

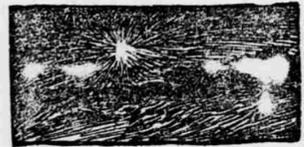


Alone, save for her babe upon her breast,
Lay Mary, while the morning star,
Late lingering led the sages to the West,
Pressing fates that loomed afar.

A mother's love is never in accents told,
When nestling close her first-born lies,
Else words were gems that strung on gold,
Straight from her soul to God would rise.

No cold to Mary or her son came nigh,
Altho' a jagged cleft appeared,
Torn thro' the wall that faced the eastern sky,
For wind and snow the babe revered.

The Virgin drew the slumbering child so near,
Her breathing stirred him as a sigh,
Her heart His cradle, and it pulsing clear,
A psalm, hushed to a lullaby.



And all her thoughts dwelt in the coming years,
When Christ His mission should begin,
And trembling from her lips, her feet,
Leapt forth to One who cleanse sin.

Swift, as the mother prayed, the pale-browed Dawn,
Crept soft and kissed Night's purple cheek,
So woke from frosted sleep the eclipsed morn,
But dull with shadows gray and bleak.

That cast full on the cloud-encumbered sky,
An outline like a native-touched floss,
And Mary gazed, and with an anguished cry,
Beheld, in woe, ah God, a cross!



A cross gloomed on the Orient's high expanse,
That Dawn, upon whose bosom lay
The crimine stole of royal empress,
Ere it hung in joining night and day.

To conquer dark with light, the signal read,
Put lost to Mary was the pledge;
Her eyes grew blind and burned with tears unshed,
She felt the piercing thorn-crown's edge.

As if upon her tender brow it prest,
Her lips paled as a death-flower wreath,
And in each hand there pealed a fetid crest,
That hid the crimson mark beneath.

But now Dawn held her breath her reign at flight,
And rose the sun to keep his trust
In masonry of fire and ambered light
Ensheathed in snow-laced amethyst.



And all the canopy grew radiant,
A flaming ensel, where unfurled
The cross in glory 'gainst the firmament,
A rainbow promise to the world.

And Mary's fears took wing as now apace
She saw the cross resplendent grow
Behold! The Christ-child wakes and
smiles into His mother's face,
And in His eyes the Virgin sees
the sun's reflected glow.
—Emily Ruth Calvin.



FATHER OF PRESSED STEEL.

Philadelphia Cooper Led by Accident to Inaugurate Great Industry.

The pressed steel industry, which is one of the largest in the country today, was born in a little cooper shop not far from St. John and Buttonwood streets, in Philadelphia.

Charles J. Schoen, who is literally the father of this business, was engaged in Philadelphia following the occupation of a cooper and presided over a little plant at which he constituted the entire force of workmen.

While doing this he conceived the idea of making a doorstop for railroad cars, which at once forced itself into popularity with carbuilders and was generally adopted. It was an instant success, for the reason that it was extremely simple and at the same time effective, holding the door open by a spring in the foot of the car.

Christmas Greeting.

The Christmas chimes, that once again
Peal forth in merry glee;
Ring out a song, so joyous still—
A half sad melody.

The year so fraught with memories
Eyes slowly ebb away—
Into a deep and dark abyss;
Nor comes another day.



How silently it takes its flight;
How little does it know
That many bursts of melody
Must surely with it go.

Eternity will have its own
And soon this year shall claim;
And clasp the sorrows and the joys
Unto itself again.

Another year doth beckon all
Wherein bright hopes now dwell;
Oh! make them servants to your will—
They vanish—ah, too well!
—B. Kohlhaas Scheunemann.



Margaret Wilson sat by the window in the front room of the diminutive flat. It was Christmas eve and she was lonesome. O, well, she would make the best of it. She would keep up a sort of forced cheerfulness and forget she was alone. She angrily brushed a tear from her cheek.

As she did so the bell in the hall whirred noisily. She went to the speaking tube and called a dispirited "Hello."

"Hello," came the cheerful response. "That you Margaret? Merry Christmas! Kindly unlock the door and I'll ascend."

She opened the hall door and waited on the landing. Presently from the semidarkness of the place Jack Carlton appeared, puffing prodigiously.

Margaret's face brightened perceptibly at the sight of him.

"I didn't expect you," she said.

"What!" he exclaimed. "I desert you on Christmas eve? Never!"

She led the way to the front room and lighted the red-shaded lamp. Carlton threw off his overcoat and lounged comfortably in a morris chair.

"May I," he said, drawing a cigar from his pocket.

She nodded.

"To tell the truth," she said, "I almost had the blue devils when you came. You must entertain me."

"All right," he assented affably. "What'll I do? Sing."

"No," she said. "Talk. And make me forget it's Christmas time."

"Nonsense," said he. "Christmas is a necessary evil, and we must face it the best way we can. O, I brought you some holly wreaths."

In a moment he was hanging them in the windows.

"Say," he said over his shoulder, "I had a present to-day."

"Indeed," she said. "From whom?"

"Someone who loves me."

"Strange person," she commented.

"Exactly," he said. "It was from myself."

She laughed.

"Haven't been feeling Al lately, so I dropped in on Doc Higgins this morning," he went on. "What do you imagine the idiotic old pill-slinger told me?"

"That you are as careless of your health as of your language, I presume."

"Never, my lady," he replied. "Told me my breathing apparatus was out of gear again—nothing serious, but a little care needed. Paraphrased Greeley and told me to go south."

She was silently watching him.

"Therefore Little Willy lieth him to the agents of the steamship line and buyeth himself a ticket for the boat of Monday next. The same he presenteth to himself with much gusto as a Christmas present."

"O, I'm so sorry," she said.

"For me?" he said. "Look here, you don't know what Easter Key is like. That is where I'm going—where I was two winters ago, you know. You go down to Key West, and from there Old Jeff takes you over to Easter in a crazy old launch. You're no end seasick going over, but after you get there—O, it's all white, shelly beach with big blue rollers coming in, and palms standing out against the sky, and green, green everywhere. You laze around, and fish off the reef—down there you don't care whether or not you get a bite—and shoot 'gators at the edge of the swamp. And before you know it your tubes are well, and you wonder whether it will be better to go back or to laze here the rest of your natural life. I wish you could see old Easter," he said.

"I've half a mind to develop bronchial trouble myself," she laughed.

"Say, do," he said, looking at her so earnestly she flushed.

"Don't be silly," she said weakly.

VILLAGE IN ITSELF

COMPLETENESS OF RICH MAN'S COUNTRY HOME.

All the Necessities and Most of the Luxuries of Life Are Afforded Him Within His Own Domain.

In buying land for a city house the millionaire deals with square feet; but for a country mansion he purchases a tract of so many square miles. This extensive scale is carried through in all the arrangements. When the estate is ready for occupancy the owner finds himself lord of a beautiful acreage, contributing to his ever luxurious want—all from its own resources.

To plan a country house is almost like planning to build a village. The large estate is a very complete affair, indeed. Its center is the house, which must be large enough to not only properly accommodate the owner and his family, but it must contain suites of rooms for the numerous guests with which it will be filled for the week-ends and for longer periods. The stable and the carriage-house are, in their way, quite as necessary as the dwelling. Many a great stable vies with the residence in size and elegance of equipment. If the estate is a large one, covering many acres, there is a farmhouse for the farmer, a farm barn and outbuildings in which each particular industry of the farm will have its own headquarters. If the owner is addicted to polo, there is a third and complete stable for the ponies. There is a chicken-house for the chickens and other fowls, and, if this feature is sufficiently developed, a special residence for the person having this matter in charge. Dogs, if kept in ample variety, will have well appointed kennels and a caretaker's house in close proximity. There is a dairy, with perhaps a springhouse and cooling room for the milk, and tiled-lined rooms in which the butter will be made. The market garden has its array of hot-beds, and the conservatories in which rare plants are raised for the decoration of the house are as extensive as those in which plants are propagated for the outdoor gardens. Nor should the automobile house be overlooked, since this popular vehicle competes with the horse in meeting the needs of the house transportation; and, as likely as not a repair shop forms a necessary adjunct to it.

Buildings that minister to the physical necessities of the estate are also numerous. Every sequestered estate—and almost all country estates are sequestered, since that is an item of value in living in the country—requires its own water supply. It is needless to say that it is often a most expensive feature, calling not only for steam pumps and elaborate piping, but for special reservoirs which in their developed form will be lined with enameled brick.—Broadway Magazine.

To Balance.

For more than a week the teacher had been giving lessons on the dog, and so when the inspector came down and chose that very subject there seemed every prospect of the class distinguishing itself on brilliant essays about our canine friend. Things were progressing quite satisfactorily, and the master was congratulating himself on the trouble he had taken, when, alas! a question was asked which made him tremble for the reputation of his scholars.

"Why does a dog hang his tongue out of his mouth?" asked the inspector.

"Yes, my boy?" he said, to a bright looking lad who held up his hand, while the light of genius was in his eye.

"Please, sir," cried the pupil, "it's to balance his tail!"

And the teacher groaned in anguish.

Peculiarity of Hair.

A woman leading two children stepped into a barber shop with her charges.

"I want their hair trimmed," she said, "but not all the way round. I only want it trimmed off even. It is just the right length on the right side, but too long on the left side. I had their hair trimmed only a little while ago, and here it is noticeably longer on the left side. I don't believe it was trimmed evenly in the first place."

"Oh, yes, it was," the barber assured her. "It grows faster on the left side, that is all. Most people's hair does grow faster on that side, but it is on children's heads that we are most likely to notice it."

Survivors of Seminole War.

The Seminole war was put down 70 years ago. At Watrous, N. M., there is a venerable and worthy patriarch named Madison Horn, whose neighbors boast that he is the sole survivor of the Florida war. He is 88 and as spry as a cricket. At West Palm Beach, Fla., there is a certain Judge Andrew Jackson Lewis—born in South Carolina, by the way—who bears honorable scars as the result of wounds received while he was fighting as a private in the ranks of a South Carolina regiment against the Seminoles. Judge Lewis is 89, and although he fought four years in the confederate army he looks strong and active enough to shoulder his gun again and keep step to the drum's tap.

MAKES GOOD WINDOW SEAT.

How Old Fashioned Walnut Parlor Chair May Be Utilized.

When you have one of the old fashioned walnut parlor chairs with carved legs you can, with the addition of a kitchen chair, make a neat window seat or couch for a den.

Remove upholstery and springs from the parlor chair. This forms the back, which you saw off, and attach the front legs to a hollow square which makes the frame for seat. Saw off the pair of front legs just where they are joined to side strip, leaving what were the front legs and front of seat intact. Saw off the back piece of the square where it joins the sides and you have the back legs, separated, but each is attached to the side piece which formerly connected them with the front. Attach each side piece with its corresponding back leg to the front so that you have four front legs for your settee, the two middle being the former front legs of the chair, the two end ones being the former back legs. Treat the kitchen chair similarly and you have four back legs; stain to match front if possible. Join front to back by strip of two by four or other strong pieces; nail boards close together for seat. Cover with excelsior or old quilt, over which nail, with brass tacks, a pretty cover. An old portiere, cretonne, or even a pretty piece of old carpet or rug will do. Let the cover fall over in front to hide the rough work.

TO MAKE BAKED CUSTARDS.

Dish That Should Be Prepared Early in the Morning.

Early in the morning make small, individual baked custards, as follows: Bring a quart of milk to a boil to insure sweetness in your custards. Beat five eggs to a froth, white and yolks separately. If you like the custard sweet, allow a scant tablespoon of granulated sugar for each egg and beat this firmly into the yolks. Add to the boiled milk a scant teaspoonful of melted butter and a dash of salt. Pour the hot milk over the yolks of the eggs, beat in the whites lightly, add a teaspoonful of vanilla, pour into custard cups and bake 20 or 30 minutes, set in a pan of boiling water. At dinner time they should be very cold. Run a smooth knife around the inside of each cup and the custard can be turned out in a firm, even shape. Have ready a sweet jelly which you have melted over the fire, or else some fresh fruit juice strained and flavored. Pour this over the custard molds as a sauce and serve cold.

FOR A TART DESSERT.

Lemon Custard is a Most Welcome Summer Dish.

A tart dessert is most welcome in summer. Try this lemon custard, which is precisely like the filling used for pie, but much more tasty without the crust: Three cups of water, brought to a boil and thickened with three tablespoons of corn starch rubbed smooth in cold water. Sweeten with two small cups of granulated sugar, bring to a boil again and add two tablespoons of butter, the grated rind of two lemons and the juice, strained clear, of three. Cook for a few minutes. Add three eggs beaten very light, pour into a pudding mold and bake until set, about 20 minutes. If you prefer, mix with the yolks of eggs only with boiling water, and reserve the whites for a meringue, beating them stiff with three tablespoons of powdered sugar and allowing the meringue to bake to a golden brown.

Rye Muffins.

Put one quart of water in a granite kettle; when it boils put in one-quarter of a teaspoonful of soda, then sprinkle in (evenly) one cup of rye meal (not flour). Add a heaping tablespoonful of butter, one cup of sugar, and salt. When cool add one-half of a yeast cake and stir in all the flour you can, for it grows thin as it rises. If desired, use two-thirds of a cup of molasses instead of sugar. The rye meal can be increased in quantity if preferred. This is an old and quite famous bread.

Sage Tea Tonic.

Green tea, two ounces; garden sage, two ounces; put in a sancepan which can be covered closely, and pour over the herbs three quarts of boiling water. Let simmer until reduced one-third. Take off the fire and let stand for 24 hours, strain and bottle; apply every night before retiring. Dry well or the tonic will stain the pillow.

Oilcloth Sewing Rug.

Keep a square of table oilcloth to lay under the machine when sewing. Endeavor to have all the threads and ravelings from ripping fall on the rug, so that all the litter may be removed on a moment's notice. This is especially convenient where one has to do the sewing in the living room.

Shelled Beans.

Soak and cook as usual kidney or cranberry beans. When tender, pour off the water, add sour cream to thoroughly moisten and simmer half an hour. The alkali in the beans removes the acid taste from the cream and the resulting combination is particularly good.

Fried Tomatoes and Eggs.

Cut some thick slices of tomato, dip each into flour seasoned with salt and pepper, and fry. Make some rounds of toast; butter these, lay the tomatoes on them, and put a poached egg on each; sprinkle with chopped parsley.—Harper's Bazar.

DAIRY RULES.

Remember These Points and Be a Better Dairyman.

Keep the cows clean, and do not compel or allow them to wade and live in filth. This means clean yards and clean, well bedded stalls. Everything short of this is positively repulsive and should not be tolerated in a civilized community.

Stop the filthy habit known as wetting the teats, by which is meant the drawing of a little milk into the hands with which to wet the teats before and during milking.

Wash all utensils clean in luke-warm water, afterwards washing in rain water, and rinsing in an abundance of boiling water, then exposing, until the next using, in direct sunlight, which is a good sterilizer.

Use milk pails, cans, etc., for no other purpose but to hold milk.

Keep out of these utensils all sour or tainted milk, even after they have been used for the day. Using them for this purpose at any time infects them so badly that no amount of washing is likely to clean them. Bacteria are invisible, and millions can find lodging in the thin film of moisture that remains after dishes are apparently clean.

Brush down the cobwebs and keep the barn free from accumulations of dust and trash.

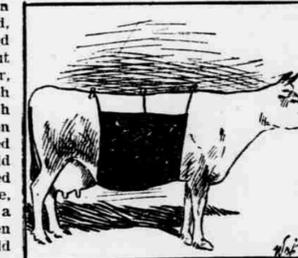
Whitewash the barn at least once a year.

The reasons for the above suggestions are: All sour milk is due to the presence of germs. They are abundant in every stable; more abundant in a dark stable than in one lighted, for the reason that sunlight kills the germs; more abundant in a filthy stable than in a clean one. They are found on the udder of the cow and on the hair. They are found in the teats where they establish themselves in little colonies. Hence when the farmer milks on his hands and wets the teats he not only gets a colony of germs in the milk started, but he gets with it a solution of whatever filth there may be on the teats. The very first milk should be milked on the ground and not in the pail. Wash the germs out of the teats by two or three motions, letting these go on the floor. Germs harbor in the pails, hence the necessity for absolute cleanliness. A pail that has held sour milk will be admirably stocked with germs, which even warm water can not remove immediately.—W. J. Frazier.

FLY BLANKET FOR THE COW.

Protect Your Animals from the Annoyance of Flies.

We have found the simple device shown in cut effective. I took a 100-pound burlap sack and tied strings at the four corners and between them. I



Fly Blanket.

put it the long way around under the body and tied it as shown. The cow feeds with comparative comfort and the increase in the flow of milk is noticeable.—Mrs. J. W. Isanhart, Brazoria county, Texas.

PICKINGS.

An ounce of good management is worth more than all the fusing, codding and drugging ever done, or that can be done.

Why do we always hear of those wheat fields that turn out better than expected, but never a word of those that go the other way?

Moisture doesn't go far or last long on unplowed or uncultivated fields at this time of the year. A hard packed field cannot be plowed too soon after a rain.

More corn can be raised in three ways: Better seed, better soil preparation, better cultivation. These three factors worked together will reduce the acreage and increase the yield.

Balance of Soil and Water.

In the garden and in the fruit patch the balance of soil and water has a great deal to do with the success of the cultural operations. Many of our orchards do not produce the fruit they should because the soil has never been drained and the soil becomes waterlogged after heavy rains and so remains for a long time after fair weather has come. The drains in clay soil should be at least 30 inches deep, so that the water table may be lowered to that point. More drains in our orchards would make it possible to get better results from the fruit trees and fruit plants growing in them.

Like to Be Free.

There is one question we wish our folks would answer for us. If you have an unfenced lot around the buildings, and the pigs have the run of it, they will grow as fast as the weeds and grass they are eating. Fence this in, then turn the same pigs in, and the growth is checked. You will soon notice those pigs are not doing as well. Is it the sense of freedom that makes the difference?

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE PIE

How to distribute the gifts in a large gathering always is a problem. At the proper moment Mother and Father Goose appear and bring out the surprise pie. Mother Goose cuts the pie and out pops the goose.

The goose begins to walk majestically about in mystic circles, and the company must form in line behind her. Suddenly the goose hesitates and comes to a full stop.

"She has found something," cry Father and Mother Goose, and hasten to explore the corner where the goose is pointing her beak. A present for one of the company is discovered. The goose proceeds, and so the march continues until all the gifts have been found.

A cornucopia of stiff paper, fitted over the top of a broad-brimmed hat, will make a head covering suitable for Father Goose.

The head dress which Mother Goose wears, as shown in figure 3, can be made from any sort of large handkerchief.

Gather the handkerchief about Mother Goose's head, as shown in figure 1, then gather together the lower edges and pin them close behind the head, as in figure 2. Roll up the loose end of the handkerchief, as also shown in figure 2, and tie the



Making of the Goose.

ends of this roll about the neck, as in figure 3, and the head-dress is complete.

The collars and cuffs for both Mother and Father Goose are made from stiff white paper. Figure 4 shows how to cut out the collar and figure 5 shows the cuffs.

An ordinary cape can be thrown around Mother Goose's shoulders.

The buckles on her shoes are made from silver paper.

Father Goose should wear a long cloak. If this is not obtainable, a well draped blanket does very well. Bind a brightly colored sash around his waist and let him wear low slippers, preferably carpet slippers.

The surprise pie must be so large that the goose can be hidden away in it. If a large round basket can be found big enough for the purpose, it will do very well. If none is at hand, the pie must be made of a light framework of sticks covered with paper.

Of course, if the pie is made of paper it cannot be carried in with the goose inside of it by Mother and Father Goose, as it can be if it is a stout basket. So, if made of paper and sticks, it must be placed in the room in advance, and must have a cover thrown over it, and Mother Goose can uncover it at the proper moment.

The crust of the surprise pie is made from a large sheet of manila paper, cut and lettered as in figure 5.

The goose shown in figure 10, which is the real triumph of the occasion, is not so difficult to put together despite its fanatical appearance.

The first essential is a small boy with a temper good enough to submit to being pinned and sewed and tucked into his outlandish costume. The neck of the goose is a broomstick. The tail is a feather duster.



Costume and Pie Crust.

The back is an ordinary pillow. Figure 9 shows the "skeleton."

Tie two sticks, one on each side, of the broomstick, as illustrated in figure 11.

Bind several handfuls of cotton or rags around the two sticks where they cross the broomstick, thus making the groundwork for the head, as shown in figure 13.

Make a cornucopia of paper, just the length of the small stick used in figure 11, cutting it as shown in figure 8. Mark on it the nose and mouth as indicated.

Gather pillow cases or bolster covers around the boy's legs, as shown in figure 12.

When the pillow, feather duster and broomhandle have been arranged, as shown in figure 9, gather a sheet around the boy, as shown in figure 14; of course leaving an opening for his eyes and legs.

Slip a stocking over the head and neck of the goose, and then place the head made out of the cornucopia over the sticks that are bound to the broomhandle.

Sew the cornucopia to the stocking. Paint two large eyes on white paper and sew these also to the stocking.

Throw a pillow case or table cover over the back of the goose for wings, and pin a large sheet of paper around the neck for a collar.