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An Unasked-for Gift

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER



MRS. LOUIS BETH had become a money-maker. Mrs. Louis missed doing her own work. She liked to do the darning. She was nervous in a motor-car, and a chauffeur depressed her. She had tried having one once, but she not only felt like a fool when she "dressed up," as she expressed it, but she was frightened when she saw the chauffeur's look of disgust when she told him she had no calls to make and no shopping to do except to the corner store.

She didn't care about going to a smart hotel for tea in the afternoon. Now and again she liked to have a "bite" in a pastry shop. Louis was a musician. He was one of the most popular of dance conductors. He made money from royalties on his popular songs—a great deal of money. She had been often told that musicians were temperamental flirts. But the ones she had seen were not. They liked cigars and pinches and fat checks. That wasn't so temperamental. Neither was there anything temperamental about the music publishers and the friends of Louis who came in of an evening for cheese and crackers.

She was nervous when the maid broke dishes, though she knew there was lots of money to buy more. She was naturally a careful housekeeper, and the money had come a little too late or else she was one of the rare kind who couldn't spend it! Very rare, but not at all pleasant.

When she went to shows she fell asleep. She longed to dust behind corners and under the rungs of chairs. She loved to bake a good cake.

But prosperity was hers, and she didn't want to let Louis know how hard it was for her to be prosperous. He came in this time when Mrs. Louis was sitting stringing corn for the little tree she had bought. It was Christmas eve.

Louis was very evidently excited. He asked his wife to come into the little bedroom so no one would hear. Louis hadn't become used to talking before a maid. His wife noticed that



"It's Going to Be Hard on You," He Said.

he looked rather worried and troubled.

"What's the matter?" A sharp thrill of pleasure went through her. Perhaps he had speculated, lost his money in Wall street, or on the curb. So many people did, she had been told.

Louis would be poor and she would darn his socks and get his meals, and they'd live in the old flat and keep the cozy red plush furniture. Louis had been talking lately of moving to better quarters.

He took her hands in his. "It's going to be hard on you," he said. "Oh, no," she answered, trying to repress the exultant note in her voice, "I'll be glad."

She was about to tell him how oppressive the riches had been, how they had almost suffocated her. How much happier she would be to have to save money, rather than try to spend it for Louis' sake, to make him feel she enjoyed it.

"Wife," he said finally, "they want me to tour Europe. It's a great chance. There's big money in it, and the boys all want to go with me. Do you suppose, wife, I know you're awful seasick, and a poor traveler." His face looked worried. "But do you suppose you could stand the seasickness and all, for I'd be so lone some leaving you home? They want me so much—and they know I wouldn't want to go without you—that they're going to pay your expenses and make that a little Christ-

mas present for you!" She gave a look at the beloved red plush furniture. Would there never be any rest from prosperity? Her fate was sealed.

"I guess I could stand it, Louis," she said bravely. But in her heart there was hopelessness. Money, Europe, riches and more riches, a limousine future and a street car soul! And a Christmas present of such a trip! And she, alas, would have so much preferred a street car ride and a sewing basket from the boys such as they had given her that first Christmas after she had married Louis, when they hadn't been rich!

WITH THE CHRISTMAS PLANTS

Trees and Flowers Are Believed to Owe Peculiarities to Connection With Jesus.



THE legend of the Glastonbury Thorn is that after the death of Jesus, Joseph of Arimathea came over to England. Shortly before Christmas, he rested on the summit of Weary-all hill, Glastonbury. There he thrust into the ground his staff, and on Christmas eve it was found to be covered with white blossoms. The bush is said to have continued blooming thus each Christmas eve until during the civil wars, when it was cut down. Cuttings from the original thorn are said to bloom in this same wonderful way even yet.

The Sicilian children put pennyroyal in their coats on Christmas eve, believing that at the exact hour and minute when Jesus was born it will blossom.

There is a cherished legend in the East that the Rose of Jericho first blossomed at the birth of Jesus, closed at the crucifixion, and opened again at Easter, from which comes its name of Resurrection flower.

Many plants, trees and flowers are believed to owe their peculiarities to their connection with the birth or the childhood of Jesus. "The Star of Bethlehem" is so called because its white starlike flowers resemble the pictures of the Star of the East.

"Our Lady's Bedstraw" received its name because it was believed that the manger in which the Babe lay was filled with this plant.

An old account tells the story in this manner: "The broom and the chick-peas began to rustle and crackle, and by this noise betrayed the fugitives. The flax bristled up. Happily for her, Mary was near a juniper; the hospitable tree opened its branches as arms and inclosed the Virgin and the Child within their folds, affording them a secure hiding place. Then the Virgin uttered a malediction against the brooms and the chick-peas, and ever since that day they have always rustled and crackled. But later the Virgin pardoned the flax its weakness and gave the juniper her blessing," which is said to account for the use of the juniper as Christmas decorations in some countries.

Adeste Fideles

THIS well-known and greatly loved Christmas hymn was used at Benediction at Christmastide in France and England since the close of the Eighteenth century. It was sung at the Portuguese legation in London as early as 1797. The most popular musical setting was ascribed by Vincent Novello, organist there, to John Reading, who was organist at Winchester cathedral from 1875-81, and later at Winchester college. The hymn itself has been attributed to St. Bonaventure, but is not found among his works. It is probably of French or German authorship. It invites all the faithful to come to Bethlehem to worship the new-born Savior.—Catholic Encyclopedia.

Roast Pig.

Have your butcher prepare the pig for roasting and lay him in cold water for fifteen minutes. Dry him inside and out with a soft cloth. Make a stuffing of bread crumbs, seasoned to taste with salt, pepper, parsley, sweet marjoram and thyme; moisten with butter, and work into the dressing two beaten eggs. Stuff the pig so that he will hold his original size and shape, and after sewing him up bend his fore legs backward and his hind legs forward under him. Skewer or tie him in this attitude and after dredging him well with flour put him, with a little water, in a covered roaster. Roast for an hour and a half before removing the cover, then rub him well with butter, baste him with the gravy in the pan and roast half an hour longer, basting twice during that time. Apple sauce should be served with him, a lemon should be in his mouth, cranberries in his eye sockets.—The Dal-

FESTIVITIES OF OLD TIMES

Lord of Misrule Was Important Functionary at Yuletide Celebrations of the Long Age.

THE Lord of Misrule was an important functionary at the Christmas festivities of those long-age times. An account of this important personage has been preserved by the historian and antiquary, John Stow, who lived during the reign of Queen Elizabeth and during the first year of the reign of King Charles I, and was, therefore, a contemporary of Shakespeare.

"In the feast of Christmas," writes Stow, "there was in the king's house, wherever he lodged, a Lord of Misrule or Master of Merry Sports, and the like had ye in the house of every nobleman of honor or good worship, were he spiritual or temporal. The mayor of London, and either of the sheriffs, had their several Lords of Misrule."

At Cambridge university the Lord of Misrule was a master of art, elected to superintend the representation of Latin plays by the students, besides taking charge of their games and diversions during the Christmas season. A similar Master of Revels was chosen at Oxford.

In the Inns of Courts in London, where the barristers had their offices and belongings, a Lord of Misrule reigned with great splendor, "being surrounded with all the parade and ceremony of royalty, his guard of honor, and even his two chaplains who preached before him in the Temple church."

On the Twelfth day he abdicated his sovereignty, and we are informed that in the year 1635, this mock-representative of royalty expended in the exercise of his office about two thousand pounds from his own purse, and at the conclusion of his reign was knighted by King Charles I at Whitehall.

Saving the Leftovers.

Instead of always frying up any leftover potatoes, why not use them for hot tea scones? They only take a few minutes to make. To half a pound of cold potatoes add two ounces of flour and a teaspoonful each of salt and baking powder. Knead them all together, then add just enough milk—sour milk if you like—to make a stiff dough. Roll out and cut into either squares or rounds with a pastry cutter or tumbler and bake on a tin in a quick oven.

To Sweeten Musty Teapot.

To sweeten a metal or enamel teapot which has become musty, fill it with boiling water and drop in a red-hot cinder, close the lid and leave for a short time. Then rinse out with clean water.

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IN DOUBT

Wifey — This year you must tell me just what you are going to give me for Christmas.
Hubby — But how do I know what you have decided upon?

Christmas in the Shetlands.

In the Shetland islands they celebrate an old Christmas Eve, January 5, and on that occasion the young men and children go "a-guizing." The children disguise themselves in strange dresses, parade the streets and invade the houses and shops begging for offerings. At one o'clock the young men, coarsely clad, drag blazing tar barrels through the town, blowing horns and cheering. At six o'clock in the morning they put off their grimy clothes and dressed in fantastic costumes go in groups to wish their friends the season's compliments.

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