

ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Finally, when the last stitch has been taken, the last pretty bow tied, and, if it might almost be added, the last penny spent, wrap up your parcels daintily and send them away with a little verse or affectionate greeting, writes *Messrs. Houk*. Every gift should be carefully enveloped in tissue paper whether it is intended for a member of your own household or not. It gives a gift an added lustre to have it mysteriously shrouded from sight for a moment after coming into your possession. A sufficient quantity of tissue paper should be laid in ready in December, for at the last there is always a rush, for it often happens that in big metropolitan shops the supply gives out a week before Christmas. Lay aside, also, as many bolts of "baby" ribbon as you think you may need. The paper should be white and the ribbon holly-red, but many persons prefer something more distinctive of themselves, so have paper of a very pale pink with white or pink or pale green ribbon; or white paper and white ribbon; or blue or pink or some other favorite color with which to enclose their gifts.

If there are many presents to give away or find a large roll of ribbon will be found a big item in the list of purchases. While not so pretty, it will be much more economical and quite dainty to use instead a ball of gilt or silver twine, red and gold or green and red and gold or some other combination. Tiny pins may sometimes take the place of either ribbon or cord. It is wise to carefully fold and lay away every bit of tissue paper and narrow ribbon or bright cord that comes into the house against the day of presenting, whether it be Christmas, a birthday, an anniversary or some other time. It will greatly diminish the price of daintiness when the time comes. With each gift, tucked in with the ribbon, have some pretty written sentiment. Something original is best, something different from "With Love" or "Kind Regards," for however beautiful those phrases are in themselves they have become so abused they mean scarcely anything ordinarily. There are times, however, when anything more or less or anything different would spoil all. If you cannot do better, treasure up bits of poetry or prose that you come across now and then, look them over when you are ready to distribute your gifts, and select what you think would be the most appropriate for the different ones.

If the gifts are to be expressed, pack them carefully in a box, lay on a note—a very luxuriant one, perhaps, but still a note—and a sprig of holly. If the present is to be delivered in your own city, do it up with an outer wrapping of plain paper and cord if necessary for protection, but put a bit of holly on the outside. Packages to be sent by mail it is well to prepare and take to the postoffice for weighing and stamping early some morning, so early that people have not begun to think of buying stamps. If it is not time to send them away take them home again and mail or whatever day you have decided to prepare, do the best you can be most timely, and allowing for delay in the Christmas rush. It is better to be ahead of time than behindhand, especially at Christmas.

Be sure to enclose your gifts in some wrapping. If you cannot have tissue paper and ribbon or a ball of new cord, save the paper that comes around your parcels when sent from the stores, press it carefully, do the cord up neatly, and use them for your Christmas gifts.

In households where there are no children, and therefore no trees, the custom of giving and receiving seems a rather foreign affair. It is awkward. In one home I know of, after passing through one such experience, the tree having been done away with for the first time, it was decided that never again should such a failure be made of the ceremony. The next time the glad day came around the family sitting-room and the presents piled into it and around it. Each one was done up so as to conceal it from sight. The members of the family came in one at a time to dispose of their parcels, all carefully labeled, and then went out to make room for the next. When all had finished they went in together and began to give. Such a time as they had! The things were done up in all manner of queer shapes, so as to deceive the eye, and household jokes were put into practical form for the purpose of bringing out a laugh. One daughter of the house on opening a particularly dainty-looking parcel found therein a beloved but dilapidated pair of slippers that had been the subject of endless jokes and friendly jeers, but had withstood all trials. With them was a penning bearing that even amid the gladness of the hour she would feel lonely without them. Down in the bottom of the basket was a pair of pretty, new slippers with a virtuous little person taking exception to the adage that "old friends are better than new." It all depended, it said, upon who the new friends were and what the old. And so it went.

Another member of the family found a disreputable-looking old cigar-box tied with a piece of cloth-line tossed into her lap. She turned up her nose at it at first, then untied it gingerly, to find inside two or three "stogies" and another box. Inside of that was a little velvet case, within which sparkled and flashed at her when she opened it a diamond submersible. Every package that had come by mail or express or had been left in person at the door in the last week had been put aside unopened and dumped into the basket on

Christmas morning. By the time each one had been oh'd and ah'd over the room was knee-deep with papers, ribbons and wrappings of all sorts, including pasteboard and wooden boxes. When all had been cleared away and the presents disposed of on tables and chairs to be re-examined and showed to others in the course of the day the morning was gone, and such a jolly morning, it was almost like two days crowded into one!

That plan was carried out with never-failing interest in that household for several years, and then a similar, but slightly different idea was put into force. The basket was too small. So, instead, the different gifts were distributed about the room. No attempt was made to conceal them, although they were put in unusual places. One was hung from the gaselier, another was on top of a picture-frame, still another peeped out from a friendly vase, and others stood up against the wall.

Paper after paper is sometimes wrapped about a single article, and two of anything are never done up in the same package. Are half a dozen handkerchiefs the gift, each one has a wrapping all to itself. Even slippers and gloves are separated from their mates and presented in state, each one by itself and with elaborate inscription.

By way of variety parcels are sometimes addressed or the outside to one person, and on the inside to another. There have been gifts that have passed through six or eight hands before they reached their rightful owner, having been covered with as many wrappers, each one addressed to a different person. An infinite variety of changes are worked out from these simple ideas and never fail of their mission of making Christmas morning one of the merriest of the entire year in that household.

Christmas sees a tree in that household now, for one of the daughters who went away one year comes back with a little bauble, who falls asleep before the open fireplace watching for Santa, but this fun-provoking method of distributing gifts is never abandoned. First is the tree surrounded at its base with dolls and rocking-horse and woolly dogs and other delights of the childish heart, in which everybody participated with a joy that leaves no room for thoughts of personal possibilities. But after a time all turn to the things Santa left for the big folks and they each left for each other. There the baby finds what mamma and papa have left for her, what Aunt Nellie and Uncle George have given her, and there the big folks find scraps of bright silk, crumpled bits of paper, favorite pictures and broken but precious toys that have been selected for them from the wee one's treasures, for she has been taught that Christmas is not for her alone, but that it means to give because you love. In the words of a certain little boy who had begun to doubt the personality of Santa, she is taught in a way to make her understand when she is older that Santa Claus is "is that feeling in your heart that makes you want to give things." So the day is always a happy one. Sorrow has been a guest in the home, but on Christmas all thought is centered in the healing and the joy of that first great Gift.

CRANBERRIES WITH APPLES.

Soak one-half pound dried apples in water over night. Stew gently for a few minutes. Add one quart cranberries, two and one-half teacups sugar and water enough to make a good sauce. Stew fifteen or twenty minutes.

Cranberry Jam.—Three pints cranberries, one pint water, one pint sugar. Boil ten or fifteen minutes. Strain through a colander while hot. Pour into molds and set away to cool. If to be used as a sweetmeat, use a little more sugar.

Cranberry Jelly.—Measure your cranberries and use one-half as much water as cranberries. Boil until the cranberries are soft. Strain through a jelly bag. Boil the juice ten minutes. Take one pound of sugar to each pint of juice. Boil and skim until clear. Pour into glasses. Cover with melted paraffine when jelly is cold. Then put on the tin lid or tie a piece of paper over the top to exclude dust.

Cranberries with Raisins.—One quart cranberries, one teacup raisins, two teacups sugar, two teacups water. Stew raisins in water ten minutes. Add cranberries and sugar. Cook until clear, or about ten minutes. Do not stir, but if inclined to burn, shake gently in the kettle. Canned Cranberries.—Housekeepers often find toward spring that their canned fruit is all gone and they can find few things in the market for sauce except dried fruit. If during the winter as the jars are emptied they would refill them with cranberry sauce, they would always have on hand a good, palatable sauce and one that during the early spring months supplies to the system the peculiar acids needed to ward off spring fever.

A Nice Dessert.—Cook a teacupful of rice very thoroughly, putting in water first, afterwards milk and a little salt, and sugar to taste if you wish. Add two tablespoonfuls of cranberry jelly or half a teacup of the liquid part of cranberry sauce. Put it over the fire for a few minutes. Turn into a mold to cool and eat with sweetened cream or cream and sugar.

Cranberries and Rice.—Cranberry sauce or jam is especially nice served with plain boiled rice.

The first alcoholic perfume made in Europe was Hungary water, made from rosemary in 1370.

Christmas Carol

Words by Margaret S. Sangster.

In Unison or as a Solo.

Music by Harrison Millard.

1. Sing, children, sing a joy - ful strain, In long re - sound - ing
2. Be - hold! the Prince of Peace is born, The sky of night is
3. We, too, would go to Beth - le - hem, And at the low - ly
4. Sing, children, sing, and send a - long The new - er end - ing

cho - rus; Aud hail the Lord who comes to reign, In Love's do - min - ion o'er ... us. He comes, He comes, a
riv - er; Let glad to greet the sac - red morn, Fly shi - ning hosts from hea - ven. The star! the star! is
man - er; With hum - ble hearts, with gold and gem, Would seek the king - ly Stran - ger. The song! the song! it
cho - rus; Till na - tions lift a migh - ty song, To Love tri - um - phant o'er us. The Love! the Love! O

lit the Child, A mo - ther bends a - bove Him; He comes, the gen - tle, meek and mild, And well may children love Him.
wonderous flame Lights King and priest to find Him; The Day - spring quickens at his Name, The darkness lies be - hind Him.
nev - er dies, To Son of Ma - ry ring - ing; It soars be - yond the rift - ed skies, Where an - gels join the sing - ing.
tell it out, It comes, our grief to ban - ish; The world shall swell the vic - or's shout, When death and sin shall van - ish.

Chorus. With Spirit.

Tell far and wide, that all may hear, The sweet, the dear old sto - ry; Sing loud and high, sing true and clear The heavenly an - gels' glo - ry!

PIRATES IN PETTICOATS.

REVELATIONS BY THE CAPTAIN OF A LINER.

Ladies Who Prey on Their Fellow-Passengers in Every Possible Way.

Never heard of pirates in petticoats? asked the skipper of a Trans-Atlantic liner, with a look of amused incredulity. Well, you are certainly a lucky man! I wish I could say the same.

Certainly you can never have crossed the "Pond," or if you have you haven't kept your eyes open; for I can assure you that a liner rarely leaves port without carrying one or more of these lady pirates, whose amiable profession it is to prey on their fellow-passengers in every way their practised ingenuity can suggest.

They are usually ladies of an uncertain age (although I have known more than one charming and dangerous pirate who has not advanced far into the twenties); they are invariably well-dressed, clever women of the world, who can hold their own in any society, and are past-mistresses in the arts of savoir faire.

Their mission is to make themselves popular and useful. They ingratiate themselves with their fellow-passengers of both sexes and the ladies invariably speak of them as a "dear," so kind and sympathetic and clever, while to the men they are "ripping fine women."

When they sit on deck it is always near a convenient empty deck-chair, which quickly finds an occupant of one sex or the other, for "it is such a pleasure to chat with Mrs. B.—" you know; she is so entertaining and seems to know everything and everybody—and so she ought to do, for it is the business of her life. If ever you come across such a woman, avoid her as you would the plague, for she is as dangerous as she is clever. If you are a man she will not be long before she has wheeled \$25 or more out of you on some pathetic pretext or other. Only a few weeks ago when I had a very dangerous specimen of the female pirate on board I took the trouble of speaking to certain gentlemen who appeared to have fallen

VICTIMS TO HER ARTS.

and discovered that from six of them she had borrowed no less than \$250, one young donkey having advanced her as much as \$100.

Her story to him was that she was the wife of a colonel out at the front, and that she had been suddenly called to America to see a dying sister. She had been compelled to leave home at very short notice, and found that she had barely sufficient to pay her passage. Of course, a large remittance would follow her; but until it arrived she scarcely knew what she would do—and so on, with all the delicate suggestiveness and

appeal in which she is an adept. To the other men she told equally plausible tales, different by the way; and, of course, as each victim of her confidence was pledged to secrecy she felt perfectly safe. Well, I had an interview with that young lady (she was forty-five if she was a day old), and succeeded in getting back every penny of the \$250. I don't think she will patronize my boat again. She won't if I can help it.

But this is only one of their many methods of fleecing their fellow-passengers. They seldom try the borrowing game with ladies, who lack the necessary sympathy. Their method with the ladies is to relieve them of valuable articles of jewellery which they may leave carelessly lying about in their state-rooms. It is the easiest thing in the world to slip into one or more rooms when their occupants are on deck and next any trifle, such as a diamond ring or brooch. If by any chance the thief is discovered in a room that is not hers she has the very plausible excuse that she thought "Miss A.—" or "Mrs. M.—" was there; and as she took good care to be on intimate terms with the lady in question the excuse is

A VERY PLAUSIBLE ONE.

The amount of jewellery or money that disappears mysteriously in this way on almost every voyage you would scarcely credit. Of course, the lady victims would as soon suspect themselves of theft as that "charming Mrs. B.—" and, indeed, no one is more sympathetic over the loss or anxious to help to find the missing trinket than Mrs. B.— herself. Of course although my own suspicions may amount to a certainty, I cannot charge Mrs. B.— with the theft in the absence of any proof, and thus she may continue her career of thieving for years without detection.

In certain cases where a lady's presence on board is always associated with thefts or disappearances of valuables it is necessary to warn her not to show herself on board again, when of course she becomes most virtuously indignant and threatens all kinds of penalties for our insolence. But as a matter of fact we never see her again. She transfers her enterprise to some other line where she is not known.

These thieves are rarely caught, and even when they are the victim almost invariably declines to prosecute, while, as you can imagine, it does not pay us to make the facts public. Sometimes these pirates work in couples—the wife preying on the passengers in the ways I have indicated, while the husband relieves his male acquaintances of surplus cash over games of poker in the smoking-room; thus reaping a double harvest. They work quite separately, and not only ship under different names, but during the whole voyage show no sign

of even the slightest acquaintance with one another. Oh, yes; there are many ladies who patronize us regularly in search of husbands, and I am bound to say they usually succeed. But they are "pirates" of a different kind, and I should prefer to call them "Cupid's privateers."

INDIAN SMOKE SIGNALS.

A Way of Sending up Smoke in Rings or Puffs.

The traveller on the plains in the early days soon learned the significance of the spirals of smoke that he sometimes saw rising from a distant ridge or hill, and that in turn he might see answered from a different direction. It was the signal talk of the Indians across miles of intervening ground, a signal used in rallying the warriors for an attack, or warning them for a retreat if that seemed advisable.

The Indian had a way of sending up the smoke in rings or puffs, knowing that such a smoke column would at once be noticed and understood as a signal, and not taken for the smoke of some camp-fire. He made the rings by covering the little fire with his blanket for a moment and allowing the smoke to ascend, when he instantly covered the fire again. The column of ascending smoke rings said to every Indian within thirty

miles. "Look out! There is an enemy near!" Three smokes built close together meant danger. One smoke merely meant attention. Two smokes meant "Camp at this place." Travel the plains, and the usefulness of this long-distance telephone will at once become apparent.

Sometimes at night the settler or the traveller saw fiery lines crossing the sky, shooting up and falling, perhaps taking a direction diagonal to the lines of vision. He might guess that these were the signals of the Indians, but unless he were an old-timer he might not be able to interpret the signals. The old-timer and the squaw man knew that one fire-arrow, an arrow prepared by treating the head of the shaft with gunpowder and fine bark, meant the same as the columns of smoke puffs—"An enemy is near." Two arrows meant "Danger." Three arrows said imperatively, "This danger is great." Several arrows said, "The enemy are too many for us." Thus the untutored savage could telephone fairly well at night as well as in the daytime.

Bath has the hottest springs in England, 115 degrees Fahrenheit.

In France the law allows children to work 12 hours a day, in Spain only 8.

France pays England about \$500,000 a year in cable rent.



CHRISTMAS SHOPPING. Here's good fun for girls and boys. Taste the candy and buy the toys; Jumping-jack and chatter-box, Wooden man and paper ox, Rubber doll and dancing cow, Christmas shopping's fun just now.

Grilla
quicken the spirits and health.
purifier known.
on's
TS
in's Corsets
tion of all
due to
quality of
beauty of
light Front
GUARANTEED.
AIR
Ware
The reasons
travels.
ants in the one
You
of the different
it will bother
ons, that we do