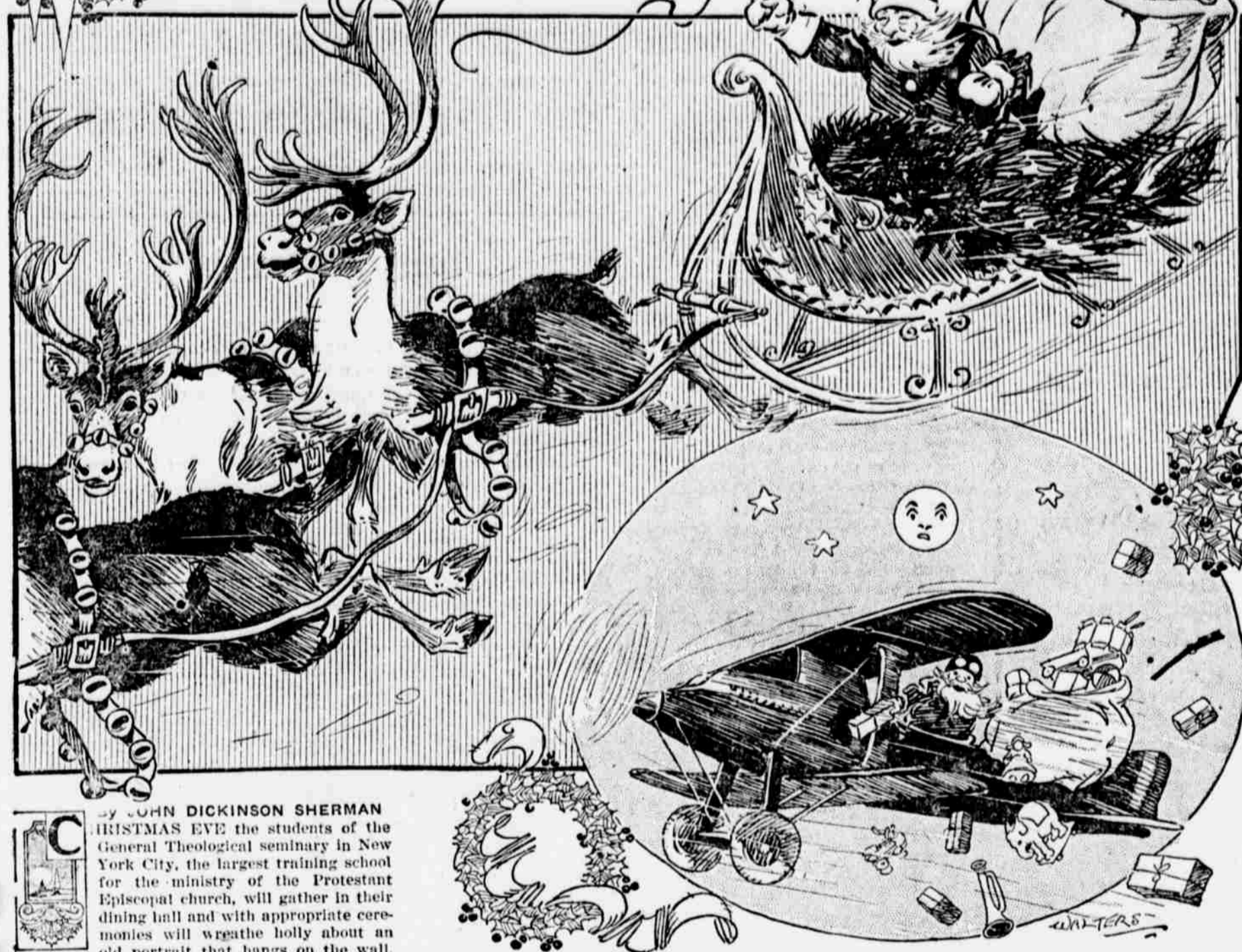


"Twas the Night before Christmas"



By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN
CHRISTMAS EVE the students of the General Theological seminary in New York City, the largest training school for the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal church, will gather in their dining hall and with appropriate ceremonies will wrangle holly about an old portrait that hangs on the wall.

The portrait is that of Clement Clark Moore (1781-1863), a founder of the seminary who gave it the whole block known as Chelsea square. Moreover, from 1821 to 1850 he was the professor of Biblical learning and was professor emeritus from then until his death. And in addition he compiled a "Hebrew and English Lexicon" (1809), the first to be published in this country. This notable scholar and dignified theological professor was born in New York City, the grandson of Maj. Thomas Clark, a retired officer of the British army, and son of the Rt. Rev. Benjamin Moore, third president of Columbia university and second bishop of New York. He studied for the ministry, but was not ordained.

Christmas morning, at 9:30 o'clock, several hundred Sunday school children—maybe as many as a thousand—will march from the new Chapel of the Intercession in New York City with trumpeters and banners, singing Christmas carols as they go, and lay a great wreath on a tomb in famous old Trinity cemetery. This tomb is that of this same grave and reverend professor of Biblical learning and compiler of a Hebrew lexicon. And this memorial celebration is now a feature of Christmas day.

It is likely that this Christmas the theological students and the Sunday school children will add special features to their memorial celebration. For Clement Clark Moore is, as everybody should know, the man who wrote "Twas the Night before Christmas" and this Christmas season is the centennial of the writing of the poem that has gone around the world and is the delight of children wherever Santa Claus is known. Of course there are lots of people who do not know who wrote it. And that's because it has become so much a part of our Christmas tradition and literature that it never occurs to them that it had an author. It's like Mother Goose, you know.

December 23, 1823, the Troy (N. Y.) Sentinel printed the now famous poem with the title, "A Visit From St. Nicholas." The name of the author was not given. The jolly jingle met with instant appreciation. Other newspapers published it. City after city all over the country copied it. It was published in magazines. Next it went into the public school readers. Then came special editions of the poem, illustrated by artists who had made a name by their pictures for children. Finally it was translated into many languages. Now it may be heard almost all over the world.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

By CLEMENT C. MOORE

TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads,
And mama in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a luster of midday to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas, too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I draw in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had slung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight:
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

A MODERN KRISS KRINGLE

By HAROLD BARNES

Kriss Kringle laughs with a merry glee;
"I'll fool the children this year," says he;
"They think I am coming with deer and sleigh,
And jingle of bells, in the same old way."
"But I'll do it," he says, with a knowing wink,
As he opens his hangar—and what do you think?
There stands in his shed like a waiting train
The finest brand of an aeroplane.
Shining and gleaming and new and spick—
Just made to order for Old St. Nick.

Indian Lodge Tales

By Ford C. Frick

THE STORY OF THE COLUMBINE

MANY, many years ago, when the world was young, and the Chosen People lived in happiness in the shadow of the Great Peak which pointed the way to Heaven, there was born to the Chief of the Tribe a daughter.

This daughter grew to womanhood, and was much loved by all the members of the tribe, for she was the most beautiful girl in all the world. Her hair was as black as the clouds of night; her eyes as deep and as blue as the sky. Her skin was white—and not red like that of the Indians who knew her. Her voice was as soft as the south wind and as sweet as the voice of the birds that sang to her from the trees. And from all around, from near and far, came the warriors of the tribes to woo her and claim her for their wife.

As she grew older her fame spread, and even distant tribesmen came to look upon her and to love her. Her father's lodge was filled with precious gifts which they brought—bows and arrows, and skins and wampum and beads and war jackets and all the other precious things which they possessed.

But the maiden loved all the warriors alike, and none of them would she marry though they asked her many times; until finally there came to the tribe a Dakotah from the North, and when he had wooed the maiden for many moons, and she still refused him, he became angry. One night he crept to the chief's lodge, where the maiden was sleeping, and stole the maiden away and mounted on his horse and rode into the East.

When the tribesmen discovered what had happened, they mounted on their ponies and started in pursuit and for many days and many nights they continued the chase, until at last they came upon the warrior as he was crossing the Great River to the eastward. When the warrior saw that he was captured, he drew his knife from its sheath and plunged it into the maiden's heart, and so she died. And then the warrior himself fell upon the knife.

So the tribesmen, with sorrow and tears, carried the maiden home and laid her down at the door to her father's lodge, and the whole tribe wept and would not be comforted. Finally the Manitou, seeing their grief, appeared to the fathers of the tribe and to them he said:

"Grieve not my children, that your daughter is lost to you. For I am your father and I will look over you, and your daughter I will take with me to live in the Happy Hunting Ground where she can look down upon you and see you and love you. And as a token of my promise, I will leave with you a sign—by which you will know that the beautiful maiden is with me forever."

As he spoke he stooped to a stream and drew a gourd of water and this he sprinkled upon the dead body of the maiden; and when the water fell, there was a great cloud came down upon the earth, and from the cloud came two birds and these picked up the body of the maiden and flew away with it to the westward where was the summit of the great peak where lived the Manitou. And where the body had lain, there sprang up three flowers, and in their center they were blue as the eyes of the maiden who had gone, and at their outer edges they were as white and beautiful as her skin.

And all about other flowers sprang up, until the hills and the plains were dotted with them, and so was the columbine born. Now each Indian knows that the columbine is the flower of Manitou, telling his promise to the Indians, and they know, too, that it sprang from the spirit of the beautiful maiden who was killed by the fierce Dakotah.

Signatures Use Stamp to Register.

Signatures made by small rubber stamps are becoming common on hotel registers. Guests who use this method are mostly salesmen. One traveling man at a New York hotel said he had adopted the rubber stamp in place of the pen because his signature was almost illegible and he was constantly annoyed by clerks who telephoned to his room to get his correct name.

Other traveling salesmen use the rubber stamp as an advertisement. The stamp and the miniature stamp pad fit easily in a coat pocket.—New York Sun.

Java Sugar Production Large.

The advance in the price of Cuban raw sugar recently has directed attention to the probable amount that will be produced during the current year in Java. Recent estimates made this fall give figures larger than those made earlier in the year, as the prolongation of the rainy season has had no injurious effect other than to delay cutting in some sections. Production of the members of the association is expected to reach 1,524,284 long tons, with that or outside mills placed at 176,364 long tons.

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NOW HAVE GOATS AS PETS

Greenwich Village Girls Claim They Find the Humble "Billies" Useful Companions.

The real thing in the Greenwich Village studio now is the billy goat. Those who profess to know go so far as to state that the village girls, when they go out to show their snocks and bobbed hair, won't carry a Peke or a Pom, but will lead a goat. Those who have them say they are easier to care for than a dog, the upkeep not being so heavy, due to a goat's digestion, and that they are kind and companionable.

There are other advantages, that of garbage disposal, even to cans, being one. Then again, the owner of a goat, particularly if the studio is small, will never be lonesome. A little observation from the Sixth or the Ninth avenue elevated from Fourteenth street can show that the goat is becoming more and more prevalent.—New York Correspondence in the Detroit News.

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