

I JES' P'ETEND

(Anonymous)

I jes' p'etend my Dad's alive,
That Mama doesn't have to work,
That she can stay at home all day,
An' doesn't have to go an' clerk
In that ol' store—I jes' p'etend!

An' I p'etend that we all live
In a big house in a fine street,
An' that we have a dra' big car,
An' lots of 'licious things to eat,
An' lots of close—I jes' p'etend!

I jes' p'etend the kids at school
Don't laugh at my ol' close an' shoes,
An' that they all like me—a lot—
That sometimes in the games they choose
Me, too, to play—I jes' p'etend!

An' after school, I jes' p'etend
When I go home again an' cook
An' sweep an' dust till Mama comes,
That I'm a princess in a book;
It's lots of fun jes' to p'etend!

An' me an' Mama, we p'etend
That we are eatin' ol' gold plates,
That we have turkey an' ice cream,
An' cake an' raisins, nuts an' dates—
An' oh, yes—butter—I jes' p'etend!

An' when I go to bed at night
I jes' p'etend that I am not
So awful cold, I smuggle down
An' make believe that I'm too hot—
Sometimes all night, I jes' p'etend!

An' when I hear the kids all talk
'Bout Santa Claus an' his reindeer,
An' all the things he's goin' to bring,
I jes' p'etend that I'll stop here!—
I wish he knew how I p'etend!

For maybe then he'd bring or send
Some things to us—like I p'etend!

WHERE GOD IS, THERE LOVE IS ALSO

In a certain city dwelt Martin Avdyeeich, the cobbler. He lived in a cellar, a wretched little hole with a single window. The window looked up toward the street and through it Martin could see the city pass by.

It is true that Martin could see little more than their boots, but he could read a man's character from his boots. Martin Avdyeeich had lived long in that one place and had many acquaintances. Few, indeed, were the boots in that neighborhood that had not passed through his hands at one time or another. On some he would fasten new soles. To others he would give sidepieces. Others he would stitch again and give new uppers. And often he saw his handwork through the window. For there was always work for him. His hand was cunning, his leather good. He did not overcharge. He always kept his word. He engaged to do a job by a fixed time. If he could not he said so at once and deceived no man.

When Martin was a journeyman his wife died. Martin lived alone with his 3-year-old son. His other children had all died. The little one took a raging fever and he, too, died. Martin buried him in despair. So desperate was he, he began to murmur against God.

One day there came from the monastery an aged pilgrim. Avdyeeich began telling him of his great sorrow.

"I am now a man who has no hope," he said.

"That is not so," said the aged pilgrim. "God has shown the way. Buy the Scriptures and read."

These words made the heart of Avdyeeich burn within him. He went out the same day and bought a New Testament and began to read. As he read it did him good. He read. He read every day. He read till all the kerosene of his lamp burned out for he could not take himself away from the book.

Henceforth, the whole life of Avdyeeich was changed. Formerly, whenever he had a holiday he would go to the tavern and drink tea. Now would he say "no" to a drop of brandy, now and again. He would tattle with his companions and though not actually drunk, he would leave the inn a bit merry. His life now became quiet and joyful. The more he read the more he understood. His heart grew brighter and happier.

Once Avdyeeich was reading late. Without perceiving it he fell asleep.

"Martin"—it was as though the voice of someone close to his ear. "Martin, Martin, I say: Look tomorrow into the street. I am coming."

Martin awoke, rose from his chair and began to rub his eyes. He did not know whether he heard the words awake or asleep. He turned down his lamp and laid down to rest. At dawn he arose, prayed to God, lit his stove, got ready his gruel and cabbage soup, filled his samovar, put on his apron and sat down to work. He thought of nothing but the things of yesternight. He thought he must have been dozing. Then again he thought he really must have heard that voice.

Martin sits at his window and looks as much at his window as at his work. Whenever a strange pair of boots passes, he looks forward out the window to see the face as well as the feet of the passerby. The house porter passes in new felt boots. The water carrier passes by. After that, there passed an old soldier in tattered boots with a shovel in his hand. Avdyeeich knew by his boots. The old fellow was called Stepanuch and lived with the neighboring shopkeeper who harbored him out of charity. His duty was to help the porter. Stepanuch stopped at Martin's window to sweep wards the window.

"I am not growing sager as I

grow older," Martin said to himself. I make up my mind that Christ is coming and it is only Stepanuch clearing away the snow. Then Avdyeeich made 10 more stitches and stretched his head again towards the window.

"The old man is very broken," he thought. It is plain that he has scarcely strength to sweep away the snow. Suppose I make him drink a little tea! The samovar is just beginning to boil.

Avdyeeich put down his awl, got up, placed the samovar on the table and placed some tea on it. He tapped on the window. Stepanuch turned round and came to the window. Avdyeeich beckoned to him then opened the door.

"Come in and warm yourself a bit," said he. "You're chilled, eh?" "Christ requite you! All my bones ache," said Stepanuch. He shook off the snow and began to wipe his feet, so as not to soil the floor but he tottered sadly.

"Don't trouble about wiping your feet. I'll rub it off myself," said Avdyeeich. "Here, take a cup of tea."

Avdyeeich filled two cups and gave one to his guest. He poured his own tea out into his saucer and began to blow it. Stepanuch drank his tea, turned it upside down and put a gnawed crust on top of it and said: "Thank you. But it was plain he wanted to be asked to have some more."

"Have more. Do!" said Avdyeeich and poured fresh cups for his guest and himself and as Avdyeeich drank his cup he could not help glancing at the window from time to time.

"Dost thou expect anyone?" asked his guest.

"Do I expect anyone. Well, honestly, I hardly know. I am expecting and I am not expecting. I was reading about our little father, Christ, and fell asleep. I heard my name called and started up. A voice was whispering in my ear. 'Look out, tomorrow' it said. 'I'm coming.' Look, now. The idea struck me. I scold myself for my folly. Yet I look for him, our Father, Christ!"

Stepanuch shook his head and said nothing. But he drank his cup dry and put it aside. Then Avdyeeich took the cup and filled it again.

"Drink some more. It will do thee good."

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"Drink some more. It will do thee good."

Avdyeeich spoke of Christ, how he despised no one but sought out the poor and the lowly. Stepanuch forgot his tea. He was an old man, soft hearted and tearful. He sat and listened and the tear rolled down his cheeks.

"Come drink a little more," said Avdyeeich. But Stepanuch pushed away his cup.

"I thank thee, Martin Avdyeeich. I have fared well at thy hands. Thou has refreshed me in body and soul," he said.

"Thou wilt show me a kindness by coming again, I am glad to have a guest," said Avdyeeich. Stepanuch departed. Martin poured out the last drop of tea, drank it, washed up and sat down by the window to work. He stitched and stitched and now and then cast glances at the window. He was looking for Christ and could think of nothing else.

Two soldiers passed by, one in regimental boots, the other in boots of his own making. After that, the owner of the next house passed in a pair of neatly brushed galoshes. A baker passed by. Then came along a woman in worsted stockings and rustic shoes. As she was passing she stopped short in front of the partition wall. Avdyeeich saw that the woman was a stranger and poorly clad and that she had a little child with her. She was leaning against the wall with her back to the wind and tried to wrap the child up but she had nothing to wrap the child with.

Avdyeeich heard the child crying and saw the woman trying to comfort it. She could not. Then he got up and went out of the door and cried.

"Why dost thou stand there in the cold with the child. Come inside. In the warm room thou wilt better be able to tend him."

The woman was amazed. She came toward him. They went down the step together and into the room.

"Sit here, near the stove and warm and feed thy little one," he said. He went to the table and got some bread and a dish. He opened the oven door and put some cabbage soup into a dish. He took a pot of gruel, but it was not quite ready. He brought bread, took the cloth down from the hook and spread it on the table.

"Sit down and have something to eat," said he. "I will sit down with the child. I have had children and I know how to manage them."

The woman began to eat. Avdyeeich sat with the child. All the time it was crying. Avdyeeich quieted its cries. Presently it began to laugh. When the woman had finished eating she told Avdyeeich who she was and whence she came.

"I am a soldier's wife," she said. "My husband they drove away from me. Nothing has been heard of him since. I took a cook's place. They could not keep me and the child. It is now three months since I have been drifting about without any fixed resting place. I have eaten away my all. Our landlady has compassion on us. She gives us shelter for Christ's sake. But for that, I don't know how we could live."

Avdyeeich sighed and said, "And have you no warm clothes?" "Ah kind friend! Yesterday I pawned my last shawl."

The woman went to the bed and took up the child. Avdyeeich went to the cupboard, rummaged about a bit and then brought out a warm jacket.

"Look," said he "tis a shabby old thing, but it will do to wrap up in."

The woman looked at the jacket, then she gazed at the old man and taking the jacket fell weeping. Avdyeeich drew from beneath the bed an old trunk. The woman said: "Christ requite thee, dear father. It is plain he sent me by thy window. When I first went out it was warm. Now it has turned very cold. It was He, little father, who made thee look out thy window and have compassion on me."

Avdyeeich smiled slightly. Then he told the soldier's wife his dream and how he had heard a voice promising that the Lord would come that day.

"All things are possible," said the woman. Then she rose, put on the jacket, wrapped it round the little one and began to curtsy and thank Avdyeeich once more.

"Take this, for Christ's sake," said Avdyeeich, giving her a coin. "Redeem your shawl."

The woman went away. Avdyeeich ate up the remainder of the cabbage soup, washed up and sat down again to work. He worked on and on but did not forget the window. Whenever the window was darkened he immediately looked up to see who was passing. Acquaintances passed. Strangers passed. But now Avdyeeich looked up and saw an old woman, a huckster who took her stand in front of his window. She carried a basket of apples. Not many remained. Across her shoulder she carried a sack full of shavings. She must have picked them up from some new building and was taking them home with her. It was plain that the sack was too heavy for her.

She wanted to shift the sack onto the other shoulder. So she rested it on the pavement and placed the apple bag on a small post and set about shaking the shavings down into the sack. Now while she was shaking an urchin in a ragged cap suddenly turned up, grabbed at one of the apples and would have made off with it but the wary old woman turned quickly and gripped his wrist. The lad fought and tried to tear himself loose. The old woman seized him with both hands, knocked his hat off and tugged hard at his hair. The lad howled. The old woman reviled him.

Avdyeeich ran into the street. The old woman tried to drag the boy off to the police. Avdyeeich came up and tried to part the lad and the old woman.

"Let him go, little mother. Forgive him for Christ's sake," he begged.

"I'll forgive him so he won't forget the taste of birch rods. I mean to take the rascal to the police station," she said.

"Let him go, mother. He will not do it any more," the cobbler begged. The old woman let the lad go. He held him fast, but Avdyeeich said: "Beg the little mother's pardon," said he. "And don't do such things any more."

The lad begged the woman's pardon.

Avdyeeich took an apple from the basket and gave it to the boy.

"That's all right, little mother," he said. "I'll pay thee."

"You will ruin them that way," said the old woman. "If I had the rewarding of him he would not be able to sit down for a week."

"Oh, little mother, that is not the way of looking at things," he replied. He told her the parable of the master who forgave his servant a debt and of the same servant who went out and changed his fellow servant and would not forgive him the debt.

The little old woman began telling Avdyeeich of herself, of where and how she lived with her daughter and how many grandchildren she had. She was melted with tears.

"As to him," she pointed to the lad, "boys will be boys I suppose. God be with him."

The lad rushed forward and offered to carry the old woman's heavy sack. And so they trudged down the street from side to side. The old woman forgot to ask Avdyeeich for the money for the apple.

Avdyeeich followed them with his eyes till they were out of sight. Then he went inside his room and set to work again. He worked a little while but soon was unable to distinguish the stitches. He saw the lamplighter going round to light up. He trimmed his little lamp, lighted it and again set to work. He finished one boot, turned it round and inspected it.

"Good," the cobbler cried. He put away his tools, swept up the cuttings, removed the brushes and tips and put away the awl. Then he took down the lamp and put it on the table. He took the Gospel down from the shelf. He wanted to find a passage where he had last evening marked with a strip of morocco leather by way of a marker but he lit upon another place. And just as he opened the Gospel he recollected his dream of yesterday.

No sooner did he call it to mind than it seemed to him he heard some people moving about, shuffling their feet behind him. He glanced around and saw that somebody was indeed standing in the dark corner—yes, someone was really there, but who, he could not exactly make out. Then a voice whispered in his ear:

"Martin, Martin. Dost thou not know me?"

"Who art thou?" cried Avdyeeich.

"'Tis I," cried the voice, and from the dark corner stepped Stepanuch.

He smiled and it was as though a little cloud was breaking and he was gone.

"It is I," cried the voice. And forth from the corner stepped a woman with a little child. The woman smiled and the child laughed and they also disappeared.

"And it is I!" cried the voice of the old woman and the lad with the apple stepped forth and both of them smiled and they also disappeared.

The heart of Avdyeeich was glad. He crossed himself. He put on his glasses and commenced to read the Gospel at the place where he had opened the book. He read:

"I was hungry and ye gave Me to drink. I was a stranger and ye took Me in."

He read on. At the bottom of the page he read:

"Inasmuch as ye have done to the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

And Avdyeeich understood that his dream had not really deceived him and that the Savior had really come that day and that he had really received Him.—By Leo Tolstol in the Pittsburgh Press.

SENATOR VEST PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE DOG

One of the most eloquent tributes ever paid to the dog was delivered by Senator Vest, of Missouri, some years ago. He was attending court in a country town, and while waiting for the trial of a case in which he was interested was urged by the attorneys in a dog case to help them. Voluminous evidence was introduced to show that the defendant had shot the dog in malice, while other evidence went to show that the dog had attacked defendant. Vest took no part in the trial and was not disposed to speak. The attorneys, however, urged, he arose, scanned the face of each jurymen for a moment, and said:

"Gentlemen of the Jury: The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads.

The only absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journeys through the heavens.

"If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

Then Vest sat down. He had spoken in a low voice, without a gesture. He made no reference to the evidence or the merits of the case. When he finished judge and jury were wiping their eyes. The jury filed out, but soon entered with a verdict of \$500 for the plaintiff, whose dog was shot; and it was said that some of the jurors wanted to hang the defendant.

TON-Y-PANDY, WALES,

A humble street cleaner, who caught a majestic melody in praise of the Babe of Bethlehem from the ceaseless rumble of traffic along the roads of this little mining town, is the Christmas Eve hero of the Rhondda coal fields.

Christmas, the triumph of the rich in spirit over loneliness and poverty, lives again in the solemn soaring music which he has woven into his "Latin Mass in A," which will be sung in Bethania Church by the famous Mid Rhondda Choral Society because of the enthusiastic acclaim of its 200 members and their conductor, William Hughes, noted Welsh musician.

Edwin Gardner, 65-year-old "muck-raker," who has created a thing of beauty from the drabness of his surroundings, was somewhat bewildered by his sudden rise to fame. A cheery-faced old man whose innate dignity suggests the wielding of a staff of office rather than street brooms, he sits before the fire of his little home in Trinity terrace with brushes stacked in one corner, and pulls nervously at an ancient pipe, while friends and neighbors pour in to add their congratulations to those officially voted by his proud employers, the Rhondda Urban District Council.

Gardner never had a music lesson.

—Subscribe for the Watchman.

CANDIES AND PUDDINGS FOR CHRISTMAS

Caramels.—Two and one-half cups granulated sugar, ¾ cup red label corn syrup, 1 cup cream, 4 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup chopped nut meats.

Melt one cup of sugar over a low fire until a golden syrup. Stir white melting. Add remaining sugar, corn syrup and cream and bring slowly to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Add butter and cook very slowly over a low fire. Cook until syrup forms a hard ball when dropped in cold water. Remove from fire and let cool a few minutes before adding nuts and vanilla. Turn into a well-buttered square pan and let stand until firm. Mark into squares. When solid cut and wrap in oiled paper.

If a candy thermometer is used it should register 250 degrees F. when the candy is done.

This candy is slow in the cooking and must be stirred to prevent burning, but requires no aftermath of stirring or working.

The following uncooked candy is rather novel and very easy to make:

Uncooked Fruit Candy.—One-half cup pecan nut meats, ½ cup Brazilian nut meats, ½ cup chopped figs, ½ cup stoned and chopped dates, 4 tablespoons shredded citron, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 2 squares bitter chocolate, powdered sugar.

Put nuts and fruit through food chopper. Mix thoroughly with orange juice. Melt chocolate and stir into first mixture. Work with a fork until perfectly blended. Pack into a buttered square pan. When firm cut in squares and roll in powdered sugar.

Lemon Drops.—One cup powdered sugar, ¼ cup lemon juice.

Put sugar into a smooth sauce pan and add lemon juice. Let stand undisturbed until sugar is dissolved. Put over a low fire and bring slowly to the boiling point. Boil gently until a few drops trick in cold water are hard and crack against the bottom of the saucer. Do not stir while cooking and dip the tines of a fork into the syrup to test. When candy is done drop from the tip of spoon onto a marble slab or waxed paper spread over smooth trays.

Nut Brittle.—Two cups granulated sugar, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 cup nut meats.

Stir cream of tartar into sugar and put into an iron frying pan. Stir over a low fire until a golden brown syrup is formed. Remove from heat, add nuts and pour onto a well buttered platter. Spread as thin as possible. When cold and hard break into small pieces.

Any kind of nuts or canned or freshly grated cocoanut can be used in a "brittle."

Penouchi.—Two cups light brown sugar, 1 cup table cream, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup mixed chopped nut meats, ¼ teaspoon vanilla.

Combine sugar and cream and let stand until sugar begins to melt. Bring slowly to the boiling point without stirring. When syrup begins to boil stir, constantly until candy is removed from the fire. Add butter soon after syrup begins to boil. When a soft ball is formed when a few drops are tried in a saucer of cold water the candy is done. Remove at once from the fire and cool quickly without stirring. When cool add vanilla and beat until creamy. Add nuts and continue beating until mixture loses its gloss. Turn into a buttered dish and cut in squares.

It takes longer to cook brown sugar than it does white, so if you are in the habit of making fudge penouchi will require more minutes of boiling than the fudge. The syrup should be firm enough to pick up between the fingers when tried in water.

Steamed Fruit Pudding.—3 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup suet, chopped fine; 1 cup milk, 1 cup molasses, 1 teaspoon soda, ½ cup currants, ½ cup raisins, 1 teaspoon mixed spices.

Mix dry ingredients together and add suet, mixing thoroughly. Lastly add the liquid. Put in molds and steam 3 hours. Serve with vanilla sauce.

Date Pudding.—1 pound stoned dates; ½ cup sugar; 1 teaspoon ginger; 1 scant teaspoon salt; ½ cup milk; ½ pound suet; 1 cup flour; 1 teaspoon cinnamon; 2 eggs; 1 cup soft breadcrumbs.

Pass dates and suet together through a food chopper. Turn into well buttered molds, and steam 2 hours. To serve, decorate with candied cherries, or with holly, and surround with hard sauce.

Plum Pudding.—Two cups cleaned currants, 2 cups seeded raisins, 1 cup candied orange peel, 1 cup shredded citron, 1 cup minced suet, 3 cups stale bread crumbs, 4 eggs, ½ cup flour, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, ¾ teaspoon ground cloves, 1 cup light brown sugar, ½ cup molasses, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 cup blanched and shredded almonds, 4 tablespoons tart jelly, 2 tablespoons coffee infusion.

Chop fruit and suet with flour. Add crumbs and mix well. Beat yolks of eggs until thick and lemon colored and add to first mixture. Dissolve soda in coffee and add with salt, sugar, spices, molasses and jelly. Mix thoroughly and fold in whites of eggs beaten until stiff and dry. Turn into a well oiled mold and steam five hours. Serve with a liquid sauce and whipped cream garnish or with golden sauce. This pudding will serve 12 persons.

Orange and Nut Sandwiches.—Mix orange marmalade and chopped walnuts, and spread between slices of whole wheat bread.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHTS
O little Star that shone so bright
So long ago on Holy Night
Give us the Guidance of your light
Shine for us this Christmas Night

—As the holidays are a time when most of us would like to make one do our work of five, any suggestion should be welcome which shows how thoughtfulness can make a cheap gift acceptable. Therefore I give a few such instances from my own experience:

I know a housewife who is famous for her lemon jumbles, and another whose mince pies are a toothsome delight. These two women remember their friends each Christmas, with their specialties, and, I assure you, no present is received more gratefully than is theirs. Still another, who makes orange marmalade by a wonderful secret recipe, gives a glass of this confection to her favored circle. But—a word of warning: Be absolutely sure that such an offering is really and truly desired. For example, I remember one woman, on a strict diet, to whom all sweets are forbidden, whose careless acquaintances are constantly sending boxes of candy, and one whom strawberries sicken and who, last year, received a glass of wild strawberry jam, delicious to all those who could eat it, but, it happened, she could not. However, such mistakes are the result of carelessness, and need not occur.

A shut-in once expatiated to me upon the solid help afforded her by a Christmas present of a "utility basket." It held all the odds and ends she was forever wanting, and could not readily procure for herself—pins, needles, tape, balls and sockets, threads and silks and cottons. "Every time I peep into it," she cried, as happy as a child, "I find something new that I need." It was not an expensive offering, and yet it was one of the most acceptable I ever heard of. Akin to it was a little silk sewing-bag, also rapturously received because the maker had informed herself of what the recipient's wardrobe would be that winter, and placed inside, with thimble and needle-case, were spools of colored silks matching each garment to be worn that winter. Here again the thoughtfulness—not the gift itself—is what counts.

A case of threaded needles is most acceptable to all women beyond middle age whose eyes are beginning to fail, and invaluable to a traveler. Other discriminating presents are packets of choice seeds, saved during the summer, and sent to an amateur gardener at Christmas time. A manuscript book (typewritten, if possible) of tested recipes, compiled by the sender, is another welcome offering.

—And now to consider games for children's Christmas parties. We do not want them to be too rough for best clothes, but all the little folks must enjoy themselves to the utmost, and to this end it is as well to have a list made out beforehand, and to note down the names of children upon whom you can count as "leaders." Little prizes of bonbons done up in small parcels, tiny Japanese fans, penny dolls, or little books give an added interest to competitive games, but in no case should they be things of much value. Games should follow in quick succession to prevent the boys sliding up and down the room, or trying each other's strength, which is apt to upset the harmony of the entertainment.

A very good game is called the "Extinguisher." After clearing the room, and arranging the little guests on either side of it, a candle is lit at the far end from the door; one of the children is then blindfolded, and has to find his way to the candle and blow it out. He can be guided by the rest calling "Hot" or "Cold," but it is really more amusing in complete silence, when he frequently blows in quite a wrong direction. All the attempts should have a time limit, otherwise it gets wearisome to both actor and onlooker.

A table game called "Blowball" originated in America. Tapes are stretched around the table for boundaries. Pencils are used for goals, while an egg shell pierced and "blown" is used as a ball. Players sit around the table and blow the shell about as a ball is kicked in a game of football. Captains are chosen, who select their sides, and once a player has taken his position he may not leave it.

Just one more new game, and then, I think, with the addition of some of the old favorites the children would not like to do without, the party ought to be a success. This is the "New Blind Man's Bluff," where one is to play the part of blind man is seated on a footstool facing a stretched white sheet—just as you would arrange one for a magic lantern. Some way behind him a candle is put on a table; then the children pass one at a time between the light and the blind man, throwing their shadows on to the sheet and by their shadows he has to guess who it is passing behind him. The child whose name he guesses correctly has to take his place. It is a pretty game and possesses a good deal of interest. Care must be taken to have the blind man seated sufficiently low so as not to cast his own shadow on the sheet.

But when all is said and done, the preparation for Christmas, its secrets, its shopping expeditions, are half the joy of the festival to the youngsters and if we elders are wise we will allow them as much scope in their direction as we are able.

—To remove ink from white goods, soak half an hour in vinegar wash, soak in solution of chloride of lime, wash.