



# CHRISTMAS

1916

## A Christmas Carol

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

"WHAT means that glory round our feet,"  
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"  
And voices chanted clear and sweet,  
"Today the Prince of Peace is born."

"WHAT means that star," the shepherds said,  
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"  
And angels, answering overhead,  
Sang "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

THIS eighteen hundred years and more  
Since those sweet oracles were dumb,  
We wait for him, like them of yore,  
Alas, he seems so slow to come!

BUT it was said in words of gold  
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim  
That little children might be bold  
In perfect trust to come to him.

ALL round about our feet shall shine  
A light like that the wise men saw  
If we our loving wills incline  
To that sweet life which is the law

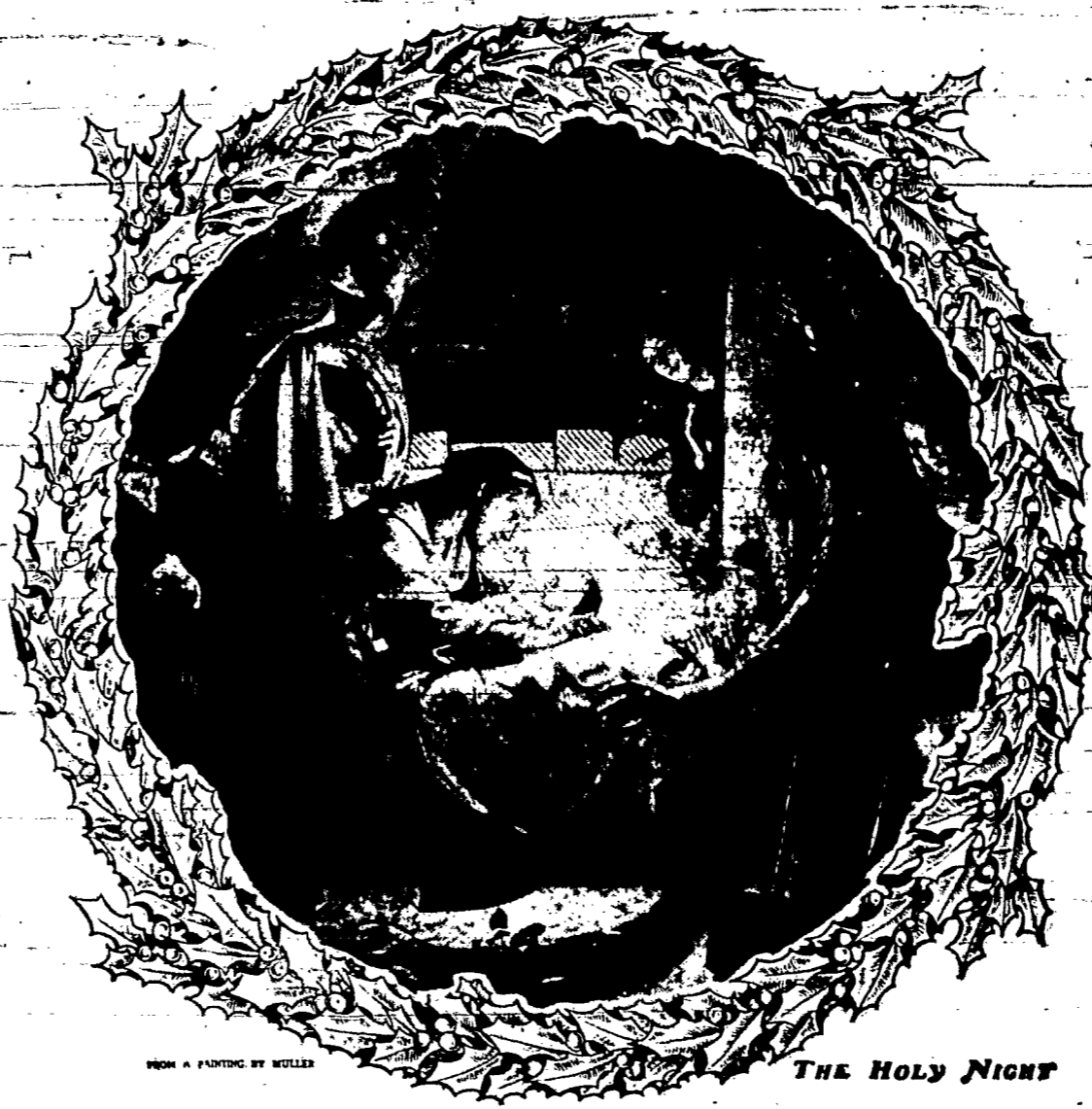
SO shall we learn to understand  
The simple faith of shepherds then  
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,  
Sing "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

AND they who do their souls no wrong,  
But keep at eve the faith of morn,  
Shall daily hear the angel song,  
"Today the Prince of Peace is born!"

**Yule Log and Bear's Head.**  
As far as any one can see backward into the history of the English, or, indeed, in any of the northern nations, the Yule log and the bear's head cut very important figures in the Christmas celebrations. The singing of carols or songs essentially fitted for the season also dates back for its origin to the old days. The bringing in and lighting of the Yule log was the important ceremony which marked the opening of the revels. This event took place on Christmas eve.

**Cause and Effect.**  
Maud—What makes Carol so disliked? Beatrix—She got the most votes for being popular.—Life.

The New York surgeon's discovery of a new system in the body is probably a forerunner of a lot of new discoveries.



FROM A PAINTING BY MULLER

THE HOLY NIGHT

## A Christmas Tree In Turkey

IN the far east rules and restrictions may be made to yield to influence with a latent force behind it, as instanced by this serio-comic incident found in Captain A. B. Townsend's book, "A Military Consul in Turkey." A certain highly-influential foreigner at Adrianople some years ago wanted a Christmas tree and ordered one from Sofia to come by train, but when the tree, an unpretentious fir about ten feet high, arrived at Adrianople station some one discovered that it was illegal to receive "plants" from abroad. "Yasak" it is forbidden, said the custom house.

"Yasak," he roared the sentry on duty. The foreigner said whatever was the equivalent to "rubbish" and demanded the tree.

Here was a nice quandary for the authorities. Evidently it was a most fearful thing to receive a tree from abroad, and yet the consigne was capable of getting some one into very serious trouble if he did not get his tree, and he said he must have it with in forty-eight hours.

Some one at the custom house soared above the difficulty. The tree was sent

on to Stamboul on the Orient express, an eight hours' journey. It came back to Adrianople by the next train, and the person for whom it was intended received a notice that "a tree from Constantinople" had arrived for him and would at once be handed over to his messenger. So the poor little Bulgarian tree had become a Turkish one, brought from Constantinople, and by that means it satisfied officialdom and served its purpose in the end. No Inferior Place. "Did you select your son's college for its curriculum, Mrs. Concup?" "Of course we did. The boy's always been accustomed to the best kind of a one when at home."—Baltimore American.

**Christmas Tree in a Bank.**  
Employees of a large trust company in New York celebrated Christmas with a Christmas party in the banking rooms of the institution. There was a large Christmas tree in the lobby. Members of the employees' club, their wives and the women employees of the bank were invited. Two orchestras played and there was a distribution of presents. In many large city department stores the employees have Christmas celebrations with a tree, a Santa Claus, distribution of gifts, etc., just before Christmas.

## Christmas Plum Pudding

WE are all inclined to think that plum pudding is the oldest and most historic Christmas dish, but as a matter of fact the first time it made its appearance in its present form was in 1675. Before that the Yuletide festival was celebrated with plum porridge, a dish that must have required the digestion of an ostrich. First beef or mutton was boiled in a thick broth, to which brown bread was added. When half cooked, raisins, currants, prunes, cloves, nutmeg, mace, ginger and any other condiments that were to hand were put in and the whole was boiled and boiled to a pulp.

The present day plum pudding had its origin in England, but in the reign of Louis XVIII, a French version, known as "plumbuling," made its appearance. It was very like its English cousin, but was lightened by the addition of breadcrumbs, more eggs, and a rice flour, which were used instead of the enormous quantity of suet that was required by the earlier recipes.

## Correcting Santa's Records

By GOODLOE H. THOMAS

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DEAR SANTA, I've heard that you keep a big book in your house 'way up north near the pole. And all you need do is to go take a look. In its pages to name kids you know 'll deserve something nice, and I'm writin' ahead. So you'll make a correction or two. Regarding a boy name of James—him called Ted—Which is him that's a-writin' to you.

PARTICULAR I'd like if you please would erase. Where it says I belong to the gang. Of boys that hooked melons and old Higgins chased. From his patch, with his gun, goin' bang! For I have resigned from that bunch, 'cause they're tough, and I'm reg'l'rate one in our class. At Sunday school now. Don't you think that's enough? For a mark in your book that'll pass?

ANOTHER thing's trouble us—course you would know. What it is when it's wrote with your pen— I went in a-swimmin', when told not to go. To the river last summer, but then. That orn't to be marked up against me no more. When December is here and I've said. These things don't attract me the least, so therefore. I hope everything's fixed. Yours, TED.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, passing a winter in Florida, sent the following Christmas message to the people of Indiana: "Christmas means love. We cannot picture it without seeing the spanned Christmas tree girl with the faces of gleeful youngsters, glad parents and happy bodies returned home from town or far metropolis. "It sounds like bells and crackling logs and shouts of children, and even our old, round shouldered, sorrow ridden planet, with his eyes knocked out on his cheek, pauses to smile from sea to sea, and love is everywhere rejuvenated."

