

**Santa Claus' Sugar Plums**

Mary Graham Donner

was confident. And he hoped she would be of the same opinion about him. He would make her, he was quite sure, a good husband.

Then there was a word about the present. He had not known what to give her this year; he knew she had one of those things which, as their positions now were, were the only things he could give her, but his mother had suggested a very complete sewing-box.

There was no note with Billy's present. Just a card, upon which he had written:

"I think you like these 'sugar plum' things."

It was a wholly unreasonably large box of candied fruit.

"Just Billy himself came around. What a dear he was! Oh yes, Billy was a dear. And they had mistaken too, and Billy was grabbing her and, was saying:

"Crasy present I gave you, but I know you like sugar plums; and, anyway, I had in mind a diamond ring, but just thought I'd speak to about it first."

Billy had his own ideas. "Sugar plums." Joe had consulted his mother and there had been a sewing box. Oh, she couldn't tell just why, perhaps, but she did love Billy and she didn't love Joe. Perhaps it was because Billy was just a dear.

"The 'sugar plums' win," she said, "and I'd love the diamond ring."

Billy didn't quite understand the first part of her sentence, but he did the last—and, after all, that was all that was necessary!

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**Lots of Woe for the Farmer Here**



Genevieve Short is shown with a model bug. Huge models of the insect that attack crops were exhibited at the recent University of California Agricultural Club exhibit, and ways to fight them were explained.

the door finally opened and the platter appeared.

Many who now feast in accordance with modern domestic limitations have childhood memories of the turkey borne high over the maid's or butler's head, traveling ceremoniously around the table that all might admire; then coming to rest with a flourish before the head of the household. Then followed such a demonstration of carving skill as is seldom seen today. The lack of this skill is responsible for the elimination of the turkey's ceremonial entrance.

Who would have a festive procession by a tortured butchering? That is what happens when the average, apartment-dweller, softened by much restaurant dining and a usual home menu of steaks and chops, takes a roast in hand. Besides, why should the head of the house spoil his holiday?

The keen pleasure his grand-father knew in trimming off perfect slices of white breast, in finding joints and severing them with one swift turn of the wrist, is not his—nor ever will be, most likely, now that means have been found for a home turkey dinner with no carving necessary.

Instead of getting the carving knife sharpened as "Christmas draws near, the apartment dweller merely invests in a pair of powerful clippers guaranteed to plow their way through any bone. The kitchen tub-top serves as operating table, and three Krag Turk is severed into unrecognizable bits, to be served up with no more pomp than would be appropriate to slices of roast beef. He who would see the bird in his glory must either make friends with the cook or betake himself to a restaurant window.



**MAHAFFY'S SERVICE STATION**  
S. Woodward at Frank

It had always been such a nice, deceptive way in which to speak of specially delicious and delectable sweets—sugar plums. Her grandmother had called candied nuts candied fruits and the delicious hensions "sugar plums." And she had always, because she liked candied fruits so particularly, called them "sugar plums."

It had been seventeen years since Rose had first remembered hearing of "sugar plums." She had been three then, and her grandmother had said in the days, wise way that grandmother always had of knowing what was what. "Yes, only Santa Claus knows how to get the children of sugar plums."

Rose was very busy getting ready for Christmas. It was a busy time in the family. There were mince pies to be made and plum puddings, and almonds to salt, and figs to make, and wreaths to make, and bells to ring, and fresh candles to put in candlesticks—real candles at this time of the year.

It was a time for general cheer, and when Rose's family gathered about this cheer went forth. It was not that they were laughing. They were, in fact, the opposite. They were, in fact, the opposite.

But it was their great satisfaction that they had worked and great satisfaction of spirit they could do a great deal in a small way for every one with whom they came in contact at this season of the year.

Every present, no matter how simple, was prettily wrapped. There was a great deal of work in their doing. To them it was a big part of their Christmas delight that they knew many people with whom they could share their Christmas sacrifices and the result of the late hours they kept for weeks before Christmas in their innumerable small preparations. Bar-

**RAID BY POLICE  
JAILS MAN, WIFE**

**Manti Family Faces Charge Of Prohibition Law Violation**

A man and his wife are in jail today charged with violating the prohibition law following a raid on their home at 120 Webster street by police and deputies Monday night in which 20 bottles of home brew were confiscated and a 10-gallon crock of beer was dumped.

The prisoners are Joe Manti, 29, laborer, and his wife Helen, 19. Officers will try to prove specific sale.

Led by Chief James Anderson the officers entered the home at 9:30 p. m. Monday. A search revealed the beer in a bedroom. Manti was in bed ill, he said. Both he and his wife were taken into custody.

Those who participated in the raid here: Serg. Clark Green, Patrolmen William Green, George Townsend, Richard Lawler, Julius Steinhart, and Deputies Clayton Stokes and Fred McFarlane of the sheriff's office.

**AUTOS CRASH;  
DRIVER INJURED**

Andrew Garrison, resident of Flint, was injured Saturday in an automobile accident here, sustaining cuts about the head when his automobile collided with another. He was taken to police headquarters for first aid treatment, then to a physician's office. He was not hurt badly.

There's some excuse now to sample Christmas liquor early. A man must discover whether it's going to kill him.

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Birmingham, Mich.

**Kitchenette Takes From Turkey Most Of It's Christmas Pomp**

Christmas, like Thanksgiving, brings its feasts as of old, even to the cramped apartments of New York. The gate-leg, or card table of the combination living-dining room and the cramped dining alcove offer scant accommodations for the old-time "grooming board."

Nevertheless, the New Yorker up on occasion may be found to assemble a feast in his own modest home that would do honor to a banquet hall. Given time and skill, wonders may be worked in the kitchenette. With considerable crediting and the use of extra small tables, buffet and window sills, space may be found for the spread. But one thing is now customarily lacking: The state appearance of his Majesty the Turkey.

The coming in of the turkey, brows chest swelled high with spicy dressing and gay bits of folk tucked in at the neck, used to be an occasion as important as the feasting itself. The eager eyes of the children would fasten themselves on the door through which the piece de resistance was bound to come. There would be no element of real surprise. The children had already peeped into the kitchen and knew exactly what was coming. Every one knew it would be turkey; yet delighted "oh's" and "ah's" invariably circulated when

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