# EDITORIAL SHEET.

# THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE.

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## OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 24, 1893-SIXTEEN PAGES.

hominy and potatoes at correspondingly bigh prices, and black molasses—as desert—

A Christmas Near the North Pole.

only as a festal day whose associations and memories would to some extent vary the

rots, blubber and potatoes. Our Christmas dinner was served at 1 o'clock. Hearken to

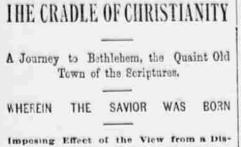
our menu, ye who will sit down the coming Christmas to ronst turkey stuffed with oysters and accompanied by the usual con-

omitants. First course a stew of seal meat.

nions, blubber, potatoes and bread crumbs

our ever reaching our own firesides again

CHRISTMAS STORIES



tance-A White Mass of Castle-Like Cloisters-Hallowed Places and; Vincelad Hills.

Shorn of the glamour with which Christ mas is invested, its myths and superstitions and the exacting decrees of custom, the mind is irresistibly borne back to the cradle of Christianity-the City of the Nativity. What of the Bethlehem of today? Has it imbibed the spirit of western civilization or clung tenaciously to its odors of sanctity?

Recent travelers agree that western civilization has not only invaded the Holy Land. but has already influenced its life. The railroad penetrates its vincelad valleys and barron upland, and locomotives puff and whistle at the very gates of Jerusalem. The journey to the Holy City is now one of comfort instead of trial and camel-back torture. From Jerusalem to Bethlehem three modes of conveyance are available-the horse, the camel and the ass.

Passing outside the walls of Jerusalem one traverses the valley of Gehenna, sees Job's well with its white cupola and then finds himself advancing up the slopes of Mount Zion, which stands to the left. Here is a Christian cemetery and the home of an English pastor, who hangs notices in the hotels to attract visitors to his Tuesday and Wednesday afternoon teas, which are much in vogue among the English and Americans. One is also shown the hall in which Christ washed the feet of His apostles. At that time, according to the bible, the house of Joseph of Arimenthea stood here, but since then a mosque has been erected on the spot. The room in which the sacred washing of the feet occurred is on the ground floor, and, strange to say, is now reserved for the wor of Mussulman women, so that ship

Christians are refused access to it. Continuing along the road one passes a Jewish city which was commenced by Sir Moses Montefiore with the idea that it would be inhabited by poor people of the Hebrew faitt

Who does not remember Corregio's divine painting of "The Flight Into Egypt," the scene where Joseph, Mary and Jesus, worn out with the long journey, sink to rest under a fig tree! Today the fig tree is gone, not as sceptles might insinuate, because it never ex-isted, but because an Arab farmer on whose lands it was got, tired of having his crops crushed under the feet of worshiping pilgrims, burned it down some two centuries ago. If be had been an American this farmer would have built a wall around the tree with a large gate for admission money and made a fortune!

Near this spot, as another legend tells you. is the well where the three wise men halted on their way to Bethiehem after their interview with Herod.

At the end of this field and right by the rondside one is shown the evidence of another miracle. It is a rock on which the

LEFT ITS MARK ON MEMORY in a space supported with marble columns, is also made of marble. Finally one sees, also fashioned in marble and a little further to the right, a circular orifice marking the place where God caused a spring to burst forth when the boly family was sholtered in this refuge. Of course Christmas is the great fete day at Bethlehem. On Christmas eve the French

at Bethlehem. On Christmas eve the French consul comes from Jerusalem to Bethlehem to take part in the ceromonics of the great Christian night. The Turkish authori-tics place at his disposal a detachment of cavalry, and two offliers with drawn sabers accompany him. Surrounded by his eight cawas on horseback in their striking Levantine costume of blue and gold, the consul poes with the procession, which in-cludes many pikrims, through the holy place. About half way there, near the rock of Eli, mentioned above, the sheiks of Beth-

place. About half way there, near the rock of Eli, mentioned above, the shelks of Beth-lehem and other rich people of the city wait for the consul on horseback and accompany him to his destination, while the whole pop-ulation turn out along the streets, the women and children along the terrace and at the windows, and welcome the visitors with cries and cheers. Upon the esplanade before the basilica the Turkish garrison stands at arms, while the music of the Catholic Or-phan asylum sounds the "Marseillaise," and

then the cortege passes on to the Franciscan monastry, where the prelates of the Latin church, the patriarch himself, who is the thief dignitary in Palestine, being present, receive the guests. At night the Christmas service begins at ) o'clock with a pontifical mass celebrated at the Franciscan church near the basilica. The richest vestments are worn for this office, those having been presented in the name of the French republic by Marechal MacMahon. The first ceremony is concluded about midnight and then a long procession with candles in hand moves toward the grotto of the nativity. First comes the cross-bearer, followed by the Franciscan monks and members of other religious bodies. The patriarch comes last and directly behind him, at the head of the lay-men, walks the French consol with his at-tendants. Only those who precede the patriarch carry candles, but that dignitary bears in his hand with infinite precaution a beautiful little child in wax, which, with at the Franciscan church near the basilica beautiful little child in wax, which, with sweet smile, seems almost on the point of crying out. The divine child rests in a

manger on silken cushions, rose colored and embroidered with gold. At its feet are cloths of fine lace and under the cushion stands a straw bed, whose projecting thorns call to mind the memory of Christ's sufferings. The cortege, having traversed the trans

cept of the basilica and descended into the grotto of the patriarch, stops in front of the spot where the child Jesus was born. The patriarch places the manger and child in the hands of one of his followers and begins to chant the story of the Naturity as told by St. Luke. Then the prelate takes the child again and placing it upon a silver star con-tinues the service, with modifications of the sacred text appropriate to the occasion and the special surroundings. As the prelate says the words which tell how the Holy Mother brought into the world her first born son he takes the child again, wraps it in fine laces and chants:

"And here they wrapped it in clothes." "Then he waiks to the marble manger and places in it the image of the new born child, at the same time chanting the words: "And here they laid it in a manger because

there was up place for them at the inn." The service often lasts until 2 o'clock in the morning, and is finished by a "Te Deum" and "God Save the Republic." All Bethle-hem watches this night, and the people, men, women and children, remain until day breaks with lighted candles in their hands in the neighborhood of the basilica. Everywhere one hears cries of joy and breathes the fragrance of incense. The festivities become more and more animated as the hours wear away, and it would be difficult to estimate the quantity of capdles and hard poiled eggs which are devoured by the par icipants during the night. Bethlehem is of all the cities in the Orient r in Palestine the most Christian. In a pop-dation of a little more than 6,000 inhabitants there are hardly 100 Mohammedans. It is a fact not generally known that the Bethle-hemites are lineal descendants of the crusaders. They prove it to you by long parch-ments in which their genealogy is traced out elaborately. Indeed, there is no need of such proof, for the Ayrian type is plainly seen in their features. Under their Oriental garb one is surprise I to find yellow hair and blue eyes which in no way resemble the typical Arab or Syrian: These pecularities are not found in Jerusalem, which city was too great to be absorbed by the crusaders, whereas the little burg of Bethlehem was entirely peopled by them and has remained the residing place of their descendants until the present day.

Christmas Cheer Amid Strange and Impressive Surroundings.

COURAGE DULLS THE PANGS OF DISTRESS The Day of Days on a Man-ol-War, in a Hospita', in the South in War Times and in the Frigid North-In-

teresting Reminiscences,

[Copyrighted.] Did you ever ask yourself which one of all the Christmas days your life has numbered is the most memorable one? Which one of all others you are most certain never to forget? Those are questions I recently put to several prominent men and women, at the

same time requesting them to tell me some thing of their most memorable Christmas. "I think that all things considered my most memorable Christmas was my first one in the navy," said Admiral John G. Walker of the United States navy. "Christmas on board a man-of-war far out at sea is quite a novel experience to a landlubber. Four bells, telling the experienced mariner that it is 6 o'clock in the morning, followed by the reveille sounded on the bugle and the call of the boatswain's mates, 'All hands! Up all hammocks!' cause every man to turn out and roll up his hammock. Then Jack Tar is allowed fifteen minutes for a smoke, after which he must work till ten minutes before s, when the boatswain's shrill pipe will summon him to 'mess gear.' There is always plenty of work for the crew on board a manof-war. The decas must be scrubbed daily and that Jack always does as soon as he has fairly turned out in the morning.

"After 'mess gear,' or breakfast, as lands men would call it, comes the 'sick call,' and men who are sick must promptly report. The morning watch till 9:30 is spent in the count less jobs that can always be found for Jack's willing hands. All the brass about the ship the guns and the hand rails must be polished till they shine like burnished gold. Then on ordinary days the drum beats quarters' or general quarters,' and the men go through arm and fire drills, but on Christmas day the church service and a short sermon are substituted. Nothing that I had or have ever witnessed in the way of religious ob-servances made such a deep and lasting im-pression upon me as did that service aboard ship on my first Christmas in the navy, All sailors have a simple, trusting, childlike faith in the God who rides upon the wind and storm, and as the men stood aft on the gun deck1 saw tears on many a bronzed chock while the chaplain dwelt upon the wonderful story of Christ's birth and life

and his infinite pity and compassion for us "Jack Tar's Christmas dinner at sea de pends for the character and variety of its viands largely upon how long his vessel has been absent from port, and upon whether or not he and other members of his mess have had sufficient forethought to put aside a fund to insure them a good Christmas din-ner. At its best it will probably comprise only fresh meat and vegetables, though it is much more likely to consist only of cauned goods. The afternoon is spent just like tha of any other day and the men sup at to o'clock. After everything has been made snug for the night the men who are not on watch smoke and exchange reminiscences of Christmas days long past, and thus Christ

cheer-such as could be obtained-cost a fabulous sum, for one bright golden dollar was then worth \$28 in confederate money. Sugar was from \$5 to \$10 per pound; turkeys XMAS IN MERRIE ENGLAND Solar vas rounded to be per point, threeys \$50 apiece, and flour \$52 per barrel. Christmas, 1814—the last Christmas of the war dawned, and what a gloomy festival it was for the people of the south. Of manu-factured products we had practically none. Some Customs That Do Still Survive to Recall Ye Olden Time. Our hairpins were made of long, black thorns, with a ball of scaling wax on the end. We had made into dresses every scrap

# TIDE OF HOLIDAY AND FESTIVITY FOR ALL of available material, and now our gowns consisted of window curtains, 'home-spun and paper muslin or colored cambrics tha'

Events that Serve to Prolong the Happy had once done duty as lining, while our teet were encased in home-made cloth shoes. At Season Till the New Year is Old-At How the Day is Spent by a a Christmas dinner in a typical southern home that day the festive board presented a turkey that had cost \$200, a ham worth \$300.

# British Family.

at \$50 per gallon. The confederate dollar was then worth just 2 cents in gold; wood was \$100 a cord; beef \$35 a pound; flour \$500 Though a very old English saying this is as applicable now in the country where its author lived as when it was first spoken 400 vears ago.

where the set of the s land is nothing to what it was. Many are they were free and had all scattered away. the old customs, once as sacred as the car of Desolation seemed to reign over everything. Of all the Christmas days I have known. Juggernaut to the Buddhists, which are now that last Christmas in the south in war time is the one of all others that I am most cer-tain never to forget." seldom observed. Even the burning of a "yule" loz after devotions on Christmas eve is now the exception rather than the rule, and the accompanying "rite" of lighting many candles is known of only to the few.

"I think Christmas, 1883, was my most memorable one," said General Greely, the famous Arctic explorer. "With my com-mand I was proceeding southward in the hope of obtaining help, and about the 20th of October we ensconced ourselves in a little hut at Cape Sabine. Our supply of food was ununing years low and we were on your what In olden times it was customary at court and in the houses of the wealthy to appoint a "lord of misrule" to superintend the revels. In Scotland this functionary was running very low, and we were on very short rations, every one being allowed just food enough in each twenty-four hours to sustain denominated "abbot of unreason." Either name was equally appropriate and suggeslife. Under these depressing circumstances and amid the awful silence of the Polar night the cheerfulness that we continued to tive of the duties he was appointed to perform. The office was abandoned in Scotland night the cheerfainess that we continued to maintain was remarkable. It would have been a splendid opportunity for Dickens' quaint character. Mirk Tapley, who was always seeking some specially depressing situation in life to show how 'jolly' he could be under adverse circumstances. As the Christmas season approached we all looked forward to it with eager anticipation, not only as a foctal day, whose negodations and by act of Parliament, half a century before Scotland ceased to have a Parliament exclusively her own; and in England the custom died a more natural death but very little later.

#### Reminders of What Was.

Yet, though the rollicking fun of bygone days has been so much modified, many of the pastimes which these lords of misrule wearisome monotony of our lives, but be-cause we knew that the winter solstic would fall about December 22, and that then presided over are still extant and popular as they ever were. There is no more familiar game to English children of the nineteenth The sum would be at an end. Christmas day came at last. Christmas in the Aretic regions. At 6 o'clock we had our breakfast—thin soup made of peas, cavcentury than blind man's buff, but it has ceased to have the attraction it once had for

people of mature years. Conjuring, even yet, seems to have a cer-tain appropriateness to Yuletide. But it is lone in a more amateurish way, though pos-sibly with the aid of many curious and wonderful contrivances which were enticely undreamed of in the philosophy of bygone generations. Many other amusements, dancing for example, are not nor ever were peculiar to Christmas and may on that accoust be left out of consideration.

#### What Christmas Is.

Second course, served one hour after the first, a stew of raisins, olubber and milk. Desert, a cup of not chocolate. The best and nost Christmaslike feature of this meal was But as a season of general festivity and that we were allowed a sufficient quantity of it to satisfy the pangs of hunger. Our enioliday, Christmas is even more generally observed now than it used to be. There is observed now than it used to be. There is no country, probably, where Christmas has been so long and so universally observed as ovment of the desert-one cup of chocolate-we tried to prolong as much as possible. Over it we told each other Christmas stories. England. It now stands out as the greatest holiday time of the year, a time when every We exchanged reminiscences of bygone Christmases at home with the loved ones so one, great or small, rich or pcor, young or old, looks for some additional comfort or at-traction to make life the more worth living. far away. We discussed the probability of It is, however, as the time of family re-unions, the home coming of absent elder and we entered into an agreement that if we got back to civilization before another Christmas we would pass the day together brothers and sisters, married sous and in memory of that awful Christmas we were then spending in the realm of the re-lentless ice kinz. Alas, many of those brave fellows never lived to see another Christdaughters, that Christmas rises up above the other holiday times of the year. With some it is also an important date in the calendar of the church, and the bells of the established churches ring out merrily every Then we had some singing. There were Christmas morning to draw in a good crowd of worshipers anxious to remember after the manner of their fathers the pirth of the foundary faith some good singers among is and of different nationalities, too, so we had songs in English, French, Danish and German, And

founder of their faith. Your average Englishman is seldom at loss for some profitable way of spending a hel

# SINGLE COPY FIVE CENTS

PAGES

9-16.

family who have a long distance to travel and cannot reach home until well on in the day. Frequently the Christmas dinner is THE COLONEL'S CHRISTMAS. Colonel Straightman was a character, and eaten at the house of the grandfather, and several families of children have to arrive ie had a history. He was not a character before the dinner is called. In such cases in the modern acceptance of the term which there may be as many as forty or fifty per-sons sitting down, and the meal that is prois used in newspapers to describe chronia vided must of course be of a magnitude to correspond. The number and quality of the dishes must be regulated largely by the supvagrants in police circles, queer acting Bo . chase it, but there are certain things which

are essential. Following is a sample monu-for a plain Christmas dinner of a family in average circumstances : Soup. Roast Sirloin of Reef. Roast Turkey. [With sausages surrounding the dish.] Potatoes. Plum Pudding. [Served with blazing brandy.] Triffe. Jellies. Blane Manze.

Jellies, Figs Almonds and Raisins, Nuts.

And Then the Christmas Tree. It is late in the afternoon when the dinner is over. Then comes the distribution of presents, for Santa Claus was only permitted to give out a few of the smaller articles and even these only to the younger children. All the valuable presents, books and dolls, jewelry, expensive toys, vases or articles of furniture or wearing apparel, etc., have been kept back. Where there is a large gathering of children the presents are often distributed in some "novel" manner. They may be buried in a barrel of bran and sought for one by one, or they may be brought into the room where all are assembled by a real Santa Claus, driving, if possible, a team of reindeer. But the correct way, in England as everywhere else, is to have the presents hung on a Christmas tree, and the effect of a fully developed fir tree, decorated with min-iature colored challes and mirrors and gill toring. Unsel adda break to the delinkt of tering tinsel adds largely to the delight of

Tea is a meal of little consequence, for the late dinner has left little desire for more cating. If the Christmas tree has been "had" in the afternoon the evening is usually passed in some amateur acting, or with charactes or such games as blind man's buff or ticky-ticky-touch-wood.

#### Pantomime and Carol Singing.

But Christmas is not over when Christ-mas day is over. Not until the schools open again at any rate do the 'observances' end. Some time toward the end of the year all the theaters bring out a pantomime, a farcical representation generally of some fairy tale, such as "Little Red Riding Hood." "Dick Whittington and His Cat," or "Puss in Boots," and to have the thing complete there must be introduced a clown and a harlequin and any amount of bad jokes with a local turn attached to them. The pantomimes run for a good many weeks and many of the "unco guid" people even who never go to the theater at any other time of the year will let their children go to the pantomime Carol singing is an ancient custom that is dying a very slow death. Children of the poorer classes will go around the town any time in Döcember or January and sing on the doorsteps of the houses of the rich.

"Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" is the most popular "carol," and it is the exception to hear a song thus sung that has no bearing on Christmastide. In some towns it is cus-tomary for the choirs of the various churches look upon Christmas week as a time when when they can replenish their exchequers, They go around usually with a memoran-dum book, sing in front of a house and then ring the door bell and ask for a subscription of from 1 to 5 shillings. This, however, is far from being a universal practice.

#### Link That is Almost Broken. The Christmas box is almost a defunct in-

stitution, in its strict sense, and even in that it has changed its real meaning more than once since the phrase was first used. The Christmas box was once a receptacle placed in the vestibule of the church to receive contributions which were divided on Christmas morning among the poor of the parish.

Later it became a donation to errand boys

hemlans who feast one day and fast the next, or freaks in any of the commoner or better walks of life. He was not a man whom those who knew him either intimately or only casually smiled about as they spoke of him and remarked, "There's a character," There was nothing in his features, dress or deportment that would attract attention, yet there was a subtle something in his makeup that impressed you and no one who had ever met him failed to remember him and thatpleasantly. About 60 years of age he was still apparently more vigorous than most men at 33, and yet we who knew him well began to feel that the manifest vigor was due less to natural physical strength than to the consciousness of a work ahead that was far from being completed. Brimming with reminiscences of the civil war, in which he earned his title, and of his career and ex-perience of years as a detective, "Old Matt," as we lovingly spoke of him among ourselves, was a most delightful companion. He told us the most thrillingly interesting stories of his varied experiences, but always exacted a request that we should not use his name in any of the tales that might get into print, In any of the tailes that highly get hito print, as he was decidedly averse to newspaper prominence, or notoriety, as he termed it. He was known by most of the newspaper boys from coast to coast. They all loved him and they all knew that he had a history, that he

was not pursuing his hazardous and thank-less calling from necessity or a love of the work. We often talked among ourselves, after one of 'Oid Matt's' visits and specu-lated as to the motive which prompted him to keep up his never ending touring of the continent when his age and condition of his finances urged and warranted his retirement from active work. It was my fortune, good or bad, to be the first of the old man's friends to learn his history.

On Christmas eve I had taken the train, intending to spend a brief holiday respite from work with friends in a southern city, Early in the evening I dropped into the smoking apartment of the chair car and was delighted to find the only other occupant of the apartment none other than my friend the colonel. My deright at meeting him was only equaled by my surprise at his failure to return my warm greeting. One glance at his face showed that he was laboring under a heavy load. He had aged remarkably, his boyish vigor had vanished, his eyes were insteriess, he was utterly dejected. After a half-dazed stare he made room for me at his side and then sat for some minutes in a si-lence that I dared not break. At length the colonel drew from his pocket a cigar and a telegram. The latter he handed to me with the single word "Read." The telegram was as follows:

Sr. LOUIS, Dec. 24.—Colonel Matt Straight-man. — hotel, Omaha: Your wife is dying. Come at once. JOHNSON. Come at once.

I was attempting to stammer some stereotyped although heart-felt word of sympathy when the old man stopped me "Don't, my boy," said he. "I know what you would say, but it would make no difference with me. These seven words have sounded the death-knell of all my hopes, ended my usefulness, called a halt in my life work, which will now never be resumed."

After a few moments of painful silence the old colonel lighted his cigar and, without any explanation or preface, began to tell me the story of his life, in a low, passionless tone and in a manner which suggested that he was talking to himself and was wholly unaware that he had a pained but deeply interested listener.

"When I came out of the war," said the old man, "I was wealthy and with my wife and boy, a little chubby fellow then 8 years old, took up my residence in a southern city. Ten years of hard work in a successful and highly profitable business made

# For Christmas comes but once a year, But when it comes it brings good cheer.

As a season of revelry Christmas in Eug-

let En stretched from the persecutions of Queen Jezabel. The rock still shows plainly the marks of the prophet's body. The bast and hollow of the head may be seen as if indented m a feather bed. Unfortunately at the very point where Eli found the bread and cruse furnished b the angel some irreverent hazard has planted a telegraph pole, which seems a crucl irony A little detour brings one to the so-calle Pools of Solomon, three huge rectangular reservoirs, in which from time immemorial has been stored the precious water that gushes i. a copieus stream from the springs above. Up a gradual ascent, and by degrees Bathlehem, the City of the Nativity, nu-folded itself to view. The two hills-united like the Siamese twins, by a little ridge upon which the town is situated-give it a preminence above its fellows, which renders the effect decidedly imposing. The most striking feature is the white mass of the castle like cloisters of the Franciscan and Armenian monks. With their thick walls, broken only by little windows, they are veritable citadels of defense against the attack alike of Mostem or the equally insidious summer heat. About them cluster the low, flat roofed stone houses of the town memories of the Bethlehemite King stil flourish only in the free air of the country In the territory about early Christian tradi-tion, so facile in identifying, has pointed out many scenes of His early life. The onl place which strongly appeals to the travele is on the northern edge of the town, a rud well, some twenty-five feet deep, with water at the bottom which indicates the presence of a spring. luasmuch as this is the only living spring in town (the water suppl being obtained from cisterns) there are goo reasons for recognizing in this the "well of

Bethlehom, which is by the gate." Passing through the narrow and crooked street which cuts Bethlehem in two parts one finally eaches the extremity of the burg and finds himself in an oblong square which in its turn opens into an esplanad paved with stone, hero and there showin owing openings into cisterns which served for bar tisms and for ablutions among former gener-ations of Christians. In those days it was

the usage to wash before entering the sanc A curious scene is here on the very border of the place of the nativity. On one side a burial ground with white tombs; on two other sides rows of bare high walls, like a fortress or a prison. Here and there win-dows pierce the walls, but no doors. One looks about him mystified, but finally dis-covers a black hole in and out of which people are passing almost on all fours, so low is it. This is the chief entry to the sanctuary of the nativity. Having passed through this hole one finds himself in a large hall divided by four colonades and surmounted by a roof flanked by heavy beams. People stand about talking and smoking children play, Turkish soldiers sew up their uniforms, women give suck to their infants, fakirs offer oranges, beads and candles for said while Greek and Franciscan monks hurry about as if on business of pressing imporhurry tance. Formerly the Arabs used to stable their sheep here.

But this is not the stable where Jesus was born, and one is some time in discovoring it. On the left two Turkish soldiers with rifles are stretched lazily on a beach. One is asleep, the other yawns. They are evi-tiently not there from personal preference. In front of them a circular stairway goes down to a door which seems to indicate a crypt. The door passed, one continues the descent by a narrow staircase until becomes to two other Turkish soldiers, this time standing up, with guns on the floor, and on the left, lighted by hanging lamps, is the following inscription: "Hicde Virgine Mary Jesus Christus, natus est." (Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.) We are in the stable.

This discovery is much of a surprise and one's first movement is for protestation, for the simple reason that nothing at all like i stable is apparent. We are in a grotte. To this objection the reply is made that in olden

times it was the custom in Palestine to use grottos for stables. Unfortunately even this explanation seems unsatisfac-fory, so much has the appearance of the grotto been changed. The walls are covered with marble, and countless lamps hang down from a celling richly decorated with gold and purple hangings. The effect is that of a prefentious hallway in some Oriental museum. There is nothing which calls (2) mind the poverty in which Josus was born. and the manger, which is seen at the right

#### PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Little Johnny: Mrs. Talkemdown paid me a big compliment today. Mother-Did she, really? Well, there's no denying that woman has sense. What did she say? Little Johnny -She said she didn't see how you came to have such a nice little boy as I am.

Johnnie-Papa, do two negatives make an affirmative? Papa-That's the rule.

Johnnie-Well, you said "No, no" when I sked you for a quarter this morning. When do I get it?

Little Mabel-Ether must think you're lots better than any of her other beaux. Mr. Spoonaway (gratified and blushing)-Why, dear? Little Mabel-Because she lets me stay in the room when you call and she don't when the others call.

Small Boy-Papa, I got something for othing yesterday. Papa-How was that?

Small Boy-The boy next door gave me the whooping cough.

Johnnie's Mamma: "When my little boy weut out with Jerry did he remember to be polite and make Jerry go out before him? Johnnie: "Yes, ma sure I did. An when he wouldn't go out first I turned around and slugged him."

Mamma (reprovingly, on Sunday): "You told me you were going to play church." Little Dick: "Yes'm." 'Then I'd like to known what all this loud laughing is about "' "Oh, that's Dot and me; we're the chuir.

"Johnny, do behave." "Pa said Ineedn't." "What!" "Yes, he did. He just sent me up here. He said, 'If you can't behave your-self, go upstairs,' so I came."

"Jimmle, where did you get this 5 cents?" "It's the money you gave me for the heathen, mamma." "Then why did you 12.21 "My teacher said 1 was a heathen.

Toudles-Papa, why do we hang up holly branches on Christmas? Is it because it's a holiday!

"Now, Georgie, which is correct: Mamma pave me a piece of pie, or mainma give me a giece of pie!" Georgie-Neither one. 1 took It when she wasn't lookin'.

Annie-You should be excused when you

eave the table. Little Nephew-Should If 1 thought from the way you acted about that third piece of pie that you'd be glad to see me go.

"Gol-lec!" said Toning as he sat down at the table and viewed the spread, "I wisht I was the injy-rubber man."

"Sister." said the little boy, "will you please make me a lot of biscuits, like those you gave us for breakfast the other day?" Sister was touched. They were the first heering words Johnny had spoken to her in a long time. "Certainly," she answered. "Are you

"No; i wanted to try them in my new slung shot.

#### mas in the navy comes to an end." A Christmas in a flospital.

"You know, of course, that I was a nurs prior to my marriage to Senator Hawley, and I think my most memorable Christmas was one that I passed as a nurse in the Mus one that I passed as a hard musc in operation of the philadelphin hospital." The speaker was Mrs Edith Hawley, wife of Hon. Joseph R. Hawley, United States senator from Connecticut. "The hospital had been badly managed and it had known no Christmus Ide worthy of the name for several years. I de-termined that it should have one and I in-terested all the visiting physicians and their wives, and through them many society people in my purpose. We decorated all the walls with holy and we provided a Christ

mas feast to which our poor patients were helped by some of the daintiest buds of

heiped by some of the daintiest buds of Quaker City swelidom. Long before the day we devoted ourselves to mak-ing presents. I made nearly 100 with my own hands. No one of our charges was forgotten. Each one received something, and their expressions of pleasure were in many instances really touching. One poor dittle girl of 6 years, a waif from the worst slums of the city, was asked if she would like to have a flower. A flower? What is a flower? she asked won-dering?, and when a beautiful lacquemmot

deringly, and when a beautiful jacqueminot rose was placed in her hand the surprise and delight of the chilu who had never before meant, brought tears to the eyes of all who witnessed them. An old man of nearly 80, who told me that he was absolutely without a friend or acquaintance in the world, had a little sunshine brought noto his life also that day by a small bunch of flowers. He

had been a florist in his early manhood, and had a good knowledge of botany, and in tell ing of the peculiarities, habits and organs o the flowers given him that Christmas day he grew quite bright and cheerful and forgo for a time the utter weariness and hopeles. ness of his life. Thank God for such Christmus as this, said one poor old be ridden pauper to me. 10's the first ray of sunshine that has come into my life for twenty years,' and similar expressions were heard on every hand. I do not think that any who participated in it will ever forget

that Christmas in a hospital." A Christmas in the South in War Time. "We had some very memorable Christma days in the south during the war," said Mrs

Zebulon B. Vance, wife of the junior United States senator from North Carolina. "That of 1861 was different from any that had preof 1861 was different from any that had pre-ceded it, because we were in arms against the federal government, and many of the guests at southern homes that day wore con-federate uniforms. Much of the talk at the Christmas dinner table was of sleges and battles and marches. But we were all full of hope and confidence. For southern bravery and fighting blood there could be no such word as fail in such a struggie and we had

and nga high brock in the result of an second word as fail in such a struggle, and we had not the slightest doubt of the triumphant success of our cause. The old-time prodi-gality of southern hospitality was at its height that Christmas. The negroes came up from their quarters in the early morning for theory Christmas if a long as each one for their 'Chris'mus gif's.' and as each one was liberally remembered with such tokens as the childish African nature most delight in, every ebony face shone with delight and loud and characteristic were their expres loud and characteristic were their expres-sions of pleasure. Great bowls of egg-nog and punch had been propared and were set out in the great halls. Wood fires --just to take the chill off --went roaring up the wide fireplaces. Invited guests gathered about the hearthstone, and there were feasting, music and dancing "Christmas, 1862, found us but poorly pre-named to cotobrate it. Our subulles were pared to corobrate it. Our supplies were few, and confederate money was at a heavy discount. Wood was \$15 per cord, and tur key \$11 each, but even at those prices many were still able to enjoy them, and there were still some toys to give the little folks. Then came the bitter year of 1863, with the fallof Vicksburg and the defeat at Gettysburg. With sad faces, harmonizing well with their dresses of coarse black stuff, the women of the south devoted themserves to picking lint and spinning and weaving for husbands, fathers, orothers and sweethearts in the field. Christmas

then we each received the only Christmas present that was vouchsafed to us that year. One of our party-Kislingbury by name-had some tobacco still left, and, knowing that most of the men were destitute of it, he very kindly made a cigarette for each one of our little party. I will wager that in all Christendom that day not a present was given or received that gave such intense de-light to the recipient as did those little rolls of tobacco and paper. They were quickly affame and being puffed away at for dear life, and thus my most memorable Chvist nas-a Christmas near the north poleended in smoke.

I was surprised to find that, though the Esquimax are not a heathen people, yet they celebrate at Christmastide, not the birth of Christ, but the feast of the winter solstice or of the sun, which, prior to their conver sion to Christiauity, was kept by so many of the nations of Europe, including the Romans, the Celts and the Germans.

GEOFFRY WILLISTON CHRISTINE.

### CHRISTMAS IN OTHER LANDS

In northern Europe the grim and ghastly feast of the scandinavians, in which they drank ale out of the skulls of their enemies developed, under Christian influences, into celebrations, coarse, indeed, in their abund ance and gross excesses, but gentle in the comparison.

In Rome Christmas eve and Christmas morning are ushered in with solemn reli-gious services, which, as before remarked the Italian seems to regard with less vener ation than his Spanish fellow Cathelie. The churches are beautifully decorated and lighted, and the music is superb. To think of Germany in connection with

Christmas is to remember the Christmas tree. We Americans are proud to have sat at the feet of our Teutonic friends and to have learned from them-as our English cousins have also learned-how to make the children vastly happier when the call comes for everybody to be as happy as he CILLI.

The mistletoe was employed by the Greeks and Romans in the antique days, and by the Druids and Celtic nations, who attached religious importance to the plant. Odd, grow-ing out of an oak or other tree, to which its appearance indicates no relationship, and beautiful in its glossy leaves and shapely globes, mistletos has been an object of admiration from time immemorial. In Sweden Christmas is ushered in with

early church services. Special music-the Latherans love singing and the organ-decorations and brilliant illumination give distinction to this service, perhaps above al in the year. The rest of the day is sacred to family joys. On subsequent days neighbors exchange hospitalities. Merry sleigh parties awaken echoes in the romantic and picturesque scenery of the country. Preliminary to these festivities great has been the preparation at the farm houses scattered re and there.

Madrid presents a lovely aspect in antici-pation of Christmas. Flocks of fat turkeys obble about the streets for weeks before hand. Shows of meat and vegetables remind one of England in their profusion, and grapes, pomegranatas and oranges of sunny skies. Stalls are loaded with sweetmeats of the season, children's toys, including representations of the holy manger, angels shephords, wise men of the east, and the star. Men and boys improve the occasion oy making ear-splitting noises with cheap drums and trainpets, and render night

hideous acareely less than day. , In the matter of Christmas presents pre-eminence must be given to Pope Leo III., who, on Christmas day, in the year 800, A. D., gave Charlemane the crown of em-peror. That archibishop of York, who, in the thirteenth century on the creasion of peror. That archbishop of York, who, in the thirteenth century, on the occasion of the marriage at Christmas of a Scotlish princess, gave 600 fat exen and 4,000 marks as his contribution to the feast, was surely the jolliest of churchmen. The reader will remember that it was at a Christmas feast that Edward III. revived the round table of the King Arthur evech and instituted the the King Artbur epoch and instituted the Order of the Garter. Another mighty king Henry V., was besleging Rouen when Christ-mas came around. He thereupon ceased hostilities and invited the famished enemy nostifities and invited the familined enemy to come out and enjoy such Christmas faro as the English camp commanded. Queen Elizabeth's celebrated silk stockings, be-cause the first ever wora in England, were ov her as a Christmas present in received t the year 1560.

day and a kindly paternal government has been good enough to give him plenty o them. At Easter and Whitsuntide very little work is done, but in some parts of the country only one of these occasions is ob-served very extensively. The first week in August, and especially the first Monday, which is a bank holiday, is generally con-sidered an "off" time so far as business is concerned, and throughout August and September "everybody" is out of town, at the seaside or some inland watering place with his wife and family. Even an ordinary Saturday takes way crowds from the towns to the country, and, incidentally, bring other crowds into the towns to see the big brings foot ball or cricket games.

#### Every One's Holiday.

But at Christmas every one takes holiday. The schools throughout the length and breadth of the land let out about the 20th of December for from two to four weeks. Many of the factories and workshops even contrive to close for a few days, and there is less work done on Christmas day lisel than on many a Sunday. Not only the 25th of the month, but the weekday next follow-ing also, is a legal holiday and for these two days, as well as any Sunday intervening, the banks have their shutters up, the retail stores are closed, even the newspapers suspend publication, with but few excen suspend publication, with but few excep-tions, and the railway and street car services are very largely restricted. In most families it is customary, as soon as their holidays begin, for the children to

start out on foraging expeditions to gather all the holly and ivy, fir branches and, if they know where to find it, some sprigs of mistletoe, with which to decorate the house In the large towns where this is more diffi cult and consequently less customary, the street hawkers and the grocers and green grocers do a lively trade in this way. A nice sprig of holly with plenty of berries on it is sure of a ready sale auywhere, for every household must have several of these for the cakes and, above all, for the turkey and he plum pudding when they are brought on the table

Christmas eve is spent in decorating. A fir branch or small piece of holly must be placed over every pleture in the chief rooms of the house. The chandeliers must be pret-tily entwined with ivy. The entrance hall must be festooned with wreaths of ever-green of all kinds, and among all these must be tastefully distributed appropriate mot-toes, Chinese lanterns and paper roses or chrysunthemums.

Then, as in other lands, the little ones are sent to bed and the elder brothers and sis-ters sit up with the father and mother to await the arrival of Santa Claus and con-duct him around the house to fill the stockngs hung out for him. Long before day light the toys and other gifts he leaves are strewn about the bed and the happy owners have fallen asleep again to await the time when they may get up and dress or be dressed for breakfast.

#### Waiting for the Mail.

The forenoon may be passed in making calls, in a walk or a skating expedition, that is by those who do not wish to attend the church service. But there is one thing which may occur any time before the noon hour which every one has an interest in. That is the arrival of the postman. This particular mail has an importance beyond all others. It is always understood that uncles and

aunts and cousins in all parts of the country will have sent Christmas cards and boxes of presents for the little ones, and they will all with one accord have sent these off the day before, so that they shall arrive together o Christmas morning, not a day too soon or a day too late. Indeed, so universal is this practice that the postoffice authorities every year find it impossible to deliver the morn-ing mail at the usual hour, and it is fre-quently nearly hair a day late. There is only one delivery, but sometimes the parcel post packages are delivered separately, which is as good as two deliveries, for the anxious groups of youngsters who peep from the windows of every house to await the mail man's coming.

#### The Dinner.

Dinner is usually not served until 2 p.m. For the Christmas dinner, it must be re-membered, is the greatest event of the year in almost every family, and peeds time for preparation proportionate to its importance. Then, too, there may be members of the

essengers of tradesmen and others by their employers' customers. In the last few ears this custom has very rapidly been

But the children of well-to-do families have another Christmas pleasure. Chil dren's partics are not exclusively English but an English boy or girl who does not at ast get invited to half a dozen parties dur ing the Christmas holidays is one of the un appiest of creatures that ever lived. These parties are not complete either without a Christmas tree, and they frequently amount to a second edition of Christmas day, but without the dinner.

#### All of Heathen Origin,

There is of course a heathen origin for nearly all the observances of Christmas. But what of that? Christmas itself was the shipers, the time of rejoicing that the days had begun to lengthen again and that dark-ness was not, for a while at any rate, to conquer light. The yule log is one of the for survivals of the old sun worshipers. Mistletoe was a plant that was sacred to the Druds, and holy and other evergreens were used by all the old heathen nations in their festivals. Indeed the practice of kissng under the mistletoe goes back to days efore England was England and continent of Europe its origin is lost in an tiquity. Even the Christmas tree, carol singing and the Christmas card are of heathen birth. W. B.

A GIVE-AWAY. Town Topics. gave her a muff.

I post inc enough, I puid, indeed, all I was able. The lining was buff, And I put on the blaff That it really was genuine sable. That it truly was genuine sable!

But my luck it was tough. he was a girl up to shuff-And I, I forgot the label; And she got in a buff. And, Thear, cut up rough, When she found that it wasn't real sable. That there wasn't one bit of it sable!

Yes, I gave her the guff That the three-dollar muff Was the very best black Russian sable; Oh, an't I a stuff To throw out such abluff. And forget to tear off the label, The give-away selling price label!

#### BITS FROM DICKENS.

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears God bless us !"

"Berries is so seasonable to the time of ear. There's good cheer where there's berries."

"A good time, a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time."

"Golden sunlight, heavenly sky, sweet fresh air, merry bells. Oh, glorious, glorious.

"Pile up the fire here; let it shine upor the holly till it winks again."

"It was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge."

"It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty founder was a child himself."

"I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present and the Future. The spirits of all three shall strive within me."

"But every man among them hummed Christmas tune, or had a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath to his companion of some by-cone Christmas cay, with homeward hopes belonging to it."

"There was nothing very cheerful in the climate or the town, and yet there was an air of chcerfulness abroad that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have endeavored to diffuse in vain."

"A merry Christmas to everybody! happy New Year to all the world!"

"God bless us every one, said Tiny Tun.

tune and we were planning to move east and give our boy the benefit of the best educa-tion obtainable. I had just closed up my business affairs and was ready to leave the city when an event occurred that changed my entire life. Our boy had left home one night to attend a party given by some young fellows, former school chums of his, who were to give him a farewell send off. I had been so engrossed with the cares of business that I had paid too little attention to my son's choice of companions. The lad did not return that night, although we were not seriously alarmed. But imagine our horror when the morning papers arrived with a detailed account of a row in which some young fel-lows had engaged after a night of revelry. The result had been murder and one of the young men, my boy, was suspected of hav-ing been the murderer. He had fied, "I will not attempt to tell you of our grief, the methor's first our was to find him work to

His mother's first cry was to find him and to heip him. I started on a search which ends heip him. I started on a search which ends today. For several years I traveled over the country without ever finding a trace, but I could not give up the fight. 'Find my boy.' was the constant cry from his heart-broken nother, and there was nothing left for me to do. Three years after the killing I found absolute evidence that my son had not been guilty of murder, but had been made the victim of circumstances, which served to shield the real murderer. This only served to renew my efforts. I had been convinced that the boy had gone to the bad, and so devoted my time in a scarch among the criminal classes. I secured a position under one of the best detectives in the nation and for nearly fifteen years have served him and served him well. 1 have worked on criminal cases in every part of the country. I have located my boy a number of times, but have not been able to get him. He has served his apprenticeship and is a full fledged criminal. I have seen his picture, taken in a prison, within the last month. He was arrested for trying to rob a train, but escaped from jail before I could reach the city where he was confined. His mother knows nothing of this and neven shall. I have always hoped that if I could find the boy and get him home we might be

able to make a man of him. "But that telegram ends it all. His mother will never recover, and with her death all my interest in my son's life and my own ceases. If she only lives until I get

A sharp, shrill shrick of the engineer's whistle, the swishing application of the airbrakes, the sudden stop, pistol shots mingled with the curses of train men and the screams of frightened passengers told the colonel's experienced ears that the train had been at-tacked by robbers. The sounds produced a magical effect upon the old man. He sprang to his feet, his face flushed, his eyes snap-ping. He was a man again. He whipped a revolver from the pocket of his overcoat and started for the front. I instinctively fol-lowed. We rushed through the coach where the passengers, wild with fear, were hiding under the sents foar, were hiding under the seats and endeavoring to secrete what valuables they might possess, out and on through the baggage car to the express coach, which was the object of the attack. Noise of a desper-ate struggle told that the measunger was staking his life in an attempt to save the company's property. On the platform stood one of the robbers, a revolver in each hand. In an instant, before I even realized the danger of my position, the colonel had opened fire and the mea were engaged in a duel to the death with only the space of the car coupling between them. The door of the baggage car was thrown open and a stream of light flashed full in the face of the opportunity and the next builtet from the opportunity and the next bullet from his revolver found a home in the robber's heart. Something in the robber's appear-ance as he stood in that last diash of light had evidently attracted the colonel's attention. When the robber sank upon the plat-form the colonel sprang to him, raised him in his arms, gazed into his face an instant, sprang back and, with a cry that sounded above the tumult, exclaimed, "My God, my boy!" and fell back in my arms, dead. The colonel had found his son. On an inside page and in an obscure pesi-

tion in the papers on Christmas morning was the following telegraph item: Sr Louis, Dec. 24.—Mrs. Mary Straight-man, wie of Colonei Matt Straightman, the well snown detective, died at hor home on well gnown detective, died dright, Blank street just before midnight, HUNTER