

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Merry Christmas in Monkville...Sherlocko as Santa Claus

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### Christmas in the Making—Many Nations Have Contributed and Many Customs Are Blended

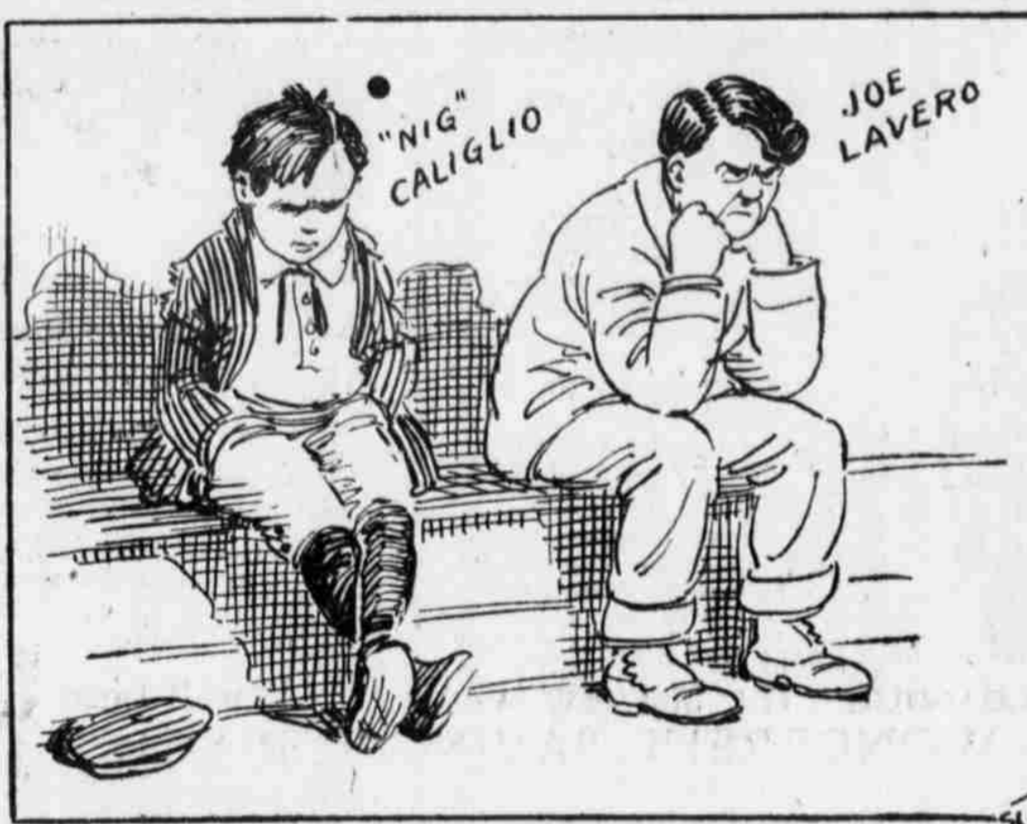
Christmas is still in the making. In this respect it is different from other holidays. The 25th of December is fixed and limited in meaning. It cannot be made to appeal to the feelings of a Russian, who believes that Peter the Great is the true type of a nation builder; Labor Day does not arouse emotional interest in a poet or a musician. Memorial Day, like the Fourth of July, is intensely American in origin and meaning. Easter has a clear-cut, definite significance. That significance is not likely to change. Christmas is a complex holiday. To it many nations have contributed and many customs are strangely blended; it has not yet taken on its final form. It is in the making; but we can already see that it is to become the one supreme festival of humanity, the one time in the year when men of various traditions come near to realizing the fact that "God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth." It is a pleasant conceit to suppose that the Christian fathers, somewhere in the latter part of the fourth century, were impelled by a happy divination when they fixed on December 25, the Roman Saturnalia, as the day when most appropriately Christ's day could be celebrated; for on that day presents were exchanged among friends, children being given little earthenware toys. Carnival processions formed, hospitality made universal, and the slaves allowed their freedom, and even invited to feasts served by the masters themselves. It was also a happy thought to weld together the Christian traditions that came down concerning the good St. Nicholas with those Norse traditions which represent Father Odin riding out from the north, far above the home-tops, and bestowing his favors on the noble and true, thus creating a symbol of personal generosity—a gift-bringer who makes no distinction in his benevolence between Norwegian, Spaniard, Briton or Italian, but thoughtfully remembers all sorts and conditions of men.

Much of the past has gone into the making of Christmas. The idea of the heathen Druid survives in the mistletoe; the evergreen tree recalls the ancient Saxons; the lighted wax candles at the windows bring to mind the custom of the Jews, who celebrated, and still celebrate, the "festival of lights." The yuletide, with its flaming log, its laurel and red berries, links itself to the Persian Mithraic feast, and that with the Maecena holiday of the Illumination, and that again with the Saturnalia, and so on through many blended national customs, until the original holidays are hidden in a primitive past.

Christmas, because of its associations with Saxon and Scandinavian, Jew and Roman, pagan and Christian, can be made—its true chord which, when struck, will vibrate in unison with the heart-beat of every human being. Surely, it can be nothing that will have deeper significance than the angel song of "Glory to God, peace on earth, good will to men." In that divine chant there is inspiration enough to set everybody looking up to the Source of all goodness; that is its first significance, and then peace, peace to young and old, peace to the German and the Russian, the Mexican and the Chinaman—perhaps of most importance in a democracy, the impulse of good will; good will toward the heads of corporations and labor unions, toward the Japanese in California and the Italians in New York; good will toward the Hungarians in Pennsylvania and the negroes in Mississippi; toward the debtor class and the creditor class, Christian and Jew. Our human relations here in America are not all they ought to be. Amid the struggles of commerce and competition the principle of good will seems somehow to sink into the background. The emigrant dreaming of the free land where opportunity and work are gladly offered, finds too often that he is met not by helpers and companions, but by thieves and robbers. Then comes Christmas. Employer shares with employee, the rich give to the poor, the emigrant, as well as the native feels the spirit of the day. Everybody takes new hope. The world family, for twenty-four hours, anyway, is a fact. Christmas is the festival of the world family. That is its value, and that is what it must come to mean here and more, especially in this complex American democracy of ours.—*Christian Register.*

### Tony Angelino's Christmas—A Story from the Juvenile Court

By Anthony M. Easterling



TONY Angelino—frouzy-headed, incorrigible Tony Angelino—waited his turn among the other newbies who were huddled in defiant or apparently submissive groups in the probation officer's "bull pen" just off the juvenile court room. A truant officer, noting the dreamy-eyed newie, shook him good-naturedly, but the friendly approach failed to bring the usual ready response from the little Italian.

"Maybe he's sorry," said the probation officer, who called him the "Dago."

"What's Tony been up to this time?" asked a newspaper reporter, remembering that on divers and sundry occasions not many weeks ago Tony had stolen expensive articles to give to his little friends.

"That kid has stolen \$100 worth of Christmas goods and had them cached in a vacant shack on lower Eleventh street. He's the limit. We'll have to send him up this time."

Tony was in bad, there was no denying it. The case looked serious. Already the walls of the reformatory, looming up in the distance, out in the clay hills near Kearney, were waiting to receive him.

"Nig" Caliglio and Joseph Laverio, each of whom was a good five years older than Tony, sat silent together in one corner of the "bull pen." They, too, were in trouble again, but as usual it was some minor affair. They had broken a window with a snowball. They knew what the court would do.

"Boys, you want to be good American citizens, don't you?" the juvenile judge would enquire, and they would pledge him their word of honor that it was their great and only ambition in life to be model Americans.

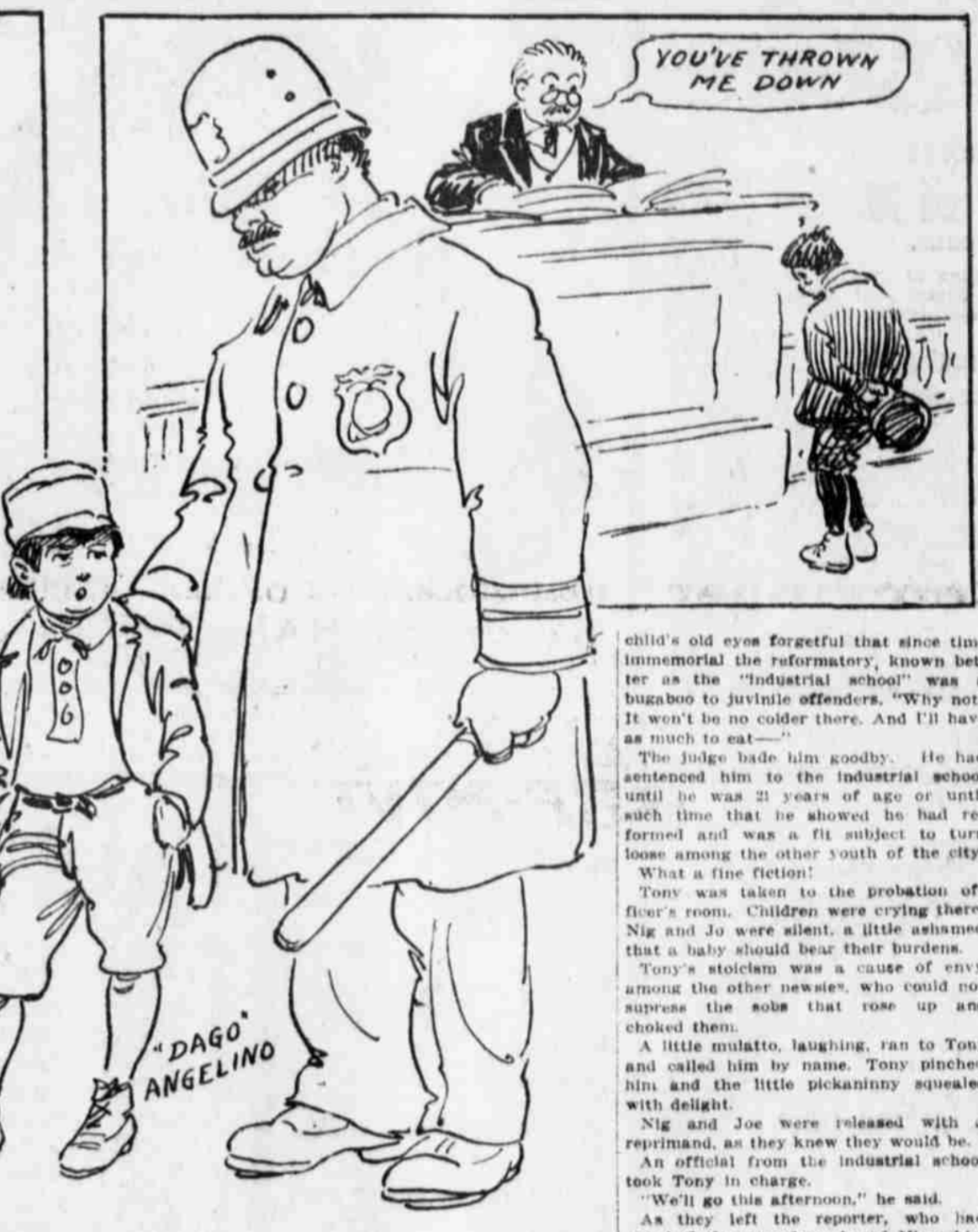
"Of course you knew it was wrong to break that window and you are sorry—" the judge would continue, but they would only hear when he put them on probation again and set them free.

It was different with Tony. The judge would be stern and relentless with him. The little curly-headed lad walked over to Nig and Joe. They were his old pals; they had stood by him in adversity, had established him in the news business. To them he owed his success.

"You ain't gonna peach, are you?" Nig inquired tremulously, although he knew and every newsy in Omaha knew that Angelino's word was as good as gold—the kind of gold that looks like the pennies with which that paper are bought, but will buy over so much more.

"Nig, you want to be good American citizens, don't you?" the juvenile judge would enquire, and they would pledge him their word of honor that it was their great and only ambition in life to be model Americans.

"Of course you knew it was wrong to break that window and you are sorry—" the judge would continue, but they would only hear when he put them on probation again and set them free.



child's old eyes forgetful that since time immemorial the reformatory, known better as the "industrial school" was a bugaboo to juvenile offenders. "Why not? It won't be no colder there. And I'll have as much to eat—"

The judge bade him goodby. He had sentenced him to the industrial school until he was 21 years of age or until such time that he showed he had reformed and was a fit subject to turn loose among the other youth of the city. "What a fine fiction!"

Tony was taken to the probation officer's room. Children were crying there, Nig and Joe were silent, a little ashamed that a baby should bear their burdens.

Tony's stolecism was a cause of envy among the other newbies, who could not suppress the sobs that rose up and choked them.

A little mulatto, laughing, ran to Tony and called him by name. Tony pinched him, and the little pickaninny squealed with delight.

Nig and Joe were released with a reprimand, as they knew they would be.

An official from the industrial school took Tony in charge.

"We'll go this afternoon," he said.

As they left the reporter, who had watched the procedure, heard Nig whisper to Joe:

"If the coppers find out we did it and Tony wouldn't peach they'll sure sock us, Jo."

On the instant the reporter bounded through the door after the retreating official and Tony. He came up to them as they waited for the descending elevator.

"Why did you do it, Tony?" he queried.

He knew Tony well and by virtue of the fact that he treated him with respect and never libeled him was admitted to the little fellow's confidence. Tony had many a time "tipped him off" to a "feature" story. It was Tony's ambition to be a newspaper man. To him they were all-wise, omnipotent and very wealthy.

"Say, you reporter," he said cheerfully, with the light of affection in his eyes, "don't you give it away. Why, them guys staked me to every thing I ever had. When dad and mother died they saved me from goin' to the reformatory. Don't you tell, Mum!" And as a man in his own right he extended his hand to bid his friend farewell.

Tears came unbidden to the eyes of the reporter, hardened as he was to every form of human misery and degradation. But there was a smile behind the tears, for somehow, by a queer quirk of circumstance, Tony Angelino had vindicated all the trust and love that the reporter had freely given him.

"Good-bye, Tony, and we'll see you next summer when the weather's warm." For the reporter knew the judge and would remember to tell him this story.

And so Tony Angelino left for the reformatory, his only fit companion on his journey being the vague, day-dreams which had kept him as he was, 13 and clean up through the muck. He was setting on ahead.

And so he dreamed, as he had to dream, for there was nothing about him fine and good and clean to look upon. Learning that this was true, had strangled the gladness in the hearts of other little children.

And so Tony Angelino dreamed.

But today I read in a book written by a learned professor that day-dreams and all childish fantasies are low and sensual and that no good comes of them. I have often read such things in the abysmal depths of the learned books.

### When They Kiss and Tell—What Do You Think of the Man in the Case?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Her lips were so near—  
That—what else could I do?  
You'll be angry, I fear.  
But her lips were so near—  
Well, I can't make it clear.  
Or explain it to you,  
But her lips were so near—  
That—what else could I do?  
—WALTER LEARNED.

Was the man very wicked? Was the girl too cold, and did the punishment fit the crime? Read and reflect on it.

A. M. writes:

"A young man had been courting a young lady for six months, during which time he called on her three times a week. He proposed and was accepted. He called on her one evening after they were engaged and was standing at the door about 10 o'clock taking leave of her. He shook hands with her, then drawing her to him, he kissed her. This was the first time he had kissed her during all the time he was courting her.

"She slapped him in the face for doing it, and he left very angry, and did not go to see her again till she asked him to."

"M. claims she was right in doing what she did.

"H. claims that she did not love him, or she would have been more affectionate."

It would be interesting to know how M. and H., being disinterested parties, happened to know about it. For the "greatest sin" 'twixt heaven and hell, is first to kiss, and then to tell.

But since they do know, and through them we are learning of the story of a great crime, this first kiss is not the dear little secret it should be. No longer a secret, it is analyzed, discussed, or proclaimed on the hill boards, is of no more value than a handshaker. Not so much, for there may be a tender pressure in a handshaker that never reaches the ears of M. and H.

M. claims the girl was right.

H. asserts she did not love the man, or she would have been more affectionate.

I do not know if M. is a man or woman, the judge trying this case, or simply on the jury, but M. is right.

This man called on the girl three times a week for six months. He proposed marriage, she accepted. And he didn't kiss her.

He made of the sweetest experience life holds as cold and clammy an affair as if he were a tradesman engaged in disposing of a lot of mackerel.

The gates of heaven were opened to him and he did not enter therein. The girl did wrong in letting her acceptance stand. There is no one with any knowledge of love in his heart who will hold a girl to a vow made in such arctic conditions.

She thought she was accepting a man. She learned she had engaged herself to an icicle.

She didn't slap him then. She was too badly congealed. And women, even when badly congealed, have a way of going on. He called again and again, and then, one evening when the engagement had become as old as it was cold, he kissed her. Then, with her disappointment ranking in her mind, she slapped him.

And she had more than one motive in administering this very un ladylike rebuke—the wanted in exact her anger, of course, but there was her real reason. She wanted to see if he were made of ice. She slapped him to see if the side of his face she hit would crack and drop off.

It didn't. He was not the snow man she had feared. He was flesh and blood, and he was so very human that he got mad. Her heart was relieved of a great fear and she asked him to come again. She did not take his anger as an opportunity for breaking the engagement. She regarded it as a proof that her lover hadn't all seawater in his veins, and asked him to come back.

And here is where M. and H. and you and I are no longer concerned. He kissed her and has been here ever since. He is so long. The rest of their courtship will be a happy repetition of what others have experienced in past times. A tender remembrance all through life to prevent their hearts from growing old.

More Trouble Afoot.

The stranger from New Zealand touched the London native on the arm.

"Tell me why that company of women walks so clumsily and with so much clattering?" he said.

"You'll find 'out soon enough, guv'nor," the native replied. "Them ladies is on their way to the 'ouses of Parliament, they're wearin' the 'saviest 'ornails they can lay 'old on. It's 'bout 'throwin' 'em, 'water, an' 'you want's to git ready to dodge an' cut 'em."

### Romances in New York's Streets

Selected by EDWIN MARKHAM.

James Lane Allen in his delicately artistic novel, "The Heroine in Bronze," a story pervaded and vivified by poetry, gives vistas of New York as the seasons come and go. Note the prosy streets and work folk touched by the light of his imagination:

"All that day I wandered over the city, an unobserved spectator in the ancient open-air theater of great passions. As into many lands, I entered; I passed, as through many races, traversed many an age, met many a story.

"In the Italian quarter, behind a scarlet rag which contained a doorway, I came upon Tarquin leering at chaste Virginia. Along the city shores of the Greeks, leaning against a door-post of a tenement (as once she leaned against the golden splendors of her proud father's palace), I discovered Nausicaa, and I heard from her lips the word which the world has never ceased hearing in memory—stricken Nausicaa, who loved and was not loved in return.

"Where the Sullivans throng I met young Daphnia, tuncfoist of herdsmen, without his crook and pipe and goatskin mantle; but not without his thick locks and lanky skin and restless smile, as centuries ago Theocritus found him idling, comely, shapely, in the slopes of woody Aetna—home of fires and snows.

"Down at the pier of a German steamship company on the seaward edge of a waiting crowd, I saw Elma, with her wavy hair turned down the bay, and as the mighty steamer approached I saw a warm Lohengrin just come from the valley of the Scheidt—yellow-bearded, yellow-haired, blue-eyed—arrived never to leave her for the whiteness of Montsalvat.

"Through the windows of a French fancy shop I saw Pierrot flour-sprinkled, and darting into the shop from a rear room I saw Columbine fly at him, take his pasty cheeks between her thumbs and forefingers and administer to his proper feature things well understood by them; then disappear again into the mystery of her work and her joy.

"Once I thought I had a glimpse of Highland Mary. Once a street Ophelia of some unprincipled Hamlet passed me with eyes too eager for the water's brink. Once I almost brushed against roused Carmen as she wound an awning on the sidewalk.

"And once, near a church, I beheld, moving slowly toward it in spiritual reverence, saintly Elizabeth—going to the shrine for Tannhauser, whom Venus held fettered to the mountain, while her own prayers for him took flight for Heaven.

"As I wandered that summer day, these stories I saw and many others in imagination and remembrance. I watched my own story with many of them, understanding it more clearly in their distant lights, finding it overcast by their kindred shadows. Far back I tracked the drama of the heart of man, forever changing, never changed."

Pointed Paragraphs.

A man thinks he would enjoy helping his poor relations—if he hasn't any.

There's no monogamy in the life of a woman who marries a man to reform him.

Some people derive a lot of pleasure from spreading bad news about their friends.