

The STAR

Douglas Mallock

UPON the East appears
a shining star,
Pinned like a jewel to the
purple night,
One glowing star that lights
a waitin' world,
One gleaming star, a bea-
con and a lamp.

FIVE points it has, five
points like lesser
stars.
One looks to Heaven, and
its name is Faith.
Two follow the horizon: one
is Love,
The other world-encircling
Brotherhood.
Another, Kindness, burning
on unchanged,
And Charity, the fifth, are
set toward Earth
To bring it nearer Heaven.

OUT from them all, from
every shining point.
Pour forth such rays! a
glory radiant
That seeks and finds the
heaven's highest dome,
That seeks and finds the
deepest vale of Earth,
The hearts of princes melts,
the beggars' warms.

BEHOLD the Star," they
cry, "of Bethlehem!"
The Star of Faith and Love,
of Brotherhood,
Of Charity and Kindness!
And behold
Around, about, its fair, efful-
gent rays—
The Christmas Spirit—light-
ing all the World!
Now "Peace on Earth," they
cry, "Good Will to Men!"

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Good Christmas Motto.

"Peace on earth, and good will to men," is the Christmas motto, and the Christmas spirit should ring in our hearts and find a kindly expression in acts and words. What a joyful thing for the world it would be if the Christmas spirit of peace and good will could abide with us all every day of the year. And what a beautiful place this world would be to live in. And it might be so if each one of us would resolve in our hearts that peace and good will should be our motto every day, and that we, individually, would do our best to make the Christmas spirit last all the year round.

Benevolence Vs. Extravagance.

The greatest obstacle to charity in the Christian church today is the fact that men expend so much on their table and women so much on their dress, they have got nothing left for the work of God and the world's betterment.—Talmage.

Always New.

"You surely don't give your husband a necktie every Christmas?"
"Oh, yes, I do! And the poor dear never seems to know that it is the same one!"

THAT CHRISTMAS PRESENT.



"She's afraid I wasn't going to give anything to her."
"What makes you think that?"
"She sent in her present to me yesterday."

What He Missed.

Groans—Old Adam was a lucky man in one respect, anyway.
Grins—What's the answer?
Groans—Eve never gave him a box of bargain-counter cigars for Christmas.

Everything Matters.

Christianity is not man's confession to God that nothing matters, since man is what he is. It is God's shout to man that everything matters, since God sees in man what man may become.—W. H. Blake.

Her Happy Christmas

by Clarissa Mackie



THE schoolteacher at Rock Gulch dismissed her pupils with a smiling face. Behind the smiles lurked unshed tears. When the last youngster had vanished down the snow-covered trail, Bernice leaned her head against the window frame and the hot, rebellious tears flooded her soft gray eyes.
How she hated this far western country, with its crude ways, its dowdily dressed women, its unpolished men, and, above all, its loneliness! It was all so different from New England—and yet she fled from Massachusetts to hide a heartache.
"There is something wrong with me," she sighed at last. "It can't be the country or the people—they are kind and generous—it's the way I feel! How can I cure the ache and the homesickness for things that may never be?"
No answer came to her out of the swiftly falling winter twilight.
Perhaps the knowledge that a wedding was taking place in Boston at that very hour confused her reasoning powers. The man had ceased to love her and she had offered him his freedom and he had accepted it, and so, being without near relatives, Bernice had found a position out here in Montana. This was her first Christmas in Rocky Gulch.
After awhile she locked the school-house door, and with the children's Christmas offerings in her lunch bas-

ket, the lonely little schoolm'am set off down the trail toward the Tucker place, where she boarded.

It was snowing hard now and the trail was rapidly disappearing under the white blanket. In the deepening gloom dark shapes appeared, approaching and receding, but they proved to be the pine trees fringing the steep slopes.
Far below, the lights of the town gleamed through the darkness and then vanished, and Bernice, plunging out of the path to avoid a deep drift, took a wrong turning and soon acknowledged to herself with a frightened sob that she was lost on the mountain in a raging blizzard.
Hours afterward, she sank exhausted at the foot of a pine tree and dropped her head on her outstretched arms.
"I will rest for a few minutes," she murmured drowsily.

Down in the town Mrs. Tucker waited supper that Christmas eve until nine o'clock. Then little Willie Tucker sleepily announced that Mrs. Halliday had invited teacher to spend the night and eat Christmas dinner at the Halliday ranch. Chiding Willie for his tardy information, Mrs. Tucker hastened to the telephone and called the Halliday ranch; but the wires were all down, and so the anxious little woman decided that the teacher had been unable to send word about her change of Christmas plans, and went about the trimming of the Tucker Christmas tree with renewed activity.

Bernice opened her eyes in the living room of a warm log cabin. Gay Navajo blankets hung from the walls and covered the broad couch on which she reclined before a blazing fire of hickory logs.
Two men were bending over the fire; one was stirring something in a bright tin saucepan, something hot and steaming which he poured into a tumbler and brought to her bedside.
"Hello!" he smiled. "Awake are you?"

Drink this mess and tell us how it all happened."
Bernice smiled back into a bronzed face that inspired instant confidence. He was young, with very blue eyes and very brown hair.
Bernice obediently drank the steaming mixture and snuggled down in the blankets and went to sleep.
"I wonder who she is, Jim," said the last comer.
"She came to us out of the storm—a little snowbird," murmured Jim Butler.

Billy Smith smiled shrewdly.
"Little Snowbird will be missed on Christmas eve," he said. "Some one is probably looking for her now, so don't set your heart on her, Jim."
Jim laughed softly.
"Oh, get out, you old idiot!" he grinned. "Can't a chap sentimentalize a bit on Christmas eve without your getting silly? I was thinking it will be a sorry Christmas for this little girl, and this blizzard looks good for all day tomorrow!"

"Sure thing—so I'm going out to cut a Christmas tree for her," said Billy straggling into his heavy coat.
"You're an angel," laughed Jim, getting out an ax.
He had never seen Bernice Avery before the moment when he had stumbled over her snow-covered form. He had carried her to the cabin three miles up the mountain and given Billy Smith the surprise of his adventurous life.

James Butler was a timber expert in the employ of the government and Billy was his right-hand man.
Suddenly the door opened and Billy staggered in, powdered with whiteness, carrying a small, symmetrical hemlock tree.
"Our Christmas tree for the kid," he said solemnly.
"Good," chuckled Jim, and they set to work.

It was Christmas morning when Bernice awoke again. Dimly she remembered the events of the night and when full realization came upon her she sat up in bed and looked around.
"Dear me, how horrid I feel!" she yawned sleepily, and at that instant she saw the Christmas tree and her eyes popped wide open.
The little tree stood on a table near the fire, propped with heavy stones. Strings of popcorn festooned it and there were puzzling tinsel ornaments—nuts covered with tinfoil. There were a Mexican quilt, a pair of gayly headed Indian moccasins, a roll of Navajo blankets and some apples and oranges.

"I wonder whose Christmas tree this is," marveled Bernice.
The sun was streaming through the windows when Jim and Billy knocked at the door and entered in response to her call.
They had arrayed themselves in their best garments and they glanced expectantly from the girl's shyly smiling face to the gay little tree.
"Merry Christmas!" all three said in unison, and then laughed in gay friendliness.

"It looks so Christmasy in here," said Bernice. "I'm afraid I've stumbled upon somebody's Christmas tree."
Jim laughed. "Oh, that's your tree!"
"Mine?" she stammered.
"Yes—it was Billy's idea—your being away from home and everything. These are just trifles we had around the house. Please don't cry!" he protested as tears filled the lovely eyes of his guest.

"But you don't know how beautiful it is," she sobbed. "I was hating Christmas this year—I was so lonesome—and everything!"
She told them how she had disliked the West, not dreaming it could hold such kindness, and in return both men became very gruff indeed and Billy sternly insisted upon her coming out and eating her breakfast of cornbread, bacon and coffee. Jim said nothing, but his eyes were eloquent.

It was late afternoon when the storm ceased so that they could put on snowshoes and set out down the trail toward the Gulch, Bernice hugging her precious gifts close to her heart.
"It's the happiest Christmas I ever had," she told Jim, with eyes all ashine.
"And you don't hate the West and its people?" he smiled.
"No, indeed!"
"Then—perhaps—you will like it well enough to stay here always!" he blurted, and then in a panic of bashfulness he dashed away from the Tucker's front gate, leaving Billy sole witness to Bernice's blushes and tell-tale eyes.
"We'll have another Christmas next year—we three—and it won't be any accident either," predicted the guide shrewdly.
Billy's prophecy was fulfilled, and Bernice's happy Christmas was followed by many more in the country which she learned to love because Love and really sought and found her there.

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ECONOMY IN USE OF INDOOR GOWN

Many Reasons Why New Fashion Has Met With Such General Approval.

NOW WORN WITH WARM COAT

Addition of Extra Garment Removes Practically Last Argument Against It—Designers Have Exhausted Their Ingenuity in Devising Effects That Will Please.

New York.—The one thing that appeals to the average woman concerning the strong incoming fashion of the indoor gown, is that it can be made from evening gowns that are not quite in the present picture. All those who are interested in the economics of dress have preached the loose tea gown for one's own home after six o'clock in the afternoon as a means of preserving one's other apparel; and rest assured, this is the reason the French use it, because they have no chass so rich that it does not know thrift.

You know by personal experience that wearing the skirt belonging to the tailored suit in the house after the coat has been removed, is just merely ruining the suit; and dressing for dinner, which has become such a universal custom among nearly all classes of American life in the last six years, is too expensive a practice, for it means that one's evening gown suitable for someone else's dinner or a dance is used. A gracious compromise lies in the indoor robe.

Lacks Sufficient Warmth. The fault found with it in recent years has been that its flimsy quality

mense imitation ruby to clasp the front and back together. Over this, purely for the sake of riotous color, is a long, full coat that might be a Doge's mantle, or ruby red chiffon velvet the same on both sides, and bordered with dark gray fur.

Oriental Effect. Another tea gown is oriental, with full trousers of silver net that are caught in at the ankles, a tunic of gauze that is girdled with old silver, an imitation turquoise, and a long coat of king's blue velvet lined with deep pink satin and trimmed with ermine.

Still another indoor gown that has been brought over by the designers is of orange yellow chiffon, girdled high at the waist with gold and pearls, with a sweeping, imperial cape of yellow and gold brocade, ending in a long train; it is lined with pale blue velvet and broad bands of black seal hold it down on the shoulders.

The enthusiastic fashion for wearing indoor robes has brought about the introduction of brilliant blouses that are worn to all indoor affairs and which may be concocted to put in combination with a separate skirt for constant usage at night in one's own house. These blouses hang limply from the shoulders, they are usually made of chiffon or panne velvet and always in a gorgeous color. The belt, which is placed at the normal waistline, is an extravagant affair of colored crystal or bullion or any other bit of decoration that recalls the art of other days.

There has been a dipping into old Aztec designs for clothes worn in the street and in the house, but the Napoleonic era is also productive of much that is desired.

Typical of Blouse Styles. One such blouse gives a good idea of what all the others are. It is of brilliant green chiffon, dropped over thin yellow satin, and hangs in loose folds to the hips, with the immense cape collar that is low in front and has its edges embroidered in black. It is fastened in front with square cut jet buttons, and the belt is made of four loose strands of jet beads held in place



FRENCH INDOOR ROBES, SUBSTITUTE FOR EVENING GOWNS.

One—Tea gown with tunic of silver over trousers that fasten at the ankle, with blue velvet coat trimmed with bands of ermine. Two—Gown of orange yellow chiffon, with cape of yellow and gold brocade trimmed with bands of black.

makes it too chilly for all houses, although overheating of American rooms is the rule instead of the incident.

This trouble has been offset by the new fashion which calls for a warm coat as a part of the tea gown. It is a wise procedure first to find out how these remarkably attractive new clothes are made and then, if not able to buy them at fountain-head, to look over the evening gowns and gaudy materials that one may possess and see if one or two such robes cannot be fashioned.

The appearance of these two gowns may be divided into two parts, the medieval and the empire. They swirl and slink and reveal the figure, and they glow with color.

Pictorial Gowns for the House. A few of the most original indoor gowns worn by individuals have been imported from a famous studio in Venice. Importers have searched Italy for unique creations in fifteenth century styles, and old Italian pictures have been copied in richly colored velvets, furs and complex motifs of colored crystals.

The addition of the warm jacket to the indoor robe is a French conception because of the eternal chilliness of their houses, but it has met with eager approval on this side of the water.
One indoor gown is of oxidized gray net, covered with steel paillettes, and it falls in a straight line from shoulders well on the floor, where it folds about the feet front and back. There is a girle at the hips of immense imitation rubies set in a composition that looks like old silver, with a huge crystal in front and long fringes that hang to the knee. The neck of this is cut in the difficult renaissance fashion, and on each shoulder is an im-

by unusually large black and white Napoleonic canoes. This is worn with a black velvet skirt. If a woman wants to adopt it for the house, it will bring any black skirt into the highlight of smartness.

The woman who is more interested in her street clothes than those for her house, though this is the wrong idea to take of apparel, will find information possibly not to her liking in the last story from Paris that Paquin, along with many other great designers, is lengthening skirts to the ankles and cutting them only two yards wide. The experts insisted that this was the new fashion as early as September, but the Americans have gone on wearing full, short skirts, except the few who realized that they were not becoming and who insisted upon the narrow one that came below the shoe-tops.

Modeled on Old Styles. All the straws show the tendency toward 1812 and 1830 in street clothes, borrowed from the men and not the women. One of the smartest new blue chevrons made for the south has a coat that looks like a daguerreotype, with its full puffed, its immense pockets, its tightly buttoned waist, flaring revers, and shawl collar that rises to the hair in back.

The introduction of dull gold and silver buttons, flat and large, on these early nineteenth century street costumes, make the resemblance to the men's apparel of other days even more significant. It is now only a step to the plaited shirt, with the starched, ruffled front, the high canber collar that stands out from under the chin, and the necktie of polka dot silk wrapped twice around the neck and finished with flowing ends in front. (Copyright, 1918, by the M. Clure Newspaper Syndicate.)