

CHRISTMAS BELLS

By Jane A. Williams

O Christmas bells, ring out the story old—
Gay bells, joy bells—the sweetest ever told
Immanuel the King has come—
O, chiming bells, be ye not dumb.
"Tis peace on earth, good will to men,
"Tis he again, and yet again,
O, Christmas bells.

O, Christmas bells, ring out the favor birth—
Sweet bells, glad bells, this day to all the earth,
That all to Him, their glorious King—
O silver bells, may incense bring
Who welcome Him, with Him shall reign,
Till it again and yet again,
O, Christmas bells.



Christmas Dream

By TOM MASSON



"I've been wanting," said Wigton, "to have a good old-fashioned Christmas for years—a Christmas such as I used to have when I was a boy—and this year I am going to have it. I'm going to open up the old homestead up in Hillville. Martha, the cook we had when I was a boy, will cook for us. Everything's planned—tickets bought. Come my dear, what do you say?" Mrs. Wigton looked at her husband aghast.

"I don't seem to have anything to say," he observed, "if you have made all the preparations. When do we start?"

dingy colonial frame to the sky, Martha was on hand to greet them.

"To-morrow will be Christmas, Martha," said Wigton, after the compliments of the season had been passed, and I want a genuine old-fashioned Christmas, such as I look backward upon with such fond recollections."

Martha with a glow of pride in her honest face, nodded assent.

"I guess I know, John," she said, calling Wigton by his first name. "N you'll have it if I kin give it to yew."

keys—what do you know about 'em, anyway?"

"Martha," said Mrs. Wigton, as she helped herself, "is evidently not a waitress."

"Sh," warned Wigton, "She might hear you. A waitress! Well, I should



say not. Martha comes from one of the oldest families here. And by the way, my dear, try and unbend, won't you? Martha's sensitive, and might feel it."

The first course of dishes, which had been arranged by Martha on the table in the same spirit that she displayed when conveying sunny pieces of wool from the wool pile, were now removed and the second course came on.

"Now," exclaimed Wigton, "we'll have the real thing. That turkey was a slight disappointment, I'll admit."

"And don't say that I said it," whispered Mrs. Wigton, "but that chicken pie was a trifle heavy, don't you think?"

"A trifle," admitted Wigton, "but wait. Here comes the glorious pumpkin pie. Here are the delicious crullers and the sugar cookies I've dreamed about so long."

"Hope you've enjoyed yourselves?" said Martha, as she dumped the dishes down in front of Wigton.

"Very nice," said Mrs. Wigton, with a reception smile.

"Fine," said Wigton, his eyes glistening with anticipation. "Any coffee, Martha?"

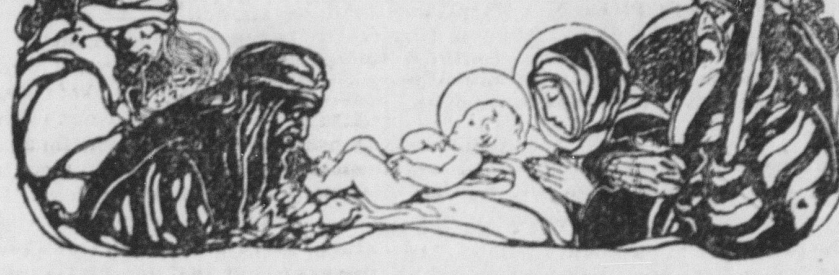
She brought in the old fashioned coffee pot—the only object that Mrs. Wigton took any interest in—and sat it down in front of him.

"And now," said Wigton, "we're off."

A silence ensued. A silence broken only by monosyllabic observations on

THERE WAS A BABY BORN IN BETHLEHEM

THERE was a baby born in Bethlehem
I know they say
That this and that's in doubt, and, for the rest,
That learned men who surely should know best
Explain how myths crept in, and followers' tales
Confused the truth
I know—but anyway
There was a baby born in Bethlehem
Who lived and grew and loved and healed
and taught
And died—but not to me
When Christmas comes I see him still arise,
The gentle, the compassionate, the wise,
Wiping Earth's tears away, stilling her strife.
Calling, "My path is peace—my way is life!"



Gran'mother's Talk.

Gran'mother says, while she's sittin' there,
At the fireside, in her old armchair:
"Ain't any Christmas now, my dear,
Like the ones of long ago!
When I was a girl there was more of light
An' song in the world a Christmas night;
The green just blossomed over the white
In the Christmas long ago."

She talks that way, 'cause she's old,
You know,
An' her hair is whiter than whitest snow,
An' she thinks that her time is come to go
To a Christmas in the skies,
But my arms around her neck I throw
An' say: "Gran'mother, in the long ago,
Did you have anybody to love you so?"

An' she smiles, an' wipes her eyes.
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Quaint Christmas Decorations.

Here is a quaint idea in Christmas decoration, suggested by one of the English newspapers—the words of "The Mistletoe Bough," and two bars of the refrain, the words carried out in the mistletoe itself, while the notes of music are holly berries, fastened upon lengths of pale green ribbon, placed along each side of the table is an arch of holly and mistletoe, lightened by the introduction of white narcissus blooms. From arch to arch is festooned a garland of mistletoe, from which are suspended five bells, varying in size, and made entirely of blossoms of lily of the valley, so arranged that each bell appears semi-transparent and forms an ideal shade for the little electric globes contained within them. In the centre of the table is a cluster of narcissus and a few sprigs of holly, while here and there about the table is placed a sheaf of crackers.

The Christmas Dinner.

In England, where we derive our Christmas customs, the turkey is not, as in this country, a "must-have" for a Christmas feast. The roast beef of old England, with its regulation accompaniment of Yorkshire pudding, flanked by a savory roast goose, is the crowning dish of the event. Occasionally one finds in the American family of English extraction the old customs live on, and a menu is served that is reminiscent of old-time entertainment. An English dinner is undeniably good, and if one longs for a change from turkey and pumpkin pie, an Americanized English menu will not be disappointing. Following is a typical dinner of this order:

Consomme	Bread sticks
Olives	Salted almonds
Fried smelts	Shrimp sauce
Roast beef	Yorkshire pudding
Mashed potatoes	Celery
Roast goose	Apple sauce
Lettuce salad	Plum puddings
	Cheese

Cafe noir.
—Good Housekeeping.



A Sacred Festival.

Yuletide has been held as a sacred festival by numberless nations. Christians hold December 25 as the anniversary of the birth of Jesus. China, on the same day, celebrates the birth of Buddha, son of Maya. (See Bunson.) The Druids held during the winter solstice the festival of Noliagh. (Higgins.) Egypt held that Horus, son of Isis, was born toward the close of December. Greece celebrated during the winter solstice the birth of Ceres, Bacchus and Hercules. Numerous Indian tribes keep Yuletide as a religious festival. (Monier Williams.) Mexico holds in the winter solstice the festival of Capacame (History of the Indies, Volume II, page 254.) Persia at the same period honors the birth of Mithra. (Gross.) Rome celebrated on December 25 the festival of "Natalis Solis Invicta." Scandinavia held at Yuletide the festival called Jul, in honor of Freya, son of Odin. (Brewer, page 311), etc.

A Christmas Cross.

No fir-tree in the forest dark
But humbly bears its cross;
No human heart in God's wide world
But mourns its bitter loss.

Yet Christmas-tide can clothe the fir
In splendors all unguessed,
And bring to every suffering heart
Its joy, its peace, its rest.

God rest you, then, my gentle friend,
And take your cross away,
Or clothe it with a radiance new,
On this glad Christmas Day.
—Willis Boyd Allen in Youth's Companion.

King's Baron of Beef.

The royal baron of beef, which always appears on King Edward's sideboard Christmas Day, at Osborne, is invariably cut from one of the bullocks bought at the King's annual sale of fat stock, early in December. This year there will be 450 sheep, 100 swine and thirty bullocks to be sold.—Chicago Chronicle.

Yuletide Fun

UNKIND.
Miss Konin—"What did your brother Georgia give you for Christmas, Lizzie?"
Little Lizzie—"Mamma says she is afraid he gave me the mumps."

IN BOSTON.
Mamma—"And that is the story of Santa Claus?"
Emerson—"It seems to me, mamma, intrinsically improbable. How can he raise the vast sums necessary to defray his annual expenses?"



THE ARRIVAL OF THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

GOOD THINGS, TOO.
"The Christmas Tree—"It is strange that children are so green as to believe in the existence of a Santa Claus."

The Christmas Candle (sputteringly)—"But they are not evergreen."

CHRISTMAS IN DAWSON CITY.



Klondike Ike—"Wot did yer find in yer stokin' this mornin'?"
Chilkoot Pete—"Frost-bitten toes."

WARD LUCK.
Mrs. Grabberly—"My poor, dear good little darling Freddie has been most outrageously defrauded."

Mrs. Lamberlie—"Why, how did it happen?"

Mrs. Grabberly—"For three whole months he exerted himself like a little major to attend four Sunday-schools, and he has just found out that only one of them is to have a Christmas tree."

A Sunny Christmas.
To give some one a little gift,
All wrapped around with Christmas love,
This frosty Christmas season,
Tied with a string of smiles above,
With lots of wishes, good and gay,
In every corner tucked away,
Will bring you just the sunniest day—
I wonder what's the reason!

A Funny Dream.
I had a funny dream last night,
As strange as strange could be
I dreamed that I was Santa Claus
And Santa Claus was me.
And when I came to Santa's house,
(Where we live now, you know)
I took out near a hundred things
And laid them in a row,
A bicycle with bevel gear,
A gun that shoots real shot,
A pair of skates, a new canoe,
Were some things that I brought,
And then I said, "For fear I've missed
A little thing or two,
I'll leave this pocketbook well filled,
That's just what I will do."
Of course it only was a dream,
But still I think 'twould be
Just great if I was Santa Claus
And Santa Claus was me
—Jonhstone Murray.

The Diplomat.
I kissed my bonny love on Christmas night,
"Nothing unusual," you say,
"The mistletoe helps many a bashful wight."
And "He who will not when he may,"

Ah, but this kiss the Christmas-tide
Imparts—
The memory my very being jars;
For 'neath the mistletoe I kissed the other girls,
While her I kissed outside beneath
the stars.
—Mardeline Orvis.



CHRISTMAS NIGHT---TIRED OUT.

The yule logs burn to an ashen char;
The joys of the day assemble,
Like beams that cling to a dying star
While a wooden soldier dreams of war.
On a Christmas bough a-tremble,
The last little bear in the picture

book
His tale in the wood has spoken;
And tired eyes close on a last fond look
At the sweets and toys in niche an' book,
Scattered and bent and broken.

"To-morrow," said Wigton, "Back to the old homestead. How I have looked forward to it. We'll have something decent to eat at last. How tired I am of this modern cooking!"

The next day, when they arrived at the little New England village where the Wigton homestead reared its

Mrs. Wigton sat silent with a novel she had bought to read. Being from the city, having married John after he had gone away from home she was temporarily out of it, and merely an object of curiosity.

"What's the matter with this base burner?" said Wigton, examining the ancient heater with its leaded glass windows. "It doesn't seem to heat up the way it used to. And the blamed thing throws out enough coal gas to run a gas-house with."

Martha came in and gave it a shake down.

"I guess it's all right," she said. "Haint been used for some time, but it never did burn the way it ought to."

The next day when Wigton and his wife at last sat down to their Christmas dinner, that enthusiastic gentleman rubbed his hands in glee.

"Now," he said, "we're in for it. Here comes the turkey. Hooraay!"

Martha brought it in on a platter. She followed with chicken pie, boiled turnips, cranberry sauce and mashed potatoes.

"Isn't this great?" said Wigton, plunging his fork into the turkey's breast bone. "Martha, where did this turkey come from?"

"Sam Tucker" said Martha. "Sam's done well this year with his turkeys."

"That must be a local turkey," ventured Mrs. Wigton, watching her husband's desperate efforts to carve.

"It does seem a little tough," said Wigton. "Never mind; we know where it comes from. These city tur-

the part of each diner, with Martha hovering near.

Finally, by simultaneous impulse, they both arose and made their way into the little front parlor.

Wigton, taking from his pocket a large perfecto, put one foot on the haircloth sofa, and ere he struck the



match, turned to his wife:

"My dear," he observed, "I have a confession to make. That was the toughest turkey, the soggiest pumpkin, the most abominable coffee, to say nothing of those fierce and indigestible doughnuts, that I have tasted for years. And now I'm going or find out about the next train back. I want to get home as soon as possible and have a good square meal."
—New York Mail and Express.

