

CHRISTMAS GLADNESS

Children faces gleam to-day;
Hearts are happy, glad as May;
Gifts surprise us with their cheer;
Earth is heaven, for heaven is here.
When the year is fading slow,
Angel pleasures mortals know;
In our hearts and homes we find
Eden lingers yet behind.
When the soul God's Gospel feels,
Paradise about it steals,
And it never goes away,
Life itself is Christmas Day!

THE TALKING PIG.

"None of my numerous Christmas experiences have been sad ones," remarked the famous old clown, Dan Rice, who chanced to be in a reminiscent mood the other day.

"It was on a holiday," he continued, "that I accidentally determined to be a showman. While walking on the outskirts of Pittsburgh, Pa., I paused to admire a pen of fine pigs by the roadside. Now, a pig is not the least intelligent of animal creation—that is, he knows enough to eat whenever he gets a chance. I was a fairly proficient amateur ventriloquist at that time, and the owner of the pen was astonished to hear me maintain a conversation with a sleek, fat porker as he approached the sty."

"Pig, you know you ate that pullet, feathers and all," I accusingly exclaimed.

"Dan, you know you lie and the truth ain't in you," came the angry response from within the sty.

"Phwat the devil's got inter me pigs," their owner wonderingly inquired.

"The devil take ye, ye Irish nagur!" a squeaking voice replied from the pen. "Dan, swot 'im in 'th' smeller."

"I'll do nothing of the kind, you ungrateful beast!" was my indignant reply. "You've got the devil in you."

"After a few minutes' conversation the Irishman was convinced that a certain black and red pig was possessed of a devil, and he was sorely perplexed thereby. He was greatly puzzled to know how to get rid of both pig and devil at the same time. At last I kindly volunteered to take the duo, and he offered me a small consideration for so doing."

"Within two weeks I was making a neat sum of money on the road by exhibiting an educated, talking pig, which proved a great drawing card. So well did I prosper with it that the next Christmas I lavishly entertained a host of old, as well as new, friends with the best the country afforded."

"From thence on my career was singularly successful, and eventually I became proprietor of the first circus in which I had ever appeared as a clown."

word clown, according to Webster, and a churl, a man of coarse man-



IT'LL DO NOTHING OF THE KIND.

ners, an ill-bred man. But I found it paid, just the same. As the original Shakespearean clown, I drew a salary of \$10,000 a season, and endeared myself to a discriminating and fun-loving public.

"Another memorable Christmas I spent as a prisoner in Blue Eagle jail, charged with the heinous offense of providing the general public with amusement, entertainment, and instruction, in the form of a circus. Now, one of my objections to prison life is that it is too confining, but, just the same, I was Santa Claus to the prisoners, and visitors at the jail that day. We had a fine dinner of roast pig and fowl, with cranberry sauce and mince pies. That day I, for the first time, sang before a select audience my famous song of 'The Blue Eagle Jail,' which subsequently revolutionized public sentiment against showmen."

"Another never to be forgotten Christmas I spent in Havana, when at the height of a performance before a large audience the best lion tamer that ever I knew furnished a dinner to a cage of fierce Numidian beasts. When the lions were finally beaten back from their prey with red-hot irons there was just enough left of Florinelli to hold a funeral service over. That was all. Well, such is circus life," exclaimed the old clown, mournfully.

"The happiest Christmas of my life was spent at New Orleans. At that time I had a company of 100 of the sweetest-voiced children that ever sang, and with them I was giving a series of spectacular musical productions at various cities in the South, traveling on my own steamboat. The tour had been unusually profitable, and so I announced that at the close of the last performance, on Christmas, Dan Rice's original Santa Claus would appear in his sleigh, with many unique effects, and present to each dear little member of his company a token of the season."

"I and my agents spared no efforts in perfecting the necessary plans, and at

the close of the last performance on Christmas the lights were lowered and a winter's night scene presented, with full moon shining upon snow-covered rooftops and plains, over which soon came Santa Claus dashing along in a frost-glittering sleigh, drawn by reindeer, the jingling of whose bells could be plainly heard. Upon a housetop the sleigh halted, and Santa Claus disappeared down a chimney.

"Then the scene changed, the lights were turned out, and the hundred-silvery voices of the company united in singing 'The Star of Bethlehem.' Then, still singing, the pretty little ones, all beautifully costumed, marched across the stage, each bearing in his or her arms the dainty presents from Dan Rice's Santa Claus. O, that was a great night in New Orleans, and my Santa Claus saw that no hungry one in the whole city went supperless to bed."

"And what became of those dear little boys and girls of my company? Well, some are dead, and some are married, while I'm still Dan Rice. I want to see twenty-six more years in order to ascertain the ultimate level of the 'new woman.'"

The Wrong Girl.



There's naught can add more to your woe
Than when you've made a sortie,
And caught her 'neath the mistletoe,
To find she's nearly forty.

Boys Can Have Everything.

In the line of toys that lord of creation, the boy, can have anything his heart desires, providing only that Santa Claus is good to him. Certainly the range is wide enough. Does he want a railway? Years ago he would have to content himself with one that would go only when he pulled it along the floor. Now, however, he can have it propelled on a real track laid on real ties. He can choose whether the motive power shall be steam or electricity, or clockwork. He can have the track equipped with real switches, which can be thrown so he can cause his own collisions.

Or would he like a stationary engine? Here, too, he can have the choice of a steam engine or an electric motor. The steam engine is elaborately got up, and is perfectly safe if the safety valve is kept on.

Perhaps he would like to have a ship. But he will not be old fogey enough to expect a sailing ship. Just as the clipper has disappeared from the deep, so has the vessel or sail vanished from toydom. He can get all kinds of wooden ships that move around on wheels, some painted to represent our newest naval vessels, and others like the finest of the merchant marine. Or, if he must have the real article, he can have a metal craft, propelled by real steam in the nearest bit of real water that is handy.

Hang the Greens.

The greens are hung over chandeliers, mantels and picture frames. Long branches of holly are tied to the railings of the stairways, and a nice little holly tree, full of berries, with a big decorative ribbon bow in front, is placed on top of the newel post. A special ribbon, called "berry ribbon," of a red which matches that of the holly berry, is used for tying Christmas decorations.

In addition to the greens there is one flower which is identified with Christmas. This is the so-called Mexican Christmas flower, or poinsettia. It is a small red flower, with long, highly decorative red leaves, which blooms in Mexico about this time of the year and is grown here in greenhouses especially for use at Christmas time.

To Much Like Work.

Ragged Reube—Here's a chicken coop. Let's swipe a chicken for our Christmas dinner.
Weary Willie—Swipe a live chicken? Nil! Wait till we strike a butcher shop.
Ragged Reube—Why?
Weary Willie—I'm not goin' to spend Chris'mus pullin' out feathers.

Well Answered.

Uncle Mose—I prayed dat de Lawd would sen' me a Christmas turkey.
Deacon Jones—Wuz yo' prayah answered?

Uncle Mose—Well, it wuz mos' satisfactory a 'markable thing dat Squish Brown's henhouse doan wan't locked las' night.

Snoothaven Now.

Burgling Bill—Lay down now, little chillerin', an' go ter sleep. I'm Sandy Claus.

Child Harrold—But Thanty Clawth bath wharher!

Burgling Bill—Oh, dat wuz afore de Populists begun to wear 'em.

Shakespeare Up to Date.

King Lear—How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child! Here I gave that girl my diamond frame, and now she won't even lend me a clean shirt!

Chinese Noah's Ark.

The Chinese Noah's ark usually contains a unicorn, a dragon, a hippogriff, a griffin and a number of curious mythological creatures.

THE HOLLY SONG.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind.
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendships are feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendships are feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

In Washington's Time.

George Washington ate his first Presidential Christmas dinner in the house which stood at Pearl and Cherry streets, Franklin square, in New York city, and there were present, besides the President, Mrs. Washington, his grandchildren and a few invited guests. Six years before this time he had laid down his office as Commander-in-Chief of the Army. How little he expected the honors that were in store for him is evidenced by a letter which he wrote to Baron Steuben, on December 22, 1783. "This is the last letter I shall write," he says, "in the service of my country. The hour of my resignation is fixed at 12 o'clock, after which I shall become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac."

It is interesting to recall the fact that he reached Mount Vernon, after having resigned, on Christmas Eve, and was there snow-and-ice bound by weather so severe that he was unable to visit even his aged mother, who lived in Fredericksburg. The scene of his resignation in the Christmas season is worth recalling.

Gen. Washington appeared in the hall of Congress clad in a dark brown cloth suit, which is distinctly said to have been of American manufacture. His sword was steel hilted, his stockings were of white silk, and a plain pair of silver buckles adorned his shoes. His hair was, of course, powdered and in bag and solitaire. The members of Congress sat with their hats on, as they still do in Parliament Gen. Washington, conducted by the secretary of Congress, formally made his resignation to the President, concluding:

"I consider it an indispensable duty to close this last solemn act of my official life by commending the interest of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God; and those who have superintendence of them to His holy keeping." Scarcely less graceful was the reply of the President, whose prophetic words were: "You return from the theatre of action with the blessings of your fellow-citizens, but the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military commands, but it will continue to animate remotest ages."

What Caused His Joy.

Hennypeck—Last Christmas was the happiest day of my life.
Askins—How was that?
Hennypeck—A burglar broke into the house on the previous night and stole the handsomely lithographed box of Royal Cabbage Leaf cigars that my wife had bought for a present for me.

Christmas in Porto Rico.



The Day Before Christmas.

There silence in the house to-day,
The children do not want to play;
They hang around, their movements slow,
Their voices are subdued and low;
Each face shows earnest thought, because
To-night's the night for Santa Claus.
Anticipation running high;
They waited as the days dragged by
And almost hourly on parade
The largest stockings they've surveyed
From early morning light, because
To-night's the night for Santa Claus.
Papa down at the office sits
And all day long his eyebrow knits;
He's almost tired enough to drop;
But on he toils; he cannot stop;
He's had no time to loaf, because
To-night's the night for Santa Claus.

He is Right Up to Date.

"Up to date?" said Santa Claus.
"Well rather!"
He rang up his polar stables.
"Hello, hello!" he shouted. "Run out that new refrigerator motor sleigh. Quid; the children are waiting. Up to date? Just watch me while I motor!"

An Unpleasant Gift.

Askins—I presume you were not especially delighted with Professor Pokesmith's peculiar Christmas present of a snake preserved in alcohol?
Washington—No, I did not appreciate either the gift or the spirit in which it was tendered.

CHRISTMAS NOTES.

Some Holiday Occasions That Are Simple to Make.

To make a Christmas bell use two or three pieces of tin, fastening the top of one a little way up into the center of the other, to give the proper length to the bell. Fill this solidly with moss and then trim with holly berries and a bit of mistletoe. A calling card makes a pretty clapper. Suspend the bell by scarlet ribbons.

The foliage of a Christmas tree may be brushed here and there with mud, and then sprinkled with common salt and a very pleasing result is obtained. A pretty drapery for the tree is made by cutting long strips, about four inches wide, of tissue paper, then cutting it closely, partly, but not entirely, across the width, making fringes; if the strips be dampened and held over a hot stove the fringed ends will curl and look quite ornamental.

Yule packages are intensely exciting if each one is wrapped in successive papers, with successive addresses, so that no one knows if the present will stay with him or whether he must hand it on to another.

Christmas bags offer a pleasant diversion. They are made of tissue paper, eighteen by nine inches, and filled with confetti. Suspend each by a thread in the doorway, blindfold each child, and let him try to knock one with a cane. If successful at the second or third effort, to the winner belongs the prize.

A green hall suspended over the Christmas dinner table is made by fastening two long hoops together, one within the other, turning each way like an open globe. Twine pineapples around each hoop, and put in sprigs of holly here and there. This, indeed, is similar to the old "kissing bunce," which is so common in old-fashioned homes in England—two wooden hoops, one passing through the other, decked with evergreens, in the center of which is hung a "crown" of rose apples and a sprig of mistletoe. Beneath it there is much kissing and romping, and the carol singers stand beneath it and sing their songs.

A Christmas Tragedy.



Just another drunken set,
Merry Christmas mocking;
Just another sobbing too,
Another empty stocking.
Just another curse, perhaps,
In drunken anger spoken;
Just another blasted life,
Another heart that's broke.

In the Elizabethan Age.

An exact picture of Christmas observances in an English country house is given in the following set of rules: On Christmas day, service in the church ended, the gentlemen presently repair into the hall to breakfast with brown mustard and malmsey.

At dinner the butler appointed for the Christmas is to see the tables covered and furnished, and the ordinary butlers of the house are deputed to set bread, napkins and trenchers in good form at every table—with spoons and knives. At the first course is served a fair and large board's head upon a silver platter, with minstrelly.

Two servants are to attend at supper, and to bear two fair torches of wax next before the musicians and trumpeters, and stand above the fire with the music till the first course be served in through the hall. Which performed they with the music are to return into the butlery. The like course is to be observed in all things during the time of Christmas.

At night, before supper, are revels and dancing, and so also after supper during the twelve days of Christmas. The master of the revels is, after dinner and supper, to sing a carol or song, and command other gentlemen, then there present to sing with him and the company—and see it is very decently performed.

The Sovereign Remedy.

Mrs. Cobwiger—Oh, my! I feel more dead than alive. There is altogether too much asked of me. I was never used to housework and it's killing me inch by inch. The first thing you know I'll be down with nervous prostration.
Cobwiger—Shall I call in the doctor, my dear?

Mrs. Cobwiger—What use would that be? He would only advise what I've been telling you I needed all along—complete rest.
Cobwiger—By the way did you see on that button?

Mrs. Cobwiger—Oh, Henry, how can you be so brutal! Any one, but you, could see that I am completely used up.
Cobwiger—So you're too tired to take a couple of stitches?

Mrs. Cobwiger—Yes; I can hardly raise my head.

Cobwiger—If it's really as bad as that, my dear, something has got to be done for you at once. Take this twenty dollars and go out, and do some Christmas shopping.

GENEROUS FELLOW.

He stood quite near the mistle;
And snatched full many a k;
Until almost intoxicated
By so much excess bills;
Then happily remarks the wh:
His head with rapture whirr:
"I wish the clouds were mistletoe,
And all the poor's girls."

AN OLD ENGLISH CUSTOM.

A Remarkable Celebration in Honor of St. Nicholas by the Boy Bishop.

Perhaps the most remarkable of all celebrations in honor of St. Nicholas was the old one of the boy bishop. The boy bishop assumed his office on St. Nicholas Day, December 6, and held it till Holy Innocents' Day, December 28. The custom originated on the continent of Europe, and was adopted in England, where it reached what was probably its fullest development. A boy was chosen to represent a bishop and was clothed with all the robes and invested with all the insignia pertaining to the station. Other boys represented priests, deacons and other suitable persons for the bishop's train. The boy bishop conducted a service in the church, and in some cases he and his companions went about from house to house singing and collecting money, which they did not ask as a gift, but demanded as a right.

The boy bishop attained his fullness of dignity at Salisbury Cathedral, though he was known all over England. There he was chosen from among the choir boys, the best forming his retinue, and he ruled with the highest pomp and most absolute authority. He is said to have conducted all the services of the church except the mass. In some other places the boy bishop is said to have celebrated the mass itself. If any prebend fell vacant in his term of office he filled it, and if he died before his term expired he was buried with all the honors due to a genuine bishop. There is record of a boy bishop at Salisbury filling a vacant prebend by the appointment of his schoolmaster, and there is in the cathedral there the tomb of one who died while holding his office. On the top of it is an effigy of the child in full episcopal robes.

Such masquerading plays as this were not then deemed offensive or derogatory to the dignity of the church. In fact, much coarser and more unbecoming exhibitions were freely permitted on some occasions, even to the extent of burlesques of the services of the church within its own walls. Of course, the evil and discreditable side was bound to be seen in time, and the traditions of the boy bishop were at last forbidden by Henry VIII. They were restored, however, for a time by Mary. The peculiar custom at Bath known as the montem is supposed to have originated in that of the boy bishop, but the montem is too large a subject to be discussed here.



1. "Here is the good WILLIE who always wanted. I'd like to see him when he opens his eyes in the morning."



2. Next morning.

His View of Christmas.

The minister's little boy did not look at all pleased as he came down from his father's study the day after Christmas. Something had gone wrong about the rectory, his name had been mentioned almost too prominently in regard to the matter, and he had but moments before submitted to an interview in the awe-inspiring room where his father composed the sermons of the week.

"I don't like Christmas," the little boy muttered as he paced out upon the snow in the rectory yard and wiped the last struggling member of a procession of tears from his cheek.

"No," he continued, "this Christmas business isn't what some people say it is—not by a long shot. Everybody seems to think it's a great thing for the little boys of the country, but I can tell 'em that it's anything but good for a minister's son. He doesn't have any show at all. He isn't!"

"Why say," he said, as he cautiously settled himself in a chair with a good cushion, "would you like Christmas if you were a minister's little boy? Would you be pinning for it and lying awake nights waiting for it to get here? I don't think! Just think of all the hard-soled slippers a minister's son has to wear every Christmas tree!"

Keeping His Word.

African Explorer (dumkum): What, you, Clarence Vane, deny the heart of darkest Africa?
Clarence Vane (stare): I'm not the necktie Mrs. Darling gave for Christmas. I promised her you know!