

THE CHRISTMAS TRUCE

(Between the British and the Boer Armies, December 25, 1899)

By Julia Ward Howe

At early dawn, one wintry day,
Two armies, oft encountering,
lay

Pledged to a fierce and fatal fight,
Each hateful in the other's sight.

Why sounds no more the iron rain
Of missiles, nor the cry of pain?
And why do foemen greeting send
As to a brother, or a friend?

In ancient times of bloody war
Stood portents in the heavens afar,
And cloud-built hosts with seeming rage
Approached each other to engage.

What stood between the foes that day
To keep the battle fiend away?
What emblem consecrates the morn?
The vision of a Babe new-born.

Foreseen in many a prophet's mind
As the Redeemer of Mankind;
Belov'd, for help that He should bring
To human woe and suffering.

The centuries that lie between
His sacred glory cannot screen.
He bids the bitter conflict cease,
And lifts His infant voice for peace.

Oh! Babe adored! What passions wild
Are stilled before that little Child
Whose gentle Mother shall become
The guardian spirit of the home!

His two small hands are stretched in
love

The sanguinary field above.
"Oh! harm each other not!" he cries,
"Henceforth encounter brotherwise."

Thus He who lived and died for all
Announced His holy festival
And so th' opposing armies lay
At peace on blessed Christmas Day.

AN ESKIMELODRAMA

Mid Greenland's polar ice and snow,
Where watermelons seldom grow
'Tis far too cold up there, you
know),

There dwelt a bold young Eskimo.

Beneath the self-same iceberg's shade,
In fur of seal and bear arrayed
(Not over cleanly, I'm afraid),
There lived a charming Eskimaid.

Thro'out the six months' night they'd
spoon

(Ah, ye of sage, think what a boon).

To stop at ten is much too soon

Beneath the silvery Eskimoon.

The hated rival now we see!

(You spy the coming tragedy.

But I can't help it; don't blame me.)

An Eskimucher vile was he.

He found the lovers there alone.

He killed them with his axe of bone.

(You see how fierce the tale has grown)

The fond pair died with an Eskimoan.

Two graves were dug, deep in the ice,

Were lined with furs, moth balls, and
spice;

The two were buried in a trice,

Quite safe from all the Eskimice.

Now Fido comes, alas, too late!

(I hope it's not indelicate

These little incidents to state)—

The Eskimurderer he ate.

L'Envoi.

Upon an Eskimo to sup
Was too much for an Eskipup—
He died. His Eskimemory
Is thus kept green in verse by me.

CHRISTMAS SWEETS

A NEWLY-ENGAGED couple were
enjoying some blissful moments
alone after the Christmas dinner.
They had broken the wishbone at the
table.

"Tell me what you wished," she asked
shyly.

"Tell me what you wished," he re-
turned.

"Well—I will if you will."

"I hate to do it—it might not come
true."

"But maybe it would. Now, you
promised, you know."

"Well, I—er—I wished you'd let me
kiss you. Now, what did you wish?"

"Oh, I daren't tell!"

"But you promised."

"Well—I wished you'd get your
wish!"

CHRISTMAS CHEER

HOW TO KEEP CHRISTMAS

THERE is a better thing than the ob-
servance of Christmas Day—and
that is, keeping Christmas.

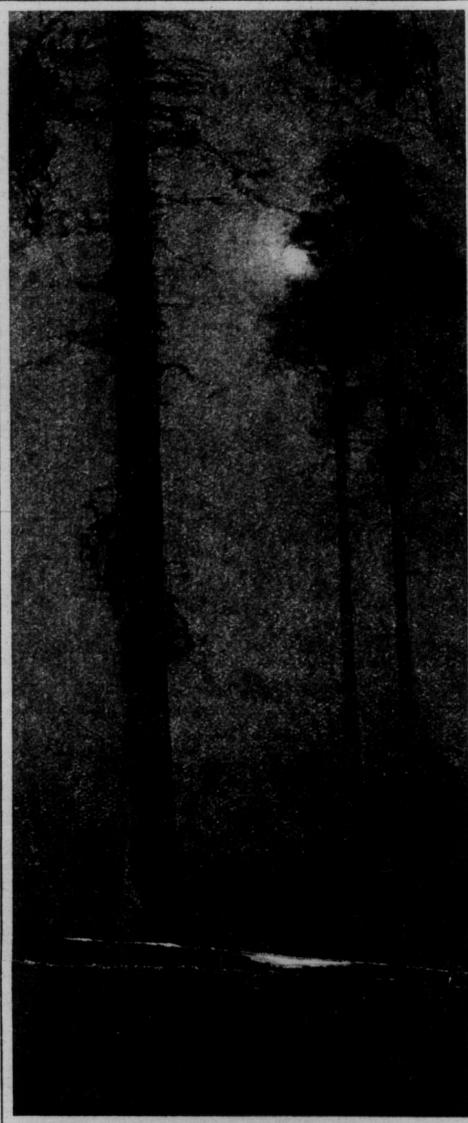
Are you willing to forget what you
have done for other people, and to re-
member what other people have done
for you?

Are you willing to stoop down and
consider the needs and the desires of
little children; to remember the weak-
ness and loneliness of people who are
growing old; to stop asking how much
your friends love you, and ask your-

WHAT STRAWBERRIES WILL DO

EUGENE FIELD was a guest at an
English country house, and the
hostess had, as a special mark of
honor to the guest, reserved for his
visit the finest strawberries of her
raising. When the berries came to the
table they were certainly beauties, but
the hostess notified with horror that
Field didn't touch the fruit, but sat
looking at it in deep thought.

"Why, Mr. Field," anxiously asked
the hostess, "don't you like my straw-
berries?"



Sentinels of the Forest

self whether you love them enough; to
try to understand what those who live
in the same house with you really want,
without waiting for them to tell you; to
trim your lamp so that it will give
more light and less smoke, and to carry
it in front so that your shadow will
fall behind you; to make a grave for
your ugly thoughts and a garden for
your kindly feelings, with the gate
open—are you willing to do these things
even for a day? Then you can keep
Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love
is the strongest thing in the world—
stronger than hate, stronger than evil,
stronger than death—and that the
blessed Life which began in Bethlehem
nineteen hundred years ago is the
image and brightness of the Eternal
Love? Then you can keep Christmas.
And if you can keep it for a day,
why not always?

But you can never keep it alone.

—Henry van Dyke.

"Oh, yes," replied Field, "I know
I shall love them. But I was think-
ing, if I ate them, how they would spoil
my appetite for prunes."

A PALE poet who wrote pale poetry
was taken to the White House
one day and presented to Presi-
dent Roosevelt by a friend. The friend
and the president had occasion to go
downstairs, followed by the pale poet,
who lagged a few steps behind.

"I don't like that man's poetry,"

said the president. "It is anaemic."

When the president left, the poet
turned to his friend and said: "Did
I understand the president to refer to
my poetry as anaemic?"

"Anaemic?" said the friend. "Oh,
no!" And then, working his wits
overtime, he added: "You misunder-
stood. He said it was academic."

Christmas gifts, by any other name,
Would make us bankrupt just the same.

A CHRISTMAS PROCLAMATION

Know All Men by These Presents:

Smoker's Pride cigars.

Purple cravats.

Hopeless hairbrushes.

Noisy neckties.

Dainty smoking jackets.

Agonizing bathrobes.

Fairylike bath slippers.

Unreliable umbrellas.

Meerschaum(?) pipes.

Monogram socks.

Chaste cigarette boxes.

Maddening match safes.

Enigmatic toilet articles.

Scandalous scarf pins.

Love-knot cuff links.

Full back pyjamas.

Embroidered suspenders.

Tippy ash-receivers.

More match boxes.

More cigars.

Calabashes.

"IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?"

T HE night with the shifting flakes
is thick,

Old Boreas blows and blows,

And now is the time when speeds Saint
Nick

Over the piled-up snows;

For close at my knee there stands a
wight

And pleads in the cuddling pause
That follows his kiss and his sweet

"good night":

"Is there a Santa Claus?"

And I answer: "Yes, to be sure there
is.

Why straight from the pole he comes
With his reindeer, Dasher, and Prance,
and Whizz,

And a load of sleds and drums,
And a host of wonders both tin and
wood

Intended for lass and lad:

Aye, oceans of toys for the children
good—

But sticks for the children bad."

So we talk and guess, and Saint Nick
we hear

Whenever a sleigh-bell rings;

And into the chimney throat we peer
While the back log glows and sings.

Till, careless of drifts besieging deep,
And many a snow whirl wraith,

Tucked fast in his bed he lies asleep,
Secure in his childish faith.

Dream, happy youngster, your fondest
dreams

Of Dasher, and Whizz, and Prance;
Not mine the arrogant faith, meseems,
To shatter one least romance.

For the time draws near in the future's
store,

When, keen to a thousand flaws,
Grown wise—too wise—you will ask no
more:

"Is there a Santa Claus?"

THE BEST OF REASONS

A LITTLE five-year-old asked for
a second piece of cake at the
Christmas supper-table, and
when her mother refused, the little one
looked at her very seriously and said:
"Mamma, don't you know that The
Ladies' Home Journal says that when
your little girl asks for anything to eat
it's a sign she needs it, and her appetite
is the safest guide to feed her by? So
you'd better give it to me!"

NATURAL ADVANTAGES

A FEW hours after the very elabor-
ate Christmas dinner little Marie
was taken violently ill, and her
cousin Elizabeth, who had been un-
happy all day on account of Marie's
prettier dress, was heard to whisper in
an awed voice: "Marie's got the
prettiest clothes, all right, but I've
got the strongest stomach."

ALL HOPE GONE

T HIS most persistent lover seemed to
make no progress whatever with
the object of his affection; she
gave him no apparent encouragement.
Finally he said:

"My dear Gertrude, can you give me
no hope—none whatever?"

"No, my dear boy, I cannot; not one
speck of hope—for I am going to marry
you."

Christ

By EU

ONE of the
of Christ
the sugary
which perhaps
there is always
middle class
and the dried
sert, to say not
in the Christm
pies.

And from the
view the fruit
part of our food
bles is not abo
with the highest
mas Day. And
point of view
does something
cess of other
body less clogg
wise be. From
view nothing c
than the array
apples, bananas,
in the plum-pu
currants, and s



The orange i
vested with r
the Crusaders,
fruit in the Le
that it was the
perides. "Psyc
ange high amo
the date, whic
liar veneration
was a symbol
need not wond
sider its value
besides its well
carries us bac
when athletes
part of their d

It is very
point of view
fruit taking
than ever befo
change has be
years. For ins
tury ago we u
at Christmas.
very sour the
Spain and I
France, our fi
ports in Asia
ca, while our
most exclusiv

Think also
years ago. Box
St. Michael. o
to eighteen sh
Covent Garde
shillings a
twelve shillin
from threepen