

CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

ALBERTA STAR, CARDSTON, ALTA.



SANTA CLAUS UP TO DATE

DANIEL, the gateman, was sitting on the pine bench before his little square gate-house, gazing gloomily up the empty stretch of South Fourteenth Street. He was an old man, and having outlived his days of usefulness as an active railroad man had been given the gates at the grade crossing in Fairview. It was not a lively job. During the middle of the day nothing used the track but an occasional bobtail freight, and South Fourteenth Street itself was not lively. Teams avoided the heavy road of loose sawdust, knee-deep over a bed of pine slabs. Morning and evening, to be sure, the sawmill hands passed the gate-house in a hurrying stream, and some time during the day S. Potts usually dropped over to have a word with Daniel. The days were as long for S. Potts as for Daniel. Except in the morning and evening customers seldom entered his corner saloon, and S. Potts could sit on Daniel's bench and keep an eye on his own door. For five years he had poured upon Daniel the vast stores of his knowledge, and he felt a sort of proprietorship in the old man.

"S. Potts," said Daniel, as his friend took his customary seat on the bench, "I wisht I had turned out to be an inventor, 'stead of a railroad man, I do." S. Potts settled his long legs comfortably, and shook his head. "Now, there you go, Daniel!" he said reproachfully. "Here I've been teachin' you philosophy for near six years—just chuckin' it into you free gratis by wholesale, as I might say—an' still you ain't satisfied."

"I am satisfied, S. Potts," said the old man. "I'm just too satisfied for any use."

"No, you ain't, Daniel," insisted S. Potts. "You're sore an' mad an' discontented, an' it pretty nigh discourages me. Here you are, sixty-four years old, goin' on sixty-five, an' you've got a good job as gateman to this railroad, an' yet you ain't satisfied."

"Yes, I am," insisted Daniel; "yes, I am, S. Potts."

"No, you ain't," S. Potts reasserted, "an' I don't take it as no compliment to me, neither. It ain't everybody that has a chance to associate with me an' hear me talk. You can't claim I've been stingy in giving you free information, Daniel. I've give you enough knowledge to make you equal to Solomon, an' I've learned you philosophy until you ought to be chuck-full of it. But the more I learn you the less you seem to know, an' you keep kickin' all the time."

"You hadn't ought to git mad at me, S. Potts," said Daniel. "You know—"

"I wouldn't blame you so much, Daniel," interrupted S. Potts, "if you didn't have me to talk to, but it does seem, associating with me like you do, an' hearin' me talk, you ought to have more sense. Sometimes I think I won't bother with you no more, only I'm so full of knowledge it sort of hurts my head. An' all of it, every drop of it, I pour on you, Daniel. You ought to be mighty thankful."

"I am thankful," began Daniel, but S. Potts interrupted him again.

"If you was you'd be singing and dancing like a nightingale," he said.

"If you knew what was best for you, you would be mighty glad to sit on this bench here and listen to me talk."

"I am," declared Daniel.

"No, you ain't," insisted S. Potts. "I've knowed you for five years, Daniel, and if I had thought it was best for you to be an inventor I'd have made you into one. But I seen you wasn't fitted to be made into an inventor, an' that is why I didn't make you into one. I seen you was fitted to be a gateman, an' I left you be one, didn't I?"

"You did, S. Potts," Daniel admitted.

"I might have made you into an inventor an' sent you off, an' then somebody with brains take this job so's I could talk to him an' git some comfort out of it," said S. Potts. "But the minute I seen you I knew that if I made you into an inventor you would go an' invent somethin' to ruin yourself, like Peter Guppy did."

"I'm perfectly satisfied, S. Potts," said Daniel.

"That's the kind of inventor you'd be, the kind that Peter Guppy was," continued S. Potts. "He was just sech

a discontented old kicker like you are, Daniel, but he was worse off—he didn't have no S. Potts to be a model for him. He had a nice, steady job sawin' wood, an' all he ever had to do was just rest one knee on the sawbuck an' push a saw up an' down all day; no brain work, like the kind that wears me out—just plain wood-sawing. He had everything to make a man happy, except he didn't have no friend to come across from the saloon an' give him good advice, like you have."

"I'm satisfied," Daniel said, but S. Potts continued:

"No, you ain't, an' he wasn't. He

it is today—false teeth was already as good as they could be made. But Peter Guppy was like you, always complainin' an' unsatisfied, so he went an' had the few old teeth he had left in his head pulled out, an' had a good set of false ones made—double set, uppers an' lowers—an' he used to set on his saw-buck day after day with them false teeth in his hand studyin' 'em an' wonderin' how he could improve on 'em. An' at night he would sigh, an' go to bed, an' then he couldn't sleep for thinkin' of them false teeth. He was about three years thinkin' how to invent better false teeth."

Teeth is Teeth

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

go on champin' 'em. So one day he says: 'I declare to goodness, if it's goin' to take me forty years to invent somethin' new about these here teeth, I wisht there was some way the plaguy things could do their own champin'! My hands is 'most wore out champin' the plaguy things.' An' right there, Daniel, was where he got the idee."

"I can almost see it, S. Potts," said Daniel.

"Power!" said S. Potts. "Power! That's what he thought of. That's what he thought of. That's what a lazy man always thinks of first off—gittin' power to do his work for him. First off Peter Guppy thought he'd hire a boy to champ his teeth for him, whilst all he had to do would be to lay back an' look on; but he didn't have no money to hire a boy. Then he thought what a fine thing it would be to have self-workin' teeth that would champ by machinery whilst he looked on, an' then he stood up an' yelled. He'd thought what he could invent about false teeth. He could invent self-operatin' teeth. Nobody had ever invented self-operatin' teeth, so far as he knew."



Santa Takes His Reindeer in Case of An Emergency

was like you, Daniel. He wanted to invent, an' he looked around to see somethin' to invent that hadn't been invented already, an' what he saw was false teeth. False teeth looked to him like a good thing to invent, because nobody had invented anything very new in false teeth since he could remember."

"Say," exclaimed Daniel, enviously, "I wisht I had thought of false teeth! False teeth would be a mighty good thing to invent, wouldn't it, S. Potts?"

"I told you you hadn't no more sense than Peter Guppy had," said S. Potts pitilessly, "but Peter Guppy had more brains than what you have, Daniel. How would you go about inventing false teeth? Just tell me how?"

Daniel gazed at the sawdusty level of South Fourteenth Street, and creased his tanned forehead into thoughtful wrinkles. He shifted uneasily on his bench, and frowned hard. "Well, of course, I can't say right off like this," he said at length, "but if I had time—"

"The reason nobody had been gittin' new inventions in false teeth," interrupted S. Potts, "was the same then as

"It was worth it, it was worth it!" said Daniel enthusiastically.

"Three years," said S. Potts, "that was the time that Peter Guppy put in settin' around holdin' his uppers an' lowers in his hand. Sometimes he would hold the uppers in one hand an' the lowers in the other, an' sometimes he would hold them all in one hand an' scratch his head with the other, an' all the while he was gittin' more an' more discouraged. They ain't nothin' more disheartenin' than to set day after day studyin' false teeth. The more you look at 'em the more they look just like what they always looked like. But Peter Guppy was just sech a fool as you are, Daniel. He hadn't no sense."

"Well, S. Potts, we can't all be—" began Daniel.

"He was lazy, that's what he was," said S. Potts. "He wanted to git rich quick, like you do. He'd set by the day with them uppers an' lowers in his hand, openin' an' shuttin' his hand so them teeth would champ open an' shut before his eyes, an' when he got tired in his right hand he would shift them teeth over into his left hand an'

"I wisht I had thought of that invention," said Daniel greedily.

"I bet you do," said S. Potts. "That's about what sense you've got. But it wasn't much to invent. I could have thought of it long before Peter Guppy did, but I seen it was a foolish thing to invent, so I didn't think of it. Anybody could have seen that the only way to improve a perfect thing like false teeth was to put power into them, but I wouldn't do it. No, sir! But Peter Guppy went right ahead an' done it. He set right to work an' invented Guppy's Auxiliary Motor Teeth, an, was as proud as pie. Soon as I seen 'em I shook my head. I hated to discourage him, but I hadn't no faith in self-actin' teeth, so I just hiked up my head an' shook it. But it didn't do no good."

"I guess he made a lot o' money, didn't he?" asked Daniel wistfully.

"Out of an invention I had shook my head at?" questioned S. Potts scornfully. "Peter Guppy thought he would make a lot of money. That's what he thought. Them teeth looked all right, an' they would have fooled you, Daniel,

They was rigged up with a clockwork spring, an' when Peter Guppy touched a button they went right to work an' chewed. Just like I'm openin' an' shuttin' my hand here—champ, champ, champ! That's the way they worked when Peter Guppy held 'em in his hand. He figgered they'd save a lot of labor, an' lots of time, too, because all a feller had to do was push his food into his mouth, an' them teeth would do the chewin'. Peter Guppy was mighty proud."

"I'd be proud," said Daniel. "I wasn't," said S. Potts. "I waited. Peter Guppy went around town tellin' how he was the greatest benefactor America ever had, an' that all this nation had needed was him to invent them teeth, an' now it would be the happiest on earth. He said everybody knew that what was the matter with America was indigestion an' dyspepsia, caused by lack of not chewin' their food enough, caused by the lack of time for eatin'. Now, he said, folks wouldn't have to chew long, they could chew quick. They could set their teeth at high speed, an' the teeth would chew sixty bites a second, or if they wanted to git some satisfaction chewin' tobacco or gum they could set the teeth at

teeth," said S. Potts. "They had to have room in 'em for the spring, an' that made 'em step mos' too high when he had 'em in his mouth. Peter had only about a two-inch-high mouth, an' them teeth was three-inch steppers. They sort o' strained his mouth. There ain't nothin' much worse in false teeth than to have 'em tread too high, specially when they tread by machinery. It used to tire Peter all out, openin' an' shuttin' his mouth that way, sixty times to the second, an' them teeth used to knock so hard on the roof of his mouth that he had to sit at meals with one hand on the tope of his head to hold hisself down, an' even then he bounced so hard on the chair that he jarred the house some. The whole neighborhood could tell when Peter was havin' a little nourishment. He made a noise like a motor-boat. Them that seen him said it was sort o' funny to see him, settin' back with his mouth wide open an' them teeth jiggin' away inside of it. Often he used to joggle clean off onto the floor, an' if he didn't grab the table-leg with his free hand he would joggle all 'round the room. I wouldn't have had the things at no price."

"Neither would I," said Daniel. "Yes, you would," said S. Potts.

finger. They bit him three times before he could git his finger out, an' he was so mad he grabbed 'em an' threw 'em across the room, an' they lit on the sofa an' chewed a sofa-pillow till daybreak. When Peter got up in the morning there wasn't nothin' left of the sofa-pillow but fine leather dust, an' the teeth had chewed on through the sofa, an' fell to the floor an' chewed the hind leg of the sofa clean off. Peter's wife was so mad she never smiled again until she got his insurance money. Peter died from them teeth."

"I s'pose," said Daniel, thoughtfully, "I s'pose that when them teeth bit Peter they give him hydrophoby."

S. Potts looked at him sorrowfully. "Ef that ain't just like you, Daniel!" he said. "There ain't no logic in you. Of course if this was a pack an' parcel o' lies I was tellin' you, it might be that I'd go on an' say that Peter Guppy got the hydrophoby from that bite, but nothin' of that kind happened. Naturally. Because them was Peter's own teeth what bit him. If Peter had had hydrophoby when them teeth bit him then they would have give it to him, like as not, but he didn't have. The trouble was that he swallered them teeth. I don't suppose you know any-

way, if Peter Guppy had wanted to have a pair he could have rigged up another, but on the way down the push-button bumped against his esophagus, an' it set them teeth goin'. Never shall I forgit that scene, Daniel, an' I hope it will be a lesson to you."

"I hope so, S. Potts," said Daniel.

"I hope so, but I doubt it," said S. Potts. "I heard poor Peter yell, an' I run, an' so aid everybody, an' there was poor Peter layin' on the ground, writhin' in agony, an' nobody knowed what was the matter. Some thought he was havin' a fit, an' some thought maybe he was inventin' some new invention. Then all of a sudden we seen a little lump rise on his left knee, an' out come them teeth. Whilst we was all dumfounded, they sort of looked around an' give a champ or two, an' jumped right at Peter's other leg, an' disappeared, sixty champs to the second. There wasn't much we could do. Some said one thing an' some said another, but any of them wouldn't have done no good; if so I would have done it. You know that, Daniel. When the sun went down there wasn't nothin' left of Peter Guppy but one shoe, an' them Auxiliary Motor Teeth had begun on that, sixty bites to a second. But I stopped that right then."

"I bet you did, S. Potts," said Daniel enthusiastically. "I bet you did."

"I did," said S. Potts. "Here, I says, 'them teeth has had fun enough, an' it's time they stopped. We'd best stop 'em whilst there's enough of Peter Guppy left to have a funeral with.' That's what I said, but I had to get an axe before I could kill them teeth, an' then they nearly sprang on me an' bit me. But I was just a little too quick for 'em."

"There ain't no false teeth goin' to git the best of you, S. Potts," said Daniel admiringly. "But it does seem sort of too bad that they had to be killed off. They might have—"

"There you go!" said S. Potts. "If that ain't just like you! Why, them teeth was murderers! That's what they was—murderers!"

Daniel shook his head regretfully. "I'd liked to have seen 'em, S. Potts," he said. "If you hadn't killed 'em that way maybe I might have seen 'em, an' if I had seen 'em I might have knowed how to invent 'em a little better. Of course they was murderers, but you might have sort of arrested 'em—put 'em in the penitentiary. Them teeth oughtn't to have been killed that way with an axe, S. Potts; even if you did do it. They ought to have been arrested an' tried. They ought to have had a fair trial."

"Well, it ain't much use tellin' you things, Daniel," said S. Potts with disgust. "Seems to me like Peter Guppy give them teeth all the trial they deserved. I bet you don't even see the moral what this tale has got in it for you. Do you now?"

Old Daniel wrinkled his brow and thought deeply. Suddenly he smiled. "Sure I do!" he said. "Sure I do, S. Potts! When a feller invents Auxiliary Motor Teeth he don't want to use 'em; he wants to sell 'em to other folks."

"Great howling Christmas candles!" said S. Potts, and he got up and went back to his saloon.

SHE HAD A BETTER PLAN

IT WAS the dreamy hour after the Christmas dinner, and the girls were talking in the hushed tones appropriate to the occasion.

"I've just heard of a new charm to tell whether any one loves you, and, if so, who it is," whispered Elsie.

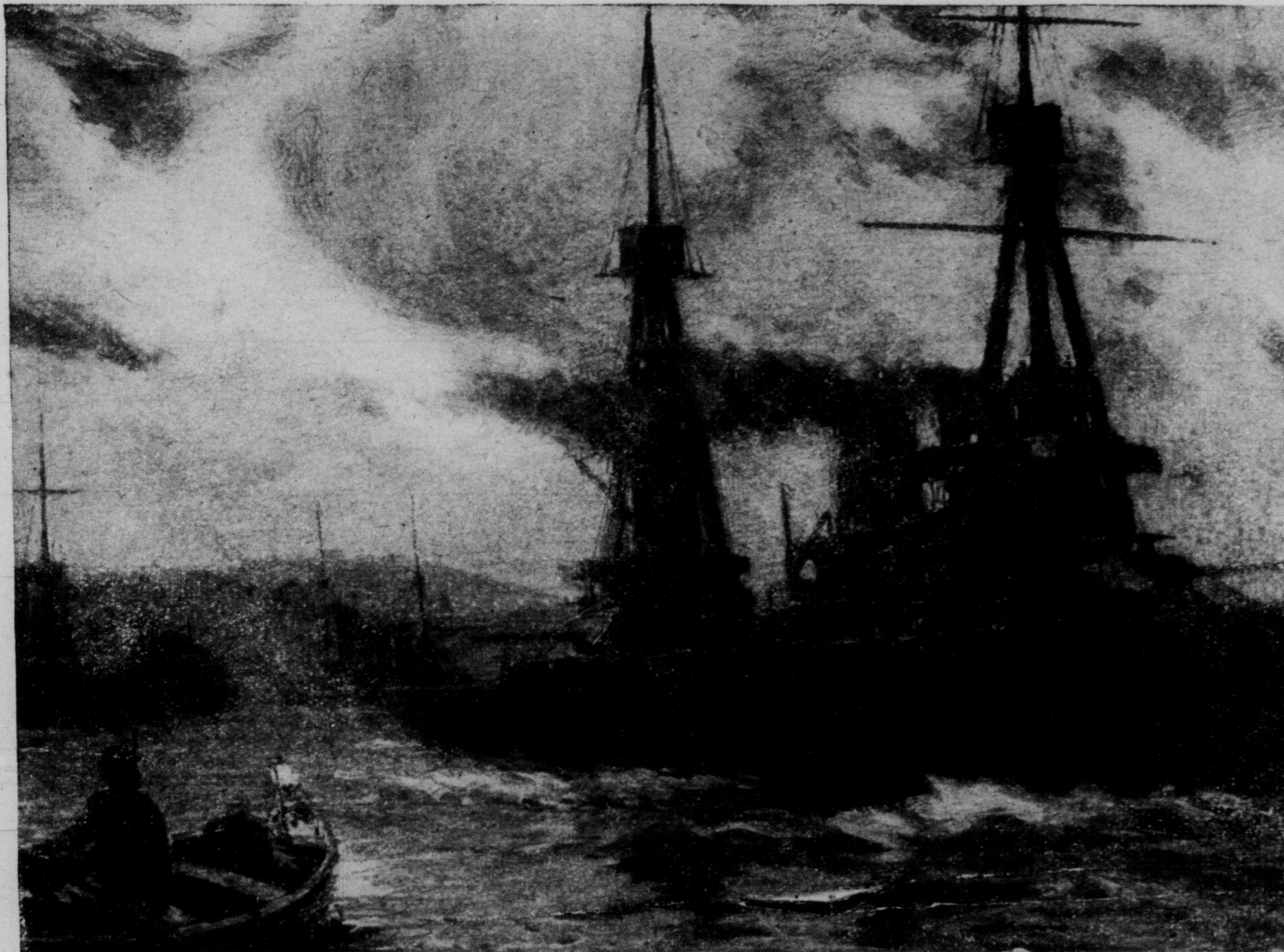
"What is it?" queried Sophie, absently fingering her new diamond ring.

"Well, you take four or five chestnuts, name each of them after some man you know, and then put them on the stove, and the first one that pops is the one that loves you."

"H'm," said Sophie. "I know a better way than that."

"Do you?"

"Yes, indeed. By my plan you take one particular man, place him on the sofa in the parlor, sit close to him with the light a little low, and look into his eyes. And then if he doesn't pop you'll know it's time to change the man on the sofa."



H.M.S. "Indomitable" at Quebec

low speed an' chew long an' steady. All lazy people would have to do would be to set with their mouths open an' let the Guppy Auxiliary Motor Teeth go ahead an' chew. Peter Guppy used to stand down at the post office corner an' place them teeth on the sidewalk an' set 'em, goin'. an' the whole crowd would stand off and admire 'em whilst they champed away, sixty bites to the second, as regular as clockwork."

"What'd he put 'em on the sidewalk for, S. Potts?" asked Daniel.

"They were safest there," said S. Potts. "Peter Guppy had let 'em champ so much in his hand that the muscles of his hand was all tired out, an' he was afraid they might champ out of his hand an' fall an' git broken; but on the sidewalk they just champed around in a circle, goin' kind o' hippety-hop. They traveled backward like a crab, but the action was more like a clamshell, only quicker. You don't often see a clamshell open an' shut sixty opens an' sixty shuts to the second, Daniel."

"I don't recall none," said Daniel. "Why didn't he use them teeth in the regular way?"

"There was one bad thing about them

"You would if I hadn't been there to stop you. You would have gone an' bought a pair, like as not. 'Twould have been just like you to sleep with the blame things in your mouth, like Peter did. That's what spoiled Peter's looks. He'd been a fair looker before that, but one night he went to bed with them teeth in his mouth, an' they got touched off accidental whilst he was asleep, an' they champed all night, an' the next morning Peter had the top of his mouth all blistered, except where them teeth had worn callouses, an' his lower jaw was pushed down so far out of plumb that it was permanently lowered, an' all the rest of his life he had to go 'round lookin' like a big-mouthed bass out of water. He couldn't git his mouth shut by an inch. No, sir! You bet he never wore them teeth to bed again!"

"Took 'em out nights, I reckon," said Daniel.

"He took 'em out," said S. Potts, "but he didn't do like he ought to have done an' put 'em outside the house. He laid 'em on the stand by his bed, an' woke dreamin' they was stole, an' when he put out his hand to see if they was there they bit him on the

thing about physiology, Daniel?"

"Well, S. Potts," said Daniel apologetically, "I ain't looked into it much. You ain't never told me much about—what did you say that word was, S. Potts?"

"Physiology," said S. Potts. "But if you don't know nothin' about it, it ain't much use tellin' you about what happened to Peter Guppy, 'cause you wouldn't understand it. I don't reckon you know what an esophagus is, even?"

"Now, S. Potts," began Daniel pleadingly, "you know I never had any esoph—"

"Daniel," said S. Potts, "an esophagus is a sort of knob on the inside of your throat, that's what it is. It's put there to help you swallow. But the whole inside of Peter Guppy's throat was spread wide by the constant champin' of them teeth, an' where the back end of them rubbed, his esophagus was worn down to a nubbin. So that's how it happened that whilst Peter Guppy was goin' down-town one day he swallered his teeth. He threw back his head to sneeze, an' whilst his mouth was open them teeth slipped on down his throat. That wouldn't have been much loss. Them teeth was a failure, an' any-



CHRISTMAS



CHRISTMAS is here. The stores are being congested. Bargain counters are being besieged. Spirits and stockings are going up. Minds are ubiquitously working over the problem of what to give.

Christmas is in the air. It is in the clouds, in the cars, along the trails, and in every childish eye. Post and express offices are working overtime sending out messages of good cheer. Fat turkeys are strutting aimlessly, unconscious of martyrdom. Cornucopias are looking up, and the candy sellers are growing ambitious.

Christmas is with us. Churches are being trimmed. Spruce trees are spreading their branches for coming burdens. Small, chubby hands are being clasped in joyous expectation. Round, full little hearts are beating high. Secrets are being kept—and broken. Santa Claus is hiring extra hands.

There is agitation supreme in all the toy windows. Little steam cars are beginning to puff with pride. Hobby horses are feeling their oats. Tables are beginning to groan, and as for Cupid, he is just as warm as ever in a fur-lined overcoat.

Jack Frost is also at work at the same old painter's trade. Fingers are being surreptitiously measured. Mysterious packages are being smuggled in through back doors. Significant smiles are being exchanged. Bills are coming in, but who cares? For Christmas is here again.

And incidentally, we wish each of our friends a Merry Christmas, and hope that each and every one of them may have a Christmas tree; not a Christmas tree especially reserved for himself, but one that you may be only too glad to share with others.

One of the peculiarities of the Christmas tree is that it has no pride of birth; rich or poor, it is always the same, and it is even thought by some that the humbler its aspect—the more thin and shabby its appearance—the more joy it carries to those to whom it goes. This is, doubtless, because the Christmas tree is not so much dependent upon mere externals, but carries beneath its rugged exterior a heart of pure gold; and possibly its love is more likely to reach out for the poor, rather than to the very rich.

To whomsoever it goes, the Christmas tree carries its own special radiance. May it shine upon you all, good friends, and make your Christmas what it ought to be.

A Famous Animal Trainer

THE name of Carl Hagenbeck is known all over the world as the greatest dealer in wild animals. For half a century he has been a hunter, trainer, keeper, breeder, and exhibitor of every kind of beast, and a general purveyor of live stock to all the principal zoological gardens in the world. The extraordinary experiences he has met with in the course of his business, the wonderful tales of the creatures which have passed through his hands, form the most interesting portion of "Beasts and Men," which is the title of his reminiscences.

Hagenbeck has been a true friend to the dumb creatures which he has gathered from all parts of the world for distribution among the zoos and circuses. As Dr. Chalmers Mitchell says in an appreciative introduction, "He has been a notable pioneer in the proper handling of wild animals. . . . he is a naturalist with a genuine affection and sympathy for animals, and in all his handling of them he sees to it that their health and general condition is the first care."

From his earliest childhood Hagenbeck has been accustomed to dealing with live animals. His father was a dealer in a small way, and initiated him into the business which under their joint management soon developed considerably. Hagenbeck tells some amusing stories of these days:—

"In our early days we had many mishaps. On one occasion we were aroused in the middle of the night by a terrified night-watchman, who informed us that an enormous seal was perambulating the streets of Hamburg (where Hagenbeck lived). We rushed out with nets, and just succeeded in securing the creature as it was about to return to its native element. On another occasion a hyaena escaped from its cage, and was only recaptured after a long and decidedly dangerous nocturnal hunt."

Among Hagenbeck's chief customers was Phineas T. Barnum, the famous American circus owner. He tells us:— "Barnum paid us his first visit in November, 1872, and on that occasion purchased animals from us to the value of about £3,000. He was touring Europe, he told me, in search of new ideas, and as I was able to supply him with some such (among other things I told him about the racing elephants of India, and of the use of ostriches as saddle animals) he paid me the compliment of inviting me to join him in his enterprise, with a one-third share of the profits. I preferred, however, to remain in Hamburg and develop my own business."

It was just about this time that Hagenbeck received his record consignment of animals. Cassanova, one of his travellers, sent word that he was making his way out of the interior of Nubia with huge caravans of captured animals, but that he was too ill to bring them home. It was necessary for Hagenbeck to go to Suez to take charge of the animals and bring them back to Europe. He was a trifle surprised at the task that awaited him:

"I shall never forget the sight which the courtyard (of the Suez Hotel) presented. Elephants, giraffes, antelopes, and buffalo were tethered to the palms, sixteen great ostriches were strolling about loose, and, in addition, there were no fewer than sixty large cages containing a rhinoceros, lions, panthers, cheetahs, hyaenas, jackals, civets, caraculs, monkeys, and many kinds of birds."

It is an ever-present subject of discussion whether animals are trained to perform through fear or whether it is "all done by kindness." It is quite certain that in the old days they were urged on to do their tricks by the basest means. But these cruel methods are things of yesterday we are told, and it is a good thing that it is so. There is no doubt Carl Hagenbeck has had a tremendous share in doing away with these infamous practices. He assures us that: "The period when unfortunate ani-

mals were driven to jump over a bar from dread of a whip or a red-hot iron—a disgrace to the humanity of man!—is gone by. Sympathy with the animal, patience with its deficiencies, has brought about a perfection of education which cruelty altogether failed to secure. . . . The trainer is no longer a taskmaster, or the beast a slave. There subsists between them the wholesome and happy relation of teacher and pupil."

Hagenbeck's experiences of elephants are extremely interesting. They are unquestionably among the most intelligent of animals. "They are wonderfully quick of apprehension, have remarkably retentive memories, and in their likes, as in their aversions, they display great intensity and depth of feeling. The elephant is a much cleverer creature than the horse, and his power of differentiation is almost human." Moreover, an elephant "falls in love" just like a human being. Hagenbeck quotes a striking instance of this:—

"Some years ago I had in my Zoological Garden a young bull elephant that had just arrived at maturity. This animal became enamored of a young cow, and, his affection being returned, it was an interesting and touching sight to see them tenderly caressing one another. I decided to test the genuineness of the bull's marital affection by the introduction of a third party—a somewhat cynical proceeding, perhaps, but it was all in the cause of science. One day, whilst the bull was enjoying a doze, his loved one was led away, and another, somewhat older, but to all appearances thoroughly lovable cow introduced in her stead. When the elephant awoke he immediately discovered his loss, and, paying not the least attention to the blandishments of the new cow, he raged about the yard in a pitiful state of agitation until his sweetheart was restored to him."

In other ways elephants are models of domestic virtue, the parents' devotion to their children being as great as their love for each other; and it is quite remarkable with what kindness elephants, not belonging to the family at all, treat the young calves. At the same time, an elephant can prove a very ugly customer when the devil of mischief seizes him, and Hagenbeck tells many thrilling stories of narrow escapes he has had from several animals that passed through his hands.

CONSCIENCE-MONEY

YES," said a Treasury official, with whom the writer recently had a conversation, "we usually receive something like \$50,000 a year on account of the trouble given by guilty consciences. It comes in all sorts of ways. I have known a single sovereign, wrapped up in a piece of paper, to be dropped into our letter-box, with a pencilled sentence that it was for conscience-money! Then, again, we often get sums by registered letter with similar statements attached. I have opened packets containing as much as \$500."

"What was your queerest experience in that kind of receipt?" I inquired.

"We got a tin box, and heavy it was, by post one morning," said the clerk. "When we opened it we found a short note saying that 'X.X.X.' wished to make amends for his deceit in returning his statement of income, and adding that we should find the amount due in sovereigns in the box. So we unpacked the small parcels there, and took from each the gold coins they enclosed. The total amounted to \$1,800, which you will agree was a very good haul for one morning's work in this way!"

"You don't get such strokes of luck every day?" I asked.

"Oh, no; they come very irregularly. Sometimes a whole week elapses without our receiving one, but seldom more than that. And it is curious that most people wish to have some acknowledgment of the receipt of their conscience-money in the daily paper, which is why you so often see in the Press a paragraph after this style:—

"X.Y.Z.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer wishes to acknowledge receipt of \$750 on account of unpaid income-tax."

"Or it may be that the advertise-

ment runs in the name of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, but it is generally the same announcement, bar that. The very largest amount the Treasury ever got at one swoop from this source, so I am told, was \$5,000, though that did not come under my own cognizance here. And, I believe, the lowest sum we have ever had was a shilling, which somebody once dropped into the letter-box with the usual explanatory note.

"That defaulter must have had a very tender conscience indeed; far more so than most men who pay income-tax. Dodging the payment of this tax is reckoned not only right, but even creditable, by some men; but five postal orders for a pound each, which came not long ago to us for conscience-money, proves that not every man with a moderate income can stifle the 'still, small voice' when he has succeeded in 'doing the collector.'"

"I suppose," I put in, "that the Treasury does not take any special steps to discover the personalities of any of these conscience-stricken defaulters who thus send their money to its coffers unexpectedly?"

"No," he replied; "we should generally find the task impossible. Besides, we are only too glad to get the money at all! Many folk look upon the Treasury as a veritable gold-mine, a department never really needing money! But I can assure you that this is wrong. Our motto has long been—and I believe it always will be—'The smallest contribution thankfully received.' So we welcome these various gifts of conscience-money whenever they arrive. And the oftener they come and the larger they are the better we like them!"

EPISTLE TO MISTLETOE

MISTLETOE, holly,
Frolic and folly,
Everyone jolly

Once in a year!
Carols and kisses,
Barrels of blisses,
What a time this is;
Christmas is here!

For a whole day now,
Fling care away now,
Let us be gay now,
All is good cheer!
Tears may come after;
Now, only laughter
Shakes the old rafter:
Christmas is here!

White spray, I wonder
If I should blunder
Kissing Rose under
That chandelier?
That is Love's diet.
I mean to try it
Once on the quiet.
Christmas is here!

So, then, here goes, you
Sweet little Rose you:
Who would suppose you
Could be so dear!
Lip like a cherry,
Much sweeter, very,
Let us make merry:
Christmas is here!

Tight in my arm then,
What was the harm then!
Without alarm then
In a pink ear,—
Suddenly bolder,
Over her shoulder
I leaped and told her:
"Christmas is here!"

A LITTLE CHILD HAS LED THEM

THE wheels of industry will be still today. A thousand mills will be as silent as the star above the Bethlehem manger. The workmen will be by their own firesides, rejoicing in fellowship of domestic love. Industry halts before the manger and listens to carols from celestial lips. Labor lays down its tools, takes up the song and forgets the hum and crash of mighty machinery. Wealth bends with a gift for the needy and a word of cheer for the lowly.

"Battle flags are furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

It is not science that brings humanity together today. It is not the floating arsenals of the sea; it is not conferences at The Hague, nor the "parliament of man." A "little Child" has led them.

PROMPT ACTION FOLLOWED

A MEMBER of the peace committee saw two youths fighting. He pushed through the crowd and appealed to the combatants to desist. "My good young fellows, settle your disputes by arbitration. Each of you choose half a dozen friends to arbitrate."

"Hurrah!"—yelled the crowd. "Do as the gentleman says."

Having seen the twelve arbitrators selected to the satisfaction of both sides, the man of peace went on his way rejoicing.

Half an hour later he returned that way and found the whole street in an uproar.

"Good gracious! What is the matter, now?" asked the peacemaker.

"Shure, sor," said a bystander, "the arbitrators are at work."

ONE TOO MANY FOR HIM

A MAN, who looked to be a giant in strength, brought his meek little wife before the magistrate, charging her with cruel treatment of himself, an uncontrollable temper and an incorrigible disposition.

The magistrate looked the big fellow over suspiciously, and glancing sympathetically at his slip of a wife, asked the husband: "Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself? What business do you follow?"

"I am a lion-tamer, your Honor," was the proud reply.

CAUGHT THAT TIME

A COLLEGE professor who was always ready for a joke was asked by a student one day if he would like a good recipe for catching rabbits. "Why, yes," replied the professor. "What is it?"

"Well," said the student, "you crouch down behind a thick stone wall and make a noise like a turnip."

"That may be," said the professor with a twinkle in his eye, "but a better way than that would be for you to go and sit quietly in a bed of cabbage and look natural."

NICE ENOUGH, BUT—

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD boy, who had reigned supreme over parents and household all through his dozen years, was surprised one morning to hear the cry of a little baby brother.

"Isn't it nice, Tommy," said the jubilant father, "that we have another baby?"

"Yes, it is nice, father," said Tommy, as he saw the end of his reign; "but what bothers me is, was it necessary?"

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

MISS MAUDE ADAMS was driving along an English country road last summer with the curate of the village church, who was a man of very small stature. A party of American tourists passing the couple recognized the actress.

"Ah," said the curate to his companion, "that is the penalty of fame?"

"What was that?" asked the actress.

"Those people recognized you as Maude Adams," replied the curate.

"Are you sure?" answered Miss Adams.

"Are you certain they didn't recognize 'The Little Minister'?"

A FINE DISTINCTION

WHEN you find the intelligent woman at a loss for an answer just remember that you have found the exception which makes the rule.

"Woman is peculiar," said the husband of a bright woman with just a shade of cynicism.

"Well, what now?" she queried, smiling.

"Why, she jumps at a mouse and she jumps at a proposal of marriage," was the reply, which he thought unanswerable.

"Yes," was the quick response, "but just remember this, that she does not jump in the same direction at both."

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

ANEWLY-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.

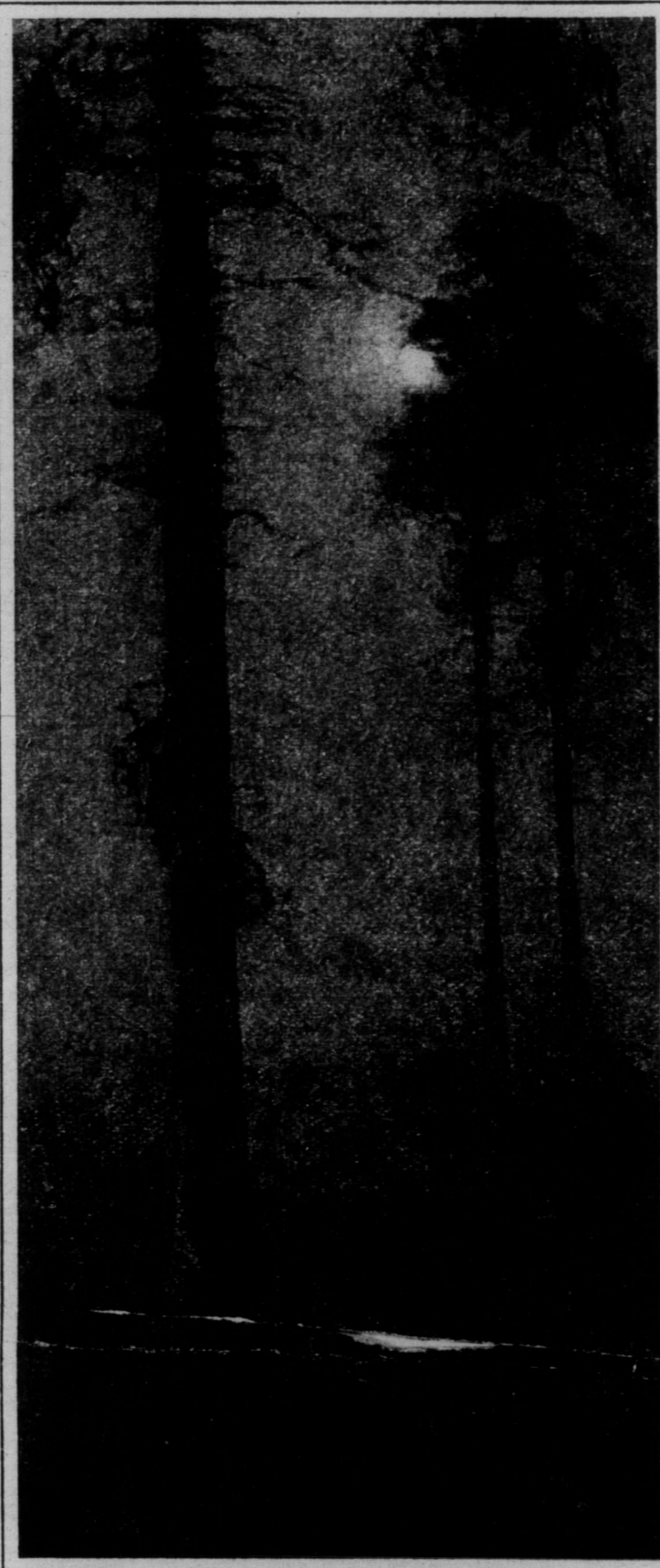
Are you willing to forget what you
have done for other people, and to re-
member what other people have done
for you?

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.
Fairlylike bath slippers.
Unreliable umbrellas.
Meerschchaum(?) 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?"

THE 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

THIS 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."

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By EU

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Christmas Fruits

By EUSTACE MILES

ONE of the pleasantest associations of Christmas is the fruit. Besides the sugary, crystallized fruit (of which perhaps the less said the better), there is always, at least in upper and middle class families, the fresh fruit and the dried fruit and nuts at dessert, to say nothing of the dried fruit in the Christmas pudding and mince-pies.

And from the humanitarian point of view the fruit is the least objectionable part of our food: the taint of the shambles is not about it; it is in harmony with the highest ethical ideals of Christmas Day. And perhaps from the health point of view the use of fresh fruit does something to counteract the excess of other foods, and to keep the body less clogged than it would otherwise be. From the aesthetic point of view nothing could be more admirable than the array of fruit—the oranges, apples, bananas, raisins, figs, dates, and, in the plum-pudding, the sultanas and currants, and so on.

Today the above mentioned small range of producing countries would not nearly supply the enormous demand. We draw now on the whole globe, and still we need more than we can get at a moderate price. Take apples as an example, in 1870 two-thirds of the entire stock of apples in the country were exhausted at Christmas. At the present time the supply of marketable English apples, except for a few varieties used at dessert, is exhausted long before, and at Christmas we are drawing on American and Canadian apples. In 1870 we had none of these, only Normandy pippins, which sold wholesale in Covent Garden at ninety-five shillings a hundredweight at Christmas-time. Again, as late as 1886 bananas did not find their way into England regularly; they only reached here irregularly from time to time. Now, although their best time is July and August, they are to be found also at Christmas. They are among the cheapest and most popular of all Christmas fruits. Some of the best prunes come now from California and Oregon. Trade with these countries is comparatively recent. California also gives us excellent bottled fruits.

The first consignment of Jamaica oranges, which form an important part of

the better and the inferior classes. For instance, the ordinary grocer will perhaps be unable to tell you that the best raisins are the Malaga, very dark and thin-skinned muscatels, beautifully sweet. These raisins have to be dried in the sun, artificial drying experiments having proved a comparative failure. Probably in part because of the abundance of sunlight, Australia and the Cape will soon become important countries for raisins. The fruit is prepared for packing. It is dipped for an instant in boiling water for the sake of sterilization, and then it is dried on straw in the sun, when it shrinks to a half or a third of its original bulk. The ordinary raisin of the grocer is a cheaper kind—larger, redder, and coarser.

Figs begin to come in in November. The figs from Turkey are the best. The unpressed are better than the pressed; they are more fleshy and juicy. Two harvests are gathered each year in the Levant. We get the second or summer crop. The commoner varieties are sulphured before they are dried in the sun, and the sulphur tends to destroy the flavor.

The finest sultanas are the Greek. The commoner kinds are highly sulphured, so as to produce a clean color. In Asia Minor sultanas are still brought into

and the peel cooked and crystallized in a sugar-solution here.

Bananas are not naturally at their best at Christmas-time; they are artificially ripened, and therefore dearer. Still, they are a most popular fruit, and are indispensable in fruit-salads, etc.

Turning to the dried fruits—apricots, apples, peaches, etc.—we find that they are all of fairly modern growth and chiefly from America, which does the best trade. The same applies to bottled fruits. California is now bottling fruits in distilled water. There is no doubt that the bottled fruits have come to stay.

The origin of the canning of fruit is interesting. Years ago, when the excavations of Pompeii were beginning, some Americans discovered many jars of preserved figs in what had been the pantry of a house. One of these jars was opened, and the figs were found to be fresh and good. The hint was taken, and the very next year fruit-canning was introduced in the United States. An interesting account is given in Food for September 15, 1884.

A word may be said about the food-value of these fruits, so that we may consider how far they are likely to take the place of other Christmas foods; certainly the other Christmas foods are not likely to take their place! First and foremost come the nuts, which, as a general rule, can take the place of any flesh-foods, especially if they are properly prepared. Already many families use Brazil nuts or pine-kernels or other nuts freely in the Christmas plum-pudding. Nuts are the only fruits that have any considerable body-building value.

In an entirely different class come the dried fruits, which are comparatively poor in body-building elements or proteid, but are rich in a kind of sugar which is generally very easily digested. Figs, dates, prunes, and sultanas have a reputation as aperients; they were and are an important part of the ancient dietary of many peoples.

The fresh fruits, excepting the banana, which stands as distinct from them, have scarcely any body-building value, their chief value is because of their pure water and natural 'salts.' Different fruits have different effects, some being useful for one purpose, others for another; but among the most honored of all fruits for their health-value are apples, grapes, and melons. Almost every healing virtue has been attributed to the apple—for instance, the power of dissolving uric acid; and the grape-cure is familiar, by name at least, to every one. Lemon is well known to be a cooling fruit and a preventive of scurvy. It would be easy to devote page after page to the subject of the curative effects of various fruits.

Here, however, it must suffice to ask, what will become of the orthodox roast-beef and turkey-and-sausages a century hence? Will they still generally survive, or will they have given place to a non-flesh dinner, not necessarily of fruits only, for that would be unwise, but with fruits as part of the healthy elements in the meal, and also because of old associations with Christmas-time? For when we see side by side at Christmas-time, in the poorer districts or in the richer districts, the stalls or shops of the butchers, poulterers, and fishmongers on the one hand, and of the fruiterers and greengrocers on the other hand, we cannot hesitate for a moment as to which is the pleasanter sight, which is the one which we should prefer that our children should associate with the idea of Christmas.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE

YOU had no business to kiss me," said she, poutingly.
"But it wasn't business; it was pleasure," he responded.

IT IS the human touch which gives to the Christmas story its perpetual charm. Not the song of the angels, which the shepherds heard as they were watching over their flocks; not the star which appeared in the far east and led the Wise Men across the plains to Bethlehem. It is the little Child cradled in a manger and the loving mother bending over Him, by which all hearts are touched anew as often as the beautiful is told.

—Edward B. Coe.



How the Christmas Dinner Came to Canada Three Hundred Years Ago

The orange itself has always been invested with romance, perhaps because the Crusaders, who first met with the fruit in the Levant, fostered the theory that it was the golden apple of the Hesperides. "Psychic" people set the orange high among fruits. Then there is the date, which was an object of peculiar veneration in prehistoric times; it was a symbol of helpfulness, and we need not wonder at this when we consider its value to the Egyptians. The fig, besides its well-known health-properties, carries us back to the days of Greece when athletes used figs as an important part of their dietary.

It is very pleasant, from whatever point of view one looks at it, to find fruit taking a more important place than ever before in Christmas fare. This change has been steady during recent years. For instance, a quarter of a century ago we used not to have bananas at Christmas. Our oranges came (and very sour they were as a rule) from Spain and Italy, our prunes from France, our figs and dates from a few ports in Asia Minor and Northern Africa, while our apples and pears were almost exclusively home products.

Think also of the prices twenty-five years ago. Boxes of about three hundred St. Michael oranges cost from sixteen to eighteen shillings a box wholesale in Covent Garden, Egyptian dates fifty shillings a hundredweight, apples twelve shillings a bushel, and pears from threepence to ninepence each.

the present trade of Jamaica, was in 1867. The first consignment of Jaffa oranges to England was as recent as 1885; these had to be transhipped at Alexandria, since no English steamer was then running direct. Today oranges are also grown largely in Florida and elsewhere.

It was the Indian and Colonial Exhibition of 1886 that first drew colonial fruits to England in any quantity. Australian apples reached us then for the first time; but Tasmania, the great apple and pear country, was, I believe, not represented at all. In 1874 some apples had reached Vienna for the International Exhibition from New South Wales; they were packed in cotton-wool, and this was thought a wonderfully clever idea. In 1886 Messrs. Scrutton & Sons began to bring fresh fruit from the West Indies in cool chambers specially fitted up for the purpose, and I believe the Elder Line has recently put on special ships for the banana-trade.

It must be noticed that we do not get the best of all these fruits from the ordinary grocers. Some specialist in fruit, like Mr. Bilson, of Gray's Inn Road (to whom I am very much indebted for some of the information here, and who has had twenty years' experience of the trade, and has grown up with it), will give much better samples of Christmas fruit than one who is not conversant with the differences between

port on the backs of camels, and are re-packed before shipment.

The best currants are the small black, rich and fleshy kind; the ordinary provincials which are commonly used are far inferior. There has been an enormous growth recently in the currant-trade with Greece; it has been advertised freely. Let us hope that Australia will experiment with currant-growing, and reap some of the harvest of this advertising.

Of prunes the French no longer hold the decidedly best kinds. California and Oregon compete with France, the Oregon variety being stoneless.

The best Canadian and California apples begin to arrive early in November, and are actually at their best about Christmas-time. The Newton pippins and northern spy (a variety like the Baldwin, and excellent for table and cooking) are among the best kinds.

Pears come from the same districts, but of course are more perishable.

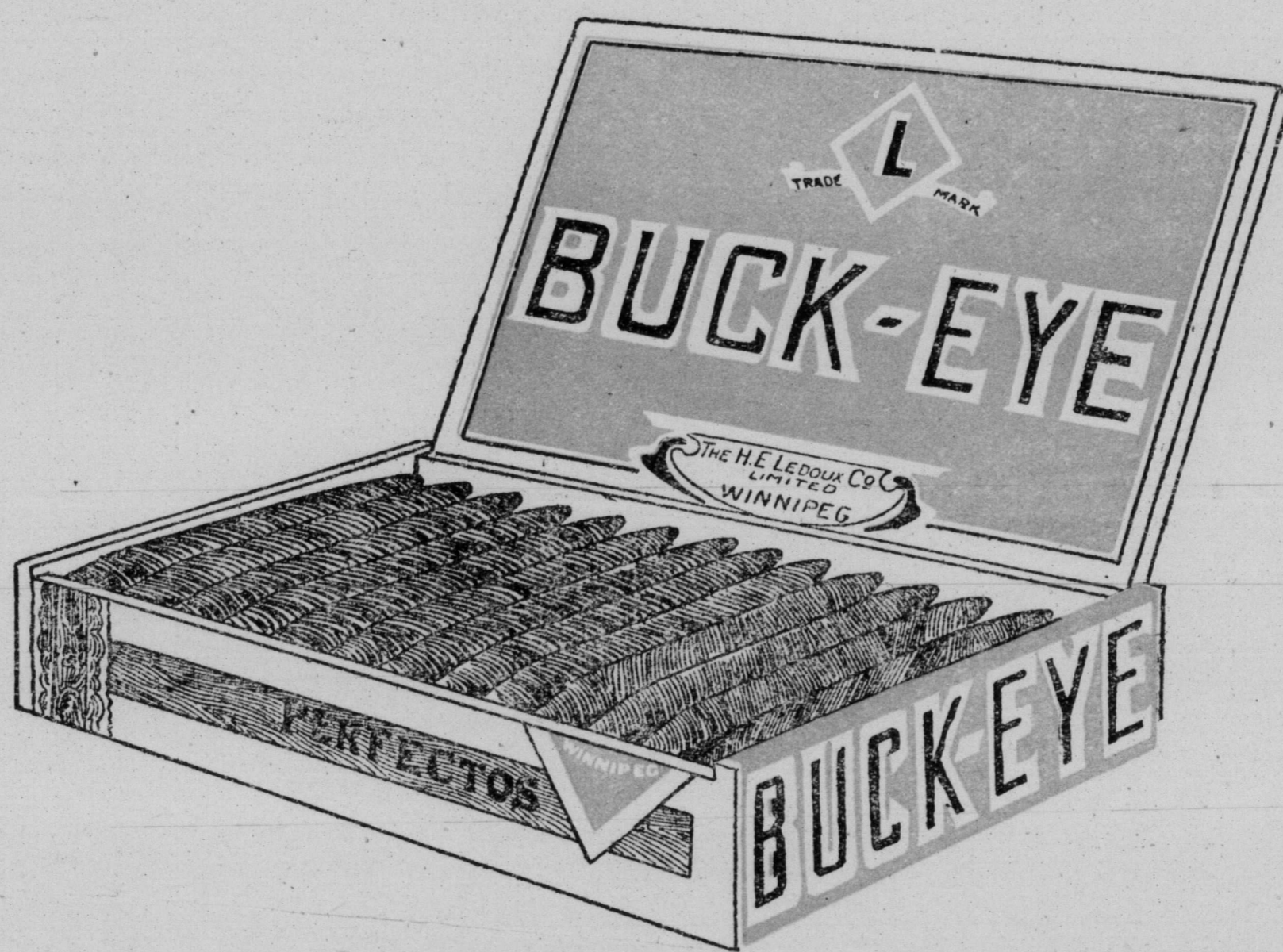
Oranges are sweeter and riper now than they used to be at Christmas. Valencias are the finest kind to use at Christmas—Valencia oranges and Messina melons.

As to dates, Taflets come first (from Algeria) and Egyptian second. The common date, the Tunis or honey date, is dressed with syrup before it is pressed; hence its sweetness.

Candied peels are brought over in brine-pickle; then the salt is washed out,

THE BUCK-EYE

GOOD AS GOLD



SOLD EVERYWHERE

THE BUCK-EYE