The Lesson of Mazie

"Have you seen my Mazie?"

The alert Sam O'Connor, newspaper man and "star" on the ——, paused in his haste to catch the subway train and glanced into the appealing eyes of the haggard woman at his side. No, he hadn't seen Mazie, but a subtle something permeated his customary reserve, accustomed as he was to pass scores of town-and-outs in the course of his duties, and he halted. Perhaps he was prompted by the fact that it was Christmas eve, when, according to all intents and purposes the world was preparing to rejoice on the morrow, and then again it might have been the "oh," uttered with the despair and abandon of a lost soul, as the woman shrank and grasped a kindly mail-post for support.

The night was falling; the street lamps began to twinkle; the night life of the city had begun. Wearily the woman, fairly well dressed, but with a faraway look in her eyes, her cheeks pinched with cold and hunger, and the lines of worry pictured on her kindly face, swayed to and fro against the friendly support. Past the two swept the night life of the city.

"No, I haven't seen Mazie," he said, adding meditatively: "Who is Mazie?"

"You don't know Mazie? Why, she's my little girl; my poor little girl," she said, as if pitying the ignorance of big Sam, and, continuing: "She came to New York three years ago. When she first came here she was a stenographer. She wrote to me every week, and then every two weeks. At last, when no letters came, I tried to bear up under it, but I worried and worried, and, unable to stand it longer, I came here hoping to find her. For four days I have scanned the passing faces in vain. I have asked policemen to aid me. A few were kindly. Others have laughed and told me to tell it to the 'Sarg.' Can't you help me to find Mazie?"

Sam, touched to the quick by the poor mother's plea, gave up all intention of going home on the subway train that night. He had a mother in the long ago—one of the best—who had taught him the difference between good and evil, right and wrong, early in life. He had strayed from the straight road often, and from participation and the object lessons of others knew the pit-falls of the big city—and he feared for Mazie. He knew what the poor mother little realized—the almost impossible task of finding the girl. His duty plain, he resolved to become the temporary guardian of the poor stranger, none too warmly clad, and probably wanting in nourishment.

His trained faculties were quick to evolve the possibilities. He plied his questions—name, last home address, place of employment, friends' names mentioned in letters and many others—rapidly, and soon his fund of desired information apparently complete, he turned his attention to the immediate future.

Sam stood pensive for a moment, and then sure his plan was up to the needs of the situation, said: "I'll find Mazie for you, if possible, if you will follow my directions. I'm sorry the chance of success is small, but we'll do the best we can. It is necessary that you care for yourself first, otherwise you will be ill and unable to continue your search. Come with me."

Dazed and weak, almost childishly she followed where he led to a quiet restaurant. With a steaming meal she became preoccupied and failed to note the disappearance of the Samaritan. Her first realization of his absence came as he returned and smilingly informed her that, he had telephoned to a friend, who would care for her that night, and on the morrow they would plan for continuing the search.

He left her at his friend's home, realizing the magnitude and the hopelessness of his quest, but resolved to do his part in dispensing of Christmas cheer.

He hailed a cab and shot first across town and then up Fifth avenue until he came to the home of Broker Jones, who had once employed Mazie.

He knew nothing of her whereabouts and declared he didn't want to know. He said Mazie had been discharged for insubordination, and Sam, knowing the brand of employer he must be, asked no further questions along that line. By careful nursing he secured the name of a girl employee who had been friendly with Mazie. This call was but the first of many Sam made that night, all to seemingly no avail.

Sam, however, had hopes, and retiring to his room in a downtown hotel, lounged about. He pulled a slip of paper from his pocket and mused:

"Yes, it's a chance, a lone chance, that's all, but who can say there is no hope."

"I'm curious about Mazie. I wonder if she is one of the army who have accepted the boarding house as the apology of the home? Gracious, how many are there in this great city whose hearts never go out to the old roof-tree home in the country and the dearest memories of tender associations. How many a boy and girl has shifted the environment of life until they no longer think of the dear old mother and father at home? Later they will regret their negligence— in the years to come when the dear one who slaved for them is no more and regrets are useless. I wonder if this be the case with Mazie? But many a heart is heavy on the day of 'Peace on earth, good will to men,' and from indications this poor old mother will be no exception. However, Sammy, let's turn in, mayhap the Kyrie Eleison of the morrow may cheer the heart more than we think is possible."

And Sam slept.

Bright and clear Christmas morning dawned. Sam arose and after a hearty breakfast went to his friend's home. After an hour's earnest conversation he prevailed upon the searching mothe to stay there during the day, then with his day's work done to go to her home with him, he in turn promising to pursue the search for Mazie.

Early that evening they entered the woman's little cottage in a small country village, the mother weeping as the memories of the past enshrouded her. Sam resolved to do his duty, but longed sincerely for its early accomplishment. The kitchen fire was soon lighted, and the friendly tea kettle began to sing. As Sam gazed he wondered at the invention which had followed a similar gazing years before. A knock aroused him from his reverie, and as he listened exclamations of "Mother" and "Mazie" told him his task was ended.

Mazie's story was soon told. She had seen Sam's advertisement in a morning newspaper and had hastened home in fear and trepidation, breaking her contract with a theatrical company which weekly endowed her with the munificent salary of $14 for twice-a-day appearance as a chorus girl. When she first went to the big city she worked in place after place as a stenographer, but her peroids of employment were everywhere short, and her money dwindled. Her attire suffered and soon she was unable to find employment at her chosen work. She drifted until she found work clerking in a store, scrimped and saved enough money to secure, on the installment plan by the way, presentable clothes, and found a sympathetic manager who placed her in a chorus. She had planned to return home as soon as she had acquired the equivalent of the capital with which she had left it. She did not write, because she did not want "mother to know of her position.

Pride had caused mother and herself untold suffering, but the happy reunion washed the sands of the past, and on this Christmas night Mazie promised to never again stray to the big city.

Sam was happy that night as he returned to the city and realized with a new import the words of Him who, in the long ago, said: "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these. My brethren, ye do it unto Me."

A charming little frock of Delft blue taffeta, handsomely embroidered in a rose design, the skirt gracefully draped slightly below the hips. Billowy tulle sleeves and underskirt also of blue tulle with a band of silver embroidered insertion add a very pleasing note to this delightful afternoon gown.

One Christmas Morning.

When at last 'twas Christmas morning,
and you slipped from bed to creep
Whispering along the hallway to the
landing dark and deep.
And then downstairs with wee bare feet
to find the missing sock.
'Twas the hour before the daybreak, but
you thought not of the clock.
And you hunted for the stockings that
were hanging away up high,
And so full of funny bulges that were
welcome to the eye.
You see yourselves as children when with
big eyes shining bright
You opened up your stocking and went
dancing with delight.
It was really Christmas morning and
you wakened with a shock,
And you danced downstairs to see what
Santa'd left you in your sock!
In growing up a recompense has come to
you and me.
That having lost our jolly saint we all
may Santas be;
Though we sometimes wish the fancy
that we loved so might be true.
When we feared old Santa would get
singed when coming down the flue.
Now the eager little children who are
waiting for the saint
Listen gladly as we tell of him, and all
his glories paint.
Till we wish 'twas once more Christmas
when we wakened with a shock,
And we all stood downstairs barefoot
to find the missing sock.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

From thos tarry heavens descending
Herald angels in their flight,
Nearer winging,
Clearer singing,
Thrilled with harmony the night;
"Glory, glory in the highest!"
Sounded yet and yet again,
Sweeter, clearer,
Fuller, nearer—
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Shepherds in the field abiding,
Roused from sleep, that gladsome morn
Saw the glow,
Heard the story
That the Prince of Peace was born;
"Glory, glory, in the highest!"
Sang the angel choir again,
Nearer winging,
Clearer singing,
"Peace on earth, good will to men!"

Swept the angel singers onward,
Died the song upon the air;
But the glory
Of that story
Grows and triumphs everywhere;
Then when through the star-lit heavens,
Sounds that glorious song again,
Hear it nearer,
Sweeter, clearer—
"Peace on earth, good will to men!"
—J. R. Newell

Brinker—Yes, your wife's clothes have cost me a good bit of money. Tinker—My wife's clothes! What do you mean? Brinker—Why, every time your wife gets a new gown, my wife must have one just as expensive!—Judge.

The Christmas Spirit

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

As Jeanie sat on the old meadow stile, in the radiant splendor of the September afternoon, she was thinking of a Sabbath morning when her father sat in the cottage door, his great bible on his knees, reading the sacred word to his family. It had been a bright summer morn, and the very scent of the roses and lavender, and the busy hum of the bees, seemed to come back to her.

It was her father's custom to require Jeanie and her little sister Dot to repeat a verse, when he had finished reading. That morning, Jeanie's verse was, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"What does that mean, papa?" Jeanie had asked.

And papa had said:

"Why, my dear, it means this: If you were to see a poor beggar, sitting by the wayside, and gave him food, drink or shelter, the great Lord would regard your kindness just the same as if bestowed upon Himself."

This was the memory that came back to Jeanie as she sat on the old style. She repeated the verse softly to herself, then, with tears rising in her blue eyes, she glanced over her shoulder in the direction of the village church-yard, where her father now slept.

Childhood's sorrow, however, is short-lived. She soon dried her tears, and began to jingle the two silver dollars in her pocket. Two round silver dollars! Oh, how hard and patiently she had worked for them, picking berries in the hot sun, for the village market.

When they were earned, and she held them in her little brown hand, mamma had said:

"They are yours, Jeanie; you shall do with them as you like. Buy a new hat for yourself, or—"

"Mamma, no, no, please," Jeanie cried breathlessly. "I will do without the hat; let me buy the dolly with the eyes that go to sleep, and the darling little bed to put her in, for Dot the dear. Oh, mamma, she has wanted them so long."

"Do just as you please, Jeanie, love; you worked hard for your money," mamma said.

And now Jeanie was on her way to the village, to make her purchase. Dot was weakly, and somewhat deformed—poor little mite—and could not accompany Jeanie. But Jeanie had kissed her when she set out, and said:

"Now, sit here, and be patient, and watch for me, Dot; I'll hurry as fast as ever I can, and you shall have the big dolly in your arms, the very minute I get back."

Jeanie thought of Dot as she jingled the two silver dollars in her pocket; and, springing from the stile, hurried across the meadow. When she came close to the great elm that stood by the wayside, she stopped short. Sitting beneath it, was a man with a bandage across his eyes, and a little dog at his feet. The dog had a forlorn look, and his master was clad in rags. Jeanie looked on in silence, for some minutes; and then drew a little nearer.

"Good man, are you blind?" she asked.

"No, not entirely," answered the man. "I've had a sunstroke, and the light hurts me."

Jennie's tender heart was moved. She drew still nearer, and patted the little dog.

"What makes you sit here?" she asked, at last. "Why don't you go home?"

"I am trying to get there, but walking makes my head hurt."

"How far away is your home?"

"Nearly a hundred miles."

"Oh, oh! You surely don't mean to walk that far?" cried Jennie.

"I did; but I can't make much headway now."

The man laughed scornfully; a sad, half desperate sort of laugh.

"Because I haven't got a cent, little one."

"Poor man," said Jeanie, "are you hungry?"

"Not very; I got a bite on the road."

"But you're tired and sick?"

"Yes."

There was silence a minute or two. The elm leaves rustled overhead, and the little dog watched Jeanie with wistful entreating eyes.

"How much would it take to carry you home, poor man?" she asked, suddenly.

"Two dollars."

The child recoiled, as from a blow. A hot color rushed into her cheeks, and her lips quivered. She put her hand in her pocket, and clutched the two silver dollars.

"I'm sorry for you," she said, hurriedly, "but I must go—indeed I must go."

She started off at a rapid pace, her hand still clutching the money in her pocket. Presently she stopped, however, and looked back; and between her heavy respirations, she repeated the verse, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Five minutes went by. Jennie looked towards the village, and then towards the man beneath the elm tree.

"It is just as if the great Lord Himself was sitting there," she said, at last in an awed tone. And slowly turning, she retraced her steps. When she reached the tree, her childish lips were almost colorless, so terrible had been the struggle, but in her eyes shone a steady and resolute resolve. She put her hand in her pocket, and drew forth the money.

"Here, poor man, take these two dollars, and go home," she said.

The man pushed up the bandage from his eyes, and looked at her.

"What?" he cried, in surprise, putting aside her extended hand. "No," no. I can't take it."

"You must. It is my very own. I earned it picking berries. I was going to buy a big dolly; but—but—but" her voice choking. "I'd rather give the money to you. We couldn't say our prayers to-night, Dot and I, if I left you sitting here"

She forced the money into his hand.

"What's your name?" he asked. "Where do you live?"

"Jeanie Goodwin's my name—I live across yonder, at Halewood cottage. Good-bye!"

The last few words ended with a sob, and Jeanie turned away, to hide the tears she could not keep back.

"Dot, we won't grieve, will we?" she whispered, that night, clasping her little sister, as they nestled together in the same bed. "Only think, Dot, 'tis just the same as if the great Lord Himself had been sitting there, under the elm trees, and we gave our money to Him. We won't fret about the big dolly, Dot?"

"No, of course," answered Dot, obligingly, "and the rag dolly's just as good, after all."

Years went by: years of patient and incessant toil to the widow and her children, at Hazlewood cottage. But their combined efforts failed to keep want from their door. Dot was almost helpless, and the mother herself was frail, and at last fell ill. The heavy burden of care rested on Jeanie's shoulders.

One winter afternoon found her very sad of heart. Her mother was in need of nourishment and medical attention, poor little Dot's pale face betrayed her lack of strong, wholesome food, and a debt hung over the cottage, which would soon make them homeless.

Suddenly she remembered that it was Christmas Day. But, alas! there was no Christmas cheer for them, much less Christmas gifts. And yet how she would have liked to buy some little trifle for Dot!

Jeanie stood in the door, and looked out at the fast falling snow. She was a tall, slender girl, graceful as a young willow, and with a sweet, sad face, and tender, resolute eyes. It was an inclement afternoon; but Jeanie was determined to face the storm. She had formed a purpose.

"Dot," she whispered, approaching her sister's low chair; "I'm going to see Dr. Farnsworth. I shall not be gone long, dear."

She left the cottage, crossed the fields, with a rapid step, the snow beating in her face. The old meadow-stile still stood at the crossing, and just beyond it the giant elm tree. Jeanie paused for breath a minute; her eyes filling with tears. It saddens us, sometimes, to see how strong and changeless nature is, when the dearest treasures of our hearts seem to be slipping away from us.

Jeanie hurried on, under the snow-laden branches of the elm tree, and along the self-same path her childish feet had trod on that memorable day when she was on her way to purchase the big dolly. She did not recall the circumstances, however; other and graver thoughts filled her mind.

She reached the village after a fatigueing walk, and made her way to Dr. Farnsworth's residence. The old physician's son, a young disciple of Esculapious, just returned from abroad, and getting ready to step into his father's shoes, occupied the sitting-room, into which Jeanie was ushered. He rose to his feet, politely inquiring in what way he could serve her.

"Thank you; but it is old Dr. Farnsworth I wish to see, please," said Jeanie, in her sweet soft voice.

And the young doctor left the room, thinking he had never seen a sadder or a lovelier face.

"Why, bless my soul, here you are, and I had just ordered my buggy, to come over and see you," exclaimed the elder physician when he appeared.

"Then you know my mother is ill?"

"No, I didn't; is she ill?"

"Yes, sir; she's been ill for weeks," replied Jeanie, speaking rapidly, lest her courage should fail her; "but she wouldn't allow me to come to you, sir, because—because we haven't the money to pay you. But I can't see her die for want of medical aid; and if you'll only go to see her, sir, if there's anything I can do, any sort of work——"

"Never mind, never mind," interrupted the doctor; "we'll settle all that hereafter. You should have let me know long ago. Come to the fire and warm. You didn't walk over?"

"Yes, sir, I walked; but I'm not cold! and please, sir, if you'll be good enough to go at once——"

"Yes, yes; my buggy will be around in ten minutes. I was just coming over to see you, Miss Jeanie. I've got a letter for you."

"A letter for me, doctor!"

"A letter for Jeanie Goodwin. That must be you. It came enclosed to me—from Marshland. One Rathburn, a lawyer, sent. Here it is."

Jeanie received the letter, and looked at it with wondering eyes. She could scarcely break the seal, her fingers trembled so. Dr. Farnsworth busied himself with his medical bags, a suppressed twinkle in his eyes.

The substance of the letter was as follows: A man, named Hiram Burns, dying recently at Marshland, had left a will, bequeathing a pretty cottage and grounds, and something over six thousand dollars in cash to Jeanie Goodwin, a little girl, living at Hazlewood cottage, some two miles from Berryville, said Jeanie Goodwin having given him two dollars, to pay his way to Marshland some seven years before, when she found him sitting by the wayside, ill and penniless, and he, Hiram Burns, desiring to repay the debt, with interest.

"Oh!" exclaimed Jeanie, clasping her hands.

"Oh!" echoed the doctor, looking up. "Now, there's luck, young woman! You'll be able to pay my bill, you see. I've written back to Rathburn; and, if you say so, I'll take you down to Marshland and see that you're not cheated. And now a Merry Christmas to you."

The notable feature of most of the winter suits is their simplicity of lines. However, the lavish treatment of fur makes up for this plainness. The suit shown is navy blue duvetyn with flaring coat and skirt, the cuffs and front having navy silk crochet buttons. The high collar is of possum fur.

Some weeks later, as soon as her mother was able to make the journey, they went down to live in the pretty cottage at Marshland, and, not many months after, Jeanie married Dr. Farnsworth's son.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK.

A Christmas Story of Gordon's Toy Castle On the Hill.

Last Christmas little Gordon Bruce had a fine, large Christmas tree and lots of toys, just as many other St. Nicholas boys and girls had. The tree was up in his playroom, a great, big, sunny room that used to be called the "nursery" when he was a baby.

A few days after Christmas Gordon's mother said: "Now, Gordon, I think we will have to take down your Christmas tree, for it is getting all dried up and the little spruce needles are dropping all over the floor and the maid has to sweep them up every day."

Gordon was sorry to have the tree taken down, for it looked so bright and Christmas-y, and he knew it would be a whole year before he would have another Christmas tree, so he asked his mother if she wouldn't wait just one day more. I think this is the way almost all the girls and boys feel. And his mother said she would wait until to-morrow.

It was a rainy day, and as none of his little friends were with him he began to play with all his toys one after the other; there were many of them, and some of the little ones were still hanging on the tree.

Gordon's father came from Scotland and he had read to Gordon many stories of the old days in Scotland, when the great generals and the noble lords lived in strong castles set high up on the mountains, so that the soldiers could not get near them. Now among Gordon's Christmas presents was a tiny castle, just like the ones he had seen in the books his father read the stories from; and with this castle came a lot of soldiers.

So this day Gordon got out his castle and soldiers and began to play with them. First he got a chair and put a big, thick rug over it to make it look like a steep hill; then he set the castle on top of the hill and stood the soldiers on the ground at the bottom of the hill—all in a row. He was making believe that the soldiers were trying to get up to the castle. Then he dropped some beautiful colored glass marbles that his Uncle George had given him, down on the floor of the castle. The marbles rolled out of the front door of the castle and down the rug to the bottom of the hill, and bang! they would bump right against the tall soldiers and tumble them down. One after another Gordon would roll the marbles down until by and by every one of the soldiers would be knocked over, and as they were only wooden soldiers, of course they couldn't get up by themselves. Then Gordon would stand them all up in a row again and roll the marbles down the hill until not a single soldier was standing. It was lots of fun for Gordon, for you know it really didn't hurt the soldiers a bit, for they were only made of wood and their uniforms were just red and blue paint.

The next day Gordon's mother took down the tree, and packed up the beautiful things that were on it, and put them away until next spring.

THE LIGHTS OF XMAS EVE.

They glimmer and glow on the trodden
snow
Where the busy shoppers come and go;
Steady and clear and full of cheer,
Flashing the olden message dear;
"It is more blessed to give than receive."
O cheery lights of Christmas Eve!

Their radiance pours on the crowded
floors
And the jumbled shelves of the city
stores.
'Mid bustle and waste and stock displaced
Where hardy buyers buy in haste
Lest some, one, forgotten, to-morrow
grieve.
O dazzling lights of Christmas Eve.

But their fairest light is shed to-night
In the homes where Christmas trees
gleam bright
With tinsel swung, and with stockings
hung
The gally garnished boughs among.
Waiting to hold what Santa will leave,
O happy light of Christmas Eve!
—Walter G. Doty, in the Edison Monthly.

ORIGIN OF SOME CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

We are apt, most of us, to observe the customs and traditions of the Yule-tide with the feeling that they had their birth with the first of the greatest festivals of Christendom. The Christmas tree, the gift giving, the candles, the holly and the mistletoe have become so identified with our celebration of Christmas that they seem as inherent and peculiar to it as the radiant points to the Star of the Nativity. And yet it is to antiquity and heathendom that we owe the customs we observe, the stock phrases we utter and even the mince pie, without which no Christmas dinner is complete. The Germans, the Scandinavians, the Jews, the Romans, the Goths and the Saxons have all contributed to make our Christmas festival.

"Merry Christmas!" It is on our lips from the stroke of twelve that ends the vigil of Christmas eve until the last candle has burned out on Christmas night. If we think of it at all we accept "merry" as meaning lively, sprightly and gleesome, and wonder a bit perhaps at its preference. As a matter of fact, when the English first used the old Saxon word in this connection, spelling it "merrie," it meant simply pleasant and agreeable, but we cling to it in spite of its changed character.

The day before Christmas we bring into the house a great fir tree that is made the centre of the festivities. It is an old German legend that has provided us with this pretty custom. Saint Wilfred, the tale runs, was one day cutting down one of the sacred oaks of the Druids. Presently a great wind seized it and it fell, split in four pieces. Behind it Saint Wilfrid saw a young fir tree standing staunch and unharmed, pointing a green spire to the heavens. He thereupon proclaimed it a holy tree and the tree of the Christ child because its leaves were evergreen and its majestic spire pointed heavenward. He asked the people to gather about it in their own homes, where it would shelter nothing but loving gifts.

On Christmas eve we illuminate the tree with many flickering candles — unless we prefer safety to sentiment, when we make use of the electric lighted devices. One may choose among several picturesque accounts of the origin of this practice. In medieval times when the forests seemed peopled with nothing but sacred trees, there was a tradition of particular holiness being invested in an illuminated tree. Then the ancient Jews held a Feast of Light about Christmas time in which candles were an important feature, so that their use may oddly enough have been thus adopted by the Christians. The huge Yule candle signified the coming of the light into the world. The most beautiful idea is that our use of candles is derived from the fact that probably when Christ was born twinkling lights were burned in every house.

The holy and mistletoe indispensable for holiday decoration were originally, identified with some pagan festivals. There is a tradition that holly is the bush in which Jehovah appeared to Moses. The mistletoe was an object of great veneration to the Druids, although only when it grew upon an oak tree. The propriety of kissing under the mistletoe is a relic of an old Scandinavian myth. It seems that Balder, the Apollo of the North, was hated by one Loki because "everything that springs from fire, air, earth and water" had given promise not to hurt the former handsome gentleman. Whoever it was had thus coerced all things of the earth and sea, had some how neglected to mention the matter to the insignificant mistletoe. So Loki straightway made an arrow of mistletoe, and being an unprincipled chap induced blind Hoder to shoot Balder. Little good did it do him, however, for the gods restored Balder to life at once and presented the mistltoe to the Goddess of Love to keep. Everyone who passed under it received a kiss to show that it was the emblem of love, and not death. The popularity of mistletoe was unabated for centuries, but one old writer says: "Mistletoe was abandoned in the Christmas decking of churches together with kissing at the services, because both were found to set the young ladies and young gentlemen a-reading of the marriage service.

And dear old Santa Claus, or Saint Nicholas, or Kris Kringle, as you prefer—what delightful myths from antiquity have presented him with his reindeers and his whiskers and pack of toys! The Scandinavian legend relates the coming of Odin, the winter god, who visited earth at the time of the Winter Solstice or Feast. Odin rode a white horse and preceded by wolves and ravens was supposed to lead an army of souls that had died during the year. As Christianity triumphed it was only over the unbaptized that he was thought to have power, and his army came to be composed only of the souls of children to whom he become a friend. Eventually he was said to bring the toys and gifts to the children on earth. We are satisfied now to tell the children that he comes down the chimney with his pack of gifts and disappears without being beheld by mortal eye. In a little Moravian village in Emaus, Pennsylvania, which is the only place in this country where this custom is thus observed, Saint Nicholas, or Peltznickel, is yearly impersonated by some villager, and visits every household on Christmas eve to distribute gifts.

The mince pie is a survival of the immense pies that the early Christians used to make in the form of a cradle or manger. After several centuries the pies were made smaller in size, but were still made to carry out the idea of the manger, in a sort of coffin shape.

Muggins—Yes, he married her for her money. Muggins—How did it pan out? Muggins—Oh, she makes him feel like 30 cents.