



Christmas Eve in a Sleeper.

The young man who boarded the tourist sleeping car at Langdon, Alberta, on Christmas Eve was not in a good humor. It seemed to him to be particularly unpleasant that, on this night of all the nights in the year, he should have to put up with uncongenial surroundings. The negro porter tucked away his baggage, and he settled himself in his compartment with a feeling that this was to be a Christmas Eve that he should not care to remember.

In the section directly across the aisle were seated the five members of a young family. Something about them at once drew Jerry Cartwright's attention. The mother was pleasant-faced, with a tired look in her eyes that suggested the long, arduous day of travel. The three sleepy youngsters sat huddled together on the seat in front, facing backward. But it was the look of untroubled peace on the face of the father that interested Jerry most. The car, as usual, was overheated, and the man sat in his shirt sleeves, with his head resting against the back of the seat. His eyes were closed, but his lips moved. Raising his head suddenly, he caught Jerry's eyes fixed upon him. At once, with a smile of quick, unembarrassed neighborliness, he spoke:

"It's Christmas Eve, you know," he said. "Why don't we get together and have a few real, old Christmas carols?"

The ingenuous friendliness of the young father stirred an answering chord in Jerry Cartwright in spite of his intended aloofness. The irritation that had possessed him a moment before departed. He perched himself on the arm rest of his seat and, a minute later, the voices of the two men, by no means unmelodious, rose softly in "O Come Upon the Midnight Clear."

A couple in the section ahead turned and looked back, smiling. Soon the other passengers in the car were attracted, and gradually gathered about the original group; most of them joined unsolicited in the singing. Among these passengers, Jerry noticed a thin, careworn-looking woman in black come up and stand with her arm about an equally thin, anemic-looking daughter.

The section of Jerry's friendly neighbor remained the centre of the gathering. The pleasant-faced wife still sat quietly resting, a faint smile in her eyes; the children sat up straight, listening with open-mouthed wonder. But, somehow, Jerry found, the eyes of everyone began to turn on himself. Not every song proposed was generally known, but Jerry did his winning best to make everything go. It was surprising the number of tunes and verses he was able to remember—the songs of his old Sunday-school days. They sang them all unrestrainedly, with contagious good will and a sudden feeling of fellowship for one another.

At last the time came for the party to break up. The traveler's Christmas Eve was over. Everyone looked the better and the happier for the impromptu service. Everyone had a friendly word or glance for Jerry and for the jolly, magnetic, young father. Again Jerry noticed the woman in the black dress, standing with her arm round her frail daughter. He reached forward and took the woman's hand.

"I wish you both a happy Christmas and a still happier New Year," Jerry said.

The woman's wan features became animated. "We have to thank you and your friend for a happier Christmas Eve than we expected to spend this year, have we not, Mabel?" she replied.

A little later Jerry Cartwright lay stretched in his berth with raised window shade, gazing out on the dim expanse of prairie. In the east Sirius and the stars of Orion shone out brighter and more clearly than he had ever seen them at home.

"My!" was his unuttered thought. "I got on this train as ill-natured as a bear. A man with a friendly, buoyant heart makes me forget it and help others to be more cheery and forget their troubles, too; and now—a kitten could play with me. Why, it's been one of my best Christmas Eves!"

Christmas, 1919.

"Christians, awake! Salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:
This day hath God fulfilled His promised Word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

The reign of Self will end when men shall heed
Less what they gain than what they lose through Greed.

On Christmas Day

By
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HJG

It was Christmas Day. The snow was falling heavily in the streets. There was holiday cheer in the air. The Christmas bells rang out their message of gladness. The day seemed made for happiness.

Arlene, who had invited twelve friends for Christmas dinner, stood at the front window waiting for her party to arrive. As she waited many sleighs flew by and happy voices rang out, but she saw or heard not, for she was lost in deep thought.

Arlene had promised to give Dudley Grant her answer on Christmas Day, and although she had had two months to weigh this vital subject she had not yet come to a decision. Dudley was considered by all the first families as the most eligible young man of Arlene's circle. He was a clean, good-looking, prosperous, healthy young man of fine family. If Arlene had told any of her friends that she hesitated accepting this paragon they would have raised their hands in horror and cried, "What more does she want?"

She herself didn't know. That was the trouble. When he was not near she felt she loved him; but when he was with her often she became dissatisfied. Deep in her heart was a little uncertainty.

Once he had angrily kicked her brother's small tramp dog. This she could not forget. And then again, he made sport of her settlement work and her settlement friends. This she could not forgive. But she surely cared a great deal for him, whether the feel-

ing was love or not—that was the question.

Turning toward the library table she tenderly toyed with the rich red roses that stood in the high Japanese vase. "He surely is thoughtful," she murmured.

"My love is like a red, red rose," sang out her small brother, with a twinkle in his eye as he passed through the room. "Say, Sis, can I be best man?"

A joyous confusion was heard and the merry dinner party came bounding up the front stairs.

"We're starved," cried Harvey. "We collected, one by one, as we came along—and we've brought our appetites with us."

"That's good news," laughed Arlene with sparkling eyes, "for we have the biggest goose in goosedom for dinner and the rest of the family are going to Auntie's. Mother says we should leave nothing but the bones."

"But where is Dr. Keith?" asked Bernice as they removed their wraps. "He is the only one missing."

"Dr. Keith?" exclaimed Dudley in surprise. "Arlene, why did you invite that man who lives in the settlement?"

"Because he is a friend of mine," answered the young woman simply. "He just telephoned, however, that he would be unable to come to our Christmas dinner as he had an emergency call. A doctor never can call his time his own, you know."

"I suppose not," asserted Dudley, with a shrug of his shoulders, "if he

spends half his time with crying slum babies. This Keith cares more for his settlement practice than for all his millionaire patients put together. I wager this 'hurry call' was only to some little gutter creature."

Arlene drew a long breath but said nothing.

The jolly crowd was soon seated about the beautifully decorated Christmas table. Fun rolled merrily on, but somehow for Arlene there was a little rift in the lute of the words, "Only a little gutter creature," kept flashing across her mind.

In the middle of the dinner, as the laughter was at its height, the maid handed a note to Arlene, remarking: "There's a little boy outside, ma'am. He says he'll wait for an answer."

Arlene opened the folded paper and read:

"My Tiny was throne don by a automobile. Can you com back with Jimmy. She cris for you. Pleas com. I'm sory on christmus to ask you. She is vere sik. respectfully Mrs. Huggins."

Without a moment's hesitation Arlene arose and with a little tremor in her voice said:

"My friend Tiny has been hurt. She is crying for me. You all will forgive me if I go, won't you? You can have just as good a time without me, and Tiny needs me."

The guests, knowing her interest in her settlement friends, readily assured her that they would take care of themselves—all but Dudley Grant. He remained silent. As she went for her

hat and cloak he followed her, protesting.

"It's all nonsense your rushing off in this way—spoiling our whole Christmas party. Besides, you promised to tell me something to-day. Can't you send one of the maids to Tiny?"

"Maids!" gasped Arlene, opening wide her soft gray eyes. "Tiny doesn't want a maid. She wants me."

"Well, I want you too," stated Grant. "It's absurd for a hostess to leave her party. Quixotic. There is a thing as being too conscientious."

"Good-bye, Dudley," said Arlene, extending her hand, and there was a tone in her sweet vibrant voice that the man had never heard.

Before long Arlene and Jimmy arrived at the tenement house. Jimmy led the way up three flights of stairs, through a long, narrow, dark hall and softly opened the door of a dreary little room.

When Mrs. Huggins saw Arlene her face lit up through her tears and she said, "I knew you would come, honey, even on Christmas Day."

"I'm glad I'm here," softly answered Arlene as she knelt down by the coarse bed and placed her soft, cool hand on Tiny's fevered brow. At first in vain she tried to quiet the child, but by degrees the little girl became calm, and late in the afternoon sank back on her pillow in a deep and restful sleep.

Then Arlene, rising, saw Dr. Keith for the first time since she entered the room. As they tiptoed into the next room she said, "So this was your emergency call?"

"Yes, but you did more for our little friend than I could," he answered as he gazed upon her with deep, sympathetic eyes. "I knew you wouldn't fail us when Mrs. Huggins sent for you. God bless you, little woman." The doctor took both her hands in his and held them tight.

Then again the troublesome words, "Only a gutter child," flashed across her mind, and in answer the thought came, "This is a man," and all at once, as a beacon light from the darkness, she knew her own heart.

Turning away so as to hide her real feelings, she murmured, "And Tiny will get well?"

"She surely will," the doctor answered, coming close to her. "And now—as you were so successful with one patient, can you give your attention to another case?"

"Now? To-day? On Christmas?" Arlene asked in surprise.

"Yes, to-day and every other day," Keith replied with a quaver in his voice. "You are the only one who can cure him."

"Who is he?" she softly asked under her breath.

"A man who needs you more than Tiny—more than any one else in the world—a man who loves you with all his heart, with all his soul, with all his might. Will you accept the case?"

"I'll try," murmured Arlene, and as Keith opened his arms, without a moment's hesitation she nestled close to him. Then raising her radiant face she said:

"And on Christmas, too."

The Christmas Guest.

Twine the balsam boughs that hold
Memories of delight
Hang the garlands, as of old,
Where the lamplight's ruddy gold
Blossoms on the night.

Gather round the Christmas fire;

Place a chair for him

At the call of love's desire

He will quit the radiant choir—
Saints and seraphim.

Heaven is love, and love is here,
Tender, strong and true.

Lingers now his spirit near,
Blest and beautiful and dear,
Veiled from mortal view.

Sing the songs he loved the best—
Songs of mirth and joy—
Ere upon his hero-quest,
Seeking service, finding rest,
Went our blithe, bright boy.

Put a flower at his place—
He will understand.

In its sweetness love may trace
Visions of a vanished face,
Touch a vanished hand.

Christmas Cakes and Cookies

Plain Foundation Cake— $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful sugar, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful milk or water, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 teaspoonful vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls flour. Cream the butter and the sugar thoroughly, then add the well-beaten egg. Sift the flour and salt and add alternately with the liquid, keeping the mixture of an even consistency. Mix quickly, beat hard and fold in lightly the baking powder sifted over the top and the flavoring. Turn into well-greased pan and bake in a moderate oven thirty to forty minutes. Make one layer.

Variations of Plain Foundation Cake.

White Cake: Use three egg whites in place of the whole egg.

Gold Cake: Use four egg yolks in place of the whole egg.

Mocha Cake: Use cold coffee in place of the liquid called for.

Chocolate Cake: Add two squares of melted chocolate and a little less flour.

Nut Cake: Add one-half cupful of chopped nuts, slightly floured.

Spice Cake: Add one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one half teaspoonful of mixed allspice, nutmeg and cloves.

Variations in Tins and Shapes.

Loaf Cake: Bake in a small loaf pan or double the ingredients and bake in a large loaf pan. Loaf cakes keep well.

Layer Cake: For a small cake cut the one layer in two and frost; making a two layer cake half size or double size the amount and bake in two layer pans.

Cup Cakes: Drop the mixture into well-greased muffin pans, filling the pans about two-thirds full and bake about twenty-five minutes. Or use the small muffin pans and bake fifteen minutes. These make dainty little cakes for all purposes.

Fancy Cakes: Heat tiny fancy-shaped pans, then brush with a good brush dipped in melted fat. Drop a teaspoonful of cake mixture into each pan and bake ten to fifteen minutes. Or a one-layer cake may be cut into

fancy shapes with a cutter, but there is a waste unless great care is taken to plan the pieces.

Christmas Plum Pudding.

1 cupful dried bread crumbs, 1 cupful chopped beef suet, 1 cupful brown sugar, 1 cupful seeded raisins, 1 cupful currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful finely cut citron, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful finely cut figs, 1 tablespoonful candied lemon peel, 1 tablespoonful candied orange peel, 1 tablespoonful salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful cloves, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful ginger, 1 cupful fruit juice, 1 cupful flour.

Mix in the order given and add enough cold water to make a stiff mixture.

Turn into a well-greased pudding mold or into two smaller molds, filling the molds only two-thirds full. Cover the mold tightly and place in boiling water and boil six to seven hours. Remove the pudding from the mold when cold.

This may be made two weeks before Christmas, but must be reheated by boiling one hour just before serving.

Plum Pudding With Honey.

$\frac{2}{3}$ cupful brown sugar, 1 cupful chopped suet, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful extracted honey, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful mace, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful soda, 1 cupful sour milk, 1 cupful English currants, 1 cupful raisins, 3 cupfuls flour. Rub the sugar and the suet together, then beat in the honey. Add the well-beaten eggs. Sift the spices, soda and flour, and add gradually to the egg mixture alternating with the milk. Beat constantly, add the fruit slightly floured and steam in a well-greased covered mold three hours. Serve with vanilla sauce.

Vanilla Sauce— $\frac{1}{2}$ scant cupful sugar, 1 tablespoonful cornstarch or 2 of flour, 1 cupful boiling water, 1 teaspoonful vanilla, 1 teaspoonful butter. Mix sugar and cornstarch in a saucepan. Pour on boiling water, stirring rapidly. Boil and stir until clear. Add butter and vanilla. Serve hot or cold.

Fruit Cake With Honey.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cupful sugar, 1 cupful extracted honey, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful sour cream, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful shortening, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful

soda, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful cloves, 1 cupful raisins, 1 cupful currants, 2 cupfuls flour. Cream the sugar, shortening and honey together. Add the well-beaten eggs, beat hard, then add the sour cream, the flour mixed and sifted with the soda and spices. Add the floured fruit, spread in a well-greased and paper-lined pan and bake in a moderate oven about one hour.

Mixtures with honey require moderate heat.

Filled Cookies.

2 cupfuls oatmeal, $\frac{2}{3}$ cupful sugar, $\frac{1}{3}$ cupful corn syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful thick sour milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt, $\frac{2}{4}$ cupfuls flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful soda. Beat the sugar and shortening together and add the sour milk, the flour sifted with the soda and the salt. Roll out thinly on a well-floured board and cut with a cookie cutter. Bake in a hot oven.

Filling—1 cupful sugar, 1 cupful water, 1 package of dates or 1 cupful chopped figs. Stone the dates and put through a fine chopper. Cook with the sugar and water until the mixture thickens. Place a spoonful of the mixture between two cookies and press firmly together. Store in a dry place.

Variations to Plain Sugar Cookies.

Vanilla Cookies: Use one teaspoonful vanilla and omit the nutmeg.

Chocolate Cookies: Add three tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate after it is melted, use vanilla for flavoring.

Cocoanut Cookies: All one-half cupful of shredded cocoanut to the dry ingredients in plain sugar-cookie rule and roll one-fourth inch thick.

Nut Cookies: Use half as much shortening and add one-half cupful of finely chopped nuts to the dry materials in plain sugar-cookie rule and roll one-fourth of an inch thick. Finely chopped nuts may be sprinkled over the top before baking.

Candied Orange and Lemon Peel.

Peel of four oranges or lemons, 2 quarts water, 2 cupfuls sugar, pulverized sugar. Cook the peels in the water slowly until tender. Drain for two hours, remove all the white portion from the peel and, with scissors, cut into fine strips. Boil the sugar

and one-half cupful water until it spins a thread, add the peel, boil for five minutes, remove with a fork and roll lightly in pulverized sugar. Store in glass jars for use. Candied peels add a variety to the holiday candy boxes.

On the Taking of Jerusalem.

(By the British, December, 1917.)

The march is o'er,
The day is done,
The Cross against
The Crescent has won.

In its dazzling light
They cannot stay;
Ye of Allah
Away, away!

The Cross returns
To the land of its birth,
Rejoice, ye peoples,
Throughout the earth;

And ye of Allah,
Kneel to pray
At the Cross of Christ
This Christmas Day.

Christmas Carol

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!