

Christmas In A Scotch City

Glasgow, the commercial metropolis of Scotland, with its well nigh million inhabitants, can be chosen as an interesting illustration of the manner in which one-fourth of the people of the country spend the holidays.

On Christmas forenoon the lord provost or mayor presides at the annual meeting and breakfast given by the directors at the royal infirmary.

At the close his lordship makes a speech, which is reported verbatim in the newspapers. It is usually a masterly production.

Outwardly the aspect of the city resembles that of Sunday. Nevertheless thousands of people are moving about. The myriad of riveters in the miles of shipbuilding yards along the Clyde have come to the city with their wives and families and are attending the matinee or evening pantomime performances that have already been running.

vating to old and young. Actors and actresses of renown take the leading parts, while there are dazzling costumes, magnificent scenery and a gorgeous ballet thrown in.

Then there is the usual exodus of young men to the country at Christmastide. It is a common saying among Scotchmen that all roads lead to London. This is changed to Glasgow in some cases.

Santa Claus in the Zoo. Said Santa Claus: "Tis Christmas eve (The animals looked pleasant), And each of you will now receive His yearly Christmas present.

His Defense. "What defense," asked the grafter's wife, "did you make when you faced the investigating committee?"

His Mild Resistance. Magistrate—Did you arrest the prisoner, McNulty? Officer McNulty—Oh did, yer honor. Magistrate—Did he offer any resistance? Officer McNulty—Only \$2. yer honor.—Chicago News.

Christmas Eve In Rural England

It was a brilliant moonlight night, but extremely cold. Our chaise whirled rapidly over the frozen ground. The postboy snatched his whip incessantly, and a part of the time his horses were on a gallop.

The squire ushered us at once to the company, which was assembled in a large, old fashioned hall. It was composed of different branches of a numerous family connection.

While the mutual greetings were going on between Bracebridge and his relatives I had time to scan the apartment. The grate had been removed



THE DANCE WAS A MERRY ONE.

from the wide, overhanging fireplace to make way for a fire of wood, in the midst of which was an enormous log, glowing and blazing and sending forth a vast volume of light and heat.

It was really delightful to see the old squire seated in his hereditary elbow chair by the hospitable fireside of his ancestors and looking around him like the sun of a system, beaming warmth and gladness to every heart.

Supper was announced shortly after our arrival. It was served up in a spacious oaken chamber, the panels of which shone with wax and around which were several family portraits, decorated with holly and ivy.

The supper had disposed every one to gaiety, and an old harper was summoned from the servants' hall.

The party broke up for the night with the kind rendered old custom of shaking hands. As I passed through the hall on the way to my chamber the dying embers of the Yule log still sent forth a dusky glow, and had it not been the season when "no spirit dares stir abroad" I should have been half tempted to steal from my room at midnight and peep whether the fairies might not be at their revels about the hearth.

I had scarcely got into bed when the waits from some neighboring village. I drew aside the curtains to hear them more distinctly. The moonbeams fell through the upper part of the casement, partially lighting up the antiquated apartment.

A Unique Bell. A pretty bell may be made by wrapping a large sized hoop with holly or pine, connecting this with a smaller sized hoop above by four wires or stout cord. Hang strands of popcorn from upper hoop to lower one. Use a large red apple for a clapper.

A Christmas Doll Wedding

We are to have a wedding; Our mothers planned it all. You are to be my little wife And I your husband tall.

I love your pretty eyes of brown— My own are dark and blue— But as they're only glass, my dear, They'll see no faults in you.

My china lips, they long to kiss All your dull cares away, But I must wait for three long weeks Until our wedding day.

However, time will pass, sweet maid, And then we'll never part, I swear to love you all my life With my true wooden heart.

Your own REGINALD.

Dec. 5, 1910

Such was the love letter written by Reginald Graham of New York, a beautiful doll twenty inches tall, light hair, blue eyes, with long dark lashes, to his ladylove, Miss Alice Winchester, a brown-eyed doll beauty of Boston.

The fact is that a marriage had been arranged between these two dollies by their little mamma and several grown-up aunts, to take place at Christmas time at the home of the doll bride.

But making the clothes? Grandsons, cousins and aunts spent days using their nimble fingers to fashion the tiny manly garments, as no little girl could possibly do the difficult sewing.

It was decided that a black broad-cloth suit must be made, but as a first dress evening coat could be used only for formal occasions a tuxedo or dinner coat was finally agreed upon as being of more service.

All the time we have been telling about the bride-room dear little Alice has been so busy having a long white satin wedding dress made, a real lace veil and the daintiest kind of lace trimmed undergarment.

A traveling gown of cloth, an automobile coat of champagne color, a white hat with feathers and flowers, all have been prepared for the "going away" costume.

A procession of twenty little girls with their dollies follows Reginald and Alice, who march into the drawing room to the music of a wedding march played on the piano; then into the dining room, where the dollies sit at a table that had been arranged for them, with a tiny wedding cake decorating the center.

Then comes the wedding tour around the garden, and then the newly married pair go to housekeeping in a big closet that had been furnished for them with all the latest conveniences.

It was really the most brilliant marriage that was ever made in Toy land and is the true story of a dear little brown-eyed girl's Christmas present.

A great many dollie guests were invited from "Mother Goose" Land, and among those most noticed were:

Jack Be Nimble, Jack Be Quick. He was the first one there. Then came little Goldie Locks, Who ran away from the bear.

Bright Miss Nancy Etticoat, Used to standing long, Shone beside Tom Tucker, Who sang the supper song.

Mistress Mary, Quite Contrary, Brought from her garden fair Several maids all in a row, With pretty curling hair.

Bobby Shafto, from o'er the sea, Was in a happy mood; I saw him gazing bashfully At dear Red Riding Hood.

Little Miss Muffet had left her tuffet And sharing his Christmas pie.

Shy Bopeep without her sheep, Many sweet glances won, And there without his little pig Was Tom, the Piper's Son.

Marjorie Daw and big Tom Stout Attracted much attention And many more whose names, alas, I haven't room to mention.

It was a wedding so very grand, All in the month of December, With the very Four Hundred of Toy land there, As many will long remember. —Julian Jerome.

Practice and Preaching. "For the love of heaven, Amanda," said the Rev. Dr. Fourthly, calling to his wife in tones of thunder, "come and take this squalling baby out of the room before she drives me crazy. I'm writing a sermon on 'Bearing One Another's Burdens.'" —London Tit-Bits.

The Great Trouble. "It is every woman's duty to keep young as long as possible," she said. "Yes," he admitted, "but the great trouble is that so many young women insist on keeping young after it is impossible." —Chicago Record-Herald.

He Rallied. First Physician—Did he rally from the operation? Second Physician—Well, I should say so; just look at that black eye he gave me. —Exchange.

A Disaster. Hostess—Mr. Scudbs is going to sing a comic song. Guest—I knew something would happen. I upset the salt at the dinner table. —Stray Stories.

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Table with columns: WESTWARD, STATIONS, EASTWARD. Lists train routes and times for Bellefonte Central Railroad.

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