

EVERY GERMAN HAS A TREE



THE Anglo-Saxon notion of the German Christmas is drawn from childhood hours spent over Hans Andersen and Grimm, and the sight of a Christmas tree brings to mind the woodcutter tramping home through the snow-laden forest, trailing behind him the fir tree for his family Christmas celebration, while, in the towns, the black quadrangle of the venerable marketplace is picked out in lights blazing on the trees in the windows of the gabled houses.

Some 50 years ago, before the German giant had awakened from the sleep of centuries, this idea of the peaceful German Christmas was correct. But of one of the burghers of old Berlin, returning from making his Christmas purchases on Christmas eve, were to be transplanted into the roaring hub of empire which his Hauptstadt has become, the good man would probably expire on the spot. Fifty years ago, when Berlin was a dirty, unpretentious, provincial town, with ill-lighted, ill-paved streets, with a population renowned even in those days for its surly manners and uncouthness, and with the iron hand of militarism unchecked over it all, the Christmas festival was the tranquil celebration of which one has read. In the Lustgarten, before the castle, a Christmas fair was annually established which the king and royal family used to visit to buy jumping jacks and gingerbread for the palace Christmas trees, like any other German family. The Lustgarten fair has passed away, the king of Prussia has become German emperor, Berlin has developed into a fair and beautiful city, and all that remains of the Christmas of once upon a time is the spirit—indeed, a precious inheritance. That still holds supreme sway, and rests concealed in the branches of the myriads of Christmas trees which rich and poor alike set up in their homes on the eve of the feast.

Otherwise the old German simplicity has vanished. In the house of the rich merchant electric lights take the place of the "Christ candles," and the motor car or the steam yacht which he gives his son as a Christmas present can find no place under the Christmas tree, as did the woolen comforter, the handkerchief, the hand of his father, Caruso or Destinn on the gramophone take the place of the Christmas hymns which used to be sung as an act of pious reverence to the "Tannenbaum," or perhaps even, horrible dicta, the tree will be fastened to a clockwork contrivance which, on being wound up, revolves to a tune jangled out by a musical box. The bulging one-story shops with gingerbread and gilt angels stuck in their diamond-paned window fronts have vanished, and their places are taken by stores built on the same style of palatial magnificence as across the Atlantic. From the beginning of December till the feast they devote a considerable portion of their space to Christmas bazaars, where one imagines one's self transported to Toyland. There are tremendous sets of pieces with electric trams, airships and railway trains careering about amid wonderful papier mache mountain scenery ravishing visions; of fair doll-women and army corps on army corps of the most gallant tin soldiers that ever manned a fort. The air is rent with an ear-splitting cacophony of noise emitted by mechanical toys, and the atmosphere reeks with the smell of shavings and glue, that peculiar pungent odor of the toy shop which brings back to the old fogies the mysterious delights of the birthday table.

On Christmas eve every German must have his Christmas tree. When one passes through the streets on a wet Christmas eve—the sparkling frost and snowy mantle of the feuilletonist rarely put in an appearance before January—one has the curious feeling of being in the midst of 50,000,000 of people all engaged in doing the same thing. One can imagine the traveler, looking on the thousands of Mohammedans laboriously threading their way across the desert of Mecca to win the title of Hadji, regarding the scene with similar emotions. For when I say every German, it is literally true. The streets of Berlin are deserted, save for the cars and omnibuses and cabs, and an occasional policeman, and from behind the blinds of the windows the candles on the Christmas trees, throwing out their little beams into the darkness of the night, as did the star to the shepherds nearly two thousand years ago in fair Bethlehem. For weeks before the festival thousands and thousands of trees are brought by rail and water from the forests of Thuringia and Mecklenburg to the capital where they are sold by dealers on the public squares and places. In the last fortnight before Christmas the trim grass plots vanish beneath a forest of Christmas trees ranged up in endless lines, each resting on a roughly tacked-together, deal wood stand. And here from eight in the morning till eight at night, according to paragraph so and so of the police regulations, the millionaire captain of industry, the unformed official, the bespectacled professor, and the miserably paid, hungry looking school teacher rub shoulders, haggling and bargaining over their Christmas tree. The latter can be had at all prices, from 60 marks for a forest king to 60 pfennigs for a stunted dwarf. The one may be destined to be hung with coruscating electric lights and decked with diamonds for the banker's wife, the other feebly illuminated with farthing dials and miserably tricked out with a handful of nuts for the workingman's family. The men on duty at the electric plant stations on Christmas eve have their tree, as do the engine drivers as they sit in their quarters at the railway yards waiting for the night shifts. The soldiers in the barracks, the sailors at sea, the patients in the hospitals, the convicts in the prisons, even the poor, miserable wretches, the submerged tenth, covering about the fires in the refuges for the homeless—they all have their Tannenbaum at this holy season of the year. In the German colonies, under a tropical sun, where the cactus must perform the native fir, Christmas celebrations are held and the same songs sung as at home in Lieben Vaterland.

Naturally, when all Germany's children are celebrating, her model family leads the way. At the imperial court Christmas is celebrated in exactly the same way as in every other household throughout the empire. Two especially fine specimens of fir are selected by the royal foresters for the emperor and empress, and other trees in diminishing sizes for the numerous other members of the emperor's immediate family, that is, his six sons and one daughter, the wives of his three married sons, and his two grandsons, the latter being favored with proportionally tiny trees. The whole number are set up in the shell hall of the new palace at Potsdam, where the kaiser always spends Christmas, and the various gifts, about which the same secrecy is observed as in the families of the bourgeois, are disposed at the foot of each separate tree. But before the imperial family celebrates the feast, the emperor and empress attend the "Bescherung," or presentation of gifts to the members of the imperial household, valets-de-chambre, personal attendants, lackeys, and footmen.

On the afternoon of Christmas eve the emperor, accompanied by an adjutant whose pockets are stuffed with newly-minted five, three, and two mark pieces, takes the traditional walk through the park of the new palace and distributes money to the beggars who rally in great force. He has a kind word or a cordial greeting for them all, nor does he forget the guard at the gates of the palace.

HELPING SANTA CLAUS.

Within a few years there have been organized several associations whose purpose it is to assist parents, especially mothers, in the proper development of their children.

Some of these associations look to physical development, others to mental and moral, and still others to both. In a little book prepared by an association of the last named class, the writer recently found this statement: "Parents are as much responsible for the selfishness of their children as they are for their existence." This rather emphatic statement led to quite a discussion of the matter with the mother of several children, who told the writer that she had been engaged ever since her first born in combatting selfishness and developing generous impulses in her children. In relating her experiences she told this little story:

"At this season of the year my children got into the habit of expressing their desires for particular Christmas gifts. I did not tell them that if they would be good boys and girls they would receive these gifts, rather tried to impress upon them the idea that if they did not ask for more than they should receive, that is, were not selfish, they might get them. With this admonition I coupled the idea that Santa Claus needed help, especially in reaching the poor, the sick and the unfortunate. I told my children to help Santa Claus all they could, and every year they have managed to discover some poor child or some sick or unfortunate boy or girl for whom they have provided gifts. In thus helping Santa Claus they have found so much pleasure that they have quite forgotten their own desires beyond the mere expression of them. They have at least curbed their selfishness, and I think that I have led them to be generous to some extent."

In this woman's experience lies more of practical value than can be found in all the books that can be published by all the associations in christendom. She got at the root of the whole matter, and she applied the proper remedy—a remedy that did not directly curb, that did not punish, but effected by indirection the very result that she wished to bring about. How many parents are today treating the selfishness of their children in the same way? How many need to treat their children in the same way? And how many can easily begin even now by encouraging their children to help Santa Claus?

My ideal Christmas: Home, the country, snow, holly, a Christmas tree, carols and kind faces and fond hearts about you.—Mrs. Brown-Potter.

COULDN'T STAND THE OUTLAY

Wombat's Personal Appearance Did Not Count Under the Existing Circumstances.

"Excuse me, Wombat," said the well-dressed one, "but personal friendship prompts me to speak." "What is it, old chap?" "I fear that, unless you improve your personal appearance, you may lose your job."

Reform Costume for Women.

A conservative correspondent of the Sun suggests this costume as a proper one for women who wish to signify their disapproval of the extravagant and immoral modes of the day: Plain drab costume disguising the figure; black, sober hat with white spots; no jewelry; pair of spectacles, a Mother Gamp umbrella, warm woolen stockings, thick shoes with very low heels. It would certainly be well worth while to watch the effect of the appearance of this costume on Fifth ave-

"You need a new hat." "Um." "You need a new suit." "Um." "You need shoes. Man alive, your feet are on the ground!" "Quite true," admitted Wombat, with a sigh. "Then take this week's salary and spruce up." "Can't squander any money on myself, old man. My wife is worse off than I am." "Dear me! How is that?"

Getting at the Facts.

A witness in a particular case had been examined by the lawyer for the plaintiff and was turned over to the lawyer for cross-examination. "Now, then, Mr. Smith," began the legal one, "what did I understand you to say that your occupation is?" "I am a piano finisher," answered the witness. "Yes, I see," persisted the lawyer, "but you must be more definite. Do you polish them, or do you move them?"

"She needs a new feather in her hat."—Judge.

Milk for Gloves. A simple and effective way to clean kid gloves is to draw them on the hands and go over them with a clean cloth dipped in skim milk. Wear them until quite dry. Or moisten a small sponge or piece of cloth in skim milk, rub it on a cake of castle soap and with this sponge the gloves until they are quite clean. Wear until they are dry.

Newark Club in Air.

It appears there is a difference of opinion among Newark people as to the value of the International league franchise, and while those who took up the proposition with the Brooklyn owners dropped it because they thought too much money was asked, others have interested themselves and a deal may yet be made that will land the club in the hands of home owners.

GOTCH, ILL, DEFEATED TWICE



Another Example of the Strangle Hold.

Among the bitter disappointments experienced by Gotch during the period when the champion was in the making were his fourth and fifth encounters with Tom Jenkins, March 15 and May 19, 1905, respectively.

New York fans were eager to see the new mat sensation from Iowa, and Gotch agreed to the fourth meeting with Jenkins to be staged in the metropolis. Unfortunately he contracted a severe cold making him jump on route eastward. He decided, however, to keep the engagement. The match was at Greco-Roman style and Gotch, unfitted for a rough and tumble encounter with a mat tiger like Jenkins, went down to an honorable defeat after taking one fall.

George Hackenschmidt, the Russian Lion, then in the heyday of his fame as a wrestler, was on his way to America to meet the Yankee champion.

Hackenschmidt met and defeated Jenkins at catch-as-catch-can, but turned a deaf ear to challenges hurled at him by Gotch. This was a bitter disappointment to the Iowa boy, who had dreamed of winning the world's championship. Hackenschmidt returned to Europe, claiming that honor.

Gotch was eager to regain his lost prestige and remained in the east until Jenkins agreed to a return match. The encounter took place at Madison Square garden May 19, and proved to be one of the most savage in wrestling history. Gotch was still suffering slightly from his cold, and Jenkins was in prime condition.

The outcome of this match was a bitter dose for Gotch, and the citizens of the metropolis never have forgiven the metropolis for its treatment of their hero on this occasion. Speak to any old resident of Humboldt about it and he will tell you that Gotch was robbed and beaten by the most outlandish exhibition of thievery ever perpetrated in American sports. They contend that the referee winked at Jenkins' rough tactics and permitted him to grasp the ropes every time Gotch had him near a fall. Gotch, however, took his de-

feat in a sportsmanlike manner and began a campaign of training to regain his lost trophy.

The referee was Tim Hurst, famous for his eccentricities as a baseball umpire. It was a grudge match and the winner took all the receipts.

At the call of time Jenkins rushed in but was stopped by Gotch, who put the veteran down on the mat. Gotch held Jenkins down for nearly half an hour. Jenkins finally broke away and landed a heavy blow on Gotch's mouth. Gotch protested but Hurst told him to go on and wrestle. Jenkins grabbed Gotch around the neck for a strangle hold and after several minutes of protesting by Gotch in which he received a good choking, the grip was loosened. When they clinched Jenkins took another strangle hold and held it until Gotch went down, despite the warning of the referee.

Gotch wriggled out and caught Jenkins by the feet, turning him into a double thigh and crotch hold, Jenkins' head was forced down until his shoulders touched the mat, but he shrouded the ropes. Gotch protested, but the referee ordered the men to the center of the mat, where they began to wrestle anew.

Jenkins kicked and strangled Gotch. He fouled him deliberately. Gotch retaliated with rough work. Six times Jenkins caught the ropes to avoid a fall. Each time Hurst ordered the men to the center to begin anew. Jenkins caught Gotch with a head hold which Tim Hurst called a "mug hold" and Gotch went down to defeat in 1:30:00.

Both wrestlers were thrown from the ring in the second bout, Gotch receiving a bad fall. Gotch won the second fall but he was clearly weakened, while Jenkins seemed stronger. Jenkins rushed Gotch hard in the third fall and crushed him to the mat. Gotch struggled to his feet, tottered, looked about in a dazed manner, lurched forward and fell full length on his face. It was nearly twenty minutes before he could be carried to his dressing room.

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BOYD WINS A BIG RACE

The illustration given herewith shows R. St. B. Boyd of Harvard University winning the Intercollegiate Cross Country run over the Van Courtlandt Park course. More than two hundred athletes from the vari-



R. St. B. Boyd of Harvard.

ous colleges from all parts of the country took part.

Mr. Boyd won this race of six miles in 34 minutes and 37 seconds, which is one minute and seven seconds under the record.

Lord Ashby St. Ledgers.

Lord Ashby St. Ledgers is the wealthy Englishman who is organizing a polo team in his country, and with it next year will attempt to recover the International polo cup, now held by the United States. Four of the men tentatively selected for the team are Capt. Ritson, Capt. Lockett, Capt. Palmer and Capt. Barrett, the latter the sensation of the English polo season this year.

World Force Boxers to Train.

Boxing Promoter Delaney, of Denver, believes he has hit on a plan that will show the pugilistic supporters and the promoters, as well, that the boxers who are to appear at his club do road work in their training. He is going to build a 14-lap track on the top of the clubhouse on which the boxers will do their running. To get the hill advantage the track will be built in chutes over skylights.

Classipp Among Sports

Carlisle has a tackle named Lou around. Must have a rubber neck.

Chance is sure that King Cole will be able to "come back" next season.

Much to everyone's surprise, Fred Clarke is going to manage the Pirates again.

Governor Tener may demand that his headquarters be located in Philadelphia.

Job Tinker, the deposed manager of the Reds, states he will never wear a Cincinnati uniform again.

Ed Konetehy, the big first baseman of the Cardinals, may manage a Federal league club in 1914.

Joe Graves, a Chippewa Indian of Walker, Minn., has signed with the Philadelphia Athletics for next season.

Johnny Kilbane is willing to box Joe Mandot, but this would not indicate he is willing to take any chances of a beating.

Frankie Burns of Oakland, won a decision over Johnnie McCarthy of San Francisco in a 20-round lightweight fight at San Francisco.

That Australia will soon be the world's feeder in pugilistic stars is the belief of those who watch the straws that tell which way the wind blows in fistiana. Every Australian town and village has stadiums devoted to the sport and competent government instruction.

DE ORO RETAINS HIS TITLE

At Fifty Years of Age Noted Cuban Expert is Still Stacking His Skill Against All Comers.

That the cue is mightier than either the pen or the sword is the opinion of Alfredo De Oro, the world's famous pool and billiard expert, who recently successfully defended his title of champion at three-cushion billiards by defeating Joseph Carney of Denver. De Oro is the champion of all champions, as he has been the king of his



Alfredo De Oro.

favorite sport longer than anybody in any other line.

CONNIE MACK DENIES STORY

Brands as Absolute Falsehood Report That He Picked Greatest Baseball Team in the World.

Connie Mack, manager of the Athletics, brands as absolutely false the line-up of an all-star baseball team alleged to have been picked by him as the greatest, baseball aggregation in the world.

"I did not pick an all-star team, neither did I give my consent for any one to do it for me," said Mack. "Furthermore, I would not pick such a team for publication, as I do not believe in stirring up trouble among players, and I think picking an all-star team is foolish business."

"If I picked such a team Ty Cobb must certainly have been my first choice for outfield. I never allow my personal feelings to interfere with business, nor do I allow them to prevent me from giving a player his just due."

"I do not consider the New Yorkers treated me fairly when they credited me with picking an all-star team."

INTERNATIONAL GOLF MATCH

Plan Proposed to Have Annual Tournament Somewhat Similar to Davis Cup Games in Tennis.

The idea of an annual international golf match, somewhat along the line of the Davis cup tournament in tennis, has been condoned by Harold H. Hilton, the British champion. He is quoted as saying "that the abandonment of the team match between Scotland and England, which has been an annual event for many years in Great Britain, may be succeeded by an amateur international match, in which England and Scotland will meet as allies, instead of rivals, with their opponents hailing from the other side of the Atlantic."

De Oro was born at Manzanillo, Cuba, two score and ten years ago.

Gives Rickey Ten Years. Branch Rickey, the new manager of the Browns, has been assured by Owner Robert Lee Hedges that he will have a chance seldom offered to a manager to show what he can make out of the Browns. In other words, Hedges will give Rickey ten years in which to develop a team. Whether the Browns run last or first during the next ten years, Rickey will be retained, and with the remarkable show of confidence that he has already been shown by the players, the fans are beginning for the first time in years to believe that St. Louis may really have a good team.

Stove League Stuff. Clark Griffith foresees a tight race in the American league for next season. He thinks that at least five teams have a look in for the pennant. He does not come out very strong for his "climbers" to beat out the Athletics, Cleveland, Boston and Chicago are other teams in the flag hunt, according to Griffith.

Every man who would like his wife's relatives, but we have yet to see a moving picture of the man who does.

Red Cross Ball Blue, all blue best bluing 'value in the whole world, makes the laundress smile. Adv.

Virtue is its own reward, and honesty is one of the greatest virtues.

"WHY I EMIGRATED"

THE NOTES OF A PROMINENT JOURNALIST WHO MADE A TRIP THROUGH WESTERN CANADA.

A prominent journalist from Chicago, some time ago, made a journey through Canada obtaining a thorough knowledge of the land and people and of the "boundless possibilities" that Canada, the virgin land, affords. In an American Sunday newspaper he published after his return the interesting account which we print as follows. He writes:

"Why did you emigrate from the United States?" I asked a farmer in Western Canada.

"I believe that for a poor man Western Canada is the most favorable 'Poor'd,' was the reply, 'and I have now the conviction that it is the Paradise of the had five years earlier left Iowa for after travel secure a new home there. I believe that for a poor man Western Canada is the most favorable 'Poor'd,' was the reply, 'and I have now the conviction that it is the Paradise of the had five years earlier left Iowa for after travel secure a new home there. I believe that for a poor man Western Canada is the most favorable 'Poor'd,' was the reply, 'and I have now the conviction that it is the Paradise of the had five years earlier left Iowa for after travel secure a new home there."

"In Iowa?" the farmer continued, "I farmed on rented land, for at the price of \$100 per acre I did not possess money enough to buy. I might farm as I might farm as I could, more than the living for myself and family, I could not attain. Sometimes the harvest turned out good, sometimes bad, but the grand total was a bitter combat to keep want from the door. It was impossible to lay by for bad times and in spite of all trouble and work an old age free of care was not to be thought of. My death would have brought bitter poverty to my wife and children."

"I decided to break-up and go to Canada, where, at least I could fight out the struggle for Western Canada on my own land. I started out with a small team, all my earthly possessions were in the prairie-schooner with my wife and children. Then I took up a homestead of 160 acres to which I added by purchase gradually; now as a whole I count about 3,000 acres as my own. The whole property is free of debt. I do not owe a cent to anyone. I bought my land for \$2-310 per acre, now I would not give it up for \$50."

"Do you mean to say that you paid for the whole land in the five years?" I interrupted. "In a much shorter time," replied the farmer. "The land paid for itself, some already by the first harvest, and at longest in 3 years each field had brought in its purchase price. If you doubt that land in Western Canada can easily convince yourself of the truth of my assertion. Let us assume that a farmer buys a farm of 160 A., at \$15 per A., for \$2,400. Farm machines, seed, ploughs, moving and threshing might bring up the outlay to about \$10 per acre. If the farmer sows the 160 A. for 3 years in succession with wheat and harvests 20 bus. per acre, then the product of an A. at the average price of 75c per bu. is exactly \$15 per acre. If you deduct the \$10 outlay, you will retain a clear return of \$5.00. For 160 A. the annual excess amounts to \$800, consequently the farm has after the third harvest brought in the purchase price of \$2,400."

"Sometimes—and not rarely—the land pays for itself by the first harvest of 35 bus. of wheat bring in more than the purchase price of \$15 per acre. As in some years I harvested more than 35 bus., you can reckon for yourself how quickly I paid for my farm."

"Would you not prefer your own farm in Iowa?" I asked. "No," replied the farmer, "never will I go back, in general very few American settlers return to the old home. In Iowa a 160 A. farm costs \$100 per A., \$16,000; in Western Canada \$15, only \$2,400. For the same money that you require to buy a 160 A. farm in Iowa, you can buy here in Western Canada a farm of 1,000 acres. I have money enough to buy a farm in Iowa, if I wished. But there my yearly income would be a small one, whereas here I work for a great gain. There I would only be a small farmer, here I am a large landed proprietor."

In a corner of the farmyard I had during our conversation noticed a mound of earth overgrown with grasses and wild flowers. To my inquiry as to what it was, I received the reply: "That is the ruin of the wooden shack covered with sods, which I called my home when I settled here five years ago."

I gathered a wild aster from the ruin and flung it into the air. In a purplish-glistening line the wind drove the flower towards the fine, modern-equipped farmhouse. What a contrast between the lowly earthy hut of yesterday and the charming palace of today! This contrast says enough to the unbounded possibilities, which this new land offers to the willing worker. How the poor emigrant on the open prairie, through energy and activity, within 5 years worked his way up to being a well-to-do farmer and esteemed citizen! More, the farmer did not require to say. Why did he emigrate? WHY? Why I saw the answer with my own eyes.—Advertisement.

To sympathize with a woman, weep with her; to sympathize with a man, swear with him.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, &c. a bottle 25c.

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