



A CHRISTMAS WAIT.

By Emma Alice Browne. Break in the dreary East, and bring the light, Holy Christmas morning! Break and bring the blossom of our hope—the stainless King— For weary is the night! Strange darkness wraps the haggard mountain rim, And worn with failure, spent with grief and loss, Even the pathetic shadow of His Cross We yearn and cry to Him.

Had pilgrims, burdened with unshriven sin, Oppressed, and cowering 'neath the chanceling rod, We humbly seek the path His feet have trod, And strive to enter in.

His anger is so slow—His love so great— We have wandered in forbidden ways, Scourged and denied Him, all our fruitless days, He calls us long and late.

We are so poor! Of all the squandered years We bring no tithes of oil, or corn, or wine, Now say offering to His spotless shrine, Have penitential tears.

We are so friendless in our abject need We can but cry to Him in bitter stress; Yet He will not despise our nakedness, Nor break the bruised reed.

Heed was the lot for His contentment spread; Though was His garb, and rude His lodging, In all the earth He had not anywhere To lay His weary head!

His patience is so long, His wrath so slow, The smothered and smothered, insulted and denied, Broken with many stripes, and crucified, He will not bid us go.

By all the anguish of His laden breast— The bloody sweat—the sleepless agony— The pangs and pangs of Gethsemane— He giveth the willow rest.

Break in the dreary East, oh, morning! With healing in thy holy wings, and bring fruition of our hope—the promised King, And blameless sacrifice!

A sudden pulse of waking life we hear, Though in the hush of hollow glade and dell; The little take up their olden canticle: "Behold! The Dawn is near!"

And far against the soft surreal glow, Spoke over peak the kindling summit's burn; The valves, rejecting, seem to lift and part, Their curling mist below.

And far along the radiant heights of morn, A sudden burst of choral triumph swells, The sweet To Doom of an hundred bells— And lo! "Messiah's born!"

And all the burden of our grief and sin is lifted from our souls forevermore, As humbly knocking at the Master's door He bids us enter in.



The Dominic's Story

The Dominic used to complain sometimes about the character of the stories the rest of us told. He said they were too economical in their use of the element of truth. And truth was so cheap, and also so interesting, he would say. We were always ready to admit that it was interesting, but were not so free to acknowledge its cheapness. Like other exotics it seemed to be more easily produced, appeared to be the true mental provender in the Corn Club, a social institution where we debated questions of great pith and moment by the aid of the civilizing and smothering influence of tobacco inhaled in coil-pipes. The Dominic had quit smoking when he entered the club, but he always said the pipe was good, so we had hopes of his reformation; besides, the air was usually so thick that he absorbed enough to bring him up, in a large measure, to the high philosophic plane occupied by the rest of us.

There used to be a young man named Stanwix who was rector of a church at a little town in New Jersey called Appleburg. Very amiable young man, not long in the ministry, and unmarried. Nice-looking chap, too, and a bright fellow, but he had his trials at Appleburg. Mainly it was the women—they thought he ought to marry, and of course they were right. But thinking so wasn't enough for those dear Appleburg ladies; with the true feminine desire to help they resolved to see that he did marry. But here again they showed a universal feminine trait by refusing to combine and work together. They all labored hard enough, but independently, and each with a view to inducing the minister to marry a different woman.

It had been going on thus for some months when Christmas approached. Now of course there isn't much you can give any man for Christmas—slip-



pers and pipes and shot-guns and slippers. And in the case of a parson it's still worse—you've got to drop off the pipes and shotguns, leaving only slippers—and slippers. Of course there are book-marks and easy chairs, but the first are trivial and the latter expensive; besides, if he is unmarried and you are of the opposite sex, and in the same state, you will see that you ought to give him something made with your own fair hands, and you can't make an easy chair. So slippers it had to be for the Rev. M. Stanwix, especially after his landlady had been sounded on the subject and reported that the poor man didn't have a slipper to his name.

Well, the result was, of course, that the whole hundred and thirty-six marriageable ladies at Appleburg went to work on slippers; and a few of the work who already had husbands also began slippers, out of the goodness of their hearts, probably, or maybe thinking that they might be widows some day and might as well have a pair to their credit. The slaughter of plush and embroidery materials was something cyclonic, and the local shoemaker had to sit up nights pegging on soles. Even unfortunate little Jane Wilkinson went at a pair hammer and tongs, though everybody said she hadn't a ghost of a show. In the first place Jane was too young—her older sister Katharine was conceded to have a right to enter for the contest, but it was universally held that Jane had no right to compete at all. Besides being too young—she was really nineteen or twenty—she was also plain. She might have a certain girlish prettiness, but not the beauty which the wife of so handsome a shepherd as the Rev. Mr. Stanwix should have. Furthermore, Jane was in no other way adapted for the position—she had been a good deal of a tomboy, and was yet, for that matter, she was frivolous and careless, and was always putting her foot in it. The first time the pastor had called at the Wilkinson house, and while Katharine was entertaining him in the parlor in the most approved and circumspect manner, Jane had blundered in, and inside of five minutes asked him why he didn't get married—all the girls said he ought to. Jane had explained to everybody that she meant it as a joke, but it had generally been pronounced ill-timed and in bad taste.

bag for a married sister, and a little knit shawl for her grandmother, and a pair of skates for a boy cousin, and various other things for divers other persons, including a fine meerschaum pipe and a pound of his favorite smoking tobacco for her brother who was at college, and who wouldn't be home till New Year's. Each thing she carefully put up in a box or bundle and laid it away.

The day before Christmas was a never-to-be-forgotten time for the Rev. Mr. Stanwix. Slippers just came down on him like an Egyptian plague. Along about four o'clock Stanwix got crowded out of his room—slippers piled half way to the ceiling—and had to put a chair out in the hall and sit there with an atlas of the world in his lap writing his Christmas sermon on it. Mighty tough sermon it was, too, and got tougher as the slippers continued to arrive. Fact is, he was getting pretty mad; and every new pair sent his temperature up five degrees. Consequently, at ten o'clock he was just boiling. Of course he couldn't swear, but the way he trumped up and down that hall and ground his teeth really amounted to the same thing. The arriving slippers now began to fall off. For ten minutes nothing came, and he was just starting down to ask the landlady if she couldn't put a cot in the hall so he could go to bed, when in came another box. It was from Jane—just her luck, of course, to be late and strike him when he was all worked up to the bursting point. But let us draw a veil over the scene right here and leave the poor man alone as he opens Jane's box.

It was not more than half-past nine the next morning when the Rev. Mr. Stanwix mounted the Wilkinson steps and tugged at the door bell. He asked for Jane. It seemed rather queer, but they ushered him into the parlor and sent Jane in. Well, to make a long story short, it wasn't ten minutes until he had the thing all fixed up. He had his chair drawn close up beside her end of the sofa.

"Jane," he was saying, "I've loved you ever since the first day I saw you, but I never knew it until I opened your box."

"Then you liked them, did you?" "I'm so glad," murmured Jane. "I should say I did! Why, it's one of the finest meerschaums I ever saw, and that tobacco used to be my favorite brand at college. But, Jane, how did you know I used to smoke, and was dying to begin again?"

Jane had stopped breathing at the word meerschaum. Now she caught



"MOVED INTO THE HALL." her breath, and for once in her life rose to the occasion and didn't put her foot in it. She simply looked up at him and smiled demurely.

"Oh, I guessed it," she said. "It was the best guess you ever made. I should have died last night amidst that awful landslide of slippers if I hadn't smoked about half of that tobacco. I mean to keep on smoking now—that is, if you don't object, dear?"

Jane scored again. "I rather like the smell of good tobacco," she said.—Saturday Evening Post.

FOR WOMEN AND HOME

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

Monogram Fad Is Widespread—Illustration of the Latest Style of Skirt—Some of the More Fashionable Colors—Preponderance of White.

**SOME FASHIONABLE COLORS.** Green is certainly a favorite color at present, both for day and evening wear. From the palest shimmering silver green, which is so artistic, to the pronounced hunter's green, through such varieties as olive and myrtle, it represents a fascinating gamut of shades. Laurel, rainette, chartrouise, forest and lichen are new names given to the various shades. A clear, fresh forest green is a popular shade for street wear, especially when combined with black and white. Almost pastel in its character is a new silvery green called willow, which is almost as subdued and soft as a delicate gray, though it is more becoming to the average complexion, usually very much tried by gray. For evening, the very lightest shades are used with a preponderance of Nile green. Red is undoubtedly very popular. It is worn more for entire costumes this year than for many seasons past, and it is also fashionable in hats and for trimmings. The new reds range from the bright shades to the tints of crimson purple. Scarlet, cardinal, carlet, currant, flamingo, cranberry, ruby and garnet are among the favorite reds. Cerise and coral are among the lighter tints. The various shades of brown are also in evidence, especially chestnut and coffee tones and a certain chocolate hue.

A Paris idea is to combine several shades of the same color in one gown; for instance, a dark brown sibiline may be trimmed with zibeline of a lighter brown and with vest and collar of orange. Red, blue and green are treated in the same way. Brown is also effective with creamy white vests and yellowish lace. The latter is very graceful if threaded with turquoise or black velvet. Many of the handsomest laces are treated in this manner, and while it is a case of gliding the lily, the effect is what is desired, as it serves to bring out the pattern. For such threading, chenille is often employed, though velvet baby ribbon is used with the very coarse lace.

SHIRTS STILL TIGHT-FITTING.

Shirts fit tighter to the hips and flare more widely below the knee than ever before. The sheath skirt, made with five and sometimes even seven gores. In order to preserve the clinging effect, various contrivances for under-petticoats have appeared in the shops. The "garter-petticoat" has obtained some prominence owing to its oddity, but is not likely to be universally adopted. It consists of two little ruffled petticoats fastened below the knee by broad elastic bands. The object is to leave the figure free of encumbrances so that the skirt may fit perfectly above the knee, yet preserve the necessary fullness below. Another petticoat, called the "skeleton" and designed for the same purpose as the one just described, consists in its upper part of strips of ribbon sewed a couple of inches apart to a belt and joined at the knee with the regulation accordion-pleated or ruffled circular flounce. To stout figures these devices for obtaining slender effects are welcome. The majority of women, however, are content with a well-fitting sheath skirt, spreading below the knee into a sea of ruffles. All of which goes to show that



An Attractive Fall Model. Courtesy of Rock & Torrey, New York.

skirts must be clinging. This pretty gown, an attractive fall model, is of dark blue velveteen. The skirt is made with vertical tucks and a circular flounce headed by stitched bands. Mexican stitching is inserted between the breadths, Corticelli embroidery silk being used for the purpose. The belt is covered with rows of stitching, as are also the bands trimming the lace collar.

MODELS EVENING GOWNS.

Skirts are also long. They lie upon the floor in front and at the sides as well as having the decided sweep at the back. Walking costumes, to be used distinctly as such, are made just to clear the ground all around, but they

are not with such a flare that they appear longer than they really are. The short, tailor-made costume has never obtained the popularity in Paris that it has enjoyed in London and New York. With the long, graceful coats now fashionable, the long skirt is imperative. The flat back is universally popular, the old box-pleated back being now rarely seen. There is an effort to introduce the pleated back, but its success is doubtful. For slender figures a few gathers, a little shirring, or a cluster of fine tucks are sometimes used, the fullness spreading below in a sort of fan. The Havet model evening gown shown here was imported from the establishment of Mme. Havet, Paris. It is of black lace over double linings of white chiffon and white taffeta. The black lace is further ornamented with an applique of white lace, spangled canary-colored chiffon and raised flowers of black and yellow chenille and velvet. Tiny, lace-bordered chiffon ruffles edge the hem of the skirt. The low-cut bodice is fur-



Havet Model Evening Gown. From John W. Wainwright, Broadway, N. Y.

ther trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon, which also decorates the elbow sleeves and is fastened over the arms with small rhinestone buckles. The full puff of the under sleeve is of the canary chiffon.

THE MONOGRAM FAD.

Monograms are omnipresent this season. The swell girl has her monogram handsomely embroidered on the knee or on the instep of her silk stocking. Even the domestic underwear, taking a leaf from the book of the French chemise and corset cover, bears a dainty monogram.

A monogram on the backs of gloves is the last cry of fashion with women who aim at the unusual, and for the woman with less courage in her convictions there is the glove with a monogram embroidered on the wrist or, in the case of long gloves, at the top.

One of the most stunning shirt waists of the season is of heavy silk in plain color, with a large monogram embroidered on the sleeve. Just above the right cuff, and another stylish waist has the monogram upon the small pocket on the left breast.

The more exclusive men's furnishing shops display marvelous silk pajamas, in light blue, pink and violet, with large monograms in black and white. Umbrella covers wear small but striking embroidered monograms.

Linens have, of course, always displayed monograms, if the expense did not bar their owner from the indulgence. So, too, there have always been persons who sported monograms on their china and glass, but dealers say that the fad grows more and more common. One of the latest developments of the monogram fad is the candle shade of fine gold or silver tracery with a raised monogram in repoussé gold or silver on the side of the shade. Under these, of course, silk shades in any color may be used, and even a single candlestick fitted out with a candle and such a shade is no mean present for a woman of fastidious tastes and much of this world's goods.

ONE SCHEME OF COLOR.

One scheme of color with very little contrast of any sort is evidently the correct thing for real aristocratic elegance. If the gown is blue the hat and boa are blue also, relieved only by a bit of lace or a flower and a delicate touch of black in the finish of the bodice. The contrast when there is a decided one of any sort is in the hat, which may be black and white, or a combination of both.

WHITE VERY MUCH USED.

A great feature of prevailing modes is the preponderance of white. Among furs, ermine is much in evidence. Miniver, the royal ermine, has been revived in the preparations for King Edward's coronation; it is ermine with small sealskin spots scattered over it instead of the customary black tails. It is used for entire garments or for revers, collar and cuffs.

HATS AND COSTUMES.

A chinchilla hat with a gun meta, gray velvet costume is the perfection of good taste; trimmed only with a little blue velvet and two or three handsome rhinestone ornaments. All the shades of fawn color are evidently worn in velvet and cloth as well, and there is a new pink shade of tan which seems to be popular.

ST. PAUL ROAD GETS BIG ENGINES.

Largest Ones Ever Built to Be Used in Fast Passenger Runs.

Larger Trains and Quick Schedules Are Expected to Be the Ultimate Result.

Several of what are claimed to be the largest locomotives ever constructed were received by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road yesterday in these days of large engines each fresh consignment received by a railroad during the past year or two has had the distinction of being the largest. While these monster locomotives have in a way ceased to excite surprise, those just received by the St. Paul road are remarkable in their dimensions. For example, the diameter of the driving wheels is eighty-four and one-fourth inches, or one-fourth of an inch over seven feet. Following is a technical description of the new giants:

Diameter of driving wheels, 84 1/4 inches.

Diameter of compound cylinders, 28 and 15 inches.

Stroke of cylinders, 28 inches.

Total length of engine, 68 feet 11 inches.

Steam capacity of boiler, 200 pounds.

Fire box, 8 feet 3/4 inches by 5 feet 5 inches.

Number of flues in boiler, 350.

Heating surface, 3,215 square feet.

Capacity of tender, 13,000 pounds of coal and 7,000 gallons of water.

Thanks Fast Time Possible.

General Passenger Agent Miller of the St. Paul is enthusiastic over the new engines, alleging that they will tend to revolutionize schedules and power. He says they will be capable of hauling fourteen or fifteen heavily loaded coaches or sleepers sixty miles an hour. Grades will be little or no obstruction to the leviathans.

The locomotives will be put in service on the limited trains between Chicago and Milwaukee and between Chicago and Omaha.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING.

The best way to advertise is just to advertise. Get at it with a view to having the people know what you most desire to sell, and incidentally letting them know that the specified items do not represent your full stock. Say interesting things about interesting goods and have the goods to talk.

Men talk of the secret of successful advertising, but it is all very plain. The essentials are to offer what people want, at fair prices, and to offer it in a way that will make readers know they want it. The art in writing an advertisement is to speak to the interested and well-informed merchant would speak to a prospective customer.

The mere appearance of a business man's name and address in every issue of a leading newspaper will do work to increase his trade. Every business man, however, is able to give facts about his establishment which will encourage people to deal with him. To state such facts clearly in a newspaper is the principal secret of successful advertising.

The idea that it takes a number of impressions to make the average advertisement effective is not new. Forty years ago an English advertiser said to the publisher of the Cornhill Magazine: "We don't consider that an advertisement seen for the first time by a reader is worth much. The second time it counts for something. The third time the reader's attention is arrested; the fourth time he reads it through and thinks about it; the fifth makes a purchaser of him. It takes time to soak in."

FLORIDA SPECIAL

Via Big Four Route

Chicago to Jacksonville and St. Augustine. Effective Jan. 8, 1902, the "Big Four" will operate through Pullman sleepers from Chicago and Indianapolis to Jacksonville and St. Augustine, via Cincinnati, Queen & Crescent, Sou. R'y. Plant System and Fla. East Coast R'y., leaving Chicago at 1 p. m., daily, except Sunday. Dining and observation cars. For full information address J. C. Tucker, Gen. Nor. Agt., 234 Clark street, Chicago; Warren J. Lynch, G. P. & T. A., or W. P. Deppe, A. G. P. & T. A., Cincinnati, O.

THE HANDSOMEST CALENDAR

of the season (in ten colors) six beautiful heads (on six sheets, 10x12 inches), reproductions of paintings by Moran, issued by General Passenger Department, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, will be sent on receipt of twenty-five cents. Address F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

The second of the series of historical programmes announced in the Chicago orchestra's prospectus for the season on the part of local musical folk will be presented at this week's concert, to be given on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening at the Auditorium and at the usual hours, under the direction of Theodore Thomas. In these programmes, of which there are to be six in all, Mr. Thomas proposes to show the progress which has been made during the last 300 years in the way of orchestral composition—its development from its most primitive state up to the full flower of nineteenth century perfection.

"Lives of the Hunted" is the title of a book by Ernest Seton-Thompson, the first writer who has ever adequately interpreted the nature of brutes, especially those to whom man appears as a beast of prey. Seton-Thompson never fails to enlist our sympathies with the conquered beasts. The illustrations are harmonious and always suggestive of thought and feeling.