Mr. Justwed does Christmas Shopping

I declare I'm just worn to a thread," sighed Mrs. Justwed the other evening. "I've been tramping around from one store to another the whole livelong day!"

"No wonder," snapped out Mr. J., looking up from his evening paper, "that's the trouble with all you women—you put off your shopping until the last minute, and then expect to race through it in a single day!"

"Why, Homer," objected Mrs. J., "what is the matter with you? I simply remark that I am exhausted—and you fairly take my head off!"

Homer-dear laid aside his paper, impressively.

"More than that," he declared quite solemnly, ignoring her merited rebuke, "you lose your own tempers—and bring your ill humor into your homes!"

Mrs. J smiled.

"What?" she inquired good-naturedly. "Another sermon, Homer?"

"No, not a sermon, my dear, as you seem pleased to call my little—er—a—my little efforts to discuss domestic matters with you. Just a plain talk about this thing called Christmas shopping that has —er—a—worn you to a thread, I believe you phrased it.

"Now, right here,"—reaching for the paper—"is an article I happened to notice that seems much to the point."

"The usual one on 'Home-Builders, Do Your Christmas Shopping Early,' I dare say," ventured Mrs. J.

Mr. J. scowled, but continued, as one who sees his duty clearly, and is not to be swerved from his path by ridicule:

"Not at all, not at all! It is an unusually well written article. And it deals especially with the fact that the burden of procrastination in regard to Christmas shopping falls not upon the shopper—though she may think so—but upon the salesgirls. Listen to this paragraph:

"Stop and think a moment, my dear, before you snap up that salesgirl for keeping you waiting. Remember, she's been standing behind the counter since eight o'clock in the morning—when you were just rubbing the sleep from your pretty eyes and calling for Clarisse to bring your coffee and rolls! You are tired and worn and irritable from your round of the stores—of course, you are, my dear. But, remember, for every ache in your fair body, Milady, there are a dozen in the wan, drooping frame of that patient breadwinner who is serving you! Therefore, do not vent your irritation and ill humor upon her defenceless head! Be gentle, be courteous, be civil—remember she is human! Kindness and consideration are the earmarks of the true-born lady—and they will accomplish more for you than all the wranglings and quarreling and——"

Right at this point Mrs. Justwed simply couldn't help it.

She fairly screamed with laughter!

"Oh, Homer—you're—you're just too comical for anything! If you don't stop look—looking at me over the tops of your —your glasses—I shall simply explode!"

Mr. J. puffed himself all up like a pigeon.

"Approach Sir Gallahad," went on Mrs. J. quite merrily, "and set thy lance and shield for the honor of thy Lady Fair!"

"Bu-r-r-r!" growled Mr. J.

"Only, Homer, you ought to try it yourself and see how long you would hold your temper! It's all right to theorize but—you've never done any shopping with a million other women around you after the same identical piece of goods you want!"

"No!" thundered Mr. J. "But if I did, I wouldn't lose my temper over it!"

The following day seemed an auspicious occasion to Mr. Justwed for the purchase of a few odds and ends for Christmas presents. There was for instance, that bathrobe for Mrs. J. So he wended his way complacently to a large department store.

"Bath-robe?" directed the floorwalker, mechanically. "Yes, sir, third floor, left wing—take this elevator."

Mr. J. took the elevator. The door clanged to, his heart went down into his boots and then up again to his throat and—he found himself on the third floor.

"Bath-robes? Certainly, step right this way!"

Surely, nothing could exceed the politeness and attention of the blond young salesman with the red tie.

"Now here is a nifty little pattern," he began, turning back a perfect rainbow of flannel robes, "that is selling faster than we can get them. Not five minutes ago, sir, I sold one to Mr. Gotrocks, the banker—you know him?—ah!"

"Oh—these are men's robes," interrupted Mr. J., "I want a lady's bothrobe."

The clerk smiled.

"Ladies' robes," he said, with a broad grin, "across in the other wing, this floor—good day!"

Mr. J. crossed to the other wing. He was sure—yes'm positive—he'd told that floorwalker he wanted a lady's robe—and the stupid fellow hadn't the sense to listen!

"Across in the other wing," proved to be simply swarming with—women.

Mr. J. glanced around for someone to wait on him. Several women nearby eyed him superciliously. Nobody came up. One salesgirl glanced at him out of the corner of her eye and hurried past.

All around him women were fingering soft, lacey things and holding them up for inspection. Homer-dear began to feel sort of uncomfortable. There wasn't another man in that section of the store!

Presently a buxom, squatty salesgirl walked up in a business-like manner.

"Are you waiting for someone?" she inquired, meaningly.

"No," answered Homer-dear, quite affably, remembering that kindness was his cue, "I'm waiting to be waited upon—ha! ha!"

But his pun was greeted with a stony stare.

"A bath-robe—light blue, I think."

"Men's bath-robes are in the other wing, sir—this is the ladies' department," she suggested, frigidly.

Mr. J. coughed.

"Er-a—but, you see, I want a lady for a bath—I mean a bath-robe for a lady."

"What size?"

"Size? Size?"

"To be sure, lady's bathrobes must have sizes just as well —as men's hats!"

"Er-a-er-a what sizes do they come in?"

The buxom lass paused a moment to scan the pile of robes on the table.

"We have nothing left but 36, 38 and up to 42."

Mr. J. gazed thoughtfully out of the window. But there was nothing out there to help save the wall of another building and the blue sky. Suddenly he had an idea.

"What size do you wear?" he asked.

The salesgirl drew herself up—in true duchess style.

"I wear a 42," she said, "though I can be quite comfortable in a 38!"

"Um-m-m," meditated Mr. J. "Let me see—what size would a lady take who is just about half as fat as you are?"

If the buxom lass could have stabbed him with a look she would have done so right then and there. She couldn't of course, so she simply remarked:

"If you don't know the size of your—your wife, I presume—I don't see how you can buy her a robe!"

Then Mr. J. had another idea.

"Would you mind putting this blue one on, please? I may be able to tell that way."

The buxom lass hesitated a moment and then donned the robe.

"This is a 36," she snapped, "the smallest we have left!"

Mr. [illegible] new pa[illegible] and regarded [illegible] critically.

"Does it make much difference with your clothes off?" he asked innocently.

The buxom damsel snatched off the robe in a jiffy.

"Say," she exclaimed, "you needn't think you can come in here and make a fool of me, mister! You don't intend to buy any bathrobe—and the sooner you get over on the men's side the better for you!"

With that she flung down the robe and flounced away—mad clean through.

"Well, I'll be darned!" gasped Mr. J. "And they talk about being considerate of spitfires like that!"

Then he looked around.

At least a dozen women were eyeing him.

Then he beat it, hot foot, for the street!

CARVEL CALVERT HALL.

SELECTING A CARPET

When choosing a carpet it is best to select one with a small pattern. if economy must be considered. It should be of a rather light color. The small pattern cuts to greater advantage, and when the wool begins to wear the light color will not contract.

Christmas on the Delivery Wagon

Mrs. Christmas Shopper, haven't you often wondered what became of that little 25-cent china cup you purchased in the large department store from the time you paid your money to the salesgirl until it was delivered to your forty-second cousin in San Francisco on Christmas morning? Few women have any knowledge of how many expert hands handle that little hobby horse from the time they purchased the article until the time it appeared for Baby Boy.

There is an interesting story in every one of the thousands and millions of Christmas presents that are purchased in this country. One of the large department stores will send out many thousand parcels each day for several days before Christmas. After the city delivery packages have passed the assortment stage of their journey, they rest in the bins designated for the different delivery routes. At special hours the bins are cleared and the drivers' boys get the parcels. If their count tallies with that of the sheet writer's list, the wagon driver is given a carbon copy and as he delivers the parcels he checks them off.

Here is the little story of a cup that had to be sent ever so many miles away. It is quite typical of the travels of every package, large or small, sent out from the department store at Christmas time.

"I was resting at ease with the other crockery on the shelves of a department

store," says the little cup, "when two ladies came in and picked me up. One of them said I was just the proper caper for Aunt Maria, so they paid the salesgirl for me and directed that I be sent to California. When I was sent to the bundle wrapper the check that went with me was marked 'paid,' and then a bundle collector came around and took me and I never saw the ladies again.

"Next the bundle collector gave a receipt for me, together with a great many other packages, and then took us all and dumped us into a chute, which carried us to the basement of the store. There a great many men began overhauling us, and I saw a comb and brush go into a bin marked 'C. O. D.', and a rocking horse go into another bin marked 'charge.' I went into the bin marked 'paid.'

"Then a man sorted us along various routes, placing together those of us that were to be together Christmas morning. Finally I was re-wrapped with cotton and straw and placed in a snug little box before I began the long journey across the continent. Say, is not that a lot of trouble to take for me, a simple little china cup?"

Each of the large department stores has a special staff that does nothing but correct wrong addresses on packages. As fast as telephone messages come in stating that a certain package has not arrived the name and address are taken and a systematic search is begun for it. Many times after a careful search the package is still unlocated and a call over the telephone will reveal the fact that the lady complaining has located the lost article.

According to the heads of many of the large department stores of the country, the Christmas deliveries this year have been heavier than ever before. Especially is the number of small packages which have to be delivered increasing. This can be directly attributed to the fact that Miss Social Climber no longer condescends to carry a bundle, be it even so small as a package of visiting cards. It is considered bad form to carry any kind of a package, bundle or parcel. Almost everything that is purchased must be delivered.

Then, there is another thing that must be contended with by the bundle wrappers and men who deliver the packages. Many mothers desire that their children keep faith in Santa Claus, and for this reason the packages must be wrapped in such a manner as to disguise their contents. Sometimes it is desired to make a toy rifle resemble a loaf of bread, and the bundle wrappers are placed at their wit's end to comply with the request.

After a few years' work in one territory the parcel delivery man becomes so well acquainted with the fixed residents that he can tell the names and addresses like a mail carrier. He also knows what streets are bad, what crossings are impossible after a heavy snow and what short shifts to take to pass them.

The packing of a wagon has to be done scientifically. With an expert driver hardly a second is wasted in giving each bundle its proper place, so as to insure the easiest delivery. But only an experienced man can tell what package must go in first and what must follow. They should be packed, as one driver puts it, "so that if the wagon jolts the right package will fall out."

After the driver has started with his helper on the route his real troubles begin. He must not only please, but he must also satisfy. With him in a measure rests the final condemnation or approbation of his firm. The superintendent of deliveries is strict, and any complaint is apt to have severe consequences. It was an old time custom for the drivers to receive a receipt for each package, but this has been done away with, very largely because of the delay it occasioned.

Now it is required that the driver deliver the package to the proper address and make sure that the person to whom the package is addressed lives there. This saves the delivery man and his helper much annoyance in the long run. Many of the large department stores are now equipped with motor delivery wagons, and in this way the deliveries can be made more quickly than heretofore.

Yuletide Hints for Housekeepers

Homemade Christmas gifts are probably more appreciated by the receiver than bought ones. In the last few days before Christmas many of these little gifts can be made. For example, small pieces of lace neckwear or a fancy bag can be constructed in an afternoon, saving the expense of a more elaborate present and giving the receiver as much pleasure, if not more than the latter gift.

There is a great difference between the gifts exchanged a few years ago and those of today. For more than a decade the fancy ran toward expensive, impractical presents—soft, fluffy sofa pillows not intended for actual use: pin cushions that were nothing but a mixture of fine lace and ribbons, etc., Now there are pincushions on painter's canvas, pretty to behold and quite practical.

Another novelty that can easily be made at home in a short time is a tomato-shaped pincushion of Dresden ribbon. But any kind of ribbon will answer the purpose. This gift can be produced by any woman who is at all handy with a needle at hardly any cost, and it makes a very pretty addition to any number of expensive presents.

Any housewife can construct a pair of bedroom slippers, or "mules" within a few hours. These require neat sewing rather than skill with a needle. Soft, baby blue ribbon can be used for the purpose. The ribbon is about six inches wide.

A girl can be made the happy receiver of a pair of beaded silk stockings. In the last few days before Christmas these beads of tiny white china can be sewed on the black silk stockings, giving a pretty appearance. The beaded stockings, when purchased at a store, are quite expensive and beyond the reach of the average Christmas shopper's purse.

Designs in burnt wood also make handsome Christmas presents, and these, to the woman who has had some experience in that line of work, are very easy to make, a task of a few hours only.

Any odd-shaped basket, purchased at a small cost, will answer for a work basket when it is properly adorned with ribbons and a variety of decoration. These baskets are among the useful gifts, and any woman who sews appreciates one of them. A sewing apron, adorned with all sorts of frills and not made to look like the usual apron, is also acceptable. In most of the little gifts made by the woman at home it is her individuality in the decoration and the neatness of the stitches that count.

For the woman who makes Christmas an

event in the home, candy is a primary consideration where there are children. Candy-making is somewhat of an art, but almost any housewife can manufacture several good kinds of sweets. One of the most delicious of Christmas goodies is candied oranges. Peel and break the orange into sections, not allowing the juice to exude. Make a syrup in the proportion of one pound of good granulated sugar to one pint of water, and let it boil until it will harden in water. Take from the fire and dip the orange carpels in the syrup, using a candy dipper or a two-tined fork. Drain on a fine sieve placed over a platter, so that the syrup will not be wasted.

To make nut fudge, cook together two cups of light-brown sugar, one cupful of thick cream, two squares of chocolate (grated) and a teaspoonful of butter until it gets waxy when dropped into cold water. Then add vanilla to taste; take from the fire and beat until thick and creamy. Spread a buttered pan with English walnut meats, cover with the candy and cut into squares, when cool.

Regarding the Christmas dinner, fringed celery makes a very attractive garnish for cold meats and salads, and it is a change from the usual lettuce and parsley garnish. Select well-bleached stalks, and wash and cut into inch lengths. Stick several coarse needles into the top of a cork. Draw two-thirds of each piece of celery through these needles several times, or until the fibres are all separated. Lay in ice water for an hour or two in order that they may crisp and curl.

The arrival of the Christmas cotillions necessitates pretty, fresh dresses for the young girls. There is dainty net this season that may be tucked and draped with festoons and rosebuds for the debutantes, and there are bordered chiffons that make most delightful dancing frocks, the flowered border in pastel shades being arranged at the edge of the over-skirt, or at the bottom of the tunic.

One of the dominant notes in yuletide dresses is chiffon, and one cannot go far astray in selecting a satin evening gown, over which touches of metallic lace, narrow borders of fur or roses in the soft dull, Morocco shades as a trimming.

A little dress of pale-blue messaline and pearls is an appropriate one for the young people's cotillon. It gives a very youthful effect, and the young matron looks quite as well in it as the debutante. The bodice is draped across the figure and looks as though it ends in the long sash ends, which are knotted back at the knees.

Then there can be a tucked yoke of pleated blue net laid over the flesh-colored chiffon to give the desired decollete effect, though the tucker really comes well up about the throat. The sleeves can be finished with frills of the net, and a festooning of white pearl beads, now so popular, across the corsage increases the delicate effect of the pale blue messaline.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

We had been talking about the supernatural and all who sat round the fires in the rectory study on the stormy March evening, had told some tale regarding ghosts, spirits and kindred subjects, save the rector himself, who was an attentive listener to all that had been said.

"Well, Mr. Crosby, it's your turn now. Surely you can spin us a yarn?" For a moment Mr. Crosby remained silent as if engaged in deep thought, but when at last he spoke it was with a voice that trembled at every utterance.

"Yes, gentlemen, I can tell you a ghost story. It was an experience of my own; in fact it was the only ghost I ever saw. I seldom mention the subject; when I do a queer feeling, not of fear, but something that I can't explain, comes over me. But I have listened with such interest to the stories you have all told tonight, that I will refer for the first time in years to what I have already said was my only experience with the supernatural.

For a few moments the speaker remained silent, staring at the flames that sprang from the wood fire, but at last he continued:

"As you know I was many years rector of the parish of Taunton, a district that in those days was sparsely settled, the houses sometimes being miles apart.

"One afternoon, it was late in January, I think, a tramp appeared at the rectory, and complaining that he was cold and hungry asked for food, which I really gave him. After sitting by the kitchen fire for some time he left, and before long I had completely forgotten about him.

"About two weeks later there came a knock at my door, and a strange man asked me to go to the bedside of a dying woman. I have neglected to say that this occurred late at night, and there was a heavy snow storm in progress: in fact it was just such a night as this. My housekeeper remonstrated with me for going out on such a night, but so imperative was the stranger's summons that I promised to go as quickly as I could."

"By midnight my horse was harnessed to the sleigh and I started on my five mile journey through the blinding storm. The roads were nearly impassable and it was only with the greatest difficulty that I managed not to lose my way, and it must have been well on to two o'clock when I reached my destination.

"To my surprise there was not a light in the whole house. This in itself seemed strange, but I got out of my sleigh, and after throwing the rug over my horse, went up to the door and knocked. There was no answer. Again I knocked, this time with no uncertain sound, and I felt sure that if there was anybody within they must surely hear me.

"After waiting some minutes and receiving no response, I determined to investigate further. Walking round to the side of the house I peered through one of the windows. The house was deserted! Deciding that someone had played a trick on me I returned to my sleigh and drove home.'

"Before long the whole matter had passed from my mind.

"It was about eight years later that I happened to be visiting a hospital in one of the large cities. I had just gone through the men's ward, and was about to leave, when a nurse hurried up to me and said. 'Mr Crosby, have you a minute to spare? There is a man back in the ward who wants to see you. He is dying, and when he saw you passing through he became very excited and asked me to go after you and beg you to come back and speak to him.'"

"Of course I complied with the request, and followed the nurse, who took me to the cot of a man who was a perfect stranger. After fixing the screen the nurse left us alone.

"'Are you Mr. Crosby?' asked the man."

"'And you were the rector of Taunton about eight years ago?'"

"'Yes, but why these questions?'"

"'Don't you remember me, Sir?' he replied?"

"For a moment I was puzzled, and then I recognized him as the tramp to whom I had given food and money on that bitter January day. This seemed to explain why he had sent for me. He knew I was a priest of the Church of England and doubtless wished me to prepare him for death.

"'I've wanted to see you for a long time, Sir, he continued, in a voice that was plainly growing weaker. 'I wanted to ask you to forgive me.'

"What, I interjected, but with a wave of his hand stopped me.

"'I know you don't, Sir, but I will explain it all. The day I first went to your house I saw the same ring you are wearing now. I knew it was very valuable and I resolved to have it. At last I hit upon a plan. I had heard that you never refused to visit the sick, no matter how stormy it was. I waited until the next big storm, knowing that when the weather was bad there would be few travellers on the road at night, and then I sent a man to say you were wanted at the bedside of a dying woman. Of course you found out that there was nobody living in the house. I was hidden behind the clump of bushes by the side of the gate and I was prepared to kill you if necessary, in order to get possession of your ring.'"

"But why didn't you if you intended to? I asked."

"'I would have only you brought someone else with you. Who was that man in the sleigh with you? I could easily have managed you, but I was afraid to tackle two of you your companion was big and looked very strong.'"

"A few minutes later I left the hospital. My mind was in a whirl. My companion, who while invisible to me, and who had evidently saved my life, was my guardian angel. I had taken no one with me on the night in question." Without doubt the man who had just gone to a higher judge and who said he had planned to rob me, was telling the truth.

IT WAS THE PRESIDENT'S FAULT

An experience related by a Railroad President at the International Review of the Y. M. C. A. work, and sketches of the field work of the Associations by International secretaries.

President Johnson, of the Norfolk & Western Railroad, related this incident at the annual dinner given by the International Y. M. C. A. at the Waldorf-Astoria last week. There were over 550 men present who had put their money into the Association movement who listened for two hours to the stories from the traveling secretaries, telling of its service in all parts of the world. Mr. Johnson, who was the only guest who spoke, told the story incident of the Association's service on his line. He said: "When we were having trouble on our Western Division, where accidents were constantly occurring, I called the engineers together and asked them: 'What is the trouble? Why cannot we operate this section of the road as well as we can in the East? Where does the fault lie? Who is to blame? One of the engineers who, it is said, knew the president when he was 'pulling the throttle' himself twenty years ago, replied: 'Can I tell you, sir, without giving offense?' 'Why, yes, certainly,' said I. The response was: 'You are.' 'Why?' 'For this reason,' his engineer said. 'The men have no place to go to for rest between their runs except the saloons, and no place to eat in except the saloons, and the cheapest boarding houses on the Western divisions, such as we have at the Y. M. C. A. on the Eastern.' The result was that the board of directors appropriated a large sum for Association buildings, and I want to assure you that it has paid many times over in the economical operation of the road. I hold that no money of the stock-holders of the railroad is better expended."

The railroad secretary, in reviewing the service of the International Railroad Department on this occasion, said that 51,000 railroad men came to the 240 railroad branches every twenty-four hours for rest and relaxation, study and refreshment, and that 1,000 men a day came to the building given by Miss Helen Gould in memory of her father at St. Louis. In one month alone men from fifty-eight Associations were entertained here. Now the Grand Trunk Pacific, which already has fourteen Associations along its line, has adopted the policy of placing a railroad Association at every division point from the Eastern terminal to the Western Coast.

The Y. M. C. A's navy department has made it possible for the United States sailor to find in the Association rooms a place where he is welcome to Christian companionship and safeguards in nearly every port about the world. Not long ago a gentleman met a young sailor in the Norfolk navy Association building, which was recently erected by John D. Rockefeller, with "Do you like to come here?" The young bluejacket said with emphatic frankness, "I have got to come here to keep from going to hell." Already the Association has enrolled several hundred young seamen in study courses to fit them for promotion in the service and for civic life.

The International boys' secretary clinched his report of work among boys in their teens with his sketches of the transformation in character wrought by the 300 secretaries working among boys in shops, factories, high schools, in camps and with boy scouts, when he said, "Plant a man of seed-character in a group of boys and 100 boys will be like him."

The head of the physical department outlined the successful enterprises carried through of teaching 50,000 boys to swim in the past year, the introduction of physical training in public schools, of playgrounds to cities and with a more recent undertaking to enlist an organization of 10,000 young men to promote the knowledge and practice of healthful living to supplement the rational physical exercises of the 20,000 men in 658 gymnasiums.

The industrial secretary made his point after telling of the service of the eight secretaries traveling among sixty Western construction camps, of the twelve port secretaries meeting emigrants, of the 250 college men teaching 2,000 foreigners to speak English, and of the service in lumber and mining camps and cotton mills and foundries by quoting the remark of a man who had borne a scrapping character and was admitted to membership for a month. He said at the end of that time: "I have not been drunk for a month and had the best time of my life, and I am $30 ahead in fines which I paid last month for getting drunk and fighting." Mr. George W. Perkins who is one of the group of men backing this department, telegraphed his regrets and this message:

"Sincerely regret my inability to be at the dinner of the International Committee this evening. I have looked forward to this occasion with great satisfaction, and nothing within my control would have prevented my being present. In all the realm of human endeavor today I consider no work more uplifting and important than that being performed by the International Committee, and the steps the committee as now taking for enlarging the scope of its work are so inspiring as to attract and hold the interest and support of the best men of all countries. Am sure the dinner will be a great success and add further inspiration to a worthy cause."

The college secretary told his story, mentioning the result of the Association in one college, that it had resulted in abolishing the beer-parade of seventeen years' standing, helped to establish an honor system and an annual course of lectures on sex hygiene for freshmen. And then there were 2,000 college white men in the South studying in their mission classes the colored man and his needs. This department was now enlisting men for the ministry as well as for the mission field. It had been instrumental in enlisting and sending out to foreign fields several thousand men within ten years.

For over two hours this group of men listened to the reports of this work of which a New York millionaire had remarked: "There are three perfect organizations in New York City—Tammany Hall, Standard Oil Company and the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A.," which the late President had remarked "combined common sense with religion, and religion with philanthropy."

The appeal of the evening which enlisted the most interest was made by Dr. Walker for the colored man not only in the South, but those who were working in the cities as waitess and servants, and necessarily live in the cheapest and unsanitary tenements on back floors and back alleys, and are the prey to disease, especially to tuberculosis.

The foreign department reported the notable response to their appeals for $2,000,000 to provide Association buildings in fifty city centers in the Far East and Latin America, and of their access to thousands of the best educated young men of the East through educational classes and athletics.

THE RECORD OF THE LORDS.

Thirty-two Liberal measures rejected or mutilated in the last forty years.

Under the heading "32 reasons why the veto must go" the London Chronicle gives the record since 1868 of bills passed by the House of Commons on the initiative of Liberal Governments which have been harshly used or killed outright by the Lords. This is the list:—

1868—1874.

University Tests Bill rejected (twice)
Life Peerage Bill rejected.
Ballot Bill rejected and subsequently mutilated.
Army Purchase Bill defeated.
Rating (Liability and value) Bill rejected.

1880—1885.

Compensation for Disturbance (Ireland) Bill rejected.
Land Act (Ireland) mutilated.
Arrears (Ireland) mutilated.
Agricultural Holdings Act mutilated.
Francise Bill rejected.

1892—1895.

Home Rule Bill rejected.
Employers' Liability Bill wrecked.
Parish Councils Act mutilated.
London Improvements Bill mutilated.
Succession to Real Property Amendment Bill (abolishing primogeniture) rejected.
Railway Servants (Hours of Labor) Act mutilated.
Evicted Tenants Bill rejected.
Local Government (Scotland) Act mutilated.

1906—1910.

Education Bill wrecked.
Plural Voting Bill rejected.
Small Landholders (Scotland) Bill, 1907, wrecked.
Land Values (Scotland) Bill, 1907, rejected.
Evicted Tenants (Ireland) Act mutilated.
Small Landholders (Scotland) Bill, 1908, rejected.
Land Values (Scotland) Bill, 1908 wrecked.
Licensing Bill rejected.
Coal Mines (Eight Hours) Act mutilated.
London Elections Bill rejected.
Irish Land Act mutilated.
Housing and Town-Planning Act mutilated.
Scotch House Letting Bill wrecked.
FINANCE BILL of 1909 rejected.

The Chronicle claims that during the periods of Conservative rule, 1874-1880, 1886-1892, 1895-1905, no Government measures were rejected or mutilated, while the Education Act of 1902 was amended in the interests of the Established Church.

BISCUITS.

Among the special lines of the White Lily Brand are Cream Sodas, Arrowroot, Social Teas, Havelock Lunch, Marven's Royal Milk Lunch and Graham Wafers. These biscuits are put up in five and ten cent packages, in dinner pails and in bulk.

"A whole booth devoted to ladies' belts, silk belts, tinselled belts, elastic belts, embroidered belts, all sizes from 21 up to 30 in all the leading colors, to match the dresses. Price from 25c. to $1.50. Paton's. 12-17dtf.

DICTIONARY MAKING.

(London Standard)

Some idea of the magnitude of the work involved in the editing of a dictionary was given to the audience by Sir James Murray, who, after stating that he had to write to the director of New Garden about an exotic plant, to a Roman Catholic priest on a point of divinity, to a Newcastle boatbuilder regarding a keel, to a sporting newspaper, to someone about a bloater and to many other people on a hundred and one subjects, aptly remarked that a lexicographer who desired to be accurate had to be a universal inquirer.

In 1877, he said, he had an offer from an English and American firm of publishers to edit an English dictionary, and forthwith there began to pour in upon him different materials from all quarters of the British Isles, and even beyond the seas. A multitude of accumulated quotations, numbering millions and weighing tons, was sent to him. Much of the accumulation of the past 25 years had been returned by the voluntary sub-editors to the late Dr. Furnival's house, where it was stored in hampers and sacks and filled the place. In order to discover further materials he had to make journeys to district country houses and parsonages, where he found that in some cases the original collectors had died, and their successors regarding the piles of quotations as a "white elephant," had relegated them to the stables. Other people had left them behind in vacated houses, to the mercies of indignant tennants, and grasping land lords, from whom they were recovered only with much trouble and expense.

Then he was confronted with the problem where he was to place the weight in tons of three million quotations which he had collected. If he stored them in his house at Mill Hill they would cumber the place from top to bottom, and the notion of leasing an adjoining cottage had to be abandoned from fear or fire. Eventually he had an iron room erected in his garden, called it first, in sport, but afterwards in earnest, the Scriptorium. In it were pigeon holes, each of which held 6,000 quotations, and visitors were astonished to learn that the room contained in all five million quotations. Whether posterity would want a dictionary in 10 volumes he did not know, but if it did the materials were ready.

It would be easier to make a dictionary in 100 volumes than one in ten, because time would not be consumed in cutting down and in mediating which of the "innocents" were to be slaughtered in order to make room for others. If the five million quotations were laid end to end they would stretch 550 miles—from London to Scotland—while the writing on them, if extended, would reach from England to the Great Wall of China.

Indians Worship Snakes

Among the Indians of the southwestern portion of this country there has always been a leaning toward the worship of rattlesnakes. To kill a snake of this variety in the presence of the Indians is to invoke the eternal enimity and condemnation of the tribes. Not all of the Indians are rattlesnake worshipers, but many instances are on record in Arizona where the slayer of a rattlesnake has been trailed down and murdered by superstitious Indians.

In the forest reserve of Central Arizona the Indians hold their annual snake dance, and thousands of members of the various tribes pay tribute to the poisonous rattlesnake. The Indians of these tribes have no fear of the rattler, often injecting the poison from the fangs of the reptiles into their blood, to show their fearlessness. This lack of fear is claimed by many scientists to be the reason why they really never suffer the usual outcome of a bite by a poisonous rattlesnake.

The straight design for dressing the hair has given place to the flower bandeaux. It is not a discreet little bow, but a full flower that is the point to be achieved. Soft gold or silver tissue is used in making the petals of the scintillating flower forms, and the design is an improvement over the old style bandeaux.