INEXPENSIVE GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS, ARE EASILY MADE WHILE AT HOME

Very Useful Articles Which Are Sure To Be Appreciated.

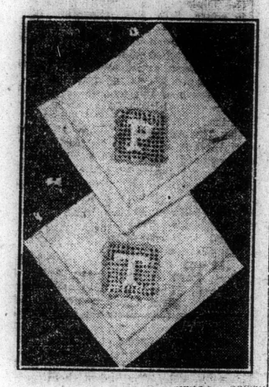
A man is only a man after all, and he likes useful gifts, no matter who he may be. If you are wealthy or if your income is quite moderate the following gift suggestions may be adopted, as they are things that may cost only a little or may be quite expensive:

It is rather curious that woman's one idea of a gift to a man is a cravat, for it is the one thing that a man detests having selected for him. But a man can nearly always wager that a woman will get him a cravat of a color that is not becoming to him or one that is too absurd to wear. And yet hundreds of thousands of women insist upon giving cravats for Yuletide gifts.

If you are overpowered by this idea please have a little mercy on mankind and select black and white cravats, for they are smart and are becoming to every man. Silk knitted ties are again in vogue, especially those that are three to four inches wide. Ties of heavy faconne silks are also indorsed by London.

Something Unique In Handkerchiefs.

Handkerchiefs are always welcomed by a man if you give him plain white and do not attempt to choose colors for him unless you are his wife and know absolutely whether he prefers blue,



LACE AND EMBROIDERED INITIAL.

lavender, green, gray or another color. To make the handkerchiefs more gifty they have his initials embroidered in a unique design.

The handkerchiefs in the cut are exceedingly new and attractive. The initial is worked on a square of lace in fillet design. If one is not expeditious with the needle the all over fillet net in fine mesh could be purchased and cut up into the required size for the squares.

Leather Gifts.

It is nearly always a man's fate to receive an abundance of unnecessary leather articles at Yuletide. There are men who never fail to get at least six leather mounted desk calendars and as many stamps and elastic bandboxes. Of course these are needfuls, but the man who possesses a desk generally has all such articles.

Wallets and cardcases are always usable, and a man is pleased if he gets them in the latest styles every Christmas.

A leather traveling case makes a delightful gift if it is of the best quality—not all the investment in the case

WHISK BROOM AND SCISSORS CASE.

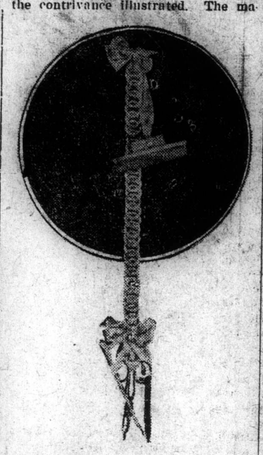
but in the fittings too. It reflects better taste if you give a small and beautifully fitted case rather than one filled with a shoddy toilet collection and a cleaning apparatus.

A fitted traveling bag makes a superior gift if you wish to expend that much money—$25 or more. If so, it is advisable to get ivory, imitation ivory or ebony fittings, as they are not quite so heavy as those of silver. The man who travels will be pleased to death with the neatly put up leather case seen in the illustration that is filled with scissors of different sizes and a penknife. And for the man who rides horseback what more appropriate than the whisk broom holder mounted in a stirrup setting?

A girl who makes especially fine orange marmalade is planning this year to give her friends little decorated jars of this dainty for Christmas. She has bought prettily shaped glasses and has pasted on them little colored Christmas garlands and ropes of greens, with the red berries, which cost her only a few cents. She will wrap the glasses in holly sprayed paper napkins, making her simple gifts doubly attractive because of their pretty exterior.

Traveling Manicure Set.

For the girl addicted to week end parties or for one who is much of a globe trotter nothing by way of a manicure set could be more useful than the contrivance illustrated. The ma-



MADE FROM A LENGTH OF RIBBON.

terials needed are white celluloid rings, a row of which are threaded with any colored satin ribbon one desires. A smart bow of the ribbon ornaments each end of the celluloid line. At one end are attached a file, orange stick and nail scissors.

Dainty Dressing Sack.

Dainty and comfortable and easy to make is this dressing sack. The material used is white albatross, and the

OF WHITE ALBATROSS.

buttonholing and the embroidery are carried out in pink embroidery silks. The tie is of pink wash ribbon.

Presents Made From Net.

Surely some one who is a bit puzzled over Christmas things will be glad to know what attractive gifts can be fashioned out of remnants of net. These remnants can be picked up at the curtain goods counter as well as at the department of laces, where nets are likely to be higher. Collar protectors, to keep the blouse collar from being soiled by coat or furs, are made of a strip of net or all over lace about a third of a yard or even less in width and almost a yard long. A narrow hem is run in on both sides and each end gathered up closely and finished with any kind of tassel, black silk, white cotton, gilt or a small crocheted white ball. Occasionally these protectors have a few tiny pin tucks or gatherings in the center of the scarf the height of a collar, and some conceal a tiny weight where the end tassel is put on. A bit of color may be added, but it is wisest to make the protectors so that they may be laundered.

Kindergarten Gifts.

One clever girl who has a small kindergarten class is preparing bean bags as gifts for her small pupils. She makes square bags about four inches across out of scrap bag pieces of blue and pink linen and chambray. Then she embroiders the two or three initials cornerwise on the bags and partly fills them with beans, making sure that they are not too heavy. If one is making the ever welcome bean bag and wants to give it an extra decorative touch it may be buttonholed around the edges. A set of the bags, one pink and one blue, makes a gift suitable for any child.

The Cash Intrigue

By George Randolph Chester

(Copyright, 1909, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

Kelvin sprang forward in fright.

"Sam!" he cried. "Sam, Sam, Sam!" In desperation to save Blagg's life Phillip hauled back and gave the negro a resounding kick in the side. With a loud aspirated "Huh!" Sam suddenly relaxed, but still his heavy body hung poised over that of Blagg, with his weight upon the man's throat. Now, however, it was no task for Kelvin, stooping down, to topple Sam over.

Phillip bent over Blagg and loosened his collar and was fanning him. "Sam," said he sharply, "there is a spring down there in the ravine. Hurry and get some water in your hat."

"Ah hope Ah ain't done gone an' done no damage to 'im, Massuh Phillip," said Sam contritely.

"Hurry and get that water," ordered Phillip. "Remember, Sam, next time I give me a chance to handle my own affairs."

"Yas, sah," said Sam as he plunged over the bank.

He brought water, but it took some time to revive Blagg. When he rose to his feet there was a little trickle of blood running from the corner of his mouth, and Phillip offered him a hand gently.

"Never mind," said Blagg, waving it away. He was quite himself and refused any assistance. He started toward the house, wiping his lips with his own handkerchief and feeling his neck. He staggered for a few paces, then squared his shoulders and walked sturdily away.

Phillip, having seen Rollins safely off, walked into Breed's study confidently the next morning. "It is going to cost you something to get those proxies. I can't tell you how to subsidize the newspapers, but I know how to subsidize the public," said Phillip, with a smile, and handed Breed a sheet of paper.

Breed glanced at it and elevated his eyebrows; then he whistled. "This is going to cost an enormous amount of money," he declared.

"It would seem so at first," admitted Phillip, "but here are the figures," and he handed Breed another sheet of paper.

Breed studied this latter long and earnestly; then he rose and gave Kelvin his hand. "Young man," he exclaimed, "if heaven had only blessed me with a son or a grandson like you!"

"It is a pity that your granddaughter was not born a boy," suggested Phillip.

Breed shook his head and sighed. "It is a gift that she was not," he replied. "That is the only family lack for which I have to be thankful. No human being susceptible to emotion or sentiment can ever rise to great achievement!"

Phillip colored slightly, and Breed's sharp eyes caught the flush. He raised a warning finger.

"Remember, young man," said he, "that it is in youth these things must be fought. Were it not for that old age would have no chance in this world for preferment. In the meantime go ahead with your scheme of subsidy. At what time does your plan include making the attempt for proxies?"

"Within two weeks," replied Kelvin. "If you will excuse me I will put this on the wire at once."

With some curiosity, remembering the events of the night before, he went into Blagg's room.

"Good morning," said Kelvin. "Here is some stuff I wish to get off."

Blagg looked it over, then read it more carefully and nodded his head. "This is your scheme," he declared familiarly. "Of course there is an ulterior motive behind it, but even so this is an act that will work real good to the people, and it will operate in Breed's favor when the day of accounting comes."

"The day of accounting?" repeated Phillip.

"Yes," replied Blagg. "There is always a day of reckoning, isn't there?"

"Possibly," agreed Phillip dryly. "In the meantime you might get the message away."

For the ensuing month there was a new order of things. Phillip had never sought Lillian, but now he avoided her persistently. The propaganda he had put forth soon began to bear results. Breed would not say how well pleased he was with the outcome as clippings began to pour in from the bureau of his New Jersey offices, but secretly he was delighted, and daily he went down into the vault and gloated over the money that was there. Meanwhile Phillip delved into fresh statistics, covering wider and still wider plans of which Breed knew nothing, and Blagg practiced upon his combination lock.

The name of Breed was now upon every lip. It had always been, for that matter, but in terms of execration. Now that sentiment was tempered. There were thousands of columns of editorials printed about him and his great philanthropic movement.

Phillip's plan had been very simple. It was merely the issuance to the newspapers of this proclamation:

Beginning tomorrow, the price of bread, of the same weight and quality as heretofore, will be reduced throughout the United States from 5 to 4 cents a loaf. This price will continue until a committee, to be selected by the public, can determine from my books and records the actual cost of bread delivered to the consumer. Immediately upon that investigation bread will be provided at actual cost. I have made my fortune and desire no more. From this day on my bread factories shall be run in the interest of the public alone.

HENRY BREED.

There it was—bread at cost! It was the most tremendous sensation that had ever been given space in the papers since Breed had completed his consolidation of all the cereal food industries in the United States. No argument could hold against that. It was an argument which was addition ally clinched every time a man bought six loaves of bread for a quarter and received a penny in change.

At exactly the psychological moment Phillip launched his campaign for the control of railroad stocks, and for thirty days there waged the great battle of the proxies, a battle no less bitter because silent, no less ferocious be cause unseen, no less relentless be cause there was no bloodshed.

CHAPTER XI.

THE forces allied with Rollins themselves attempted publicity. But against their publicity Breed had put an enormous practical benefit; against their appeals he had put an enormous practical benefit; against their attacks he had put an enormous practical benefit, and the tide of public favor, springing not from the printed pages of the morning and afternoon papers, but from lip to lip, set in so strongly in his direction that it reached every investor. Bread at 4 cents—inter at cost!

To the victor belongs the spoils, and the spoils of this war were the proxies. Breed succeeded through Kelvin in that apparently impossible dream of every railroad man since Stephenson invented the steam engine—the concentration of every railroad in the United States under one management. Then he sent for Rollins.

"Well, I kept my word," said Breed. "I told you I meant to have control of every mile of railroad in the United States, and now I have it. I have sent for you to take over their management."

Rollins was pale, and there were dark rings under his eyes. "I don't know if I want it. There is only one condition under which I could accept, and it would be folly in me to expect you to grant me that."

"You might mention it," observed Breed dryly.

"The condition is that I may do as I see fit, may work absolutely unhampered. Man," he suddenly burst forth, "you don't know how many years I have dreamed of this! It has been the ambition of my life to put this great public utility upon the plane of its proper relation to the public."

"That is my own dream," Breed declared.

"I find belief difficult," replied Rollins. "Moreover, I had imagined that Mr. Kelvin here was to have some say in the matter of management."

Breed smiled and looked at Phillip. "I have larger work for him," he said.

"Larger!" exclaimed Rollins. "Can there be anything bigger than to combine a quarter of a million miles of railroad, every foot of transportation highway in the United States, under one economic head, eliminating graft and waste and putting them all upon a working basis of legitimate profit and public safety?"

Breed waved his hand. "Much larger," said he. "This is only an incident. I wish you would tell me just what reforms you propose instituting, Mr. Rollins."

"First of all," said Rollins earnestly, reassured, "I would secure for every through line 120 pound open hearth steel rails, made in new mills from larger ingots, with the cones of impurity cast entirely aside and the compact residue kneaded into a proper consistency by an entirely new system of rolls. There are other things that need to be done—the establishment of perfect block systems, of automatic brakes and other accident preventing devices and the abolition of grade crossings—but the main matter of public safety rests in perfect rails. Ten years ago I tried to fight this proposition, and I nearly succeeded. The Tallahassee Iron and Coal company offered to make open hearth rails to my specifications. The United Steel corporation found that to control the stock of the Tallahassee Iron and Coal company was much cheaper and more profitable than to spend the needed millions in re-equipping their plant."

"Your first step, then, I suppose, would be to begin a fight on the United Steel corporation," observed Breed.

"That, in a nutshell, is our problem," declared Rollins.

"Your problem is already solved, Mr. Rollins," said Kelvin, with a smile. "Mr. Breed's control of the railroads has left the United Steel corporation high and dry. Moreover, we have secured entire control of the Iroquois Iron range, and, no matter what the United Steel corporation does, we shall set up our own rolling mills and make rails by our own process from our own ore."

"But the program will be left entirely to your own discretion," interrupted Breed. "You shall have a contract for one year, renewable for ten years if your preliminary steps meet with my approval."

"Allow me to understand," said Rollins. "In that year I am to be absolutely without interference in any way?"

"With two exceptions," replied Breed. "I want a private rebate on all shipments of bread or cereal stuffs. Next, here is a list of names. These men are not to be employed in any capacity nor benefited in any way."

Rollins looked over the list and smiled. "There isn't a man here whom I would lift a finger to save. There is not a man in that list but has had an interest in car company, a coupler company, a brake company, a locomotive tire company or some other manufacturing concern which furnished supplies to his own railroad at enormous prices. There is to be no graft in the new construction."

"Certainly not," agreed Breed. "These roads must be conducted for legitimate profit and public safety. If there is any graft I want it myself, and I am content to take dividends for mine. For one year you are the absolute dictator of the largest empire in the world—the combined railroads of the United States."

From his desk he took a contract, confined to one sheet of paper, which he handed to Rollins.

That gentleman took the paper, read it over and caught his breath. "It is a generous salary," he admitted, "more generous than I should have dared to ask for."

"Huh! I am saving money on it," declared Breed. "It's only a portion of a thousand fancy salaries that I expect you to stop at once."

Rollins nodded his head in comprehension. "I will take great pleasure in stopping a few of them."

Kelvin conducted Rollins to a room next to his own, that had been fitted with a commodious desk and all that should go with it. Rollins sat upon the desk and looked about him smilingly.

"Looks fairly complete, doesn't it? Did you have a hand in this?"

"No," said Kelvin, puzzled and piqued as well. "It has been arranged for a long time, I think. Mr. Breed has probably been planning to make Forest Lakes the capital of New York city."

"Perhaps the capital of the United States," retorted Rollins, smiling in answer to the jest. "Who knows? He has a good start. He has paid a lot of attention to detail too. Everything is complete now except for a secretary," and idly he touched one of the row of buttons along the right hand edge of his desk, the one marked "Secretary."

Instantly the door of the adjoining room opened, and a sober faced and noncommittal looking young man, ruddy cheeked and clean eyed and towheaded, walked in, notebook in hand.

"Hello!" said Rollins. "Who are you?"

"I am your secretary, sir. I came last night. My name is Jens Nelson."

"Swedish, eh?" guessed Rollins.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Nelson. "I am a graduate of the Minnesota Technical college, founded by Mr. Breed, and am one of his scholarship men."

Rollins smiled over the naïvete of this admission.

"All right, Mr. Nelson," said he. "You have a telegraph operator here, I believe, Mr. Kelvin?"

"Wireless," amended Phillip.

Rollins glanced at his row of buttons and nodded his head. "Mr. Nelson, you may take these marconigrams," and without any hesitation he began dictating peremptory discharges to a long list of railroad officials.

Thus set in the new empire—the empire of the iron highway, an empire which held under its absolute control the commercial destinies of the nation, an empire more powerful than any ever conceived by man—it was a reign that began peacefully and quietly as the stern Rollins, with a smile, dispossessed half a thousand men from their fat sinecures. But as he worked Henry Breed, attended by Dr. Zelphan and carrying a bundle of golf sticks, stopped in the door a moment.

"By the way, Rollins," said he, "there is only one personal provision I wish to make, and that must be seen to from the first. I want my dividends in cash—nothing else, understand—just cash!"

* * * * * * *

(To be continued)

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