WHO GIVES OF HIMSELF GIVES MORE THAN EVER CAME FROM PURSE

EVERY WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY

The Bulletin wants good home letters; good business letters; good helpful letters of any kind the mind may suggest. They should be in hand by Wednesday of each week. Write on but one side of the paper.

Address, SOCIAL CORNER EDITOR, Bulletin Office, Norwich, Conn.

THREE PRIZES MONTHLY: $2.50 to first; $1.50 to second; $1.00 to third. Award made the last Saturday in each month.

SOCIAL CORNER PIEM.

A Christmas Poem.

While the solemn, starry splendor
Of the midnight trance sublime
Waited over tower and temple
On the eastern hills of time,

Ringing clear and sweet and tender
From the rapt, exultant throng,
Fell the heavenly echoes earthward
Came the herald angels' song.

Lo! the music and the rapture
Down the starry spaces rolled,
And the greetings for the coming
Of the King so long foretold!

And the shepherds in the valleys,
On the hillsides, in the glen,
Heard the glory in the highest"
And the sweet good will to men!"

"Peace on earth!" they sang exalting,
Bending low, on shining wing
Over Bethlehem's lowly manger,
O'er the world's exalted King!

Pilgrims hailed the princely stranger
Saw His glory from afar,
Came to kneel beside the manger,
Led by splendor of the star.

Hither came the kings and sages
With their gifts of myrr and gold,
Frankincense and adoration—
Type of all the nations hold.

So He came, the King immortal,
When the flags of war were furled—
Came the Christ of all the ages,
Came the hope of all the world.

"Peace on earth"—the wondrous story,
Ringing down the centuries love;
How the sweet, good will has wandered!
How the white-winged dove has flown!

And the starry song of midnight
Holdest yet its potent sway,
Since the singing of the angels
Maketh glad our hearts today.

For the Christmas-tide rejoices
All the loyal lands of earth,
That with loving adoration
Hail with joy Immanuel's birth.

Priceless gift of heaven's treasure,
Born of love and matchless grace,
Reaching earthward and embracing
Every kindred, every race.

Joy of all the waiting nations,
Light where gloomy shadows toss,
Refuge for the love and weary,
Underneath the lifted cross.

Peace and love and praise ascending—
So the shining message ran—
Love that conquers all the ages,
And the brotherhood of man.

Rise, O nations, in the darkness,
Catch the song the Christmas brings,
Then shall all the kingdoms own him,
Lord of lords and King of kings!

Ring, O minstrelsy of angels!
Never may thy singing cease,
Till the world with homage crown Him
King immortal—Prince of Peace!

RAINBOW.

Author, B. F. Leggett.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

The Editor wishes Christmas joys for every member of The Social Corner family; and yet, in so large a family he is aware there are points of sorrow—joy and sorrow run so close together that the bitter is everywhere mingled with the sweet in this world—and to those who have sad memories or poignant grief he would say, Love beams forth on every side and bends to meet mortal necessities. Be of good cheer for the more blessed and more abundant life awaits us all.

Interested Reader is sending out his plain, but useful calendar again this year.

THEODA—Card received. Please accept thanks.

READY—Cards received and sent to the writers indicated. Thanks for card.

QUEEN ELIZABETH—Card received and will be mailed to Oleander as soon as she sends in her address.

PRIMROSE: Thanks for pretty card and fine sentiments.

MARRIED AND HAPPY: Thanks for Christmas greetings and correct address.

LONESOME PINE: The Editor appreciates "The Old, Old Wish." Thanks for card.

DOROTHY PERKINS No. 2: Thanks for lovely card received. "A Volume of Happy Days" should certainly be made from life.

BIDDY: Thanks for card and kind wishes.

JIM: Cards received and mail as directed.

AUNTY NO. 1—Cards and letter received and disposed of as you directed. The Editor and spouse thank you for cards.

Every Woman Wants
Paxtine
ANTISEPTIC POWDER
FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE
Dissolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical.
Has extraordinary cleansing and germicidal power. Sample Free. 50c. all druggists, or postpaid by mail. The Paxton Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.

WHEN YOU WANT to put your business before the public, there is no medium better than through the advertising columns of The Bulletin.

OLD FASHIONED HOME-MADE COLORS.

Dear Social Corner Folks: The high price and scarcity of foreign dyestuffs are now driving many housekeepers to the old time home-made dyes of our grandmothers' days.

Bright yellow or canary color used for cotton goods in bright colored rag carpets, can be made by boiling twigs of crabapple trees in soft water. A much deeper yellow, sort of orange color, can be obtained by simply boiling five cents worth of copperas in water enough to make one pailful. This gives a dull sage green looking hue, which changes to orange after dipping the cloth in a weak solution of lye water. When those are wrung out, shake and expose them to the sun and air; at first the color will not be bright, but as the cloth dries the color comes out a strong and lasting orange.

For blue use the liquid bluing in bottles and if green is required, after securing a good shade of blue, re-dip the fabric or rags in your yellow dye.

For pretty pink, needed for ribbons, woolens, etc., soak a sheet of bright red crepe paper in water; let it lie in soft water for quite a long time, then squeeze out all your pulp. You can make any pink shade of dye by using as little or much of the red paper as you like.

A very good shade of linen color, suitable for motor coats, etc., is made by twisting hay into a rope or coil, placing it in a pail, then pour boiling hot water over it; let it steep until cool, then drain off the liquid and use at once.

Walnut hulls, also a decoction of logwood chips, give a very fine brown color.

For dove or slate color, boil a teacup of black tea in an old iron vessel, with a teaspoon of copperas and sufficient water to extract and dissolve. Afterwards dilute with water to the shade you wish.

For purple, for each pound of goods use two ounces of cudbear, rinse the goods well in soap suds, then dissolve the cudbear in hot suds, not quite boiling, and soak the goods until you have the color you wish. Your color will be brightened by rinsing in alum water.

A pretty yellow color can be obtained by boiling the bark taken from yellow oak; use plenty of bark, to this can be added 10 cents worth of indigo powder, and a pretty green is obtained.

A deep drab color can be obtained by boiling bark taken from green chestnut. Take a good quantity and cover it in water and boil until it becomes very strong in color, then dip the fabric into this solution.

Hope some of the Sisters may be benefited with some or all of the above. They are very nice for those who make braided rugs.

CRIMSON RAMBLER.

HOME-MADE CONFECTIONS.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: —your transparent sweetness truly nice with Indian sugar and Arabian spice.

Who can resist home-made candies? Very few indeed, for if well made they are delicious. Then, besides being delicious, the home made article is cheap as compared with bought candy of the same quality, and, above all, it is pure. The making of dainty bon-bons is a very attractive pastime to the amateur housekeeper and would-be confectioner; and it is quite surprising how many pretty and delicious candies can be made at home and how wsimple and fascinating the process. The value of sugar as a food for both young and old is undisputed, and candy is looked upon nowadays as almost a necessity instead of a luxury.

The use of a little baking powder will be found of immense advantage as it makes the sugar less liable to crystallize while boiling, and gives a more creamy effect to caramels and fudge.

Old Fashioned Molasses Candy — Two cups molasses, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 2 tablespoons butter, 1-2 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon ginger, extract or vanilla. Put molasses, vinegar and butter into a saucepan. Bring to a boil, stir all the time until the mixture is brittle when dropped in cold water. Stir in baking powder and extract and pour into a buttered tin. When nearly cold pull until glossy. Cut into small pieces and on a buttered plate, or wrap in waxed paper. Sufficient for one pound of candy.

Cherry Paste—One teaspoon baking powder, 3 tablespoons powdered gelatine, 1 1-4 cups sugar, 1 cup chopped preserved cherries, a few drops red color, 1 lemon, confectioners' sugar. Put gelatine, baking powder, water, sugar, grated rind and strained juice of lemon into a saucepan, bring slowly to a boil, then boil gently for 15 minutes, stirring constantly. Rinse a deep plate with cold water, put in red color and cherries. Strain in mixture and stir. Set in a cold place until firm, then cut into neat squares, using a knife constantly dipped into hot water, and roll in confectioner's sugar. Put into boxes lined with waxed paper. Sufficient for 30 squares.

Fruit and Nut Fudge — One teaspoon baking powder, 2 cups sugar, 1-2 cup molasses, 1-3 cup cream, 1-2 cup butter, 1-2 cup grated chocolate, 2 tablespoons chopped preserved gingeger; 2 tablespoons chopped and stoned dates, 1-2 cup chopped walnut meats, 1-2 cup blanched and chopped almonds, 1 teaspoon lemon extract, 1 teaspoon orange extract. Boil together for seven minutes, sugar, molasses, cream, and butter, stirring all the time; add chocolate and boil 7 minutes more; then add fruit, baking powder and nut meats; stir constantly until it boils, then cook slowly until it forms a soft ball when tried in cold water, then add extracts. Remove from fire, put pan of cold water and stir until creamy. Pour into buttered tins and mark into squares when half cold.

Betty Caramels—Two cups brown sugar, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1-2 cup milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon coffee extract, pecan nut meats. Put into a saucepan, sugar, baking powder, milk and butter, bring to boil boil gently, stirring all the time, until the mixture forms a small ball when tested in water. Add extract and pour into a dry basin, and beat with a wooden spoon until the mixture becomes stiff. Then roll into large even-shaped marbles and put a pecan nut meat on top of each. Lay on waxed paper to become firm. These caramels are a pale coffee color. Serve in paper cases.

Kiss-Me-Quicks—Four tablespoons honey, 2 cups sugar, 8 tablespoons water, 1-2 teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt, 1 cup chopped walnut meats, 1 teaspoon rose extract, 1 teaspoon orange extract. Put into saucepan, honey, sugar, water and powder, stir over fire with spoon until sugar is dissolved. Boil quickly, stirring gently, until it forms a soft ball when tested in water. Take pan from fire, stir in salt, nuts, and extracts and beat until creamy. Pour into a buttered tin, let cool, and cut into neat squares. Sufficient for 40 squares.

Nut Candy—Three cups sugar, 1 cup corn syrup, 1-2 cup water, 2 egg whites, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1-4 teaspoon salt, 1 cup chopped nut meats, 1 teaspoon almond extract, 1 teaspoon lemon extract, 1 teaspoon vanilla extract. Put into a saucepan, sugar, syrup, and water and boil until the syrup forms a soft ball when tested in water. Add salt and powder to eggs and beat stiff. Take from fire and add eggs, beating constantly. Add other ingredients, beat creamy. Put in pan and when cool mark.

EASTER LILY.

TO CURE SICK FEET AND SICK PLANTS.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: It's quite a spell since I have been able to write on account of rheumatism in my hands, and as a friend has sent me his remedy that cured him after fifteen years, so I feel I must pass it on to other poor sufferers.

First wash feet clean, then put flour of sulphur in the toe, also the heel of your stockings and wear them three nights and days, then skip three, then three days and nights more, then skip three and then three more days and nights. He says this has always effected a cure. A trained nurse told him of it.

If any Brothers or Sisters has any foxglove, canterbury bells, chrysanthemums, they wish to protect try my way—take newspapers, open flat and lay two (or three if you have plenty) on top of each other; take some more and lay on them, just as you would two pieces of cloth you were going to stitch; then put on sewing machine (make the stitch as long as you can, keep adding papers and stitching just as you would put strips of cloth together, (I made mine the length of my strawberry bed) roll up then when you want them put at end of bed, with stones at the end, then unroll and weight the other end, then lay sticks. (I have four rows of berries and two strips of the papers just cover them, I lay bean-poles crosswise and they just go across). If you have more stones, or wool, layed at edges and in the middle will answer. In the spring, remove and you will find everything in fine condition. I used to put on papers, then put poultry wire on top to hold, but that is quite an expense and then quite a job spreading them out, so I thought out stitching them together.

How to Make Pansies Bloom—If yours have failed you try this (it's not too late now) put a couple of handsful of air slacked lime and a large handful of bone-meal on the earth round them and I think next year you will have plenty of blossoms.

Last year in a floral magazine a Sister asked: "Why don't my peonies blossom?" I give them the best of care and they grow very luxuriant, bue never bloom. The Editor replied "perhaps the soil is sour and recommend the lime and bone-meal.

I had two very large clumps and three small ones, and for four years never a blossom, so after reading I procured slacked lime and bone-dust and put round each plant, and this year every one blossomed and such lovely blossoms.

The largest clump had fifteen blooms.

It's most Christmas and I hope you all will have a merry time and the New Year bring you all good health and much happiness.

WITCH HAZEL.

GOOD THINGS TO KNOW.

Dear Social Corner Members: —Nearly every one we meet now has one or more boils, try this if you have any: Keep cloths saturated with witch hazel, on them, it rots them and brings them to a head without the drawing there is to soap and sugar or flour and molasses; also poultices. (It will also cure a felon. This I know from the experience of two in our family).

To avoid having more, take one tablespoon of cornmeal and stir in enough cold water so it will be thin enough to drink; take this nine mornings, three in succession, then skipping three, until you have taken it nine times, and I will guarantee it will be years before you have any more boils.

Perhaps Daughter wishes to give something to Mother of her own handwork for Christmas. If she has a nice tablecloth that is worn where the edges of the table has worn it; cut the border all around it off where the wear comes, get some counterpain crochet cotton, and crochet insertion; then take two stripes of the border measure length for table scarf, or sideboard and hem; then sew the insertion between (make very wide insertion); then crochet edge to match and sew all round it. These are very handsome. The rest of the cloth is whole, hemstitch all round for a lunch cloth, or if you cannot hemstitch, fringe all round.

Perhaps one end is worn, if so cut the good end so it will be square and finish as above; or either cut it in two long strips, for scarfs, put a row of lace insertion about three inches from edge all round; then lace on edge all round: then if there are some about one foot square you can fringe for napkins to match your lunch cloth.

Little tiny pieces you can fringe for dollies.

If you have a nice cloth that is worn just try it and see how pleased mother will be. Of course, we like boughten presents; but if they are made for us I think we appreciate them more, at least I do.

I will close by wishing all a Merry Christmas and many Happy New Years.

PATIENCE.

A WAY TO ENTERTAIN CHILDREN.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: The Norwich Bulletin is sent to me by a friend I have never met. I appreciate his generosity in sending it to me, as I am a widow with very small income. My children all have sailed out on the sea of matrimony, yet I am not too old to be interested in the holidays, as I have six grandchildren, besides lots of little friends whom I would like to see made happy this Christmas.

I will suggest this way of making them happy: If they cannot attend the Christmas tree, arrange a fish pond by placing a large shallow box in the center of the room, tack a strip of green baize around the edge inside and bring it to the floor slantingly, to represent a bank; crumpled paper may fill the space beneath. Have each gift wrapped and labelled and tied up with a string into which the hook may catch. Have a short fishing rod with line and a bent pin for a hook and let each child take turns at fishing.

I am sure this will be greatly enjoyed by all.

May I offer another suggestion: Keep a visiting list of old, sick or unfortunate ones—I mean a letter list—visiting them with a cheery letter, and if you think you can spare a dime or a few postage stamps, they will certainly be appreciated. If you have never tried it, Christmas is a good time to begin.

I have kept such a list for several years and feel doubly paid when I receive an answer saying my letters were all the sunshine they received.

We shall not pass this way again, so let us do all the good we can to everybody we can while we have the golden opportunity.

I am sending a little verse we should all practice:

Give as you would if an angel
Awaited your gift at the door;
Give as you would if tomorrow
Found you where waiting was o'er;
Give as you would to your Master
If you met His searching look;
Give as you would of your substance
If His hand your offering took.

A Merry Christmas to everybody.

MRS. L. J. G.

Arkansas.

CRANBERRIES GOOD FOR THE HEALTH.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: Cranberries are good, any way. They taste good and look good, and they are very good for the health.

Stewed cranberries are a delicious accompaniment to the everyday dinner, and there are few meats which do not taste the better for the addition of cranberries.

Cranberry jelly looks better, but it is not as sensible for every day, as it requires more sugar.

Cranberry Pie—Cover the bottom of a pie plate with a plain paste, reserving enough for an upper crust. Make a rim around the edge and pour in this filling made with one cup cranberries cut into halves, one-half cup chopped seeded raisins, three-fourths cup sugar, a tablespoon of cornstarch and a lump of butter. Cover with the upper crust and bake about half an hour.

SISTER VIRGINIA.

DELICIOUS BREAKFAST DISHES.

Dear Social Corner Sisters. Now that eggs are so high in price, the housewife is at a loss to know what to serve for breakfast to take the place of her old standby—bacon and eggs.

There are any number of delicious breakfast dishes which will be welcomed by the average family. For those who prefer eggs to any other food for the morning meal, an occasional omelet may be served, and if bread crumbs are combined with the egg the dish will not be expensive.

Bread Omelet—Even at the present price of eggs, this fine omelet is not an extravagance, as it will serve five persons. It does not fall as readily as the usual omelet. Use half a cup grated bread crumbs (soft), one teaspoon onion juice, one teaspoon minced parsley, four eggs, beaten separately. Mix yolks with crumbs, parsley and onion juice; add one cup milk, half teaspoon salt, white pepper and dash of nutmeg. Fold in whites and bake in pan of water in moderate oven until a knife blade will come out clean.

Veal Kidneys—Buy five cents' worth of veal or lamb kidneys, soak them over night in salted water. In the mornnig carefully skin them and slice in several pieces. Brown them, after first flouring slightly, in hot butter or bacon drippings. When nicely browned, add a little hot water and cover. Simmer for 15 or 20 minutes and then pour over hot toast points on a hot platter.

Finnan Haddie—Cut a two-inch cube of fat salt pork in tiny dice and fry out. To two tablespoons of pork fat add two tablespoons of flour and stir well until blended; then pour on gradually while stirring constantly one cup rich milk. Bring to boiling point, add one cup cooked finnan haddie (flaked), pork scraps, yolks of two eggs slightly beaten and one and one-half cups of potato balls or cubes which have been cooked in boiling salted water until soft. Season with salt and pepper and serve as soon as thoroughly heated. While the two eggs called for in this recipe improve it greatly, it can be made without any if preferred.

Appetizing Breakfast Dish—Make a smooth porridge of corn meal. Season with salt, add shredded bits of cold meat, bacon or sausage, pour into a mould until firm; then cut in slices and fry. Surround the platter with circles of fried apples. This dish can easily be prepared the night before, except to slice and fry.

Eggless Muffins—One and one-half cups sweet milk, two cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, two tablespoons melted butter, one tablespoon sugar, a little salt. Beat all well after mixing and bake in quick oven in buttered muffin tins.

If you are troubled with indigestion and cannot eat white bread, make bread from the whole wheat flour. This is more easily digested and more nourishing than the white bread.

A delicious pudding is made with cooked and stoned prunes spread over the bottom of a baking dish and covered with a rich biscuit dough. Serve hot with cream and sugar or hard sauce.

Moist Cakes—If you want cake to keep, place a perfectly sound apple in the cake tin. The apple should be renewed as soon as it shows any signs of withering.

Cranberries are very good for the health. Stewed cranberries are a delicious accompaniment to the everyday dinner, and there are few meats which do not taste the better for the addition of cranberries.

Cranberry Jelly looks better, but is not as sensible for every day, as it requires more sugar.

Cranberry Pudding—Cream half a cup of butter, add slowly one cup of sugar, then add three well beaten eggs. Mix three teaspoons of baking powder with three and a half cups of flour; add this to the mixture alternately with half a cup of milk; add two cups of cranberries which have been washed, dried and floured with some of the flour already measured. Turn into a buttered mould, cover closely and steam two hours. Serve with hard sauce.

Cranberry Pie—Cover bottom of pie pan with plain paste, reserving enough for an upper crust. Make a rim around the edge and pour in a filling made with one cup of cranberries cut into halves, half a cup of chopped, seeded raisins, three-fourths cup sugar, one tablespoon cornstarch and a lump of butter. Cover with the upper crust and bake about half an hour.

Best wishes from

MOUNTAIN LAUREL.

THE LONE STARRY HOURS.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: I have been hoping that this week's Courier would bring the old poem that Joan asked for last week. I am not a Social Corner writer, but a devoted reader, and since reading her request for the words of "Lone Starry Hours," I am only able to recall the first verse which I found stored away in some corner of my brain, all forgotten for more than half a century; and now I am in Mark Twain's condition when "Punch Brothers, Punch with care," was rioting through his brain, and I am only sending the words in the hope of the relief that he got after loading his troubles off on the "the Parson." It is not possible to disconnect the words from the tune and I wish I could send that to Joan, also:

Oh! the lone starry hours give
me-e-e-e-e love,
When still in the beautiful night,
When the round, laughing moon I
se-e-e-e-e love,
Peeps down through the stars silvery white,
When the winds thro' the low elms
whisper love,
And I gaze on some bright-rising
star,
Oh, wake! while I touch my guitar.
(Something soft and spoony here.)
We will wander together afar,—
My heart shall be thine, thine mine,
love;
Oh; wake! while I touch (or strike)
my guitar.

I am much interested in The Social Corner cooking recipes. Some of the ingredients were missing from Begonia's Johnny Cakes—probably the baking powder.

L. T. I.

A CHRISTMAS MENU.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: Herewith I send a bill of fare for Christmas day:

Breakfast.
Oranges
Boiled Rice Broiled Salt Mackerel
Poached Eggs al la Creme
Potato Fillet
Feather Griddle Cake
Wheat Bread
Coffee

Dinner.
Oysters on Half Shell
Game Soup
Boiled White Fish
Sauce Maitre de Hotel
Roast Goose, Apple Sauce
Boiled Potatoes Mashed Turnips
Creamer Parsnips Stewed Onions
Boiled Rice Lobster Salad
Canvas Back Duck
Christmas Plum Pudding, Sauce
Vanilla Ice Cream
Mince Pie Orange Jelly
Delicate Cake Salted Almond
Confectionery Fruits
Coffee

Supper.
Cold Roast Goose
Ayster Patties Cold Slaw
Charlotte Russe
Peach Jelly Tea

I wish all the Brothers and Sisters a Merry Christmas.

FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

CHRISTMAS CANDIES AND DESSERTS.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: These are good home-made candies:

Peanut Butter Fudge—Two cups sugar, 2-3 cup milk, boil until a soft ball forms in water. Remove from fire, add 4 tablespoons peanut butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla and beat until creamy, then add 1-3 cup seedless raisins cut in pieces, pour in pans 3-4 inch in depth, cool, cut in squares.

Maple Creams—Put one pound maple sugar in a pan, melt over boiling water, add 1-2 cup of cream, boil 10 minutes, pour on buttered dish spread with walnut meats, cool and cut in squares.

Raisin Brittle—One-fourth of small seedless raisins, 1-4 cup of figs, 1-4 cup of Brazil nuts cut in slices, 1-4 cup cocoanut; butter tin plates, sprinkle nuts and fruit over them, pour over all a syrup made of 2 cups sugar, 1 teaspoon butter, 1-4 cup vinegar, 1-2 cup water, boiled until good and brittle.

Prune Whip—One pound prunes soaked over night, cook in water they soaked in until soft, stone and chop, sweeten. Add whites of two eggs beaten with 1 tablespoon powdered sugar, set on ice, when chilled serve with custard made of yolks and flavor with vanilla.

Delicious Dessert—Peaches, cherries, English walnuts, marshmallows and cream, cut fruits, nuts, and marshmallows into fine pieces, put in serving glasses, whip cream, sweetened and flavored, add marsamallows to cream and pour over fruits, and sprinkle with ground nuts and add a cherry. Serve with lady fingers.

Peach Desert—Fill centers of peaches, made by removing stones with chopped nuts and marshmallows sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve with whipped cream sprinkled with nut meats, chopped.

THELMA.

A GREETING FROM PRIMROSE

Dear Sisters, this Christmas-tide, I know
We've little chance of meeting;
And so I'm sending through the Corner,
The old-time Christmas greeting.

Best wishes for the coming days,
I'd voice could I address you;
But since I cannot, I'll be brief
And simply write—"God bless you."

PRIMROSE.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS OF JENNIE.

Dear Sisters of The Social Corner: The time is fast drawing near, when our work should be complete, our plans carried out to make Christmas day a day of "happiness." We all like to be happy ourselves, we enjoy the remembrances we receive from others, and for such should consider a grateful appreciation.

But after all, what is the true ideal of "happiness?" There are many appearances of happiness on the surface, while within there may be the most bitter prejudice against a neighbor or acquaintance. We do not maintain that that sort of character is in keeping with so-called "happiness." As each and every dawn of the new year, we hear of those who propose to "turn over a new leaf," but oft-times, before the closing days of February, the good resolution ends.

I think the best and only true meaning of the giving and exchange of Christmas gifts, is clearly derived from a little study of the first Christmas of the long ago. Those who presented their gifts to the Infant Child, were most presumably ideal for reverence, not to convey happiness, as gifts of today are given little children, or to please the mother.

This being a wide subject, and many branches, and in these days so many minds are wandering, so many differences of views regarding Ancient History yet there are some points that the majority may agree on. To be true with ourselves, we must express its equivelent to others, for that is a portion of "happiness."

Conscience is a great barrier and heavy weighted.

Many old maxims we might quote from ideals of great minds, all good and acceptable; but to sum it all up is not the basis from every walk of life, from every varience of religious views, simply expressed in three words? "Peace and good will," the words of the song, so mysteriously heralded to the hearing of mankind in the long past ages, over two thousand years ago.

Surely, that was typical of what

(Continued on Page Eight)

AUNT BETSY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS

BY DINAH ROCK

"Yes, we are going to have a Christmas, the first real Christmas there ever was in the old house; the first I ever had. My folks never made much of holidays and after I married Amos Parker you know how it was. Amos thought he must spend Christmas eve at the saloons and when he came home there was not much Christmas spirit, but plenty of the other kind.

I put a cookie or apple in the stockings when the children were small, but Daniel (named for father) ran away when he was 15 and I have not heard from him in ten years. Nellie went off with that city fellow who boarded at the hotel in the village before she was 17, and two years ago there came a letter saying he had run away with another woman and a first wife had appeared and asked me to take baby Bessie so she could work.

Amos would not have it and he was acting so I did not dare try to take her, so Nellie put her in a home.

When Amos got hurt this fall and could not get out we got him sobered out and in his right mind and Nellie and the baby come to help take care of him. He will never walk again, but he doesn't suffer much and he sets his life by baby Bessie.

Nellie and I take care of the horse and cow and hens and she drives over to the village and helps a day when folks have extra work.

I helped Mrs. Clark when her mother was sick and Dr. Burns says he can get me plenty of work where there is sickness and we are planning a real Christmas with a tree and all. I don't often run on so but you have been a good friend to me, Mrs. Smith."

Mrs. Smith looked around the yard in which she had stood while her neighbor was talking. It was raked clean of the rubbish that had been there for years and the clean, cheap curtains at the windows of the old farmhouse showed that a change of some kind had taken place.

Aunt Betsy had always kept things as neat as her poverty and Amos' habits would let her; but although little had been added to the scanty furnishings it seemed a new place.

The kitchen that also served for a dining room was clean and bright; in the little bedroom at the back was a neat bed and bureau; the room that had been the "spare room" had been changed into a sitting room with the cane-seated chairs from the "front room." The bureau and washstand remained, but the bed had been moved into the "front room" where the big rocker with cushioned back and seat; the little cane-seated and wooden rockers; a small full-leaf table; a worn lounge with a cretonne cover and the little air-tight stove made a cheerful place for the invalid.

Bessie's toys were scanty—a cheap picturebook and a small cloth doll, a few spools and the bright covers of some tin spice boxes, but she had never known better and was happy.

Christmas eve found Amos Parker sober for the first time in at least twenty-five years and the household bustling around in true Christmas style.

Aunt Betsy moved out the little table in the front room and covered it with a white cloth. "We will have supper in here together, Amos. Somehow I have felt all day as if somebody was coming; but I don't know who could. I felt so sure I moved a bed from the chamber into the spare room."

She talked on as she set the table and brought on the hot raised biscuits, preserve, cookies and tea. The lamp light showed the wreaths and bunches of evergreen and scarlet berries and the man tenderly patted Bessie's curls as he said: "Only one thing lacking. I pray God will let me see my boy once more!"

Bessie fell asleep over her supper and was carried off to bed. The supper was cleared away and the tree was set firmly in a tub in the corner.

It was the first tree for each of the family and they were as eager as children. Strings of popcorn and cranberries; little white netting bags of candy; pink bags of peanuts and walnuts; six golden oranges and six red apples; six "greenings" and six brown russets; calendars from the grocery and drug store at the village, beside one advertising medicines and another dyes; handkerchiefs for all; aprons for Aunt Betsy and Nellie; a little doll, a bright book and a set of dishes for Bessie; and at the bottom a pile of magazines from a friend for the shut-in. A wonderful tree.

Just as the last finishing touch was put on there came the sound of bells and a knock at the door.

Aunt Betsy opened it to a tall, prosperous looking young man, who said: "Don't you know me, mother?"

"Dan! My boy!"

"I had planned to see you a minute while father was out, but I heard in the village of his sickness and so came home to spend Christmas. I brought my boy to show to you." Dan ran out and returned with a dainty lady and a chubby boy of some two years, and then ran out again for a load of bundles.

"Got the tree all ready for us, have you, mother?" he said, gaily, after greeting his father and sister, and throwing off his coat.

"Dump Carl on the couch, Daisy, and we will get that rigged the first thing. I got something for mother and Nellie before I came, but I did not know about the baby and we expected to just drive over for a few minutes, stay in the hotel tonight and go back to the city for dinner with her family Christmas night; but the storekeeper told me about father and I did the best I could."

The bundle from the city disclosed a warm shawl, a plush hood and cloth for a dress for mother; a coat, a knit cap and scarf and a dress for Nellie; and the other held books and toys; slippers for father; fruit, nuts and candy. Last, but not least, a big box of groceries.

Baby Carl was tucked into bed in the spare room and the table was set for Dan and his wife; but the Christmas bells were ringing in the village before the happy family were asleep.

Christmas day was a rare taste of heaven for Aunt Betsy and the invalid. The babies and grandpa were equally interested in the toys and picture books; Daisy and Nellie attended to the dinner and Dan found many chores to do outside.

Aunt Betsy was everywhere, but the crowning touch came when it was voted that she go home with Dan for the week-end and Daisy stay with Nellie. By leaving on the afternoon train they would get in the city late in the evening; but the little flat would be warm and she had never been to the city. Daisy's mother would take her in charge the next day.

When Mrs. Smith run in the day after to hear about Christmas and found a strange girl and a baby in place of Aunt Betsy and heard of the trip to the city she had to hurry home to telephone the astonishing news to the neighbors.

Aunt Betsy's Christmas joys had come to stay.

THE ANGEL OF THE BATTLEFIELD

At this Christmas time, when everywhere the women of our land are engaging in Red Cross work, one's thoughts turn to the founder of the Red Cross in America, to her whose beautiful life was a Christmas gift to humanity.

On Dec. 25, 1821, in a plain but comfortable farmhouse, in the town of North Oxford, in central Massachusetts, to Stephen and Sarah Stone Barton was born a daughter. Not for ten years had there been a baby in this home, and the arrival of the little stranger was hailed with great delight. She was given the name of Clarissa Harlowe, after the heroine of a popular novel of the time, but she never signed herself anything but Clara Barton.

She was a vigorous child, good-natured and happy. By the time she was three years old she had learned to read, and was then going regularly to school, a mile and a half distant, carried and brought home on the shoulder of her brother Stephen, 15 years her senior. She became her father's especial comrade, and seated on his knee, listened, wide-eyed and eager, to the stories of military experience which he could relate, for he had been a soldier in the war against the Indians and English, on the western frontier, in the days when Michigan was Ultima Thule.

Clara had many pets on her father's farm, and learned to milk the cows. She learned to ride, bareback and fearless, the thoroughbred colts in which her father delighted. Many years afterward she said her seat on a saddle or the back of a horse was as secure and tireless as in a rocking chair, and far more enjoyable.

Clara Barton's experience as a nurse began when she was 11 years old, one of her brothers having then met with an accident which laid him aside for two years. Through all this time Clara never left him except for one half day. She almost forgot what out of doors was like. This strenuous service nearly wrecked the growing child physically, but with her wonderful native resilience she came back to health and vigor.

Strangely enough, the girl who had never been afraid of cows and horses, and who had delighted in the most daring aquatic sports on the river beside which she lived, began to be afraid of people. To draw her out of herself and her introspectiveness, it was suggested by a friend of the family, L. H. Fowler, a noted phrenologist of the time, that she be put to school-teaching. This was a wise suggestion and it worked to a charm. She was only 15 years old, but the big and hitherto unruly boys in her school respected the little mistress when they found she was as strong and athletic as themselves, and became her loyal adherents.

After educating herself through 16 years of teaching and independent study, Miss Barton again became for a time a student in school, entering the Clinton Liberal Institute in Oneida county, New York.

It seems unbelievable that in 1853 there were no free schools in the state of New Jersey. But such was the case, and Clara Barton at that time founded the first one.

After two years, by reason of a temporary loss of voice, Miss Barton was compelled to give up teaching. Writing a clear and most legible hand, and the typewriter not yet having been invented, she decided to turn this accomplishment to account, and at the same time assist in correcting certain crookedness which had come to light in the patent office department at Washington.

She was one of the pioneers in office work for women, and was subjected to many annoyances from the graceless males who were her fellow-workers; but

"Proud with a pride all feminine and sweet,
No path could soil the dainty whiteness of her feet."

When the Civil war broke out Miss Barton heard the call of the wounded and dying, and, as she tersely put it, she "broke the shackles and went." She became known as "The Angel of the Battlefield." The story of her angelic ministries, her superhuman exertions, her miraculous escapes from death would fill a volume to relate.

In 1869 Miss Barton went abroad for the benefit of her health, which had become impaired, her objective point being Geneva, Switzerland. She had not been there long before her attention was called to the treaty of Geneva, for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers, and she was put to shame to learn that her own country had been indifferent to the humane movement and had declined to enter into the compact.

A year later, while at Berne, she heard the battle cry from the Franco-Prussian war, and forgetting her invalidism, bore to the firing line the now familiar banner of the Red Cross. She saw what could be accomplished under its protection, how infinitely superior is organized to unorganized effort, and when at last she was able to return to the homeland she brought with her a fixed determination to found the Red Cross in America.

She had to contend against misunderstanding, indifference and procrastination. It was argued that our country, not being at war and not likely to be, had no occasion for such an organization. Miss Barton explained how its ministries might be exercised for the relief of fire, flood, famine and other dire events out of the common course. After eight years, during which she never ceased trying to bring it to pass, Clara Barton had the great satisfaction of knowing that, through her efforts, on July 26, 1882, the Red Cross treaty of Geneva had been proclaimed to the people of the United States, by Chester A. Arthur, then president. This founding of the Red Cross in America by Miss Barton was the supreme achievement of a life set thick with noble deeds.

Clara Barton was only five feet and three inches tall, but she was as strong as an athlete. Her voice was low and gentle. She had a mass of dark hair, worn through changing fashions always in the same way, "Madonna wire on either side of her face," and which was never touched by the frosts of time. Red was her favorite color, and to the last she would have a bit of it in the makeup of her toilet. She lived to be 90 years old, after saying she could not go to heaven until this or that were done; but her last earthly words were "Let me go! Let me go!"

The Christmas stars shine down upon her resting place in her own loved North Oxford, and from its silence breaks forth an echo of the angel's song, "Good Will to Men."