

A Christmas Dolly of a Century Ago



A Legend of Christmas

In sword and sash and scarlet coat
Upon a Christmas day,
Through frosty woods and hoary fields
A soldier rode away.
She watched him through the falling snow,
A young and lovely maid
In milky pearls and flowing robes
Of velvet green arrayed.

With rumors of the distant wars
The months went slowly by
Till once again the Christmas bells
Were pealing to the sky,
And, walking in the lonely wood,
A bush the maiden found
With thorns as sharp as little swords
And scarlet berries crowned.

She leaned against an ancient oak
And wove a wreath to wear
Of scarlet berries, bright and gay,
And set it on her hair.
And, lo, the pearls upon her breast
Were changed to berries, too,
And, rooted to the oak, a branch
Of mistletoe she grew.

When sweet and clear the Christmas bells
Ring out o'er vale and hill
The maiden-mistletoe is seen
In pearls and velvet still,
And with her in the revels ruled
By music, mirth and folly,
In sword and scarlet still arrayed,
Behold the soldier-holly!
—Minna Irving in Leslie's.

"A Child is Born."
Take courage, soul, in grief cast down:
Forget the bitter dealing
A Child is born in David's town
To touch all souls with healing.
Then let us go and seek the Child,
Children like him, meek, undefiled.
—Hans Christian Andersen.

HASHIMURA TOGO

ON CHRISTMAS

BY WALLACE IRWIN

To Editor, who realize how it must be more expensive to give than to receive.

DEAR MR. SIR: Merry Xmas thoughts fill me with something else. My brain refuse to ring bells in connection with this annual jingling. Perhaps it is because of following anecdote which happen to me:

At home of Mrs. & Mr. J. Poke, Rockpile, N. J., which is on the list of places where I am no longer there, I was employed in their midst. That family contained only two (2) complete children, but they were sufficiently plenty. By name they was Hester and Lester, aged 5 & 7 respectively. These young persons, when healthy, was full of childly amusements including dish-break, runaway, knockabouts, and whittling pencils with Father's safety razor.

But by approach of Xmas time they suddenly became otherwise. I notice this because I seen it. They walk around with Y. M. C. A. expression of toes and seem too good to be happy.

"Oh childish children!" I require from them, "why so you do so? Do you enjoy some sleeping sickness to make you thusly silent?"

"Hush it!" they depose. "Xmas are coming!"

"Are Xmas, then, such saddish event that you should await it without cheers?" I ask to know.

"Oh, not is!" they ollicute. "But, unless we behave very Sunday-school, Hon. St. Claus will not arrive with gifts of great cash valuation."

I stand gast for this phenominal. So I go to Hon. Mrs. Poke and require from her, "Hon. Mrs. Madam," I say \$5, "who are this Hon. St. Claus who seem so Carnegie in his gifts?"

"He resemble Hon. Flying Dutchman," she suggest, with stilyly winking. "No such person ever was."

"How so?" I snatch off for horrors. "Then I must inform Hon. Hester & Lester about this mistaken personality."

"Not to do!" she snagger peevily.

"Why should not?" I ask to know, with eyebrows.

"Because thus," she say it. "I told them about this Hon. St. Claus from my own voice."

"How you could be so deceptive?" I terrify.

"I do this to make my children less sinful in their comportment," she suggest. "When they go around making gunman noises, I holla, 'Stop before Hon. St. Claus hear you and refuse to come!' If they tell untruthful lies, I humiliate them by reproaching, 'Hon. St. Claus will snub you for this untruthfulness!'"

"Are it not somewhat sinful to relate them fibulous tale to tender child?" I negotiate.

"Ah, no!" she abstract. "If childhood should not believe in St. Claus, then most happy times would relapse forever. Togo, you must do everything what possible to make them believe in this whisker-gentleman."

"I shall attempt to think up something deliciously deceptive," are smart answer I make.

On date previously before Xmas I go to town-village with weekly salary, price \$5, and purchase considerable wheel-cart, squeak-doll, jump-up-Jack, and other childish amusement. These I poke under overcoat and retreat home slyly like snails walking over upholstery.

When night-time was there, Hon. Hester & Lester was cruelly sent to bedtime and locked asleep so they would not find out about Hon. St. Claus. As soon as they make sleep, Mrs. & Mr. Poke command me for bring forth Xmas-tree. I make him grow from soap-box in dining-room. I assist intelligently hanging this foliage with tin fruit, including numerous candles standing on limbs to resemble fireworks. While Hon. Poke boss my enthu-



Clash Against Xmas Trees Which Tattle Over Amidst Horrible Fire Alarms.

siasm, I fetch forth considerable heavy toy-boxes from basement of cellar. Back-broke feelings by me. Yet I continue this labors until mixed assortment of Xmas stood by tree with deceptive labels about Hon. St. Claus.

At 1 o'clock hour a. m., Mrs. and Mr. retire bedward, exhausted from observing my work. But my dutiful labors had just commenced. I must prepare to show those childish children how Hon. Mr. Claus down-slide down chimney-pipe.

All house was full of darkness. Frozen moonlight outside. With sneekret feetsteps, like snakes swimming in oil, I approach to closet and fetch forth following articles of clothes:

- 1 minkish ottomobile coat
- 2 boots of rubberly exterior
- 1 cap from Eskimo leather
- 1/2 lb. cotton resembling whisker.

I drop all them presents I bought inside one laundry-bag, place myself into those garments of clothes, then with detective toes I descend up through attic to where chimney-pipe was on roof.

4 o'clock time now approach. Making affectionate hugs to Hon. Chimbley, I could tell it was Xmas by the feel of the thermometer. By peeking down Hon. Chimbley, I could see how it was sufficiently large hole to permit my Japanese awfulness—yet I must compress myself to do so. I enjoyed considerable nervousness like heroes expecting to dive down Mt. Vesuvius.

Pretty soonly 6 a. m. was there and I was not yet froze completely hard. By listening down chimney-pipe with telephone expression, I could hear childhood voices coming down-stairs saying "Oh!!" It were time for me to make some slide.

I pull 1/2 lb. cotton to my chin, snuggle Hon. Bag to back, and commence climbing into chimney. What was? Distinctly I could smell slight smud, of smoke coming upwards! Yet it were too late. Already I was slipping down-aiding slowly. Great chokes enjoyed. When nearly down I stuck us suddenly. More chokes.

"Oh, hellup, hellup!" I gollup.

"Who there?" demand Hon. Poke below-down.

"Hon. St. Claus containing smoke!" I yellup. "Make haste or else be quick!"

Some individual persons grab me at toes. With intense drag I was pulled forth to fireplace where blazes was. My cottonly whisker become inflamed, and in desperado attempt I clash against Xmas-tree which tattle over amidst horrible fire-alarms. Great holla by all. Then I am a hero, as usual. While all others make hook-and-ladder noise, I embrace Hon. Tree with elbows and reject him outwards through window. Of finally all was silent, except slight smell of smud.

"What impossibility are you attempting to act like?" require Hon. Mrs. sarcastly.

"Hon. St. Claus," I report.

"Why you no entrance by door?" screech Hon. Mr. with wounded knuckle. "Doors is not respectable for Saints to come in by." I devote.

"They are plenty for Japanese to go out by," resort him, escorting me outwards with brutal jam.

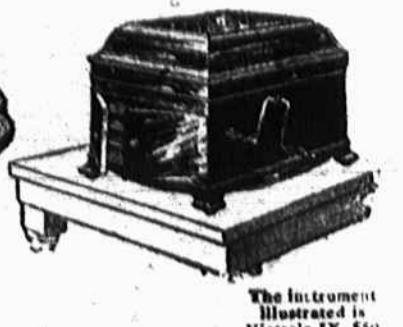
And when I was deploying away from there I hear Hester & Lester report in voice together:

"We have saw Hon. St. Claus. 'We do not care to meet such a person!'" So I depart off feeling like an impossibility.

Hoping you are the same.

Yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO.

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DADDY'S GIRL - and MOTHER'S WISHES YOU - A Merry Christmas

Artist's Inspiration

It is remarkable that the Nativity, the adoration of the Magi and the flight to the shepherds, the different incidents of Christmastide, should be the subjects of the most inspired painters and sculptors of the world. The birth of Christ and the infancy attending his infancy naturally enough, the themes of art have long before they were subjects of Christian art, but from the thirteenth century on they found their representation at the hands of artists who, inspired by the spirit of the middle ages, turned to Biblical subjects for the examples of their art. Symonds says: "The stable of Bethlehem, the manger, the shepherds and the kings—all of the beautiful story, in which St. Luke alone of the evangelists has reserved for us—what whole Christian world owes to the feelings of the Hebrews. The second and most important in the history of Christian mythology and art."

poetry Milton's vision, told in his poem on the Morning of Christ's Nativity—

the winter wilde,
the heav'n born child,
meanly wrapt, in the rude manger lies:
the expression of the conceptions of art who wrought in paint or in marble or clay to give lifelike representation to the events of that one Christmas night. Marvellous speech to Ham-

me say that ever against that season comes,
when our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
a kind of dawning singeth all night long,
and then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad,
the nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
no fairy takes nor witch hath power to charm,
hallowed and so gracious is the time—
some part of the mystery of the Nativity, the message which the birth of Christ brought to the world. With other Roscellina has imparted a sense of devout reverence and inspiration to the group. With what simple adoration the graceful figure of the Virgin and over the child—an adoration which the sculptor has blended expressly with the tenderness of maternal affection. A delicate, sensitive beauty of a delicate texture, and a charming rhythmic grade of line—such must have been the portrayals of the Nativity seen by Milton on his Italian journey which so tinged his visions. In the center lies the infant Christ, and on the left sits St. Joseph, a figure which compels our admiration quite as much as that of the Virgin. In expression the face is thoughtfully, wondrously and reverent. The ox and the traditional figures of the Nativity, complete the group.

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