

### CHRISTMAS AND ECONOMY

A Day of Reckoning Sure to Follow Holiday Extravagance.

By MARGERET SANGSTER.

THE spell of the yule-tide lasts very much longer than the yule-tide itself. Weeks before Christmas holidays we are all thinking about them, wondering what we can do to make them better holidays than we have ever had, planning surprises for everybody from the grandparents to the little ones toddling about the nursery floor and keying ourselves to concert pitch over the whole matter.

It is our misfortune that we cannot divest ourselves of a feeling that to make the home happy we must spend too much money for our mental comfort. Never was there a greater mistake. Pleasure in the household depends on simplicity far more than we think. Children often turn away from the playthings that have cost a goodly sum in dollars and cents, and find their delight in something cheap which they may use at their pleasure.

The costly doll imported from Paris and dressed in the height of the fashion is shown with pride by its owner

dislike to let sons and daughters know that they have anxieties; they resort to every legitimate or illegitimate means to gratify those who bear their name, and in the end if a crash does not come, there are heart burnings and distress that might as well have been avoided.

### Christmas Bells.



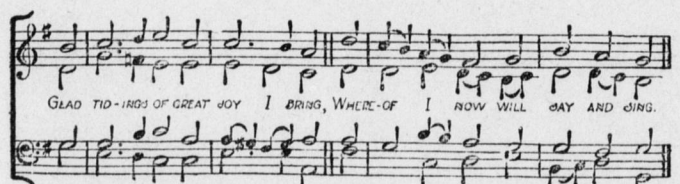
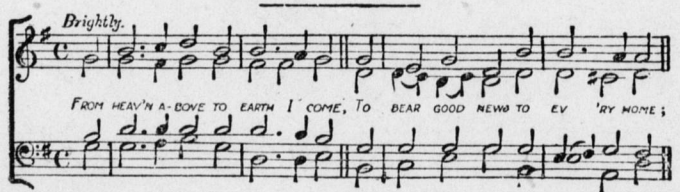
and file still have and always will have limited means, so that thrift is a golden virtue at Christmas as well as at other periods of the year.

Sometimes there is complaint at home that father is moody and taciturn, and a little management and tact are in order before mother and the girls ask him for money, the fact being that the poor man is borrowing right and left, and is almost beside himself to meet the drain on his resources.

Several years ago, soon after the glow of the yule-tide had faded into the ashen embers of mid-winter, a business man was taken ill. Dragging along through the weeks of February and March, the victim it seemed of a mysterious malady, he died and was buried during Easter week. When his affairs were settled, they were found to be extremely involved. The entire scheme of living for the family had to be reconstructed, and with pangs of agony those whom he had loved discovered that their extravagance had really sapped the springs of his life.

### A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Words Written by Martin Luther for His Little Son, Hans. Music Specially Composed by Josiah Booth.



To you this night is born a child Of Mary, chosen mother mild; This little child, of lowly birth, Shall be the joy of all the earth.

He brings those blessings, long ago Prepared by God for all below; Henceforth His Kingdom open stands To you, as to the angel bands.

These are the tokens ye shall mark; The swaddling clothes and manger dark; There shall ye find the young child laid, By whom the heavens and earth were made.

### WAS NO DUTCHMAN

SAINT PATRICK REPLACED SANTA CLAUS AT CHRISTIAN CELEBRATION.

But Dugan Had to Have Several Doubts Dispelled Before He Would Accept the Job at the Mission.

"Oi 'm a union man," said Dugan, slowly, "an' no scab. An' 't is right Oi sh'ud work, whin on strike, if ut 's work for a union man, an' not a scab job. But is th' mission a 'fair' shop, Oi dunno!"

Miss Jones' eyes sparkled. "It belongs to a union," she said. "Oi dunno that wan," said Dugan. "It 's the Sunday School union," said Miss Jones.

"An' kin Oi git a card in th' union, Oi dunno," said Dugan, doubtfully. "Without a card Oi c'ud not tek th' job. Thim is th' rules." "We can get you a card," said Miss Jones; "we can get you a regular Sunday school card and enroll your name on the membership list of the mission, which is a branch of the International union."

Dugan rubbed his chin. "Oi dunno, is there, mebbly, a Santa Claus union?" he said, slowly. "They be so hang many unions these days. Phwat is this Santa Claus loike, now? Phwat is th' job of him?"

"Well," said Miss Jones, cheerfully, "all you have to do is to wear the suit and go up the ladder and take down the toys and candy and pop corn and hand them to the children when they come to the foot of the ladder. I know you will like that, Mr. Dugan, the children are so happy when they get their presents. They all love Santa Claus. You know he was the good old children's patron saint, in Holland."

"Oh, ho!" said Dugan; "Dutch, is he? An' Oi 'm t' be a Dutch-Irishman, am Oi? No, ma'am! Git some other Santa Claus. Niver was a Dugan a Dutchman, Miss Jones, an' niver will a Dugan be wan. Dom th' Dutch! Look how they be gittin' all th' janitor jobs these days! Oi 'll be no Dutch saint fer yez. Sooner w'ud Oi see a Dutchman be Saint Patrick!"

"All right!" said Miss Jones, promptly; "then you can be Saint Patrick. It does n't matter the least. We would quite as willingly have you be Saint Patrick."

"That is more loike!" said Dugan, with satisfaction. "Saint Patrick Oi will be, an' gladly, ma'm, fer he was the grandest saint of all of thim, an' niver a Dutch saint was knee high t' him. Saint Patrick Oi will be."

"Of course," said Miss Jones, "we will pay you the regular Sunday School union wages for Saint Patrick. They are a little less than for Santa Claus."

Her eyes twinkled as she said it, but Dugan received it soberly. "Let he!" he said; "t is little enough did they pay double wages for a man t' pretend t' be a Dutch saint. 'T is a wonder annywan but a scab will tek th' job."—Success Magazine.

### CURIOSITIES ABOUT CHRISTMAS.

Some Peculiar Customs Connected With the Christian Holiday.

The celebration of Christmas as a special festival is said to have begun in the first century, and during the life of the Apostle John one tradition of the church accredits him with inaugurating the custom.

In England the Christmas decorations may remain in the churches during the month of January, but must all be cleared away before February 2, or Candlemas day.

In France it is a common practice to celebrate Christmas by giving an extra ration to all domestic animals, on the theory that all creatures should rejoice at this season.

In the fourth century, the celebration of Christmas was fixed by the Latin church for December 25. Before that time, it had been a movable festival, like Easter.

Santa Claus was introduced into America by the Dutch, of Holland. He is the American representation of the German Knecht Rupert.

Among the English common people, Christmas is lucky when it falls on Sunday, and unlucky when Saturday is the day of the Nativity.

Christmas mince pies in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were made with a coffin-shaped crust, to represent the manger.

In Silesia there is a superstition that a boy born on Christmas day must be brought up a lawyer, or he will become a thief.

In all the states Christmas is a legal holiday, and in South Carolina the two following days are also holidays.

The leaves proper to use in Christmas decorations are those of holly, mistletoe, laurel and rosemary.

In Spain it is believed by the common people that the ants hold religious service on Christmas day.

In Old England plum porridge was always served with the first course of a Christmas dinner.

The custom of giving presents on Christmas day is general throughout the Christian world.

The Eastern church formerly observed Christmas on January 6.

### Only Fair.

"Do you think then the Santa Claus myth is in accord with a higher intellectual development?"

"Certainly," answered the genial person. "I do not see why the children should not have a Santa Claus, if the grown-ups amuse themselves with the heroes of the Wagnerian musical dramas."—Chicago Journal.

### CHRISTMAS PREPARATIONS

BY WILLIAM CHALMERS COVERT.

#### Of the Heart

Open it wide and let the radiant atmosphere that beautified those silent Judean hilltops sweep in. Let the theme of the angels' song echo and reecho that it may awaken within the impulses of good will and make life ready and willing for the service of the Christ.

#### Of the Mind

Let it follow again the steps of the Wise Men and refresh its store of understanding with new and nearer knowledge of what they saw. Let the facts well-nigh meaningless through their familiarity and well-nigh forgotten through our zeal for buying and selling, rise to view clearer than ever and tell with greater meaning their wonderful story.

#### Of the Hand

Let it serve without murmuring. It plies the trade that makes the whole world glad. Let it sew and paint and weave and carve and earn the daily wage, that to the total joy of the Christmas world it may add its part. Let it labor and be glad of weariness, knowing that it hastens the coming and prolongs the memory of the gladdest hour in life's calendar.—Interior.

### THREE CHRISTMASSES EACH YEAR

In Palestine the Day is Celebrated on Three Different Dates.

That "Christmas comes but once a year" is not a correct statement to make in Bethlehem of the Holy Land, for it comes three times, officially and ecclesiastically, authorized by the usages of centuries. The first Christmas, which falls on the 25th of December, is celebrated by the Latins and Protestants. This date accords with the calendar as reformed by Pope Gregory XIII. in 1582 A. D. The Latin or Western Christian church is not, and never has been, known by the name of Roman Catholic to the natives of either Palestine, Syria or Egypt, but always as the "Latin" church.

But what in Europe and America is known as the Greek Orthodox, or Russo-Greek Communion, the Eastern Christian church has always, and still is, called "Roumee," or Roman, by the native population, as also officially by the Ottoman government, it being the communion recognized by the Moslems when they conquered the Byzantine provinces. The "Roumee," or Greek Orthodox church still adheres to the Julian calendar, adjusted by Julius Caesar 46 B. C., by which count the 25th of December falls on our 6th of January, celebrated by us as Epiphany and "Old Christmas." The Armenian church has also a different ecclesiastical calendar, which brings its Christmas on the 18th of January.

### IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Peculiar Ceremony With Which Christmas is Celebrated by Indians.

Some of the tribes of South American Indians celebrate Christmas with a great deal of show and ceremony. Not the least important part of the celebrations is the parade of the chief and high functionaries of the tribe, all gorgeously ornamented with necklaces of bush-hogs' teeth, long strings of seeds or beads, crowns of beautiful feathers, trailing decorations of brightly colored birds' skins, and painted and spotted in varied patterns. The chief always heads the procession, carrying a baby on a rude wooden platter.—Peoples Home Journal.

### THERE WERE OTHERS.



Jones—My wife was hunting last week. Smith—In the mountains for rabbits? Jones—No—in the department stores—for bargains.

### Light Collections.

Good Deacon—Seems to me the collections are becoming very light. Beloved Pastor (gloomily)—They all ways are this time of year; the ladies are saving up their money for Christmas slippers for me.—N. Y. Weekly.

# FRONTIER CHRISTMAS



George Ely Ran Forward.

THE times were flush; there had been good crops, and an abundant harvest had been gathered and stored away. The people on old Lick creek, in Ralls county, Mo., were happy and eager to enjoy themselves. The country was sparsely settled, and there was little to be had that was good to eat or drink nearer than the town of Florida, on Salt river, where Squire Clemens, the father of Mark Twain, kept a store.

They danced all night under the hospitable roof where sat old Uncle Rhuebin Reddish, Aunt Lou extending them a warm welcome; then they went home with Rube Purvis to eat bear meat, and from there to Uncle Harry's and Aunt Edy's, where venison was broiling and bee gums had been robbed.

Christmas eve day was bright and pretty. The sun broke through a rift of clouds and the revolvers were fairly intoxicated with joy. They intended to spend the night and Christmas day at the Widow Mackelroy's, where there was plenty of room and an abundance of good things to eat and drink.

The Widow Mackelroy was with the crowd. She had left Uncle Ned and Aunt Polly to look after her house, telling them that if they went away to close the doors. The faithful old servants were not liable to go farther than some cabins occupied by colored people, and the widow knew that they would answer the summons of the ranch bell. Though it was Christmas time she never dreamed that the negroes would leave the place.

Old Ned and Aunt Polly did leave the house, and a big black bear must have been watching them when they walked away. He had doubtless scented the odor of a Christmas feast. It was easy for him to smash one of the kitchen windows and enter the apartment unmolested. After feasting upon such things as had not been securely hidden away, the bear probably prowled through the house until his curiosity was satisfied, and then, finding a dark corner under the stairway in the hall, he laid down and closed his eyes to pleasant dreams.

This audacity was the result of careless training on the part of one James Irvin, an old bachelor of the vicinity, who had made a pet of this same bear, Bolivar, as the bear was called, frequently answered the call of the wild. In his youth Bolivar was an interesting pet. He was capable of performing many tricks, and he was an accomplished wrestler.

The crowd of Christmas rambles reached the Widow Mackelroy's house about dark on Christmas eve. The lively young widow led the way to unlock doors, and the boys and girls followed, snowballing and singing Christmas carols.

The widow was in the act of making some interesting discoveries in the kitchen, and a dozen couples of dancers were moving over the parlor floor in harmony with music that was loud and fast, when shrieks and screams echoed through the rooms, and those who were able to command their senses saw a monster black bear entering the parlor on his hind feet and swinging his forelegs invitingly, as if seeking a partner for a waltz. The ballroom instantly presented a scene of the wildest excitement. Boys and girls who were near windows lost no time in making their escape. The bear cut off the retreat of a considerable crowd and hemmed them in a corner of the room. Bolivar pranced in front of these, licking froth from his red lips and glaring into the faces of the screaming girls as if he were trying to select a dainty one for his Christmas supper. George Ely, a young man who was proud of his strength and his ability to hit hard blows, ran forward and struck the bear on the side of the head. Bolivar shook his ear as if he were tickled, and, turning about, he seized the amazed young man with his powerful

paws and drew him to his breast. The bear was becoming angry, and he would soon have crushed every rib in George's body if the youth's sweetheart had not come to his rescue.

Mary Goodwin had been dancing with George Ely and when the bear entered the room the thoughtful girl ran to the fireplace and seized an iron poker. It proved a good weapon. It was an iron bar about four feet in length, and it had been in use so long that one end had worn to a sharp point. Its effectiveness had been improved by a young man who had stuck the sharp end in the fire for the purpose of using it to take the chill from a pitcher of hard cider.

When Mary Goodwin saw her lover's face distorted with pain as he struggled to get loose from the mad bear's powerful arms she ran to his assistance, "Help! For God's sake, help me, boys!" shouted George. The bear was trying to fasten his teeth in his victim's throat, when the brave girl thrust the red-hot point of the iron bar behind the monster's forehead and threw her whole weight upon it. The sharp point slipped between the bear's ribs and entered his heart.

With an angry growl Bolivar sank in a heap upon the ballroom floor, and George Ely staggered away, to fall, gasping for breath, in the arms of his quick-witted, fearless sweetheart.

Bolivar was barbecued on Christmas day, 1854. During those same holidays George and Mary were married.

### Bits from the Trees

Hence the Mistletoe. Florence—Don't you remember that last Christmas you broke your engagement?

Geraldine—Yes; but I'm a year older now.

### SORROW OF IT.



Mildred—Oh, dear! I wish I knew what to give Mr. Slowboy for a Christmas present.

Helena—Why don't you give him your heart, dear?

Mildred—The big goose has it already, but he doesn't know it.

### The Sum.

Knicker—Christmas mathematics are puzzling. Bocker—Yes, you put down tens and carry everything.

### An Explanation.

"Women are naturally more artistic than men." "Yes," answered the matter of fact person, "that's why so many of us look funny when we wear our Christmas neckties and smoking jackets. Our wives want us to look artistic."