

## Christmas In A Scotch City

Glasgow, the commercial metropolis of Scotland, with its well nigh million inhabitants, can be chosen as an interesting illustration of the manner in which one-fourth of the people of the country spend the holidays. Many days before the store fronts on Argyll street—a thoroughfare as busy as any in the land—are gayly and profusely decorated with holly and evergreens. Above nearly every entrance signs of welcome and the compliments of the season are exhibited in holly leaves. On Christmas eve the stores keep open late. Either side of the thoroughfare is a mass of blazing, cheerful light, and there is a moving mass of humanity between. But when the stores close they close until boxing day. All the working people now rest their Christmas holiday.

On Christmas forenoon the lord provost or mayor presides at the annual meeting and breakfast given by the directors at the royal library. His lordship makes a speech, after which there is a distribution of good things to all the patients in the large institution. Then he visits sundry other institutions for the care of the sick and poor, where there are Christmas trees and feasting. By the way, Christmas day is one of the lord provost's busiest days. At 2 o'clock, according to annual custom for years past, he presides at the annual dinner given to from 5,000 to 6,000 poor men, women and children in the city hall, Abbeville street. His lordship and the city magistrates occupy the stage and take dinner with the poor. During the repast, which consists of soup, beef, an entree, plum-pudding, tea or coffee and fruit, stirring Scotch airs are played on the big organ by the city organist. At the close his lordship makes a speech, which is reported verbatim in the newspapers. It is usually a masterly production.

Outwardly the aspect of the city resembles that of Sunday. Nevertheless thousands of people are moving about. The myriad of riveters in the miles of shipbuilding yards about the Clyde have come to the city with their wives and families and are attending the matinee or evening pantomime performances that have already been running. These pantomimes are a feature of city life in Scotland during the winter. Usually three open at the big theaters in Glasgow Christmas eve. They are rehearsed for weeks before. The playwright usually chooses as his theme a fairy tale. "Jack the Giant Killer," "Aladdin and the Forty Thieves" and "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp" have been favorite themes. As a rule, the playwright retains enough of the tale so that the young folks can recognize the characters, but taken altogether the production becomes really a dramatic burlesque of local life and character, interesting, entertaining and even elevating to old and young. Actors and actresses of renown take the leading parts, while there are dazzling costumes, magnificent scenery and a gorgeous ballet thrown in. No wonder it is that often until the middle of spring the pantomimes enjoy a continuous run. Latterly they become in a sense classics, for their librettos undergo weekly improvement at the suggestion of local wits noted for the pungency of their sayings and the fund of dry Scotch humor they possess. It is no exaggeration to say that these pantomimes are visited by some persons each night all the season through and by others fully a score of times.

Then there is the usual exodus of young men to the country at Christmas. It is a common saying among Scotchmen that all roads lead to London. This is changed to Glasgow in some cases. There is scarcely a family of note in the Highlands that has not a son at the universities of Glasgow or Edinburgh studying for the professions of law, medicine, the pulpit, the army or the home or foreign civil service. With what hope and pride the advent of the young student is looked for at the little railroad station up in the mountains or Christmas eve or morning! If he lives on an estate the next day he is given a side by his rustic countrymen in their annual Christmas day football match. The game is usually a stoutly contested one, umpired and refereed by the laird and heads of the estate. At the corner of the field is placed a cask of good Scotch ale, from which the players regale themselves at half time. Then the game resumes, and the second half is fast and furious. Around the ropes are the young women of the estate looking on with pleasure and discussing their choices in the dance list of the evening. —Brooklyn Eagle.

**Santa Claus in the Zoo.**  
Said Santa Claus: "Tis Christmas eve  
(The animals looked at each other)  
And each of you will now receive  
His yearly Christmas present.  
But I'd be glad if every guest  
Would mention what he'd like the best."  
The tapir said: "That pleases me.  
I'll state succinctly, therefore,  
If I may be so bold and free,  
The only thing I care for  
Would be those matches on the shelf,  
With which I'd like to light myself."  
His wish was granted. Then up spake  
A timid little adder:  
"Sir, but a trifle it will take  
To make my Christmas gladder.  
A slate and pencil, if you please,  
Would let me do my sums with ease."  
The reindeer said: "You may believe  
I'd be a happy fellow  
If I were sure I would receive  
A good sized umberfellow,  
And also I'd like four galoche,  
Yes, and a rubber mackintosh."  
—Walter Williams.

## Noel---A Ballade For Christmas

The bells chime happily across the night—  
The night that crowns the almost dying year—  
And soon the morning, with its dawn-  
ing light,  
Proclaims that Christmas day at last is here.  
The children high aloft the boar's head bring,  
And as they march their merry carols sing,  
While Christendom joins in their tuneful lay,  
For at this season all are glad and gay,  
And men and women, with their hearts aglow,  
Shout out with one accord on Christmas day,  
"Hail to the Yule log and the mistle-  
toe!"  
Emblems of many an old time honored rite,  
Of hoisterous mirth and homely, honest cheer,  
The Yule log, flaming high and blazing bright;  
The mistletoe, to youths and maidens dear,  
See for snapdragon how they form a ring,  
Or in a contradance their partners swing?  
Lord of merriment makes good his sobriquet,  
And all his mandates eagerly obey.  
He wields the scepter and with loud hallo  
Cries lustily, with none to say him nay,  
"Hail to the Yule log and the mistle-  
toe!"  
All classes and classes own the season's night,  
It rules alike the peasant and the peer;  
The humblest home presents a happy sight,  
The sternest judge forgets to look severe.  
The very birds fly by on lighter wing;  
The blustering north wind seems to lose its sting;  
The old and young, the golden haired and gray,  
Devote the hours to merriment and play,  
And far across the crispy, crackling snow  
We hear a chorus from a flying sleigh,  
"Hail to the Yule log and the mistle-  
toe!"



"HAIL TO THE YULE LOG AND THE MISTLE-TOE!"  
The chosen theme of many a fancy's flight,  
A bailed monger or a sonneteer,  
Yearly his Christmas poem will edit  
Of a coy maiden and her cavalier,  
Shakespeare full often had his merry song,  
And Milton tuned his harp to noble string;  
Irving the scenes of Christmas could betray,  
And know its true spirit could convey,  
To song and story a rich debt we owe,  
And with triumphant cheer this tribute pay,  
"Hail to the Yule log and the mistle-  
toe!"  
And as the sacred season circles near,  
All evil thoughts and themes are banished quite,  
Our lives become more gentle and sincere,  
Our hearts can find no room for dole or spite,  
Paeans of praise from thankful hearts uprising,  
To celebrate the birthday of the King,  
All humbly for our brother's weal we pray,  
And ask a blessing on our future way,  
Our generous gifts on others we bestow,  
"Peace upon earth, good will to men!" we say,  
"Hail to the Yule log and the mistle-  
toe!"

**ENVOY.**  
Spirit of Christmas, we accept thee—  
Right willingly we bow beneath thy sway!  
We join our songs to those of long ago  
With this refrain, for ever and for aye,  
"Hail to the Yule log and the mistle-  
toe!"  
—Carolyn Wells in New York Mail.

## A Christmas Doll Wedding

We are to have a wedding;  
Our mothers planned it all  
You are to be my little wife  
And I your husband tall  
I love your pretty eyes of brown—  
My own are dark and blue—  
But as they're only glass, my dear,  
They'll see no faults in you.  
My china lips they long to kiss  
All your doll cares away—  
But I must wait for three long weeks  
Until our wedding day.  
However, time will pass, sweet maid,  
And then we'll never part;  
I swear to love you all my life  
With my true wooden heart—  
Your own  
REGINALD.

Dec. 3, 1910

Such was the love letter written by Reginald Graham of New York, a beautiful doll twenty inches tall, light hair, blue eyes, with long dark lashes, to his ladylove, Miss Alice Winchester, a brown eyed doll beauty of Boston. The fact is that a marriage had been arranged between these two dollies by their little mothers and several grown-up aunts, to take place at Christmas time at the home of the doll bride.

But making the clothes! Grandmas, cousins and aunts spent days using their nimble fingers to fashion the tiny manly garments, as no little girl could possibly do the difficult sewing. It was decided that a black broadcloth suit must be made, but as a full dress evening coat could be used only for formal occasions a tuxedo or dinner coat was finally agreed upon as being of more service.

All the time we have been telling about the bridegroom dear little Alice has been so busy having a long white satin wedding dress made, a real lace veil and the daintiest kind of lace-trimmed underwear. A traveling gown of cloth, an automobile coat of champagne color, a white hat with feathers and flowers, all have been prepared for the "going away" costume.

A procession of twenty little girls with their dollies follows Reginald and Alice, who march into the drawing room to the music of a wedding march played on the piano, then into the dining room, where the dollies sit at a table that has been arranged for them, with a tiny wedding cake decorating the center.


Then comes the wedding tour around the garden, and then the newly married pair go to housekeeping in a big closet that has been furnished for them with all the latest conveniences. It was really the most brilliant marriage that was ever made in Toyland and is the true story of a dear little brown eyed girl's Christmas present.

A great many dollie guests were invited from "Mother Goose" Land, and among the most noticed were:

- Jack the Knight, Jack the Gnome,  
He was the first one there,  
Then came little Goldie Locks,  
Who ran away from the bear.
- Fright Miss Nancy Ethelred,  
Used to standing here,  
Shone beside Tom Tucker,  
Who sang the supper song.
- Mistress Mary, Quite Contrary,  
Brought from her garden fair  
Several maidens all in a row,  
With pretty curling hair.
- Bobby Shafto, from over the sea,  
Was in a mighty mood,  
I saw him racing lustily  
At dear Red Riding Hood.
- Little Miss Muffet had left her nettle  
And surprised us all one day,  
By going to a corner with little Jack  
Honey.
- And singing his Christmas pie
- Shy Loopep will not let sheep  
Mixy waxy get on his nose,  
And those who are in his way  
Was 1909, the 1st of 1910.
- Mary's boy and the iron horse  
At Max's was a sensation,  
And many other were invited,  
I haven't room to mention.
- It was a wedding day indeed,  
All in the town of Toyland,  
With the joyous sound of toy-  
land bells.
- As many will long remember,  
—Merrill Johnson.

### After Christmas.

Said the Christmas tree by the old back fence  
To the one just over the way:  
"It's hard to die so far from home,  
But I guess we've had our day,  
And the children maybe in years to come  
Will think of us with a sigh  
And the joy it gave. I am reconciled."  
Said the other tree, "So am I."  
—May R. McNabb in Pittsburg Dispatch.



# Here's Wishing Our Readers a Merry Christmas

