

# CHRISTMAS.



The little folks are looking for Santa Clans each meal; They ever hear the music of his toy-laden wheel. They love the chimney corner when the evening shadows fall. For there's where all the stockings hang—the very best of all!

They're just the sweetest children now that ever you have known. And all the world is brighter for those dear ways of their own. They love the chimney corner—for there's where Santa comes. And he's bringing them their rattles, and all their dolls and drums.

## FESTAL CHEER.

Hear on more wood!—the wind is chill! But let it whistle as it will, We'll keep our Christmas merry still. Each age has deemed the newborn year The fittest time for festal cheer.

# AN AMATEUR KRIS KRINGLE

By Warren McVeigh



AMABLE little Max found out about the weakness of the flesh and the will-  
ingness of the spirit at about the same time that his first real disappointments came to him, and immediately after his first attempt to commit the virtue of self-sacrifice.

Max was six years old. His dog "Jack" was an amiable creature, and had endeared himself very much to his master. Jack had to get in the way of a truck, and Jack died.

The hope of Max's heart was the fact that when he, too, died,—which because of the death of Jack he then hoped would be very soon,—he would meet Jack in heaven. Somebody—some unimaginative person—told Max that dogs did not go to heaven, that they had no souls. That was Max's first great disappointment.

The second was like unto it. The same somebody—one of those bothersome bodies who put shoes and stockings on little boys on rainy days in the summer, and make them wear uncomfortable clothes when they go in swimming—told Max the whole story of Santa Clans.

Max took his sorrowful heart to his mother's knee, and, hoping against hope, told her what he had heard, and when it was all over he felt better, for in place of the beautiful story he had lost she had told him another.

In the long, cool grass down near the water's edge, he thought of the new story, and the more he thought of it the better he liked it. "If Dot was to fall in that water there," he said half aloud, as he sat up and looked out over the dancing wavelets of the lake, "I'd dive in after her. Maybe I'd be drowned,"—he hesitated for a moment and shuddered—"but what of that? I'd be self-sacrificing. Supposin' I was drowned; anyhow, they'd put me in the parlor, and everybody would cry and say I was a good boy, and had given up my life for Dot. And I would give it up for her, that I would."

Whereupon Max began to think of such terrible things that might happen to his sister Dot, who was only four years old, and of still more terrible things that might happen to him, if he should try to sacrifice himself for her, that pretty soon he began to feel a little weak in the knees, and it began to get cold down in the grass, and the little boy decided to whistle and go to see the pigs.

While he was poking them in the ribs, Max had an idea. It suddenly occurred to him that there was no sense in his making it a matter of life and death just to sacrifice himself. His mother had told him that men and women gave gifts to their little children at Christmas to make them happy, and that self-denial and self-sacrifice were the true essence of the Christmas spirit.

Max had a little fortune stored away in his bank. This fortune he decided to spend to make Dot happy.

Full of this idea, he ran to his mother. Her consent was a matter of course, and Max arranged the preliminaries.

"Dot," he said that night, as they lay in their cribs, "how do you like Christmases?"

Dot's eyes grew big. She remembered the dolls of the past winter, and the lights of the Christmas tree, and Max thanked his stars that he had thought of such a grand scheme, when the very idea of it made Dot so happy.

"Well," said he, when she had told him in the strongest terms how very much she liked Christmases, "you just watch out your stocking to-morrow, and hang up your stocking to-morrow, and you'll see another Christmas. That's what."

Dot suggested that it was summertime. But Max said that was all right, that Kris Kringle was coming in a hay-wagon, and that the reindeer had been turned into mules with great long ears. Dot fell asleep with wonderful thoughts of reindeer turned into mules with long ears, and Max sighed, remembering his own fond fancies about Kris Kringle, and how he, too, had been happy once.

The next day was full of work for the little boy. First, he had to keep Dot's thoughts keyed up to the most intense pitch, for the little girl could not get over her doubts about the reindeer and the snow. Then he had to consult the bank. He found there was just sixty-six cents in it.

In the first excitement of his desire to sacrifice himself he had decided to spend every cent he had; but now, on second thoughts, he concluded that half of his fortune would buy enough things to fill his sister's stocking, and then he would still have a little money left. Finally, he compromised on twenty-five cents for Dot, and with just a little feeling that he was not as generous as he should be, he went down into the village to make his purchases.

He bought a large orange for the toe of the stocking, and an apple to go next, and then a lot of candy and kisses, and then a banana to peep out of the top.

With his purchases tucked under his coat, he stole home, and though Dot was fast asleep in the nursery, taking her afternoon nap, Max had all the fun and mystery of stealing cau-

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"ON THE FLOOR LAY THE LITTLE TOY OF A HUMAN BEING, CRYING AS IF HIS HEART WOULD BREAK."

liked it when his mother cried over him. It made him feel queer and nice.

The minutes crept along, and still the little boy sat in the dim light watching the stocking, listening to Dot breathing lazily in her sleep, and thinking of what a good boy he had been, and how nice it was to sacrifice yourself for another's happiness.

And then all of a sudden it occurred to him that there was nothing in the world that he liked better than bananas. The one he had bought for Dot was the very best one in the market, thick and rich and yellow. Max hadn't tasted a banana in a month, and the more he looked at the tempting banana in Dot's stocking the more he yearned for just one bite of it.

Max arose and went over to the stocking. He had made up his mind just to take it out and smell it, and then to put it back where it had been. It smelled very good indeed, and

## "THIS HOUSEHOLD HAS GROWN SINCE LAST YEAR."



A TOAST.

Here's to Christmas time in Cuba, where it's ninety in the shade; Here's to Christmas in Alaska, near where Santa's toys are made; Here's to Christmas in Hawaii and in Porto Rico, too; Here's to Christmas in Manila, with our soldier boys in blue; Here's to Uncle Sammy's Christmas, though we quarrel over his size; Here's to Christmas, merry Christmas, where'er the old flag flies!

tionally into the house through the rear cellar door. He tiptoed upstairs, and hid his things in the darkest corner of the garret, and then, with much impatience, he waited for night.

Night came, and the little girl was tucked away in her bed. The mother and father had gone out for the evening, and Max had the whole house to himself. So, after Dot was fast asleep, he got out of his crib and went up into the garret for the good things he had bought that day.

Then he tiptoed down to the nursery again, and, after looking at his sister to make sure that she was fast asleep, he began to fill her stocking.

This done, he sat down near the



"HE SAT DOWN NEAR THE NIGHT-LAMP, AND CONTEMPLATED HIS WORK."

night-lamp, and contemplated his work. The stocking really did look very beautiful. The orange and the apple made big lumps at the toe, and one end of the banana peeped out at the top of the stocking, very inviting and nice.

Max held it at arm's length and looked at it again with increasing pleasure, and thought what a wonderfully fine banana it was, to be sure.

Then it occurred to him that Dot wouldn't mind a bit if he took half of it. He could tell her all about it in the morning. She always gave him half of everything she had, and besides, hadn't he bought all those things for her? and even if he ate the whole banana there would be plenty of fruit left for her. So he ate the whole of it, and then, half-shamed of himself, he hid the skin under the chair and took another look at his sister to make sure that she had not seen him.

And still the stocking looked so full and good and tempting that Max thought if he could only have one candy, or one of the kisses, he would be supremely happy; and so he took one out and tasted it, and it was so good that he ate another and another.

Until, all of a sudden, before he half knew what he had done, the door flew open, and there stood his father and mother. And on the floor lay the little toy of a human being, crying as if his heart would break, for the stocking hung flat and empty, and Max had begun to realize that all of his self-sacrifice had been in vain; that he was nothing but a selfish, thoughtless little boy, and that his sister, Dot, would have nothing but disappointed tears for him in the morning.—St. Nicholas.

Christmas Day Was Unknown. Christmas Day was unknown to Clement of Alexandria, and only adopted at Antioch from Rome in 376 A. D., according to Chrysostom. The Roman festival coincided with the old dies natalis Invicti Solis.

In England the Christmas decorations may remain in the churches during the month of January, but must all be cleared away before February 1, or Candlemas Day.

## CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

New and Inexpensive Hints for Parties in the Holiday Season.

Christmas would hardly seem like Christmas without an abundance of evergreens, the wax-like mistletoe, the glossy holly with its bright red berries and ribbons to match these berries everywhere. Parties and reunions come with the holiday vacations.

An ingenious hostess delighted not only the little folks, but their elders as well, with a unique and beautiful mountain for the table at a children's party. To make this mountain, place in the center of the table a quart preserve jar. Around this jar arrange at equal distances four pint jars, and still outside of this have six inverted tumblers. Upon the top of each jar and tumbler place a tiny glass dish to hold a small night lamp or candle, such as is used in illuminated flowers for dinner decorations. Have at hand a supply of large lumps of plain washing soda. Begin outside the tumblers and fill each part up with uneven pieces of soda until every part is covered except the small lights. Sprinkle the whole freely with frost powder and when the eleven little wicks are lighted the effect is all that could be desired. In the original scheme smaller pieces of soda were scattered around below the mountain, where two tiny Eskimos with shovels were making a path for a miniature sleigh drawn by four early dogs. The bonbon boxes were in the form of sleighs.

An unusual and very pretty decoration is made with a split log of wood about the size of one used in a modern fireplace. Lay the wood upon a bed made of mosses and evergreens. With the aid of long tacks or brads fasten red candles to the log, placing them irregularly. Lay pieces of ground pine in and out over the log and candles, letting it trail about on the damask cloth with holly sprays here and there. Place little patches of white wadding over the green and then sprinkle thickly with frost powder.

A bell composed of holly and mistletoe or a bell formed of red immortelles, and suspended by red ribbons from the chandelier just high enough to escape the candle light, is a great addition to a room.

Christmas Curiosities. The celebration of Christmas as a special festival is said to have begun in the first century, and during the life of the Apostle John, one tradition of the church accredits him with inaugurating the custom.

In France it is a common practice to celebrate Christmas by giving an extra ration to all domestic animals, on the theory that all creatures should rejoice at this season.

Among the English common people, Christmas is lucky when it falls on Sunday, and unlucky when Saturday is the day of the nativity.

In Spain it is believed by the common people that the ants hold religious services on Christmas Day.

In old England plum porridge was always served with the first course of a Christmas dinner.

The Eastern church formerly observed Christmas on January 6.

Bringing in the Boar's Head. SECURE among the few Christmas vignettes of "Merry England," which seem never to have fallen under the special ban of puritanic proscription, were the "baron of beef" consisting of two sirloins (a baron being, as an old writer tells us, "twice the dignity of a knight"), and that lordly dish, precious in the eyes and fragrant in the nostrils of our fathers—the boar's head.

That worthy old chronicler, Dugdale, describing ancient Christmas customs, says:

"Service in the church ended, the gentlemen presently repair into the hall to breakfast with brawn, mustard and Malmsey. At dinner, at the first course, is served a fair and large boar's head upon a silver platter, with minstrelsy." A later writer tells us that "Among the earliest books published in England was a collection of carols prepared to be sung as an accompaniment to the grand entree of the boar's head."

Superstitions About Holly. Many are the legends and superstitions connected with the holly. Old authors write of the tree as the hulver and the holm, while in our old ballads it is nearly always the hollin-tree.

The holly used for decorations, both in church and house, should be taken down on Candlemas Eve, or misfortune will come on parish or people.

In taking down holly in some parts of England it is thought unlucky to prick the finger if blood comes, but if a leaf stick to dress or coat it is a good omen.

In old days a branch of holly picked on Christmas Eve was as efficacious as the rowan, or mountain-ash, in protecting from witches and warlocks of evil spells.

## Getting Absent-Minded.



Santa Clans—"Heaven! Here I've been ready for ten minutes and can't find my mittens!"

# NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.



"LA BELLE ELDERADO."

New York City (Special).—What nearly every woman aspires to own for her winter wearing is a diretoire made wholly of velvet, its wide upturned rounding brim faced with white waved

on the front and back of waist, and bands of lace insertion outline the ruffles on the over-skirt.

The Newest Feminine Fancy. "The newest thing to wear is a set of bags hanging from your belt, made of the same material as your tailor made suit," writes Edith Lawrence in the Ladies' Home Journal. "For instance, Gladys describes a set of three to me which she had just made of the chevrot, a sort of mixed stuff, such as her gown was made of. One was for her pocketbook, one for her card case and one for her pocket handkerchief. They were different sizes and were lined with silk. They were suspended by narrow bands of cloth, which were stitched on both sides and stiffened."

Patching Small Gloves. When a glove is too small and splits, it is worse than useless to sew up the rent; it must be patched. The patch must be of kind of the same color. Turn the part inside out, having trimmed the hole round so that the edges are even, and cut the patch of kid to the right size. Then, with fine needle and cotton, sew in the patch, taking care only to take up the inside of the kid and to keep the seam flat. If this be done neatly, the glove will be nearly as good as new.

Card Cases For Women. The newest card cases are of fine leather, with a jewel set in the clasp like the parent fastener on gloves, except that they clasp through a buttonhole in order to show on the outside. Genuine stones only are used by the best dressed women. Often the birth stone is chosen, although the diamond, pink pearl and sapphire are shown mostly in the best jewelry stores.

## Words of the Prophet.

The prophet says: That sleeves are not so tight by any means as they are going to be.

That the box plait means skirts fuller and gradually more full.

That by spring draperies will be in sight.

That the vogue of the bolero will continue.



HOUSE GOWN. STREET GOWN. DINNER GOWN.

but as you hold dear your hopes of looking your best in your new winter hat, don't invest in ribbon strings.

The most popular hat seen at the recent horse show is the "La Belle Eldorado," which style is often worn by Mrs. John R. Drexel, Mrs. Joseph Widener, Mrs. William E. Carter, of Philadelphia, and other prominent women.

It is a flaring round turban in style, worn off the face, and is usually of sable or chinchilla, with a huge clout of velvet or tulle in front.

## Three Fetching Costumes.

Good-by to the perfectly plain skirt. The Paquin plait, a single box plait of medium width running right down the middle of the skirt's back, and fastened only at the waistband so that it flares gracefully at the hem, is the hallmark of all the newest dress skirts and most acceptably. No woman of good taste can but hail the ecstacy of the plain skirt with delight, and everybody must realize the increase of comfort entailed by the Paquin plait. Gowns may continue to sweep the streets and to wind themselves inextricably about the wearers' heels, but so long as they do not deprive her of the privilege of sitting down—which is what the late unlamented plain skirt succeeded in doing—she can forgive much.

In the large engraving three of the most popular types of gowns, taken from Harper's Bazar, are shown.

House or reception gown is of white cloth with lace applique at the bottom of the over-skirt. A tight-fitting waist of cream guipure lace, with short jacket of tucked white taffeta complete the costume.

The street gown is of green cloth trimmed with bands of machine stitching and edged with black Persian-lamb fur. The inside waist is of dark green velvet.

The figured silk dinner gown is trimmed with ruffles and founesses of pleated taffeta silk. Lace revers are

That for evening dress the most fashionable materials will be velvet in combination with transparent stuffs.

## The Most Popular Bodice.

A novel neck arrangement is the chief feature of the bodice pictured in the accompanying cut from the New York Sun. The throat is open both back and front and there is no attempt at finish beyond the narrow, flat lines of embroidery banding the shoulders and beading the blouse part of the corsage both back and front. Black lisse embroidered in gold and mounted upon black satin are the materials em-



NOVEL NECK ARRANGEMENT.

played; the embroidery is gold thread upon black satin ribbon. The double curving bands holding the bodice fullness in place upon the shoulders is a noteworthy detail. The sleeves are lined and have a caplike epaulet of the embroidered lisse edged with black lace. Lace collars are at the wrists.