Some folks would just shrivel up and ! blow away if they didn't put on lugs morning. noon and night," said Mrs. Rubberino to her cailer. "You'd think, to hear her tell it and to see her act it, that that Gitbye woman, in the flat across the hall, belonged to some royal family or other.

"Abe very idea of my husband telling me that she reminded him of an empress! He saw her swishing through the hall the other evening, making a noise

hall the other evening, making a noise as if she had sandpaper hidden away all over her, and filling the place with the r of some horrid musky perfume that she uses, and he said:

at woman always makes me of the Empress Messalina." "When James says things like that to me about other woman he well knows that he's in for a good sitting down upon, and he got it then. I told him that my idea of empresses was that they were at least ladies, and that he was in a mighty shabby business maligning an empress who was no doubt a lady by comparing her with such a creature as the Gitbye woman. the Gitbye woman.

"Well, you know that Gitbye woman's husband is only a clerk in a bucket shoppy kind of a broker's office that nobody ever heard of, and he's head over heels in debt to all the tradesmen in the metghborhood—don't I see them sticking their bills in the Gitbyes' letter box every time I pass through the vestibule?— but she calls him a broker, and wears the flashiest clothes you ever saw in your born days, and goes around swishing and swirling and fizgigging like a comic valentine on a Christmas tree—
"Oh, yes, it was about her Christmas

shopping that I wanted to tell you. I met her down town in one of the big depart-ment stores the other afternoon, where I went to get some handkerchiefs for James' relatives. I always send them handkerchiefs, for Christmas, and they're mighty lucky to get even handkerchiefs, for they live in the country, and they never send us anything but some apples or a country cured ham or some ordinary, everyday, ungifty thing of that

"Oh, but about Mrs. Gitbye! When I came upon her she was at the perfume counter and I caught her right in the act of looking at some of those ten cent vials of cheap perfume—she meant them for gifts for her relatives out West, of course—but when she saw that I saw what she was buying she pretended to be amused over the very idea of any per-fumes being sold for 10 cents, and she stuck the bottles back into the rack and

began talking about the most expensive perfumes to the salesgirl.

"She picked out about a dozen bottles of extracts at \$3 a bottle, and then she selected about a gallon of different kinds of expensive toilet waters—I was stand-ing by and chatting with her just to see she would do and how far she would go with her airs—and then she picked over the most expensive French scape and ordered four or five boxes of them, and then she ordered the whole batch of things to be sent up to her flat

"Then she told me that she wanted me Then she told me that she wanted me to help her pick out a gift reading lamp and I went with her to the lamp department solely for the purpose of seeing how long she would stick with the farce, and she picked out the loveliest dull silver and opal lamp, with beaded shade fringe, for \$135, and ordered it sent to her flat C. O. D., and would you believe it, the woman never cracked a smile? it, the woman never cracked a smile?

"You'd actually have supposed that she really fancied she was buying those things. Then I went with her and stood things. Then I went with her and stood by while she bought a box of silk stock-ings, at \$4 a pair, for 'her dear little niece in Omaha," she told me, in her flourishy way, and oh, I co ouldn't begin

ent C. O. D.

"Well, it was such a joke, my dear, that I just hurried up to my flat to be here when the things should arrive. I C. C. D. things got there.
"I watched out of the front window

till I saw the department store wagon along toward 5 in the evening, and then the two men on the wagon came a-stag-gering up with their arms weighted down with bundles. Then I ran to my flat front dor, that looks right out upon Mrs. ye's entrance door, and she came to the door when the men with the hundler rang the bell, and she said to the men innocent as you please:
'What in the wide world are these

"And they told her, and she told them that she hadn't ordered any such arti-cles at all, and didn't deal at that debody was imposing upon the firm or try-ing to play a foolish joke upon her, and that the men would have to take the things back. The men went away grumbling with the bundles, and—my day. I simply couldn't resist it—I open dear, I simply couldn't resist it—I open-ed my door wide before Mrs. Gitbye had

closed hers, and I said to her: "Dearest, did you find that the lamp didn't suit under the evening light, and did they send you the wrong stockings, and I suppose, of course, the blundering and I suppose, of course, the blundering saletgirl got the perfumes all mixed up and didn't send you the right ones?"

"And you should have seen the expres-

sion of hatred on the woman's face then. Dear me, James couldn't have said that she looked like the Empress Messalina if he could rave seen her distorted features was too much of a lady ever to lose her

temper like that.
"Wretched busybody!" she hissed, and she slammed the door with all her might, and gracious sakes alive! I had to lean up against the hat rack, I was laughing

"I told my husband about it when he came home, but men haven't got any more sense of humor than porcupines, and he didn't see the fun of it at all and took that high and lofty tone of his about meddling in other people's affairs —it's perfectly saddening, that's what it is, how little idea men have of a joke! "Talking about Christmas, it's disgust-

ing the way sorbe women try to gouge
their husbands for expensive gifts. All
of the women in this place begin to

wheedle and pamper and bamboozle and coddle their husbands about a month before Christmas and then they lead up in a kina of slinky way to telling them the things they want for Christmase gifts.

"Inat Keenclip woman in the fourth floor court flat had the nerve to tell me a month before Christmase last were they a month before Christmas last year that she was just bound and determined that her husband should get her a diamond and emerald locket that she'd deliberately picked out for herself, and the way she did scheme and plan to lead him up to that locket and make him buy it for

"She had the jewelry man exhibit it in a prominent place in his night display and then she'd walk her husband on Broadway past that jewelry store every night or so and she'd call his attention to the locket, and hit around it and sigh and look sad and sweet over it and say and look sad and sweet over it and say that it was a pity it was so expensive, and that she considered that such things were only for rich people, and that it was a shame he wasn't making more money, with all his talent, and that some day she hoped—and then she's sigh some more, and she told me—yes, the shame-less creature actually told me all about t-that she could see her husband's jawa tightening and she knew that he was that locket, expensive or not expensive and sure enough he got it for her, al though it must have cost all of \$250, and he'd been having hard luck in his busi-ness—the janitor's wife had heard him talking about it with his wife, only a little while before, and she told me—and did you ever in your natural days hear of anything like a woman bragging, actually bragging to another woman, of goug-ing her husband like that!

"I'd have to want a picked out Christ mas gift from my husband pretty badly before I'd go to all the trouble in steering him up to the point of getting it for me, 'deed I would. The idea of dodging around about it and hinting and molly-coddling 'em and feeding them unusually good things to cat, like that Nailit woman down stairs does for her husband during the holidays, and wasting all that time and trouble!

"On December first, last year, I said to James at the breakfast table:

"'James, I want a set of broadtail furs for my Christmas gift from you, just the collarette and muff, you know; and I've selected the set I want, and have had them put aside at Skinnz's, and they're to be called for on December the twenty-third,' and I told him how much the set cost and invited him to look pretty and amiable about it.

"James, of course, is kinky and crotch-

"James, of course, is kinky and crocen-ety, like all men, and he put on the abused expression that I confidently ex-pected to see him put on, and he talked about folks making Christmas giving a sordid, cut and dried affair, and asked me if it ever occurred to me that there were some men who'd prefer to pick out their own gifts for their wives and sur-prise them and all that sort of humbug "Of course I told him that the surprise

feature of the Christmas business was a dead and buried institution a thousand vears ago, and that it was only intended for children who still believed in Santa Claus, anyhow, but he looked grouchy and went out mumbling. I wasn't worried a bit, though; I knew perfectly well at he'd get my broadtail furs.
"I didn't even mention the gift again

till the morning of December 23, and then before he left for the office I told him that he was to drop in at Skinnz's on his way home that evening and get my furs. Then he membled some more about the cold blooded deliberateness of 'the scheme,' as he called it, but I told

was grouchy, though, of course, he wasn't; and I told him that I was going of Christmas presents dates back to anto the ground of the standard him for the money to get them with; and he gave it to me, and there was no beating about the bush or

frivolling around at all.
"I believe in doing things the straightout way, and that's why James and I get along so well together. He says that my strong common sense wears on him sometimes, but that's just his talk, and he knows that everything I suggest is for the best, and that's why he does

everything I say.
"I do wish this Christmas foolishness were all over, 'deed I do! I am not going to make any presents at all this year. So, pul-lease, my darling, let me entreat you not to embarrass me by sending me a single, solitary thing! "I know the impulsive, sweet kindness of your heart, but you are so very gen-

erous and big hearted, my dear, that you do mortify your poor, humiliated friends most terribly, and I wouldn't for worlds "Going so soon? Well, good-bye, dear,

and if I don't see you again before Christmas, why, a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, my dear, and—goodby. Be sure and come and tell me all the things you got for Christmas as soon as you can get around.

(Solus)

(Solus.)
"There, I guess I've fixed her. I'm sure she won't send me anything for Christ-mas this year, and I'll get even with her by sending her that pair of six dollar vases that I saw the other day, and

"The idea of her sending me a \$4.98 beaded pocketbook for Christmas last vear when I had only sent her a dinky little Christmas card! Won't she just boil over this year, though, when she gets the vases I'll send her, knowing that she hasn't sent me a thing! I'm awful glad she came so that I could tell her I vasn't going to send her anything."-N.

Y. Sun. CHRISTMAS BELLS. O Christmas bells! through coming years, We hear in your glad sending The message still of peace, good will,— All jarring discords blending.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES

Dear are the sounds of the Christmas chimes In the land of the ivied towers, And they welcome the dearest of festival times In this Western world of ours!

Bright on the holly and mistletoe bough The English firelight falls, And bright are the wreathed evergreens now, That gladden our own home walls.

They are ringing to-night through the Norway firs, And across the Swedish fells, And the Cuban palm-tree dreamily stirs
To the sound of those Christmas bells!

They ring where the Indian Ganges rolls Its flood through the rice-fields wide; They swell the far hymns of the Laps and Poles, To the praise of the Crucified.

The years come not back that have circled away With the past of the Eastern land, When He plucked the corn on the Sabbath day And healed the withered hand;

But the bells shall join in a joyous chime For the One who walked the sea, And ring again for the better time Of the Christ that is to be!



Christmas Chronology.

separate the facts from tradition, but it is interesting to read of the antiquity of most of our customs, writes Cath-erine Louise Smith, in the Pittsburg Gazette. Christmas books, for in-stance, are so common we think we have always had them, yet not until 1750 was the first Christmas book issued from a publishing house in London. Though New Year's cards are ancient, "He stopped and got them that evening, and brought them up himself, and tossed them on the couch, saying, 'Here's mas card was not issued until 1446. custom of giving Christmas boxes, a ceremony from which Boxing Day in England takes its name.

Among the foods peculiar to Christ-

mas none is so common as plum pud-ding. The date of the introduction of favorite dish is relegated to the

Certain legends and stories linger about Christmas ceremonies and customs and the Christmas season is so involved in fable, that it is difficult to separate the facts from tradition, but and the story is that when Henry IV.
wished to entertain a distinguished
ambassador, he obtained with much trouble the recipe for a plum pudding, The king gave minute directions to the cook, and only forgot one thing—the cloth. As a consequence, the pudding turned out a failure of the consistency of soup, and the disgusted ambassador was obliged to partake of it with every indication of enjoyment, because the king ordered it.

your furs, trying to make out as if he was grouchy, though, of course, he wasn't; and I told him that I was going pies oblong in shape, representing in that manner the manger in which the infant Jesus was found. Against this the Puritans made a vigorous outery.
but the attempt to prohibit it only made people more desirous to consume it. Good John Bunyan even went so far as to refuse it when he was starving, but in the struggle for supremacy dim past, but it is probable it is not older than the eighteenth century, and it appears to have been "the dish of Hanover." Searchers for the symbolic by the acute attacks of indigestion folsay that on account of the richness of lowing its use. mince pie conquered, and the delicious dish has come down to us stripped of

Christmas With the Kaiser

To see the Kaiser at Christmas, writes Wolf von Schierbrand. in Lippincott's (December), is to see a man who has shed all the pretentions of a demigod; one who has stepped down from his pedestal to become a good plain burgher, overflowing with the milk of human-kindness. "Every Christmas Eve, when early dusk gathers in a northern clime, wrapped in an ample cape mantle, wholly unattended and not easily recognisible, it is his custom to stroll through his park around the Neues Palais, where the boughs are laden with feathery snow, and then through Potsdam. His pockets are full of gold and silver pieces, and like another Santa Claus he distributes his bounty to the children and humbler folk he meets. Nobody is overlooked—the men at the sentry-boxes: the park laborers and the white-haired gardeners in Sans-Souci; the crippled veteran and the sturdy beggar-each and every one receives his dole. Often he pays at Christmas debts of courtesy incurred during the year. To Baron van Lyncker, his marshall of the household, he sent a magnificent present (worth about 10. 000 dols.), a chest of solid silver plate, in recognition of the extra and rather vexatious labors that official had had to perform during the year 1900, the year when the Crown Prince attained his majority. To Dr. von Leuthold, his body physician, he handed a fine gold repeater, set in precious stones and bearing the motto Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.' This had reference to a past difference in opinion between the doctor and his imperial patient. In the royal household the Christmas festivities are conducted on an elaborate scale, and yet, we are told, in the same spirit which makes the day dear to the heart of all the German people

An Encounter With Santa Claus.

Strange Ride of Simeon Hardack, a Bachelor Who Didn't Believe in Christmas. By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

It wasn't that Simeon Hardack did-really dangerous. Do you intend to give n't believe in Senta Claus. I doubt if it to your son?" he had ever heard of him.

In his boyhood he had lived among very practical people who thought very practical people who thought fairy stories a waste of time, if they were not downright ommoral, and Santa Claus or no Santa Claus, on Christmas Day Simeon had been wont to work just as hard as on any other day of the year.

No. Simeon Hardack, bachelor of 45, knew nothing of Santa Claus, and it goes without saying that he did was bid knowing that the power of the saint, old Santa did as he was held knowing that the power of the saint, old Santa did as he was held knowing that the power of the saint, old Santa did as he was held knowing that the power of the saint, old Santa did as he was held knowing that the power of the saint, old Santa did as he was held knowing that the power of the saint, old Santa the power of the saint of the saint, old Santa the power of the saint of the saint of the saint, old Santa the power of the saint of

No. Simeon Hardack, bachelor of 45, knew nothing of Santa Claus, and it goes without saying that he did not care for children either.

He knew that all people had to begin by being children. For his part he had got through the painful necessity as soon as possible, and at 13 was just as dull and commonplace as he was ten, or twenty, or thirty as he was ten, or twenty, or thirty years later.

years later.

Behold Mr. Hardack preparing for sleep on Christmas Evc. He lived in an old house downtown that was blessed with old-fashioned fireplaces. That is, he lived in one room in the old house; it being given up to lodg-

Mr. Hardack had worked late at the office and he intended to go back to work next morning because, this being a workaday world, the only thing to do was to work and amass money, for the night cometh when no man may work—unless he be a

Mr. Hardack had a well developed fear of burglars. He had never seen one, and you may wonder bereit and Simeon felt a strange compulsion on him to do as the other willed. one, and you may wonder how he had imagination enough to conceive of what he had not seen; but he had often read the accounts of their deneral had known men who had suffered losses due to their depredations, and he was firmly convinced that here were hurglars and so were going to shower right and left among that his open fireplace would form an especially attractive entrance for them that he was always meaning to the wall paper over there."

[Song to snower right and left among you fellow men?"

And Simeon said: "Some of it is behind the wall paper over there."

[Good." said Sante Clare "this is the board it up.
But to do so would cost money,

and Simeon was no spendthrift. Why, he did not even utilize the fireplace as a good spot for a hearth fire. A wood fire when he could keep just about as warm by wearing his overcoat until he had finished reading his evening paper? And then to bed with the overcoat taking the place of a

You do not know much of the habits of misers if you have not thought ere this that Mr. Hardack must have stores of gold laid away must have stores of gold laid away in unexpected places in his room. It was not all gold, for some of it was silver, and some was in bills; but there were at least four places in the room that held enough to have provided him with a warm and cheerful old age if he had been looking for any such foolish luxury.

And so this Christmas Eve Simeon Hardack read his paper, shivering in his greatcoat, and then putting out his tallow candle he undressed in the dark and went to bed.

He had hardly covered himself with his coat before the moon came out

his coat before the moon came out and silvered his room and made him wish that it could be minted, which was really quite an exercise of imwas really quite an exercise of imagination on his part. He rather liked the moonlight because he got it for nothing, but he often wished that its rays were just a bit stronger so that he might save candles.

How many people whom Santa Claus visits really believe in him? I am afraid that they are so few in number that the

that they are so few in number that the old saint would feel depressed if he were

But happily for him he seldom comes into speaking contact with his benefi-ciaries, and so he has come along year after year with his packs of good things I don't suppose he could have picked out a less likely place to visit than the room of Simeon Hardack. But no thought of anything save the bringing of happiness to all within the house reindeer on the sloping roof, allowing the sleigh to rest on the southerly slant hile the eight little fellows stamped and fidgeted on the uorthern incline That is the usual practice on slanting deer might run away with the sleigh. There is no doubt but that Santa

Claus has a marvellous property of ac-commodating himself to small chimneys, else his way would be barred in cour ; but the ho ss instances; but the house in which meon lived had an ample chimney, and as Santa stepped into it he said to his reindeer, quite as if they understood every word—and maybe they did:
"This reminds me of old times, my little fellows. There are crowds of children living here, and the old folks came from the country and I described."

from the country, and I dare say 'll find a tree already pretty well load. I with gifts. Well, I'll give them some things they can't get in modern stores, for all my things are made by hand and war-

The reindeer ate little mouthfuls of snow and butted each other playfully, and, with a happy smile on his red face,

He stepped out upon the hearth and saw by the moonlight that the children must be in another room, for there was No, not sound asleep, for as the some-what heavy saint alighted on the hearth

Simeon stirred and then sat up.
Simeon Hardack was a miser, but he as not a coward, and when he saw the fantastically dressed man on his hearth-stone he reached for the pistol that he always kept under his pillow and point-ed it directly at the corpulent body of the good old fellow. "Stir one step," said Simeon, "and I'll blow your head off."

But Santa Claus was no coward, either, and, not knowing the meaning of malice or uncharitableness, he simply smiled and said:

"It is one of the machine-made toys. I do not make them because they are

I...... Simeon was surprised at such an ir

relevent speech from the burglar, as he said:
"Don't pretend to be out of your hea

marin to the saint, old Santa did as he was bid, knowing that the power of the man would cease as soon as he willed it.

He d-opped the bag and two dolls fell face downward on the hearth as if they did not care to see the discomfiture of their kindly creator.

"You've been robbing toy shows

"You've been robbing toy shops,
Where do you expect to dispose of the
goods? said Simeno in most insulting
tones.

Santa Claus laughed as only he can augh.
"Is it robbery to take from one's own

warehouse? These are my toys, made by my good wife and me, and I hope by my good wife and me, and I hope to make many children happy with them. What have you done this Christmas to make your fellow men happy?"

"Come, now, no cant," said Simeon, still levelling the pistol at the breast of the old saint.

But Santa Claus gazed full in his eye and Simeon fait a strange compulsion on

going to shower right and left among

"Good," said Santa Claus, "this is the night you will need it. Go and get it," Simeon walked over to the wall, and simeon waited over to the wall, and taking down a cheap lithograph from a nail he pressed on the wall paper and it broke and let his hand into a cavity, from which he drew a handful of silver

and gold and a roll of bills.

"You have done well," said Santa
Claus. "All these years you have been
saving up this money that you might go
with me to-night to add to the Uhristmas happiness of those whom I visit. I have no money, and there are many among those I visit who need money more than toys. Is it not lucky that I found you?"

"Very lucky," said Simeon, under the hypnotic influence.

Santa Claus looked at him searchingly

and he said: "I suppose you know that I have three other hiding places for my money."
"I did not know it," said Santa Claus, rubbing his red cheeks delightfully, "but it pleases me. Only keep a little for

"Yes, I will keep enough, but I must give the other away. When shall we start?"

"As soon as you have collected it."
Simeon took down two other wretched chromos, and from behind them he took chromos, and from behind them he took out hundreds of dollars.

"Good," said Santa Claus. "Now we must be going. It is a cold night. You will need to dress warmly."

While Simeon was dressing Santa Claus looked out of the window at the snow-covered roofs of the houses, glisten-

ing in the light of the Christmas moon.
"I am ready," said Simeon. "Let us "Yes, we will hurry and you will be happy. Did you ever think of doing this before?"

"Never before." "That is why you have not "I have not been happy," echoed

"I suppose you will regret this in the morning." said Santa Claus, when they were out on the roof. He gathered up the reins as he spoke.
"I will regret it in the morning," was the parrot-like response.

the parrot-like response.

"That is because you did not get into the habit of doing it sooner. But you will be happy to-night."

"I will be happy to-night."

Over the housetops campered the tiny reindeer, and if 'Simeon had not been under a hypnotic stell between under a hypnotic spell he would have wondered at the strange ride, but he thought of nothing but the getting rid of

thought of nothing but the getting rid of that which he had saved all these years. In those chimneys that were too small for his mortal form he sent down money by Santa Claus, but some of the larger ones he descended himself, and saw many happy children dreaming of the morrow. What a pity that the saint could not have influe ced his entire life But his hypnotism did not outlast the ight. Still, long before the night was ended Simeon had given away money, and at last Santa Claus I near the Harlem River with just car fare

Christmas morning was dawning in the east when Simeon Hardack, who had made hundreds of children happy by his lavish donations of money entered his room and rubbed his eyes. The first thing that attracted his attention were the three holes in the wall paper.

He rushed to them and discovered that

he had been robbed of their contents. He looked at his bed and there lay his pistol. The fog cleared from his brain. "It all comes back to me new. That burglar in the fancy ball costume must have drugged me after all, and got away with the money that I have been saving for so many years."

He rushed to the fourth hiding place.

There was money there, but it was his A servant passed his open door on the way down to light the kitchen firet.

"Merry Christmas!" she said.

"Merry nothing!" said Simeon Hardely sayes light and said.

dack, savagely.
But for all that his money made many
Merry Christmases that day.