

Christmas Menus

A PLAIN MEAL.

Celery Soup.
Roast Pork, Tenderloin.
Apple Sauce.
Turnips in Cream Sauce.
Mashed Potatoes.
Celery and Nut Salad.
Frogan Eggnog.
Coffee.

A DELICIOUS DINNER.

Blue Points on Half Shell.
Celery, Olives.
Roast Turkey with Oyster Dressing.
Giblet Gravy. Cranberry Jelly.
Candied Yams. Mashed Potatoes.
Pickled Peas and Peaches.
Malaga Salad.
Plum Pudding with Brandy Sauce.
Ice Cream. Cakes.
Nuts and Raisins.
Coffee.

A ROAST GOOSE SPREAD.

Soup. Bread Sticks.
Olives. Celery Salted Peanuts.
Roast Goose. Potato Stuffing. Apple Sauce.
Glazed Sweet Potatoes. Lima Beans in Sauce.
Chicken Croquettes. French Green Peas.
Lettuce. Cheese Straws.
Plum Pudding.
Glace Meringue. Bonbons.
Nuts. Raisins. Fruits.
Cocktails. Cheese. Cafe Noir.

TEMPTING VIANDS.

Blue Points.
Cream of Chicken.
Bouillabaisse.
Julienne Potato.
Ris Croquettes with Curry.
Roast Duckling.
Mashed Browned Potatoes.
Stewed Tomatoes.
Mince Pie. Biscuits Tortoni.
Rouletted Chicken and Crackers.
Coffee.

THE HOLIDAY PARTY.

A Few Suggestions For Entertaining Yuletide Evenings.

In cities balloons are almost always obtainable, so get bright red ones and try this novel scheme for a children's party. Surround the cake with tiny candlesticks or candelabra holding red tapers and sprinkle the cloth with holly sprays and diamond dust (Christmas snow).

From the back of each chair tie a red ribbon on the end, floating gayly in the air a red balloon. Here is the way to give the favors (red snapping motto caps): Tie one to the end of the string of a red balloon and let it go away up to the ceiling.
If the snapper is not heavy enough weight it with a chocolate cigarette or one of the many hard, all chocolate shapes that children love. Then let each little guest catch a balloon and bring it down to earth. To make more fun each balloon may have a card attached bearing the name of a child, and each must find his own.

THE TREE.

You don't dig it up.
You don't hew it down.
You don't roam the forest.
You simply go forth and buy it.
And that's an easy matter nowadays.

There's only one thing needful, and that's cash.
The tree may be purchased presciently of one's grocer. More venturesome souls trolley or motor to some freight yard, choosing from original packages.
Yet others literally "shop" for them and when at last their choice is made bear them off in their motors or on their backs or engage an expressman.—Philadelphia Record.

Their Christmas Presents.

I.
Little Penelope Scroggles.
"A Boston maid of four,
Who opened her eyes on Christmas morn
And looked the landscape o'er,
"What let's infatuate my bas de bleu?"
She asked, with dignity,
"The Ibsen in the original
Oh, joy beyond degree!"

II.
Miss May Cadwallader Rittenhouse
Of Philadelphia town
Awoke as much as they ever do there
And watched the snow come down
Well, I'm glad that Christmas has come
again.
You might have heard her say
For my family's one year older now
Than it was last Christmas day."

III.
It was Christmas in giddy Gotham,
And Miss Irene de Jones
Awoke at noon and yawned and yawned
And stretched her languid bones.
Well, I'm sorry that it's Christmas.
Papa at home will stay,
For 'change is closed, and he won't make
A strangle cent all day."

IV.
Oh, windily dawned the Christmas
In the city by the lake!
And Miss Arabel Whist Breezy
Was instantly awake.
"Ah, what's that in my stocking?
Well, in two sixes I'll know"
And she drew forth a grand piano
From away down in the toe.
—Boston Courier.

CHRISTMAS IN BENTON'S DAY

Jessie Benton Fremont's Description of a Celebration of Long Ago.

The Christmas of eighty years ago was once described by Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, wife of General John C. Fremont and daughter of Thomas H. Benton. The time was that of President Jackson's administration, and the scene was Mrs. Benton's ancestral home, near Staunton, Va.

Grouped about the roaring log fire are Mrs. Benton's father and mother, herself and her two little girls, of whom Jessie was one. The mother is reading to the grandfather, and a black servant, "Uncle Ralph," is hovering about and replenishing the fire. The children were not to make a sound, for it would disturb grandfather. And now we will let the future Mrs. Fremont tell her own story:

"Imagine, then, the strong impression made on me by the upset of all this ordered calm. Noises came from the front door, noises of horses and of people, cheerful, vigorous noises of snow stamped-off, laughing and the thump of baggage.

"And our mother was actually running into the hall, while my grandfather, not minding the noise, but looking all pleased, was standing up and holding out his hands to the big man in the snowed-on-clothes! For it was our father, our dear, loving father, who had come to us for Christmas and brought a big trunk full of Christmas gifts for everybody.

"I can see it all so well.
"The opening of that trunk took place in the warm rooms that my grandfather, too, might see. We liberated traps, laughed and noised all we wanted without rebuke over our two big wax dolls—'London dolls'—and there was a London cloak for my mother, of black silk lined with fur.

"But the feature of the presents to us after our dolls was the oranges my father had brought, carefully wrapped and packed warmly in the trunk for our sick grandfather.
"A while that is very close to tears rises as I remember our gathering in admiring silence about those oranges. I can see my mother's beautiful head as she carefully peeled and divided one into slim little sections, when we all solemnly took each one bit, the peel carefully saved to flavor things."
"This is what I see yet. But new feelings stirred in me even then and grew and went on growing as I learned later all that sudden, brief visit through the stormy winter weather meant."

Christmas Treasures.

I count my treasures o'er with care—
A little toy that baby knew,
A little sock of faded hue,
A little lock of golden hair
Long years ago this Christmas time
My little one—my all to me—
Sat robed in white upon my knee
And heard the merry Christmas chime.

"Tell me, my little golden head,
If Santa Claus should come tonight,
What shall he bring my baby bright,
What treasure for my boy?" I said
And then he named the little toy,
While in his round and truthful eyes
There came a look of glad surprise.
That spoke his trustful child's joy:
And as he slipped his evening prayer,
He asked the boon with baby grace,
And, toddling to the chimney place,
He hung his little stocking there.
That night as lengthening shadows crept
I saw the white-winged angel come
With music to our humble home
And kiss my darling as he slept.

He must have heard that baby pray,
For in the morn, with glowing face,
He toddled to the chimney place
And found the little treasure there.
They came again one Christmas tide,
That angel bust so fat and white,
And, singing all the Christmas night,
They lured my darling from my side
A little sock a little toy,
A little lock of golden hair
The Christmas music on the air
A-watching for my baby boy
But if again that angel train
And golden head come back for me
To hear me to eternity,
My watching will not be in vain.
—Eugene Field.

Economy.

"Write me a check, Alfred, to buy Christmas presents with."
"Make it as small as you can this time, dear! How much must you have to buy presents for the children, your mother, the maid and the rest?"
"Here is the list I can't get along with less than \$75."
"Nonsense! Well, at least leave out the present for me! Figure it again—I don't want anything."
(A long pause, during which the wife makes a new computation.)
"Well, Alfred, it's now \$74.25!"—Eugene Field.

Christmas Compassion.

Christmas is the one day of the year when we remember the failures, the men and women who have fallen short of the mark, the human derelicts. In the fierce commercial race we crowd these to the wall without thought and without compunction for 364 days of the year, but through the Salvation Army and other charitable agencies give them sole on the three hundred and sixty-fifth. Well, it is good that we catch even that much of the Christ spirit for one brief day.

Undertaking Too Much.

"Do not go into Christmas so hard there is no hope of getting through. Curd your notions. Better give your friend a small centerpiece this year than intend to give her a dozen plate and tumbler dollies which may reach her in 1915. Where there is a large list Christmas giving should be simple."

The Brute.

"Mrs. Crawford—Wake up, dear! I'm sure there's a burglar downstairs."
Crawford—I hope there is. Perhaps he'll take those useless Christmas presents your friends sent you!

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

Great Skill Shown by the Coburg Glassblowers.

From Coburg, Germany, a little railway only twenty-five miles long leads into the heart of the Thuringian forest ranges, terminating at Lauscha, where Christmas ornaments are made. Nearly every house and hut is the home of a glassblower, and the smallest child that can use its hands understandingly has some part in the work.

The blowers make all their work from glass tubes of varied diameter and thickness, which are cut to convenient lengths by scratching them with a file and breaking them at the cleavage. A burner consisting of two, four or more flames issuing from tiny gas jets converges its fire upon a metal plate, which usually supports a piece of dry wood or charcoal whose slow but fierce combustion under the blue flame of the blowpipes rapidly melts the hardest glass. Driving the bellows which supplies air to his blowpipes with his feet, the operator turns out with deft-swiftness both star-pendants and larger ornaments of almost every conceivable shape and size.

His good wife is perhaps injecting a spray of gliding or silvery solution into a great basketful of the tiny balls, used to festoon windows and Christmas trees, or, perhaps, with greater skill is coloring with deft fingers the interior of a larger ornament.

The eldest boy may himself be a skilled operator and perhaps excels his father in creating miniature reindeer, with great spreading antlers, spritied horses, counting hounds, fragile ships and balloons and, most wonderful of all, roses, carnations, tulips and other flowers, each of whose parts is made of colored glass of the proper color and fused in place with a delicacy of touch that far exceeds ordinary painting.

So light and fragile are these goods that they are packed in cotton and cartons divided into compartments and to a very great extent are shipped away from Lauscha by parcel express. So generally is this done between the middle of November and Christmas week that the postoffice forges and a number of mail cars are furnished to meet the demand for parcel transportation.—National Magazine.

CHRISTMAS WREATHS.

Here's the prettiest.
The holly wreath leads.
Southern laurel is beautiful.
California pepper berries serve to adorn.
Scotch heather is one of the pretty wreath materials.
Red immortelles will at least never bluish unseen.
Lycopodium is often used with very good effect for wreaths.
But, after all, holly is first favorite, with its lovely bright red berries.
The ray bow of holy red and white ribbon is the usual finish, though it should not be used with berries of the California pepper tree.—Philadelphia Record.

CHRISTMAS POSTALS BURNED.

Dead Letter Office Destroyed 178,000 Last Year.

The dead letter office in Washington last year destroyed 178,000 picture postcards. The majority of them carried Christmas greetings and were held as unmailable because either the postage was not prepaid or the cards bore mica or tinseled ornaments and were mailed in unsealed envelopes.
The transmission of cards with mica or tinseled decorations is forbidden by the postal regulations because in the past the eyes of employees were injured by handling them.

The Christmas Present.

A plague on him who scorns duty
The custom overdone,
For every Christmas gift contains
All presents rolled in one
It takes the faith in things unseen
Most wonderful to think,
In ravelled journeys o'er roofs
While stars look down to wink.
It takes the hope which ever springs
In high and lowly found,
The optimism and the trust
That make the world go round.
And, last, it calls for charity
The present to enhance.
But if from yours or give
Depends on circumstance
—McLanburgh Wilson in New York Sun.

Christmas Flowers.

Flowers always make a lovely gift and will keep fresh several days. In the following precautions are taken:
Dig the ends of the stems in melted paraffin wax and carefully wrap the flowers with sheets of cotton. Line the box with waxed paper, being careful to leave plenty to fold over the flowers.
Place them in the box, cover over with the paper, wrap with several thicknesses of brown paper, and they are ready to express.

Thought-In-Giving.

Do not spend more than you can afford on Christmas tokens. Nothing justifies it. Friends who know your circumstances will worry if they do not criticize you for false pride or love of display. If you put thought into your giving it will save you pennies.

Packing the Present.

Tissue paper, excelsior or finely cut paper will prove the best material to fill in all space, making it impossible for the Christmas gift to be broken.

Frank J. Stupp, 92 Franklin Street

What Shall I Give for Christmas? Read The Answer Here

Catholic Books
Prayer Books
Gold Chain Rosaries
Silver Chain Rosaries
Statues
Standing Crucifixes
Hanging Crucifixes
Candlesticks
Candles
Scapulars
Book Marks
Tapers for Votive Lamps
Oil for Votive Lamps

Scapular Medals
Holy Water Fountains
Framed Pictures
Unframed Pictures
Gold Crosses
Sick Call Outfits
Christmas Cribs
Calendars
Post Cards
Rosary Cases
Votive Lamps
Neck Chains
Bobaches

FRANK J. STUPP,

New Location

92 Franklin Street

Near St. Joseph's Church

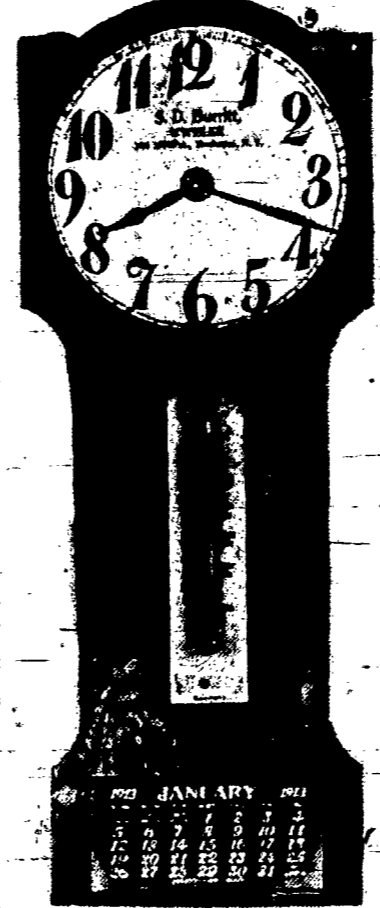
"At the Sign of the Big Watch," 104 State Street—it's Burritt's

Your Christmas Present from Burritt

Buy your Christmas presents for your friends at Burritt's. The wonderful variety of articles, and range of prices, and value for price, are reason enough for continuing your buying here. Then, Burritt has a Christmas present for you, if you make a purchase of \$3. or better.

Your Present

We will give, free, to every person making a purchase of \$3. or over this Black out finished combined Calendar and Thermometer pictured below. Ask for it.



HEADQUARTERS



"THE BARGAIN" consists, not in what you pay, but what you get for what you pay. A Burritt watch, of whatever make, is guaranteed a reliable and accurate timekeeper, and is a "bargain" at the price.

Waltham Colonial Movements (the thin watches) are the latest word in watch construction, and are made in five grades, to satisfy every person's wish.

"Reversible" watches, with 21 diamond and ruby jewels, and case, hand-painted dial, of the most modern and artistic design, as satisfactory and accurate watch as can be bought, at any price. \$150 to \$100.

"Reversible" adjusted to temperature, and its position, 19-ruby jewels, in hunting or open-face case, finished, polished, or engine turned, selected and carefully made at our factory. \$75 to \$50.

"Royal" movement, has 17 jewels, as many jewels as most of the best movements on the market. Each movement is thoroughly tested before and after it is cased, at the factory. \$37.50 to \$25.

"No. 1438" and "No. 1498," with 17 and 15 jewels, respectively, are the cheapest of these high-grade watches. Some styles have 25-year filed cases, to save, cover everything but the essentially fine movement. \$25 to \$15.

Come in and examine these Colonial, "De Luxe" thin watches. There are other watches of all sizes, styles, makes, and prices, and of unusual value. Talking of "thin" watches, the "Midget" is one of the neatest, daintiest little watches for a girl, or for the nurse, to whom minutes and seconds are important, but who does not want a costly, delicate timekeeper. It ticks half a metal, or gold-filled case. Daily \$2.50.

No hoisting of early prices, at Burritt's, to permit of later discounts. Our prices to-day will be cut prices December 31st. If we should lower any price, we will refund the discount on any present you may buy. It's perfectly safe to make early purchases, at Burritt's. Open evenings until Christmas.

At the Sign of The Big Watch

S. D. Burritt

Get off Main St. It Always Pays