Our Lord he was born Of a virgin most pure, Within a poor stable Both safe and secure. He was guarded most safely With angels so bright, Who told these poor shepherds Those things in the night. Rejoice and be merry, let sorrow away, Christ Jesus, our Saviour, was born on

They said, "Be not fearful,

But to Bethlehem go, Then rejoice and be cheerful For 'tis certainly so. For a young son to Joseph Is in Bethlehem born.' Then rejoice all good Christians And cease for to mourn. Rejoice and be merry, let sorrow away, Christ Jesus, our Saylour, was born on this day!

## 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" to think about. If Mummie had lived, there wouldn't have been the S'ciety, in the person of the tall, dark young lady who took them to board with Mrs. Watkins. If Christmas hadn't been coming along, the S'ciety would not have taken them away from Mrs. Watkins and brought them into the city to board with Mrs. Brown; before Christmas, it seemed, a good many people thought they would like to adopt some children, and when you're needing to be adopted, it's best to live in the city. Sophie and Buddy were very excited and still, when the S'ciety brought the first lady to see them; but unfortunately Sophie had a sniffly cold, and Buddy became so shy that he stuck out his mouth and

ed to admire Sophie and Buddy. Sophie knew that she was not pretty; her hair was perfectly straight. But she did think they might have liked Buddy, if only he wouldn't stick out his mouth and look cross. Ifanother if, and then still anotherif the supply of possible mothers gave out....It worried her quite a good

Mrs. Brown when, two days before Christmas, she got the telegram and just had to go. Of course, Mrs. Katz, who lived in the flat upstairs, agreed to give them their meals and look out for them, and Sophie assured Mrs. Brown, "Buddy won't be afraid, with me

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

"I'll telephone the S'ciety 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 afraid of the way her hair slipped over to one side of her head that he just scowled and stuck out his mouth. The food that she gave them was strange, too-not even oatmeal for breakfast. Of course, for nearly a year now, ever so many things had been different; but being alone in Mrs. Brown's flat, with Christmas Eve here

nd all.... Buddy's lips were trembling a lit-Sophie sat in the rocking chair and dragged him up on her lap.
"Listen, Buddy," she said. "Do you remember the trees?"

Buddy noddeed, but his mouth still quivered. "Do you remember the daisies we

picked, and the g'raniums on the window-sill ?" "Yes," said Buddy, beginning to be interested.

He knew this game; Sophie often played it with him, because the last thing Mummie had said to her was, on his flute, and when the hymn was "Don't let Buddy forget—" Sophie didn't know what it was that he must not forget, so she just did the best

she could. "Do you remember how cookies smell when they're cooking? Do you remember waking up with the sun the song! Listen! "Too-toot all ye on your face? Do you remember the snow, Buddy?"

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

"I want some now," Buddy affirmed, so that was an unfortunate reminder, and Sophie had to think quickiy. "And the Christmas tree with lots of shinies on it? And-and birthday

"I want some cake now:" Oh, dear, she made another mis-ke. "And the way Mummie used

to come to the door-There was a howl from Buddy. want my Mummie, too-o-o-o!'

Something was queer with Sophie's but Buddy tooted continuously. A throat. Buddy slipped off her lap and lady, with her hand on the door, began to pound her with his fists, all the while howling.

"Oh, dear," said Sophie, "this won't do! This won't do at all."

She ran to their bedroom and came back thrusting her arms into her coat. She forcibly injected Buddy into his. "Oh, stop crying, Buddy dear; do please stop crying, Buddy dear; do ful, thiscap on! Say, listen, Buddy—we're going out."

remember fairies, Buddy? Oh, don't some hot chocolate?"

"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

Buddy was still catching his breath.
"Fairies are shiny," Sophie said as she closed the door behind them, "and ever so teenty-weenty. They can hide just anywhere.' "Could they hide in the grass?"

Buddy asked. "Oh, dear, 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 trees leaning against the grocery-man's house. Sophie laughed in quite

a superior way.

"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 with "once upon a time" and went on and on, so that Buddy's eyes grew rounder and rounder. He wasn't scowling or sticking his mouth out;

if only the mothers could have seen him then! After a time they came to a place where there were rows of barrels sitting along the sidewalk. Some were full of papers and ashes, and some were empty. Men were dumping the trash into a big, big cart and then rolling the empty barrels across the sidewalk. The children stopped to watch the dust fly and the papers go up like birds and then settle down again. Suddenly Buddy grasped Sophie's hand tight as tight.

"Could a fairy hide in a barrel?" he asked. "Of course," she replied. "It could even hide in an ash can."
"Look—!" Buddy cried breathless-

y, and pointed to one of the barrels of trash still waiting to be emptied. "Look-that's shiny! Maybe that is

Sophie looked, and then, with a gasp, made a dart forward. Her hand went among the papers; when it came out, it held a bright, slender thing about a foot long. Her face fell.

"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?"

he asked. "It's only an old piece of tin.

though maybe-Perhaps her face trembled a little. He set the barrel down on the pave-

scowled.
"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 seems the conditions of the seems that the state of the seems that the seems tha

lips, and blew. A soft, sweet sound came from it, another and another. He bent down to show how he made the sounds.

"See-there's four holes in it. You blow into this big one, and you put your fingers over two of the others. Like this—see?" The little sound came—toot. "Then, if you change your fingers—see—and blow—!" And then sound came—tooot. "And then other sound came-toooot. "And then, still boarding with if you change your fingers again-!"

And another sound came, to-ococoot. "Oh-h!" cried Buddy. "Let me!" "Sure," said the man. "Here, I'll

He held Buddy's fingers until the sounds came, the first three notes of the scale, toot-toot-toot. Then he took up the barrel and went on with his work. The children went on, too, and the day was quite different. "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 before shop windows, stopping at crowded crossings, standing to watch a Santa Claus ringing his bell, on and on. Buddy began to go slower, but whenever they stopped he tooted his little flute, and people looked and smiled.

At one of the crossings some one said, "Why, little boy, you got your present on Christmas Eve, didn't

Sophie remembered again; and only last Christmas . . . And now even Mrs. Brown was away . .

After a time they passed the wideopen door of a church. There were trees and long garlands of green on the steps, people carrying them in, and from somewhere inside there came singing in high boys' voices:

"Oh come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant triumphant,

Oh come ye, oh co-ome ye . . "
Sophie's face lighted. "We know
that song, Buddy!" she cried, and over, he still played on. Sophie stared at him, her

wide "Buddy!" she exclaimed, clasping toooot-ful, toot-ful and tri-yum-phant!' Buddy! Your little flute plays it! It plays 'Oh come' and 'faith' and 'joy'!"

Buddy blew and blew, moving his fingers the way the man showed him, and Sophie sang. It was quite as she had said: the notes of the little flute were the notes of "Oh come" and "faith" and "joy." Buddy looked as though he never had scowled in his

After a while they came to a drug store where people were crowding before a long counter; the smell of coffee and chocolate came out whenever the door was opened. They sud-

"What a dear little sound!" Buddy looked up ecstatically. Sophie smiled and said, as one woman

to another: "Yes, isn't it? I think it's a fairy flute. It plays 'Oh come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant.' Like

As it turned out, there was ever so much more than hot chocolate; they felt much better when they left the

drug-store.
"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 it now. I wish for a—." She said the word to herself, because she knew, of course, that it always was best not to wish out loud. But Buddy, watching her, guessed it. Sophie knew that he had, because he scowled

and stuck out his mouth.
"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 flute.'

"You already have that, silly," she told him, and again they walked on.
On and on and on. More and more people were in the streets, hurrying, carrying bundles and wreaths and more bundles. There was a Santa Claus on almost every corner, only sometimes it wasn't Santy himself but prob'ly his wife. Crossing the streets became harder; again Buddy began to go slower.
"I think," said Sophie, "we'd bet-

ter be getting back."

Mummie had told her, long, long ago, always to ask a policeman. So she went up to one.

"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

becoming serious, "You kids ain't lost, are you?" A sudden fear gripped Sophie, made

her feel queer inside. "Oh, no," she assured him politely. "Oh, no, we aren't lost! No, indeed."

The policeman watched them move off, but the traffic was heavy . . . After a time they came to a square. On one side were big shops, but across the way were big houses, and there were benches. It was mild for the season, and almost all the benches were full, but they found one with only a woman on it. It felt pretty good to sit down, and after a while Buddy tooted his flute. The woman had been sitting quite still, staring in front of her; but when Buddy had tooted a while she stirred and presently looked at them. Sophie smiled and said in an undertone, as though

confidentially:

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

confidentially, she sang the hymn, and the little flute chimed in. The woman's face changed. Her lips parted, and her breath seemed to have something the matter with it. Suddenly she put her hands to her Suddenly she put her hands to ner cheeks, and got up from the bench, and went off down the path. She walked as though she didn't know where she was going. It looked very "I want some'p'n to eat," said Buddy again; and Sophie, "I wished and I wished...."

where she was going. It looked very queer to Sophie, but sometimes grown people were like that.

"It's a fairy flute," she told him. "If you make a wish on a fairy flute, it comes true. "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 rath-"That's the best thing to have," he

said. "Haven't you got one?" she asked.
"Yes. But I don't deserve her." "Oh, she wouldn't mind that. Not at all," Sophie assured him. "Oh come" and "faith" and "joy,"

the little flute tocted. "I'm going to find out," the young man said, and went away quickly. After a while an old gentleman came and sat on the bench. He had a fur collar on his coat and rested his hands on a gold-headed cane. Bud-

dy had fallen asleep, but when he woke up and began to play on his flute again, the old gentleman stirred and looked at the children as though annoyed. "I hope you don't mind," said Sophie. "You see, it's a fairy flute. It

plays 'Oh come, all ye faithful, joy-ful and triumphant'." "H'm," the old gentleman said, and frowned across the way at the big, fine houses.

Sophie sang the words softly, over and over, and the little flute sang, too. When she had sung it twice, the old gentlemen stopped moving so restlessly. When she had sung it three times, he said "H'm" again. When she had sung it six times, he

asked. "Do you know what 'faithful' and 'joyful' mean?"
"Why, yes," said Sophie serenely.

"You sing them at Christmas."
When she had sung it about tenor-'leven times, he stood up. "Here," he said, and gave her a bright new dime, "here's something

for you. "Oh, thank you!" cried Sophie. "Oh, thank you ever'n ever so much!" and watched him cross the square to one of the big fine houses

It began to grow dusky. Buddy was leaning heavily against her; he played the flute intermittently. At last she said,

"I think we'd better be getting back. Mrs. Katz might get worried."
So they got off the bench and crossed to the side of the square where the shops were, where the street cars hammered along.
"It's so far," Buddy whimpered;

and Sophie, the dime clasped tight in her hand, had an inspiration.

They had been on a street car only three or four times; there were no street cars in the place where they lived with Mummie. They thought Perhaps the lady had heard his step herself and Buddy, too!

Perhaps the lady had heard his step herself and Buddy, too!

And after a while, a very live and the lady had seen the

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

ty seat, so Sophie could sit beside Buddy. He was sleepy.

When she woke up, there were only two other people in the car, and the conductor was shaking her by the shoulder.

"Say, do you kids know where you're going?" he asked.
"Oh!" said Sophie and rubbed her eyes. Buddy woke up, too, and began to play on his flute. "Why, yes. We're going to Mrs. Brown's."
"Brown's?" the conductor repeated.

"Where's that?" "Oh come ... faith ... joy ..."
piped the little flute. One of the other passengers-both were men—said: "Browns? They live at Pasquatamy."

"Sure," said the second man. "That where you're going?" the conductor asked; and Sophie, with dignity, repeated, "We are going to Mrs. Brown's."

"Oh, all right," the conductor said.

"It's the next to the last stop on the line. I'll let you know."

The other passengers got off, and whenever Buddy woke up, he piped on his flute. The last time he said, "I'm dre'ful hungry."
"Say," the conductor asked when he stopped the car and told them they were at that place with the queer were at that place with the queer name, "you kids ain't lost or anything, are you?"

Again something inside of Sophie semed to turn over; besides, it was Christmas Eve and all, and although that hot chocolate and sandwich and

cake had been very good . . . "Oh, no," she said. "We're not lost. We are going to Mrs. Brown's."

Buddy blev a weak little blast on his flute. "Oh come"...."faith"....

it sang.
"Well, I guess this is your place,
then," the conductor said. "Merry
Christmas!"

They got off the car and watched it trundle away. Then they looked all around. It wasn't like any other place, not like the one where they lived with Mummie, nor like where Mrs. Watkins lived, nor like Mrs. Brown's. There was a long, broad street; they could see quite plainly in the moonlight. There were houses set back from the road; all had lights in them, and in all the shades were drawn. "Merry Christmas," the conductor had said.

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

They walked and walked and walked past the lighted houses, where Sophie knew Mrs. Brown did not live. At last Buddy could not go farther; the houses were farther apart, and they had come to one, quite a little one, where there was only one light

Buddy began to cry. She was des-Across the way a young man sat, his feet stretched out before him. Sophie smiled up at him and sang the hymn, and the little flute played its part.

perate.

"Oh, Buddy," she said, snuggling him to her, "play on your flute. Don't you remember—'Oh come—all ye—faith-ful, joy-ful and—'"

Buddy played, quaveringly. The door back of them opened, and a shaggedy man stood in the lamp-

light. "What the 'ell's all that noise?" he demanded. "Oh!" Sophie jumped up. "It isn't a noise! It's a fairy flute. It says, 'Oh come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant!"

"Sa-ay," the man drawled, "what you givin' us?" He slammed the door. "Oh," a sob rose in Sophie's throat, "but it is a fairy flute. Play, Buddy,

play! Buddy played, and presently the door opened again. "Say, what're you kids doin' out there, this time o' night?" the man

asked. "I want some'p'n to eat," Buddy whimpered. Only a moment the man waited. 'Come on in," he said rather cross-

He fed them. Tea, and bread, and cheese, and apples. They felt a lot better. "I'm full," said Buddy and took up

his flute. Sophie sang softly.
"Say," said the man, frowning, "who are you kids? What are you doin' out here, this time o' night? ain't lost, are you?" You Why did every one say that? Again

something came into Sophie's throat. "Oh, no," she said as briskly as she "Oh, no," she said as briskly as could. "No. We're living with Mrs. are not lost!" Brown. Goodness—we are not lost!" "Brown? That's funny. I thought their kids died."

Sophie looked at him seriously. She saw that she'd have to be firm about

"But we do live with Mrs. Brown. We ought to be getting there now."
"Sure! You got to hang up your stockings and all! Well, Merry Christmas!" he opened the door for them. Sophie held out her hand. "Thank you ever'n ever so much for the sup-

It was dark as dark outside, for the moon was under a cloud. The lights had gone out in some of the houses. There was only one man in the street; he passed them just as the door closed behind them, carrying a travelingbag, walking not very fast and as though he was thinking and thinking and thinking. It was better to be near some one than out in the road alone; hands tightly clasped, they followed him.

Past a bend in the road was a big, white house. The moon had come out; they could see it plainly. Upstairs was all dark, but one downstairs was brilliantly lighted. The man stopped, and the children stopped, too. They could see the shadow of a lady moving across the drawn shades; then, as they looked, "I think we had better take the street car," she said. "It passes our do not to cry out, for there in the she came to the windows and raised middle of the room was a Christmas tree, a big and wonderful Christmas three or four times; there were no tree, shining and twinkling and gleam-

Their arms were about each other.

"Oh Betty, my darling," they heard him say, "why did you, why did you?" She was crying. "I had to, Bob, oh, I just had to! I can't have them gone. They'll never be gone from my heart! I had to make Christmas for them—I can't let them be gone!"

They went in together, and the chil-They went in together, and the children crept up on the porch, close to the window, where they could look at the tree. The man and the woman came into the room, and again their arms were about each other. She was crying, and while he stroked her hair he looked at the tree as though crap. hair he looked at the tree as though it were something so sad....Present-ly she raised her head, and the children could see they were talking; the lady was very lovely, almost as pret-ty as Mummie. Suddenly Buddy be-

gan to cry.

Sophie felt that way, too. She hugged him up tight.

"Oh, don't Buddy, don't! Please don't cry! Oh, Buddy, I just can't stand it if you cry! Where's your flute, Buddy? Play on your little flute!"

His breath came in sobs, but he tried to play. There was something in Sophie's throat, but she tried to sing.
"Oh, come, all ye faithful, joyful

flute!"

and tri-yum-phant, Oh come ye, oh co-ome-ve-They sang it through twice. They They sang it through twice. They were staring at the tree; they did not see the lady start and grasp her huseach other almost in terror. But they saw when the door was flung open again, because suddenly there was

bright light on the porch.

"Betty—" the man cried. "My God,
Betty! Come here!"

Buddy—so frightened now—began to howl. The lady looked at them only an instant; she seemed to fly across the porch until she had Buddy in her arms, lighted up close to her breast, murmuring to him; and Buddy, his flute dropped and forgotten, wound his arms about her neck. She carried him into the house. Sophie picked up the flute, looked at the man. Her lips were twisting and trembling, but she smiled.

"It's a fairy flute," she told him. "It plays 'Oh come, all ye faithful, joyful and trumphant." Then she,

too, began to cry.

But when she began to stop crying, they were all sitting on a sofa in the room with the tree; the man's arms were about as comfortable as anything she had ever felt, and Buddy was on the lady's lap sound asleep, and the lady had been crying and was holding her cheek against Bud-

dy's hair.

"Betty," the man said softly, as though he were begging for something. "Betty, my darling—"

"It was God," the lady said. "But who are they? Where did they come from?"

They asked Sophie a good many questions, and presently had the story of the day and much more. Sophie told them about all the "ifs," and Daddy was sick so long, even about Mrs. Katz's hair. And that just reminded her.

"Oh, dear! I s'pose we ought to be going. We were looking for Mrs. Brown's. Mrs. Katz might get wor-

"You have found Mrs. Brown's," said the lady, with one of Sophie's hands warm in hers, "and—let Mrs. Katz be worried!" The man laughed. He had a nice, burry laugh. "How fierce we are! Still, I suppose I had better call up

the police. Too late tonight for the Society." 'Mummie said always to ask the po-

"The dear little mite!" Mrs. Brown cried. Mr. Brown came back from the telephone. Sophie felt shy. She did from this cause: not know what to say next and it seemed as though she ought to say something. She still held the little

tin flute in her hand; she showed it to them. "It's a fairy flute," she informed them. "We found it in an ash barrel. If you make a wish on it, it'll

come true." "Did you make a wish on it, sweet-heart?" Mrs. Brown asked. "Well, yes, I did," Sophie admitted. "But it was a pretty hard wish to come true. I wished for a—a—moth-

Mrs. Brown gasped and hugged Buddy closer, pressing her cheek on his hair.

"There are plenty of mothers," she said, with a catch in her voice, "but oh-so few little children." Sophie was staring into the depths

of the tree. She shook her head. "Well, I don't know," she objected. "You see, mothers don't want little boys that stick out their mouths and scowl, and of course my hair isn't goldy and curly, and if the mothers were to give out before we—before the fairy had time to—" She swallowed. "So you see—"

Her lip quivered a little. Outside the window, from down the street, there came a sound of music, rhythmic and sweet on the night air. Said Mr. Brown, his voice quite

husky, but still quite-quite comforty, "But whatever you wish on a fairy flute is bound to come true. Sophie thought about that very hard for a moment. Now the music was outside the window; the words seemed a part of all that was inside the room.

"Oh come, all ye faith-ful, joyful and triumphant, Oh come ye, oh co-ome ye to Be-ethlehem!

Come and a-dore Him, born—" Sophie looked into Mr. Brown's face and into Mrs. Brown's face. Because there were tears on Mrs. Brown's cheeks, her own tears overflowed. "Then I wish, oh-I do wish-for a mother!" she cried.

And suddenly, warmly, miraculous-ly, there was room on Mrs. Brown's

outlay in the children's joy and pleas-In fact, with a little co-operation on the children's part, the outlay for dressing the tree need not be great. Strings of both colored popcorn and cranberries are most effective; while simple home-made candies wrapped in the old-fashioned "motto papers" and suspended by wires and ribbons will: certainly go far in the way of ornamentation.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

family, a Christmas without the historic tree is not to be thought of.

Some mothers may exclaim: "Oh, it is such a task!" and others, "But it is so expensive!" Still one feels well repaid for both the trouble and the

Where there are children in the

Cornucopias of glazed or gold paper may be made by the dozen for a few cents and decorated with Christmas scrap pictures or illustrations cut from old Christmas cards. These will furnish ideal receptacles for the home-made "sweets" that the children will enjoy so much to make as part of the Christmas preparation.

English walnuts bronzed in various colors or covered with tinfoil add bright spots to the tree and will answer for the more expensive tinsel balls. These same shells can be easily made into dainty thimble cases

showing girls' and boys' heads, card-board, colored tissue paper, tinsel and ribbon, a bewildering assortment of paper dolls can be fashioned to de-light the hearts of the kiddies.

Candy canes may be purchased for the boys and attached to the stoutest branches. Still another receptacle for nuts, candy, popcorn or raisins can be made from different colored nettings, cut in the form of Christmas stockings. Af-ter filling with the dainties mentioned,

draw up the tops with bits of worsted or ribbon and attach them to the The fancifully frosted cakes and cookies, not forgetting the ginger-bread men, will be found very orna-mental and are not difficult to make. Fancy cutters in many odd designs may now be purchased at most housefurnishing stores and gayly decorated hearts, stars, etc., will add still another decorative feature, besides possessing the charm of being "good to eat," when the tree is dismantled.

Small red apples (sometimes called Christmas or lady apples) are also very effective on account of their vivid coloring; while further in on the branches very small tangerines may be suspended, adding a bit of bright:

orange. In the selection of the tree itself, the housewife will of course suit her individual taste, as well as her pocketbook; but if one has a low, stand or table, a small tree may be purchased and placed upon it, thus giving almost the same effect as a much taller and larger one.

about all the things she remembered, be kept as low as possible, even the customary stand may be dispensed customary stand may be dispensed. If the expense of the tree must cookies, and saying her prayers, and new brown shoes, and the way Mummie danced with them—oh, even how mie danced with them—oh, even how pail nearly full of damp, wet sand. pail nearly full of damp, wet sand. Fit the top of the pail with the head of a barrel, through which a hole is cut, sufficiently large to admit the end of the tree and if the sand is kept moist the tree will remain fresh and' green for some time, thus avoiding the shedding of needles and lessening

the danger of fire. Whatever arrangement is decided upon for holding the tree, be sure that t stands firmly before proceeding to adjust the decorations. A bushy, full

tree is always to be preferred. In trimming a tree, it is best to commence at the top and work down, for this avoids knocking off the trim-Sophie looked knowing and nodded. mings by hitting the laden branches, and be very careful if candles are used for lighting to have them fixed so that they are clear of overhanging ornaments or branches, as nearly all' fires from Christmas trees originate

> If you have ever had a long sickness you know all about the gifts you received which you didn't really want. and probably remember clearly what a severe disappointment it was to have to go without the things you did want, especially at Christmastime. To a woman who has been shut up in the house for a year or two it is almost the last straw to find on Christmas morning that her dear friends have sent her a knitted shawl, a pair of crochetted bed slippers or some religious books.

What an invalid needs is something frivolous; something to make her forget that she is a shut-in. But does one person in a hundred stop to think of this? Hardly. The same old sort of gift-buying or gift-making goes on, one holiday season after another, and the invalid can't get away from the reminders that she isn't like other people. Just think how monotonous it must be to have a tray brought in three times a day, with the same china, same glassware, same tray cloth; and then, when Christmas Day itself comes, same old gifts! Keep this in mind this year, and when you are getting something for an invalid try to find a gift that will be so different as to make the hours for meals about the happiest hours in the whole day.

Glace Nuts .- Take two cupfuls of granulated sugar, half a cupful of water and half a teaspoonful of cream-of-tartar. Boil to the hard-crack stage (300 degrees), remove from the fire and add a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Take the nuts to be dipped on a long pin, dip into the syrup and be sure that they are thoroughly coated. Then place to harden on parafine paper.

Raisin Delights. Half pound seeded raisins, half pound figs, half pound shelled nuts, one-fourth cup pulver-

ized sugar (if desired). Put fruit and nuts through chopper, and if not of smooth concap on! Say, listen, Buddy—we're going out."

"I don't want to go out!"

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