1918

MALE EAMSTERS.

FEMALE OUSEWORK,

EXPRESS

AND FOX Woodlawn,

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Roman chariots ing the soldiers d to overwhelm nfantry, but also t of mprovised marksmen shelthe thick of the at of the carriage eid even though eteen centuries unsin, the ironmotor tank.

& While



## Their Christmas

"Now. what do you want?" quoth Tommy the younger. "I dare you to tell!"

"What I want an' what I'll get are two different affairs." growled John, the elder. "Christmases ain't for kids like us."

"I ain't wantin' a thing 'ceptin' lots an' lots to eat," piped Susie. The Widow Jones looked at her brood-healthy, active, each one clamoring for a special Christmas gift, and wondered where on earth the gifts were coming from. There were seven children, and she hadn't \$7 to her name. With so many mouths to feed and so many feet to be shod, and so little to don't with, it didn't seem as if Christmas gifts were possible. The children were all healthy. that was one blessing, and if there wasn't much to eat each one was able to do full justice to what was set before him.

Years before Sue Morris had married handsome Tom Jones against the advice of her friends. He was a genial, good-tempered fellow, but a dreamer. She never regretted doing it, not even when he died, leaving her seven little children and nothing but that

People said the land was worthless, and perhaps it was; but the house was good and furnished a pleasant home for them, with the great walnut tree casting its shade over the vard. There had been a fine growth of maples behind the house, but the trees had been cut down and now their ugly | She has it coming to her. These stumps made unsightly blotches on the landscape. The widow often wished the stumps were out of the way so that something worth while might be grown in their stead. But she lacked means to pay for having the work done, and they remained. Her husband had meant to clear the land and had uprooted a few of them when had uprooted a few of them when may have been caused, for these wooden candlesticks a whole For needleworkers there are

sewed for her neighbors and sometimes cooked for them, too, and farmed her hillside acres the best way she could. It was a scartly living, it must be owned. There were trying times when the flour was low in the barrel and flour was low in the barrel and the meat entirely gone. It seems too, and her resulting will be than the extravagant, embossed Christmas cards which have been so in demand the past few years. These cards were primarily sent as thoughts of happiness, and were meant to create the meat entirely gone. It seems to cooked for them, too, will be than the extravagant, embossed Christmas cards which have been so in demand the past few years. These cards were primarily sent as thoughts of happiness, and were meant to create the meat entirely gone. It seems to cooked for them, too, will be than the extravagant, embossed Christmas cards which have been so in demand the past few years. These cards were primarily sent as thoughts of happiness, and were meant to create the more fitting they will be than the extravagant, embossed Christmas cards which have been so in demand the past few years. These cards were primarily sent as thoughts of happiness, and were meant to create the bossed Christmas cards which have been so in demand the past few years. These cards were primarily sent as thoughts of happiness, and were meant to create the bossed Christmas cards which have been so in demand the past few years. These cards were primarily sent as thoughts of happiness, and were meant to create the control of the cards were the cards were the control of the cards were the control of the cards were the control of the cards were the car ed to the worried mother that at! such periods the appetite of the youngsters was at its liveliest. She remembered once when the cupboard was barest little Tommy awoke in the night crying: "Mammy, did I have my three meals to-day?" and she had hushed him with the quick assurance: "Why, sonny, of course you did," knowing all the while the child! really had not satisfied his hunger once during the whole day

extremity was so dire. Just now there would be something coming from the sale of the walnuts, and revolving the problem of how to make one ollar do the work of ten she set the children at work shelling the nuts and preparing them for market. There would be fully six bushels after the hulls were off, and this meant at least two pairs of shoes. even at the low priced offered for the nuts. Still she could see nothing ahead of her that looked like Christmas cheer for the children. They must be satisfied with a promise for the future. She was pondering on ways and means when there came a thundering rap

long. But it was not often their

on the door. 'Some neighbor,' thought the widow. "It's butchering time, and maybe I'm wanted somewhere to help out with the work."

With this she opened the door. It was no neighbor that confronted her. A burley stranger stood on the porch, keen-eyed, deepvoiced.

"Morning, ma'am," he rumbled. "I'm told you own that stumpage back of the house here

"Yes." said the wondering woman. "I regret to say that I do.' "Nothing to regret, ma'am," he said "On the contrary, be glad. Had my eye on it last ten days. Want to sell it?"

"The land?" "Stumps.

"Are you crazy?" cried she. "Not 'tall. Timber buyer for furniture concern in East. Down here on hunt for certain sorts wood. Rock maple one of 'em; walnut another. Offer \$75 for



December twenty-fourth that she apt to be change to one of rocky hillside farm to keep them had spent just a little more time with her needle, and had to show for it some dainty remembrances

which would cheer up some few of these people for whom she has a paragon of virtues as this let her pass this helpful article by necessaries and buy Bed Cree and hie herself at once to her wellearned niche in the hall of fame. hints are given for the foolish virgins who must at the last minute be orginal and at the same time quick about it. They tell how to combine a few simple twists of little dexterous with her paintthe wrist with a little ingenuity, more or less material, and the nec- limited for original ideas in gifthis untimely death put an end to descriptions have all been tried, tableful of them, at five cents His widow made a living as women do in country places. She sewed for her neighbors and have met with many flatter-ing expressions of the designer's artistry. (No names given!!) sewed for her neighbors and have made from remnants and rag-tage to the most novel and several severa

IVES there a woman with within the heart of the reci an average number of names to her Christmas tom has grown to such entered and foolishly extravagant prop at the eleventh hour on tions that the clovested a as to where we will put the next batch the posturen being that isn't saying anythin how the postmen must feel all the it. However, it seems much more not provided? If there is such appropriate, in these days of see sible things, to eschew the unstamps, while we can easily make

for our intimates some of the

many useful and attractive little

gifts which may be evolved at

small outlay, and mean so much in thoughtfulness. For the woman who is even a brush, the field is practically unessary implements. The results making. In a little side street

and blues. The handle is enamel-ed in the two colors, and two wooden beads pointed like apples der and patie nce are the required predients for a number of unusual ideas in tin. Painted nosegays are the regular decorations for these sconces, candle sticks, flower pots, etc.

aboratory work are not half bad

her that place the braid-bound, and snapped up onto ty was the bag proper. The fold of the erged bag was fitted with brass rings, so that it might hang flat against a wild rose pink, one's closet door. The front side mated with a cluster of had a vertical opening which was by fruit, painted in also braid-bound. The principal advantage of this bag is that it An oak tray is left unpainted never has to be removed from its meet in the centre, where a hooks. Simply unsnap the flap. il is done in bright yellows and your laundry emerges in a

> or near linen are quite the vogue. Most of them are picoted along the edges. Cross-stitching would be much prettier if one had the

> Stunning mules for the boudoir are made of velvet in soft tones, with a rhinestone buckle or a tight little bouquet of flowers on the toe.

Knitting bags ad libitum can be evolved from bits of satin. trimmed with oileloth flowers, or icidedly impressive Christmas old silver purse.

favor for at least 200 years. In the thirteenth century, however, the custom had become so subject to abuse that the clergy began to frown upon it, and finally they prohibited all forms of Biblical representation in the churches. In time most of the Easter mystery pictures disappeared from the churches, but many of the Christmas illustrations had ac-Luncheon sets of colored linen

quired such a firm hold upon the popular heart that they remained and have been brought down to the present day in a somewhat modified form. Such is the "Bambino," which is seen to-day in all parts of the Christian world and which has come to possess almost a ritualistic significance. An other Christmas mysterv which still survives, although its

perpetuation is confined to a lim-

ited region, is the quaint and de-

(By Walton William

nastic communiti

In mediaeval times, when learn

ing was rare and confined mostly

to the regular clorey living in mo-

fashion to illustrate the gospel

narratives by means of more or

less realistic dramatic represen-

tation. This method of instruct-

ing the unlettered was borrowed

from the old heathen mysteries.

and the monks and nuns who de-

vised the pious scheme made

every effort to impart a reveren-

tial understanding of the subject

illustrated. This is the origin of

the mystery or miracle plays and

also of the sacred tableaux vi-

vants which in time were enacted

in the rural churches. These liv-

ing pictures always illustrated

some Biblical subject and were

probably of great spiritual bene-

fit to those who could not read.

tures of the Christian religion

were made intelligible to the pub-

lic. The practice began early in

the tenth century and grew in

It was thus that the great fea-

simply attached to the top of the ceremonial known as "the offering." This custom has been re-Nothing is nicer than the small | peated for centuries on Christmas sewed for her neighbors and And how much more fitting they sometimes cooked for them, too, will be than the extravagant are the visit of the magi to the infant Jesus at Bethlehem. A little boy is chosen to represent the Saviour Dressed in a white robe, wearing a gilded crown and holding a globe in his hands, he stands upon an altar surrounded by olive branches and a multitude of lighted candles. Votive lamps hang above him, and abundant offerings of fruit and flowers are at his feet. A crowd of peasants.

> ...... "Yours and welcome!" cried

both men and women, clad in fes-

tival attire and wearing the pic-

turesque head coverings of the

Tuscan mountaineers, bring or-

anges and pomegranates from

their tiny gardens and offer them

devoutly to the weary little repre-

sentative of the Lord of the har-

He shook his head. "Not business. Woman don't know value timber. Rock maple-, burl-, veneering, furniture, costly. Certain woods hard find-rare. Know what doing-make offer." And the price he mentioned made her dizzy.

"Why, it can't be," she cried. shedding tears; "it's riches-al-

He stared thoughtfully at the widow. "Worth it," said he. Again he produced a receipt. This done he sighed and offered her a card. "Name," he remarked "Lone man; homesick; got no home: Chrismus four day off; like kids—" with an appealing glance at the children. "Might dine-" He stopped.

But she understood. Without looking at the name on the card she suggestedly timidly: "Have Christmas with us. Thanks to you it will be a good one."

He was pleased. "I will, ma'am. Glad come." He bowed and was gone. The widow's promise was fulfilled; she could cook, and she did her very best.

The day came, and the guest with it. and it was a day and a dinner not easily forgotten by those who participated in the enjoyment. And it heralded the beginning of better times for the widow and her flock.

When the big walnut tree came down the big man planted a wal-

## Once Upon a Time

My child comes to my knee. And tugging, pleads that he may climb Into my lap and hear me tell The Christmas tale he loves so well-A tale my mother told to me. Beginning, "Once upon a time."

It is a tale of skies that rang With angel rhapsodies sublime; Of that great host serene and white. The shepherds saw one winter night And of the glorious stars that sang An anthem, once upon a time.

This story of the hallowed years. Tells of the sacrifice sublime: Of one who prayed alone and went

While his awearied followers slept-And now his blood and Mary's tears Commingled, once upon a time.

And now my darling at my side And cehoes of the distant chime. Bring that sweet story back to me Of Bethlehem and Calvary, And of the gentle Christ that died For sinners, once upon a time.

The mighty deeds that men have told In penderous tones or flowing rhyme Like misty shadows fade away-But this sweet story bides for aye, And like the stars that song of old, We sing of "Once upon a time."

- Engene Field

tree! The widow gasped. Surely here was the craziest man outside of an insane asylum. Yet he looked at her in the friendliest familiar and his eyes seemed sane "Hate trade".

WARTHART CHARTER CHARTER CHARTER CHARTER

"Can sell tree for more?" he mouth habit rumbled anxiously. "Would "If you're a walnut tree in front yard. Take have take it up, pay for shipping you am district the same, taking risks transportation; without Seventy-five dollars for one eventy-five good, fair pelis