



Santa Claus's Mistake

Jean Wilde Clark

The trouble began the day before Christmas, early in the morning. 'Lizbeth got out of bed on the wrong side. She dressed on the wrong side and ate her breakfast on the wrong side, so by ten o'clock the whole house seemed wrong.

Now the Wrong Side is a black little sn that wakes up with you and follows round if you let him, trying to spoil your whole day. A smile will drive him away, but 'Lizbeth did not know this, or else she had forgotten. It is very strange that one cross little girl can make a whole family unhappy, but she can.

The day before Christmas seems such a busy time for grown-ups; they go off behind closed doors to talk in whispers and tie up mysterious packages when they think little girls are not looking. Now sensible, nice children keep out of the way; they do not ask questions, nor do they pinch big bundles and guess.

The Wrong Side was close to 'Lizbeth all that day before Christmas, saying, do this naughty thing and do that naughty thing, and 'Lizbeth listened.

She began by teasing baby brother, whom she really loved dearly, and when she had made him cry and brought mother all the way downstairs to comfort him, 'Lizbeth, with Wrong Side at her heels, wandered off to the kitchen. There was a heaping cup of raisins, which had taken cook a long time to seed. Wrong Side said: "Put salt on them," so 'Lizbeth did; then she ran upstairs as fast as she could.

By and by mother came upstairs. 'Lizbeth hid in the hall. Mother did not see 'Lizbeth; she went into Auntie May's room and closed the door—almost. 'Lizbeth heard these paper rattle. What could it be? 'Lizbeth crept along the hall to Auntie May's door. She raised herself on tip toe, and leaned over slowly till she could look through the crack.

Oh, my! There stood Auntie May with the loveliest dolly you ever saw. 'Lizbeth lost her balance—she was so excited. Bob went her head against the door and open it flew. "Why, 'Lizbeth," said mother in oh—such a sorry voice; but 'Lizbeth did not wait. With burning cheeks she was flying downstairs, only stopping long enough to catch up her coat and hat, never mind her rubbers—she could run in the wet snow and say she forgot them, whispered Wrong Side.

So 'Lizbeth came in to lunch with very wet feet indeed; and mother did not look Christmas one bit; she did not smile once.

Well, Christmas Eve came at last, and it was time to hang up the stockings. There was 'Lizbeth's brown six-year size, and brother Carl's black nine-year size, and dear baby boy's little white sock which he pinned up all by himself.

Mother had two ways of looking at you at bedtime, with her happy eyes or through her sad ones. 'Lizbeth tried to forget mother's eyes, as she went slowly upstairs. 'Lizbeth did awake a long time; she was not one bit sleepy. Suddenly there was Wrong Side, wide awake, too, and talking to her. "What was she saying?" Her stocking? Why, yes, it was small, not nearly so big as Carl's. He would get much more than she; lots more.

'Lizbeth slipped out of bed. Like a little white shadow she crossed the hall to grandma's room. Grandma had gone to spend Christmas at Uncle George's. 'Lizbeth opened the bottom drawer of the big bureau. There lay grandma's stockings in neat rolled



THE VIRGIN MOTHER.

up pairs. 'Lizbeth opened one of the rolls. My! How long they were; longer than Carl's.

'Lizbeth stole into the hall with one of grandma's long stockings, and listened. Every one seemed to be in the dining-room; she could hear voices. It took only a moment to patter downstairs; another to change her stockings for grandma's long one, before the library fire, a third to be back in bed under the coverlet with a very loud-beating heart.

And now let me tell you what happened. In the middle of the night who should come prancing over the roofs of the houses in 'Lizbeth's town, but—guess! To be sure, Santa Claus, and he was in a desperate hurry, for he was late on his rounds.

Down in the library chimney he

ARRIVAL OF THE SHEPHERDS.



aid, shaking off the ashes and soot as he landed in the middle of the hearth rug. Of course you know he said not a word, but went straight to his work.

Into Carl's stocking went first a gold piece, then all the things he had been wishing for, games, balls, a wonderful knife with five blades, and heaps of candy. Baby brother's little sock was full, too, and Santa Claus had just stuffed in a white Teddy Cub with a blue ribbon bow, when his eyes opened in astonishment.

"Why, bless my soul," said he, "I thought grandma had gone to Uncle George's for Christmas, and here's her stocking. Well, I'll just pop her things right in. Saves me going over to Uncle George's, too," and Santa Claus set to work again, filled grandma's stocking, laid his finger on his nose and whisked up the chimney.

Christmas morning woke bright and joyous, and 'Lizbeth woke, too. She had a feeling that something was not quite right, then she remembered Wrong Side and mother's eyes, and grandma's stocking. She dressed quickly and went into mother's room to have her hair bow tied. 'Lizbeth glanced up into her mother's face. Oh, dear me, mother was still looking through her sad eyes.

But it was Christmas morning and Carl was tumbling downstairs to get his stockings and shouting to her to come, too. How surprised he would be when he saw her big stocking full. She might give him a few of her candies if he felt badly over anything; instead he was wild with joy over his presents.

'Lizbeth went up to grandma's stocking. How full it was. 'Lizbeth felt of the toe; there was a little box there, no doubt the turquoise ring she had asked for.

'Lizbeth drew out the first package, wrapped in soft tissue paper, and opened it. My goodness me! It was a spectacle case! The next was a box of peppermints. 'Lizbeth hated peppermints, and the little box at the toe held a silver tumbler with "Grandma" on the side and big enough for three of 'Lizbeth's little fingers.

"What did you get, 'Lizbeth," cried Carl, but 'Lizbeth was not there. Up in her little pink and white room she was sobbing, sobbing, sobbing.

It was a very strange Christmas indeed. 'Lizbeth came down to dinner with red and swollen eyes, but no one noticed, not even Carl. When it began to grow dark she went back upstairs; oh, how miserable she was.



Carol—"When Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night."

Of course she understood it all. Santa Claus had made a mistake, but it was all her fault, her own selfish, wicked little fault. Oh, oh, oh, it was very dreadful, but it was too late now. She would not have any Christmas because she had been so bad. And Auntie May's lovely dolly? She would never see that either.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," sobbed 'Lizbeth. "I never meant to be so naughty. Mother, mother, I do love you. Don't look like that any more," and 'Lizbeth flung herself down on the floor by her little white bed. Suddenly she put her two small hands together and said: "Please God, make my mother's sad eyes go away, and please God, make me a good girl, and please God, make Santa Claus come back."



The Yule-Tide Cake With Stockings of Frosting.

She felt this last was almost too much to ask; but just then mother caught her in her arms and kissed her hair. And what do you think? Santa Claus did come back. 'Lizbeth wrote him a letter that night, sitting on mother's lap. She told him how very sorry she was. She said she thought she had been too naughty to have a whole Christmas, but if she could just have half her things, and a little candy that was not peppermint, she would be satisfied, and she promised

neighbor asked Miss Ould if she credited the story. Her answer was prompt: "I might doubt the storied yarn, but he's all right for that animated bust!"—From De Leon's "Belles and Beaux."

Proud of American Accent.

At a dinner given this week at the Hotel Ritz in London some one commented on the fact that Lady Paget, despite her years of residence in England, had not lost her American accent. To this Lady Paget replied: "No, and I thank God I never will!"

It is a curious fact that the three most popular American women in England—Lady Paget, the dowager duchess of Manchester and Mrs. Cornwallis West—retain their American accent, and that their popularity with the king and queen is largely due to the fact that they have not endeavored to ape the English mannerisms of speech.—New York American.

Crime on One Page.

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The Federation, after Mrs. Flisk's address, adopted resolutions in favor of the plan, which, if adopted by newspapers, would allow subscribers to tear out the crime page of the paper before their children could read of the murders, robberies, elopements, divorces and other too frank adult doings.

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"The colored Sunday supplement is an insult to intelligence that must go. It is viciously crude, and the tone of its influence fills the youthful mind with unwholesome ideas. One good thing about it is that it is segregated, so that parents may keep it from their children if they wish. The papers segregate baseball and other sporting news, financial news and editorials; why not crime?"

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Mrs. Ina Brovoort Roberts, a New York newspaper woman, said that club women must learn that courteous treatment of reporters pays, and that abuse of newspapers is a sign of ignorance.

Founder of "King's Daughters."

Mrs. Margaret Bottomo, president of the International Order of King's Daughters, well known as a religious writer and organizer, died at her home in New York City. She was in the seventy-ninth year of her age, having been born in New York City on December 29, 1827. Her maiden name was McDonald. She was educated at Professor Greenleaf's School, in Brooklyn, where her early life was passed, and where she married the Rev. Dr. Frank Bottomo, of the Methodist Church.

It was in connection with the order of King's Daughters, an organization which from small beginnings has grown to a membership of hundreds of thousands, that Mrs. Bottomo was best known. Ten women formed the membership of the first circle, which organized at Mrs. Bot-

WOMAN'S REALM

Three Wise Monkeys. Louise Hirtzel, a leader in artistic circles in Chicago, has conceived the idea of using the "three wise monkeys of Japan" as a candlestick, match-holder or incense burner. She believes this will make the monkeys as popular as Billiken.—New York Sun.

As Inspectors. The county judge of Cook County, Ill., has recommended the appointment of a woman as inspector of all institutions to which delinquent and deficient children are committed. He suggests a salary of \$1800 a year. Heretofore club women of the State have conducted examinations of these institutions and where remuneration was necessary the money came out of club funds.—New York Sun.

Muffs Are Immense. The new muffs are immense, and often seen to use up all the fur the owner has at her disposal, for her throat is protected only by a little conceit of fur. In other cases she was at a dinner in Richmond with several lawyers, one of whom was a noted mountaineer; he was also a desperate drinker and held long sessions. He was boasting of one case in which he had earned a \$30,000 fee and then spent it on a single spree. Her table

Long sashes are being worn with coat suits. Neckpieces are very wide and muffs are huge. This season probably will see but few hats in felt. Rat-tail braids seem to be supplanting santonics. The jet button craze already shows signs of waning.

Marbled Cookies.—For delicious marbled cookies, cream one cupful of butter and two cupfuls of sugar. Add four well beaten eggs, then three scant cupfuls of flour sifted with two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Divide the batter in half. To one-half add either half a cupful or a cupful of grated chocolate, according to the preference, some people liking more and others less of this flavoring. To the other half add the juice and grated rind of an orange. After favoring both parts, combine them in one streaked lump of dough, and roll it very thin. Cut the dough into fancy cookies with diamond, heart-shaped and triangular cutters. Bake them in a rather hot oven. If the butter is fresh add a pinch of salt.

Paris is offering all sorts of hats except small ones. Some of the dainty new silk stockings have lace insets. More embroidery appears on stockings than for many a day. White coney will be a leader in fur coats for young girls. Gold braid will figure prominently as coiffure ornament. Corsets are longer over the hips, but lower at the top. The newest belt buckles and pins combine mother of pearl and jet. All trimmings which dangle and swing are to be in first fashion. Some of the new veils sent over from Paris have very large dots. Puffs are still worn, but are small and soft and irregular in shape. The scarab is a leader among decorations for pins and dainty buckles. Red is a brilliant exception to the rule that makes for dull-hued colors. Long feathers are not as fashionable as short ones, but the flues of all plumes must be long and heavy. The lavish use of fur on both evening and day gowns is one of the most striking features of the season. The sailor collar effect is found not only on the long separate coats, but on some of the new wraps as well. Sleeves in all coats are to the wrist and cuffs in more or less fanciful design are upon many models. New coats are nearly all ample and shapely, refreshingly different from the stovetop model of last season. White beavers are among the most fashionable of evening hats. Frequently they are faced with black velvet. Crystals, whether as fringe, bugling or sewed on in tiny lines, are much used for trimming evening gowns. The combination of dark blue and black in both hats and gowns is to be one of the distinctive notes of the season.

Our Cut-out Recipe Paste in Your Scrap-Book.

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Some's home on January 13, 1886, among those who were associated with Mrs. Bottomo in the early days of the work being Mrs. Seth Low, Mrs. David H. Greer, Mrs. R. Sturgis, Mrs. E. A. Whitefield, Mrs. Isaac Mills, Miss Kate Bond, Mrs. Margaret P. Barker, Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, Mrs. Isabella Charles Davis and Mrs. George H. Libby. The work of this order covers a wide range of charitable activity, including city poor, prisoners, missionaries at isolated points, the giving of Christmas dinners and many other forms of philanthropy.

Mrs. Bottomo was at one time an associate editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, in which periodical her "Heart to Heart Talks" was a favorite feature. In addition to copious contributions to the religious press, she was the author of "A Sunshine Trip to the Orient," "Death and Life," "Seven Questions After Easter" and "Crumbs From the King's Table." She was also in demand as a lecturer, and for twenty-five years had conducted Bible talks. She was connected with the women's branch of the International Medical Mission.—New York Tribune.



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Looking Into Jesus.

It is not without significance that the writer to the Hebrews associates "looking unto Jesus" with the condition of prize winning in the Christian race. The word translated "looking" has deep emotion in it. It suggests the elements of adoration and rapture, the kind of looking which carries one away and renders one irresponsible to all other considerations of attraction. By this kind of looking one has no concern for "witnesses" or "weights," or even the "besting sin," but in an inspired intensity one speeds along mindful only of the goal who is also the prize. The specific for earnestness in the Christian life is "looking unto Jesus."

Eternity a Present Consciousness.

"Thou hast put eternally in their heart." No man can bound his life with the years that pass between birth and death. Even the child feels impulses that were born centuries before his time, and the old man passes out of life nursing hopes and seeing visions that belong to the ages to come. Eternity dwells in every human life.—Christian Advocate.



The Great Perils.

Man is ever placed between two great perils, the peril of the dreamer who lacks common sense, and the peril of the materialist who never sees the vision.

Is there a grief in your heart which grows into a sore pain? Is there a shadow of a coming sorrow? Remember it is the shadow of God's wing and therefore a safe shadow, and creep closer under it, and yet closer.—J. R. Miller.

A SAFE OFFSET. "Luck's against me." "Sure of that, are you?" "I am." "Then you ought to increase your advertising, old man."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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of Holy Water

A CALL TO THE CHURCH. Brethren, awake! The time of sleep is over; Redem each moment as it passes by; No longer let the Church in slumber lie. The prince of darkness holdeth still his sway; And souls from God are wandering far away; By countless wiles and error's mazes led, Destruction's broad and easy road they tread. Oh, let them not unwarned to ruin go, Thoughts and affections set on things below; Let each endeavor lovingly to save The heedless sinner from a Christless grave. You who are looking for the Lord's return, See to it that your lamps do brightly burn; That others, too, "that blessed hope" may share, And earnestly to meet their God prepare. Be faithful witnesses for Him, and true To all and all with whom you have to do; We know, if thus each talent you employ, He will appear to your exceeding joy.—Thos. Cawley, in London Christian.

Soul Prosperity. I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth.—III. John. 1:2. Soul welfare demands an honest, active mind. Ignorance is not of itself sinful, but it is the fruitful soil in which many forms of sin flourish. There may be, however, a kind of knowledge which is worse than ignorance, "the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness?" Where the whole truth is not eagerly welcomed soul prosperity is an impossibility. One-sided knowledge will inevitably develop one-sided souls and one-sided institutions. On the other hand, intellectual candor, stripped of bias and prejudice, would lead to astonishing results. The long indulged dream of church unity, for example, will be realized when the day of intellectual honesty dawns.

Normal and healthy feelings are also essential to soul health. But it is possible to turn fiction, the drama, life's daily experiences and even religion itself into fields of emotional dissipation. One of the functions of the feelings is to act as thinking. We habitually refuse to heed them the normal feelings of gladness, sympathy and indignation for injustice die out of the soul. Indignation against evil and enthusiasm for righteousness become alike impossible.

A strong, resolute will is also necessary to soul health. Mere wishes or desires should not be mistaken for purposes. Regulate and control the desires and the rest is comparatively easy. The wrong purposes which dominate a soul were in the first place unwarranted ambitions. Paul wrote, "I can do all things through Him who strengtheneth me." He had discovered the secret of soul power. This must be sought, not in ourselves alone, but in the moral and spiritual reinforcement arising from the sense of favor and friendship on the part of the Supreme Being—God.

Prosperity of soul demands soul growth. Growth is the replacing of worn out tissues with new and greater supplies. Soul force enmeshed in vanquishing sensation is regressive; it is soul growth. All growth proceeds from rudimentary stage to formative, and from that to maturity, and from maturity to the culture stage. This is the goal in every field. The workman aims to become expert, and the scholar to become cultured. The progress of the soul should not stop short of the culture stage.

In spring the blossom comes and goes, but leaves a tuft of green which, rounding out to the full, becomes the solid apple. The molting process comes, and acids which bitterly antagonized each other blend into one delightful flavor, while the tough, woody substance becomes a mass of luscious crystals. Thus the principles of the soul, if properly cultivated, by its emotion, its purposes, all blend in the prosperous soul into one mellow and pleasing personality, of which only it is safe to pray, "Mayest thou prosper in all things, even as the soul prospers." Rev. A. Macauland Beach, Forest Avenue Congregational Church, New York, in Sunday Herald.

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THE TEMPERANCE PROPAGANDA

CONCERTED ATTACK ON DRINK WINNING ALL ALONG LINE.

What It Costs. Taking the lowest possible view of it, whisky-drinking does not pay. The story is told of a successful business man with a salary of \$7500, who believed that good fellowship, no less than the necessity of business, required that he should drink with his customers. But at the end of each year he discovered that he was saving no money. After paying his living expenses there was nothing left.

Then he decided to keep an accurate expense account. Without changing his drinking habits he put down the price of every drink. At the end of thirty days he was amazed to find that he had spent \$300 for liquors. The little memorandum book showed precisely what he had spent over the bar, in "treating the house," wine, cigars, cabs, when treating "lunatics," etc.

He quit.

The motive in his case was not the highest in the world, but it was effective.

Mr. Workingman. If you drink, have you ever counted the actual cost in dollars and cents? Saloon-keepers say their largest support comes from men of labor. Is that true? It is stated on good authority that from one-third to one-half the wages of workmen in this country go over the bar. Is that true? If so, how much are you contributing? If one-third to one-half of your wages goes to the saloon proprietor, you are spending proportionately as much as the man who spends \$500 a month. Can you afford that?

Keep an expense account for a month. Figure up how much they are taking from your wife and children to give to the wife and children of the saloon man. The amount will probably surprise you.—Des Moines Daily News.

Beer and Students. "This I can affirm, that in Germany, Switzerland and Austria; yes, and in France, a large part of the intellectual power of our academic youth is actually drowned in beer, wine and absinthe. The ridiculous drink compulsion and idiotic vainglory at the drinking festivals German students have introduced are undoubtedly the most hideous deformity in our civilized country. At the same time they are a revelation of the mental deficiency in which they would hardly have inherited one more silly."

"They call it joy. Yes, a pretty joyfully, with its accompaniment of palsied tongues, staggering, fighting, vomiting and the katzenjammer, in which the most colossal imbecility is applauded, and the most vulgar beastliness and misdemeanors are excused and glossed over."

"Gentlemen, I believe there is only one way to work out of our academic degradation: By organizing total abstinence societies among the students."—Prof. August Forel.

Although of all nations the German has the greatest capacity for culture, the general culture of the highest classes is undergoing frightful retrogression because of the beer consumption. The student youth is affording neither time nor sobriety for what is demanded by the advanced requirements to prepare for professional life.—Prof. Von Hartmann.

What Fills Our Prisons. Rev. Dr. Hall, of Burlington, anxious to find out if possible what per cent. of crime results from drink, says:

"I wrote direct to the State prisons in New York State asking what per cent. of the inmates were addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors, and what per cent. were in prison as a result of the drink habit. From Danamora this comes: 'Sixty-six per cent. of the men who came to this prison during the year just closed were addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors. From personal interviews with the convicts themselves, taking their own statements as the basis of my conclusions, I should say seventy-five per cent. of the inmates of this prison came here as the direct result of the drink habit.' In another many know. The worst class of her criminals to this institution, Auburn replies: 'Eighty-two per cent. of the men received here last year used beer and liquor. Considerably more than half of the number had parents, one or both of whom were addicted to the use of alcoholic beverages.' I believe it to be the most prolific cause of crime, especially crimes of violence. Sing Sing reports about the same per cent."

Physicians Aid Temperance. Addressing the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union convention at Omaha, Neb., on "Medical Temperance," Mrs. Martha M. Allen, superintendent of that department, said that the growth of temperance sentiment among the medical profession had been remarkable. The use of alcoholic liquors in hospitals, she said, had become very small compared with several years ago.

Weakened by Alcohol. Dr. Bertillon, the eminent French vital statistician, has shown that tuberculosis is twice as prevalent among the retail liquor dealers of France as among other shopkeepers. He attributes it to the fact that the alcohol which they handle and use all day long weakens their bodies and thus renders them more susceptible to the disease germs.

Temperance Notes. One-eighth of the adults in Denmark belong to total abstinence unions.—Chevalier Dalhoff, Denmark.

There is a sentiment growing in this land that says the home must come before the saloon. That the saloon must go and the home must live.

Account is rarely taken by the average voter of the greatest evil of all; the hardship, misery and suffering the rum traffic entails upon the wives and children of its victims.

The saloonkeeper is no better and no worse than the people who legalize his business.

Young persons dining with friends often are persuaded to take the first step on the way to drunkenness by yielding to the invitation of their hostess to partake of a glass of home made wine.

Mason Trowbridge, who is one of the District Attorney's assistants, said in a recent address that New York City spends \$25,000,000 a year fighting the evils caused by rum. He said that if saloons were abolished in the State there would be a third less crime, pauperism and lunacy.