



# A VILLAGE CHRISTMAS

By FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

The wind calls down from a snowy hill,  
A white vane answers in wintry glee;  
The gray sky hovers forlorn and still,  
And girds the night in its mystery.  
But in the village streets far below,  
The lights of Christmas are all aglow.  
'Tis Christmas eve. There's a world of song  
Beneath the roofs of the little town:  
And Merry Heart leads the Christmas throng  
And Thankful Heart to a feast sits down;  
And Kindly Heart at the homestead door,  
Gives, as of old, to his brother poor.  
'Twas in a village, long years ago,  
In Bethlehem that the Christ-child came.  
What greater boon could His love bestow,  
Dear village homes, of whatever name?  
Ah, very fair is the long highway  
To village places on Christmas Day.



## SCAPEGOAT.



## The Story of the Christ Child

as told by Saint Luke.

And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field and keeping watch by night over their flock and an angel of the Lord stood by them and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all the people, for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this is the sign unto you: Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, **Gloria to God in the highest and on earth Peace among men in whom He is well pleased.** And it came to pass when the angels went away from them into heaven the shepherders said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing that is come to pass which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph and the babe lying in the manger. And when they had seen it they made known abroad the saying which was told them, concerning this Child. And all they that heard it wondered at these things which were told them by the Shepherds.

"Why should they tell us there is a Santa Claus, if there isn't?"  
"Folks want some one to lay the blame on if you don't get the presents you wanted."—Chicago Daily Tribune.

**A Christmas Game.**  
"Christmas candles" is a good old-time game. A lighted candle is placed upon a table. The player is blindfolded and stationed with his back to the candle, about a foot from it. He is then told to take three steps forward, turn around three times, then to walk four steps toward the candle and blow it out. His attempt to do so will probably be as amusing to the audience as disconcerting to himself.—Country Life in America.

**His Surprise.**  
Mamma—What did you say, Johnny, when Uncle Hunks gave you a dollar for a Christmas present?  
Johnny—Huh! I didn't say anything—I fell dead.—Judge.

# The Christmas Story

By Charlotte Whitcomb

The robed and sandalled prophet stood  
And prayed, 'neath Eastern skies,  
God to reveal some coming good  
To his dim and ageing eyes.  
He spoke,  
"Look ye! For war shall cease!  
The Wonderful!  
The Counselor!  
Shall come as Prince of Peace!"

The weary years  
rolled on apace,  
The prophet's tongue  
was stilled,  
But 'neath the blue  
Judean skies



His vision was fulfilled,  
What time the herald angels sang  
Of love  
that shall not cease,  
And reverent kings  
came bearing gifts  
To One,  
the Prince of Peace!



The kings, the shepherds  
and their flocks,  
The stall, the manger low,  
Have,  
like the prophet,  
now become  
A part of long ago:—  
But the prophet's words, the angels' song  
Ring on, and shall not cease,  
For love on earth,  
Good will to man  
Came with the Prince of Peace!

# Ring in the New Year

Hark! the joyous bells are ringing, ring  
in the glad New Year  
Bringing with it joy or sorrow, fall  
dimly on our ear,  
Merrily they ring and have rung thro'  
the ages long since past,  
And as now we stand and listen, let  
hope 'tis not the last.



## SEASONABLE SCENES.



Pa—"And Yet Some Folks Say There Is No Santa Claus."

**His Fearful Blunder.**  
"Where are you going in such a hurry, Gadsby?"  
"Anywhere, to get out of town till it blows over."  
"Till what blows over?"  
"Hasn't anybody told you? I got my Christmas things mixed, and sent to Aunt Rachel, who lives next door to us, a shaving set I had intended for my nephew."  
"That was awkward, but you can explain it."  
"No, I can't. That's the worst of it. Aunt Rachel has a good deal more beard than the nephew has."—Chicago Daily Tribune.



**WISE.**  
Preacher—Well, maw, I just made a splendid arrangement with a shoe dealer.  
His Wife—About what, Ezra?  
Preacher—He has promised to buy all the slippers I get at Christmas at 50 cents a pair.—Detroit Free Press.

**Innocence.**  
The big city man had brought to his town home a little country wife.  
"And what are you going to give the cook for a Christmas present?" he asked, jokingly.  
"Why, a set of Browning," responded the bucolic rose.  
"Browning? What in the world can she do with Browning?"  
"Why, doesn't it teach how to brown steaks and fowls, dear?"—Chicago Daily News.



**HER GLIMPSE INTO THE PALACE BEAUTIFUL.**  
"She lighted another match, and then she found herself sitting under a beautiful Christmas tree. It was larger and more beautifully decorated than the one she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's. Thousands of tapers were burning upon the green branches, and colored pictures, like those she had seen in the show-windows, looked down upon it all. The little one stretched out her hand toward them, and the match went out."—From Andersen's "Little Match Seller."

# To Cook the Christmas Fowl

By LEON KIENTZ,  
Chef at Rector's, New York.

Draw, singe and clean the turkey. Be sure to get out all the pin feathers. Then break the breast bone, remove it and fill the turkey with dressing. Sew up the skin underneath. Truss your turkey to give it a good shape. In hen season it with salt and pepper.  
Wrap it well in strong buttered paper and put it in a roasting pan. It may be garnished with sliced carrots, onions, celery, parsley, whole black peppers or cloves.  
Let it cook in the oven for about two hours. Baste it often.  
Before serving, unwrap the turkey from the paper, put it on a platter, which may be garnished with watercress if desired. Serve with cranberry sauce.

**FOR CHESTNUT STUFFING.** Chop up fine two pounds of lean fresh pork and one pound of fat pork. Season with salt and spices. Cook two pounds of chestnuts in beef stock and a little celery. When cooked mix the pork and the chestnuts together and add a little chopped parsley.

**COOKING GOOSE OR DUCK.** The goose or duck is prepared and cooked the same as the turkey, the only difference being in the stuffing. For goose or duck a stuffing of apple is preferable.

**RECIPE FOR APPLE STUFFING.** Steep two pounds of bread crumbs in milk and when well soaked extract all the liquid; add three onions cut in small dice and fry colorless in butter with two slices of raw ham cut the same way, add four raw egg yolks, chopped celery leaves, parsley, thyme, sage, bay leaf, salt and pepper. When all are mixed together, add five apples cut in one-inch dice and fill your goose with the stuffing.

**His Worst Fear.**  
It was near Christmas, and little Jack had been behaving badly. His mother took him aside.  
"Jack, why did you do that when I was out of the room? Don't you know that if I can't see you, God does?"  
Jack looked grave and thoughtful.  
"Well," he said, at length, "I hope if He did see me He won't tell Santa Claus."—Brooklyn Life.

**Merely a Suggestion.**  
Dimmick—Is your mother-in-law at your house now?  
Kickshaw—Yes, and I don't know what to get her for a Christmas present.  
"She lives at Philadelphia, doesn't she?"  
"Yes."  
"Then why not buy her a ticket home?"



**GETTING READY FOR SANTA CLAUS.**  
Hanging Up Their Dollies' Stockings.