

CHARLES C. YOUNG

Architect and Contractor.



Beautiful home of Contractor C. C. Young



The old saying is that "the last is what the shoemaker throws at his wife"

Not so however with Contractor C. C. Young, who designed, constructed and now resides in one of the most attractive and commodious bungalows in Paw Paw.

IT is not every small town that can boast of a skilful architect and builder, but Paw Paw can.

THERE is no job so difficult or large none so intricate or exacting but that Contractor Charles C. Young can handle satisfactorily. The buildings he has erected and remodeled in Paw Paw testify to his ability.

HE is a skilful artist, and can draw your plans, make blue prints and specifications and complete the work. Wood, cement or brick all look alike to him, and he is one of the best Cement men in this part of the state. If you want a new front to your store or house he is the man to see. The job recently completed in the Cavanaugh block is a sample of his work.

IF YOU are contemplating a job of any kind, whether a big or little piece of work, consult the man who knows how, and will do it as it should be done.

CHARLES C. YOUNG,
Architect and Contractor. Paw Paw, Mich.

Christmas In the Home

Many of the most beautiful things of life are but memories. Here is an incident which may become for some readers a pleasant and recurring realization of joy. It was the good fortune of the writer a few years ago to be the Christmas guest at a home where the true idea of Christmas cheer and spirit was realized. On the eve of the great day the father of the flock brought forth Dickens' "Christmas Carol," and a well worn copy it was too. After they had gathered about the fireplace he read aloud the first part of the story. Then mother and each child in turn participated until the story was completed. Many times had the writer read the carol, but under the conditions just related the beautiful tale had a newer meaning than had ever before been experienced. "When I came into that home at the Christmas season long since past," he said, "I could sense the real and true spirit of the occasion, and when I was told that the reading of this tale had been a custom of years I felt I knew the well spring in which the spirit had its growth. I have now adopted the custom in my own family, with a few changes. The story is, of course, quite long for one reading, so we have developed the plan of beginning the reading a week before the great day, reading part each night. Then when Christmas eve comes I have found it additionally valuable in fostering the Christmas spirit to have read aloud the wonderful, beautiful story of the nativity from the second chapter of St. Luke. We then complete the Carol, and every one is then truly ready for the glorious dawning of the morrow."

FOR THE BOUDOIR.

Hand Knitting Makes Useful Christmas Gifts.

At no time within fifty years has hand knitting been more in vogue than in the present year. Everywhere one went—in the railway trains and stations, in the street cars, even it is re-

SILK SLIPPERS.

mored in the theaters between acts—the busy click of the knitting needles has been in evidence. The slippers shown here are very easy of accomplishment and made of silk would be a handsome present.

Envelope Gifts.

The simplest way for a girl to remember her out of town girl friends at Christmas time is with an envelope gift. Some small useful token which can be sent through the mail has quite as much significance as a bulky or elaborate present which requires a large postage or express fee to carry it to its destination. And there is no end of pretty gifts which can be made to fit easily into an envelope of ordinary size. Of course the long "business" envelope may be used. This comes in stout manila paper as well as in the more fragile white paper.

Of these gifts none is received with more welcome by the average girl than a silk scarf. The season's offerings in these filmy affairs show wondrously beautiful colorings.

Then there are many lovely stocks which are soft enough to go in an envelope.



An Old Time English Christmas

"On Christmas day, service in the church ended, the gentlemen presently repair into the hall to breakfast, with brawn, mustard and mincey," says an account of a sixteenth century English Christmas.

"At dinner the butler appointed for the Christmas is to see the tables covered and furnished, and the ordinary butlers of the house are decently to set bread, napkins and trenchers, in good form, at every table—with spoons and knives. At the first course is served a fair and large boar's head, upon a silver platter, with minstrelsy.

"Two servants are to attend at supper and to bear two fair torches of wax, next before the musicians and trumpeters, and stand above the fire with the music till the first course be served in through the hall. Which performed, they with the music are to return into the buttery.

"At night, before supper, are revels and dancing, and so also after supper, during the twelve days of Christmas."

At this time the nobility had entirely discarded their joints of salted beef and platters of wood and pewter, together with the swarm of jesters, tumblers and harpers that formerly had been indispensable to the banquet room; a stately ceremonial and solemn silence were considered to be the indications of true politeness. The table was dished set out with a great variety of dishes.

When the company had finished eating the remaining provisions were sent to the waiters and servants, and when these had sufficiently dined the fragments were distributed among the poor.

Judges' Gowns.

The London Law Times points out that the silk gown of the bench and bar owes its original use to its having been adopted as a form of mourning at the death of an English sovereign. On the death of Queen Mary in 1634 the present silk gown was introduced as mourning and, having been found more convenient and less troublesome than the regular dress then worn, has since been continued. The late Sir Frederick Pollock is said to have expressed an opinion in reference to the ordinary costume of the bar that the bench and bar went into mourning at the death of Queen Anne and have so remained ever since. American courts adopted the gown along with the English common law.

A Quaint Christmas Custom

Blowing in the Yule from the grim old tower that had stood 800 years against the blasts of the North sea was one of the customs of the old town that abide, however it fares with the Nisse; that I know. At sun-up, while yet the people were at breakfast, the town band climbed the many steep ladders to the top of the tower, and up there, in fair weather or foul—and sometimes it blew great gusts from the wintry sea—they played four old hymns, one to each corner of the compass, so that no one was forgotten. They always began with Luther's sturdy challenge, "A Mighty Fortress is Our God," while down below we listened devoutly.

There was something both weird and beautiful about those faraway strains in the early morning light of the northern winter, something that was not of earth, and that suggested to my child's imagination the angels' songs on far Judean hills. Even now, after all these years, the memory of it does that. It could not have been because the music was so rare, for the band was made up of small storekeepers and artisans who thus turned an honest penny on festive occasions. Incongruously enough, I think, the official town mourner, who bade people to funerals, was one of them. It was like the burghers' guard, the colonel of which—we thought him at least a general, because of the huge brass sword he trailed when he marched at the head of his men—was the town tailor, a very small but very martial man. But whether or no, it was beautiful. I have never heard music since that so moved me. When the last strain died away came the big bells with their deep voices that sang far out over field and heath, and our Yule was fairly under way.—Jacob A. Riis, in Century.

Provide For Christmas.

Provide for Christmas eve that it do come To feast thy neighbor good cheer to have some; Good bread and drink, a fire in the hall, Brawn, pudding, souse and good mustard withal; Beef, mutton, pork and shred pies of the best; Pig, veal, goose, capon and turkey well dressed; Apples and nuts to throw about the hall, That boys and girls may scramble for them all; Sing jolly carols, make the fiddlers play—Let scrupulous fanatics keep away. For oftentimes is seen no arrant knave Than some who do counterfeit most to be grave.

—Poor Robin's Almanac, 1634

Bad Handwriting.

Sometimes the worst of handwriting becomes intelligible when one grasps the rules, for a man's script—particularly an author's—is frequently made difficult chiefly by his deliberate or unconscious inversion of the accepted rules of calligraphy. Henry Ward Beecher had a daughter who acted as copyist, and she read him with ease simply by remembering three principles—that in her father's manuscript no dotted letter was meant for an "L," no crossed letter stood for "I," and that no capital letter ever began a sentence.—Indianapolis News.

Where the Trouble Was.

"Mamma," said small Edmund, "I'm very sorry I ate the cake after you told me not to."
"So your conscience is troubling you, is it?" said his mother.
"I don't know," answered Edmund. "I thought it was my stomach."—Chicago News.

Chinese Junks.

Although there is no written history of the earliest bulk oil carrier, the Chinese Newchong junk, originally built for the carriage of water in bulk and afterward used for oil, must be among the earliest examples of this class of vessel.—Exchange.

A Rebuff.

Said one Indianapolis jokesmith to another: "How's your stuff selling now? Been getting any checks lately?"
"Not exactly, but I received a couple of repulses today."—Indianapolis News.

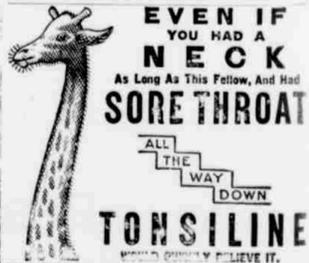
Three Vitriols.

The "three vitriols" are green vitriol (sulphate of iron), blue vitriol (sulphate of copper) and white vitriol (sulphate of zinc).

In life's small things be resolute and great.—Lowell.

Both Trumpeters.

Among the quaint old epigrams collected in England by an American with a fancy for odd verse and ancient brashes are two commemorating trumpeters. The first is often quoted: Till Angela's trumpets on the Final Day Shall Blow and Graves shall Open Here Abram Crumppet in his Tomb doth Lay And Waits the Call in Hope.
The second is less known and, with all its quaintness, has a fine, bold swing to it. Moreover, the deceased, as a prose addition to the inscription makes clear, was a gallant soldier as well as a musician and had served through many campaigns, civil and foreign. Thus it runs:
When Gabriel, Angel, shall hys Trumpet blow Uppe from the Sod commanding all below, Vaster than Armys when those Millions rise Ansring that Summons from the Pealed Skyes, Theres One lyes Here will joyfull Rouse at last And sound a manful Echo to the Blast— John Petres, Trumpeter, who All his Dayes Blew for the Kyngs his Wars and Gods his Prayses.



EVEN IF YOU HAD A NECK AS LONG AS THIS GIRAFFE, AND HAD SORE THROAT ALL THE WAY DOWN TONSILINE
A quick, safe, soothing, healing, antiseptic relief for Sore Throat, hoarseness, TONSILINE. A small bottle of Tonsiline lasts longer than most any case of Sore Throat. TONSILINE relieves Sore Mouth and Hoarseness and prevents Quinsy, 25¢ and 50¢. Hospital Size \$1.00. All Drugists. THE TONSILINE COMPANY, Canton, Ohio.



Silo Sense

Kalamazoo glazed tile silo users are boosters! Consider the vital points that make for silo efficiency and you too will choose the Kalamazoo. Can't help it! They're unsurpassed for durability and solidity of construction. Continuous opening door frame—Redwood doors. Double glazed walls keep frost out and moisture in. Anchored by its weight—no upkeep—fireproof—stays put.

Write for our latest booklet on TILE or WOOD stave silos. Get "Early in-year" sales plan which cannot fail to interest the salesman and the man who buys a silo this year.

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