

## From the Women's Angle

By Marjorie Elaine Porter

There is nothing in the world quite as much fun as "getting a box" at Christmas time. The thrill of that wonderful moment when the parcel post truck delivers a large and mysterious box a week or so before Christmas is never to be forgotten! If there are children in the family, pandemonium breaks loose. They jump up and down, dance madly around the box, shake it to see if anything rattles, they surround it and take possession until Mother begins to wonder whether the box and contents will survive until Christmas.

As other packages arrive, one by one, the excitement increases and the suspense becomes unbearable. Mother is hounded by the urgent appeal to take off the outside wrappings, and finally relents. There is another burst of activity as they tackle the big box first. Somebody gets the shears to cut the string, and everybody else helps Mother take off the wrappings. Even the dog noses in to investigate for himself, and find out what all the fuss is about.

Miss Porter

One by one, Mother takes from the Yuletide treasure chest, gaily bedecked packages. They are works of art, wrapped in tissue of many white, studded with seals of silver and gold, and tied with the brightest of ribbons. Some packages are wrapped in green tissue, and on top of it tied a sprig of the fir-tree with a lovely dark brown cone.

The children's gifts are wrapped in red, and to each is fastened a small fat angel, bearing a tiny red candle. More gifts and more—there seems to be no bottom to the box. The children are wild with glee. The packages present a tempting array. The cord table is set up and the parcels are arranged upon it by small but eager hands. Mother sits watching.

"When I look at all those beautiful packages, children," she says, it makes me happy to think that as much love and thought went in to the wrapping and tying of those gifts, as in selecting them.

"They look so pretty!" exclaims Little Girl, "I wish we could just leave them that way!"

"Are they don't!" her brother objects.

Little Girl stands by the table, fingering the packages and thinking things out. "Mother," she exclaims with eyes shining, "I love Christmas!"

By Barbara Kraus

Christmastide's traditional flower, the bright Poinsettia, had its origin in Mexico according to a beautiful old legend. One Christmas eve long ago, a poor peasant girl looked around her bare hut and wept. She was not hungry. Each day her mother gave her plenty of good food to eat. She was not cold. As she needed them, her mistress gave her dresses to clothe her slender body. She was not unhappy because she, unlike all her friends, Miranda, the lace maker, was her friend, Dominic, the cobbler, and Helena, his wife, were her friends too.

The peasant girl was unhappy because she, unlike all her friends, had no gift to lay at the crib of the Christ Child at midnight. They had worked for many days on a beautiful basket, Miranda had woven a bit of extra fine lace, and Dominic had made small perfectly made leather shoes to lay beside the little crib at the village church. The peasant girl did not know how to make anything with her hands, and she had no money to buy even one small taper to burn in honor of the holy Child.

It was time to go to the village church, and the peasant girl sadly shut the door of her tiny hut and walked down the road toward the church.

"I walk very slowly," she said to herself, "I will arrive after all the others have given their presents, and just in time to stand in the back of the church where no one will see me. As soon as the Mass is over, I can slip out and no one will notice that I have not given the Child a gift."

But the peasant girl walked more quickly than she realized in the dark night air. Hearing the sounds of laughing voices, her first thought was to hide so that the merry party might pass by without noticing her. She hurried on just ahead of the group until her keen eyes spotted a shining in the distance. The mother who stood by the roadside. Quickly she knelt in the underbrush, grooving about the base of the little structure, and contemplated herself in the shining mirror. Miranda, Dominic, and Helena, and their friends, passed by. In the clear moonlight she could see that they were all laden with gifts to lay beside the crib.

"O, holy Mary," she prayed, as the tears once more came to her eyes, "blessed Mother, please give me a gift to take to the Child tonight." Finally her wish was really to continue to the village, when she looked about her in amazement. In her sorrow, her tears had fallen unheeded upon the weeds among which she was kneeling, and a tiny white flower had grown. It was covered with bright red flowers which had large pointed petals. They were the most beautiful things she had ever seen. "O, thank you, dear Mother," she cried aloud as she gathered a huge armful of the gay flowers and hurried down the road to join her friends.

By Carol Dweilley

Every family should develop traditional customs that spell "Christmas." They don't need to be expensive or extensive practices, but as promoters of a cheerful, frank, sentimental, treasured, memories for which you wouldn't trade a million dollars. Christmas traditions can't be beaten. That familiar breathless excitement which grips almost everyone at this time makes it easy to be hilariously entertaining on Christmas Eve. What better place to shine than before the family, members of which are sure to be kindly disposed towards your efforts, especially if they haven't seen much of you lately. And everyone can play an active part in the festivities.

Perhaps, while the men are stringing outdoor Christmas lights, the women might trim the tree, inside. Even the baby can toss artificial snow on the tree, if you would like to see a creech in one corner of the living room.

When all the pleasant tasks are done, relax. Trust to Christmas, and the spirit it brings. For a moment, drink a toast to Christmas, and the spirit it brings. For a moment, drink a toast to Christmas, and the spirit it brings. For a moment, drink a toast to Christmas, and the spirit it brings.

Charles Dickens paid perfect tribute to these rare moments when he wrote: "A Christmas family party! We know nothing in nature more delightful. There seems a magic in the very name of Christmas. Petty jealousies are forgotten; social feelings are awakened in bosoms to which they had been strangers; father and son, or brother and sister who have met and passed with averted gaze, or a look of cold recognition for months before, proffer and return the cordial embrace and bury their past animosities in their present happiness. Kindly hearts that have yearned towards each other but have been withheld by false notions of pride and self-righteousness are again reunited, and all is kindness and benevolence."

By Nellie Hurley Minifie

Parents spend a great deal of time and energy studying child psychology and applying the current rule and formula to the growing child only to completely forget about it when the child begins to assume the proportions of an adolescent.

There is nothing more important to a young person than a happy, well balanced home and that all young people do not have such proportions that many homes could accurately be catalogued under the classification "The Great American Tragedy."

Home should mean more to a young person than a place to hang his hat, but until parents are willing to put a little more time and effort into their job of providing a hospitable atmosphere for their children they should not be embarrassed if Father feels that he needs an introduction to the young man whom he once thought his son.

It is time to take stock of yourself and to appraise your short-comings if the young gentleman in your household would rather spend the afternoon in the neighborhood theatre than at home. It is time to turn over a new leaf in this Comedy of Errors if you should ever find yourself saying, "Joey is the quiet type. He never brings his friends home." Perhaps Joey isn't the quiet type and probably he feels that he has justifiable reasons for not bringing the "gang" to his house.

The responsibility lies with the elders. It is their duty to see that their children have the advantages of a home that is more than a place to sleep and eat. It is their duty to see that they are exactly what you make it, but until that time when parents are willing to sacrifice in order to make it a place of cheer and happiness the young people are in for a decidedly dismal time.

## Church News

First Baptist Church

Woods at State St.  
Rev. Joseph O. Nelson, Pastor  
9:45—Hour of Meditation and Prayer for Officers and Teachers of the Church School.  
10:00—Church School. Classes for all ages. Bible Classes for Adults. Nursery for small children.  
11:00—Morning Worship. Christmas Music by the Church Choir. Anthem: "Bells" by Ruth Bowker. Sermon: "The Two Builders."  
11:45—Junior Church for children 4 to 12 years of age.  
8:30—R. Y. P. U. Meetings.  
10:00—Adoration Service to Christmas Presentation.

Christian Science Church

Church each Sunday at 10:30 a. m.  
Wednesday at 2 p. m.  
Sunday School, 10:30 a. m.

In the Universe, including Man, ruled by the Law of Love, will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon in all Christian Science churches throughout the world on Sunday, December 18.  
The Golden Text (Luke 10:12) is: "Heaven unto me O Jesus and Israel, say I am I am the Lord, and I will be the last. My hand hath laid the foundation of the earth, and my right hand hath compassed the heavens."  
And the subject of the Lesson is: "The Law of Love" (Rev. 4:11). "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power, for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created."

Consecutive passages to be read from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," are: "I am that I am," including the following: 1. 29:1. "God creates and governs the universe, including man, and the universe is filled with spiritual ideas which He evolves, and they are obedient to His Mind that makes them."

First Methodist Church

Minister, John Edward Martin, D. D.  
Organist, A. Shady, Organist.  
Director of Choir, Victor Ulrich.  
10:00—Morning Worship. Sermon: "The presentation of our Christmas Offering." (Rev. 10:11). "The Church School will present the program. At 11:45 in the forenoon, the Intermediate Church will present a subject play entitled 'A Stranger in Bethlehem.'"

At 6:30 in the evening, the Fourth League will present a play, "The Child of Bethlehem," by Scott. All are cordially invited to attend these services.

United Presbyterian Church

John H. Moore, Minister.  
Sunday Services:  
10:00—Church School. (10:30 a. m. to 11:30 a. m.)  
11:00—Morning Worship. Sermon: "The presentation of our Christmas Offering." (Rev. 10:11). "The Church School will present the program. At 11:45 in the forenoon, the Intermediate Church will present a subject play entitled 'A Stranger in Bethlehem.'"

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First Presbyterian Church

North Woodward at Euclid Street.  
Rev. W. G. Harris, Pastor.  
10:00—Morning Worship. Sermon: "The presentation of our Christmas Offering." (Rev. 10:11). "The Church School will present the program. At 11:45 in the forenoon, the Intermediate Church will present a subject play entitled 'A Stranger in Bethlehem.'"

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St. James Episcopal Church

Rev. Warner L. Forsyth, Rector.  
10:00—Morning Worship. Sermon: "The presentation of our Christmas Offering." (Rev. 10:11). "The Church School will present the program. At 11:45 in the forenoon, the Intermediate Church will present a subject play entitled 'A Stranger in Bethlehem.'"

At 6:30 in the evening, the Fourth League will present a play, "The Child of Bethlehem," by Scott. All are cordially invited to attend these services.

Holy Name Catholic Church

Harmer at Woodward.  
Rev. James W. Culligan, pastor.  
Sunday Masses at 7:30, 9:00 and 11 a. m. and 12:30.  
Daily Masses at 7 and 9:30 a. m.

Redemptor Lutheran Church  
Lincoln near Woodward.  
Rev. Theodore G. Wogatzke, Jr., pastor.  
Sunday School—9:30 a. m.  
Morning Worship—11:00 a. m.  
Bible Study for Young People, Boys and Adults every 2nd and 4th Thursday at 8 p. m.

Bible Study Club for children between the ages of 8 and 11 every Thursday at 4 p. m.

Christ Church Cranbrook

Rev. R. B. May, Rector.  
Rev. Robert W. Woodroffe, Jr., Minister.  
Holy Communion, 8 a. m., each Sunday, 11 a. m., first Sunday of each month.  
Morning Prayer and Sermon, 11 a. m., by the Rev. T. L. Harris.

Franklin Community Church  
Rev. Howell C. Gann, Pastor.  
Morning services, 10:30 a. m.  
Sunday School, 11:15 a. m.

St. Hope of the Hills Church  
Rev. Daniel T. Wholhan, pastor.  
Masses at 8, 10 and 11:45 a. m. and 12:30 p. m.

Trinity Presbyterian Church  
Limestone Road.  
Rev. John Beck, Minister.  
Mrs. Edna M. Lee, Organist and Director of Music.  
Sunday School, 10:30 a. m. Grade classes for all ages.  
Morning Worship, 11:00 a. m.

Embury Methodist Church  
Brentville Ave.  
Rev. Rudolph B. B. Pastor.  
Church School—10 a. m.  
Morning Worship—11:15 a. m.  
Fourth League every Sunday at 6:30 p. m. at the church.

HOMEOWNSERS, or RENTERS, who need something for the house or yard, may find plenty of such items by running a Classified Ad in The Eccentric. For little fee 25 cents, quick results are possible. Telephone 11 not later than Wednesday. (ad. 15-10)

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