



All hail, Spirit of Christmas. Fill our hearts with freshness, joyousness and hope.

Open our eyes to a world filled with new and interesting things.

Attune our ears to the general song of good cheer and make our hearts and voices responsive to its message.

Let us know in its full assurance the blessedness of the privilege both of giving and of receiving, the interchange of the Christmas message of love and remembrance.

Help us to put aside the fear, the worry and the petty strife of yesterday, and to face tomorrow with the radiant face of those who have seen the star in the east and who have heard the angels' message "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Christmas Night

By Chrodosia Garrison

Sometimes I think that Christmas night's the best. Before the nursery fire, when we're undressed And all the toys are put away, except Perhaps my engine and the baby's bear, Then Mother comes away from all the rest Downstairs to tell our Christmas story there.

She takes the baby on her lap and we sit 'round her on the hearth-rug so we see The pictures in the fire, and then she tells About how Shepherds watched their flocks by night And what the angels said, and how the three Wise Kings came riding—and the big star's light.

And then she tells us how it showed the way To just a stable where the oxen stay. And there they found him in his Mother's arms, A little baby Christ-child—and he smiled; And that (she says) is what made Christmas day For you and me and every little child.

Before the nursery fire when we're undressed Sometimes I think that Christmas night's the best.

—Everybody's

CHRISTMAS BEFORE THE MAST

How a Crew Celebrated Merrily Off the Coast of California in the Early Days.

A good many of you may have read Richard H. Dana's interesting story of sea life, "Two Years Before the Mast." Dana's vessel was collecting hides on the coast of California, when that coast was in a semi-civilized condition. He thus describes Christmas among the crew:

"As there were no hides to take in, and nothing especial to do, the captain gave us a holiday, the first we had had except Sundays since leaving Boston; and we had a plum-duff for dinner.

"The crew of the Russian brig, lying alongside us, following the 'old style,' had celebrated their Christmas 11 days before, when they had a grand 'blow-out,' and (as our men said) 'had drunk in the fore-castle a keg of gin, ate up a bag of tallow and made a soup of the skin!'"

Certain it is that Christmas is the one universal festival the round world over; and every resident of a Christian land carries Christmas in his heart wherever he may go.

Christmas Cheer.

"Old man," wrote the Billville citizen, "it was my intendin' to give you a fine present for Christmas, but I come short this year by the sheriff leavin' on my cotton an' the government on my corn; so I kin only send you a gallon jug of the last named, which ain't much as my ambitions is fer you; but I'll say this, old boy: There's enough in that jug to make you have the jolliest time o' yer life fer a day or two; ef you can't buy a circus ticket, there's a whole circus in six drums, an' a eternal movin' pictur' show in 20; so make the most of it!" —Atlanta Constitution.

Thoughtful.

Ella—I'm going to hang up my stockings on Christmas.

Stella—What for?

"By special request of papa and mamma. You know they believe in Santa Claus." —Life.

An Alibi for Santa

By Olivia Barton Strahm

At a clearing of the forest stood MacGregor's store. It was, sometimes called "The Crossing," but as the branch had long been impassable because of quicksands, these literal mountain folk had come to call it only "The Store." Here the mail was brought, from the railroad twice a week by carrier. But it sometimes chanced that somebody had an errand in town, and would "fetch" the letters with him.

This was just what happened the eve before Christmas, MacGregor himself, went for the mail—and a goodly lot of it there was, too. Several postal cards, at least a dozen letters, and as many other parcels.

He alighted from the wagon, hitched the mules outside, and hurried to the door which his daughter held open for him.

"My, Pappy, what a lot of letters! Any for me?"

Her father put them on the grocery counter, and, going back to the wagon, returned with a package of peppermint candy—sticks of red and white like small barber poles. These he put in a glass jar, then noticed the girl. "Hello, Mamie, what's in that there writin'?"

"Nothin'," was the terse response, and Mamie slipped the letter in her belt.

The man crossed to her with the swagger of conscious weakness. "Look'e here, Mame, if it's from that pie-faced teacher down thar at the Gap, it'll be the worst fer you and him, too. Thar's lots of us ready to take Bud Johnson's part."

Her face flushed to the color of her Turkey red calico. "I'll never marry Bud Johnson so long as I'm alive! Shame on you, Pappy! It's all on account of that 20-acre lot. It's for sale;

to go to you, sweetheart; but will you come to me? By the pollard willow, at twilight to-night?"

Mamie glanced out of doors; the shadow of Mason's bluff was already empurpling the valley; it would soon be dusk.

She dived behind the counter, took out a suit of red flannel trimmed in white cotton, a peaked cap and mask with long, white beard attached. With this costume wrapped in a bundle she was waylaid at the door by her father. "Whar ye goin'?" he demanded, suspiciously.

"To find one of the neighbor boys to play Santa Claus; then I'm coming back to fix the tree," and snatching a shawl from the forked limb of a pipe which served as hat-rack, she slipped out.

The air was fresh and frosty; already there was promise of the dark. "At twilight," his note had said, and she started off toward the bridge at the Gap.

Face to the ladies and back to the wall; Take a chaw o' tberacker and balance all.

The rafters of the cabin shook with the shuffling feet, the laughter of the dancers, the calls of the fiddler and the uncertain strains of "Old Dan Tucker." The fireplace smoked just enough to wrap the ceiling in picturesque Christmas swaddling clothes.

Coal oil lamps fitfully illuminated the tree at the far end of the big room. There was a sudden commotion at its base, as without warning Santa Claus stood on a tar-barrel, holding aloft his bundle.

"Promenade all; seats," roared the fiddler, and the dancers and the children gathered around the tree—but not too close, for Mamie, as mistress of ceremonies, waved them away from the magic circle. As he, in a thin, disguised voice, called out the names, the owner would step up and claim the parcel.

"Who is he?" one man asked, but MacGregor nudged the speaker. "Hush; it's one of the Jimson boys, most like; don't matter; we want to fool the youngsters and they think it's Old Nick himself."

"Malcolm MacGregor."

Now, it was not often that Mamie's

BERLIN'S CHRISTMAS

THE DAY NOT LIKE IT WAS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The Old Customs of the Burghers Have Been Forgotten by the Newer Generation in the Modern Hub of Empire.

AMERICAN and English newspapers at Christmas time often have picturesque accounts of the German Christmas, which conjure up a clear frosty atmosphere and re-echo the song of the skates on the frozen lakes. For the Anglo-Saxon notion of the German Christmas is drawn from those childhood hours spent over Hans Andersen and Grimm, and the sight of a Christmas tree brings to mind the wood-cutter tramping home through the snow laden forest, trailing behind him the fir tree for his family Christmas celebration, while, in the towns, the black quadrangle of the venerable market place is picked out in lights blazing on the trees in the windows of the gabled houses.

Fifty years ago, before the young German giant had awakened from the sleep of centuries, this idea of the peaceful German Christmas was correct, the Berlin correspondent of the New York Evening Post says. But if one of the burghers of old Berlin, returning from making his Christmas purchases on Christmas eve, were to be transplanted into the roaring hub of empire which his hauptstadt has become in the year of grace, 1909, the good man would probably expire on the spot.

Fifty years ago, when Berlin was a dirty, unpretentious, provincial town, with ill-lighted, ill-paved streets, with a population renowned even in those days for its surly manners and uncouthness, and with the iron hand of militarism unchecked over it all, the Christmas festival was the tranquil celebration of which one has read. In the Lustgarten, before the castle, a Christmas fair was annually established, which the king and royal family used to visit to buy jumping jacks and gingerbread for the palace Christmas trees, like any other German family. The Lustgarten fair has passed away, the king of Prussia has become German emperor, Berlin has developed into a fair and beautiful city, and all that remains of the Christmas of once upon a time is the spirit—indeed, a precious inheritance, that still holds the branches of the myriads of Christmas trees which rich and poor alike set up in their houses on the eve of the feast.

Christmas Booms Trade.

"Christmas booms trades of all kinds," said a statistician of New York. "It is, on the whole, a blessing."

"Take groceries and fruit. A big grocer tells me that where ordinarily he sends out 100 tons of groceries a day at Christmas time he sends out 130 tons. And of oranges, he sells a million a week in December at against 500,000 a week at other times.

"Turkeys go from 6,000 to 14,000 in this firm's output, nutmegs from five to 18 tons, raisins from 2,000 to 9,000 boxes and cigars from 1,000 to 3,000 boxes.

"Wines and spirits, which are popular Christmas gifts, sell 50 per cent. better than in any other month. I know a man who sold \$225,000 worth of whisky last December as against an average of \$125,000 for the other months of the year."

A Way We Have at Christmas.

She looked at the little man archly. "Hubby," she said, "do you know you are beginning to grow rather handsome?"

"It's a way I have," he answered, "as Christmas draws near." —New Orleans Times-Democrat.



YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE SWAPPING YOUR DAUGHTER FOR A TWENTY-ACRE LOT.

you are crazy for it, and you want me to marry Bud because he's promised to buy the lot if you make me marry him. Promise! he has promised everything—from that land to a collar for Pepper's neck!"

The tiny black dog snoozing under the counter heard his name and crept to her feet; she stooped and patted him.

Her father paused in the act of piling the good apples on top of the barrel. "I know; it's all on account of that teacher man. And what's he done? Tried to get the mountain folks to send our youngsters to him to be larned how to work. Thunderation! Can't we larn ye that ourselves? If he'd give ye book-larnin', it wouldn't be so bad, but—"

"That's foolishness, Pappy; there's a lot of good in this new kind of studying that they call 'manual training.' It's just because you haven't been hearing it all your born lives that you object. Why, you won't hear to anything that isn't as old as the mountains themselves!"

Pepper dropped from her arms as she towered over her father. "How can we grow? How can we amount to a row of beans if you keep us in the same old rut? Only to-day I heard you tell Bill Dawson that you were sorry we were having such good weather. It don't seem natural for Christmas," you said, "it don't seem like old times." Old fiddlesticks! Just because the nasty wet fog is what we're used to this time of year, you don't want the sun to shine. Looks like you don't want the Lord to improve on his own weather!"

A customer came in and got a nickel's worth of candy for his baby's Christmas stocking.

"I hear you all air goin' to hev a celebration to-night; I'll be along and fetch the young uns," he said. "Who's goin' to play Santa Claus?"

MacGregor looked at his daughter. "Dunno; Mame's fixed up a rig and says she'll find some un to wear it; some un to play Old Nick and give the things off the tree."

AM this while Mamie was slyly re-reading the letter.

"Your father will not permit me

Mourning Millinery



By JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

TWO lovely examples of mourning hats are pictured here made of the two materials most favored for mourning wear, crape and silk grenadine. The hat of English crape, shown in Fig. 1, is a perfect example of the milliner's art using this exquisite material as a means of expression. The entire hat is covered with crape, the brim made of narrow parallel folds. The crown has wide folds for its covering also a drapery of crape with a large buckle of dull jet, serve as a mounting for the pompon of down feathers; and aigrette mounted at the left side.

In shape, this hat is graceful and of a kind that will not soon be out of style. Such shapes should be selected for mourning, as good mourning fabrics are very durable and will outlast the accepted periods of mourning, if well selected. English crape should be chosen, as it is manufactured to withstand moisture which is ruinous to crapes not protected against it. In this particular fabric, the English excel all other manufacturers and the great modistes who specially design mourning use this crape. It is the most beautiful of the fabrics used for mourning.

Silk grenadine is equally popular, although not universally recognized as first mourning. There is much latitude in the selection of fabrics, however, and many persons prefer grenadine to any other. The hat and veil shown in Fig. 2 are of this beautiful fabric. It is also of English manufacture, although the English send to various parts of the world—including America—for the materials necessary to make and dye both crape and grenadine. This material is manufactured waterproof. This is very necessary in order that the rain or snow may not spot the grenadine. One can easily test the material by immersing it in water. If properly made the dye will not run and the fabric will remain unchanged. Crape should be subjected to the same test. The crimp is not affected by water and its color remains unchanged.

VISITING DRESS.



This elegant dress is carried out in champagne suede cloth, and is a fitting princess, tucked under the arms. A band of braided cloth trims the lower edge of princess where the material is slightly draped, below this the skirt part is plaited, the plaits being stitched down a few inches. A handsome braiding design surrounds the yoke of tucked silk, which is also trimmed with braid and small buttons. The sleeve is long, tight-fitting, and trimmed to match.

Hat of black beaver, trimmed with a feather mount.

Materials required: 6 1/2 yards cloth 48 inches wide, 4 dozen yards braid, 1/2 yard tucked silk.

Twenty-Inch Rope of Pearls.

The fashion in length for a string of pearls has changed. It was once 14 inches, then 16; now the correct string must measure 20 inches.

NOW THE ROBIN HOOD HAT

Style That Divides Favor with What Is Known as the Prairie, of Felt and Suede.

Millinery is one of the most important features in the toilette of the woman who wishes to be well dressed, and to-day the cult of the plain hat is as carefully considered as the elaborate, the subject being as inexhaustible as the budget itself. The craze for beaver still continues, but it is safe to predict that as the winter approaches black will lead the van, adorned with cinnamon and royal blue ostrich plumes for visiting and velvet for morning wear. The Robin Hood hat is the latest shape to make its debut carried out in this charming material. As will be remembered, the hat worn by the famous outlaw of this name was turned up on one side, had rather a high crown, and was trimmed with two long quill-like feathers. The smart mondaine, although retaining the shape, has substituted a rosette of tinsel and a tuft of breast plume for the feathers. For traveling it will divide honors with the prairie hat, which is fashioned of felt and relieved with a band of suede of a contrasting shade.—From the Tatler.

A Golden Feather.

It can be made of an old quill from which the battered feathers have been stripped. Gold lace is sewn as a scant ruffle on each side, the end being slightly pointed.

You have no idea how effective this is on a fur turban. From this idea a departure into the realms of silver, bronze or jeweled lace can be made, and at little cost.

This quill, with a band of braid or lace to match, will furnish sufficient trimming for a velvet or fur toque.

Shadow Lace.

This is new, and because of its unobtrusive pattern can be used in great quantities without fear of over-decoration.

The pattern is woven in such a way that an uncertain shadowy effect is produced. It is especially lovely in black and cream. The black shadow lace is used over black net and a white satin underslip. The cream is effective over pale tints in evening gowns.

Gobelin Green Again.

The hats of this winter will again show that entrancing shade of green known as gobelin. It will be used in thick, short plumes and thick long ones, but not in ribbons or moire.