

### New York Second in Road Building

Pennsylvania Leads in Money Spent On State Highways During 1926—Excludes County and Local Appropriations

According to figures recently compiled by the United States Department of Agriculture, New York ranks second among the commonwealths of the Union in the amount of money spent on state highways during the year 1926. Pennsylvania leads for the United States with more than \$53,000,000 spent on state highways and New York is second with \$37,276,327. North Carolina is third with a little more than thirty-four millions. These figures do not include money spent by counties and other local units within the counties.

The New York state college of agriculture, which prepared this statement from the tables of the federal government, points out that the amount of money spent may not be an accurate measure of a state's real achievements in road-building. Nevada, with only a million-and-a-half dollars for roads in 1926 is spending much more per capita than some of the states which lead the list in

actual amounts expended. In proportion to population its outlay is about seven times that of New York.

### Christ's Natal Day

By BELLE WILLEY GUE

SHOUT aloud on Christmas morn,  
"Love and Peace this day were born!"

Greet the world with joy and gladness!  
Help to banish want and sadness!

May the memory of this day  
Linger with you all the way.

So that, what'er may befall you,  
Mercy will forever guide you.

Fit your thoughts on Love and Peace,  
Till all cruelty shall cease.

Some politicians, too, should  
Be forced to muffle their exhausts.

### HOME for CHRISTMAS

By WICKS WAMBOLDT



EE! It's great to get home for Christmas!  
You have been away for the first time in your life, holding down a job a thousand miles from the home town, but now you're on your way home for Christmas, rolling into a country that you know all about.

You are the first one off the train, and the first through the gate. Father and mother are there waiting for you. Mother hugs and kisses you without a word, but there is a tightening of her arms that speaks much. Father shakes hands with you heartily and says, "Well, my boy, you're looking fine."

When you reach the car, there are grandfather and grandmother, and Aunt Jennie and Aunt Molly; and they all act as though they never had seen anyone in their lives look so good to them as you! You climb into the front seat alongside your father.

It is Christmas morning and most folks are at home. But you see an occasional acquaintance and wave your hand gaily and shout, "Merry Christmas!" And one or two step out from the sidewalk and stop you and say, "Well, I'll be dogged, and shake hands with you and tell you how glad they are to see you."

You are out of town now, speeding over the road that runs along the river. It is a beautiful wide blue river and on each bank are woods and fields and a dog at his heels. It is Chuck Andrews. He recognizes you a hundred feet away and grins joyously. "Merry Christmas!" he yells. Your father stops the car, and you and Chuck grip hands.

"Timmy! I'm glad to see you," he says. "How long are you going to be home?" "A week," you reply. "Fine and dandy!" says he enthusiastically. "There is the biggest flock of wild turkeys I ever saw over in Cedar Swamp; and the quail are as thick as grasshoppers this year. We'll start something." The car moves on.

You are turning in at the home place; you are parking up to the house. Cousin Nat and Cousin Bill have your grip and hat and overcoat and carry them to your room.

Suddenly you see your uncle Harry's Grandmother answer, "Harry couldn't come. He is so far away he felt he shouldn't leave his business so long." You are disappointed, for Uncle Harry is your favorite uncle, and you have been looking forward especially to seeing him.

You sit down in the large living room before the crackling log fire in the big fireplace. All are talking at once. Then mother says, "Mingo and Maria are in the kitchen. Don't you want to see them?" Mingo and Maria helped raise you.

You open the kitchen door and Mingo and Maria, their black faces shining with affection, greet you with "Christmas girl! Christmas girl!"

And Maria hugs you and croons endearing names to you as she did when you were a youngster. Mingo shakes hands with you and says, "I see how powerful glad to see you, Mistah Sam"; and you tell them you have brought Santa Claus with you.

Back you go to the bunch, and there are no more than seated when you are the whir of a motor outside. Somebody looks out the window and shouts, "Here's Harry!" Everybody tries to get out the door at once. Uncle Harry, natty and debonair as usual, steps smiling from a taxi. "Thought you weren't coming!" somebody yells. "Had to come!" he flashes back. "Couldn't stand the pressure." Then the folks crowd round him. And he pushes through to you, grabs your hand in both of his and says, "Well here's Sam!" And he adds, "I don't know as I should have come if I hadn't known you'd be here."

"Let's have the presents before dinner," suggests some one. And there

is a rush for the library where packages are sorted up on the big table. "Sam, you give 'em out," says grandfather. And you incline the job. Everybody is pleased, or pretends to be, except "Sally," that was a fine dinner. Uncle Peter slides up to you with your box of cigars in his hand, and says with a grin, "You hit me where I'm weak." "Present," he says, and it returns and right in the midst of it mother calls, "Dinner is ready."

You all pour into the dining room. The family sits at you at the table. Your father sits at one end and your mother at the other. And you are at your mother's right. Your father asks the blessing; then grandfather carves the turkey. There is a jolly clatter. Plates are passed until each has made the circuit and received its load of good things.

The family sits at one end and your mother pushes back her chair and rises; you all follow suit. And your grandfather says to your mother, "You're a fine diner." "And Uncle Bob adds, 'Yes, I think I can get along all right now until supper.'"

The family sits back into the living room. Mingo comes in and puts more wood on the fire, and the flames shoot up the throat of the chimney.

"Fall legs! Are you Nat asks you. "Who was the most precocious



The Chiffonier Your Father Gave You for a Birthday Present.

child mentioned in the Bible? You answer glibly, 'Job'; he carves the turkey. "You've heard that one before," says Nat.

"Then you give Nat this one: Every lady in this land has twenty milla upon each hand; five and twenty on hands and feet; and this is true without deceit."

"Say that again," says Aunt Eleanor, "you rot the dinner, and are required to do so again and again. 'It's nonsense!'" declares Cousin John.

"Hold on!" says Cousin Nat. "There is some cith in the punctuation." And while the rest continue to puzzle, he takes out a pencil and an envelope and writes the thing down. "I've got it," he announces, and reads:

Every lady in this land has twenty milla upon each hand; and twenty on hands and feet.

Everybody huzns and Uncle George says, "That's a good one!" The countess is thick and fat. Before you know it the family is called in to eat cold turkey and other things left from dinner.

You spend the evening cracking jokes, and you pop corn, eat candy, and commit various gastronomic enormities. "Who's your favorite?" Christmas comes but once a year! What if one should feel fog tomorrow? It is worth it! To everybody's surprise, the mill race in the mill house twelve. And the folks say good-night and go to bed.

You go up to your room—the room you always have had and always will have. There is a row of drawers, a cheery fire on the hearth. The bedclothes are turned down and your pajamas laid out. Your mother has been there. You raise the door and look around.

There is the chiffonier that your father gave you for a birthday present. And paper on the wall, you picked it out yourself with your mother; and you and she selected the carpet. There is the te-neck which Cousin Macjorie gave you, made of embroidery hoops covered with red satin. You go over to the closet and peer in. Your shotgun is right where you left it. You think of what Chuck Andrews said about the wild turkeys and the quail—"Oh, boy!"

There is a tap at the door. Your mother comes in. "I just wanted to tell my boy good-night." You and she sit down on the edge of the bed and talk; then she says, "Now you must go to bed and get some rest," and she hugs and kisses you and goes out.

You step to the window and raise the sash. The full moon is shining as only a Southern moon can shine. The air is frosty and perfectly still. Far off a dog is barking. You hear a cow lowing softly. A rooster, fooled by the moon, crows for daylight. Down the gutter the chimneys ring out from Minto tower:

Lord, through this hour be Thou my guide;

Thy power I may abide.

You put down the window, undress, and climb into those pajamas that your mother has laid out. You extinguish the light. And the next thing you know you are on your knees by the side of the bed. You have been skipping that sort of thing lately.

You crawl in between the sheets and your mother's good night kiss is on your forehead. A delicious drowsiness creeps over you.

Geel! It's great to get home for Christmas!

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# Christmas

by W. H. PIERCE

'TIS a long, weary road, filled with joy and with sorrow,  
The road between Yesterday and Tomorrow;  
And the high-lights that shine through the mists of the past  
With a gleam that will glow while my mem'ry shall last  
Are the wreaths of the Christmases strung through the years  
That are called to the heart through smiles mingled with tears.

There's the great oaken hall at my grandfather's manse,  
With its broad flaming fireplace where flame fairies dance;  
There's the mistletoe hung near the great carved door,  
And twinkling feet flash o'er the smooth gleaming floor;  
There's the long oaken table, so lavishly spread,  
With grandfire enthroned at his place at the head.

And the rays of the soft mellow-candle-light shine  
On each loved, loving face as I glance down the line,  
And they come to me now as they were on that day,  
And I reckon of years that have faded away.  
As they were to me then, they are still in my heart,  
For Time and his scythe in this scene have no part.

It is deep in the cloisters where memories dwell  
That the heart has its tales of affection to tell;  
And though Christmas comes now just as it did then,  
It is not the same day that it was to me when  
I could stand as a child at my grandfather's knee  
And gaze at the blaze on the great Christmas tree.



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### New York City Alone Won Amendments

Nearly All Voted Down Except in the Metropolis

Counties outside of New York City did not have much to say, so it seems, when the final count was made of the vote on the proposed amendments to the State Constitution. In other words, the tremendous vote cast by New York City simply swung the tide. This fact became decidedly plain when the State Board of Canvassers met this week in the office of Secretary of State Moses and proceeded to affix their signatures, one and all, to the tabulated statements. Here's a fair example of what happened. Twenty-five counties voted against the Executive budget, and yet the amendment was carried by 1,291,950 to 446,107, with New York City voting 758,894 favorable and 101,945 against the amendment.

The same story might be told of all the other amendments. The one relating to the city debt limit was carried in but eight counties, but New York City was for it, and it went across by 961,632 to 769,867, with New York City contributing 653,159 in its favor and 244,820 against. The grade crossing amendment was carried four to one, while the amendment increasing the salaries of the Governor, Lieutenant Governor and legislators, though defeated in no less than 49 counties, won out with about 400,000 votes to spare.

There were 23 counties against the amendment making the Governor the head of the Executive Department,

which was carried by a vote of nearly three to one. Every county downed the proposed amendment on the four year term. There were 42 counties against allowing the construction of roads in Whiteface Mountain, but New York City stepped in and the amendment won out by more than 400,000. The amendments relative to the condemnation by counties of land and the annexation of territory by cities went over by a vote of two to one.

### AROUND OUR HOUSE

No Need to Be Cold

Blankets too short to tuck in at the foot of the bed and to keep one's shoulders covered at the same time can be made to do this double duty with the help of a strip of unbleached muslin. A band of the muslin twelve to eighteen inches wide may be sewed to one end of short blankets. The muslin end of the blanket should be tucked under the mattress at the foot of the bed. Double blankets that are too short when folded in the middle may be folded so that one side is longer than the other. This makes the blanket long enough to tuck in firmly though only one thickness of blanket will cover one's shoulders. Many persons prefer to cut pairs of blankets apart, binding one end of each and adding a lengthening strip to the other so that both will tuck in securely. Single blankets are easier to handle than double ones and insure both warm shoulders and warm toes during cold weather.

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