

THERE SHONE A STAR.



It stars by the million-fold above... Drear is the home where God sends them not... Over desert places its golden light... Out from a cave in the river rock... On the silence trembled a Babe's first breath...

CHANGING THE SCORE.



ants did their baking in ancient Dutch ovens, while suspended above the big log fire by iron chains and tripods were big pots and stew pans. The two great turkeys which formed the pieces de resistance at the Christmas spread in 1800 were "hand raised and hand fed" by a country gentleman in Fairfax County, Virginia...

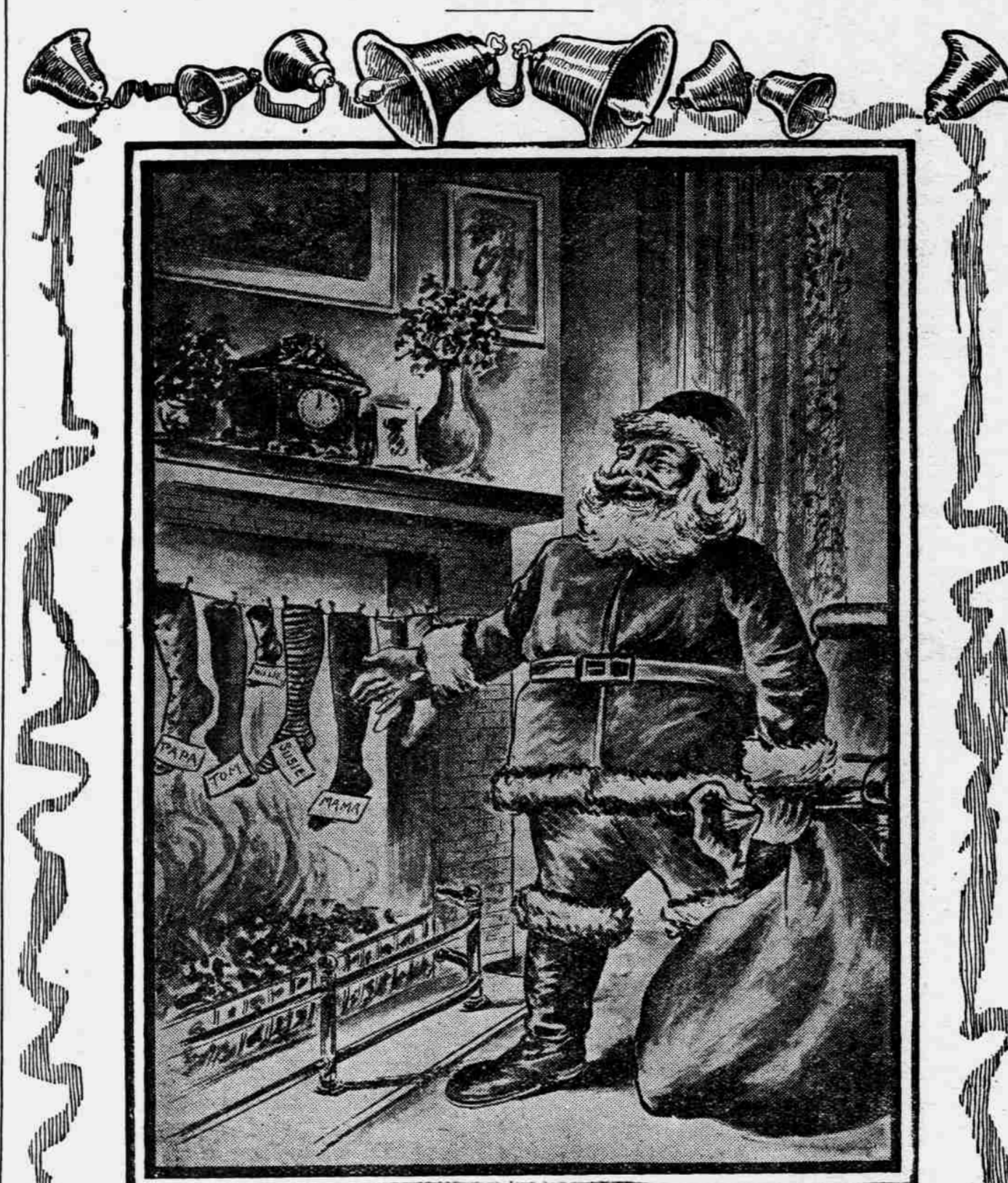


After this he made frequent trips to the library and brought up load after load of toys, candies and trinkets. And then he began to fill the stockings. It was slow work. He had watched his wife do it mechanical sort of way. It was on the preceding Christmas eve. She was ill and nervous and afraid to go about the house alone. In a grumbling, protesting way he had accompanied her.

Christmas dinners at the White House now are elaborate affairs in contrast with the simple Christmas dinners during the days of Adams, Jefferson and Madison. To-day many courses are served and the state dinners continue about three hours with an accompaniment of soft music by the Marine Band.

The Annual Greeting. "A Happy New Year to you!" This is the greeting which is heard on every side.

SANTA CLAUS' BIG JOB.



Said Santa Claus on this Christmas eve, in jolly, good, fat glee, "To judge by all these stockings here, they've turned the hose on me."

ing into his arms. "Papa is Santa Claus. It is papa who has been so good to us and we haven't loved him." "It's papa," echoed the younger daughter. "Papa—Santy Close," said the boy. And they, too, sidled up to him and clung to him, their little eyes beaming with love.

A WHITE HOUSE CHRISTMAS.

Day Was Observed with Remarkable Simplicity in Early Times. On the first Christmas day in the White House, it is recorded, snow mantled the earth to a depth of nearly two feet. It was a typical old-fashioned Christmas day, with all the accompaniments of wind and weather. Old Jack Frost was busy and decorated in fantastic designs with films of ice the window panes of the big white mansion. Downstairs in the kitchen there was a blaze of light and a genial warmth from the great piles of oak and hickory in the broad fireplace, while the atmosphere of the building was redolent with the odor of the viands being prepared for the Christmas feast.

Trimming the Tree.



Origin of Mince Pie. English plum pudding and mince pies both owe their origin, or are supposed to, to an occurrence attendant upon the birth of Christ. The highly seasoned ingredients refer to the offering of spices, frankincense and myrrh by the wise men of the East to the Christ Child.—New York World.

The New Year.

List, the New Year bells are ringing To and fro. Messages of comfort bringing Clear and low. Over mead and plain and valley, Where the forest giants rally, Up through park and street and alley Pegasus flows.

Making Preparations.

"I want to get a turkey, and a bottle of paragon, and some mince meat, and some poppin pills, and some cranberries, and some furniture polish, and a quart of oysters, and a package of court plaster, and some sweet potatoes, and a fire insurance policy."

Christmas Feasting.

During the middle ages the whole Christmas season was given up to revels and jollity, in which eating and drinking had a prominent part. The Saxon instinct of our English ancestors led them to make of every holiday an occasion for feasting. Plenty to eat and to drink was their idea of a festival, no matter how sacred might be its associations. On Christmas they not only lined their stomachs with good capon, as did Shakespeare's justice, but stuffed themselves with all sorts of rich, nourishing food and strong-compounded puddings and pies.

TALENTS BY THE PEOPLE.

REFORMING INEBRIATE WOMEN IN ENGLAND.

The homes for friendless girls in London are well established, and the homes for inebriate women, so sadly needed, are well started, well patronized and are already a success. We use nothing but kind words to reclaim the unfortunate women with whom we come in contact, and that has proved to be the best way. Locking up a woman in prison is not the way to reform her. When a woman enters our home, she is given light work to do, and everything around her is arranged so that nothing of her old life will be present in her habits.

DISREGARD OF SUNDAY DEPLORED.

A close observer cannot fail to note the dangerous inroads that have been made on the Lord's day in this country during the last thirty years. Look at the railroad lines in this country; not only are the passengers carried on Sundays, which I believe is unavoidable, but freight trains are in full operation. This traffic involves the employment of thousands of conductors, firemen, and engineers, as well as freight handlers, on the Lord's day. Then observe our system of electric cars. These lines are in full blast on Sundays, and the conductors and motormen have to serve the same number of hours on that day as on week days.

MONSTER EVIL OF OUR DAY.

Existing conditions challenge the attention of all thoughtful men. These conditions are confined to no particular section, but exist throughout the length and breadth of our country. Notwithstanding our boasted prosperity and the individual fortunes that have suddenly been acquired, the sad fact remains that to the mass of the people this oft repeated boast of prosperity is but a mockery. Within a brief time articles of daily consumption—the foods essential to human health and many tables—indeed an article of luxury. The much vaunted prosperity is that of the favored few. To the mass of the people conditions have seldom been more exacting, rarely less hopeful, than at this moment. It were worse than idle to close our eyes to the discontent, the feeling of unrest so general in this land. It is the part of wisdom to ascertain the cause and, if possible, to apply the remedy.

THE RUINED CAMPANILE.

Strange Spectacle of the Celebrated Square of Venice. The crumbling of St. Mark's campanile, Venice, some months ago was extraordinary in that no one was killed or injured of the hundreds who might have been if it had swayed toward the old ducal palace forty feet distant from its base and tore its way through that musty pile which has been defying the ages for centuries. The lofty tower started to its demolition after giving full warning and came down as gently as if some great giant had purposely held it back to save those near by from destruction.



THE WRECKED CAMPANILE IN VENICE.

Not even great noise proclaimed its undoing, but a huge cloud of dust arose and settled for a time over the big square of which for centuries it was the crowning glory. In descending it leaned over enough to tear out part of the front wall of the ducal palace, otherwise no damage was done. The immensity of the campanile could not be comprehended when it stood the lofty sentinal overlooking Venice and the Adriatic 330 feet in the air. Now that it was turned into debris, filling a space 300 feet long by 100 wide and 70 feet high, its colossal proportions could be understood. Even the Venetians who were born within its shadow, and lived beneath it to old age, did not realize its mighty dimensions until it was turned into a crumbling mass.

the small dealer has been driven from the field. He cannot compete with the trust. His occupation is gone. The field being clear, competition destroyed, the managers of various trusts fix prices to the consumer at their own pleasure. Is it possible that the people are indifferent to this growing evil? It virtually destroys competition, "the life of trade." In no small degree it usurps the functions of government. By intelligent machination, exclusively to its own gain, the trust has greatly increased to the consumer the cost of articles of daily necessity. The shadow of the trust has fallen upon every hearthstone in this land, and the end is not yet. The trust is the monster evil of our day, a constant menace to our welfare as a people.

VALUE OF GOOD LOOKS TO BUSINESS WOMEN.

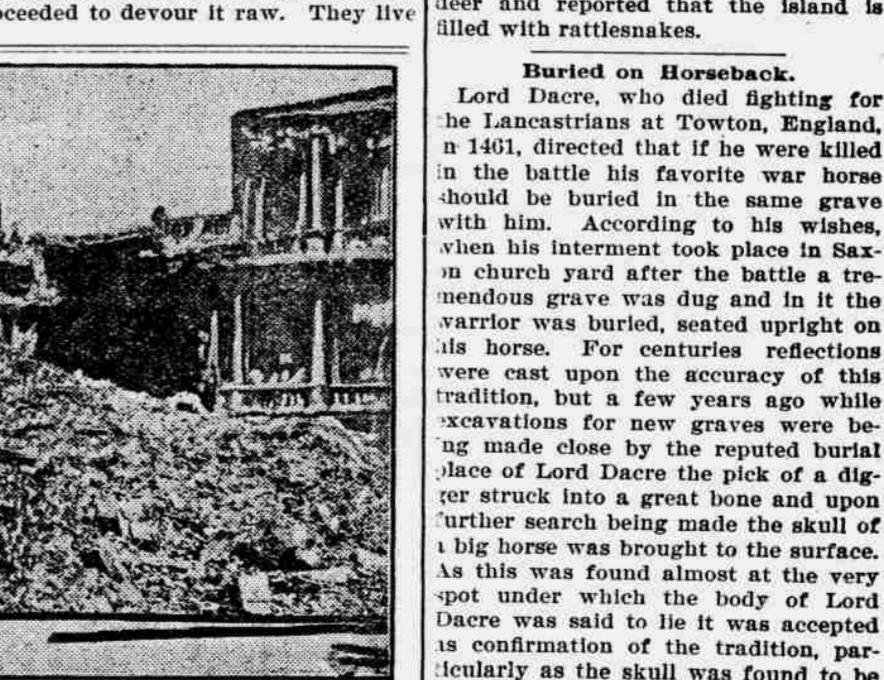
It may be set down as a rule that good looks go a great way toward making a woman successful in business. But in saying this, I am not forgetful of the fact that plain-looking and even homely women have been known to distance the others in the race. Take two women of the same average ability and common sense, and the prettier of the two will make the more rapid headway in the matter of promotion, and therefore will earn more money. I have heard it said, or rather I have seen it stated in the newspapers, that good looks are a handicap to a girl in search of a position; that many employers will not have pretty girls in their offices, because they receive too much attention from their clerks.

Perhaps this is true in some cases—for instance, in an office in which the employer has a casual wife, but generally it is not true. In most instances the young woman of prepossessing appearance who is seeking a place will secure an audience with the head of a firm when her plain-looking sister would be turned away. There is no use moralizing over the situation and saying that merit ought to discount good looks in such cases. We must take the world as we find it.

Now, I want to say a word about the treatment that young women in offices receive from the employers. If you were to believe all you see in the sensational newspapers you would have the opinion that a majority of the typewriters and stenographers accompanied their employers to lunch, to the theater and other places of amusement and were presented by them with boxes of bonbons and bouquets of American Beauty roses.

MORE MONEY IS NEEDED.

There are no signs of diminution in the general prosperity. Our foreign debt is smaller than at any period of our history, and our resources are immeasurably greater. The industrial and railroad outlook of the country is thoroughly satisfactory. The greatest menace is our financial system. When our business is expanding and there is a growing demand for funds, the United States treasury withdraws money from circulation. The financial stringency which we have passed through has not been due to lack of prosperity; it has been the result of it. We must have circulation sufficient to meet the growing business of the country.



Buried on Horseback.

Lord Dacre, who died fighting for the Lancastrians at Towton, England, in 1461, directed that if he were killed in the battle his favorite war horse should be buried in the same grave with him. According to his wishes, when his interment took place in Saxton church yard after the battle a tremendous grave was dug and in it the warrior was buried, seated upright on his horse. For centuries reflections were cast upon the accuracy of this tradition, but a few years ago while excavations for new graves were being made close by the reputed burial place of Lord Dacre the pick of a digger struck into a great bone and upon further search being made the skull of a big horse was brought to the surface. As this was found almost at the very spot under which the body of Lord Dacre was said to lie it was accepted as confirmation of the tradition, particularly as the skull was found to be standing vertically in the soil. The skull was replaced carefully in its original position and the excavation filled up.

United States Patents.

The whole number of patents issued by the United States Patent Office is more than 650,000, of which 45,000 were to foreigners. The number of live patents is about 375,000. The industries and appliances upon which the larger number of patents have been issued are, approximately, stores and furnaces, 20,000; steam engines, 14,000; railways, tracks, and arresters, each, 12,000; electric lights, 5,000; bicycles, 6,000; pumps, 5,000; refrigerating, 4,500; telephone, 4,000; electrical railways, 3,000. It has been estimated that the four-million feed for sewing machine patents earned \$32,000,000 for its owners, a larger amount probably than any other patent issued prior to the Bell telephone patent.

Would Take Him Back.

Maud—Why did you break your engagement with Tom Hotchkiss? Edith—Hush! Don't tell anyone—but he was growing so horribly fat. When grief has pulled him down a bit I shall take him on again.—New York News.

Gold in Rhodesia.

Southern Rhodesia's gold output in May was the highest recorded, being over 19,500 ounces.