

ENTERTAINING AT CHRISTMAS

BACK IN COLONIAL DAYS FOLKS HAD GREAT FEASTS HONORING THE OCCASION: HERE'S HOW

THE Christmas season brings to mind the many Christmas days gone by, with their four great features—turkey, cranberry sauce, plum pudding and mince pie.

It was a good old English custom, not to be rejected by the American colonists, although modifications were necessary to suit the religion and conditions of living in the colonies, the Christ-spirit being substituted for the pagan yuletide, the famous "boar's head" was omitted, and the Christmas pie became known as mince pie. However, many old observances were kept, including the mistletoe and holly, and Christmas was a day for family gatherings, with a feast prepared by the women of the house.

It is quite possible that we would not like their flavorings today. They used a variety of spices, wines and seasonings in even their plainest dishes; but as everything was prepared in the home, either under the supervision of the mistress or by her own hands, the mixtures were wholesome.

Everything was turned to account in the season with a view to future use, so in this way preparations for the holiday were going on long before the day.

In cherry time, a supply was carefully packed in hay and kept for Christmas.

The Christmas cookies, with coriander seed in them, were baked six months before and kept in an earthenware jar in the cellar.

Mince Meat Recipe.

The rich plum pudding and cakes were made early in the fall and put away to mellow and ripen.

The mincemeat was then made, the recipe for which was recently found in an old Philadelphia cookbook. We copy all but the spelling: "Four pounds veal, four pounds suet, two pounds raisins, one pound currants, six apples, some rose water and sack half a pound, no more of sugar, three-fourths pound cloves, mace, nutmeg and cinnamon, some candied orange peel, lemon peel, citron and blanched almonds."

They made a puff paste for their pies different from ours. One recipe called for four, one pound butter, ten eggs and some milk or water.

Some housewives made their winter supply of mince pies before Thanksgiving and reheated them before using.

For the lemon tarts, the lemons had to be first soaked in salt water for two days. Then every day for fourteen days they were put into fresh cold water. When they were made, apples, oranges and sugar were added.

A few days before Christmas the mistress went to market, the maid carrying the basket. She would get her turkey, cranberries, celery, oysters, and a little pig for roasting whole.

The day before Christmas the real excitement began. The stuffing was made, and such stuffings: Bread crumbs, beef suet, liver, lemon peels, nutmeg, savory, pepper, salt, cream and eggs. The little pig, only four or five weeks old, was filled to his utmost capacity with mashed potatoes or apples.

Not the least to be considered were the green decorations. Ground pine for festoons and wreaths, mistletoe to hang, and holly everywhere were the necessities.

When Christmas morning came the excitement was at the highest pitch. The housewife, her daughters and her maids were up early. The brick oven was heated and the mince pies put in. The turkey was dredged with flour and put on the spit, with a small unwilling child to watch and turn it as it browned.

Another child was set to cracking nuts and polishing apples.

Roasting the Little Pig.

The little pig was put before the fire to roast in the dripping pan, in which were three bottles of red wine for basting.

While the things were cooking a long table, the length of the room, was spread with the white linen cloth, napkins, china and silver or pewter.

In the middle of the table was the famed Christmas bowl. Here are the quaint directions for making it:

"Break nine sponge cakes and half a pound of macaroons in a deep dish; pour over one pint raisin wine, half pint sherry. Leave them to soak. Sweeten with two ounces of powdered sugar candy and pour over one pint and a half of custard. Stick with two ounces sliced almonds. Place on a stand and ornament with Christmas evergreens."

The tankard with the Christmas brew was put on the table, and all the syllabubs, jellies, pickles, lemon tarts, red apples, nuts, the cookies and the cherries fresh from the hay.

The fireplaces were now blazing, and the red berries and green leaves of the holly were shining in the light.

The mistletoe was waiting for the unwary, and the good smell of the brown turkey, savory stuffing and applesauce was everywhere.

Don Their Best Frocks.

After the housewife and her daughters had seen to everything they hurried to put on their best flowered silks, with white whims around their necks and the most secret beautifiers on their faces.

Then the dinner being nearly cooked, they took the little browned pig, raised him gently and put two small loaves of bread under him, and added more wine; an anchovy, a bundle of sweet herbs and a half a lemon was put into the sauce, which was poured over him hot. They had him sitting on his haunches looking lifelike. Then they put



PERHAPS YOU WANT SUGGESTIONS ABOUT DISTRIBUTING THE GIFTS: HERE ARE SEVERAL

LL gifts, carefully marked, should be consigned the day before to the one in charge, and she must purchase a quantity of clothesline and clothespins. The line should be stretched back and forth across the living room, and each gift, wrapped in tissue paper and tied with red ribbons, should be fastened to the line by a clothespin, decorated with wings of red and green paper.

In the bay window a table should be arranged on which is placed a "Jack Horner" pie, containing a Christmas souvenir for each member of the family. The ribbons attached to the packages in the pie should be carried up to a holly-decorated hoop suspended over the table, each ribbon tagged with the name of the one for whom it is intended. When the "family wash" has been taken down—each person seeking his or her own gift—they gather around the pie, and at a signal "pull out their plums."

Hidden in Egg Shells.

When the family is all present at breakfast start to serve the meal of coffee, bread and butter, ham and soft-cooked eggs without any mention of gifts.

At each place have an eggcup or saucer, on which you put an egg, the contents having been removed previously through a small hole in the end; partly fill with sand, and let each contain a small paper with a suggestion in poetry of where or how to find their gifts.

As each person thinks he is cracking his egg he finds the puzzle inside.

Much merriment and good cheer will be the result.

Serve original "content" of eggshells in omelet with the ham.

Hide one person's gifts in bookcase, paper in egg to read:

If you are either wise or smart
You'll find me in a hurry.
Among gifted people I now dwell;
So hunt, don't sit and worry.

Frost King and Snowballs.

As this is the time for the clever woman of the family to devise some unique way of distributing Christmas gifts, she may decorate the living room with evergreens, holly and mistletoe, and then place in one corner a table covered with a white cloth, hidden from view by a screen of generous size. On this table is placed snowballs. These snowballs, made of white cotton batting and tied with white ribbon, contain each designated present, and are heaped in a pyramid, thus obtaining a mass of snowballs of varied size. The pile is scattered freely with diamond dust, in order to give it an attractive sparkle. If there is a small boy in the house he may be dressed as a Frost King, in a costume of white wadding, sprinkled with diamond dust; leaves and holly berries can be sewed here and there upon the robe. At a given signal the screen is removed, disclosing the tiny Frost King, who, with a few words of Christmas greeting, gathers the snowballs into a pretty basket, and as each ball bears a small tag he finds no difficulty in distributing the gifts to those assembled.

A Holly Pie.

A novel way of distributing Christmas gifts on Christmas morning is to make a big pie in the center of the table of holly branches, and arrange it so the gifts can be easily drawn from under it. Each gift must be tied with a narrow red ribbon and one end lead to each place at the table. This is great fun, and of course everyone is anxious to see who gets the most popular. The pie is not "opened" until end of breakfast.

A Christmas Trail.

One member of the family should take charge of the gifts, and when the coast is clear should lay the "trail" with them in all of the available downstairs rooms. Start from a tiny Christmas tree on the living room table by fastening to it a card for each person, marked, for example, thus: "Card No. 1, father. Look for card No. 2 in umbrella stand in hall." In the stand he will find a package tagged in this manner: "Card No. 2, 2, father. Look for card No. 3 in your hat in hall closet." The third card will be found on a gift in the spot designated, with further instructions, which are followed on to the next, until all his presents come to light. Everyone pursues his or her trail at once, and a merry scene of confusion is the result. These cards may be prepared beforehand, and no difficulty will be experienced in placing the gifts, each trail is finished before starting to lay another. The last cards should direct the family to their places at the dining room table, where they will find amusing souvenirs of the occasion.

Cobweb Method.

A rather novel and entirely inexpensive way of distributing Christmas gifts is to employ the "cobweb" method. Suspend a rope diagonally across the room, over which the strings may cross, each string to be labeled at its source with the name of the member of the family or the friend for whom it is intended. A sheet can be hung across one end of the room, hiding the gifts from view until time for winding the strings. Let all begin the quest at once, it being necessary to find the beginnings of the strings where the names are attached. This will afford considerable amusement, as the strings should be run through keyholes, under beds, over transoms and even out of doors, if possible.

Aside from the element of mystery contained in this method, there is the added value which attaches to those things which have been really earned through one's own efforts.

a red apple in his mouth, which, alas! he could never eat, and garbished him with holly.

At last the company came, the mistress preserving a calm exterior, but with an inward anxiety lest something be burned or spilled at the last moment.

When all is ready the beaming host says, "Friends, will they join us in the Christmas feast?" And with great dignity he leads them, with the guest of honor on his arm, followed by the older people and the children.

The Table Decorated.

The table is a picture to cheer the hungry. The large turkey is at one end and the pig at the other end of the long table, with everything they are to eat between, excepting the plum pudding.

After the silent grace, which stills the noise for a moment, the carver takes his knife, and with a deliberation born of steady nerves carves under the fire of twenty pairs of eyes.

The directions in "Gentlewoman's Housewifery" says: "Raise the leg fairly of the turkey and open the joint with the point of the knife, but do not take off the leg.

Then lace down both sides of the breast bone and open the breast pinion, but do not take it off. Then raise the Merry Thought between the breast bone and the top of it" and so on till the turkey is boned. While this is being done the "Christmas bowl" is passed.

After they are helped to turkey and pig they pass the vegetables and delicacies, and even the mince pie is eaten when they have the desire for it.

The Correct Manners.

The proper conventions are strictly adhered to. The book of etiquette says: "A gentleman must not lean her elbows on the table, nor by a ravenous gesture discover a voracious appetite, nor talk with her mouth full, nor smack her lips like a pig."

The children were kept in order. In all the feast was decorous, but merry for all that.

At last, when they have eaten to the extent of their capacity, the plum pudding, blazing and with a piece of holly stuck in the top, is brought in and eaten with brandy sauce. Then the toasts are drunk with the good home-brewed wine, and the feast is done.

HISTORY OF CHRISTMAS

Christmas, originally Cristes mæsse ("the mass or church festival of Christ"), is the English name for the season in which the birth of Christ is commemorated. It is apparent, however, that a festival was celebrated at this season long before it was held sacred as the birthday of Jesus of Nazareth. The Saturnalia of the Romans and the winter festival of the heathen Britons were both celebrated about December 25; and later, the Roman festival in honor of the sun god, Mithra (instituted 273 A. D.) From the latter the day became to be known as the "Birthday of the Unconquered Sun;" and after its adoption by the Christian church in the fourth century as the anniversary of Christ's birth, this name was given a symbolic interpretation.

A study of the customs associated with this period also reveals a heathen, if not invariably a solar, origin. The lighting of the Yule log (la buche de Noel) on Christmas eve, once a widespread European custom, is or was a function of such predominant importance among the Lithuanians and Letts that their words for Christmas eve literally signify "Log evening." The sports of the "Lords of Misrule" in England are thought to be an inheritance from the Saturnalia. The decoration of churches with the once sacred mistletoe and holly is a pagan survival.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT

For many years one Sunday school has had a giving Christmas instead of a receiving one. The pupils bring gifts instead of receiving them.

The favorite method is for a class to plan a Christmas dinner. Each one in the class brings something for that purpose. One of the boys or girls can march forward dragging a turkey or a chicken, and other member or members of the same class, following with articles for a Christmas dinner, not forgetting cranberries, mince pie and coffee.

After the dinner is over, a class with an order for a ton or half a ton of coal. This may be given by the united contributions of a class.

A novel and successful Christmas entertainment was given in an eastern Sunday school. After prayer, Scripture responses and carols, sleigh bells were heard, announcing the coming of Santa Claus. He appeared upon the platform shaking an empty bag, and lamented he had no gifts for some needy children. "Little Bessie," next hastened to their friend with packages of sugar and "twigs," little Thomas, primary class

dren followed; then representatives from every class in the school, even the Bible union. Offerings were accompanied by specially prepared recitations, songs or dialogues, and gifts dressed to suit their gift. Children bringing coals appeared as "Quakers;" rice suggested Chinese costume; tea, Japanese; "pure" products, the Puritan style, each. Songs were set to popular airs, making drill work easy.

Finally, Santa Claus had a valuable supply of provisions in his own kitchen. The happy group then returned to the classroom from their feast. All were glad to have been given

Wheat Yields Reports Extraordinarily Heavy.

When one hears of individual wheat yields of thirty-five to forty bushels per acre, these is considerable more, but when yields, in whole townships extending into districts covering three and four and five hundred square miles in area, of upwards of fifty and some as high as sixty-five bushels per acre are reported, one is led to put his ear to the ground to listen for further rumblings. The writer having heard of these wonderful yields made a trip through the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, to ascertain first hand their truthfulness. It was remarkable to discover that Dame Rumor was no rumorer after all, that modesty was her mantle, that all that had been said of these yields was true, and that yields of over seventy bushels per acre were told of. These were so high that the truthfulness of the story was doubtful and very little was said of them. But such there were, and not in one locality, but scattered in places hundreds of miles apart. Leaving these out altogether, there were large areas in which the average was over fifty bushels per acre, which in all common sense ought to satisfy most people. One hundred and thirty thousand in Alberta have made their returns to the local government as required by an act of the Legislature, and the average of the wheat threshed was fifty-three bushels to the acre. So immense was the yield that official verification was required before giving it out to the public. Sitting in the smoking compartment of a day coach, where on passing through a farming community, there may be gathered the gossip yarns of the neighborhood, one hears also a lot of news. Just now, the sole topic is that of the crops. A man with more or less of a bursitis appendage, smock, clothes and hat is giving the appearance of one working in the field, was asked as to the crops. He had got on at Warner, Alberta. Taking out his pipe, lighting it and then crossing his knees, holding his chin in his hands, possessing an air of supreme contentment, and with an intelligent face, he looked the man who could give some information. And he was just the man. He was a thresher and on his way to Milk River to secure some more help. He was requisitioned for information. "Yes, a good season, I've made a lot of money. As for yields, let's see," and then he began to string them off. "Peterson had 63 bushels of wheat per acre on his five hundred acre farm; from 350 acres Rotand got 65 bushels per acre; Ilugger had one hundred and ten acres that went 63 bushels; Carr had 65 bushels per acre off an eight hundred acre field." And he gave others running from 55 to 66 bushels per acre. All these people lived east of Warner, Alberta. Looking out of the window and seeing immense fields, still covered with stocks he was asked why they were not threshed, he replied that there were not enough "rigs" in the district, and that they would not get through before Christmas.

As American writing of a trip he made through Western Canada says: "I went as far west as Saskatchewan, back to Regina, Moose Jaw, and down on the Soo line, and I must say that I never saw such crops, or ever heard of anything to compare with it in any country on earth. The country is over the hill, and certainly the farmers have a lot to be thankful for. There are very few of them that have done their work and done it properly but what have their debts paid and have bank accounts left."

And he only traveled the skirt of the country. The same story could be written of any part of any of three Provinces.—Advertisement.

Big Success.

Mabel—Was your bazaar a success?
Gladys—Yes, indeed; the minister will have cause to be grateful.

Mabel—How much were the profits?
Gladys—Nothing. The expenses were more than the receipts. But ten of us got engaged, and the minister is in for a good thing in wedding fees.

ECZEMAS AND RASHES

Itching and Burning Soothed by Cuticura. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Relief, rest and sleep follow the use of these supercreamy emollients and indicate speedy and complete healing in most cases of young and old, even when the usual remedies have utterly failed.

Sample card free by mail with Book, Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

No Occasion for Roasting.

"I hear Mamie trowed you down."
"Aw, she needn't brag, I been trowed down by better girls dan Mamie."
—Lita.

And Got It.

"I hear that poor Bill got blown up in a powder factory."
"He told me he was expecting a raise."

THE BETTER MAIL.

"Is he making her a good husband?"
"No—she's making him that way."
—Michigan Garzyote.

Not Entirely.

"Is your papa asleep, Dorothy?"
"His eyes is, sure, but not his nose."
—Boston Transcrip.

Dr. Fletcher's Pleasant Pills are the original Little Liver pills put up 25 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

Safe.

Edith—Aren't you afraid of mice?
Ethel—Not now when I'm wearing cat fur on my shoe tops.

When all others fail to please
Try **Doan's Coffee.**

A near argument is one in which nobody gets angry.

WONDERFUL YIELD

A merchant was employed on a farm in his employ of tamping up the private stock of whisky stored in the demijohn to become empty, and instead of filling it again, he filled it with liquor in bottles in a cupboard, and labeled them "Poison."

One night, as he came home from the theater, he caught the fellow in the act. Seizing the bottle in much terror, the employer exclaimed: "Great heavens! Do you know what you are doing? Don't you see that what that bottle contains is marked 'Poison'?"

Paddy held it off and looked at it. Then he smelt it with a look of melancholy, replied: "Tain't poison, sir! It's meen that's telled agin."

"How dare you tamper with it whether you know it was poison or not?"

"It's like this, sir. From the way yer honor emptied that demijohn in the cellar I thought you had your suspicions of me, an' it made me melancholy, so I thought, yer honor, I'd commit suicide."

CURE THAT WAS PERMANENT

Farmer Had No More Thought of Being Afflicted With Cattle Plague After That.

A farmer who had lost some cows by the cattle plague was fully persuaded that he had himself been attacked by the epidemic. Fortwith he hurried off and consulted his medical man, who tried to laugh him out of the absurd notion, but to no purpose.

The farmer then went to an old, well-known practitioner, who, being a bit of a wag and seeing how matters stood, entered minutely into the details of the case, expressed his concurrence with the patient's views, and told him he could cure him.

The doctor thereupon wrote a prescription, sealed it up, and told the farmer to go to a druggist in the next town.

The farmer lost no time in going with the prescription, but was somewhat startled when the druggist showed him the formula, which ran thus:

"This man has the cattle plague. Take him into the back yard and shoot him, according to law."

Soldiers Want No Children.

I asked Zee Peshoff, socialist, what his sensations were when he went off to kill. "It didn't seem real, it doesn't now. Before my last charge the lieutenant and I were filled with the beauty of the night. We sat gazing at the stars. Then the command came and we rushed forward. It did not seem possible I was killing human beings." It is the unruly that sustains men. Germans are not human beings—only the enemy. For the wounded French soldier will tell you he fights for and loins for peace. He fights for one object, permanent peace. He fights to save his children from fighting.

"Have you any children?" I asked one soldier. "No, thank God," is the reply. "But why?" "Because," comes the fierce answer. "If I had a son I would rather be deserted than see what I have seen." The man is not unusual. The soldiers—not the women—are beginning to say: "We will have no more children unless there is no more war."—The New Republic.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of **CASTORIA**, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of **Dr. J. C. Fletcher** in Use For Over 25 Years. **Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria**

Too Speedy for a Guaranty.

Joy Rider (stopped by rural constable)—Haven't I got any right left in this country? Doesn't the constitution guarantee me life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?
Constable—It don't guarantee no man the pursuit of happiness at 90 miles an hour.

No Saving.

"The women ought to be able to save money on dress this year, wearing their skirts too short."
"Yes, but they have to spend so much more on shoes and stockings."

Not Gray Matter Just Tired Eyes
make us look older than we are. Keep Your Eyes Young and you will look young. After the Movie Muffin Your Eyes, Don't tell your age. Muffin Your Eyes, Chicago, Sends Eye Book on request.

BLACK LEG

A RARE OPPORTUNITY to cure Black Leg, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Neuralgia, Sciatica, etc. Write for particulars. Price 25 cents. Address: Dr. J. C. Fletcher, 111 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

WRITE FOR

FOR SALE
A near argument is one in which nobody gets angry.

DOAN'S

Oh, Mrs. Lane, your vote for the Village Society's plan. We are the way to the station, so we'll look you up.

"You'll look me up?" "You'll look me up?" "You'll look me up?" "You'll look me up?"

Safe Diabetes

In diabetes the patient is in danger of losing his life. It is a disease that is not cured by medicine, but by diet. The diet should be such as to keep the blood pure and the system healthy. The diet should be such as to keep the blood pure and the system healthy.

The Wretch of Constipation

Can easily be cured by **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**. Purely vegetable, they regulate the bowels, and give you a healthy, happy life. Write for particulars. Price 25 cents. Address: Dr. J. C. Fletcher, 111 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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The famous and unexcelled emerald, only a few drops of this emerald will cure all kinds of eye troubles. Write for particulars. Price 25 cents. Address: Dr. J. C. Fletcher, 111 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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WRITE FOR

FOR SALE
A near argument is one in which nobody gets angry.

CHEW MALM

FOR SALE
A near argument is one in which nobody gets angry.