

OLD SANTA TALKS OF HIS TRIP TO SPOKANE

Late last night when all of Spokane's little ones were tucked in their beds and fast asleep, and the last of the late shoppers had hurried home and all the streets were deserted and still; when only the eyes of the far away stars were open to see—suddenly a faint musical tremble and jingle of sleigh bells was heard from somewhere above in the dark blue sky.

The clocks of the city were just tolling in the glad anniversary of the birth of the Savior. Londer and nearer rang the merry silver sleigh bells, and the little stars, each in its place in the heavens, winked its bright eyes and laughed in the thought of the joy that was hurrying into the city of Spokane.

Suddenly before one could realize it, the peal of the bells became almost deafening and with a rush and a dash a troop of shaggy little animals burst into view, laden with a hundred musical bells, and drawing a most beautiful sleigh, filled to overflowing with parcels, packages, dolls, drums, wooden horses, candy, nuts, guns—almost everything one could think of.

"Whoa there!" rang out a gruff, loud voice and instantly the troop of deer stopped in their wild gallop, and out from the sleigh leaped a figure with a great snort and a laugh.

"Who lives here, I'd like to know," said this funny little old man, looking up at the house in front of him. And, taking from the pocket of his great fur coat a letter, he bent his head and read by the light of the stars the name of the little ones who were even then asleep in the house.

"Yes, yes!" the old man said, and laughing in his great white beard, he loaded his sack with dozens of beautiful presents, together with candy and nuts in plenty. Then this little old man, with many a puff and snort, for you know he was fat and very short, began climbing to the roof of the house over the front porch.

"Hold on, there," I cried, coming out of my hiding place, "are you Santa Claus?" "That's who I am," chuckled the little man, very red in the face now, from his climbing. "If you want to talk to me, you'll have to wait until I get down this chimney with my sack and out again," and with these words and a cherry laugh old Santa disappeared down the chimney of the house. So I waited for him to appear, and in the meantime I stroked and patted each little deer. Well, I hadn't long to wait, for soon Santa Claus was out of the chimney, and there by my side the jolly little old man was laughing and snorting in his beard.

"Now, Santa Claus," I said, "I want to ask you where you came from and where you stay all summer long and how is Mrs. Claus and the little Clausen?"

"Well," snorted old Santa, "why don't you ask me a dozen questions at once," and then with a laugh he continued, "Now I haven't much time for I've got to fill many a stocking in this big city before morning. There's Mrs. Claus's address and the North Side not touched yet, and really you see I've got to move pretty lively to get through. But I'll just say that my home is far, far away off, where it is always snowing, and Mrs. Claus is well and the little Clausen are growing so big that I think I shall soon have them out to help me. You know I must fill an awful lot of stockings, all over the world, and I am very glad that I shall soon have the little Clausen helping me."

With these words old Santa jumped clean over my head and into his sleigh.

"But how do you find the little children of Spokane compared to other cities?" "Well," he cried, "they are among the best little ones in the world. I received hundreds of letters from them and really you know I must hurry and fill their stockings. Good-bye, until next year," he yelled over his shoulder, and, popping his whip, away went the deer and the sleigh, up into the sky and out of sight in a moment. I really was sorry I could not hold a longer conversation with the dear little old man, just for the benefit of the little readers of The Press, but, of course, as old Santa Claus says, he had no time to lose, and when one considers the hundreds of houses he had to visit, even here in Spokane, one can see it must be a big job.

Small Graft

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 25.—Postoffice inspectors are investigating the charge that Senator Warren of Wyoming is lessor of the postoffice quarters at Cheyenne, his home town. The statutes prohibit any member of congress directly or indirectly being a party to any contract in which the United States is interested and provides such contracts shall be void. It has been disclosed that Beavers made a general practice of entering into such contracts with members of congress, but inasmuch as it couldn't be shown that any loss resulted to the government it was ordered all such contracts when discovered should be cancelled.

New York.—Richard Wagner's sacred music-drama, "Parsifal," given at the Metropolitan opera house, was a brilliant success.

Jeffries in Burlesque, Munroe in Vaudeville

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 25.—Jack Munroe has tracked his old enemy, Champion Jeffries, to the stage door, and as a result Boston theatergoers are being given a "rare treat." Jeffries is ignoring the taunts of his old enemy, as usual.

When Jeffries recently came east he was snugged up by a burlesque manager and is now appearing at one of the Boston theaters. With Joe Kennedy as his sparring partner the champion goes through a brief sparring stunt, for which he is said to receive \$1000 a week—stage money, perhaps.

When Munroe heard that Jeffries was appearing in burlesque in Boston he offered his services to a vaudeville house. Munroe's offer was taken up and now he and Bob Armstrong are seen every afternoon and evening in a stunt, the counterpart of the one Jeffries is giving.

Munroe's act includes a speech in which he issues his familiar defiance to the champion. Munroe gives his speech just about the same time as Jeffries is being introduced to an audience a stone's throw from where Munroe holds forth, as the "unconquered champion" of the world, who stands ready to meet all men in his class," and the manager lays emphasis on the phrase "in his class."

Notes of Interest from Colville

COLVILLE, Wash., Dec. 25.—The Modern Woodmen of America, Tamarack camp, No. 9211, of Colville, held its annual election of officers Monday, as follows: Venerable consul, J. W. Smith; advisor, J. B. Nelson; escort, E. M. Heifner; clerk, Oscar P. Chamberlin; banker, M. E. McCauley; watchman, Norris Soden; L. F. Camp and Eugene E. Smith were elected trustees for the two and three year terms respectively.

Judge Richardson has called a jury term of the superior court to convene January 6 to try out the criminal docket. The second case of the state versus J. A. Peel, charged with the



HARVARD'S "HOT DOG" OUTFITS MUST GO

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Dec. 25.—President Eliot of Harvard is on the war-path against the all-night lunch counters patronized by the university students, and all of these institutions occupying buildings owned by the university have been ordered to move. Presidents Eliot hopes to have every midnight lunch room in Cambridge closed before long. He intends to appear before the city council and ask that licenses be refused these places on the ground that they are demoralizing to the students.

For President Eliot lays the whole blame of the "Bloody Monday rushes," the class fights and the student pranks in general to the "hot dogs," sandwiches, pies and coffee sold at these places. Just how a hot midnight lunch will put the spirit of mischief or the desire for his classmates' gore into a student's brain President Eliot refuses to state.

Cole Younger the meekest of bandits

LEES SUMMIT, Mo., Dec. 25.—Cole Younger, the pardoned bandit, has settled down here among his old neighbors and sympathizers and is leading a quiet, bucolic existence. Since released from the Minnesota penitentiary Younger, excepting when connected with a wild west show, has been looking for something to do. "I would like to be a stockman in west Texas," he said, "but have not the money."

Where is the Spokane Humane Society

A horse lying two days in the mud without food or medical attendance was brought to the attention of the police this morning. The animal be-

LEGS. Friends Came to His Rescue and Saved Them.

BORDEAUX, France, Dec. 25.—Jacques Peron, a stationary engineer, was saved from the fate of spending the rest of his life in bed by charitable friends. Both his legs were cut off some years ago and since he has been getting around on artificial ones. A few weeks ago he sent the legs to Paris to be repaired, going to bed in the meantime. For not being at work he was discharged and being out of work he did not have the money to pay for the repairs on his legs. The repairers refused to let him have them until their bill was paid and it looked as if he would have to remain in bed for the rest of his life when friends came to his rescue.

Christmas Day.

The glad tidings, "Peace on earth, good will to men," ring from all our steeples, Spokane has always felt a just pride in her generosity toward anyone within her gates, especially toward the children of poor parents. Like all spiritual organizers, Santa Claus needs an army of faithful followers, and he has them in Spokane today.

STYLE Women Must Have Some of It Before Judge Hinkle

The new role adopted by the police, that of dressing a woman in proper style to appear before a police magistrate, is something unique in the history of the police. Mrs. Mabel Spencer was arrested yesterday on the charge of drunkenness and disorderly conduct. When taken to the police station in a carriage the only robe worn by the woman was a dressing gown. The police were in a quandary. The court would be shocked. It was finally arranged that the clothes worn by another prisoner be put on the woman, and when she entered the tribunal of justice no one in the courtroom thought anything amiss. The clothes were a little large, but in sitting down the neck used by the feminine nature concealed the misfit. A fine of \$5 was imposed by the court, the prisoner taken out and the garments returned to their owner, who in turn, was brought before the magistrate.

Finds Work For Many Needy People

The Northwestern Merchant and Clerks' Employment bureau on Riverside avenue is furnishing employment to many of the needy workmen in this city. A small fee is charged to the applicant, who is given a position as soon as anything is offered. In this way no one who is really in need of work need be without a position. The bureau did not intend to include this reputable bureau in its write-up of the disreputable and untrustworthy employment agencies of Spokane in Thursday's issue.

Out of Joint.

Officer O'Leary, in trying to arrest a man in the Stockholm saloon, had his shoulder thrown out and was taken to his home this morning. The officer was in hot chase of his man when the latter stumbled down the stairs of the rear entrance and Officer O'Leary on top of him. The man was captured, but the officer got the worst of the deal and will be laid up for some time.

BIGGEST CHRISTMAS TREE IN TOWN SEEN AT HOME OF FRIENDLESS.

Today, Happy Tots Are Dancing Around a Gigantic Tree and Are Wild With Delight at Fairy Gifts.

The Christmas tree at the Home of the Friendless was the largest ever seen in the city. At least 18 feet tall, it must have grown for years in the depths of the pine forest; but there never was a tree like it before. The 46 orphan children said so, and they ought to know. Yes, it was a perfect blaze of glory. The pink candles twinkled like stars among the dark green branches, casting a fairy-light on hundreds of Christmas souvenirs. No one could begin to tell all the wonderful things on the orphans' tree. Silver stars and gilt half-moons floated mysteriously on the edge of the green limbs, and as you looked and studied, all sorts of magic gifts surprised your eyes. Blinking candles, red, blue, green, yellow, were just everywhere, too beautiful to be true; and the children were at times afraid that the whole tree was a dream and would presently vanish, the way things fade in a fairy tale. The flowers of gold on the tree seemed to exhale a rare Christmas perfume, brightening the eyes of the 46 orphans, who ran around the tree clapping their hands with delight. One child held out her pretty arms toward a wonderful pink and blonde doll with long, straw-colored hair; another girl was dazzled by the sight of a large ruby-eyed ornament, that hung like an apple of paradise.

so near and yet so far, among the green branches. Shrieking with delight, the children romped around the tree. Each cried out some new, wonderful delight. One child saw a wonderful chair of fancy woven blue and yellow straw; a small boy espied a green trumpet, mottled with gilt lozenges; and a tiny girl cried for a faxen-haired Dutch doll.

Now, this was only the beginning of the wonderful Christmas for the 46 children in the Home of the Friendless. They danced around the tree and certainly if the tree ever had any regret at leaving the forest, all was now forgotten. The little ones fairly lost their wits with delight, could not express themselves, kept up an incessant shriek of joy, as moment after moment new surprises greeted their astonished eyes. Around the tree were 46 tiny red chairs, and on each chair Santa Claus had left many fairy gifts, simply indescribable. There was something magical about it, don't you know; the like of which never happened in this world before. There were pink talatan bags filled with creams, bonbons, walnuts and almonds; there were books of fairy tales, with brilliant covers, all in fancy inks; pairs of brown mittens; bottles of white rose perfume; boxes of letter paper, the color of a robin's egg; art studies for children; half-

pound boxes of chocolates tied with blue ribbons; and on one chair was a mysterious box on whose cover was a beautiful angel with its arms filled with bright flowers. All these gifts, however, were only the beginning. There were school bags, boxes of lots, snap dragon and other wonderful games of childhood, and there were tiny goats, harnessed to carts; and grand ropes of blue beads for girls; for boys, tops that buzz for 10 minutes and go to sleep; and wonder-books; and one child, beside her red chair, found a tiny trunk, to be used when the doll goes traveling. And there were lengths of fine satin ribbons; go-car carts; harness with bells, for small boys to play horse; rocking chairs for dolls, with tops of yellow hair; red wheelbarrows; base balls; child's purses, with long, silvery chains; handkerchiefs; tiny beds for dolls; and, oh, small gold watches, and so many other fairy gifts you really couldn't begin to number them if you looked an hour. The blue, green and the pink wax candles, like hundreds of tiny stars, threw a magical light over the little red chairs and the gigantic Christmas tree, round which the orphan children, danced in glee. No wonder that the big tree was proud, and glad after all, that it had left its forest home to make the orphans happy.

SHE NOW IS A STAR

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—Henrietta Crossman has become a star in the constellation surrounding David Belasco. She is now rehearsing Belasco's play, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," a romantic comedy in which both the star and the author expect she will make a hit. Miss Crossman has for a number of years been one of the most popular stars on the stage, and her new venture is looked forward to with great expectations.

Chicago.—The report of the grand jury made to Judge Clifford severely criticizes those who disturbed funeral processions. "Irresponsible organizations" were also criticized for creating disorder and defying the law.

MACHINERY INSURANCE LATEST IN GERMANY

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25.—In a report to the state department, United States Consul Ogan at Stuttgart, Germany, says that the Stuttgarter Mit-und Rickversicherungs-Aktien-gesellschaft, an insurance company, has started a novel method of insurance, whereby it undertakes, upon certain conditions, to insure machinery. The company reports that most of the large manufacturers are holding policies.

This insurance is taken upon accidents which may happen to machinery through inability of the workmen or otherwise, or improper setting up of the machine, accidents by electric power, by storm, lightning, etc.

Excluded from this insurance are: Damages from ordinary wear and tear, damages on changeable tools, farms; damages from fire, earthquake, cold, flood, revolution, strikes, war and explosion; damages from night work and from internal causes of machinery, as latent defects in material.

The rates vary from 48 to 95 cents per \$238 of insured value, but where the risks appear to be greater may be 5 per cent or more.

PLOT TO MURDER HUERTAS, PANAMA'S COMMANDER

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—Letters for several military officers have been intercepted in which a plot was outlined to assassinate General Huertas, commander-in-chief of the army of the republic of Panama, and take command of the soldiers. As this letter was written in Costa Rica and no further proof could be found some of the officers were allowed to continue in the employ of the government, while four were deported to Costa Rica.

It is thought by many that this was an act of vengeance, taken by some person dissatisfied with the turn affairs have taken on the isthmus, as this is by no means the first time such a case has happened. Whether it be true or not, there is good watch-

Big Lose-Out of Missouri Chicken Thief

WARRENSBURG, Mo., Dec. 25.—A chicken thief is out \$110 and in five chickens since his raid on Henry White's henhouse here. The thief dropped a wallet containing this sum while stooping under the roosts. He now has his choice between his five stolen chickens or his \$110 and a penitentiary sentence, for chicken stealing is a felony in Missouri. White has the money.

McLaughlin Will Post Five Hundred For Match

GREENWOOD, B. C., Dec. 25.—Sporting Editor Spokane Press: Dear Sir—Please allow me space in your paper to say that I will meet Patrick M. Devaney, John Olson and McMillin, the strong man, in a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match, agreeing to throw all three men, one fall each, in one hour, actual wrestling time, for \$500 a side or more, and gate receipts, to take place at Spokane any time after ten days. We will post our money with either your paper or any reliable business man in your city. Respectfully yours, L. BERT WHIGAM, Manager for G. C. McLaughlin.