



IN ICELAND'S... heart and cried out, "I will be father and mother both to you, my baby, my poor, forsaken baby..."

Little Baby Beth

IT was New Year's eve. Downstairs in the parlor was Baby Beth's Christmas tree, just as it had been arranged a week ago—bisque doll, toys, glittering balls, marvelous sugar dogs and bears...

heart and cried out, "I will be father and mother both to you, my baby, my poor, forsaken baby..."

LET'S KEEP SANTA CLAUS.



Memory of Happy Days of Long Ago... HE memory of happy days long ago should ever protect Santa Claus.

eighty feet high to be erected on a mountain. It was lighted during New Year's night, and the illumination was seen for hundreds of miles...

CHRISTMAS IN DIXIE.

A quaint custom the survival of Slavery Days. In some parts of the South, notably Alabama, the observance of Christmas is kept up after the manner of slavery days.

A CHRISTMAS CONCLUSION.

Swag the day before Christmas, and all Rang the cry of the children that none can withstand.

HOW HOPE WAS BORN

THE night was a wild one. Such a night and such weather as only New England can inflict on suffering humanity.

First and Best of Christmas Stories

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.



And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, let us now go and see this thing which is come to pass...

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and with a touch no other hand might use, art weaving them together, deftly, surely, with heaven-sent skill.

tales, and all the make-believes that wield an influence for good in the lives of children. But Santa Claus is in no danger, for if the children love him, so do the parents.

the colored folks happy. At some of these gatherings 300 persons take part, the old, capacious mansion giving ample room for all.



Customer—I want a piece of meat without fat, bone or gristle. Clerk—You'd better have an egg, ma'am.—New York Mail.

Edward—Why did Grace marry Fred? She wasn't the least bit in love, Edith—Heavens no! She thought Ada wanted him.—Judge.



Blow the trumpet, beat the drum, Glad am I that Santa's come!