NEW YORK PLUNGES.

As Enthusiastic in Observing Christ-

mas as in Other Things.

GOSSIP FROM THE BIG TOWN.

Civil Eervice Peform and the Robberies

in the Mail Service.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

of the heart toward the rest of humanity.

this day of all other days we are glad be-

cause others are glad. Christmas joys are

catching. A divine unselfishness fills the

breast. For once we rejoice in the happi-

ness of our neighbors. A subtle sympathy

permeates the soul. Over the lowered

bars of distrust it goes out to cheer every

Christmas Day in New York means much.

And much that it means could never be

ever observes the Christmas holidays with

greater fervor than they are kept in Gotham

town. The lion and the lamb of Wall

street lie down this blessed season together.

All the marts of trade are either closed or

hushed, save alone those that cater to the

universal joy of the time-and these run

day and night. The millionaire and the

poorest slave of the sweat-shop turn aside

from ordinary a vocations to give Christmas

Day a royal welcome. And they are not to

be cheated out of the formal recognition by

the fact that Christmas falls now and then

Sundays come and go every seek. Christ-

Hark to resonant glory of old Trinity.

How now booms the distant bells of sweet

St. Patrick's chimes. And here and there

and everywhere the mellow metal chorus

This is New York. Talk not to me of old

St. Paul's and the smoky fog of London.

This is a New York Christmas and the day

The blessed bells. The heart softening

bells. Their sweetly shimmering sounds

vibrate on the frosty tympanum of

rythmical halo over all Manhattan. It falls

alike upon the listening ears of the just and

unjust. It bears into palace and hovel the

glad tidings with undiscriminating gentle-ness and love—the tidings that Christ is

No one has ever truly known Christmas

who has not heard the bells of New York on Christmas morning. And nobody has

really seen Christmas until he has seen what these musical messengers of heaven

bring forth. Pouring down from brick and brown stone, they come, a mighty, well clad, gladsome host. From car and cab and

carriage they swell into Fifth avenue—the best dressed, handsomest and richest peo-ple in the world. There is but one other

day in the year when you can see such a throng and that is on Easter Sunday. Then,

as now, their feet are turned churchward and their minds are bent upon Christ. Theirs are not the severely ascetic faces of the

on Sunday. Perish the thought.

mas comes but once a year.

can be seen as well as heard.

human creature.

## THE KAISER'S XMAS.

A Description of the Delightful Exercises of Heiliger Abend.

THE ROYAL PROCESSION

That Moves in Splendor From the Schloss to the Chapel.

PRESENTS FOR THE PRINCES.

The State Eupper at Which the Popular Impress Presides.

A MIDNIGHT FROLIC IN THE MARKET

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. ] BERLIN, DEC. 14.-Heiliger Abendthat is the name for our Christmas eve. At the Kaiser Schloss it begins at 6 P. M. At the moment the old clock in the tower of the ramshackle cathedral opposite, at last doomed to destruction, calls out the sixth hour, the electric lights are turned on in every outside room of the castle with its thousand windows, the guards in the inner sourt draw up in line for inspection and the Empress' body guard, clad in the uniform of Frederick the Great's time, who are stanioned about the corridors and vestibules, draw their swords and assemble for the grand procession.

Five minutes later the bugler's corps chant the great choral, "Nun Lobt Gott den Herrn," "Here Ye and Praise God the Lord," on their silver cornets and place

has been placed, whereon the higher court officials, ladies and gentlemen, including the various preceptors of the Imperial children, find their Christmas gifts. The presents are not of the quality the unin-itiated, perhaps, are given to associate with, donors distinguished above all by affluence and position. Bronze statues and groups of military objects for the gentlemen, trinkets and jewel cases for the ladies, photographs, with a few kind words of remembrance, scribbled in one corner, silver watches for the pages and pretty scarts and inces for the daughters of the courtiers are the usual gifts, and their Majestics accept the thanks of their servants in their own hearty man-

An American as a Royal Flunkey. Meanwhile a small army of lackeys is busy about the buffet filling tulip-shaped crystal tumblers with "Heidsieck Royal" under the observing eve of our American friend, James Weigand, the Kaiser's cellar master and our bearer. Weigand is a Phil-adelphia boy, but his long residence in Germany and at the court has brought out all his inherent Teutonic qualities, and in his gorgeous livery of black, red and sil-ver, white silk breeches and buckled pumps he looks for all the world like the ideal royal flunkey. The royal princes meanwhile rown around with languing meanwhile romp around with laughing faces, imparting little secrets to their special friends among the guests, such as in-forming them which present was bought by their own small savings and what it cost.

The younger boys attach themselves to their mother's train and beg and pray to know when their own Heiliger Abend is to come. Now it strikes 8, and Her Majesty observing that her babies are getting rather sleepy and the elder becoming tired of waiting, whispers to the "gentlemen of the bedchamber" behind her to command the court marshal that the assemblage be dis-Three times that dignitary the marble floor with his metal stick and at once the conversation turns to leavetaking, the great doors are thrown open and those not on duty retire, the line of bodyguards presenting arms.

The Family Part of Christman When all have gone the Kaiserin beckons the nurses to her side, and with them and the rest of the children makes off for her boudoir, where she is divested of the tiresome state costume and the insignia of royalty. When, a quarter of an hour later,

There is grandmother and Aunt Marguerite," cries one little Prince who has gained the window first. "And they bring a whole drag full of Christmas things, cries another." "May we be allowed to receive them at the door?"-this in chorus.

"Helliger Abend comes only once a year," pleads the Kaiser to his frau.

The Empress laughs assent and the little ones are off in a jiffy.

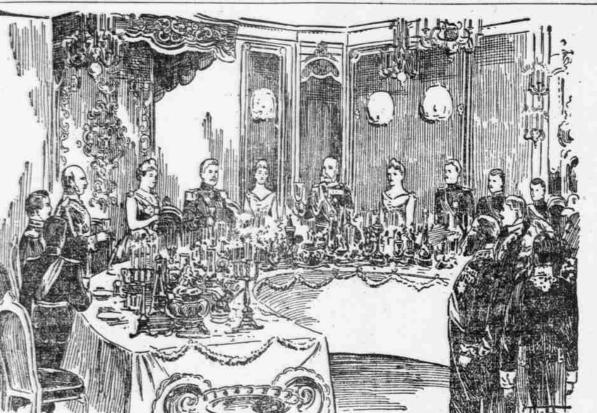
The Empress Frederick, who appears a minute later with her daughter, is not a distinguished leading the control of the co distinguished looking woman, but her massive face betokens kindliness and intelligence. Since the death of her husband she dresses always in gray silk and on testive occasions wears a few beautiful diamonds in the hair and at the low corsage. Princess Massaccia to the harmand to the harmand the harmand to the harmand cess Margnerite, soon to be married, is a lithe fair girl, somewhat wanting in character, but with the generous heart of her late inther. She looks pretty and demure as she kisses her sister-in-law's hand, who, however, scolds her for her humility and offers her lips instead. In the new-comers' rain march a score of stalwart fackeys,

laden with the good things which the aforesaid drag brought to the castle. Serving the State Supper. 9:30, when the children are safely tucked away in their little brass beds, the State supper is served in the Empress' salon. The Kaiserin has it all her own way on Heiliger Abend, and therefore only members of her immediate family have been asked, namely, aside from the Emperor's mother and youngest sister, the Meiningens, Prince and Princess Frederick Leopold, Princess Frederick Charles and a

ew cousins to give each lady a partner. The supports quite informal, in spite of the splender of toilet and plate; a few old and trusted servants have been selected to wait at table, and as the family has no secrets before them the conversation is animated, and all titles are thrown to the winds. A single toast is drunk: "To the Kaiserin and her baby daughter."

At midnight a curious deputation is an-

nounced, the seniors of the lackies and of the maid servants respectively, appear to invite their gracious master and mistress to the servants' ball. The petition is granted as a matter of course, and the whole party descends to the hall below, where 200 or 300 couples trip the stately waltz and polka to the music of a military hand.



THE STATE SUPPER IN THE EMPRESS' SALON,

themselves at the head of the proud column. composed of the Imperial family and their schold, which moves slowly and with stately gatt over the sloping terrace toward the chapel erected over the triumphal arch forming the Western portals of the castle.

The Make-Up of the Procession. The military is followed by a beyr of pretty young pages, the offspring of the highest nobility in the realm. These boys are clad in red and silver doublets, velvet breeches, silk stockings, patent leather pumps and white powdered wigs. In their | gloved bands they carry baskets with roses and violets, intended to make the Empress' path as sweet and fragrant as the poet would have it. The Imperial youngsters march behind their playmates, preceded by the Grand Marshal in his showy seventeenth century costume and armed with a gold staff, blazing with diamonds and

recious stones like the shepherd's crook of a bishop. The Crown Prince heads the group of lusty boys with all the dignity a Lieutenant portion to the ages of the recipients. The Crown Prince heads the group of of the First Guards is capable of expressing. His thoughtful face looms up brightly under the carmine helmet with the high gold shield in front and his well developed chest heaves proudly under the insignia of exalted orders and decorations. The eves of his brother Eitel Frederick, who, as the secand son, wears the conventional sailor suit. follow the elder brother with undisguised admiration. He, too, will be a Lieutenant n July next, when he attains his tenth year, and who knows but that he will cut as swell a figure as William, for has not his paternal great-grandmother promised him a Captainship in the English Navy? Papa is an Admiral of the Queen, and so he will

serve him as well as his great-grandmother. All of Them, Even the Baby. The next pair of boys are dressed in the Eton suit, light trousers, patent leather shoes, broadcloth jackets with white collars and cuffs, and hold shiny silk hats in their hands. Prince Oscar is done up in white and laces, and the voungest, Joachim, i carried by a nurse in the Spreewald costume, consisting of a white stiff cap with tremendous tows behind the base of the head, a black velvet bodice exposing at the neck and arms, a short-sleeved shirt neatly embroidered, a carmine-colored frock reaching to the knees over an immensity of enbonpoint, black, gold-threaded atockings and low shoes. Now comes the baby Princess, a bundle of laces and pink and white with face and arms soft as swansdown, borne in right royal fashion on a cushion of silver cloth by a stalwart wet nurse, who appears to be the most important personage in all this procession and certainly considers herself so, swaying her body to and tro and thrusting forth her feet after the fashion prescribed by that great soldier, King Frederick William I.,

for his kidnaped giant soldiers.
Immediately behind her daughter walks the Empress on the arm of her lord, who on this occasion, as at all family festivals, a cars the uniform of the Body Hussars, blue and gold, and fur-trimmed shoulder sont of carmine red. William was married n this dress and naturally the Empress prefers to see him wear it. The beautiful En press is in full court costume. The chapel

exercises are short.

Displaying the Christmas Gifts. The religious ceremony over, the pro-Knights Hall is reached, which, in the interval, has been turned into a vericable Christmas bazar. It is probably selected for this purpose on account of its associatich with the memory of Martin Luther who spoke the battle cry of the reformation under the very crystal chandelier that hangs from the middle of the ceiling. This girandole of exquisite workmanship, and he only one in the palace that is ighted by wax candles, all the others being converted into modern electric light bearers, was bought at auction by a Hohenzollern.

this room, filled with light and flagrant flowers, a profusion of small tables

Her Majesty appears in the vellow parlor. adjoining the marine room in the private quarters of the castle, looking out upon the bridge of the Great Elector, she wears a short evening dress of Indian silk and the simple silver ornaments of her childhood, events that at one time endowed her with the title of Comtesse-Pretender, coined by Bismarck when he made diplomatic war on her unfortunate father. The Kniser likewise has donned undress uniform and his youngsters are playing hobby-horse with

Suddenly the silvery tones of a bell in the adjoining hall are heard. "The Christkind! the Christkind!" ery the children, clapping their hands and making a break for the door that is instantly ened upon a scene of light and beauty In the corners of the hall, made gay by the garlands of greens, flowers and bunting seven Christmas trees have been erected in eds of moss and rocks descriptive of scene in the Holv Land, and dotted with small statues of the Virgin and other images. The Crown Prince's tree is fully 10 feet

Gifts for the Little Ones. There are toys and toys, but the practical gifts predominate. It seems almost in-credible that the scions of royalty should receive as special bounty such necessaries as fur collars, gloves and sets of handker chiefs with their embroidered initials, but the Kaiser's children are brought up in the strictest economy and with a view of impressing upon them profound gratitude for the smallest of favors and advantages. They are indeed less used to elegance in persons



The Crown Prince.

attire than the children of the moderately rich, and as a consequence are easily pleased. The Crown Prince rejoices in the ossession of an extra lieutenant's uniform and Prince Eitel with glistening eyes scans the pages of some nautical works that may aid him in his studies for the navy.

After a joyous interchange of thanks-saying and embraces, the Crown Prince starts off taking his mother by the hand, while the other boys drag the Emperor toward the nursery hall where they have arranged their modest Christmas gifts for papa and mamma. Of course, the senior of the little crowd has been able to distance his brother in the matter of munificence for he has his Lieutenant's salary of \$31 per mouth to draw upon while the little ones' appange amounts only to so many marks which will buy perhaps a modest picture frame or a flower vass ave done their best and are duly rewarded

for their real and devotion Another Pleasure for Them. The sound of hoofs and carriage wheels comes from the asphalt below. "Hurran!

The Kaiser and the Princes immediately ske off for the maids, selecting their partners after the rule of seniority, while the Kainerin and young ladies becken their favorite servants to their sides. Even the proud Empress Frederick unbends so far on asion as to join hands with the stal wart Major Domo, who reverently leads her about. Carriages are ordered for 1 o'clook, but only the grandmothers, the Empress Frederick and Princess Frederick Charles consent to final leave-taking at this early hour. The younger people, always including the Kaiser, prepare for a elandestine stroll to the Christmas market held in the Lustgarten, in front and around the

The young ladies have brought heavy shoes, great coats and hoods for the lark that is to be, and His Majesty's Garderobier disguises the gentleman in conventional citizen's dress. Before they start on foot through the servant's gate the Imperial host invites all to take a few handfuls o thalers and marks brought in on a salver, for one must have plenty of change on an

errand like the intended. The Emperor's Incognito Outings.

The Christmas market is conducted in small booths by the very poorest of peram-bulent dealers who stand behind their counters day and night shivering in the cold and imploring the passers by to pur-chase "a pennyworth." To them the royal visit is a godsend, a veritable Queen Anne's bounty for augmenting their mean living. It was probably one of these secret visits to the Christmas mart that, some time ago, caused the silly report of the Kaiser's Haroun Al Raschid slumming expedi-

It is early morning when these young people, who, in the family council, weigh the sates of the world on their tongue's end, return to the eastle arm in arm like as many truent children, talking with sup-pressed boisterousness of the adventures they enjoyed, and of those they might have enjoyed if "William" was not so excessively strict. A glass of stiff "grog" awaits them in the

vestibule, they don their sables and ermine cloaks, a last farewell and half a score of gilded coaches thunder Unter Den Linden to scatter in various directions at the crossing of Friedrich strasse. HENRY W. FISCHER.

MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE.

The Grand Old Man Generally Has His

New York Evening Post.;

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were staying at the country house of a triend of the writer, and in accordance with their usual custom attended 8 o'clock service, before breakfast, at the parish church. Coming out of church, Mrs. Gladstone was walking off one way when Mr. Glad-

stone called to her, "Come this way; this is nearest." She replied, "I don't think it is very near," and wanted to argue the point. But, an unusual thing for him, he was in no mood for arguing, and said, "We'll easily settle this question as to which is the shortest way. You go one way, I'll go the other, and see who arrives home first." Off he started one way, she the other, It is needless to say he arrived home easily first. He went as hard as he could go, and would have killed himself rather than she should win; but whether it proved which way was the shorter is another matter; any-

New Covering for Cotton Baies. A new covering for cotton bales has been introduced. It is a fireproof asbestos mixture, in which wire is mingled to give it stiffness and strength, and over the whole wire netting is drawn. When this covering was first brought out it was found to ex clude the air from the cotton to an injurious extent. Since that time the inventor has succeeded in so modifying the material that while the fire-repelling qualities are pre-served, sufficient air is admitted to the cotton. With the new covering the bales do not bulge; its cost and weight are the same as those of the old coverings.

Her Eyes Are Her Fortune. "Did you ever notice her eyes?"

USING THE EYES IN FLIMFLAMMING lunch place, and the "her" referred to was the pretty cashier. NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—Christmas Day is "There is something queer about them-

the day of human gladness throughout the civilized world. Of whatever country or of whatever clime, all who bask in the glorious sunshine of Christianity feel the same quickening of the pulse, the same warming The artificial barriers reared by society are weaker on this day than any other day of the year. The bonds that restrain us never struck me. from the acknowledgment of our fellow

eye is a shade darker than the other. When she looks at you they change color."
"Nonzense! When she looks at you it is you who change color. The girl is all

to be down that way and hungry. I didn't get a good look at her as I went in, but as I came out I took as good a look as possible

Was this a new scheme? Being interested in the novel ways of my fellow man, also women, I took the earliest opportunity of putting my suspicions to the test.

look was not wasted on anyone, however, except in making change. She had the power to distract a customer's attention so as to confuse him about his change. I noticed, however, that there were plenty who didn't look at her at all, and some others who scrutinized their change pretty closely.
Once in a while some gentleman pursued his investigations of the pretty cashier's eyer regardless of expense. When I met my friend again he anticipated my discovery by admitting rather sheepishly that his last experiment in reading eyes cost him exactly \$1. She got that much out of a \$2 note.

of letter carriers and other employes of the postoffice can be explained on mere ordinary and matter of fact grounds. They are out of all proportion to the record of dishonesty in other walks of life. If you have paid any attention to this matter it must strike you so. My own opinion is that the competitive system cannot be relied upon to dis-tinguish honesty from dishonesty. I am aware there are a great many people who are under the impression that education makes men honest and women virtuous, but I am not one of them. It is barely possible that the postal service is, on the whole, more efficient to-day than ever it was—I do not dispute that. But efficiency has noth-

earlier church, but the faces of modern Christ-ianity, that denies not the innocent cravings of the flesh nor the freedom of religious thought. They are the happy faces of those who have fed well, who are conscious of being dressed well and who have no cares that cannot be left over till to-morrow. At work or play, on 'Change or at church, New Yorkers never do anything by halves. It is the great spirit of trade that follows the New Yorker through life—the mental

and physical activity that makes leisure a bore and rest a sort of punishment. So on Christmas holidays he plunges. If piously inclined, he plunges into church matters. If merely benevalent, he plunges into all sorts of benevolent dissipations. rigidly domestic turn, he plunges into fam ily surprises for wire and children. If of social disposition, he plunges into society. If a man-about town, he plunges into the customary whirl of late suppers and wine ad libitum. In any case he plunges. this characteristic in mind in considering the New Yorker's Christmas

He Is Entitled to a Reward.

There are some philosophers who cling to the belief that there is no future of rewards and punishments, but that we get our just dues as we go along. Once in a while there seems to be some slight justification for this doctrine. For instance, it happened that a day or two ago a lady coming up on the Sixth avenue elevated monopolized two seats. I say it happened-for a lady very does such a thing. The cars were crowded, every seat being occurried, including the two occupied by this particular sample of the gentler sex. Several gentlemen came in, took a longing look at the lady and at the small fragile parcel at her side and politely seized the most convenient strap. Whatever their thoughts, they did not express them by word of mouth. Perhanthey were of that school of philosophers of whom I have just spoken. If they were they were waiting for the retributive justice to come along, and were possibly wondering what form it would take. They didn't have to wait very long, for a sudden lurch of the car at the turn into Fifty-third street sent a man weighing some 200 pounds plump into the scat by the side of the astounded monopolist. That individual gave one plaintive acream and all was over. The plaintive scream and all was over. The thoroughly frightened gentleman jumped to his feet as soon as possible—so quickly, in-deed, that he never could have been said to have been down, but for the havoc he had innocently wrought. For there, smashed as flat as the traditional flounder was-well, whatever it was or had been!

Did the unfortunate lady turn and rend him with her tongue? Did she tell him what she thought of him? Not at all. She simply gathered the miserable wreck bosom and wept. Nobody saw what the wreck was and consequently could arrive at no idea of its awful awfulness. To tell the truth, the public sympathy was with the miserable wretch thus made the blind instrument in the hands of Providence to administer punishment to the guilty as the guilty go along. He was the most unhappy mortal I ever saw. What I wish to know is, when and how does he get

The Latest Fad for Smokers

his reward?

The very latest thing out for cutting off the tip of your cigar is a wheel operated by electricity. When you happen to go into a cigar store where one of these things is getting in its work it will be well with you if ou don't get your fingers nipped instead of the end of your eigar. There will be a sign hung above the machine warning care ess customers to look for their fingers. The best thing is to keep your fingers off and then when you look for them you'll know where to find them.

The changes in the appliances for elipping the ends of cigars are not, as a rule, re-markable for ingenuity. However, they make it up in numbers. Go into almost any cigar store and you will find from two Usually, after you have tried one you'll wish you'd tried the other one. In nine

cases out of ten the machine will be out of order. The electrical cutter fills a long felt want. It is a small buzz saw arrangement want. It is a small buzz saw arrangement covered, except as to the small orifice into which you trust your cigar or finger, as the case may be. It makes no noise, gives no warning. You can't tell whether or not it is really going. That is, not by looking at it. If you have any doubts about it you simply insert the tip of your little finger in the hole. If it isn't going you try another cutter. If it is going you try an ambulance for the nearest hospital. Read the sign atterward.

He had just come out of a Nassau street

or I wonder if I merely fancy it !"

When a young man gets to looking into a retty girl's eyes, the eyes usually begin to look queer in the course of time. I do not know whether it is the fault of her eves or of his eyes, but things begin to look tangled. I said I had noticed that much. The queerness of this particular girl's eyes men are loosened by charity and love. On

"That's singular," said my friend. "Why, most everybody notices it."
"Then it's plural," said I.
"No, honestly now, I'm not joking. One

right!" Notwithstanding my incredulity, I couldn't help think of the pretty cushier with the queer eyes next time I happened

without staring.
Somehow I telt that she knew I was try ing my reading powers, and I'm satisfied changed color under the ordeal. I am also satisfied that she changed a dollar note for me and flimflammed me out of 20 cents. This, however, I did not discover in time to remedy. But it did set me to thinking.

In the first place, I found that the pretty cashier's eyes had a peculiar look. This

Civil Service Reform and Robbery.

"There have been more mail robberies," says a Government official, "since the operation of the civil rules in proportion to the number of men employed than ever Gotham's Christmas day. Their solemn | occurred before. I do not undertake to exmusic fills Broadway. It overpowers the plain it, but it would appear that there is aristocratic upper town. It hangs a happy, something wrong either with the system or with the administration of it. It seems impossible that all of these arrests that have been made in this city during the last year ing to do with a man's honesty. And it is right here the present system is weak. It looks bad to note the arrest of a postal official for robbery every three days." CHARLES THEODORE MURRAY.

## A NEWSPAPER TREAT.

THE DISPATCH'S ASSIGNMENT FOR . NOTED CORRESPONDENT.

Frank G. Carpenter to Furnish Some Valuable Interviews During the Coming Year-America's Great Men to Contrib ute for the Pleasure and Instruction of Pittsburg Readers.

Among the big features of the coming

year's special correspondence in THE DIS-PATCH will be a series of striking interviews by Mr. Frank G. Carpenter. Mr. Carpenter's foreign letters will end with Sunday, January 1, when he gives a talk which he had in Lordon with John T. North, the nitrate king, whom Cyrus W. Field called the richest man in the world. During the past summer Mr. Carpenter furnished interviews with Bismarck, Madam Tolstoi and other notables abroad, and he has the reputation of being able to get the best men of the world for his talks. During his tour around the globe a year or so he chatted with the King of Corea and gave striking talks with the King of Greece, the Khedive of Egypt and other Eastern potentates. He interviewed Li Hung Chang, the Viceroy of China, gave a long talk with the Sultan of Johore and introduced us to the Patriarch of Jerusalem, famous Buddhists and other thinkers of the Oriental world. About a year ago he interviewed President Diaz in his palace in Mexico City and he has given spicy conversations with the most of the leading

men of this country. His letters the coming year will be large ly confined to the United States, and he will give us tace to face chats with some of the greatest and most exclusive men of the nation. The most interesting characters of Washington will chat through him to our readers, and his talks will include famous women as well as famous men. They will be on all sorts of subjects, and the most of them will be illustrated with snap shots taken for his letters.

The Columbian Exposition will bring the most famous men and women of the world to America, and Mr. Carpenter's travels and his knowledge will enable him to give THE DISPATCH striking articles through talks with them. During the year he proposes to visit different parts of the United States on a grand interview tour, and among the other interviews already arranged for is one with ex-President Hayes, which will describe the home life and will give some unwritten reminiscences of Mr. Haves.

In addition to these interviews, Mr. Carpenter's work will include some special feature articles from Washington and other parts of the country, and it will contain a number of gossipy stories of the men who are uppermost from time to time.

Order Now for Christmas. Cabinet photos \$1 50 per doz. Panel picture free with every doz. better grade. Guarantee given with every order. Crayons from \$2 50 up. Large assortinent of frames. Lowest prices. Lies Portrait Studio, 10 and 12 Sixth street.

The Happy Termination of a Christmas Present Expedition.

Yesterday morning I rose with the lark, denned by best frock coat and silk hat, and with a list of those I wished to remember in my pocket, started out to do my Christmas shopping, and before I had finished, I found I had not only spent the day, but every cent I had, and every cent I expected to have for the next six months. My object in starting so early was to avoid the crowd, but when I reached Stiffiney's, the local jeweler's-I always go there, not because he has prettier things, but because he charges more and is very swell-I found that all our set was either out to avoid the crush, or had so many things to buy that it would take the entire day to get through. Anyhow, it seemed that everybody was there.

Just as I was going in I met Brander Peyton coming out. Brander had just gotshould say so. ten home from New Haven, and, as we have always been the best of friends, we were, of course, very glad to see one another. He is one of those chaps, you know, who is always full of gossip, and, I daresay, we would have had a most comfortable little chat had not Ethel Selwick beckoned to me-which was very rude of her-from the back of the store. So we had to cut our conversation short, and I was very sorry, indeed, for I am sure it would have resulted in a small bottle at the club. However, before he left he made me promise to dine with him that evening.

Walking up to Ethel, I said to her; "You are a very daring girl to sign to me in a

"But, Willie," she replied, "I am in such a quandary, and I want you to help me out.



Would You Wear It, Peggy? I have bought all my presents but one, and

-- but say, have you heard about Jack Hemp-stead and Nau Featherstone?"

"No."
"Well, their engagement is off."

"You don't say so, Which was to blame?"
"I really don't know, but Rosalind De Jones told me that Nan's father wanted Jack to give up his clubs, and Jack said something about life without clubs would be as useless as a deck of pards without And then Mr. Featherstone raved and, I believe, swore, but I wouldn't say for sure that he dil that, and ordered Jack out

"The old idiot!" "But, Willie, you will admit that it wasn't very flattering to Nan."
"Of course, I will; but, tell me, are you going to Graybrides this evening?

"No, I was invited, though, "Miss Selwick," broke in the clerk, "do you want either of these picture frames?"
"O, really, I forgot all about them

Willie, do tell me which of these you think "It all depends on which one you pu your photograph in."
"You flatterer; but you don't mean it

Put mine in one and Peggy Blane's in the other and I know which one you would "Where did you hear about Peggy"

"As though everybody hadn't heard o your engagement?" "My engagement! No such luck, Ethel." She gave a sly wink, as much as to say she didn't believe me, and, turning to th clerk, made her selection of frames, and riving directions for the delivery of all she had bought, insisted on my calling Christmas afternoon and bade me adieu.

Taking the seat she had vacated, I asked Mr. Lawford if he would wait on me, and taking my list from my pocket, I settled

down to do my duty, "Now, as I call these amounts off, you take them down," I said to him. "I want four things in silver at \$10 apiece for girls; six pins or buttons, or anything like that, at \$20 apiece. No, wait a minute: don' put that down. Let me see-Dick Peters, what did he give me last year? Oh, yes, silver pencil. Make that last five at twen-ty and one at five. Then I want something for sister at \$75, and something for my mother at about the same price. I will want, too, something rather rummy forwell, it must be pretty, but I'll look around

Mr. Lawford smiled, and seemed to understand. "Now you piex out the best and most showy things you can, within the price limit that I have given you; I am going to rely wholly upon your judgment. "Well, I'll do my best," he replied, "and hope it will please you.'

While he was looking around I fell into s deep brown study over what I would buy for Peggy. My, how I love that girl. Sh has completely ensuared my heart, and somehow or other I can't come out like a man and tell her all and ask her to be mine. Knowing that it would take Mr. Lawford some little time, I grew impatient, and went to join Mr. and Mrs. asamyne at the other end of the shop. They were looking at some very expensive rings, and had just made a selection of one, an emerald set with diamonds. "What do you think of this?" said Mr. Jasamyne, holding it up to the light.
"Beautiful," I replied; "is it for Mrs.

Jasamvne? "My dear Willie," exclaimed that ladv. 'you are even greener than the stone. We've been married for several years. That is for Mr. Jasamyne's sister. I thought to myself that if Peggy and I had been married for 100 years we would exchange beautiful presents just the same. "Yes, this is for sister," said Mr. Jasa-

myne, 'but then she always gives Margie (his wife) and me something very expen-"but then she always gives Margie With that they moved away and I sat down and began looking at the tray of rings, thoroughly fascinated by the brilliant stones. While thus engaged, the door opened, and before I knew it some one was and a suspicious-like moisture gather in her eyes.
"She thinks," I said to myself, "that I am buying this ring for some girl."

And how I ever had the presence of mind, I don't know, but, on the instant, I asked as I held up the most beautiful one of the lot, "Do you think my sister would

"Your sister? Is it for her?" she said. "Ye-yes."
"Of course, she would; any girl would." "Positive, for it is so beautiful."
"Would you wear it, Peggy?" I carnestly

"If my brother gave it to me, do you "No, if I; if I slipped it on the third finger of your left hand, and with it pledged my love, would you wear it?" The pretty eyes drooped, and in the faintest whisper she answered, "Yes."

"Mr. Manning," I heard a voice say, "I have made the selections for you." I came from heaven long enough to tear a leaf from my note book, and, handing it to Mr. Lawford, I said: "Send all of those thinggs ac cording to these directions, and kindly have this ring made a size smaller; I will call for it this afternoon."

Mr. and Mrs. Jasamyne were just passing out. I stopped them, told them what had happened, and, asked them to chaperone us

The luncheon at the club.

The luncheon cost \$45; the ring was the finest in the tray, I didn't price it. You know what I spent for the other presents. I'm busted, but I've got the sweetest heart on earth. A merry Christmas? Well, I should say so

## A CHRISTMAS BALLAD.

Beautiful Song of the Season From the

Pen of Gifted Mary E. Wilkins.

Mary E. Wilkins, the well-known author, is spending a few weeks in Brooklyn, the object of much more distinguished attention and proffered hospitality than she can accept. Everybody there is surprised at her youthful appearance, and no one disappointed in her Individuality. She is slender and not quite of average height, with a mass of brown gold hair that seems almost too ponderous for her small wellshaped head. She is fair and delicately featured, with graceful unassuming manners. It is, however, not her apparent personality that is the charm of intercourse with her; it is rather a curious sense of her communion with things out of reach of the average mortal-an appreciation of her treading of paths apart almost from human cen-which may be after all only the uplifting touch of her rare and unique genius. Below is a Christman ballad Miss Wilkins

At the gates of the palace the minstrels were erying;
"Fair king and fair nobles, 'twill please ye to hear
The Princile Boy is born and is lving
On a pillow of lilies in holy Judea."

wrote, perhaps a dozen years ago. It is here printed almost for the first time:

"On the mountains white dove wings the clive bough stir:

Now follow, aweet shepherds—now follow ye fleetly;

Now blossom out greenly, frankincense and myrrh!" In the palace the harp-strings were merrily twanging:
The branches of silver had blossomed in light;
The mistletce bough from the ceiling was hanging.

hanging And the glow of the yule-log was cheery The brown-bearded king at the banquet was The tall, silver flagons were rosy with wine, The waits in the gateway all softly re-

roud lords and fair ladies were merrily flying
To the sound of the harp, down the glittering hall;
"Oh, the glitter and savor," the minstrels were crying,
"Or the jewels and spice round the child time.
in the stall!"

Oh, sad was the child, and the child he was weeplar; How pa-sed he the sentry that stood at the door? All drowsy with wassail, I trow they were alcening.
The child was so sad, and so raggd and

The stately court-dames, in their jewels and Drew back their rich robes as He meekly went by. 'Oh, turn!' sang the waits, "turn your beau-

He moved 'mid the dancers, who scornfully eyed Him; He knelt to the king, who was seated in state.
"Away with the child!" cried the nobles beside him;

"Awaken ye sentry, who sleep at the gate!" Sweet lords," cried the sentry, "the north wind is blowing, All naked and have are his fair, little feet; Tis many an hour ere the cook will be And the clouds are all laden with needles of sleet."

The king drained the wine from his jewelrimmed chalice:
"Away!" shouted he, with a laugh and a 'On merry yule night, in my good royal 'Tis never a beggar we'll have for a guest!"

Then the wild wind went down, and softly and sweetly, In a fair, little garment, all bordered with Passed the child, while the waits in the distance sang sweetly, "On a pillow of lifes they've laid Him to-

Then the wild wind went down, and light,
like a tountain,
Burst forth from the sky, while the
Blessed Child sped
Away from the town, up the moon-silvered With a garland of beams round his beau-

The sentry who loved Him in want and The waifs who had sung in the night wind so wild, And, here and there, from some poor cot-A mother and babe saw the Blessed Christ

But the king and his court, who had shunned Him with scorning. High wassall they held all that fair Christmas Day, Nor knew till they fied, that on His birth The Blessed Christ child they had driven

THE NEW ELECTRIC LAUNCH.

Its Increased Use Is Constantly in Favor to America.

The recent signs of activity in the building of electric launches in this country would indicate that the value of this admirable means of water travel is likely soon to be as much appreciated here as it has been for some years in England.

Fred Reckenzaum, who is one of the first authorities on the subject of electric boats, calculates that the building of a complete charging plant, with 12 launches, each capable of running 60 miles at six miles an hour, could be equipped, including all expenses for laud, etc., for \$32,050. These boats could run for five months in the year for \$905 each, making a total run each of 9,000 miles in that time. If they carried about ten passengers each trip, the invest-ment would be profitable even at the low rate of one cent per mile.

opened, and before I knew it some one was standing by my side. I glanced up and there was Peggy, my sweet, dear Peggy. I imagined I saw the color come to her cheeks

OUR CLUB WOMEN.

Mrs. Andrew Easton, Traveler's Club

The Travelers' Club. When the Travelers' Club was organized about three years ago none of the half dozen ladies who composed it ever dreamed of it reaching its present proportions. Mrs. Andrew Easton with some of her lady friends who anticipated a trip abroad had been discussing the pleasure and profit to be derived from a preliminary imaginary tour. The result of the talk was that one day each lady received a note to spend a certain evening with Mrs. Easton to further talk of the proposed long distance investigation of the Old World. Every woman enthusiastically accepted the invitation and was as enthusiastically in

favor of permanent organization. For that year the club met in Mrs. Easton's parlors, and its members were restricted to the unutual friends of those interested. Mrs. Easton was elected President and Mrs. J. D. Hyvan Sacratory. Bryan, Secretary.

The papers and readings were of such marked excellence, such a spirit of marked excellence, such a spirit of iberslity and progressiveness prevaised, that women who knew anything of clubs predicted a successful career if permanent premization were effected. At the end of

that women who knew anything of clubs predicted a successful carear if permanents orranization were effected. At the end of the year the question of organization was decided affirmatively and Mrs. W. R. Glenn elected President. Although Mrs. Easton still invited the club to meet in her pariors, and several other ladius extended the hospitality of their homes, the growth of the organization made the securing of larger quarters necessary. The Carnegle music room was the place of meeting for the entire second year. England had been the subject of study for the first year, Scotland for the second, and for the third year, as the World's Fair makes interest center in the United States, the club has decided to spend the present twelvemonth at home.

The great event of the second year was the conference of women's clubs of Western Pennsylvania which was brought about mainly through its efforts. In the third year Miss Jennie Hindman was elected President. It was decided to rent quarters for the club, the use of the Helping Hand Society's cosy lecture room being secured. A printed programme containing an outline of the year's work was distributed to the members, and other arrangements made for more thorough study. Notable among these is the parl amentary drill conducted by that experienced parliamentarian, Miss Matiida Hindman.

Mrs. Easton, the founder and first President, is the wife of the well-known physician of that name, and her home is on Montgomery avenue, Allegheny. She is a great avovite with young people, and is never happier than when writing something that will please them. She has written much and acceptably for Eastern magazines, as well as local publications. She has been always an active worker in charities, Much of her time is devoted to mental improvement, and how she manages to attend to social duties, be, present at numberless board meetings and besides keep up an extensive course of reading is a matter of conjecture to her friends. Unlike the homes of most intellectual women hers is one of the prett 'Noel, noell" sang the minstrel boys

"Now follow, sweet shepherds, and bow at His shrine." Union Meeting of Women's Clubs. The long talked of conference of clubs of Western Pennsylvania, dated for January still seems as far distant as over. The most sing was postponed from fall until the middle of the winter on account of the absence of many of the members at that time. The committee appointed at last spring's union meeting to report a plan of union consisted of Mrs. C. I. Wade Charles union consisted of Mrs. C. I. Wade, Chairman; Mrs. Charles Auhi, Mrs. W. H. Gutolius, Mrs. Simeon Bissell, Miss Harriet Hoag, Mrs. Hugo Rosenberg and Miss Mary Mo-

Candless.

Mrs. Wade's iliness made it impossible for Mrs. Wade's liness unde it impossible for her to do much in the matter. Of the remaining members Miss Harriet Roag representing the Tourists' Club has withdrawn as thus organization does not care to be in the union, some of the members favoring it but the majority being in opposition. Beyond the preparation of a skeleton programme nothing seems to have been done and the majority of the committee when questioned as to what they are doing concess complete innorance. So what is Western Pennsylvania going to do about her federation of women's clubs? O phalanx of angels, toward where He doth

Gossip From the Clubs. THE Travelers' Club has adopted a new

THE successor to Mrs. Benjamin Harrison as head of the Daughters of the American Revolution has not been yet appointed. Mrs. Cabell is at present the noting head. Tuz Bellamy Club, of Junction City, Kan.,

has a co-operative kitchen which it ciking

is a satisfactory solution of the domestic problem for the ladies connected with the

THE New Century Club, of Wilmington, Del., although only four years old, has begun the erection of a club building for itself, the design being made by a Padadelphia woman, Mrs. Minerva Parker Nichols. THE usual holiday decrease in attendance

has been noticed at all the women's clubs

and this is probably due to the fact that the passing hours were improved not in mental culture, but in the construction of gitts for Curistmus. THE Women's Press Club's last social meeting at the East End Hotel was made

enjoynble by several very clever bits of speech making on the part of the members. The January place of meeting has not yet been decided upon. THE twenty-fifth annual convention of the National American Suffrage Association will be held in Washington, D. C., January 14-19. Hon, Carroll D. Wright has accepted an invitation to be present and will speak on "Women in Industry" Susan B. An-thony is President of the Association.

THE Social Science Club of Kansas and To-

peks are the originators of a movement toward the abolition of the smoking compartment in Pullman sleep uz cara, recent meeting of the club a resolution recent meeting of the club a resolution was adopted asking Mr. George Puliman to do away with the smoker, which the ladies claim is not only an annoyance to other passengers, but unhealthful. It is intended to present this resolution to every woman's organization in the country for signatures. MISS MARY ALLEN WEST, one of the foremost workers for the advancement of romen, died at Toxio, Japan, December 1, where she had gone to do temperance work. She was for the last seven years editor of the Union Signal, the National organ or the W. C. T. U. She was one of the representa-tives of Chicago at the International League of Press Clubs held a year ago, and was Secretary of the Solutors' Aid Society. She was for many years President of the Illinois Women's Press Association.

EVERYONE has heard of the club house the women's clubs of Pittsburg and Allegheny are anxious to build. A member of the are anxious to build. A member of the Women's Press Club, who is, it must be confessed, just a trifle conservative, filed nor objection to the movement thus: "Madam President, I shall inver consent to such a thing. Why, just imagine what would menthink of us! Nobody would know what we were doing, smoking or drinking or playing cards, or anything awful. I couldn't conseinationally belong to a club that had a club house!" And she meant it.

THE New York Woman's Press Club's new marters at 126 East Twenty-third street, onsists of a suite of four apartments and a beth room. The walls of the parior are of terra cotta, with a frieze of deeper tones. The colling is of cream with delicate thats of pink and green, and the floor of par-quetery in dark and light woods. A cherry mantel with a filling of tawny brown is upon one side of the room, and against the opoak table in front of it. The chair is of binck wainut, upholstered in leather and Gothio in style. The chair was the gift of Mrs. Frank Leslie Wilde, walle the table was presented by the members of the Ex-coutive Committee.