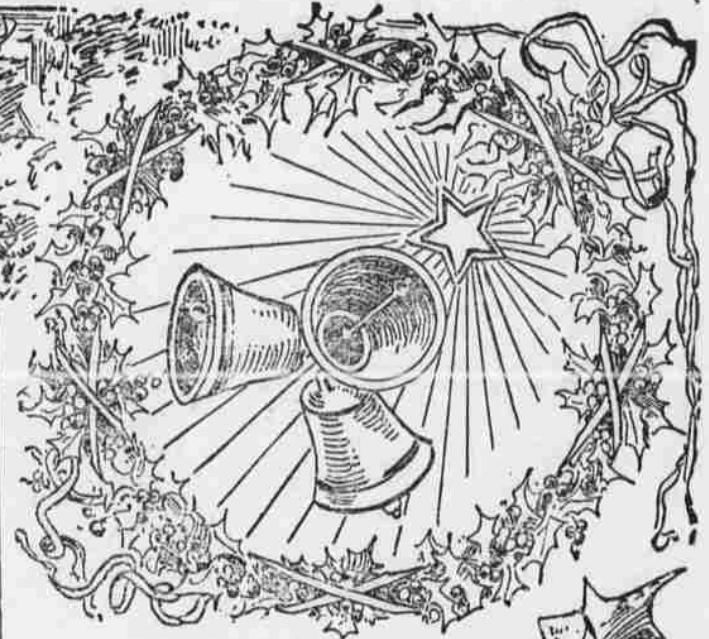
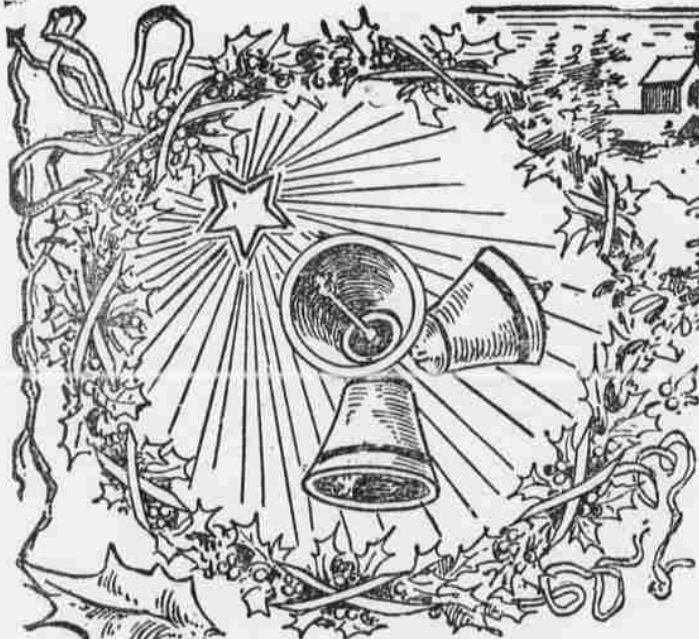


HOLIDAYS



EVERY YEAR.

I FEEL 'tis growing colder
Every year.
And my heart, alas! grows older
Every year.
I can win no new affection;
I have only recollection.
Deeper sorrow and dejection
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended
Every year.
Of the joys of friendship ended
Every year.
Of the ties that still might bind me
Until Time and Death resigned me
My infirmities remind me
Every year.

Ah! how sad to look before us
Every year.
When the clouds grow darker o'er us,
Every year.
When we see the blossoms faded,
That to bloom we might have aided,
And immortal garlands braided,
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces
Every year.
As the loved leave vacant places
Every year.
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us
Every year.

Yes, the shores of life are shifting
Every year.
And we are seaward drifting
Every year.
Old pleasures, clinging, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
Every year.
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year.
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter
And the dawn immortal brighter
Every year.

THE HIGHWAYMAN'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT



fortable bed in the rear of the express office. But he had other things to think of, and after kissing the sleeping baby hurried about his work of getting ready for his trip.

In the morning he was up bright and early, had little Helen tucked away snugly inside the coach, and was off for his station, twenty-five miles distant, near the Francisco range of mountains.

"Good luck to you, Willard," was shouted after him by the ranchmen who had gathered about to bid him success in his search for the daring highwaymen.

Nothing out of the usual happened during the greater part of his journey, and he was fast beginning to think that his trip would be made without incident when he neared the lonely spot at which almost all of the robberies had taken place. Standing his Winchester by his side and placing his revolvers in his lap, he slowed up and peered cautiously on either side. Suddenly, as he turned a bend in the narrow pass, a figure loomed up in the center of the road and shouted:

"Hands up!"

In an instant the agent had caught up his revolvers, but before he could pull the trigger the highwayman fired, and the plucky agent rolled from his seat a desperately wounded man. Before advancing a step the robber fired again, killing one of the lead horses. He then quickly strode to the coach, picked up the wounded man, threw him under the seat, and began rifling the old vehicle. A small box, containing the money destined for the Pittman Valley office, was all that was secured. As the robber backed out of the coach his eye caught sight of the little bundle of blankets on the seat. Stooping down he pulled aside the cover-



Bitter is the story, told
On the shining Christmas day,
How the saint beloved of old
Now hath ceased his merry sway;
Joey spoke without dismay:
"Ain't no Santa Claus!" he said,
Vain the struggle to gainsay,
Poor old Santa Claus is dead!

Since disasters manifold,
Bring the reindeer and the sleigh;
Stretch the good saint's body cold
Neatly in its fur array!
Smooth his locks so long and gray
Round his venerable head;
Change for dirge your roundelay—
Poor old Santa Claus is dead!

Do not all your tears withhold,
Once you loved him in your play,
Yearned to see his pack unfold,
Ardently desired his stay,
Speed him now upon his way
To that last and lowly bed,
Where the reindeer thus convey—
Poor old Santa Claus is dead!

ENVOY.

Saint, for thy repose we pray,
Though thy reign be vanished,
Skeptical youths we mourn, and say:
"Poor old Santa Claus is dead!"
—Chicago Times-Herald.

others," advises Frances E. Lanigan in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Let your presents to them be of a substantial character—a ton of coal, some warm clothing, some money, a box of groceries, or a basket of Christmas marketing, topped with a bunch of holly. And to the little children in whose homes Christmas is little more than a name, send some of the many bright, new tin toys which are so inexpensive; some candy, some fruit, bright red woolen mittens and Tam o' Shanters, and, if you can afford it, some good stout shoes and warm stockings. A piece of bright colored plaid will make a pretty gift for the little girl who has never, perhaps, had a new dress in her life. Accompany your Christmas presents with some cheery Christmas greetings and some Christmas greens. Be very sure that this thoughtfulness will bring its own reward, and that in the years to come the memory of the Christmas when you gave the most and received the least will be the happiest of all memories to you."

NEW YEAR'S IN WASHINGTON

When Every One Keeps Open House with Lavish Hospitality.

Mary Nimmo Balentine, writing of "New Year's Day in the White House" in the Woman's Home Companion, thus describes the public receptions: "Announcements are published in the newspapers proclaiming the levee at the White House and the exact minute at which the different officials of the Government service will be received, but it is usually near one o'clock before the sovereign people are admitted to the grounds.

"The state levee at the White House is but the beginning of the calling that con-

New Year's Day in y^e Olden Time



HIS LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

MY papa says at Santa Claus
Is going to bring to me
Another mamma, Christmas time,
And pap says at she
Is beautiful and good and kind
And says she hopes at I
Will like her awful much and learn
To love her by and by.

My papa's often seen her, and
He says her eyes are blue,
The same as mine is, and her cheeks
Has dimples in them, too.
And she ain't more an' half as old's
My other mamma was,
And papa says I ought to thank
Dear, kind old Santa Claus

But I ain't glad and I don't want
No other mamma here;
I'd rather have him bring me back
My own sweet mamma dear—
My nice, good mamma that is gone
So far—so far away—
I'll write to Santa Claus to bring
Her back to me to stay.

HIS LETTER

Dear Santa Claus: My papa says
You're going to bring to me
Another mamma, Christmas time,
At's as sweet as she can be,
But I don't want no other one.
Don't put her in your pack—
But please, good Santa, won't you bring
My own dear mamma back?

She said, before she went away,
At she would take my hand
And lead me out of here some day
Into a happier land.
So don't bring no new mamma here
At's younger than she was
To take the place we've kept for her,
Dear, kind old Santa Claus.

If you can bring new mamas round
Why can't you find some way
To bring a boy's own mamma home
And give her to him, say?
I don't want no new mamma here,
At's as sweet as she can be—
But bring my old one, Santa, dear,
To papa and to me.
—Cleveland Leader.

NEW YEAR'S DAY LONG AGO.

Hilarious Rejoicing in Merrie England, Scotland and France.

THE customs pertaining to New Year's day were accompanied with the