

A CHRISTMAS MEMORY



DAVID believed in a great many things. He was fond of mystery, and some of the things he could not explain he believed in most.

He believed in pulling wishbones, for he knew if he got the long end, and then put it over the door, his wish would be almost sure to come true. Along about Thanksgiving time there were a great many wishbones, and the narrow shelf at the top of the door casing was filled with grisly hopes that were mostly to come true Christmas morning.

For in the goodness of Santa Claus he believed most of all. There was just one Santa Claus, and there was no faith and no feeling quite like that on the afternoon before Christmas, when he drove the tack into the back left hand corner of the mantelpiece and hung on it his longest and reddest stocking, and then sat in different parts of the room to look at it and so make sure that Santa Claus could not fall to see it first thing.

He had wanted a knife. He had wanted one since he could first remember, but now that he had been going to school it seemed to him that there was nothing in the world he wanted like that. The other boys had them. To be sure they were all older than him, but he had caught up with them in his lessons, and it seemed as knives and lessons ought to go together. His parents were afraid he would cut his fingers, but he had used the other boys' knives and had not cut himself; at least only a little once, and that was an accident.

He made up his mind at last that in Santa Claus lay his only hope. Santa Claus, who knew everything, would know that he was old enough to have a knife—perhaps one with two blades, a big one and a little one. He mentioned this to his parents, but they looked grave and said that Santa Claus was very particular about little boys' fingers.

He had been getting all the long ends of the wish bones, and his wish was always for the knife. Above the sitting room door there was a perfect thicket of long ends. The knife was certain. He could hardly wait for the time.

But one day, when Christmas was no more than a few weeks off, his father returned from the village with a picture paper. It had a great deal in it about Christmas, and inside there was a set of pictures that covered over two whole pages. The little boy saw them and spread the paper down on the floor to look at them. Then he forgot everything else in the world, for they were pictures of the life and home of Santa Claus! He had seen other such pictures, but never before any like these. There was the workshop, with the old fellow at his bench, and the finished gifts piled around him. There were dolls and playthings without number, and there right in front of him, sure enough, was a whole row of pocket knives!

The little boy got down and looked at the pictures very close. Which knife was for him? If he only knew! By and by he took the paper over to where his mother was sewing. There



THE LONGEST AND REDDEST STOCKING.

was one picture he did not understand. It was Santa Claus looking at a big book with writing in it.

"Why," she said, "that is where he keeps the names of children. He puts after them whether they are good or bad."

"Oh!" he asked, "is my name there?" "Why, no; they go by the alphabet; your name would be just on the next page."

The little boy's hands trembled with eagerness. He must see what was on the other side. If he could only see the other side of that page he would know then about the knife.

It was very dark when he woke on Christmas morning. His parents, sleeping in the same room, were not awake. It was very cold, too, but that did not matter.

"Is it morning, ma?" he called, softly. "Ma, is it morning?" There was a sleepy sound from the

big bed that might have meant anything. But like a flash the little boy was out on the icy floor in the dark. Out into the dim sitting room, where the empty fireplace was cold and shadowy in the first gray of dawn.



KEEPING THE NAMES OF CHILDREN.

Then the full stocking that crunched when he hugged it to his breast, and a bound back into his little home-made bed, shivering with a delicious sense of cold and joy.

There was something hard and kind of long at the top. That was candy—



CHRISTMAS SONG

At Christmas time
The glad bells have a sweeter chime
And brighter beam the stars sublime
At Christmas time,
At Christmas time
In story sweet, and silver rhyme
Love wings his way from clime to clime
At Christmas time,
Hasten, sweet day,
From lands where Bethlehem's infant lay,
And kiss our cares and tears away—
Sweet Christmas day.

a big stick of peppermint; he could tell by the feeling and smell. He bit a little piece off at the end of it. How good it was. Nobody ever made such candy as Santa Claus. He laid it out on the cover and went in deeper. There was a small package next, but it was not the knife. It was soft, and when he opened it it felt woolly. Oh, yes, it was mittens. He tried to see what color they were in the dark. They were fastened together with a long knit string. That was to go round his neck. He had wanted mittens like those before he wanted the knife so badly. Then there was a round, quite big package that he could hardly get out. That wasn't the knife, of course. He knew it was cookies as soon as he got it open. Real Christmas cookies, with white frosting and red sugar sprinkled on the top. He wondered why his mother never made such good cookies as those. He bit one in two and went deeper. Still no knife. His heart sank a little as he drew out a long roll, that much reach, he thought, to the very end of his stocking. It was a book rolled up, and inside of it was another package of candy—mixed candy this time. He stuffed a gum drop into his mouth and seized the stocking again. There was something more in it, but it did not feel like a knife. It was kind of big and soft. He drew it out and made sure that the stocking was empty. Then he began to unwrap. One paper came off, and then another. Still another paper, and yet another paper, and another, and another. Each paper that came off left the parcel harder and harder, and there was something now about the shape of it that made him fairly wild with eagerness. He was so excited he could hardly unwind the last paper, that seemed to have no end. He tore off great pieces of it, and once the package slipped out of his fingers. At last the wrapping was all off, and, clutched tightly in his hand was a treasure cold and hard, but which warmed the little boy to his very soul.

"Ma!" he cried, "Oh, ma! Oh, pa! Santa Claus did bring me a knife! He did ma. I told you he would!"

There was a sound something like laughter from the big bed. Then a voice:

"I guess Santa Claus must have forgotten how old you are. I s'pose we'll

have to lay it away for a year or two."

The small fingers roamed over the smooth, wooden handle which he could not yet see. The sturdy thumb nail bent itself time and again in the little catches of the two cold blades that were too new for him to open. Now and then he reached out to feel of his mittens and the cookies and to find another piece of the mixed candy. He sucked the candy to make it last.

Dear heart, how happy he was!—Chicago Times-Herald.



A Telephone in a Christmas Tree.

One of the prettiest stories of what the telephone has done is told of a family out West. The mother was sick in a hospital many miles away. She insisted at Christmas time that no change should be made at home. There must be Christmas presents and the tree. The father and some men worked at the Christmas tree for some hours on the afternoon before Christmas.

The mother far away was well enough to walk to the telephone in the hospital. The hour was arranged. Suddenly, when all the children were around the tree, the father reached into the tree, put the transmitter, carefully concealed there to the ear of the youngest child, and the child heard his mother's Christmas message. Each in turn spoke to her, and they voted their mamma's voice was the best Christmas present they had.

PRESENTS FOR ALL



Among the diverse fruitage prepared for one Christmas treat this year are a number of home-made articles that will be not only ornamental to the tree, but of use to the recipients. A pretty workcase for thimble, needles, scissors and small pieces of work was fashioned after a banana. The sections of the skin of a large banana were used for the pattern. These were cut from yellow kid, heavy silk and velveteen, and were lined with silk of the same shade, and bound with narrow yellow ribbon. The pieces were then overhanded together, leaving the shorter side open. A few strokes of the brush and brown paint gave a realistic effect.

Another case similar to this, but cut in pieces that were regularly shaped and somewhat larger than a banana, was made of bronze kid and bound with brown ribbon. It is a particularly neat and convenient needlework case. Another made of yellow silk was stuffed, and will be used as a pin-cushion to hang at the side of the dressing table mirror.

Oranges and lemons made of heavy silk and kid were cut from sections of the large fruits. In those made of kid the pieces were lined with silk and sewed together on the wrong side, over and over, and two sides were bound with ribbon of the same color and left open. These made pretty receptacles for needlework or odds and ends, and looked much like the originals. A few made of silk, and stuffed, are intended for pretty cushions for fancy pins. Pumpkins of silk, with real stems, which are not hard to make, resembled the old-fashioned fruit more than the pale, cultivated pumpkins of the city markets do. The sections of these were outlined with fine silk. These are also made of kid, with one open side and one used for needlecases.

Natural ears of corn, which are not hard to make for people who know how to knit, were made from directions found in a book on knitting. Two or three husks were hung from the open top of the ear.

Cuff buttons, pins and studs were concealed in gilded walnut shells, which were tied together with narrow ribbon. These added to the pretty appearance of the tree.

Grandmothers may be made happy at Christmas time by a gift of a series of little photographs illustrating the history of the summer outing of their grandchildren. Feeding the chickens, counting the pigs, riding the pony and wading in the brook, with other pretty pictures, will delight more people than the grandmothers.

Christmas in the Philippines.

Last year Christmas was a merry day for all our troops in the Philippines. Large dances were given in the various quarters of our army, and the city was alive with midnight orgies. The boxes from home came in by the thousands, and the boys joined together and had a "lay out" that made them forget that they were 10,000 miles from home. The ships in the harbor were brilliantly illuminated at night, and the festive sound of music floated across the bay, while the officers and men revelled in dance and song. During the day water tournaments and athletic exhibitions were given, and the jacksies enjoyed a feast



A CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

that gave them the nearest to a home feeling that they had enjoyed since they sailed across the Pacific. The afternoon was given over to dinners and visiting, and all lent themselves to the spirit of the day.

Last year the Filipino turkey was abundant, and many of the Christmas messes were supplied with stuffed turkey. Some had roast pig and other ducks from the great duck town, Pateros. The table service was not of the Sherry or Delmonico pattern, but although the boys had to wash their tin plates and iron knives between courses, there was no complaint on that score.



THE EDICTS OF FASHION.

New York City.—Nothing suits a girlish figure more perfectly than the full round waist. The very pretty May Manton model given is suited

lower edges being faced and turned up to form cuffs. At the waist is a harmonizing silk cord finished with tassels that is held in place by tiny straps of the material: each under-arm gore.

To cut this bath robe for a woman of medium size eight and three-quarter yards of material twenty-seven inches wide, six and one-quarter yards thirty-two inches wide, or four and one-half yards sixty inches wide, will be required.

Metal Velvet.

The new metal velvet and metal velveteens are very handsome. The trade name is a trifle misleading, because there is no particle of gold or silver in the material. One piece of velvet is stamped with a design in brilliant orange spots, the size of a French pea on a black ground. The orange has a metallic lustre. A dark blue has pattern of lines executed with silvery blue lustre. Another black velvet is stamped with arabesques of emerald green, a brilliant metallic sheen like an enamel attends the pattern color. These materials are not expensive, but very stylish and suitable for an odd waist.

New Muffs.

The new muffs are large and varied in style between the soft round muff of fur, with tails across one side, and the dainty little novelty of velvet, fur and chiffon. One kind of large muff is drawn up at the top, where three little heads are the finish, with some gold tassels attached to gold cords.

Woman's Breakfast Jacket.

The comfort a jacket that slips on with ease, is not tight-fitting, yet is tasteful and suited to wear at the breakfast table is recognized by every woman and requires no urging. The admirable May Manton model illustrated combines many advantages and has a really smart appearance, if



MISSIE'S WAIST.

to a variety of materials and can be made high or low, with long or short sleeves, as suits the occasion, or can be made to wear with a separate guimpe, the lining and undersleeves furnishing the model—a method that makes the waist high or low at need. Simple soft silks, cashmere, wool crepe de chine, albatross and Henrietta, as well as such thinner materials as point d'esprit and mousseline, are all correct with yoke and sleeves of white, of lace or contrasting silk. As illustrated, the material is embroidered crepe, with trimming and yoke of lace, chou and belt of pastel pink panne velvet ribbon, and the bodice is suited to dancing school and party wear; but with a change to cashmere or velveteen, with silk, it becomes appropriate to less formal afternoon occasions.

The foundation for the waist is a fitted lining, the pattern for which is perforated at yoke depth. On it are



BATH ROBE.

arranged the yoke, the full portions of the waist which close at the centre back, and the two circular frills that outline the yoke. The long sleeves are in guimpe style with straight cuffs and frills of lace. The short sleeves are puffed and extend to the band. At the throat is worn a high stock of the lace. When the waist is desired low it is necessary only to cut on the line of the yoke and omit the long sleeves.

To cut this waist for a miss of fourteen years of age four and one-half yards of material twenty-one inches wide, or two and one-half yards forty-four inches wide, will be required, with three-eighths yard of lace eighteen inches wide for yoke, four yards of lace applique and one yard of lace for frills at wrists to trim as illustrated.

Woman's Bath Robe.

No woman with a proper regard for health allows herself to be without a bath robe. Elder down, cotton velour, Turkish towelling, French flannel and the still simple flannellette or cotton elder down, are all used. The excellent May Manton model shown in the large illustration is simple and at the same time is cut on good lines and is tasteful as well as ideally comfortable. As illustrated it is of elder down in deep warm red with bands of satin in the same shade stitched on, but plain flannel or light-weight cloth can be substituted for the trimming, or the edges simply finished with stitching or cord, if preferred.

The back is fitted by means of a centre seam and curves in to the figure to give a graceful loose-fitting effect. The fronts include under-arm darts that render them smooth and comfortable. The right side laps over the left and is held in place by two or more buttons or button-holes, and the neck is finished with a shawl collar that is cut after the latest style and may be drawn closer if desired. The sleeves are in bell shape, the

well made, at the same time that it allows perfect freedom. As shown, the material is French flannel in rouge red, with stitching of black silk and small black buttons, but elder down is required and both cashmere and Henrietta, plain and embroidered, are eminently suitable.

The back fits smoothly to the figure and includes side backs, under-arm gores and a centre seam. The fronts are arranged in box pleats that are stitched at their under folds to below the bust line and fall from the pointed yoke in Empire style. The sleeves flare slightly at the hands in bell style. At the neck is an unstiffened turn-over collar that can be worn with a simple brooch or necktie, as preferred.

To cut this jacket for a woman of medium size three and three-quarter



BREAKFAST JACKET.

yards of material twenty-seven inches wide, three yards thirty-two inches wide, or two and one-half yards forty-four inches wide, will be required.