

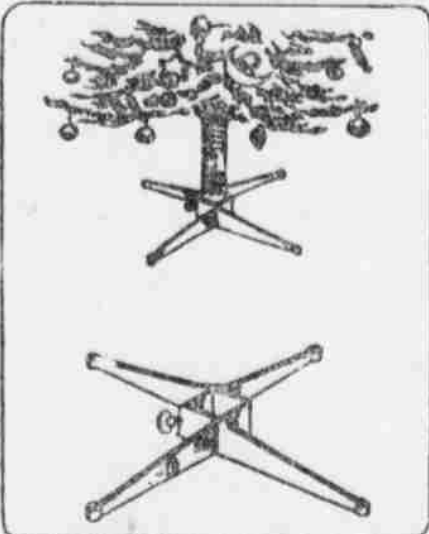
THE CHILDREN



HOLDER FOR CHRISTMAS TREE

Handy Contrivance Can Be Taken Apart and Occupies But Little Room When Not in Use.

A handy form of Christmas tree holder has been designed by a Pennsylvania man. It will last as long as the celebration of Christmas, and, when not in use, it can be stowed away in a closet or a corner and will



Christmas Tree Holder.

take practically no room. The holder is made of metal and in two pieces, each piece being bent in the middle to bring the arms at right angles to each other. Each piece, too, has slots midway through it at a point near the angle, and, by placing the one section over the other at the points, the two can be locked firmly together. Through the square aperture thus formed in the center the bottom of the tree is thrust and a screw at one corner holds the tree securely. If the tree is not too big and heavy the holder can be merely set on the floor, the long arms supporting it sufficiently. In other cases, however, the arms can be screwed down to some secondary support which will hold the bottom of the tree while the holder grips the trunk higher up.

EARTH'S MOST SACRED SPOT

Grotto or Manger in the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem—Site Where Christ Was Born.

What may perhaps be described as the most sacred spot on earth, says a writer in the Wide World, is the grotto or manger in the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem. This small underground chamber, reached from the church above by a flight of steps, is said to be the site of the actual manger where Christ was born, and a silver star, set into the floor underneath the altar, is alleged to be the exact spot of the Nativity. Above the star hangs 15 lamps, which have continually illuminated the little chapel for several hundred years. The altar is adorned with the most elaborate embroideries, the work of royal princesses, while from the ceiling hang a number of brass lamps and a few paintings. There has, of course, been no little controversy as to whether this is the actual site of the original manger. To begin with, it is underground, and many people wonder how it could have been used by cattle and horses. Here, however, we have to remember that in the east donkeys and mules often dwell in underground stables, and the staircase would present no difficulty to the agile native cattle of Palestine. No less an authority than Colonel Conder has declared that "the rude grotto with its rocky manger may, it seems to me, be accepted even by the most skeptical of modern explorers."

Crowbar.

This is probably from the old British word *cro*, a curve. If so, the original form of the word would be *croedbar*, that is a "curved bar," which is applicable. The modern *crowbar* is curved to make it more effective as a lever to raise heavy weights.

The Difference.

What is the difference between a tube and a foolish Dutchman? One is a hollow cylinder and the other a silly Hollander.

WISE.



Mabel—What shall we give mamma for Christmas?
Earlie—A pair of padded slippers.

VALUE OF CHRISTMAS TOYS

More Than \$20,000,000 Provided to Make Youngsters Happy—Inventor Was Greatest Benefactor.

It is estimated that toys to the value of more than \$20,000,000 have been provided to make a Merry Christmas for us this year, if anything, that is not enough. Can there be too many toys? Their inventor was a greater benefactor of his kind than the one who gave us the cotton gin or the telegraph, the sewing machine or the motion picture. It was probably not a man. It might have been a woman. But the idea, without any doubt, originated with a child. Have not children taught us more than all the great men of science, the things really worth knowing?

The government statisticians who invite our attention to the season's many million-dollar output of toys must have had a pleasant sensation as they set down and added up the pretty figures. It is a new Christmas record, they announce in jubilation, Germany, England, Japan, France, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, all contribute to the surpassing stock; \$9,000,000 worth imported, with a home product of \$11,000,000. In a short while after Christmas there will be almost \$20,000,000 worth of wreckage. What's the odds? It is hard to feel affection for the fellow that contrived the indestructible toy. The best thing about it is that it is never indestructible. A child that neglected to break his plaything would miss something—an acquaintance with Grief worth experiencing at the time, and to be cherished in memory ever after.

GOOD BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

Reading Helps in Innumerable Ways to Aid Youth to Meet the World—Makes Him Think Quickly.

(By ELEANOR CRAIG, Colorado Agricultural College.)

Whatever there is in life that makes a child's life happier and better, is worth having. Among the things that accomplish this purpose are good books—not the light trashy kind, but those that have been worthy enough to have lasted through years or that show a basis of good clean thought behind them. This is the kind that should be in the household of every one, and especially those households with growing children. In our busy life of today whatever advantages we can give our children at small expense are worthy of our notice. Almost any classic can now be bought for 30 cents.

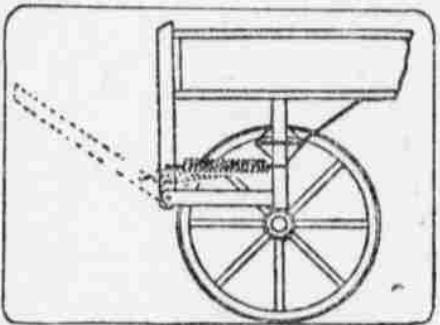
Reading helps in innumerable ways to aid a child to meet the world. It makes him think more quickly and more carefully, and it places situations before him that may help him in an emergency at some future time. His whole outlook on life is broadened by reading.

The reading is not limited to what we call classics. Everyday books are published that create types of life with which a growing child should be familiar. His ideals cannot help but be raised when he reads of a life of noble manhood or gentle womanhood, even though the character be one of fiction.

TONGUE HOLDER FOR WAGONS

Accidents While Coasting May Be Prevented by Use of Coil Springs in Holding Tongue Up.

To prevent any mishap when coasting in a boy's play wagon, fasten the tongue with a coil spring so that it



Tongue Holder.

will be kept in a vertical position. The tongue is always out of the way when it is not used for drawing the wagon. The spring is only strong enough to hold the tongue, so that when this is used for pulling there is little or no tendency of the spring to draw the tongue upward. The coil spring is fastened with one screw eye in the tongue and one in the front axle.

Her Getaway.

An evangelist was once conducting joint revival meetings in the two churches, Methodist and Presbyterian, of a small town.

Children's meetings were held every day at the close of school, first in one church and then in the other.

One day two girls who attended the Presbyterian church were discussing the meeting which was to be held in the Methodist church that afternoon, when Mary asked:

"What would you do if they should ask you to pray?"

"I wouldn't do it," answered Martha. "I'd just tell them I'm a Presbyterian."—Harper's.

Bedlam.

The word *Bedlam* is a corruption of the word *Bethlehem*, which was the name of a religious house in London, converted into an asylum for lunatics in 1546.

It is believed by many to be the oldest asylum for lunatics in Europe, though there is one in Spain which is said to have been founded at an earlier date.

EXCELLENT DESIGN THAT PRESERVES NATURAL FIGURE

ONE must concede the real beauty of this costume, which appears to be built on lines almost independent of those prominent in the present mode.

The skirt is not broad at the hips (in common with many new ones) the short train is not a mere wisp, or trailing end, and there is plenty of room to walk in. This is one of those good designs which define the natural figure with ample drapery and can af-



ford to ignore or only suggest the facts of the season.

The skirt is full across the front and draped at the left front and at each side of the back. The bodice is very low and somewhat too meager to be worn without a yoke of fine net under it. With the present style of low cut necks—"V" shaped and otherwise—very fine nets are used with gulps made either with a high or round neck. They fit the skin and are immensely becoming. It is only the lady of dazzling fairness who can afford to dispense with them.

Heads, beaded bands and ornaments, are used for garniture on the gown pictured.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

TO CHANGE COLOR OF LACE

White May Be Made Over Into Creamy Hue, Just Now So Much in Popular Favor.

Have you ever noticed that cream colored lace is usually more expensive than white lace, even of the same pattern?

Not being able to buy any cream lace cheap, it occurred to me that there must be some way of changing white to cream. I asked a friend about this, and she gave me the following advice, which I have since put into practice with fine results:

Buy five or ten cents' worth of French ochre (a powder) at any paint store. Mix three parts of ordinary white talcum powder with one part of the ochre for a light cream color, or, if a darker shade of cream is desired, use more ochre. Put the mixture in a bowl and rub the lace as though washing it in the powder, a little at a time.

The white lace will become a lovely cream. But be sure and do the work in a room where the powder can be easily dusted away, as it settles over everything.

White for Winter.

We are to wear a great deal of white this winter. White serge, very heavy, yet supple, is to be used for coats and skirts, and quite often it will be trimmed with white fur, or again with dark, white evening cloaks and mantles in rich satins and furbled are always lovely, and white house dresses in the new brooches have their own appeal to the artistic.

Grandmother's Collars.

Grandmother's old collars of fine and sheer embroidery can be used as they are but the heavier ones of old crocheted lace may be rejuvenated by going over the design in color. Fill in the principal figure with French knots worked in colors to match the gown or in Bulgarian colors. This may be done with heavy silk or cotton in washable shades.

Fashion Novelty.

One of the loveliest of the season's fashions is the chiffon scarf that is combined with a fur boa. The boa is attached to one side of a long chiffon scarf weighted with long bead tassels. This scarf is to be drawn about the hair and neck, while the boa falls artistically off the shoulders.

Jeweled Garter Fasteners.

Jeweled suspended garter fasteners are one of the modern woman's extravagant fancies. Some of these have pendant settings dangling from them—the question is, do they tickle? The fancy, of course—but in addition to that, do they tickle?

Cretonne Furnishings for the Bedroom



CRETONNE, because of the many beautiful patterns in which it is designed, and its excellent wearing qualities, is made up into a greater number of furnishings accessories than ever before. It will stand much laundering (if the washing is done properly) and it comes in innumerable flowered patterns suitable for the bedroom of man, woman or child.

The best effects are achieved when one starts with plain walls in some attractive tint or in a neutral color, and with sheer white curtains at the windows. Having these, the next thing to do is to select a pattern in cretonne that will harmonize with the wall and be suitable to the person for whom the room is to be prettily furnished.

The windows first are provided with curtains of the cretonne. A box seat is covered with it and provided with two or perhaps three cushions with the same covering. Then one proceeds to make the small convenient belongings that are to be used on the dressing table or chiffonier.

There must be a pin cushion, a glove box and a handkerchief box. There may be other things—a little cabinet for trinkets, a whisk broom holder, a photograph frame, a candle shade, a work basket, a laundry bag, etc. But one must not overdo over the pretty cretonne by making too many accessories and putting them in evidence in the room.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

ANOTHER FOOL GIRL

By DONALD ALLEN.

"Did you know it?"
"Have you seen it?"
"Isn't it great?"
"They say the town will jump right ahead now."

Miss Cynthia Basset, the old maid, had opened a millinery store in the village of Hinkley with the \$800 left her by the will of an uncle.

There were two dry goods stores, a grocery, a drug store and a wheat elevator at the depot, and while the 700 inhabitants boasted of the enterprise of their own town all felt that there was something lacking. Hinkley had no millinery store. The nearest one was over at Brownsville, twelve miles away.

But the long-felt want had been filled at last, and there was a rush to the new millinery store to pat Miss Basset on the back.

"I'm asking just \$200 more for my house and lot than I was yesterday!" exclaimed Deacon Snyder as he stood at the door and peered in; and half an hour later real estate was on the boom from the red schoolhouse to the white bridge.

Miss Basset had to engage an assistant, and she had engaged Minnie Long, the belle of the village. She was not only the belle, but she had a natural knack of hat-trimming. She could take a bow, a rooster feather and a buckle of some sort, and out of an old hat create such a dream of a headpiece that the minister would stop in his sermon to gaze at it and wonder if it wasn't his duty to warn her against Satan's wiles. He could prove that jaunty hats had led more women into the downward path than any other one influence.

Miss Minnie had been engaged to Roscoe Dayton for three months before the great millinery event. He was a young man and had just started out as a builder. They were to be married at the end of three more months.

Hinkley was only a quiet village, and yet it was seldom without its stranger, most of them being agents for one thing or another. A good-looking man, who claimed to represent a lamp house in the city, but who was just then taking a brief vacation, was one of those at the grand opening of the millinery emporium. He was there to smile over the "enterprise" of the thing. That was his first sight of Minnie Long, and he made a vow within a minute.

Roscoe Dayton was not a "plug" of a young man. He was ambitious and a hustler, but he wasn't up to date with a young man from the city. No one, not even Minnie, expected him to be. He didn't have the clothes, the cane, the two watch chains, the smile, the bow nor the glib tongue. He had had no rival thus far, and there had been no jealousy on either side.

Mr. Claude Barrie, as the lamp house agent gave his name, tarried in the millinery store a long ten minutes, and when he had departed a woman voiced the opinion of a dozen others when she whispered:

"If that young fellow stays in town a week there's going to be trouble for somebody!"

There was the beginning of trouble within an hour. A busy-body met Roscoe Dayton on the street and called out to him:

"You'd better have your eyes peeled, young man!"

"I'm always looking," was the laughing reply.

"You know that lamp house agent from the city?"

"Saw him on the street yesterday."

"He's a charmer, ain't he?"

"Maybe."

"He was charming Minnie Long down at the millinery store. Say, they are sure stuck on each other!"

"Nonsense!"

Minnie, too, would have laughed at the idea, but a week later Roscoe felt it his duty to say to her: "I hear that young Barrie is a caller at your house."

"Why, yes, he has called," was the reply.

"Haven't you become acquainted very rapidly?"

"So you are jealous, eh?"

"I don't like him. He is a stranger to us all. He may be what he claims to be, but no one knows. Is it a flirtation or what?"

"Can't I even look at another man across the street because I am engaged to you?"

"You can't have a flirtation with a stranger without the whole village talking about it."

"The whole village had better talk about some one else. Mr. Barrie has not only told me all about himself, but given me the highest references."

"But why has he?"

"Because he has. That's all I have to say about it!"

A day or two later the young man disappeared and did not return for five days. The lover was told that Minnie received a letter—supposedly from him—every day, and also that she mailed a reply. It was after the young man had returned and paid an evening call that Mr. Dayton sought an interview.

"It is gossiped that you intend to break the engagement with me. Is it true or only gossip?"

"I have made up my mind to one thing sure," was the reply of the girl. "I was born and reared here. I have never been fifteen miles from the village. I have never seen the real world. I have been a cloidhopper all my days."

"And you have made up your mind to—"

"To go to the city and see things and be somebody."

"It's this lamp house fellow that has put the idea into your head," quietly said the lover. "What will you do in the city?"

"I shall be a stenographer at \$15 per week. Miss Basset pays me \$3, and what is life here?"

"Your father and mother—are they willing?"

"I—I haven't talked it over with them yet. It is none of your business to question me the way you have. I am not going to marry anyone in this poky old village."

"Very well! Good-night!"

Mr. Dayton could have argued and reargued and advised and threatened suicide and violence, but he walked calmly out of the house. He could have gone to the girl's father and mother and had his say, but he didn't approach them. He could have gone to Miss Basset and begged her to advise the girl, but he did not go near her.

Minnie had expected a row over the parting. There had always been a row in every love story she had ever read, and in her pique and disappointment at the quiet ending she said to herself:

"Roscoe always was a poke, and this proves it!"

The gossips had predicted a falling out, and were waiting for the news, but there was no news. Roscoe was planning and Minnie was keeping very quiet. Instead of the jilted lover hanging himself to a sour apple tree, he dropped into the inn and had a look at a talk with young Barrie. He was a poke of a man, Roscoe was, but notwithstanding that drawback he managed to size up his rival as closely as if he had been a lawyer from the city.

Miss Basset wouldn't know that Minnie Long contemplated going away. Her parents wouldn't know it. No one in the village would know it. It would be an elopement. The couple would not take a night train from the village for fear of being seen. Young Barrie would get a lively rig and drive across the country, a distance of ten miles to another railroad.

Minnie could not get a trunk out of the house, but would take what clothing she could in a suitcase. Young Barrie would have to settle his bill at the inn before he left, and there was only the one livery stable in the village to get a rig at. Therefore, taking it all around, it was not a difficult case to handle, though the jilted lover had a constable beside him in the buggy when he finally took up the trail of the elopers. They were permitted to get two miles away from the village when they were overtaken.

The first act of the girl was to faint away.

The first act of young Barrie was to jump from the vehicle and take to his heels.

He was overtaken and brought back, and he then discovered that a warrant and a pair of handcuffs awaited him. The girl recovered from her faint to hear him laugh and say:

"Oh, I'm caught right enough! She was fool enough to elope with me, but I suppose they will call it abduction."

"And it probably isn't the first case," said the constable.

"Not by five or six! There are more fools among the girls than in idiot asylums!"

"You were going to get her a place in the city as a stenographer at \$15 per week?"

"She didn't have any more sense than to believe so! You see, she wanted to get out of the poky village of Hinkley and see the world. She'd have seen it, too, if you hadn't overtaken us!"

The girl heard every word, and she sobbed in her throat. The man she had jilted climbed into the buggy beside her and drove slowly back to the village.

"You must get into your house and your room without awakening your parents," he said. "You must get up at the usual hour and go to your place. You must say no word of this to anyone. You have been foolish, but it was not too late."

It was long weeks after this when she saw Roscoe again. Then it was in response to a note in which she asked:

"Can a poke of a man find it in his heart to forgive a fool of a girl?"

"Of course he can—that's what a poke of a man is for!" was the prompt answer.

And the gossips of Hinkley never heard a word of the incident!

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Rat Diet Approved.

Now that we have three Chinese restaurants in the west end, Londoners ought to be able to enjoy the pleasure of feeding off rats, which form a favorite dish in China. Split open, dried, pressed, and powdered with a finely ground white bark, they look somewhat like haddock as they hang in long strings over butchers' stalls, says the London Chronicle.

Dr. Arthur Stradling, who shared Frank Buckland's cosmopolitan tastes in food, once declared that "rats would be not only wholesome, but very nice, if properly prepared—not common sewer rats, but such as I ate, barn-fod animals snared in a hop-garden. The flesh, though perfectly white, was dry and tasteless; but then they were only skinned, cleaned and submitted to the fire without any of the et ceteras which make other meats savory. Admiral Beaufort and other Arctic explorers speak highly of rats as a welcome addition to their supply of food in these dreary latitudes."

So Thoughtful.

Wife—What time did you get home last night?

Husband—Eleven thirty!

Wife—I sat up until 12.

Husband—Yes, I sat on the front steps until you retired, so as not to disturb you!—Kansas City Star.