

MR. MARDIFIELD'S CHRISTMAS GRANDSON.

"I WONDER who they are," said old Mr. Mardifield. He was standing at the window of the breakfast room, looking across the sunny street at an unpretending little cottage. "Whom do you mean, uncle?" asked Clara Barton, who expected to be her granduncle's heiress. "Why, those people across the way?" "Oh, common folks, I dare say. Nobody else would live in that house." Old Mardifield came to the breakfast table. He sighed softly as he took the cup from Clara's jeweled hand. "Uncle, dear, you are very silent," said Clara. "I was only thinking, my dear," said the old gentleman apologetically. "Only thinking?" Yes, his mind had gone back years along the dusty track of time, and he had been mutely pondering upon what the result would have been had he shaped his course differently in the days that were gone. He had had a son once, of whom he had been proud and fond, and if— "I would have done anything for him—anything," thought Mardifield, swallowing his coffee, "if he would only have been willing to consult my feelings a little. But when he married that western girl it was like drawing a gulf between us, and he knew it. But he's dead now, and even on his deathbed he was too proud to send for his old father."

These were the thoughts that were passing through old Mardifield's mind. As the old gentleman was returning from a walk later in the cool sunshine a little fellow hanging over the gate accosted him eagerly.

"Sir, are you Santa Claus?" "Not that I know of. Why?" "You are like the picture in my book," said the boy—"a fat old gentleman, with a long white beard and lots of parcels. And my mamma said Santa Claus wouldn't come to our



"MADAM, I AM SANTA CLAUS."

house 'cause we were so poor. And I want a stocking full of toys, like the other boys, and a new sled, and a pair of skates, and I thought if I saw Santa Claus I'd ask him."

Here a soft voice from the window called "Lionel! Lionel!" and the apparition slipped down from the gate and ran away.

"A cunning little rogue!" thought Mardifield. "Santa Claus, eh? An old gentleman with a long white beard—ha! ha! ha! And I might have had just such a chubby rascal of a grandson as that if only—I wonder if they would object to my adopting him! Santa Claus, eh? Well, I believe I will turn Santa Claus for once!"

The stars were shining out, tiny points of gold, through the darkness of the Christmas eve, when Mr. Mardifield knocked at the door of the little cream colored cottage.

"Come in!" a gentle voice called, and Mardifield, groping his way through a semilighted hallway, found himself in the presence of a sweet faced woman, in a pillowed chair, her fingers busied in some piece of knitting.

"Madam," said he, bowing courteously, "I am Santa Claus!"

And then he told her the story of how little Lionel had accosted him in the morning.

"You are very kind, sir," said the woman tremulously. "We are poor—a poor, in fact, that the bare necessities of life are sometimes beyond our reach—and little Lionel's dream of Santa Claus must have gone unrealized if it were not for your thoughtful consideration."

She smiled faintly, with a motion of her white transparent hand toward the chimney, but as Mr. Mardifield turned round to look he started as if smitten by some sudden blow.

"My God!" he gasped, "whose picture is that hanging over the mantel?"

"My husband's portrait, sir."

"Your husband's! Then," and he turned once more to face her, "you are Charlie's wife?"

"My husband's name was Charlie Mardifield," she answered. Little Lionel, awakened by the loud voice in which the old gentleman had spoken, sat up in his bed, with disheveled curls and big eyes.

"Santa Claus, Santa Claus!" he cried. "Mamma, I knew he'd come!"

"My child," said Mr. Mardifield, lifting the little form in his arms, "Santa Claus has sent you a grandfather."

JACK HORNER PIES.

They Are Indispensable Features of Juvenile Christmas Parties.

When there are many children in the family a Jack Horner pie is not a bad accessory to the Christmas dinner. It is a pleasant way of distributing individual souvenirs.

An appropriate Christmas centerpiece of this description is a huge snowball that looks like the real thing and has twelve smaller balls in it, each one of these containing a present.

The ribbons by which the presents are drawn out are of different colors and hang over the sides of the big snowball.

More effective in color is an enormous ball made of a mass of red flowers, and from the center of each hangs the ribbon attached to the gift.

Another Jack Horner pie is in the shape of a snow man so true to life that



JACK HORNER PIES.

he even has on the old hat and holds a bundle of switches. All around the place where his waist line ought to be are the ribbons by which the presents are removed from his capacious interior.

Still another variety is the huge red cornucopia that is decorated with gold paper and holly berries and is suspended from the chandelier over the table the ribbons hanging within convenient reach of the guests.

HOLIDAY CHEER.

Consomme.
Celery, Stuffed Nuts.
Roast Goose, Potato Stuffing.
Sweet Pickle Jelly.
Hot Mince Pie, Vanilla Ice Cream.
Raisins, Nuts, Bonbons.
Coffee.

DELICIOUS PIES.

Creams and Custards Instead of Mince For the Christmas Spread.

The Christmas pie need not necessarily be a mince. Custards, particularly pumpkin custards, are nice, and they are less indigestible than those of mince.

Custard or cream pies may be attractively finished with meringue. On this a decoration may be applied through a pastry tube, the meringue being slightly colored for this purpose.

To make the crust take two tablespoonfuls butter, one and one-half tablespoonfuls sugar and the yolk of one egg, cream, butter and sugar. Beat the yolk well and add. Then add a small cupful of flour. Press into a pie pan with the back of a spoon and bake until a light brown.

Fill with the following cream: One pint of milk in a double boiler. Mix



FANCY MERINGUE PIE.

together three tablespoonfuls of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of flour. Add to the boiling milk and cook until thick. Then add the yolks of three eggs. Cook for awhile, then take from the fire and add one tablespoonful of vanilla. Cover with a meringue made of the well beaten whites of four eggs and a little sugar. Cover the pie with this and brown nicely in the oven.

For those who find the ordinary mince pies indigestible this is a good substitute:

Take one cupful cooked raisins, one cupful apple sauce, one-half cupful of vinegar, one-half cupful of water, one-half cupful cracker crumbs, one cupful sugar, one-half cupful molasses, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and allspice. This makes filling enough for three pies.

Instead of using an egg in a pumpkin pie, use a heaping teaspoonful each of flour and cornmeal, and it will baffle an expert to detect the difference in taste or color.



The Lesson of Christmas

Rev. Father J. R. Buck.

It is but a mile from Migdol-Eder, the traditional site of the shepherd's watch tower, to the cave in the scarp of rock where on the little city of Bethlehem is built; and it is but a step in imagination back to that first Christmas when the shepherds were "keeping watch over their flock by night, when lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them," and they knew that the Savior had come to the City of David. And with the shepherds, in the beautiful words of St. Luke, "Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this thing that has come to pass." And what shall we find at the end of our journey? Only a poor mother for whom there was "no room in the inn," with her new born babe—the Christ Child.

But this weakling babe is none other than the great Omnipotent Himself; this seeming pauper-Child is He who has planted the firmament with stars; this infant but a few hours old is the Eternal Word, with God from the beginning, and from the beginning God. For this is He of whom the prophet Isaiah spoke: "Behold a virgin shall conceive, and shall bear a child; and his name shall be called Emmanuel"—Immanuel Nobiscum Deus, God with us, God in our midst. And the other name which was given Him at the bidding of the angel, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus," tells us the rest. The

name Jesus means Savior, or more correctly, God our Savior. He is Emmanuel; God with us, that he may be to us Jesus, God our Savior.

And what are the things from which he has come to save us? Not poverty or toil, or even suffering or sorrow. No. But His mission is to bless poverty, to sanctify toil, to make obscurity honorable, to sweeten suffering and to confer happiness in the midst of sorrow. He has not come to take away these things, but to hallow them. But the one thing He has come to take away, the one burden He has come to lift, is the evil and burden of sin. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, because he shall save His people from their sins." And we shall not read the lesson of Christmas aright unless we recognize that the life's work of Jesus in our service was—like His own seamless robe—all of one piece. The joys of our modern Christmas must not blind us to the fact that the first Christmas day saw the opening of a life, not of self-indulgence, but of sacrifice, or to the truth that if our Christmas Joy is to be enduring it must be the joy which accompanies and springs from a generous determination to tread the path which Jesus, God our Savior, has marked out for us. And the more perfect we become in the following of this Savior, the more perfectly will we sing the glad Christmas anthem, "Gloria in excelsis Deo."



TURKEY is the chief dish at the Christmas dinner. In selecting turkeys remember that those having black feathers are considered the best. Young turkeys have smooth black legs, but when the bird is old they are rough and reddish. If the bird has been long killed its eyes

will be sunken and its feet dry.

For roasting buy a hen turkey, with a whitish skin that is clean and soft, the breast broad, the legs black and the neck short. The flesh of an old hen is usually covered with long hairs, and the housewife will be wise to reject any such birds if she wants a satisfactory dinner. The spurs of a young cock turkey should be short and its legs black.

With Oyster Sauce.

One of the most popular ways of serving roast turkey is with oyster sauce. Put the turkey on to parboil in water enough to make gravy and dressing. When tender lift out and lay in the roaster. Have bread broken up ready to make dressing, one-fourth of which is cold corn bread. Add six hard boiled eggs chopped, two raw eggs well beaten, one onion cut fine, a little sage, pepper and salt.

Then add one pint of fresh oysters and stir all together. Pour enough liquor over to make moist and mix well.

Then stuff the turkey and put in the oven to bake. Take liquor for the gravy, with one-third milk. Mince the heart, liver and gizzard. Add these to

the liquor. Mix enough flour with milk to make a smooth paste, pour in and let boil until thick.

Chestnut Sauce.

One of the most delicious ways of serving turkey is with a dressing of chestnuts. This dressing is made by combining dry bread, butter, salt and pepper, one very small onion, an equal quantity of celery, a little parsley, a pinch of sage and one pound of chestnuts. The chestnuts must be shelled and scalded to remove the inner skin. Add to the whole one well beaten egg and enough water to make it moist.

After the turkey is stuffed stick an apple in the crop. The juice will keep the turkey moist.

If you do not use the turkey giblets in the stuffing cut them rather fine after they are roasted and introduce them into the gravy, without which no turkey dinner is complete.

Be careful not to leave much fat in the pan when the gravy is made or it will be strong and unpalatable. Serve it hot in a gravy boat.

Served With Sausage Meat.

Some persons are fond of turkey with a dressing of sausage meat. For this take six ounces each of lean and fat pork, both to be weighed after chopping; two ounces of breadcrumbs, two leaves of finely minced sage, a small blade of pounded mace, salt and pepper to taste. Bind with an egg. Equal quantities of this forcemeat and veal stuffing are nice, as the herbs and lemon peel in the veal stuffing give a delicious flavor to the sausage meat.

Larded Turkey.

If you wish to serve larded turkey get a nice fresh young fowl. Remove all pinfeathers and wash thoroughly inside and out. If the skin of the bird seems soiled put a pinch of bicarbonate in the water, rinsing this off.

Stuff as usual with the inside of a loaf of stale white bread, mixed with a lump of butter the size of an egg and seasoned with salt, pepper and summer savory. Do not wet the bread or the stuffing will be soggy and the turkey taste spoiled.

Truss in the usual manner and then lay four thin slices of salt pork over the breast of the bird. During the cooking baste often so that the pork fat will permeate all the bird.

This is an excellent way to prepare a turkey of the second class sort. The pork supplies the lacking flavor. A half dozen fresh country sausages may also be added to the bread filling if further richness is desired.

CHRISTMASY TRIFLES.

Make Somebody Happy by Giving Her a Reticule.

Every Christmas needleworker this year is making a reticule for somebody. There is a craze at present for these graceful bags, and styles range from simple affairs of linen for use with next summer's frocks to the most elaborate bags of satin and gold lace, to be carried with opera and theater costumes. Such a bag, if it is to be successful must be fashioned with the very best of materials, and a really handsome bag of this sort may easily cost \$4 or \$5 for the materials alone, though the finished models in the shops, especially the imported models, are tremendously expensive. The handsomest reticules are made of heavy, soft satin, veiled with gold

lace or metallic net and ornamented with the tiny ribbon flowers which may be bought all ready to apply. Simpler bags of satin, embroidered with silk or chenille and braided with gold or silver cord, are very effective also, and most dainty theater bags may be made of Dresden ribbon, lined with soft, heavy satin in a delicate pastel tint. The large reticule is always perfectly flat in shape and is usually in envelope style, with one side buttoning over the other at the top. A thin strip of whalebone should be inserted inside the lining across the top of such a reticule.

Quaint Effects In Pincushions.

A charmingly quaint little pincushion and one that can easily be made by the girl who can handle a needle, is the Brownie cushion. Hunt up one of your long neglected friends, the ping pong ball, and with watercolors paint a weird looking face upon it. Then take a piece of saten the color you wish to dress Brownie in and cut it five inches long by three inches wide. Sew this tightly at each end to form ears that stand away from the head and gather the rest up behind to make the little baldheaded cap, then paint in a little fringe of hair to peep



THE HANGING CUSHION.

out underneath the cap, which will improve the looks of Brownie.

A small, tight body is made out of a ball of raw cotton. This is so covered with saten to match the cap and sewed down fast in the back. Arms and legs are made by covering wide ribbon wire with pale pink satin ribbon. These are attached to the cotton body before the dress is put on, and they can be bent into any funny posture you wish. It is cunning to have Mr. Brownie look as if he were sitting down in crossleg fashion like a tiny tailor.

In his two hands he holds a bow of narrow ribbon with a long loop attached. This serves to hang the little fellow up with if you wish to have him at the side of your dressing table.

No one wants to stick cold steel into this dear little fellow, so at his back you sew fast a long narrow cushion in which you may run all the pins and needles you wish without marring the quaint looks of your little friend.

The doll cushion illustrated is a charming trifle made of ribbon and cream satin touched up with watercolors.

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