



There were two of us and we had between us a surplus of three or four dollars. We cast about for something to do with our money. Suddenly an idea occurred to the Three-Spot. It isn't very often that this happens, but the surplus probably did it on this occasion.

"I have it," he said. He didn't mean the money, for the Two-Spot was careful to keep that in his pocket. "I have it," he repeated. "Let's go along the street until we find some poor, ragged children looking eagerly in the shop windows. Then we'll find out what they want most and go in and buy it."

"Good," replied the Two-Spot, "but what shall we do with the rest of the money?"

"We'll go till we're tired, and I guess they'll be no 'rest' for the weary."

So we started out. And let it be recorded here that we had visions of swarms of ragged children gazing into every window along the business streets. But in this we were doomed to disappointment. Early in the afternoon there was not one poor looking child who was not trudging along beside its mother. The latter generally had an armful of parcels and was evidently intent on purchasing more. Up and down the entire length of Woodward avenue we went without spying one child who was a likely looking candidate for our magnanimity. Then we tried Gratiot avenue. Surely there would be lots of them, we thought, on Gratiot avenue, little Poles and German children. But we walked nearly out to the railroad tracks, up one side and down the other, and set eyes on never a one.

The Three-Spot was beginning to cast eyes on some new pipes in the store windows and made several remarks about the desirability of having a stein on one's mantel.

"Do you know," said he to the Two-Spot, "I don't believe there are any poor, ragged children looking into store windows."

The Two-Spot replied that it wasn't time, yet; that their hours for looking into windows did not begin until three-thirty or four. Then we came to the front of a very big store, with a Santa Claus scene up over the great entrance and sleigh bells jingling away pleasantly. Here we stood for some minutes.

"There they are!" ejaculated the Two-Spot.

"Where, where?" asked the Three-Spot.

"Right there in the corner of the window."



"OH, LOOK AT THAT FIRE ENGINE!"

And sure enough, there were four poorly clad, cold-looking little urchins, three little boys and a girl somewhat larger, gazing earnestly at the gay things within as if they were priceless jewels. We crossed the street and came near to them from behind.

"Oh, look at that fire engine," the biggest boy was saying, and the others were pointing out so many things that they were all talking at once.

"What are you going to get for Christmas?" asked the Three-Spot of the littlest one. The lad glanced up, smiled, and looked into the window again without speaking. The question was repeated.

"I—don't—know," came the answer slowly and softly.

"Well, what would you like to get for Christmas?"

The little one smiled and looked hard into the window again without answering.

Finally he whispered softly, "A horse."

"And what would you like, my little man?" asked the Two-Spot of the next largest boy. This boy had beautiful big brown eyes and a clean face, though evidently pinched by hunger.

the big building, where the crowds were surging to and fro, and the elevator took the whole party to the floor where toys were dispensed to purchasers. Then the march up the long aisles between tables covered with bright and tempting things was begun, until the "horse" department was reached. The littlest one was hanging on to the Two-Spot's thumb with a grip that made sure he wasn't going to lose the chance, unless the thumb gave way.

"Oh, gimme that!" exclaimed the biggest boy, pointing to a fire engine with real hose. But it cost as many dollars as the Spots had with them, and it was out of the question.

"Wouldn't this do?" asked the Three-Spot, with a considerate tenderness in his tones that was unusual, as he took up a toy horse and sulky.

"Yes, sor," said the boy, and one purchase was made.

The next boy was satisfied with a harvesting machine and the biggest wanted a drum, not being able to get the fire engine. Then he set eyes on a policeman's uniform which he thought would be fine. But his brother scorned a policeman's uniform when "you don't get no club," and the other dropped the idea and took the drum. There was very little difficulty in picking out the little girl's doll.



"DOES IT GO TO SLEEP?"

She was shown several samples, some with golden hair, some with dark hair.

"Does it go to sleep?" she asked, as one was handed to her. She was assured it did go to sleep when it lay on its back, for then the eyes were closed. Then she took it in her arms and fairly hugged it and her eyes were dancing with joy. By this time all four were standing in open mouthed astonishment to see themselves the possessors of so many things. Each was holding his selection tightly in his arms.

"Don't we get them right now?" they asked. And they laughed outright when they were told that this was to be the case. The Two-Spot handed the money to the clerk, who took the things and had them wrapped up. Two of the little ones were looking up at the Two-Spot, two at the Three-Spot. Almost simultaneously from four little mouths came the question, "Who are you?" And the answer was the same in both cases—"Oh, I am a friend of Santa Claus."

"Is this the store where Santa Claus lives?"

"Yes."

Then the tables were turned and the Spots found out from the children that they lived on Woodbridge street and had ten brothers and sisters. The littlest fellow clung to the Two-Spot's thumb on the way out, as he had coming in. Finally the party came to the big entrance again.

"Now you'll go home and be good children, won't you?"

"Yes," they all said in chorus. And they all turned and smiled good-bye. As the little girl passed the Two-Spot she came close to him and whispered the smiling words, "Thank you." Then they crossed the street, hand in hand, a happy little caravan, each hugging his precious bundle.

The Christmas Dinner.

The Christmas dinner is generally a repetition of that served on Thanksgiving day, save that turkey may give place to goose or chicken, or both; the latter served in "chicken pie;" and that mince pies give place to plum pudding. As I have so recently given direction for cooking turkey, etc., I will devote space to a few suggestions as to how some dishes should be served.

A Greeting to the Distant

A merry Christmas to "Our Boys" On sapphire sea and yellow sand. No chill of winter greets them there— The winds are warm, the skies are fair. God bless the heroes everywhere Who honor Yankee land!

A Christmas Courtship.

I tied my stocking to a string And lowered it down outside, Was I expecting anything? Well, somehow I thought a golden ring Such exquisite joy to me would bring; This much I will confide.

I dreamed all night that a neighbor boy Came over the trackless snow; His face ablaze with love-lit joy, And he held in his hand a pretty toy, Which he softly dropped into my decoy, Then back through the night did go.

Next morning when the rooster crew, I awoke with a sudden start; I seized the string and my stocking drew Up from below, and the window through; And there beheld my presents—two! A ring and a candy heart.

And the message said, "If you wear this ring, And accept this heart of mine, When you go to church this evening, And rise to your feet at the opening, Hold your hymn book when you sing— So that the ring will shine."

I looked out over the broken snow, All a-tremble, I must confess; I recognize each hob-nail shoe, Over the fields where the footsteps go. Shall I wear this ring? My lips said "No," But my heart was whispering "Yes!"

As we sat in the church I let him see A glint of that golden band; And in the starlight he walked with me Over the snow, and so close walked we That none the wiser will ever be How often he squeezed—my hand. —Zelda Radoona.

Rosie Wilcox's Turkey.

Rosie Wilcox was a little girl of 12 years. She lived with her parents on a thrifty farm in the Mississippi valley. She had one turkey of which she thought a great deal. He had always been very tame and was a great pet with all the children who lived on the surrounding farms. His name was Bronzie. Rosie named all of her pets, according to their most striking feature and his color was bronze. As all Mr. Wilcox's turkeys were young, Rosie never feared for hers.

One day near Christmas Mr. Wilcox said:

"I'm rather sorry, little one, but I'm a goner sell yer turkey next week."

Rosie was dumfounded, and her father, seeing the pained expression on her face turned away.

When Rosie had partially recovered her senses she sat down on the bottom rung of the ladder that led to the granary and thought. At last a bright thought struck her. She would sell him to Farmer Max. She knew he would take good care of him, as he was making a collection of beautiful fowls of all kinds, and was not Bronzie beautiful? Certainly.

Arriving at this conclusion, which greatly comforted her, she got up and walked slowly toward the house, where mamma had been calling her for at least 15 minutes. Next morning after a troubled night, Rosie arose, and dressing quickly, hurried down the road with her turkey. She paused in front of the large white farm house to recover her breath, and then went on to the barns, where she saw the farmer milking his cows. He was very glad to take the turkey and promised Rosie a good price for him.

Mr. Wilcox did not see his daughter until that noon, when he said:

"Yer turkey didn't like his new home, so he come a-trottin' inter the yard 'afternoon's 'tough he owned the whole world."

Rosie could have cried, but she only hung her head.

"Never mind, Rosie," said her father, "I guess yer two good friends fer sure, and I guess, too, that I won't part you."

The Christmas Drum.

Children are very keen these days. An eight-year-old boy who was arousing the house with his drum last Christmas day stopped in front of his mother and fixed her with his glittering eye.

"Mamma, did Santa Claus bring me this drum?"

"Why, yes; you heard your father say so."

"Where did Santa Claus get it?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Well, Jones' shop has got a lot of drums just like this."

"Indeed?"

"Did Santa Claus buy it there?"

"Perhaps."

"But isn't Santa Claus a kind of a fairy?"

"I suppose he must be?"

"Well, how can fairies go into Jones' shop and trade there?"

"Oh, don't ask so many questions!"

"But he'd have to pay with fairy money. Would Mr. Jones take fairy money?"

"He might."

"How could he?"

"Harold Clifford Hodgkins, don't let me hear another word out of you."

"But, mamma, I want to know. And how could Santa Claus, who is so fat, get down our little bit of a chimney?"

"He's a fairy."

"But how can fairies be fat?"

His mother turned purple and roused her husband from his newspaper.

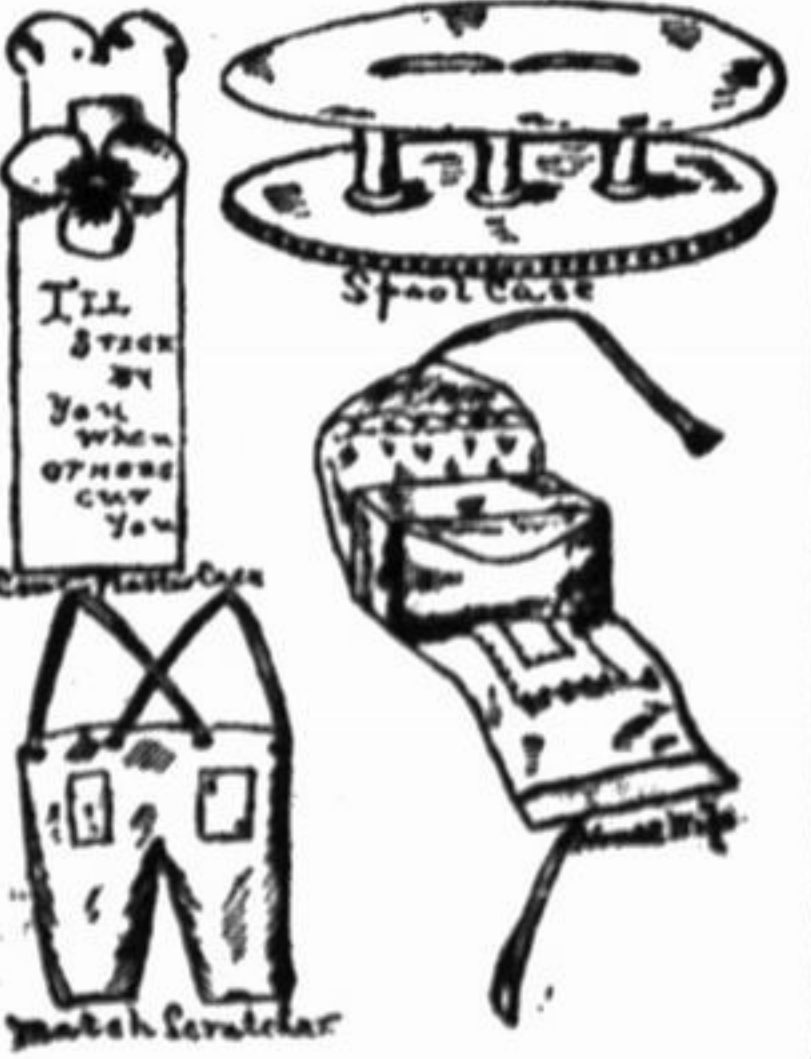
A Suggestive Letter.

My Dear Florence: I have commenced my Christmas work so I will write you about it as I promised. I have a long list of friends to remember so I have chosen rather simple gifts. I am going to give Rob, who is in college, a sofa pillow. I have bought red and white checked gingham, the checks half an inch square. I shall embroider in white cotton the cross stitch on the red checks. For the back of the cover, I shall use red turkey cotton and with a dimity or fine muslin ruffle it will be a gay, useful pillow.

For Olga, I intend to make a pretty calendar. I buy thin gray cards such as are used for mounting "great paintings"; and the separate calendars may be bought. For this particular one I shall use twelve sheets having the calendar for each month on a separate card; but others I shall make of one sheet only. These, of course, must have a bright ribbon run through the cards to hang them. You could make very pretty calendars, using your kodack pictures. I saw some pretty ones the other day with bright colored figures cut out and pasted on gray black or red mats.

Lawrence has planned to passe-partout photographs and prints. The gummed paper comes prepared as do the rings for the back. He has the glass cut to fit his picture and uses cardboard for the back. This requires a little skill and patience to do successfully.

I have started a pretty knitted shawl for grandmother. I bought six skeins of Saxony wool, wound the wool in two balls, then from the two balls into one so as to have a double thread. I cast eighty stitches on large wooden needles and knit plain stitch. The shawls are about three yards long with



fringe knotted along the end. Very pretty ones are made with white and a color. I have also started some knitted wash rags, using Dexter's white ball cotton.

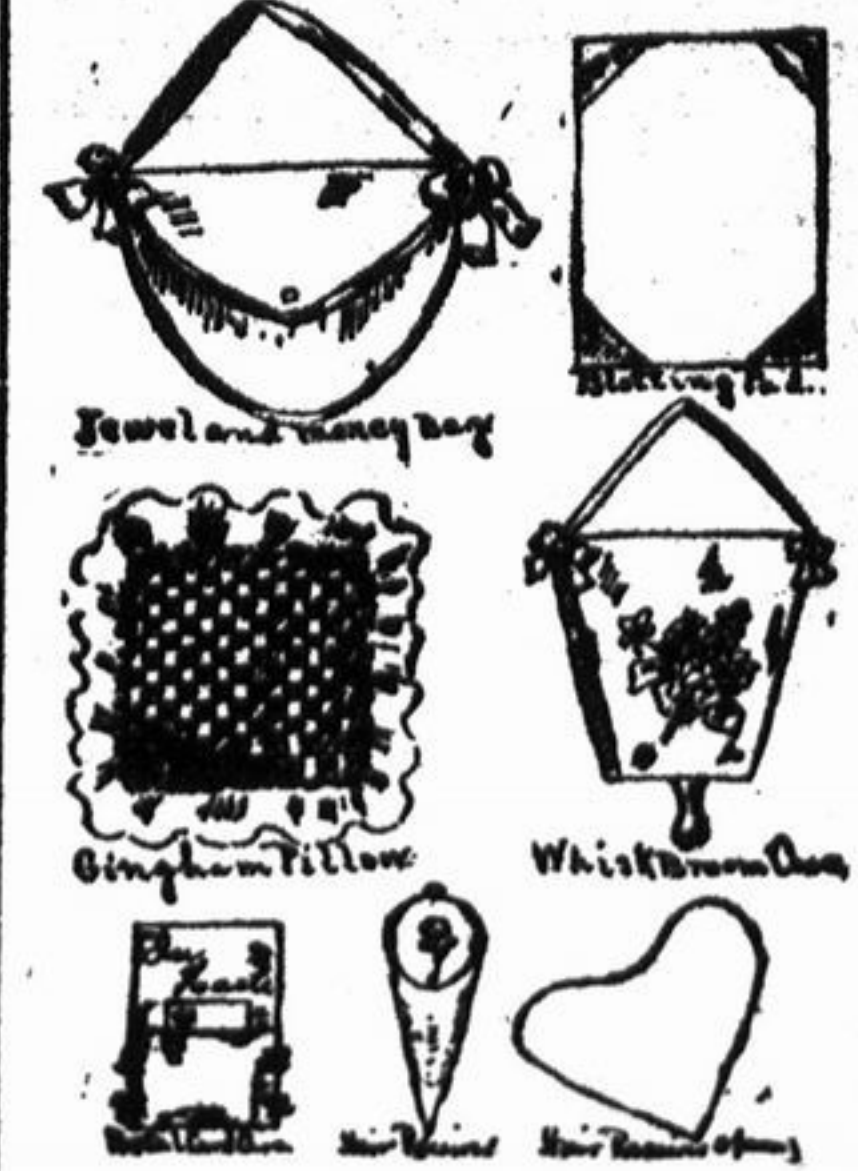
For Cousin Jane, who has such a pretty collection of dollies, I shall make a linen dollie case. I cut two pieces of cardboard about twelve inches square and cover them with linen embroidered, cretonne or silk. The covers are fastened together by ribbons. An attractive way of tying up dollies is to make a little book of two pieces of cardboard tied with ribbon and paste bright-colored tissue paper on the inside of the cardboard.

Not long ago I saw a pretty "Baby Book" with blank pages and fancy covers, for recording important events in the baby's life; also, some little linen spool cases. Housewives made of cardboard covered with linen, silk or cretonne are greatly appreciated as presents. Pieces of cardboard are covered and sewed together to make a box. This is fastened to a strip of silk or linen twelve inches long and the width of the box. Pieces of flannel are sewed next to the box on one end for the needle book and that end is turned back to form a receptacle for needles. The other end has a shirred piece sewed on for a receptacle for darning cotton. The box holds spools, emery bag, pin cushion and place for thimble.

Alice is making a waste basket of cardboard covered with cretonne, the inside lined with plain bright colored paper. Fancy striped and flowered wall paper is also used for these baskets. The four sections of cardboard are fastened together with ribbons run through holes punched in the cardboard. A is also making some magazine and book covers and blotting pads. The magazine and book covers are made of heavy linen starched. The corners are turned back as we turn back a paper cover in fitting it to a book, except that she sews the corners of the book cover. For the blotting pad she takes a piece of stiff cardboard eighteen inches by twelve, covers it with silk, linen or cretonne and sews triangular pieces of linen in the corners to hold the blotting paper in place.

I think a great many people prefer

pin-cushions rather than the fancy pin-trays, so a pretty pin-cushion is always an acceptable gift. Hat-pin cushions made of Japanese dolls are pretty and useful. Use one-quarter yard of satin ribbon two and a half inches wide and three-fourths of a



yard of narrow ribbon of a contrasting color. The ribbon is folded lengthwise and sewed over until within half an inch from the top, where an opening is left to thrust the doll through. The bag is stuffed, the doll put in and the top turned down. The narrow ribbon is passed from the waist over the shoulders crossing back and front to look like Japanese costume. A belt is tied around the waist with bow ends and a loop by which to hang up the cushion.

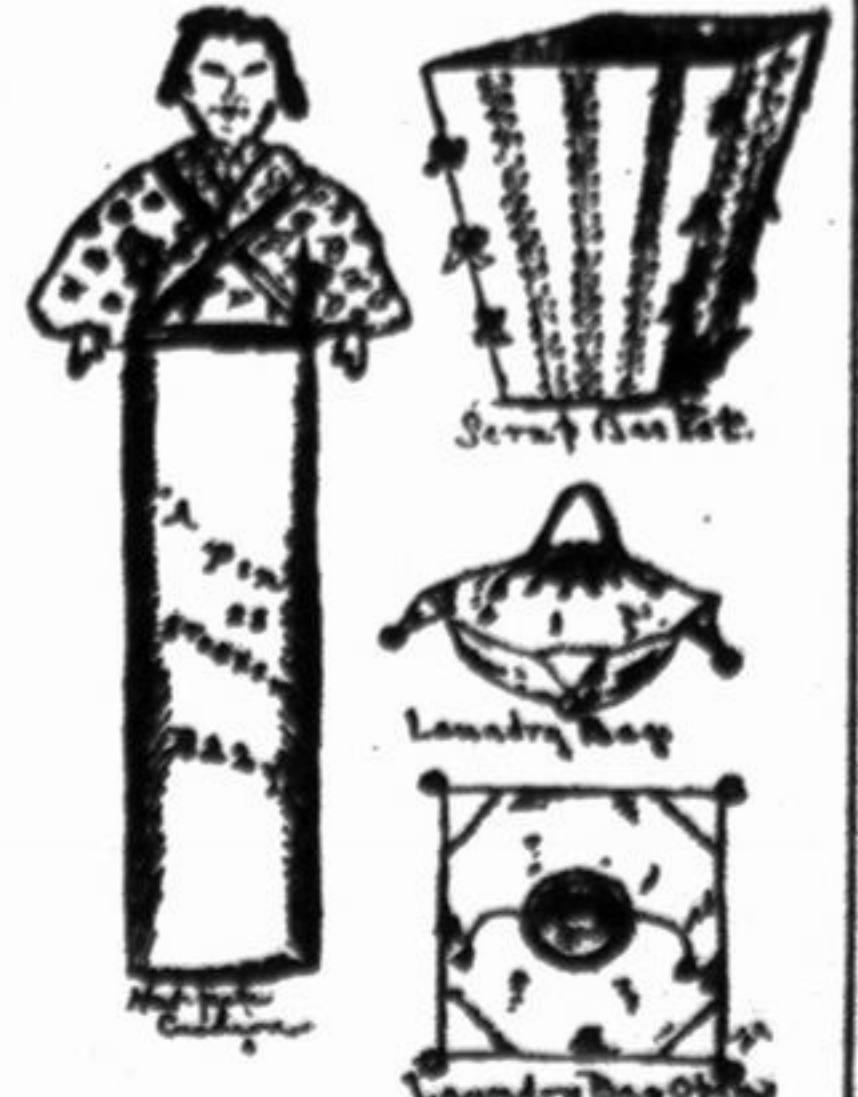
Vera is making some pretty pillows, using two bandana handkerchiefs, tying them in knots in the corners; also some white dimity pillows with hemstitched ruffles. Some she embroidered with sweet peas or forget-me-nots. She covered the pillows first with bright colored silks.

Lawrence wants to make some match scratchers by painting a funny figure with huge trousers on Bristol board or stiff water color paper and pasting squares of sand paper on the trousers to look like patches. Then neatly lettering "Scratch your matches on my Patches" on the card. Match scratchers are also made in the shape of little denim trousers with sandpaper patches on the back and ribbon or tape for suspenders to hang them up.

For a housekeeper, broom covers made of flannel the size and shape of a broom with tapes to tie them on, are most acceptable.

It is always easy to think of something to give one who travels a great deal as there are the handy little money and jewel bags made of chambray or linen; sponge cases of linen lined with rubber; manicure cases with tape or ribbon stitched in to hold the manicure articles.

For men there are whisk-broom cases made of two pieces of cardboard covered with linen, the top piece embroidered. The pieces are held together



gather by rings with silk crocheted on them. Too there are laundry bags. I saw a pretty, odd one the other day, made of two pieces of denim about sixteen inches square, the four sides sewed together. In the center of one side a hole was cut seven inches in diameter. Around the opening there was a place for a drawstring. Across the corners and about the opening there was feather-stitching. Balls made of white cotton on the corners finished this simply made bag.

A postal card case is easily made of a strip of stiff paper or cardboard covered with linen about twelve inches long, one end turned up and fastened by ribbons or crocheted rings to form the case for the cards. A hair-roller may be made of linen in the shape of a kind of cornucopia, the front shorter than the back and buttoning over on it. Lovingly, Katherine.

NEGROES WITH LONG ARMS

It is stated that certain natives of Dahomey now in Paris have longer arms than any negroes ever measured. The lower the race to which a man belongs the longer is his arm. The negro, the Darwins would say, is all kinship to the ape. When standing upright and reaching down with the middle finger the distance from

trunk to knee, the orang is ankle and the gibbon its foot. The average European can touch only half way down his thigh. The negro greatly exceeds the European in this. It has often been remarked that negro soldiers standing at drill bring the middle finger up to touch the top of the

Fire Destroys One Hundred Years of Brown Case at Mattson—Destroyed a House of Four in Immense—Partially Victim of Aurora.

To Build a Palatial Home. A Chicago millionaire, whose name is suppressed, has purchased four acres of land on the lake front at North Chicago, where he is to immediately erect a palatial residence and outbuildings. The land was purchased of the Simmons syndicate for \$2,000 an acre. Sheridan road has just been laid out there and runs about 400 feet from the lake. The tract sold has its west front on Sheridan road. The bluff there is eighty feet high and there is a narrow beach. The Chicago man has admired the place for residence purposes for the past twenty years. It is thought that his coming will bring other rich people.

Judge Fuller a Candidate. Former State Senator, now Judge, Charles E. Fuller, is a candidate for United States senator. State Senator-Elect Dufay A. Fuller, of Belvidere, Charles Fuller's home, and a brother of Judge Fuller, and Representative E. D. Surtless, Marengo, of the same district were in Springfield to see Governor-elect Yates, and both stated emphatically that Judge Fuller was a candidate for United States senator, and that both themselves and Representative George R. Lyon, of Washington, the same district, would support Fuller. Lyon has been claimed by Cullom.

Mysterious Illinois Murder. Michael Corcoran, a farmer and wealthy resident of Griggsville, was found murdered in his corn field about six miles northeast of that city. The body was found when search was instituted. There were two bullet holes in his head and one in his body. As money was on the body, the motive for the crime is a mystery. There is no clue to the perpetrator. Corcoran was a widower, aged 65 years. He had been a resident of Griggsville since 1863, and by industry and economy had accumulated considerable property.

Pat Nelson Man in Ice Box. Three daring robbers, wearing masks over their faces, entered the saloon of John Wolf, at Chicago, pointed revolvers at the proprietor, and ordered him into the ice box. After disposing of him in this manner, the thieves helped themselves to \$15 from the cash register, a quantity of liquor and a number of cigars. Then they closed the door of the ice box, held the occupant farewell, and departed. Wolf suffered intensely for a time, but succeeded in forcing open the heavy door just as a customer entered.

Edward S. Easton, one of Peoria's wealthiest and most influential citizens, has been adjudged insane by Judge Lovett in the county court. Mr. Easton is 55 years old. He will be taken to a private sanitarium in the east for treatment and a conservator appointed for his estate, which is estimated at \$500,000. Mr. Easton is a trustee of the new state asylum for incurable insane, located at Bartonville.

Fire Destroys 100 Years of Brown Case. Fire at Mattson destroyed the warehouses of A. E. Stearns, a broom-corn broker, together with about 100 tons of broom corn. It is thought burglars cracked the safe, and, finding no booty, fired the building. The safe was found open after the fire. The losers are S. W. Phillips & Co., Gen. Horace Clark, J. C. Cunningham, Dunn & Thomas and A. E. Stearns. Total loss, \$11,000.

Illinois State Zeitung. The Illinois State Zeitung, a leading German newspaper, was sold at auction in Chicago to Mrs. Margherita Raster, widow of Herman Raster, who was editor of the paper from 1887 to 1890. The property was bid in for \$60,000, subject to a mortgage of \$150,000, making the selling price over \$90,000.

Victim of Football in Duess. Charles Plantz died at his home in Batavia from injuries received in a football game. Plantz was a member of the Batavia High school team. He was injured in a game several weeks ago, and at first his hurts were not considered serious.

Illinois Anti-Trust Law. By a decision of Judge Tully, Duess and Waterman of the circuit court at Chicago, section 1, of the anti-trust law of Illinois, which defines what constitutes a trust or combination in restraint of trade, is declared unconstitutional.

April Woman Dies of Poison. Mrs. Catherine Maroney of Chicago died as the result of having received at her home. She was 55 years old. A bottle of red boiled oil was found in the kitchen range, and when the only attempt to murder the woman was made.