

A CHRISTMAS IN THE TROPICS

The people of the northern zones who associate Christmas with the ancient story of Kris-Kingle or Santa Claus, with the snow season and the coming of the reindeer with the sledge loaded with toys for the children, imagine that a celebration of the Christmas festival under any other climatic conditions would seriously lack in many of its features. However this may be the thought is wrong, for wherever Anglo-Saxons and their descendants gather together, there Christmas is celebrated in nearly the old-fashioned way, as in Germany, England or the United States.

It is difficult to understand why the Spanish American-Catholic pays no attention to Christmas and so little attention even to "noche buena," which is what they call night before Christmas, the birth night. The Christ birth is celebrated in the churches by a special midnight mass, but further than this there are no festivities, while many feasts of which the Northern takes

little heed are celebrated with much pomp, much hilarity, and much eating and drinking (especially the latter). This story, though is not of the way the native of Spanish America passes the day, but how a number of Anglo-Saxons passed a Christmas on a coffee plantation in tropical America.

A house party on this plantation was a customary gathering at various times and seasons, but at Christmas the family who were from the Western states, and had Western ideas of hospitality, invited a number of their friends to pass the day and eat Christmas turkey. There were ten of the guests and four in the family.

The guests arrived the day before Christmas and remained till the day after, and all sorts of mad pranks were played and many things helped pass the hours but too swiftly.

The time was the opening of the harvest, when the climatic conditions at 3500 feet above the sea on the latitude of 12 degrees north, were perfect. The

coffee trees were laden with bright red berries, the orange trees full of the rich golden colored fruit. Everything on Mother Earth's bosom was green and fresh still from the rainy season just closed.

In fact nature smiled blandly and had the heart and dulled indeed the sense that did not reach out with a feeling of thanksgiving that he could enjoy such glory. The air was clear, and the view from the hills one of most exquisite beauty, the rich tropical colors blending harmoniously under the effulgent tropic sun.

The day was passed in rambling through the plantation, gathering wild flowers, including beautiful begonias, orchids and others with which the woods and fields abound.

Meanwhile the dining room was being decorated and the Christmas tree prepared.

The tree was a young pine sapling brought from the mountain sides six miles away, on the back of a pack trail.

Pine boughs were also brought to aid in the decorations of the house, a large rambling frame and board structure, with a broad corridor on two sides overlooking the gardens, and a machinery house where the coffee was handled forming a fifty-foot extension to the roof line.

The dining room when completed was a perfect bower, and many a millionaire would give a small fortune could he duplicate the decorations in the north. In the corners of the room and at the sides of the doors and windows were placed young banana plants, their broad green leaves falling gracefully from the wall toward the center of the room. The walls, rough boards, it is true, but white-washed, were hung with the tops cut from the wild cane, or pacaya, with limbs from flowering trees alternating and giving color to the effect.

The whiteness of the cloth on the banquet board was heightened by long willow limbs from the coffee tree, the

bright shiny green of the leaves, strongly contrasting with the rich red of the ripe coffee berries. At either end of the table a large yellow pineapple with the accompanying young shoots at the top and base of the fruit added to the effect of a brilliant bouquet of roses which graced the center. Suspended from the ceiling over the table were limbs cut from coffee trees, laden with bright red berries, and orange limbs, loaded with the fragrant yellow fruit.

To say the least the decorations were effective. The piece de resistance of course was a fat juicy turkey stuffed, and baked to a turn.

The turkeys of the tropics are more juicy and have a more gamey flavor than any of the north. This was served with a tart guava jelly, made from guava fruits growing wild all over the hills near the plantation.

There were mashed potatoes, fried carrots with cream, string beans, sweet potatoes, fresh crisp celery, delicate

young radishes, and lettuce from the garden. The salad, chopped pineapples, bananas and walnuts a la mayonnaise garnished with nasturtium flowers and served on the leaves of this delicate green of the Capuchins, was a work of art. Mince pies made with fruits, a northern favorite, hardly known, and a plum pudding with ingredients not to be thought of outside the tropics.

A fruit cake made with nuts from California and raisins from the Isles of the Mediterranean, a cheese from Flanders and coffee grown at the door made up the final setting. Sherry from the Spanish Frontier, a red wine from Bordeaux, a few bottles of Veuve Clicquot which had drifted into the mountains against the day, helped moisten the palates and add zest to the dinner, while a creme de cacao, a liqueur flavored with the chocolate bean served as a pousee cafe.

Following the dinner the Christmas tree was exposed to the applauding

gaze of all, each one having added something to the beauty of the tree in the way of gifts for some one present. The tree was brilliantly lighted with little wax tapers ordered from the United States months before, hung with red, green and gold "popcorn," being the popped grains of the millon (pronounced mill-yone, accent on the last syllable) a sort of Kafir corn, which pops so as to leave no hard kernel, as in the popcorn of this country.

No one was overlooked, even the native servants of the house, the cooks in the operatives kitchen, the native foreman of the plantation, the edokey and all, being called in to share the joys of a real Anglo-Saxon Christmas and to receive a little present at the hands of the "San Nicholas de lo Gringos."

Almost every nation that rises to the dignity of a place on the map will be represented at the Lewis and Clark Centennial.

Wife of The President Is a Busy Woman.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—When Pastor Wagner delivered his famous lecture on "The Simple Life" in the White House, several weeks ago, he emphasized a truth that the President and Mrs. Roosevelt had discovered for themselves. The Chief Executive's plain existence is well known, but Mrs. Roosevelt, as an exponent of that doctrine, is not so familiar. She occupies the highest position of honor possible to an American woman, yet her day is made up of duties carefully undertaken and faithfully performed, much after the manner of any good housewife from Maine to California.

That she is a busy woman must be apparent. The mother of five children usually is, if she gives but partial attention to their welfare. But Mrs. Roosevelt does not give partial attention to anything. In fulfilling her duty, from the simplest matter in everyday life to the most complicated social obligation, she takes an intelligent survey of the field and sets to work with a vim. To accomplish all that she must, even in an ordinary day, means a high degree of generalship and a great capacity for organization.

Life at the White House takes on an active appearance at a time when many fashionable patrons are deep in slumber. There are two breakfasts, one at 7:45 for the children who are going to school and another about 8:30 or 8:45, when the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Alice and young Theodore partake of the first meal of the day. This is the usual program, but several times in the week Mrs. Roosevelt takes her coffee and breakfast food with the baby boy, Quentin, and sees that he is properly equipped for sallying forth to the halls of learning. This is merely a pleasure, not an obligation, for there is a motherly old lady, Mrs. Roosevelt's former nurse, who looks after the children with a solicitude rarely seen even in a parent. This old woman, Mrs. Mary Lettwith, is the slave of the small Roosevelts and they impose on her good nature, but Mrs. Roosevelt knows that the little ones have every attention that love and devotion could suggest. Mrs. Lettwith's pride is to take care of the wardrobe of her young charges, but she frequently is aided in this work of love by the President's wife. When something requires very delicate handling, such as lace or skillful darning, it is to Mrs. Roosevelt she goes, and it is seldom that she asks in vain.

Mrs. Roosevelt Seldom Misses Taking Breakfast With Her Husband.
Mrs. Roosevelt does not omit taking breakfast with the President more than four times a year, when they are together. No matter how late she may have retired, it has been the rule of her married life to appear at breakfast. She and the President are still like lovers, even if they did celebrate the eighteenth anniversary of their wedding on December 24. When she first went to the White House some one asked her how she liked having the President in the house all the time. She answered thoughtfully that it was very nice in a way, but that she liked the old conditions better.

"It is the event of the day, you know," she said, "to kiss your husband good-bye when he goes out in the morning, and then to meet him when he comes back. I feel as though I have missed something, now that things have changed."

Ordinarily, Mrs. Roosevelt gives the first two hours of her morning to Miss Isabel Hagner, her efficient secretary. Miss Hagner's presence in the White House is in itself a testimonial to the sterling character of its mistress, for she is the daughter of Mrs. Roosevelt's old family doctor, and one of her own pupils when she taught Sunday school at St. John's. The most cordial relations exist between all the Roosevelts and Miss Hagner, and her work, which otherwise might become irksome and formal, becomes like a visit to the home of pleasant friends.

Miss Hagner frequently accompanies Mrs. Roosevelt for a walk or on a shopping expedition. In the early spring and autumn months Mrs. Roosevelt may be seen every morning taking a brisk constitutional, but when the social season opens or when Christmas is at hand, she is compelled to give up this feature of her day. In walking, Mrs. Roosevelt invariably wears a short dark skirt, usually of gray or black homespun, with a soft felt hat and gracefully twisted veil, which gives a feminine touch to this rather severe apparel. In warm weather she changes to the same cut of short skirt, made of a rather dark blue or brown linen and a rather dark hat. She always wears what is generally known as the common sense shoe, and only on the most formal occasions does she yield to fashion in the French heel or patent leather.

With President Roosevelt luncheon is a movable feast. It is likewise a need

that must have elastic qualities, for many times in the course of the week food is prepared for six people, and the President makes his appearance with four others. Consequently no meal at the White House is ever prepared for just the exact number in the presidential family. Even at a 9 o'clock breakfast, some early caller may be ushered in, with barely a moment's warning. This trait of the President's, of course, does not cause much inconvenience now, but in the first years of Mrs. Roosevelt's married life it was, so to speak, an issue, which happily was met and conquered with her gentle methods.

The afternoon Mrs. Roosevelt gives to her friends and family, with an occasional outing in her smart trap. There is scarcely a day that some friend has not some one to present or some matter for concern regarding the children which needs personal attention. Then during the official season, there are semi-private entertainments in progress several times a week. Dinner is served in the great state dining room every evening, at 7:30, when only the family is present, and at 8, when there are formal guests. The small children have dinner at 6, and frequently their mother takes a little soup, or, at least, sits and talks with them about their lessons and the events of the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt Always Accessible to Their Children.

There is no time of the day or night when the President and Mrs. Roosevelt are not accessible to their children. There was much amusement at a Cabinet meeting not long ago when the august assemblage was started by a ball bounding in the door that opens from a garden, and the simultaneous appearance of Quentin, the youngest of the children, who requested his father to "pick it out" to him, a request that the President complied with, after a laughing apology to his assembled advisers.

Another amusing scene occurred during the first year of the Roosevelt regime and at the first evening levee. This was before the reconstruction of the old mansion, and a flight of stairs led from the private apartments to the state corridor, where the guests were gathered. Some one chanced to glance up the stairs, and there sat a row of little white-robed youngsters, watching the proceedings with the utmost interest. It required an order from their mother, who was below receiving guests, before they dispersed to bed. During the public levees and at the afternoon receptions, the Roosevelt children now come and go with the utmost freedom. They frequently eat with the guests and offer wise suggestions about the progress of national affairs.

It may surprise many folks to know that neither the President nor Mrs. Roosevelt has a personal attendant. The valet and the maid have no part in the present administration. When Mrs. Roosevelt is at her toilet she is aided by one of the maids who performs a variety of services around the mansion, or by a seamstress, who is kept employed fashioning house gowns for the three ladies, Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Alice and Miss Ethel. She "does" her own hair and performs all the services for herself that some society women hire at least four assistants to accomplish.

Mrs. Roosevelt gives some part of her day to talking with the President, generally the last hour before the family retires; and, perhaps, the only time she does not have to share her husband with hundreds of other people. She takes a keen interest in all public business, and, though so modest, she receives compliments, she possesses to a high degree that intuition which is so valuable and rare a trait. She just feels things, and it has been noticed that when Mrs. Roosevelt feels a thing the President is chary about acting to the contrary.

Many Christmas Gifts.

Just now, however, life at the White House is at a high tension and Mrs. Roosevelt probably is the busiest woman in the country. Gift making is a serious task for the wife of any public man, but when the family happens to be one like the Roosevelts, that clings to old time traditions and customs, it is simply an overwhelming avocation. It has been estimated that Mrs. Roosevelt gives between 200 and 250 gifts, in the selection of these she bestows much time and pains. Her Christmas shopping begins when most women are buying their Easter hats. She asks some dozen or two friends for whom she always fashions her own gifts—a Landykerchief, hemstitched and edged with dainty real lace; a pin cushion cover, linen covers for trays and dressing tables, and a dozen more such trifles. These she makes during the summer, picking up a stitch here and there when she sits on the veranda or on

rainy days when it is impossible to get out. Even in the White House she frequently may be seen with some work, and her intimate friends always go to her for ideas about novel designs.

To give 200 presents means to keep your eyes open and your brain alert. For two months at least, an hour or two every morning has been devoted to visiting card shops, jewelry stores and the department houses. Usually Mrs. Roosevelt drives, in her long yellow car, with the handsome brava styppers, but she enters the stores so unostentatiously that few clerks or shoppers discover her identity. She is a careful, slow shopper and not infrequently looks at goods several times before she purchases. She carries a pretty little

note book, wherein are the names, arranged alphabetically, of all those for whom she must select a gift, and beside the name is inscribed the presents which the same person received for two years previous. This list was made out by Miss Hagner and each year there are additions to the list. There are new babies and new husbands and wives. These first gifts require much attention and Mrs. Roosevelt gives it. Then she must remember the wives of the cabinet officials and their children, if there be any, and there are the wives and widows of former cabinet officials and other great men who expect a gift from the White House. Mrs. Roosevelt sends a present, usually a pretty book or calendar of some small trifle, to Mrs. Mc-

Kuley and Mrs. Hobart.

Then there are scores of Roosevelt kin and friends scattered broadcast. Mrs. Roosevelt wants every one of her gifts to be opened on Christmas morning; consequently she and Miss Hagner pore over sailing and mailing lists as industriously as a barist. Some of the White House gifts went off six weeks ago, and every day since the sailing companies' vans might have been seen under the great port cochere of the mansion, heaped up with neatly tied packages. Another interesting little feature of Mrs. Roosevelt's gift making is that every package is tied up in red, white and blue ribbon, with a spray of holly tucked away in the wrappings.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Happy Little Christmas Bells

(By Strickland W. Gillilan, in Western Publisher.)

All worn out with Christmas shopping—
Happy little Christmas bells!
Plum tired out and nearly dropping—
Happy little Christmas bells!
All jammed up in the Christmas rush,
Wading 'round in the snow and slush—
Got no ear for "Christmas gush"—
Happy little Christmas bells!

Spank the children off to bed—
Happy little Christmas bells!
Scold them till their prayers are said—
Happy little Christmas bells!
Tell them they must go to sleep
Or some goblin grim will creep
In and get 'em—make 'em weep!
Happy little Christmas bells!

Catch bad cold while you trim the tree;
Happy little Christmas bells!
Go to bed with a "Tchoo-ah-chee!"
Happy little Christmas bells!
Dream all night of an eight-foot sock
Filled with pounded lime-stone rock
Lying across your aching "block"—
Happy little Christmas bells!

Children wake you up at four—
Happy little Christmas bells!
Great Jee-mima! What a roar!
Happy little Christmas bells!
Every kid declares he got
'Zactly what he wanted—not
Trouble brewing on the spot—
Happy little Christmas bells!

Christmas dinner is a fright—
Happy little Christmas bells!
Cooky on a bat last night—
Happy little Christmas bells!
Papa grows that on the morrow
Bills will come and bring him sorrow
'Cause he don't know where to borrow—
Happy little Christmas bells!

Never mind, 'twill soon be done—
Happy little Christmas bells!
Hasn't been a bit of fun—
Happy little Christmas bells!
Yet we're full of first-class cheer,
Pleased to death, or mighty near,
'Cause it comes but once a year—
Happy little Christmas bells!

Stories About Members of The Senate and House

Parsonage Not a Well.

Methodist preachers have been the butt of many a joke perpetrated by Congressmen, but these same commentators pay their own rent and some of them can "raise the tune" and not a few lead the prayer meetings—when at home.

"The lot of the average minister at best is not an easy one," remarked Representative Adamson of Georgia. "A story is told of a Methodist preacher who lived in a dilapidated house—a splendidly ventilated parsonage. The cold weather was coming on, and the 'mite society' of the church concluded to see if funds could be raised to have a few necessary repairs made. The minister was asked to give out notice of a meeting. He did it in this way: 'There will be a meeting of the Mite Society next Wednesday evening at the so-called parsonage. On the corner near the aforesaid parsonage is a well, which is covered over and clap-boarded. It is unpainted and weather-worn, but I wish to describe it so that none of you may make a mistake and take the well for the parsonage. The Mite Society meeting will be held in the parsonage, not the well.'"

Wages Only Object.

"Lots of men are hunting easy berths," says a Representative from Tennessee, "but multitudes of laboring men who are compelled to earn their bread by the perspiration of the frontal sinus ought to appreciate the simple beauty of this advertisement, which appeared in a New Orleans paper: 'Employment—Steady work not so much an object as good wages. C. M. D.'"

A Troublesome Client.

"One of my always-want-something

constituents who has been drawing a semi-monthly stipend from Uncle Sam for many years," says a Representative from Pennsylvania, "has recently been sent to the night force in the big printery."

"I had a letter from him Monday bewailing the fact that Mr. Ricketts had assigned him to night work, and asking me to see what could be done toward getting him transferred back to day work."

"Now I have spent sleepless nights trying to keep that buck satisfied and providing easy berths for him and my patience is about exhausted. I just wrote him that he ought to thank goodness he was permitted to work in any part of the building other day or night, for the election last month clearly indicated that the world, the flesh and the devil had it in for us."

And Old Tale.
"It's an old story, but well worth repeating," says Representative Cooper of Texas, while talking of the November election.

Of course, the faithful must always be rewarded.

"Now, it so happened this newly elected official could not write his own name. One day a writ was placed in his hands to be served, and in due time he returned it to the magistrate under whom he served. That worthy functionary on examining the 'legal document' found endorsed thereon:

"Life is the time to serve the Lord—25 cents."

"Upon investigation it was found that the constable had secured the services of a Greenville wag to assist him in his work, and that the wag had endorsed the paper."

Application of a Definition.
"Johnnie, spell excavate," said the teacher.

"E-x-c-a-v-a-t-e," slowly spelled Johnnie.

"Now, give its meaning."

"To hollow out," was Johnnie's reply.

"Can you use it in a sentence," asked the teacher.

"Oh, yes," answered Johnnie; "Bob had his tooth pulled, and he excavated."

AUSTRALIA'S WHEAT CROP.
ADELAIDE, South Australia, Dec. 26.—The estimated wheat yield this year will be 14,575,000 bushels. This is 1,260,000 over the crop of last year.

A Wag's Endorsement.
Representative Johnson of South Carolina, tells this story:

"In the section of my state known as Dark Cornor a fellow who had been very active in politics was elected constable as a reward for past services.

Some Recent Legal Decisions

An assignment of wages to be earned in the future under an existing contract is held, in Mallin v. Wenham (Ill.) 65 L. R. A. 602, to be valid, and the fact that the term of employment is not of definite duration is held to be immaterial.

The members of an unincorporated mutual benefit association are held, in Cochran v. Boleman (Ind.) 65 L. R. A. 516, not to be subject to suit by the beneficiary of a deceased member for their respective shares of such benefit, where the by-laws of the association contemplate the collection and disbursement of benefits by officers, and forfeiture of membership is the only penalty provided for failure to pay an assessment.

A merchant who ships goods to his broker without conveying title to him, but purely for the purpose of distribution to others, and sends to him a bill of lading indorsed in blank for the goods, the possession of which, by the general custom of trade, is regarded as evidence of the right to dispose of the property, is held, in Commercial Bank v. J. K. Armsby Co. (Ga.) 65 L. R. A. 443, not to be able, in an action of trover, to recover the goods from a bank which has, in good faith, and without notice of the owner's title, taken the bill of lading as security for a loan of money to the broker on his individual account, and converted the property upon default in payment of its debt.

The operation of a stone quarry on city lots for a long period of time by means of blasting, which causes vibrations of the earth and air in such a manner as to render an adjoining dwelling unsafe for occupation, and causes rents in its walls, is held, in Longtin v. Persell (Mont.) 65 L. R. A. 655, to render the one responsible therefor liable for the injury, although he uses due care in the prosecution of the work.

Blasting by the use of gunpowder or dynamite is held, in Cary v. Morrison (C. C. A. 8th C.) 65 L. R. A. 659, to be an appropriate and justifiable mode of removing rock from the right of way of a railroad in order to bring it to grade, where the blasting is done with reasonable care.

A railroad company transporting mail, either under contract with the government or by reason of the general laws and the regulations of the Post-office Department, is held, in Bankers' Mutual Casualty Co. v. Minneapolis, St. P. & S. M. R. Co. (C. C. A. 8th C.) 65 L. R. A. 397, to be an agent of the government, and not liable to individuals for loss of mail through negligence of its subordinate employees.

A railroad ticket, although torn in two pieces, is held, in Young v. Central of Georgia R. Co. (Ga.) 65 L. R. A. 426, not to be "mutilated" within the meaning of a stipulation on its face that it shall not be good for passage if so mutilated, and the ticket is held to be valid, when both pieces are presented to the conductor at the same time, and it is apparent that they are parts of the same ticket, and that no fraud has been perpetrated upon the railroad company.

A statute forbidding the use of horses whose tails are docked after their passage is held, in Bland v. People (Colo.) 65 L. R. A. 424, not to be void as an unconstitutional deprivation of property.

A statute forbidding, under penalty, persons or corporations engaged in private enterprises from paying employees in store orders not redeemable in cash is held, in State v. Missouri T. & T. Co. (Mo.) 65 L. R. A. 588, to be unconstitutional as interfering with the right to contract.

A statute prohibiting the assignment of future wages by employees is held, in International Text-Book Co. v. Weisinger (Ind.) 65 L. R. A. 599, not to be void as an unreasonable restraint upon the liberty of the citizen, or as depriving him of his property without due process of law.

The legislature is held, in Marsh v. Stonebraker (Neb.) 65 L. R. A. 607, not to be prohibited by any provision of the Constitution from granting to a person the right to publish the statutes of the state, and making such statute prima facie evidence of the law, nor from purchasing such number of copies thereof as the legislature may deem necessary for the use of its officers.

A statute authorizing game wardens to seize and forfeit to the state summarily, without affording the owner thereof opportunity for a hearing, all game, ammunition, dogs, fishing tackle, etc., in actual use by persons hunting in violation of the game law, is held, in McConnell v. McKillip (Neb.) 65 L. R. A. 610, to be void as depriving the owner of his property without due process of law.

The right to recover damages for mental suffering for failure to deliver a telegram, although not accompanied by physical suffering or injury, is sustained in Baras v. Western U. Teleg. Co. (Nev.) 65 L. R. A. 606.

A condition in a deed of a small par-

cel of land that no grain shall ever be handled on the land granted, which contains no facilities for handling grain at the time of the grant, is held, in Wakefield v. Van Tassel (Ill.) 65 L. R. A. 511, not to be unreasonable or contrary to public policy.

A contract by one named as executor in a will, last, in consideration of the withdrawal of opposition to his probate, she will distribute money which comes into her hands as executrix as fast as a certain sum shall accumulate, is held, in Painter v. Kaiser (Nev.) 65 L. R. A. 672, to be enforceable against the promisor in her individual capacity.

The right of one who, while in the employ of another, finds upon the latter's premises money evidently hidden and forgotten by an unknown owner, to maintain an action of trover against his employer, where the latter takes the money out of his possession and refuses to restore it, is sustained in Denton v. Roberts (Or.) 65 L. R. A. 626.

The public, by laying out a highway, is held, in Bigelow v. Whitcomb (N. H.) 65 L. R. A. 676, not to acquire a right to prevent the owner of the fee from removing and applying to his own use the public standing therein, which the public may desire to preserve for shade or ornamentation.

The obligation of a man to pay for necessities furnished to his wife, with whom he is living, upon the theory of implied agency on her part, is denied in Wannamaker v. Weaver (N. Y.) 65 L. R. A. 529, where she was simply supplied with articles of the same character as those purchased, or was furnished with ready money with which to pay cash for them. A note to this case reviews the other authorities on the liability of a husband for necessities furnished his wife while living with him.

The increment by the clerk of an insurance company of a slip of paper notifying the company of a shipment to be covered by an open marine policy in the usual way, with the amount of the premium and the check mark indicating its readiness for entry in the books, is held, in Delaware Ins. Co. v. S. S. White Dental Mfg. Co. (C. C. A. 3d C.) 65 L. R. A. 387, not to show an acceptance of the risk in the face of its positive rejection by the officers of the company as soon as they learned that it was on property already lost, of which the assured is notified without delay.

The business of "pretending to heal absent patients by supernatural powers without medicine or surgery" is held, in Weltner v. Bishop (Mo.) 65 L. R. A. 584, to be fraudulent, and not protected by the law against libel, although many persons claimed to have been benefited by the treatment.

A municipal corporation is held, in Canton v. Canton Cotton Warehouse Co. (Miss.) 65 L. R. A. 561, to have no such title to the fee of its streets as entitles it to claim compensation from a railroad company which, by virtue of a legislative franchise, occupies a portion of a street for a crossing.

The right to declare a contract made on Sunday void because opposed to public policy is denied, in Rodman v. Robinson (N. C.) 65 L. R. A. 682.

Users of water from a ditch or canal are held, in Hard v. Boise City L. & L. Co. (Idaho) 65 L. R. A. 407, to be entitled to sell and transfer the right to use such waters, and the purchaser is held to have a right to transfer it to other lands under the ditch or canal, so long as the change of place does not interfere with the rights of others. The transfer of the right to use water for irrigation is considered in a note to this case.

BOSTON'S BAG HABIT.

Do you suppose any other city has the bag habit as Boston has it? We have graduated from the Boston bag the most of us, but the whisker bag is a vicious grip on us. And a very good thing it is for the Christmas shoppers. For as a resource in deciding what to give for a Christmas present it has no rival this year. No girl in her sober senses would object, brother, sisterly or any other sort of way, even if she had two or three of them. The more the merrier, she thinks, of these affairs and if she has one for each costume she knows just how much her next-door-neighbor will envy her. Besides, no two may be alike in the matter of fittings. For a large field is covered by bag appointments, now-a-days. And between ourselves this year—a wise girl judges a bag by its fittings.—Boston Transcript.

ETERNAL FITNESS OF THINGS.

"Who is that sickly looking creature over there?"
"Why, he's the editor of the athletic department of the Slotown Standard."—Dallas News.