

Prelude to the Bells.

Far down the shadowed centuries of time  
The Christmas bells sound consonantly clear,  
Beyond the heights of earth to distant sphere  
Rises the melody—a sentient chime  
Deep as the hearts of men and all sublime  
With heavenly harmonies the soul to cheer  
Staccatoed now with sigh and now with tear,  
Resounding ever from each diverse clime.

Far-reaching, vibrant, swelling tide of song  
Hurled from the brazen lips of many bells,  
How every heart responds as all along  
Earth's varied way the thrilling echo swells!  
And never, though the fends of darkness throng,  
Shall men forget to cherish all it tells.

Re Birr.

Now Mem'ry flings a canvas to the skies  
And we behold again the holy birth;  
The woman's pain, the cold, the utter dearth  
Of comfort. Then the new-born infant cries,  
And regnant womanhood's triumphant rise  
Above the bounds of suffering or mirth,  
Unto that wondrous miracle of earth  
All-potent life, we see in Mary's eyes!

Gone are the darksome shadows now, and gray  
The east has grown. Full splendid shines a star,  
Bright as a sun, more radiant than day,  
And very still the dumb-mouthed cattle are:  
Across the spreading dawn the angels stay  
And sing their hallelujahs from afar.

Re Repherds.

On Bethlehem's dim hill the solemn night  
In silence broods. The dotting sheep are still;  
There on the farther slope the shepherds fill  
The hours with sleep, until a sudden light  
Floods all the arching bay with splendor bright.  
Look how the void is rent with flame, until,  
Apocalypse above the curving hill,  
A new star wakes the sleepers into sight!

The staggered silence thrills with voices rare;  
An angel chorus wakes the vaulted wild:  
The stars are singing and the pregnant air  
Repeats the words: "All hail Thou undefiled,  
Thou Son of earthly Mary, Heavenly Heir!  
All hail, Thou Son of God! Thou new-born Child!"

# Sonnet Pictures Of THE Christ



MRS. L. C. KELSEY,

Who for the Second Time is the Winner of the \$25 Prize Offered by the Deseret News for the Best Christmas Poem.

Re Wise Men.

What creeping shades are those beneath the moon  
Where falls the desert's rim against the sky?  
Wan in the paling starlight glide they by,  
Huge, swaying hulks of life,—three camels, soon  
Through nights like these and many a torrid noon,  
To bear the patient, seeking wise men nigh  
Unto that Babe o'er whom the angels vie  
In chanting praise of Him in glad some tune.

Braze wise men of the distant east are they,  
Philosophers whose realm is that of mind;  
They watch His star before them night and day,  
And, all-unknowing, point to human kind  
The beacon, and the spirit, and the way  
Which all the hosts of earth in time shall find.

Re Beddon.

O, ancient mystic hour of holiness  
When Jesus came unto this troubled plane  
And found in earthly house both bar and bane,  
Yet temple worthy of a king's access!  
On Him environment laid useful stress;  
Hereditarily meant royal gain:  
His daily living proved old laws obtain  
For man's inherent good despite distress.

Nativity! O God, that splendid plan  
Shrined in a star across the throbbing night  
Long centuries ago, to prove to man  
His ultimate return, his signal right  
To come again across the trackless span  
Of plunging suns unto his Father's house!

Re Dr. D. D. Music.

O weary-hearted, subtle-minded man,  
Useful your crucible for finite things,  
But worthless for the infinite. When sings  
The soul across the chords of sense, we scan  
In vain the score, nor ever read God's plan.  
Three keys are ours, and to possess them brings  
Wide outlook, higher skies, and magic wings;  
For these we've loved, and yearned, since time began.

So, love your brother, serve your God, and learn  
To fall, to rise again, and struggle on,  
Aye, though your heart be pierced and eyelids burn.  
Remember Jesus' life and all the spawn  
Of sin that girdled Him! ne'er backward turn,  
But onward press unto eternal dawn!

## CHRISTMAS FOR THREE EMPERORS.

Special Correspondence.

Berlin, Dec. 6.—Kaiser Wilhelm, who has a strong sentimental vein in him, observes all the Christmas customs of his country with keen enthusiasm.

At sunset on Christmas eve, the imperial family assembles in one of the large halls of the palace at Potsdam or in Berlin, more often at Potsdam. In the corner of this room stands an immense Christmas tree, reaching from foot to ceiling, with huge branches extending in all directions. The tree is hung with several hundred Chinese lanterns and candles, which throw a brilliant light on the imposing array of magnificent presents that also hang from the branches.

WHOLESALE GIFT GIVING.

The Kaiser and the empress purchase the presents themselves, going round the shops in Berlin before Christmas. The Kaiser spends hours and hours in buying these Christmas presents for his family, for it is one of his greatest pleasures to study the individuality of each child and to encourage its development. Accordingly, the presents are all suitably selected, and there is no disappointment or disillusionment among the imperial children. Near the Christmas tree stand tables to bear the heavier presents, one table for each child.

The giving, however, is not all on one side. Each of the imperial children gives his father and mother several presents, bought out of his or her own pocket money, so that two extra tables have to be provided for the Kaiser and the empress. Altogether, fully 100 presents are exchanged between the Kaiser and his seven children, and the gifts vary from rifles for the eldest sons to dolls for the youngest daughter. After the distribution of the presents, the Kaiser and his family sit down to supper, which on this occasion they take alone.

those of Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen, Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, Waldeck, Reuss of the elder line, Reuss of the younger line, Schaumburg-Lippe and Lippe. In all there are 21 petty, independent ruling sovereigns of the federal states of the German empire, and to each the Kaiser sends a Christmas present by special courier, and from each one the Kaiser receives a Christmas present by special courier. It takes "imperial" importance to the utmost, every year to select suitable presents for all the rulers of German states, but every recipient invariably has the feeling that the Kaiser has studied his own peculiar tastes and desires with minute attention.

There are many others who have to be thought of by the Kaiser. There is his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, and his five nephews and nieces, Prince Henry's children. The Kaiser has four married sisters, and never fails to send each one of them a Christmas present. In most cases their husbands and children receive presents as well. The only exception is made in the case of the husband of Princess Charlotte, the Kaiser's eldest sister, who is married to Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Meiningen, with whom the Kaiser is on unfriendly terms.

\$125 FOR EVERY BEGGAR.

There are also foreign monarchs who must not be forgotten; otherwise international complications might ensue. The Kaiser invariably receives a Christmas present from the Kaiser, and always sends one in return. The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria finds a present from the Kaiser on his breakfast table every Christmas morning, and King Edward, as well as other members of the English royal family, are never forgotten. King Charles of Roumania, who belongs to another branch of the Hohenzollern family, is on the Kaiser's list, to which President Roosevelt has now been added.

The choice of all these presents before Christmas, their dispatch exactly at the right time, so that they shall reach the recipients just on Christmas morning, and afterward the letters of thanks and acknowledgments, make Christmas an unusually busy time for the Kaiser, who, however, seems to take a real delight in it.

In remembering the need of courtesies to imperial relatives and the crowned heads of Europe the Kaiser never forgets his own servants and the soldiers of his army. In the imperial palace there is a separate Christmas tree for the servants, all of whom receive valuable Christmas gifts from their imperial master. The Kaiser also remembers his troops, for orders are sent out from the imperial cabinet for Christmas celebrations to be held in barracks on Christmas Eve, and for extra good Christmas dinners to be served to the men on Christmas day. Wherever possible the men are granted leave of absence to spend Christmas at home, though there are many thousands that cannot afford to travel home even if they have permission.

On Christmas day the Kaiser goes out walking with his sons, and every soldier in uniform whom the Kaiser meets in the streets and every beggar whom he sees standing by the wayside receives a silver coin worth \$1.25. For the Kaiser Christmas is really a time of charity, with little thought toward men, rejoicing and merriment, and so long as his influence is predominant in Germany the character of Christmas celebrations will remain the same. His children are growing up now, the Crown is 21 and the youngest daughter is nearly 12, but at Christmas they are all little children again, delighted to gather round the family Christmas tree.

THE CZAR'S CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is observed at the Russian court similarly, but with slight differences. The Czar, and his family are devout Orthodox Greeks, and they omit none of the Orthodox Greek religious observances connected with the festival of the birth of Christ. In Russia, where time is reckoned according to the old style, Christmas falls thir-

teen days later than with us, and the celebration is more on a Christmas day than Christmas Eve. On Christmas Eve there is divine service, at which various rites are gone through, symbolical of the events of the eve of Christmas 1903 years ago, when the wise men of the East sought the stable in Bethlehem with their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh.

The Czar, the Czarina and their eldest daughter, who now is 8 years old, attend this service, which completes the ceremonies of Christmas Eve. The imperial children have been taught to believe in Santa Clause, and before going to bed on Christmas Eve they hang their stockings on their beds, to be filled by the beneficent saint during the night. Later the Czar and Czarina creep quietly through their children's bedrooms and fill up the stockings with the good things that will cause the recipients so much pleasure in the morning.

On Christmas Day the Czar transacts no state business and is invisible to his ministers, for he devotes the day entirely to his family. Unauthorized intruders into the imperial apartments at the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg on Christmas morning might find the despot ruler of Russia crawling round the room on all fours, carry one or more daughters on his back. His daughters treat him as a horse and belabor his august majesty with their little toy whips while the Czarina laughs at the comical sight. In the evening a Christmas tree is lighted up and the presents brought by Santa Clause during the previous night are hung on it for inspection and admiration. Apart from the observance of

Christmas in the strict seclusion of his family circle, the Czar marks the occasion by liberal gifts of money and good things to the poor of St. Petersburg and Moscow.

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria invariably spends Christmas with his favorite daughter, Archduchess Valerie, who is married and the mother of six children. The emperor leaves Vienna on December 23 and arrives at Wallsee, where his daughter resides in time to see the Christmas tree lit up and the presents distributed on Christmas Eve. In Austria the observance of Christmas is almost identical with that in Germany.

GEORGE WEISS.

## UNIVERSITY OF HAIR-DRESSING.

Special Correspondence.

London, Dec. 7.—There is a crooked, narrow, little thoroughfare called Swallow street, running out of fashionable Regent street in London, which can boast of an institution of learning not known perhaps, to the faculties of Harvard, Yale, Chicago, or other of the great American universities, but which

has wielded an influence over the realm of femininity as great perhaps, as that of any center of culture in England or the United States. It has its distinguished professors, its carefully chosen curriculum, its degrees and all the other paraphernalia of a mighty university, and you may be sure it takes itself most seriously, even if it does happen to be hairdressing that is the chief item of learning in this establishment.

ARTISTS TURNED OUT.

And why not? But for the artists turned out by the Swallow Street university, and the elaborate professors who nurture these artists, the world's fashions in the arrangement of woman's crowning glory might become such a hopeless jumble that every member of the sex would do up her hair in her own way, regardless of precedent, convention, mode or dictate of nature.

Such a disaster, however, shall never be imminent while Swallow street sends forth its graduates to conserve the styles in hair dressing for the women of the English speaking world, and to collaborate with their fellow-artists in Paris in originating new twists and curls for the further beautification of their patronesses.

The Swallow street center of tonsorial culture, which is now, I believe, the greatest institution of the kind in the world, was the outcome of an association that was formed in the hairdressing trade in London 22 years ago, with the sordid object of increasing their patrons' wages. The organizers

soon discovered, however, that it was owing to their lack of skill that English hairdressers were unable to compete with highly trained French and German experts, and consequently it was resolved to form a school where hairdressers could receive instruction in higher branches of their art.

FIVE HUNDRED STUDENTS.

The idea caught on with the members of the association, with the result that there are now 500 students who pay a fee of 60 cents a month and receive in return a course of tuition in simple, fancy and historical hairdressing which extends over three years. Examinations are held at the end of each half-yearly, and successful students receive diplomas according to their proficiency. As a result, English hairdressers are now admitted to the best in the world, and London sets the fashion instead of Paris. The students range in age from 18 to 45, and the seriousness with which they regard their course of instruction is surprising. Until one learns, that a hairdresser's assistant even in a fashionable shop gets only \$6 or \$7 a week if unprovided with a class diploma from the "Academie de Coiffure," whereas a man who has obtained such a testimonial of scholarship will earn anywhere from \$12.50 to \$15 a week, which is a lot of money for London, where wages are far lower than in the United States.

The academy is open two nights a week, and three haughty professors are usually in attendance. These personages are retained by the academy at times are commissioned to visit Paris and Vienna to study the modes in hairdressing, and return with the latest fashions, upon which they improve, as inspiration dictates.

SOME PROFESSORS.

Prof. Montagu Parsons, is, I am told, the world's greatest authority on historical hair work. Professor I. Forster excels in dressing the hair to suit the contour of the face. He knows every modern style of hairdressing and lays great stress upon the importance of the coiffure being in harmony with the features and figure. Short, stout women, according to his doctrine, require different styles of hair arrangement from the fashion set for tall ladies. Girls with chubby cheeks should be treated differently from their thin sisters, and so on through the various types of feminine beauty. Prof. Forster, is, indeed, the champion hairdresser of the world. Two years ago at the competition held in Paris, open to all nations, he won the first prize and gold medal. He is also the winner of the silver shield presented annually by the corporation of Brighton for efficiency in hairdressing. Brighton, it may be mentioned, is the prize he thought a queer one for a municipality to hold forth—offers a silver shield for hairdressing on account of the anxiety that exists among the members of the town council to make it the resort for the smart set in English society. They want to make every grande dame feel that Brighton is in all respects the equal of London as far as its shops and resources of the toilet are concerned. Hence Brighton today is the seaside adjunct of the west end.

The first six months' tuition at the "Academie de Coiffure" is devoted to brushing, combing and plaiting the hair wax models. The students are kept at this until they arrive at a deftness of touch which is deemed by their professor to be worthy of practice on living models. For this purpose, 12 girls who get \$1.25 a sitting, with marvelous coiffures thrown in, are now retained by the academy.

The second class is instructed in ordinary hairdressing and when the members become proficient in everyday coiffures they study in the historical section. They receive instruction in dressing hair in the styles of all ages, and at least 12 months' close study is necessary before proficiency is acquired. Those who reach this dizzy height of art find occupation in preparing ladies for fancy dress balls, and in dressing the hair of actresses who prefer their own tresses to wigs.

Lest it be supposed that this post-graduate course is somewhat frivolous, I beg you to consider the fact that a coiffure of the Louis Quatorze period takes from three to five hours, while two hours is the average time it takes an expert hairdresser to copy an historical plate or picture.

FIFTY DOLLARS A SITTING.

And as for the honorarium—well, ladies of title who wish on "great occasions" to appear dressed in the style of their ancestresses, sometimes have to pay the artist as much as \$50 to mould their tresses in imitation of some old painting on castle walls. Very few actresses have their hair dressed for stage purposes, but those who do are the hairdressers' best customers—Edna May for instance, Sarah Bernhardt used to have her own hair dressed, whenever possible to suit the character she was playing. But five years ago—so I am informed by a sorrowing professor—she discovered that she could not spare an hour every evening for her coiffure, so she had her hair cut short and now wears a ready-dressed wig.

The average English society lady devotes about an hour daily to her coiffure. During the season her hair is invariably attended to by a qualified hairdresser at the cost of about \$5 a visit. In the opinion of Prof. Forster, however, simplicity and beauty rather than elaborateness will characterize the future of hairdressing. Society ladies, says this eminent scientist, have not the time their mothers and grandmothers had to devote to their coiffures, and consequently the styles that can be arranged quickly and effectively—not to say inexpensively, will be the fashionable ones. Hence it is the belief of the leaders of thought in Swallow street that in these degenerate days culture and refinement are not what they were.

Utah Lithia Water—The Best.

THEY'RE FOR PARKER.

Washington.—The World's recent poll of the Democratic senators showed that with the exception of Mr. Brewster of North Carolina, Mr. Clay of Georgia and Mr. Stone of Missouri the senate Democrats favor Judge Parker's nomination for president.

Democratic senators believe that what they had to say through the World about the impracticability of Mr. Cleveland's supporters rallying strength enough to secure the Democratic presidential nomination for him had a good deal to do with his writing the letter to St. Clair McKelway at this time, expressing his "unalterable and conclusive" determination not to permit his name to be presented to the national convention next year.

**Real Easy**  
to  
Save Lots of  
Money  
Everything that's  
Beautiful  
China, Crockery  
Glassware  
Fancy Holiday  
Ornaments and Novelties  
Dolls, Lamps, Clocks  
Rich Cut Glass  
Dinner Sets  
Come before Parting with  
your Money  
Get our prices  
Great American Importing  
Tea Co.  
100 Stores  
That's the Reason.

245 Main St., Salt Lake City.