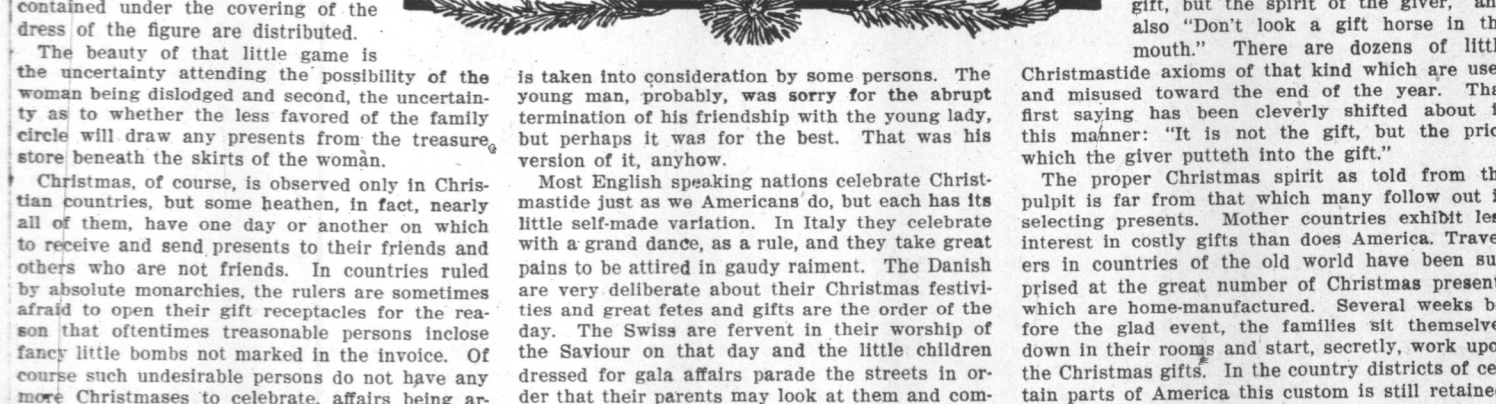


Christmas in Foreign Glimpses



IF AN American, who had not seen much of the world, should awake on Christmas morn while a German, French, English, Italian, Swiss or Danish Christmas celebration was in progress in his vicinity, he would imagine himself within the exclusive confines of a home for the mentally incompetent.

The American Christmas is a matter-of-fact festive occasion. People begin buying presents a week before; they present their Christmas morning and the next day return to work, the entire affair forgotten until the following brings the season around again.

Not so in the countries across the water. They observe every tradition in the mother land; they plan for weeks and the festivities which mark the birth of Jesus Christ are carried on for a week or more. The Christmas tree in Germany is allowed to remain decorated far into the next year, extending over a period of several months.

Unique ceremonies grace the Danish, French, Swiss and Scotch Christmas celebrations and that which the Teutons foster have been handed down from ages. In Mexico one of the treasured customs is the breaking of the Pinata, a tradition being connected with the little ceremony which ushers in Christmas day. A queerly constructed effigy of a woman is hung up in a corner of a room and a child blindfolded, armed with a stick, proceeds to dislodge the old woman from her position close to the ceiling. When the feat is accomplished the presents contained under the covering of the dress of the figure are distributed.

The beauty of that little game is the uncertainty attending the possibility of the woman being dislodged and second, the uncertainty as to whether the less favored of the family circle will draw any presents from the treasure, store beneath the skirts of the woman.

Christmas, of course, is observed only in Christian countries, but some heathen, in fact, nearly all of them, have one day or another on which to receive and send presents to their friends and others who are not friends. In countries ruled by absolute monarchies, the rulers are sometimes afraid to open their gift receptacles for the reason that oftentimes treacherous persons inclose fancy little bombs not marked in the invoice. Of course such undesirable persons do not have any more Christmases to celebrate, affairs being arranged in that manner if they are caught.

While the Christmas idea is practically the same in most countries of the globe which observe the day, there is a great variety of presents and a certain nation's desire for gifts made in wide variance to that which the next door neighbor believes in. Germans as a rule give the children presents, most of which are made in this country, while Americans are always particular about buying the babies toys marked "made in Germany."

A Frenchman told a clever little story at a Christmas banquet in Paris a year ago, which ran along on that line. He was enamored with a beautiful young lady whose home was on Rue de Boulevard. She was of artistic taste, so he studied her desire in painting creations for three weeks before Christmas. At last he came to the conclusion that probably an oil painting by a noted French artist might please her. He took special pains to hunt out a store where he might procure one. He did and put several weeks' salary into the gift.

He had it delivered Christmas morning and received a cordial note of thanks from the young lady, who unfortunately had not thought to purchase anything for him. This, of course, was embarrassing to both parties, but that evening while fondling the creation in his presence she happened to scan the back of the portrait. It said: "Made in Hoboken, N. J." She was in the midst of thanks and an embarrassing explanation of why she hadn't sent him a present, when she noticed the birthmark of the oil painting. She stopped, and they haven't spoken to each other since, according to the story.

All of which goes to show that the value of a gift more than the spirit which the giver exhibits

THE RULE OF THREE.

The Men Who Work on Skyscrapers Are a Generous Lot.

These airy crews are a generous crowd. They earn high pay. When working full time they make \$27 a week, and like their rough brothers out on the plains, they are quick to give of their earnings. On Saturday afternoons when they line up at the pay window, the Sisters of Charity are always there, and quarters and

dimes jingle merrily into their little tin boxes.

Behind this generous giving is a superstitious belief that amid risks like these it is well to propitiate Fate all you can. For Fate is a relentless old machine, and when once its wheels begin grinding, no power on earth can stop them. The "Rule of Three" is centuries old. You may hear of it out on the ocean, in the steel mills, in the

railroad camps, and down in the mines. And you find it up here on the jobs in the skies.

"Believe it?" said an old foreman. "You bet, they believe it."

"Do you?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "all I can say is this: It may be a spell or it may be because of the way the whole crew is expecting it. But anyhow, when two accidents come close together, you can be sure that the third isn't very far off."—Ernest Poole, in Every-body's.

Philadelphia.

Philadelphia is the city of small homes for large families, and is famous for the scarcity of cheap and ill-ventilated tenements. Down in the "Neck" even at this day you can rent a three-story house with marble floor, marble window sills and caps, marble vestibule, marble fireplaces and mantels, marble wainscoting, etc., for a few dollars a month.

—They can conquer who believe they can.—Virgil.

DIET AND HEALTH

By DR. J. T. ALLEN
Food Specialist

Author of "Eating for a Purpose," "The New Gospel of Health," Etc.

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WHAT DO YOU EAT AND WHY?

"I eat what I like," would be the answer of the average person scanning the bill of fare in the average restaurant. And to eat what you like because you like it, is the best reason. To eat what one doesn't like is good for nobody. It has been shown in the laboratory that "appetite juice" is the first requirement for good digestion.

Animals in their natural state never eat when they are not hungry, and they never eat what they don't like; and this together with abundance of fresh air, water, exercise and normal mental conditions, inhibits sickness, except by accident, while man is always ailing more or less. And the chief cause of all the ailments, not mechanical or mental, to which flesh is heir, is wrong eating.

It is generally admitted that most sickness, temporary and chronic, originates in the derangement of the digestive system; auto-intoxication, that is, self-poisoning, induced by absorbing into the blood the poisons produced in the food tube by fermentation resulting from eating too much, from hurried eating, from eating too many kinds of food at the same meal. Many of the most advanced students of the cause of disease now believe that the one cause is the retaining of waste matter in the system, which is a necessary result of wrong feeding. Of course these abnormal conditions are traceable, in the last analysis, to wrong thinking, and they can be set right only by changing the thought. And it is a happy sign of the times that the study of the food question is receiving so much attention.

"I eat what I can get." This would be the answer of many an unfortunate; but whether his case is worse than that of him who can get what he wants to eat, is doubtful. Is the foreigner who comes to America and changes his diet from black bread, a few vegetables, apples and grapes to an abundance of highly-seasoned foods, meat, fine white bread, pickles and pie—is he fortunate, in the matter of diet? The statistics say, No. It is a peculiarly interesting fact that the mortality from cancer is much higher among foreign-born Germans, Irish and some other nationalities in this country than among the American born of these races. Cancer, in the opinion of the late Dr. Nicholas Senn and other eminent authorities, is a disease of over-indulgence, and we believe indulgence in flesh meat. The Italians, Greeks, Bohemians and others who continue to live on the simple diet of their home countries show a low rate of death from these diseases. The foreign-born Irish and German peasants sooner fall victims to cancer and tuberculosis when they adopt the extravagant mixed diet of the average American family, because they are more susceptible than those who have become habituated, to a certain degree, to the more extravagant diet of the new country.

It has been said that we are a nation of dyspeptics, and the cause is easily found. Certainly, the natural way is to eat what one likes. But, unfortunately, many, if not all of us, are not natural, in eating as in many other things. How, then, can we depend upon our inclinations to tell us what to eat? Nearly everybody now admits that intoxicants are necessarily injurious, yet many have a desire for them. Shall they follow the inclination to drink what they like, merely because they like it, or shall they not rather govern the appetite by reason? And does not the same argument apply, in some degree at least, to eating?

This line of inquiry leads to the question, "What shall we eat to secure the greatest enjoyment of life?" What shall we eat to enjoy the greatest degree of health, the most vigorous, happy and useful life?

These questions cannot be answered finally by laboratory investigation alone. Only actual test of the effects of foods with careful allowance for personal factors and varying abnormal conditions, can lead to wise conclusions. And in my next article I shall give the result of my own experiments.

Why do you eat? "Because I like to eat." It is one of the pleasures of life. This will be your answer, if you are an average reader. If not, you are abnormal. To be a good man, one must first be a good animal, and the first requirement in a good animal is to be a good feeder.

It is a well-established principle in psychology that we do best what we do unconsciously. What must become of a man who is so conscious of his digestion that he must take so many chews for each mouthful and eat certain prescribed foods? Is it not possible that he may find it necessary to lie awake at night to see that his heart beats the right number to the minute?

It is commonly said that if a man has a good stomach he doesn't know that he has a stomach, that so soon as he finds out that his food digests, there is indigestion. How often we hear a man say, "I wish I could eat anything, just as I used to eat, without giving it a thought." The physician is often called upon to deal with cases in which people have destroyed their digestion by thinking about it; as the story goes—

The centipede was happy quite, Till the frog for mischief asked him, Pray which foot comes after which?

Long a Temperance Worker.

"Mother" Stewart, who died recently, was 92 years old. She devoted her life to the temperance cause. Mrs. Stewart established the first W. C. T. U. in Ohio at Osborn in 1873. In 1876 she visited England and organized the first W. C. T. U. in that country. Following the civil war she lectured extensively in the southern states on behalf of the war sufferers.

Five years ago "Mother" Stewart became interested in the teaching of Alexander Dowle and visited Zion City where she remained one year, since which time she lived with friends at Hicksville. Until five years ago she resided in Springfield, O., where she led in many temperance crusades. Scarcely a woman in America could boast of the praise from pulpit and press like "Mother" Stewart.

Sees Great Future For Siberia.

More than 500,000 persons emigrated from European Russia to Siberia in 1907. Vice-Consul Chaler of Dalny reports, and of this record-breaking number fewer than ever before returned to their homes. Every colonist arriving in Siberia receives 37 acres of land free, paying no taxes the first three years and only half the regular taxes the next three.

Siberia imports \$10,000,000 worth of goods by caravan from China annually, almost entirely tea, while Siberia exports to China only \$750,000 worth of articles annually, and many of these originate in European Russia.

Care of German Workmen.

Every injured German workman, no matter how he was injured, whether by his own fault, by the fault of his employer or by nobody's fault, draws a regular weekly compensation either from the sickness insurance fund or from the accident insurance fund until he is able to go back to work again.—William Hard, in Everybody's.

And ever after he rolled helpless in the ditch.

The man who eats because he likes to eat has much in his favor. If there is only one reason for eating he is fortunate in having chosen it, despite the adage, formulated in some hermitage or monastery centuries ago, "Live not to eat, but eat to live." The latest word from the physiological chemist is that "appetite juice" is one of the chief requirements of good digestion.

But there is another side to the question, Why do we eat? The athlete who eats what he likes, as he likes and when he likes, cannot win the race. Paul advised taking a little wine for the stomach's sake, even, presumably, though it might be distasteful, and the highest medical authorities are unanimous in prescribing certain diet to be eaten under certain circumstances. Evidently it is not always best to eat as one feels disposed.

The lower animals are able to select their food by instinct, but man has lost this power to a large extent, and it must be supplemented by reason, by science. By living in unnatural conditions imposed by civilization, we have acquired unnatural appetites that are destructive of health, physical and moral. A man may drink a pint of brandy because he wants it, but who will say that that is reason sufficient? We have an appetite for flesh, but are we sure that such appetite is normal, that we are the better for eating meat because we feel disposed to eat it? Is it, as vegetarians claim, an acquired appetite, like that for tea and coffee, which are said, by most authorities, to be injurious?

It would seem that the obvious answer to the question, Why do you eat? is, "Because I am hungry." Yet one who habitually eats too much cannot be hungry. The desire for food arises frequently from that gnawing sensation resulting from the fermentation of superfluous food, producing a condition of auto-intoxication. In fasting there is an almost irresistible desire for food the first two or three days; then the appetite leaves one for several days; there is a gain in strength with loss in weight; and when a distinct desire for food returns it is a natural hunger, easily satisfied; but this natural appetite in many cases does not come for 30 days or more, showing that the former appetite was unnatural.

We do not feed a horse on the theory that he should be guided solely by his inclinations in eating and drinking, but largely by our knowledge of what is best for him under the artificial conditions under which he lives and that he may be able to do his best work. And why should not a human being have the benefit of such knowledge? Should not the child, especially, have the benefit of right feeding?

With all due allowance for the fact that one man's meat may be another man's poison, that authorities are not unanimous on foods and feeding, yet it is true that there is a science of human feeding, that we have lost our instinct for determining what the system needs for nutrition and therefore appetite should be to some extent guided by reason. Certainly one should eat because he enjoys it, but also, whether he be an athlete, a laborer or a professional man, because, eating largely determines efficiency, and because efficiency depends upon food more than upon anything else except pure air, pure water, and right thinking which is fundamental.

Savages in Civilization.

Civilization does not change passion. The savage lives. Nothing alters the elemental emotions. Love changes to jealousy, jealousy to hate and hate to murder as swiftly and ruthlessly on some quiet little back street of small town or on some remote and respectable thoroughfare as in the jungle. No savage land has more murders than parts of our cities and states.

The customs, the restraints and the outer veneer of civilization perpetually deceive. Men and women, particularly women, look on life as a mere merry dance, in which partners can be teased by a change and changed at a whim. But man remains, even more than woman, under the guise and disguises of civilization, the elemental savages whose passions boil to love or death at a touch.—Philadelphia Press.

First Pressing in the West.

The first printing press in the United States west of the Missouri was set up at Santa Fe early in the last century. History does not disclose the date of its origin or its ownership, but there are extant printed proclamations dated 1821 and having the Santa Fe imprint attesting by 24 years the first newspaper El Crepusculo, prophetically named Dawn, which was first published in 1835 at Taos and was in the main a periodical tract to make propaganda for the peculiar religious and moral ideas of Padre Martinez. The first English newspaper in New Mexico appeared in 1847, shortly after the occupation of Santa Fe by Gen. Kearny. They were the Santa Fe Republican and the Santa Fe New Mexican, both published at Santa Fe.—Santa Fe New Mexican.

Chinese Student Has Future.

Vu Kyuin Willington Koo, a Chinese, has been chosen to edit the Daily Spectator at Columbia university. It is said to be the first time that a Chinese student has been placed at the head of an American college paper. Editor Koo, who is but 22 years old, is a slender chap and is known throughout the university as a master of pure English. He speaks without accent, knows more about American politics than the average American, is a debater of wonderful ability, and one of the most popular men in the university.

Why Net?

Why may not a goose say thus: "All the parts of the universe I have an interest in. The earth serves me to walk upon, the sun to light me; the stars have their influence upon me; I have an advantage by the winds and such by the waters; there is nothing that you heavenly roof looks upon so favorably as me. I am the darling of Nature. Is it not man that keeps and serves me?"—Montaigne.

NAMED MINISTER TO HONDURAS.

Massachusetts Man Promoted as Result of Good Work.

Boston.—Philip M. Brown of Woburn, Mass., has been made minister for the United States at Honduras, with a yearly salary of \$10,000.

Mr. Brown was born in Hampden, Me., in 1875, but when he was ten years old his parents moved to Woburn, where he was educated in the public schools. He afterward attended Williams college, from which he was graduated in the class of '98. Shortly after completing his course at



PHILIP M. BROWN

Williams he went to Turkey, where he served as an instructor in Roberts college, Constantinople.

While he was in Turkey his attention was turned to the diplomatic service and in 1900 he resigned from the faculty of Roberts college to become assistant to Lloyd C. Griscom, who was charge d'affaires of the American legation there. Mr. Brown was afterward made second secretary of the legation, and in 1903 he was appointed secretary of the legation to Honduras and Guatemala. Mr. Brown's work in Central America attracted favorable comment from his superiors in the diplomatic service and in 1906 he was made secretary of the legation and also consul general to Roumania and Servia.

The new minister to Honduras speaks several languages fluently and is well qualified to fill the position to which he has been appointed.

STATUE OF CAPT. JOHN SMITH.

Virginia Couple Honors First "Captain of Industry."

Richmond, Va.—Jamestown Island, which witnessed the birth of the American nation and is the most historic spot on the American continent, was the scene of a specially notable occasion, when a memorial statue to the memory of Capt. John Smith, the first "captain of industry" to make his influence felt on the American soil, was recently unveiled.

The statue is a gift from Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bryan of Laburnum, Va.



First Statue Erected to Memory of Capt. John Smith.

to the association, and is the work of William Couper of Norfolk, who returned from Rome, Italy, some years ago to establish his studio as a sculptor in New York. His workmanship in the present instance is excellent, the personality of the bluff soldier and cavalier and the historical details of his dress being most vividly reproduced.

The statue is unique in that it is the only memorial of the kind that has ever been erected in either the old or the new world to the man.

The Talking Pots.

"Yes, these pots of mine are all right," said the potter. "They don't talk, though."

"No pots do?"

"Don't they? Look here."

He took from the shelf a pig, crude pot, daubed yellow and blue, that had the shape of a duck. He filled it with water, then he poured the water out again. "Quack, quack, quack!" said the pot distinctly. Every gurgie was a distinct quack. "There's art for you," said the potter. "Every gurgie of that duck pot is a quack. Wonderful Aztec art! And I have an Aztec pig pot that gurgles like a pig, and a dog pot that gurgles like a dog. Wonderful chaps, those Aztec potters. I wish I knew their secret. Imagine an Aztec banquet," he said, after a pause. "Pots filled, you know, with wine. And every time you pour yourself a drink, 'Quack!' go the ducks, 'Bow-wow!' go the dogs. Regular pandemonium!"

Marshmallow Fudge.

Two and one-half cups brown sugar, one-half cup white sugar, one-half cup cream, pinch cream of tartar. Boil ten minutes, then add one-quarter pound marshmallows, and boil two minutes longer. Add one cup slightly salted, broken walnuts, after removing from fire, and beat on the back of a knife. (By so doing the candy does not cool so quickly, and you can beat it longer, thereby improving it.) Pour in buttered tin to cool.

Klondike Blankets.

The warmest and cheapest comforter is made by purchasing one large cotton blanket or two small ones. Cut and sew according to size of bed. Put between an ordinary layer of cotton batting and the on both sides with yarn. The closer the wool is tied and the larger the knots the better. Once tied and you will never buy or make an ordinary calico comforter.

DISH-WASHING EASY

THREE-TIMES-A-DAY LABOR IS UNNECESSARY.

Writer in The Housekeeper Shows How Work May Be Done with Comparative Comfort—Use Handy Drainer.

One of the unnecessary things in housekeeping is the continuous washing and wiping of dishes. Methinks I hear a cry of horror from a horde of housekeepers, but many of them have, nevertheless, at one time or another, rebelled against the stack of dishes which looms up, like the school-boy's hash, "three times a day." It is queer how some women will wear themselves out rather than step aside from the beaten path. They have yet to learn the joy that comes from taking an independent tack and making the work subservient to the worker; from being the master instead of the slave. To many women, the bugbear of housework is dishwashing. Why wash dishes three times a day? Do it in the morning, when fresh; scrape the dinner dishes, stack in a large pan filled with cold water, and cover. Treat the supper dishes the same way, and do not allow your conscience to keep you awake one single hour. It will not make the task too heavy the next morning, if you try my way. After washing each piece in hot suds and rinsing in hot (not warm), water, put them, piece by piece, in the wire drainer (price ten cents), as nearly on edge or aslant, as possible, and let stand until dry. Glasses, of course, and silver, must be wiped; but the former can be left aside, after using, and the latter put into a pitcher or deep jug until some odd minute when one is not so weary with well-doing that another turn of the screw seems next to impossible.—The Housekeeper.

A Seasonable Appetizer.

Wash four large, firm ripe tomatoes. Cut across horizontally and scoop out contents, carefully preserving shape of cups. Put cups on ice, also the pieces scooped out, cut very small, till near serving time. Put through the chopper two crisp green peppers of good size, minus stems and seeds, also half a medium-sized onion. Just before serving mix with the cut tomatoes, adding salt to taste, a very little vinegar and one-fourth teaspoonful of sugar. Serve in the tomato cups with garnish of parsley or nasturtium leaves or curled mustard. Sometimes I cut the whole tomato in small pieces and serve in small glass dishes. If I have not enough tomatoes, a small cucumber crisped in ice water and cut in little bits is an addition and to some palates an improvement.—San Francisco Call.

Dried Pumpkin for Pies.

Take a thin paring from the pumpkin, scrape out the seeds, and cut into slices an inch thick. Cut these crosswise in thin slices, spread on plates, and dry in a moderate oven, in the warming closet of the range, or in a small fruit drier. Store in paper bags, tin boxes such as often accumulate around the house, or in fruit jars. The main thing is to put it beyond the reach of insects or dampness.

To use dried pumpkin soak it over night in more than twice as much water as is needed to cover. Cook in the same water until tender and the water is almost entirely evaporated, then use according to recipe, for stewed fresh pumpkin.

Good Meat Preservers.

A good meat preserver is a box as large as you can make room for in the refrigerator, the top and bottom of which are of wood, the sides of wire netting. Stout hooks are screwed into the inside of the top, and one of the netted sides is hinged like a door. Meat hung in this box will remain untainted and sweet much longer than when hung upon the side of the refrigerator. If you have a cool cellar, keep the meat box, thus prepared, upon a shelf in the darkest corner. The netting excludes insects, yet allows the air to enter, and by drying the surface, forms an impervious coating, which will keep in the juices.

French Sandwiches.

If one is tired of the ordinary sandwich for an afternoon tea or card party the following one may be a refreshing change:

Chop one cupful of white meat of chicken, three olives, one gherkin and a tablespoonful of capers.

To this add half a pint of mayonnaise dressing, which should be made quite thin with a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar.

This is enough to make a pile of sandwiches. It should be spread on thin slices of sandwich bread, with the crust cut off.

Luncheon Dish.

Boil a good-sized chicken until done. Separate from bones and cut up as if for a salad. To this put a coffee cup of bread or cracker crumbs, a coffee cup of milk, a heaping tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Mix and put in a bowl or pan and steam till hot through. As it is served cover with cream sauce and mushrooms. To make sauce, take one pint of sweet milk. Let it come to a boil and then stir in two teaspoonfuls of flour previously mixed with cold milk, a spoonful of butter, and can of mushrooms.

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