Yo' boys can't fool me dat erway.' Den

I say, 'Ne' min', I be de ois headman.

We'll git er fo'ked lim', an' put er

shirt 'n britches an' er ole hat on de

head, an' we tak' some hog's bristles

an' mek mustashes an' whiskers, an'

I'll git up on de roof n' let de ele

Sandy Claws down des es sof'ly.' Den

w'ile we fixin' up de ole man we all

sing some mo' er dat song an' laff

"A'ter so long er time, we git every-

fing all right, an' we start down ter

de quatahs. Unc' Ike so cu'ious an'

contrary dat he can't live in peace wid

de res' er der niggers, an' ole marse

ha' ter buil' 'im er cabin 'way off f'om

de res' weh de ole man could fuss 'n'

qua'l des so much as he feel like. We

ha' ter be mighty keerful gwine frough

de weeds, 'case we see er light in Unc'

Ike's cabin frough er hole in de chim-

bly. Any yudder time Aun' Sukie done

be'n settin' by de fiah er noppin' an'

er' smokin' dat ole pipe twel de dead

hours er de night; but now she done

laid down, 'case she 'spectin' ole Sandy

Claws, an' she heah ole mis' say dat

he ain' gwine come home 'long as any

pusson 'wake 'bout de house. She lay-

in' down, an' done had 'er head kiv-

ered up wid de quilts. Unc' Ike, he

settin' up in de co'ner wid he shucks.

platin' an ole hoss collar w'at he gwine

ter sell nex' day fo' ter git de Crismus

dram wid. An' he had free big ole

niggerkiller 'taters roastin' in de ashes

"Aun' Sukie keep er sayin': 'Ike,

"Unc' Ike says: 'Sukie, vo' des' shet

up yo' mouf. I know w'at yo' studyin'

bout, yo' ole fool. Yo' lemme 'lone, an'

Sukie cook slow, but she eat mighty fas':

"Unc' Ike, mus' er hearn me, 'case

he stop right still an' cock he yeah side-

ways an' listen an' den mumull out

sump'n' 'bout 'Ne' min', I git yo' sassy

rasc'is yit. See 'f I don' tell ole marse.'

"Aun' Sukie say: 'W'at yo' er mut-

terin' an' mum'lin' 'bout, Ike? I does

wish yo'd come on ter bed an' quit stir-

"Unc' Ike say: 'I's er-talkin' ter my-

se'f, an' 'tain't none er yo' bus'ness.

Sukie, yo' de bigges' gump I evuh seed.

Yo' lavin' dar finkin' 'bout dat mess

bout Sandy Claws. Hain't I done seed

vo' ole stockin' hangin' dar? Yo' fink

ole Sandy Claws gwin ter pay any

'tention ter dat ole wool stockin'? No,

siree, bob! Ole mis' des' ruint yo', an'

vo' ba'kin' up de wrong stump dis

"Bimeby de ole man git sorter ti'ed,

an' he kiver dem taters up mighty good

an' start ter bed. Den, a'ter de ole man

done laid down, he keep er-talkin' 'bout

crops an' 'bout 'ligion an' 'bout anyfing

fo' ter worry Aun' Sukie, who ain'

sayin' noffin' 'tall. A'ter long time

Unc' Ike drops off ter sleep an' 'gin

ter sno', an' den Aun' Sukie rise up an'

look all erroun' des' as cunnin'lack

an' den drap down lack she's er

"Dev wus er little chunk er flah w'at

kep' er winkin' an' er blinkin' in de

h'ath, but we done be'n er watchin'

frough dat hole twel we gittin' ti'ed,

an' las' I gon' ter climb up on de house.

clumb right easy up de co'ner an'

outer de aidge er de ruif, an' f'om dat

eased erlong twel I got ter de chim-

bly. I got er straddle er de ridgepole,

an' den I fix' my ole Sandy Claws an'

'gun ter git ready fo' de cirkis. De

chimbly wus about er foot too low

down, so's I ha' ter let one foot res' on

de chimbly an' w'en I fotch de yudder

An' she ax' me down ter her house

"Down, down, down went de Sandy

Claws, breshin' de sut down, an' des

s'e come in sight Aun' Sukie squalled

ack er crippled coon, 'Lawd er massy.

"Des den de clof tetched de little

laze er fiah, an' hit blazed way up, an

nit stifled me twel I los' my holt, an'

vid er elitter elatter, rip an' ker blim,

landed down in de hot ashes, right

in top er de Sandy Claws an' all mixed

"Yo' neber hearn sich er row 'twix'

lis an' edgment. Aun' Sukie she

squall: 'Oh, marse! Oh, mistis! He'p!

He'n! De ole boy's come a'ter me an

ke!' An' she went er spinnin' out

rough de dead tenweeds. Unc' Ike,

he done riz, an' w'lles I scuffin' wid de

andy Claws he got er ax handle an

"A'ter w'iles I say: 'Please, Unc' Ike.

don' hit me no mo'! Hit's Ceeze, Une

ke! Please don' hit me no mo'!' But

le ole scamp, gittin' madder dan eval

w'en he fin' out hit's me, kep' er peltin

me an' er sayin': 'Yes, yo' rasc'l, yo'

ione ruint my taters! Yo' b'en singin

bout me. I'll big lke you! I gwine

ittle Ike you! I gwine Sukie Blueskin

"Bout dat time ole marse he come

" 'Oh, marster, de debble's in de house

"Des den I to' locse, an' w'en I lit

"Dem ole critters den 'gin ter tell al

so'ts er tales, an' der 'cuse me er tryin

ter b'un de house down an' singin' bas

songs, an' dey beg ole marse fo' ter

buck me down 'cross er log an' gimme

"Ole marse lis'n', an' a'ter erwiles he

gun ter snicker an' den ter laff, an'

den we all slip off, an' ole marse ain

nevah said nuffin' 'bout buckin' down

f'om dat day twel dis. But Aun' Su

kie-u-m-m! Dat ole pusson had er

spite 'gin me evah sence, an' de ve'y

minit Unc' Ike lay eyes on me he 'gin

ter hunt 'roun' fo' sump'n' ter fling at

me. 'Peahs ter me dey ain' nevah goin

Claws."-New York Evening Post

ter fo'git 'bout Aun' Sukie's Sandy

A ginseng trust has been formed in

"Wats de mattah, Sukle?"

out'n de do' ole marse grab me.

er ras'lin' wid Ike.'

6' hunderd.

laig down I say ter myse'f:

"Ole Sukie Blueskin

on wid Unc' Ike's taters.

vus des er lambastin' me.

ke he's come!

She fell in love wid me.

Ter drink er cup er tea.

ef yo' sleepy go ter sleep, I tell yo'.'

Taterroller, paterroller, let Ike pars,

Sorry fo' lame nigger gets dar las';

Do, Mistah Paterroller, let Ike pars.

w'y don' yo' come ter bed? Don' yo'

know hit's er gittin' late?'

"Den I sorter hum low:

rin' up dem coals.'

time, fo' sho' yo' is.'

fo' de brekfus.

bout how we gwinter do 'em up.

THE COMPLEXION OF THE SENATE

Death of Senator Primrose, of Pictou, Gives Liberals a Majority of One.

Ottawa, Dec. 24.-The death of Senator Primrose puts the Liberals in a majority in the Senate, the division now standing 41 Liberals, 40 Conser-

When Sir Wilfrid Laurier assumed power in 1896 there were only nine Liberals in a house of 81. Death brought about the changes. It is understood that Parliament is not likely to meet until the last Thursday in February.

WILL RUSH LINE TO THE PACIFIC

Official Announcement Re Grand Trunk Project.

STATEMENT BY MR. F. W. MORSE

Work To Be Begun Simultaneously at Several Important Points-Waiting for Legislation.

Montreal, Dec. 23.-Frank W. Morse, third vice-president of the Grand Wainwright William Trunk, and comptroller, reached Montreal tonight from their tour of the Northwest in the interests of the Grand Trunk Pacific. Mr. Morse made the following

statement tonight: "Our object was merely to confirm the announcement that the Grand Trunk would be extended to the Paci-When we left the idea was to give out the official announcement in Montreal. When we reached Winnipeg, as it turned out, we met many who were doubtful about the sincerity of the announcement, and we were on the spot to assure them that the line would certainly be built. Operations will be commenced as soon as the necessary legislation is obtained, and we intend to begin simultaneously at North Bay, Prince Albert, Edmenton, the Pacific coast, and other convenient points, so that the construction may be rushed

as rapidly as possible." Regarding the treatment by the Government. Mr. Morse said thought they should be treated as liberally as any other road. Mr. Morse said they received a fine welcome in the Northwest, and what particularly commended the project was that the Grand Trunk had better Eastern facili-

ties than any other road. Regarding the report that the Grand Trunk Pacific will absorb the Canadian Northern, Mr. Morse said that there were no negotiations whatever with the Canadian Northern. Regarding the opposition of Quebec and the trans-Canada Raiway, Mr. Morse said the trans-Canada was in an early stage of development. The Grand Trunk was not opposed to them, and when they were ready to build. might be convenient for them to make

CHRISTMAS MONEY

Big Demand for New Coins and Bills at the Sub-Treasury.

The demand for Christmas money at the subtreasury this year has been even greater than last. On Monday was estimated by Deputy Assistant Treasurer Marlow that about \$250,000 a day in new coin, both gold and silver, must be provided to meet the demand, which will keep up until Christmas Day.

This Christmas money comes direct from the Washington mint each year at this time. Thousands of residents of this city who never see the subtreasury at any other time pour down on the dingy old Wall street building just now and ciamor for bright new gold and silver.

The big department stores also demand new money, both to please their customers and to facilitate exchange. One big store got \$25,000 in new cents a few days ago, and others have taken nearly as many.

When the officers at the subtreasury are asked to tell why this demand comes each holiday season, and where the new money really goes, they scratch their heads slowly and answer semething after this fashion:

"Probably most of it is obtained for rifts to friends. Last year, which was an exceedingly prosperous one for Wall street men, we had a big demand v bills. The calls were for bills minations of \$100, \$500 and even \$1,000.

"In almost every instance it was volubly explained that the bills were intended for presentation to others. There has already been a small demand of this character for this Christmas, but judging by the stock market it will be of smaller proportions.

"The call for gold pieces is much heavier, of course. The joy of discovering a bright new gold piece in the toe of a stocking on Christmas morning has passed into tradition Besides, they come in denominations which place them within the reach of practically every one. This year we have not been able to get as many 1902 pieces as we wished but we have insisted on receiving clean, new ones

of last year's issues. "In silver dollars, subsidiary silver and minor coins, that is nickels and cents, the demand is always great. In the minor coins alone we have thought it wise to provide about \$150,000.

"The calls come from department stores, banks and other business concerns largely, but there is also a decided demand from individuals. account for this in large part by pointing to the wide use of cent, nickel and savings banks, the toy ones in which children and even grown-ups put away the Christmas money. One man told us the other day that he put about \$1 a week into one of the tin banks as shaving money alone.

"So you see this is really a busy Uncle Sam's money He has to pay out several millions of clean, new money in a few days."

Constipation Headache, billousness, heartburn, indigestion, and all liver ills are cured by

Hood's Pills Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.

0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0 **PUEBLO INDIAN CHRISTMAS**

An Admixture of Christianity and 0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0

HE Pueblo Indians of New Mexico celebrate Christmas in their primitive way, and, although they profess Christianity, they also observe their religious as well as their tribal customs.

says the New York Evening Post. On Christmas eve the inhabitants of each village assemble at the estufa (place of worship) and elect officers for the ensuing year. Men and boys over sixteen years of age, if the latter have proved their worthiness in the chase. select the candidates by a viva voce vote. Women are not permitted in the stufa. The officers elected are a governor of the village, war chief, police official and a council of five members

r. The governor, by the advice and ousent of his cabinet, sets the time for the chase, when the entire village turns out; also designates the time to irrigate the little patches, the time to go to work and is ex officio administrator of justice. The war chief directs the pasturing of stock and prevents depredations upon private property. He is the chief of police, constable, judge and jury combined. Only sorious cases of crime are referred to the governor and council

as a kind of cabinet for the govern-

After the el ction of officers a grand dressed in buckskin pantaloons, with white cotton shirt. The headdress is of the skin of the deer or fox, the tail of the animal hanging down the back as an ornament. Some of the headdresses of the officials are prettily decorated with bright feathers and sometimes engle plumes. Their faces are painted in yellow and white stripes. relieved by red spots on the cheeks They wear moccasins of leather. The braves form in a double line and march around the village, preceded by the officers and the cacique, or spiritual head. Each brave carries in his left hand a gourd half filled with pebbles and nicked at the top. In his right hand is a convex stick, which he saws across the gourd and at the same time gives the gourd a shake or rattle. This excruciating noise s partly drowned by the general chant, in which all join The song is a monotone, as if the singer were telling a story or reciting historical sketches, and suddenly it

like the crash of the elements of discord in the grand opera of civilization. The dance is a hippetty hop, and the movement is slow until one of these breaks is sounded, and then it is delirious, like a war dance. This exercise continues all night, or as long as the braves can stand up. There is a considerable quantity of mescal drunk at these celebrations, and many of the braves fall by the wayside. The pale faces from the surrounding settlements attend the fiesta, and some bring along their whisky and gaming implements In the plaza, or central square, there are all kinds of games and booths for all kinds of drinks. The Pueblo Indinn is not used to our whisky, and a very little soon induces him to gamble

breaks out into a wild and loud blare.

away his money, clothes and wife. Isleta, a few miles from Albuquerque, N. M., is the largest of the twenty Pueblo villages in the territory, and the celebration here is always attended by a large crowd of whites. It lasts two or three days, during which there are horse racing, cocking mains and other sports. The gaming tables are run night and day. One of the games is chusa. similar to the American roulette, with a hidden spring which the dealer touches. Another sport is el gallo-the burying of a rooster in the sand, leav ing his head above the surface. The best riders in the village are selected to compete. They form in a front line at a distance of 100 yards, and charge down upon the rooster. The rider, go ing at full run, leans from his saddle and grabs at the head of the rooster It he catches the fowl, he is applauded as the victor. He then races for his nome, with all the other horsemen aft er him, with the intention of depriving him of his trophy. If they take the fowl from him before he reaches home, he is shorn of his laurels, and in the scramble the unfortunate rooster is often torn to pieces. When a rider misses catching the rooster's head every one laughs, and if he falls from his horse he is greeted with shouts of derision and epithets of "squaw

man." There are services in the church each norning during the fiesta, with the sual game and sports in the after oon and dancing at night. The serv ces are Roman Catholic-all Pueblo eing members of that church. They lowever, observe some of their own ights in secret-the dance being part f their creed worship.

Christman In Jerusalem. Christmas is beld in greatest rever nce by the Christians of the east, and lowhere is its observance more solema nd imposing than in Bethlehem, the icturesque old town where Christ was orn. On Christmas eve the devout of erusalem gather together and floci out of the city and march to the hurch of the Nativity in Bethlehem he eldest monument of Christian ar hitecture in the world. There mass i elebrated, while armed Turkish sol lers stand on mustd beside the altar nd around the brilliant star, where brist is supposed to have lain in the nanger and which gleams up from the exement the most conspicuous object the grotto. - St. Louis Globe-Demo-

Lectures in advertising are being given twice a week in the commercial

college at Prague.

AUNT SUKIE'S SANTA GLAUS

0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0

A Christmas Story

LE Sukie Blueskin She fell in love w She fell in love wid me, Ole Sukie Blueskin She fell in love wid me. Ole Aun' Sukie Blueskin She fell in love wid me,

'An' she axed me down ter her house Ter drink er cup er tea." So sang Black Cæsar, the wag of the plantation, and then he proceeded to tell us about Aunt Sukie.

"I des' tell yo' wat-I tell yo' fo' er fac', by Jo! Ef I didn't git in de lammines' scrape er Crismus time! Dat wus de time we an' dem w'ite boys made up ter play er projick on Unc' Ike an' Aun' Sukie.

"Long time 'fo' Crismus come we don't heah nuttin' but 'Sandy Claws, Sandy Claws,' f'om Aun' Sukie. She go pudgin' erroun' de kitchen sayin': 'Um-m! Won'er w'at ole Marse Sandy Claws gwine ter fotch me Crismus. Den ef we git ter cuttin' up de leases' bit 'bout de house she 'low: 'Bettuh min' w'at yo' 'bout. Fuses fing yo' know ole man Sandy Claws gwine ter pars alon' by 'n' nev' so much es nodice dem ole socks er yo'n. Won't eben put er groun' nea in 'em.'

"So we all 'sidered an' 'sidered, an' las' we made up ter fix dat ole crittur up 'n good shape. We all know ole lance takes place. The braves are Aun' Sukie ain' got no sense ter frow 'way nohow, so we 'cide we gwine ter sca' Aun' Sukie 'n' Unc' Ike out 'n dey sehen senses.

"Two er free days fo' Crismus we wus er settin' on de fence, 'n' ole lady Sukie come by wid some truck ter make de fiah wid, an' den I sing dot little song w'at a be'n singin', an' I kep' on:

"An' it's w'at do vo' fink Ole Sukie had fo' suppah. An' it's w'at do yo' fink Ole Sukie had fo' suppah. Ole Sukie had fo' suppah-Apple sass an sparrer grass

An' hominy an' buttah. "Well, sah, dat ole soul mos' had er spazzum w'en she hearn us er singin' dat song an' she rail out 'n' buse us an' 'buse us an' call us all kin' er bad names an' freaten us wid ha'nts an' I dunno w'at all.

"Unc' Ike, he Aun' Sukie's ole man, an' he wur de contraries' an' de spitefules' ole nigger on de whole plantation. He al'us er pokin' erroun' an' er grum'lin' 'bout sumpin. He couldn' res' easy less'n he studyin' up some kin' er meanness. I don' see w'at mek ole marse keep dat ole nigger 'bout de place fo' nohow, 'case he ain' fitten fo' nuffin' but ter prowl erroun' an' hunt hen-nesses, an' w'en he fin' one he al'us tek toll out'n it. He 'ensigned us ter git er many er larrupin', wid 'e ole grumplin' ways, 'case marse b'lieve ev'v wo'd Unc' Ike sav, mek' no diffunce how much de ole scoun'l stretch de blankit. But we done made up our min's ter git eben wid ole Aun' Sukie an' Unc' Ike, too, an' we des tease dem ole pussons twel dey mos' have er fit.

"Useter sing dis way w'en we see Unc' Ike er comin': "Big Ike, little Ike, yo' bettah go: Sukie bake de ashcake slow.

Dat's so:

Sukie bake de ashcake slow,

Too slow: Big Ike, little Ike, yo' bettah go! "Lo'd massy! Yo' des arter seed dat ole contrary niggah w'en we sing dat song. He look so vigus dat ye' fink ole



Tomboy done got er holt er him, an'

w'en we see de ole man grab up er bresh an' mek to'ds us we git f'om dar. "W'en Crismus time 'gun ter git close by, we all 'gun ter fix up fo' dem ele pussons. Day nex' fo' Crismus marse be mek er long highferlutin' sneech an' tell us dat long's we all b'haved ou'se'fs purty well an' wo'k hard an' mek er good crop, he gwine gin us er whole day fo' ter frolic erroun' an' 'joy wese'fs. Me an' Jack an' Tom-dem wus de w'ite boys-slip out'n de back do' an' des lit out. Down at de fu'niss weh dey be'n er killin' hogs we sot an' rigged up er projick fo' ter wake up dem ole folks. Tom say, 'Jack, yo' mus' be de ole Sandy Claws, an' we watch so's we don' git cotch up wid.' Jack say, 'No, I hain't, nudder, 'case vo' boys run au' lef' me an' den I ha' ter git out the bes' I kin.

There are 9.900s boy in the British navy, including 6,200 under training.

A Christmas Idvil.

It was two days before Christmas. The man bent wearily over his desk. shading his eyes with his left hand, and scratching idly on the blotting pad with the pen in his right.

He looked worried and careworn. "Only two more days," he sighed, glancing at the calendar, "and then-

He gazed out of the window dully at the slowly falling snow. Then he suddenly got up from his desk-chair and began to stride up and down the office, running his hands through his hair in a sort of frenzy.

"How shall I break it to the poor, faithful giri?" he muttered hollowly. 'A better wife no man ever had, and now, after all of these years, all of cheerful, happy Christmases-He gave a groan as he dropped into

his chair again. His mind flew back to the early years of his married life, and he tried to remember some circumstances connected with each Christmas that he and his wife had passed together. "And now—" he murmured again. He picked up his pen and endeavored to concentrate his mind upon the nile work heaped up before him, trying to force back the flood of memorie that poured in upon his mind. But

"If there were any way-The words beat upon his brain with all of the power and persistence of a steam hammer. "If there were any way in the world

work he could not.

He donned his hat and great coat and strode out of the office. But trudging through the snow-covered streets n the biting air only aroused his faculties to a fuller appreciation of the hopelessness of the situation.

"It cannot be done-absolutely cannot," he muttered to himself as he went along. Contented-looking pedestrians, their arms filled with holiday gifts, eyed him curiously as they passed along, but he never looked up from the path of snow which he pursued, nor seemed to notice their won-

dering giances. "I dare not tell her-it will break her heart!" the man exclaim i in a murled tone. Then he observed that a huge policeman standing on a corner was watching him narrowly, and he hastened his steps.

"Perhaps," he said to himself half aloud, as he wended his way toward his office, "it would be better for me to write to the poor girl and thus prepare her for the blow. I could never stand before her and brutally tell her without in some way preparing her.' When he reached his office he sat down at his desk and tried to compose his mind in order to write the letter to his wife. For a full half hour he sat with his head buried on his in deep thought. Then he roused himself, and, picking up the pen, began:

"My dearest wife," he began, "I am writing you this letter, and sending it to you by a messenger, because I have something to say to you that I simply cannot, dare not, say to you in spoken words. I could never stand that, You yourself know how I shrink from wounding you. You will do me the justice to admit that during all of these happy years of our married life I have never wantonly or cruellyshook the frame of the strong man

as he laid the pen down. "No," he murmured when he had partly recovered himself, "that would not do. Such preliminary words would fill her mind with awful apprehensions and the reality is bad mough, heaven knows. Maybe it would be better for me to see one of her brothers, and ted him all, and let him go to her and break the force of the blow. That is what I shall do.'

Once more he donned his hat and great coat. He was said buttoning the great coat about him when the office boy pushed open the swinging office doors and announced: "Mr. G.giamperino, sir!" "Show him in!" the man was bare-

ly able to gasp, and then he tottered back into his chair, his face gradually assuming an expression of amagement, mingled with expectancy. A stout, oily, smiling man entered the omce. The man in the office chair was at the only man's side in two bounds and grasped him by the shoul-

"Well?" he shouted hoarsely into the ear of the individual who had been announced as Mr. G.glamperino. "Well, sir, replied the elly man, with a slow smile, "I guess it's all right.'

An expression of almost speechless. idiotic happiness appeared upon the countenance of the man, who, but a moment before, had been bending over is desk the picture of gloom. "Do you mean," he contrived to

jaculate, "that you have got them?" "I do," replied the oily man, pulling long morocco leather case from his pocker.

"Heaven bless you, man!" excitedexclaimed the now cheerful-looking man, excitedly wringing the oily man's hand. "You do not know-you can never know-what you have saved me from.

"Well, I'm glad of that, sir," respectfully replied the oily individual. I'm sure I've worked hard to fill your order. And I had but little hope, can assure you, until quite recently, that I should be able to fill it in time for this coming Christmas. But, without saying anything about it to you. I cabled orders, about two months ago, to my agent in Ceylon to put every unemployed diver on the island at work. He immediately got together a force of 248 unemployed divers, dividing them into a day and night force-and here, sir, is the result-tney o'ds de quatalis, an' be cotch Jack an found the three matching pearls necesfom des as dey was er gittin' oyah de sary to complete the chain, and here

> The oily man touched a spring on the side of the morocco leather case and the lid flew up, revealing a magnificent rope of 375 perfectly matched

"My boy," frantically exclaimed the multimillionaire, jumping from his seat and once more wringing the paw of Mr. Giglamperino, "you're all right! My wife was counting on those pearls for a sure thing this innistants, and 'm a-telling you that I wouldn't have ared to even show up at home on Christman Day without them. I think our arrangement, when I gave you this order, was that the rope should cost \$375,000 - a thousand for each pearl, eh? Well, there's nothing unrateful about me, and when a man loes me a favor in the way you have lone I want to reward him for it. I'l just make it an even \$500,000," and the nulti-millionaire scribbled a check or that amount and handed it to the lealer in gems.

Then, in his elation, he wired to the resident of his favorite university hat he was going to make the institution a Christmas present of \$1,000,-

And so there was a merry Christmas, after all, in the multi-millionaire's

little 237-room home

· **EXAMPLE STATES EXAMPLE STATES**

At Christmas play and make good cheer. For Christmas comes but once a year.

"I'was the night before Christmas, when all through the house Not a creature was stirring, not even The stockings were hung by the chimney In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be

-Clement C. Moore. The time draws near the birth of Christ. The moon is hid: the night is still:

This is the month and this the happy Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal

Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,

Answer each other in the mist.

The Christmas bells from hill to hill

Our great redemption from above did bring. For so the holy sages once did sing That he our deadly forfeit should release And with his Father work us a perpetual

In December ring Every day the chimes: Loud the gleemen sing In the streets their merry rhymes. Let us by the fire Ever higher Sing them till the night expire!

No trumpet blast profaned The hour in which the Prince of Peace was born:

Earth's silver rivers on that sacred

No bloody streamlet stained

What Babe new born is this that in manger cries? Near on her lowly bed his happy mother Oh, see the air is shaken with white and

heavenly wings! This is the Lord of all the earth; this is the King of kings. -R. W. Gilder.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall; The holly branch shone on the old oak -Thomas Haynes Bayly. For little children everywhere

A joyous season still we make: We bring our precious gifts to them, Even for the dear child Jesus' saka His Delicate Proposal.

Gladys (on Christmas morning)-What a dear little clock! Who gave vou that? Marjorie-George, of course. Gladys-Is it going?

Marjorie-Oh, no! George wishes me

Stupid George.

time -- Smart Set.

"Are you going to hang up any mistletoe?"

"No. I'm not. I put some up last year, and George asked if it wasn't asparagus."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

o//////// THE TRUTH ABOUT

.....SANTA GLAUS

Of course there's a Santa Claus! Ever one knows it-That is, every one who has good sense and shows it. There are those who doubt love and reli-

gion and morals— Those people who always are seeking for On questions of faith and are ever lament-

The existence of things to which there's no dissenting.

They would have all the dear little children believing There isn't a Santa, but their aim's deceiving.

He's jolly and big, and his nickname's Kris Kringle: God pity the child who has not heard the iingle



Of his silver hells as he comes swift a-sleighing When his annual visit of love he's a-pay-He's round, and he's fat, and his whiskers

are whitened With centuried snows, but his good face is lightened With the cheery warm nature that keeps you supernal And will make dear old Santa Claus last time eternal.

So, children, don't think when you hang up each stocking . That there is no Santa Claus-that would be shocking-Because while you're snugly and cozily sleeping He'll come with his reindeer all madly a-leaning And from his rich load in a trice will be

And leaving the gifts that will gladden

your waking! -Washington Star. Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath softens the

taking

CHRISTMAS IN JAMAICA.

Tropical Celebration With Santa Claus Left Out.

The white people of Jamaica celerate Christmas in spirit rather than in ective observance. Of course Santa Jlaus is unknown here, for wnat would Kris Kringle do in his fur raiment and with his reindeers in a land where few ndeed of the people know what snow s and fewer still ever saw it. Outdoor sport is out of the question, and even lawn tennis cannot be substituted for the skating and tobogganing of the north. The white people sit or swing n hammocks under the cool shade of the palm trees and look with curious interest over the holiday numbers of English and American magazines, with their strange pictures of snow scenes, and read the stories of Christmastide In the land of Kris Kringle and Jack Frost After sundown there are social gatherings, at which the guests sit out on the verandas, eat ice cream, fan themselves and while away the evening with conversation and in that "sweet doing nothing" way that is such a feature of life in the tropics. Very many of the white people of Jamaica were born in the island and so know nothing of the Christmas customs of the north. But there are also quite a number of Americans and Brit-Ishers here, and these try various ways to get up a semblance of Christmas, but it is like the crew of a polar expedition celebrating Fourth of July while icebound in the Arctic circle, and their Christmas is mostly one of reminiscence. Still wintering in the tropics is not without its compensating advantages, and although Christmas here is apt to be a pretty lonesome time to Americans, they are very apt to find cause for congratulation after the festive season is over in the fact that they are safe from the cold, the snow, the slush and the blizzards of the north.

YULETIDE IN AUSTRIA.

Customs and Legends of the Non-German Population.

Yuletide as kept by the non-German population of Austria is very picturesque.' On Christmas day the Poles in Galicia first attend mass and then sit down to family supper. The chief dish on the table contains consecrated eggs, which the father distributes. After eating, all eyes are closed and all heads bowed down to the table in the belief that Jacob's ladder is then descending from heaven to earth and down the ladder angels are coming to bless the worshipers and to carry away their earthly troubles to heaven. Among the to understand that I may set my own Czechs the legend runs that he who most strictly fasts on Christmas eve will see the holy Christ in his dreams that night. In the evening the real celebration begins. All lights are then extinguished in the house; no fire, no light is visible. The children crowd together in fear and remain perfectly silent, us otherwise they know they will receive none of the presents brought by the Christ Child and laid at the entrance of the house. The older females amuse themselves by throwing heated lead into water and gathering from the forms it assumes some hint as to the appearance of their future husbands.-Pittsburg Dispatch.

CHRISTMAS MENUS

HE housewife will find no better suggestions for the Christmas spread than are contained in the following. The menus have a Christmas flavor and are cosmopolitan in their makeup. They are planned for ten or more people, but for a small family the fish course and some of the vegetables and sweets could be omit-

MENU NO. 1. Oyster Cocktails. Julienne Soup.
Olives. Celery. Salted Almonds. Broiled Smelts, Tartar Sauce. Parisienne Potatoes. Roast Turkey, Stuffed with Truffles Oyster Brochettes Spinach. Macaroni Croquettes. Lettuce Salad. Plum Pudding Glace. Mince Tarts Small Cakes. Bonbons. Nuts. Coffee.

MENTI NO. 2 Oysters on the Half Shell. Clear Tomato Soup.
Celery. Olives. Salted Pecana Boiled Rock, Egg Sauce. Potato Cakes.
Roast Turkey, Stuffed with Chestrute Cranberry Jelly. Giblet Sauce. Brussels Sprouts. Sweet Potato Croquettes. Grape Fruit Salad.

Crackers. Cheese. English Plum Pudding. Frozen Fruit Cup. Bonbons. Cakes. Nuts. MENU NO. 3. Ovsters on the Half Shell. Consomme. Radishes. Salted Filberts.

Halibut Cutlets on Toast, Lemon Sauce Roast Goose, Savory Stuffing. Giblet Gravy Jellied Apples. Hashed Browned Potatoes Lemon Ginger Sherbet. Celery Salad. Crackers. Cheese. Plum Pudding, Rum Sauce. Fruits, Nuts, Bonbons,

All of these dinners are easily prepared. The soups are light and simple, but must be perfectly seasoned and perfectly free from grease. Nearly every one now prefers the Christmas turkey stuffed with truffles or chestnuts and has a favorite recipe for this delicacy, so it is unnecessary to say anything on this subject. If this noble bird is to appear on the table, put a double row of nut meats down his breast, to button up his brown coat in true military fashion, and let him rest on a bed of celery and parsley leaves. The Christmas goose, celebrated in song and story, is not very well known on this side of the water. The turkey tired palate will welcome the appearanco of the goose, cooked by this recipe, ou the board .- Cincinnati Euquire.

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