

NATAL DAY AT BETHLEHEM

Last Year's Observance at the Cradle of Christianity.

SACRED PLACES AND CEREMONIES

Former Vice President Fairbanks Describes His Pilgrimage to Bethlehem on Christmas Eve.

Former Vice President Charles M. Fairbanks and his party of world-travelers so stepped their travel plans as to reach the Holy Land during the Christmas season a year ago. In his account of the visit to Bethlehem in Leslie's Christmas number, Mr. Fairbanks says:

Late in the afternoon of the day before Christmas we took a carriage for Bethlehem, which is situated five and one-half miles distant from Jerusalem. Our journey lay over a fairly good road. We saw a few Americans and a few people from other countries, who were making the journey upon foot or by carriage, and who were studying, as we were, the different objects of historic interest that crowded about upon every hand. We were particularly interested in the Well of the Magi, where, according to tradition, "the star which they saw in the east went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was." A number of camels and donkeys were stopped there for water. Within a half mile of the well, upon our right stood the traditional tomb of Rachel. A little beyond this we came to the fork of the road, the right branch of which leads on to Hebron, and the one to the left, which we took, leads on to Bethlehem.

Bethlehem, "the home of David and our Savior Jesus Christ," rests upon the hills. The houses are of stone, like those of those in Jerusalem and elsewhere in the Holy Land. The population does not exceed 10,000 and is said to be composed mainly of Christians. When we entered the city, along narrow, winding streets, we observed that the people were occupying the roofs of houses and other points of vantage, awaiting the entry of the Latin patriarch who was coming from Jerusalem to participate in the Church of the Nativity—an annual annual event of which much is made. There was a holiday appearance about the ancient and historic place, which greatly impressed the stranger. We met the leading officials of the government and were invited to a position upon the public building, where we met a number of the representatives of other governments.

An Orderly Throng. A carpet had been spread in the street immediately opposite us, and about it were assembled a number of bishops and other church dignitaries awaiting the arrival of the head of the church. It was an orderly crowd that thronged the streets and massed upon the building for many squares. The people were, in the main, attired in their peculiar native costumes and presented a scene of rare interest to those of us who were from the west. After waiting nearly an hour, our patience was rewarded by the arrival of the patriarch who was accompanied by soldiers—his escort from Jerusalem—and by a committee from the city and church which went out from Bethlehem and which met him not far from the Well of Magi. He passed upon the carpet in the street and was then invested with the robes and insignia of the office he was to occupy in the services of the Church of the Nativity. This church, by the way, as its name signifies, is upon the traditional site where our Savior was born. When the ennobling ceremony was concluded the patriarch led the way upon foot through the street to the church, some two or three blocks distant. A vast multitude followed, and soon the sacred edifice was occupied to its capacity. Mass was celebrated. We remained for awhile and then retired to visit some of the sacred spots near at hand.

Not far from the church I observed a stone house, the humble, but respectable home of a native. A donkey stood near the door; I thought that he might be one of the occupants of the home. I called upon the head of the house and learned that I was not mistaken and that the donkey was permitted to enter through the same door with the family. The former went below, down a pair of stone steps, while the latter, together with some chickens and doves, occupied the ground floor. It occurred to me that it was probably not unlike the dwelling which once stood near by and in which was born the greatest figure in the world, and that, in a large sense, the whole was considered as a manger. We returned to Jerusalem late in the afternoon for dinner and a rest, as hotel accommodations in Bethlehem were not particularly inviting.

A Night Pilgrimage. At 10 o'clock at night we again set out upon our pilgrimage to the holy spot where was centered the thought or hundreds of millions of Christians throughout the world, Bethlehem! What a sweet and majestic name! The story of it was being told from countless pulpits and was bursting forth in song the world about. It was being told about the heartstones in the abodes of the humble and in the mansions of the great. It was Bethlehem's particular day, when she claimed the attention of the world as no other city claimed it. Our dragoon provided us with a carriage well inclosed, as the air was sharp. The moon was well up, and if the barren, rocky hills and the valleys had been clothed with snow, it would have seemed like an old-fashioned, moonlight, New England Christmas. Our horses were adorned with bells, which they habitually wore and which tended to give a familiar Christmas aspect to the scene.

As we passed out of Jerusalem upon a slow trot, we encountered processions of camels going to and fro with their monotonous swing, as they had done for centuries. Some of the riders had accompanied their day's work in the city and were on route to their distant homes, and others were coming in for the night or business the day following. When we reached the well of Magi, a large bright star above Bethlehem burst upon our vision. It came into view as we reached the summit in the road. The moon was above and back of us, and no other stars were visible from our inclosure, so this particular star almost started us when we first saw it. I called the dragoon's attention to it, and for a moment he was almost speechless. He said he had never seen it, and thereafter frequently commented upon the incident. As we progressed the star seemed to rise and fall as we followed the undulations of the highway, until we entered the narrow streets of Bethlehem, when we lost sight of it. There was, of course, nothing marvelous about it—it was a perfectly natural phenomenon; but observing it, as we did, under the circumstances, it was particularly impressive.

Midnight Celebration. We found a large audience assembled on Christmas eve in the ancient church of Bethlehem. Mass was being celebrated. The Latin patriarch was there, assisted by the chief functionaries of his church. A few Americans were present, some of whom we had met in America, and there were several people from the leading Christian countries. The larger number of the worshippers, however, were natives. The audience was intensely interested. The

larger part of it was obliged to stand for several hours; if any one yielded a choice position, it was quickly occupied. A few, overcome by weariness, left before the conclusion of the services, but the larger part stayed until the end. We remained until the chimes rang in the Christmas day and until "Gloria in Excelsis" welled up from hundreds of throats and burst from the great organ, and then returned to Jerusalem. We were the only travelers upon the way, save the omnipresent men upon their camels going to and from the venerable Holy City. They were as silent as ghosts, and in their monotonous swing seemed to be a part of the animals they rode, and the whole presented in the dim moonlight a weird aspect. We could fancy that the scene we looked upon was a familiar one upon that ancient highway upon the night of the anniversary of which we had come to celebrate, and for centuries prior thereto.

NUREMBERG'S HAUL ON TOYS

Toymakers of Famous German Town Pull Uncle Sam's Purse.

If the children could only get hold of the toys they would have no fear of the "gentle man" on Christmas time, but he is amply supplied with toys for Christmas time. For Nuremberg, Germany, is the real headquarters of Santa Claus, and the toymakers of Nuremberg have been unusually busy this year. They make toys for children of all the world at Nuremberg, though of all the countries the United States is the best customer. It would delight the hearts of many youngsters to know that the toymakers of Nuremberg will this year be paid something like \$2,500,000 for toys for good children, and, in spite of all the talk about hard times, this is about 35 per cent more than they received last year.

"Uncle Sam" is usually a benevolent old gentleman around Christmas time, but he insists on getting his due and Nuremberg toys, even if they are for the children, must not, so he declares, be allowed to compete with the toymakers of this country, if there are any; and so the Nuremberg toys will pay "Uncle Sam's" collector, Mr. Loeb, a duty of 35 per cent, or about \$70,000. This duty, together with the cost of bringing the toys across the Atlantic ocean, and the profits the dealers will have to make before Santa Claus can distribute the toys to the impatient stockings, will make Nuremberg's bill run up to something like \$6,000,000.

Then, of course, there are many other markets where Santa Claus buys toys, though none of the toys are as quality or more pleasing to the youngsters than the output from Nuremberg. But everything indicates that this is to be a record-breaking Christmas for the children of America. God bless 'em—every one!—Washington Herald.

THE EMPTY STOCKING.

Through the long Christmas Eve all alone I had read; There were no little urchins to put into No arms with their clinging to come for good-night, No voice of sweet cheer as we put out the light. So we rose and went up thanking God as we went, For His infinite mercy and pity and good; But she turned and went back, calling up with a smile, "Just wait, I will hurry right back after while!"

I stood by the window and looked at the snow And the lights of the winter in glory below; I heard the sweet tune of a bell down the street, Mark the stroke of the midnight in carolous sweet. From a distance bright voices rang clear on the air, And the night brought his revel to sudden there; Then I dreaded her absence and went down to see What kept her so long from her slumber and me.

By the mantle I found her, with head on her arm, And she looked in my face with such sad tender charm, While I spied by the chimney a stocking, petite As it woven of love for an angel's white feet— A little lad's stocking she'd kept as a trust. Through the years of her grief and her loss from the dust. And had hung it tonight all in memory and love For the sake of her lad's little Christmas above.

It was empty, all empty, but, oh, in her eyes, It was filled with the love that so tenderly lies. In a mother's warm heart hid away all the while. From the glare of the day, just to bring out and smile. To her own lips of sadness some still, quiet hour. When the glory of fears fills the world like a flower. And a mother calls back from the shadows for the little lost child where mid shadows he sleeps!

It was only her fancy to have it, and so it brought the dear dream back again with its glow; The loved gleam of childhood that filled every room. In the sweet "yesterdays" of his life's little bloom; And we vowed by that stocking, white as God gave us will, To go forth with something each stocking to fill. That hung lone and empty on hearth like our own. From whence the sweet presence of child hadn't flown.

All day while the spirit of love and of cheer For the Christmas of Christ rung in every one's ear. We left it still hanging to keep us in thought. Of the power it had borne and the love it had brought. And ever thereafter whence Christmas drew near. We let no sweet chance of devotion go by. To fill for lone little ones somewhere on earth. The we, empty stocking they'd hung by the hearth.—Baltimore Sun.

Employees' Liability Bill.

If the employers' liability bill passes, women will have to be careful about the conveniences of their premises, as it will affect them as well as the factory employers and the farmer. If the servant girl falls down stairs and breaks a leg because she tripped on a torn carpet that the mistress should have attended to, she may sue for damages. As there can be no class legislation, what is law for one man is law for another as well.

To Make Hair Clean and Glossy. (From the Toronto Times) "Your hair will grow in beauty and color, and brilliance and luxuriance, if color, and brilliance and luxuriance, if with soap and water and use only a dry shampoo powder, sprinkled on the head once a week and brushed thoroughly through the hair. "More dry, dull, brittle and faded hair can be traced to too much moisture than to any other cause. A good shampoo powder will remove every particle of dust, oil and dandruff from the head, leaving the scalp clean, cool and refreshed and the hair glossy, soft and silky. "To make a shampoo powder simply mix four ounces of thorax with four ounces of orris root. Thorax tones up the hair from root to tip, and you need use no other tonic."—Adv.

KNOCKERS HAVE THEIR SAY

Reformers with a Grouch Urge Many Changes in Christmas Customs.

Not content with remodeling the Fourth of July, ultra-reformers are now advocating drastic changes in Christmas. Most of their attacks on the winter festival are directed towards the giving of gifts, which, they say, is productive of jealousy and hypocrisy, to say nothing of extravagance. It is true that many give beyond their means, often against their will; and those with little money foolishly try to compete with those who have much. People with whom we have long exchanged gifts, yet for whom we have perhaps ceased to care, will send us something, and we must not be outdone. Now, if there must be reform, let it be reform. If we no longer desire to exchange gifts with someone, let us have the courage to write a friendly note and explain that we prefer not to this year. It is quite possible that our friend will be as glad to stop as we are. Or, send simply a card or a friendly letter, regarding our refusal. If we are not sure, the hint is pretty sure to be taken the following year.

The exchanging of gifts has been a feature of Christmas for centuries. To me, it is a most beautiful custom, if—notice the if—it be done in the proper spirit—a spirit of affection and good will. If two loving hearts exchange gifts of equal monetary value, each prize what he receives far above the value in dollars and cents that he has given. Nor do I hold with the doctrine that it is better to send merely cards or letters on Christmas day, and give to the poor the money we should otherwise have spent. I am not rich enough to want some of the Christmas fun myself; and I want my relatives and friends to have some, too. I always feel that Christmas day is sacred to my dear ones. Reformers may tell us that the fun which a man purposes giving to his wife would buy many dinners for the hungry, and many dolls and toys to make glad the hearts of ragged little ones; but—well, I should be sorry for the poor folk, but if it were my wife, she would get the fun. It is not a plea to abolish giving to the poor on this day of days; it is merely a plea for moderation. Let us remember the poor, let us give—bountifully if we can—to help them, but—don't let's overdo by falling to give gifts to those near to us. Another thing: in giving to the poor—or, for that matter, to the moderately well-to-do—let us not give only useful articles. Those in whose lives luxuries seldom come will appreciate it all the more if they receive something which they would not have needed any way. Socks and groceries may be of more practical value than bonbons and gift-books, but if the latter will promote happiness, let us by all means give them.

CHRISTMAS IN A FLAT.

'Twas the night before Christmas and all Not through the flat. Not a creature was stirring, not even a rat. Ne'er a stocking was hung by the chimney, because the young folk in old Santa Claus. They had watched him for weeks at the street corners, where With the clang of a bell he assailed the air. And essayed to persuade passersby to believe That 'twas better for them to give up than receive. When the clocks chimed at midnight a sharp whistle blew. And the youngsters peil-mell to the dumb-waiter flew. With a yell of delight they yanked open the door. And a big pile of packages pulled to the floor. But before they could peep at the presents inside, Through the dumb waiter shaft a shrill voice fiercely cried, "Say!—Put back those bundles for, they are to go. To the people who live on the next floor below!" Then the children, with wailing and gnashing of teeth, Sent the gifts on their trip to the flat underneath. The dumbwaiter descending was soon lost to sight. And a voice below yelled, "Merry Christmas! Good night!"—New York World.

MEN'S Christmas Slippers

If they come from Drexel's you know they will please him. Drexel's men's slippers means highest quality, just like Drexel's name in shoes. And the beauty of it is that Drexel quality slippers cost no more than the cheaper kind. Slippers for everyone from \$1.00 to \$5.00

A novel and pleasing gift for anyone is a pair of shoes, boots, slippers or anything of that sort. You do not need to know the size; we give

Christmas Certificates

for any amount. You simply buy the certificate and deliver it to whoever you wish, and when they present it at the store we will fit them with whatever kind of shoe, boot or slipper you wish. Thus you avoid all the disappointment caused by a misfit Christmas morning.

For the Little Folks

With each purchase of Boys' and Girls' Shoes Drexel is giving a Xmas present of a Park Base Ball Game Free. This is a very entertaining game and one that the children will all want.

No Matter what Liver or Bowel medicine you are using, stop it now. Get a 10c box—week's treatment—of CAS-CARETS today from your druggist and learn how easily, naturally and delightfully your liver can be made to work, and your bowels move every day. There's new life in every box. CAS-CARETS are nature's helper. You will see the difference!

Advertisement for Bennett's Piano Club. Features an illustration of Santa Claus sitting on a piano. Text includes: 'Any One of These Names on Your Piano Represents Quality', 'Merry Christmas', 'Santa's Headquart's for Pianos of the Reliable Kind', and a list of piano models like Boardman & Gray \$85, Weber Upright \$250, Hallet & Davis Upright \$165, Hallet & Davis Upright \$150, Steiff Upright \$50, Chickering & Sons Upright \$375, Brenkerhoff Upright \$140, Behr Bros. Upright \$125, Kroeger Upright \$260.

Advertisement for Bennett's Piano Club. Text includes: 'Have You Joined Bennett's Piano Club 500 Members If Not, Do It Now!', 'Sold on Easy Monthly Payments', and 'THE BENNETT COMPANY Largest Dealers of High Grade Pianos in the West'.

Advertisement for Brodegaard & Co. Jewelers. Text includes: 'An Apology!', 'We wish to tender an apology to such of our esteemed customers and friends as may have been inconvenienced by the overcrowded condition of our store the last couple of weeks.', and 'The Bee--the Best for Sports'.

Advertisement for Hayden's. Text includes: 'HAYDEN'S THE RELIABLE STORE', 'Make Yourself an Xmas Present OF Hart, Schaffner & Marx FINE CLOTHES OFFERING OVER 2,000 Overcoats and Suits WORTH \$25.00 to \$30.00 \$18.50 AT HAYDEN'S THE RELIABLE STORE'.