

## Home-Made Christmas Sweets

**Honey Candy.**—One pint of white sugar, water enough to dissolve it, and four tablespoonfuls of honey. Boil until it becomes brittle on being dropped into cold water. Pull when cooling.

**Peanut Brittle.**—One coffee cupful of sugar. Put in frying pan and shake vigorously over hot fire until sugar is dissolved, add one-half cupful of chopped peanuts, shaking briskly. Be careful not to burn peanuts.

**Chocolate Caramels.**—One-half pound of chocolate, one-half cupful of milk, two cupfuls of light brown sugar, one cupful of molasses, and a piece of butter as big as a small apple. Cook for 20 minutes, stirring constantly. Pour into a pan and cut into squares.

**College Girls' Fudge.**—Four ounces of chocolate, lump of butter size of an egg, two heaping cupfuls of granulated sugar, three-quarters of a cupful of sweet milk; mix and boil ten minutes. Take from fire and stir until it begins to harden. Add vanilla and chopped nuts. Turn into buttered tins and cool.

**Everton Taffy.**—Dissolve a pound of granulated sugar in a teacupful of water, add one-quarter pound of butter that has been beaten to a smooth cream; flavor with lemon; cook until it "cracks" from the spoon; turn out on greased pans or slab and mark into squares with a greased knife.

**Cream Walnuts.**—One pound of white sugar, one-half teacupful of water; put on the range and boil until it threads—flavor well with vanilla, remove from the fire and stir until white and creamy. When cool enough to handle, roll into balls, press walnut halves into the sides, and drop into granulated sugar, shaking violently for a second or two.

**Fruit Nougat.**—Remove the brown skin from a pint of roasted peanuts and one-quarter of a pound of almonds by dropping for a moment into boiling water. Chop one-half a pint each of figs, citron, raisins (seeded or seedless) and candied orange peel. Moisten two pounds of sugar with a little vinegar, add a heaping tablespoonful of butter, and cook until almost hard, but not brittle. Beat well, adding the fruit and nuts, pour on a wet cloth and roll up like a pudding, slicing off candy in pieces after it is cold.

**Popcorn Balls.**—Pop corn and only take the kernels which are all popped out; make a syrup of the following: One cupful granulated sugar, two cupfuls molasses, butter the size of a walnut, tablespoonful vinegar; boil without stirring until it spins a thread and then pour over the corn, forming into balls before it cools; lay on buttered dish.

**Cream Nut Fudge.**—Bring slowly to boiling point two cupfuls of granulated sugar and two-thirds of a cupful of milk. Boil hard until a soft ball can be formed by dropping a little in cold water, then add one tablespoonful of butter. Remove from the fire and add vanilla to suit the taste and one cupful of chopped nutmeats, stirring until smooth; then pour into a buttered pan to the depth of half an inch and block into squares.

### The Christmas Spirit.

In every man there is the spirit of the boy that once dominated him. It never entirely dies out. In the coldly commercial man, whose idol is the dollar mark, the boy spirit lies dormant, but it is there, nevertheless, and can be aroused if it is only appealed to in the right way. At this, the Christmas season, every man should try to forget his stern self and be a boy again. Cut all the restraints and let the boy-nature have full sweep, for this is what Longfellow would call "the children's hour." The man who does not put away all selfishness and live the spirit of the Christmas time is an enemy to himself and to society. Let the merry Christmas spirit be unanimous.

### Christmas in Bavaria.

Christmas day in Bavaria is called St. Nicholas day, and it comes on the 6th of December.

St. Nicholas of Bavaria is not as jolly as our St. Nicholas. He always carries a huge bundle of sticks upon his right shoulder, for naughty children. Over his left he slings a pack of goodies for the good youngsters.

Krampus always used to travel with him, but he does not go so often now. He was an ugly little humpbacked man with hateful eyes and a sharp tongue. His work was to carry off bad children in his big basket, to feed them to the bears in the wilderness! Fortunately, he is not often seen now.

### A Patriotic Sentiment.

The stars-spangled Christmas tree, long may it wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

rose in his seat, but the girl reached out a restraining hand.

"Stay," she commanded, but the boy looked at her with unseeing eyes.

"I go to find my sheep," he said, and left her.

He found them in a close gray bunch against the shed. The wind howled around them, and the snow piled over them, and those that were nearest the door stumbled in stiffly when the boy unlocked it.

Inside was a rude fireplace, and wood was piled beside it. The boy built a great fire, and the flock, retreating before the blaze, lay down on the trodden straw with soft sounds of content. Then the boy brought in two weak ewes, and laid them close to the flames, and watched them anxiously until they revived and staggered back to their fellows.

For a long time after that the boy sat in front of the fire and thought of the girl. She would go home with his rival, and they would part at the door. The boy's face flushed and his hand clenched as he thought of the parting. Would she—

He rose and went to the door, and flung it open. Outside the stars were blotted out, the wind raged and the snow whirled. He felt as if between him and the girl there was the barrier of an unknown world. He had done his duty, and she had not understood.

He went in and laid down in front of the fire, with his great coat drawn over him.

"Let her go, let her go," sang the roaring flame. "Let her go, let her go," raged the the wind outside. Then came the soft consolation from within. "You cared for the sheep, you cared for the sheep."

And so he fell asleep and was comforted, but his cheeks were wet.

In the morning he broke a path down the mountain. The sun shone and the sky was blue and the world sparkled after the storm. When he reached a certain clearing he stopped and looked over the glistening expanse toward the girl's house. Suddenly his eye was caught by a flash of pink. Through that white, white world the girl was coming to meet him!

As she came up, he put out both hands and took her smaller ones in his. "I had to go," he said.

The girl felt a new dignity in his manner. She blushed and trembled, then her lips quivered. "I went home with pap," she sobbed, her cheek against his coat.

Into his face came all the tenderness of awakened manhood; his rough fingers laid back a little curl that blew about her white temple, his voice thrilled.

"I'm glad you didn't go home with Jed," he said, simply, "an' that you knew just how I was a-feelin'."

She did not know, would never know, what that night had meant to him, for it is not given to such women to touch the depths of a man's soul experience; but she knew love, and so he missed nothing, as in the stillness of the perfect Christmas morning she raised her radiant face to his.

### Sympathy.

Footpads on a lonely street.

"Halt! Throw up yer hands."

"What yer got, Billy?"

"Come look at him, Pete. Fine-

looking duck rigged out in long light

overcoat and tall hat."

"Where's he been?"

"Says he's been downtown buying

Christmas presents for all his family

and all his friends."

"What? Give der poor chap a

nickel carfare and apologize for hold-

ing him up. I bet he's broke."



## HANGING UP THE STOCKINGS

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## A Shepherd's Christmas

By Temple Bailey

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THE boy's lantern glowed like a will-o'-the-wisp as he came down the dark mountain path to the little church. Soon other lanterns joined his, and now and then the flickering lights played on the bright dress of a girl or the eager face of a child, but for the most part the shadowy figures gave no hint of race or degree, until at last the little crowd gathered into a poorly lighted room, where the flare of an oil lamp showed a motley gathering of country people.

As the boy slouched toward a seat a girl stopped him. She wore a pink knitted hood, and her cheeks rivalled the color of her head-covering.

"Merry Christmas," she said, and gave him a coquettish glance from her bright eyes as he returned her greeting.

The boy walked by her side a little awkwardly, but unafraid. He was 19, and he lived on the hills. It was the time for love, and the girl was his chosen mate. After the festivities they would go up the dark path together, and he would kiss her at the door of her father's cabin, and that would be their betrothal.

They sat together on the front bench and read from the same hymn book. The boy sang softly. He would not let out his voice in the little room; it was only on the mountain top that the deep tones rang like a bell as he chanted a wild song to his sheep.

The thought of the sheep brought uneasiness. Up there on the mountain his flock lay waiting for him to come and open to them the shelter of their shed, but the temptation to

go a-pleasuring had been great, and the smile of the pink-cheeked girl, the music, the lights, the companionship, had lured him from the lonely watch under the stars.

Then the girl whispered to him, and he forgot care, until a little later an outer door opened, and a man stepped in, his shoulders white with glistening flakes.

"It's snowin'," said the boy.

The girl nodded, but kept her eyes on the stage, where four small girls recited a Christmas poem in unison.

Again the boy's thoughts flew to the mountain, where the snow was blowing and curling and drifting against a closed door, and where the patient flock, nose to nose and body to body for warmth, bleated for the shepherd who did not come.

At last he moved restlessly. "I've got to go," he said.

"No, you hain't," her voice pleaded. "It's a fearful storm," he whispered. "Hear the wind, an' the sheep are out."

"They hain't a goin' to hurt," she whispered back, "an' you got to go home with me."

"Your pap's here," he said.

"If you don't stay," and now she threatened querulously, "if you don't stay, I'll go home with Jed."

The boy looked at her, at her rosy cheeks, at her blue eyes, at the thin line of her scarlet lips. "But the sheep," he said, uncertainly.

The new minister was speaking enthusiastically, yearning to move this lethargic people. The boy listened with face alight. Through the long hours of his childhood he had sat in the sunshine and dreamed of great deeds. With the awakened im-

pulses of youth, he had tramped the forests and wondered what life meant to the men who were not of the mountains. And now he knew, for the minister was voicing the doctrine of endeavor. It was not emotion that made the world better, but energy; one must not only dream, but one must do. The great men were those who were faithful in the little things.

"Remember that to-night we make merry," he said, finally, "but in the year to come we must work—work for the souls that are within the fold; and as the shepherd cares for his sheep, so must we care for those who are astray."

"As the shepherd cares for his sheep," The words struck the boy with the force of a blow. He half



DRESSING THE CHRISTMAS DOLL.