

SANTA CLAUS UP-TO-DATE.



Ho! all you giggling girls and boys,
Gay dads and bachelors melancholy,
Fond mothers 'mid domestic joys
And maidens coy beneath the holly—
A startling tale my pen employs—
A truthful tale and wondrous jolly.

Last night when I had lingered late
With fascinating Kit McDonough,
We paused a bit at Kitty's gate,
And what d'ye think our gaze fell on, O?
Your old friend Santa up to date—
A water-whiskered fat Cyrano!

In auto-car he flitted by,
His antiquated outfit scorning;
He lifted, as he caught Kit's eye,
The striped cap his head adorning.
Behold him presents enveloped high—
The very ones you found this morning!

Hoigh-ho for days when drifts were deep
And sleighbells on the reindeers tinkled;
When dreams disturbed our tardy sleep,
And Santa came with snow besprinkled.
(I dare not guess what style he'll keep
When Kit and I are gray and wrinkled.)
—Frank Putnam.



By MEIRA HUNT.

ELL me, dear, was there
ever such a bore!"
sighed Mildred as she
threw herself upon a
heap of cushions in the
pretty oriel window.

"What is the mat-
ter?" said her mother,
who was spending "blind man's holi-
day" in the glow of the firelight.
"Has this rainy day been too much
for my sunny daughter?"

"Some woes will bear patching,"
said Mildred, "but I don't see how
even you can mend this one."

"It must be very bad indeed then,"
laughed Mrs. Windsor, "for usually
you think me an expert in that line.
Come over here by the fire, my dear,
put on a bit of driftwood, and let us
find a rainbow in the beautiful colors,
while you tell me all about it."

Mildred drew herself up and
went towards the fire. The bits of
ragged gray sticks did not look very
promising, surely, but they were
tossed, nevertheless, and the ebullient
fire, while mother and daughter
awaited in silence the cheery blaze.
When the dainty colors began to
dance about in glee, against the sooty
background, Mildred nestled at her
mother's feet and began to share her
trouble.

"It's about Christmas,—not the do-
ing-to-others part, nor the gifts
either, but how to give the gifts to
our very own, our nearest and dearest."

"It is all very easy in a large family,
or where little children can be bidden
to a tree laden with pretties and good-
ies. But what is the use of trying to
make believe that big people are little
folks again, and that it is great fun
preparing for two or three people,
where there are too few for a mystery
and no one to surprise?"

"We have tried to invite friends,
but they so often have some excuse.
"Christmas is nearly here; for a
wonder, my own gifts for Santa Claus's
pack are ready and waiting; but what
can we do to make our own home
Christmas happy?"

"You do seem to be all in a tangle,
dearie, but I am sure we can straight-
en it out some way."

"Let me see; there are how many
of us? Seven, are there not? Why
could we not weave a rainbow into our
plans?"

"There! I knew you would help
me, mother mine. Leave the rest to
me, and I will surprise you, with the
others. We shall have a Merry Christ-
mas yet."

The days intervening before Christ-
mas were busy ones for Mildred, and

What fun it was opening the small
bundles!

A bottle of cologne appealed to one
person, a little ring brought a shout
of joy from the youngest guest, a
dainty tumbler for the industrious
one, a silver stamp box for the letter
writer, a brooch, a pocket pencil—it
was wonderful how many useful
things came out of those little stock-
ings!

When all had been examined, the
genial host moved that the company
adjourn.

Then came Mildred's triumph.
"Now, papa, will you lead the way
to the library, where we shall find a
postscript from Santa Claus?"

"Such conduct," said the artless
youth,
"Most shocking seems to me!"
"But 'neath the mistletoe, perhaps,
'Tis different," murmured she.
The artless youth he smiled a smile;
"Pray, look at this," quoth he.

It was a sprig of mistletoe,
with tiny leaves of green;
Up rose that artless maiden
All with a solemn mien,
And stealthily she led that youth
Forth from the shocking scene.

All silently she led him forth
(That artless maiden fair)
To the dim conservatory
'Mid the palms and orchids rare;
Then took that sprig of mistletoe
And put it—in her hair!

At the library door the guests
started in amazement. There in front
of them was a large screen artistically
draped with a fine flag; across the
top were groups of small flags like a
standing fringe.

In a corner stood a bushy Christ-
mas tree, bright with the usual glitter
and color. In front of the screen were
hung mysterious bags of cambric, one
for each color of the rainbow.

When the guests were seated, Mild-
red took a small wand in her hand
and announced that, as Santa Claus
had so much to do that evening, he
had left a bag for each person on con-
dition that every one should claim
the right one.

Waving her wand towards her
grandfather, she asked him to make
the first guess. Alas! it was wrong.
Once or twice she went around the
circle before any one guessed the
right bag.

Then Mildred says the owner must
prove a right to the bag before she
could deliver it. So saying, she
handed over a small envelope contain-
ing a card on which were written a
few lines of poetry.

More mystery and guessing! The
guests began to wonder if they ever
should earn their gifts. At last some
one discovered the clew; the envel-
opes contained acrostics on the names
of the guests, and great amusement
was afforded by reading these aloud.

One bag was long and narrow;
the recipient was tall and slender; the
color was that of his college.

Another bag was the favorite color
of the one for whom it was filled; its
shape was very wide and stout. The
owner of this bag received the booby
prize for being the last to guess cor-
rectly.

He explained that he had not been
willing to select that bag sooner, in
spite of his fondness for the color, as
he feared to be thought greedy.

The prize was a ridiculous tin toy;
the first prize was a toy watch and
chain, presented with due ceremony.
At last came the fun of opening the

bags, comparing discoveries and thank-
ing those donors who were present.
Bags of bright colors were provided
for the servants too; not one was left
out, and they were present to receive
them.

Lighting the tree closed the cere-
mony, and Mildred had the satisfac-
tion of knowing that her guests,
though few, had been thoroughly en-
tertained with the fruit of her own
thought and handiwork, while none
of the old charms that make Christ-
mas beautiful had been omitted.

The Uncle's Lament.
Backward, turn backward, O time in your
flight,
Ten or twelve years would be just about
right.
Make all of my sisters young ladies again,
Make all of my brothers young unmarried
men—
Blot out all my nieces, my wee nephews,
Till after the holiday season is through;
Carry me back to those old days when I
Didn't have about forty-five presents to
buy.

Backward, turn backward, O tide of the
years,
They are sweet, they are cunning, the dear
little dears;
They "love Uncle Jack very much," so
they do
When Christmas begins to loom up to their
view;
But things of late haven't been coming my
way,
I am hard up at present, and therefore I
pray,
Swing backward, O time, from the echoes
shore,
Make me nephews, nieces, till Christ-
mas is o'er.
—Chicago News.

A Postal Santa Claus.
The passing of the Christmas card
is thoroughly signalized by the vogue
given the selected quotation, which is
now made an important adjunct to
every Christmas gift. The selection
of a quotation which is appropriate
and personal evidences the desire of
the sender to express a special greet-
ing. The quotations given below may
possibly be of value to our readers:

With some trifling present, Shakes-
peare's
"My good will is great though the gift be
small."
With a pair of slippers, Dickens'
"We must go together."
With a book of travel, Stevenson's
"It takes the mind out-of-doors."
With a calendar, Emerson's
"Write it on your heart that every day is
the best day of the year."
With a pair of gloves, Dickens'
"We're a pair, if ever there was one."
With a change purse, Dickens'
"We must expect change."
With a work-bag, the old Proverb:
"It is never too late to mend."
With a silver plate given to a small
child, Eugene Field's
"When thou shalt eat from off this plate
I charge thee: Be thou temperate;
Into thine elders at the board;
Do thou sweet reverence accord,
Though unto dignity inclined,
Into the serving folk be kind;
Be ever mindful of the poor,
Nor turn them hungry from the door;
And unto God for health and food,
And all that in thy life is good,
Give thou thy heart in gratitude."

Christmas Twice a Year.
Some children think that Christmas day
Should come two times a year;
But that is not at all the way
That it should be, I fear.

For in the summer Christmas-trees
Are very, very small;
And all the games and toys one sees,
They are not ripe at all!

The dolls are very tiny ones;
The wagons will not go;
The balls are littler than buns—
It takes them months to grow!

The candy it is, oh, so sour!
The guns they will not shoot,
There's need of many an autumn shower
To ripen Christmas fruit!
—St. Nicholas.



Romans Used Christmas Greens.
It seems odd that Christmas Day
should be so bound up with customs
and observations which are but a sur-
vival of superstition and heathenish
rites. The use of evergreens, for in-
stance, is one of these. The Romans
ornamented their temples with them
during the feast of Saturn, while ivy
was universally used by them in the
orgies attending the honor of Bacchus.
The ancient Druids hung green
branches and mistletoe over their
doors as a propitiation to woodland
spirits.

A Devonshire Belief.
A belief was long current in Devon
and Cornwall, and it is said to still
linger in remote parts of the country,
that at midnight on Christmas eve
the cattle in their stalls fell on their
knees in adoration of the Saviour, as
they are said to have done in the
stable at Bethlehem. Bees were also
believed to sing in their hives at the
same time, and bread baked on Christ-
mas eve, it was averred, never be-
came mouldy.

A Christmas Plea.
Don't look up the chimney, sweetheart,
For Kris Kringle and his things;
But leave your door a bit apart
For Cupid's dainty wings.

A Tip to Santa Claus.

The Peacock a Christmas Bird.
The peacock was the favorite Christ-
mas bird with our English ancestors.
The preparation of his peacockship
was elaborate and expensive, and
could be done only by an expert cook,
who usually sent the bird to the table
with his comb gilt and his tail spread.

Johnny Was Anxious.
Mr. Squiggs (reading)—"I see
that Professor Wiseman, the prophet,
has decided that the world would
come to an end next Christmas."
Johnny Squiggs—"Before or after
dinner, pa?"—Baltimore American.

The Pudding of Old.
It is estimated that if all the pud-
dings made in England in honor of
Christmas were rolled into one, the
weight of it would be 7589 tons. For
this pudding 32,000,000 eggs were
used.



DO NOTS FOR CHRISTMAS.

What to Give and What Not to Give Your Friends.

Don't pay more for the Christmas tree than you pay for the fruit.

Don't send your gentleman a gold toothpick. He may have false teeth.

Don't send your pastor embroidered slippers. To travel the straight and narrow path requires hobnailed shoes.

Don't buy your daughter a piano and your wife a wash tub. If you reverse the order, you will do justice to both.

Don't place your expectations of a Christmas gift too high. You may have to put your foot in your stocking to find anything in it.

Don't make your friend a present and be disappointed because he doesn't give something. Perhaps you have surprised him.

Don't give presents to people not quite so prosperous as yourself and tell them not to reciprocate because they can't afford to make presents.

Be just before you are generous. Pay your debts before you buy presents. Your creditors may consider that they have received an unexpected gift.

Don't give your boy a drum and forbid him beating it, nor your daughter a horse and order her not to take it out of the stable without your permission.

Quotations For Christmas Gifts.
The passing of the Christmas card is thoroughly signalized by the vogue given the selected quotation, which is now made an important adjunct to every Christmas gift. The selection of a quotation which is appropriate and personal evidences the desire of the sender to express a special greeting. The quotations given below may possibly be of value to our readers:

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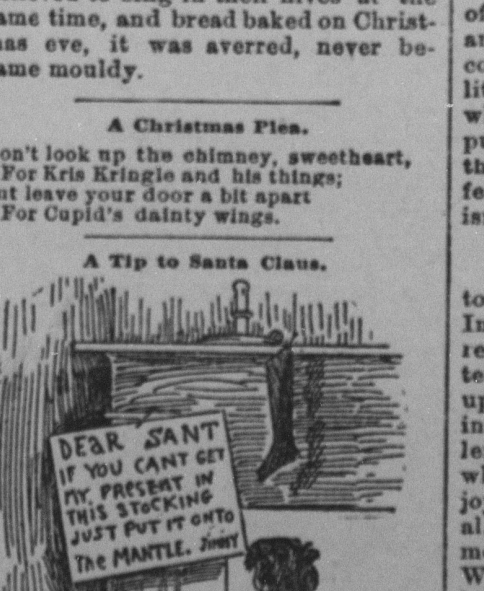
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Jimmy—"There, now, dat looks
bully; I hope he'll take de hint an'
put some new stockings dere 'fore he
does anything else."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Our little submarine Holland has
made the world's huge navies just so
many interrogation points.

The excitement over wireless tele-
graphy and liquid air seems to have
left the flying machine out of the
count.

A Rome dispatch announces that
the head of the Mafia has been found
and that the gentleman is still wear-
ing it.

American printing presses have ap-
peared in Edinburgh, and the only
adverse criticism made is that they
turn out papers faster than is neces-
sary.

Out of 12,000,000 American families
the income of 4,000,000 of these fam-
ilies is less than \$400 each per year,
and the incomes of nearly eighty per
cent of the entire number are less
than \$1,000 each per year.

The young men and women who
were rehearsing a play at a co-educat-
ion college in Illinois had to be re-
proved for the sincerity of their kiss-
ing scenes. The reproof was proper.
They should be reminded that mere
realism is not art.

The Assistant Attorney-General for
the Post-office Department at Wash-
ington reports that for the last fiscal
year, out of ninety-nine fraud orders
issued, only nine were for lotteries
and gift enterprises, an indication
that the lottery business has been
nearly broken up.

Nearly a million dollars is now go-
ing into cotton mills in Mississippi.
That good state is moving steadily
forward and her people are said to be
more prosperous than they have been
for twenty years past.

The Kansas City Star, commenting
on the increased transportation of
horses to the Eastern market, says:
"The passing of the horse as a motive
power has been a fruitful theme for
writers since the advent of the electric
car and the automobile, but the
horses persistently refuse to pass."

Who says the Indian is not pro-
gressing. An Alaska native has sued
prominent Seattle citizens, including
a newspaper man, for stealing a totem
pole from the reservation. The old
fashioned method of recovering a
sacred emblem would have been a
war dance and scalping knife.

A photograph recently taken of the
delegates of the Nebraska State Fed-
eration of Women's Clubs shows,
what is to be noticed in the greater
number of clubs, that the members
are the middle-aged matrons and older
women whose active household duties
have ceased to a great extent. They
used to say that missionary societies
in churches were composed of old
maids and widows. There was prob-
ably some truth in it, because the un-
attached women have the time to de-
vot to the work.

A bicycle factory in Pennsylvania
has just completed a number of jim-
rickshaws for China, Japan, South Africa,
and the Philippines. The bodies of
the carriages are of wood, and some
of the wheels are of bicycle finish,
with rubber tires. All have tops to
protect the riders from the heat of the
tropical countries. The American
manufacturers have greatly improved
the running qualities and appearance
of this useful but queer-looking ve-
hicle.

During the past few years the pro-
duction of gold in Colorado has been
increasing so rapidly that California
can no longer be termed the Golden
State. The official figures of the Di-
rector of the Mint show that during
1898 Colorado produced \$23,195,300
while California's product was only
\$15,637,000. For 1897 the figures were:
Colorado \$19,104,200, California
\$14,618,300. Furthermore, nearly all
the rich new strikes made recently
were in Colorado.

Criminals today fear the public
journals quite as much as they fear
the detectives and other officers of
the law, and in many instances they
fear the newspapers most of all states
the Philadelphia Times. The services
of American journals in the exposure
and suppression of crime have be-
come so general that the public have
little appreciation of them, but those
who well understand the power of the
public press to halt the vocation of
the criminal have the most wholesome
fear of America's progressive journal-
ism.

The London riding schools, we are
told, are supplying women grooms.
Instead of following "my lady" at a
regulated distance, like the male at-
tendant, the woman groom rides right
up alongside. Thus the early morn-
ing center is no longer passed in sil-
ence, but in "cheerful converse,"
which is supposed to add to the en-
joyment of the riding "constitutional."
Where is women's invasion of
men's established occupations to end?
With men being employed as cham-
bermaids, while women are to be
found at all callings from barristers
to barmaids and grooms, school com-
missioners and mayors of cities,
things are being turned topsy turvy.
We may look forward to women
judges on the bench deciding whether
or not a dress fits or where the blame
lies between a servant and her em-
ployer.

Norway is to-day unique as a com-
mercial nation. There is no other,

not even Great Britain, that rivals
her in the proportionate size of her
ocean going commerce. Great Brit-
ain, with 40,000,000 population, has
12,500,000 tons of shipping, or nearly
one-third of a ton per capita. But
Norway, with only 2,200,000 popula-
tion, has more than 1,600,000 tons,
or nearly three-fourths of a ton per
capita. And Norway, with only 2-
200,000 population, is in tonnage only
50 per cent behind the United States,
with its 75,000,000, and 35 per cent
behind Germany, with her 53,000,000,
and actually surpasses France, with
her 38,000,000, while she is so far
ahead of all other maritime Powers as
to be beyond comparison with them.

The report of the capture of the
British Ninth Lancers by the Boers,
though false, brings up once more the
discussion in military circles as to the
value of the lance. In the French
army the adversaries of the weapon
are in an immense majority. They
ridicule the thing, and insist that it
should appear only in museums,
among the relics of the middle ages.
For ten years, nevertheless, the little
group that favors the lance has held
out. Probably the pretty effect of a
regiment of lancers on parade has
something to do with the stubborn re-
sistance. But the moral effect of the
thing in actual warfare, as compared
with that of blazing carbines in the
hands of charging horsemen, who hold
their sabres in reserve, counts for
little in the opinion of French officers.
In the German army it was abolished
some time ago; but it was recently re-
stored. Austria has thrown it out
completely, and in Russia it is pre-
served only in a few Cossack regi-
ments. On the other hand, in the
war of the Sudan, in which General
Lord Wolseley distinguished himself,
General Graham's corps came near
being annihilated by Arabs armed
with long lances.

Thirty years ago it was asserted re-
peatedly that the outcry against the
wholesale slaughter of the buffalo was
all nonsense, and that it was utterly
impossible to exterminate the Amer-
ican bison. But where is he now?
queries the New York Sun. The
keepers of our zoological gardens can
answer. We hear the same cry in re-
gard to the food supply of our fishing
grounds. In times past New York
Bay afforded some of the best fishing
in the world, but in comparatively a
few years its fishing grounds, dis-
solved one after another, until now on
the line between the Narrows and
Sandy Hook scarcely one remains.
It took less than twenty years to ac-
complish that destruction. Even at
the once far-famed Rorer it is doubt-
ful if a dozen game fish were captured
by the anglers last season, unless
blackfish are to be counted among
the game. And the cause of it all is
plain enough. It is simply foul water
and fast netting. It may be some-
what difficult to put the garbage scows
out of commission, but everybody
knows that before long the system
must come to an end, and the sooner
the better. The scows must go.
They are an offensive nuisance, and
in the dredging of the proposed new
channel the Federal Government will
have to pay some millions of dollars
for taking up the stuff that it cost
New York city many millions to put
down.

The Author of a Famous Jingle.
It is singular how a piece of lit-
erary work can become world-famed,
and yet the author be almost en-
tirely unknown. I was struck by this
fact by casually learning that in the
city of Galesburg, Ill., lives Mrs. Ju-
lia A. Carney, a name perfectly un-
familiar to thousands of ears. And yet
from the pen of this woman came,
many years ago, a jingle which is, per-
haps, as famous as ever written. I
refer to

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land."

It is now nearly fifty years ago that
Mrs. Carney wrote these lines while
teaching a primary school in Boston.
Then she was Miss Julia A. Fletcher.
It was while writing a little article on
the value of moments in a life that to
illustrate her meaning Mrs. Carney
unconsciously wrote the jingle de-
signed to live for years. Without
thinking that there was anything in
the lines calculated to make them im-
mortal, she sent them to an editor who
asked her for "some scraps to fill cor-
ners." In a very few weeks the lines
were copied broadcast over the land,
the Boston schools introduced them
into their books, children sang them
and mothers taught them. Mrs. Car-
ney's identity as their author has al-
ways been completely lost. To-day
she clips her lines from papers with
other names attached. Mrs. Carney is
a widow, and resides with her oldest
living son in Galesburg, with but lit-
tle credit meted out to her as the au-
thor of a jingle which has taken so
strong a hold on the hearts of millions
of children throughout the world.—
Boston Journal.

Forgave His Debtors.
The last act in the life of Uncle
Henry Bowen, a venerable citizen of
Humphreys County, was the invoca-
tion to "Forgive us our debts as we
forgive our debtors," and he practiced
what he preached. A messenger was
despatched to summon all his debtors
to the bedside of the dying patriot,
and they came under the apprehension
of being called on to settle, but the
old man gave each one the note held
against him, and thus squared the ac-
count. Several thousand dollars' in-
debtedness was wiped out by his phi-
lanthropy.—Nashville (Tenn.) Banner.

The California woodpecker will carry
an acorn thirty miles to store it.



A JOLLY REFEAST WITH PLENTY OF MISTLETOE.

mystery hovered over her goings and
comings, and reigned supreme behind
the closed doors of her room.

Christmas evening came, and with
it the few guests for whom it had
seemed so difficult to plan. The din-
ner table was bright with holly and
mistletoe. A tiny Christmas tree
occupied the place of honor in the
center of the table. On it were baby-
house candles, small flags, cornucopias,
candies and mysterious little stock-
ings filled with miniature bundles.

Bright red ribbons started from a
big ball of red and green, hung be-
neath the chandelier, and spread May-
de fashion to the edges of the table,
where they were fastened with knots
of holly.

There was holly on the
pictures, about the room, holly for
intonhole bouquets—holly garnished
the dishes, and gave a real Christmas
flavor to everything.

After the nuts and raisins, the tiny
tree was lighted and the wee stock-
ings were distributed.