



A STREET COSTUME DRAPED WITH RESERVE.

Though most of the new tailored skirts are draped in some manner, the draperies are very conservative and extremely moderate. This new costume by Paquin shows a walking skirt draped with admirable reserve, the material being merely lifted at the sides to meet a straight back panel. The suit is built of black and gray whipcord and has a collar and cuffs of white ratine. A black and white hat and buttoned boots of dull calf, complete the correct street costume.

Kitt's Column.

From Saturday's Daily.
It is the Christmas time.
And up and down, 'twixt heaven and earth,
In sorrowful grief or solemn mirth,
The shining angels climb,
To see what Christmas means to men.
...
The moon is hid; the night is still:
The Christmas bells, from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist,
Downs of our dear human life tenderly
—the merriment of the grown folks,
and especially of the old folks—at
Christmas time always seems akin to
tears. We try to put on the merry
blissfulness of the best feast in the
world; but we need not try to force
it, for like "a strain from heaven"
the holy Christmas music thrills the
world. And we are glad—or try to
be—every one. None so old that he
may not at this time set the sun
shining on some faded human life—just
for the day. The Baby Christ's Day,
The Day of the Little Child who was
warmed in the breath of the Ass and
the Kin, "God's Little Beasts." May-
be, this word, here would make life
easier—if only for the Day—for some
dumb creature of His Creation—and,
as well, sweeten an hour for some
bruised human heart. Life runs on
little wheels. Oil them. We are apt
to forget the little dragging things
which count—in life—so heavily
"Sentimental" all this?
Ah, yes. But it is that which keeps
his old world oiled and moving and
green. It is that which makes us throw
our hats in the air for the Old Flag
and the Great Cause. And it is that
which makes us get up and hustle
when we hear the shoes of Old Father
Christmas come thumping down the
attic stair.
I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet,
The words repeat,
Of peace on earth, good will to man,
You can see that Santa-Claus has

got hold of my pen, and is carolling just as he pleases.
"I think of you, old folks," he writes—the more, perhaps, because I am one of you; and I touch you with the torch of my Christmas Spirit because I want to bring your youth back for a moment, and fill hearts that are shrivelling and chilling with, once more, the glow of youth. It is a mercy that I bring you every year, you who have grown hard and calloused, and dry, and a little tired with the years. It is for your sakes as well as the children's that I set humming that undertone of gaiety which pervades every house from the castle to the hamlet, every God-given year at Christmas time. You rail at me, and call me a fraud, and a nuisance, but I am God's grace to you, and His Love and His Heart. The little children whose lot you help to brighten, and make merry for one day in all the year, are the same little creatures among whom He set His Kingdom. I am even nobler than you make me. For I am Christ's gentle message to His own. To His poor, His lonely, His afflicted, His children, whether young or old.
Thus brave old Saint Nicholas. And the flaming Heart of Christmas—allight with Good Will, and Love, and Peace and Joy—all of which the Christ-Child in His little humble manger, among His beasts—our servants and meek lovers—brought with Him one day to heaven with its sweetness a world a little grim, a little sad—a little worn—but when you come down to the heart of it—a good old world, after all.
THE CHRISTMAS SHOPS.
THEY WERE NEVER, I IMAGINE, more wonderful or glorious than this year. Perhaps a joyful spirit and bright eye may add its quota to such a saying—yet, knowing, none better, the cost of living—one has to acknowledge that never were shop windows more tempting, nor Santy more busy. The generous flush of the feast seems to glow in the very windows. And yet, the poignant note of sorrow is abroad, too. The legless man—a fellow being on to stout legs acclaimed the cripple's ability to "run for a car" as quickly, as he could, the other day when the writer was trying to advance the cause of the Brotherhood of Man—the legless man, selling laces, may have a large sum locked up in his bank or his bed—what do I care? All I know is that he is short of normal human proportions—is hopelessly handicapped—but he is my brother, and has his pen on me. Therefore into his cap goes my mortgage on Heaven—your see? A purely financial proposition: Yet with a little human love of brother, for down-and-under-brother to qualify it, maybe.
Again: The other evening the writer stood beside a woman, poorly clad, who led a little child by the hand. We were all up by the Arcade—there's an "Arcade" in your town surely—and looking at the Christmas toys and gauds. The little boy said nothing. He only glued his small nose against the pane. His mother looked white and worn, and very tired. She had been dragged up there by the kid—and was looking in on the lighted pageant inside the window with sad eyes, indeed.
He is having his revenge on us. All day long he has been knocking at the door and ringing on the telephone, and we have been flying up and down stairs just as though we were young, mind you, and had a household of children! Yet we have not heard any still shopping!
one declare "Bother Christmas!" And we have "shopped early," and we are the time draws near the birth of Christ.
The moon is hid; the night is still:
The Christmas bells, from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist,
Downs of our dear human life tenderly
—the merriment of the grown folks,
and especially of the old folks—at
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tears. We try to put on the merry
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Now what good could a quarter of a dollar bring to her and her little man?
And yet—
Some sad eyes fill with tears too easily. And, believe me, we ARE our brother's keeper.
England was "merry England" when Old Christmas brought his sports again. 'Twas Christmas broached his mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale. A Christmas gambol oft could cheer The poor man's heart through half the year.
And we, in Canada, are the thorough-breds of the old stock across the sea—those who keep, in its merry, green spirit, the very heart of Christmas crowned with a laurel leaf. Christmas came across with you and with me, old old country brother or sister—in the ship that brought us. I remember my first Christmas in Canada. A girl, friendless and without much in the way of bank notes. A crude country. I hated it. My little soul was sick and alone. Nobody cared. Until the Christmas Post came and the Letters. God! how the tears whipped my face—and—eased my heart. And Life grew red and golden, and the "brace-up," "buck-up" came—a weird call at that time to me.
But that loneliness! Some among us are suffering it now. Let it go. Let it ease. The sun shines, girl or boy. Only to the oldings does the air blow chill. Yet—after death, there is again sunlight.
And it is Christmas. And my pen refuses to go on other topics save this big, generous, never-to-be-out-written one. The heart of the most miserly is unclashed; of the richest, unloosed; of the poorest, is, somehow, comforted. It is Christmas, and there are fewer joys more keen than the simple one of preparing a Christmas tree, or of filling a limp Christmas stocking; of, in fact, knowing that you are bringing joy to some human, small or large. The human heart is, thank God! very deep and very large.
And so—after all the talk—Merry Christmas to every reader of this column, and here's hoping that every "shadow" may be—to some one—a substantial, and dear, and real "Friend."

child with fresh air morning noon and night.
If there is much sewing to do—and at this season of the year there is generally piles of it—the seamstress, dressmaker or mother of a large family, as the case may be, should take care that her eyes are not strained or allowed to become overtired by close application to the stitching of seams, working of button holes and the thousand tasks that are necessary when dressmaking is being done.

* CONCERNING WOMEN. *

Miss Mary Blake of London was recently charged with "insulting behavior" in the Bow street court, and fined \$20 "to be of good behavior for six months." Her offense consisted of insisting upon remaining with a woman prisoner who was being tried by men in a court full of men.
The national insurance bill which has been the cause of so much discussion in England during the past year or two, permits an unmarried man over 21 to draw 10 shillings a week sick benefit, while a widow with young children dependent upon her can only get 7 shillings and 6 pence.
The only woman in the United States who has a commission as an officer of the United States army is Dr. Anita Newcomb McGee, widow of the late W. J. McGee. She was appointed acting assistant surgeon on Aug. 29, 1898, because of good work she has done in organizing army nurses.
Mrs. Lois Miller of Hutchinson, Kas., has made a collection of almanacs which runs away back to 1821. They are said to be very interesting especially those before the civil war. In the first years of their existence almanacs were not given away, but were bought each year. Then the patent medicine man annexed them.

* HEALTH AND BEAUTY. *

A very hot lemonade the last thing at night and plenty of warm blankets will break up a cold if taken at the beginning.
In some cases very tender and easily chapped skin will yield to the treatment of glycerin applied immediately after washing when the skin is moist. Do not apply it to the face, but rub thoroughly into the skin and then rub with a good cream.
Physical ailments in child and mother have just one origin in the physical system itself. You can be cool in hot weather and warm in cold weather, and well in any kind of weather, if you take care of yourself, regardless of the weather. One of the first guardian steps to that care is to saturate yourself and your



IN THE REVERS LIES THE CHARACTER OF THE SUIT.

The suit pictured is of blue mixed suiting in a diagonal weave, with cuff and collar trimmings of black braid strapped down under white embroidered motifs. Blue plush, matching the suit, forms the rounded revers and the band portion of the cuff. This suit is a walking or street model and has a few pleats at the side of the skirt which is short enough to show the buttoned walking boots.

* DICTATES OF FASHION. *

Parisians are bringing out a new printed taffeta of coloring and design inspired by Persian pottery.
One phase of the oriental tendency in this winter's fashions will show in the extensive use of red.
Many a woman in Paris is wearing a corsage bouquet. Black velvet roses are among the smartest.
Undergarments, such as combinations, skirts and night gowns, are being made of China silk or crepe de chine, white or delicately tinted.
To clean plaster busts dip them in to cold liquid starch; when dry the starch is brushed off and the dirt comes off with it, leaving the busts as clean and white as when new.
Folded newspapers should be kept handy in the kitchen and these placed under pots and kettles. If this is done every day when the pans are taken from the stove no grease spots will mar the kitchen table.
A solution of chloride of lime and water, a tablespoonful of the lime to two gallons of water, is an excellent medium for removing the most stubborn stained garment for hours in the solution and in time the offending spots will disappear and this without injury to the fabric.
Exceedingly smart is a purple and gray sweater, done in loose Shetland weave and showing the contrasting toned lining indefinitely while it appears boldly in the collar cuffs and pockets as well in the worsted covered buttons. All of these models come in the various attractive combinations—mauve and pale blue, tan and bronze, wood brown and wood green and white with navy or wine. But purple, toned with a neutral shade, leads.

* PARTY GONE; 'RING' OFF. *

The telephone rang, and she answered the call; He stood with his hat and his stick in the hall. He heard her say, "Yes," and he heard her say "goose." Then, after a pause, heard her say, "Of great use." He was an eavesdropper, but what could he do, When only the back of her neck was in view? He just had to wait, as would you, or would I. "Yes, dear," she said next, "I'm expecting him now. Not quite that amount, oh, you did, did you? How?"

* HOW DO YOU CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS? *

If the One whose birthday we celebrate today could look down from the realms above—and who knows but that He does—whose celebration do you think would please Him best?—Yours, or mine, or some powerful king's, or some poor workman's in a dingy little street? Who's would belittle one that would come nearest to expressing what He came to earth to teach? It is a thought rather interesting to ponder upon, is it not? To follow it in all its many ramifications may bring us the heart of the matter, and to seeing Christmas in a new light.
It must be confessed that most of us observe Christmas rather conventionally. Eating is one of the principal parts of the performance, likewise having a good time in some form, whether it be in dancing or in going to the theatre, or simply in enjoying the companionship of those we have gathered about us for the are of course the main features of the celebration, and here we touch the source of the whole matter—love; and this is a wellspring of joy overflowing in our hearts and making bright and glad the whole day. Many of us go to church and dwell for a little while upon the religious significance of the festivity. And thus is the day summed up. But do these observances get at the core of the matter? Would He who sits aloft, seeing these festivities, think we had fully understood the message He came to bring?
As He looks into royal halls and sees the feasting and the revelling, even though He sees also that the poor have been given food; as He looks into theatres and notes the great audiences; as He gazes into the homes and perceives gifts and

Perhaps you are jealous. You're not? I don't know. He's the prize of the year, so I couldn't be slow. "Yes, father is willing, and mother is glad; She says I neglected the last chance I had. You haven't forgotten; well, I was a dunce. I won't let a good thing escape more than once. "Get used to his looks? They're not really so bad. I don't have to kiss him. Oh, that's just a fad. She does. Well, I always thought Miss was a goose. Why, as a protector I'll find him of use. "Now, listen! I know what I'm talking about; He comes of the very best stock—yes, no doubt. They all tried to get him; they hadn't a chance. I pulled a few wires before he left France." The Count de la Paree turned pale where he stood. "Perdition!" he muttered, and took to the wood. "For how could he know she was making report To a friend of a costly French bulldog she'd bought?"

Christmas trees and happy faces, will He feel that, the world around, the day is indeed being fittingly celebrated? For what will He see if He looks into the hearts? It isn't the Christmas tree, it is the Christmas heart that tells the truth about the celebration of Christmas. If love isn't in the heart of the king, all the magnificence of the banquet, all the hundreds of dinners given to the poor count but little. It is but a conventional observance of the day, but a momentary impulse to do good, a reflection of the spirit in the air. The merry-making crowds, whether in playhouse or home, they are no more celebrating Christmas than any other day. And this love must not be mere fleeting emotion due to the spirit of good-will in the air; but it must be a blossoming out into bloom of beautiful deeds of a character all love, that has been steadily growing through the years. The man or woman whose heart Christ can look into and see there a reflection of the love that filled His own will celebrate the day in a manner pleasing to Him, whether he presides at kingly banquet, or enjoys himself at the play, or sits in the humblest home the town or country knows. So, whose celebration of Christmas will most please Him, in whose honor the day is observed? Whose celebration is a flowering forth, a glad expression to the world, of a sincere and overflowing love for all mankind, not merely for our own little, limited circle, but a love that holds one from doing the slightest harm or wrong to any of his fellow-men?—Barbara Boyd.

* ONE-SIDED EFFECTS ARE FAVORED FOR THE EVENING. *

The modern evening gown is sometimes a whimsical affair. Half of it may be satin and the other half lace, or velvet may be draped above lace and lace above chiffon. The gown pictured is a Worth model of faint violet charmeuse overdressed down one side with white net embroidered in violet tones. The sash is of palest pink satin with a corsage ornament of pink roses and violets adorns the front of the bodice. Boots of pale violet satin with Louis heels and buttons of amethyst-glass match the dainty gown.



* CHEESE CANOPEES. *

Cut with biscuit cutter from slices of baker's bread as many circles as are needed. Put into a hot frying pan with two tablespoonfuls of butter; fry both sides a delicate brown. Heap upon them grated cheese mixed with a little salt and pepper and put on top shelf of oven. They will brown and be ready to serve while eating the meat course. Serve with celery.

* EGG SALAD *

Boil three eggs until hard and place in cold water. When cold remove shells and slice in two lengthwise. Lay on a dish covered with lettuce leaves. Pour over a sauce made of three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one of lemon juice, one of minced pickle, one-half teaspoonful of grated lemon rind, a little white pepper and a small saatspoonful of salt.

* SOME WAISTS ARE MADE WITH PLAIDED SECTIONS, NOT ONLY ON THEIR FRONTS AND BACKS BUT ALSO ON THEIR SLEEVES. *
