

**THERE WAS A BABY BORN  
IN BETHLEHEM**

**THERE** was a baby born in Bethlehem,  
I know they say  
That this and that's in doubt, and, for the rest,  
That learned men who surely should know best  
Expain how myths crept in, and followers' tales  
Confused the truth  
I know but any way  
There was a baby born in Bethlehem  
Who lived and grew and loved and healed  
and taught,  
And died but not to me  
When Christmas comes I see him still arise,  
The gentle, the compassionate, the wise,  
Wiping Earth's tears away, stilling her strife,  
Calling, "My path is peace my  
way is life!"

**CHILDREN'S PARTIES**

BY ANNA WENTWORTH SEARS.

**O**h yes! It was easy then to promise Martha anything. Who, indeed, can refuse to grant Martha what she chooses to ask when she lifts her eyes in that beseeching way? I am utterly incapable of using any judgment or foresight, for I am so entirely overcome with rapture at the thought of possessing her when she is in a beguiling mood—when her curls make particularly adorable little ringlets on her forehead, and her dimples, her eyes, everything about her is so generally "overcoming"—that I lose reason and yield, ignominiously, completely.

There was Bobby, too, bringing up a rear guard of persuasion, so there was no hope for me from the first. My son and daughter held the field. "And we will have all the cousins on both sides," Martha dictated. "And all our friends, of course," was Bobby's finality.

"Please leave me some room in the house for a few fathers and mothers," I pleaded, beginning to realize what I had undertaken when I had said yes to their demand for a holiday house party of children. But who is a mother to a Bobby and Martha who would not take all the trouble that the mistress of ceremonies has to take in plan and execution for such an entertainment? What is better worth while than their gratitude and appreciation?

We began our preparations early in December. Just after we had received the acceptances of the children who were to be with us for the holidays, including Christmas and New Year's days. Luckily our house is roomy and we have all outdoors for a playground. A house party presupposes a country home, and the more country the more fun, especially for children.

"We must have a place for our very own, where we can make all the fuss and noise we want," my tyrants exacted, so we turned one of the big verandas into a play room, inclosing it with zincs at small expense. The sun poured in all day, but some stoves were there for additional heat. We put matting on the floor, hung hammocks and swinging seats in the corners, and had all the means possible for indoor fun—a ping-pong table, snarl croquet, darts, a bookcase of selected volumes, hobby horses, blocks, and all that we could find to make probably stormy days endurable. In this room every morning at 11 o'clock milk and biscuits were served all around, and every afternoon weak cocoa and cookies. The "between meals" were voted better than the regular functions, and they made a break in the day's routine.

But in passing, let me say, lest any one condemn me at the start as a person of small understanding that never, at any time, rain or shine, were the "party" left long enough to their own devices to have unrestricted play develop into boisterousness, and boisterousness end in tears, as happens too often when there is no tactful guardian spirit hovering over a number of children to suggest at just the right moment a new channel of diversion and thought.

It was urged upon me to "think of things to do for every moment" of the party's stay, and I considered it wisdom to adopt the suggestion. With a gathering of a dozen or more persons under fifteen years of age formally

holds no place, and quiet corners and facilities for uninterrupted converse are not to be thought of. Active business only makes the hours fly happily with no dragging minutes.

"But how can we do things together with so many ages?" was Martha's first inquiry that there might be a rift in her life of joyful anticipation. Bobby was not comforting. "And there must be just as many boy things to do as girl things," he insisted, vigorously. I surmised a "scrap" in prospect, and listened to give vent to

**Christmas Morning**



some of the schemes that I had brooded over in the small hours of the night. If the ideas put in practice were not all entirely original, they were so successful that I must urge them upon prospective givers of children's house parties, even at the risk of being considered uninventive. With small folk it is better not to attempt novelties that have not been more or less put to the test.

The outdoor games come first in importance. I think that the one voted the most fun was the hitching party. Into a big sleigh made warm and comfortable with buffalo robes and hot water bags and hot bricks we tucked the "twenty-wenties" with trusty John to drive and engineer everything—the steady horses and the route over unfrequented roads and around abrupt corners. He understood just when to slow up and when to quicken the pace. Attached to the sleigh was first a big sled, after that one smaller, and so on the long tail of sleds holding three and four occupants, some two girls and boys, every one taking turns at being on the coveted last sled of all, so likely to upset at the corners and spill the occupants into a snow drift.

It was most exciting to be whirled to hold on for dear life and be hauled over the land, and when you fell off, having to get on again and never knowing just where you were going; no wonder it was thought a splendid afternoon's amusement!

Next in popularity was the paper hunt. The modern operandi was for a person with a good instinct for the requirements of the situation to go ahead, scattering in his wake bits of paper. The "pack" of children followed, running this way and that in search for the trail, more often off than on the right path, but called back to it before getting too far away by horn and voice. The one who arrived first at the goal at this particular race received as reward a veritable "brush,"

silver-handled and useful for removing dust. At the goal we had improvised a "lean-to," and in front of it burned a huge bonfire. Balsam boughs had been imported from the mountains to make a fragrant resting place, and while we roasted apples, popped corn, and were served to a gala spread from tea baskets and hampers brought from home, we told stories and had a delightful "winter picnic."

But perhaps the best of all the outdoor festivities was the outdoor Christmas tree, because of its novelty. Thanks to the kindly sun, which shone gayly on Christmas day, we were able to carry out this, our cherished surprise. If any one missed the traditional features of an ordinary Christmas tree, he or she did not reveal it, and no regrets were expressed. Against a big growing fir a ladder was firmly braced. The ladder and tree were gayly attired in appropriate dress of holly and red trimmings, the rung of the ladder and the sides being covered with wreaths of green, and to every rung were fastened bundles big and little, while the tree was laden with boxes of candy, strings of popcorn, tinsel, and packages. On to the low rungs of the ladder mounted the small ones to find their presents, the older children climbed higher to get their rightful belongings, and after the ladder was all denuded of its spoils the trees were stripped.—Harper's Bazar.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

**The Diplomat.**  
I kissed my bonny love on Christmas night.  
"Nothing unusual," you say?  
"The mistletoe helps many a bashful wight!"  
And "He who will not when he may?"  
Ah, but this kiss the Christmas-tide imparts—  
The memory my very being jars;  
For 'neath the mistletoe I kissed the other girl,  
While her I kissed outside beneath the stars.  
—Madeline Orvis.

**HOLIDAY COOKERY.**

Two cups of raised bread dough, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, nutmeg and salt, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one cup of milk.



CHRISTMAS CAKE.

one cup of raisins, three eggs, six cups of flour. Let raisins pour into one large and one small tin. When done, arrange as illustrated. Roughly ice. Circle with holly.—Delicieux.

**A Sonny Christmas.**  
To give some one a little gift,  
All wrapped around with Christmas love,  
This frosty Christmas season,  
Tied with a string of smiles above,  
With lots of wishes, good and gay,  
In every corner tucked away,  
Will bring you just the sunniest day—  
I wonder what's the reason! —Selected.

**King's Baron of Beef.**  
The royal baron of beef, which always appears cold on King Edward's sideboard Christmas Day, at Osborne, is invariably cut from one of the bullocks bought at the King's annual sale of fat stock, early in December. This year there will be 450 sheep, 100 swine and thirty bullocks to be sold.—Chicago Chronicle.

**Tailor-Made Gowns.**  
Fancy waistcoats, lapels, collars and cuffs are to be very prominent in the fashion scheme for street costumes. This fashion furnished an opportunity for individual taste; but is rather a dangerous thing for people to go into rashly. The question of contrasts of



New York City.—The surplice waist makes a notable feature of the latest styles and is always graceful and becoming. This one is exceptionally at-



SHIRRED SURPLICE WAISTS.

tractive and includes also the new "leg o' mutton" sleeves. As illustrated the trimmed with applique and combined material is willow green cashmere, with a chemisette and frills of cream lace, the cashmere being one of the most fashionable materials of the season, but many other materials are equally desirable. Chemisettes of lace are always charming, chiffon lined, but

color is not generally understood, and it is best not to attempt anything too startling. A touch of color, such as blue, green, red or white, against any dark material often lightens a gown amazingly and makes it more becoming, but there are very few people who can wear unusual colors, and there are very few dressmakers or tailors who know just what one of the many new shades of color is appropriate with the heavy material of which the gown is composed. However, among the more expensive models for winter gowns this fashion of striking contrasts in trimming will be very noticeable, and is a safe one to copy advisedly and soberly.

**New Fashionable Colors.**  
The newest tints are ceruleum pink, Nepolltan violet, which look so pretty trimmed with lace, and, in addition, there are some rose pinks, pale turquoise blue, while a fresh shade of mauve will be specially appreciated by blonde beauties, and a silver-gray is suitable for slight mourning. The fashionable brown, now called mordore, is also represented, and there are two good shades of royal blue and a rich poppy red. The white silks are suitable for children's frocks, as they are rather more substantial than Japanese washing silks, though just as easy to tuck and quite as soft, and of the pale tints will make smart and serviceable slips for all occasions.

**Grecian Wedding Robe.**  
At a recent notable society marriage in London the bride's classic beauty was accentuated by her wedding dress

**A Late Design by May Manton.**



these in lingerie style are exquisitely dainty and much in vogue. The waist consists of the fitted foundation that is closed at the centre front, full back and fronts with the sleeves and chemisette. The sleeves are extremely full above the elbows and, together with the waist, are shirred to give the broad shoulder line. The chemisette is separate and arranged under the waist, closed invisibly at the back. At the waist is worn a wide belt of messaline satin held by a buckle of dull gold.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and three-quarter yards twenty-one inches wide, four and one-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, or two and one-quarter yards of applique to trim as illustrated.

**The House Gown.**  
The smartest house gowns must be on loose-fitting, graceful lines, and even a hint of ermine is not evident, unless in the width around the skirt and the multitude of pleated and gathered flounces in lace or chiffon that are requisite to the finish of the skirt. It must be understood that these flounces and ruffles are never on the skirt, but under the gown itself, or else on the underskirt, always so arranged as to hold out the skirt, but not as part of the trimming. The smartest tea gowns are, as has been the fashion for some years, most costly and elaborate in material and trimming, but there are several new styles, says Harper's Bazar, that can be carried out for much less money in the flowered silks and nets this winter, and that are very effective. They are all on the picturesque order and have a Watteau pleat at the back, close-fitting elbow sleeves finished with wide embroidered linen or lace ruffles, and the skirt opening in front over an embroidered petticoat, and one style is draped at the hips in a way that suggests the pinnier effect again.

The quantity of material required



SEVEN GORED WALKING SKIRT.

**WIT and HUMOR  
of THE DAY**

**A Tragedy.**  
There lived in the city of Worcester, A man who could grow like a toadstool,  
But, as he grew old,  
He often caught cold,  
And then couldn't grow as he grew older.  
—Pick-Me-Up.

**Misunderstood.**  
"Is he a union man?"  
"No; he's a bachelor."—New York Herald.

**Club Gossip.**  
George—"Do you repeat all you hear?"  
Grace—"Oh, no, I tell only what's implied."—Puck.

**Both Gifts.**  
"Poetry is something that is born. It cannot be acquired. The making of it is a gift."  
"So is the disposing of it—as I have found."—Ally Sloper.

**Reasons Plenty as Blackberries.**  
"There are at least 1000 reasons why I should marry her."  
"Well, what are they?"  
"First, because I want to, and she herself in the other 999."—Town Topics.

**Obedient Orders.**  
"The doctors have ordered Bilkins to be quiet, and under no circumstance to use his brain."  
"But how does he pass the time?"  
"I believe he is writing a novel."—Life.

**His Inference.**  
Tom—"My grandfather must have been a very thin man."  
Dick—"What makes you think so?"  
Tom—"Because he's always referred to as the skeleton in the family closet."—Detroit Free Press.

**Crushed.**  
He (after the show)—"I guess the curtain must have fallen too hard on the first act."  
She—"Why, what do you mean?"  
He—"That might account for the play being so flat."—Chicago News.

**Two Kinds.**  
"I heard a story to the effect that Bilkins is going to put up a building. Is there any foundation for it?"  
"There may be a foundation for the story, but so far there's none for the building."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Started Trouble.**  
"Breathing coal dust," asserted smart Johnny Noofadd, "is a sure preventive of consumption and lung diseases."  
"Is that so?" said his father. "Well, now, Johnny, you can just 'ten to the furnace this winter."—Pittsburg Post.

**A Groundless Claim.**  
"She claims she's a fine singer. Do you think she ought to see a vocal teacher?"  
"No."  
"Who, then?"  
"A claim adjuster."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**A Long Dog.**  
"Pardon me, but did you see a dachshund near here?"  
"Yes."  
"Where was he?"  
"Partly on Euclid avenue and partly on Erie street."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Hard Luck.**  
Mrs. Hystyle—"Poor Percy had a sad experience on his last trip to Philadelphia."  
Mr. Hystyle—"Accident?"  
Mrs. Hystyle—"Yes, he lost the London and Paris labels off his grip."—Boston Globe.

**Shrewd.**  
Rooster—"Don't you know you're sitting on a litter of glass eggs?"  
Hen—"Sh! Don't mention it! As long as the hired man takes me for a fool he'll bring me my meals, and I won't have to grub for a living."—Detroit Free Press.

**At the Night School.**  
"Is there anything on the other side of space?" asked the instructor, to puzzle his pupils.  
"Yes, sir," answered the shaggy haired boy, who had begun to learn the printer's trade. "The lower case 'a' box."—Chicago Tribune.

**Unappreciative.**  
"Your youngest daughter is having her voice cultivated?"  
"Well," answered Mr. Camrox, "that's the way mother and the girls express it. But between you and me, I hired the professor in the hope of getting it cured."—Washington Star.

**Luck.**  
Ida—"Weddings should always be on clear days."  
May—"Oh, I don't know. I hope there will be showers on my wedding day."  
Ida—"You do?"  
May—"Yes, showers of rice."—Chicago News.

**How Maudie Changed.**  
Banks—"You say your daughter Maudie has changed wonderfully. In what way?"  
Janks—"When she was little she wouldn't go into the parlor for fear there was a man there, and now she won't go in the parlor unless there is one there."—Chicago Journal.

**Hard Pressed For Funds.**  
"Oh, Henry," exclaimed his wife, as she threw her arms rapturously about his neck, "I do love you so! Don't forget to leave me \$10 when you go to town this morning, will you, dear?"  
"And this," muttered Henry, softly disengaging himself from her fond embrace, "this is what you might call being hard pressed for money."—Chicago Journal.

**Her Ex-Son.**  
Mrs. Wadsworth—"There goes Mrs. Marjorie with her stepson. What a homely boy he is!"  
Mrs. De Vorse—"Yes, and yet I remember several years ago I thought him quite pretty."  
Mrs. Wadsworth—"Ah! but you were his mother at that time, were you not?"  
Mrs. De Vorse—"Why, yes, I believe I was."—Philadelphia Press.

**An Astonishing Fact.**  
The knowledge possessed by Mrs. Leonard, champion money-counter of the Treasury, of the details of the various notes that have been issued by the Government during the last half-century is so absolutely accurate that all money suspected of being counterfeit is submitted for her opinion. Not long ago she declared that a certain note which passed through her hands was counterfeit. Others in her department declared it genuine. Even those at the head of the department thought she was wrong, but she would not revoke her judgment.

The note was sent to the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, and the experts there said it was genuine. Still she held to her opinion. The note was laid aside, and later a description of it was forwarded among the records of counterfeits in another department.—Everybody's Magazine.



The Tibetan postage stamp is merely a native character impressed in red sealing wax.  
Rainbridge boasts of the heaviest ten year old girl in Pennsylvania. She is Helen Stoner; weight, 220.  
Johns Hopkins has one professor to every four students, Yale one to every nine, and Columbia, Harvard and Pennsylvania one to every ten.

The Kaiser is about five feet ten inches in height, but he likes to surround himself with giants, and by comparison looks shorter than he is.

We learn that there are over two thousand miles of streets, covering nearly ten thousand acres, in London, and that along these streets are 117 miles of drainways. There are eighty-seven miles of main intercepting sewers, to say nothing of the sewers under the control of the borough councils. These carry the drainage of houses inhabited by over five millions of people.

The silk worm girdles the earth between the fiftieth parallel of north latitude and the Tropic of Cancer, being found further south only in Siam and Cochin China. In other words, it lives wherever the mulberry and other trees on which it feeds are found in perfection. It belongs distinctly to the Northern Hemisphere, but may yet be introduced into parts of the Southern Hemisphere that are favorable for the mulberry.

The dog is the most widely distributed of the domestic animals. He lives in the lowly hut of the African savage and is the companion of the Greenland Eskimau, the most northern inhabitants of the world. He is, in fact, the inseparable companion of man and is found wherever the human race exists. His habitat is thus extended further north and further south than that of any other domestic animal.

**THE HEN 300 YEARS AGO.**  
Advice Written in the Seventeenth Century Good Now.  
The hen was the same sort of a bird 300 years ago as now. A writer in the early part of the seventeenth century, speaking of setting hens, gave this advice, which suits just as well at this time:

"The best time to set hens, to have the best, largest, and most kindly chickens, is in February. In the increase of the month, so that she may hatch or disclose her chickens in the increase of the next month, you may set hens from March till October, and have good chickens, but not after by any means, for the winter is a great enemy to their breeding.

"A hen doth sit twenty-one days just, and then hatcheth, but peabens, ferkles, geese, ducks and other water fowle sit thirty; so that if you set your hen, as you may do upon any of their eggs, you must set her upon them nine daies before you set her upon her own.

"A hen will cover nineteen eggs well, and that is the most in true rule she should cover, but upon what number soever you set her, let it be odd, for so the eggs will lie round, close, and in even proportion together.

"It is good when you lay your eggs first under your hens, to mark the upper side of them, and then to watch the hen, to see if she busie her selfe to turn them from one side to the other, which if you find she doth not, then when she riseth from her eggs, to feed or bathe herselfe, you must supply that office, and turne every egg yourselfe, and esteem your hen of so much the lesse reckoning for the use of breeding; be sure that the eggs which you lay under her be new and sound, which you may know by their heavynesse, fulnesse, and cleerenesse, if you hold them up betwixt the sun and your eyesight; you must by no means at any time raise your hen from her nest, for that will make her utterly forsake it."—Inndiana Farmer.

**Testing Cables by Roentgen Rays.**  
A novel application of the Roentgen rays to the testing of submarine cables has recently been made in Europe, and has been found useful in determining defects and imperfections which might cause a breakdown of the cable and involve considerable expense for repairs. The apparatus consists of a Roentgen-ray tube, above which is a fluorescent screen, while the cable to be tested is passed through guides just below, so that a shadow is cast on the screen. The cable is allowed to run through the testing apparatus, and the observer looks for any indication of fault in the shadow. Foreign substances, air bubbles, or bad joints in the rubber or gutta serena insulation are readily detected, and may be remedied at the works. Imperfections of this kind can remain unnoticed by other tests, and a cable with such imperfections may be laid on the sea bottom at great expense and operated for a number of years before it will fail.—Harper's Weekly.

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