

Beasley's Christmas Party

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

V—Continued.

Beasley had just opened the front door, returning at noon from his office, when Hamilton Swift, Junior's, voice came piping from the library, where he was reclining in his wagon by the window.

"Cousin David Beasley! Cousin David, come a-running!" he cried. "Come a-running! The Hunchbergs are here!"

Of course Cousin David Beasley came a-running, and was immediately introduced to the whole Hunchberg family, a ceremony which old Bob, who was with the boy, had previously undergone with courtly grace.

"They like Bob," explained Hamilton. "Don't you, Mr. Hunchberg? Yes, he says they do extremely!" (He used such words as "extremely" often; indeed, as Dowden said, he talked "like a child in a book," which was due, I dare say, to his English mother.)

"But whar," exclaimed the old dorky, "whar in de name o' de good Gawd do de chile get dem names? Hit lak to skeer me!"

That was a subject often debated between Dowden and me: there was nothing in Wainwright that could have suggested them, and it did not seem probable he could have remembered them from over the water. In my opinion they were the inventions of that busy and lonely little brain.

I met the Hunchberg family, myself, the day after their arrival, and Beasley, by that time, had become so well acquainted with them that he could remember all their names, and helped in the introduction. There was Mr. Hunchberg—evidently the child's favorite, for he was described as the possessor of every engaging virtue—and there was that lively matron, Mrs. Hunchberg; there were the Hunchberg young gentlemen, Tom, Noble and Grandee; and the young ladies, Miss Queen, Miss Marble and Miss Molanna—all exceedingly gay and pretty. There was also Colonel Hunchberg, an uncle; finally there was Aunt Cooley Hunchberg, a somewhat decrepit but very amiable old lady. Mr. Corley Linbridge happened to be calling at the same time; and, as it appeared to be Beasley's duty to keep the conversation going and constantly to include all of the party in its general flow, it struck me that he had truly (as Dowden said) "enough to keep him busy."

The Hunchbergs had lately moved to Wainwright from Constantinople, I learned; they had decided not to live in town, however, having purchased a fine farm out in the country, and, on account of the distance, were able to call at Beasley's only about eight times a day, and seldom more than twice in the evening. Whenever a mystic telephone announced that they were on the way, the child would have himself wheeled to a window; and when they came in sight he would cry out in wild delight, while Beasley hastened to open the front door and admit them.

They were so real to the child, and Beasley treated them with such consistent seriousness, that between the two of them I sometimes began to feel that there actually were such people, and to have moments of half-surprise that I couldn't see them; particularly as each of the Hunchbergs developed a character entirely his own to the last peculiarity, such as the aged Aunt Cooley Hunchberg's deafness, on which account Beasley never forgot to raise his voice when he addressed her. Indeed, the details of actuality in all this appeared to bring as great a delight to the man as to the child. Certainly he built them up with infinite care. On one occasion when Mr. Hunchberg and I happened to be calling, Hamilton remarked with surprise that Simpledoria had come into the room without licking his hand as he usually did, and had crept under the table. Mr. Hunchberg volunteered the information (through Beasley) that upon his approach to the house he had seen Simpledoria chasing a cat. It was then debated whether chastisement was in order, but finally decided that Simpledoria's surreptitious manner of entrance and his hiding under the table were sufficient indication that he well understood his baseness, and would never let it happen again. And so, Beasley having coaxed him out from under the table, the offender "sat up," begged, and was forgiven. I could almost feel the splendid shaggy head under my hand when, in turn, I patted Simpledoria to show that the reconciliation was unanimous.

VI.
Autumn trailed the last leaves behind her flying brown robes one night; we woke to a skurry of snow next morning; and it was winter. Down town, along the sidewalks, the merchants set lines of poles, covered them with evergreen, and ran streamers of green overhead to encourage the festive shopping. Salvation Army Santa Clauses stamped their feet and rang bells on the corners, and pink-faced children fixed their noses immovably to display-windows. For them, the season of seasons, the time of times, was at hand.

To a certain new reporter on the Despatch the stir and gaiety of the streets meant little more than that the days had come when it was light in the afternoon, and that he was given fewer political assignments. This was annoying, because Beasley's candidacy for the governorship had given me a personal interest in the political situation. The nominating convention of his party would meet in the spring; the nomination was certain to carry the election also, and thus far Beasley showed more strength than any other man in the field. "Things are looking his way," said Dowden. "He's always worked hard for the party; not on the stump, of course," he laughed; "but the boys understand there are more important things than speechmaking. His record in Congress gave him the confidence of everybody in the state, and, besides that, people always trust a quiet man. I tell you if nothing happens he'll get it."

"I'm fer Beasley," another politician explained, in an interview. "because he's Dave Beasley! Yes, sir, I'm fer him. You know the boys say if a man is only for you, in this state, there



The Head and Front (and Backbone, Too), of the Opposition to Beasley Was a Close-Fisted, Hard-Knuckled, Risen-From-the-Soil Sort of Man, One Named Simeon Peck.

isn't much in it and he may go back on it; but if he's fer you, he means it. Well, I'm fer Beasley!"

There were other candidates, of course; none of them formidable; but I was surprised to learn of the existence of a small but energetic faction opposing our friend in Wainwright, his own town. ("What are you surprised about?" inquired Dowden. "Don't you know what our folks are like, yet? If St. Paul lived in Wainwright, do you suppose he could run for constable without some of his near neighbors getting out to try and down him?")

The head and front (and backbone, too) of the opposition to Beasley was a close-fisted, hard-knuckled, risen-from-the-soil sort of man, one named Simeon Peck. He possessed no inconsiderable influence, I heard; was a hard worker, and vigorously seconded by an energetic lieutenant, a young man named Grist. These, and others they had been able to draw to their faction, were bitterly and eagerly opposed to Beasley's nomination, and worked without ceasing to prevent it.

I quote the invaluable Mr. Dowden again: "Grist's against us because he had a quarrel with a clerk in Beasley's office, and wanted Beasley to discharge him, and Beasley wouldn't; Sim Peck's against us out of just plain wrongheadedness, and because he nev-

er was for anything nor fer anybody in his life. I had a talk with the old mutton-head the other day; he said our candidate ought to be a farmer, a 'man of the common people,' and when I asked him where he'd find anybody more 'a man of the common people' than Beasley, he said Beasley was 'too much of a society man' to suit him! The idea of Dave as a 'society man' was too much for me, and I laughed in Sim Peck's face, but that didn't stop Sim Peck! 'Jest look at the style he lives in,' he yelled. 'Ain't he fairly lapped in luxury? Look at that big house he lives in! Look at that style he goes around in that big car of his—and a nigger to drive him, half the time!' I had to holler again, and, of course, that made Sam twice as mad as he started out to be; and he went off swearing he'd show me, before the campaign was over. The only trouble he and Grist and that crowd could give us would be by finding out something against Dave, and they can't do that because there isn't anything to find out."

I shared his confidence on this latter score, but was somewhat less sanguine on some others. There were only two newspapers of any political influence in Wainwright, the Despatch and the Journal, both operated in the interest of Beasley's party, and neither had "come out" for him. The gossip I heard about our office led me to think that each was waiting to see what headway Sim Peck and his faction would make; the Journal especially, I knew, had some inclination to coquette with Peck, Grist, and Company. Altogether, their faction was not entirely to be despised.

Thus, my thoughts were a great deal more occupied with Beasley's chances than with the holiday spirit that now, with furs and bells and wreathing mists of snow, breathed good cheer over the town. So little, indeed, had this spirit touched me, that, one evening when one of my colleagues, standing before the grate-fire in the reporter's room, yawned and said he'd be glad when tomorrow was over, I asked him what was the particular trouble with tomorrow.

"Christmas," he explained, languidly. "Always so tedious. Like Sunday."

"It makes me homesick," said another, a melancholy little man who was forever bragging of his native Duluth.

"Christmas," I repeated—"tomorrow!"

It was Christmas eve, and I had not known it! I leaned back in my chair in a sudden loneliness, what pictures coming before me of long-ago Christmas eves at home!—old Christmas eves when there was a Tree. . . .

My name was called; the night city editor had an assignment for me. "Go up to Sim Peck's, on Madison street," he said. "He thinks he's got something on David Beasley, but won't say any more over the telephone. See what there is in it."

I picked up my hat and coat, and left the office at a speed which must have given my superior the highest conception of my journalistic zeal. At a telephone station on the next corner I called up Mrs. Apperthwaite's house and asked for Mr. Dowden.

"What are you doing?" I demanded, when his voice responded.

"Playing bridge," he answered. "Are you going out anywhere?"

"No. What's the trouble?"

"I'll tell you later. I may want to see you tonight before I go back to the office."

"All right. I'll be at home all the evening."

I hung up the receiver and made off on my errand.

Down town the streets were crowded with the package-laden people, bending heads and shoulders to the bitter wind, which swept a blinding, sheet-like snow horizontally against them. At corners it struck so tumultuous a blow upon the chest of the pedestrians that for a moment it would halt them, and you could hear them gasping half-mothered "Ahs" like bathers in a heavy surf. Yet there was a gaiety in this eager gale; the crowds pressed anxiously, yet happily, up and down the street in their generous search for things to give away. It was not the rich who struggled through the storm tonight; these were people who carried their own bundles home. You saw them: toilers and saviors, tired mothers and fathers, worn with the grinding thrift of all the year, but now for this one night careless of how hard-saved the money, reckless of everything but the joy of giving it to bring the children joy on the one great tomorrow. So they bent their heads with freezing wind, their arms laden with daring bundles and their hearts uplifted with the tremulous happiness of giving more than they could afford. Meanwhile, Mr. Simeon Peck, honest man, had chosen this season to work harm if he might to the gentlest of his fellow-men.

I found Mr. Peck waiting for me in his house. There were four other men with him, one of whom I recognized as Grist, a squat young man with slippery-looking black hair and a lambrequin mustache. They were donning their coats and hats in the hall when I arrived.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Puttin' One Over on 'Em.
A country man and his wife, who had just come to the city, went into a restaurant. They sat down at the nearest table and had been waiting for quite a while, when the manager came over and said, "Pardon me, but this is a self-serving cafeteria. You'll have to serve yourself." Her husband, muttering to himself, arose and served the table, and when the meal was almost finished, he whispered to his wife, "Mary, I'll tell you what let's do. Let's slip out without washing the dishes."—Atlanta Constitution.

THE USE OF FUR

Hems of Rich Peltry Placed on Skirts and Sleeves.

Some of the Latest Models Show Arm Coverings of Exaggerated Size, Elaborately Trimmed.

A deep hem of rich fur is often introduced on velvet skirts, mysterious folds draped on the hips and the corsage high necked and tight fitting. Cross-over corsages are bordered with a band of fur which runs from the left shoulder to the right hip. It is a case of fur everywhere, and on everything.

In evidence of this, you have only to study the model sketched. This is a beautiful winter wrap made of gray wool velvet and lavishly trimmed with bands of gray fox. The bands are separated by lines of gray silk embroidery.

You will note that the sleeves are very much trimmed, three bands of fur on each. This idea of trimmed sleeves is becoming more and more popular. Indeed, some of the latest



Attractive Wrap of Iron Gray Wool Velvet With Bands of Gray Fox.

models show sleeves of exaggerated size trimmed with frills, ruchings and narrow bands of fur. The sleeve itself is often of leg-o-mutton outline and when it is combined with a tight-corsage cut high to the neck the whole outline is unexpected, even startling.

The high, shaped, fur collar shown in the model is the latest notion of Modic's design; this collar is eminently becoming and cozy looking. Similar collars are applied to severely plain tailored coats, and with the best results.

Monkey Fur Still In.

There is no abatement in the demand for monkey fur. An evening cape of dull red chiffon velvet, combined with red and gold metallic cloth, is effectively trimmed with embroidery in a pointed design and a standing collar of monkey fur.

USE LACE FOR FORMAL GOWNS

Metal and Spanish Ideas Are Widely Featured; Bertha Collars Are Becoming.

The prevalence of lace in the formal frock is noted in practically all of the new models now being shown. The wide metal laces draped over metal tissues are particularly featured for evening, says the Dry Goods Economist. Next in demand are the Spanish laces in black, cream and all the leading shades.

These laces adapt themselves well to the straight-line gowns and flowing drapes but they seem almost as effective in the very full skirts which are a complement of the close-fitting bodice.

Perhaps the newest outlet for laces is in the wide bertha collars, which are shown on some of the formal afternoon and dinner dresses. These dresses are usually made of velvet, taffeta or satin and the collars are of the finest hand-made French or Belgian laces, usually in a deep cream or ecru.

These collars are becoming to almost every type and as a consequence they are being copied on cheaper garments and in laces which are machine made, but very effective. The neck-wear houses have taken advantage of this new vogue and are showing various designs, including slashed models, which are very effectively worn on the dark fabric street dresses with the bateau neckline.

Worn with the outdoor suits are blouses trimmed with very narrow Irish crochet edges, while with the tailored suits of finer materials the

THE GOWN FOR EVENING WEAR



The softly draped gown is universally becoming. The charming model is fashioned of orchid crepe remain and softly draped about the feet. The girde is of twisted orchid crepe and silver cloth, and fastens with a rose.

APPAREL OF PRESENT SEASON

Close Alliance in the Making of All Wearables Is One of the Dominant Features.

All articles of apparel are closely allied this season in their making; soutache braiding has been introduced on the short jackets and on dresses, and the milliners of Paris made some very clever hats in this mode as well. The first hats of this type which came into the country were not stressed to any very great extent here, but as the season has progressed retail shops featured them. Naturally enough, these hats are always in black or dark brown and are rarely trimmed in anything except soutache buttons or perhaps a tab of fur.

It is interesting to know just how important the dancing turban has become, and at all smart restaurants one sees it worn in increasing quantities. Gold or silver lame cloths make these turbans for the most part, and although there are smart brocades in tinsel and color shown in the shops and worn, these are very much in the minority. Probably the reason is that the colored brocades are so much more expensive than the plain gold and silver novelties.

Best in Dark Shades.

Color is a special problem for people with stout figures, who appear at their best in dark shades. Checks should be avoided, especially if bright, on garments for stouts and among the stripes the subdued are the best. Light colors should be employed on stouts as little as possible, as they reflect too much light and produce the optical delusion of making persons appear larger than they actually are. The color of the sleeves should never form too strong a contrast to that of the bodice for stout persons.

ADD IRISH CROCHET, FLETS AND VENICES ARE STILL SEEN.

Many of the very elaborate formal suits are of the three-piece variety, which lend themselves admirably to the use of the bertha collar. A bit of lace around the neck is so much more becoming to most people than the puritanical neckline that very few of these more formal frocks are shown without this bit of accompanying lace.

FASHION HINTS FOR SPRING

Manufacturers Turning Their Attention to Models for Resort Wear; Demand for Velvet.

Dress manufacturers, or at least those specializing in Palm Beach wear, are turning their attention to models for resort wear. While only a few are actually showing numbers now, there are many who have costumes in the making.

For immediate delivery a strong demand is still expressed for the velvet frock, both for day and evening wear. Deliveries are still slow, owing to the scarcity of the fabric. Buyers are especially anxious to secure deliveries on evening models, because of the arrival of the real winter social season.

The twill dress remains a favorite, with jersey also called for. A call was expressed for sleeveless frocks of jersey, a call which occasioned surprise.

Canton crepe maintains a position of favoritism with flat crepes a strong second.

Everywhere one hears "spring lines" in the air.

The Kitchen Cabinet

It is wonderful how large a little bit of a fraction will grow, if you only multiply it enough.—Robert Beverly Hale.

A VARIETY OF GOOD THINGS

Who does not enjoy a good cake? Packed eggs when carefully kept may be used for such a cake.

Silver Loaf Cake.—Take two and three-fourths cups of pastry flour, one and one-fourth cups of granulated sugar, two-thirds of a cupful of water, one-half cupful of butter, the whites of seven eggs, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of flavoring extract and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Cream the butter and add the sugar, mix until well blended, then add the flour sifted with the dry ingredients, alternating with the water; fold in the stiffly beaten whites and bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

Pound Cake.—Take ten eggs, one pound, or two cups of sugar; one pound, or four cups of flour; three-fourths of a pound, or one and one-half cups of butter; two teaspoonfuls of lemon extract; add one teaspoonful of salt. Cream the butter and sugar until white and foamy. Separate the egg yolks from the whites and beat well. Add alternately one heaping tablespoonful of flour with a small portion of the beaten yolk and white, beating the mixture well between each addition of flour and egg. The success of a pound cake depends upon the beating and the baking. Put into a very slow oven and increase the heat to a moderate oven and bake one hour and a half.

Sweet Apples and Quinces.—Core a half-dozen sweet apples, fill the centers with chopped quince, add sugar and water and bake until well done. Serve as a dessert with whipped cream.

Honey Hermit.—Take one cupful of butter, one and one-half cups of honey, strained, one teaspoonful of soda, three eggs, five cups of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, two and one-fourth cups of chopped raisins and nut meats. Dissolve the soda in the honey which has been slightly warmed, with the dry ingredients. Add the fruit and nuts last. Drop from a spoon on a buttered sheet and bake in a moderate oven.

Orange and Walnut Salad.—Peel fine juicy oranges, cut into very thin slices. Slice walnut meats, using one cupful of orange to three-fourths of a cupful of nuts. Mix with a highly seasoned French dressing and serve on lettuce.

Those persons and things, then, that inspire us to do our best, that make us live at our best, when we are in their presence, that call forth from us our latent and unsuspected personality, that nourish and support that personality—those are our friends.—Randolph S. Bourne.

FOR THE TABLE

In using bread crumbs for escaloped dishes, season well with salt and pepper and add to a small quantity of melted butter; stir until well mixed. Currants, the dried variety, may be well cleaned by rubbing them well in flour, which will remove any grit, then wash and dry in a collander and they will be ready for use.

One of the most wholesome of breakfast foods is wheat right from the granary. Soak over night, then cook slowly on the back of the stove until the wheat is a gelatinous mass. Serve with top milk.

Green Soup.—Wash two quarts of spinach in several waters. Wash, peel and chop fine three small turnips, two onions, a bunch of celery and a bunch of parsley. Fry the vegetables in four tablespoonfuls of butter, add a pint of water and simmer until tender. Mix two tablespoonfuls of flour with a little milk, add it to one and one-half pints of milk, and boil five minutes. Put all the vegetables through a sieve, then add the hot milk and serve with croutons.

Tuna Fish Salad.—Take one cupful of tuna fish, shredded, three-fourths of a cupful of boiled salad dressing, one-half cupful of chopped celery, one-half envelope of gelatin, one-fourth cupful of water, one chopped green pepper, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of paprika. Soak the gelatin in the water five minutes, then add it with all the other ingredients to the hot salad dressing. Turn into individual molds dipped in cold water and chill. Turn out on crisp lettuce and serve.

Southern Golden Fleece.—Cut fine and melt in a saucepan one-half pound of rich cheese; when soft add one cupful of cream and a dash of cayenne; when thoroughly blended, break in five fresh eggs, cover for two minutes; when the white is set, remove the cover, add a little salt and beat the mass briskly with a spoon for a few minutes. It will rise in a yellow foam, tender and delicious. Serve on buttered toasted milk crackers.

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