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GREEN'S JEWELRY STORE, Successor to Gorman & Green.

### Their Christmas Turkey.

By MILDRED BENT.

PATIENTLY enough the family had endured Frank Framely's fads until he became a vegetarian. An overindulgence in turkey at the Thanksgiving feast had been followed by fasting, repentance and the adoption of the vegetarian cut. Steaks gave place to salads and lamb to lentils, wherefore the spare pennies of the Framely youngsters were invested in ham sandwiches and smoked beef instead of cake and candy.

It had been bad enough when Framely had adopted the thorough mastication fad and the entire family had solemnly chewed its food to the loud click of the metronome. It had been worse when all hands slept in a tent in the back yard because Framely had a cold and feared consumption, but even with an approved vegetarian kitchen within half a mile it was difficult to give variety to the menu with only vegetables as a foundation.

The younger Framelys refused to regard nut ragouts as fit substitutes for their mother's savory stews, and the susceptible soul of Mrs. Framely was tried by the evasive excuses of those who were invited to dinner. The poor little woman considered it necessary to explain that they were now vegetarians, and so anticipatory smiles faded from expectant faces as the owners thereof mentioned transparent previous engagements suddenly recalled.

Finally she pleaded with her husband for a turkey for Christmas, to his great horror.

"Just for one day?" he repeated after her. "My dear, would you plead with me to feed my innocent children on a diet of poisons for just one day? No. I have ordered a beautiful mock turkey from the vegetarian kitchen. They assure me that it tastes exactly like the bird, and it is molded into the same shape. The children will not know the difference if they shut their eyes."

"But they can't eat their dinner with their eyes shut," protested Mrs. Framely feebly. Her husband regarded her with mild sorrow.

"If only they might eat with their eyes truly open," he lamented, "open to the danger that lurks within the dead flesh they would stuff their stomachs with. Some day they will thank me for saving them from the evils and miseries of the flesh eaters."

Framely adroitly made his escape before his wife could find an answer to

Frank will like one of his mother's pies for Christmas, though I will admit that you do beat me on your crusts, my dear. Now give me an apron and I'll help you with the turkey."

Mrs. Framely the younger shrank from an explanation and, with the statement that things only needed to be warmed up, thrust the matter aside. When her husband came in from church with the children she slipped out to put things on the table. When the family came into the dining room she supposed, of course, that her husband had explained and so made no comment when the old lady set aside her thick vegetable soup with the comment that she never did like those new-fangled soups.

But when the turkey was brought in and set upon the table the old lady brightened up.

"I don't see how you get your turkey such an even brown all over," she said approvingly. "Mine always burns on the top. You know I like the second joint and some of the white meat, Frank."

For an instant Framely went a sickly white.

"There is no white or dark meat," he said faintly. "This is a mock turkey, a mixture of nuts and vegetables, you know. We have awakened to the error of our ways and eat no more carrion."

"Don't eat carrion," repeated his mother as she sliced a bit from the strange mixture. "You eat this sort of stuff instead?"

"The pure product of Mother Nature, of the green fields and the healthful sunshine," said her son solemnly.

"The last time I was here you were chewing your food like a cow chews its cud," remarked the old lady severely. "That was bad enough, but when you make a mock of Christmas with your mock turkey it makes me wish you were young enough to be taken across my knee again. Go get your hat. We're going to a restaurant for a real Christmas dinner."

"But, mother," began Framely, seeking to express with a glance the cheering of the children.

"Do you remember when you were a little boy about the age of little Frankie here?" demanded his mother. Framely nodded. "And do you remember how good a drumstick used to taste, with some giblet gravy and lots of stuffing and cranberry sauce?"

"Yes, mother," he assented limply. "Then go get your hat. It's Frankie's birthday."

"Yes, mother," came for a second time, but now there was gladness in the voice, a hungry look in the eyes, and his wife knew that another fad had passed.

Old Christmas Superstitions. An old German saying is that between 11 and 12 o'clock on Christmas eve water can be turned into wine.

The lamp or candle must not be allowed to burn itself out on Christmas



"WE'RE GOING TO A RESTAURANT FOR A REAL CHRISTMAS DINNER."

this outbreak, and toward afternoon the mock turkey made its appearance. It resembled a gigantic candy favor in shape and color. The tinting of the outside had been rudely done and by no means suggested the crackling skin of the barnyard king bursting from the pressure of the rich juices within. Sadly Mrs. Framely shook her head as she showed the bird into the icebox along with the rest of the packages which the wagon had brought and busied herself with converting some meatless "mince meat" into pies.

Christmas day dawned soberly enough in the Framely household. Frank junior had thrown his carrot cutter to the floor and had been sent from the table in disgrace, and Nellie had invited a second outbreak by tearfully pleading permission to go to her grandmother's, where they would have a "real" Christmas dinner. Grandmother was on the maternal side, and Mrs. Colford's intolerance of her son-in-law's fads was an ever ready subject for acrimonious discussion.

To cap the climax, the elder Mrs. Framely arrived unannounced during the forenoon.

"It was lonesome," she explained as she followed her daughter-in-law into the parlor, "so I just packed up some mince pies and some jellies I'd made and brought them along. I guess

ever or there will be a death in the family within the year.

A Magyar superstition is that any one who eats nuts without honey on Christmas will lose his teeth. Another is that a pillow turned at midnight will bring dreams of a future lover.

It is unlucky to trip on Christmas day.

The Stellan children place pennycroyal in the beds Christmas eve because they believe it always flowers at the exact hour of Christ's birth. All children born at midnight on Dec. 31 will become great and famous.

Christmas Diplomacy.

Lady—My husband won't wear those shirts I bought him for Christmas. I didn't think he would. And now I'd like to exchange them.

Clerk—For what, madam?

Lady—Well, you might let me look at some lace handkerchiefs and some silver hatpins.—Freck.

His Popularity Explained.

"I don't see what makes that young friend of mine so very popular," said Willie Washington. "He is in demand for any number of Christmas parties."

"That is very easily explained," answered Miss Cayenne. "He is so near-sighted that he is continually mistaking holly for mistletoe."

### SANTA IN BLUE.

Child's Prayer to the Saint Answered by a "Cop."

IT was Christmas eve in a side street of the great city and so late that the last customer had left the dingy little shop, and the light from its one window streamed out upon the night like a lonely beacon. It was a cheerful window as such things go in poor side streets, and a sumptuous Santa Claus, all glittering in cotton snow and rainbow tinsel, stood in its forefront, loaded with the



"AND, OH, SANTA, I DO WANT A DOLLY!"

pretty things that please children always and especially so at Christmas.

Presently from a darker, poorer street a tiny slip of a girl came timidly around the corner, and, glancing about anxiously to see that no one was in sight, she stole up to the window of the little shop and began feasting her hungry eyes upon its beautiful treasures. She was very, very thin and pale, and her clothes were but shreds and patches, yet her eyes sparkled, and there was the joy of Christmas in her heart just to look at the good things.

For a minute or more she stood with her wan little face pressed close against the glass, and then she dropped to her knees before this shrine of Santa Claus and clasped her hands together as we see pictures of children at prayer. Her upturned eyes were closed, and the light fell upon her face very softly.

In the shadow of the houses across the street a big policeman stood watching. Now he came stealthily over toward the shrine, with the child on her knees before it. As he reached the curb he heard her voice, trembling and uncertain:

"Now I lay me down to sleep I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take. And, oh, Santa Claus, I do want a dolly and some candy for Christmas! Amen!"

She had said the only prayer she knew, and as she rose to her feet again the policeman touched her on the shoulder. She started suddenly and would have run away, for these street waits fear the big policemen, but he held her.

"Come with me," he said, and she began to cry.

He took her into the little shop, and when she came out again she held a yellow haired doll fiercely to her thin little breast with one hand and in the other she carried two bags of candy.

As she looked up to the big policeman he saw in her face what he had seen as she knelt before the shrine of Santa Claus, and he bent down and kissed her good night.—William J. Lampton in New York Herald.

Christmas Pies.

In England, Yorkshire is still the stronghold of vast Christmas pies that trace their lineage far beyond the Norman conquest into the dim feasts of Saxon kings and Danish freebooters. A rather quaint note, written in 1833, makes mention of the "wains" (or wagns) groaning about Christmas time under a load of these pies and adds, "At such times the hostess of a well frequented inn of the old school will construct a pie of the circumference rivaling her own, and the county newspaper will record its dimensions."

One such "hostess of the old school" is immortalized by a famous though slightly profane epitaph in a Yorkshire churchyard running as follows:

Here lies the body of Mary Ann Shoven. She was versed in the arts—Of cakes, pies and tarts—And the several rites of the oven. When she'd lived long enough She made her last purr—Purr by her husband much praised. Now here she doth lie In the hope that her crust may be raised.

—New York Evening Post.

Rural Repartee.

"Sary," snickered young Ab Corn-tassel, "I kinder think I'll put myself on th' Christmas tree fer you this year."

"If you do, Ah," giggled Sary, "they'll not take you off this year. They'll let you stay there till you git ripe enough to pick."

Christmas Children.

In some Catholic countries there is a custom of dressing up puppets called Christmas children, hiding them on Christmas eve, setting persons in quest of them and giving a reward to the finder.

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