VOLUME 26, NUMBER 38 — BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS, DECEMBER 15, 1910 — $1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

The Christmas Carol

He neither shall be born
In house nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox's stall,' etc.

This is in the same spirit as our familiar:

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around
'Fear not,' said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind);
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.'"

And who would forget the swing of melody, and the charity taught in

"Good King Wenceslaus looked forth
On the feast of Stephen,
He saw the beggar gathering fuel
In the snow that lay 'round about,"

and calls to his servants to bring him robes and wine and to fetch the poor man in from the cold,

"In the rural districts the nature festival lived long after the church had taken the feast. There were remains of tree worship and sacrifice to Pomona in Cornwall as late as 150 years ago. The peasants used to go into the orchards on Christmas day with pitchers of cider and toasted apples. The health of the trees was drunk to song, and libations poured into the roots. In various sections of northern Europe it is the custom to decorate trees out of doors. The fir tree as evergreens, and fruit trees for their promise, were crowned with long streamers of ribbon or paper.

The Christmas tree finds its ancestor in the German ash Yggdrasil, a great tree whose top reached to Walhalla, the home of the gods, and whose roots were fast in the earth.

The Germans have a tree of carols, but nearly all are of a religious nature.

"O, Tannenbaum! Oh, Tannenbaum," or the song of the fir tree at Christmas time, "has become world wide. Who could count the house holds that gather around the tapers lighted and the tree loaded with gifts to sing this in unison:

In the English household the song is:

"Gather around the Christmas tree
Ever green has its branches been
It is king of all the woodland scene."

Or it may be:

"Carol, brothers, carol,
Carol joyfully,
Carol for the coming of Christ's nativity."

The good old custom of singing from house to house on Christmas eve has crept across the water from England to America. It was a part of the program of the season to learn these songs and sing them in turn, going from house to house across the snow and singing before the doors. The neighbors knew they were coming, preparing cakes and warm drinks and sometimes gifts of money. Whoever has heard 'God rest ye, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay' sung heartily in the frosty air has a thrill and an experience that returns to him every Christmas after.

And every Christmas morn is a sweet song, in the words of Longfellow:

'Shout the glad tidings exultingly sing
But we must not think that England or Germany sing all the carols that France had a quaint literature of its own. Here is one of Nowell, or Noel, the French word for joy:

'Nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell.
This is the salutation of the angel Gabriel.
Tydings true that he com sou sent
From the trynyte.
He gabryel is hyght that doth tyd of gaille.
A clene maydyn and pure virgin
Thorow hir humbleyte
Hath conceyyht the person second in dete.
Pere God comen down the chimney
and gives gifts just as Father Christmas does across the channel, and the little French children sing:

'Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel, ringeth clear,
Holpen are all folk on earth
Born is God's son so dear."

J. M. McCALLEY.

Keeping Christmas Joy

Christmas is a day of joy, but joy should not be allowed to die out of our lives next morning. It should stay with us the ever after. Nothing adds the Christmas songs all the new year. We should carry the gladdest note of our hearts continually hereafter. We should learn from this time to find the beauty and the good will in all things, and to show the world that we believe what we say we believe—that since God loves us, and Jesus Christ is our friend, "all's well with the world." They who receive and tell of God's unspeakable gift of Christ as a Redeemer may carry the gladdest note of Christmas around with them all the year in their hearts.

Importance of Water.

With the thought in mind that water is to far the chief element entering into the composition of a egg, is it not wonder that the water supply for the poultry should receive the most careful attention, first, last and all the time? In fact, water composes such a very large per cent. of all poultry, live stock and dairy products, that no intelligent farmer can afford to overlook the subject matter. Not only is its cleanliness, freshness and purity every day in the year; every hour in the day, of vital importance.

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

"And then Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not least among the princes of Juda."—Matthew 11, 1.

"O, little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie!"
The song brings back the silent peace of Christmases gone by.
Bringing the hushed mystery, and sets the heart a-thrill
With fancies of the snow-draped firs that nodded on the hill.
With memories of ruddy lights that night would find aglow
Which from the cottage windows flung their banners on the snow.

"Above thy deep and dreamless sleep the silent stars go by"
The stars above the little town were very far and high,
They marched triumphantly from lands whereof a boy might dream
To other lands that beckoned him, with dawn's enchanting gleam.
But under all the silent stars that marched from east to west
The little town the little town—contented was at rest.

"Yet in thy dark streets shineth the everlasting light"
The mellow blaze of memory still leaps somewhere bright
And through its wondrous necromance the years have been it charm.
All pink and white are radiant with snowy apple blossoms
Whose petals, when the winter winds the branches sway and fall,
Float dreamily away, away, to pile in drifts on garden walls.

"The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee tonight"
Are met in every little town seen in the Christmas light.
For none of us is that muses now, when this old song is sung,
Of all the little boys that were his when head and heart were young.
And, rainser-like, he counts his store of treasures, for of them
The little town of Christmas time his "town of Bethlehem."

Copyright, 1910, by W. D. Nesbit.

The Way to Bring the "Star" to Someone

When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

For now in hands that reach to the arctic snows and now in the wind beaten ships on remote seas, for men in tropic jungles and men in forgotten wastes, this day is Christmas. We have spent the day in the friendly security of cities and draw about us the hearth fires, families and daily friendships are apt to forget the wonder of this, and the significance of this day. We realize it or not, men draw together during these hours, and it is fit to follow the star the wise men saw over Bethlehem.

Christmas for most of us is given to the closest of ties and the spirit of it is only a warmer and more intimate reflection. But the deepest and mightiest things are the nearest, and in the heart of this day is the hope of the race. Two thousand years ago there was one who spoke from a mountain His message was the brotherhood of all men. Another time he said "I am the way, the truth, and the life." To day men follow the way thereof, they do not know and obey the truth though they do not see, and live the life though they are unconscious of its pulse beat through the world. For the way is the way of the marching pilgrim painfully to its far end.

The life of the individual and the lives of nations are borne upon the bosom of a great tide. Wise men call it by different names, but to man lives effectually save in its full current. Whether we call it the life of religion, or of philosophy, or poetry, its law is but the divine platitude of the brotherhood of man.

Practical Egg Farming

raises poultry chiefly for the profit in the sale of eggs for commercial purposes. My stock is all single-comb white leghorns, and I have not tried any other breed since I left the Illinois Agricultural. I started four years ago by getting eggs from a man who had raised White Leghorns on a large scale for 27 years on the same farm. I started with four hundred machines, and now have eight and shall increase to ten next season. I have learned something about hen raising. I find that you cannot get your hen housed free from bugs, papers or other people, but must knock it out of your own experience.

Making Mulch of Litter.

Don't horrify us by any kind of coarse litter that accumulates around the feedyard, but save to mulch different plants in the garden. If some manure is mixed with the litter, so much the better. Such stuff will make spinach and cucumbers and many other plants bear more heavily and will save cultivation after they are well started.

Dr. Fordney's Christmas Gift by Belle Planiater

DOCTOR Fordney came out of the big department store, carrying a dozen or more parcels of packages in his ronabout, and then started to pay the last visit on his daily round. It was the afternoon before Christmas, but the young physician's heart was not filled with the proverbial holiday cheer. Good will he had toward all men—but not toward all women. The little streak of resentment lurked in his thoughts of June Leigh.

She had accepted his tender devotion with downcast eyes and an entrancing air of demureness and timidity combined. Then, suddenly, she had been transformed into the most bewildering of coquettes, openly flirting with a man the doctor detested.

At speed-limit rate, he drove his machine into the porcte of the poor precincts of the city and stopped before a forlorn-looking little house. He knocked and then opened the door. A pale, anxious-eyed woman came forward. He held up a cautioning finger and smiled as he deposited his load of toys in a corner.

"I see you have the wherewith for a Christmas dinner tomorrow," he said, glancing at a chicken on the table.

A young lady brought us a basket of good things from the Aid society," she replied, smiling happily as she preceded him into the adjoining room.

A delicate little face with wan eyes looked up from the pillow.

"You are better, little Lou," he asserted, taking the tiny hand in his. "It's the thought of Christmas."

Yes, and a lovely young lady brought us a basket of things and there's jelly and pie. She is coming again tomorrow to see if Santa Claus came. I don't think he will, though.

"You must have faith in him, and believe that he will come," assured the doctor. "You see he makes a mistake once in a while, but he wouldn't miss you twice. I feel sure that he will come."

"Oh, do you?" If I could only see him." Do you think he would care if I remained awake?" asked the pathetic little invalid.

The child's eyes glistened.

"No, she sighed. That would be too beautiful.

The doctor asked a few questions, left some more medicine and then beckoned the mother to follow him into the outer room.

"I will send a little tree and all the trappings as soon as I get back to the city. You have it all trimmed up and lighted at six o'clock. Then I'll come in and be Santa Claus.

"Oh, you mustn't do so much, exclaimed, looking at the many parcels.

"I have no one in the world to do anything for," he said earnestly, so you will be giving me all the Christmas cheer. I shall get by letting me do this. And, more than that, it will do little Lou more good than a dose of medicine."

He returned to the city for another

"I Couldn't Find You Last Year," Said Santa Claus.

shopping expedition and promptly at six o'clock he was back at the little home. On the door-step he slipped off his big fur coat, adjusted a beard and the usual Santa Claus make-up. Then he softly opened the door and slipped in. There was an approving glance at the gilly-decorated, brilliantly-lighted little tree to which Mrs. Hill was putting the last touches.

"That is fine!" he exclaimed.

"The doctor had more than repaid for his efforts by the cry of delight that issued from Lou when her mother brought her from the bed-room and propped her up in pillows in an old rocking chair.

"I couldn't find you last year," said Santa Claus in a gruff but tender voice. "But I have brought you enough this year to make up."

The tree was nearly stripped before Doctor Fordney discovered a tiny blue envelope near to the Santa Claus and a handwriting that made his heartbeats quicken. He opened it and by the light of a tiny candle read that which made his Christmas eve an era of beauty.

"And this is the last, little Lou," he said, carrying her back to her cot.

"Santa Claus, you won't forget Miss Lelia, the young lady who brought us the Christmas dinner?" she pleaded.

"Little Lou, I am going there right now to see that she has everything she wants."

"Do you won't forget Doctor Fordney?"

"No, I'll give him the best medicine he ever had."

"But, Santa Claus, won't some one give a present to you?"

"A beautiful lady is going to give me a beautiful present. It is the whole world tonight," he said.

"Oh, I am so glad! I wish I could do something for her, too. I'm so happy things you have brought me."

"Little Lou, you must be half an hour will you go to bed and shut your eyes tight and try not to think of the presents on the tree or Santa Claus until morning."

The attempt to receive the imprint of baby lips and to feel the lingering pressure of baby fingers about his neck.

(Copyright, 1910.)

OLD STORIES OF CHRISTMAS

Some Have Interest, Freshness and Beauty Which Time Will Never Always Now.

There are some so-called "old stories" that are really not old, but have an interest, a freshness and a beauty that keep them always new. Of such is the story of Christmas and all the legends and tales that belong to the great festival.

There is a legend in Germany that when the Christ Child was born apple the leaves of the tree immediately shrivelled into needle points and its bright green turned to a dull brown. Ever of the tree changed and it became an evergreen. The legend symbolizing the story of man's fall through that apple and his redemption through the Christmas dove it bloom brightly with lights and become beautiful with love and joy. The legend of the tree is blessing by the coming of the Christ Child and the joy of the Christmas time.

The visits of St. Nicholas to the homes of the people on Christmas eve as an annual custom grew out of a legend of the saint and his heavenly goddess. At this festival the house is decorated with evergreens and an altar of stone was set up at the end of the room. Upon the altar was blessed Holy Hertha's stone—we get our word heartbreaker. On the stones was set an image of Holy Hertha, which were set afire and through the smoke and flame Holy Hertha appeared to descend and influence the direction of the fire, and from the ashes predicted the fortunes of those present.

EAT DRINK AND BE MERRY

Throw Forebodings to the Winds and Let Christmas Season Be One of Joy.

Let joy reign! Let care go to the dogs. Throw forebodings to the winds. Let Christmas be one of joy. Let the young folks enjoy it to the limit. Let the old folks stop their croaking about rheumatism for that day at least, and remember the time when they were young and could dance with the merriest.

And let the little children be filled, and let us all hear with equanimity the Tommy Tucker's trumpets, and the tooting on mouth organs, and the drumming on anyone's hallowed home, which we now refer to as fellow's boys can be born but once, and what is a boy if he cannot make a noise?

And so the years go on, and one Christmas follows another, and we eat and drink and are merry, we greet our friends, and we part with them, and our lives march along and through faith in the sacrifice which Christmas commemorates we look forward to a more perfect Christmas when the meek and lowly shall gather in the Father's house.