by fire against which there were no usual means of fighting, the practical destruction of the city followed. It was the greatest disaster ever suffered in the United States and caused a beautiful city to melt into debris, and a people who all their lives had never asked a favor, but who all the time had kept their hearts open to every call of charity, to become for a time dependent upon the charity of others.

The evidences accumulate that perhaps a worse and more extended upheaval was under the sea beyond the Golden Gate, and which upheaval extended far north and south. It is said that some former landmarks at sea in the Pacific have disappeared and that at least one new island has been upreared in the Behring Sea Archipelago.

The next great cataclysm smote Valparaiso, 6,000 miles southeast of San Francisco, similar in all respects to that of the California City, but less violent and destructive.

Old Mount Vesuvius was in fierce eruption, for a time threatening a repetition of what came when Pompeii and Herculaneum were overwhelmed nineteen hundred years ago.

Shipmasters coming into our ports report unprecedented storms at sea. A typhoon, the most terrible known in more than two score years,

filled the bay of Hong Kong with wrecks, smote the city terribly and overwhelmed 5,000 fishermen in adjacent seas. About the same time a great hurricane swept over Cuba and piled high the waters of the Gulf in the harbors of Mobile and Pensacola.

All the year Russia has been seething with revolution; Austria-Hungary has been upon the point of revolution; more massacres by the Turks have been reported from Armenia; what for a reason threatened war between France and Germany was finally settled by a conference of the powers; there is revolution in Morocco; in Eastern Africa the Germans have been steadily fighting the natives; Cuba Colony has had a fierce war with the Zulus, and the embers of the old war with the Boers have been stirred into flames in more than one place. On our continent there was a brief war between Guatemala and San Salvador, but it was quickly settled by the intervention of President Roosevelt and President Diaz of Mexico. In our own country all has been peace and wonderful prosperity, but more than 4,000 people have been killed in railroad wrecks and 16,000 wounded, an assessment as terrible as was levied upon the Union army at Gettysburg; more than the usual number of cyclones have swooped down upon our Southern and Middle West States, and perhaps there has never since the great war been so fierce a political campaign as the nation passed through last autumn. There are spots on the sun and the hearts of the nations are torn with unrest.

Why Not Fix Silver?

We repeat what we have often said before, that the first thing Congress should do to put the currency in a more acceptable form should be to declare that while the gold standard is inviolable, still that exchanges may be made stable with silver using countries like China, India—all Asia

HYRUM A. SILVER, President

R. J. SHIELDS, Vice-President

J. J. McCLELLAN, Secretary

E. E. JENKINS, Treasurer

CLAYTON MUSIC CO.

The Leading Music Dealers

Pianos

STEINWAY & SONS
VOSE & SONS
KIMBALL
ESTEY
WINTER
SCHAEFFER
SMITH & BARNES
and others

*Everything known
in Music*



Organs

ESTEY
KIMBALL
SEYBOLD
and others

DISTRIBUTORS OF
*Edison Phonographs
Victor Talking
Machines*

CLAYTON MUSIC CO.

109-11-13 South Main Street
JOSEPH J. DAYNES, JR. Manager