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One nice thing is that different thermometers vary enough so as to make even an amateur safe in telling "how cold it was last night."

The village council is preparing and intends to pass a new milk ordinance at the next regular meeting, and one that will assure pure, wholesome milk to milk patrons in the village. Good idea, that.

The Enterprise for a year at \$1.00, makes an excellent Christmas gift if sent to some relative or friend who formerly lived here and has since moved away, or to anyone interested in local conditions or persons.

"Curfew Shall Not Ring To Night" or any other night, for that matter, until the council finds someone to blow the whistle at eight o'clock each evening, and then see that the streets are cleared of juvenile loiterers. Prof. Price, who had the job, found it too strenuous and resigned.

The fact that the postoffice department is reducing the salaries of postmasters has not caused any of the applicants for the 757 positions as postmasters to be appointed in Michigan soon, to withdraw their names. In fact Congressman Mapes is putting up a mighty strenuous fight to have his Republican postmasters retained in office. After a chunk of the salary is extracted, the average postmastership still remains a pretty good job.

The average Woman's Page in a daily newspaper certainly works a great deal of good—nit. In one column you'll find a long story by Dorothy Dix or Marjorie Hix or some other notable telling girls they should be ashamed to use up the entire family income for fancy clothes, as an asset in the matrimonial market, and probably along in the same column you'll see a picture of the latest gown creation, which if bought at a bargain sale wouldn't cost more than \$99.98. Consistency may be a jewel, but it doesn't hang around that woman's department.

After reading all of the reports concerning the army and the navy, and their state of preparedness, in the daily papers, we're frank to confess that we know less about it than we did before. There is an authorized strength for the army, 100,000 men I believe, and it does not seem that that is any too large, when one considers the strength of some of the powers now engaged in war. The great shortage in the navy seems to be in ammunition, as the building program of ships and submarines has hardly, naturally been so extensive as in those countries who were preparing for war.

We do not believe in excessive armament beyond what has seemed sufficient in late years, but both the army and navy should be in shape for immediate action, and what money is needed for preparing and equipping them at this time, should be authorized by Congress without hesitation or delay. Proper equipment as regards artillery and ammunition in the hands of the present army and navy would make this country more secure than a larger fighting force, poorly equipped.

Checks Group Instantly

You know cramp is dangerous. And you ought to know too, the sense of security that comes from having Foley's Honey and Tar Compound in the house. It cuts the thick mucus and clears away the phlegm, stops the strangling cough and gives easy breathing and quiet sleep. Every user is a friend.—T. H. McGee.

A Christmas Carol

By JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

THERE'S a song in the air, There's a star in the sky, There's a mother's deep prayer, And a baby's low cry, And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing, For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

THERE'S a tumult of joy Over the wonderful birth, For the Virgin's sweet boy Is the Lord of the earth, And the star rains its fire, and the beautiful sing, For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.



FOR THE MANGER OF BETHLEHEM CRADLES A KING.

IN the light of that star Lie the ages unpeared, And that song from afar Has swept over the world, Ever hark its theme, and the beautiful sing, In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

WE rejoice in the light, And we echo the song That comes down through the night From the heavenly throne, Ave, we shout to the lovely evangel they bring, And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and King.

COSTLIEST CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Morgan's Present to His Son Was a House, For Which He Paid \$600,000.

It was the late J. Pierpont Morgan who gave the costliest present ever bestowed in New York on a Christmas eve, says the Broadway Magazine. The gift, to his son, was a brownstone pile of a hundred rooms, with fifteen rooms for servants on the top floor, at the corner of Thirty-sixth street and Madison avenue. The deed of gift contained twice the name of J. Pierpont Morgan, for the financier presented the third house in the Morgan colony on Madison street to his son. On one corner stands the original Morgan mansion, danked on the right by the magnificent marble museum and art gallery filled with treasures gathered by senior Morgan from among the great art storehouses of Europe. Next to the Morgan homestead stands the home of Mrs. Herbert Satterlee, Mr. Morgan's daughter, and adjoining Mrs. Satterlee's home is the home of J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., the costliest present ever made on the island of Manhattan, representing an expenditure of \$600,000.

After houses, in the esteem of those upon whom Christmas rains a golden shower, rank automobiles. A giant motorcar, whose ordinary speed is a mile, faster and more wonderful car, and \$18,000, is a mere trifle to a spoiled beauty who tires of her motor as when a pampered little beauty she tired of her dolls. She wants ever a larger, faster and more wonderful car, and it was in obedience to her wish that the car as large as a Harlem flat, with folding bed, table and separate compartments, came into being and added to the family expenditures \$27,000. And after automobile architects the jewelers. Diamond thras at \$100,000, the salesmen in the diamond houses say, are not uncommon purchases at Christmas, and a diamond thras is a poor affair that does not cost approximately \$100,000.

Wanted a Younger Santa Claus. "Please appoint a younger Santa Claus," wrote an eight-year-old Illinois girl to Postmaster General Burleson. "Grandpa says he used to come to his house when he was a little boy, so he must be pretty old by this time, and I'm afraid he's too old to come to my house."

Mr. Burleson wrote to her that a personal representative of Santa Claus would attend to her wants.

Father Christmas. Here comes old Father Christmas With mistletoe about his brows So merry he'll be, and his arms are full of all good cheer; His face with laughing glows; He shines and his hair is white, And the old folks know. He is the old folks' Christmas, He was their hero in little wins, He bows their winter into spring, And makes their faces shine, Hurrah for Father Christmas! Ring all the merry bells, And bring the grandest gift around To bear the tale he tells. —Rose Terry Cooke.

A Band of Velvet Ribbon

By JOHN Y. LARNED

At a summer hotel in the Adirondack mountains, where there were the usual quantum of young girls and the usual deficit of young men for them to flirt with, Albert King, who needed recreation after too much work, found himself in demand. But King was not a ladies' man, and he demurred.

Nevertheless, there was one girl who attracted him. She was not one of the rocking chair brigade, as the ladies who sat on the piazza were dubbed, for she was not admitted to the charmed circle. Why, King did not know. King made her acquaintance and was thereafter taboo by the patrician girls, who had no use for a man who would divide his attentions to them with one of another caste. But he did not mind this, for Ellen Bickford, the young lady in question, interested him and relieved all the monotony of his stay in the mountains. Besides, he discerned her superiority in one respect, courage, for when a large party were caught out on the lake in a terrific squall and it looked as if their boat would be swamped Miss Bickford displayed no terror whatever, while other girls were desperately frightened.

Miss Bickford never wore short sleeves to her dress except at the hotel dances, when she displayed a well rounded neck and arms. But at such times her right arm was invariably encircled with a broad strip of velvet. The fact that this part of her arm—midway between the shoulder and the elbow—was never exposed soon began to excite comment. That there was something on her arm to be concealed was evident; curiosity stepped in and would know what it was. But there was a dignity about Miss Bickford that caused curious persons to abstain from making inquiries, so the rumor remained unexplained. King was ignorant of the gossip concerning what kind of bluish was hidden under the velvet. He had noticed the fact of Miss Bickford's wearing it, but had not taken himself as to the cause. If he thought of it at all he very likely set it down to the concealment of a scar, probably caused by vaccination. But one day the rumor reached his ears that Miss Bickford was the daughter of a common sailor who, when she was a child, had been tattooed on her arm as an anchor. Since King had been smitten with the young lady this report naturally interested him.

Whatever he may have thought of Miss Bickford's origin, it seemed to him unlike her to conceal any mark of it. He would rather expect her to permit the whole world to know her for exactly what she was.

Miss Bickford, it seems, was as much attracted by Mr. King as he was by her. Moreover, she noticed that after a certain period he seemed disposed to draw away from her. She knew that what she was concealing was causing a smothered commotion among the young ladies of the hotel and inferred that some one of the many knots that were floating about concerning it had reached him. One day she frankly said to him:

"Mr. King, have you heard the story that I am the daughter of a common sailor who tattooed as an anchor on my arm?"

"I have."

"You are the only person in this house whose opinion I care for, but I confess to you and do not wish, so far as you are concerned, to saddle under false colors. My father is or was a landsman and had nothing to do with what is under the circle I wear. But I do want to conceal something that has been tattooed on my arm."

"Thank you very much for the preference you have shown me and your frankness. For the first time my confidence in you that I have had been excited, and since you have caused it I look to you to gratify it."

"I assure you that it is nothing to be ashamed of."

"Is it anything to be proud of?"

"In that case I insist upon seeing it."

"After some persuasion she pulled the ribbon down toward her elbow, and there he saw under the skin were the letters 'Herode.'"

King looked at the word, then up at the girl's face and, with a smile, said: "Come; tell the story. I am dying to hear it."

"Be not much of a story. For years my family had a cottage on the seacoast. My summers were spent there from the time I was six years old. I learned to swim like a duck and could handle a boat as well as a boy. Our cottage was on one side of a neck of land, and a life saving station was on the other side. One day on our side a ship came ashore. The life men did not know of her being there, and there was not time in which to tell them. There were six men about to drown. I pulled out in my boat and saved them. I was but thirteen years old and didn't know enough to refuse to permit one of the life savers to tattoo my arm."

"You have hurried through your story," said King, "as though it was something to be ashamed of. I'm glad what you are is indelibly written on your person, and if you were mine I would never consent to an attempt to eradicate it."

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