

A Yuletide Bouquet To You, My Friend

BY CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD

FROM out the larder of my soul,
Where nature's mystic poises blend
With fruits and flowers, I fill love's bowl,
And serve it warm to you, my friend.

I call the sweetest, wildest flowers,
Soft-tinted as the rainbow spray,
And fling to you from nature's bowers,
To mingle with December gray.

THESE are but echoes of the past,
To music set in memory's chimes,
The silken nets that love has cast,
To catch the sunshine of my rhymes.

AND isn't it sweet that some kind deed—
A memory throb, a God-sent tear—
O'er comes to cultivate the seed
That we are sure to sow each year?

AND so, I'm flinging this bouquet
Of thankfulness and love to you;
Sweet buds of reciprocity,
Besprinkled with affection's dew.

AND with the cheerful Yuletide,
Ours is the hopeful wish I send:
That love of God and man abide
With you and yours, my faithful friend.

J. W. Crawford

A CHRISTMAS LESSON

Sunday School Lesson for Dec. 20, 1908
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Luke 2:8-20. Memory verses, 2:14.
GOLDEN TEXT.—"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."—Luke 2:11.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.
Jesus was born in the stable of an inn, or khan, at Bethlehem, six miles south of Jerusalem.

He was born probably about four years before our Christian era, December, B. C. 5, 1. e., on December 25, only one week more than four years. But it is sufficiently accurate and best to count in accordance with the dates used in all our histories and almanacs, at the beginning of the year 1 A. D., or 1908 years ago.

Note—1. There was something specially fitting in Bethlehem as his birthplace, because it was the city of David, his royal ancestor.

2. This was in accordance with prophecy (Mic. 5:2).

3. Note the Divine Providence in this guiding Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem at this time by a decree beyond their control, and without human planning.

4. Jesus came to earth in the circumstances best fitting him to be the Saviour of man. He began his life in a humble way and was brought up in humble life and honest toil, that he might be the friend of all men, but especially of the poor and suffering.

5. If he was born in December, as is probable, the time was symbolical, since the 25th of December comes when the longest night of the year gives way, and the days begin to lengthen.

This is the greatest gift ever given to this world.
From his glorious home he came to this world, as the highest expression of God's love, to take upon himself our human nature for the salvation of the world from sin to holiness and heaven.

The divine nature of Christ is not a mere theory, far away from human life, but is a fact essential to one who would reveal God to men, and be the Saviour of men. He speaks to us from personal knowledge of God, of his love, his care, his readiness to forgive, his nearness to men, his fatherhood. He tells us about heaven and immortal life from his own experience. Only the Son of God could possibly make atonement of sin. Only he could have power to save us at all times and in all places, to be our ever-present friend, our perfect example, our infallible guide.

Christmas Giving.—The natural response to this great gift from God, is for us to make gifts of love to others, of help to those whom Jesus came to help.

Christmas giving is a right expression of this spirit. Often imperfect, often too narrow, often such that the thought dwells more on the receiving than the giving; yet there is no celebration of any holiday that is so appropriate as this of giving, in the celebration of the birth of Jesus.

All can give. There is no one so poor, so unworthy, so feeble or lonely, but there is something he can give to express God's will to men, deeds of kindness, expressions of sympathy, words of love and cheer and hope and courage. Like the apostles, each must act on Peter's word: "Such as I have give I to thee."

The Magnificat of Mary.—Luke 1:46-55. "His mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation."

The Benedictus of Zacharias.—Luke 1:68-79. "To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace."

The Gloria in Excelsis of the Angels.—Luke 2:14. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

"Glory to God." Glory is the outward expression, the outshining of greatness and goodness. When God showed his glory to Moses on the mount, it was God's goodness that shone upon him.

For the coming of Jesus was the highest expression of God's glory, the fullness of his nature, his love, his goodness, which passed before Moses when he asked to see God's glory. The phrase expresses both the fact and the desire that all should recognize God's glory. "In the highest." (1) In the highest strains. Only the most exquisite music and song are worthy to express this theme. (2) In the highest heavens. The glory shines and the praise sounds to the highest heavens. It is the noblest song and the brightest glory even there. (3) In the highest degree. The plan of salvation through Jesus Christ, so infinitely wise, so infinitely loving, manifests God's glory more than all the wonders of creation, "when all the sons of God shouted for joy." For the souls of the saved shall "shine as the brightness of the firmament."

The coming of Jesus meant "peace on earth," including all welfare, blessing, love.

"Good will toward men." The expression of God's desire to bless men, to forgive them, to fit them for the best life on earth.

The Chicago Training School for City, Home and Foreign Missions broke ground on Thanksgiving day for a new chapel to cost \$60,000, the gift of N. W. Harris, Chicago. The Training School has also just dedicated the Mary Lemar Kinneer Monnett Memorial Hall, costing \$36,000.

The Dark Ages.
The dark ages are the ones during which our sophomores are inclined to believe they know it all.

Petroleum Next to Gold.
Next to gold petroleum is the most valuable product of California.

Can't Understand It.
Many a wife is seriously wondering why her mother-in-law ever thought no woman was good enough for her boy.

Food for Thought.
The ten-year-old girl who conquered a burglar with a broomstick is entitled to all credit for courage and vigor. Nevertheless when she adds a dozen years more to her age the wary unmarried youth may entertain doubts as to whether her energy might not some time be excessive for wedded bliss.

Report of the Home of the Friendless.
At the end of the biennium, November 30, 1908, there were in the Home for the Friendless at Lincoln sixty-eight children and six aged women, the youngest inmate being one week old and the oldest 82 years.

The home has been seriously handicapped during the last biennium because of a shortage of room for employees and cramped apartments for the children, and in fact that it has practically supported the Orthopedic hospital. The cooking was all done in the kitchen of the home and carried across the yard to the several dining rooms in the hospital building. The total expenditures for the maintenance of both of the institutions for the biennium was \$28,530.57 or a per capita cost of \$267.91. The home has five pay children.

"Taking the Waters."
It is the regimen that thins. I remember asking a leading physician at Marienbad whether he really believed in the claim that those famous waters reduce the weight of the fat people who imbibe them. He smiled and said: "Perhaps they may act as a dissolvent."—London Truth.

Rock and Rye.
Many a man has been wrecked on the rock of adversity, but there is generally a little rye on the side.—Philadelphia Record.

The Horrid Man's Curl.
"There's no sight so pitiful to me," said the pretty girl, "as the painful attempt on the part of the man beginning to be bald to make a little curl in the middle of his forehead of the few remaining strands of hair. And still, I know they don't deserve my pity. I never have found a man yet with such a curl who wasn't horrid."

Domestic Economy.
They had automobilized in 24 miles to see Mr. Highflyer's pet oculist, and on the return three tires, one after another, had blown up. Whereupon Mrs. Highflyer remarked, plaintively, and with intense conviction: "My dear Alfred, it would have been so much cheaper to have kept you at home and bought you a glass eye!"

Three Years in Prison for Coon.
Clyde Coon of Omaha, who was brought to Kearney to answer a charge of forgery for passing a bogus check on W. L. Hand, pleaded guilty Monday in the district court and was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. Coon has a wife and four children living in Omaha. When the forgery was committed he was supposedly representing a railway construction company.

Heaven on Earth.
Heaven consists of desiring, from the heart, good for others more than for one's self, and in serving them with a view to their happiness, not from any selfish aim of obtaining remuneration, but out of love.—Swedenborg.

Chinese Using Modern Umbrellas.
The Chinese are giving up the use of their old oiled-paper umbrellas, and a great number of foreign made umbrellas are used, of which Germany and Japan supply the bulk.

Reason for Divorces.
After a woman marries a man he sees her the greater portion of the time in clothes of the kind that he never saw before marriage except on women who were running to a fire.—Aitchison Globe.

"How," wails a stenographer in a Sunday paper, "can we girls escape the unwelcome attention of our employers?" Might try climbing a tree, suggests the Cleveland Leader, and making a noise like a suffragette.

Farmers should all have telephones. Write to us and learn how to get the best service for the least money. Nebraska Telephone Company, 18th and Douglas streets, Omaha. "Use the Bell."

Lincoln Directory

HERBERT E. GOOCH CO.
BROKERS AND DEALERS
Grain, Provisions, Stocks, Cotton
Main Office, 204-205 Fraternity Bldg.
Lincoln, Nebraska.
Bell Phone 512 Auto Phone 2559
Largest House in State

FROM THE SPRITES A STORY FOR CHILDREN

[Letter enclosed in a box which will arrive about 7 a. m. Christmas day for Fred, the protege of learned sprites.]

EAR FRED: Within this package you will find some little things: just a crumb or two of pleasure, such as any fellow flings to a friend he's met but once or twice and yet considers rather nice and thinks of what the jolly season brings. We remember, sir, your courtesy in sitting while we lectured on the knowledge that is proven, also that which is conjectured. To our utter gratitude you were never, never rude, for your heart, indeed, is very finely textured.

When the series of discourses found its most untimely close, we assembled in a cornfield, and indeed we nearly froze. We'd forgotten, we're so old, there was such a thing as cold, and we're much too smart to think of things like those. But our hearts are always warm, and in thinking, Fred, of you, such a warmth arose as any time would boil an oyster stew. Then, a-basking in the heat, we did all of us compete in discussion of what would and wouldn't do. Over the argument grew fierce, but over this we'll draw a veil. We are all of us so learned that we thought (you know the tale), that we each of us knew best what would lend the greatest zest—what a modern boy would not consider stale.

We consulted sundry lists which only mixed us up the worse; we rejected some suggestions far too long for any purse; and we bickered and we snickered, while above the moonlight flickered, and discovered that ideal things were "scuros." And at last we gave up trying to decide it for each other, and departed, saying: "Give him what you like, my learned brother." So each made his own selection; which accounts for the complexion of the articles we hope you'll show your mother.

On the top you'll find a ticket for a trip around the earth. This, of course, is from old Jogerfy, the chap who had a dearth of ideas, but in fact was rather diligent than lax; he is hoping that you realized his worth.

Next in order is a dictionary—don't turn up your nose. It's no ordinary volume, as its queer appearance shows. When you're stuck for what to say, turn the knob the proper way, and the word is in your mouth, and out it goes. In this book is every language, e'en including that of birds and the speech the cows are using when they stroll about in herds. Why, you cannot go astray, as to how and what to say, if you use the present sent you by old Worlds.

With apologies we mention what you get from Anglo-Saxon. He's the chap for whom the speech of other nations had attraction. He sat down, it seems, and wrote you a coin with-out exacton.

From Numero, a present that will comfort you, we feel. It's a table with a marvelous, unusual kind of wheel. Yes, a multiplication table; turn the crank, if you are able, and you'll have before your eyes a luscious meal.

Old History, the grandpa of the whole great human race, sends a Pat-

ent Iron Memory—a thing you can't replace. Put it 'way unto your ear, and you'll find that all you hear you'll remember quite distinctly—for a space.

And lastly, Hy G. Ene, the man who gave you such a scare, puts in something you can always use and something you can wear. It's a thing that makes for health; indeed, for happiness and wealth. It's an everlasting bottle of fresh air.

So remember, when your toys are spread about you on the rug, that the Learned Sprites have tried to make you happy; they have dug in the present-mines of China, than the which there's nothing finer, and we're sending you as much as we could lug. If you use these little gifts that we are forwarding just right you will never have to listen to another learned sprite. But there's one thing more, to-wit: "Merry Christmas,"—that is it.

So we hereunto subscribe, in black and white:

JOGERFY.
WORDS.
ANGLO-SAXON.
NUMERO.
GRANDFATHER HISTORY.
HY G. ENE.



TWO DINNERS FOR CHRISTMAS.

Menus in Which Roast Beef and Goose Are the Leading Entrees.

For the Christmas feast roast beef or roast young goose are the prime favorites, taking the precedence of turkey, which very soon after the first of December begins to lose its delicacy of flavor. The English dinner of roast beef and plum pudding is historic, and in recent years Americans have generally followed the custom of serving an English dinner on Christmas, improving on the old country menus by the addition of dainty entrees and salads.

Here are some suggestions for menus for Christmas home dinners.

MENU NO. 1.
Grape Fruit with Sherry.
Olives. Radishes.
Small Oysters, Roasted in Shell.
Cream of Chicken.
Roast Sirloin of Beef.
Macaroni au Gratin.
Bermuda Potatoes. New String Beans.
Endive Salad.

Toasted Wafers and Edam Cheese.
Plum Pudding.
Fruit. Coffee.
MENU NO. 2.
Oysters on the Half Shell.
Cream of Celery. Stuffed Olives.
Fried Smelts, Sauce Tartare.
Hothouse Cucumbers.
Roast Young Goose.
Apple Sauce.
Mashed Potatoes. Boiled White Onions.
Stuffed Green Peppers.
Romaine Salad and Toasted Wafers.
Roquefort Cheese.
Plum Pudding or Mince Pie.
Coffee. Fruit.

She Had Tried It.
Belle—This holly in my hair wants a little relief—it's too red.

Aunt—Well, why not put in a sprig or two of mistletoe, dear?

Belle—Nonsense, aunt! Why, I should have all the young men kissing me.

Aunt—Indeed, no, my dear. They'd do nothing of the kind. I've tried 'em!