



**CANTIQUE DE NOEL.**

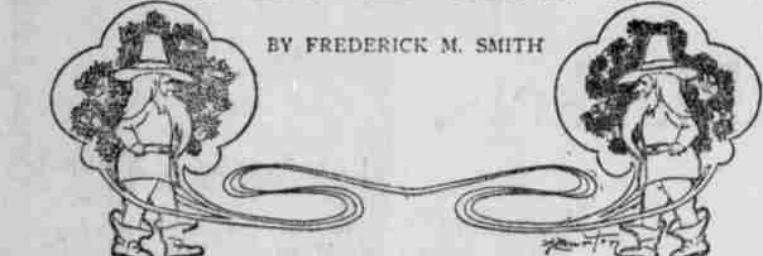
O holy night! the stars are brightly shining,  
It is the night of our dear Saviour's birth;  
Long lay the world in sin and error pinning,  
Till He appeared, and the soul felt its worth;  
A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices,  
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn;  
Fall on your knees! Oh hear the angel voices!

**CALM ON THE LIST'NING EAR OF NIGHT.**

Calm on the list'ning ear of night,  
Come Heaven's melodious strains,  
Where wild Judaea stretches far,  
Her silver mantled plains.  
Celestial choirs from courts above  
Shed sacred glories there;  
And angels with their sparkling lyres,  
Make music on the air.

**Peter and the Green Men**

BY FREDERICK M. SMITH



PETER sat looking out of the window wondering what he should do without a Christmas tree, for his mother had said that there was little chance of St. Nicholas coming that year, and what was the use of having a tree when there was nothing to put on it. They lived in the great Thuringian forest, near the high little village of Igelshoh. Peter's father was dead and the grandmother was ill, so that the mother had to earn bread for all, though Peter helped. In summer he hunted balsam roots like the other village folks. And now here it was the day before Christmas, and Peter had been told that instead of thinking of a Christmas tree he must be thankful if there was enough black bread to go round. He was thankful, but he could not help wishing for a tree. He looked at the grandmother huddled by the fireside, Hilda, the baby, was playing on the floor, and his mother was making a bundle of balsam roots. This she gave to Peter. "You are to take these to the village and give them to the doctor in exchange for medicine," said she, "and be sure you hurry back, for there will be a snowfall by night."

Peter took his wooden shoes from the oven, where they had been warming, and as he put his blue stockings feet into them the good warm wood made him smile. Then he clumped out into the road, and stood for a moment looking up at the great black fir trees all laden with twinkling snow crystals, and back into the forest he looked where the snow carpet lay white and the tree trunks cast blue veiled shadows. He never ceased to regard the forest with awe and wonder, for the forces ran in it and the wild deer hid in its depths; above all, did not his grandmother tell of the queer little Green Men who lived in the ground, and who sometimes appeared to children?

The cold suddenly brought him back to himself. He blew into his fingers, and off he went up the road to the village. The snow was well trodden. Just as he got to the place where the road goes past the big rocks and the ever-running spring he heard somebody call "Peter!" He stopped and looked around, but never a soul did he see in all the forest. Yet he was sure he had heard a voice, a thin, small voice, and he thought that there was some one near who could see him, but whom he could not see, set his heart a-thumping with fear, so he started off again, and if he had walked fast before you can imagine that he made good time now.

"Hi! Peter!" said the voice again, and this time he saw on the hillside above him a little man beckoning. Near by were two other little men trying to drag a tree. It was a small tree, but it was too big for the little men, who were no higher than Peter's knee. All these men were old and were clothed in green.

As Peter looked at them his eyes opened very wide and his feet left him, so that when they all beckoned again he floundered toward them through the snow.

"Hi!" said the spokesman, "just help us with this tree, will you? It's a Christmas tree, and we can't get it home."

Now Peter was a wise lad for his years, and he had not listened to his grandmother's tales for nothing. He knew that these were the wonderful Green Men and that it paid to be polite to them. But being a German he was cautious. "Where do you live?" asked he.

"Well," said Peter, "if one has the luck to have a Christmas tree it's a pity that one shouldn't get it home, so I'll help."

"You push," said the Green Man, "and we'll pull. Now!"

With the three pulling and Peter pushing they managed to get the tree into the ground, though when he stopped to think of it, it was funny that so big a tree should go into so small a hole.

Peter was puffing and his shoes were full of snow, but he sat down to empty them and looked ruefully at the place where the Green Men had disappeared. Suddenly one of them popped out. "It's all right," said he; "we are able to manage. Thank you for helping us, and a merry Christmas to you."

Peter laughed. "That is as may be," said he, "but with the grandmother ill and no money in the house there is little chance for merriment."

"Cheer up," said the Green Man, "and here is a groshchen for you. Now we shall see what you will make of it, Adieu."



**The Nativity.**

The Green Man walked back into the hole, and Peter was left alone in the quiet forest; it seemed stiller than ever now. He looked hard at the groshchen in his hand. He had heard about groshchens that came from the Green Men, though he had never known anybody who had one. They were said to be very lucky, and if a man got one he was made for life, for as often as he spent it he found another in his pocket, provided that he had spent the last for some good thing.

The more Peter thought the more he believed that he had just such a groshchen, and with his fingers tight around it he again set off for the village. He knew very well what he would buy first. At Herr Keibel's store was a humming top that he had long coveted. As soon as he could he did his errand at the doctor's and then turned his steps toward the store. Sure enough, there in the window lay the top, but there by its side was a Japanese doll with slanting eyes and a queer, long gown. It, like the top, cost a groshchen. Peter knew that Hilda, the baby, wanted a doll. He stood on one leg and then on the other. He looked at the doll and then he looked at the top. He was in two minds what to do, for he knew that his groshchen might be the wonderful sort he had heard about. Should he buy the doll and risk finding another piece of money for the top, or should he buy to the top and leave the doll to chance? Finally he said to himself, "If I buy the doll and do not find another groshchen I shall have to go without the top, but I should be ashamed to buy the top and then have nothing to give to Hilda. For have I not been told that at Christmas one must give to others and not think of himself?" So he made a dash for the steps, and when he came out Peter Keibel had the groshchen and Peter the doll.

Every one knows that this was the right thing to do; Peter knew it, too, but when he had gone a little distance he stopped and very softly felt in his pocket. Now you think, of course, that he found another groshchen immediately. Not a bit. And if you are disappointed I am afraid Peter was, too, for though he examined all his pockets he found nothing. Every now and then on the way home he tried a new search and just before he went into the house he took off his jacket and shook it, but not a glimmer of money did he see. "Well," said he, "it is plain that the groshchen was not so lucky as I thought, but anyway, I'm glad I got the doll for Hilda." And with his best foot foremost into the house he went.



"PETER" SAID THE SPOKESMAN, "JUST HELP US WITH THIS TREE, WILL YOU?"

The room to Peter was strangely light. The mother was bustling about, and Hilda sat on the floor with a big doll in her arms, while there in the chimney corner was a great tree; candles glowed on its boughs, silver threads glittered in the candle light, and tiny balls of green and red and gold glistened among the leaves. There was a heap of nuts and cakes and apples at the bottom, and upon the heap was a humming top. Peter opened his eyes. I can tell you.

"Did you meet the man?" said his mother.

"What man?"

"Why, the forester from the castle," said she; "he drove up just a little while ago and brought in these. I was for telling him that he had made a mistake, but he said, 'This is where Peter Shuman lives, isn't it? Then this is the place to leave the tree,' and he went off. But you must have met him, for he has just gone."

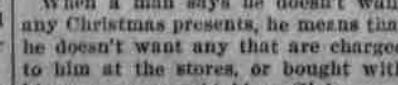
Then Peter laughed, for he knew a thing or two himself. "It was not the king's forester," said he, "but the Green Man who lives at the bottom of the spring by the big fir." Then he told his tale.

"'Tis true, 'tis true," said the grandmother; "it was the Green Man."

"Pooh!" said the mother, "it was the forester from the castle, and it was the princess who sent the things; as for the Green Man, you must have dreamed it."

"That is as it may be," said Peter, "but here is the doll that I bought with the groshchen given me by the Green Man, and a lucky groshchen it was, too."

Well, his mother could make no answer to that. And, besides, everybody knows that the old grandmother was right, and that the little people still live in Thuringia in the great dark forest, and show themselves now and again to boys and girls who are unselfish.—Woman's Home Companion.



**Chicago's Church Census.**

**WHAT CHILDREN CAN MAKE FOR CHRISTMAS**

By L. O. Leonard,

THE making of gifts that are really pretty is not always easily done. Numberless presents can be made from paper, paints, ribbons, cardboard, tacks and boards, but one must admit that ingenuity in arranging these properties counts for more than the mere selection of materials. These can be put together in such a clumsy and careless manner that they will have absolutely no pleasing quality, and then again, if proper care is taken in their arrange-



SOME DAINTY BOOK-MARKS.

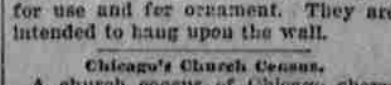
ment they will form an article that is genuinely artistic. So almost entirely upon the ingenuity of the child, upon its cleverness in putting things together neatly, will depend the effectiveness of the following articles, though to be sure some of them are difficult to make. Book-marks also make very neat and acceptable gifts. These can be made of water color paper or heavy writing paper decorated with designs similar to those shown in the three illustrations. Large flowers with one petal partly cut, for the purpose of catching the leaves of the book, and houses with open shutters, or barns with open doors, the shutters and doors being likewise to catch the leaves, are also very effective designs for book-marks. Blotters are always useful gifts. Pretty covers can be made for these of water color paper decorated with ink bottles upright or overturned, pens or quills, or with tables covered with letters and papers. Or if a decoration of a different kind is desired, the designs shown for the book-marks,



HOW ENVELOPES MAY BE UTILIZED.

worked out in colors, could be taken as patterns.

Envelopes, fastened one above the other by means of narrow ribbon, can take the place of memorandum books. Six envelopes fastened together in this manner, with the names of the days in the week upon them, will prove a very useful gift to a busy society woman who can never remember all her engagements. Newspaper clippings, re-



**Chicago's Church Census.**

**FOR THE FAIR**  
**LATEST NEW YORK FASHIONS**

New York City.—Box-pleated waists made with shaped yokes are exceedingly fashionable and have the added merit of being generally becoming.



BOX PLEATED WAIST.

This stylish May Manton model is of reseda pea de cygne, with yoke of bucked cream mousseline and shaped bands of reseda broadcloth stitched with corticeil silk, and is worn with a skirt of cloth matching the bands; but the design suits both odd waists and entire gowns and all the season's fabrics.

The foundation lining fits snugly and is closed at the centre front. On to it is faced the back portion of the yoke and over it are arranged the box-pleated back, fronts of the waist proper and the front portion of the yoke, the closing of the waist being effected invisibly beneath the central box pleat and the corresponding tuck in the yoke. The back is smooth and without fulness, but the fronts blouse slightly and stylishly over the belt. The sleeves are box-pleated at their upper portions, form full, soft puffs below the elbows and are gathered into pointed cuffs at the wrists. At the neck is a novel stock in the fashionable clerical cut. The belt is pointed



THEATRE COAT.

at the front, and is finished with postillion tabs at the back.

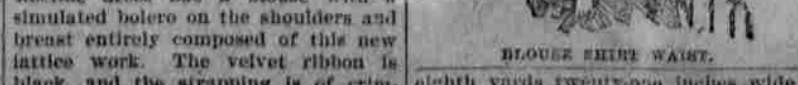
The quantity of material required for the medium size is five yards two-thirds one-inch wide, four and one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide, or two and three-eighths yards forty-four inches wide, with one-half yard of tucking or lace eighteen inches wide for yoke.

**Woman's Theatre Coat.**  
Loose fitting wraps for theatre, evening and reception wear are among the smart features of the season and become necessities when the fashionable waists, with their big sleeves and filmy materials, are worn. The very satisfactory model shown in the large drawing is adapted to all the uses named and can be made elaborate or simple as the material chosen becomes one or the other. The original is of white broadcloth, with revers and bands of heavy linen lace over white silk and is attached with corticeil silk, but all cloths, zibeline, cashmere, pearl or sole and the many cloaking materials of the season are appropriate with lace, embroidery, fur or plain silk for revers.

The coat is in Russian style and is cut with a loose fitting back and loose fronts that close in double-breasted style or turn back to form the revers. The sleeves are circular in shape and fall in graceful folds at the lower edges. The neck can be finished plain or with the strap collar, as shown in the small sketch, and the coat can be worn open or closed and held by buttons and loops.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is eight yards twenty-one inches wide, four and three-fourths yards forty-four inches wide or three and three-fourths yards fifty-two inches wide, with two and one-fourth yards of all-over lace to trim as illustrated.

**New Lattice Work.**  
Rather more novel than the usual basket interlacing of broadcloth bands or strips of velvet ribbon is a combination of the two. A cranberry crimson albine dress has a blouse with a simulated bolero on the shoulders and breast entirely composed of this new lattice work. The velvet ribbon is black, and the strapping is of crimson albine cut in bias folds and covered with machine stitching. Bands are usually more successful when cut



**BLOUSE SHIRT WAIST.**

**Household Matters**

The newest and prettiest tea trays are oblong, with brass or wooden handles and a glass bottom which may be removed to admit a piece of burnt leather or rich fabric, racing print or other decoration.

**For the Nursery.**  
A convenience is a window-board for the nursery—a wide board the length of the sill, attached to it by small iron hinges, so that it may hang down against the wall when not wanted for drawing, painting or pasting pictures in scrapbooks. A slender strip of wood is also hinged under the window, to the chair boarding, and supports the window desk when in position for work.

**That Obstinate Stopper.**  
Who has not lost temper and patience in trying to remove an obstinate glass stopper. The following method will usually be found successful: Pass a strong string once around the neck of the bottle over where the cork appears. Get some one to hold the bottle or secure it in some manner; then take hold of the string, one end in each hand, and pull it back and forth quickly for a moment. The glass will expand by the heat of drawing the string over it, and so loosen the cork.

**Keep the Sink Clean.**  
Don't let your kitchen sink get clogged with grease and crumbs. Keep a strainer over the waste pipe and wash the sink out thoroughly after every meal. It is a good plan after dinner if you have had chops or anything specially greasy to flush the pipe with a hot sal soda solution. If a stone sink gets a coating of grease sprinkle with chloride of lime, let it remain over night and the next morning wash it with hot water. Attention to these details will prevent both the advent of roaches and the escape of noxious odors.

**Dark-Finished Woodwork.**  
Unfinished mahogany is the popular way at present of having all household furniture of this beautiful wood. No one in the East, the cabinet-makers assert, now has the dining-room, drawing-room or bedroom furniture highly polished. This fashion is left for the cities and towns of the prairies.

Until very recently all good housekeepers thought it necessary to have their chairs and tables oiled, varnished and polished so that they resembled a mirror. Now all this is changed. Dull is the finish of the woodwork, as though the maid had omitted her weekly hard rub with oil and fannel. Pictures that are framed in mahogany to be strictly correct must now have the varnish scraped from them and be dull and dark in finish.—New York American.

**A Secret Worth Knowing.**  
A secret worth knowing is that the fashionable panne or satin antique can be made at home from either new or old velvet prettier as well as much cheaper than it can be purchased in the shop. The only thing stipulated is that the material must be silk-backed velvet to start with, not cotton. As panne is used so much for belts, bodice trimmings, hats, crushed collars and the like, it is a joy to the economical housewife to realize that in her old piece bag she can undoubtedly find material enough to help out her winter costumes. The directions for transforming pin-pricked, shabby velvet into the more fashionable textile are: Use for the purpose a good steel-faced iron, perfectly clean and smooth on both sides and face. Have the iron only moderately hot. Spread the velvet face upward on a clean ironing board and smooth it with the iron, taking great pains to press the right way of the nap, as it must be ironed the way the pile faces best. Keep the iron moving all the time, for if allowed to stand at all it leaves a mark that you cannot get out. After going all over the surface of the dry velvet, ironing always in the same direction, steam the velvet strongly, and then go over it the second time. You cannot press too much, provided you always keep the iron moving with a heavy, even stroke. This soon transforms it into the fashionable, shimmering panne.

**RECIPES**  
**Grilled Nuts**—Roll two cups of granulated sugar with one-half cup of water until it boils. Add two cups of blanched and dried almonds and filberts mixed and stir till the sugar grains and clings to the nuts. When well coated and before they get into one mass, turn them out and separate any that have stuck together.

**Harvard Nutcakes**—To two eggs, well beaten, add, in order given, one-half pound brown sugar, one-half pound English walnuts, chopped and weighed after being shelled; three tablespoons flour (or a trifle more), which has been sifted with one-third teaspoon of baking powder. Drop in small spoonfuls, on buttered tins, far enough apart to allow for spreading, and bake in a moderate oven.

**Unsurpassed Doughnuts**—One cup of sugar, three of milk, one cup of yeast. Make of the foregoing a soft sponge and let stand over night. In the morning add one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, three eggs, half a nutmeg, one-half teaspoon of soda. Stir in flour until stiff; let rise again; then mix stiff enough to roll, and cut into shape desired. Let rise again until light, and then fry. Raised doughnuts require longer cooking.

**Braised Chicken with Carrots**—A very good dish is braised chicken with carrots. For this the chicken is trussed without stuffing, and is placed in a braising pan. Sufficient carrots to measure a scant quart are scraped, cut lengthwise into quarters and par-boiled for half an hour. They are then laid round the chicken, and one cupful of stock, one cupful of strained tomato and salt and pepper added; the pan is tightly covered and placed in a moderate oven for three hours. In dishing, the carrots are heaped around the chicken and the gravy served separately.