

A ROMANTIC LOVER



The beggar maid had "so sweet a face, such angel grace," sang the poet in telling the story of King Copethua. The present has the story repeated thus: A German count of exalted rank takes for his wife a peasant washerwoman. The girl, contrary to the type of modern beauty, is as good and hard-working as she is fair. The man has been disinherited, has lost the \$1,000,000 a year that would have been his when he became reigning count. The name of our hero is Francis Erasmus Erbach.

Be it known that the family of Erbach is a "mediatized" family, the members enjoy equality of birth with all the royal families of Europe. Their rank has been held sacred by them, every male and female ancestor of the present count since back in the tenth century has been of noble birth. Mesalliances have occurred in the family history, but children of such unions have been debarred from the succession. Up to his eighteenth year the count who has just wedded a washerwoman, was kept in guarded seclusion, reared in full belief in the family greatness, had dined into his ear the duties incumbent upon him as eldest son of the reigning count. He knew what happened to an Erbach that married a woman of low degree. At the age mentioned, the heir was sent to complete his education at the University of Bonn, and here learned that there were others in the world besides the Erbachs, was given a wider outlook on life, doubtless lost some reverence for Erbach traditions. One day whilst at home on a vacation and out for a ride on the family estate, he came upon a beautiful young peasant girl. He found her as intelligent and honest as she was fair; he fell hopelessly in love, persisted in courtship. The girl's father thrashed him—not dreaming the young man, too, was honest; his father thrashed him; family and associates boycotted him. The love outlasted years, outlasted persecution; the other day Count Francis and Anna Schultz ran away to England and were married by ring and book.

HENRIK IBSEN



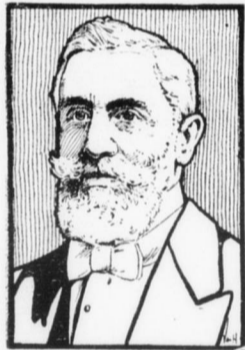
It is hard to believe the wonderful, unconquerable personality could be conquered even by mortal illness itself, that the invincible old Norwegian, after such bitter, strenuous, immensely successful struggles, must at last be laid low by the reaper. But let us not speak of death, let us speak of life and force.

Back in 1866 Ibsen said: "I will and shall have a victory some day." And when the victory came, a victory beyond his dreams, he was humbly "grateful to be understood." Ibsen is named one of the greatest literary men of the time, great poet and dramatist.

He was born at Skien, Norway, 77 years ago, of German stock on his mother's side, some Danish blood from his father. In his youth he was clerk to an apothecary for awhile, and later began the study of medicine at the University of Christiania. He wrote when not at his studies, and the success of one of his productions led him to give up medicine for the drama. Appointed stage manager at Bergen, presently he won renown in Scandinavia by his series of national dramas. Five years he served as director of the Norwegian theater at Christiania, but his management brought the theater to bankruptcy. After this failure he petitioned the strothing for the poet's pension, which was finally granted him. Embittered by the failure, by the political situation in 1864, he exiled himself from Norway, lived abroad ten years. In 1891 he returned to Christiania, that city became his home. In 1899 a bronze statue of Ibsen was placed before the National theater; on the occasion of his seventieth birthday he received presents and greetings from all over the world.

Ibsen's dramatic work at first was romantic, then historical, then we have the social satires, and the later psychological work. When the work "Ibsenism" is used, reference is made to the last phase.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT



President Loubet had repeatedly refused to be considered a candidate to succeed himself; it is obviously unnecessary to say that he had been repeatedly urged to succeed himself.

Sincere regret is voiced at his retirement, on the sudden death of his predecessor the national assembly elected him on the first ballot. As a president Loubet has not been exactly a Roosevelt, but France would scarcely know what to do with a Roosevelt. He has conquered hatred and prejudice, closes his presidency with dignity and prestige.

Some newspaper man remarks that his term is ending in a blaze of glory. "Sovereigns have honored him, and the position of France, thanks to the friendly understanding with England, the greatly improved relations with Italy and Spain, and the apparently undiminished financial strength of her thrifty population, is better than in a generation." Under his administration the republic has been strengthened, the monarchists seem to have disappeared.

A GREAT NEWSPAPER MAN



An authority on things Russian, Dr. Dillon's name has been signed to numerous recent newspaper and magazine articles of wide publicity. Dr. Dillon has lived in Russia 25 years, is married to a Russian lady, is a personal friend of many Russians of note. He is a man of rare ability and rare opportunities, eminently fitted for his high place in journalism.

Dr. Dillon is an Irishman—it would seem that nowadays to be markedly successful one must be either Jew or Irish. His education was begun in Dublin; he continued studies at various European universities. Dr. Dillon is a scholar of renown, as well as a journalist, a friend says he is by nature scholar and philosopher. And when we add that the scholar is a man of unusual physical courage, a bold adventurer, we surely have a picture of a most interesting personality.

Let us speak of Dr. Dillon as war correspondent, of his noteworthy work in this field. He visited China after the Boxer insurrection, which visited led to some plain speaking in regard to the conduct of the troops of the allies; and American and European was called upon to squirm. He was in France during the Dreyfus agitation. Disguised as a monk he worked his way into Crete with the insurgents, at no inconsiderable risk. He was in Spain before and during the Spanish-American war, saw Weyler and his work. The sultan refused permission for him to go to Armenia in 1895, but he entered the country in disguise, traveled about as a Cossack officer, a native woman, a Kurd chief—observed first-hand the atrocities, gave relief where he could, sent forth reports that stirred the world. In Armenia he was poisoned once, several times barely escaped with his life.

BELOVED MARK TWAIN



Mark Twain was 70 years old the last day of November—Thanksgiving day this year. And he gave us a Thanksgiving sermon in the true Twain fashion, the three-score-and-ten arrival has not dimmed the luster of his wit or weakened the sureness of his aim. He hits as straight from the shoulder as ever, and with as hard a blow.

Mark Twain's new book, "Editorial Wild Oats," tells the story of his early wanderings from printing office to printing office; a mind's eye we see him at the case in Hannibal, at Keokuk, Muscatine, St. Louis. And then comes "New York." But the great city does not hold the wanderer, back again west he travels to the river his name is to immortalize. He plays pilot till the breaking of the war; enters the confederate army, plays soldier for the short period of two weeks—in Twain fashion he explains the briefness of his service—he became overfatigued in constant treating. Next he becomes private secretary for his brother, newly appointed secretary of the territorial government of Nevada, the private secretary having "nothing to do and no salary." But the impressions gathered here are later to bring him fame. Whilst idling in the far west, he acts as correspondent for the New York Tribune and Alta California, picks up a precarious living by means of his journalistic work.

In 1859 "Innocent Abroad" is published, and presently there is no further need for newspaper pot-boilers, the book bringing author and publisher each a goodly fortune. Then come those other classics—"Roughing It," "Tom Sawyer," "Huck Finn"—everybody knows the list. Then comes the arduous round-the-world lecture trip to pay the debt of honor. Now is the unencumbered old age, Old age and Mark Twain! Banish the thought!

Leppy's Christmas Carol

By MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN



"God rest ye, merry gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay."

It was the voice of Leppy Sanders, errand boy for Hardman & Son, who was practicing a carol for the choirboys' Christmas festival at St. Luke's. Leppy had the sweetest of voices, the most restless of bodies, and the most freckled of faces. The first had won him a place in St. Luke's vested choir; the second had kept him from learning his carol until he was in danger of being discharged by the long-suffering choir master; and the third had won him the name of Leppy, which is the diminutive of "Leopard," and was given him by his friends because of the spots which he could not change—those enduring freckles.

As he opened the door of Hardman & Son's office, and sang, "God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen," the sense of humor which sometimes accompanies freckles brought a whimsical look to his face, for the idea of calling Hardman & Son "merry gentlemen" was distinctly incongruous.

Hardman was rubbing his eyes and saying to himself: "To be blind—blind! To be shut in darkness, and one's life work not half done. I shall never get the courage to see an oculist and hear that doom pronounced."

Son, at his desk, was looking fixedly out of the window, and saying to himself: "To be dishonored! To have gotten the firm's affairs into such a muddle that there's no clear way out unless I throw myself on father's mercy, and I shall never get the courage to tell him."

"Let nothing you dismay," sang Leppy, stumbling on, boy fashion, toward the rear office.

Hardman suddenly looked up, and with unusual interest in his voice, said:

"Come back here, Leppy. Can you sing the whole of that?"

"Do'n' know if I can, Mr. Hardman, but I'm tryin' to get it, 'cause if I don't have it straight by to-night, I'll be discharged from the choir. It's the last rehearsal, you see. I don't want to get bounced, because I get a quarter a week, and that helps out."

"Well, I'll give you a quarter now, if you'll sing it through for me. I used to sing that thing myself when I was a kid, and—"

Hardman had stopped speaking, and seemed to have forgotten all about Leppy, who hardly knew what to do, until Son nodded to him, and said, kindly:

"Sing it, Lep, if you can."

Then Leppy began, and—marvel of marvels—he sang it perfectly from beginning to end. What would the choir-master have said if he could have heard it? Leppy was much impressed with his achievement, and when he stopped, his look of mingled pride and astonishment would have been funny, if there had been anybody to see it.

Hardman partially roused himself and handed the boy a silver dollar, then turned back to his desk without a word.

"Shall—shall I get it changed, Mr. Hardman?"

There was no answer from Hardman, and Son, coming once more to the rescue, said:

"No, Leppy—it's all right. Run along."

"Gee!" exclaimed the boy. And then, without thinking to say "thank you," so appalled was he by this sudden affluence—he went out of the office, and soon his silvery tones could be heard echoing down the wide hall:

"God rest ye, merry gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay."

Son rose suddenly from his chair, and laid his hand on Hardman's shoulder. "Father," he said, "I have something to tell you."

"Son," said Hardman, unsteadily but bravely, "I have something to tell you."

It doesn't matter who began first, or how much each one hesitated and looked out of the window to hide the embarrassment of a man's confidence to a man. At last, both stories were told, somehow, and when Hardman and Son started out to lunch together, they looked several degrees more like "merry gentlemen" than they had two hours before.

Hardman was saying: "We'll straighten that out in a week's time, Son. You did right to tell me now. And in the meantime—"

"In the meantime, dad, we'll see that oculist together, and I know your sight can be saved."

And so it was—not only the physical sight, but that finer sense which makes us see the struggles of those we love, and understand and help them. At that moment there was only the hope of this in Hardman's eyes, but that was enough to make the world already brighter, and when they encountered Leppy near the street door, Hardman said: "Oh, by the way, Leppy, I forgot to give you that quarter—here it is," and to the boy's astonishment, another silver coin was slipped into his hand.

This time Leppy fairly choked with amazement; but as he scampered away, he found voice to trill out again, in a delighted peep of joy:

"God rest ye, merry gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay." And nothing did dismay them!

RULES FOR CANDY-MAKING.

Mrs. Rorer's Receipts for Home-Made Christmas Confections—Lays Down Culinary Laws.

Mrs. S. T. Rorer tells how to make candies at home for Christmas in the Ladies' Home Journal, and gives the following rules, which insure the success of the work: "Never stir the sugar and water after the sugar has dissolved. Wipe down constantly the granules forming on the side of the saucepan. Do not shake nor move the saucepan while the sirup is boiling. As soon as the sugar begins to boil watch it carefully, having in your hand a bowl of ice water, so that you may try the sirup almost constantly. Have everything in readiness before beginning. If the sugar grains use it for old-fashioned cream candy or sugar taffy. It cannot be used for fondant. Use only the best granulated sugar for boiling, and confectioners' XXX for kneading. If your fondant grains without apparent cause you may have boiled it a little too long. A few drops of lemon juice or a little cream of tartar will prevent this. Fondant is the soft mixture which forms both the inside of the French candies and the material in which they are dipped, and it is to obtain this that the sugar is boiled.

"After the sugar has reached the 'soft ball,' a semi-hard condition, it must be poured carefully into a large meat-plate or on a marble slab. Do not scrape the saucepan or you will granulate the sirup. Make your fondant one day and make it up into candy the next. Never melt fondant by placing the saucepan immediately on the stove. Prevent the danger of scorching by standing the pan containing it in a basin of water. If the melted fondant is too thick add water most cautiously, a drop at a time. A half teaspoonful more than is necessary will ruin the whole. To cool candy place it in a cool, dry place. To keep candy put it between layers of waxed paper in tin boxes. If the day is bright and clear the sugar loses its stickiness quickly, therefore select a fine day for your candy-making."

DECORATIONS FOR HOLIDAY

All Manner of Pretty Fixtures, from Peanuts in Tissue Paper to Red Cranberries.

Peanuts wrapped in yellow, red and white fringed tissue paper and tied on pendant lengths of strings, three or four to each, are splendid decorations when tied to the limbs of the Christmas tree.

Red strings of cranberries, with knots of narrow satin ribbons tied here and there on the strands, are about as pretty as anything that could be bought for either tree, table or room ornamentation.

Gilding English walnuts becomes a delightful frolic if several young people are in the secret. Crack open the nuts so there will be two perfect half shells to each. Inside the empty nuts place a motto or device which will tell the fortune of the one receiving it. Then glue the shells firmly together. When dry work a tack in the end where the stem grew, inserting it slowly that the shell may not break. Gild the entire nut, fasten a string around the tack and hang the interesting nuts on the tree.

When Christmas Comes.

When Christmas comes by all means have the house dressed with holly and pine and fir, and don't forget the mistletoe, says Margaret E. Sangster, in Ladies' Home Journal. Go out and mingle with the Christmas throngs. There is an exhilaration in forming a part, if only a unit, in the crowd that is so gay and so merry, in hearing bits of bright talk, in greeting friends and acquaintances and seeing the overflowing joy of the children. Never let a single Christmas pass without reading a Christmas story and singing a Christmas song, and do not overlook the sweet significance of the day itself. Remember that it is for all the world the anniversary of Christ's birth. Be as happy as you can and make others as happy as you can.

WISE GUY.



He hadn't any bank account, But he was rather smart; So to the hress Christmas He gave his hand and heart. —Chicago Daily News.

Stocking Up.

"What are you buying all that stuff for, old man?" "Oh, I am just stocking up for the Christmas stocking up."—Houston Post.

Squealed.

He—I wish that I was Santa Claus, my heart I'd give you, dear. She—I wish that you were Christmas, too; you'd come but once a year. —N. Y. Times.

Christmas Holiday in China. The natives of the Philippines, as well as the Chinese, have public holidays which in date coincide exactly with our Christmas.

HE WANTED TO KNOW MUCH

An Inquisitive Youngster's Efforts to Obtain Information About Christmas Day.

"Papa!" It was two o'clock in the morning, and Higgins was as sleepy as the average man is at that hour, but the little lad of four in his little bed near by was just as wide awake as some children are apt to be at any hour of the night, relates the Detroit Free Press.

"What is it?" asks papa. "When's Christmas?" "Oh, before long." "When is 'before long?'" "Well, it's soon. You go to sleep." "I don't want to. I'm all waked up. How soon is Christmas?" "Next week." "Monday?" "No—you go to sleep." "The day after Monday?" "No—not until Saturday. Now, you shut up your peepers right away. I want to go to sleep." "I don't. Say, papa!" "What do you want?" "What you going to buy me?" "I can't tell yet." "I wouldn't want you to, if you could, papa." "Why not?" "I'd rather be s'prised." "Well, supposing you s'prise me by going to sleep."

"That wouldn't be any s'prise, 'cause you'd know I was going to do it. Say, papa, papa!" "What now?" "Sammy Smithers says there ain't no such thing as a Santy Claus. There is, isn't there?"

"Oh, I suppose so." "Sammy he said you and my mamma was all the Santy Claus there'd be in this house. He was a big old liar, wasn't he?"

"There! there! Don't you ever call anyone a liar." "Not even when they are one?" "Not at all."

"You can, if they're littler'n you are, can't you?" "No; you must never call anyone a liar."

"Well, he is one, all the same, isn't he?" "You go to sleep."

"You're not Santy Claus, are you, papa? If Sammy Smithers says so again, I'll—well, I guess I'll break his jaw."

"Don't you ever let me hear you say such a thing again. Now you go to sleep, or maybe you'll not find anything at all in your stocking Christmas morning."

"What you s'pose I'd find there if I'm good?"

"Oh, I don't know." "Then you're not Santy Claus, and Sammy Smithers is a big, old liar. Goody, goody, gout! I s'pect me an' Sammy'll fight about it, and—"

"No, you'll not. But you'll go to sleep right now, because—"

"Do you s'pose I'd get a bike in my stocking?"

"No, I do not." "Why?"

"Because you're not big enough to have one."

"But I'm getting bigger an' bigger all the time, an' my legs is getting longer an' longer, an—"

"Now, that will do. You shut right up, or—"

"Sammy he thinks he'll get a tri-cycle, but I'll bet he don't. I wouldn't want one. They're only fit for girls! Glad I ain't a girl, because—you s'pose I'll get a railroad train with real smoke an' steam coming out of it?"

"No, I do not, but—"

"I'd rather have a steamboat to float in the bathtub, or a real gun to shoot with. I know a boy I'd kill if I had a gun. Won't you buy me a gun?"

"No, and I'll not buy you anything, if you don't go right to sleep."

"Well, I guess I will. I don't want to know, anyhow. I'm asleep now, papa. My eyes are shut just as tight! I'm all asleep. Are you, papa?"

"Yes." "So am I."

He is at least still, and Higgins is 'thankful that he does not hear anything more from him that night.

The Mystic Mistletoe.

For many generations after the last Druid was dust the mistletoe had its votaries. The plant had almost every medical property, according to early physicians. It was believed to be a remedy for all ills, physical, mental and sentimental. In pagan days it was dedicated to Olwen, the Celtic Venus, and through the ages the plant and the tender passion were rather intimately entwined, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. Kissing beneath it began so far back in history that no one has ever attempted to trace the custom to its youth.

Put Trees on Tables.

For the royal family in Germany Christmas trees are placed upon tables of different heights. That for the emperor is the highest, the empress' table is next in size, and the smallest is for the baby of the family. Carp is served for the imperial dinner, a traditional dish for the Christmas feast throughout Germany.

Friendly Advice.

"Can you suggest something for me to get for my wife for Christmas?" he asked of the shopkeeper. "You'd better get her a box of cigars, I expect," said the shopkeeper. "She was in here this morning and bought a lace parasol for you."—Baltimore American.

Unequaled.

Now Santa Claus once more comes round. He just exactly suits, And while he fills our stockings up, There's none can fill his boots. —Brooklyn Life.

The Mistletoe Girl

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER



SABEL paused on the last step and drew on her gray suede gloves thoughtfully. The only touch of relief in her gray costume was the spray of scarlet holly berries that lay against her squirrel stole.

"But if he should come while we are gone," she said.

Mrs. Dexter looked up at her inquiringly, also admiringly, as a contented mother may look at a debutante daughter who has fulfilled every expectation.

"He might wait," she suggested. Isabel frowned slightly.

"He doesn't like to be kept waiting." "Not by others," murmured Mrs. Dexter, discreetly, "but when it is you, dear—"

Isabel laughed and shrugged her shoulders as she fastened the last button.

As the carriage went down the avenue Isabel bent forward to watch the crowd of Christmas promenaders.

"I ordered the holly and mistletoe yesterday," Mrs. Dexter was saying, ruminatively. "The flowers came last night, all except the table decorations. They are to be there by 11. Betty said she would look after them."

"She has my chiffon dress to change before dinner," said Isabel.

Mrs. Dexter bowed her head in comfortable abstraction.

"She can do both." Isabel smiled quizzically at her tone.

Suddenly the smile vanished and she leaned toward the window eagerly to catch a glimpse of a tall figure as it turned into Fifth avenue.

"There is Mr. Wade now," she said. "Shall we go back?"

She hesitated, a slight flush tinting her face as she sank back against the maroon cushions.

"No," she continued. "I think he will wait."

The carriage passed without Wade's recognition of its occupants. He walked on up the avenue, his hands deep in his pockets, his chin uplifted belligerently.

He would see her at all costs. If he asked for her alone, they could not keep her from him. Heretofore in his calls it had been Isabel, as a matter of course, who received him. But to-day was Christmas, and he carried a Christmas greeting to the girl he loved.

The ladies were both out, Gifford told him at the door. Would he wait?

"Miss Betty is hanging mistletoe in the study for the ball to-night," explained Gifford.

"I will wait there," said Wade, and Gifford stood alone in the hall, looking at a \$5 gold piece which had reached his palm suddenly.

She was trying to hammer a small brass hook into the archway, and was singing softly. Wade thought as he let the portieres fall behind him that he had never heard "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," sound quite so sweet in all his life.

"Merry Christmas," he said, and Betty dropped the hammer.

"I said Merry Christmas," he repeated, laughing up at her.

"Please pick up the hammer," said Betty, sedately. "You mustn't bother me."

Wade laid the hammer on the table. "You can't hammer in a hook. It screws in. Let me do it."

Betty sat down on top of the ladder. "Everybody's out," she remarked, irrelevantly.

"I'm glad of it," responded Wade, compositely.

"Isabel's out, too."

There was a long silence. Betty's chin was resting on one hand. The other held a bunch of mistletoe ready for hanging on the hook, and she looked down at the tiny, pearly berries meditatively. Wade walked to the window and back again to the base of the footladder.

"Don't you know that I want to see only you, Betty?" he asked.

Betty hung the bunch of mistletoe in place with unsteady fingers. He could not see her face.

"I'm very busy, Mr. Wade. You know Aunt Octavia gives a ball to-night. The decorators did all the rooms except for the mistletoe, and I am to put all of that up."

"You are always busy."

A trace of sadness came over the lovely girl's face.

"They are all very kind to me," she said, bravely. "I like to help, and feel that I am needed."

There was the sound of carriage wheels on the avenue outside. As they stopped before the house Wade's jaws squared with determination. He held up his arms to the figure in black on the stepladder.

"Betty, I need you most, sweetheart," he said. "Won't you come to me?"

The portieres at the end of the room parted, and for an instant Mrs. Dexter and Isabel paused at sight of the picture before them. At the foot of the ladder stood Wade, with Betty held closely in his arms, his lips pressed to hers.

"Elizabeth!" exclaimed Mrs. Dexter, as she caught her breath.

Wade raised his head, his eyes brimful of merriment.

"It's all right, Mrs. Dexter," he said, cheerily. "We're under the mistletoe, and Betty's just promised to be the only mistletoe girl in the world for me. Merry Christmas!"—Boston Globe.