

MR. BIGGER'S CHRISTMAS SPIRIT



"My boy," said Bullington Bigger, the eminent speculator in stocks. "I intend to do something this year that I have never done before. I have never taken much stock in this Christmas foolishness. It seems to me that people carry it to an absurd extreme; but, as I have said, I am going to break away from my custom this year. You are helping to support your widowed mother."

The boy who marked the quotations up on the big blackboard made a strong effort to conceal his emotion as he answered: "Yes, sir. I always carry my earnings home to her."

"That is noble of you. You deserve the highest praise for your thoughtfulness. A mother who has such a son should be very proud of him, and I have no doubt that your mother fully appreciates your worth. What I started to say a moment ago was that I intend to do something to encourage you in your work—something to prove to you that I wish you well and that, however cold I may have at times appeared, I am kind at heart."

"Oh, thank you, sir," said the boy. "Mother will be proud when she learns that I have been able to win your respect."

"Like to hear a boy talk as you talk," the eminent gentleman continued. "A boy who is glad for his mother's sake to win the approval of others may always be depended upon to give a good account of himself. You may not have suspected it, but I have for a long time been watching you. I have noticed that you do not smoke cigarettes; that you use little slang; that you pay strict attention to your duties and always show a proper deference to those above you."

"My mother told me when I started out in the world," the boy replied, "to always keep away from bad habits and be respectful to those who had the right to be treated respectfully."

"Good. It is evident that you have an estimable mother. With such a mother and such a character as you seem to possess I have no doubt that you will succeed in life. It would be a pity to disturb your self-reliance by giving you money. I shall not do that. I do not believe in giving money to people anyhow. It is a bad practice. There are other ways of extending help that are much more effective—much better for those who receive it. Now it is my purpose to do something for you."

"I—I hardly know how to thank you, sir."

"Oh, never mind that, my boy. The most eloquent thanks are not always expressed in words. There are other ways of showing appreciation. So don't bother yourself if words happen to fail you. There are indications that this is going to be an old-fashioned winter, and I know what it is to be tortured by the cold. You have seen that I have a new overcoat with a Persian lamb collar and real mink lining, have you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"You would be surprised if I were to tell you how much it cost. But I need not dwell upon that. I have found it extremely comfortable. It has caused me to feel sorry for others who cannot afford such coats. I think it must be the Christmas spirit that has come to me. With the collar of my warm coat turned up so that it covers my ears I am able to keep comfortable in the coldest weather."

The boy felt a lump rising in his throat and he was compelled to wink rapidly to keep back his tears of gratitude.

"This morning," Mr. Bigger continued, "I found a pair of plush earmuffs that I used last winter, and I have decided to present them to you."

TO BE A TIME OF JOY FOR HIM

This Little Story Shows Just What a Lot of Good Things at Merry Christmas Time

"My wife has been questioning me for the past three weeks about what I would like for Christmas."

"Well, I suppose you told her?"

"Yes. The first thing I thought of was an umbrella. I really need an umbrella, because it is quite a distance from my house to the train, and I have to walk it. A nice umbrella would come in handy on rainy days. Then there are some books I would like very much. I gave her a list of them as nearly as I could at the start, and have been adding to it day by day as I happened to think of something else in that line. I mentioned cuff-buttons and studs for full-dress occasions, and I gave her to understand that if she didn't feel like troubling herself over the matter I would be glad to take the money she had set aside for me and buy myself some cigars. Last night I had occasion to look into a closet we don't use much, and there I found my present, all ready to be placed before me on Christmas morning."

"Of course, then, she hadn't adopted your suggestion as to the cigars."

"No. I'm going to be made glad with a beautifully worked sofa pillow."

At Christmas Time

By S. E. KISER



Along the road to Bethlehem
Three weary wise men slowly fared,
And wondering shepherds gazed at them,
And bowed the heads which they had bared.

Three wise men who had journeyed far,
Rode slowly o'er the hills that night,
Still following their guiding star,
Whose constant beams were broad and bright.

At Christmas time they heard a voice
That sweetly sounded far on high:
"Rejoice, ye sons of men, rejoice!"
The words rang clearly from the sky.

The trembling wise men paused to hear
The song that angels sang to them,
And ceased to doubt and turned from fear,
That Christmas night in Bethlehem.



We hurry through the busy days
And in the market-places contend;
We strive to win in shaming ways,
Forsaking brother, and friend;

We foster greed and cling to pride,
We have no time for being kind,
We rudely push the lame aside,
And give no guidance to the blind.

We madly struggle after gain,
Forgetting all the Master taught;
We worship riches, and disdain
To heed the message that He brought—

Yet, even so, at Christmas, love
Assails our hearts and chastens them,
And brings us glad remembrance of
That holy night in Bethlehem.



We cease a little while to hate,
We turn a little while from sin;
We greet the stranger at the gate,
And reaching forth we lead him in,
And, happily remembering
The babe that in the manger lay,
We still acknowledge Him our King,
As they did, that first Christmas day.

Three shadowy wise men slowly fare
Along the shadowy highway still,
And shadowy shepherds watch them there
And see the star blaze o'er the hill,
And men, wherever men may dwell,
Still hear the message borne to them;
That God still reigns and all is well,
The star shines on o'er Bethlehem.



Child's Reasoning.
"Mamma, Santa Claus isn't married, is he?"

"I don't know. Why do you think he isn't, dear?"

"Cause if he was Mrs. Santa wouldn't let him stay out that way at night."

No Room for Any More.
"Goin' to hang up your stockin' Christmas, Mickey?"

"Naw."

"Better. You might git it filled."

"It's filled now."

"What with?"

"Holes."

His Gift.
He gave the girl a pair of skates,
And now his heart is full of hate;
He merely stands around and waits
And inwardly rebels at fate,
While one more favored far than he
Is or may ever hope to be,
Keels where she stands, so fair, so sweet,
And fastens them upon her feet.

Joy Ahead for Him.
Don't forget that the clothes you are not going to wear any more may look mighty good to somebody.

WHEN CHRISTMAS TIME COMES ROUND

S. E. KISER

When Christmas time comes round it seems
As though the long, long years
Roll back and take away our cares
And dry up all our tears:
I don't know why it is, but when
The great day comes along
I get to feelin' young again,
And kind of turn to song,
And whistle and go on just like
A boy would. I'll be bound,
The old world seems to brighten up
When Christmas time comes round.

I'm tickled at the Jumpin' Jack
And all them kind of things;
I like to watch the toys that play
By windin' up the springs,
And somehow—don't know why it is—
Love seems to fill the air,
And I forget I've enemies
Or troubles anywhere;
And every little while I sort
Of listen for the sound
Of voices that have long been still,
When Christmas time comes round.

I wish that I was Santa Claus
And had a magic sleigh,
To visit all the children who
Look forward to the day—
The orphans and the cripples and
The poor folks everywhere—
All children that are good and kind
And don't forget their prayers;
I'll bet you that they'd all be glad
When they got up and found
Their stockin' fairly bustin' out,
When Christmas time comes round.

Oh, happy time of jinglin' bells
And hills all white with snow;
Oh, joyful day that takes us back
To care-free long ago!
I wonder if up there above
Where happy angels roam
They do not get to thinkin' of
The happy times at home,
And turn, in fancy, back once more
To listen to the sound
Of voices that have long been still,
When Christmas time comes round?



In the Spirit of Christmas Jollity

By S. E. KISER

Many a woman is known by the
Christmas presents she takes back to
be exchanged.

If there is a Christmas season in
heaven the department store clerk
will hardly want to go there.

The woman who looks for the price
mark on her present generally gets
mad if she finds it.

A good thing about some Christmas
presents is that they don't last more
than a day or two.

People who put off buying things
they really need until after Christmas
hardly ever find them in their stock-
ings.

Some people don't permit their chil-
dren to believe in Santa Claus be-
cause they selfishly want all the cred-
it themselves.

If Santa Claus were a woman
Christmas would always have to be
postponed for a few days while she
administered the finishing touches.

Lucky Givers.
With happy hearts some people give
And never mind the price;
They know the gifts they will receive
Are sure to be as nice.

A Warning to Liars.
"What was the happiest moment of
your life, dear?" she asked.
"It was when you said yes, darling,"
he replied.

She sighed and permitted her cheek
to rest against his breast for a long
time. Then she said:
"Harry, do you remember that dia-
mond ring we looked at in Blazon's?
I was there yesterday and they had it
still. What a splendid Christmas pre-
sent it would make."

After he had reached the next room
he whispered to himself:
"That's always the way. Never
told a lie in my life without having
immediate cause to be sorry for it."

Why the Colonel Gave It Up
"Colonel," said the beautiful grass
widow, "why is it you so strongly ob-
ject to the exchanging of Christmas
presents?"

"I'll tell you," he replied. "I need
to be as crazy as other people over
the sending of gifts. There was a
girl that I thought a good deal of in

those days, and a sister of mine who
had been married only a couple of
years was made glad by the arrival of
a little one about a month before
Christmas. I thought a nice present
for her would be a book on the care
and nursing of infants. So I bought
it. At the same time I bought a very
handsome volume of poems for the
girls."

"Yes?"

"They got mixed. I believe this
Christmas present business is all fool-
ishness."

Candor.
"If I were to catch you under the mis-
tletoe would you try to get away?"
"Of course I should—but I feel almost
sure that I should not succeed."
—S. E. Kiser.

An Exchange.
"What did your mistress give you
for Christmas?"
"A box of cheap handkerchiefs."
"What did you give her?"
"A week's notice."

A Lucky Man.
He sees the sun through spreading rifts,
He hears the wind sing songs of cheer;
His wife will buy no Christmas gifts
And have them charged to him this
year.

FAIR WARNING TO SANTA CLAUS.
There ain't no Santa Claus, I guess, or if
there is, why he

Don't know so very
much about book-
keepin', seems to
me.

I ast him for some
rabbits and a
pair of skates
one year,
And all he left was
nothin' but a lit-
tle sister here.

And last year when
I wrote to him I
said I'd like a
sled
And one of those
here spaniel dogs
that's kind of
brownish red,
But blame the luck,
I didn't git a sol-
itary thing
overcoat and plated
napkin ring.

I've wrote him this year that I want a
hook-and-ladder
And magic lantern
and a goat that I
can train to
kick,
And mebbe a four-
blinded knife, if
he has one to
spare,
But I've told him
plain and honest
that I don't want
things to wear.

I'll try to keep be-
lievin' till he
comes a round
once more,
But he's got to do
much better than
he ever done be-
fore;
If he brings another sister in the place
of what I'd like,
Why, I'll quit believin' in him from that
minute, the old lady!



Except a cap and
napkin ring.



Temperance

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

GREAT RACE POISON.
Excerpts from address by Col. L. Mervin Maus, M. D. Chief Surgeon Eastern Division, United States Army, before the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Boston.)

Research, experiments, the epileptics and feeble-minded institutions, insane asylums, prisons and the post mortem table constantly teach us what alcohol is doing for the human race. There remains no longer any doubt of the special and general results of the great "racial poison" on child, man, race or community. Few people understand the far-reaching effects of alcohol on the family, and the race at large. It is an intricate and difficult problem to approach on account of its social connection with many of the most prominent and influential men and women of the country, who still hold very liberal views concerning its use.

Following the general use of whisky as a beverage fifty years ago many of the most prominent and intellectual families of our country have been eliminated and not infrequently in the second generation. Many of their representatives became drunkards and died childless, or left children cursed with feeble mind, epilepsy, tuberculosis, insanity, or some other form of degeneracy, which rendered fertility impossible. Study the family records that have been gathered by the eugenicists on the subject of alcohol and the thinking world will stand aghast.

The role that alcohol plays in disease, pauperism, racial degeneracy and graft makes its control by the state absolutely necessary, and in order to save society the saloon must go. To accomplish this necessary reform no candidate for state or municipal office should be endorsed by the medical profession who has not stated satisfactorily his platform on the control of the three great social evils—prostitution, venereal disease and the saloon. Total abstinence should become a requirement of every official holding office within the suffrage of the people. The importance of the duties which lawmakers, judges, state and municipal officials, the army, navy and police are called upon to perform, demands the highest class of intelligence and efficiency, qualities which are impossible with drinking men. Besides, the alcoholic addict is more liable to lend himself to graft and corruption in office than the total abstainer. The physician who strives for racial perfection must cling to total abstinence, for there can be no compromise on the great question of temperance. In order to build up a strong, virile people we must protect the young against the race poison, remembering that the child of today is the citizen of tomorrow.

POLICE COMMISSIONER ON LIQUOR.

"While police commissioner in San Francisco in 1907-9, it was my custom to examine the records in the city prison frequently, showing all the crimes and other particulars attending arrests that numbered about 200 daily, and my conclusion was that fully ninety per cent. were due directly or indirectly to the use of liquors," says A. D. Cutler, a former commissioner of police of San Francisco. "All saloons in San Francisco," he continues, "were closed for thirty days, following the great fire in April, 1906, the result being that there was so little police duty necessary in spite of the great confusion growing out of the fire, that one-half the police force were given vacations for periods of from ten to thirty days. When the saloons were again opened the officers on vacation were recalled as it was deemed necessary to place the entire force on duty because of the increased crime and disorder."

"DRY" STATISTICS.

Two-thirds of the geographical area of the United States is dry territory. In 1868 there were 3,500,000 people living in territory where the drink traffic had been outlawed; in 1900 that number had increased to 18,000,000; in 1908 the number had doubled; and today there are 46,029,750 persons, or a fraction over one-half of the population of the country, living in dry territory. In the last five years the no-license population has increased a little over 10,000,000, which is more than ten per cent. of the total population of the nation and thirty per cent. increase in the number living in dry districts. Since 1868 the population of the country has doubled, while the number of inhabitants of dry territory has increased over thirteenfold.

Of the nine total abstinence states, four have constitutional and five have statutory laws. Of the remaining thirty-nine states, thirty-six are under some form of local option.

IDEAL LAND.

"Our ideal is a land where no drunkard may be seen staggering down the road to his certain doom; a land where there are no alms for humanity to rot in; a land with two-thirds of its prison cells empty, with its work-houses abolished, with its children well born, well fed, well sheltered, well clothed, well trained; where the merry laughter of children may be heard in the street; a land where the curse of strong drink has been driven from every single hearth."—Hon. Lloyd George.

POULTRY



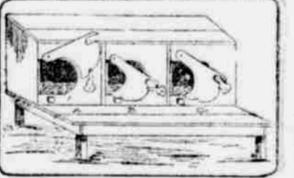
FOR SUCCESS WITH POULTRY

Practical Way of Building Up Laying Strain of Hens is to Breed Those With Best Records.

Trap nests are the best guide-posts to success. They point out the hens that are doing good work, and expose the drones. They not only tell you how many eggs each individual hen laying in a year, but they also point out the color of the shell and the shape of the egg.

The time is near at hand when hens will be sold on their egg records, and prices governed accordingly. It is an accepted fact that the only way to build up a laying strain of hens is to breed from those giving the best records, says the Farm Journal, by annually picking out the best of the flock. It is possible each year to increase the average of the flock.

In line with the introduction of trap nesting came the question of the laying hens giving a better percentage of fertile eggs, as well as receiving an extra allowance of feed. It is more difficult to overfatten a hen that is doing steady laying than it



Trap Nests.

is one that is not laying. It remained for a man by the name of Albert Angel, Jr., to strike the proper idea in this direction.

Briefly stated, this system consists of a house and yard divided into two unequal parts. One side is large enough for 12 hens, and the smaller side is for the cock. In the house are trap nests with two openings. Every night the hens are put in the larger house. The cock stays permanently in his own quarters. Every hen that lays an egg or enters a trap nest goes out into the apartment with the male. When night comes, the laying hens are all with the male and they then are returned to their own side of the house and yard, to go through the same process each day. In the morning the male bird is alone. The trap nest is made by simply fashioning two light doors using one-inch mesh wire netting. The door to the nest which the hen enters to lay is hinged from the inside, and is pushed open by the hen and closes behind her. The door in the rear of the nest opening out into the cock's yard, is hinged from the outside. When the hen enters the cock's pen she can not return, as will readily be seen. These doors, or gates, are light and work easily, and should be the size of the entrance of the nest box and hinged to the top.

The illustration, a popular make of trap nests, such as is used on many of the large poultry farms. A shows trap nest turned to open nest. B shows nest closed after hen has entered. C shows trap set.

When a hen is through laying she will stick her head out of the nest and cackle, and should then be released.

On the leg of each hen is placed an aluminum band on which is stamped a number. Upon opening the door of the trap the hen is picked up and her number ascertained. This is then written on the egg, and at night a record is made of these numbers.

POULTRY NOTES

The busier the hens the better they will be.

Guineas are in great demand. Why not buy a few?

Never expose fowls in blustering, snowy weather.

Sunshine should have a large place in the ration of every hen.

Rooms of all kinds can be fed cooked or raw, but they should be chopped fine.

Grit and shells are cheap, nevertheless very important in the proper care of poultry.

Don't forget to sprinkle lime on drop boards, not too much, for it is hard on the chicken's feet.

The poultry houses must be a scene of constant effort to prevent lice and vermin from this time until spring.

When wood ashes are strewn over the hen house floor the manure will lose much of the ammonia by the mixture.