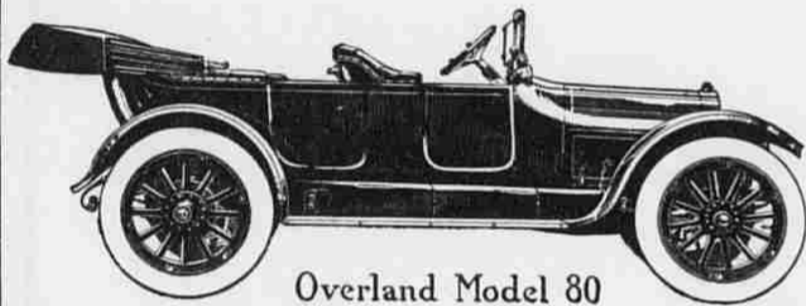


LEADS THEM ALL

In Style, Comfort and Durability.

Overland



Overland Model 80

Five Passenger Touring Car
\$1075

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to convey, in picture or words, more than a general idea of the beauty and ideal proportions of the new Overland Model 80-T touring car. Of the true stream-line type, the effect is of gracefully sweeping contour from the radiator to the full-curved back of the tonneau.

The illustration shows clearly, though the clean-cut appearance of the car as a whole; the smooth, flush-sided body without angles or projections, the crowned, double-curved fenders, the clean running boards with concealed brackets—all serving to emphasize the long, low effect produced by the drop-frame and stream-line body.

Surely there is satisfaction value in its appearance as well as in its mechanical stamina.

SPECIFICATIONS:

- 35 horsepower motor
- Wheelbase, 114 inches
- Tires, 34 x 4 inches
- Demountable rims (one extra rim)
- Full stream-line body
- Electric starting and lighting
- Left-hand drive
- Finish, Brewster green, with ivory striping

FRANK LOOMIS
PERRYSBURG, O.

The Land Where the Christmas Things Grow

By Mrs. MARY F. K. HUTCHINSON

[Copyright, 1914, by American Press Association.]

THERE'S a wonderful land, full of farms, way up north, Oh, a wonderful land, I've been told, Where the pole shoots right through at the top of the earth And things cannot be bought—no, nor sold. That's where Santa Claus reigns like a jolly good king. Mother Goose must be queen, I most know, In that wonderful land way up north, near the pole, In the Land Where the Christmas Things Grow.

Dear old Santa works hard on his farms all the year, And the Fairies, who think work is play, And the Brownies, who cut up queer capers at night, Are kept busy and hustling all day. On those farms woolly cats and tin soldiers are raised. Things you wind up are taught how to go. Santa's helpers work hard raising toys of all sorts In the Land Where the Christmas Things Grow.

There are houses in rows on a street in that land In which Lollies are growing for girls. The Old Woman Who Lived In a Shoe feeds them all, And Dame Trot does their dresses and curls. All these Dollies are fed on pure sawdust and think It's far better than things made of dough, And they play, every day, in nice yards on a street In the Land Where the Christmas Things Grow.



IN THE LAND WHERE THE CHRISTMAS THINGS GROW.

On a monstrous big farm on a hill in that land Wooden horses and ponies are raised.

On another farm Old Mother Hubbard's toy dogs Get their bones and are petted and praised.

Simple Simon has charge of a farm (have you guessed?) Where the Jumping Jacks frisk in a row

Between Jacks-in-the-box, which grow fast and look bright, In the Land Where the Christmas Things Grow.

In this wonderful land, which is reached just in dreams Or by crossing the Make Believe Sea,

Young Jack Horner has charge of a farm full of sweets, Where big sugar plums hang from each tree.

Candy canes and striped sticks grow in fields very near. While a River of Taffy must flow Round a Chocolate Drop Farm that is largest of all,

In the Land Where the Christmas Things Grow.

When these things all get ripe, 'way up north, they are picked. And now who does all that, do you think?

Wynten, Blynken and Nod, Tiny Tim and Boy Blue— They tie bundles up quick as a wink.

And the Night Before Christmas dear Santa starts out With his crops over roads white with snow,

And the Man In the Moon keeps things straight while he's gone In the Land Where the Christmas Things Grow.

"Santa Claus' Helpers." The Santa Claus association, incorporated in New York, has for its purpose "to foster the Christmas spirit among those able to grant requests made to Santa Claus." Requests from children are investigated, systematized and, as far as practicable, granted. The principal office is in New York city, and subassociations are to be established throughout the United States.

No Cheerful Task. Mother—Yes, Dorothy; the Lord loveth a cheerful giver. Dorothy (aged six)—Goodness! I hope he don't see you getting those Christmas presents ready for the mail then, mamma.

The Message of Christmas

By CARDINAL GIBBONS.

TODAY the whole Christian world prostrates itself in adoration around the crib of Bethlehem and rehearses in accents of love a history which precedes all time and will endure throughout eternity. If asked to explain the rapturous influence which controls us we have no other words than the evangel of joy which the angel gave unto earth, "For this day is born unto you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord."

The blessings resulting from our Christian civilization are poured out so regularly and abundantly on the intellectual, moral and social world, like the sunlight and the air of heaven and the fruits of the earth, that they have ceased to excite any surprise, except to those who visit lands where the religion of Christ is little known.

Before the advent of Christ the whole world, with the exception of the secluded Roman province of Palestine, was buried in idolatry. Men worshiped the sun and moon and stars of heaven. They worshiped everything except God only, to whom alone divine homage is due. Christ, the Light of the World, proclaimed unto all men in its fullness the truth which had hitherto been hidden in Judea. He taught mankind to know the one true God, a God existing from eternity unto eternity, a God who created all things by his power, who governs all things by his wisdom and whose superintending providence watches over the affairs of nations as well as of men, "without whom not even a sparrow falls to the ground."

The message of Christmas day is intended for all men, for all times, for all conditions of existence. Only by stern adherence to the principles therein contained can individuals and nations hope to share in that peace which has been promised to men of good will. To violate them is to reverse the order established by God, and disorder is the synonym for sin and strife.

The Greatest Gift.

Christmas stands for one thing—our Father's wondrous love to us, his erring and unworthy children, in sending his only begotten Son into this world to die for our sins and to rise again to be our Deliverer each day from sin and selfishness.

Jesus Christ himself is the great Christmas gift. The only true way to keep Christmas is by first of all accepting for ourselves this wondrous gift of our Heavenly Father and then to show our appreciation of this wondrous gift by giving ourselves and all that we have for others.

It is a true instinct that leads us to give to others Christmas presents, but too often in following out this instinct we give these Christmas gifts to the wrong persons. We give to those who already have too much and forget those who have not enough.

God gave his great gift to the needy, to those who had nothing to return for his gift. Let us follow him. Let us find the needy and give to them out of our abundance. Every one who is in comfortable circumstances should find some family that is really in need, some family where there will be little Christmas brightness unless others come to their help and give to this family a real Christmas, including a good Christmas dinner and some appropriate gift to every member of the family down to the youngest child.

Don't do it through some society. What is most needed is living and sympathetic personal contact between rich and poor. Do this and you will have as merry a Christmas as you ever knew.—Rev. R. A. Torrey.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

By EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS.

Calm on the listening ear of night Come heaven's melodious strains Where wild Judea stretches far Her silver mantled plains; Celestial choirs from courts above Shed sacred glories there, And angels with their sparkling lyres Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine Send back the glad reply And greet from all their holy heights The day spring from on high. O'er the blue depths of Galilee There comes a holier calm, And Sharon waves in solemn praise Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" The lofty strain The realm of ether fills. How sweeps the song of solemn joy O'er Judah's sacred hills! "Glory to God!" The sounding skies Loud with their anthems ring. "Peace on the earth, good will to men, From heaven's eternal King."

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem! The Saviour now is born. More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains

Breaks the first Christmas morn, And brighter on Moriah's brow, Crowned with her temple spires, Which first proclaim the newborn light, Clothed with its orient fires.

This day shall Christian lips be mute And Christian hearts be cold? Oh, catch the anthem that from heaven O'er Judah's mountains rolled When nightly burst from seraph harps The high and solemn lay, "Glory to God; on earth be peace; Salvation comes today!"

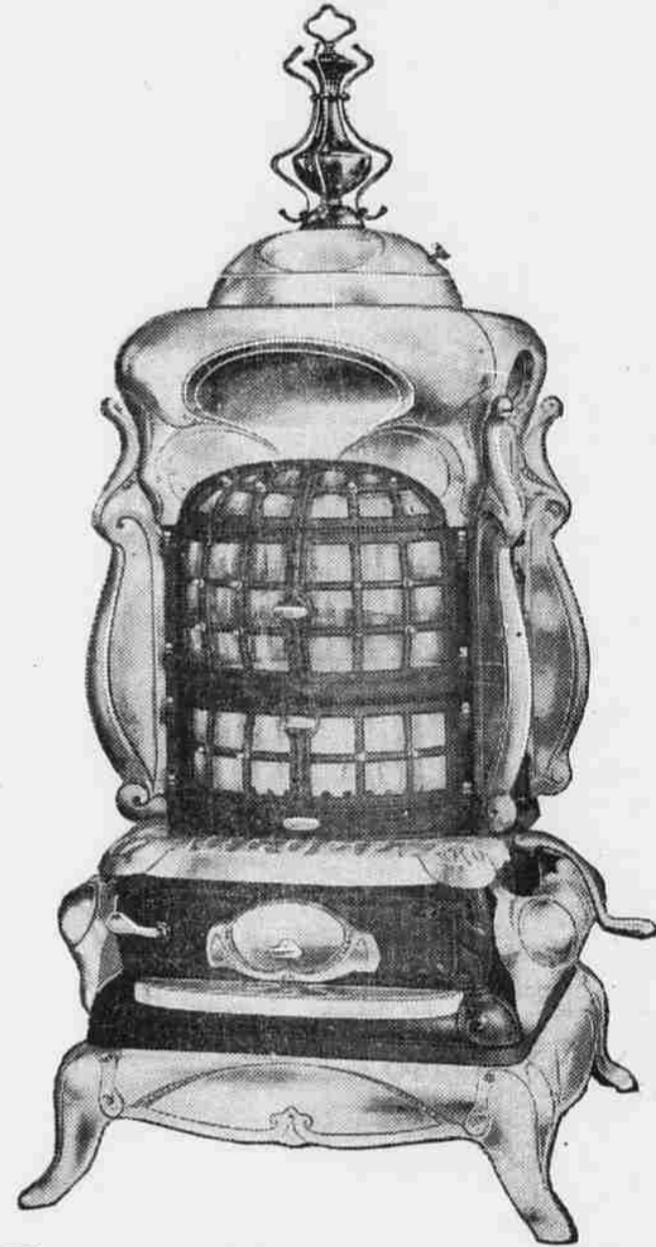
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LIME CITY.

Hard and Soft Coal.

COMPLETE LINE OF HARDWARE

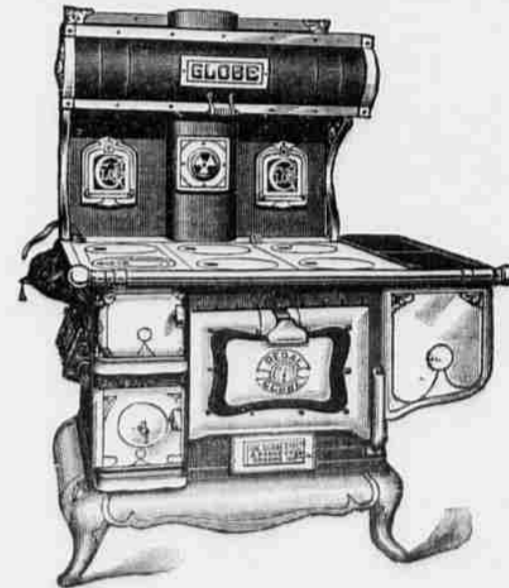
Gasoline Engines,
Power Washers

GLOBE STOVES



The Globe Guarantee

The Globe Stove and Range Co., Kokomo, Ind., maker of the GLOBE BASE BURNER guarantee it to have greater flue capacity, larger hot air circulation, to heat more space, to hold more coal, to burn less fuel, to be easier operated and controlled, to warm the floor better, and to have more heat-radiating surface than any other base burner in the world.



Globe Ranges are insured for twenty-five years against rusting out.

Electric Welded Ingot Iron Bodies. Oven thermometers and glass doors eliminate guess work in cooking.

Handy Key Plate Lifter for broiling and replenishing the fire.

Full Asbestos Lined Flues retain all the heat. Castings smooth and easy to clean.

No rivets to collect dirt, no joints to leak gas and heat.

Lath, Shingles, Cedar Posts, Wire Fencing, Buggy and Team Harness.

C. F. RIDER, Lime City, O.