

What's Doing in Minnesota

International Falls.—In a decision from Attorney General Smith, just announced, the city council is restrained from issuing liquor licenses. Hutchinson.—The closing of the saloon at Biscay by the operation of the Dunn roadhouse law marks the end of a strenuous struggle for existence. Moorhead.—The Clay county grand jury has returned four indictments against the Moose lodge of Moorhead, charging "illegal sales of intoxicating liquors."

MINNESOTA AIDS HOME BUILDERS

STATE ART COMMISSION DIS- TRIBUTES 1,000,000 PLANS FOR MODEL FARMHOUSES.

STATE CAPITOL HAPPENINGS

Events of General Interest in Minnes- ota Condensed and Revised for The Greater Convenience of Busy Readers.

Minnesota homebuilders are getting state aid on a large scale. The state art commission, according to a bulletin just issued, has sent out 1,000,000 plans for model farmhouses in the past 24 months. The plans were submitted by leading architects of the state and have been sent out at merely a nominal cost, a service that no other state government has undertaken to give. This service is now being extended. The art commission has been deluged with requests not only for plans, but for information about building materials of all kinds, paint, cement and the like, or what sort of a heating plant is best. The Minnesota chapter of the American Institute of Architects has undertaken to render this service free, through the art commission as an outlet. It is known as the "Architectural and Allied Arts Service Department will soon be open to all the people of the state. Inquiry of the Minnesota state art commission, Old Capitol, St. Paul, or addressed to 504 Essex building, Minneapolis, will bring complete information about the new service, also about new plans for 50 model village houses, which will be furnished for the mere cost of the blueprints

CHRISTMAS IN NAVY

How the Festive Season is Observed Aboard Ship.

Not Much Work Is Done—Athletic Sports, Traditional Dinner and Evening Entertainment Features of Occasion.

NOWHERE in all the world is the "spirit of Christmas" entered into more wholeheartedly than on board the ships of the United States navy. Observance of this chief of all national holidays varies, of course, in form with the location of the fleet at the time.

Into each of the continental "home ports" (headquarters of certain individual vessels) the big gray monsters come dropping in by twos and threes, till, in New York and Philadelphia, and Norfolk and Frisco, it looks almost like a naval review. According to long established custom, they are there to give the boys in blue a run on the beach ("liberty," as they call it in the service), and every man jack who is not actually undergoing punishment is allowed and encouraged to take his look at the bright lights—go home on leave or uptown for fun or anything else he likes as long as his money lasts but away from the ship in any event. This custom applies not alone to the enlisted men, but to the officers as well and, when Christmas morning dawns in a home port, there are not likely to be many more persons on board any man-o'-war than the regulations call for in the minimum.

The few "shipkeepers" cannot, under such circumstances, make a very successful effort toward merriment, (lear Admiral Samuel McGowan writes in the National Monthly, but what they lack in numbers they invariably make up in other ways, one of these ways being the complete satisfaction of the inner man.

Abroad and at sea, though, it is altogether different. Every soul on

Christmas



Candles on the tree aglow, Holly red and mistletoe; Radiant faces, rapturous cries, In the nursery wondering eyes, Stockings full and bulging out, Toys of every sort about; Music, joyous, glad and gay; All of Christendom at play; Season of the Holy Child, Dearest gift, divine and mild, Angel songs, dispelling fear, Yule, the blessed Yule is here! —Rose Mills Powers, in Youth's Companion.

MANNER OF GIVING PRESENTS

Simple Little Embellishments Such as Ribbons, Seals and Holly Count for Much.

At no time does the manner of doing a thing count for so much as at the time of Christmas giving; and while in a few instances there are those who overdo the outward embellishment of gifts, none of us now like to offer the simplest little remembrance unless wrapped in spotless paper, tied with gay ribbons and adorned with bright seals expressing merry greetings.

And this is as it should be for the holiday season gives a great deal of cheeriness and zest from the multiplicity of beribboned white parcels whisking to and fro, and we do not regret the passing of the yellow paper bundle of our grandmother's day.

But the attractive appearance of the gift is not all that counts; we must be careful of the how and when and where of presenting it.

The time that custom more and more sets apart for the exchanging of gifts among friends is Christmas eve, any time from dusk to midnight; but Christmas day itself is sacred to presenting gifts within the family circle.

Some families put all the gifts in the library or living room, in separate piles, and then, after a deliberate breakfast, they all walk in and open the packages in the presence of each other.

Never give a gift in person if you can contrive to send it or put it where it will be found awaiting the recipient when he or she is alone, for when received in this way the gift makes its strongest appeal to one's appreciation. In giving money, even to near relatives, the utmost care should be taken to give it in the most delicate way possible; especially if you know the money is needed.

One of the cleverest ways is to take a tiny Japanese umbrella, place the money in a paper bag and, after rolling and tying the bag around the upper part of the handle underneath, close the umbrella over it and tie with narrow ribbon.

Another good way is to present an attractive little booklet with a check or a greenback for a bookmark, writing on the flyleaf, "note page 14." Turning to see what is noted, the fresh new paper money is seen and the recipient appreciates the manner of its presentation no less than the material benefit.

WHY YOU HANG STOCKINGS

Popular Christmas Custom Said to Have Come Down to Us From Old Italian Practice.

There is a story from Italy which some suppose to be the beginning of the present idea of the Christmas stocking. Years ago good old St. Nicholas of Padua used to throw knitted purses with money in them at the windows of the poor. These knitted purses were not unlike a stocking without a foot, and later it became the custom of the people to hang this knitted sack just inside the window that St. Nicholas might put something in as he passed. When these purses went out of use the stockings were substituted. In the northern part of Italy it was a little too chilly to leave the windows open and the stockings were hung by the mantel place so that they might be filled from the chimney.

Play Santa, if you will, but don't get your whiskers burnt.

Julkapp Delivery.

This is an express used in Denmark and Sweden and denotes their way of sending gifts. Before Christmas all the gifts are wrapped so as to disguise the contents. Each package is labeled for whom it is intended and then at odd moments during the day these are thrown in at the doors of the windows.

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NOT RIGHT KIND OF FOWL

Magician in Hard Luck When He Meant to Put Finishing Touch on Entertainment.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said the conjurer, trying to make his husky voice impressive, "I will conclude my entertainment with truly a wonderful trick. It is a feat which must be seen to be believed."

After a lot of difficulty he borrowed a shabby silk hat from his village audience. Turning it upside down to prove there was nothing inside, he next placed it brim uppermost on his little table and proceeded to produce 12 eggs from its depths.

The audience watched with goggling eyes, and then burst into wild applause. "And now," the magician went on, bowing his thanks, "I will show you that, although the hat is empty, there is inside it the hen that laid those eggs."

Putting his hand into the hat he withdrew a fluttering, squawking fowl, which he placed on the table, and turned to face the applause.

Instead there was a wild yell of laughter. He turned in amazement, which changed to horror when the fowl shrieked.

"Cock-a-doodle-do-o!" — Philadelphia Record.

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Soldiers Want No Children.

I asked Zeni Peshkoff, socialist, what his sensations were when he went out to kill. "It didn't seem real, it doesn't now. Before my last charge the lieutenant and I were filled with the beauty of the night. We sat gazing at the stars. Then the command came and we rushed forward. It did not seem possible I was killing human beings." It is the unreality that sustains men. Germans are not human beings—only the enemy. For the wounded French soldier will tell you he loathes war and longs for peace. He fights or one object, permanent peace. He fights to save his children from fighting.

"Have you any children?" I asked one soldier. "No, thank God," is the reply. "But why?" "Because," comes the fierce answer, "if I had a son I would rather he deserted than see what I have seen." The man is not unusual. The soldiers—not the women—are beginning to say: "We will have no more children unless there is no more war."—The New Republic.

Big Chance Both Ways.

The famous physician and eminent clergyman were deep in a discussion which threatened to become acrimonious.

"You see," said the minister sarcastically, "your medical men know so much about the uncertainties of this world that I should think you would not want to live."

"Oh, I don't know," responded the physician caustically. "You clergy men tell us so much about the uncertainties of the next world that we don't want to die."—Ladies' Home Journal.

THE VERY TIME

When Powerful Food Is Most Needed.

The need of delicate yet nutritious food is never felt so keenly as when a convalescent gets a set back on account of weak stomach. Then is when Grape-Nuts shows its power for it is a most scientific and easily digested food.

"About a year ago," writes a Kansas woman, "my little six-year-old niece left the invigorating and buoyant air of Kansas, where all her life she had enjoyed fairly good health, to live in Ohio. She naturally had a change of diet and of course a change of water, and somehow she contracted typhoid fever."

"After a long siege her case seemed hopeless, doctors gave her up, and she was nothing but skin and bones, couldn't eat anything and for weeks did not know even her father or mother. Her parents, in trying to get something delicate and nourishing that she could eat, finally hit upon Grape-Nuts food and it turned out to be just the thing."

"She seemed to relish it, was soon conscious of her surroundings and began to gain strength so rapidly that in a short time she was as well, playful and robust as if she had never been ill."

"We all feel that Grape-Nuts was the predominating factor in saving the sweet little girl's life."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



A Christmas Concert on Board Ship.

board, from the usually sedate flag officer and the more or less unapproachable first lieutenant, down to "Jimmy-legs" and the ship's cook and the messenger boy, voluntarily constitutes himself a committee of one to see the thing through in "old navy" fashion, and even King Neptune, when he comes on board on "crossing the line" to douse every hayseed and landlubber, has a formidable rival in the "spirit of Christmas."

It matters not much whether the ship be anchored off Vera Cruz or plowing through the Pacific ocean, the distance from home and friends makes it incumbent on all to do their level best to make at least a brave try for "Merry Christmas."

Routine drills are entirely suspended; and, except for cleaning ship (cleanliness in the navy being deemed not only akin to, but actually neck and neck with godliness itself), not a lick of avoidable work is allowed to be done by anybody.

"All hands" are called, to be sure, on scheduled time, but many more men than usual are allowed to "sleep in," and, after the tiniest minimum of tidying up, preparations for the day's festivities are gotten under way.

There is a varied athletic program that begins in the forenoon, and after an hour or so off for dinner at midday, continues well along toward sunset. Sailors are taught to be thorough. So they go at their potato races and pie-eating contests and tugs of war and jumping contests with the same fervor that they show when trying for a 12-inch turreted gun record or stamping out a Caribbean revolution. There is no lack of interest. That can be depended on. And when call is sounded they are a tired lot.

Toward sunset the various contests have been completed (not unusual called off "on account of darkness," as the baseball people say), and, after an early supper, a stage is rigged up on the quarter-deck and the crowning event of the entire celebration is on. Sometimes it is a minstrel show, another time a vaudeville performance, but without exception there is plenty of music and near music, and no such entertainment would be complete without the inevitable and imitable cakewalk. Some of the improvised costumes are fearfully and wonderfully made. But they are striking and, for the most part, very appropriate, while the prouetting and gyrating of the cakewalkers themselves are well worth seeing. The program is a long one, but interest never lags for a moment—for American sailors are just as thorough at play as they are while at work.

Special Child Labor Agent. W. D. Washburn, chairman of the Minnesota child labor committee, says that this committee expects to employ a special agent to investigate the employment of children less than ten years old to sing in motion picture shows. Mr. Washburn said this committee also will investigate cases of children under ten years selling papers on the street or engaging in any street trade. Plans to have the present child labor laws revised by the next legislature are being made by Mr. Washburn's committee.

Got Out of the Difficulty. Some time ago a local corps was reviewed by Sir Ian Hamilton, and there is a story told that one of the officers was mounted on a horse that had previously distinguished itself in a bakery business. A wag in the crowd is supposed to have recognized the horse, for he shouted out, "Baker!" The horse promptly stopped dead, and nothing could urge it on. The situation was getting painful, when the officer was struck with a brilliant idea, and remarked, within hearing of his steed: "Not today, thank you." The procession then moved on without further delay.—London Mail.

For a really fine coffee at a moderate price, drink Denison's Seminole Brand, 35c the lb., in sealed cans. Only one merchant in each town sells Seminole. If your grocer isn't the one, write the Denison Coffee Co., Chicago, for a souvenir and the name of your Seminole dealer.

Buy the 3 lb. Canister Can for \$1.00.—Adv.

She's Agin It. "Oh, Mrs. Lawn, we want to get your vote for the Village Improvement society's plans. We met Mr. Lawn on the way to the station, and he—" "Yes? How did he vote?" "Why, he's for it with enthusiasm, so we'll book you—" "You'll book me as against it with enthusiasm. In all the thirty years of our married life my husband and I have never agreed on anything, and it's too late to begin now."

Ungrateful Wretch. "I'm writing a letter to Aunt Sarah," said wife, "thanking her for the visit she paid us. Do you wish to add anything to it?" "You might thank her on my behalf," replied hubby, "for not staying any longer than she did."

The man who is blinded by conceit is likely to recover his sight sooner or later.

Housework Is a Burden

It's hard enough to keep house if in perfect health, but a woman who is weak, tired and suffering from an aching back has a heavy burden. Any woman in this condition has good cause to suspect kidney trouble, especially if the kidney action seems disordered. Doan's Kidney Pills have cured thousands of suffering women. It's the best recommended special kidney remedy.

A Wisconsin Case

"Every Body Tells a Story." Mrs. E. T. Cantrey, Shell Lake, Wis., says: "I was no good with kidney trouble, the doctor said I wouldn't live long. His medicine failed to help me and I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. They brought me wonderful benefit and before long restored me to good health. I am feeling better now than I have for twenty-five years."

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