

The First Christmas Day In America

THE first American observance of Christmas day was far from a merry one. It was spent by Columbus and his ship's company among scenes of peril, disorder and excitement consequent upon the greatest disaster which had befallen the expedition. On Christmas eve the admiral's flagship, the Santa Maria, which had so stoutly plowed unknown seas since that distant September day when she dropped astern the outermost Canary island, laid her clumsy Spanish bones to rest off the coast of what is now Haiti. Her crew spent the following day, Christmas, partly on the Haitian shore and partly on her consort, the tiny caravel Nina.

The story of the disaster and the day may be told in this way:

Sailing from the Tortugan roadstead, the flagship squared away for the coast of Haiti and entered upon her closing days.

In the morning watch of the 24th, the day following their return, Columbus gave orders that the expedition should start for Guacanagari's capital. The yards of the two craft were triced away, and a start was made in a light wind that blew almost dead ahead.

A strong current was sweeping the ship quickly along. Directly in her path was a sand bank, on which the breakers swept with a roar which open ears could have heard half a mile away, but which now sounded no warning to any on board. Suddenly the Santa Maria's keel grated heavily for some moments on the submerged sand, and then she struck violently and lurched to one side with a strain which sprung her masts.

All was confusion. The watch rushed to the bows and then jumped to the ropes. Columbus, rushing out from the cabin, took in the situation at first glance.

"Jesu Maria!" he exclaimed. "We have grounded!"

Christmas morning dawned on a scene of singular interest. Our fancy



THEY RAISED A CROSS.

likes to range back through four shadowy centuries to the new world's first Christmas and that remote and otherwise insignificant sand spit in the Caribbean, to that forgotten picture in which the devout children of holy mother church and the loyal subjects of their most Catholic majesties of Castile, Aragon and Leon tolled in thankful fellowship with the generous savages whom they had regarded as heathen. To seaward of the stranded vessel lay the caravel Nina and a small flotilla of canoes. Around floated spars, casks, coops and general wreckage. It had for some hours been evident that the ship was doomed to lay her bones to rest in Davy Jones' locker, and the admiral, with the coming of daylight, began to transfer to the Nina what was left of her provisions. In this work the cacique and his younger brother directly assisted him.

Toward noon the Spaniards discontinued work. For almost eighteen hours they had labored with scarcely an intermission and nature could stand no more. Their immediate prospects were as bright as they could reasonably hope for, as the more portable provisions and stores had been transported to the Santa Maria's consort. They now determined to rest until the cool of the day, when they should resume work. On coming to this decision they rowed to the shore and, in accordance with their custom, erected a cross on the highest point within convenient distance. This done, the fellow banner of the Spanish kingdoms, with its castles and lions, was displayed, and mass was celebrated in honor of the anniversary. Toward twilight the work of transferring was taken up, but so great had been the moral and physical strain on the crews that it was soon judged best to await the ensuing morning, and after a vesper chant all hands, save a small watch, turned in, some on the shore and some aboard the Nina. Thus ended Columbus' Christmas in the year of Discovery, 1492.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat

CHRISTMAS EVE IN POVERTY ROW

IT WAS the night before Christmas, and all through the street Swept the cold wintry blast and the fast falling sleet. No voice of kind greeting the grim silence broke.

From rooftop and chimney there issued no smoke. No window was red with the fire's warm glare; No odor of garlands was borne on the air; No shop where the splendor and blaze of the light Shone out on the gloom of that chill winter's night.

There was darkness above, there was darkness below, On the night before Christmas in Poverty row.

For warmth, light and comfort, alas, there was not In the shelterless homes of that desolate spot. Where the storm and the wind might enter and roar Through broken down window or half fallen door! No children who lived in that poor, wretched place Could you find with a bright and a sunny face. No stockings were hung there; no gladness or mirth Could be found on the eve of the good Saviour's birth. No carols were sung in that region of woe On the night before Christmas in Poverty row.



"NO STOCKINGS WERE HUNG THERE."

In the fancy of childhood what image so bright As fur trimmed St. Nick, the good genius of night, With his broad, ruddy face and kind, loving eyes, As bright as the sunshine of midsummer's sky; With his jolly red cap and the big laden pack, Which he merrily bears on his broad, sturdy back! Can it be that St. Nick has forgotten the poor Or the homes that are barren and drear as the moor? Has he gifts for young Croesus and none for poor Joe On the night before Christmas in Poverty row?

Ah, St. Nick, there's a spirit—the spirit of sleep— That comes to the child who but wakens to weep When in dreams he beholds a great tree all beblight, And from its fir boughs seems to come a great light! Then the voice of the Master is heard to decree, "Thou shalt suffer the children to come unto me." Ah, if we but follow his precept, I ween, We would all be St. Nicks and send well laden teams With presents and gifts that would banish all woe And make happy the Christmas in Poverty row.

—John Hevat.

ROYALTY AND CHRISTMAS.

The Emperor and Empress of Germany Bestow Rare Gifts.

In the German royal household each member has his or her own individual Christmas tree. The gift of the empress to her imperial spouse is usually some souvenir from a famous battle. Throughout the year she has her agents scouring the earth for rare trophies and spares no expense in procuring the one that strikes her fancy. This is placed at the foot of the emperor's tree. In this way and by other means he has gathered a fine museum of war relics. One Christmas the present he received was a pistol used by General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans.

The empress also makes presents to indigent clergymen. The package to each of these consists of an outfit of clothing, a Christmas card and a cake baked by her own hands. The kaiser's gift to his wife is usually a fine jewel or some article made by his own hands.

In England the celebration of Christmas lapsed after the time of Cromwell and the Puritans, who regarded it as too much of a pagan festival. Its revival came about through the writings of Charles Dickens and the royal observance of the day by the prince consort and Queen Victoria. After Prince Albert's death the queen modified her observance of the day for a few years.

Santa's Gifts.

The news that Santa had left two gifts Inspired his broad grin, But his grinning stopped And he nearly dropped When he learned the two were twins!

—Rachel Weston Butler

Preparing For Christmas.

"There was a man sent from God." The English of it could not be more simple or direct.

One sees as in a vision the man of the wilderness, clothed in a garment of camel's hair, face that of an ascetic, spare of frame—the man who fed on locusts and wild honey.

And then we stop there. "There was a man sent from God"—that is all. Some of us perhaps who know his story follow him a little further in our mental vision as he went about proclaiming his tidings. Some of us perhaps wonder what the next picture will be. Some of us say over, "There was a man sent from God," with considerable accent on the smallest word, and mentally remark, "What of it?"

But does it not occur to you that more than one has been "sent"—that for some reason or other every living soul has a mission here and therefore that you and I have one, too, and, if we were sent, why?

Not for the mere sending, as we like to believe.

If we were sent there was a purpose in it.

There are "tidings" for our spreading, just as there were in those days of long ago, and a work for us to do.

Are we doing it, or are we so occupied with our own lives and hopes and ambitions and pleasures that we have quite forgotten life was given us for something besides eating and drinking, sleeping and working and general enjoyment?

If this is what we have been doing here is no better season in all the year for starting afresh on a right basis to do the work and carry the messages of happiness to others, for which we were sent.

Somehow Christmas, with all its poetry, has a most practical side. There is so much work to be done.

Are we preparing our Christmas gifts selfishly, giving only to those from whom we expect gifts in return, or are we planning to do a bit of the work for which we were sent—planning to make Christmas a happy time for some of the less favored ones of earth?

And are you doing your utmost? Are we giving what we can in our Christmas gifts, or are we giving for the Christ's sake whatever happens to be left over after we have bought expensive gifts for our friends which they do not need, luxuries for ourselves that we could do without, leaving for him the leftover nickels and pennies?

No matter what Christmas has been to us in past years, let us this year give for the sake of the giving, for the sake of those who need it, for the sake of the reason for which we were "sent."

No matter how small the offering if it be our best.

No matter how poor it seems nor how insignificant, it is yours to tell your Christmas tidings, yours to bring Christmas happiness to some one.

Let us prepare our gifts in the right spirit—a spirit to prove that we want to do our part and enjoy doing it, in spreading far and wide the joy and the happiness which Christmas day typifies—joy and happiness which we have been sent to make real to some heart that perhaps knows, but does not feel because of its suffering or bitterness or poverty.—Boston Traveler.

Christmas Bells.

Ring the glad tidings, the Saviour is born! Ring it, ye bells, on this glorious morn! And perched on the branch of my Christmas tree A motley assemblage of maidens see. Know you what tale to their ear there tells, Your loud merry clanging, ye Christmas bells?

Then list! To proud Maud looking tenderly down On jewels that flash on her silken gown, To long braided Gretchen, content with her share Of chains, though not gold, yet of sausages rare, Four chiming weaves sweetest and fairest of spells, Bears whispers prophetic of "wedding bells."

All swiftly as out rings your warning tongue His sweetheart gets ready the tea for Ah Lung, And ebony Choo of Fifth avenue—south—in welcoming smiles spreads her generous mouth. Far different to them is the treat it foretells— Four meaning, prosaic, just "dinner bells."

Bianca in tune shakes her gay tambourine, And lightly to church trips demure Angelina, Bestowing no look to the left nor the right, Though noting full well the admirer in sight. But soon a sweet smile all his doubting dispels, And gayly your chiming betokens "aleigh bells."

The children run out longed for gifts to receive, And all the world full is of joy, I believe, For northward and southward, to east and to west, The bells peal out plainly what each one likes best. Then ring ye and swing ye, ye gay Christmas bells, Four chiming the fairest of messages tell. —Etelka Fashion Album.

A Christmas Song.

[Waltz Carol]

So reste ye welle, kynde gentlemen; So reste ye welle tonight, Fe moon shynes in an azure sky; Fe eastern star has ris'n on high; So reste ye welle tonight.

So sleepe ye sweete, fayre gentle maids; So sleepe ye sweete tonight, Fe snowe lies whyte, ye wynde doe moane, Fe nighte fyes on, ye candle's blown, So sleepe ye sweete tonight.

So reste ye alle, kynde gentle folk; So reste ye alle tonight, May in your hearts the Christ Child's face Fynde love for alle and give you grace, So reste ye welle tonight.

—Rachel Weston Butler

OPEN AN ACCOUNT

THE FARMERS AND MECHANICS BANK

Corner of Main and Tenth Streets, Wishes All its Patrons a

"Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year."

We desire to thank you for your liberal patronage, which has made it possible for the bank's rapid and conservative growth.

We desire particularly to call your attention to this bank's comparative growth of its deposits:

June 1st, 1907	- - -	\$ 24,398.54
May 1st, 1908	- - -	\$ 109,896.20
May 1st, 1909	- - -	\$ 161,077.58
May 2d, 1910	- - -	\$ 241,843.67
May 1st, 1911	- - -	\$ 272,500.68
May 3d, 1912	- - -	\$ 304,915.97
Nov. 2d, 1912	- - -	\$ 339,958.04

OFFICERS:—M. E. Simons, Pres. J. E. Tiffany, V. Pres. C. A. Emery, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

- | | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|--------------------|
| M. B. Allen, | W. H. Fowler, | John Weaver, |
| George C. Abraham, | W. B. Guinnip, | G. Wm. Sell, |
| J. Sam Brown, | M. J. Hanlan, | M. E. Simons, |
| Oscar E. Bunnell, | John E. Krantz, | Fred Stephens, |
| Wm. H. Dunn, | Fred W. Kreitner, | George W. Tisdell, |
| | J. E. Tiffany, | |

OPEN SATURDAYS

Built By MARTIN CAUFIELD.



Globe of Polished Quincy Granite, 40 inches in Diameter, Set in Brook Side Cemetery, Carbondale, Pa.