

# PREPARING CHRISTMAS DAINTIES

Over four million Christmas trees supplied the demand for celebration in the homes last Yuletide, and an even greater number will be used this year. For those who make Christmas an event in the home and who cannot have a real tree, there is the little artificial tree on the market that may be set on the window sill or used as a centerpiece for the Christmas table.

Decorations for the Christmas table are easy to achieve with the markets flooded with holly and mistletoe and the stores offering all sorts of Christmas favors. A little Christmas tree in the center of the table or a small figure of Father Christmas encircled by a wreath of holly laid flat on the table is as pretty as can be imagined, though a holly may be replaced by other greens or the scarlet poinsettias if desired. When dinner is served late in the afternoon Christmas candles can be lighted, giving a pretty effect to the table.

The most effective candles are those of the cathedral variety. These can be used on the dining-room mantel or sideboard, but their use calls for tall candlesticks. Nowadays holly wreaths are often hung outside the windows, where they keep fresher than when they are placed inside. A tree for the birds on the outside of the dining-room window is also a pretty idea. It should be trimmed with pieces of suet, tiny baskets of grain, little red apples and lumps of sugar tied to its branches. The table should be set with canapés, bouquets or cocktails, or whatever is designed for the first course, on the plates before the guests are asked to dinner.

An oyster roast in the kitchen makes a jolly finish to the day, especially if the cook has gone out and the family are left to find for themselves. For the young people the simplest way of roasting and serving the oysters is best. Wash the shells and then throw them by the dozen into the open fire. When they open they are done. Armed with a pair of tongs, let the chef pro tem, take them out into a large pan. From this central dish each oyster in its own juices with butter, pepper, salt, catsup, horseradish or lemon juice, which should all be at hand for varying tastes. Eat with whole wheat bread or oatmeal, bread and butter, celery and pickles. If preferred, the feast can be concluded with popcorn topped with the glowing coals and eaten hot from the popper with erect cider, nuts and fruit.

Suggestions for new confections, particularly at Christmas time, are always welcomed. Now that grape fruit appears so frequently on the breakfast or luncheon table, one can soon save enough skins to make a candy that is worth making. Wash the peels from the grape fruit and, after removing the hardest of the white pulp, allow the skins to stand in a light brine overnight. Drain in the morning, cut in neat pieces and put over the fire in fresh, cold water to boil.

Cook 10 or 15 minutes after it reaches the boiling point and add again for 10 minutes after that. The water is removed and fresh water added. Repeat this four times or until tender. Drain again, put with it in the same pan two cups of water and two cups of sugar and cook until the peel is candied. Roll in sugar white hot, and this will crystallize. This is a delightful addition to the after-confection.

Many years ago marshmallows were prepared from the root of the marshmallow, which secreted a mucilage not unlike gum arabic. Today, however, gum arabic has taken its place. Marshmallows made according to the following recipe are delicious, none ten table, as well as a fine Christmas candy especially when coated over a fine, dissolve one-half pound of pure white arabic in one pint of water. This may take all

### Fads and Fancies

Boots of fur are now being made for motoring. They are quite comfortable for winter weather and also give a good appearance.

An entire long coat knitted by hand is the outcome of the fad of the knitted golf coats and motor vests. Hand-made woolen goods have an established hold on the women of today, but the making of the long coat is really a serious undertaking.

Flowers made of white kid are being much used as a trimming for the latest creations of the millinery world.

There must be two shades in the really fashionable handkerchief. There are such combinations as tan and blue or green and rose. The design can show the individuality of the maker.

Simple one-piece dresses are very much the vogue in Paris at present and they promise to remain so for some time.

### Care of the Hair

Clipping and singeing the ends of the hair is quite necessary at intervals to insure it the best of health. How often this singeing and clipping should take place depends a great deal on the condition of the scalp, because hair differs with the different persons.

Some hair splits almost immediately after treatment, while on the head of another woman it may remain in good condition for many months. When the hair splits and each hair divides itself into two, it indicates a lack of nourishment from the scalp and deadness from the ends. To remove it is the only course to be taken.

It is the opinion of the greater portion of scalp specialists that singeing the hair is a better treatment than clipping it, but there is one thing that can be said for clipping, however, it may be accomplished

### To String Beads

It quite often happens that a woman is the owner of a quantity of beads, valuable for their associations, that are stringless, and she can take a lesson from the pearl stringers. The latter tie a strong knot between each two pearls and then if the string breaks no more than two pearls can become lost. This applies to beads also.

Coral is often strung without the knots, and the valuable pieces are easily lost when the string breaks. Neither wire nor gut is good for stringing beads, the stiff appearance being out of place where a pliable string is desired. Surgeon's silk, which is woven like braid, is one of the best materials to use. The silk is even better for the purpose than finely and flexibly woven gold or platinum chains.

### Shell Toilet Sets

Tortoise shell toilet sets are the latest. One set, made to order for a bride of the season, has a beautiful marbled shell uncarved with a raised monogram of shell on each piece. In other sets the shell has a carved border, with a raised gold monogram, but the all-shell ones are the latest and probably the most attractive. Nothing looks prettier on a dressing table than silver appointments, but nothing is more troublesome to keep clean in a soot-laden atmosphere. It is a good plan to rub the silver toilet set with a rough clamor or special silver soap at least once each week.

### German Army Uniforms

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### Neckwear

Pretty new neckwear is at present delighting the women of fashion. Black velvet ribbon and the daintiest of ribbon flowers are being used. A strand is made to fit the neck decorated with a bunch of the tiny ribbon flowers, the entire bunch being no larger than a dollar, supporting other strands, each tipped with a flower.

Pink-tipped English daisies, rosbuds, marguerites and violets are much in evidence as a decoration to the velvet, and are used as a trim on the velvet, as a drop at the ends of the velvet, according to the design of the neckwear chosen.

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# SENDING CHRISTMAS CARDS

With the increase in popularity of the picture postal card, the Christmas card has also gained many friends, and it is estimated that a million cards of this nature will be exchanged in America this year. Some of the new Christmas cards are really works of art, beautiful in the extreme and delightful to look upon. The attraction of the Christmas card may be ascribed in this country to the popularity of the picture postal card on the whole, but they are by no means a new idea. The older countries have been sending Christmas cards for centuries, and even royalty has been imbued with the novelty of using the mails as a means of conveying good will and best wishes to their friends at Yuletide.

About twenty years ago this Christmas presents of the late Queen Victoria's friends received dainty little cards containing the greetings of Her Majesty. These cards, dainty little examples of art that they were, were designed and prepared by the late Raphael Tuck. The designs were first submitted to Her Majesty, who, after hours of deliberation, selected the ones to be sent to her many friends. But four years later Queen Victoria's idea of a membership her friends at Christmas was

decided upon as a very sensible method of procedure, and the late King Edward adopted the method of his mother. Now King George has also taken up the cards, and has already mailed thousands of Christmas cards to his intimate friends.

Since Victoria the idea of sending postal cards has become a custom with royalty, and cards have been especially designed for the Emperor of Germany, the Czar and Czarina of Russia, the King and Queen of Italy and the King and Queen of Spain. King Manuel, in exile, will also send thousands of postal to his loyal friends in Portugal, although he is staying in England. Each year a group of carefully and artistically executed designs are sent to each of the above-mentioned rulers and in order that the first one chosen in each case may be somewhat representative of the personal taste of the sovereign they are sent in plenty of time for the selection to be made.

For example, the Christmas card of the English sovereign last year had a dignity which is symbolic of the nation. The card represents a scene in King Arthur's court at the palace of Camelot. A large party of lords, knights and ladies are gathered together to witness the ceremony of King Arthur admitting Sir Tristram to the fellowship of the Round Table. Sir Lancelot is a prominent figure in the picture, and his white charger also has a place. The original painting was done by a prominent English artist, and critics claim the work makes one of the prettiest Christmas cards that can be imagined.

The Christmas card of the little Prince of Wales represented the Great Britain reacting to his mother, Queen Olga. The German Emperor's Christmas card was also very appropriate. It represented Henry VIII. embarking in Dover harbor on his visit to France, the meeting that later became famous as "The Field of Cloth of Gold."

The young Queen of Spain selected a painting of the Madonna and Child. The hair of the Madonna is of a faxen variety and the face is typically English. The Spanish Queen is a typical English girl and has pronounced English hair.

The King and Queen of Italy both possess a childlike simplicity, and this marked their selection of a Christmas card last season. The Christmas card of Empress Alexandra of Russia had a beautiful Russian woman as its main theme. The dark-haired Madonna was smiling her smile at which she gains in admiration. The Czarina is a woman of very refined tastes and her Christmas card describes the profound depths of the unhappiness of this imperial woman.

Members of royalty, it is claimed, first started the idea of sending Christmas cards to their friends. Since that time the idea has been taken up in this country with good result. In many cases it does away with the sending of expensive, useless presents, that are forgotten within a short time by both the sender and receiver. A Christmas card is a thing that can be saved, treasured and treasured for years, especially when the design is a good one.

Postal authorities in Washington say they have made arrangements to handle a large number of Christmas cards this year; and that these postal cards will not be sent farther than the receiving station. Makers of the tin and ground glass postals have been warned that this variety will not be accepted unwrapped by the postal authorities.

tion list for a Christmas present for the president. He ought to be giving us living wages instead of our giving him a silver set. And then, along comes Smith with another list for the janitor, the scrubwomen and—the office clerk! It makes me weary. If you do give your friend a Christmas card, it should be a Christmas card, not a cheap skate and a tightwad and all that!"

"Oh, Homer," exclaimed Mrs. J., all sympathy at once. "That is too bad; you're taking it too hard. But I admire you for standing up for our principles. You don't think it's right to give unless you want to, and I'm proud of you for refusing. I wouldn't mind what they called me."

"Refuse?" said Mr. J. "I didn't. When is dinner ready?"

And, instantly, dear reader, his growth and tightening by the end of the evening and the entire remainder of the evening about the card and every other thing except the Christmas subscription lists at the bank.

CARVEL CALVERT HALL.

# Mr. Justwed Airs His Views on CHRISTMAS GIVING



What's the sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander" is a world-old, oft-repeated quotation that is honored more often in the breach than in the observance—and especially among married men! Some-how, they never can see it.

Nor could Mr. Justwed, for he was no exception, be it stated fully and frankly at the start.

Therefore, if you, gentle reader, are of the male persuasion you are herewith given warning to what expect; if a woman, you can go serenely ahead with the perusal of this little narrative—or even read it aloud to "hubby" if you like—confident that its conclusion is going to be just as you would have it!

Of course, like most husbands, Mr. Justwed never could seem to grasp the Christmas business in its pure, sweet esthetic. He might dwell for a while on the beauty and nobility of the "peace

on earth" spirit, but when he came to the "good will to men" part of it he invariably thought of what an exorbitant price the dealer had soaked him for a little fur muff and then—"good will" took wings!

Now, had Mrs. Justwed been married a little longer, she would have known, of course, that there is a time to keep silent and a time to talk to a husband about Christmas presents. But she hadn't been and she didn't. Therefore, she simply blurted it right out, in all innocence, the other evening before Mr. J. had had time to get really settled after his dinner.

"My Homer," she said, "but it's going to take an awful lot for Christmas this year!"

Mr. J. laid aside his paper and regarded her sternly for a moment or two over the top of his glasses.

"It is not!" he said.

"Oh, but it is!" insisted poor innocent little Mrs. Justwed. "Just let me show you my list—and it isn't half complete yet!"

"Humph!" said Mr. J., nonplussed for a second. "Humph! I dare say that's perfectly true, but madame, I don't mean it the way you do!"

And then Mrs. Justwed "laughed on."

"Surely, Homer," she murmured, glibly hard, "you don't mean that—and we aren't going to—to have any Christmas—this—this—"

"Have any Christmas?" interrupted Mr. J. "Of course we're going to have a Christmas—that's what Christmas is for! I do mean that we aren't going to go plumb dippy over this Christmas gift-giving business. Our presents will be few and far between and in good taste to whom we really wish to give them. So, my dear Blossom, if you've got a nice long list made out, you better cut it in half to begin with—and then cut that in two again!"

Mr. J. was silent. Presently she rose,

went over to her desk and returned with her list.

"Very well, Homer," she agreed in that, burned-in-the-arena tone natural to a wife when she is suffering martyrdom.

"Well, perhaps you can tell me how I can cut it down."

Mr. Justwed sighed resignedly.

"There's the family in the first place—yours and mine," she began.

"Certainly," acquiesced Mr. J.

"I quite agree," of course we're going to give them something—but just something little and simple and inexpensive, you know!"

Mrs. J. frowned.

"But Mammae is going to give me a perfectly gorgeous—"

"Oh, hang Mammae—I mean, of course, give her something nice," snapped Mr. J. "She's your mother, to be sure! Continue with the list."

"Well, Homer, there's Mrs. Torkins."

"Mrs. Torkins?" exclaimed Mr. J. "For goodness sake, why are you giving Mrs. Torkins presents?"

"Why? Why—why, Homer, we've always given each other presents, even though we don't see each other often."

"Exactly," said Mr. J., triumphantly.

"Now the next—"

"Mrs. Van Arsdale," read Mrs. Justwed.

"Mrs. Van Arsdale? Who is she? I can't ever place her."

"She," explained Mrs. Justwed, "why, she is the lady who sent me such a beautiful lace piece last Christmas—and I didn't send her a thing, Homer, not even a Christmas card."

Mr. J. squirmed in his seat.

"Exactly," he roared.

Mr. Justwed regarded him a moment despairingly and continued:

"Mrs. Catherine, Oh, you don't know her either, do you? Well, Homer, she's been perfectly lovely to me. There's one I met her at a card party and she's asked me twice to her home for really formal

affairs. I'm perfectly sure she's going to send me something—and I'd feel dreadfully if I hadn't something for her, wouldn't I?"

"Exactly!" thundered Mr. J. "I dare say Mrs. Catherine is going to give him a smoking set and I'm going to give him a humidifier, am I, because my wife met her at a card party? Am I? Well, I am—not! Neither is he! That's the trouble with you, woman—you go downright boomer over this gift business! You give because you're afraid some other woman's going to give you something and you won't have anything for her!"

"You give because you're afraid not to—every last one of you! You've no more sense than the turkey going at Christmas time than a well-to-do South Sea Islander! It's become a perfect obsession with you! It's give, give, give, give, give, everybody, any old body! It's throw 'em around, scatter 'em to the four winds—and—there's no real Christmas spirit in it. Furthermore, Mrs. Justwed, it's a luxury we can't afford. I'll be just about all we can do this Christmas to buy our own tree and two wax candles for it! Now, I hate to be unkind, but where it's a matter of principle, as it is here, I must put my foot down and put it down firmly. The actual cost, you understand, is reason enough, but trivial when compared to the larger point involved—a—er profanation. I might say of the true Christmas spirit!"

Precisely two days later Mr. Homer Justwed—this same high-minded Mr. Justwed, he it is, who snubbed—came home from the bank cross and grumpy and sore.

"What has gone wrong today, Homer?" asked Mrs. J., sympathetically.

And Mr. Justwed answered before he thought.

"Nothing but this idiotic Christmas business," he growled. "It makes me tired. This morning Jones and Brownlow felt themselves called upon to rope every body in the bank into signing a subscrip-

# TREATING WOUNDED TREES

A few years ago it was customary to simply cut off the broken or splintered limb of a tree shattered by a severe wind storm, and then leave the wound to heal the best way possible. In case the tree was really mangled it was removed altogether.

Today there are but few accidents to trees that prove fatal. The wounded surface is first treated antiseptically, as it has been discovered that the ungoverned growth of fungi and bacteria on the surface of a tree is dangerous to trees, and if germs are allowed to lodge and develop they will gradually produce a wound that cannot be healed. If neglected, they will eat out the very heart of the tree.

The broken parts of the tree are now brought together and bound up, the same as a wound of a human. When the wound is treated in this manner it will heal completely. One of the latest inventions in the line of tree surgery is to bind the parts together by means of metal bars, passing directly through the limbs and tightening by bolts at either end.

The method of binding the broken parts together by metal bands is discouraged, on account of the fact that a tight band tends to check the free circulation of the sap, and hinders the healing process. Again the limb is liable to grow over the

band and give an unsightly appearance. When a wound to a tree is treated it must be given careful attention, as there is considerable danger of water working its way into the crevices and hindering the healing process.

### Explodes Old Sea Myth

For years writers have used the Sargasso Sea as a background for their stories of mysterious ships and the graveyard of seaweed where the ships were imprisoned and never heard of again. But these myths concerning the sea have been exploded by the steamer Michael Sars, of the United States Hydrographic Service, sent out from Plymouth a few months ago with a company of scientists aboard.

The steamer recently came into St. John's, N. F., after a three-month study of the Sargasso Sea, with a report that the stories of the mass of seaweed caught in the dead waters of the Central Atlantic north of the Cape Verde Islands are greatly exaggerated.

Scientists of the expedition say that the sea is especially rich in rare and beautiful aquatic insects and small fish. They discovered a wonderful transparent shrimp with eyes like jewels on the end of long pedicels. These eyes of the shrimp are many faceted and flash a brilliant green light.

# LITTLE FABLES OF THE RISING YOUNG MAN

### THE CHAP WHO TALKER WITH HIS MOUTH AND THE ONE WHO DIDN'T

There were once two Rising Young Men in an office who talked, physically, just as any normal, healthy young man talks. But one of them talked with his mouth and the other one didn't.

Now, this first chap talked with the brain behind it; never the careful, thoughtful weighing of his words before he let them fall. He spoke first and—sometimes—thought afterwards. For, you see, he was that most pitiable of all things in trousers—a male gossip.

What he didn't know about what was going on around the office could have been engraved on the back of a Lincoln penny with a comb. And what he did know about what never happened in the office couldn't have been chiseled on the floor of the rotunda of the Capitol with a No. 10 needle and a microscope.

As the office newspaper—containing everything from financial news to the latest social chatter—he was strictly the up-to-date publication.

To hear him tell it, the president of the company asked his advice on every big deal he entered before doing so.

To hear him tell it, the bottom would fall out of the business the minute he resigned.

To hear him tell it, his salary was a whooper—but he couldn't say precisely how much because he was under promise not to fear of making the other clerks jealous!

If his mouth opened and shut each day with the nearest approach to a perpetual motion machine yet discovered, his nose motioned up and down as if he had made a cat of the Pharaohs sit up and take notice. He stuck it into every and anybody's business—and then told everyone else exactly what he had discovered—in his own imagination.

He kept tab on the comings and goings of every fellow-employee. He knew how long poor old Harrows had worn the same shabby suit of clothes—and he actually made a point of going up to his house to see if it was the only one the old fellow possessed.

He hinted around that Browning was living way beyond his means and that something would break some day that would land his name Browning behind the bars. Incidentally, he mentioned

when someone proved to him that Browning had a private income outside his salary, he immediately fawned over him and told him, as a good joke, what the other chap had been saying about his extravagant habits.

In his own estimation he was on the inside of everything the bosses were planning to do. He knew the business plan from A to Z and, more than that, he knew just where the capital came from and the names of each individual stockholder.

As a prophet of raises in salary, he was strictly the gooses. To hear him tell it, the bosses consulted him before making them.

He was a know-it-all, a blow-hard, a gabblor who talked so hard with his mouth that he had to unwind it at night to prevent its keeping him awake with its chatter.

Now, Chap No. 2 was quite the reverse. He had learned a few things from experience. He had a mouth, of course, and he talked through it. But, Harrow, and he talked through it. He kept it shut most of the time. And when he did open it, it was never on other people's business nor office politics. He knew the wisdom of being a know-nothing—and he was proud of it.

He didn't know a thing about anything but his own work, his own niche in the office system. He cared nothing about Harrows' coat nor Browning's reckless expenditures. But he listened when other people told him things.

He had ears—and he kept them wide open. What he heard, however, stayed open where it went inside his ear and didn't spill out his mouth.

If "silence is gold" he argued, then the ability to keep to himself what he heard and knew must be radium—and that's a heap more valuable than gold. Harrow, you know.

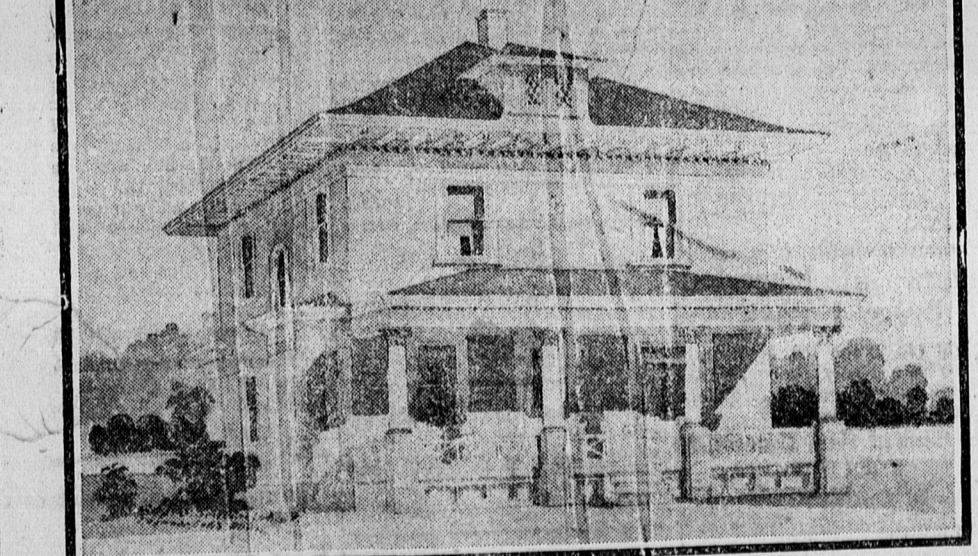
It wasn't long before Chap No. 1 talked himself out of his job—while Chap No. 2 is still there.

Which goes to show that the mouth never was meant to talk with—it's only to talk through.

The women of Norway have been allowed to vote, and one of the first things they accomplished was to start schools of domestic training in that country.

# A GOOD FARM HOUSE, COSTING \$3,600

DESIGNED BY CHAS. S. SEDGWICK, ARCHITECT.



Here is a well-arranged and convenient house for either farm or city use. The size is 28 feet front by 32 feet depth, exclusive of piazza and porch. There are eight rooms, four on each floor. The exterior is plainly built, but substantial, using the best of materials and finishing in a thorough and first-class manner. The frame is covered with narrow siding and fluted pilasters are used on the outer corners. The piazza across the front is wide, and the vestibule entrance central. The hip roof has an ample pitch to allow of good space in attic, and the cornice wide projected, is brought out with a graceful curve. Timber brackets finish the roof, together with a row of dentil blocks.

There are dormer windows in each side of roof, well lighting the attic. The interior arrangement gives a good bedroom on the first floor at the left of the entrance; at the right is the living-room and the dining-room back of this, opening together with the living-room with wide sliding doors.

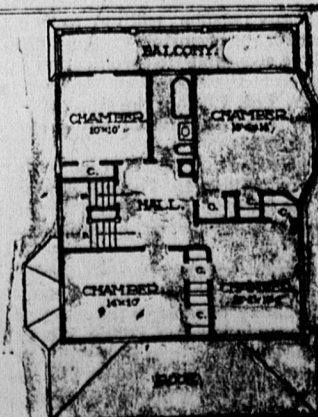
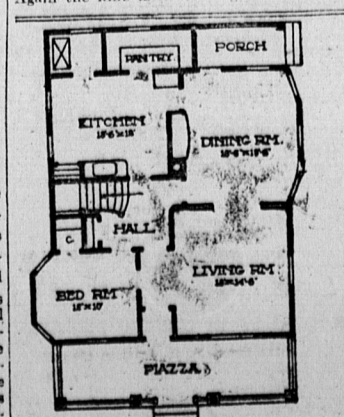
The kitchen and culinary arrangements are quite complete, with a large pantry and storeroom, with space for refrigerator, rear stairs for grade entrance and basement for heating plant and kitchen. The basement is under whole house, and is divided with brick walls into four rooms.

The finish of the first story is oak, and oak floor. The finish of the second story is white, painted and red wood floor.

The chambers are large, and provided with good closets and bathroom.

### A Great Airship

An airship is being constructed for the British navy which will have a lifting capacity of twenty tons. In many respects this will be the largest airship ever constructed and will be the first manufactured for that nation. The usual load which this machine will be called upon to carry will never be more than five tons, the remainder being a margin of safety. It will be 500 feet in length, and will have two motors of a total of 400 horsepower. The airship will travel at the rate of 45 miles per hour in still air, according to the estimate.



# KEEPING A DIARY.

Entering upon the last month of the old year it is a good resolution to make for the new one to keep a diary. Probably in proportion to population this practice is not as widely observed as it was in former days. There is so much business to absorb the man of affairs that after he has

finished his day's work, eaten his dinner and read his paper, it is time to retire to rest and prepare for the next day's round. There are so many distractions for the young that they hardly have time to enjoy them all, let alone recording them. Between youth and old age the pace is such that we leave the things of yesterday behind and forget them, while our

hopes, ambitions and preparations concern only the things of tomorrow.

It has been said that every man has in him at least one good book. This is doubtless no exaggeration provided every man would be the author of that book. It would not necessarily be for publication, but it would be available for the confirma-

tion or correction of many things that are published. It is never too early to begin. "The Real Diary of a Real Boy" suggests that the earlier the habit is formed the more amusing the product will be. The fond mother jots down the sayings and doings of her prattling darlings. Encourage them to take up the record as she

has left it, even as soon as they can only clumsily form the characters of our written language, and under her direction put down the happenings of their little lives from day to day until they are old and skilled enough to continue the work unaided.

Such a habit, early formed will become one of the best educational

forces with which the child can be endowed. It causes him to be more observant and more reflective. He soon learns that life is not a series of fragmentary incidents, but a continuous story and that so far as he is in touch with it, he is the historian. It tends to give clearness and coherence in the statement of experiences and the expression of ideas. It

gives him at stated periods of life his posts of progress which from time to time he may consult for guidance in the future. So it will be wise Christmas policy for parents to supply their children with facilities for writing so much of their autobiographies as pertains to the coming year and develop so far as possible their interest and enthusiasm in the project.