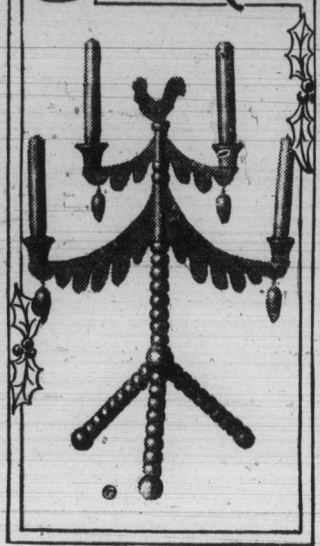


# ONE KIND CHRISTMAS TREE



In Sweden wooden candelabra like the one in the picture are frequently used instead of Christmas trees for the display of gifts.

## Oh, to Have Dwelt In Bethlehem!

Oh, to have dwelt in Bethlehem  
When the star of the Lord  
Shone bright;  
To have sheltered the holy wanderers  
On that blessed Christmas night;  
To have kissed the tender, worn feet  
Of the mother undefiled  
And with reverent wonder and deep delight  
To have tended the Holy Child!

Hush! Such a glory was not for thee,  
But that care may still be thine,  
For are there not little ones still to aid  
For the sake of the child divine?  
Are there no wandering pilgrims now  
To thy heart and thy home to take?  
And are there no mothers whose weary hearts  
You can comfort for Jesus' sake?  
—Adelaide Procter.

The Highland Lassie on Christmas.  
Grant in his "Highland Customs" tells how the Scotch lassie rose with the first gray streak of dawn to bake her Christmas sowans, or sour scones, hard oat cakes, soft cakes and pannich paron. The day's enjoyment always consisted of trials of skill and games and wound up with a grand evening meal. In some parts of Scotland, as in England, it became customary to hang a branch of mistletoe in the middle of the room or over the door, and if by accident or otherwise a girl passed under it any young man was privileged to give her as many kisses as there were berries on one of its sprays.

## THE MISTLETOE.

With Christmas cheer the hall is bright,  
At friendly feud with winter's cold;  
There's many a merry game tonight  
For maids and men, and young and old;  
And winter sends for their delight  
The holly with its crimson glow,  
And pater noster the mistletoe  
The mistletoe, the mistletoe!  
The wan and wanton mistletoe!

Chance comes to our festive eyes,  
Dear crimson bearded holly sprig!  
Thee, Robin, too, the hall receives,  
Unbidden, whom our hearts invite.  
And, perched among the crumpled leaves,  
He cooks his head and sings "Hullo!"  
The mistletoe, the mistletoe!  
Hangs up above, but what's below?  
Oh, what's below the mistletoe?  
The mistletoe, the mistletoe!

A kindly custom sanctions bough  
That's taken beneath the wanton bough.  
Who laughs so low? Why, here it is!  
Look, Jenny, where I have you now!  
Dear bashful eyes, sweet lips—a kiss!  
Ah, cheeks can mock the holly's glow!  
For what's below the mistletoe?  
Ah, ha! Why, it's Cupid O!  
Ah, ha! Below the mistletoe  
'Tis Cupid O, 'tis Cupid O!  
—Temple Bar.

Santa In the City.  
Santa Claus touched the button which summoned his foreman.  
"Yes, sir," said the foreman, coming in from the shop.  
"What are you working on?"  
"Doll flats, sir."  
Santa Claus turned in his chair and regarded his foreman doubtfully.  
"Doll flats?" he exclaimed. "You mean doll houses."  
"No, sir," the foreman answered. "These are for city distribution, where the children don't know anything about houses."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Before the birth of Christ the ancient Romans indulged at the midwinter season in a festival from which it is supposed that many of the present day traditions sprang. Presents were given and received. An expression of mutual brotherhood was shown in the custom of the masters and their slaves exchanging places and the former waiting upon the latter.

# A Friend of Santa Claus

By BERENICE JACKMAN



FOR weeks and weeks before Christmas Tommy Lee had been talking about what he expected to find in his stocking; he had written a letter to Santa Claus and given it to his mother to post, and then he flattened his freckled nose against the shop windows choosing the presents he wanted.

"And a pair of roller skates," he said one day to Ben Walker. Tommy was only seven, while Ben was seventeen years old.

"Huh!" sneered Ben. "Santa Claus don't come to poor kids." And he went away.

"Mother," said Tommy, with a quiver in his voice. "Ben says Santa Claus don't come to poor folks' houses."

Mrs. Lee smiled sorrowfully. "I am



"PLEASE," SAID TOMMY BREATHLESSLY, "ARE YOU SANTA CLAUS?"

sure he will put something in my boy's stocking," she said.

"I suppose he wouldn't bring a pair of roller skates," remarked Tommy, "or some nice warm gloves and shoes for you, mother?"

"I am afraid not, dear. You see, there are so many to remember."

Tommy said nothing for a time. If his father had been alive—He choked back a sob and slipped into the dark little bedroom. In the bottom drawer of the bureau he found a pair of his father's big woolen socks.

"I'll be back soon, mother," called Tommy, and he scooted out.

Five minutes afterward Tommy Lee was trudging up the broad avenue.

A sleigh glided in front of a beautiful white marble mansion, and out of it hobbled an old man in a fur coat.

He wore a furry cap pulled over his white curly hair, and his whiskers were white and fluffy, and Tommy was sure that he had found Santa Claus.

Tommy Lee hopped after the furry coated old man, and when a tall footman opened the door Tommy went inside, and no one saw him until the little old gentleman snapped on the electric lights in his library.

"Please," said Tommy breathlessly, "are you Santa Claus?"

"Bless me! What a question! Perhaps I am. But how did you come in?" Tommy Lee told him, and he even explained why he had brought his father's big woolen socks.

"One is for mother, and the other is for me, please, Mr. Santa Claus. I did wish for roller skates at first, but mother needs shoes and gloves and a little rest. Do you have any rest in your pack, sir?"

Santa Claus nodded his head. "Heaps of it," he promised. "Where is your father, my lad?"

"He is dead," said Tommy tearfully. "He was shot by a burglar who was stealing from a rich man's house. My father was a brave policeman."

"Shot—by a burglar?" Santa Claus looked very thoughtful, just as though Tommy's father had been killed in his beautiful house, which happened to be the case. "Well, young man, suppose we call for my sleigh and we will go to the shops."

Tommy Lee never forgot that wonderful ride. After the sleigh was full of beautiful bundles they dashed up to Tommy's home and started Mrs. Lee by bringing in dozens of paper packages. One of them held a fine pair of roller skates.

And while the friend of Santa Claus talked to Mrs. Lee and promised her work in his own house Tommy felt that he was a very important person.

He awoke it was Christmas morning.

# The SNOW BABY by EDGAR MACLANE

THE Judds lived in a little cottage at the very end of the town. Mr. Judd was a carpenter, and when he had plenty of work there were light and cheer and warmth in the home. But after he had fallen from a ladder and broken his leg hard times came to the family in the cottage, and the two little boys, Richard and Robin, whispered together that surely Santa Claus would not find them this year. In former years he had been good to the two little boys, but this year things would be different.

On Christmas eve, after the little boys had gone to bed, Mr. Judd whispered to his wife that Santa Claus might leave some nuts and candies for Richard and Robin and that he himself had whittled them two boats that were handsomer than those in the shops, and Mrs. Judd had boiled some molasses and made a big panful of walnut taffy from the store of black walnuts in the attic.

Just at that moment Mr. Judd saw a piece of paper pinned to Robin's stocking. It was written in the little lad's big round handwriting.

"What is that?" he asked, going to the mantelpiece.

"Robin's letter to Santa Claus. I haven't read it yet. What does it say?" asked Mrs. Judd as she cut the taffy into nice squares and prepared to wrap it in the waxed paper.

Mr. Judd read the paper, and his eyes twinkled. "He asks Santa Claus to bring him a little sister. He doesn't want anything else. He says he can be happy playing with her all the year around."

"The dear child!" sighed Mrs. Judd. "What is that?" they both spoke together, for from the porch outside they heard a funny little sound that sounded strangely like a baby's cry.

"It sounds like a baby," said Mr. Judd, going to the door and turning the knob quickly.

"It can't be!" said Mrs. Judd, following him.

When Mr. Judd opened the door the snowstorm tried to enter the warm room. The carpenter peered out into the whiteness and then down and lifted something that was huddled against the door.

"It's a basket and there's a baby inside!" he cried as he closed the door and set the basket and its contents on the table.

Sure enough, in a nest of warm clean blankets was a six months old baby girl; blue eyed, golden haired, dimpled. Her clothes were coarse but clean, and pinned to her white frock was a note saying that her baby's mother was dead and that her father was going to a far country and made a present of her to the kindest people in the town he knew.

And there was some money in the envelope, all that the poor father could spare. It was very little.

"Shall we keep her?" asked Mr. Judd, for they were quite poor and his illness had brought many heavy bills to pay.

"She came to us," whispered Mrs. Judd as she hugged the baby they had found in the snow. "We can spare enough for her. And the boys will be so happy to have her!"

"That settles it!" said Mr. Judd, and he went up into the attic after the little cradle in which Richard and Robin used to sleep.

When Christmas morning dawned Richard and Robin crept out of bed and tiptoed into the sitting room. They always did this on Christmas morning so as not to awaken their parents.

It was barely daylight.

They could see their stockings hanging from the mantelpiece, and out of the tops were sticking two red painted sailboats just alike.

Besides the boats there were warm red mittens, knitted by loving fingers, and there were delicious walnut taffy wrapped in waxed paper and some red apples.

And just as they reached the red apples the little boys looked down and saw the old cradle with the snow baby's bright and blue eyes staring up at them.

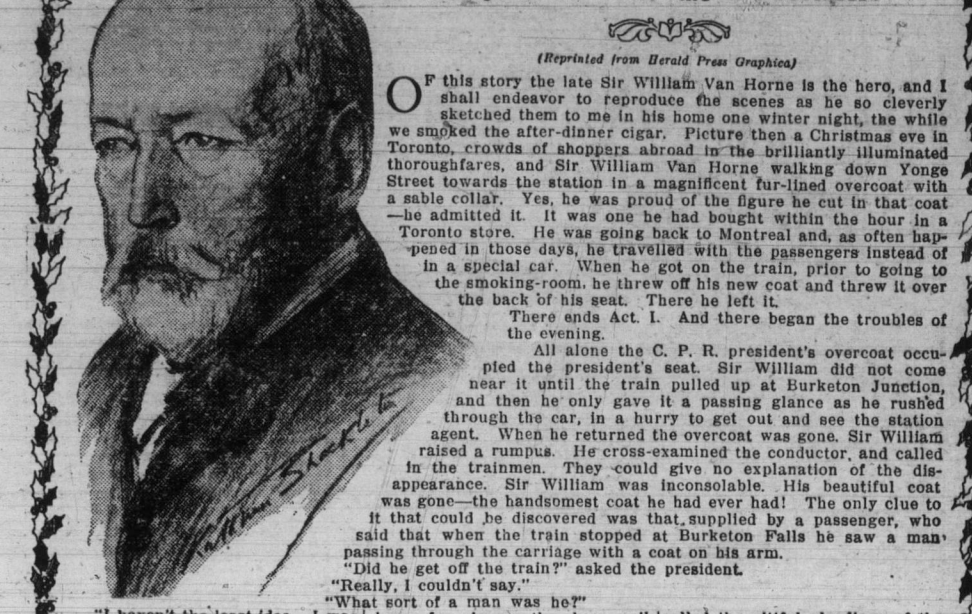
How the cottage rang with their cries of joy! How they hugged the new baby sister, whom they thought Santa Claus had left at their door! But we all know that sometimes when Santa Claus is very busy he has to ask grownup folks to help him distribute the good things at Christmas time and he cannot get around to all the homes of all the good children in one evening without trying his reindeer too much.

"Hurrah!" cried Richard and Robin, running to awaken their parents.

"Merry Christmas, father and mother! Come out and see the beautiful baby sister Santa Claus has brought us!"

They were so excited that they never ever had!

# A Christmas Story By Order of the President



OF this story the late Sir William Van Horne is the hero, and I shall endeavor to reproduce the scenes as he so cleverly sketched them to me in his home one winter night, the while we smoked the after-dinner cigar. Picture then a Christmas eve in Toronto, crowds of shoppers abroad in the brilliantly illuminated thoroughfares, and Sir William Van Horne walking down Yonge Street towards the station in a magnificent fur-lined overcoat with a sable collar. Yes, he was proud of the figure he cut in that coat he admitted it. It was one he had bought within the hour in a Toronto store. He was going back to Montreal and, as often happened in those days, he travelled with the passengers instead of in a special car. When he got on the train, prior to going to the smoking-room, he threw off his new coat and threw it over the back of his seat. There he left it.

There ends Act I. And there began the troubles of the evening.

All alone the C. P. R. President's overcoat occupied the president's seat. Sir William did not come near it until the train pulled up at Burketon Junction, and then he only gave it a passing glance as he rushed through the car, in a hurry to get out and see the station agent. When he returned the overcoat was gone. Sir William raised a rumpus. He cross-examined the conductor, and called in the trainmen. They could give no explanation of the disappearance. Sir William was inconsolable. His beautiful coat was gone—the handsomest coat he had ever had! The only clue to it that could be discovered was that, supplied by a passenger, who said that when the train stopped at Burketon Falls he saw a man passing through the carriage with a coat on his arm.

"Did he get off the train?" asked the president.

"Really, I couldn't say."

"What sort of a man was he?"

"He was home for six months—been railing back in the bush. She and the little ones are expecting me for Christmas."

"Where do you live?"

"At Peterborough."

"What's your name?"

"Kennedy."

"I suppose you've got four or five little ones looking forward to your coming home Christmas?" asked the president, sarcastically.

"Yes, sir." Tears came in the man's eyes; a choking sob burst from him.

"Shut up, you snivelling coward!" roared the president. To see the man actually in tears angered him beyond measure.

The brakes were already grinding on the wheels. The man put his hand on the president's arm. "Don't do it, sir," he said. "I don't ask it for myself, but for my wife and youngsters. There's no harm done. You've got your coat."

The president shook him off roughly. "You common thieves," he said—and the words cut the laborer like a knife—"you common thieves are always afraid to face the music. You always snivel about your wife and family at home when you're found out. But I've made up my mind to stop your little games on this railroad and by gum, I'll do it!" "Jump out and get a policeman," he said to the conductor, as the train came to a standstill.

A few minutes afterwards the conductor returned with a policeman, and the man, silent and dejected, was marched off into the dark night in custody.

When the train started off again for Montreal the president rode in the baggage car. He sat on the top of a pile of boxes, quietly smoking a cigar and dangling his feet. His gaze was fixed on a new perambulator, but it was a long time before he really saw it. When the conductor came in he nodded toward the perambulator, and remarked: "Seasonable present, eh?"

"Yes, sir, a very useful sort of article," replied the conductor.

"But what I want to know," replied the president, "is why anybody should buy a wheeled baby carriage at this time of the year. A man bought that, for sure. A woman would have bought one with runners at this time of the year."

"Of course she would," replied the conductor. "But the man must have had a busy time shopping, mustn't he? There's a rocking horse in the baby carriage; there's a toboggan; there's a turkey, and, oh—dozen of things. It'll be a pretty happy Christmas wherever that baby carriage and its load is going."

"Yes, a carriage for the new baby, and lots of presents for a pretty healthy little family, by the look of it."

The label on the baby-carriage caught the eye of the conductor. He lifted it with his thumb and forefinger, and bent over to look at it. Then he dropped it as though it burned his fingers, and turned to the president with something like consternation in his face.

"What does it say?" asked the president. "Why man, anybody would think 'twas dynamite with a live fuse attached to look at you. What's on the label, anyway?"

"It says 'John Kennedy, Peterborough.'"

"Holy Caesar!" exclaimed the president, springing to his feet. "Why that's the man who took my overcoat—the man I had arrested!"

"Yes, sir."

The president stood for a long time looking at his cigar. He re-

called the pitiful pleadings of the man—his pale, agonized face, the unmanly tears.

"It'll drive my poor wife crazy," the man had said. "I haven't been home for six months—been railing back in the bush. She and the little ones have been expecting me for Christmas."

Sir William thought of his own wife and family in his luxurious home in Montreal. They were waiting for him this Christmas eve, he knew, waiting and counting up the hours before he would return. Yet he had only been away two weeks. As a contrast he pictured some humble little home in Peterborough where a poor woman, who had not seen her husband for six months, was waiting this Christmas eve for his arrival. She would have scrubbed up the house till it looked as clean as a new pin. She would have a dainty meal ready for her husband and the president's imagination added the domestic touch of a kettle singing on the stove. She would have put clean what the little children, and probably at this moment, was telling them for the hundredth time, "Your father's coming home!" And the little children! Surely they were dancing about the house and saying, "Daddy's coming! Daddy's coming!" He knew what little children were! Lastly came a stinging thought. The baby carriage was probably meant for a new baby that the father had never seen.

The president began to repent. After all, what had the man done? Probably he really thought the overcoat was lost, and had picked it up just the same as a man might pick up a ten-dollar bill on the floor of a hotel, feeling he might as well have it as anybody else.

When the train got to the next station, Sir William jumped out and walked into the little station house.

"Give me that key," he said to the astonished operator. The president had been an operator in his early days, he at once sat down at the telegraph instrument and gave the call for Botany Junction. When he got through to that place he sent a message that considerably surprised the operator at the other end.

"Get Kennedy, the man arrested this evening, released immediately. His arrest was a regrettable mistake. Get out an engine and one car and immediately run a special through to Peterborough. Kennedy must get there to-night."

"By whose orders?" asked the operator at the other end.

"By order of the president, William Van Horne," was the reply.

At Peterborough station that night a woman named Kennedy, with a baby in her arms, and three or four little ones flocking around her, was considerably astonished to hear an important looking gentleman, who stepped from the train on which she had expected her husband, inquiring for her by name.

"Is Mrs. Kennedy here?" roared Sir William.

"Yes, sir," said the woman timidly. "I'm Mrs. Kennedy."

"Your husband is coming along on the next train," said Sir William.

"He'll be here in a couple of hours. Here, let me shake your hand and wish you a Merry Christmas. God bless you, ma'am! God bless you!"

He jumped on the train and was gone.

And in the hand that the president had shaken Mrs. Kennedy found a Christmas present. It was a twenty dollar bill!

**Boiling Water.**  
Why is it that water will not always boil at the same temperature? Water boils whenever the outward pressure of the steam balances the inward pressure of the air, but the latter is not always the same. The barometer shows that. When the air presses heavily the steam will necessarily have to exercise greater force to overcome it than when it is low. This is why water boils at a lower temperature on the top of a mountain than at sea level. Water boils at 212 degrees F.

**A Dark Hour Friend.**  
Jimson—Oh, yes; I knew old Jimson. He was a good sort. He did a very kind action once for me when the clouds were dark and threatening and the world looked so black. Pimmon—What did he do? Jimson—He lent me an umbrella.—Boston Globe.

**Safety First at Sea.**  
In nautical parlance the phrase "The three I's" means "Lead, lifebuoy and lookout"—these being the chief things to be kept in mind when a ship is running aground.

**Explained.**  
"This isn't my suit," said Hawkins to the pawnbroker. "This is a half dozen sizes smaller than mine."  
"You are mistaken," replied the pawnbroker. "This is your suit, but it has been in soak so long that it has shrunk."

**A new invention for ripening cotton** prematurely seems unnecessary, seeing that Wall Street experts usually have a good idea of the time when the cotton is ripe and ready to be picked and baled along about May.