Santa's Friends are Everywhere, All with Him in Yule Joys Share.

Yuletide Feast

Took Much to Satisfy Our Seventeenth Century Ancestors

ERVASE MARKHAM, who lived and wrote in the seventeenth century, gave an account of what was a proper Christ dinner in his time. By it the ap of former days may be judged. ys the first course should consist ixteen full dishes—that is, dishes nt that are of substance and not r for show—as thus, for exam first, a shield of brawn, with mus second, a boyl'd capon; third, a pieces of beef; fourth, a chine of roasted; fifth, a neat's tongue. sixth, a pig, rosted; seventh, a, baked; eighth, a goose, rost th, a swan, rosted; tenth, a tur rosted; the eleventh, a haunch of , rosted; the twelfth, a pastyison; the thirteenth, a kid with ing in the belly; the fourteenth, e pye; the fifteenth, a couple of , the sixteenth, a custard, or . Now, to these full dishes added sallets, frieases, quelque and devised paste, as many more, which make the full serv ice no less than two and thirty dishes, which is as much as can conveniently stand on one table and in one mass. And after this manner you can proportion both your second and third courses, holding fullness on one-half of the dishes and show in the other, which will be both frugal in the splendour, contentment to the guest and much pleasure and delight to the beholder."

In those good old days and for many a year thereafter the eating of vast feasts was accompanied by special revels of the season, and to see that these were conducted with proper ceremony there was appointed at court in England and in many of the greater noble houses as well a "master of the revels." He was a necessary personage indeed, as may be seen from a passage in the "Household Book of the Northumberland Family:"

"My lorde useth and accustomyth yerly to gyf hym which is ordynede to be the Master of the Revels yerly in my lordis hous in cristmas for the overseyinge and orderinge of his lordschips Playes, Interludes and Dresinge that is plaid befor his lordship in his hous in the xiijth dayes of Cristemas, and they to have in rewarde for that caus yerly xxs."—Detroit Free Press.

ldetide wishes
e Miss Dolly

"Birthdays Instead of Christmas?"

Perish the thought. Birthdays are birthdays and Christmas is Christmas. How, then, substitute the one for the other?

From the holy birth, a birthday to be sure, but one calling for a general and not an individual celebration, gifts have been given. The first were by the wise men, remember.

If one is happy he instinctively desires to give. We cannot explain why, but we know it is so. And though many may be too unhappy or too self centered there are none so poor that they cannot give, and generously, of that spirit which makes "A Merry Christmas."

If through the year one sees what one believes would be acceptable to his friend, why not buy it, if it can be afforded, and instead of giving it on the birthday keep it for Christmas?

There is real pleasure in all that pertains to the season, even in the shopping. Try to put the spirit of it all into all you buy. That means joining the Spugs, so far as useless giving goes, and receiving from the clerks interest and courtesy.

Gifts, large or small; cards or words, money or love—nothing matters but the spirit, the Christmas spirit.

No Santa in Germany.

Santa Claus has no existence in Germany. The gifts are received from Kris Kringle, a corruption of Christ Kindlein, or the infant Christ, "from whom cometh every good and perfect gift." They are placed not upon the tree, but upon the table beneath, to signify that in bestowing upon us his bounties our Saviour has in no way diminished his own glorious beauty. In Germany the Christmas tree is never denuded in the presence of the children. It stands in the main apartment of the establishment from Christmas to New Year's eve and is then privately borne away by the older members of the household.

Christmas Dreams and Christmas Eve

CHRISTMAS DREAMS.

SOME tiny elves one Christmas
grew mischievous, it seems,
And broke into the storeroom
where old Santa keeps his
dreams
And gathered up whole armfuls of
dreams all bright and sweet
And started forth to peddle them adown
the village street.

Oh, you would never, never guess how
queerly these dreams sold.
Why, nearly all the younger folk bought
dreams of being old,
And one woe chap in curls and kilts, a
gentle little thing,
Invested in a dream about an awful pirate king.

A maid who thought her pretty name
old fashioned and absurd
Bought dreams of names the longest
and the queerest ever heard,
And, strange to say, a lad who owned
all sorts of costly toys
Bought dreams of selling papers with
the raggedest of boys.

And then a dream of summer and a
barefoot boy at play
Was bought up very quickly by a gentleman quite gray,
And one old lady, smiling through the
grief she tried to hide,
Bought bright and tender visions of a
little girl who died.

A ragged little beggar girl, with weary,
wistful gaze,
Seen these a Cinderella dream, with
jewels all ablaze.
Well, it wasn't many minutes from the
time they came in sight
Before the dreams were all sold out
and the elves had taken flight.
—St. Nicholas.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE snow is white
On the roofs tonight,
The moon looks down with
her silvery smile,
And the wind blows free
Through bush and tree
And whistles along for mile on mile.

And, ah, hark there!
On the midnight air
Comes the faintest tinkle of fairy bells.
They are coming near,
They are coming here,
And their sweet sound swelling of joy
foretells.

It is Santa Claus,
And he cannot pause,
But down the chimney he quickly
slides,
Each stocking fills
Till it almost spills,
Then gayly chuckles and off he glides.

How happy he,
The saint to be
Of all the girls and all the boys!
He hears his praise
Through the holidays
As they eat their sweets and break
their toys.

So still he smiles
And the time beguiles
Concocting schemes our hearts to cheer.
He loves us all,
And great and small
Regret that he comes but once a year.
—William Barclay Dunham.

Christmas Cakes

English Plum Puddings and Yule Babies and Their Symbolism

THERE seems to be little doubt that porridge (and not pudding) was the older and more correct designation of this time honored delicacy. The word pudding was formerly used in the sense of stuffing (or forcemeat). Porridge, on the other hand, was used in the sense of our present day pudding. When Shakespeare speaks of "porridge after meat" he undoubtedly means "pudding after meat." And in Sheppard's "Epigrams" (published 1651) we read, "No matter for plumb porridge or shred pies." P. H. Ditchfield says: "The plum pudding is not older than the early years of the eighteenth century and appears to be a 'house of Hanover' or 'act of settlement' dish. The pre-revolution or Stuart preparation of plums and other ingredients was a porridge or pottage and not a pudding and was made with very strong broth of shin of beef."

Christmas plum puddings have of late years become the toys of fashion. In the good old days, when the Yule log crackled in the spacious fire grate of the rich and poor and when snow actually fell at Christmas time, people were well content with plain homely plum puddings topped with dancing spitfire. But custom has changed with the times, and the present generation (or at any rate a part of it) requires its Christmas puddings enriched with jewelry or gold coins. This innovation commenced about 1895.

But of greater importance is what has been considered the theological reason for being of the plum pudding. The searchers after symbolical interpretations contend that on account of the very richness of its ingredients the plum pudding is emblematic of the costly gifts of the Magi.

About Yule babies, Yule doughs or pop (lollypop) ladies, a custom existed in some parts of giving sweetmeats of a special kind to children at Christmas. These tasty morsels in the shape of a doll—eyes, mouth and all—were made of dough and currants. They were flat cakes about the size of a hand, roughly shaped in the figure of a woman with the hands crossed over the breast, and in the crossed arms was a smaller figure, representing a child, the features being rudely suggested by means of currants. There can be no doubt that this sweetmeat—which was made and given to children only at Christmas—represented the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Holy Child, a practical and pleasing way of bringing home to the mind of the children the central facts and figures of Christmastide.

Happy Christmas

President Grant and His "Tribe" Enjoyed It in the White House

THE Christmas of 1869 found the happy, wide awake family of General Grant settled in the White House. It was just fourscore years on March 4 since Mrs. Washington was "executive mistress." During their eight years in the White House the Grants were counted an unusually happy home circle.

All their holidays were marked with simplest pleasures and unselfish charities. Mrs. Grant was very systematic in her charities. She made lists and distributed Christmas gifts with wisdom and good sense. There was no end of calls upon them soon after the war, and none went away empty.

In 1870 President Grant's father spent Christmas at the White House. The sons came home from college, and Nellie and her friends made the old house ring with good times. Mrs. Fremont gave them a dancing reception, and the sewing club of which Nellie was the president had a wonderful Christmas entertainment, furnished mostly from the White House.

General Grant, like General Sherman, had a great love for children and their pleasures. One Christmas the matinee was "The adventures and misadventures of Clown and Pantaloon in the wonderful pantomime of 'Jack and the Beanstalk,'" and the White House children were determined to go.

"Now, father, please," urged Nellie Grant, and "Yes, father, you promised us," said Jesse, and General Sherman said, "We'll go, all of us, and take the whole tribe."

And they did—uncles and cousins, several distinguished generals and the president. Officers of church and state were forgotten in the ridiculous pranks of "Jack and the Beanstalk." A great banquet was afterward served in the state dining room by the new steward, Melah. All the distinguished guests joined with the children in games and fun. There were music and promenades through the east room.

The Child Immortal.

On Mary's arm soft slept the child
And dreaming still caressed
The pillow of her snowy breast,
And as he slept he smiled.

He slept and dreamed—he dreamed and
smiled—
The centuries come and go,
But still that bit of heaven we know—
The mother and the child.
—Martha Summerfield Shuey.

Yuletide Culprits in "Ye Olden Time"

THE first century of colonial life saw few set times and days for pleasure. The holy days of the English church were as a stench to the Puritan nostrils, and their public celebration was at once rigidly forbidden by the laws of New England.

New holidays were not quickly evolved, and the sober gatherings for matters of church and state for a time took their place. The hatred of "wanton bacchanalian Christmases" spent throughout England, as Cotton said, in "reveling, dicing, carding, masking, mumming, consumed in compotations, in interludes, in excess of wine, in mad mirth," was the natural reaction of intelligent and thoughtful minds against the excesses of a festival which had ceased to be a Christian holiday, but was dominated by a lord of misrule who did not hesitate to invade the churches in time of service in his noisy revels and sports. English churchmen long ago revolted against such Christmas observance.

Of the first pilgrim Christmas we know but little, save that it was spent, as was many a later one, in work.

By 1659 the Puritans had grown to hate Christmas more and more. It was, to use Shakespeare's words, "the bug that feared them all." The very name smacked to them of incense, stole and monkish custom. Any person who observed it as a holiday by forbearing of labor, feasting or any other way was to pay 5 shillings fine, so desirous were they to "beate down every sprout of Episcopacie."

Judge Sewall watched jealously the feeling of the people with regard to Christmas and noted with pleasure on each succeeding year the continuance of common traffic throughout the day. Such entries as this show his attitude: "Dec. 25, 1685. Carts come to town and shops open as usual. Some somehow observe the day, but are vexed, I believe, that the body of people profane it, and blessed be God no authority yet to compel them to keep it."

When the Church of England established Christmas services in Boston a few years later we find the judge waging hopeless war against Governor Belcher over it and hear him praising his son for not going with other boy friends to hear the novel and attractive services. He says, "I debort mine from Christmas keeping and charge them to forbear."—Alice Morse Earle.

Yule Log Must Be of Ash.

In Devonshire the Yule log, to be a luck bringer, must consist of a bundle of ash sticks bound arpund with bands of the same tree, nine in number, no more and no fewer. And every time the fagot cracks in the flames the good host must furnish a fresh bowl of liquor to his guests.

THE LITTLE FELLER'S STOCKIN'

OH, it's Christmas eve and moonlight
and the Christmas air is chill,
And the frosty Christmas holly shines
and sparkles on the hill,
And the Christmas sleighbells jingle and
the Christmas laughter rings
As the last stray shoppers hurry, takin'
home the Christmas things,
And up yonder in the attic there's a little
trundle bed
Where there's Christmas dreams a-dancin'
through a sleepy, curly head,
And it's "Merry Christmas!" Mary, once
ag'in for me and you,
With the little feller's stockin' hangin' up
beside the flue.

'TISN'T silk, that little stockin', and it
isn't much for show,
And the darns are pretty plenty
round about the heel and toe,
And its color's kinder faded, and it's
darter worn and old,
But it really is surprisin' what a lot of
love 'twill hold,
And the little hand that hung it by the
chimbly there along
Has a grip upon our heartstrings that is
mighty firm and strong,
So, old Santy, don't forget it, though it
isn't fine and new,
That plain little worsted stockin' hangin'
up beside the flue.

AND the crops may fail and leave us
with our plans all gone to
smash,
And the mortgage may hang heavy, and
the bills use up the cash,
But whenever comes the season, just so
long's we've got a dime,
There'll be somethin' in that stockin'—
won't there, Mary?—every time.
And if in amongst our sunshine there's a
shower or two of rain,
Why, we'll face it bravely, smilin', and
we'll try not to complain
Long as Christmas comes and finds us
have together, me and you,
With the little feller's stockin' hangin' up
beside the flue.
—Joe Lincoln in Saturday Evening Post.

Christmas Was For Adults Then.

Seventy years ago Christmas was an adult and a home festival. It received all its honor, all its joyousness from the ideas of father, mother and home. It was the golden ring that held all the love and sentiment we associate with those three almost divine words. Sons and daughters might stray to the very ends of the earth, but Christmas brought them home again—in the body if possible, but if not possible then in the sweetest love and memory. If a child had done well it looked forward to the joy of telling it to father and mother at Christmas; if it had done ill it felt sure of pardon and help at Christmas. "Father Christmas" was their own father, and by his side stood the dear, sweet mother, ever ready to persuade and plead for all her children; glad to welcome, glad to forgive, glad to praise; full of sympathy for every joyful and sorrowful condition.—Amelia E. Barr.

Mistletoe Superstitions.

What superstitions cluster, thick as its berries, round the mistletoe! In old times such were its magic powers that it was worn as an amulet, and potent love potions were brewed from it. It cured wounds, enabled any who held it not only to see ghosts, but to compel them to speak. And that its magic is not all lost will be proved this Christmastide in thousands of our homes, where its white berries lend sanction to the osculatory homage paid to pretty faces.

A FIND ON THE BEACH

By M. QUAD

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The Palawan Islands, in the China sea, are to the north of Borneo and form a part of the Philippine group. They stretch out for a distance of 700 miles and number nearly a thousand. In the year 1882 I was landed on one of the Palawans from a Singapore trader to get up and run a copra plant. I had with me four Chinese, and the trader landed provisions for a year.

Nothing of special interest occurred until I had been on the island three months. Then one morning as I went down to the boat to go on a fishing trip I was amazed to find tracks of a woman's bare feet on the wet sands.

Whoever had visited our island in the darkness had come up out of the depths of the sea. No boat or raft had landed on the shore. The footprints were as plain as a plaster cast, and we were immediately interested and more or less excited. After thinking the matter over I decided that the woman must have come from one of two islands north and south and determined to give both a search. I set off to the north and in the course of an hour made a landing. This island had an area of not more than five acres. I went over it carefully, but not a living thing did I find.

It was noon when I got back to my own island, and after dinner I set out to search the other. As this one had more vegetation I took with me a boy, who was about fifteen years of age and named Whang.

It was near sunset when we put off after a vain search, and when we reached the reef surrounding our island and a half a mile out from the beach, the evening breeze died out to a flat calm, and we lay like a log. Before taking to the oar to scull us into the shore I sat quiet for a minute listening to the whispers of the sea. Whang leaned over the rail of the boat and watched the sharks darting to and fro and leaving trails of fire behind them, and things were so still that I could hear the ticking of my watch, when there came a strange interruption. It was the voice of a woman in laughter, and it sounded close by. We both sprang up at the sound, wondering if our ears had deceived us, and as we stood listening the sounds came again. When they had died away the boy turned to me and whispered:

"Master, let us get ashore at once! There is a witch of the sea close by, and she will drag us down!"

I waited ten minutes, and, hearing nothing more, I picked up the oar and sculled in to the landing. There I found the three Chinamen waiting for me, and they were in a state of great excitement. They had heard the laughter, and they believed with the boy that a witch of the sea was hanging about and meant to do us harm.

I simply contented myself with saying that we would leave some provisions on the beach that night and see if they were missing in the morning and with sleeping with one eye open to see that the frightened fellows did not steal the boat and make off to some other island.

We were down on the beach when daylight came, and there were fresh tracks again. The woman had circled about the heap of provisions, but had touched nothing. The Chinese were absolutely knocked out with consternation, and only my promise to watch the beach that night and capture or shoot the witch calmed them down. I remained with them all that day to prevent them from plotting, and it was not until midnight that I took up my watch on the shore.

It was low tide at 2 o'clock. I was concealed behind a heap of brush, and it was a starlight night. At that hour a figure which looked like a human being came out of the gentle surf and began to walk up and down the beach. As it walked away from me I rose up and went forward on tiptoe and was within thirty feet of it when it caught the alarm and fled back to the water like a shadow. I heard an exclamation of alarm and splashes in the water, and saw the wake as the "it" swam away. I had meant to keep cool, but the sight of the figure excited me, and its escape when I figured on capture added to it, and so, hardly knowing what I did, I drew one of my revolvers and began firing as the swimmer moved away. I fired six shots, but I heard no cry of pain or other sound.

I went back to the Chinamen and found them chattering in terror, and if they had not been afraid of the witch they would have made a rush for the boat and left me alone on the island. I sat watching them till daylight came, and then we all went down to the beach. The tide was coming in, but we found tracks as before. While we were hurrying about, arguing and discussing, the tide brought in the naked limb and foot of a woman, a white woman. It had been torn from the body by the sharks, and it was the foot which had made the tracks in the sand. One of my shots had struck and killed her as she swam away, and the blood had brought the savage sharks to the attack. There lay the limb before us, with the flesh hard and firm, though showing a bruise here and there. But no other part of the body came ashore. To whom the limb had belonged, how she had been cast away there, where she was hiding, why she did not seek our protection—none of these questions can I answer. We buried the limb in the sands and heard no more of the nymph of the sea.

The Pharmacy
For Christmas Gifts

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