



NOTHING makes a prettier addition to a children's Christmas party than a holly bomb, and it can be fashioned by the mother of the little hosts with very little trouble or expense.

The bomb, which is really a huge tissue paper ball trimmed with holly, must have a light framework of fine wire. Inside this framework are the presents—one for each child—wrapped in tissue paper and tied with ribbon. Holly ribbon (that is, a cream ground, strewn with holly) is very pretty for this purpose, but bright red ribbon is quite as effective.

Draw the long end of the ribbon through an opening in the wire frame and arrange the packages so that a hard jerk from the little fingers will bring them down. Next cover your wire with green tissue paper, crumpled, to give the appearance of flower petals, and then twine holly about the bomb and suspend it from the chandelier.

Each child is given an end of ribbon, and then all dance round, singing to the tune of the old carol, "The first great joy that Mary had—"

All around the Christmas bomb,
It is the joy of all;
For when we pull the ribbons
A shower of gifts will fall.
Dear mother, give the signal,
And let the presents come,
For we are happy children
Around the Christmas bomb.

As the last line is being sung the mother raises her hand, each child gives his ribbon a big tug and a shower of presents falls upon the heads of the small bombexploders.

Every mother likes to have her children daintily and suitably dressed for the Christmas party. For little girls nothing can be prettier than a long-waisted frock made of the sheerest lawn or dimity and tucked in tiny tucks. A deep fluffy flounce by way of a skirt makes the little one look fairylke.

Big berthas give a charming addition to these little dresses. Soft woolen materials are being used for boys' blouses. An attractive Russian blouse suit is made of cream colored challis and has collar, cuffs and belt of pale blue.

awful gladness; and the shepherds were sore afraid, for they thought the Day of the Lord was come. But the angel smiled upon them, like the sun shining in his strength, and spoke like the voice of the sea for might, yet sweeter than the turtle-doves amid the cedars of Lebanon, and he said unto them:

"Fear not! For behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord! And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger."

Little Jacob heard these words, but he knew them not, except the name of Messiah, for whom he often heard his mother pray in the evening time, but now, while the glad tidings sounded still, behold! from the bright depths of Heaven came angel after angel, countless as the hidden stars, and radiant as light itself; their stainless ranks rayed outward from the vast, calm shape of the Herald Angel like means from the morning sun, and with a great sound like the flowing of some mighty stream, they sung the song of Heaven:

Glorio to God in the highest!
And on earth peace;
Good-will toward men.

The wondrous sound thrilled all the high and glowing Heaven, and then, still with strains of glory and peace ringing above and falling fainter and fainter to those below, rank folded in on rank, the Angel of the Lord leading upward, and the awful splendor gathering up about them, they soared into that glory, and the glory shrouded their departing cohorts, and the dark midnight sky, feebly starred now to the shepherds' smitten eyes, bent its purple arch again above unconscious earth.

David stooped and lifted Jacob in his arms; neither of them could speak, but old Simeon, the oldest of all the Bethlehem shepherds, bent low, and, with uncovered head, began the chant:

O, come let us sing unto the Lord!
Let us make a joyful noise unto the Rock of our Salvation!

With low voices they sang the Psalm through, as they turned from the plain toward Bethlehem, forgetful of their flocks and herds, caring for nothing but to find the Messiah, the baby in the manger, the Son of God.

And there, indeed, in a rude cavern, where the beasts of burden were sheltered and their poor masters fed by the way—there, upon a shaken wisp of straw, a very babe in the flesh, lay the infant Christ, with His awed and adoring mother kneeling beside Him, and Joseph the carpenter standing with folded hands, amazed but faithful, beside the new-born King of Israel.

And while the shepherds told their wondrous tale, and they that were in the inn heard it, and adored, Mary shut up all these things in her heart, and little Jacob gazed on the calm, sad face of the Mighty Child, and went away with a vision in his soul that never left it while life remained.

"And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them."

This was little Jacob's Christmas.

Christmas in the Klondike.

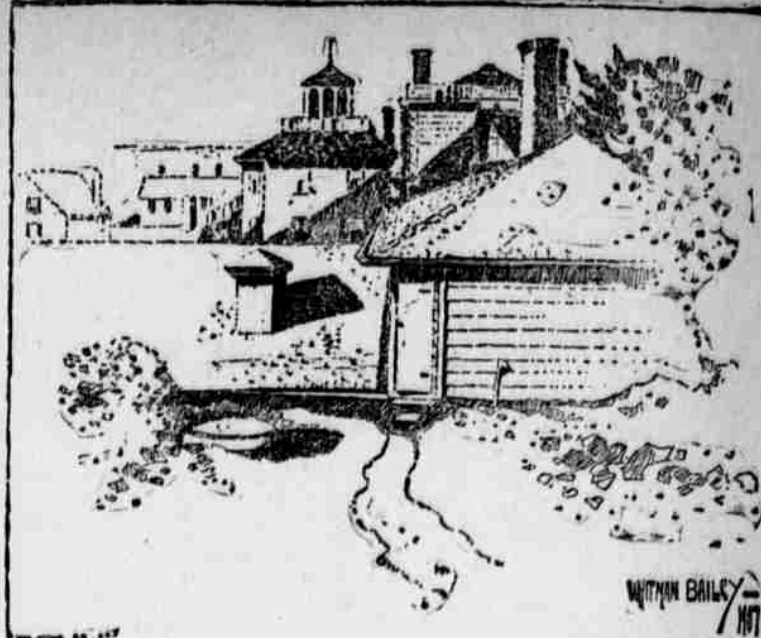


Alaska Ike—"Wot did yer find in yer stockin' this mornin'?"
Chillicoet Pete—"Frostbitten toes."

When Fairy Tales Were Really So.

I wish I'd lived long, long ago,
When there were mermaids in the sea,
And brownies would have played with me,
And fairy-tales were really so.
I'd like to see Santa Claus' sleigh
Next Christmas Eve to have a hitch,
And I would love to see a witch
Upon a broomstick ride away.
Of course, there still are lots of knights;
And there are princesses besides,
But nowadays men don't win brides
By going off on dragon-fights.
I wish I'd lived long, long ago,
When fairy-tales were really so.
—Mary Street, in December Lippincott's.

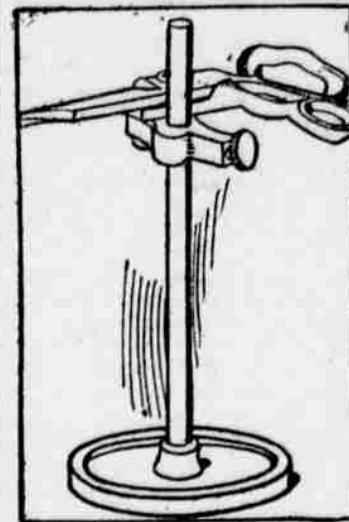
A New England Shrine.



The Burial-Place of Roger Williams, Situated on the Old Dorr Estate, in Rhode Island.

Scissors on a Stand.

It seems that the operation of cutting the street skirt must be accomplished with mathematical accuracy. (It is an unpardonable sin to have it a trifle too long on one end or the other, even though the difference is so slight that it can be discovered by nothing less acute than the eye of a fear feminine friend. What seems to be an implement best calculated to



prevent such an oversight is the pair of scissors mounted on a stand as shown in the accompanying cut, which device forms the subject of a recent patent. The cutting blades can be adjusted at any desired point, and as the skirt draped on the model is turned around it can be snipped off with the minutest precision.—Washington Post.

The Host Could Not Leave.

At a large evening party one of the guests stood in the corner yawning. "Are you much bored, sir?" asked his neighbor. "Yes, dreadfully," was the answer. "And you?" "Oh, I am bored to death, too." "How would it do to clear out altogether?" "I am sorry I can't. I am the host."—Democratic Telegram.

A Morocco Prison.

The Moorish Government is incapable of maintaining order, or of compelling its own subordinates to do their duty. The Moorish Governors tolerate disorder if they do not connive at it and share in the booty. A case in point is the scene pictured on this page. In the city prison a number of Jews are thrust with great violence. Their houses and stores had previously been looted. No charges were made against them, and the only complaint made about them is that they did not surrender their property on demand of the mob. If



SCENE IN THE TORTURE CHAMBER OF A PRISON IN MOROCCO.

any of the Jewish prisoners are suspected of having money or valuables concealed, they are subjected to the "salt torture," which consists in fettering the right hand behind the back. It is inclosed in a leather wallet, in which salt is placed. The Jew feels his hand shrinking day by day, and if he really has the money, gives it up to save his hand from becoming permanently useless. A Government which tolerates such horrors is a disgrace to humanity. If it does not alter its ways, the public opinion of the world will insist on its abolition.—Christian Herald.

Germany Studying Bread.

In the production and control of a pure food supply by thoroughly scientific methods the Germans are disposed to keep their lead. The new Government method institute for milling research, supplementing the two institutes for research in the sugar and fermentation industries, is equipped with an experimental granary, a wheat and rye mill and a bakery, together with administrative offices and laboratories, the machinery and apparatus being of the most advanced kind, all driven by electricity. The mill has two distinct plants, each milling two tons of grain in ten hours. The purpose of the institute is to carry out practical research and scientific investigation on grain during storing, milling, working up and baking; to experiment with the baking of home and imported grain; to conduct research work for the Government, and to carry out official and private analyses of grain, flour, fodder stuffs, etc. Every effort will be made to investigate thoroughly the numerous problems of milling and baking.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Good Advice.

A man advertised recently in a London paper to forward, on receipt of postage stamps, "sound, practical advice, that would be applicable at any time and to all persons and conditions of life."

On receipt of the stamps he sent his numerous victims the following: "Never give a boy a penny to hold your shadow while you climb a tree to look into the middle of next week."—Montreal Star.

Saw-Tooth Grass Cutter.

With the lawn mower of the type which is generally in use at this time



it is necessary to go over the ground a second time with grass shears or hook and cut the growth at such places as the mower fails to reach

Device of Faith, Good Will, and Love

LITTLE JACOB'S CHRISTMAS

A Story Written by Rose Terry Cooke.



"FATHER, may I go out with you to-night on the plain?"

Little Jacob pulled at his father's outer garment and looked wistfully up at him with great soft eyes like his mother's.

Rachel, too, looked up from the walling baby in her arms.

"May he not go, David? You have promised him to go for some time, and the child here is sick. It will be quieter if Jacob be with you."

"The boy shall go," answered David, "but he must sleep now, for there is no sleep for him there. The wolves have come down from Lebanon, and we keep open eyes and strict watch to-night; but let him be ready at sunset. Is my scrip filled, Rachel?"

"It is filled, and the water-gourd is ready."

So David left the little hut outside of Bethlehem and went to his sheep in the field; and when the sun came hotly down at noon Jacob curled up on a mat in the corner and slept long and sweetly, for he longed to be out at night among the sleeping sheep and the watching shepherds, and he hid his own little sling and store of smooth pebbles inside the breast of his coat, hoping to slay a wolf himself.

Then the night came softly over Judaea; the gentle winds hushed their whispering; the distant ripple of Kedron sung a sleepy song, and on the wide, brown waste of the plain the flocks lay like heaps of fallen clouds, gray in the dim light, and noiseless except when some tiny lambs bleated for the mother it could not find with its half-opened eyes. Jacob clung tightly to David's hand; the silence

and the darkness awed him; the plain seemed to meet the sky; he could see only a broken line on that clear dark horizon where the roofs of Bethlehem, low and flat, crowned the hill-top; his hand grew chilly in his father's and David saw the boy was afraid. He spoke to the other shepherds, who sat or stood among the flocks:

"Let us sing the folding Psalm, brethren, for the child is strange to the night, and remembereth not the Shepherd of Israel! Is with us." So two of the men began, in rich, low voices, to chant:

The Lord is my shepherd;
And then the rest answered:
I shall not want.

And the first two sang again:
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,
And another response came:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.

So they went on through the beautiful Psalm, and Jacob listened and



felt sure that God was there in the night. When the Psalm was over, he sat down on the plain beside his father, or walked about the sleeping sheep, and held his sling ready to strike a wolf in the forehead. But no

wolves came; the night was still and soft, the dark blue sky was all alight with splendid stars, shining and glittering as they wheeled slowly across the sky—so slowly that little Jacob could not see them move. He did not speak much, for the stillness was like a finger on his lips, but he watched the heavens with wondering eyes, and when his father looked down at him and smiled Jacob heard him say softly:

The heavens declare the glory of God,
And the firmament showeth His handiwork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth knowledge.

Then Jacob began to wonder how the days spoke; if it was with noisy winds, or birds singing, or the sound of waters far off; and then he fell into a kind of dream, leaning against his father's knee, for it was almost midnight, and David had sat down to rest.

But suddenly, in one breathless moment, both David and Jacob sprang to their feet, and all the other shepherds crowded up to them with pale faces, and open eyes, and trembling knees; for in an instant, without sound or sigh, the wide heavens were flooded with light and glory, brighter than the sun at noon; the stars were drowned in light, the radiance flowed in waves of splendor from mid-heaven down to earth. And then, in the deepest depths of glory far above their heads in the heart of all the shining, appeared a great angel, with robes of whiteness brighter than the gathered light, and a face calm with

