

# MERRY CHRISTMAS

## KRIS KRINGLE IN COMMON CLAY

MODEL BY C. A. BEATY.



## A Christmas Carmen

John Greenleaf Whittier

Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands,  
The chorus of voices, the clasp of hands,  
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,  
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!  
With glad jubiliations  
Bring hope to the nations!  
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;  
Rise, hope of the ages, arise, like the sun,  
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;  
East, west, north and south, let the long quarrel cease;  
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,  
Sing of glory to God and of good will to man!

Hark, joining in chorus  
The heavens bend o'er us!  
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;  
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,  
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

### "AS YE DID UNTO THEM"

So he died, and they said unto him: "It is written against you that you headed not the sorrow and the want of them that were stricken in poverty and suffered in illness and want."

And he said: "That is unfair, for all my life long I noted especially the suffering and want of the poor, and not a Christmas went by that I did not say over and over that I was sorry for them. No one gave them more sympathy than I, no one showed more commiseration for them. Why, lots of times I thought of them on cold winter nights, and said to my friends that it was too bad they had to endure privations."

"That is correct," they said unto him. "But it is written that you did not materialize your sympathy—you simply sympathized in words, and words are not eaten, nor are they worn, nor are they burned in stoves."

So he was abashed, and stood silent for a space. Then he said meekly: "And I must not come in!"

As to that, they did not answer, but they said again unto him: "All those who you sympathized with are here, and now they will sympathize with you."

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

### His Hard Work

Mrs. Wanda—Does anybody ever read those Christmas poems in the papers?  
Mr. Wanda—Oh, yes. The editor and the prescribers have to.

## FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE



at Christmas, which happened to correspond with the Yuletide festival, at the time of the winter solstice.

Longfellow has used one of these stories in "King Olaf's Christmas." Another, in which real religious fervor and moral heroism play a part, is the story of the first Christmas tree. There stands at Altenbergen, in northern Germany a statue erected in 1811 in honor of Saint Boniface, and the place of the statue is said to be the site of the first Christian church in north Germany.

Boniface, who must not be confused with any of the nine popes who bore the name, was a Briton by birth, and his name was Wynfrith. Declining high ecclesiastical honor, he chose to be a missionary to the rude tribes of the German forests. Of these tribes Tacitus tells us; and we know that they were implacable in war and bloody in their worship, but that among their virtues was a marked purity of private life and love of home.

Each year these people sacrificed to their gods. One of their holiest shrines was a great oak at Gelemer. There they gathered at midnight at the winter solstice, and offered a fair lad as a sacrifice to call back the retreating sun.

Thus they were assembled at the Yuletide in the year 724. As the midnight approached, an old priest raised the hammer to strike down the child, when Boniface interposed a strong arm and an eager word. He told them of a child who was born seven hundred years before, and how he showed to men that they need offer no more bloody sacrifices. He told them of the love of God and the beauty of his service. The stern men heard and believed. Urged by the heroic missionary, they hewed down the dark thunder-oak, the scene of so many sacrifices.

The legend says that when the tree fell, it left a young fir growing between the shattered branches, and unbroken by their fall. Boniface told them to take that tree to their banqueting hall; to serve God with joy and feasting; and to take for their Yule tree this one, with roots un-stained with blood, and with ever-green foliage for a symbol of immortality.

If part of the story is myth, it is not all myth; and it is surely a beautiful way of explaining one of the most beautiful of Christmas customs—Yule's Companion.

## LAST CHRISTMAS WAS A YEAR AGO

(THE OLD LADY SPEAKS)  
By James Whitcomb Riley  
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Last Christmas was a year ago,  
Says I to David, I—says I,  
"We're goin' to morning service, so  
You hitch up right away; I'll try  
To tell the girls jes' what to do  
Fer dinner. We'll be back by two."  
I didn't wait to hear what he  
Would more'n like say back to me,  
But banged the stable door and flew  
Back to the rouse, jes' plumb chilled  
through.

Cold! Woot! how cold it was! My—  
Oh!

Frost flyin', and the air, you know,  
"Jes' sharp  
enough," heard  
David swear,  
"To shave a man  
and cut his  
hair!"  
And blow and  
blow! and snow  
snow!  
Where it had  
drifted long the  
fence  
And 'erost the  
road—some

places though,  
Jes' sweep clean to the gravel, so  
The goin' was as bad fer sleighs  
As 't was for wagons—and both ways.  
'Twixt snowdrifts and the bare  
ground, I've

Jes' wondered we got through alive;  
I hain't saw nothin', fore er sense,  
'At bent it anywhere, I know—  
Last Christmas was a year ago.

And David said, as we set out,  
'At Christmas services was 'bout  
As cold and wuthless kind o' love  
To offer up as he know of;  
And as fer him, he rally thought  
'At the Good Bein' up above  
Would think more of us—as he  
ought—

A-stayin' home on sich a day,  
And thinkin' of him thataway!  
And jawed on, in an undertone,  
'Bout leavin' Lide and Jane alone  
There on the place, and me not there  
To oversee 'em and p'pare  
The stuffin' fer the turkey and  
The sass and all, you understand.

I've allus managed David by  
Jes' sayin' nothin'. That was why  
He's chased Lide's  
boss away—  
cause Lide

She'd allus take  
up Perry's side  
When David tack-  
led him; and so,  
Last Christmas  
was a year  
ago,—  
Er ruther, 'bout a  
week afore,—  
David and Perry'd  
quarr'led about  
Some tom-fool argumint, you know,  
And pap told him to "Jes' git out  
O' there, and not to come no more,  
And, when he went out, to shot the  
door."

And as he passed the winder, we  
Saw Perry, white as white could be  
March past, onhitch his boss, and  
light  
A see-gyar, and loup out o' sight.  
Then Lide she come to me and cried:  
And I said nothin'—was no need.  
And yit, you know, that man jes' got  
Right out o' there's ef he'd be'n shot,  
P'tendin' he must go and feed  
The stock er sompin'. Then I tried  
To git the pore gal pacified.

But 'gittin' back to—where was we?—  
Oh, yes!—where David lectered me  
All way to meet-  
in', high and  
low,  
Last Christmas  
was a year ago:  
Fer all the awful  
cold there was  
A fair attendance;  
mostly, though,  
The crowd was  
'round the  
stoves, you see,  
Thawin' their  
heels and

scroutin' us,  
Ef 't 'adn't be'n fer the old squire  
Olvin' his seat to us, as in  
We stomped, a-fairly perishin',  
And David could 'a' got no fire,  
He'd jes' 'a' dropped there in his  
tracks;  
And squire, as I was tryin' to yit  
Make room fer him, says, "No; the  
fac's  
is, I got to git up and git

'thout no preachin'. Jes' got  
word—  
Trial fer life—can't be deferred!"

And out he put! All way through  
The sermon—and a long one, too—  
I couldn't help  
but think o'  
squire

And us changed  
'round so, and  
admire  
His gentle ways,—  
to give his warm  
Bench up, and  
have to face the  
storm,  
And when I no-  
ticed David, he  
Was needin' Jab-  
bin'—I thought best  
To kind o' sort o' let him rest:  
'Peared like he sleep so peacefully!  
And when I thought o' home, and how  
And what the girls was doin' now,  
And kind o' prayed, 'way in my brest,  
And breshed away a tear er two  
As David waked, and church was  
through.

By time we'd "howdyed" round and  
shuck  
Hands with the neighbors, must 'a'  
tuck  
A half hour longer; ever one  
A-sayin' "Christmas gift!" afore  
David er me—so we got none!  
But David warmed up, more and  
more,  
And got so jokey-like, and had  
His sperits up, and 'peared so glad,  
I whispered to him, "Spose you ast  
A passed o' 'em come and eat  
Their dinners with us, Grls' got  
A full-and-plenty fer the lot  
And all their kin!" So David passed  
The invite round; and ever sent  
In ever wagon-hod and sleigh  
Was jes' packed, as we rode away,—  
The young folks, mild er so along,  
A-strikin' up a sleighin'-song,  
Tel David laughed and yelled, you  
know,  
And jes' whirped up and sent the  
snow

And gravel flyin' thick and fast—  
Last Christmas was a year ago.  
Wy, that air seven-mild jant we  
come—  
Jes' seven mild scant from church to  
home—  
It didn't 'pear, that day, to be  
Much furdur rally 'n 'bout three!

But I was purty squeamish by  
The time home hove in sight and I  
See two vehickles  
standin' there  
All to mysef. And  
presently  
David he sobered,  
and says he,  
"Hain't that air  
Squire Hanch's  
old  
Buggy," says he,  
'and claybank  
mare?"  
Says I, "Le's git  
out the cold—  
Your company's nigh 'bout froze!" He  
says,  
"Whose sleigh 's that air, a-standin'  
there?"  
Says I, "It's no odds whose—you jes'  
Drive to the house and let us out,  
'Cause we 're jes' freezein', nigh  
about!"

Well, David swung up to the door,  
And out we piled. And first I heard  
Jane's voice, then Lide's—I thought  
afore  
I reached that gyrl I'd jes' die shore;  
And when I reached her, wouldn't  
keered

Much ef I had, I was so glad,  
A-kinin' her through my green veil,  
And jes' excitin' her so bad,  
'At she broke down herself—and Jane  
She cried—and we all hugged again—  
And David? David jes' turned pale—  
Looked at the gyrls, and then at me,  
Then at the open  
door—and  
then—  
'Is ob Squire  
Hanch there?"  
says he.

The old Squire  
suddenly stood  
in  
The doorway, with  
a sneakin' grin,  
'Is Perry Anders  
in there too?"  
Says David, im-  
ber'n' all through,  
As Lide and me both grabbed him,  
and  
Perry stepped out and waved his  
hand  
And says, "Yes, Pap." And David jes'  
Stooped and kissed Lide, and says, "I  
guess  
Yer mother's much to blame as you.  
Ef she kin reek him, I kin too!"

The dinner we had then hain't no  
Bit better'n the one today  
'At we'll have fer 'em. Hear some  
sleigh  
A-jinglin' now. David, fer me,  
I wish you'd jes' go out and see  
Ef they're in sight yit. If jes' does  
Me good to think, in times like these,  
Lide's dun so well. And David, he's  
More tractabler'n what he was—  
Last Christmas was a year ago.

## When Mistletoe Blows

WHEN Mistletoe blows,  
There's a hope in my heart!  
For haply—who knows?  
I may catch her apart.  
When Mistletoe blows,  
There's a hope in my heart!

## BEST GAME OF ALL



The Fan—You can talk about base-  
ball, football and basketball, but the  
mistletoe game is the best of all.

### Christmas Plum Pudding.

The Christmas plum pudding is de-  
scended from the plum porridge and  
is a time-honored dish at every  
Christmas feast. To be properly  
made, each person in all the house-  
hold must stir it before it is boiled  
and the mistress of the house must  
add the spices "with her own fair  
hand," and so she favors fortune for  
a year. If she is an American and  
mixes her pudding in an ancient china  
bowl, stirring it with an ancient  
spoon, whose handle is adorned with  
an old English crest, so much the bet-  
ter, for in the new land she is help-  
ing to keep alive the customs that  
made old England merrie.

The pudding should be boiled in a  
well-floured cloth "six hours upon the  
day of mixing, six hours upon the day  
of eating, and the steam should not  
cease to arise from the pot while the  
pudding is within it."

### Mistletoe and the Druids.

The custom of decorating strategic  
points in the household with sprigs of  
mistletoe at Christmas dates far back  
to the time of the Druids, who held  
the little plant in great veneration.  
At the approach of their winter festi-  
val, twigs of it were placed above the  
doors of their houses to serve as talis-  
mans and signs to the sylvan deities  
that shelter and comfort awaited them  
within.

Present-day customs relating to mis-  
tletoe represent the evolution of the  
Druidical legend.

## Christmas Chronology

- 306—Diocletian slaughtered 20,000 Christians.
- 597—St. Augustine baptized 10,000 Saxons in Kent.
- 790—Offa, King of Mercia, in battle with Welsh.
- 800—Charlemagne crowned Emperor by Pope Leo III. in Rome.
- 878—Alfred the Great defeated by Guthrum, the Dane, at Chippenham.
- 1065—Westminster Abbey consecrated in presence of Queen Editha.
- 1066—William the Conqueror crowned at Westminster.
- 1171—Henry II. entertained Irish Chiefs at Dublin.
- 1190—Richard the Lion Heart feasted Crusaders at Sicily.
- 1417—Sir John Oldcastle burned as Lollard heretic.
- 1428—Twice at siege of Orleans to observe Christmas.
- 1492—Columbus's ship, Santa Maria, wrecked at Haiti.
- 1572—Cardinal Wolsey, insulted by Gary's Inn monks, throws two men into prison.
- 1620—Pilgrims building first house at Plymouth.
- 1642—Sir Isaac Newton born.
- 1644—Christmas kept as a fast day by English Puritans.
- 1647—Christmas celebration prohibited by Parliament.
- 1659—General Court of Massachusetts prohibits celebration on penalty of fine.
- 1720—William Collins, poet, born.
- 1773—Tea ship in New York sent back to England.
- 1775—Arnold and Montgomery at siege of Quebec.
- 1776—Washington crossed the Delaware to attack Trenton.
- 1777—Washington's army starved at Valley Forge.
- 1785—Shay's rebellion started in Massachusetts.
- 1837—Zachary Taylor defeated Seminoles near Big Water Lake in Florida.
- 1848—Col. Doniphan and American Volunteers defeated Mexicans under Gen. Ponce de Leon at Brasito.
- 1851—Library of Congress in ruins from fire.
- 1860—Coldest Christmas in England.
- 1864—Union fleet and army attacked Fort Fisher, but withdrew.
- 1866—Yacht Henrietta ended ocean race from New York to Coos.
- 1868—President Johnson issued proclamation of general and unconditional amnesty.
- 1871—Paris in distress with German army surrounding city.

Just What He Meant.  
"Your toys are very pretty, but the prices are too high," objected the customer.  
"Why, look at that drum for \$6.47. You can't beat it at the price," retorted the dealer.  
"I believe that is what I estimated in my remark," said the customer.