

THE STARRY MESSAGE

The busy roads are thronged on this day... As night falls go hitherward—Christ-

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes: Household Ideas and Suggestions

IT'S CHRISTMAS AGAIN

Merry Christmas! The words call up a multi-colored picture—a sound picture because the rustle of tissue paper, the music of chimes, and the tooting of horns are just as much its part as the image of the glittering tree, the flickering candles, and the golden-brown turkey.

Do you ever wonder how people in other lands are spending their Christmas? In some parts of our country we want snow, because it fits in with Santa's sleigh, drawn by prancing reindeer, but in many places the sun in warm, the skies blue and the grass green.

Each country has its Santa. In Holland he is St. Nicholas, who rides a white horse. The children there fill their wooden shoes with oats and hay for the horse, and in the morning find candy and coins instead.

Certain food customs are unalterable in many homes. This is significant when considered in connection with our rapidly changing world. One of the most stable things is the bond welded by the group around the family table.

IRAN BRAUNSCHWEIGER 1/2 cup brown sugar 1/2 cup honey 1/2 cup butter 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind 1 tablespoon lemon juice 1 egg 1/2 cup milk 1 cup all bran 3/4 cups flour 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon 1/2 teaspoon cloves 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg 1/2 teaspoon soda

Mix brown sugar, honey and butter. Melt dry mix bowl carefully. Add lemon rind and juice. Cool to room temperature. Beat egg well, add milk and bran. Add to first mixture. Stir remaining dry ingredients together and add. Mix well. Chill dough thoroughly. Roll out dough to one-eighth inch in thickness and cut into 2-inch squares. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) from 10 to 12 minutes.

Yield: 7 dozen cookies 2 inches square. Note: These cookies should be stored for a few days since it improves the flavor.

FOREWARNED

A London producer was rehearsing a musical play in which it appeared, he had little faith. At the end of the final rehearsal he addressed the orchestra: "My advice to you, gentlemen, is this: When the curtain comes down on the last act—duck!"

"Our" Column

In Which Women Readers of The Free Press May Discuss "Each Week" Items of Particular Interest to Women

Dear Readers: I once knew very well a dear little old lady, who in her daily prayers always included these words: "Dear Father, help me to grow old gracefully"—she in herself was so sweet one knew her prayers were being answered.

Recently I heard discussed a wonderful book, on the Friendship of Jesus, written by an English minister. It opened by relating several dreams. I would like to secure a copy to read. Can any reader tell me the proper title of the book, and the author's name?

I send to all readers of THE FREE PRESS sincere greetings for a holiday season, full of health and happiness, and to Editor Mills and Nurse Ekram a thank you for "Our Column."

I'll close now, signing myself as AN OLD LADY.

SILVER LINING.

To Amuse the Children If all mothers will keep a box handy, and as they look through magazines, all puzzles and new games, along with paper dolls to cut out, they will save themselves many hours with the children on rainy days.

Celebrated Omelette for Flower Pots To the lover of plants, damp, strained flower pots are a problem. A useful cover may be made from colored cloth, the edges bound with bias tape, in matching shades, ends of tape left long enough to tie over at the back of flower pot. They do not stain from water. May have a design stenciled on them. They also make inexpensive gifts.

Washing Woodwork In washing woodwork, it is pretty hard to keep from soiling the walls. But it will be found easy and quick to hold a piece of cardboard next to the walls and thus keep them spotless. The same may be used when painting window frames, to save the glass.

Dusty Carpets If brooms are wet in mopping suds once a week, they will become very tough, will not cut the carpet, last much longer, and always sweep like new ones. A very dusty carpet may be cleaned by setting a pail of cold water out by the door, wet the broom in it, knock it to shake off all drops, sweep about a yard, dip again, etc. Repeat until rug has been covered. It will make a surprising difference in the look of the carpet.

Build for yourself a strong box, packing each part with care. Put all your troubles there. Fit it with hasp, and padlock. Hide therein all your failures. As each little cup you quaff; Lock all your heartaches within it. Then sit on the lid and laugh.

"Late Accommodate" A balky mule has four-wheel brakes. A billy goat has bumpers. The freddy is a bright spotlight. Rabbits are puddle jumpers. Camels have balloon-tired feet. And carry spares of what they eat. But still I think that nothing beats The kangaroo, with rumbly seats.

A MORNING GLORY FOR EACH DAY OF THE WEEK Thursday, December 14th Don't be surprised at weeds in your garden, what you plant will grow Friday, December 15th Truth is more important than safety Saturday, December 16th To mingle satisfactorily with men, we need to remember that each man is important to himself Sunday, December 17th Judge not, and ye shall not be judged; condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned; forgive, and ye shall be forgiven.—St. Luke 6: 37 Monday, December 18th The man who has never known sorrow can scarcely be expected to feel pity Tuesday, December 19th A good farm does not make a good farmer. Wednesday, December 20th The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him. NURSE EKRAM

"HOME HINTS" To cleanse hands from vegetable stains, rub with a slice of raw potato. Slip a thimble over the end of the curtain rod when hanging fresh curtains—the rod slips easily and tears no threads.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Acton Free Press OWEN DOLE P. CLARKE

Dear Readers of "Ginger Farm": Wherever you are, in city, town or country, in big house, little house or farm house, I wish you all a very, very happy Christmas.

As I write, it is still nearly two weeks to Christmas, but when you read this it will only be one week away, and you, I know, will be possessed by that "last week" feeling. You will have your cards to get away and perhaps the finishing touches to do on Mary's sweater, or Aunt Jennie's pillow slips.

The children—where there are children—will be getting a little more keyed up every day and you, possibly, are getting weary answering questions about Santa Claus. Perhaps you may even sometimes in spite of good management, there is far more left to that "last week" than was ever intended.

And added to your own work, there is usually a school concert—and any mother with children taking part knows what that means. Besides all these things, many farm women have geese, turkeys, ducks or chickens to pick—so altogether it is a very busy time indeed.

Just before I started writing this week's "Chronicle," I sat in the living room by the fire—in the dusk—wondering what I should write, and how busy everyone would be—probably too busy to read whatever I might write, anyway.

And then my thoughts went back to that first Christmas, so long, long ago, and I thought how like our modern Christmas is to that first one. You remember, in the Story of the Nativity—when Joseph and Mary came to the Inn, they were told "there was no room"—no room for the Infant Jesus at His birth.

It was the time of "the enrolment," when men and women travelled for miles to enrol names as members of the House of David. Naturally, every khan or inn along the way was crowded, and there was much feasting and merry-making in the places that Joseph and Mary passed by on their journey. But for them "there was no room."

And now, nearly 2000 years since the birth of Christ, we still have much feasting and merry-making at this time of the year. In fact, what, with Santa Claus and our giving and exchanging Christmas gifts, our sometimes elaborate preparations and the feverish rush of the season, doesn't it sometimes seem that there is very little more room these days for the Christ Child than there was on the day He was born.

"We all want a good time at Christmas—we like to meet our friends and have good things to eat, we love to make little children happy and keep up the jolly old story of Santa Claus—but we can, if we will, do all these things and still have room in our hearts for He Whose birth we celebrate. And now, may I close with a little story for the children?"

RECKY'S RED SLIPPERS Recky, whose real name was Rebecca, was longing so much for Christmas to come that she felt she just couldn't wait another whole week. She was a little worried, too, because the day after she had written to Santa Claus, Daddy had read in the paper that Santa had started on his long journey and Recky felt sure her letter could not have reached him before he left his home in the north.

And there were so many things she was afraid Santa might not know about unless he got her letter in time. For instance, she had told him not to bother about any more dolls for a year or two, as she had quite enough already and if he thought of bringing her a tea set, would he bring a shiny one like Mummy's kettle, 'cos Teddy, who was only three, didn't understand "buit" things breaking if you dropped them.

When she was writing her letter, Mummy had said why not ask Santa if he had a snow-nut he could spare for a nice cozy pair of slippers. But Recky said, "Oh, no, Mummy, I don't want Santa to bring me funny things like that—I want things to play with—and—oh, such lots of things!"

And then Mummy gave a funny kind of sigh, and said: "I wouldn't worry, Recky—I believe whatever Santa brings you will be all right." At last it was Christmas Eve, and Recky and little Teddy hung their stockings ready for Santa Claus, and, in case Santa had not got her letter, Recky left a note pinned to her stocking.

"Dere Santa," she wrote, "there are lots of things I want, but I promise to like whatever you love coa you brought it. Your loving Recky." Christmas morning Recky and her little brother were awake just as it was getting light, and "oh, such excitement when they started pulling things out from their bulging stockings! Nuts, candies, bricks, puzzles, a Scottie toy dog for Teddy, and a gaily wrapped box for Recky. "Perhaps," thought Recky, "it's my tea set!"

But when she opened the box, what did she find but a pair of little Red Slippers. At first she nearly cried, then she remembered she had promised Santa to like whatever he brought her. So she put the little Red Slippers on her two wee feet, and at once she felt so happy she wanted to dance and sing. She didn't know why, but she finally liked those slippers better than anything else in her stocking. Mummy liked them, too, and Daddy said there must be something extra special about a pair of slippers that Santa Claus had brought.

"Yes," said Recky, "I think they are fairy slippers, Daddy. When I feel kind of naughty, I'm going to put my Santa slippers on, and then I'll feel good again." And that is just exactly what happened. When Mummy wanted Recky to do little jobs for her, Recky would put on her Red Slippers, and her wee feet would almost fly as she ran about doing this thing and that thing to help Mummy. And wasn't it funny she could always eat her porridge if she had her Red Slippers on!

"You know, Mummy," said Recky one day, "I think my Red Slippers were the best gift of all, 'cos they make me feel so happy when I wear them!" So you see, it was really true what Recky's mother said—"Whatever Santa brings you is sure to be all right." And I am sure you will think so, too, won't you?

CLASSIFIED

"Ah," said the customer officer, producing a bottle of whiskey, "I thought you said there were only old clothes in trunk?" "Aye, that's ma' night cap," said the Aberdonian.

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STILL AT IT!

A surgeon, an architect, and a politician were arguing as to whose profession was the oldest. Said the surgeon: "Eve was made from Adam's rib, and that surely was a surgical operation."

"Maybe," said the architect, "but prior to that, order was created out of chaos, and that was an architectural job." "But," interrupted the politician, "somebody created the chaos first!"

SURELY AN ANCIENT

Ding—So your grandfather is a sure-enough old-timer? Dong—Yeah. He says he can remember when baking powder outlasted face powder!

A BITCH IN TIME

"Morace is going to thank me to play cards so that I'll know all about it after we're married." "That's right. What game is he going to teach you?" "I think he calls it solitaire."

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TIME TABLES

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Table with columns for AT ACTON, Going East, and Going West, listing train numbers and times.

GRAY COACH LINES

Table with columns for COACHES LEAVE ACTON, EASTBOUND, and WESTBOUND, listing departure times.

Advertisement for Lovell Bros. featuring 'BUY EARLY' text, 'Choicest FOR THE Christmas Table!', and 'FOWL' section listing PORK CUTS, BEEF CUTS, CURED MEATS, and FOWL (Turkeys, Geese, Chickens).