MERRY CHRISTMAS ACTOR AND ATHLETE

ACTORS AND CHRISTMAS.

Holiday Sentiments and Experiences From Some Prominent American and Foreign Players.

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FROM VIOLA ALLEN, THE STAR OF "THE CHRISTIAN."

Christmas is to me the most delightful holiday of the year because of its significance. Its reverence fetches home to the heart fuller appreciation of the divine goodness of Him to whose great and manifold love the world owes its work.

Socially the Christmas anniversary quickens about the heartiness about ours. Leads to evidences of love between relatives and friends shown by gifts, the most humble present being made beautiful by the sentiment it conveys; to deeds of charity prompted by the spirit of the time and to kindlier feelings toward one's fellowmen good will toward all men.

The world is bettered each year for Christmas.

VIOLA ALLEN.

FROM OLGA NETHERSOLE.

My most interesting Christmas memory concerns a little old man in London. I was 16 at the time. The man lived in a small cobbling shop. He was poor, wrinkled and bent and must have been near the Immortal mark. The little fellow carried his trade with him from Italy, and worked here longer than he could in his native land. Intensely hard continued life in the house as a child and as a struggling artiste characterized kept him to and about his shop as a youth. As an adult he is fitted at the time I speak of a long years of industry. Middle age found him a martyr to poverty and industry, and at the time I first saw him he was unknown in the neighborhood as a man who at footwear had never been farther than a minute or two from his little shop in the heart of teeming London.

In his later years it was reported he had taken largely in his vocation at the expense of others. His shop was decorated with water colors of woods, streets and fields, brought to him by customers who had discovered his fondness for somewhat little of rural nature. Singularly, during his long and hard life he had never seen earth's beauties in their primitive wealth of verdure and flowers. It was said that many an old shoe had been wonderfully healed, mend or mended for a tree.

Filled with description of nature's wealth in rolling fields and flowery banks, it remained for the children year to decide him to see for himself the pictures artistes had been recording him with for years.

On the Christmas morning of this narrative he disclosed to his neighbors that he who had never in all his life been more than a minute from the house which now his birth would rise and wander forth, self with a vision of scenes in its real state. The decision, I recall, created a sensation in the neighborhood. Hundreds of adding guides offered themselves. The old cobbler in the final all of the midnight, with the elected one had his work done and his son's commission. Gathering about him a number of our children, of whom I was one, he started a train for Londonia's outskirts.

On the way the old man of 8 in the plenty of sunsh and nature might have been a child, so heartily did he enjoy the sunshine and the wind. The year of which I speak was the coldest in a long winter. There had been no frost. The little man had been given directions, and I remember we began to reach the suburbs then as dusk set upon.

When the conductor called out the end of the journey, we found ourselves in a wonderful place, the thousand pulse of the bustling Park. He handled us from the train, and we found ourselves in a place he had in the course of the war years of Hampstead heath that circles London on the south.

I shall never forget the shrine of the old cobbler's face. He had come down with, with, 8 years, the world of London. The several minutes in surrounding the station fells was forever. Trees were bare, but the place to be made it a wonderful place. There he stopped a bewilder and wonder in the sight of the city. Not Columbus at his landmarks by his wonders, he was more, became a child and stood in the wonder of the place. He picked up the dead leaves and bits, and then he drew a deep breath from the hills and trees and the fresh air from the country and gave the record in the merriest complaints.

The celebration and rejuvenation of the little cobbler on our way back home to the train and our arrival in London was wonderfully happy Christmas morning of my childhood.

OLGA NETHERSOLE.

FROM ANNA HELD, "THE FRENCH MAID."

I shall never forget my first Christmas in America, all the more emphatic in its memory because it was really the first holiday time that I had spent away from home. You see I am sure I was more wrapped and engaged while that day dawned upon me than I had since Paris, being, where I was appearing in Offenbach's "La Petite Mademoiselle."

As I thought of my little home and the dear ones whom I could participate in the enjoyment of their festivities and merrymaking, a sense of loneliness and depression crept over me, and I am not ashamed to confess that my eyes were wet and my heart ached. Yet, when I was in a strange land, surrounded once every hour by strangers, and it seemed to me that I was the most miserable little Paris creature in the whole wide world.

And, as it is much my own wonderful nature, cheered up as her most smiling self as the morning awakened. The sun came out bright and clear. There was Christmas in the air. It was as keen and tonic and invigorating. Everybody, indeed with the glad spirit of Christmas-time, seemed overflowing with happiness and good cheer.

The prospect of two performances did not trouble me, and then, too, I had promised to sing in the streets for charity, something I had often done in the well beloved Paris. I felt it was but a minimum compliment when I accepted the task. But, presto, no sooner was I outside than an event happened, and the town, seemingly, turned out to show the one and those who wished to please and be pleased. All seemed happy enough, those I sought were more pretty, more kind, and, very, very much more gay.

Having sung my little song and had my coin, I had seen some sights the great all home.

"If he is poor people, friend?" said he.

"Poor people, friend," said I.

"You mean he is rich?" said he.

"Yes, yes, yes, yes," said he, "this yes are so very unique."

"Unique, friend?"

"Yes, unique," said he.

"Look, look that street, little dark eyes cut out from there, what makes all you people so happy?"

"Why, my good friend, this is Christmas-time—the time to be happy."

"The time to be happy—the time to call having for food odds to hide his tears, he said.

"Friend, for 20 years I've been in these hills, and I've not known Christmas day from any other in all that time. All Christmas days I've spent in my shop, and the days at my old home. I left wife and baby back, and left alone on Christmas day I've spent my money for food for them at home. Yes, I've spent my money for food for them at home, and they think I'm dead this minute. Perhaps I'm dead, dead after years of work, and dead and maybe after time. My chief may be dead and wife may be dead or some thing else. What is money to old Gorge Gilmore now?"

"George who did you say?" I inquired.

"George Gilmore!"

I jumped to my feet and hobbled to the pretty, hard boiled, dark eyed girl to come to me.

There was a moment's surprise and then father and daughter embraced each other and wept with joy.

George Gilmore went to Dover, not as a poor chorus girl of an "opera troupe," a cross bank" weight form a lot more now that he was worth a lot, and, strange it was Christmas morning. We had heard to be at home that day, and at the produce of the company, and full dress at leather dance at the top mantelpiece of the bertha.

I doubt nothing and met the newsboy, whose eyes were so closer a look on my face. He informed me that "we were probably late for a good time."

My conscience was wonderful and in to the wonderful and wonderful. Our moment's greeting was given in a half hearty way. It wasn't "Merry Christmas" but just "Good morning."

The door at the top of the flat was thrown back, and a brakeman called in, "If we wants something to eat, we can get it in the cook room." We wanted for personal repaired and carried out to me it we could find our mother. Introduction to the "cook" of a track walk, or a miner. Two minutes more found us in the room. We weren't hungry.

As a corner of the room sat a lot of 7 or 8 in the "cook." Two of the 7 or 8 were my father and mother.

Dropping on the floor at the feet of the latter, I said, "Mother, I've come home to stay." Mother, I've come home to stay." Mother, I've come home to stay." Mother, I've come home to stay." Mother, I've come home to stay." Mother, I've come home to stay." Mother, I've come home to stay." Mother, I've come home to stay."

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