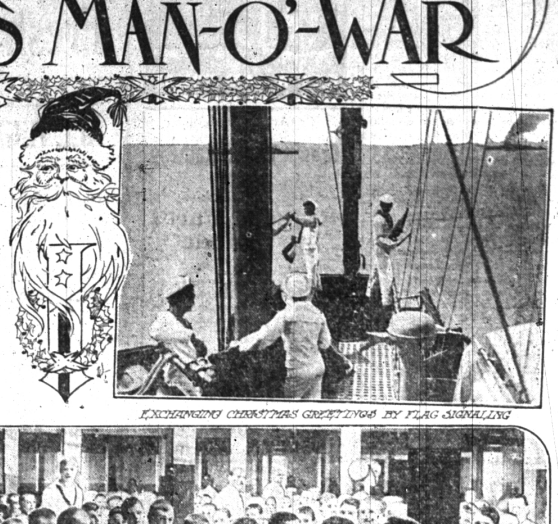
WHEN SANTA CLAUS BOARDS MA-O'-WAR

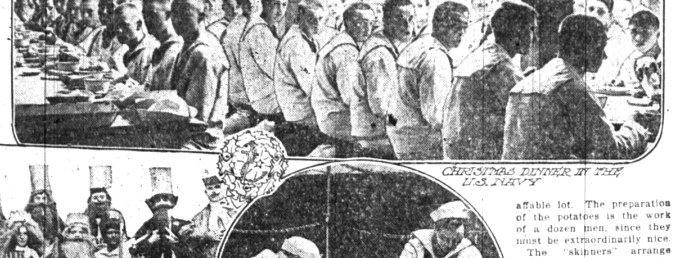
ABSURD as it may sound to every one, the bluejackets still believe in Santa Claus. That rotund, rosy-cheeked little old man pays as much attention to the thousands of boys on board the warships as he does to the thousands of, perhaps younger in years, boys and girls ashore. Instead of coming in a sleigh with reindeer and merry bells, he comes in a precarious-looking boat, fully armed and convoyed, with the boom of musketry and the loud blowing of horns. The blowing of horns is a universal custom with the boys of all countries and colors and with the bluejackets too.

On Christmas day Santy is the highest ranking officer of the fleet, and all flags are hauled to his fur tree hoisted to the masthead. With his flag lieutenant, his aide and the rest of the staff, he cruises about among the ships distributing the gifts with which his argosy is laden. His method of doing this is fraught with as much red tape as was ever the greetings of the old admiral of the Dutch fleet in the time of Queen Bess. All the paraphernalia symbolical of austere rank and bounty that can be gotten together are used as adornments and no end of work is expended on the rig of the boat to be used, which is sometimes the wherry and sometimes the punt.

In order to hold to the traditional custom used in the time of Paul Jones and down through the years, the boat is rigged like a brig, that is, with two masts and yard arms crossing, with jib and staysail and spanker out astern. On the fore and after quarters they arrange large wooden tubes, in which are inserted small arms. These "spiggoty guns" compose the saluting battery and heavy main battery also, and are manned and fired by the boatswain of "Der Prosit," who is a ponderous man in his official garb and daring in the way he approaches the ships, whose crews throng the sides and answer the salute with a revolver shot from the poop.



EXCHANGING CHRISTMAS GREETINGS BY FLAG SIGNALING



CHRISTMAS DINNER IN THE U.S. NAVY

PLAY TIME ON BOARD

BLUE-JACKETS WRITING CHRISTMAS LETTERS

The saluting takes place before "Der Prosit" is within hailing distance, and all hands have a laugh at the tiny sounds, strongly contrasted in their minds with the salute of the big guns which they are accustomed to hear. Next the boatswain gets up in the bows and resting one hand almost on top of the foremast and lifting a megaphone as long as himself to his lips, calls out at the top of his voice, "Ship, ahoy!" The quartermaster answers from the bridge, "Hello, hello! Der Prosit?" "Aye, aye," the boatswain returns. "Come alongside," calls the quartermaster. Then the admiral of "Der Prosit" rises in the stern, some ten feet aft of the boatswain in the bow, his head on a level with the topmast, and bawls out through his megaphone, "All hands fur-r-l sail." With that the crew, consisting of one man, who also acts in the capacity of foghorn, gets amidships and climbs the mainmast, which sways to and fro as if about to capsize the entire craft, and pulls down all the sails. "The vessel is standing to," he then calls out to the boatswain, who reports to the admiral over the crew's head, who in turn reports to Santa Claus, sitting in the stern sheets at the tiller. All these orders are given and carried out in the most solemn manner, to the merriment of the ship's crew looking on from the rail above.

The crew of "Der Prosit" then gets out oars and pulls alongside while on deck the real boatswain's mate pipes eight side boys to stand at the head of the gangway and salute the admiral and Santa Claus when they come aboard. The president of the United States only rates six side boys when he comes aboard, while Santy has his eight, besides his petty officers while the president's are only good-looking apprentice boys. As the argosy draws alongside the boatswain pipes the long, low tune, and three short blasts characteristic of the coming aboard of great men.

No less a person than the captain of the ship meets the admiral of "Der Prosit," his wife, Santy, laden with a huge basket full of presents, the boatswain and the crew, while the bugler sounds three portentious ruffles and the ship's company, assembled aft, stands at attention. Indeed the officers are all present, for they believe in Santy as well as do the crew. When the admiral's wife, some fair faced sailor with Manila rope hair and a tawdry skirt, swings aboard holding her train high and exposing a generous view of red stocking to the eyes of the sailors, a great laugh is evoked, and a shout goes up, "higher, higher," or "Oh, you Kidder!"

The boatswain in command of the crew shouts to his one man for, "Attention!" then puts him through a series of gymnastics of a peculiar and intensely funny character. The admiral, as if not thoroughly taking in the landscape, lifts a huge pair of binoculars in the form of two quart wine bottles lashed together, to his eyes and makes a pretense of getting his bearings by scrutinizing the sailors about him. Presently he reports to Santy, who has deposited his basket of presents on the quarter deck, "Sir, I see we are now in the Cannibal Isles."

Santy begins then to pick up presents and read the names aloud, giving them to the crew of "Der Prosit" and the admiral's wife, and even to the admiral himself, who distributes them accordingly, cutting many ridiculous capers.

The presents are of a type that bring laughter. They are gotten up and made by the friends of those to whom they are sent, with an idea towards characterizing the ambition, the whim or the standing jokes that mark the receiver. If the captain is a four striper he will probably get an admiral's star, unless he has some other whim by which he is more properly known. When he is presented with this he can only blush in the presence of everybody, and take his dose, as Santy is supreme on Christmas day.

But the greatest gift that Santy can bestow falls to the lot of those who, through some misfortune or slip, have come in line for punishment. It is customary for Santy to walk boldly up to the captain and ask him to "whitewash" the books. In the face of everybody and on Christmas day the captain can not very well refuse this request, although some captains have been seen to winke and cough before granting the immeasurable favor. The report book, in which all punishable acts are entered, is swept clean and the culprits are reinstated to first-class standing and enjoy all the privileges held by their more fortunate shipmates who have not fallen before the multiplicity of temptations that daily assail the man-o'-warsman.

The event which forms a background for all this merriment is the regular "big feed," as the sailors call it. For the last week this has crept into their conversation. Pie, turkey and plum duff are the three great delicacies to the sailors, and they have more respect for them than for the three graces.

"What kind of a feed is the commissary gonna hand us?" one sailor asks of another. During this time of anticipation excitement runs high and the commissary is a very much respected person. In fact, he is never a retired person, for his billet is a hard one to fill to the satisfaction of every one who eats at the general mess. There is always some old tar or other who imagines himself to be slighted by the quality of his food, and the apprentice boys take from him the habit of complaining with very little reason on their side. Quarrels often result and have to be referred to the "mast," where the first lieutenant (first luff) settles the matter in favor of the commissary, so that the sailor arranges a private settlement with the commissary later on where the first luff has nothing to say about it.

The burden of the repast falls naturally upon the cooks and mess attendants. It is far from an enjoyable affair with them, although they are an affable lot. The preparation of the potatoes is the work of a dozen men, since they must be extraordinarily nice.

The "skinners" arrange themselves astride a bench in range of a tub where one man sits and tosses potatoes continually. The tub is kept full by another man who dumps in from a sack carried down from the upper deck. So a cycle is made, the clean peeled "potatoes going constantly into another tub, which is dragged into the galley and dumped into a great urn through which water is percolating. These are rinsed around by another mess attendant and dumped into other urns where steam is turned on, while another tub of peeled ones are being brought from the skinners.

When they are done the ship's cook himself, who paces to and fro in the galley all the while, mounts upon the nearest urn with his, and taking a great six-foot masher proceeds to pound them into a white flakey mass fit for a king.

But this is not all he has to do, either. The turkeys are browning in the long ovens and he and his three assistants have continually to open the doors, probe with long forks into the swelling breasts and ascertain when to take them out.

The mess tables are all numbered so that each sailor knows just where to go when he gets down through the hatchway, and he doesn't waste any time getting there on this occasion. It is indeed a singular and lively scene on the gundeck at this period. Every man's plate is heaped to the brim before him and all apply themselves with a darling and disregard for mere stomachs that would make a dyspeptic wince and turn his head. Dozens of tables dangle from hooks between parallel columns of sailors, who seem only restrained from eating each other alive by the flimsy, vacillating boards which support the food.

When these ravenous appetites have been slaked and even those who have the dilating powers of an anaconda are put at rest, or in pain, as the case may be, some of the "old shellbacks" will begin to grow reminiscent and tell of the Christmases they have spent in lands where there were no turkeys nor anything else fit for the "big feed."

Says old Pete, the sailmaker's mate: "I mind the time down in Darlen, when the steward had nothin' in the storeroom but a ton of crusty hard biscuits full of bugs, so when y' busted 'em with the handle 've yer knife they went whimsy nifty in every direction—under yer plate, behind yer cup, up yer sleeve and around the mess pans. But, mates, that was a Christmas fer yer life! We couldn't eat the buffalo meat, it was that much like bolt rope, so we drunk or coffee and engaged ourselves in bug races down the table. By tryin' all the bugs out we got some speedy ones. And they was speedy. I had one that could trot down that table—trot, mind y'—like it was Maude S herself. The devil of it was the bloody bug wouldn't keep in the course between the plates. She'd break fer a hole near the finish. I bet big money on 'er, though, and after loosin' 20 bones by her duckin' out of it when she was two whole plate lengths ahead, mind y'. I figgered I could head her off the next time and win anyhow, so I put up 50 bones—50 good cold plunkers on that skinny little runt of a bug, and strike me blind! you ought a seen that race! Go! That cussed little bug slid down that mess table like it was on ball bearings. I headed 'er off at the hole with a piece of tack and she run clean again the bottom board of the table an' butted 'er brains out, kicked over on 'er back stone dead. But that race! Whew! I raked in the coin from the captain of the hold Christmas! Well, strike me, fellers! That was some Christmas even if we didn't have any eats."

NOT OF THE SAME STRAIN

Famous Dogs of St. Bernard's Pass Are Not the Equals of Those of Former Days.

Half a century ago, or even in more recent days, such rescues by St. Bernard dogs as the one reported recently from St. Bernard's pass were matters of comparatively frequent occurrence and many were the romantic tales told of the almost human intelligence displayed by the St. Bernards of the famous hospice, which were specially trained by the monks to fulfill their errands of mercy.

The breed is in a very different position from that which it occupied many years ago, for practically the entire stock of St. Bernards belonging to the hospice was wiped out by a terrific storm one winter's night. This necessitated the monks rebuilding their strain from blood obtained from the plains below and other sources, a course which was taken much against their will, for they have prided themselves for generations upon the purity of the hospice strain.

Plant Grapefruit Seed.

A single grapefruit seed, planted in rich soil and watered diligently, will develop into a graceful little tree, with glossy, dark green leaves—just the thing to stand on the porch step in summer and on a hall table in winter. Three of the seeds, planted in a large pot last spring, have grown into three of these little tapering trees, one much taller than the other two, and the group is most effective on the window ledge of a sunny dining room. Wandering Jew is a cheerful winter plant, for its pale green leaves seem to catch and hold the sunshine. Wandering Jew may be rooted in a bowl of water and kept on a bracket all winter by a window, a little water being added from time to time. Planted in earth, this plan grows very rapidly and takes on a darker, richer green.

It is computed that one bullet in 10,000 in warfare is effective.

THOUSANDS OF AVAILABLE HOMESTEADS

Western Canada's Homestead Area Being Increased.

The great rush for homesteads whenever a reservation is opened by the U.S. government reveals the fact that there is a great desire on the part of the American people to get land. The fact that tens of thousands are on hand at every opening, and only a few hundred homesteads are available shows that the available agricultural lands which are in the gift of the government are rapidly diminishing. In addition to this agricultural lands that are of proved value have advanced in price to such an extent that it becomes a serious question to the man with moderate means who intends to go into farming, where he shall go. Fortunately there is yet to be had in Western Canada, either in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, thousands of free homesteads of 160 acres each, which may be had, by the simple process of filing, paying a ten dollar entrance fee, and living on it for six months each year for three years. There is no necessity to make a long, tedious and expensive journey, only to find you have one chance in fifty of getting what you want. Although this homesteading has been going on in Canada for a number of years, and hundreds of thousands of them have been taken by hundreds of thousands of Americans, there remains sufficient to last for some time, and of as good land as any that has yet been taken up. In fact, in the opinion of very many, those that are left are of the best. They comprise lands that give the opportunity to indulge in the growing of grain, whether it be wheat, oats, barley or flax, but in addition these lands are admirably adapted for mixed farming, a class of farming that is certain to give better returns than that of all grain-growing. Cattle thrive and fatten on the nutritious grasses; dairying can be carried on successfully; timber for building is within reach, and water is easy to get. These lands are located in the park districts of any of the three provinces; groves of trees interspersed the landscape and give it a beauty that can only be attained in the more open prairie sections by the planting of trees. Tree culture by the way is being carried on to a great extent. Besides these free grant lands there are lands which may be had by purchasing from railways and private companies and individuals. These lands have not increased in price as their productive qualities and their location might have warranted, and may still be had at reasonably low prices and on easy terms. The crop in Western Canada in 1913 was one of the best of the number of good crops that that country has raised. Wheat has been reported with yields of from 30 to 45 bushels per acre, and other grain with like heavy yields.—Advertisement.

Too Long to Wait.

At the American Electric Railway association's convention in Atlantic City John Morse Rogers, the Omaha statistician, said:

"It is too early yet for the three-cent fare. The trolley roads stand toward the three-cent fare as old Gobsa Golde stood toward the beautiful typewriter girl.

"It wasn't Gobsa Golde's age that lost him the beautiful girl's hand. Gobsa swore he would love and cherish her till death, but she shook her head. She didn't tell him he was too old, though. No, indeed. She told him he was too young."

HOW TO TREAT PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

For pimples and blackheads the following is a most effective and economical treatment: Gently smear the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment, on the end of the finger, but do not rub. Wash off the Cuticura Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. This treatment is best on rising and retiring. At other times use Cuticura Soap freely for the toilet and bath, to assist in preventing inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores, the common cause of pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, yellow, oily, motby and other unwholesome conditions of the skin.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Training Down Daddy.

Ethel—I declare, Elsie, how well your father looks. He belongs to that downtown business men's gymnasium, doesn't he?

Elsie—Not daddy. Dad's more up to date than that. Mother and we girls talked him into joining Miss Martin's tango class, and the improvement has been simply wonderful.

Water in bluing is adulteration. Glass and water make bluing blue costly. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, makes clothes whiter than snow.—Adv.

Misunderstood.

Miss Goodrich—I hear your husband is a great lover of the esthetic.

Mrs. Newly—Oh, yes! He takes one every time he gets his tooth pulled.—Stanford Chaparral.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, reduces the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A Test.

"Hubble, dear, do you love me still?"

"If you'd only be still, my dear, I could tell you better."

A wireless station is being installed on Juan Fernandez island—made famous by the story of Robinson Crusoe.

Don't buy water for bluing. Liquid blue is almost all water. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue.—Adv.

The Reason.

"Did you pocket that man's insult?"

"Sure. It was good money."—Baltimore American.

They stop the tickle—Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops stop coughs by stopping the cause—5c at Drug Stores.

Acquitted.

"What did the jury do with that woman who killed her husband?"

"They found her guilty of being young and attractive."

Cause for Gratulation.

"My doctor has put me on a diet."

"You seem to be rather proud."

"Yes. It's the kind of diet I can't afford to pay for."

Speaking in a Business Way.

"Don't you think that play of yours is a little risque?"

"Yes," replied the manager. "If you can get a play that is risky enough, you've got a sure thing."

Missed the Flood Story.

Sir William Treloar recently told a story of a servant who was once employed at his Cripples' Home at Alton, says the Tatler. One day during luncheon time there was a heavy downfall of rain, and Sir William said to the little maid who was waiting at table, "Why, Lizzie, it is almost like the flood." "The flood, Sir William?" said the girl. "Yes, the flood. Noah, you know, and Mount Ararat. I never have no time to look at the papers," she replied apologetically.

His Sensible Attitude.

"Is you comin' to pray meetin' to-night, Brud'r Dinger?" inquired old Parson Gagster.

"Well-uh, no, sah! I reggin not," was the reply. "To tell de troof, pahson I's aimin' to go to de minstrel show—done got a complimentry ticket."

"Brud'r Dinger, dar won't be no minstrel shows in heaven."

"Den, if dat's de case, sah, I'm sho' gwine tonight, whilst muh ticket's good!"—Judge.

Cassandra Caddie.

Miss Gladys Ravenscroft, the new golf champion, was talking in Wilmington about the royal game's difficulties.

"When I began to play," she said, "I had a crusty old Scot for caddie. After I had worked very hard for some months I asked this crusty old Scot one day:

"'Well, Saunders, how am I getting on?'

"Saunders answered gruffly:

"'Yer no makin' a fool o' yersel', but yo'll never be a gawfer.'"

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Naturally.

Maude—Do you care to press flowers?

Harold—Yes, if they happen to be your beautiful two lips.

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Men's $3.00 $3.50 $4 $4.50
Women's $2.25 $2.50 $3
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Sold by 10,000 dealers. Begin business in 1876; since the largest maker of men's $3.50 and $4 shoes in the world.

Over 1,000 styles. Men, women, boys, in all leathers, styles and widths.

W. L. Douglas shoes are famous everywhere. Why not experiment and find out for yourself the value you will receive for your money with personal proof?

If you would visit our factory, the largest in the world under one roof, and see how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would understand why they are worth more than other makes. Shoe hold their shape and wear longer than other shoes for the price.

Your dealer should supply you with them. Don't take a substitute. None genuine without W. L. Douglas name stamped on bottom. Shoes sent everywhere, direct from factory, when you cannot get them. Note in Time catalog how to save money on your footwear. Write for Illustrated Catalog showing how to order by mail. W. L. DOUGLAS, 210 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

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DR. NAVAUN'S GRIP CAPSULES
WILL DO IT
They will cure "La Grippe" or cold in 24 hours, or money refunded. No Quinine and no ringing in the head. They move the bowels, and without griping. E. S. NAVAUN, M. D., DETROIT, MICH. Sold at all Drug Stores 25c per Box

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Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. Write for FREE SAMPLE NORTHROP & LYMAN CO., Ltd., BUFFALO, N.Y.

Women Who Take
this universally popular home remedy—at times, when there is need—are spared many hours of unnecessary suffering—
BEECHAM'S PILLS
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and have no one to please but our customers. We have been making high-grade smoking tobacco for more than half a century and "Wild Fruit" is our best effort. It is Union Made. Packed in five cent foil packages, ten cent cloth pouches, eight and sixteen ounce tins. Premium coupons in all packages. Should you fail to find the "Wild Fruit" in your dealer's stock, send us five cents in postage stamps and we will mail you an original package.
Jno. J. Bagley & Co., Detroit, Mich.

Constipation Vanishes Forever
Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes.
SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.
Genuine must bear Signature
Brent Good
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

35 BUSHELS PER ACRE was the yield of WHEAT
100 Acre Farms Western Canada Free
on many farms in Western Canada in 1913, some yields being reported as high as 50 bushels per acre. As high as 100 bushels were recorded in some districts for oats, 50 bushels for barley and from 10 to 20 bushels for flax.
J. Keys arrived in the country 5 years ago from Denmark with very little means. He homesteaded, worked hard, now is the owner of 320 acres of land, in 1913 had a crop of 200 acres, which will realize him about $4,000. His wheat weighed 65 lbs. to the bushel and averaged over 35 bushels to the acre.
Thousands of similar instances might be related of the homesteaders in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.
The crop of 1913 was an abundant one everywhere in Western Canada.
Ask for descriptive literature and reduced railway rates. Apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or
M. V. McInnes,
176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Government Agent

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Send in the attached coupon and we will give especial attention to your typewriter needs.
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A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff.
For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

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Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. 25 CTS.

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FOR DRINK and DRUG HABITS
Harmless, no Hypodermic. Money back if not satisfied. Write for Booklets and Free Guarantee Bond. Neal Institutes Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES
Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. WRITE FOR FREE booklet, calendar, blotters, etc. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS.
IF YOU ARE OUT OF HEALTH AND DOWNHEARTED AND DISCOURAGED READ THIS. I HAVE A SIMPLE, HOME TREATMENT WHICH I WILL GLADLY SEND FREE TO ANYONE WHO WRITES FOR IT. IT QUICKLY RELIEVES PAIN, STRENGTHENS THE NERVES, REGULATES THE BOWELS, AND RESTORES VIGOR TO THE WEAK AND DISCOURAGED. I AM A GRAY-HAIRED MAN, AND MY TREATMENT IS THE RESULT OF MANY YEARS OF STUDY AND EXPERIENCE. I WILL SEND IT FREE TO ANYONE WHO WRITES FOR IT. THERAPION
Address, DR. KOOPMAN, 1000 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 51—1913.