

Old English Christmas Carol.

Come rejoice all good Christians
And rejoice now, I pray,
For joy our Redeemer
Was born on this day,

Our Lord he was born
Of a virgin most pure,
Within a poor stable
Both safe and secure.

THE FAIRY FLUTE.

If it had not been for Mrs. Brown's
sister, it wouldn't have happened.
That was the way Sophie thought
about it; she had a good many "ifs"

"Oh, I think I'd like prettier children,"
the first lady said. "Haven't you
any with curls?"

There were second and third and
fourth ladies, but none of them seemed
to admire Sophie and Buddy.

Which was true, for though Buddy
was barely five, Sophie was going
on-eight.

"I'll telephone the Society from
the station," Mrs. Brown said, but she
barely had time to catch her train.

Mrs. Katz meant to be kind, but
Sophie could not understand much
that she said, and Buddy was so

Buddy's lips were trembling a little.
Sophie sat in the rocking chair
and dragged him up on her lap.

"Do you remember the daisies we
picked, and the geraniums on the window-sill?"

"Yes," said Buddy, beginning to be
interested. He knew this game; Sophie often
played it with him, because the last

"I had a sled," he remembered.
"Yes, and do you remember how
Santy Claus filled our stockings, and

"I don't want to go out!"
"Yes, you do, too! We're going
out to look for a fairy. Don't you

remember fairies, Buddy? Oh, don't
you?"
"Where's one?"

"I don't just exactly know, but
there is one. You don't often see
them, but I think maybe we'll see one
today."

Buddy was still catching his breath.
"Fairies are shiny," Sophie said as
she closed the door behind them, "and

"Could they hide in the grass?"
Buddy asked.
"Of course, yes! Why, they dance in
the grass."

"Could they hide in a napkin
ring?"
"Of course."

"Could they hide in a tree?"
They had turned the corner and
stopped before a line of Christmas

"Why, they live in trees, silly!"
They walked on, talking of fairies.
Sophie knew so much about them;
some of the things she knew began

"It isn't a fairy," she said. "It's
only an old piece of tin."
The big, burly ashman was lifting
the barrel. "What you find, sister?"

"It's only an old piece of tin. I
think maybe—"
Perhaps her face trembled a little.
He set the barrel down on the pavement

"Why, no, sister! That there's a
flute, a little tin flute. Must 'a' got
thrown out o' the toy store. Here,
let me show you!"

He took the flute, held it up to his
lips, and blew. A soft, sweet sound
came from it, another and another.

"See—there's four holes in it. You
blow into this big one, and you put
your fingers over two of the others.

"Oh-h!" cried Buddy. "Let me!"
"Sure," said the man. "Here, I'll
show you."

He held Buddy's fingers until the
sounds came, the first three notes of
the scale, toot-toot-toot. Then he

"I'd rather have this than a fairy,"
said Buddy.
Sophie looked thoughtful. "Maybe
it was a fairy's flute," she said.

They went on and on, stopping be-
fore shop windows, stopping at crowd-
ed crossings, standing to watch a

"Buddy!" she exclaimed, clasping
her hands together and jumping up
and down. "Buddy, you're playing

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and down. "Buddy, you're playing

some hot chocolate?"
As it turned out, there was ever so
much more than hot chocolate; they

"You see, it was a fairy flute," the
lady said when she bade them good-
bye. "And whatever you wish on a
fairy flute comes true!"

"I know what I'd wish for," Sophie
said to herself softly. "I'm going to
wish for now. I wish for—" She

"I wouldn't!" said he. "I didn't
like any of 'em. I'd wish for a sled,
and a Christmas tree, and things in
my stockings. And I'd wish for my

"You already have that, silly," she
told him, and again they walked on.
On and on and on. More and more

"I think," said Sophie, "we'd bet-
ter be getting back."
Mumme had told her, long, long
ago, always to ask a policeman. So

"Would you please tell me," she
asked, "the way to Mrs. Brown's
house?"
The policeman grinned. "That's a
large order," said he; and then, his

"It is a fairy flute. It plays 'Oh
come, all ye faithful, joyful and
triumphant.'"
And under her breath, still quite

"I wish I had one," the young man
said. "Have you made a wish on
yours?"

"Oh, yes. I wished for a—but I'll
have to whisper! It's best not to
wish it out loud."

"The young man bent down, and
Sophie whispered. When he stood up,
his face had changed. It looked rather

"That's the best thing to have," he
said.
"Haven't you got one?" she asked.
"Of course. But I don't deserve her."

"Oh, no," she said as briskly as she
could. "No, we're living with Mrs.
Brown. Goodness—we are not lost!"

"I'm going to find out," the young
man said, and went away quickly.
After a while an old gentleman

"I hope you don't mind," said Sophie.
"You see, it's a fairy flute. It
plays 'Oh come, all ye faithful, joyful

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times, when people got off, they said
"Merry Christmas!" to the conductor.
After a while there was a whole empty

"Say, do you kids know where you're
going?" he asked.
"Of course," said Sophie and rubbed her
eyes. Buddy woke up, too, and began

"Oh, no," she said. "We're not
lost. We are going to Mrs. Brown's."
Buddy blew a weak little blast on
his flute. "Oh come...faith...joy..."

"Well, I guess this is your place,
then," the conductor said. "Merry
Christmas!"
They got off the car and watched it

"I want some'n to eat," said Buddy
whispered.
"Have said Mrs. Brown lived here,"
said Sophie under her breath.

"I want some'n to eat," said Buddy
again; and Sophie,
"I wished and I wished..."

"Oh, Buddy," she said, smuggling
him to her, "play on your flute. Don't
you remember—'Oh come—all ye

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Their arms were about each other.
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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Where there are children in the
family, a Christmas without the his-
toric tree is not to be thought of.

In fact, with a little co-operation
on the children's part, the outlay for
dressing the tree need not be great.

English walnuts bronzed in various
colors or covered with tinsel add
bright spots to the tree and will

With a sheet of scrap pictures,
showing girls' and boys' heads, card-
board, colored tissue paper, tinsel and

Still another receptacle for nuts,
candy, popcorn or raisins can be made
from different colored nettings, cut in

The fancifully frosted cakes and
cookies, not forgetting the ginger-
bread men, will be found very ornate

In the selection of the tree itself,
the housewife will of course suit her
individual taste, as well as her pocket-

If the expense of the tree must
be kept as low as possible, even the
customary stand may be dispensed

Whatever arrangement is decided
upon for holding the tree, be sure that
it stands firmly before proceeding to

In trimming a tree, it is best to
commence at the top and work down,
for this avoids knocking off the trim-

If you have ever had a long sick-
ness you know all about the gifts you
received which you didn't really want,

What an invalid needs is something
frivolous; something to make her for-
get that she is a shut-in. But does

There are plenty of mothers," she
said, with a catch in her voice, "but
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