

# Christmas In A Scotch City

Glasgow, the commercial metropolis of Scotland, with its well nigh million in habitants, can be chosen as an interesting illustration of the manner in which one-fourth of the people of the country spend the holidays. Many days before the store fronts on Argyll street—a thoroughfare as busy as any in the land—are snugly and profusely decorated with holly and evergreens. Above nearly every entrance signs of welcome and the compliments of the season are exhibited in holly leaves. On Christmas eve the stores keep open late. Either side of the thoroughfare is a mass of blazing, cheerful light, and there is a moving mass of humanity between. But when the stores close they close until boxing day. All the working people now get their Christmas holiday.

On Christmas forenoon the lord provost or mayor presides at the annual meeting and breakfast given by the directors at the royal infirmary. His lordship makes a speech, after which there is a distribution of good things to all the patients in the large institution. Then he visits sundry other institutions for the care of the sick and poor, where there are Christmas trees and feasting. By the way, Christmas day is one of the lord provost's busiest days. At 2 o'clock, according to annual custom for years past, he presides at the annual dinner given to from 5,000 to 6,000 poor men, women and children in the city hall, Albion street. His lordship and the city magistrates occupy the stage and take dinner with the poor. During the repast, which consists of soup, beef, an entree, plum pudding, tea or coffee and fruit, stirring Scotch airs are played on the big organ by the city organist. At the close his lordship makes a speech, which is reported verbatim in the newspapers. It is usually a masterly production.

Outwardly the aspect of the city resembles that of Sunday. Nevertheless thousands of people are moving about. The myriad of riveters in the miles of wharfbuilding yards along the Clyde have come to the city with their wives and families and are attending the matinees or evening pantomime performances that have already been running. These pantomimes are a feature of city life in Scotland during the winter. Usually three open at the big theaters in Glasgow Christmas eve. They are rehearsed for weeks before. The playwright usually chooses as his theme a fairy tale. "Jack the Giant Killer," "All Robin and the Forty Thieves" and "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp" have been favorite themes. As a rule, the playwright retains enough of the tale so that the young folks can recognize the characters, but taken altogether the production becomes really a dramatic burlesque of local life and character, interesting, entertaining and even elevating to old and young. Actors and actresses of renown take the leading parts, while there are dazzling costumes, magnificent scenery and a gorgeous ballet thrown in. No wonder it is that often until the middle of spring the pantomimes enjoy a continuous run. Latterly they become in a sense classics, for their libretti undergo weekly improvement at the suggestion of local wits noted for the pungency of their sayings and the fund of dry Scotch humor they possess. It is no exaggeration to say that these pantomimes are visited by some persons each night all the season through and by others fully a score of times.

Then there is the usual exodus of young men to the country at Christmas. It is a common saying among Scotchmen that all roads lead to London. This is changed to Glasgow in some cases. There is scarcely a family of note in the Highlands that has not a son at the universities of Glasgow or Edinburgh studying for the professions of law, medicine, the pulpit, the army or the home or foreign civil service. With what hope and pride the advent of the young student is looked for at the little railroad station up in the mountains on Christmas eve or morning! If he lives on an estate the next day he is given a side by his rustic countrymen in their annual Christmas day football match. The game is usually a stoutly contested one, umpired and refereed by the laird and heads of the estate. At the corner of the field is placed a cask of good Scotch ale, from which the players regale themselves at half time. Then the game resumes, and the second half is fast and furious. Around the ropes are the young women of the estate looking on with pleasure and discussing their choices in the dance list of the evening.—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Santa Claus In the Zoo.**  
Said Santa Claus: "This Christmas eve  
(The animals looked pleasant,  
And each of you will now receive  
His yearly Christmas present,  
But I'd be glad if every guest  
Would mention what he'd like the best."  
The tapir said: "That pines me,  
I'll state succinctly, therefore,  
If I may be so bold and free,  
The only thing I care for  
Would be those matches on the shelf,  
With which I'd like to light myself."  
His wish was granted. Then up spake  
A third little adder:  
"Sir, but a trifle it will take  
To make my Christmas gladder,  
A slate and pencil, if you please,  
Would let me do my sums with ease."  
The reindeer said: "You may believe  
I'd be a nappy fellow  
If I were sure I would receive  
A good sized umberyellow,  
And also I'd like four galoshes,  
Tea, and a rubber mackintosh."  
—Watson Williams.

# A Bold Suitor

By KATE ELDRIDGE

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

In Switzerland there is a little body of water called Thunder lake, and in a little town at one end, called Thunder, there is a Thunder hotel. There is also in this modest city with so terrible a name a kursall (casino), where an orchestra discourses in the afternoon, to which people listen and drink beer.

One afternoon Herr Strellitz, his wife and daughter Lena, the last named aged twenty, were seated at a table in the kursall, Papa Strellitz smoking his pipe, Mamma Strellitz munching crackers and Swiss cheese, while Lena Strellitz was sipping an ice with a spoon.

At another table sat a young gentleman tapping his boot with a cane, while on the table beside him was a half emptied glass of Munich beer. He was looking at Fraulein Lena very hard, and Lena was conscious that she had excited the young man's attention. Presently he arose, went to the table where the Strellitzes sat, made a profound bow with his hat under his arm and addressed Herr Strellitz:

"Herr, I dare say that I shall surprise you. I have a confession to make. I have several times seen you here with your family. I have conceived a passion for the young lady and beg your permission to pay my addresses to her. I am aware that such a request may seem remarkable, but I am ready to convince you that I bear a good reputation, that I am of an excellent family and abundantly able to support a wife. Here is my card."

He produced a pasteboard on which was engraved the name, "Alphonse de la Tour, Dijon, France."

Herr Strellitz puffed, fumed and scowled. Frau Strellitz looked non-committal, while Fraulein Lena looked very much pleased. The father was about to make an angry reply when the mother forestalled him by saying:

"Believe me, sir, we are not at all offended that you should have given way to a natural impulse. We shall at least accord what is due you by permitting you to produce your credentials."

"That is all I ask, madame. I may have to put you to some trouble, for a De la Tour could not ask any one to vouch for him. Besides it would be easy for an imposter to furnish fraudulent credentials. Nothing will satisfy me but your going to my home in Dijon, visiting my ancestral estate, making the acquaintance of my parents, my brothers and sisters, and thus satisfying yourselves that I am what I pretend to be."

"That would be incontestable proof," said the lady. "Will you join our party, M. de la Tour?"

The young man sat down. Papa Strellitz maintained a stubborn silence. Lena, of course, could say not a word, while Frau Strellitz took the burden of entertaining the stranger upon her own shoulders. The four sat together for an hour, at the end of which time M. de la Tour received an invitation to call.

A few days later Frau and Fraulein Strellitz took the train for Dijon. At the railway station M. de la Tour came up to them, bearing a bouquet of flowers, which, with a look of intense devotion, he handed to Lena.

"It is for you," he said, "to satisfy yourselves. Here are your tickets—first class, including a return."

Frau Strellitz accepted the tickets without a qualm, while Lena blushed and exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma!"

M. de la Tour gave the young lady a glance of mingled reproof and tenderness. His last words were to her:

"I beg you to give the flowers to my dear mother, who, with others of our family, will meet you at the station."

The journey was not interrupted except for half an hour on the border between Switzerland and France, where the train stopped for the custom examinations. The fraulein opened to them her belongings and permitted an inspector to get a whiff of the perfume of her flowers. When the ordeal was over the train went on.

At Dijon a young man on the watch for them announced himself as Gaston de la Tour and introduced a white haired lady as his mother. Lena at once handed her the bouquet.

"This way to the carriage," said M. Gaston, and the frau and the fraulein were hurried out of the station, put in a cab and driven away.

That was the last they ever saw of any of the De la Tours. They returned the next day to the unsympathetic husband and father.

"Well," said Papa Strellitz, "what did you discover?"  
Lena put her handkerchief to her eyes, and her mother made no reply. Her brow was very dark. After awhile she gave her experience to her husband, ending as follows:

"The driver drove us some distance and stopped before a large dwelling house. Wondering why these people had left us, we went to the front door and knocked. A maid came to the door, and when we asked if the De la Tours lived there she said 'No' and shut the door in our faces."

What was the object of this misleading these good people was not for a long time developed. Then one day a smuggler was arrested for carrying Swiss goods across the border into France without paying duty. At his trial it came out that the bouquet Fraulein Strellitz carried contained 50,000 francs' worth of watch springs.

**After Christmas.**  
Said the Christmas tree by the old back fence  
To the one just over the way:  
"It seems to me it is hard to be  
Out here in the cold today.  
Last week I stood in a brilliant room,  
With children dancing by,  
And beautiful candies warmed me  
through."  
Said the other tree, "So did I."

Said the Christmas tree by the old back fence  
To the one just over the way:  
"I wish out there on the mountain side  
They only had let me stay.  
My roots were strong. I was warm and  
green."  
While the merry snow flew by,  
But now I am trembling, old and weak."  
Said the other tree, "So am I."

Said the Christmas tree by the old back fence  
To the one just over the way:  
"A little girl that I gave a ring  
Came by, and I heard her say,  
'You ugly old tree, who cares for you!'  
And she made up a face so wry  
I wouldn't believe folks could so forget."  
Said the other tree, "Nor would I."

Said the Christmas tree by the old back fence  
To the one just over the way:  
"It's hard to be so far from home,  
But I guess we've had our day,  
And the children maybe in years to come  
Will think of us with a sigh,  
And the joy it gave. I am reconciled."  
Said the other tree, "So am I."  
—May R. McNabb in Pittsburg Dispatch.

Said the Christmas tree by the old back fence  
To the one just over the way:  
"I have a confession to make,  
I have several times seen you  
here with your family. I have  
conceived a passion for the young lady  
and beg your permission to pay my  
addresses to her. I am aware that such  
a request may seem remarkable, but I  
am ready to convince you that I bear  
a good reputation, that I am of an  
excellent family and abundantly able  
to support a wife. Here is my card."

**CHRISTMAS AMONG MICHIGAN WOODSMEN**

By EDWARD LYONS HACKETT.  
AMONG English speaking people there can be found no more quaint observance of the season than that in vogue among the woodsmen of northern Michigan. Throughout this great timber belt there are thousands of men employed, and a large proportion of them see the outside world but once or twice a year when they journey to Sault Ste. Marie or other nearby towns to make purchases of the season's clothing.

Throughout this great wooded district two-thirds of the men are Canadians, many of them devotedly religious, and Christmas among them begins, properly speaking, the 20th of December. However, these men perform

their usual labors until the 24th day of the month, and then the festivities begin in earnest. During the four days preceding the celebration, however, it must be understood that the work is not so strenuous, and the monotonous buzz of the saw and the ring of the ax are frequently interrupted by merry bursts of song and anecdotes of those who have passed away during the previous season. In Chippewa county there are many camps or settlements, each controlled by a recognized leader, and long before the holidays the point of celebration is decided upon. By Christmas eve the men, women and children have all assembled at the chosen camp, where elaborate preparations have been made for their comfort, and at 10 o'clock in the morning of that day the duly elected master of ceremonies addresses the multitude of people assembled and outlines the program of the week to follow, for these celebrations continue to the 31st day of December.



ALL BEGIN A MARCH AROUND.

After his speech the oldest daughter of the oldest resident is elected queen of the holidays. Her corps of assistants is quickly chosen from the educated classes, and from their decisions pertaining to the week's celebration there can be no appeal. During the remainder of the day many speeches are given, refreshments of many kinds are served, and family groups flock together and relate their own folklore, while the queen, assisted by her advisers, examines and selects the various fowls to be served on the following and subsequent days.

Christmas day is but an hour old when all assemble and indulge in religious services, while the pine knots, flaring and spluttering in the night air,

How to Remove Tar.  
Alcohol spirits of wine, turpentine and ether will all remove tar. Apply with a small sponge.

Should Old Acquaintance Be Forgot--  
RETURN OF THE FAVORITES, THE  
**PAVILLA COMEDY CO.**  
THE LAUGH PRODUCERS  
At the Masonic Theater 2 Nights Commencing  
**Friday, December 23rd**  
The Opening Bill Will be the Side-Splitting Comedy in Three Acts, the  
**The Wizard of Wall Street**  
Everything New This Season  
No Tears in this Show, Save those Produced by Merriment  
Seats on Sale at the Busy Corner

**Holiday Cash Clean-Up**  
One-Fourth Off on All Broken Lines of Clothing  
Opposite Breakwater North Front Street  
**FIXUP**

\$8.50 SUITS	.....	\$6.35
\$10.00 SUITS	.....	\$7.50
\$12.00 SUITS	.....	\$9.00
\$16.00 SUITS	.....	\$12.00
\$18.00 SUITS	.....	\$13.50
\$20.00 SUITS	.....	\$15.00
\$25.00 SUITS	.....	\$18.75

For Strictly  
**Fresh Butter**  
Sterilized Cream  
Sterilized Milk  
[Butter Milk  
**Bean-Pot Cheese**  
and  
**Ice**  
**Coos Bay Ice & Cold Storage**  
FREE DELIVERIES  
8 A. M. and 2 P. M.  
Phone 73-J.

**Real Estate Snap**  
RESIDENCE CORNER 84x100  
In Sengstacken's Addition  
Good Bay View, for  
**\$375.00**  
See Title, Guarantee & Abstract Co.  
**HENRY SENGSTACKEN, Manager**

**Beaver Hill Coal**  
MOUNT DIABLO AND JOSSON CEMENT.  
The best Domestic and Imported brands.  
Plaster, Lime, Brick and all kinds of builders material.  
**HUGH McLAIN**  
GENERAL CONTRACTOR  
OFFICE, SOUTH BROADWAY. PHONE 201.

**The North Bend Manufacturing Co.**  
IS NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH  
**Show Cases and Store Fixtures**  
Best Quality Workmanship and Prices  
ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY FURNISHED.

**Have That Roof Fixed NOW**  
See **CORTHELL**  
Phone 3121.

A Want Ad will sell it for you