# MRS. RUBBERINO ON XMAS

A NEIGHBOR EXPOSED-WAY TO TREAT HUSBANDS-A FRIEND WHO SENT A GIFT REBUKED.

"Some folks would just shrivel up and | wheedle and pamper and bamboozle and blow away if they didn't put on lugs | coddle their husbands about a month bemorning, noon and night," said Mrs. Rub- fore Christmas and then they lead up in berino to her caller. "You'd think, to a kind of slinky way to telling them the hear her tell it and to see her act it, things they want for Christmase gifts. that that Gitbye woman, in the flat "Inat Keenelip woman in the fourth across the hall, belonged to some royal | floor court flat had the nerve to tell me

"The very idea of my husband telling she was just bound and determined that me that she reminded him of an em- her husband should get her a diamond press! He saw her swishing through the | and emerald locket that she'd deliberatehall the other evening, making a noise | ly picked out for herself, and the way as if she had sandpaper hidden away all | she did scheme and plan to lead him up over her, and filling the place with the to that locket and make him buy it for odor of some horrid musky perfume that her Christmas gift! she uses, and he said:

think of the Empress Messalina." me about other woman he well knows | night or so and she'd call his attention to that he's in for a good sitting down | the locket, and hit around it and sigh upon, and he got it then. I told him and look sad and sweet over it and say that my idea of empresses was that they | that it was a pity it was so expensive, | were at least ladies, and that he was in a | and that she considered that such things | I mighty shabby business maligning an were only for rich people, and that it empress who was no doubt a lady by was a shame he wasn't making more comparing her with such a creature as money, with all his talent, and that some

"Well, you know that Gitbye woman's husband is only a clerk in a backet shoppy kind of a broker's office that nobody ever heard of, and he's head over heels in debt to all the tradesmen in the neighborhood-don't I see them sticking their bills in the Gitbyes' letter box every time I pass through the vestibule? -but she calls him a broker, and wears the flashiest clothes you ever saw in your born days, and goes around swisho ing and swirling and fizgigging like a

comic valentine on a Christmas tree "Oh, yes, it was about her Christmas shopping that I wanted to tell you, I met her down town in one of the big department stores the other afternoon, where I went to get some handkerchiefs for James' relatives. I always send them handkerchiefs, for Christmas, and they're mighty lucky to get even handkerchiefs, for they live in the country, and they never send us anything but some apples or a country cured ham or some ordinary, everyday, ungifty thing of that

"Oh, but about Mrs. Gitbye! When I eams upon her she was at the perfume James at the breakfast table: fumes being sold for 10 cents, and she cost and invited him to look pretty and stuck the bottles back into the rack and | amiable about it.

perfumes to the salesgirl. of extracts at \$3 a bottle, and then she | pected to see him put on, and he talked selected about a gallon of different kinds about folks making Christmas giving a of expensive toilet waters-I was standing by and chatting with her just to see what she would do and how far she would go with her airs and then she picked over the most expensive French soaps and ordered four or five boxes of

how long she would stick with the farce, that he'd get my broadtail furs. and she picked out the loveliest dull sil- "I didn't even mention the gift again

ings, at \$4 a pair, for 'her dear little | no gift at all.

C. C. D. things got there.

along toward 5 in the evening, and then | frivolling around at all. as innocent as you please:

partment store, anyhow, and that some- | sending me a single, solitary thing! dear, I simply couldn't resist it-I open- have you---

closed hers, and I said to her: "'Dearest, did you find that the lamp didn't suit under the evening light, and saleigirl got the perfumes all mixed up

and didn't send you the right ones!" "And you should have seen the expression of hatred on the woman's face then. Dear me, James couldn't have said that he could rave seen her distorted features at that moment, for I dare say Messalina was too much of a lady ever to lose her temper like that.

"Wretched busybody!" she hissed, and

"I told my husband about it when he more sense of humor than porcupines, Y. Sun. and he didn't see the fun of it at all and took that high and lofty tone of his about meddling in other people's affairs | O Christmas bells! through coming years, -it's perfectly saddening, that's what it | We hear in your giad sending will,is, how little idea men have of a joke! "Talking about Christmas, it's disgusting the way some women try to gouge O bells of God! ring on our souls,

of the women in this place begin to Of loving and of serving!

\*

a month before Christmas last year that "She had the jewelry man exhibit it in

"That woman always makes me a prominent place in his night display and then she'd walk her husband on "WhentJames says things like that to Broadway past that jewelry store every day she hoped—and then she's sigh some more, and she told me-yes, the shameless creature actually told me all about it—that she could see her husband's jaws tightening and she knew that he was saying to himself that she should have that locket, expensive or not expensive, and sure enough he got it for her, although it must have cost all of \$250, and ha'd been having hard luck in his business-the janitor's wife had beard him talking about it with his wife, only a little while before, and she told me-and did you ever in your natural days hear of anything like a woman bragging, actually bragging to another woman, of goug-

ing her husband like that! "I'd have to want a picked out Christmas gift from my husband pretty badly before I'd go to all the trouble in steering him up to the point of getting it for me, deed I would. The idea of dodging around about it and hinting and molly-coddling em and feeding them unusually good things to eat, like that Nailit woman down stairs does for her husband during the holidays, and wasting all that time "On December first, last year, I said to

counter and I caught her right in the act "James, I want a set of broadtail furs of looking at some of those ten cent vials for my Christmas gift from you, just the of cheap perfume she meant them for collarette and muff, you know; and I've gifts for her relatives out West, of selected the set I want, and have had · course but when she saw that I saw them put aside at Skinnz's, and they're what she was buying she pretended to to be called for on December the twentybe amused over the very idea of any per- third,' and I told him how much the set

began talking about the most expensive | "James, of course, is kinky and crotchety, like all men, and he put on the "She picked out about a dozen bottles abused expression that I confidently exsordid, cut and dried affair, and asked me if it ever occurred to me that there were some men who'd prefer to pick out their own gifts for their wives and surprise them and all that sort of humbug.

"Of course I told him that the surprise them, and then she ordered the whole feature of the Christmas business was a batch of things to be sent up to her flat | dead and buried institution a thousand years ago, and that it was only intended "Then she told me that she wanted me for children who still believed in Santa to help her pick out a gift reading lamp Claus, anyhow, but he looked grouchy and I went with her to the lamp depart- and went out mumbling. I wasn't worment solely for the purpose of seeing ried a bit, though; I knew perfectly well

ver and opal lamp, with beaded shade till the morning of December 23, and fringe, for \$135, and ordered it sent to then before he left for the office I told her flat C. O. D., and would you believe him that he was to drop in at Skinnz's . it, the woman never cracked a smile? on his way home that evening and get "You'd actually have supposed that my furs. Then he membled some more 1750 was the first Christmas book issued cloth. As a consequence, the pudding she really fancied she was buying those about the cold blooded deliberateness of from a publishing house in London, turned out a failure of the consistency things. Then I went with her and stood 'the scheme,' as he called it, but I told | Though New Year's cards are ancient, of soup, and the disgusted ambassador by while she bought a box of silk stock. him that I'd have the broadtail furs or

niece in Omaha," she told me, in her "He stopped and got them that evenflourishy way, and-oh, I couldn't begin | ing. and brought them up himself, and to tell you the things that she ordered tossed them on the couch, saying, 'Here's your furs,' trying to make out as if he "Well, it was such a joke, my dear, was grouchy, though, of course, he that I just hurried up to my flat to be wasn't; and I told him that I was going | tiquity, and is undoubtedly of pagan ori- pies oblong in shape, representing in here when the things should arrive. I to get him socks and neckties for his just wanted to be on hand when those | Christmas gift, because he needed them, and asked him for the money to get "I watched out of the front window | them with; and he gave it to me, and till I saw the department store wagon | there was no beating about the bush or

the two men on the wagon came a-stag- "I believe in doing things the straight- | ding. The date of the introduction of | far as to refuse it when he was starvgering up with their arms weighted down out way, and that's why James and I with bundles. Then I ran to my flat get along so well together. He says that dim past, but it is probable it is not mince pie conquered, and the delicious front dor, that looks right out upon Mrs. my strong common sense wears on him colder than the eighteenth century, and dish has come down to us stripped of Gitbye's entrance door, and she came to sometimes, but that's just his talk, and it appears to have been "the dish of any mystic meaning save that afforded the door when the men with the bundles he knows that everything I suggest is Hanover." Searchers for the symbolic by the acute attacks of indigestion folrang the bell, and she said to the men for the best, and that's why he does | say that on account of the richness of lowing its use. everything I say.

"What in the wide world are these "I do wish this Christmas foolishness were all over, 'deed I do! I am not "And they told her, and she told them | going to make any presents at all this that she hadn't ordered any such arti- year. So, pul-lease, my darling, let me cles at all, and didn't deal at that de- entreat you not to embarrass me by body was imposing upon the firm or try- "I know the impulsive, sweet kindness

ing to play a foolish joke upon her, and of your heart, but you are so very genthat the men would have to take the erons and big hearted, my dear, that you things back. The men went away | do mortify your poor, humiliated friends grumbling with the bundles, and my most terribly, and I wouldn't for worlds ed my door wide before Mrs. Gitbye had "Going so soon? Well, good-bye, dear, and if I don't see you again before

Christmas, why, a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, my dear, and-gooddid they send you the wrong stockings, by. Be sure and come and tell me al and I suppose, of course, the blundering | the things you got for Christmas as soon as you can get around. "There, I guess I've fixed her. I'm sure

she won't send me anything for Christmas this year, and I'll get even with her she looked like the Empress Messalina if by sending her that pair of six dollar vases that I saw the other day, and maybe that won't cut her.

"The idea of her sending me a \$4.98 beaded pocketbook for Christmas last year when I had only sent her a dinky she slammed the door with all her might, little Christmas card! Won't she just and gracious sakes alive! I had to lean | boil over this year, though, when she up against the hat rack, I was laughing gets the vases I'll send her, knowing that she hasn't sent me a thing! I'm awful glad she came so that I could tell her I came home, but men haven't got any wasn't going to send her anything."-N.

CHRISTMAS BELLS. All jarring discords blending.

To grander action serving. their husbands for expensive gifts. All | Till all our days are Christmas days

#### CHRISTMAS CHIMES

| \*

Dear are the sounds of the Christmas chimes In the land of the ivied towers. And they welcome the dearest of festival times In this Western world of ours!

Bright on the holly and mistletoe bough The English firelight falls, And bright are the wreathed evergreens now, That gladden our own home walls.

They are ringing to-night through the Norway firs, And across the Swedish fells, And the Cuban palm-tree dreamily stirs To the sound of those Christmas bells!

They ring where the Indian Ganges rolls Its flood through the rice-fields wide; They swell the far hymns of the Laps and Poles, To the praise of the Crucified.

The years come not back that have circled away With the past of the Eastern land, When He plucked the corn on the Sabbath day And healed the withered hand;

But the bells shall join in a joyous chime For the One who walked the sea, And ring again for the better time Of the Christ that is to be!



## Christmas Chronology.

about Christmas ceremonies and cus- typical of the gifts of the wise men, toms and the Christmas season is so but at any rate, it is in England that involved in fable, that it is difficult to the dish most flourishes. Even the separate the facts from tradition, but | French cannot excel the English here, it is interesting to read of the antiquity and the story is that when Hepry IV. of most of our customs, writes Cath- wished to entertain a distinguished erine Louise Smith, in the Pittsburg ambassador, he obtained with much Gazette. Christmas books, for in- trouble the recipe for a plum pudding, stance, are so common we think we The king gave minute directions to the have always had them, yet not until cook, and only forgot one thing-the dating back to the time of the Romans, was obliged to partake of it with every when poets wrote couplets and moftoes | indication of enjoyment, because the for New Year bombons, the first Christ- king ordered it. mas card was not issued until 1848, and Even the origin of the haughty mince 1,000 copies was considered a large cir- pie is involved in fable. It is supposed calation. On the other hand, the giving to be of Eastern origin, but it was the of Christmas presents dates back to an- custom to make mince as well as other

Certain legends and stories linger the ingredients the plum pudding is

gin, though the priests instituted the that manner the manger in which the custom of giving Christmas boxes, a cere- infant Jesus was found. Against this mony from which Boxing Day in Eng- the Puritans made a vigorous outery. but the attempt to prohibit it only Among the foods peculiar to Christ- made people more desirous to consume

mas none is so common as plum pud- it. Good John Bunyan even went so this favorite dish is relegated to the | ing, but in the struggle for supremacy

#### Christmas With the Kaiser

To see the Kaiser at Christmas, writes Wolf von Schierbrand, in Lippincott's (December), is to see a man who has shed all the pretentions of a demigod; one who has stepped down from his pedestal to become a good plain burgher, overflowing with the milk of human-kindness. "Every Christmas Eve, when early dusk gathers in a northern clime, wrapped in an ample cape mantle, wholly unattended and not easily recognisible, it is his custom to stroll through his park around the Neues Palais, where the boughs are laden with feathery snow, and then through Potsdam. His pockets are full of gold and silver pieces, and like another Santa Claus he distributes his bounty to the children and humbler folk he meets. Nobody is overlooked—the men at the sentry-boxes; the park laborers and the white-haired gardeners in Sans-Souci; the crippled veteran and the sturdy beggar-each and every one receives his dole. Often he pays at Christmas debts of courtesy incurred during the year. To Baron van Lyncker, his marshall of the household, he sent a magnificent present (worth about 10,-000 dols.), a chest of solid silver plate, in recognition of the extra and rather vexatious labors that official had had to perform during the year 1900, the year when the Crown Prince attained his | ed it directly at the corpulent body of majority. To Dr. von Leuthold, his body physician, he handed a fine gold repeater, set in precious stones and bearing the motto 'Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.' This had reference to a past difference in opinion between the doctor and his imperial patient. In the royal household the Christmas festivities are conducted on an elaborate scale, and yet, we are told, in the same spirit which makes the day dear to the heart of all the German people."

### An Encounter With Santa Claus.

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

Strange Ride of Simeon Hardack, a Bachelor Who Didn't Believe in Christmas.

It wasn't that Simeon Hardack did- | really dangerous. Do you intend to give n't believe in Senta Claus. I doubt if it to your son?"

In his boyhood he had lived among very practical people who thought fairy stories a waste of time, if they were not downright ommoral, and Santa Claus or no Santa Claus, on | ble quick time," Christmas Day Sumeon had been wont It is a well known fact that Santa

he had ever heard of him.

day of the year.

45 knew nothing of Santa Claus, and | joking, but actually meant to do bodily it goes without saying that he did harm to the saint, old Santa did as he not care for children either. He knew that all people had to be- man would cease as soon as he willed it.

gin by being children. For his part | He dropped the bag and two dolls fell 13 was just as dull and commonplace | their kindly creator.

Behold Mr. Hardack preparing for sleep on Christmas Eve. He lived in an old house downtown that was blessed with old-fashioned fireplaces. That is, he lived in one room in the old house; it being given up to lodg-

Mr. Hardack had worked late at the office and he intended to go back to work next morning because, this being a workaday world, the only thing to do was to work and amass money, for the night cometh when no man may work-unless he be a

Mr. Hardack had a well developed fear of burglars. He had never seen one, and you may wonder how he had imagination enough to conceive of what he had not seen; but he had often read the accounts of their doincs, had known men who had suffercd losses due to their depredations, and he was firmly convinced that his open fireplace would form you fellow men?" an especially attractive entrance for them that he was always meaning to | hind the wall paper over there."

as a good spot for a hearth fire. A coat until he had finished reading his | and gold and a roll of bilis.

You do not know much of the habits of misers if you have not thought ere this that Mr. Hardack must have stores of gold laid away in unexpected places in his room. It was not all gold, for some of it was silver, and some was in bills but there were at least four places in the room that held enough to have provided him with a warm and cheerful old age if he had been looking for any such foolish luxury

And so this Christmas Eve Simeon Hardack read his paper, shivering in his greatcoat, and then putting out his tallow candle he undressed

in the dark and went to bed. He had hardly covered himself with his coat before the moon came out and silvered his room and made him wish that it could be minted, which was really quite an exercise of im agination on his part. He rather liked the moonlight because he got it for nothing, but he often wished that its rays were just a bit stronger so that he might save candles.

How many people whom Santa Claus visits really believe in him? I am afraid | Claus looked out of the window at the that they are so few in number that the old saint would feel depressed if he were

But happily for him he seldom comes | hurry.' into speaking contact with his beneficiaries, and so he has come along year after year with his packs of good things and has fondly supposed that his coming is looked for by the whole earth.

I don't suppose he could have picked out a less likely place to visit than the room of Simeon Hardack. But no thought of anything save the bringing of happiness to all within the house came to Santa Claus; and he stopped his reindeer on the sloping roof, allowing the sleigh to rest on the southerly slant, while the eight little fellows stamped and fidgeted on the northern incline, That is the usual practice on slanting roofs, as otherwise in his absence the deer might run away with the sleigh. There is no doubt but that Santa Claus has a marvellous property of accommodating himself to small chimneys, else his way would be barred in countless instances; but the house in which Simeon lived had an ample chimney, and

as Santa stepped into it he said to his reindeer, quite as if they understood every word-and maybe they did: "This reminds me of old times, my little fellows. There are crowds of children living here, and the old tolks came from the country, and I dare say !'ll find a tree already pretty well load I with gifts. Well, I'll give them some things they can't get in modern stores, for all my things are made by hand and war-

The reindeer ate little mouthfuls of snow and butted each other playfully and, with a happy smile on his red face, old Santa descended.

He stepped out upon the hearth and saw by the moonlight that the children must be in another room, for there was no one here but a man sound asleep. No, not sound asleep, for as the somewhat heavy saint alighted on the hearth

Simeon stirred and then sat up. Simeon Hardack was a miser, but he was not a coward, and when he saw the fantastically dressed man on his hearthstone he reached for the pistol that he always kept under his pillow and pointthe good old fellow,

"Stir one step," said Simeon, "and I'll blow your head off." But Santa Claus was no coward, either, and, not knowing the meaning of malice or uncharitableness, he simply

smiled and said:

Simeon was surprised at such an ir-

relevent speech from the burglar, and "Don't pretend to be out of your head, for that won't save you. Just drop that bag of plunder and come with me. I'll introduce you to a police officer in dou-

to work just as hard as on any other | Claus, among his other gifts, has hypnotic power, and now that the tone of No. Simeon Hardack, bachelor of | Mr. Hardack showed that he was not was bid, knowing that the power of the

he had got through the painful ne- face downward on the hearth as if they cessity as soon as possible, and at | did not care to see the discomfiture of as he was ten, or twenty, or thirty "You've been robbing toy shops, Where do you expect to dispose of the

goods? said Simeno in most insulting Santa Claus laughed as only he can

"is it robbery to take from one's own

warehouse? These are my toys, made

by my good wife and me, and I hope o make many children happy with them. What have you done this Christmas to make your fellow men happy?" "Come, now, no cant," said Simeon,

still levelling the pistol at the breast of the old saint, But Santa Claus gazed full in his eye and Simeon felt a strange compulsion on

him to do as the other willed. Santa Claus stood on the hearthstone and smiled at Simeon, the miser, and that hard man slowly let fall his arm, and at last laid the pistol on the bed. Still gazing intently at him, Santa said suggestively:

Where is the money that you are itst there were burglars, and so sure going to shower right and left among And Simeon said: "Some of it is be-

"Good," said Santa Ciaus, "this is the But to do so would cost money, night you will need it. Go and get it." and Simeon was no spendthrift. Why, | Simeon walked over to the wall, and he did not even utilize the fireplace taking down a cheap lithograph from a nail he pressed on the wall paper and it wood fire when he could keep just broke and let his hand into a cavity, about as warm by wearing his over- from which he drew a handful of silver

evening paper? And then to bed with "You have done well," said Santa the overcoat taking the place of a Claus. "All these years you have been saving up this money that you might go with me to-night to add to the Christmas happiness of those whom I visit. I have no money, and there are many among those I visit who need money more than toys. Is it not lucky that I

> "Very lucky," said Simeon, under the hypnotic influence. Santa Claus looked at him searchingly

> "I suppose you know that I have three other hiding places for my money." "I did not know it," said Santa Claus,

rubbing his red cheeks delightfully, "but it pleases me. Only keep a little for "Yes, I will keep enough, but I must give the other away. When shall we

"As soon as you have collected it."

Simeon took down two other wretched chromos, and from behind them he took out hundreds of dollars. "Good," said Santa Claus. "Now we must be going. It is a cold night. You will need to dress warmly."

While Simeon was dressing Santa snow-covered roofs of the houses, glistening in the light of the Christmas moon. "I am ready," said Simeon. "Let us "Yes, we will hurry and you will be

happy. Did you ever think of doing this "Never before." "That is why you have not been

"I have not been happy," echoed "I suppose you will regret this in the

morning," said Santa Claus, when they were out on the roof. He gathered up the reins as he spoke. "I will regret it in the morning," was the parrot-like response.

"That is because you did not get into the habit of doing it sooner. But you will be happy to-night." "I will be happy to-night." Over the housetops campered the tiny reindeer, and if Simeon had not been

under a hypnotic spell he would have wondered at the strange ride, but he thought of nothing but the getting rid of that which he had saved all these years. In those chimneys that were too small for his mortal form he sent down money by Santa Claus, but some of the larger ones he descended himself, and saw many happy children dreaming of the morrow. What a pity that the saint could not have influenced his entire life! But his hypnotism did not outlest the night. Still, long before the night was ended Simeon had given away all his money, and at last Santa Claus left him near the Harlem River with just car fare

Christmas morning was dawning in the east when Simeon Hardack, who had made hundreds of children happy by his lavish donations of money entered his room and rubbed his eyes. The first thing that attracted his attention were

the three holes in the wall paper He rushed to them and discovered that he had been robbed of their contents. He looked at his bed and there lay his "It all comes back to me now. That

pistol. The fog cleared from his brain. burgler in the fancy ball costume must have drugged me after all, and got away with the money that I have been saving

He rushed to the fourth hiding place. There was money there, but it was his smallest hoard. A servant passed his open door on the way down to light the kitchen firet.

"Merry Christmas!" she said. "Merry nothing:" said Simeon Hardack, savagely

"It is one of the machine-made toys. But for all that his money made many I do not make them because they are | Merry Christmases that day. ......

ten troubled with mmation, ulcera rs, irregularities us prostration. invites all sick her for advice.

thousands to Lynn, Mass.

CK WOMEN.

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os, has been the

for female ills

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TIMESONGS

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