



Homemakers' Page



MISS LORETTO A. CONNOR, Editor

CHRISTMAS DINNER

The Christmas Table and the Menu



FEW of us will ever produce masterpieces that will stand the acid test of time as Dickens did. Few of our achievements will play upon the heartstrings of humanity as his pathos-laden novels do. But, as some one has pointed out every real homemaker shares the great author's two chief hobbies, food and Christmas—at this season, as in his writings, often merged in one. Further, by way of consolation, the route to many a heart is of historical record.

Christmas is essentially a festival of the home and at no season of the year is the popularity of the kitchen greater than at this. So it has been since Christmas festivities began, and so it is still in every land and clime. As far back as 1666, Samuel Pepys made an entry in his diary to the effect that Dame Pepys "was desirous of sleep on Christmas morning, having sat up until four o'clock seeing her maids make the mince pies."

No modern homemaker relishes the prospect of sitting up all night even to prepare a Christmas dinner—nor is there any reason why she should. Many of the traditional delicacies can be prepared too long in advance to necessitate any such belated industry, and a little careful planning will greatly simplify matters. But even if it does involve some extra time and effort, every woman wishes to give a festive touch to all meals throughout this season and for that reason we submit a few worth while suggestions:

Christmas Punch

1 quart grape juice	1 quart gingerale
1½ cups (or more) sugar	Juice 4 lemons
2 quarts cold water	Juice 4 oranges
	1 cup each pineapple, seeded
	grapes and bananas, cut fine

Mix and chill. Serve in punch bowl with ice and thin slices of lemon and orange floating on top.

Use only standard measuring cups and spoons. All measurements level.

Candied Sweet Potatoes

6 medium-sized sweet potatoes	sugar
½ cup brown	½ cup fat
	¼ cup hot water

EVERY holiday brings its share of unique decorations, but the most elaborate preparations for both the food and the table, are made at Christmas time.

Everyone is looking for a different way to decorate the table, in order to make it unusually attractive. The one pictured above is easily decorated, if you know how!

Glistening and gleaming is the centerpiece of Santa's reindeer traveling over the hill. It is surprisingly easy to make! The hill is nothing but a box glued to a large oval of cardboard and covered with white crepe paper, stretched and crushed to resemble snow. A generous sprinkling of mica causes it to sparkle and glitter beneath the light. A green festoon folded lengthwise through the center is used to outline the centerpiece. The reindeer and sleigh can be made of mat stock or if not convenient to make them, toys will serve

the purpose.

Prim little Christmas trees in bright red tubs add charm and color to the table while serving as containers for the salted nuts. To make these favors, make a small cornucopia of green mat stock, fastening the sides together with wire shanks or gummed cloth tape. Starting at the open end of the cone, paste festoons (doubled lengthwise through the center) to the foundation in overlapping rows. Trim the trees with strands of silver tinsel and artificial holly berries. The trunk of the tree is a wire wrapped with brown crepe paper. One end is pierced through the tub, which is a serving cup covered with a frill of red paper; the other end of the wire is bent to form a stand. Make this base by bending the wire at a right angle about nine inches from the bottom. Place this on a table and bend it in a spiral shape, keeping the wire as flat on the table as possible.

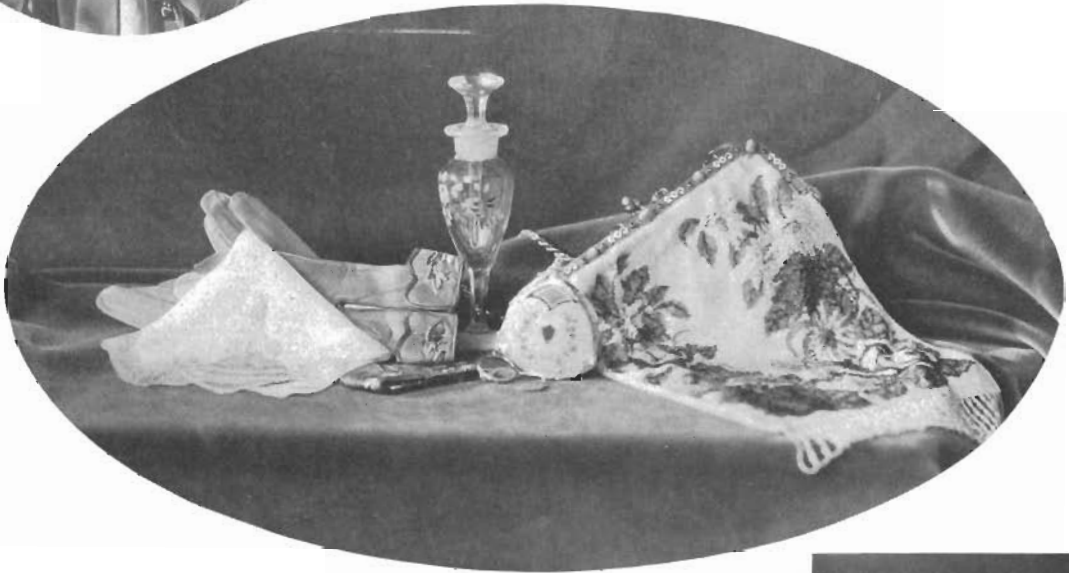
Peel potatoes and parboil until tender. Cut lengthwise in thick slices. Cook sugar, fat and water together to make thick sirup. Dip potatoes into sirup, lay in greased baking-dish and pour over them remaining sirup. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees Fahrenheit)

until brown, basting occasionally. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

But how do the scientists hope to conquer static when after all these years they can't make a fussy steam radiator shut up?—Macon Telegraph.



Christmas Suggestions
for
Miss Frisco



Jewelry and shoulder flowers become any dress. Slave braclets are worn in sets of two and three, as displayed on the arm of Lucilla Cicotte, of the office of auditor of freight accounts, St. Louis, Mo. The shoulder flower is of tinted georgette, and the necklace, one of the newest designs in pearl beads.

A group of articles for HER Christmas, any one of which would be most acceptable. The perfume bottle, lovely beaded bag and dorine are always desirable, while the hand-painted handkerchief and gloves are indispensable to Milady's wardrobe.

A modest, but charming pink and blue taffeta party frock, appropriate for wear at the Christmas festivities. The flowers on the skirt and the one at the neck are painted in colors. The longer skirt length is shown. Necklace and bracelet match, and are made of square cut rhinestones. The model is Lena Johnson of the freight traffic department, St. Louis, Missouri.

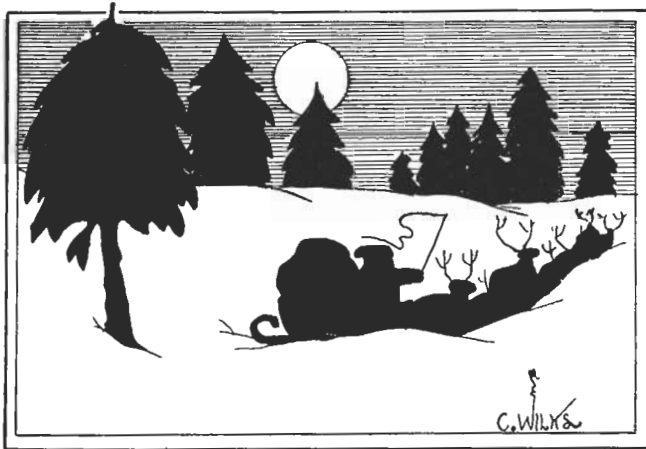




'Twas the Night Before Christmas

By CLEMENT C. MOORE

TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;



And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang up from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of midday to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by
name;
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer; now, Prancer, and
Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall!
Now, dash away! Dash away! Dash away, all!"
As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly

When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the housetop, the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little, round belly,
That shook when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to
his sleigh, to
his team gave
a whistle,
And away they
all flew like
the down of
a thistle,
And I heard
him exclaim,
ere he drove
out of sight,
"HAPPY
CHRISTMAS
TO ALL,
AND TO ALL
A
GOODNIGHT."





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FRISCO BABIES

1—Mary Louise, age 4 years, daughter of F. A. Miller, cashier, 7th Street, St. Louis. 2—Millerd Morrow, 1215 N. Main Avenue, Springfield, Mo. 3—Earnest Richard, Jr., age 3 years; Jackson Earl, age 20 months, sons of E. R. McCarroll, car inspector, Tulsa, Okla. 4—Robert Douglas, age 7 months, son of A. E. Crump, agent, Quincy, Miss. 5—Mary Margaret, age 5 years, daughter of H. M. Dowling, car service clerk, St. Louis. 6—Will T. Jr., age 1 year, son of W. T. Souder, Birmingham, Ala. 7—Betty Jean, age 8 months, daughter of W. Reynolds, section foreman, Creighton, Mo. 8—Bettie Lorene, age 2 months, daughter of J. L. Roberts, mail and baggage handler, Monett, Mo. 9—Maurice, Jr., age 7 years, son of M. Slattery, general clerk, 7th Street, St. Louis. 10—Mary Jane, age 2 years, and Thomas, age 9 months, children of J. J. Burns, rate clerk, 7th Street, St. Louis. 11—Katherine Jane, age 16 months, daughter of Maurice Slattery, general clerk, 7th Street, St. Louis. 12—Jack Verner, age 1 year, son of General Yardmaster W. A. Drago, Birmingham, Ala. 13—Kennety, age 6 years, Cloeva, age 3 years, Harold, age 6 years, and Betty Jean, age 8 months, children of W. Reynolds, Creighton, Mo. 14—Daisilena Pust, age 5 months, granddaughter of J. G. Bushno, engineer, Thayer, Mo.



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Flashes of Merriment

More Appropriate

"In your sermon you spoke of a baby as a new wave on the ocean of life," remarked Mr. Younghusband.

"Quite so," replied the clergyman. "A poetical figure of speech."

"Don't you think," suggested the worried member of his flock, "that a fresh squall would hit the mark better?"

A Running Walk

"Can you tell me how far it is to the railway station?"

"Yes, sir. It's about a twenty-minute walk, if you run."

No Chicken

"What make is that car of yours?"

"Just an old hen."

"Chevrolet?"

"No."

Caught!

"You were making forty-five. I'll have to pinch you—"

(Lady Motorist): "Oh, if you must, please do it where it won't show!"

Shy

He-ums: "I've half a mind to kiss you."

She-ums: "What happened to the other half?"

Properly Dressed

"Have you ever hunted bear?"

"No, I usually wear a regular hunting costume."

Changed

Watchmaker: "The last time you brought your watch in for repair, it had a handsome gold case, hadn't it?"

Client: "Yes, but circumstances alter cases sometimes."

Unnecessary

Tourist: "Brother—we've climbed to the top of this mountain to see the view and we've forgotten the glasses."

Scottish Guide: "Och! Never mind, there's nobody about. We can just drink out o' the bottle."

Kept Track

"James, have you whispered today without permission?"

"Only wunst."

"Leroy, should James have said 'wunst'?"

"No'm, he should have said 'twict'."

Help Yo'self!

Sambo had remarked on the beauty of the moon and the general weather conditions, but in the matter of winning Mandy's affections, he had failed—so he thought. He had pleaded timidly for a kiss, but had been as timidly rebuked. Finally he changed his tactics.

"Mandy, kin I buy a kiss?"

"Piggly, wiggly," said Mandy.

"What you-all mean, piggly wiggly," he said.

"He'p yo'self!" was Mandy's reply.

Struck It Rich

"Here's something queer," said the dentist. "You say this tooth has never been worked on before, yet I find small flakes of gold on my instrument."

"I think you have struck my back collar button," moaned the victim.

Suggestion

"You are a peach."

The maiden hung her head.

"I'd rather be a pair," she answered.

The invitation cards are now out.

True

He: "A cat has nine lives."

She: "Yes, but a frog croaks every night."

A Woman's Joke!

"Honestly, do you women like egotistical men as well as the other kind?"

"What other kind?"

Convalescing

A negro called at the hospital and said: "I called to see how mah fren' Joe Brown was gettin' along."

The nurse said: "Why, he's getting along fine; he's convalescing now."

"Well," said the darkey. "I'll just sit down and wait till he's through."

Advertising—Minus!

She had urged him to study the correspondence course at home and he had—just like the advertisements say. At last his salary was raised fifty dollars a month, also like the advertisements say.

"Nell," he cried, "I owe it all to you!"

"Well, dear," she answered, "you won't after pay day."

Which was the point the ad failed to mention.

Puzzled

Ole Olsen, trackwalker, was testifying after a head-on collision.

"You say," thundered the attorney, at ten that night you were walking up toward Seven-Mile crossing and saw No. 8 coming down the track at sixty miles an hour?"

"Yah," said Ole.

"And when you looked behind you, you saw No. 5 coming up the track at sixty miles an hour?"

"Yah," said Ole.

"Well, what did you do then?"

"Aye got off track."

"Well, but, then what did you do?"

"Vell, aye said to myself, 'Dis bane h— of a way to run a railroad.'"

Sure Thing

Dad: "Is there anything worse than to be old and bent?"

Son: "Yes, to be young and broke."

A Little Late

A young gentlemen, all a-flutter over the prospect of attending a party in a nearby city, rushed breathlessly into the railroad station at Bangs Center.

"When does the first train leave for Galesburg," he asked of the white-haired station agent who was perched on a truck in the baggage room.

"Son," replied the agent, "the first train left for Galesburg in 1861."

For Patience

Salesman, wiping the perspiration from his brow: "I'm afraid madam, we've shown you all our stock of linoleum, but we could get more from our factory."

Customer: "Well, perhaps you had better. You see I want something of a neater pattern and quite small—just a little square for my birdcage."—(Good Hardware)

A Test in Colors

Conductor: "Are you color blind?"

Student Brakeman: "No."

Conductor: "Well then, take this blue pencil up to that red board and tell that green operator to put his John Henry White on this yellow train order."

Not Shy About It

Visitor: "I suppose they ask a lot for the rent of this apartment?"

Hostess: "Yes, they asked George seven times last week."