BILLY'S CHRISTMAS

By MRS. HAZEL B. BEATTY.

WEE BILLY sat on the front stairs and pondered. Truly this was a funny world, and Wee Billy could not understand why he could not have a brother to play with. Jimmy, across the street, had one; and Teddy Jones, two houses above, had two. One, a great, big brother, who used to give Teddy pennies. And now to Wee Billy's sorrow the new family just moved in next door had five boys. Of course they were brothers, and none of them were grown up. What good times they must have. And here he, Billy, didn't have a soul but a cat outside of Mamma and Daddy Boy.

Poor Billy boy! The longer he pondered the more dejected he grew, but finally Snooksy, the great big tiger kitty, who allowed his small master to pull his sacred tail and otherwise subject him to such indignities, was aroused from his peaceful slumbers by a much-excited little boy, who just hopped around on one foot, and finally

He Put the Letter in the Fireplace.

ended by grabbing kitty up in his arms. This was too much for Snooksy was an armful, and down went Wee Billy, Snooksy and all.

Such a mix-up!

For a few minutes nothing could be seen but a roly-poly boy all arms and legs and a much-alarmed cat who managed to crawl from under his little master and seek the farthest corner in the front hall from which he could view Wee Billy Boy safely, and also be ready to run if such another scene seemed imminent.

Billy Boy had solved the problem. What was it his teacher had told him about the Christmas baby?

The small mind groped for the much-desired information, but in vain. Anyhow, it didn't matter. Of course Santa Claus brought the Christmas baby, because he brought all things at Christmas time; so why not write Santa and tell him all about it.

Wee Billy Boy rushed to mamma's desk and was soon busy. Had he time to send his letter? It still lacked a week to Christmas and everybody was busy, so "Billy Boy mustn't bother," when he had asked his pretty mother; but he guessed it wouldn't take long for a letter to reach such a well-known old gentleman. So Billy Boy wrote:

"Dear Santy Claus, I want a little brother, not a big one, but one just like me. Bertie I get lonesome, your lovin' billy boy."

He put the letter in the fireplace, happy in the knowledge that Santa Claus had received it because it "burned so bootifully."

Wee Billy guarded his precious secret carefully and counted the days. He haunted the doors and was in the way generally, meaning to intercept anybody bringing a baby brother. But the week passed and a heavy-hearted little boy was tucked into bed by Daddy Boy after a strenuous time undressing and the hanging of the stocking.

Where was his precious mamma, why wasn't she there to kiss and tuck him in?

But Daddy Boy said she was "getting ready for Santa Claus," and of course, Daddy Boy knew, but—and the heavy lids dropped and body grew quiet. Wee Billy Boy was in Dreamland, having an awful fight with a new brother, who insisted on sitting on Snooksy.

Morning dawned and Billy Boy opened his eyes only to remember the day, and shouting:

"Merry Christmas, Mamma. Merry Christmas, Daddy Boy."

He jumped out of bed. Daddy Boy met him at the door, and strange to say, was all dressed.

"Did he bring him, Daddy Boy? Oh! Did he?"

"Bring what, son?" asked Daddy Boy.

"A brother. I wrote Santa Claus for a brother." And the blue eyes grew teary as he looked at his stocking, but saw no sign of the coveted brother.

"You come with me, son; perhaps you haven't looked in the right place."

And picking up Billy Boy in his arms, he tiptoed into mamma's room, and there in his pretty mother's bed was a brand new baby brother.

Santa Claus hadn't forgotten Wee Billy Boy after all.

HEADED THAT WAY.

NASHIMURA TOGO ON CHRISTMAS

By WALLACE IRWIN

To Editor, who realize how it must be more expensive to give than to receive.

DEAR MR. SIR: Merry Xmas thoughts fill me with something else. My brain refuse to ring bells in connection with this annual jingling. Perhapsly it is because of following anecdote which happen to me:

At home of Mrs. & Mr. J. Poke, Rockpile, N. J., which is on the list of places where I am no longer there, I was employed in their midst. That family contained only two (2) complete children, but they were sufficiently plenty. By name they was Hester and Lester, aged 5 & 7 respectfully. These youngly persons, when healthy, was full of childly amusements including dish-break, runaway, knockabouts, and whittling pencils with Father's safety razor.

But by approach of Xmas time they suddenly became otherwise. I notice this because I seen it. They walk around with Y. M. C. A. expression of woes and seem too good to be happy.

"Oh childish children!" I require from them, "why so you do so?" Do you enjoy some sleeping sickness to make you thusly silent?"

"Hush it!" they depose. "Xmas are coming!"

"Are Xmas, then, such saddish event that you should awaft it without cheers?" I ask to know.

"Oh, not is!" they ollicute. "But, unless we behave very Sunday-school, Hon. St. Claus will not arrive with gifts of great cash valuation."

I stand gast for this phenominal. So I go to Hon. Mrs. Poke and require from her, "Hon. Mrs. Madam," I say so, "who are this Hon. St. Claus who seem so Carnegie in his gifts?"

"He resemble Hon. Flying Dutchman," she suggest, with slyly winking. "No such person ever was."

"How so?" I snatch off for horrors. "Then I must inform Hon. Hester & Lester about this mistaken personality?"

"Not to do!" she snagger pertly.

"Why should not?" I ask to know, with eyebrows.

"Because thus," she say it. "I told them about this Hon. St. Claus from my own voice."

"How sad could be six deception?" I terrify.

"I do this to make my children less sinful in their comportment," she snuggest. "When they go around making gorman noises, I holla 'Stop before Hon. St. Claus hear you and refuse to come!' If they tell untruthful lies, I humiliate them by reproaching, Hon. St. Claus will insult you for this untruthfulness!'"

"Are it not somewhat sinful to relate them fibbulous tale to tender child?" I negotiate.

"Ah, no!" she abstract. "If childhood should not believe in St. Claus then most happy times would refuse forever. Togo, you must do everything what possible to make them believe in this whisker-gentleman."

"I shall attempt to think up some thing deliciously deceptive," are smart answer I make.

On date previously before Xmas I go to town village with weekly salary, price $6, and purchase considerable wheel-cart, squeak-doll, jump-up-Jack, and other childish amusement. These I poke under overcoat and retreat home slyly like snails walking over upholstery.

When night time was there, Hon. Hester & Lester was cruelly sent to bedtime and locked asleep so they would not find out about Hon. St. Claus. As soonly as they make sleep, Mrs. & Mr. Poke command me for bring forth, Xmas-tree. I make him grow from soap box in dining-room. I assist intelligently hanging this foliage with tin fruit, including numerous candles standing on limbs to resemble fireworks. While Hon. Poke toss my enthu-

I Clash Against Xmas Tree Which Tottle Over Amidst Horble Fire Alarms.

siasm, I fetch forth considerable heavy toy-boxes from basement of cellar. Back-broke feelings by me. Yet I continue this labors until mixed assortment of Xmas stood by tree with deceptive labels about Hon. St. Claus.

At 1 o'clock hour a. m. Mrs. and Mr. retire bedward, exhausted from observing my work. But my dutiful labors had just commenced. I must prepare to show those childish children how Hon. Mr. Claus down-slide down chimbley-pipe.

All house was full of darkness. Frozen moonlight outside. With sneekret feetsteps, like snakes swimming in oil, I approach to closet and fetch forth following articles of clothes:

1 minkish ottomobile coat
2 boots of rubbelly exterior
1 cap from Eskimo leather
½ lb. cotton resembling whisker.

I drop all thom presents I bought inside one laundry bag; place myself into those garments of clothes, then with detective toes I descend up through attric to where chimbley-pipe was on roof.

4 o'clock time now approach. Making affectionate hugy to Hon. Chimbley, I could tell it was Xmas by the feel of the thermometer. By peeking down Hon. Chimbley, I could see how it was sufficiently large hole to permit my Japanese smallness—yet I must compress myself to do so. I enjoyed considerable nervusness like heroes expecting to dive down My Vesuvius.

Pretty soonly 6 a. m was there and I was not yet froze completely hard. By listening down chimbley-pipe with telephone expression, I could hear childhood voices coming down stairs saying "Oh!!" It were time for me to make some slide.

I pull up side-cotton to my chin, snuggle Hon. Bag to back, and commence climbing into Chimbley. What was? Distinctually I could smell slight smudj of smoke coming upwards! Yet it were too late. Already I was slipping, down-sliding slowly. Great chokes enjoyed. When nearly down I stuck up suddenly. More chokes.

"Oh, hellup, hellup!" I gollup.

"Who there?" demand Hon. Poke below-down.

"Hon. St. Claus containing smoke!" I yellup. "Make haste or else be quick!"

Some individual persons grabb me at toes. With intense drag I was pulled forth to fireplace where blazes was. My cottonly whisker becomb inflamed, and in desperado attempt I clash against Xmas-tree which tottle over amidst horble fire-alarms. Great holla by all. Then I am a hero, as usual. While all others make hook-and-ladder noise, I embrace Hon. Tree with elbows and reject him outwards through window. Of finally all was silent, except slight smell of smôdj.

"What impossibility are you attempting to act like?" require Hon. Mrs. sarcastly.

"Hon. St. Claus," I report.

"Why you no entrance by door?" screech Hon. Mr. with wounded knuckle.

"Doors is not respectable for Saints to come in by," I devote.

"They are plenty for Japanese to go out by," remort him, escorting me outwards with brutal jam.

And when I was deploying away from there I hear Hestur & Lester report in voice together;

"We have saw Hon. St. Claus. We do not care to meet such a person!"

So I depart off feeling like an unpossibility.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO.

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STATE NEWS

Charge Farmer Sold Potatoes Short.

Battle Creek.—With potatoes at almost prohibitive prices, it is alleged that Robert Garrett of Richland gave L. D. Hobbs, a local grocer, seven bushels short weight in a shipment of 192. Garrett blames the railroad handling the shipment. A warrant for his arrest was issued.

Former Legislator Is Dead.

Zeeland.—Jacob Den Herder, eighty-two years old, president of the Zeeland State bank, former state senator and presidential elector in 1876, is dead at his home here. He was called to Washington during the Hayes-Tilden balloting of the electoral college to prove his citizenship when each vote in the electoral college counted.

Dog Saves Man From Bull.

Muskegon.—Penned in a corner by an infuriated bull, Clause Erhorn, a Nunica farmer, father of Mrs. Ludwig Griesbach, of this city, narrowly escaped death. The aged man was saved by his shepherd dog, which furiously attacked the bull and finally drove it away.

Accident Victim Dies.

Standish.—Mrs. George Francis of Bentley, a few miles southeast of this city, who was accidentally shot at her home near there, is dead. Mr. Francis, in passing out of their house to hunt rabbits, caught one of the hammers of his shotgun on the edge of the door, the charge of shot shattering his wife's knee.

Father Charged With Cruelty.

Kalamazoo.—Angered by his three-year-old son, Harry Tripp, a well-to-do farmer residing near Richland, threw him into freezing cold water in a stock tank, according to sheriff's officers. He waived examination in municipal court and was bound over to the circuit court.

M. C. R. R. Train Wrecked.

Cheboygan.—Train No. 18, southbound, on the Michigan Central, was wrecked when a car heavily laden with copper jumped the tracks and ripped up the rails for several rods. The train was made up of freight cars and passenger coaches, but none of the passengers was injured. Busses were sent from this city to bring in the passengers.

Bay City Suicide Identified.

Bay City.—Homer Ilfland of Bliss-field identified the body of the man found in a marsh near Linwood as that of his brother, Elmer Ilfland, who had been missing from his home several days. The brother said that Elmer had been brooding because of illness. An autopsy satisfied Coroner Vantuyl and Sheriff Fitzgerald that Ilfland killed himself.

Plan Co-Operative Buying.

Battle Creek.—Having won a fight to increase the price paid for each hundred pounds of milk in Calhoun county, the farmers' organization is mapping out a plan for obtaining further profits. They propose to employ a salaried officer to manage their marketing and the buying of produce, such as grain and feed for dairy farms co-operatively.

To Continue Wage Premium.

Calumet.—The Calumet and Hecla Mining company and its eleven operating subsidiary companies announced that the 10 per cent premium over normal wages now being paid will be continued from January 1 till July 1, 1917, will be doubled. The Calumet and Hecla Mining company and subsidiaries are at present paying an increase of 35 per cent over normal wages. Twelve thousand five hundred employees of the companies will benefit.

Death Ends Long Sleep.

Houghton.—Werner Beckman, thirty-seven years old, who went to sleep and could not be wakened for 24 hours, is dead, while Charles Sjostrand is being held for his murder. At the Copper Range hospital here it was learned he was suffering from concussion of the brain. Sjostrand was arrested when it was reported he and Beckman had a fight shortly before the latter went to sleep.

Insanity Is Increasing.

Grand Rapids.—Dr. A. M. Barrett of the psychopathic hospital, Ann Arbor, told the Association of Commerce committee of 100 and the Builders and Traders' exchange that but 1 per cent of the population of Michigan is insane, but that insanity is increasing faster than the population. Negroes and those born of foreign parents contribute more largely to the percentage of insanity, including the feeble-minded, than do the native-born," he said.

St. Joseph Negro Gets 15 Years.

St. Joseph.—Harry Fields, negro, was sentenced to from five to fifteen years at Jackson prison, with a court's recommendation of fifteen years. Fields last September attempted the life of his foreman, D. M. Marshall.

Adrian Teacher Dies at Monroe.

Monroe.—William Harmes, thirty-two years old, unmarried, for the last seven years a teacher in St. John's parochial school at Adrian, died here at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Harmes.

Lapeer Boys Must Reform.

Lapeer.—Resolutions were adopted at a meeting of the school board that any student using intoxicating liquors or tobacco in any form would not be permitted to graduate from the Lapeer school.

Flint Aids Phthisis Fight.

Lansing.—In an effort to aid in the movement to stamp out tuberculosis in Michigan, the city health department of Flint is filling a vacant space in the lobby of the city hall by displaying a permanent tuberculosis exhibit.

Quotations to Go With Christmas Gifts

A PRETTY and original touch may be given a Christmas gift by accompanying it with a dainty card on which are written the recipient's name and some apt quotation of an appropriate nature. A few selected quotations suitable for different gifts are suggested here.

For a postal card album:
Kind messages that pass from land to land.
—Longfellow.

For a set of books by a well-known author:
The chief glory of every people arises from its authors.—Dr. Johnson.

For a small afternoon tea caddy:
Tea, thou soft, thou sober, sage and venerable liquid.—Colle, Cibber.

For a useful purse:
The best friends are in the purse.—German Proverb.
Happy the man, who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A splendid shilling. —John Phillips.

With a pack of cards:
The cards beat all the players, be they never so skilful.—Emerson.

With a pair of gloves:
Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand!
—"Romeo and Juliet."

With a silver handglass:
The heart like a mirror should reflect all objects without being soiled by any.—Confucius.

With a "tear off" calendar:
The longest day must have an end.—Italian Proverb.

A Christmas gift of a ring for a fiances or wife:
So let our love
As endless prove
And pure as gold forever.
—Robert Herrick.

For the last baby:
Much is she worth and even more is made of her.—W. E. Henley.

With an umbrella.
The year, most part deformed with dripping rains.—Cowper

With a cookbook.
The fears of the kitchen is better than the smell.—Old Proverb.

With an electric torch lamp:
To a great night a great lanthorn. — Old Proverb.

With a necklace.
Who * * * hath need of a hundred eyes.
—Old Proverb.

A Real Party.

Harry had attended the Christmas party of a little friend and enjoyed it very much, especially the candy and other goodies. A few days later the mother of his little host met him and asked:

"Did you have a good time, Harry, at Orrin's party?"

"I should say so!" responded Harry, enthusiastically. "Why, mamma had to sit up with me three nights I was so sick."

Not Playing Favorites.

"You say this girl show is intended for the tired business man?"

"That's the idea," replied the manager. "But we don't wish to discriminate, and during the holiday season we are glad to receive the patronage of the tired college boy."

The Other Way.

"Have you finished your Christmas shopping?"

"No; it finished me."

GIVING AND GETTING GIFTS

She Felt Uncomfortable Because He Questioned Her Motives in Regard to Christmas Purchases.

"What did you get for Christmas?"

"Why, I haven't got them yet, of course—but I expect to get some furs from father, a new watch from mother, candy and gloves from Jack, something from the kids, and a raft of things to wear from my cousins and aunts, and some books from grandpa, and a check from Uncle George. I shall certainly be disappointed if I don't."

"I don't mean that. I mean what did you get to give?"

"Oh, a lot of handkerchiefs, and some some gift books, and some perfume and—and—I think that's all. I guess. Say, let's go downtown tonight—I suppose the stores will be open."

"It's rather late, and is it really necessary?"

"Well, I hadn't thought of it before, but, now that you have spoken about what I was going to give, I suppose it is. I suppose if one expects to get things they must expect to give."

"No, my dear, that wasn't my idea at all. That isn't getting to give—that is giving to get."

"Oh, my, I see I can't please you. I don't think it's nice of you to make anybody feel so uncomfortable!"

A Gentle Hint.

"Have you made any good resolutions for the new year?"

"Yes—one."

"What is it?"

"To stop answering fool questions."

Knew His Duty.

"Now, George, at our Christmas party I want you to toe the mark."

"I surely will, if it's the mistletoe."

WHAT HE GOT.

Weary—I got sentimental yesdidy an' hung up me stockin' fer Christmas.

Walker—Wot did yer get?

Weary—Nuthin; somebody stole me stockin'

Decorations for the Tree.

A pretty decoration for Christmas which is so easily made that the little tots can do most of the work, is paper chains. Silver paper and blue paper make the prettiest. Cut the paper into four-inch squares, then cut the squares into strips one-fourth inch wide, and paste the ends of the little strips together, linking them as you go. Silver alone is very pretty, and alternate links of blue and silver give an attractive effect. The paper costs five cents a sheet, so the expense of the decoration is small.

A Subtle Revenge.

"How did your book your wife of buying you cigars for a Christmas present?"

"I give her a box of cheap chocolates."

The Christmas note is peace and good will. Whatever discords, wrongs or resentments the year has held for us, the blessed Christmastide should end them all. If you have pushed aside any hand this year, reach out and clasp it now. If any dear one has been wronged, knit it up again on this gladdest of all anniversaries. Let all grudges be healed, and all resentment and pride be buried under the Christmas holly, while we celebrate the birthday of the Prince of Peace.