

For the Kiddie

Puzzles

Sent By Muriel Hibbard, Rethel.

se full a hole full and you
er a bowlful?
er o bower has broken his
omes roaring up the land.
f Scots with all his power
Arthur of the bower.

and Author Riddles Sent by
Louise Calder.

is the most desirable fish?
is the most costly fish?
fish is the bad boy ac-
cuse?
fish would defend a sol-

is the tallest Author?
is the meekest Author?
is the holiest Author?
is the fastest Author?
is the most desirable An-
thor?

Word Square.

E S T A T E
S N
T T
A E
A R
N T E R S

Riddle in Rhyme.

long and slender,
and safe controls,
uses go a-prancing
the carriage rolls.

draws no carriage,
they obey,
they go a-prancing
woodland way.

are like my second—
a year, they say,
with joy a-prancing,
on his way!

ERS TO LAST WEEK'S
PUZZLES.

Answers which were sent by
children have been
ndrum.
cles.
is full of air.
ndray.

Musical Terms.

well; 2, bars; 3, sharp; 4,
notes; 6, a rest; 7, triplets;
press toe (presto); 10,
).

children have tired of even
possessions (and how soon
becomes old) and it is too
he sad to pay his night-
try this simple amusement.

wreath of holly or give
a doorway and ever to
an equal quantity of
r wrapped candies, or far-
stand handling, then see
throw the most articles

wreath into a basket plac-
them. Give a simple
add zest to the game. In
manner the game of "Toss"
Take a large napkin
of stout paper, place a lot
board in. The greatest incentive
to go round in a barrel these
is try to buy a pocket handker-

Two Views of Christmas.

Christmas mornin' everybody was up
early to open their presents. A rich
Charlie was kind of grouchy at first.
He couldn't see why presents wasn't
just as good after breakfast as in
the middle of the night. He chided
up to when he saw how many
packages had got. He started tearin'
em all open but Aunt Harriet wouldn't
stand for that. She made him untie
all the knots and take the paper off
careful so she could save it for next
year. Uncle Charlie couldn't see why
women spent half their time savin'
string an paper on the other half
blowin' a month's salary on a hat.

The first package he opened was
a muffler. He sez "This is a real
useful present." Aunt Harriet grab-
bed the card an sez "Isnt that awfu-
lly from Mrs. Pardee an we never
sent her a thing." Christmas to Aunt
Harriet is like a horse trade. Uncle
Charlie sez that wasnt the Christmas
spirit. He was tickled to death to
get a present out of somebody who
he didnt gave them one. If every-

body just swapped you might as well
have a clearin' house an cancel the
whole thing.

The next package was Anguses. He
told Angus he was a fine lad an hed
always said so. Angus has been won-
derin' since who he said it to. He
certainly kept it a secret from him.
Then he opened mine. He sez a man
couldnt have too many mufflers. If he
kept his neck warm he didnt have
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ought to try a night gown.

I could see the rest of the family
was gettin' restless about something.
Then Uncle Charlie started undoin'
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imagination was all bunk. Aunt Har-
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told her she could sew some of them
together an make him a fancy vest

CHILDREN'S CORNER

years of age may join
ages, birthday and age.
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care of The Standard,
the Children's Corner.

MAGAZINE FEATURES

Simple Letters of A Simple Fello

Dear Mable:

Merry Christmas is over. I missed
you even worse than I used to in
the army. You didn't mind Christmas
so much then. Everybody was in
the same boat. Half this bunch of
being lonely is thinkin' the other fello
is havin' a better time some other
place. If you know what everybody
else was doin' you'd never miss em.

Me an Angus want lookin' forward
to Christmas at Mrs. Bodegas boarding
house. All the boarders was awful
miserable about where they was go-
in to spend it. Mrs. Bodega told me
private she didnt think half of them
was goin' to spend it anywhere. Peo-
ple get ashamed of not havin' any
place to go. Theyd rather hide some-
where all day than let the fello see
that they was in the fello. The fello
was goin' to stay with me. He was
grouchy they wouldnt hang up tans
socks in the dinnin' room. They sez
somebodys ewie on.

Uncle Charlie came through like a
man by askin' me an Angus out to
his place. Hes something like Dr.
Jackson an. He didnt like the fello.
He comes into the office all smiles
soon as he opens his roller top desk
though hed kill a man for 20 cents.
It seems to affect him like a bad dis-
ter.

Hes always talking about givin'
useful presents and how all the money
that hed been spent givin' him pence-
shuns an vases would pay for his life
insurance. He told me how hed sort
of slipped it along to the whole fam-
ly that if they had to give him a
present to make it something useful.
For instance he had something bet-
ter to put in a warm muffler than a
jewel box.

What Happened to Santa Claus.

She went around tellin' everybody
they was lookin' bad an a lot older.
She guessed we was all decayin' like
the trees and flowers. At last she fas-
sioned herself on Grandfather Hazlett.
They began fightin' about when the
end of the world was comin' an seem-
ed to have a pretty good time out
of it.

After dinner everybody went out
of the room an Uncle Charlie set up
a big paste board fire place with a
chimney an everything in front of

off boats an gettin' run over an the
like. To here em talk youd think
the trapeze fello in the circus led a
quiet life. I guess they had a better
time doin' that than watchin' Uncle
Charlie anyhow.

Thanks a lot for your Christmas pre-
sent. I hope you got mine all right. I
sort of feel next Christmas Ill be in
Philopolis. They say a big city is the
only place to make money. The only
way I can see to make it is in some
counter fitters office. I wish somebod
did explain it to me.

Yours doubtfully,
BILLY.

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Just Folks
by Edgar A. Guest

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS.

Home for Christmas! There's a joy
For the weary, grown up boy
Or the little girl who now
Feels the years upon her brow!
Home for Christmas! Back once more
To the mother at the door
And the old hearth with its blaze
And to feel her fond caress
And those happy yesterdays.

Home for Christmas! There's a thrill
For the toiler up the hill,
For the trudge on the road
Heart sick with his heavy load.
Home for Christmas! Back to be
Once again at mother's knee
And to feel her fond caress
In that spell of happiness.

Home for Christmas! Oh, that I
Could recall the years gone by,
And could know once more the bliss
Of that glorious welcome kiss.
Home for Christmas! Girl and man
Claim that gladness while you can.
Swift must come those years of pain
When you'll long for home in vain.

Rann-Dom Reels

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

New Year's Day is an anniversary
which enables man to get rid of all
of his bad habits except reading the
newspaper at the table.

Owing to the fact that New Year's
day almost always falls on January
1st, it is considered a good place to
start from when a man desires to un-
load a few time-honored habits which
have been dogging his footsteps for
years. No man who is in his right mind
ever thinks of giving up smoking until
New Year's day rolls around, when
he will be tempted to break over by a
lot of ungodly associates who are still
able to sleep on their left sides. Once
just like it, but which lack its inspir-
ing effect upon the human will. There
something about New Year's day which
causes a man's will to rise to
unknown heights and turn a cold,
stony look in the direction of the
Scotch highball and the Martini cock-
tail. Thousands of men do not drink
anything at all on New Year's day,
and if congress would pass a law mak-
ing January 1st last the year around
the prohibition question would be
solved for time and eternity.

On New Year's day some people pay
off boats an gettin' run over an the
like. To here em talk youd think
the trapeze fello in the circus led a
quiet life. I guess they had a better
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TWO WORKINGMEN WHO
CHANGED WORLD

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

The International Sunday
School Lesson For December
is "THE TRAINING OF
PETER AND JOHN"—I. John
1:1-9.

Upon the clouded horizon of the
restless world today the most hope-
ful sign is the fact that Jesus and
most of his apostles were callous
palmed workmen.

That portends peace. When the
world's toilers turn from the shrill
harsh and hate-filled voices of pre-
sented "leaders," they will be
ready to listen to the quiet, con-
fident tones of the fellow workingmen
who, although they live the life of
nearly two thousand years ago, still
have the most modern messages for
today.

Most of what is wrong with this
old earth—its injustices, its evasions,
its ignorances, its prejudices, its sel-
fishness—is due to plain misun-
derstanding. Whatsoever perils there
are in our present situation arises
from the lack of confidence of masses
of people in the sincerity and sym-
pathy of law-makers and executives.
They feel that their viewpoint is not
the viewpoint of the dominant few.

All their teaching revealed a sym-
pathic comprehension of the loads
that the mass of mankind carry. One
of our modern poets, Sara N. Cleg-
horn, has strikingly voiced this mes-
sage from the Bible:

"Thanks to Saint Matthew, who had
been
At mass-meetings in Palestine,
We know whose side was spoken for
When Comrade Jesus had the floor.

"Where sore they told and hard
they lie,
Among the great unwashed dwell I:
The tramp, the beggar, the friendless,
Cold-shoulder him, cold-shoulder
me!"

"By Dives' door, with thoughtful eye
He did tomorrow prophesy—
The kingdom's gate is low and small;
The rich can scarce wedge through
at all!"

"A dangerous man," said Calphas;
"An ignorant demagogue, alas!
Friend of low women, he will lead
Slanders the upright Pharisee!"

"For law and order, it was plain,
For Holy Church, He must be slain
The troops were there to awe the
crowd,
And violence was not allowed.

"His clumsy force with force to foil
His strong, clean hands He would not
soil.
He said their childrens quite plain
Between the lightning of His pain.

"Between the twilight of His end,
He made His fellow-friend;
With swollen tongue and blinding eyes
Invited Him to Paradise."

"Ah, let no local Him refuse!
Comrades Jesus hath paid His dues,
Whatever other be debarr'd,
Comrade Jesus hath His red card."

Where It All Recurred.

This is the time for the long look
backward. The International Sunday
School Lesson Committee has assign-
ed for this Review the topic:
The training of Peter and John.

That there is such a thing as a
place-providence, no reverent stu-
dent of history will deny. There is
certain lands as the scene of his
major operations. A myriad pre-
achers have seen such a significance
in the situation of this western con-
tinent, as of old, the shores
of the Mediterranean are the the-
atre of vast and world-transforming
events. The Holy Land has been
the battleground of the ages—and the
living spring of waters from which
world-encircling streams have fol-
lowed.

Everybody who is ordinarily in-
telligent should know where Pale-
stine lies. The vagueness with which
all foreign lands are regarded as
"over there" is not creditable to the
general education. I once ask-
ed a classroom of college students
to tell me how to go to Jerusalem.
Not one could do so; most of them
got only as far as Paris. The men
of the Bible will never be real
to us unless the places of the New
Testament are as familiar to us as
the Fair Tales; although Chris-
tian people not a few regard it with
somehow the same sense of unreality.
A map will make clear why
Peter and John were at a place of
universal potency.

Orange Trees and Men.

I have seen orange groves bear-
ing fruit at the same time blossoms
and ripe fruit. Which is symbolic. Cer-
tain lives, like those of the two Gal-
ilean fishermen who are at the mo-
ment under review, are bearing the
blossoms of tomorrow's fruit, even
while producing fruit today. Peter
and John have profoundly affected hu-
man history; they are among the
race's few shaping men; yet their
greatest work is yet to be done.

It seems as if the world today is
all of a sudden and all in the new
plastic and formative. We have
come, as it were, to a time of un-
iversal social new birth. All the old
forces and institutions are being re-
valued. Some are being rejected,
coming into fresh power. The
after centuries of use. Others are
character and message of the great
builders, like Jesus and his apostles,
are now entering into a remade op-
portunity. Like a discovered die,
they may stamp their impress upon
the currency of humanity. In all the
long stretches of time, has there ever
been an hour so full of possibility as

this for fixing the character of the
spirits of mankind.

Aroused over all the world, the
toilers are ready to accept the lead-
ership of such comradely heroes as
Peter and John. These two toiler-
teachers are the more welcome as
leaders because they are men from
the ranks. The callouses from the
heavy sweeps of the Galilean boats
are still on their palms. Their sim-
ple cloaks smell of the day's catch.
Their eyes wear the understanding
look of the laborer who has been
tired and hungry. These are no
book-taught theorists. Their lingo is
that of everyday men; and not the
jargon of seminaries. They know
the humdrum of common life. They
what they are speaking about, and
their word has the eternal power of
the real. Whoever can introduce
Peter and John, and their Carpenter
Master, to the workers of the world
will be doing the most possible to
serve a puzzled generation.

Selling What He Hadn't.

Because Peter and John had ex-
perienced all they tell, they get a
hearing. The simple explanation for
much of the failure of the Church to
reach the world is that it is offering
people what it does not possess. Its
advertisements are not always found
on its shelves.

Recently, I was entering the Cos-
mos Club, Washington, when a pa-
thetic figure, unkempt and poverty-
marked, was trying to get past the
doorman, to call upon someone in
the little ante-room, where messen-
gers, waiting for the person wanted,
happened to be using the telephone
booth in that same room, and so was
an enforced witness and auditor of
what followed.

The seedy old man, who had
none of the self-confidence or as-
suance of a book-agent, waited neu-
sously until the arrival of the one
sent for, who proved to be a distin-
guished Episcopal clergyman of the
city. Then, with many preambles
and much circumlocution and gen-
eralization and not a little assistance
from the minister, he stated that he
wanted to give a course of lectures
to the preachers of Washington upon
election, pulpit delivery, voice cul-
ture and general efficiency. When the
clergyman—who was a tactful gentle-
man and Christian throughout—point-
ed out the impracticability of this,
the visitor insisted that in a short
course of twelve lectures he could
teach the preachers much, or even
this one man alone. He did not
know that the pastor addressed was
himself the author of a book on
preaching.

That man was trying to sell some-
thing he did not possess. He had
been unable to impress a negro do-
reoper favorably; yet he aspired to
tell preachers how to impress whole
congregations. He was a pitiable ex-
ample of the man whose pretensions
surpass his possessions. Some repre-
sentatives of religion are in the sam-
plung. They try to tell more about
than they know. They are not aware
that their claim is far beyond the realm
they live.

Not so Peter and John. They ex-
perienced all they expressed. Their
knowledge, proved their words.
Jesus had taken them from the fish-
ing boats, and led them up the
steps of the temple, and of training
in human service, and of personal ac-
quaintance with a living God. They
were his disciples, and so became
the world's leaders. Today Peter
and John are introducing Jesus to
their fellow workingmen of all the
world.

SEVEN SENTENCE SERMONS.

New Year, 1920.

Mean to be something, with all
your might.—Phillips Brooks.

Doing what can't be done is the
glory of living.—General Armstrong.

A bright New Year and a sunny
track.

Along an upward way,
And a song of praise on looking back.
When the year has passed away;
And glad sheaves, nor small, nor
few!

This is my New Year's wish for you!
Simple of the man whose pretensions
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DOPE SMUGGLED
TO BANGOR FROM
NEW BRUNSWICK

Police of Maine City Make
Raid, Catching St. John
Man in Their Net — Big
Profits from N. B. Nar-
cotics.

(Bangor News.)

Buying whiskey at \$2.25 to \$3 a
quart in