Daily St. Paul Globe.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER---1889.

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CHRISTMAS IS HERE.

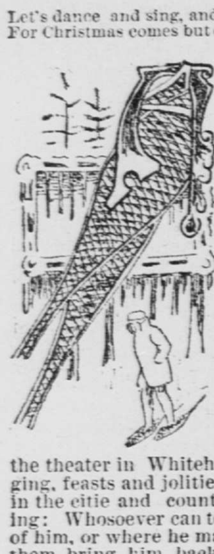
And Here Are Some Pleasing Suggestions for the Merry-Makers.

How the Advent of St. Nicholas Was Celebrated in the Good Old Times.

The Wassail Bowl, the Boar's Head and the Big Plum Pudding.

Ethics of the Mince Pie--Tales of Under the Mistletoe Bough.

Let's dance and sing, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year!
—Old Song.



ANY man or woman that can give any knowledge or tell any tidings of an old, old, very old gray-bearded gentlemen, called Christmas, who was want to be a verie familiar guest and visite all sorts of people, both pore and rich, and used to appeare in glittering gold, silk and silver in the court, and in all shapes in the theater in Whitehall, and had ringing, feasts and jolitie in all places, both in the citie and countrie, for his coming: Whosoever can tel what is become of him, or where he may be found, let them bring him back again into England."

In this quaint manner, many generations back, did the reminiscent Briton evoke the still-lingering recollections of what had been; when the Lord of Misrule's capricious costume was in keeping with the high revelry held at the court of English kings and queens, when all the nation made merry at Christmas time in most boisterous fashion—in short, the "once-upon-a-time" days of the children, when roast pigs ran through the streets with knives and forks stuck in their sides, crying: "Who'll have a slice? "Who'll have a slice?"

So it is by no means unnatural that modern man should sigh for the flesh-pots of his ancestors, cherish their carols that, but for musty books and tireless students, would have long ago been forgotten, and try, after his feeble way, to resurrect and make animate some of the customs that are most worthy to live.

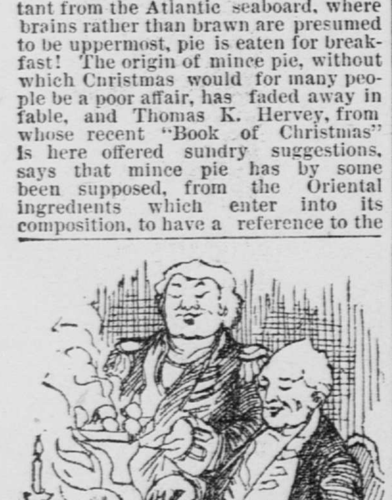
THEY WERE GIANTS

in those days, and how may even the holiday digestion of the most reckless who read this hope to emulate the capacities of those catered to after the following fashion:

They served up salmon, venison and wild boars,
By hundreds, and by dozens and by scores.
Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Mtutons and fatted beeves and bacon swine;
Herons and bitterns, peacocks, swan and bustard;
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and, in fine,
Plum puddings, pancakes, apple pies and custard,
And there withal they drunk good gascon wine,
With mead and ale and cider of our town;
For porter, punch and negus were not known.

There were Knights of the Round Table, and very big around it must have been to accommodate such a bill of fare and such guests. But then, poor knights, it was demanded of them that for a livlihood they must go about in seach of adventures, and doubtless the exercise made them prodigiously hungry. Much of this purely material good cheer, together with the precise manner of its preparation, remains with the celebraters of Christmas to-day. Even that doughty dish of the season known as brawn still flourishes at festivities on the other side of the water, where it is sold by the poulterers, fishmongers and pastry cooks. It is manufactured from the flesh of large boars, which are supposed to live in a half wild state, and, when put up to fatten, are strapped and belted tight around the principal parts of the carcass, in order to make the flesh become dense and brawny. The dish is of great antiquity and graced the breakfast table along with mustard and maimsey during the Christmas season when Queen Elizabeth reigned.

It is strange that the American should prefer mince pie, and that in certain sections of his country lying not far distant from the Atlantic seaboard, where brains rather than brawn are presumed to be uppermost, pie is eaten for breakfast! The origin of mince pie, without which Christmas would for many people be a poor affair, has faded away in fable, and Thomas K. Hervey, from whose recent "Book of Christmas" is here offered sundry suggestions, says that mince pie has by some been supposed, from the Oriental ingredients which enter into its composition, to have a reference to the



THE WASSAIL BOWL.

offering made by the wise men of the East; and it was anciently the custom to make these pies of an oblong form, thereby representing the manger in which, on that occasion, these sages found the infant Jesus. Against this practice—which was of the same character with that of the little image called the Yule Dough, or Yule Cake, formerly presented by bakers to their customers at the anniversary of the nativity—the Puritans made a vehement outcry as idolatrous.

QUARRELING ABOUT PIE.

Of course, says Hervey, it was supported by the Catholics with a zeal the larger part of which (as in most cases of controversy where the passions are [illegible]

BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD.

tion of their adversaries; and the latter, having pronounced the mince pie to be an abomination, the eating thereof was immediately established as a test of orthodoxy by the former. It is mentioned that even when distressed for a comfortable meal, the Puritans would refuse to partake of this very tempting dish when set before them, and John Bunyan, when in confinement is given as an example. He recommends that under such extreme circumstances they should be eaten with a protest, as might be done by a lawyer in a similar case. "It may be observed," says Hervey, "that relics of the more recondite virtues ascribed to this dish by the Catholics, in the days of its sectarian persecution, still exist in the superstitions which attach certain privileges and promises to its consumption. In some places the form of this superstition, we believe, is that for every house in which a mince pie shall be eaten at the Christmas season, the eater

CARRYING HOME XMAS GREENS.

shall enjoy a happy month in the coming year. As, however, this version would limit the consumption, as far as any future benefit is attached to it, to the insufficient number of twelve, we greatly prefer an edition of the same belief which we have met with elsewhere, and which promises a happy day for every individual pie-eater during the same period, thereby giving a man a direct and prospective interest in

THE KING OF MISRULE.

the consumption of as large number out of 365 as may happen to agree with his inclination."

THE WASSAIL BOWL.

So much for mince pie, which has lost no favor because of the English plum pudding, which as a national dish has flourished from remote times, and in the boiling of which, say the authorities, some twelve hours are necessary. And while touching upon this material groundwork for peace and good will among men, mention must not be neglected of the wassail-bowl, of which Herrick sings:

Honor to you who sit
Near to the well of wit;
And drink your fill of it.

It should be composed, by those who can afford it, of some rich wine highly spiced and sweetened, with roasted apples floating on the surface, though ale must be substituted for the wine, mingled with nutmeg, ginger, sugar, toast and roasted crabs. Rightly prepared its grateful, steaming presence is in keeping with any of the long nights from Christmas eve to the close of New Year's day. Leigh Hunt calls it a good-natured bowl, and says that it accommodates itself to the means of all classes, rich and poor; that it may be of the costliest wine or the humblest malt liquor, but that in no case must the roasted apples be forgotten.

With wassail, plum pudding and mince pie to grace the board, the culinary art of the good old times will be by no means slighted. In the days of baronial halls the Christmas banquet would have been incomplete without the boar's head, but even the most enthusiastic must now forego this particular dish and the ceremonies attendant upon it. It was with much state in baronial days that the boar's head, soused, was carried into the great hall, preceded by the master of the revels, and followed by choiristers and minstrels, singing and playing compositions in its honor. The bearer of the head was selected for his height and lustiness, and wore a green silk scarf, with an empty sword scabbard dangling at his side. Before the bearer, early in the seventeenth century, went a runner, dressed in a horseman's coat, having a boar's spear in his hand, a huntsman in green carrying the naked and bloody sword belonging to the head-bearer's each with a mess of mustard. So important was the office of boar's head-bearer considered to be that Henry II. of England is credited with bringing to the table of his son, the young prince, a boar's head, with trumpeters going before him.

THE MISTLETOE.

Aside from feasting, the mistletoe still lingers with English-speaking people as a popular custom. Among the Celtic nations the mistletoe was an object of great veneration, and the ceremony of collecting it by the Druids against the festival of the winter solstice was one of high solemnity. It was cut by the prince of the Druids himself, and with a golden sickle. It was said that those only of the oaks were sacred to the Druids which had the mistletoe upon them, and that the reverence of the people towards the priests, as well as their estimation of the mistletoe, proceeded in a great measure from the cures which the former expected by means of that plant. To-day, as everybody knows, it chief interest consists in the osculatory privilege it confers upon d ring young men when some beautiful, but unwary, young woman has paused beneath it where it hangs suspended in the Christmas season. The tradition was that the maid who was not kissed under it at Christmas would not be married for a year.

One custom that might bear rejuvenating in this country is the Christmas pantomime and the Christmas play. Harlequin is an occasional visitor here, and the antics of the clown are sometimes made to keep pace with the season, but there is no spontaneity in the matter, and the rising generation of children have ceased to expect the pantomime as a part of Christmas. In England, however, the play of "St. George and the Dragon" is among the popular amusements of the holidays, while other celebrations of the same kind are not wanting.

In Ben Jonson's day Old Father Christmas had a numerous family. There were Misrule, Caroll, Minced-Pie, Gamboll, Post-and-Pair, New Year's Gift, Mumming, Wassail, Offering and Baby Cake; and how many of these are dead or grown past remembrance may be easily seen. It is singular, indeed, that so many of them survived the onslaughts of the Puritans, who combated to the best of their ability the joyous celebrations of the season, but that the gay page Laughter is not dead will presently be borne out by such of the survivors as may meet you with a "Merry Christmas."

$3,500 IN A DOLL-HOUSE.

The Handsomest Edifice of the Kind in the World.

The Chicago Times describes the costliest doll-house in the world: It was erected by Thomas Lynch Jr. for his little four-year-old daughter at a cost of $3,500, and is as complete as the wildest juvenile dream could wish it to be. It is built of brick, with a tower and cupola like an ancient castle, and looks for all the world like a reproduction of the great modern residence of some millionaire. It has a little flight of steps laading up to the solid oak front door and an electric push-bell for the convenience of the baby visitors of the happy mistress of the house.

On this door, which, by the way, is four feet high, is the name of the proprietor on a silver plate, "Miss Leila Lynch." There is a hallway lighted by a miniature gas-lamp suspended from the ceiling, and it is finished in the choicest of hard woods. There are umbrella and hat racks of appropriate dimensions. Elegant draperies cover the parlor doors, and the parlor is fitted up in fine style. The furniture is all of white enameled wood, covered with white brocaded silk. There is an elegant mantel filled with bric-a-brac of the choicest kind, and little lamps of the rarest patterns. A beautiful chandelier furnished with real gas hangs from the center of the room. Center-tables, divans, easy-chairs, sofas, etc., fill up the apartment. Dolls from Paris occupy positions here and there, just like real people.

Then there is a dining room furnished complete, with sideboards, china closets, etc., of rich design. The bed room is a marvel of beauty, and is replete with all conveniences. The ceiling in every room is 6 feet 2 inches high, and the upper stories are just big

In furry pall yclad,
His brows enwreathed with holly never sere.
Old Christmas comes to close the waned year.

enough for four-year-olds to move about comfortably.

"The only thing I have to live for," said Mr. Lynch, "is the happiness of my wife and children. That is why I built this house."

A Pretty Young Drummer.

Kansas City Globe.

Miss Ella Green, one of the most successful drummers in the United States, last night. Miss Green has been upon the road for eight years, traveling for a St. Louis paint house, and her familiar figure is known to every traveling man of the West. The house employs eighteen drummers, but Miss Green receives the highest salary paid to any of its agents. In fact, it is claimed that she receives the highest salary paid any drummer in a similar line of business west of Philadelphia. She owns a hotel in Topeka and has become financially independent through her remarkable ability in making sales.

TOM THUMB'S WIDOW.

She Is Forty-Seven, and a Head Shorter Than Her Second Match.

Boston Journal.

Tom Thumb's widow, who will not consent to exhibit herself at museums now, passed through the city a few days

THE BIG PUDDING.

ago. Seated in an arm chair, to reach the seat of which the need of a cricket was absolutely necessary, the diminutive lady extended the hand of welcome, and with a smile, shook her head as her visitor gave greeting to "Mrs. Charles Stratton." "No longer Mrs. Stratton," she said. "I am now the Countess Magri, and this is my husband, the count." The gentleman thus

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

introduced was a handsome little fellow, whose years and inches are almost the same, for the crown of his head reaches only the level of an upright yard stick and his age is but thirty-nine. Mrs. Stratton-Magri, if the double appellation may be used, is forty-seven years old now, and she stands a head—that is to say, a lilliputian head—shorter than her husband.

"We were married only four years ago," she said, "and I notice that many people still find it hard to separate my name from the general's. He, poor man, passed away six years ago."

THE SHORT-HAIRED GIRL.

She Lives in Siam, and Is a Dear Little Buttercup.

Letter in Pittsburg Dispatch.

Siam is the land of the short-haired girl. All of the women of this country wear their hair from one to two inches long, and their locks stand up like black or gray bristles out from their cream-colored faces. A Siamese buttercup of sixteen, with her plump, yellow cheeks, her bright, black eyes, and her lithe, symmetrically-formed frame, loosely clad in the Siamese sarong, is a beauty, notwithstanding that her black hair is short, and that her teeth are reddened with betel-nut chewing. She is as straight as an arrow and as graceful as a gazelle, and her hair makes you think of the saucy boy page of the stage.

EVENSONG.

Hush thee, my baby, to rest!
Fear not the night shadows, dear,
Angels fond vigils are keeping,
While little starlets are peeping,
And my sweet baby is sleeping,
Safe in her warm little nest.

Baby is tired with play;
Mother is weary, love, too,
After the day's labor endeth.
God from His throne of love bendeth,
And, in His mercy, might sendeth,
Giving new strength for the day.

Sleep, little darling, so mild!
Fainter the tender voice falls;
Lullabies blend with her dreaming,
Sweeter and holier seeming,
While soft moonlight is streaming
Over the mother and child.

—Katharine Hamilton in Good Housekeeping.

THE TRADE OF ST. PAUL

Development of the Great Jobbing Interests of This City.

A Non-Statistical Resume of the Splendid Situation as It Is To-day.

Something About the Railroad and Banking Interests of St. Paul.

Satisfactory Growth of All Branches During the Year About to Close.

The future possibilities of the jobbing trade of St. Paul is hardly yet fully comprehended. That is, only a few thoughtful men, themselves generally engaged in some branch of wholesale trade, understand the immense and constantly widening area covered by the different jobbing establishments in this city. Only a few short years ago the ubiquitous traveling man from New York and Chicago and St. Louis was the permanent guest of St. Paul hotels. He visited every retail establishment in every village and hamlet in the state, and paid no sort of attention to the infantile wholesale houses of St. Paul. Now this thing is all changed, and about the only commercial traveler from New York or Chicago who is to be met with in Minnesota, is one of the partners of some of the great Eastern houses in respectful consultation with the head of the firm in the back office of the merchant prince of St. Paul.

But on every railway train penetrating Northern Wisconsin, Northern Iowa, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Minnesota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon may be found the "bummer" of St. Paul. He talks business with equal facility with the jobbers of Helena, Portland and Seattle as he discusses the condition of trade with the smallest retail dealer in the remotest dealer on the banks of the Saskatchewan or in the fur-producing districts of Alaska. The drummer from St. Paul is known everywhere throughout the Northwest. No village is too small or too remote to escape his polite attention; no contract for supplies so heavy that he will not tackle it at a minute's warning, and no dealer anywhere in the Northwest so important that he does not receive his solicitations. He is as ubiquitous, omnipresent and useful as Ariel, as rich in mental and material endowments as the

GENIUS OF ALADDIN'S LAMP.

and he sees more strange sights, hears more remarkable sounds, and can tell more marvelous stories than the immortal Gulliver.

And all this has been brought about in less than ten years. In 1880, the St. Paul commercial travelers could be numbered on the fingers of the two hands—to-day they are an army corps, officered like a legion of the Roman empire. And it is all easily enough explained when one stops to consider what an empire has been redeemed from barbarism and given to the uses of civilization during the past decade. In 1880 the Northern Pacific railway terminated at Bismarck, on the Upper Missouri. The Manitoba system penetrated from this city only to the Red River of the North. The Milwaukee & St. Paul and the Northwestern were each feeling their way cautiously through Southern Dakota toward the Missouri river. Duluth had but one railroad connecting it with the Twin Cities—the St. Paul & Duluth. The Omaha system was incomplete and unconsolidated. The Kansas City was unborn, nay, unbegotten. Since 1880 there has been added to the country tributary to the St. Paul jobbing interests a territory greater in area than England, Ireland and Scotland—larger than Norway and Sweden; and that, too, a virgin country, which has developed faster and is to-day growing more rapidly in material wealth than was ever before known in the world's history. The Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Washington and Oregon have all commenced paying tribute to our commercial supremacy since 1880. Although this article is not intended to deal in the dull facts of cold figures to any appreciable extent, the growth of the jobbing trade here can be best ipitomized by the following brief tabulated statement extracted from the last report of the chamber of commerce:

1881	$46,555,999 00
1882	66,628,494 00
1883	72,048,771 00
1884	74,829,700 00
1885	81,596,000 00
1886	84,188,000 00
1887	101,025,600 00
1888	106,076,880 00

For 1889 the figures have not as yet been collected, but from conversation with several of the leading jobbers of the city, it seems very probable that the business of the year just closing

WILL SHOW AN INCREASE

falling not far short of $10,000,000—and this, too, during a year of acknowledged commercial and financial dullness. The increase, therefore, comes from the natural expansion of trade by the entrance of our wholesale dealers into new fields, which have principally been found in the mountains and on the Pacific coast.

During the past year no new exclusively wholesale houses have been added to the jobbing trade in St. Paul, but several heretofore retail establishments have commenced jobbing in a small way.

The supplies for our immense establishments are drawn direct from the four quarters of the globe. The products of every country known to the map of the world are received direct from the East across the Atlantic, and from the west across the Pacific. Between sixty and seventy different houses paid import duties to the custom house in this city during the past year. It is just beginning to be understood how important a geographical position St. Paul occupies in relation to the world's great markets.

One of the leading commercial newspapers of New York, speaking of the natural commercial advantages of St. Paul, says: "There is a remarkable peculiarity in the local position of St. Paul with reference to the commerce of the world. The steam navigation of the two great internal channels of the continent—the rivers Mississippi and St. Lawrence, with the great lakes—terminate in Minnesota, and there meet the great railroads to Puget sound—the shortest thoroughfare between Europe and Asia—the great trade of these water lines will break bulk in Minnesota, and make the state the entrepot and point of distribution of a commerce whose extent cannot now be calculated."

The year about closing has by no means been the best known to the jobbing interest of St. Paul. The disturbance that always follows the change of policy inaugurated by a change in the political complexion of the government, although not serious here, affected trade in all its branches in a certain degree. Following upon this was an exceedingly dry season in the two Dakotas—not by any means general, but still sufficient to provent the large trade which was anticipated from these two new states. Over against this, however, were the remarkably good crops of Minnesota, North Wisconsin and Northern Iowa, and the unexpectedly large trade from the rapidly developing communities on the Pacific coast. These brought the volume of trade up to the standard anticipated by dealers, and in some lines surpassed the most sanguine expectations.

RAILROAD FACILITIES.

The transportation facilities of St. Paul are still developing and opening up new channels through which the tremendous volume of commerce will in the future pour its tide of wealth. Even now there is not a great railway system in the country which either does not possess or is not seeking terminal facilities here. During the past year railroad construction has been limited, but it is safe to assert that not one mile has been built that has not either directly or indirectly added to the transportation facilities of St. Paul. The tribute paid during all the years of the past to the jobbing interests of Chicago is a thing of the past. Three direct and competing lines from this city to the head of Lake Superior gives jobbers unusual facilities—opportunities, indeed, not surpassed by those possessed by the city at the head of Lake Michigan—both for receiving and shipping goods over the great lake chain. In fact, the unexampled development of lake traffic upon Lake Superior and through the Sault Ste. Marie canal speaks more loudly of the increased jobbing trade of St. Paul than any other single fact in the history of the Northwest. And still the construction of steamers for that great trade continues with unexampled enterprise.

During the coming season the Manitoba system will construct one or more trunk lines to the Pacific coast, thus giving shippers their choice of three great competing lines from St. Paul to Washington and Oregon—viz., Northern Pacific, with terminals at Portland, Seattle and Tacoma; Canadian Pacific, with terminus at Victoria, and the Manitoba, with terminals at Seattle and probably at some other point yet to be determined. The opening of this new line will also call into life many new and large towns and cities, which will find the supply point in this city. Several other new railways are projected, and it is safe to say that none will be constructed which does not have

DIRECT CONNECTION WITH ST. PAUL.

The following from the report of the union depot commissioners December, 1888, tells its own story:

The average number of trains in and out from the union depot daily during year of 1888 amounted to	221
The average number of passengers daily through the union depot	18,000
Average number of pieces of baggage daily	1,500
United States mail, average daily	60 tons
Average number of cars handled daily	955
Daily passenger trains from other depots	60

BANKS AND BANKING.

The banking business of St. Paul during the year 1889 has been of the most satisfactory character. The volume of business has been largely increased over last year, and, in fact, over that of that of any previous year in our history. New institutions have been opened, and the old ones have added largely to their capital, so as to keep step with the development of trade, while there has been a constant supply of all the money demanded in the channels of legitimate trade. The clearing house reports for the year could not be obtained, as they will not be made up complete until early next month. They will be given in the GLOBE at the earliest possible date, and will show a flattering increase over any previous year in our history.

THE SUMMING UP.

The period of careful, systematic, painstaking methods in the jobbing trade has arrived, and while there is no doubt of a steady increase in the volume of trade, it is also certain that that class of merchants will succeed best who combine close care and attention with push and enterprise. The pressure of competition becomes greater with each recurring year. Our own trade growth has been phenomenal, but other communities on every side of us have not been idle. In many branches of wholesale traffic St. Paul yet lingers behind many of her sister cities. What is chiefly wanted is unity of action and hearty co-operation between jobbers in different branches of commerce. The marked tendency in all branches of trade and manufacturing in the two cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis to unite their efforts for the common benefit is one of the encouraging signs of the times. For too many years have many branches of commerce been suffered to languish because of local bickerings and childish jealousies. Let the tendency toward a closer business alliance, offensive and defensive, be cultivated and encouraged.

FEW WOMEN DRESS WELL.

The Overdressed Women Are More Plenty, We Regret to Say.

Well-dressed women wear appropriate clothing. Well-dressed people are few; the overdressed are more numerous.

Some women robe themselves in such marvelous gowns that they overshadow their natural charms. Dress should supplement or bring out a woman's good points, not cast them into the shade.

A few carefully-selected, well-made, appropriate garments are more satisfactory than a great number of incongruous and more pretentious but inappropriate clothes.

Women of refinement never wear startling or conspicuous clothes.

Above all, a woman should be neat, keep buttons sewed on and rents sewed up.

I passed a woman on Fifth avenue last week, says the New York Press, whose gowns had no less than five or six ragged bits of flounce and facing dragging after her through the mud. Her sealskin coat was ripped in the back, her three-carat diamond earrings hung from a pair of dirty ears, and one glove was minus a button. This woman is worth millions, but she is seldom well dressed.

MELEAGER FOR HELIODORA.

Tears for my lady dead—
Heliodore!
Salt tears, and strange to shed,
Over and o'er;
Tears to my lady dead.
Love do we send,
Longed for, remembered,
Lover and friend!
Sad are the songs we sing,
Tears that we shed,
Empty the gifts we bring,
Gifts to the dead!
Go, tears, and lament
Far from her tomb,
Wend where my lady went
Down through the gloom!
Ah, for my flower, my love,
Hades hath taken,
Ah, for the dust above
Scattered and shaken!
Mother of blade and grass,
Earth, in thy breast
Lull her that gentlest was
Gently to rest!

SANTA SEES ST. PAUL

After Visiting the Chimneys He Will Take a Turn at the Lamp Posts.

What the Old Saint Will Do To-Day After His Tasks Are Done,

An Imaginary Sketch of the Children's Patron Painting the Town Red.

A Police Court Scene Adapted From the Herald, of Chicago.

This will be an unlucky day for Santa Claus, after his stocking-filling work is done. He will feel like resting after his happy labors are over, and he will not feel it in his heart to go home and quietly stay there. This is what will take place, in all probability:

"Dear me, dear me," he will exclaim, talking to himself and pretending to brush a tear out of his eye, though it was nothing but a flake of coal soot, "this doesn't appear a bit like Christmas. I don't believe I'll go home; I'll look about town awhile."

So Santa Claus started out to see the town on the day after Christmas. There were a good many things that made Santa Claus open his brilliant little eyes. He hadn't been around town for several years, Santa Claus hadn't, and he was therefore in good condition to be surprised.

"The funniest thing about it all,"

SANTA HUGGING A LAMP-POST.

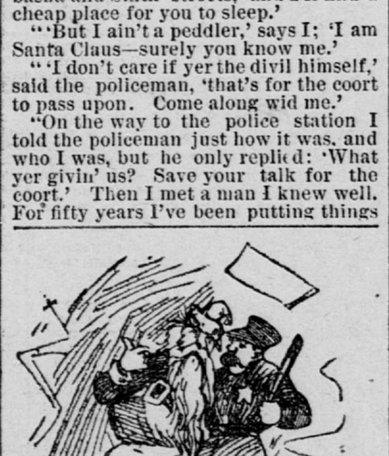
Santa said, last night, "was the drinks. It seemed to me that all the fellows in town had been spending their time, sitting up nights, in fact, inventing new drinks. Almost every man I met invited me to have a drink with him, and every man had a new drink. Funniest thing about it all," said Santa, as his fat sides shook with laughter, "was that every man said his drink was the latest, and most stylish. The man who ordered 'Blue Blazes' declared with many an oath that there was no other drink in town worth thinking of. So I took a sample of Blazes. It is so rarely that I linger down town that I made up my mind that I'd be in style or I wouldn't play. The very next man I met assured me that 'Punch Grassot' was the latest. So I indulged in a couple of Grassots, and came near being sent to grass in consequence. Then the 'Split Durkee' man got at me, and the 'Garden City Punch' man; and, last of all, the 'Laver Bran Punch' enthusiast. This last chap was the worst of the lot. 'Nothing else like it in existence,' he said; 'it is the only really fashionable drink. To be unacquainted with it is to be a nobody. They may talk about their Blue Blazes and their Split Durkees, but this is the Simon pure, all wool and yard wide fashionable decoction.' So I tried a few Laver Bran punches. How could I help myself? At first they made me feel like a brand new man, but after a time I became weary, and where do you suppose I brought up? Well, sir, around a lamp post. Yes, I confess it frankly. In some things I'm superhuman. I s'pose I can beat any man whose name appears in your city directory on a roof excursion, and as for chimney descents, why, I'm the odly man in the cusiness. The reindeer, too. I think it more'n likely I could get a good salary at the dime museums for me an' the deer. But when it comes to these new drinks—these Laver Bran punches, Split Durkees and such things, why, the modern mortal is the boss. I can't hold a candle to him.

"'Come along here, you old peddler,' said the policeman who found me hugging a lamp-post at the corner of Wabasha and Sixth streets, 'and I'll find a cheap place for you to sleep.'

"'But I ain't a peddler,' says I; 'I am Santa Claus—surely you know me.'

"'I don't care if yer the divil himself,' said the policeman, 'that's for the coort to pass upon. Come along wid me.'

"On the way to the police station I told the policeman just how it was, and who I was, but he only replied: 'What yer givin' us? Save your talk for the coort.' Then I met a man I knew well. For fifty years I've been putting things



SANTA TAKEN IN BY A POLICEMAN.

in his stocking, and in his children's stockings. I never failed him once. At times there wasn't much, I grant you, but there was always something. 'Save me,' said I to this man.

"'And who are you?' says he.

"'Santa Claus—you know me,' I replied.

"'But I don't know you,' says he, and he passed on, leaving me to my fate. I asked several citizens whom we met to go down to the police station and say a good word or sign a bond for me, but they all refused, contemptuously. Not one of them knew me.

"'Go along, you old tramp,' they said to me; 'I never saw you before. Stop drinking and go to work like an honest man, and you'll be all right.'

"One after another spurned me, and among them men I had brought yearly joy for so many decades that I could hardly count 'em, and I finally arrived at the police station heartsore and weary."

"And were you not unhappy there, Santa?"

"Unhappy? I should say I was. I actually shed tears. 'Santa,' says I to myself, 'you are disgraced; you are ruined. You have made a donkey of yourself. Besides, you are getting to be a useless creature. Your day has passed. Nobody believes in you any more. See what the day after Christmas has shown you. None of your old boys and girls know you now. They have all forgotten you. Santa, you may as well understand now as at any other time, that the world has grown past you. You are a back number, Santa, if you only knew it. Nobody has any faith in you any more. Even the presents you bring are old-fashioned and only half welcome. When the boys and girls of to-day get electric appliances, photographic apparatus, magic lanterns, steam engines, steamboats and such things, they no longer give you credit for their Santa. They don't think of you at all. It never occurs to them that you have had a hand in it, as it used to when wooden jumping-jacks and rubber dolls were the best of all Christmas gifts.'

"'Am I then forgotten?' I inquired, half crying, though I think it was the Laver Bran Punch as much as the grief that made the tears.

"'Yes,' I answered myself, after some deliberation, 'you are played out, Santa. You may as well give up the business, especially when you go and spend the day after Christmas in Chicago, sampling all the new drinks and getting as full as a sheep-tick and being found astride a lamp-post.'

"Then I wept. I confess that hot tears poured down these cheeks, as I thought of the many happy Christmas eves and days and the days after I had spent, of the joy I had brought to the hearts of millions. And here I was at last in the presence of evidence that my days of usefulness were about over, and I disgraced in the bargain. The burden of woe seemed more than I could bear, but my reflections were cut short by the arrival of a policeman. He opened the door of my cell, kicked me rudely, and exclaimed:

"'Get up, you old tramp, and come with me to court. You'll get at least sixty days. Come, I say, you old reprobate.'

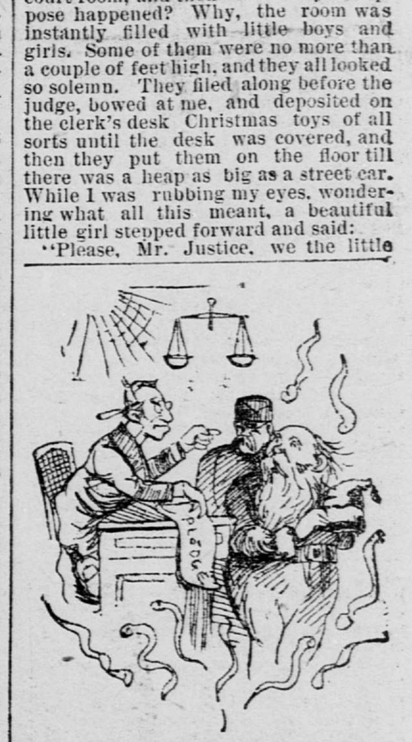
"So I moved my weary limbs and followed the policeman to court. The judge was very stern.

"'Mr. Sinner Claus,' said he, 'your name comes near being that of our patron saint. The officers say you were out yesterday filling yourself with split Durkees, Laver Bran punches and other new drinks, and then toward evening you were found hugging a lamp-post. What have you to say for yourself? Aae you ready to sign the pledge?'

"'Nothing to say, judge,' says I, hanging my head on my breast.

"'Well, then, Sinner Claus, said the judge, 'I came down this evening on purpose to hear your case. I must sentence you to——.' Just then there was a queer noise at the door to the court room, and then what do you suppose happened? Why, the room was instantly filled with little boys and girls. Some of them were no more than a couple of feet high, and they all looked so solemn. They filed along before the judge, bowed at me, and deposited on the clerk's desk Christmas toys of all sorts until the desk was covered, and then they put them on the floor till there was a heap as big as a street car. While I was rubbing my eyes, wondering what all this meant, a beautiful little girl stepped forward and said:

"'Please, Mr. Justice, we the little



SANTA BEFORE A POLICE MAGISTRATE.

girls and boys have heard that Santa Claus is in trouble. We want to deposit this property as security for Mr. Santa Claus' appearance when wanted. He is a friend of ours, and every one of us wants to go on his bond.

"'Then you know Santa Claus?' the justice inquired. And for answer he looked at me, whom all the little boys and girls were kissing as hard as they could.

"'Let the case be continued,' ordered the court, 'and the defendant be required to appear in 364 days. Adjourn the court, Mr. Clerk.

"'And I'll be on hand,' Santa concluded, with a smile, 'and with a bigger load than ever. What's yours?'"

VIOLETS FOR THE MORNIN G

They Will Bs Pinned to the Cape or on the Muff.

World.

Violets are the favorites for morning wear on the streets, and will be pinned to the cape front or on the muff. At this season, when banks of golden or snowy chrysanthemums are piled high in the flower vender's tray, it is a pretty custom to stop and buy a cluster, which is carelessly pinned under the chin, or lower down on the dark walking dress. The artificial flower wreaths have quite usurped the place of natural flowers for evening wear. Yet it promises to be a fancy to wear at the corsage two or three perfect roses, pinned so that the heavy blooms will nod gracefully, or carry loose cut flowers caught by long ribbons.

LISTEN.

Whoever you are as you read this,
Whatever your trouble or grief,
I want you to know and to heed this:
The day draweth near with relief.

No sorrow, no woe is unending,
Though heaven seems voiceless and dumb;
So sure as your cry is ascending,
So surely an answer will come.

Whatever temptation is near you,
Whose eyes on this simple verse fall;
Remember good angels will hear you
And help you to stand, if you call.

Though stunned with despair I beseech you,
Whatever your losses, your need,
Believe, when these printed words reach you,
Believe you were born to succeed.

You are stronger, I tell you, this minute,
Than any unfortunate fate!
And the coveted prize—you can win it;
While life lasts 'tis never too late!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.