

The Christmas Stocking

A Parody by FRANK J. BONNELLE



How dear to this heart is the stocking of childhood when fond recollection presents it to view! On Christmas St. Nick came from frost whitened wildwood with every loved toy which my infancy knew. The wide spreading chimney, the sled which stood by it, a horse and some books—I remember them all—a doll for my sister, and baby house nigh it, and then the full stocking which hung on the wall—the Santa Claus stocking, the beautiful stocking, the Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall! The well stuffed envelope I hailed as a treasure as early that morning I opened my eyes and found there the source of an exquisite pleasure, the purest and sweetest that nature supplies. How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing and back to my white sheeted bed went with all, then soon, with the emblems of love overflowing, was happy in what to my lot did befall—the Santa Claus stocking, the generous stocking, the Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall! How sweet through its round open top to explore it as poised on my knee it inclined to my view! Not a hot, tempting breakfast could make me ignore it for longer at most than a minute or two. And now, far removed from the loved situation, the tear of regret will intrusively fall as fancy reverts to my youth's habitation and sighs o'er the stocking which hung on the wall—the Santa Claus stocking, the plethoric stocking, the Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall! But grown people find there's a later sensation as grateful as any they felt long ago. It comes when they witness the glad exultation which on Christmas morning their own offspring show. And now, dear old Santa Claus, let me petition your favor for children, both large ones and small. Bring all the bright hopes to the fullest fruition that rest in each stocking which hangs on the wall—the wealthy child's stocking, the poor unclothed stocking, yes, all every stocking which hangs on the wall!

BEAD CHRISTMAS TREES.

Novelty Invented by German Woman Approved by Kaiser.

If nature's supply of Christmas trees gives out, as some people have feared it might, there will still be Christmas trees as long as a German woman in this city remains alive. Out of green beads, wire and tiny waxen ornaments she constructs miniature trees which have been thought pretty enough to grace the court of Ludwig of Bavaria in his time and to amuse the children of Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany. That was when the inventor was living in her native country. Since coming to America she has made them for various well known people.

One of the advantages of these trees, she says, is that they are almost indestructible. They may be bent, crushed, packed into small compass, and when they are wanted again it is only necessary to straighten the branches out into the original shape.

When the inventor was a girl, fifty-five or sixty years ago, in Munich, she went to one of those schools where German girls are taught to do, as her daughter says, "everything with the hands." It was having to make wreaths out of beads that suggested to her the notion of making bead Christmas trees. She set to work and fashioned innumerable tiny loops of green beads, each at the end of a long, slender wire. She bound the loops together in threes, making trifolios, and the trifolios into branches and the branches into a tapering trunk, the trunk being formed of nothing at all but the individual wires massed together. Then she trimmed the tree with candles and those tiny waxen figures which the Germans are adepts at making and fixed it in a pot of sand and melted wax. Her parents were quite proud of it. Her father, who was director of the Hofgarten in Munich, showed it to his royal master, and King Ludwig immediately ordered one for the Christmas festivities at court.

After coming to this country she sent one to President Roosevelt and was grieved and surprised to find that he could not accept it.

"I expect he thinks he gets some dynamite," said the daughter.—New York Tribune.

Christmas Caution.
"Is it customary to hang up one stockin' or de Intiah pair on Christmas eve?" said Mr. Erasmus Pinkley.
"Only jes' one," answered Miss Mimi and Brown. "If you hangs on to de mate you len' takin' so many chances on somebody be'pin' hisse' to foot-wear 'tild o' leavin' presents."—Washington Star.

Origin of the Christmas Tree.
There is a legend in Germany that when Eve plucked the fatal apple immediately the leaves of the tree shriveled into needle points and its bright green turned dark. It changed its nature and became the evergreen, in all seasons preaching the story of man's fall. Only on Christmas does it bloom brightly with lights and become beautiful with love gifts. The curse is turned into a blessing at the coming of the Christ Child, and we have our Christmas tree.

MONSTER CHRISTMAS CAKE.

It Was Seven Feet High and the Largest Ever Made.

Reproduced below is a picture of a mammoth Christmas cake, said to be the largest one ever made. It was seen last Christmas in a shop in Leytonstone, England. Some idea of its size may be gauged when it is stated that it stood seven feet high and weighed no less than 1,000 pounds.

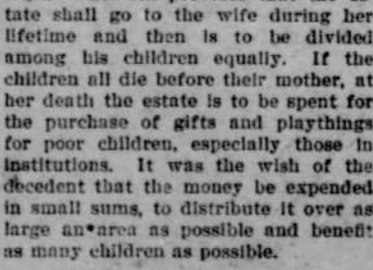
Those who may desire to turn out a rival cake may be interested to learn that the following ingredients were used in its manufacture: One hundred and fifty-two pounds of butter, 152 pounds of sugar, 325 pounds of flour, 110 pounds of raisins, 110 pounds of sultanas, 110 pounds of currants, 3,000 eggs, 35 pounds of citron peel, 35 pounds of lemon peel, 35 pounds of orange peel, 40 pounds of almonds, 30 pounds of milk (15 quarts), 120 pounds of almond paste, 100 pounds of icing sugar, 5 pounds of fresh lemon juice, 21 pounds of mixed spices, 1 pound of nutmegs and 1 pound of essence of lemon.



"BARKING WINDMILL" CAKE.

Fortune For Toys For the Poor.
The poor children of Pittsburgh and Allegheny are to benefit through the expenditure of an estate valued at \$31,000, left by the late George B. Nutt. The will provides that the estate shall go to the wife during her lifetime and then is to be divided among his children equally. If the children all die before their mother, at her death the estate is to be spent for the purchase of gifts and playthings for poor children, especially those in institutions. It was the wish of the decedent that the money be expended in small sums, to distribute it over as large an area as possible and benefit as many children as possible.

Must Have Been.



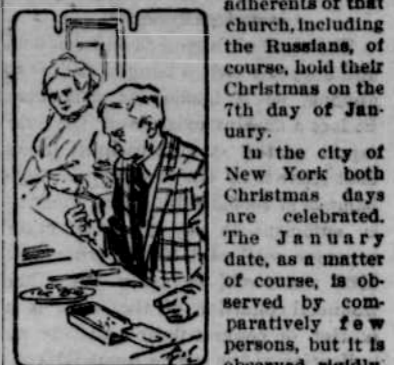
"Why didn't Jones come?"
"He is at home cutting his hair."
"Cutting his hair?"
"He must be doing that. He told me over the phone that he was up to his ears in work."

January Christmas of the Julianites

By ROBERT DONNELL.

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"CHRISTMAS comes but once a year," wrote somebody, and everybody accepted the statement as truth. It is not true, however, for Christmas comes twice a year. Those of us who reckon by the Gregorian calendar celebrate Dec. 25. Those who still adhere to the Julian calendar observe Jan. 7. Russia is the only great nation which still holds out for the Julian calendar. The Greek Catholic church sticks to the time measurement adopted by Julius Caesar forty-six years before the birth of Christ. Thus the Greeks and all the adherents of that church, including the Russians, of course, hold their Christmas on the 7th day of January.



THEY FAST FOR FORTY DAYS.

In the city of New York both Christmas days are celebrated. The January date, as a matter of course, is observed by comparatively few persons, but it is observed rigidly, elaborately and faithfully by those who desire to render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's even as to the calendar.

New York city has a considerable population of Greeks, Russians, Armenians, Syrians, Serbians, Poles, Bulgarians, Montenegrins and Vlach, all of whom observe the Julian Christmas. For forty days prior to Jan. 7 they observe a fast, eating no meat, neither beast, fish nor fowl. They eat fish eggs or caviare, but draw the line there. Their principal diet for the forty days' fasting is made up of olives, beans, caviare bread and crackers.

But at 6 o'clock on the morning of Christmas day, Jan. 7, the Julianist fast is over. It is not necessary to hint that these people count the days till Christmas or that they rejoice and are exceedingly glad when the anniversary arrives. These facts are obvious. Christmas means for them a glorious feast, a square meal, several square meals—in fact, a round of square meals. Our Julianist friends go to church early on their Christmas morning, but not too early. They eat breakfast first. High mass is celebrated in the Greek Orthodox church at 8 o'clock. The forty days' fast having ended two hours before, the Julianists are joyfully full of the good things of this world before they enter the house of worship. The chief viand, so far as its symbolic character goes, is a spiced loaf of rye bread covered and filled with walnuts, with a cross cut on top. This is called the christosoma—"bread of the Christ." But it is not to be doubted that beefsteaks, fowls, fishes, saddles of mutton and other substantial are devoured. Here and there one of the presumably faithful proves faithless and falls before Christmas, his craving for a meat diet being too strong to resist. This weak brother is ignored by the faithful.

It is in the cafes in the sections of the city where the Julianists dwell that this Christmas day is celebrated with the most visible gusto. The Greek "young bloods" rather in the little restaurants and sit long over tables heavy with edibles and light with wines.



THIS WEAK BROTHER IS IGNORED BY THE FAITHFUL.

The names of some of the diners are interesting. Constantine Economopoulos is a budding forist who gathers around him his rosy young friends, Harralambos Christatos, Mincakes Kepsalacos, Pericles Dogoganes and Hresala Pappalacos. And don't let us forget Nicholas Booras, editor of the Daily Thermopylae, who gets out an extra edition in honor of the day.

These Greeks, many of them arrayed in gorgeous new clothing, bring their feast to an end with the cups of Turkish coffee and the Turkish cigarettes, mixed in with songs and toasts. It is highly interesting for a plain American, with a plain name like Jim Jones, to sit in one of these cafes and hear the songs of the foreign gentlemen with the seven jotted surnames, observe the satisfaction depicted in their countenances as the feast goes on and receive the impression that this is real Christmas cheer, though it be thirteen days late according to our method of counting time.

Left Uncalled.
"What kind of a speech did he make last evening?"
"He was not on the programme, so he didn't make any."
"But I thought he had made arrangements to best that game and get even with those jealous ones who had left him off."
"He thought he had, but unfortunately the populace whom he had hired to call for him went out to get a drink at a critical moment."