

In "Christmas Town"

How the Day is Celebrated in Bethlehem, Pa.

CHRISTMAS TOWN is in its glory on Christmas. Christmas town is the quaint old village in Pennsylvania which was named Bethlehem 174 years ago by Count Zinzendorf, head and founder of the Moravian faith.

The count arrived in the settlement on Dec. 24, 1741. That evening he took a lighted candle and entered the stable belonging to the single tiny stone dwelling of the place, and then and there, with the smell of the hay about him, he named the town that was to be Bethlehem—"Nicht Jerusalem, sondern Bethlehem" ("not Jerusalem, but Bethlehem").

Every Christmas eve since then has had its "vigil."

Every Moravian home has its Christmas tree, flanked by its Christmas stockings, and a putz. A putz is a beautiful bit of indoor landscape gardening, with fuzzy white cotton for snow and always a tiny stable of Bethlehem, with a doll Christ in a six inch manger, and doll Joseph, Mary and wise men standing by, while a dancel star of the east shines with undiminished ray.

Three o'clock on the afternoon of Dec. 24 finds every Moravian family in the great stone church, built in 1800. All the babies are there, hundreds of babies, wide eyed in admiration of the decorations. The vestibule is full of baby carriages. The pulpit and reading desk are concealed by a big picture of the Nativity.

Classical music of the utmost beauty is sung at the love feast service. It is special Moravian music, often sung from manuscript scores over a hundred years old, which when not in use are kept in the great archive vaults of the church. Peals out the great chorus, thanking the infant Jesus for his benefactions.

Then the "diener," or sacristans, men and women enter the great front doors. They carry huge trays of steaming cups of coffee, the white capped women in their Moravian buns, those wonderful buns prepared by three generations of hereditary Moravian bakers.

Dinner at 5 o'clock over, the men, women and larger children return at 6 for the "vigil." The church is ablaze with lights, crowded to overflowing. There is a choir of about sixty, married women wearing pink ribbons in their caps, the unmarried girls blue.

There is the famous Moravian trombone choir, with a full string orchestra and the skillful organist at the organ. And the children do their share of the singing. Again each person in the audience, young or old, receives a lighted candle in memory of the one borne by Count Zinzendorf so many years ago. Even the choir members hold tapers as they sing.

The Christ Child.

Oh, the beauty of the Christ Child,
The gentleness, the grace,
The smiling, loving tenderness,
The infantile embrace!
All babyhood he holds fast,
All fatherhood he holds fast,
All brotherhood he holds fast,
All who hath seen his face?

Oh, the wisdom of the Christ Child
When for a sacred space
He settles in our very homes,
Light of the human race!
We know him and we love him,
No man to us need prove him,
Yet who hath seen his face?
—Mary Mapes Dodge.

HUNTING FOR S-CLAUS



Hymn For Christmas Morning

Hark, a burst of heavenly music
From a band of seraphs bright,
Suddenly to earth descending,
In the calm and silent night,
To the shepherds of Judea,
Watching in the early dawn!
Lo, they hear the joyful tidings—
Jesus, Prince of Peace, is born!

Sweet and clear those angel voices,
Echoing through the starry sky,
As they chant the heavenly chorus,
"Glory be to God on high!"

And this joyful Christmas morning
Breaking o'er the world below,
Tells again the wondrous story
Shepherds heard so long ago,
Who shall still our tuneful voices,
Who the tide of praise shall stem,
Which the blessed angels taught us
In the fields of Bethlehem?

Hark, we hear again the chorus
Ringing through the starry sky,
As they join the heavenly anthem,
"Glory be to God on high!"
—Mrs. M. N. Melg.

Cupid's Christmas Frolics.

Christmas would be almost as incomplete without its love superstitions as without its holly and plum pudding, and the maid who cannot forecast her matrimonial fortune at least once a year is scarcely worth a lover at all.

She ought to know, whether she does or not, that if she wants her husband to be to reveal himself in her dreams she has only to eat the egg of a black hen on Christmas eve and any fears or hesitations she may be troubled with will soon be dispelled when once her head is cozily pillowed. If she wishes to make the spell as potent as possible she will boil the egg hard, remove the yolk and, after she has filled up the cavity with common or table salt, will eat egg, shell, salt and all. If she doesn't dream of her lover then it will certainly not be the hen's fault.

If she is not partial to eggs our curious young lady may peel a St. Thomas onion, wrap it in a handkerchief and place it under her pillow on Christmas eve, reciting these mystic lines as she does so:

Good St. Thomas, do me right
And see my true love come tonight,
That I may see him in the face
And him in my kind arms embrace.

It is just as natural for a maid to speculate as to the ardor of her swain's affection as to wish to settle the young man's identity, and if she will she may know to a nicety how far his infatuation for her has gone. This is what she must do to gain this desirable knowledge: When she retires to bed she must place three pails of water in her bedroom and attach three heavy leaves to her nightdress. Then let her slumber in full assurance that her lover in dream form will present himself and touch one or other of the three pails. And all depends on what particular pail he touches. If it is No. 1 it is a sure sign that his affection is but skin deep; if No. 2, he worships the very ground she treads on, but if he touches the third pail, alas, for her expectations, for he loves her not at all.

But Cupid has no monopoly of Christmas superstitions. Did not Shakespeare himself lend his sanction to the belief that the cock by its crowing on Christmas night keeps all evil influences at a respectful distance?

Some say that over 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawnning alighteth all night long,
And then they say no spirit dare stir abroad.

Because a Little Child Was Born.
Because a little child was born
The earth is filled with peace;
Old wrongs, old sorrows are forgot
In suffering's sweetest success.
Oh, men that strain for empty gain,
Oh, hearts with hatreds torn,
There is no room for strife today—
A little child is born!

—The Rev. Beatrice O'Hara in Ladies' Home Journal.



Christ, and His Birthday.

As to his birth, Christ gave no thought to the manner of its celebration by his disciples. They do not appear to have remembered it during his life. Had he ever any knowledge of the adorable stories begetting his crib for us? It is hardly probable. And, behold, that forgotten, neglected birthday has conquered a place of honor! It is celebrated in conditions in which the Saviour might recognize his own purposes. To speak of one aspect only, Jesus loved children as no one has ever loved them. "Let them come to me," he said to the lofty apostles, and let us guard him from that merry, unfurl crowd suspected incapable of edification. No doubt those most serious ancestors of our traditions had occasion that day and often in similar circumstances to believe the Master touched with insanity.

No matter, the intentions of the Son of Man have been largely realized. His birthday has become the day of the children. No earthly day has shed more brightness upon their path. No church festival gives more life to the immeasurable truth of the promise, "I shall be with you to the end of the world." None makes it sweeter to the heart.

Christmas has a charm beyond them all. It was the Christian soul, filled full with Jesus, created this festival. Every generation has given it something of its own. There has been a rivalry of good will. In the Eucharist, according to a doctrine the abuse of which must not make us forget its true and sorrowful profoundness, Christ dies from age to age for our sins and will suffer until the last sinner is saved. In the radiance of Christmas Christ smiles eternally upon the little ones . . . and the grownups who can make themselves children again.—Charles Wagner, Author of "The Simple Life."

THE OLD CHRISTMAS HYMNS.

It is good to think of the old time Christmas hymns again as the Day approaches; good to get out worn hymn books, the prettiest for the piano rack, with tunes as well as words, and play and sing them over, just as we should re-read, if pleasure and duty join hands, the story of Scrooge and Marley's Ghost.

It is even good to recall the titles more or less familiar to all of us, according to our bringing up. There are "Hail to the Lord's Anointed," "As with gladness men of old did the guiding star behold," "Angels from the realms of glory," and "Hark, what mean those holy voices," each reiterating in rhythmic melody the story of the ancient chroniclers.

In the little church where the flaring star poised a bit unsteadily over the white head of the beloved pastor, "Oh, come, all ye faithful," ushered in the day, and no matter how fast sped the minutes, how near the approach of the dinner hour, or how expectantly youngsters thought of untried stockings, if the early morning service invited them there was always plenty of time for "Joy to the world, the Lord is come," "When marshaled on the mighty plain," "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning," "Hark, the herald angels sing," "It came upon the midnight clear," and that best loved of all, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night."

SONG OF THE TREE.

Once out of midnight sweet with mystery
The wonder of all wonders came to be,
So shall the dawn a marvel make of me.
For when in all my beauty I am born
In the first glimmer of the Christmas morn,
Angels of Innocence in mortal guise
Shall look upon me with their faithful eyes;
And, looking, see
A greater thing in me
Than the bare figure of a tree.
Behold! in every limb
I thrill with praise of him
For whom I stand in memory.

Kings of the east and wise men three
There were
Who brought to him rare frankincense
and myrrh.
So do my balsamed branches when they stir
In the warm air that moves about this room,
And render forth their homage in perfume.
Lift up your hearts anew, O, careworn men!
Look up with glad, believing eyes again:
And, looking, see
A greater thing in me
Than the bare figure of a tree.
Behold! in every limb
I thrill in praise of him
For whom I stand in memory.
—Tom Daly.

The good old custom of hanging the mistletoe from the ceiling at the Christmas festivities is said to have its origin in the idea that since the plant did not have its roots in the ground no part of it should ever be permitted to touch the earth.

Why We Hang Up Stockings.

The custom of hanging up the stocking on Christmas eve arose from an incident in the life of the good St. Nicholas. One day when he was overtaken by a severe storm he took refuge in a convent, and the next day being Christmas he preached a sermon to the nuns which they liked so much that they asked him to come the next year and preach to them again. On his second visit, which was also on a Christmas eve, before going to bed he asked each of the nuns to lend him a stocking, and he filled the stockings with sugar plums.

In the making of mince pies, which form a part of a regular Christmas feast, mutton was the only meat formerly used, as a commemoration of the flocks that were watched on the holy night by the shepherds of Bethlehem. The spices were supposed to be suggestive of the wise men from the east, the land of spices.

Christmas of the Shetland Islands.

A scene less populous but not less striking is old Christmas eve, the 4th of January, when the children and young men of Lerwick, in the Shetland islands, go a-gulging. The children disguise themselves in strange dresses, parade the streets and invade the houses and shops begging for offerings. At 1 o'clock the young men, coarsely clad, drag blazing tar barrels through the town, blowing horns and cheering. At 6 o'clock in the morning they put off their grimy clothes and dressed in fantastic costumes go in groups to wish their friends the season's compliments.—Harper's Magazine.

Santa Claus was born ages ago, and he has been so busy ever since that he never has taken the time to study his family tree. American children call him Santa Claus; the little Dutch folk, St. Nicholas; the French, Pere Noel, and the Germans, Prince Ruprecht or Kris Kringle. But they all mean the same thing.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Ward are visiting friends in Grand Island, having left for that city Saturday.

Fred Elliott spent Sunday with his son Fred and family in Omaha, returning home yesterday.

NINETEEN-FIFTEEN WILL SOON BE HISTORY

Only a few more days remain. During these twelve months you have graciously favored us with your valued patronage which we have valued most highly. Our business has increased greatly over last year, and if we judge the future by the way things have progressed in the past, we look optimistically towards the future. You have helped us to bring about our prosperity and we want to be a party to yours. Therefore, co-operation is necessary. A wave of prosperity is coming. It is approaching, therefore, be prepared. Let us continue to administer to your wants, and as we are bidding adieu to Nineteen-Fifteen, we wish you untold blessings and the greatest prosperity for Nineteen-Sixteen.

Derryberry & Forbes Stores

????? The Eternal Question 'What Shall I Give Him?'

Useful and Appropriate Gifts will make your Xmas Shopping a pleasure, and You Will Be Sure to Please Him

Bath Robes, Slippers, Beautiful Neckwear, Silk Hose, Initial Handkerchiefs, Mackinaws, Boys' Mackinaws, Fur Caps, Combination Sets of all kinds, Suspenders, Fancy Belts, Dress Shirts, Kid Gloves, Silk Mufflers, Etc., FOR HIM. Articles priced at 25c to \$6. Only the Season's Newest Goods at the Right Prices. GOODS NOW ON DISPLAY.

HARRY SAMUELSON, "The Suit Man."

Next to the Flat Iron the Toaster is the most generally used Electric Appliance. It makes an ideal gift, useful attractive and in excellent taste. We have styles ranging from \$2.25 up.

North Platte Light & Power Co.

Money to Loan ON FARMS AND RANCHES

Lowest Rates and Best Terms. Plenty of Money on hand to Close Loans Promptly.

Buchanan & Patterson

KEITH THEATRE

Wednesday, Dec. 22

THE NEW BIG **MUSICAL** Carton Review

POSITIVELY ALL NEW THIS TIME

MUTT AND JEFF In College

Nothing Funnier

Nothing but FUN! MUSIC and GIRLS & 1 50 PEOPLE & 3

See Mutt and Jeff as students, then try and stop laughing.

BRING THE KIDDIES

Seat sale Tuesday 10 a. m. Best Seats One Dollar.

Price \$1, 75 and 50 Cents

Do you see the point? The girl means you. Are YOU insured? She is all right—you can tell that by her happy contented look. But how about you? Are YOU contented in the same way? Suppose anything should happen to you today, tomorrow, or the day after, how would your family fare? Are they protected from poverty should you die suddenly? If not, it is time you thought about it. Let us write you a policy now.

C. F. TEMPLE, Room 1, I. O. O. F. Bldg.

Auction Sale of School Lands

Notice is hereby given that on the 29th day of December, 1915, at one o'clock p. m. at the office of the county treasurer of Lincoln county, the Commissioner of Public Lands and Buildings, or his authorized representative, will offer for lease at public auction all educational lands within said county upon which forfeiture of contract has been declared as follows:

SE 1/4 36-13-33, George Lehman.
FRED BECKMAN,
Commissioner of Public Lands and Buildings.
Dated December 6, 1915. 92-3w

NOTICE FOR BIDS FOR THE SALE OF CITY OF NORTH PLATTE PARK BONDS.

Notice is hereby given by the Mayor and City Council that bids will be received at the office of C. F. Temple, City Clerk of the City of North Platte, Nebraska, on the 28th day of December, 1915, for the purchase of Twelve Thousand Dollars (\$12,000.00) City of North Platte Park Bonds, said bonds being numbered from one to six inclusive and of the denomination of Two Thousand Dollars (\$2000.00) each and bearing interest at the rate of five per cent per annum payable annually as evidenced by coupons thereto attached.

All of said bonds are of the date of October 1st, 1915, and bear interest at the rate of five per cent per annum from said date. Said bonds and said interest coupons are to be paid at the office of the State Treasurer of Nebraska, at Lincoln, Nebraska.

Bond number one becomes due and payable on the 1st day of October, 1920, bond number two becomes due and payable on the 1st day of October, 1921, bond number three becomes due and payable on the 1st day of October 1922, bond number four becomes due and payable on the 1st day of October 1923, bond number five becomes due and payable on the first day of October, 1924, and bond number six becomes due and payable on the 1st day of October 1925.

The Mayor and City Council reserve the right to reject any and all bids.
C. F. TEMPLE, City Clerk.

To the Public

Having made settlement with the insurance company, I will start to remove the old barn. I will do business in the front part of the old barn until I get the new one erected. Will have all kinds of feed, flour, potatoes, wheat, oats, corn—anything in the feed line at prices that will make you sit up and notice. Call or phone me, as I need your business.

JULIUS MOGENSEN.