

Christmas in Bygone Days

So now is come our joyfulest feast;
Let every man be jolly.
Each room with ivy leaves is dressed
And every post with holly.
Though some churchis at our mirth re-
peine
Round your foreheads garlands twine;
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

Now, all our neighbors' chimneys smoke
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens with baked meats choke
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury it in Christmas pie
And evermore be merry.
(From an early 17th century poem.)

Old Time Waits.
It is not clearly known whether the term "waits," associated with Christmas, denoted originally musical instruments, a particular kind of music, or the persons who played under special circumstances. At one time the name "waits" was given to minstrels attached to the King's court, whose duty it was to guard the streets at night and proclaim the hour. A regular company of waits was established at Exeter as early as the year 1499 and in relation to the duties and emoluments of such personages in the reign of Edward IV, Rymer says: "A waite that nightelye from Mychelmas to Shrove Thoresdaye pipethe the waiteche within this courte lower tymes, in the someer nyghtes tymes; and make the bon gayte at every chembere dore and of-
free as well for feare of pychers and pillers. The cathe in the halle with mynstrilles and keth lyverye stight a loffe, and for someer nyghtes ij candles piche, a bushel of coles, and for winter nyghtes half a loafe of bread, a galone of ale, iij candles piche and a bushel of coles."
This statement shows that the wait at court was kind of page, paid partly in money and partly in board wages. When the waits became town musicians instead of court pages they were sometimes civic servants, employed as watchmen to call the hour at night, sometimes serenaders or nocturnal minstrels who looked for a living from private liberality.

Christmas Feasts.
Many curious feasts arose in connection with the celebration of Christmas in early days. Thus, the ass on which Balaam rode in the "Reims Mystery" won for the feast the title "Pentum Asinorum," the Feast of the Ass. As it was celebrated in France, according to William Hone, it consisted almost entirely of dramatic show. On one occasion the clergy walked on Christmas day in procession, habited to represent the prophets and other characters. "Moses appeared in an alb and cope, with a long beard and a rod. David had a green vestment, Balaam, with an immense pair of spurs, rode on a wooden ass which inclosed a speaker. There were also six Jews and six Gentiles. Among other characters the poet Virgil was introduced, singing monkish rhymes, as a Gentile prophet and a translator of the sibyls oracles. They thus moved in procession through the body of the church chanting versicles and conversing on the nativity and kingdom of Christ till they came into the choir."
"This service, as performed in the cathedral at Rouen, commenced with a procession in which the clergy represented the prophets of the Old Testament who foretold the birth of Christ; then followed Balaam mounted on the ass, Zacharias, Elizabeth, John the Baptist, the Royal, Erythres, Simon Virgil, Nebuchadnezzar and the three musicians in the furnace. After the procession entered the choir several groups of persons performed the parts of Jews and Gentiles, to whom the choristers addressed speeches; afterward they called on prophets, one by one, who came forward successively and delivered a passage relative to the Messiah. The other characters advanced to occupy their proper situations and reply to the questions of the choristers. They performed the miracle of the furnace; Nebuchadnezzar spoke the Sibyl appeared and then an anthem was sung, which concluded the ceremony."
"The Missal of an Archbishop on Sens" indicates that during such a service the animal itself, clad with precious priestly ornaments, was solemnly conducted to the middle of the choir, during which procession a hymn in praise of the ass was sung, ending with:
"Amen, bray, most honored Ass,
Eated now with bread and grass;
Amen repeat, amen reply,
And disregard antiquity.
Hes val hez val hez val hez!"
The service lasted the whole of a night and part of the next day, and formed altogether the strangest, most ridiculous medley of whatever was usually sung at church festivals. When the choristers were thirty wine was served in the evening, on a platform before the church lit by an enormous lantern, the grand choir of Sens led a jolly band in performing broadly indecorous interludes. At respective divisions of the service the ass was applied with drink and provender.
If you will go to the crossroads between 11 and 12 on Christmas night you will hear what most concerns you in the coming year.
If on Christmas eve you make a little heap of salt on the table, and it melts over night, you will die the next year; if, in the morning, it remains undiminished, you will live.
If a shirt be spun, woven and sewed by a pure, chaste maiden, Christmas day it will be proof against lead or steel.
If you are born at sermon time on Christmas morning you will be a rich man; if you burn elder on Christmas eve you will have revealed to you all the witches and the sorcerers of the neighborhood.
If you eat a raw egg on Christmas morning, fasting, you can carry heavy weights.
It is unlucky to carry anything forth from the house on Christmas morning until the fire burns has been brought into it. If the fire burns brightly on Christmas morning, betokens prosperity; if it smoulders, adversity.
Beginning of Christmas.
When did Christmas begin? So old a festival is it, so intimately associated with it from earliest childhood, so completely do its associations and activities and spirit pervade the world that it seems as if it must be as old as the very earth itself.
Of course, we know that it is an anniversary of the birthday of Jesus of Nazareth, and that it is not nearly so old as that event, for in the early days of the Christian Church there was no such celebration. The very word Christmas is of comparatively late origin. The word is first used in 1033, its form then being Christes-messe, the mass of the Christ. O'Brien, an early father of the church, said that in the Scriptures it was the sinners alone, not the saints, who celebrated their birthdays. Another early writer referred to the fact that the birthdays of the pagan gods were kept by the people. The very first evidence of a feast having been held in honor of the birth of Christ was in



FRED KULZ

Astide the Yule Log Once the Woodland Pride
Through Wintery Splendor Gay, Was the Jester's Ride
Drawn by Frederick Kulz

Egypt about the year 298. Clement of Alexandria said: "Certain Egyptian theologians over curiously assigned the year alone, but the day of Christ's birth, placing it on May 25." Another date assigned to the event was March 28, because on that day the material sun was created. The double commemoration of the Epiphany and the Nativity became popular partly because the apparition of the shepherds was considered as one of the manifestations of Christ's glory.
Because of the increase of merry making King Canute gave order about 1110 that there should be fasting instead of feasting from Christmas to Epiphany. At various times civil and ecclesiastical authorities condemned various forms of celebration, many of them because they had been carried to excess. In England in 1644 all Christmas observance was forbidden by Parliament. The day was to be a fast, a market day, and the shops were compelled to be opened. Whereas all plum puddings and mince pies were condemned as heathenish. Lovers of Christmas resisted the measure and at Canterbury and some other places there was bloodshed after the Restoration all of the lovers of old Christmas customs revolved them to the full and the Dubbing Yuletide Feolite.
In Pepys' Days.
In Pepys' Diary there is an interesting account of the way that Christmas was spent in 1662:
"Had a pleasant walk to Whitehall, where I intended to have received communion with the family, but I came a little too late. So I walked up into the house and spent my time looking over pictures, particularly the ships in King Henry the Eighth's Voyage to Bullen, marking the great difference between those built then and now. By and by

down to the chapel again, where Bishop Morley preached on the song of the angels, 'Glory to God on high, on earth peace and good will toward men.' Methought he made but a poor sermon, but long, and reprehending the common jollity of the court for the true joy that shall and ought to be on those days. Particularized concerning their excess in plays and gaming, saying that he whose office it is to keep the chambers in order and within bounds serves but for a second in a duel, meaning the groomer porter. Upon which it was worth observing how one groats to the poor himself. The sermon done, a good anthem followed with vials, and the King came down to receive the sacrament."
BEFORE the Puritans condemned plum puddings and mince pies as heathenish and passed laws prohibiting Christmas merriment on the same grounds Christmas in England was a gorgeous season, richly picturesque with the stately ceremonies of the church, the palace and the baronial hall, riotous sometimes even to the point of excess in its order forms of revelry.
The ceremony of the Yule log, which is generally agreed by authorities to be traceable to the pagan rites which were performed at that season of the year before the coming of Christianity, was nevertheless the most joyous of the ceremonies observed on Christmas Eve in mediaeval times. From the time that the huge block left the woods until it burnt in glory on the hearth, the log was the center of the Christmas activities. When it made its triumphal progress from the woods each wayfarer raised his hat as it passed, bubbled in the heat that it sent forth, was quaffed to the wiping out of ancient scores and animosities. Gentle and simple joined in these ceremonies with equal ardor, and when the noble log had burned itself out its charred remains were put where they could be carefully preserved until another year, since it was a firm belief of those who gathered at the Christmas hearth that the new Yule log must each season be lighted at the remnant of the old one, in order that the happiest results might follow the seasonal festivities.
Other superstitions also attached to the Yule log with equal firmness. It was thought that the house which possessed this charred bit of log was safe from fire for another year. A still more curious belief was that which limited the hospitality of the festal hall while the log was burning to those who came with feet as an ill omen, likely to bring disaster in some dim shape, none the less dread because of its vagueness. While the great log cast so warm an illumination from the hearth a candle of monstrous size also shed its light on the Christmas Eve gathering. The Christmas, or Yule, candle burned for twelve nights, and was placed on the high table at supper.
Mumming was also a most important feature of the season's festivities. In the year 1400, says an ancient chronicler, Henry IV, holding his Christmas at Eltham, was visited by twelve Aldermen and their sons as mummers, and these august personages had great thanks from His Majesty for their performances.
Shortly afterward, however, another historian sets forth the fact that a conspiracy to murder the King was organized under the guise of a Twelfth Night mumming. The plot was discovered only a few hours before it was to have been put into execution. Henry VIII issued an edict against mumming because of the crimes committed under its cloak, but even this edict failed to lessen participation in this form of Christmas revelry.
The mummers appeared in different sorts of costumes and took part in all manner of performances. Some of them merely indulged in generally riotous behavior, with no definite acting of any sort.
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he reflected on their ill actions and courses. He did much press us to joy in these public days of joy and hospitality. But that that stood by whispered in my ears that the bishop do not spend one groats to the poor himself. The sermon done, a good anthem followed with vials, and the King came down to receive the sacrament."
Santa Claus and Little Billie
(Continued From Page 5.)
Billie's papa went out of the house together.
Christmas morning dawned and Little Billie awoke from wonderful dreams of rich gifts and of extraordinary adventures with his new-found friend, to find the reality quite as splendid as the dream things. Later, what was his delight when a small boy, not much older than himself—a pale, thin, but playful little fellow—arrived at the house to spend the day with him, bringing with him a letter from Santa Claus himself! This was what the letter said:
"Dear Little Billie:
"You must not tell anybody except your papa and mamma, but the little boy who brings you this letter is my little boy and I am going to let you have him for a playfellow for Christmas day. Treat him kindly for his papa's sake, and if you think his papa is worth loving, tell him so. Do not forget me, Little Billie. I shall see you often in the future, but I doubt if you will see me. I am not going to return to Twenty-third street again, but shall continue my work in the Land of Yule, in the Palace of Good Will, whose beautiful windows look out upon the homes of all good children.
"Good-bye, Little Billie, and the happiest of happy Christmases to you and all of yours, affectionately.
"SANTA CLAUS."
When Little Billie's mamma read this to him that Christmas morning a stray little tear ran down her cheek and fell upon Little Billie's hand.
"Why, what are you crying for, mamma?" he asked.
"With happiness, my dear little son,"

his mother answered. "I was afraid yesterday that I might have lost my little boy forever, but now—"
"You have an extra one thrown in for Christmas, haven't you?" said Little Billie, taking his new playmate by the hand. The visitor smiled back at him with a smile so sweet that anybody might have guessed that he was the son of Santa Claus.
"As for the latter," Little Billie has not seen him again; but down at his father's bank there is a new messenger, named John, who has a voice so like Santa Claus' voice, that whenever Little Billie goes down there in the motor to ride home at night with his papa, he runs into the bank and has a long talk with him, just for the pleasure of pretending that it is Santa Claus he is talking to. Indeed, the voice is so like that of Santa Claus that Little Billie's mind has flashed across Little Billie's mind.
"Have you ever been on Twenty-third street, John?" he asked.
"Twenty-third street?" replied the messenger, scratching his head as if it were very much puzzled. "What's that?"
"Why, it's a street," said Little Billie rather vaguely.
"Well, to tell you the truth, Billie," said John, "I've heard tell of Twenty-third street, and they say it is a very beautiful and interesting spot. But, you know, I don't get much chance to travel. I've been too busy all my life to go abroad."
"Abroad?" roared Little Billie, grinning at John's utterly absurd mistake. "Why, Twenty-third street ain't abroad! It's uptown—near—oh, near Twenty-second street!"
"Really?" returned John, evidently tremendously surprised. "Well, well, well! Who'd have thought that! Well, if that's the case, some time when I get a week off I'll have to go and spend my vacation there!"
From which Little Billie concluded that his suspicion that John might be Santa Claus in disguise was entirely without foundation in fact.
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"Plain Luck," Says Anne
(Continued From Page 2.)
like it, she says, but they are getting used to it now.
Even the English cousins, who live near London and who reflect her father's prejudices against the stage, are being won over. Last summer she spent three weeks with them.
"So you see," she concluded, "that there's nothing to know about me. I'm the despair of the press agent. He comes and asks me in a desperate sort of way if I can't think of something that he can use to advertise me. And I think and I think, 'she laughed, 'and there's nothing I can recall."
"There's not even a romantic story of my struggles for recognition. I never had any hard times in my life. If I had been poor as a church mouse and entirely dependent on my own resources to find a position, I'm afraid I shouldn't even have landed in the chorus."
"My story rather bears out the old negro saying, 'Them as has gits.' But it's more than that. I am not so contented enough to claim anything for myself. I haven't worked for success as other girls have worked for it. I haven't perhaps dreamed it so easily. Just the same I've had my dreams come true because I've always been lucky."
"I was born in April," she replied to my question. "Maybe a lucky star does roughen them. It must be an indulgent birthday saint at least. One who portions out luck."
"Thinks Dreams Come True."
"But I rather think," she grew serious, her dark curls bobbing about her sensitive, high-bred face, "that there is something in dreaming a dream steadily and holding to one thought and saying nothing about it. The dream I have dreamed from those far-off days when I parroted Shakespeare at my dignified father's knee was that I'd go on the stage and do what I am doing now. I am one of the people who think that what one's own will comes to that one. I held that picture, as the saying is, and life supplied the other essentials."
"That's all any one has to do, I truly believe," she said. "I didn't have to worry about it coming true. I kept on dreaming it, and suddenly when I least expected it appeared the man who was a friend of Joe Weber, and quick as a wink all the dream was transferred to life as a reality and I found myself rehearsing."
"It never came as a strange experience to me. Acting seemed to be what I was meant to do. I think I had been on the stage so many years in my mind that the real footlights seemed no more material facts than my dream footlights had seemed."
Wants to Sing In Concert.
"Yes, I know," she said, "that there are those who claim that such an experience is only carrying forward from another life. Maybe in some former incarnation I was an actress. I'm not sure about this. I have no recollection of it," she laughed, "but I do feel that life, in the last analysis, is merely a crystallization of one's favorite dream."
"And I haven't reached my real ambition yet," she confessed. "I want to be a concert singer, a leader singer, that is one, you know, who sings love songs. I have a hope of one day doing that—singing love songs, as I hear those love songs sung in my dreams."
"Of course I believe it is coming true," she said. "I am not conceited enough to believe very much in myself, but I have the most fixed and abounding faith in my luck."
"May she never lose it—the luck of laughing Ann Swinburne!"

Country Schools.
(Aitchison Globe.)
One of the present educational fads is a great concern for the welfare of the country schools. From the time made you would be led to believe they are institutions of educational crime and the teachers are a lot of incompetents. While there are always exceptions the general rule is that, after a child has spent a few years in a country school and then enters a city school, he is a few steps ahead in the work that really amounts to something. Of course he may not be able to dance and do a good many other things that will prove his mental strength or that will ultimately assist in his making a living, but he has the foundation laid solidly for receiving a good education. And it is also the cardinal rule that, if a country schoolteacher gets a chance in a city school, she makes good. Requirements of a country schoolteacher are greater than for a city schoolteacher. In order to pass the county examination she must dig. If she does not dig she falls, and failure means a collision with the city schoolteacher. Whoever heard of a city schoolteacher failing in examinations? Returning to the country school boy and girl, their minds are on that race. They get the necessary amount of exercise going to and from school and doing chores as well as real work at home. At night, instead of attending picture shows, attending parties, or sparring, they are at home going to bed at reasonable hours and getting up in the mornings rested and equipped for a day's work. Really, there are other things that are more entitled to sympathy than the country schools, and it is hoped the faddists will not destroy the great part they play in making good men and women.