

Little town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie!

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 tonight.

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;
O, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

HOLIDAY CAKES

By Margaret Cameron

CAKES for Christmas! Of course we must make some to send to the men in the camps and some for the folks at home. Holiday cakes need not be wholly new in their foundations, but their ings and decorations should suggest the season.

You will like these I have selected from my Christmas-shelf because they are inexpensive, easy to make, and festive in appearance. You can take suggestions for the cake itself from one, the icing from another, and the decoration from another, and make from my cakes a cake of your own.

Nut-Loaf-Cake.—One and one-half cups of sugar, three eggs (leaving out the white of one), three-fourths cup of milk, three cups of flour, two-thirds cup of butter, two teaspoonsful of baking-powder, one cupful of pecans or hickory-nut-meats, one teaspoonful of vanilla, a pinch of salt. Cream the butter and sugar, stir in the beaten yolks of eggs, and beat well. Add the vanilla, milk, and flour sifted with the baking-powder, and salt, the nut meats broken into small pieces, and then the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Bake in an oblong-shaped pan. For icing, use the white of one egg to which has been added one tablespoonful of water. Beat in confectionary sugar, a little at a time, until the icing is stiff enough to spread. If you prefer cooked icing, mix two cups of sugar with one-half cupful of water and one-fourth teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Boil without stirring until it threads, pour into the beaten whites of two eggs. Beat until thick, and add flavoring. Decorate with flower petals of candied and leaves and stems cut from citron or angelica.

Christmas Date-Cakes.—One cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of butter (scald), one-half cupful of milk, a pinch of salt, three eggs (leaving out the white of one), three-fourths cupful of sifted flour, two and one-half cups of flour, two and one-half cups of raisins (chopped), three teaspoonsful of baking-powder, a pinch of salt, one teaspoonful of almond extract, one-half cupful of pecan meats, one-half cupful of chopped maraschino cherries. Cream butter and sugar, add milk and flour sifted with baking-powder and salt, and the flavoring. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Bake in two thick layers. To make the filling, whip the cream and sweeten to taste, add the nut meats, broken in small pieces, and the chopped cherries. Spread thickly between the layers. Ice the top smoothly and decorate with halved cherries and leaves cut from citron.

Holly Cake.—One cupful of butter, three cups of flour (measured after sifting), one cupful of milk, one cupful of nut meats, one and one-half cups of sugar, one cupful of raisins (chopped), three teaspoonsful of baking-powder, three eggs (leaving out the white of one), the grated rind of one orange, a pinch of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of nutmeg (one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon and one-half teaspoonful of ground cloves may be added if desired). Bake in a loaf pan, a moderate oven, ice and decorate top with holly sprays made of tiny red water-glass candies and leaves cut from angelica or citron.

A pretty idea for small cakes to serve with Christmas tea is this for snowballs:

Snowball Cakes.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of fat (butter), one cupful of milk, three cups of flour, three teaspoonsful of baking-powder, the whites of five eggs. Bake in deep square tins and when thoroughly cool, cut in two-inch squares. Remove all the outside and cut round, dip in a soft boiled icing, and then roll in grated cocoanut. Serve on a plate covered with a white dolly, decorate with sprays of holly.

Sugar growing, next to mining, is the greatest industry in South Africa.

SWEET SANDWICHES FOR LIGHT REFRESHMENTS.

Sweet sandwiches are especially convenient on those occasions when you wish to serve light refreshments. They are economical, too, since they are best made of thinly sliced bread a day or two old, and require only a scant filling. Use brown or white bread, and slice it very thin with a sharp knife. If you use butter, cream it before you spread it, and be sure that it is not too salty.

Chop with a cupful of ginger very fine, add blend with it enough thick, sweet cream to make the mixture of the right consistency for spreading. Put the filling between thin slices of buttered bread. You can make another excellent ginger filling with preserved ginger and candied orange peel. Chop equal quantities of the two ingredients very fine, and add enough ginger syrup and orange juice to make the mixture spread well. Nuts and preserved ginger are another delicious combination. Chop the two together in equal quantities, and mix in a little light-brown sugar and cream to moisten the whole.

Cherry and almond sandwiches are delicious. Use equal quantities of almonds and preserved or candied cherries. Chop the cherries fine and pound the almonds into a paste; mix the two preparations, and add a teaspoonful of almond extract and a little cream.

Honey sandwiches, made by combining dates and raisins passed through a food chopper and by adding to each cupful of the mixture two tablespoonsful of honey and one of orange juice, are unusually good. Chopped nuts, also, can be added with pleasing results. Another good sandwich is made by running dates and nuts through a food chopper—half as many dates as nuts—and adding to each cupful of the mixture a quarter of a cupful of maple sugar and a small amount of cream.

They were a varied assortment. One or two Louise put aside, with close-shut lips. One, a cheap handkerchief from a notep-counter salesgirl for whom she had done one or two little things, she touched lovingly.

There remained one package, addressed in Mollie French's handwriting. Louise opened it slowly. She did so with Mollie had not!—when it took every penny to make ends meet. It was not any kindness, why it seemed almost like giving down—as if Mollie were sorry for her! She could not bear it to have Mollie do a thing like that!

The box was open now. On top lay a note sealed with a Christmas seal, beneath that a doorway, decorated with a bow of Christmas ribbon. Louise turned it over curiously, but was driven to the note for explanation.

"Dear old Louise," it ran. "You know how things are with us—that we are so rich that we have nothing except ourselves to give. This that we are sending with Christmas love is the freedom of our hearts and home. It opens the door any hour of the day or night—because we love you—and want you. In proof thereof we sign our names." And below followed the signatures—Mollie and Kent's, and a big, carefully printed "PIPPA," and a scrawly "Boy, his mark."

For five minutes—ten—Louise sat still with her heart beating high. Did Mollie really mean it? Was there anyone in all the city who would really let her "run in" as everyone used to do at home? Doubting and half-afraid, Louise threw on her wraps and hurried to the car. Twenty minutes later she had opened the door and stood in Mollie's little hall. "Somewhere upstairs she heard splashing and laughter.

"Mollie," she called, "the door open!" From above came an exclamation of pleasure. "Come and find us, dear," Mollie called out to her; "the boys' having his bath!"

Swiftly Louise ran up the stairs. It was true—and Christmas had come!

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Carol, sweetly carol,
A Saviour born to-day;
Bearing the joyful tidings,
O hear them far away;
Carol, sweetly carol,
Till earth's remotest bound
Shall hear the mighty chorus,
And echo back the sound.
Carol, sweetly carol,
Carol sweetly to-day;
Bearing the joyful tidings,
O bear them far away.

Carol, sweetly carol,
As when the angel throng
O'er the vales of Judah,
Awoke the heavenly song;
Carol, sweetly carol,
Goodwill and peace and love,
Glory in the highest,
To God Who reigns above.
Carol, sweetly carol, &c.

Carol, sweetly carol,
The happy Christmas time;
Hark! the bells are pealing,
Their merry, merry chime;
Carol, sweetly carol,
Ye shining ones above,
Sing in loudest numbers,
O sing redeeming love.
Carol, sweetly carol, &c.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Louise Moulton ate her Christmas breakfast slowly. How she dreaded these Christmas times! She was ashamed of herself through and through—she had so many things to be grateful for! She liked her work, and had succeeded in it, and Professor Spenser's gift of his own book, "To the most patient secretary a writer ever had," was something she valued greatly. So was Mrs. Spenser's beautiful fountain pen, with the note of appreciation. Surely a girl with gifts like these—real gifts—ought to bring plenty of Christmas joy.

And there were the girls, too. Her class was the most loyal class that ever was graduated. Had not Jocelyn Reynolds invited her to her big Christmas party, although she never had had time to come and see her? And Betty Newell, in all the excitement of her brand-new engagement, remembered Louise's favorite colors in the dainty bag she sent her. And up in her room now other packages were waiting. Louise pushed back her coffee-cups. She might as well open them and get it over.

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CHRISTMAS CAROL.

No room within the dwelling
For Him whose love exceeding
Toward those who never sought Him,
To earth from heaven brought Him,
Who counted not the cost
To seek the lost.

No room; so to the manger
They bore the kindly Stranger;
But angel hosts attended,
And angel voices blended,
Whilst on His mother's breast
He lay at rest.

No room; O Babe, so tender
To Thee our hearts we render,
Not meet for Thy possessing,
Yet make them by Thy blessing
A home wherein to dwell,
Emmanuel!

Infants and children require one calory of protein per pound of body weight. This would be about half an ounce of protein for a child weighing fifty pounds. This amount of protein is supplied by one-half pint of milk and one-sixth pound of bread.

ON THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

The Elder Saleswoman Realizes, With Radiant Thankfulness, That Her Star Is Not Setting.

By Rose Willis Johnson

"**M**UST you go now, Velverette? It is hard that we cannot be together but we mustn't ask too much of Providence!" Mrs. Warren glanced contentedly at Velverette. "There are not many in this old world as happy and blessed as we. And to-morrow is Christmas Day! We must have a feast, Velverette!"

Velverette stooped, securing the straps of her lunch box. Like her mother, she was frail and fading. Her name was a touch of Fate's irony. Had she ever been gay and vivid like the patch of bloom in memory's garden? Long ago she had exchanged Eden for factory-smoke and city pavements. She had sacrificed youth and love to make Mother comfortable.

"Yes, Mr. we are very happy and to-morrow we'll have our little spread and be merry together. The shop closes for the day. Don't be lonesome now and don't let anything bother you."

"What could bother me?" the old lady retorted. "Haven't you been my sea-wall since your father died? Run along and don't be too gay and pretty there at the shop! What if things happened as in stories? What if one of the bosses should notice you?"

"Nonsense!" laughed Velverette. "At my age? Good-by, Mother!"

In the entry her hands came together convulsively as she smothered a hysterical laugh. "Poor Ma!" she whispered. "God take care of both of us if one of the bosses should notice me!" Her hands dropped and she stepped forth with the swing of sweet sixteen.

Christmas! Had Velverette, behind those big glass doors which caged her from the street, much for which to rejoice? For twenty years at these portals she had surrendered her freedom.

There was a subdued stir in the alcove where she stooped, to register. Her thin fingers nervously fluffed up the gray locks at her temples as she donned the smile she was expected to wear. Patty Prince, cash, brushed past, hesitated and turned back for word of greeting. There was not a girl on the third floor who did not dearly love Number Four, of the Suits Department.

"It's going to be a crush for the special sales, isn't it?" she whispered. "Say, Miss Warren, do you know—of course you do!" She suddenly slid on her way, smiling back half-heartedly at her friend.

Number Four went to her alcove on the third floor and began to drape dummys, whisking away imaginary specks of dust. While so occupied she became conscious of the presence of a young girl, pretty and smartly dressed, whose lost, detached expression appealed for sympathy. The girl advanced, seeing herself observed. "You are Miss Warren, are you not?" she asked. "Mr. Travers ordered me to report here."

Mr. Travers was the manager. "I am Miss Warren," Velverette nodded. "What does Mr. Travers wish?"

"That you should start me in my new work. I'm Manda Stuart, promoted from the first floor. I feel sure I can sell lots of these pretty suits when I take charge. Haven't you liked it up here, Miss Warren? Mr. Travers said—"

"Miss Warren was not listening closely. Something was pounding against her hand, gripped closely at her breast. She had made blunders, she was not so brisk nor attractive, so able to persuade madam she was lovely in blue, when she knew madam looked hideous. She had been sick a time or two. To-night she would be transferred to some less important station or given notice. This was the pretty little Manda Stuart, who was winning her way as a good saleswoman. Somebody had praised the girl just last week. She had a trim little figure, a coaxing way, bubbling vitality. She pleased customers."

Miss Warren's hand fell away from her pounding heart and went up mechanically to fluff her gray hair. Then she said in the voice of twenty years of trained service, "Very well, Miss Stuart. You may hang up your wraps in there for the present. While we are idle I will show you. This tag, now—"

The usual Special overtook them presently. People crossly amused and tried on garments, retreating without purchase or apology.

Miss Warren's head ached and a curious trembling made her hands clumsy. At the lunch hour she found she could not force herself to eat. She slipped off to the basement where Brunner was serving hot coffee in tiny gold-banded cups to the restless tide of patrons. She and Brunner had loved each other for years, but marriage on his wages, was out of the question.

"Whose funeral?" he demanded, at sight of her face. "Tired? Cheer up, pal! It can't last always!"

"His smile helped more than the hot drink. "Thank you, Tom!" she whispered back. "Yes, I'm tired clear to the soul. I don't see why people who have so much of life's good things should be so fussy and hard to please, do you?"

"Hard to stand sometimes," he nodded. "But be a 'Little Cheerup.' Keep singing!"

Slipping unobtrusively back through the crowd, her heart lifted its silent prayer for courage. Tom's smile had helped but there was no outlook. She had come to the edge of the world and

DO YOUR SHARE

Everyone wants to do their bit at Christmas, and certainly a large share of appreciation goes to the girl who can entertain her folk in the most limited way.

But it is not in all homes that the honors and work should be limited. Many of our girls and women will add to the list of the entertaining of their guests.

To give pleasure to your guests does not mean that you should entertain many of our girls and women who have had very little of the pleasures of the social life. They will put into their homes a little of the pleasure of the social life.

Of course, you should not entertain but that fact should not be a hindrance to your Christmas.

The first thing to do is to breathe deeply and to be cheerful and you will be a success. The second thing to do is to be hospitable and you will be a success. The third thing to do is to be generous and you will be a success.

Our Duty As Citizens

What is our duty as citizens in the field. Next we must maintain and to expand our army. Next we have to maintain our fleet. Then we have to more ships, to make more ships, to make more ships, to make more ships.

Ladies, nothing is more important than to be cheerful and to be hospitable and to be generous.

Abave all, we must be cheerful and to be hospitable and to be generous.

At closing time she was not surprised when a "cash" stepped from the elevator and came to her. "Number Four," she whispered importantly. "Mr. Travers told me to say Mr. Harris would see you in his office, at once, if you please. Gee! her voice dropped slightly. "You don't suppose you are fired?"

Miss Warren grew paler as the child trotted upon nervous heels from long-sustained anxiety. What mattered a record of long and faithful service? She had ceased to be valuable to Harris & Son. When one ceases to be valuable, one steps aside.

At once she obeyed the august summons, two red spots glowing in her face's pallor. "You sent for me, sir?" she asked. "I am Number Four, Miss Warren, of the Suits Department."

Mr. Harris turned in his seat, chair and regarded her attentively. "Sit down, please," he said. "We will come to business. There has happened a slight irregularity. I mean to see you this morning. You are a strong, Miss Warren? Travers reports twice lately you have had to be relieved to go down to our hospital."

She bowed. It was hopelessly true. Surprisingly gentle were the next words. "You have been with us a long time, Miss Warren. Twenty years, our books say. That is a long record of faithful service!"

He turned back to his desk with an abrupt movement, and continued speaking over his shoulder. "It is evident you are no longer able to give the service we require, without throwing yourself on the floor, which isn't good business for you or for us."

"In short..." It surprised her to hear her own voice filling the pause. "In short, you do not need me any longer?"

He tapped the desk pensively. "That is about it! You will be paid two weeks in advance, in lieu of warning. Though we feel our interests require fresher talent, more vigor, we certainly appreciate all you have done in the past. We have arranged what we think a liberal life-annuity and hope the arrangement will be satisfactory for this is to be our future policy. The provision frees the really big years of your life, a condition your faithful industry has well earned. May I wish you a full and gracious Christmas, my friend?"

Not knowing how she answered, she came to the street, holding lightly a paper he had offered her. She was at the rear door and Brunner was saying something which presently cleared into speech. "I'm so glad, Velverette! You'll get strong now. I've a better position in view. Maybe the star is coming up over the edge of—"

She fell to laughing and crying softly, hidden from view by his big, comforting bulk. "Coming up, no going over the edge!" she whispered. "Tom, O Tom! Now I know God's good will has no edge. It is gloriously round and always we may go on, under the protecting shadow of His hand. I am sorry that I doubted."

THE MAGI.

Melchior, Jaspier, Balthasar,
These were the men who followed
the star;

These were the men who came of old
Bearing frankincense, myrrh and gold

Unto Him, on That far-off morn,
Christ the babe in the manger born.

Melchior, Jaspier, Balthasar,
Come again and follow the star

Grant to the world from its woe release;
Bring to the Christ the gift of Peace!

WANTED, MEN AND WOMEN

CONDITIONS AS THEY EXIST IN BRITAIN.

Minister of National Service
That "Comb-Out" of the
Is Necessary.

Sir Auckland Geddes, Minister of National Service, has declared that the army, navy, and air force, maintained by a drastic economy plan. The following is the substance of his recent speech at the House of Commons.

The time has come for ourselves together to make a last effort to endure. I do not imagine that there is less than one year before us more.

It is physically impossible to wage an end next year, this winter, this autumn, this winter, this spring is only a year more.

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