

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS



YULETIDE FEASTS IN MANY LANDS

THE Christmas dinner is a feast everywhere, but, oh, how different!

Should you feast at a French table you would be served a fowl (cooked and garnished in the perfect way in which the French do such things) and liver pudding rich with truffles and seasoning.

In Spain you would begin your dinner with a soup of sweet almonds and cream, followed by fish roasted before the fire and basted with lemon, chopped garlic and oil.

Quite in contrast is the Russian Christmas dinner, the features being the national soup (a mixture of beef bouillon, boiled cabbage, sour cream and the fermented juice of beet roots), served at any time during the day, and young pig.

Should you dine in Italy you would find the principal dish was veal, one being served to each guest rolled in a laurel leaf and the dinner being served between eight and twelve in the evening.

The regulation German Christmas dinner consists of roast goose stuffed with chestnuts, pork boiled with sauerkraut, beef with sour sauce, black puddings, smoked goose, baked apples, etc.

Swiss confectionery, cake, fruit and nut puddings, Geneva fritters and a paste made of fruits, spices, marmalade, eggs and kirsch are included in the Christmas dinner in Switzerland, where the piece-de-resistance is roast goose.—Philadelphia Record.

Father George's Happiest Christmas

THIS most memorable Christmas day in the history of our country was that on which George Washington crossed the Delaware in a boat, followed by his small but resolute army, and captured the British and Hessians at Trenton in 1776, an important turning point in the early period of the struggle, says the Philadelphia Press. It was important in the fact that the hearts of the colonists had been crushed at their vain efforts to stem the tide of British aggression, and it was a fine Christmas gift to the nation when Washington not only checked their advance, but turned their jollification in Trenton into a rout which he followed closely and which was the first successful resistance for the American arms.

The nation had reason to be wild with joy at the Christmas gift Washington presented to them, for the most ardent supporters of the cause had about given up all hope, and it was only the iron will of the illustrious commander-in-chief that prevented the failure of the war for freedom.

This Christmas day victory gave the nation a thrill of hope and joy, for it showed that the despised Continentals were more than a match for the German mercenaries.

Washington always afterward affirmed that it was the happiest Christmas of his life.

"I have just met your wife, sir, and she is a dear creature."
 "Don't I know it? I have just been paying some of her bills."
Evidence.
 Weary Bo—No matter what happens to Willie Downanout he always has the outward sign of spirit.
 Dreary Dan—Yes; his nose shows it.
A Lot Said Sotto Voce.
 "I suppose," said Heck, "you will always have the best word."
 "No," replied the other, "I have the last word."

Jeet 'Fore Christmas.

FATHER calls me William, sister calls me Will, Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call me Bill! Mighty glad I ain't a girl—rather be a boy

Without them sashes, curls an' things that's worn by Faustleroy!
 Love to chaunk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake;
 Hate to take the castor ole they give for belly ache!

Most all the time, the whole year round, there ain't no fella on me, But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yeller dog named Sport, sic him on the cat;
 First thing she knows she doesn't know where she is at;
 Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes out to slide
 Long comes the grocery cart an' we all hook a ride!

But sometimes when the grocery man is worried an' cross
 He roaches at us with his whip an' larrups up his nose,
 An' then I taff an' holler, "Oh, ye never teched me!"
 But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be.

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to be a man
 I'll be a masonarver like her older brother, Dan,
 As soon as I get up by the cannibals that lives in Ceylon's isle,
 Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be!

It were every prospect pleases an' only man is vile!
 But gran'ma she has never been to see a solid west shoe,
 Nor read the life of Daniel Boone or she I guess she'd know
 That Buffalo Bill and cowboys is good enough for me—
 Jeop' jest 'fore Christmas, when I'm good as I kin be.

And then old Sport, he hangs around so solemn-like an' still,
 He eyes they keep a-sayin' "What's the matter, little Bill!"
 The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' wonders what's become
 Of them two enemies of hers that used to make things hum.
 But I am so perille an' 'ten' so earnestly to his

That mother says to father, "How im-proved our Willie is!"
 But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspects me
 When, jest 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots of candles, cakes an' toys,
 Was made, they say, for proper kids an' not for naughty boys;
 So wash yer face an' brush yer hair, and mind yer p's and q's,
 An' don't bust out yer pantaloon, an' don't tear out yer shoes;
 Hey "Yeasum!" to the ladies an' "Yeasum!" to the men,
 An' when they's company don't pass yer plate for pie again;
 But, thinkin' of the things yer'd like to see upon that tree,
 Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be!
 —Eugene Field.

He dismissed since the court shows bias against my client's stock in trade.
 "Motion ignored," shouted the judge.
 "Be a sport, judge; don't be a spug!" pleaded Mr. S. Claus. "Christmas business has never been so bad for me as this year."
 Counsel for the People—Gentlemen of the jury, you see before you the head of a trust that puts all other trusts to shame. He holds the monopoly of reindeer transportation; he controls enough money to cause financial depression in every family and business regularly once a year after Christmas; he causes more false statements to be made than any other person; he has long since driven the chimney sweeps out of business; in fact, his colossal combination has caused the public to forget temporarily the beef trust, the—why, your honor, where's the jury?
 "They have left," replied the judge. "to do their Christmas shopping early—before the stores close. The case is dismissed, and I'm off to buy some more presents and help decorate the tree!"
 "Merry Christmas, judge!" shouted Santa Claus.—New York Evening Sun.

A Christmas Verse.

CHRISTMAS is in the thundering street and in the country lane,
 The heart of Christmas beats once more on mountain, hill and plain.
 Wherever love's white morning shines the ancient spirit soaks,
 And over all the weary world the golden wonder breaks.

Within a widow's lonely heart I saw its glory flame
 Upon a young child's laughing lips its jubilate came.
 And one who had been blind with grief looked up and saw the light
 As one looks up when the calm moon sails down the velvet night.

For Christmas, like the moonlight, spread her rapture everywhere;
 She was like heaven overhead, like the clean crystal air.
 We drank her spirit and her heart, we breathed her very soul,
 For up and down the world she went, from pole to distant pole!
 —Charles Hanson Towne in New York World.

MAKING MERRY CHRISTMAS GIFTS

AN interesting method of making Christmas gifts is described in the Woman's Home Companion. The writer says:
 "Last year, just before Christmas, one of my sisters said to me, 'I want to give mother some silk for a waist; interests—in other words, the parents this year, but I don't know whether—are guilty of restraining my trade, she would rather have black or lavender. Were it not for them I would gratify her, and it spoils all the fun asking—every wish of every child. Every toy factory in the world would be compelled to run all the year round. And yet here I sit, charged with the crime upon the cleverest plan. Instead of those who are too weak to take the burden of responsibility on their own shoulders."
 Counsel for the People—Your honor—
 "How dare you interrupt the court," lemanded the judge, "when he is figuring out Christmas presents for his grandchildren?"
 "This is tantamount to a statement that the court is prejudiced in favor of the defendant," declared the counsel for the people.
 "By the way, judge," remarked Santa Claus, "I had a letter from your daughter's little boy. He wants a drum, an engine that runs by itself, a real sword, a bucket of candy, a soldier's hat, a gun that shoots lead bullets, a dog, a rabbit, a sled, a wagon, a—"
 The Court—Silence in the courtroom!
 Mr. Good Will—I move that this case



Santa Claus To the Bar!

SANTA CLAUS was on the witness stand testifying in the famous case of the people versus S. Claus. "You are accused of having organized a combination in restraint of trade, popularly known as Christmas," said the chief counsel for the people.
 "By blitzen!" said Mr. Claus, shaking with laughter in the proverbial way. "I conduct a perfectly legitimate business, as millions of children will testify tomorrow."
 "And will not these same children a few minutes later bear witness to the fact that the trust they placed in you has been broken, considering your failure to fulfill their unrestrained desires?"
 "Your honor," interrupted Mr. Good Will, lawyer for S. Claus, "I propose that this case be struck from the calendar before twelve o'clock tonight since counsel for the people admits that the trust has been 'busted.'"
 Counsel for the People—Ah! Then

Mr. Claus admits that there was an illegal combination in restraint of trade?
 Mr. Claus—No, stree! The moneyed interests—in other words, the parents this year, but I don't know whether—are guilty of restraining my trade, she would rather have black or lavender. Were it not for them I would gratify her, and it spoils all the fun asking—every wish of every child. Every toy factory in the world would be compelled to run all the year round. And yet here I sit, charged with the crime upon the cleverest plan. Instead of those who are too weak to take the burden of responsibility on their own shoulders."
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