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A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL



CHRISTMAS ON THE FARM.

Open the door and let them in.
The friends from far and near.
They come to the table
To bring the Christmas cheer.

There are little blossoms in the fields,
White as the thoughts of God.
There are blossoms on the burnished pane,
White as the thoughts of God.

Hark! Hark! The Christmas song is sung!
Hark! Hark! The Christmas song is sung!
There's joy and peace on every tongue;
For Christmas time is here!

Open the door! The face of age
Is lit with sunny smiles.
Give hand and heart to rich or poor—
The Star, the Star, the Christmas star.

There's something in its air,
There's something in its air,
Of song, and praise, and prayer.
Hark! Hark! The Christmas song is sung!

Hark! Hark! The Christmas song is sung!
Hark! Hark! The Christmas song is sung!
There's joy and peace on every tongue;
For Christmas time is here!

The children come! The tables groan
With plenty's viands spread;
Here's "Home Sweet Home" for hearts that
Love to be together.

Where love hath comforted,
Old folks of feeling stir;
And on the hearth, the footstaple fall
The mother's face, the sister's grace.

And in the old accustomed place
Our souls will sit and sup.
Hark! Hark! The Christmas song is sung!
Hark! Hark! The Christmas song is sung!

There's joy and peace on every tongue;
For Christmas time is here!
Wherever man, whatever his lot,
The Christmas Star will shine.

With love that is divine,
There are little blossoms in the fields,
White as the thoughts of God.
There are blossoms on the burnished pane,

White as the thoughts of God.
Hark! Hark! The Christmas song is sung!
Hark! Hark! The Christmas song is sung!
There's joy and peace on every tongue;

For Christmas time is here!
—Ole Farmer

HOW THE OLD YEAR WENT OUT

HARD of Dora's engagement, I sup-
pose?" asked old Col. Foster briskly.
"Capital fellow, George Standish, a lit-
tle old for the girl, perhaps, but she
seems to like him, and of course my
wife is pleased."

I nodded and murmured something
conventional. How could I tell Col. Fos-
ter that for the last two years I had
regarded him as my prospective father-
in-law, and that I had even been fool
enough to come down to the Grange
with an engagement ring for Dora in
my pocket?

Well, well, I had been a fool, it seem-
ed an utter fool, and the sooner I got
back to Chicago the better; if they had
not been having that dance, the annual
New Year's eve affair, I believe I should
have made some wild excuse and got
away. Dora fitted into the study; she
looked wonderfully bright and pretty.

"O, here you are, Jack. When did you
arrive? Fancy sitting here with father,
when you might have been having a hot
tea with mother and me in the drawing
room, and muffs, Jack, O, such heavenly
muffs!"

"I must congratulate you, Dora."
I spoke in my best manner, stiffly and
I hope, sternly, putting as much reproach
in my glance as I could.

"Thank you so much; the house is up-
side down with excitement, and the
girls, as you will find, can talk of noth-
ing but bridesmaids' dresses. As to
mother, she is radiant with pride, for
I shall be quite a 'great lady' shall I
not, daddy, dear? O, here's the ring."

She held up a slender finger for my
inspection, circled by a gleaming hoop
of large and sparkling brilliants. In-
voluntarily I contrasted the costly gaze
with the simple ring resting in my
waistcoat pocket. Oh, yes, Dora had
been wise in her selection.

I had privately determined not to ask
Dora to dance, but, all the same, value
No. 8 found us sitting out together in
the darkest and most decreed of re-
treats.

"Is it not nice, and dark, and cozy?"
I spoke in my best manner, stiffly and
I hope, sternly, putting as much reproach
in my glance as I could.

MISTLETOE

Always Bought by Druids During the
Full Moon.

The Druids always sought the mistle-
toe by the full moon, and when they
found it rejoiced and worshipped. After
cutting off its twigs with a golden sickle
they sacrificed two milk-white bulls be-
neath the tree. The sacred shrub was
then immersed in water, and the result-
ing concoction became their remedy for
all diseases. The early Christians would
not permit the use of the mistletoe in
their churches because of its heathenish
origin. Consequently it was hung only
within the private abode, and usually in
the kitchen. Any maid caught standing
beneath a branch had to forfeit a kiss to
the gallant eagerly awaiting his oppor-
tunity. With each year a berry was
plucked, and when all of the berries dis-
appeared the bare branch was useless to
the young man who wished to claim
the privilege of thus saluting the fair
damsel thereafter. The mistletoe was
said to have been the original magical
shrub or forbidden tree in the Garden
of Eden.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

bring you a happy New Year, Dora. I
am departing with the old year.

As Standish spoke Dora frankly and
like a child turned up her face, and he
lightly kissed her forehead. His brow
contracted, as if with pain; then he turned
to me with a singularly bright smile,
and, giving my hand a warm grip, said:
"A Happy New Year to you." He then
turned swiftly away.

Dora sank down on her seat with a
little cry.

"Oh, he is such a good, true man,
Jack! I shall love him all my life." "As
you are going to marry him, I am
sure I hope you will," I said sullenly.

OLD AGE AND A YULETIDE RETROSPECT.



of small diamonds, made to resemble a
mistletoe.

"I think it lovely, Jack, but I don't
quite understand. Did you mean it only
for a New Year's gift?"

I told her all, then, told her how I had
loved her from my college days, and had
always had before me the hope of win-
ning her for my wife.

"Why did you not tell me, Jack?"
she cried. "O, Jack, Jack, why didn't
you speak?"

"Because I was a poor man, Dora. I
have worked hard, Dora, and last year
I was offered a place that means bread
and butter and jam, so I went straight
off to the jeweler and ordered that little
ring for you."

"I have loved you so, Jack. I tell
ashamed of myself at last, thinking you
did not care, and then mother was so
pleased at the thought of my making a
great marriage, and of course it would
be nice for the girls—and so—"

Dora rose to her feet with a little
laugh; she brushed away all trace of
tears with a dainty lace handkerchief.
"Take back your ring, Jack, dear. I can-
not wear two on the same finger, and,
Jack, I have a queer sort of fancy to
dance the old year out and the new year
in with you. Will you come and find me
here a little before 12 o'clock?"

At about a quarter to 12 I took my
way downtown. Everyone seemed wait-
ing for the joy bells of the New Year. I
noticed Col. Foster standing by the win-
dow, ready to open it on the last stroke
of the clock.

Dora was not alone; George Standish
was with her. As far as I could see in
the dim light he was holding her
hand. I would have retired, but Dora
called me quickly.

"Good-night, dear, and good-by. God
bless him for a good man," I
cried.

I looked down at her hand; the big
diamond hoop had vanished. I suppose
I looked surprised.

"Oh, you silly boy," laughed Dora,
with a sudden return of her gay, teasing
manner. "It's best to be off with the
old ring before you are on with the new."
—Chicago Tribune

TWO LITTLE STOCKINGS

Two little stockings hung side by side,
Close to the fireplace broad and wide.
"Two!" said Saint Nick, as down he came,
Loaded with toys and many a game.

"Ho, ho!" said he, with a laugh of fun,
"I'll have no cheating, my pretty one!
I know who dwells in this house, my dear—
I know his only one little girl lives here."

So he crept up close to the chimney place,
And snatched a sock with a sober face.
Just then a little note fell out,
And nestled low like a bird about.

"Dear Santa Nicholas," so it began,
"The other stocking you saw on the wall
I have hung for a poor girl named Clara.
She's a poor little girl, but very good,

though, perhaps, you hardly would
Fill up her stocking, for tonight
And help to make her Christmas bright.
If you're not enough for both stockings
there."

Please call all in Clara's—I shall not care."
Saint Nicholas brushed a tear from his eye,
And "God bless you, darling," he said with
Then softly he blew through the chimney.

A note like a bird's, as it soared on high,
When down came two of the funniest mortals
That ever were seen this side earth's por-
tals.

"Hurry up," said Saint Nick, "and nicely
All a little girl wants where money is
Then, what a scene there was in that
room!"

Away went the elves, but down from the
gloom
Of the sooty old chimney came tumbling
A child whose wardrobe, from head to toe,
How Saint Nick laughed, from head to toe,
And then came one to the sock with a
plop.

Right to the toe he hung a blue dress—
"She!" think it came from the sky. I
guess.

Said Saint Nicholas, smoothing the folds of
blue,
And gave the hood to the stocking, too.
When all the warm clothes were fastened
And both little socks were filled and done,
Then Santa Claus tucked a toy here and
a toy there.

And hurried away to the frosty air,
Saying, "I'll fill the poor and bless the
rich."
Who plies them, too, on this night so
wild.

The wind caught the words and bore them
high,
Till they died away in the midnight sky.
While Saint Nicholas flew through the key
hole,
Bringing "peace and good will" with him
everywhere.

THE YULE LOG

It used to be the custom to burn a yule
log on Christmas. The most beautiful
tradition attached to this custom was
that old wrongs and heartburnings per-
ished thereby, and as long as the yule
was bright on the walls embers were at
peace with one another. This truth was
not always rigidly kept; it is true, there
have been dark and cruel yuletides in the
history of our race. But in the main the
true spirit of Christmas was kept. Many
of the superstitions and traditions of the
pagan yule tree were continued as long
as the Christmas log was alight. In
some parts of England the log was repre-
sented by a bundle of ash logs bound
together. In all cases a brand was kept
every year to light the next year's log
with. The careful preservation of the
brand was a certain preventive of the
destruction of the house by fire.

CHRISTMAS IN HAWAII.

Before the missionaries and the Amer-
ican settlers went to Hawaii, the natives
knew nothing about Christmas, but now
they all celebrate the day, and do it of
course, in the same way as the Amer-
icans who live there. The main differ-
ence between Christmas in Honolulu and
Christmas in New York is that in Hon-
olulu in December the weather is like
June in New York. Birds are warbling
in the leafy trees; gardens are over-
flowing with roses and carnations; fields
and mountain slopes are ablaze with color;
and a sunny sky smiles down upon the
glories of a summer day. In the
morning people go to church, and during
the day there are sports and games and
merrymaking of all sorts. The Christ-
mas dinner is eaten out of doors in the
shade of the veranda, and everybody is
happy and contented. —St. Nicholas.

NOT THROUGH YET.

"What kind of a Christmas did you
pass?" asked the friend.

"The same as usual," answered Mr.
Bilgious sourly. "Twenty minutes of
turkey and mince pie, and six weeks of
peppin'." —Washington Star.

A GORGEOUS CHRISTMAS.

Probably the most gorgeous Christmas
spectacle in the world takes place in
Lima, Peru, where a wonderful proce-
sion several miles long winds through
the streets, bearing figures of hundreds
of saints and sacred pictures of the cas-
thedral. Many thousands of soldiers in
their bright uniforms, Indian women,
dressed heavily laden with choice fruits
and blossoms, and with strings of golden
bells all appear in line, and on the stands
passed by the parade are representations
of scenes from the Nativity. At night
the whole city makes merry with gaily
costumed and wild native dances, and
the celebration ends with great public
feasts where rich and poor sit down to-
gether and exchange greetings.

ONE OF THE PRETTIEST NOTIONS FOR TRIMMING A CHRISTMAS TREE IS A PAPER STAR WITH A CANDLE IN THE CENTER. IT IS MADE LIKE A PLAYBALL, AND IS SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.



"Vo de Lewd, honey, Missis dun sent
me a tree bresh, an' I ain't got a toof in
me naid."

THE BUILDERS

All are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-day and yesterday
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care,
Each minute and unseen part,
For the Gods seem everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the unseen where the feet
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of time,
Broken stairways where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those heights, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

Seven Times Four.
Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daisies, stately and tall,
When the wind wakes, how they rock
In the grasses.

And dance with the cuckoo-buds, slender
And small,
Here's two bony boys, and here's moth-
er's own lassies,
Eager to gather them all.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
Mother shall thread them a daisy
chain;
Sing them a song of the pretty hedge
sparrow.

That loved her brown little ones, loved
them full fain.
Sing, "Heart, thou art wide, though the
house be but narrow."
Sing, once, and sing it again.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend
As a ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
And haply one musing doth stand
By her now.

O, bony brown sons, and O, sweet little
daughters,
Maybe she thinks on you now!

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daisies, stately and
tall,
A summer world, full of laughter and
gladsome.

Add fresh hearts unconscious of sor-
row and thrill!
Send down on their pleasure smiles pass-
ing its measure.

God, that is over us all!
—Jean Ingelow.

UP AGAINST IT.

Customer—You remember that pre-
scription you filled for me yesterday?
Druggist—Yes.

Customer—Well, I'd like for you to
give me a copy of it.
Druggist—Impossible! I can't read
it.

HIS TRIP.

Owenette (coughing fiercely)—I've
been advised that a trip abroad would
be greatly to my benefit.

Sharpun—Who advised you, your
lawyer or doctor?—Town and Country

BETTER IN FIGHT.

"Your salary isn't enough to support
my daughter, sir."
—You're glad you've come to that con-
clusion, so early, sir."

Her Teen.

Little Emma—Do you love me very
much, mamma?

Mamma (a widow)—Yes, darling.

Emma—Then why don't you marry
the man at the candy store?

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