

**SOMETHING NEW IN LODGES**

In View of Extraordinary Occasion "Pinkey" Might Well Be Excused for Absence.

"Pinkey" is the nickname of the chocolate-colored Chesterfield who presides over the bar in a small, unique and out-of-the-way liquid refreshment establishment in Washington patronized by newspaper correspondents, visiting celebrities and government officials. He is a great "flour" and devotes his one evening "off" a week to his several lodge duties. Being missed on one of these occasions by one of his friends and patrons, who had lugged to his place a suit of evening clothes which he thought would fit the Pinkertonian form, on the next evening regretful reference was made to it, the suit having been bestowed on another, a waiter in a rival hostelry.

"The mighty obliged to you, sah," growled Pinkey, "mighty obliged, jes the same. This'll teach me a lesson to stay on the job."

"Attending one of your lodge meetings, I suppose?" queried his friend of the dress suit.

"Well, not exactly, sah," replied Pinkey, "not exactly, sah. You see, we was jes organizing the colored Hibernians."

**Baltimore French.**  
A Baltimore hostelry tells of a waiter in that city who lately announced that he had taken up the study of the French language.

"Do you find it necessary here?" asked the patron to whom the man confided this bit of information.

"Not here, sir," explained the waiter, "but I've been offered a steady job in Paris at one of the hotels if I can learn French."

"But Paris is full of French waiters," said the patron, "I'm afraid you're being deceived."

"No, sir," said the man, with much earnestness and absolute simplicity. "The proposition's a straight one. The proprietor of the hotel says that the waiters he has can't understand French as we Baltimoreans speak it, and that's what he wants me for, you see"—Lippincott's.

**What! Rub a Kiss Off?**

At the tender age of three masculine conceit had gripped that small boy with a relentless clutch. He had kissed a little girl of three, and she was rubbing her lips vigorously.

"You mustn't do that again," said the boy's mother. "She doesn't like it. Just see how hard she is trying to rub your kiss off."

"Oh, no, she ain't," said the boy. "She's rubbing it in."

**Name and Function.**

The following story is told of Dr. Boyd Carpenter, the bishop of Ripon. In the days of his early ministry there came to him one day a young man and a maiden, very bashful, very self-conscious, and on a very obvious errand.

"Are you Mr. Carpenter?" asked the young man in a faltering voice.

"Yes," was the reassuring reply. "I am Carpenter—and jollier."

**Exact Description.**

"My brother has just got a snap of a job."

"What is it?"

"Setting traps."

**Couldn't Bear Sight of Him.**

"He's the light of my life, pa."

"I don't like the light in my eyes."

Pericles wore his hair pretty close to his eyes—but nobody ever called him a low brow!

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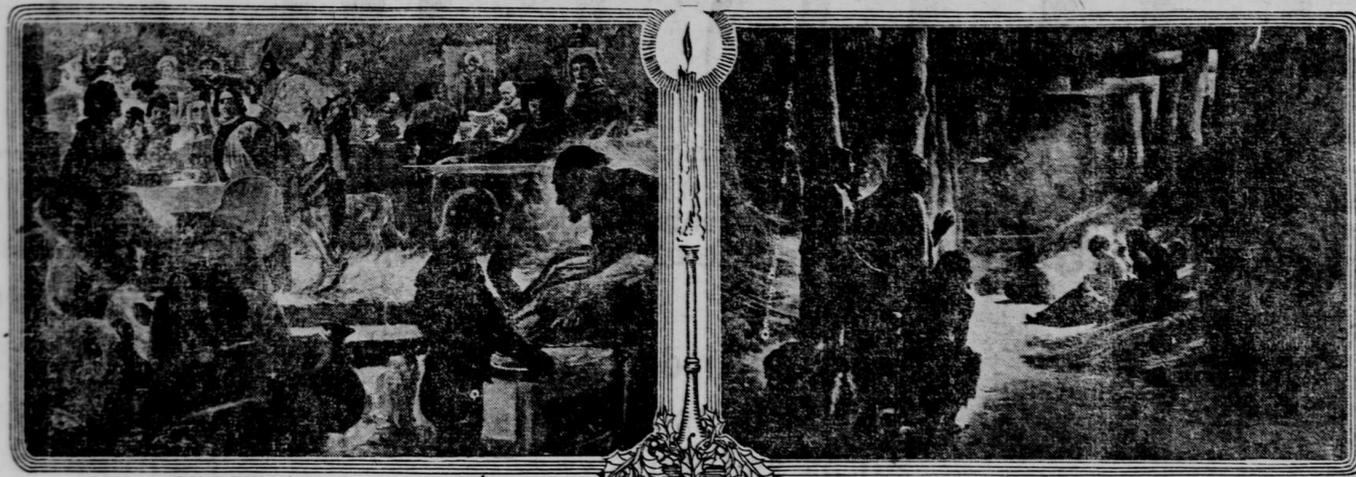
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# How Christmas Grew to be what it is Today

Charles Phillips

# Waiting for the Messiah and a New Christmas.

Henry Tyrrell



YULETIDE IN THE BARON'S HALL

ARRIVAL OF THE SHEPHERDS

**G**UNGEET the prophet held up his hand.

A sudden cry smote the chilly air, the red eye of the sun creeping behind the snow cap of Everest seemed to the multitude a reflection on the scythe which Gungeet held in his hand, reddened with the blood of the Rane's first born, which had been offered as a propitiatory sacrifice to the Sun God. It was mid-winter—the winter solstice—and the sun rays were so feeble that the sun worshippers were sore afraid that unless the blood of a royal prince was shed for absorption by their weakening god the world would pass into darkness and all would die.

As the sun rose higher in the heavens the multitude of worshippers exchanged gifts, and on the crags and high places of the Mount of Ghoom, which is above Darjiling, in the Himalayas, goats were sacrificed to the sun god, who was hailed by the multitude as a newborn babe, refreshed and renewed with the blood of their princeling offering.

For thousands of years before the birth of Jesus of Nazareth this drama was enacted in the mountains of India and the tradition was carried by the merchants into Persia, Egypt and China to become later part of the Pagan saturnalia of the Romans and the Druids.

For two centuries of the Christian era there is no indisputable evidence of any celebration of Christ's birth. The primitive Christians, like sensible opportunists, made it the festival of the "Light of All Nations," borrowing from the east, the birthplace of all religions, the birthday of the sun god, which was held by the Romans on the day when light got the better of darkness, and the days began to get longer) as a great festival, in celebration of "the birthday of the unconquered sun."

The first historical account of the celebration of Christmas day is connected with the persecutor, Diocletian, who, when holding court at Nicomedia, about 290 A. D., on learning that a multitude of Christians were assembled in the city to celebrate the birthday of Jesus, ordered the church doors to be closed and the building to be set ablaze, so that all the worshippers perished in the flames. Diocletian was possessed of the most terrible of all heresies, that moral forces can be put down by physical ones. Christianity by fire and sword, but his successor, Julian, in the next generation, when Diocletian had done his worst, and done it thoroughly, had to admit that all was in vain. He may not, in fact, have said, "Thou hast conquered, Oh, Gallilean!" though Julian proved it.

Early in the thirteenth century the Christian church sanctioned feasting on Christmas day by removing the obligation of observing abstinence whenever that festival should fall on a Friday. By abstinence is meant that flesh meat shall not be indulged in, and as every Friday throughout the year was a day specially marked for such mortification, Christmas, must, indeed, have been somewhat cheerless when the feast was in reality more than a fast by reason of its occurrence on a Friday. That, however, is quite forgotten by present-day observers; and for close on 700 years

**A Christmas Tableau.**

Many years ago, says an old legend, there lived in a mysterious region a band of Christian monks whose life duty it was to plant seeds and grow crops of toys for Santa Claus to distribute. These monks dressed in white gowns and wore Christmas wreaths about their heads.

From this tradition a Christmas pantomime could be devised. A clever person can make many additions. Arrange stage as a beautiful garden, and place small Christmas trees here and there. On these trees dolls and other toys appear to be growing. While music is played softly the curtain rises, disclosing the monks working in the garden. In the distance is heard the muffled sound of sleigh bells. Santa Claus enters, bows reverently to the monks, shows his empty pack, which they slowly fill from the laden trees.

The music continues, the curtain falls, then rises, disclosing Santa Claus only, who distributes the gifts to the children of the Sunday school.

The monks can be personated by older boys or girls.

**XMAS RECEIVING DON'TS.**

The world has been flooded of late with don'ts for the Christmas giver. Enough advice has been offered to lift the standard of our holiday giving to the ideal point.

Now is the hour of the Christmas receiver. Truly doth she need a course of don'ts; yet few there are to meet those needs.

There are more wrong ways of accepting a gift that "folks do wot of." The maker of Christmas presents who

Christmas day has been observed by even the most piously inclined as the occasion for indulging in good cheer.

In "Merry England" the festival is made a thoroughly enjoyable one, though the days have changed somewhat since Dickens rode through the streets of London and told of the scenes of Christmas joy he witnessed in the lamplit streets. Nowadays electricity has taken the place of gas and lamplight, and instead of the slow, wheezy horse vehicles of Dickens' day the streets of Merry England are traversed by electric and oil motor carriages. But the good, old-fashioned dinner prevails, and from king to commoner all go to the place each calls home to eat well-made soup, goose or turkey, potatoes, sprouts, mince pies and Christmas pudding.

"Stille Nache, heilige nacht," has been sung in Germany for many untold Christmases beneath the illuminated pine tree, and its population of sixty-five millions will enjoy their gingerbread and honey cakes.

In Denmark Christmas is a most important and beautiful festival. Despite all other changes, it preserves its old character, and is universally celebrated among rich and poor.

In Russia the spirit of St. Nicholas is rampant, and the streets of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Riga and other centers are alive with silvery-belled drochias, all bearing happy muscovites exchanging calls and bearing each other presents, which are opened at sweet-laden tables shrouded in vapor from the steaming samovars.

In New York City there will be millions of conspiracies to surprise the children, for with our polyglot peoples no nation realizes to the extent the United States does the inner meaning for the world of the festivals of the Christ child. Here, more than anywhere else in the world, the spirit of Christmas invites our own happiness in seeking that of others, and in the accomplishment of good will toward men we know we yearly replant the rose that blossomed in the snow of the first Christmas night.

## An Appeal to Santa Claus



Hi there, Mister Santa Claus,  
Hiking through the sky,  
Careful lest you break the laws  
Speeding swiftly by.  
Better give your car a rest  
In its onward flight,  
Come down here and be my guest  
Just for Christmas night.

I'll show you a thing or two  
You'll do well to see;  
Little people—not a few—  
Waiting wistfully;  
Hoping you will not forget  
They are waiting there.  
Doomed, I fear, but to regret  
In the frosty air.

Cheery lot of little souls  
You would find them all  
If, in seeking out your goals,  
You should pause to call.  
There they stand all in a row,  
Wondering what's the hitch;  
Wondering why it is you go  
Solely 'mongst the rich.

They would deem at bit of cheer,  
Tiny though it be,  
Sign that, when the Yule is here  
With its songs of glee.  
They were not forgotten; sign  
Sent them from above  
They were heirs to a divine  
Thoughtfulness and Love.

Leave the wealthy to their own!  
They don't need your care.  
Let your loving smile atone  
For the cupboard bare.  
Seek the children of the poor.  
Make their need your cause.  
And you'll make your wreaths secure.  
Mister Santa Claus,  
—John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Weekly.



of the giver and is dreadfully bad manners.

Don't bring the spirit of barter into Christmas receiving. To say or even think, "Is that all she has given me? I wish I'd saved my pennies on her," is what is bringing a pretty custom into disrepute.

Don't get grouchy if you get a gift that does not come up to your expectations. All tastes are not alike and you have not a corner on good taste.

Don't, as you value your reputation for good breeding, make fun of a

present you have received or count its probable cost.

Take an unexpected gift graciously without apologizing that you have nothing to return. Don't be rude enough to send off a gift as payment. Your gift may have been given for some past kindness and all joy in it is lost if not taken in the spirit in which it was sent.

Don't be so critical that your friends hate to send you presents, nor so condescending in your acceptance that you enrage the giver.

Equalize your transports—at least, while the giver is present. Don't, in showing your presents, gush over rich Peggy's generosity in sending you a gold vanity box and dainties with a careless toss the pretty dolly that Helen at your elbow has sat up nights to embroider.

Don't make your notes insincere. Silly gush irritates. A few words of cordial appreciation never give the sender the notion that her gift was a failure or your thanks would ring truer.

Some of the names by which this plant was called are "misselden," or more commonly, "missele."

This plant was venerated by the pagans of Greece and Rome. There is reference to the mistletoe in the works of Virgil, in the Edda and in Celtic legends.

Druids collected it with great solemnity. The Prince of Druids cut it with a golden sickle.

Ancient Britons revered only that mistletoe which grew up the oak trees.

The white berries which bring a blush to the fortunate maiden's cheek, give the quick admirer the right to kiss any person caught under the mistletoe bough. Its charm is against the evils of a lonely, single life.

**A FEDERAL HEALTH BOARD.**

It is gratifying to note that the bill for the creation of a federal health board will not be allowed to pass without a protest. Reports of organized resistance come from all parts of the country, and it may be that the opposition will soon be sufficiently solidified to defeat a project that promises infinite mischief for the community, and suffering and injustice for the individual.

The proposal is based upon those specious claims that are notoriously hard to controvert. If a federal health board were to confine its activities to the promulgation of salutary advice upon hygienic matters, to the abatement of quackery, and to the purity of drugs, it might be possible to say much in its favor, although it would still be difficult to say that such an organization is needed. But we know that it will attempt to do far more than this, seeing that its adherents have loudly proclaimed their intentions. Indeed, there is no secrecy about them. It is confidently expected that the board will consist of advocates of one school of medicine only and that the methods of that school will be not only recommended, but enforced upon the nation. Indeed a board that was in any way representative of the medical profession as a whole would be stultified by its own disagreements. Outside the domain of simple hygiene, for which we need no federal board at all, there is no single point of medical practice upon which allopaths, homeopaths, eclectics and osteopaths can be in unison. Any board that could be devised by the wit of man must be composed of representatives of one school only, and this means that all other schools are branded as of an inferior caste, even though nothing worse happened to them. If we are to establish a school of medicine, if we are to assert that the government of the United States favors one variety of practice more than others, why not establish also a sect of religion and bestow special authorities upon Baptists, Methodists and Episcopalians? An established school of religious conjecture seems somewhat less objectionable than an established sect of pseudo-scientific conjecture.

Those who suppose that a federal board of health would have no concern with individual rights are likely to find themselves undeceived. It is for the purpose of interfering with individual rights that the proposal has been made. We need no special knowledge of conditions to be aware that what may be called unorthodox methods of healing have made sad inroads into the orthodox. Homeopathy claims a vast number of adherents who are just as well educated and just as intelligent as those who adhere to the older school. Osteopathy, eclecticism, and half a dozen other methods of practice are certainly not losing ground. Beyond them is the vast and increasing army of those who may be classed under the general and vague name of mental healers. Those who are addicted to any of these forms of unorthodoxy need have no doubt as to the purposes of the federal health board. Those purposes are to make it difficult for them to follow their particular fads and fancies, to lead them, and if necessary to drive them, from medical unorthodoxy to medical orthodoxy.

Now the Argonaut holds no brief for any of the excesses and the superstitions connected with the care of the body in which this age is so rife. But it does feel concerned for the preservation of human liberty and for the rights of the individual to doctor himself in any way he pleases so long as he does not indubitably threaten the health of the community. He may take large doses or small ones, or no doses at all; he may be massaged, anointed with oil, or prayed over, just as the whim of the moment may dictate, and probably it makes no particle of difference which he does. But he has the right to choose, just as he chooses the color of his necktie or the character of his underclothing. It is not a matter in which any wise government will seek to interfere. This is precisely the liberty that the health board intends to take from him. Orthodox medicine, conscious of its losses, is trying to buttress itself by federal statute, to exalt allopathy to the status of a privileged caste, and to create an established school of medicine just as some other countries have allowed themselves to create an established school of religion. It is for the common sense of the community to rebuke that effort and to repel an unwarranted invasion upon elementary human rights.—San Francisco Argonaut.

**A Drain of the Company.**

On his way home from the theater, where he had seen a performance of "Othello," Bobby was unusually quiet. "Didn't you enjoy the play," his grandfather asked at last.

"Oh, yes, very much," replied Bobby. "But, grandpapa, there's one thing I don't quite understand. Does the black man kill a lady every night?"—Youth's Companion.

**Natural Deduction.**

"Papa, are lawyers always bad-tempered?"

"No, daughter; why do you ask that?"

"Because I read so much in the papers about their cross-examinations."

**Kindred Spirits.**

"Lady," said Plodding Pete, "I ain't had a square meal in two days."

"Well," said the resolute woman, as she turned the dog loose, "neither has Towser, so I know you'll excuse him."

**Its Status.**

"Our congress is the finest legislative body going."

"No, the British house of commons is, and I can prove it."

"How so?"

"Why, you must admit the house of commons is without a peer."

**A Business Connection.**

Messenger Boy—Who's the swell guy ye was talkin' to, Jimmy?

Newsboy—A big one, and me's walked together for years. He's the editor of one o' my papers.—Life.