



FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS



A Jack Frost party is sure to prove popular with the youngsters and is not difficult to arrange. The snow man who greets the young guests is made of cotton batting, but he looks like a real snow man. Two sticks wrapped in many thicknesses of cotton form the legs, which are nailed to a block of wood to make a foundation. The other parts of the body are made of rolls of cotton batting sewed or wired in place. He wears a fur cap and has long white whiskers made of crepe paper, if horse hair is not available. On the floor beside him lies his pack. In one hand he carries a string of sleigh-bells; in the other, a Christmas stocking. The mother or an older sister might act as hostess, acting the part of Mrs. Jack Frost and superintending the games in such a manner that the young guests will be kept busy.

As each child arrives he is given a white paper cap, and when all have assembled, they are given the opportunity of decorating Jack Frost. The children are blindfolded one at a time and after being turned around three or four times are told to walk up to Jack Frost and place their caps on his head. The child who first succeeds gets a small prize.

Each child is then allowed to throw a soft rubber ball, attempting to hit Jack Frost's string of bells. The first one who succeeds receives the Christmas stocking and presides over its contents. Other successful contestants draw a prize from the pack, and at the close of the contest each child draws one of the snow man's gifts.

The children will all enjoy the

games of Jack Frost in which the children form a circle, with one child who represents Jack Frost standing in the centre. "Jack" runs around inside the circle, touches a child on the right hand and goes back to his place again. The child thus touched says: "Jack Frost came this way." The child at her left asks: "What did he do?" Child No. 1 replies: "He nipped my hand" (shaking the hand). Child No. 2 tell No. 3 about Jack Frost, and the same question and answer follow. This is repeated, each child doing as No. 1 did, and thus it goes around the circle back to No. 1 again. Jack Frost then steps out and nips this child's left

hand, and now both hands are shaking. Each time Jack nips some part of the body, until the children are hopping up and down and shaking all over, which of course is great fun for them. Mrs. Jack Frost then says: "Jack Frost is coming this way," and whispers a word to each of the children. To some she whispers, "hish," to others "hush," and to others "hash." At a given signal from her, the players call out their words together and the result is a big sneeze, which makes all laugh.

Some one is then selected to represent Jack Frost. Other players are given the names of Christmas gifts, such as a doll, a box of candy, or a book. A number of chairs are arranged in the middle of the room, with one chair less than the number of players, not counting Jack Frost. Jack then takes his place in the centre of the room and calls for them one at a time. The first one called comes forward and takes hold of Jack's coat, then each one in turn, as he is called takes hold of the player who precedes him until there is a long line behind the leader. Jack then begins to run around the chairs, the others after him, until he suddenly calls "Christmas Gift," when the players must sit down. As there are not enough chairs, one player will be left standing and he must pay a forfeit. As each player drops out, a chair is removed until only one is left.

To remove ink stains from the fingers, wet the head of a sulphur match and rub over the stains until they disappear.



Jane is of a studious nature, she will get more hours of real happiness out of a story book suitable to her age, rather than a set of doll dishes, which for us appears to be the correct gift for any little girl.

One can do a child a grave injustice by getting him everything he wants. This is a world of limitation, thwarted wishes and the necessity for sharing with others. If a host of toys and playthings is received at Christmas time, a child's appreciation for new toys later in the year, is dampened. One mother of our acquaintance allows her sons to have only a few of the toys they receive at Christmas time. The remainder is put away and given to them at appropriate times throughout the year.

Then this Christmas morning let your children or your little friend receive the toys for which they have been longing, but let those toys be so selected as to incite happiness and delight in the gift, and stimulate the child mind in an educative way.

The Heart of a Child.

If Christmas brings no thrills, something is wrong, not with Christmas, but with yourself. Christmas is nineteen hundred years old, but age has not withered its charm. Much has crashed since the cry of a Child was heard in Bethlehem—kings, kingdoms, empires, religions, civilizations—but Christmas, the Child festival, still stands firm and four-square, entrenched in a million hearts.

Christmas! The very word hold a thrill. Eyes shine, and hearts beat quicker. The call, the grip, of Christmas, still hold power.

But you—what of you? If Christmas brings no thrill you have lost something. Perhaps faith and hope and charity have gone, pushed out to make place for a bitter cynicism.

The world may have buffeted you, and it may seem that you stand alone, chilled and cold and forgotten. But Christmas is yours still. It must hold happy—perhaps holy—memories. For were you not once a child? What better salve can there be for the bitterness of to-day than the fragrant memories of happy and holy yesterdays? "He who shall keep Christmas," said an old-time philosopher, "shall keep himself."

If Christmas brings no thrill, something is wrong. Maybe we are not at "peace." Maybe "good will" is not in our hearts. Perhaps we are nursing old hatreds, bitter memories that should have been banished and forgotten years ago.

In that case we are in antagonism with Christmas, its meaning, its message, and its lesson. Let a Little Child lead us back to friendliness, to forgiveness, to peace, and to happiness.

For Christmas to mean nothing to us is a tragedy. We stand condemned. Some say they have "got beyond troubling about Christmas." If you are of these, ask yourself whether you were not better and happier when you did trouble.

You were? Ah, then you must get back. You may have got on in the world, but that is not everything. The heart of a child is greater than riches, and faith more than many mansions.

If you wished to walk through all the streets and lanes and alleys in London you would have to walk ten miles every day for nine years.

London's famous Lord Mayor's coach was built in 1757, weighs nearly four tons, and is not very comfortable to ride in, as it is suspended on leather braces in place of springs.

A small boy who asked a gardener how he got the water into watermelons received a reply that was worthy of his question: "I plant the seed in the spring," said the gardener.



Other People.

This is the season above all others for taking thought away from ourselves toward other people. What a miserable festival it would be if all our mind turned inward, our gaze were introspective and our desire began and ended in a ring about ourselves!

Rank selfishness is this, to invade the blessed time with care purely for our own concerns, with anxious meditation of our own revolving problems, however insistent and intrusive these may be. We need never look far to discern the less fortunate; however unhappy we think we are, there is a plight at our doorstep more serious than our own. We need to look resolutely and cheerfully away from our perplexity, for the health of our minds, for the good of our souls, for the happiness of others which we are bound to consider.

It does not matter so much that we shall bring our own dream true for ourselves as that we shall bring happiness in the long run to another, even though it be with sacrifice. "Greater love hath no man than this." A true, abiding affection is tested most of all by its willingness to renounce. And let no gloomy face be carried to the altar of the oblation, but a high, proud smiling countenance.

For it takes from the beauty of any service to the race—or to any member of it—if we play the part in a dreary, melancholy key, as of one who consents rather than elects to live and to rise to the whole of a duty.

When we came into this world we did not come into a solitary paradise. We found the scene thronged and the rules fixed and the game to be played as others had soberly agreed to play it. There has to be an ordered structure of society, for the defence of interdependent mankind against the independence of the lawless and the predatory. We cannot let the world be run by those who are themselves ungovernable. "Save he serve, no man may rule." And each in his place, be it high or low, is bound to think of all the rest.

A Christmas Song.

Never we needed Thee so sore
Since the first day began.
O, come and knock at the world's door,
Small Son of God and Man!
And if it open not to Thy knock
Shrill crying in the cold,
Break down the heart hard as a rock
And enter and lay hold!

Not when they slew our young, and marred
The beauty smooth and clean,
Not then, not then, our hearts were hard,
Arid and cold and mean.
For now the weak are down, and Hate,
And Avarice, and Pride,
These are the Lords within our gate,
O Child, be not denied!

O, not in nineteen hundred years
We needed Thee as to-night.
Yestreen we washed us clean with tears,
Their scarlet washed us white.
There is not one green spot on the earth
Where men nor hate nor grieve.
O Child, come to our hour of dearth
And bid the dead heart live.
—Katharine Tynan.



For The Christmas Table.

Why not serve Christmas dinner by candle-light? Or if the dinner be at noon time, just darken the room. A rather interesting candle-stick may be made in the following manner:

The materials necessary are pieces of white birch wood about one inch in diameter and six to eight inches long, circular pieces of wood, three inches in diameter, bits of holly, and candles. Have as many pieces of wood, of both kinds, as you wish candlesticks. Tack a circular piece of wood to one end of a long piece. See! you have a stick almost made. The other end of the piece of wood should be hollowed out, to hold the candle. Twine the bits of holly about the stem of the candlestick.

Do you see it now in fancy? A real outdoor candlestick it is. A bit of white bark with a holly spray about it, a white candle, the red of the berries, it is a charming affair.—J. W.

Unto Us A Son Is Given.

Given, not lent,
And not withdrawn—once sent,
This Infant of mankind, this One,
Is still the little welcome Son.

New every year,
Newborn and newly dear,
He comes with tidings and a song,
The ages long, the ages long;

Even as the cold
Keen winter grows not old,
As childhood is so fresh, foreseen,
And spring in the familiar green.

Sudden as sweet
Come the expected feet,
All joy is young, and new all art,
And He, too, whom we have by heart.
—Alice Meynell.

Civic health is on the toboggan in
the town where folks use a silver
gauge instead of the golden rule.

If the energy in a flash of lightning
could be collected and stored up, it
would carry an electrically-operated
motor car or van for a distance of five
miles.

The King.

"My little Son," she said,
"My little Son,
My beautiful, my wondrous,
Lovely One.
I kiss Thy head, Thy hands,
Thy little feet—
Thou art so small, so helpless,
And so sweet."

"They come with gifts
And look on Thee with awe,
And tell in whispers
Of a star they saw."

"I see but Thee . . . I know
No more than this,
That Thou art soft
As rose leaves
To my kiss."
—Abigail Cresson.

Eye of Murdered Man Holds Slayer's Image.

The theory that a murder victim's eye may sometimes hold the image of his slayer received scientific confirmation from Prof. Doehne of Cologne University, Berlin. The professor photographed the retina of two of the victims of Fritz Angerstein, wealthy Hagen merchant, who killed eight persons. The retina of one yielded a picture of Angerstein's face. The other showed the same face, contorted with rage, and the blade of the axe with which the murders were committed.

What Will You Buy in Toyland?

Christmas, expressed in the terms of the child's mind, is synonymous with toys. At this holiday season, made merry by children and for children, there is a tendency toward being too generous with toys. If not too generous, then too self-centred on the shopping trip to Toyland that we come home with toys bought to suit our own tastes and desires rather than the little four, five or six-year-old for which they are meant.

The great joy of receiving toys at Christmas time for children is getting what they want. Every toy should be made to exercise a dual purpose, that of making the child happy and of assisting him in an educative and creative way. Toys are the treasured possessions of childhood, and the impressions they make in childhood days are lasting.

It may be you note in advance what the child wants, but it is also necessary to know why. Perhaps little James wants a sled like the one his playmate has. This may be because it is a bright and shiny one, or because it can go faster and farther than any other sled of his playfellows. The boy who teases for expensive mechanical toys may have his real wish better gratified in the ownership of materials with which to experiment and construct his own metal toys. If

Little town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie!

Little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark street shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Phillips Brooks



A MERRY CHRISTMAS

