



DREAMS OF A YEAR

Table of bread, the body's breath,
Puffing, best in the purple dusk,
Cry of love in the evening hush,
Cry of wind and the song of thrush,
Bright star and twinkling lamp.

The ancestry of Santa Claus

THE jolly, potbellied, roistering old Santa Claus is in hot water. Preachers and parents are rising up against him, declaring that he is a fraud and as such ought to be suppressed. Thank heaven, a sporadic agitation like this can have no serious results.

horns of pigs' snouts or such other fantastic devices as the ingenuity of boyhood can devise. They are girl with chains, which they shake or rattle furiously, it is thought much better fun to be a devil than an angel, hence the number of the former is only limited to the number of boys who are able to command the necessary regalia.

ty or their elder sister is known to be particularly attractive. It is proof of the sound nerves of the children that no harm comes from the ordeal. When St. Nicholas has left the children return to their own homes, but they do not believe that the generosity of the saintly bishop has been exhausted.

A Surprise For Father Christmas. "Dear me, how very strange this is! So Father Christmas cries. Whose are these small red stockings be, This very curious size? While traveling round the world, I've seen Of stockings, many a score, But never till tonight have found Such tiny ones before."



MOTHER AND CHILD. pranks outside. A great silence falls upon the children, and one by one they are called up and examined by the saint. This part of the evening's business is carried on with the greatest seriousness and decorum.

Aerial Flight is Assured--Its Vehicle an Aeroplane

As Easily as the Sea is Navigated, Says Sir Hiram Maxim, Will the Air Be Used, in a Decade, For the Purposes of Trade and Travel.

BALLOON FOR WAR, BUT NOT FOR WORK

Sir Hiram Maxim, in an interview in the New York Herald, says that within ten years at the outside men will be navigating the air as surely and safely as they do the land or the sea, and Professor Huntington also joins in his belief, both declaring that the aeroplane is the airship of the future.

Continuing, the famous inventor said: "In his recent lecture Colonel Fullerton advised continuing experiments with balloons. I don't agree with him. As a matter of fact, it has only been on very rare occasions that the balloon has returned to its starting point, and these results have only been obtained in France."

"These men are being assisted by their work by clever balloon makers, but, as I have already said, I think the balloon will soon be a thing of the past. So I always advise my friends to give their attention to the flying machine."

"A few years ago the automobile was looked upon as a sort of monstrosity; now it is practically a necessity, and I really think that in ten years, at the very outside, we will be navigating the air as easily and as surely as we are now navigating the sea and even roads."

"For a balloon to lift it must have specific gravity less than air. To attain this it must be exceedingly fragile. Therefore it is useless for all practical purposes. Again, it has to be of comparatively enormous dimensions."

"This, you see, in a balloon you have a combination of size and fragility, which must tell against its usefulness. But with the advent of the true flying machine these drawbacks will disappear."

"So I have no hesitation whatever in saying that before many more years pass we shall do away completely with the balloon. If we are ever to fly it must be with a machine heavier than air. Many men are busily engaged in trying to invent a machine which, like a bird, will stay in the air as long as they wish and go wherever they desire to guide it."

"Wright brothers are engaged in making these machines in America and M. Santos-Dumont has spent a large fortune and, I am pleased to say, has met with a certain amount of success in his experiments. The German Emperor, too, is taking the matter up, and he will have the leading scientists in Germany at his disposal. Then Professor Langley and myself have both worked hard trying to solve the problem."

"That solution is coming, whatever people may think, and I really believe myself that within a year from now there will be a great number of machines in the air. This is certain to happen within two years at any rate."

"We cannot get away from the fact that the real flying machine has now made its appearance. M. Santos-Dumont has proved this in his recent demonstrations, and these mark the beginning of a totally new epoch in the history of the world. There are sure to be some startling developments within the next year. We are only on the threshold at present, and the immediate future is full of possibilities."

"Personally, I think that the road to success lies in the development of powerful motors. This means careful and expensive experiments, yet I feel sure that success will soon be achieved. The flying machine will be a sporting affair in the beginning, just as the automobile was."

"But in the same way it will be developed so that it can be used for practically all commercial purposes. Some persons may declare this the dream of a visionary. It is no such thing. Flying machines have come. They will be improved, and at no very distant time, ten years at most, we shall be traveling from place to place in our flying machines just as at the present day we go by train or automobile."

Professor A. K. Huntington, of King's College, London, who was one of the two British competitors in the international balloon race which ended in England, also thinks that the immediate future holds great probabilities in the development of aerial navigation. He said: "The future is with aeroplanes. Personally I have not done much with them up to now, except having models made. Probably what has retarded progress up to now is the expense attaching to the experiments."

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

A soldier in the Philippines is reported to have been cured of stuttering by being shot through the throat.

It is estimated that the apple crop in the United States this year will amount to more than 35,000,000 barrels.

In West Bridgewater, Mass., recently the first church wedding in forty-four years took place in the Unitarian church.

In the west cloister of Westminster Abbey is a gravestone to John Broughton, once champion prize fighter of England.

A New Yorker, a youth in his teens, is reported to have sued a young woman of the same city, alleging breach of promise and asking \$100,000 damages.

The Government of Victoria, Australia, has appropriated \$25,000 for the making of roads by prisoners through the "bush" in unsettled parts of the State.

Pethick Lawrence, husband of one of the "suffragists" imprisoned in London, promised to subscribe £10 a day to the woman's suffrage fund for every day his wife remains in jail.

Japanese children begin to go to school when six years old. During the first four years they learn Japanese and Chinese; in the next four years every child has to learn English.

William Pinckney Whyte, United States Senator from Maryland, who recently celebrated his eighty-second birthday, has never been inside a saloon, never smoked and never rode in a cab.

Denmark, famous for her great exportation of butter, has 500 cows to every 1000 of her inhabitants, and if five heads are counted a family there are two and one-half cows to every family.

Up in Vermont they killed a burglar who had \$118.20 on his person, and after paying his burial expenses and erecting a monument to him, turned \$63 and the twenty cents in to the town treasury.

Major John S. Horbeck, of Charleston, S. C., is said to own the largest bearing pecan orchard in the world. He has more than sixty acres in bearing trees and his main grove consists of 550 acres.

The neatest town in the world is Brook, in Holland. So tidy are the inhabitants that they will not allow horses in the streets. It contains a population of 2700, and the chief industry is the making of Edam cheese.

German firms are building very large gas engines, one having just been built of 2000 horse power for a mining company, and a number of 1500 horse power tandem gas engines and 1200 horse power gas dynamos are reported.

In Turkey there are 1500 schools in which girls receive education. There are forty secondary schools having 3000 girls on their rolls. The learning of the Koran is compulsory, and arithmetic, geography and elementary science are taught.

DISTRIBUTING CENTRES. Cities From Which the Great Volume of Printed Matter is Sent Out.

A striking example of the great volume of printed matter which the Postoffice Department is called upon to handle from month to month is found in a report recently issued by the department.

Of printed matter, designed for general distribution, 28,000,000 pounds were shipped in one month last year by publishers at the rate of a cent a pound at the 100 largest postoffices in the United States, the total amount of such shipments having increased from 295,000,000 pounds in 1896 to 450,000,000 in 1900.

These shipments of printed matter, collected and transmitted by the Postoffice Department, constitute a very fair gauge of the distributing points of news and literature in the United States, and the relation which they bear to each other is peculiar and has little reference to population.

New York stands at the head with more than twenty-five per cent. of the whole shipments of the country. Chicago follows with about two-thirds of the shipments of New York. Then follow St. Louis, Philadelphia and Boston, in the order named, Boston's shipments seeming unduly low, and then Kansas City, Cincinnati and Augusta, Me., the shipments of Augusta seeming unduly high.

Minneapolis, San Francisco, Pittsburgh, Detroit, St. Paul, Cleveland and Milwaukee follow—all of them minor but populous cities—and then come Springfield, Ohio, and Elgin, Ill., two small places, Springfield being notable on account of its output of agricultural machinery, and Elgin on account of its manufacture of watches and its shipments of condensed milk.

Baltimore comes next, then Denver, Omaha, Des Moines, Atlanta, Lincoln, Nashville, Louisville, Indianapolis and Washington. Bangor, Me., exceeds Buffalo; Dallas, Tex., exceeds New Orleans. Brooklyn has shipments little larger than those of Waterville, Me., and Rochester, N. Y.; Williamsport, Tex., and Memphis, Tenn., have about the same shipments.

Albany, N. Y., and Providence, R. I., are far down on the list. Newark, N. J., is still further down, and Charleston, S. C., ranks below Racine, Wis. It is estimated that it would take 25,000 postal cars to carry these second-class mail matter shipments.

CITY FOOD VS. COUNTRY. The Girl Who Came Back to Manhattan For Her Health.

"I think I'll be getting well now that I have come to the city to live," said the girl who had been living in the country for her health, "and can have what I want to eat—good things. Look at these peaches I got for our breakfast—real peaches, red one side and creamy on the other. See, they are so fine you can take the peeling off with your fingers. And guess what I paid for them. Next to nothing. I haven't had any this season. You see they don't have peaches in the country till they grow on the trees. I love the kind that grow on the New York peach-trees."

"Now, don't think I'm extravagant, but I bought a canteloupe, too. We can eat that first, then make the peaches our dessert. "Do canteloupes grow on trees or just come up out of the ground? I never saw any at all in the country. I think they must be a city fruit, you see so many of them around. Guess what I paid for this lovely little canteloupe big enough for us two. Three cents. I tell you we can live very cheaply here in the city, and have just what we want. We can both live on what you paid for my board in the country. I will count up exactly what I spend and you will see."

"Isn't this cream simply delicious? I am glad to have cream again. Yes, I know, I lived on a dairy farm, but do you suppose they let us have cream? I've got skimmed milk we were mighty lucky. I haven't tasted cream since I lived in the city. Maybe this is milk from our dairy farm we are drinking. I wouldn't be surprised. And still, it is awfully good milk. I don't know. "These eggs, too. I am very fond of eggs for breakfast and I haven't had them for such an awful long time. Have them on the farm? Why, of course not. Dairy farm eggs bring too much money in the city for farm people to eat them."

"I have bought some corn on the ear for our dinner. Did you really think we had it out there? Why, it hasn't got ripe yet, and when it does they won't have it. They will sell it. We have been eating canned corn the year 'round. I suppose if it wasn't for the country people the canned corn people would peg out. There wouldn't be anybody to sell it to amount to anything. The same with tomatoes. The same with nearly everything. And you wonder why I am thin."

"Look here, I don't believe I'll ever in the world get back my liking for meat. You wonder why I want little, thin, thin slices of cooked ham cut out at the delicatessen store by a long, thin, sharp knife till it almost looks like the shadow of slices of meat. This is why. I like to eat animals I am not acquainted with. I am tired to death of eating legs I've seen running gayly about the farm, pigs I've seen squealing, that I've heard in their death rattle, that I've seen chopped to mince meat and made sausage of, the odor of which I have had to endure. I'd rather eat cured ham than any in the cold storage a century or two. Then you know the owner hasn't been a friend of yours and you haven't got to listen to him in his last agony."

"The chickens! My landlady used to wait till they were great-grandmothers before she'd kill them. Then she'd have them in the frying pan before they'd quit wriggling. We were eating them when by rights they should have been cooling off and getting ready to be cooked and eaten. There was a cow they were all very fond of. They called her Rose. I rather liked that cow, too, for she did give skimmed milk and little enough of it at that. Well, the time came for her to die and they killed her. No cold storage for Rose. Like the chickens and pigs she must be eaten up at once while they were in the humor. They wouldn't have eaten her at all if she hadn't been tough as leather. They would have sold her. "Do you know what they did? Sat up at the table and said, 'Will you have some of Rose?'"

"Wouldn't that take your appetite? Wouldn't you have lost flesh, too, and got to be skin and bones as I am? I just reckon you would. "Oh, yes, I shall be getting well and fat and rosy now that I have come to the city again, where I can have all the fruit I want and eat strange animals."—New York Press.

Kentucky's Good Old Corn Bread. Land of the luscious, indescribable and ever conquering corn bread, Kentucky, we hail thee! Other States have their corn bread, but no corn bread on earth ever reaches the right spot in the hungry man's make-up like that of old Kentucky. Corn bread is the Kentucky housewife's monument. See the genuine corn bread anywhere, or even the imitation, and the mind must instinctively go back to old Kentucky, with all its treasures and traditions of corn bread making. This, verily, is "a land of corn and wine; a land of bread and vineyards." See the Kentucky household gathered about hospitable tables to realize the truth of Victor Hugo:—"Oh, the love of a mother, love no one forgets; miraculous bread which God distributes and multiplies; board always spread by the paternal hearth, whereat each has his portion, and all have it entire."—Louisville Herald.

Commas. Mr. and Mrs. Comma celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of their marriage a few days ago, and the funny papers at once got busy with their name. The Washington Post remarked that it was "a pretty long sentence for two commas," and The Boston Transcript adds the happy reflection that it was no doubt "a blissful period." This is fairly good "pointing." These Commas have been bracketed together as long that we express the hope by way of () that nothing will— their happiness or bring it suddenly to a full stop.—Columbia State.

A Silesian court recently sentenced to prison for two months a man who had failed to cheer the Kaiser during the military maneuvers.

N. Barabino, a Living Italian Painter