

**A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR**

**PILE ON THE LOGS**



**PILE** on the logs and knotted pine,  
Let's have a roaring fire to-day;  
Its cheerful light shall put to flight  
The worries which beset our way.

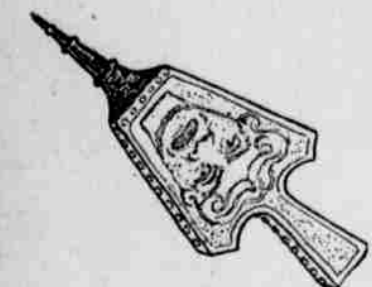
**Pile** on the logs and crackling chips—  
The bells ring out with festive chime;  
Let lad and lass the glad hours pass  
In mirth and music to their rhyme.

**Pile** on the logs till red flames rise  
And leap high up the chimney flue;  
Above the snow the North winds blow  
And fan the ruddy blaze anew.

**Pile** on the logs and see them gleam,  
And gather 'round the Christmas blaze  
And drown in songs old feuds and wrongs,  
Shake hands again around its rays.

By CHARLES S. HURT.

**Pile** on the logs, **Pile** on the logs;  
We'll have a roaring fire to-day.  
No gloom should bide on Christmas tide,  
But every heart be glad and gay.



**THE GREEN ELFS CHRISTMAS**

**T**HE little Green Elf sat in front of his doorway. He had a very nice house. A long time ago a rabbit had lived in that hole among the roots of the tree, but the little Green Elf had lived there for years, ever since the cow ate the old Kobold, his father.



But she thought he was a leaf. She couldn't help it after she had swallowed him. The animals all love the little woodfolk too well to hurt them. It was the same cow who found a home for the little Green Elf.

The house was quite tidy inside. There was moss for a carpet. In the corner was the pantry with clean brown cups and saucers. An empty nest was the bed, with oak leaf pillows and spreads.

Usually the little Green Elf was merry, but this night he was sorrowful. He sat in a bunch with his hands clasped on his knees. There were holes in his green coat and the wind blew in.

"Pretty sort of weather," he said in a gruff voice, but his throat was sore. "Not much to eat, and no thistle-down to pay the Pixies for a new overcoat. Never knew such a winter—brooks empty, milkweed crop a failure, no pumpkin seeds to be had at any price, and the nuts all covered up with snow! Whew! But it's cold! And Christmas Eve, as sure as I live!"

"Chee, chee, tee, tee, chee." The little Green Elf stopped shivering and listened.

"Chee, chee, tee. Fine night, isn't it? How do you do down there?" "It's the Lame Squirrel," said the little Green Elf. "I thought he must be frozen this bitter weather, or



starved. Not a nut has been able to get since he caught his leg in the trap. Hello, up there! How are you?" "All right," chirped a small voice. "Beautiful weather, isn't it?"

"I'm not so sure of that," said the Elf. "Got anything to eat?" "Plenty," came the piping voice. "There's good bark on this tree, and I'm chewing an icicle. I'm watching the Christmas trees going into town. Fine sight! You ought to be up here!"

The little Green Elf unclasped his hands. He began to whistle softly to himself. Then he took his pine needle broom and swept the snow out of his house. Next, he scampered off over the snow. He was not gone long. When noise doing it that one of the sleeping crickets woke up.

"What are you doing?" she asked, peering in at the door.

"Sh," said the little Green Elf. "It's come back, he was dragging a hemlock branch. He stood it up in the middle of the floor. He made so much a Christmas tree for the Lame Squirrel. Don't you tell him!"

"Got any fixings for it?" inquired the Cricket.

"Oh, a few," said the little Green Elf.

It was a beautiful Christmas tree. The moon came out on purpose to look at it. There is stood in the middle of the little Green Elf's parlor. From the top to the bottom it was shining with the fireflies for lights and the frost crystals. The bunch of wheat was hung. On every twig there were nuts. There were chains of pine needles.

After it was all finished, the little Green Elf and a friendly Pixie went up the tree to fetch the Lame Squirrel. They were a long time bringing him down. You see he was so very lame and so hungry that he was weak.

While they were gone, something happened. Nobody every found out who did it. Perhaps Santa Claus passed by; but wonderful things were left in the little Green Elf's parlor.

When he reached the door with the Lame Squirrel, he stood still. He rubbed his eyes to see if he were asleep. The same Christmas tree stood there, but it was ten times more beautiful. There were glow worms and

**Glad Tidings of Great Joy.**

By Prockhorst, 1925.



Elf. "I'm going to hang on a log of chestnuts I was saving for dinner to-morrow."

"Hold on!" said the Cricket. "I'll just waken a few fireflies to be lights on the tree."

A Snowbird fluttered by. "What is going on?" she said, looking in at the door.

"Sh," said the little Green Elf. "A Christmas tree for the Lame Squirrel."

"Wait a minute," said the Snowbird. "I'll bring a bunch of wheat for the top."

One of the Frost Fairies put his head in the door. "You seem to be very busy—what are you doing?" he called out.

"Sh," said the little Green Elf. "A Christmas tree for the Lame Squirrel."

"Oh, let me help," said the Frost Fairy. "I know where to find a whole pile of hickory nuts, and I'll put some frost crystals on every branch."

fallen stars to make it brighter. There were hundreds of nuts, hazelnuts, lantternuts, wainuts, chestnuts. There were bags of pumpkin seed, and cans of milkweed. Best of all was a green ulster for the good little Green Elf.

All night long the Lame Squirrel sat up and ate nuts. All night long the little Green Elf danced around the Christmas tree in her new green ulster; and the rest of the woodfolk—the Pixies, the Kobolds, the Gnomes, the Troils, all came out and danced, too, they were so glad.

**FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT**

A pretty effect in evening fancy is often heightened by a delicate showering of spangles, spangles of the smaller size.

A new silk material is called from crepe, and resembles crepe de chine. It is said to wear well, and to wash perfectly. Such a fabric ought to be some very popular. If it retains its beauty after washing it would be an ideal material for infants' coats and bonnets.

A Humble Birthplace. There are many, doubtless, who know that Eleonora Duse is to the Italian stage what Sarah Bernhardt is to the French, but those who know that she was born in a wagon, and on the following day carried to the church or baptism, are fewer, nevertheless. All this happened forty years ago. Both parents were travelling players, and among her relatives quite a score of actors and actresses are to be found. As soon as she could walk and speak she played small parts, but it was not until Eleonora Duse had experienced a terrible pelvic cancer that she showed the tremendous power she possessed. That was when she was twenty-four, and since then she has devoted her life to the classic characters of the Italian, German, Austrian, Russian, French and American stage through the aid of her unenviable genius.—New York American.

The Latest Fads in Hair Ornaments. Today the fashionable girl coils her hair low on her neck, and it is especially with this style of coiffure that she needs some dainty ornament as a finishing touch for the top of the coil. The very latest novelty of the moment is a graceful feather, singly or in the form of an open comb, and a band. As one side of the coil lies flat and the end are caught, while at the other side is a smaller bud and a leaf.

Another odd little hair ornament which is pretty and original in effect, very simple to make, is of braided strands of satin ribbon, wide enough to make a two-inch band, which is only long enough to just outline the top of the coil, while at either side it is finished with a little silk tassel.

Hair nets are being worn again, and the girl who has light hair has her netting with bits of shining jet, while for evening wear the clever dark haired girl has some threads of gold interwoven with the mesh of her net.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Tip to Young Wives. The wife who tries to keep alive her husband's love for his mother, not only in his heart, but in outward observance as well, in the end serves her own interests better than theirs. The boy who loves his mother and sisters, and who is always thoughtful and tender with them, will be a good husband nine times out of ten. The love of the many comes with the love of one, and just as truly as he loves his sweetest, better because of his mother and sisters, he may love them better because of her.

Exercise for the Busy Housewife. If a woman is too busy to take a fairly walk outdoors she should seek to get as much fresh air and beautiful exercise in her home as possible.

Hold the body erect, the weight resting upon the balls of the feet, the chest active and thrown back, before an open window or door while inhaling deep draughts of fresh air. This should be done several times a day.

In sitting at the machine, table or desk incline the body from the waist; do not hunch the shoulders or bow the back.

If the eyes become tired rest them for a few seconds, either by closing gently or changing the direction and angle of vision by looking off from the work.

A swaying of the body from the waist backward and forward and to the right and left will rest the muscles of the waist and back.

For a few minutes lie flat upon the back, relax the entire body, become passive in mind and calm in spirit, and you will rise a renewed woman.—Woman's Home Companion.

Smart Towels for Gloves and Stockings. That there is no problem in dressing that the smart girl cannot solve is illustrated by the newest evening glove. Every girl has been inconvenienced by her long glove slipping down just when she didn't wish it to, for the too-wide-at-the-top glove is an old, old source of worry. But it does not exist any more. The smart girl cuts a deep V in the top of her long evening glove, sews little silk eyelets to either side, and then proceeds to lace it up. Sometimes she uses silk cord of just the same shade as the glove, and then again silver or gold cord; the ends of the cord are usually finished with little tassels, and they may be of silk, gilt or pearl beads or chenille. The glove laced in this way is sure to stay in its proper place, and the lacing adds to, rather than detracts from, its good looks.

The new filmy scarfs of shaded chiffon and figured silk gauze will be found very useful to the girl who plans to go out a bit this winter. They are long enough and wide enough to be used as a substitute for a hood, besides having two stole ends. They are also pretty to throw over the shoulders at an evening affair when one is not dancing. They come in all the latest shades you can imagine. Some are white, and they may be flowered, or white, and latest are finished with an edge of soft marabout.—Woman's Home Companion.

Needle Work Notes. At weddings the bride's stockings are being embroidered with her favorite flower, tiny seed pearls being introduced between the silk work.

Red cushion covers in artistic Oriental colorings and designs are shown just in time for all furnishings and are excellent for covering old pillows.

An attractive gift is made of the ordinary wooden coat and skirt hangers, which are neatly wound with ribbon or covered with silk and are plentifully sprinkled with sachet powder.

A beautiful table cover of ecrú linen had for its ornamentation a very conventional border of grape design, the leaves wrought in rusty brown with touches of green, and the fruit in dull, gloomy purple.

A lovely tablespread and quite above the ordinary was made of a square of old rose linen, lined with pale green saten of fine quality. Over the surface of the spread were scattered creamy tulips, full sized, wrought in running stitches, as were also the green leaves.

A beautiful form of needlework not very well known is Prisma embroidery. The work has the appearance of very heavy old tapestry. The stitches are half an inch long, and perpendicular. The working material is a rich, loosely twisted silken cord, and the canvas a coarse kind called railroad canvas.

**The "Gibson Girl" Pose.**

That Mr. C. D. Gibson and other fashionable artists are "responsible for the atrocious attitudes affected by young women" was the theory propounded by Mrs. Ayres, a professor in the University of Syracuse, before the recent Assembly of Mothers in that city. "It will take thousands of gymnasts and instructors," she added, "to undo the evil effects of 'the Gibson pose, brimful of self-consciousness and angularity.'"

Upon cursory examination there might seem to be truth in this indictment. Real "Gibson girls" are impossible and will be until women grow eight feet tall, but no one can look into a photographer's show-case without noting there, caught by the camera, an irritating insouciance of pose assumed by many young women in the silly effort to look as much like "Gibson girls" as they can. If elegance can be unfavorably affected by the rejection of unlovely expression, these women are on the road that leads to snobbery, which is rather a paragon than an "aesthetic" trait, besides pitilessly disrobing their bodies.

But is not Mrs. Ayres mistaking cause for effect? Women cannot be come eight feet tall merely because an artist so represents them. As for the "kangaroo walk" and that insouciant droop of eye and upturned chin, are these assumed? Because Mr. Gibson draws them so, or does he not rather draw them because they happen to be the fashion of the moment? More than that they cannot be, for a model and an unswaggering maid will never permanently "go out of style."—New York World.

Girls and College. I heard Mrs. Robbins commended the other day as a remarkably fine woman. Her great merit had been demonstrated, her laudator said, by her making Charles Robbins such a good wife. That means, of course, that she had made a fairly good husband out of Charles. When you hear of women being good wives it is worth while to remember that the usual proof of a good wife is a good husband.

It was no great trick to make a good husband out of Charles, for he was always a man with specialities toward righteousness, but he is an important man with great opportunities of influence and usefulness, and she is in truth an admirable wife for him, wise, kind, devoted and harmonious. I respect her opinion about girls and their education because she is an excellent example of her kind of American woman. Charles has got rich, so she has the opportunities that come with money, as well as those that come with brains, but she would have been just as valuable a partner to a man with \$1500 a year as to a rich man. Mrs. Robbins went to a girls' college, and she holds that girls who can ought to go to college. Sending a girl to college, she says, should be at least as much a matter of course as sending a boy to college. She thinks that, of the two, the girls need it more, because a woman's life tends to be narrower and more secluded than a man's, and ordinarily she has less opportunity for intellectual growth after she marries. Mrs. Robbins complains that people who plan from the first to send their boys to college still leave the college question open as to their girls.—E. S. Martin, in Harper's Bazar.

A Waste of Energy. There is nothing more detrimental to beauty in woman than worry, declares a woman who never worries. The worrying woman does nobody any good. She simply invites the hand of Time, which writes plenty of wrinkles on her brow, around her eyes and mouth, paints her face a yellow, and gives her a lack-lustre eye that no artifice can brighten.

It is quite unnecessary to worry, and it is a total waste of energy which could be better employed in doing something useful. The man who wrote it must have been a man "it is not work but worry that kills" knew something. He had a wife, or a sister, or a cousin, or an aunt who worried him by the hour, and so killed him by inches. That is the worst of a worrying woman. She not only worries, but she worries you.

You know a worrying woman if moment you see her. Her character is written in her face in wrinkles which you would think nothing short of a miracle would obliterate.

Downright ugliness is a heavy price to have to pay for the possession of a bad habit, but there it is; and not only does worry directly influence the complexion for evil; its more remote effects are no less potent in robbing the face of the peach-bloom tints, which are the admiration of the poet, the painter and the general public. Worry affects the entire nervous system, and through it the liver and organs of digestion and the heart. The things a woman eats have more to do with her beauty, so let her beware of worrying overmuch, for she loses that greatest of all the gifts of the good fairies.

In Silken Attire. Of course you know the death knell of the silk shirt waist suit has been sounded with the fashionables in the avalanche of those natty and comfortable dresses that the department stores have been closing out at bargain prices. Indeed, the woman who goes in for exclusive styles dropped it from her list of "de rigueur" at the close of last season, and wore it in appreciation of its past usefulness as a modest morning gown during the winter months. The silk manufacturers and merchants have had at least two good seasons, and with so much encouragement they seem to have outdone themselves in the quality and design of the shimmering fabrics that have been put on display in the shops as "the very latest" for the coming season. Chiffon velvet is a new and very beautiful trimming material, and one which will not become too common, as its price puts it beyond the reach of most purses. The material is so light in weight and so soft in texture that a half yard can easily be crushed in the palm of one's hand. It comes in all the new shades and is especially lovely in mauve and purple tones.

High girdles, crush belts of satin or silk are seen on most of the imported models. With these are worn boleros. They, too, have long shoulders and novelty cap-like sleeves, only half long, under which appear fluffy, billowy sleeves of lace or chiffon.

Medium size is eleven yards twenty-two inches wide, five yards twenty-two inches wide, or five and one-half yards forty-four inches wide.

It is an elaborate affair this year. Few evening gowns are made with the little strap over the shoulder that once constituted a sleeve. Elbow sleeves are the rule, and many low-necked gowns are seen with sleeves reaching to the wrist. They are made of lace or chiffon, whatever the material of the gown. The sleeves of some of the handsome long coats are so elaborate and so intricate in design as to defy description. For costumes the cape sleeve is most popular, and for gowns for ordinary wear the characteristic sleeve starts from under the shoulder garniture with some fullness, forms a round puff below the elbow, is caught under a wide cuff, and is finished with an undersleeve of different material.

Dress Handkerchiefs. Handkerchiefs for dress occasions are smaller than usual this season. Tiny squares are finished with frills of Valenciennes or embroidered with initial corners; and yet there is nothing in such good taste as plain fine linen batiste worked with a monogram. Fashion again permits the handkerchief to be carried in the cuff of the sleeve when occasion does not permit of the elegant handbags.

Newest Ribbons. Among the newest ribbons are broad, soft fine weaves in taffeta, Liberty satin, and the most exquisite brocades. Some are in solid colors, and others printed in the loveliest of floral designs; while the brocades and metallic weaves are perfection in textiles.

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**BETTY THINGS TO WEAR**

New York City.—The demand for belts is increasing. At the moment the tendency is toward the wider sort, but almost everything is correct. Crush



FANCY BELTS.

belts, round belts, pointed belts all are worn and width is made to depend largely upon individual needs. The four May Manton designs here shown include a generous variety, but are all somewhat wider at the back, narrower at the front, so forming the lines that are best liked and most generally becoming. Number one is made of pearl eye and is made pleated at the neck, where it is held in place by strips of bone, and passed through a ring at the center front, the ends being cut to form points. Number two gives a pointed effect at the front and round at the back. The material is taffeta simply stitched. The round portion and the pointed one are separate and are joined by means of small buckles. No. three is wide and round, but shaped at the end and is held by a buckle. The model is made of black satin with application of white cloth, but many combinations are to be seen. Number four is another draped belt, but of quite a different sort from number two. The material is Liberty ribbon, with trimming of straps passed through small crocheted rings at the back and a fastening formed by bigger rings. The belt is laid in pleats that are held in place by upright strips of bone and

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coming skirts of the season. The panels are variously made of the material or of lace and can be plain or trimmed as may be, but always give the unbroken lines that mean effect of height. This May Manton one is made of champagne colored voile, and shows the panel overlaid with a deep pointed garniture of cream colored lace, but all of the season's soft woools and silks are equally appropriate.

The skirt consists of the front gore and circular portions that are shirred to form a yoke and again to give the effect of a deep, graduated flounce. The shirrings over the hips are held in place by means of a foundation yoke, those as flounce depth by means of a strap that is cut to the exact width and length. At each side of the front gore are tucks that are stitched to flounce depth, left free below.

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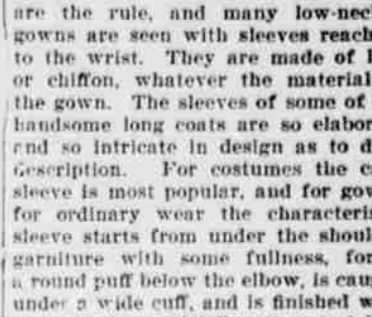
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coming skirts of the season. The panels are variously made of the material or of lace and can be plain or trimmed as may be, but always give the unbroken lines that mean effect of height. This May Manton one is made of champagne colored voile, and shows the panel overlaid with a deep pointed garniture of cream colored lace, but all of the season's soft woools and silks are equally appropriate.

The skirt consists of the front gore and circular portions that are shirred to form a yoke and again to give the effect of a deep, graduated flounce. The shirrings over the hips are held in place by means of a foundation yoke, those as flounce depth by means of a strap that is cut to the exact width and length. At each side of the front gore are tucks that are stitched to flounce depth, left free below.

The quantity of material required for all four belts is one and one-eighth yards of silk twenty-four inches wide, or three and one-eighth of ribbon eight inches wide.

In Silken Attire. Of course you know the death knell of the silk shirt waist suit has been sounded with the fashionables in the avalanche of those natty and comfortable dresses that the department stores have been closing out at bargain prices. Indeed, the woman who goes in for exclusive styles dropped it from her list of