

as welcome and refreshing to it as to the adult.

An infant's clothing at night should be comfortably loose, with nothing to restrict the breathing or the circulation. Sufficient clothing for the night consists of band, shirt, diaper and night gown. It is best to have separate night and day shirts and bands. For the first week or ten days, or until the cord falls off, the band will have to be worn fairly snug in order to keep the cord dressing in place; after this it may be loosened. I would suggest that the night gowns be made quite long, six or eight inches below the feet, and drawn together at the bottom by running a tape through a casing or narrow hem. Winter night gowns, especially for a young baby, should be made of light weight flannel, non-shrinkable and non-irritating.

MY CHRISTMAS GIFT OF LONG AGO.

"Yes, children, once upon a time,

When grandpa was a country lad,
A chore-boy, toiling for his 'keep',

In coarse and humble garments clad,
Into his somber life she bloomed.

A little rose, all glowing-bright,
Who scattered cheer along his path
And touched his days with golden light.

"When Winter brought the Christmas-tide

With all its happy care and stir,
What boyish transport set his heart

A-throbbing o'er a gift from her—
A pair of mittens, warm and soft,

That her dear fingers, fairy-slim,
In many a moment snatched from play.
With patient zeal had knit for him!

"Though years that followed, sweeping on
As swiftly as do swallows wing
Their autumn journey to the south,
Have brought him many a wondrous thing,

No guerdon, rich beyond conceit.
E'er stirred him with such thrill and glow

As did that simple gift from her,
His Christmas girl of long ago.

"Where is she now? Just glance across
To grandma, in her stately grace,
A twinkle in her hazel eye.

A smile upon her placid face!
No, no, I do not jest with you;

Your grandma, children, is the pearl
Of all the goodly gifts I prize—
My own and only Christmas girl!"

MOTHERS

By Ralph M. Thompson, M.D.

Each woman who has ever borne a son,
To have Death fling him from her
frantic breast,

knows something of the grief which
came to stun

The Heart of Mary, crushed and dis-
possessed;—

But only that poor wretch on bended
knee,

Whose wayward boy has cast with
crime his lot,

Can understand the depth of agony
Of her, who gave the world leariot.

THE KNOCK-BOX

Be polite. Perhaps your family won't
mind if you practice it on them.

There was more than average contentment and general "get-alongness" in a Connecticut family where I visited one summer. Back of the politeness and pleasant attitude of each to the other lay a secret of some sort which was joked about and laughed over but never divulged to the general public. The mystery hovered about a slitted box which stood on the parlor mantel. It resembled a mail box, and when it was emptied each evening, notes were handed around to mother, father, brothers and sisters. Sometimes they were read with quiet gravity, sometimes with a smile. One morning a missive fell on my plate. Here is the message it held:

"If our company would be good enough to phone when she decides not to

return for luncheon, the cook would be exceedingly grateful."

I re-read it, mystified a trifle, also a bit ruffled. I confess, and a laugh went round the table.

"Mother," cried one of the girls, "explain to the company about our knock-box. It was not exactly fair to discipline her without a warning."

That forenoon while I helped to empty a darning basket I suggested, "Now tell me about the knock-box."

"The knock-box," explained my hostess, "is an ancient and honorable institution of this family, but it was not fair to initiate you as we did."

"It was perfectly fair. I felt guilty enough yesterday when I found you had waited luncheon for me. Now for the story."

"When we were married," she began, "I was a fault-finder, a petty, fussy housewife, picking on somebody about something all the time. One evening my husband took me to task and I suddenly realized that if I did not take heed I might develop into a genuine nagger like a woman next door, who is the terror of our neighborhood. He suggested as a cure that instead of blurting out every little fault I found in him I should write it down each day and drop my criticism in a box. He said he would do the same thing with me. We christened it the knock-box. Two rules were made: that complaints should be politely worded and read over several times before being mailed. If they seemed too trivial for utterance they were to be destroyed. I remember the first time we emptied the knock-box. I found a suggestion that coffee ought to be served steaming hot and that when a man loaned his knife to a lady he expected it to be returned."

"My husband had one solitary knock to read. I had destroyed ten or twelve during the day; on a second reading they had sounded petty. This one was about a man who left his belongings scattered all over a house when he dashed out to catch a car. It was seed sown in good ground. The work grew lighter each day after that, because my husband became tidier. It is years since he found a complaint in the knock-box about careless habits. When the children were old enough to read and write they found little reminders in the box. They were also allowed to send knocks to us, and some of them were very funny. I remember one from Bobs about hanging the key of the preserve closet where he could not reach it. At the age of eight Margaret objected strenuously to wearing pinafores. Each one agreed that eight o'clock was much too early to go to bed. You have not any idea of how the knock-box saves a family from snarls. One little bit of fault-finding is capable of stirring up a storm of recrimination. Besides, a written hint sinks in as no amount of nagging can."

Xmas Ideas

WORK BASKETS.

Everyone likes work baskets because they are useful. A market basket padded with cotton and lined with pretty silk makes a very nice Christmas gift. After the basket is lined make a ruffle of silk to cover the outside and wind ribbon around the handle. Then make a cushion and sew inside, and pockets on each of the other sides. This makes a very pretty and useful work basket. Smaller baskets or toilet boxes for the dresser can be made from the little quart boxes that are used for fruit in the summer. When I canned fruit during the summer I saved the quart boxes for this purpose. A fruit box lined with silk and a ruffle of silk on the outside makes a neat dresser ornament. A tiny cushion fastened to the inside and pockets for jewelry and pins make it useful as well

P. R. H.

GIFTS FOR LITTLE GIRLS

By Kate Campion

Let me tell you of my plan for gift giving to the little daughters of several of my friends. These friends are all wealthy while I must count every penny, therefore it is a little difficult to decide what will be appropriate for one in my



HIGH OVEN RANGE

Household Science never eased a woman's burden so much as when it designed this wonderful cooking range. With the oven at **STANDING HEIGHT**, there is **NO STOOPING** and there isn't a detail in the drudgery the ordinary range imposes that has not been eliminated or sensibly reduced.

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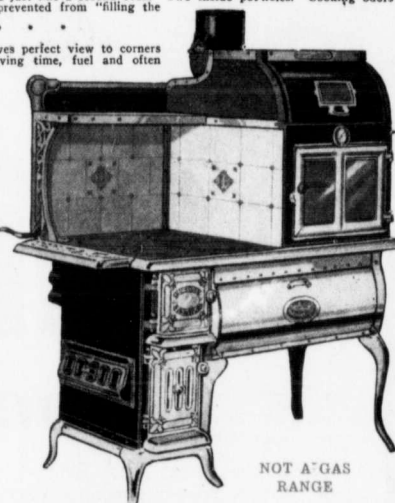
Clear glass door gives perfect view to corners of the oven thus saving time, fuel and often burnt fingers.

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Please send me your descriptive booklet, "A Lighter Day in the Kitchen," as advertised in The Canadian Threshesman and Farmer, in December.

Name
P. O.

position, financially, to bestow upon the little daughters.

I bought several yards of saten, net, cheap lace and ribbon, and with these materials I made each child a real grown-up dress in which to "play lady." For one little girl of ten, I made a gown of lavender saten; the skirt is made with a train, the frock has a fashionable tunic, the bodice has vest and revers and Medici collar, and the whole thing is made as carefully as though for a grown person. The tunic is covered with net, and little bows of ribbon decorate the bodice. A bouquet of violets is placed on the left shoulder, and the effect is very smart.

NOTICE.

The reports of the H.E.S. and Home-makers' Clubs will all be published in the January number. Kindly send in as early as possible.

P. R. H.

CHRISTMAS BELLS
By Karla Wilson Baker

The Christmas bells of memory are ringing my heart!
And do you hear the echo, though we are so far apart?

They fill the air with melody, a music faint and sweet,
A pensive festival of sound, where pain and pleasure meet.

Oh, let us banish pain and tears, and welcome hope and smiles;
We'll build a fire of fellowship, in spite of years and miles;
And warm our hearts with hoping that, when next the music swells,
Together we shall listen to the happy Christmas bells!

MY MOST ACCEPTABLE GIFT By Inez Shull

I honestly believe the most acceptable gift I ever gave was a stuffed pumpkin, and I gave it to a dear lady who counts her wealth by thousands, whilst I must be content (and am) with hundreds. I cut a round lid off the end of the pumpkin and scooped out the seeds. Then I lined it with waxed paper. I then filled it with a glass each of jam, jelly, chili sauce, celery relish, and mixed pickles. Over these I placed a disk of waxed cardboard. The next layer was a slice of fruit cake, a slice of plum pudding, seed cakes, and home-made candies, more waxed paper; then sprigs of red geranium and holly. Then I placed the "cover"