Christmas, 1899.



to say It put me in a jealous mood. So when she came to say: "Good night" And whispered in my willing ear, On tip-toe in her gown of white, Softly: "I love you, papa dear," "You love me, but how much?" I said, And after just the slightest pause She answered, pulling down my head: "I love you more than Santy Claus!"

The day had been a happy one The day had been a happy one, As ev'ry Christmas ought to be; There was no dearth of cheer nor fun And ev'ry bell pealed merrily. Those near and dear had said: "Good-will" In more or less substantial ways, And nothing in the guise of ill Had called for pity or dispraise. But Stella's bedtime hour by far The happiest was to me, because "Twas then she found, my own bright star, She "loved me more than Santa Claus!" --Edward W. Barnard, in Judge.



- This quired, with interest. "New Year's res-

quired, with interest. "New Year's res-olutions," she responded, promptly. "Goodness, gracious!" I exclaimed, aghast, "you surely aren't going to try to keep that many? It's enough to bring on paresis even to attempt to remember what they're about

to attempt to remember what they're about." "Don't be alarmed," she returned; "they are not intended for personal use. They are merely a little list I have prepared for some men I know. You see, Dorothy," she went on, earnestly, "I've been thinking over the matter, and I've come to the conclusion that the trouble with us women is that we have gotten into the habit of trying to mo-nopolize all the domestic virtues and self-sacrifice. You can't pick up a paper with-out seeing a long article on a woman's duty to make home happy, or a wife's duty to her children. But do you ever hear of its being a man's duty to make home so at-tractive his wife won't want to go out in the evenings? Does anybody ever advise him, when he comes home tired at night, to put on his dress suit and try to entertain his wife to keep her from being attracted by younger and handsomer men? Not much. Do you ever see a roomful of prosperous, middle-aged men sitting around in a father's convention, discussing how to do their duty to their children? Nobody ever did. It middle-aged men sitting around in a father's convention, discussing how to do their duty to their children? Nobody ever dial. It isn't right. I'm in favor of giving the men a show and letting them take a hand in the happiness-making and the duty business. "Now, when the New Year resolution time comes," went on Elsie, studying her ist, "I just want to get in a few of my do-mestic principles, and, my word for it, you will see it will do more real good and bring about more genuine reforms than all the swearing off from smoking and drinking since Adam. Comparatively few women are afflicted with husbands who get drunk or smoke to excess, but millions of us have to put un with men who are in grving need of or smoke to excess, but millions of us have to put up with men who are in crying need of



make household angels sing together for joy would be if men would remember that be-ing a woman doesn't make anyone enjoy having all their theories and ideas derided and scoffed at. There are plenty of women and scoffed at. There are plenty of women who can't venture an opinion on any sub-ject from the weather to the political situa-tion without having their husbands tell them they don't know what they are talking about, and they'd better keep quiet. It may be true, but if a man marries a fool it is his own fault. He picked her out from among all the other women in the world be-cause she was the one that suited him best and was most congenial to his taste, and if she doesn't know a blessed thing he has no right to say a word. As a general thing men fall into this fault of disparaging their wives' opinions through sheer carelessness no fail into this fault of disparaging their wives' opinions through sheer carelessness of their wives' feelings and conceit of their own views. But just let one stop and ask himself how he would like to be continu-ally made to look cheap before the chil-dren and the servants, how he would like to have his ideals, and often even his reli-gion, ridiculed, and every time he tried to tell a joke or a good story have somebody who went out into the world more and saw and heard more remind him that it was a heary chestnut. Could there be a more es-quisite cruelty practiced? Yet thousands of women go through this daily martyrdom from men who think they are good hus-bands. 'Tom was always good to me,' said

SOUR HOLIDAY & SUPPLEMENT

to bear in mind that a woman never gets too old to like a compliment, or to be inter-ested in hearing that her husband loves her and appreciates her; and, above all, to save some of his good manners and good humor for home computing.

for home consumption. "I don't suppose I'll live to see any of my theories carried out," added Elsie, dolefaily, "but I can tell you they are badly needed reforms in a lot of families I know."-Doro-thy Dix, in N. O. Picayune. 140

NEW YEAR IN WASHINGTON

When Every One Keeps Open House with

Mary Nimmo Balentine, writing of "New Year's Day in the White House" in the Woman's Home Companion, thus describes the public receptions: "Announcements are published in the newspapers proclaiming the levee at the white house and the exact minute at which the different officials of the government service will be received, but it is usually near one o'clock before the sovereign people are admitted to the grounds. grounds.

Overdoing the Being Good Business.

lunteered one young hopeful in confidence volunteered one young hopeful in confidence to his chum. "Not on your life. Don't you know Christmas is coming?" replied the youngster who was accused of being too good. "Yes, that's all very well. But you may be makin' a mistake." "You don't know what yer talkin' about. You ought to hear all the folks at our house talking about 'what a good boy Jimmy is getting to be,' and how that fake Santa Claus is going to give him such a lot of nice

Lavish Southern Hospitality.

grounds. "The state levee at the white house is but the beginning of the calling that con-tinues throughout the afternoon and well into the night in official and private houses. The official social season is inaugurated on

"I say, Jimmy, don't you think you are rather overdoing this being good business?"

Claus is going to give him such a lot of nice presents."

""" "Aw, yes. That's all right. But, then, I want to tell you that it may not turn out the way you want." "What are you giving me?" "Well, I ought to know. I tried your game last year, and I got four Bibles and three Sunday school books for Christmas. Not a pair of skates or anything of the sort. They said they thought I would like the Bibles and the books better. Aw, I tell you, Jim-my, you don't want to overdo the being good business."—Chicago Times-Herald.

was generally some wealthy nobleman who was willing to spend money lavishly in pro-moting the gayeties of the court. It is of record that during the reign of Elizabeth, Essex, as "Lord of Misrule," spent in one Christmas season \$15,000 of his own money on the court games.—Chicago Chronicle.

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For the Children.

For the Children. "Yes," said Mr. Blykins, "we always celebrate Christmas for the children's sakes. They expect it, you know, and I wouldn't have the heart to disappoint them." "But you and Mrs. Blykins always re-member each other?" "Oh, yes. I am going to give her a two-hundred-dollar coat and I have reason to think she intends to give me a fifty-dollar othink she intends to give me a fifty-dollar what our presents will be. All we have to think of now is a doll for the little girl and a tin wagon for the boy."-Washington Star.

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Willie's Text.

my, you don't want to overdo the being good business."—Chicago Times-Herald. Beginning Afresh. What a breezy sound there is in the words "Beginning afresh." They have a ring of

RESOLUTION. HAVE I've got a speech to make An' I want to jes' submit and to kinder push 'em through.

Whereas, we've been neglectful an' forget-ful of our work, Whereas, we've been too careless an' too often prone to shirk. Whereas we've been unmindful 'bout the little acts o' love, An' little deeds o' kindness, why, I'm goin' to make this move:

Resolved, we'll be more faithful an' more watchful all the day: Resolved, we'll scatter sunshine all along the weary way; Resolved, we'll let no brother who may need our friendly grasp Piod on another single step without our warmest clasp.

An' now'll somebody second o' the resolutions, then
Let every feller vote an "I," an' add a strong "Amen!".
An' then go out an' act 'em right in all his daily walk.
An' make his livin' tally with his resolution talk.
D. C. Bickars in Atlanta Constitution

-D. G. Bickers, in Atlanta Constitution.

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THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

We Should Each and All Try to Make the Day Thoroughly Enjoyable.

"Because we cannot have the Yule log and traditional roast pig, shall we refuse the cheer of anthracite coal and baked tur-key?" asks Florence Hall Winterburn, writ-ing on the "Shnirt of Christmer" in the the cheer of anthracite coal and baked tur-key?" asks Florence Hall Winterburn, writ-ing on the "Spirit of Christmas" in the Woman's Home Companion. "Or if even the open fire, the misletoe and the family gathering are beyond us, must we disdain the homemaking attempts of the steam radiator, and find no comfort in the dainty elaborateness of a well-spread table, cater-ing to the needs of a refined modern taste? Suppose the misanthrope (for the rocluse who lives only in an imaginary Christmas is a misanthrope) came out of his shell and gathered the young people about him to charm their cars with tales of the old ways of holiday-keeping 'when he was a boy.' Would not this be better than grumbling out protests against the new ways that have their own reasons for being, and offer in turn their own measure of enjoyment to willing spirits? Genial old age is always a we come presence, and it never suggests any contrasts that put us out of conceit with the pleasures that lie within our reach. But carping, even if it proceeds from the patri-arch, is an infliction severe enough to blight any hollday. "In the nature of things there must be

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100 HIS REASON. With the state 20



glad new life in them. They put life into the heart that has grown almost discour-aged by failure and nerve it for fresh en-deavor. Let us enter upon the life and serv-ice of the new year under the inspiration which they give.—Baptist Union. 2.0

Her Bright Scheme.

First Lady—What New Year's present are you going to give to your husband? Second Lady—A hundred cigars. First Lady—And what did you pay for them?

"We have good times at our house along before Christmas." "You do?" "Yes; the children try to please their mother and she tries to please me."-De-troit Free Press.

A Backward Look.



PERSONAL USE.

a little welcome reformation, and who might make us so much happier if they only

"What would I suggest? Oh, lots of things. To begin with: I dhave them make a cast-iron resolution to spend more of their time at home. When a man marries a wom-an he leads her to suppose he does it be-cause he yearns for unlimited quantities of her society, and it must strike any fair-minded person a good deal like getting goods under false pretenses, if, as soon as the hon-cymoon wanes, he chases off to the club or downtown the minute he gets his dinner, leaving her to solitude and the unexciting delights of her own company. It is a situ-ation that perhaps a man never appreciates, delights of her own company. It is a situ-ation that perhaps a man never appreciates, because he has never been there himself. It couldn't happen to him, because the mo-ment he detected a symptom of lonesome-ness he would put on his hat and go off to the theater or the corner saloon, or some place where there were light and brightness and gayety. A woman has no such resources. She can't go around at night by herself hunting up company, but must sit at home, no matter how lonesome and bord she may be. Men are forever wondering why women want to congregate together in boarding houses. One answer to the conundrum is that they want somebody to talk to while their husbands are downtown at night. I have yet to see the woman whose husband their husbands are downtown at night. I have yet to see the woman whose husband was a home-keeping and home-loving man who wasn't satisfied to stay there, too. There's one thing dead certain, and that is that if men were as anxious to stay at home evenings as they were to call on a girl he-fore marriage, and if they took as much trouble and pains to try to entertain their wires as they do their sweethearts, the do-mestic millennium would be in hailing dis-tance.

"Another good resolution that would

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a poor wretch of a woman, weeping over the body of a murderer; 'he never beat me where the marks would show.' "Then, it seems to me, a man might re-solve not to unload all his troubles on the family hearth. Of course, I know every day a man has togo through with enough try the patience of a saint, but because cotton has gone down instead of up or things haven't run smoothly at the office is no re-that a woman has troubles of her own and needs to be cheered and brightened. We are continually told that a woman should always meet her husband with a smile, but no woman can smile long enough or brightened. We are continually told that a woman should always meet her husband with a smile, but no woman can smile long enough or brightened. We are solutions New Year's day meet her has a man's business to smile and help to make home happy as it is a woman's. "There's always room for plenty of good; He might resolve, if he really meant to turn over a new leaf and try to do his part towards making home happy, to make havers wife an allowance and pay it promptly, asa debt of honor; to remember that servarts at a dollar-a-week girl to cook like a \$1,000 cher;

them? A Backward Look. Second Lady-Oh, nothing. For the last few months I have taken one or two out of Jack's box every day. He hasn't noticed it, and will be so pleased with my little pres-ent and the fine quality of the cigars.-Lon-don Tit-Bits. A Backward Look. Chris'mus kin be made so much pleasant-er ef the stern parunt will on'y let his min' wander back tew the time when he made a dash fur the ol' chimney-piece himself.-N. 20

Directed Court Amusements. Down to the reign of Henry VIII, and appointed to direct the amusements of the English court during the holidays. He pre-sided over the festivities, prepared the court was kept properly amused during Christmas week. The office was considered highly honorable, and the "Lord of Misrule" Tact Required. It really requires a marvelous amount of tat to appear thankful at Christmas for something you didn't want.—Cincinnati En-quirer. Put Them in Good Shape. If your morals are in bad shape, the first of the year is a good time to reform them.— L. A. W. Bulletin.

*** Tact Required.



"Willie," said his father, "what good resolves are you going to make for the New Year?" "I'm not going to fight with John-nie Jones any more," replied Willie. "I'm glad to hear that," said the father; "but why did you make that resolve?" "Cause," was the answer, "I always get licked."was the answer, "I a Chicago Daily News.

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Imperishable.

The Christmas bells will silent be, The Christmas lights grow dim. The brightness faded from the tree May leave it gaunt and grim.

But Christmas cheer was never so; Its echo lingers on, With memories of long ago And hope of joys to dawn.

So, o'er all time its might extends And ready homage wins; As one glad Christmas season ends Another straight begins. -Washington Star.

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Wise Precaution.

"There," said the prudent housewife, as' she looked over the Christmas decorations, "I think that will do very nicely. Only we must not forget to take the mistletee from the chandelier and move it to different parts of the room during the day." "What is that for?" asked her husband. "I don't wish to wear the carpet out all in one spot."—Washington Star.

