

## By Yule-Log Fires

Ah what so bright as yule log fires  
Save only eyes of yours  
In days whereof, though time expires  
The image still endures  
With Yule-log fires

You mind the time when as they burned  
I look your hand in mine  
And all my thoughts to you were turned  
And all your thoughts were mine  
By Yule-log fires

Then home we two, with  
merry chimes  
Turned, with a life-long  
love  
And warm were hearts  
with lips sweet rhymes,  
And bright as stars  
above  
Were Yule-log fires

Now sons to other homes are gone  
And daughters far away  
We, hand in hand are dreaming on  
We happy still, though old and grey,  
By Yule-log fires.

J. J. Brillou



### PERFUMES THAT ARE PREFERRED BY ROYALTY.

If, as is stated, a person's character can be told by his choice of perfumes, then the taste in this matter of royal personages is certainly not without interest.

Queen Alexandra, whose love of roses and violets is well known, is particularly fond of the scents made from these flowers. The king of Italy, like his mother, Queen Margherita, has a penchant for strong scents, and his favorite is said to be patchouli.

The queen mother of Spain used to delight in the essence of a special variety of orchid which was only found in the Philippines. Now, however, since the disastrous Spanish-American war, her majesty has lost her liking for this scent and only uses "eau d'Espagne," which is made specially for her in Madrid.

The queen of Roumania, whose beautiful white hair and fresh, unrinkled complexion excite both admiration and envy, uses a toilet water to which she attributes the retention of her charms in spite of her sixty years. There is a good deal of mystery about this water, supposed to be made according to the queen's own recipe from flowers gathered by certain women, sworn to secrecy, in an unknown forest, while a cordon of sentinels keep away all inquisitive intruders.

No royal lady is credited with so large an expenditure on perfumes, soaps, etc., as the czarina, who, it is said, spends \$10,000 a year on these articles in Paris. Violet scent is her majesty's favorite, but she apparently likes almost every sort of perfume, for she vaporizes the royal apartments daily with the concentrated essence of jasmine, jonquil, lilac, tuberose and white violets. No wonder, in rooms so heavily scented, that members of her majesty's suit occasionally have to retire, faint, from her presence. The toilet water used by the czarina is perfumed with violets gathered according to her majesty's orders at Grasse between 5 and 7 in the evening, when she considers their perfume to be at its best.

The queen of Holland has a great liking for that good old fashioned scent eau de cologne.

### BEAUTY CULTURE AT HOME.

Some people say that domestic work spoils beauty, and many women who really would enjoy active occupation in their own homes are hindered by the fear of spoiling their comeliness. Let them be reassured; housework in moderation is one of the best ways of cultivating beauty.

Bedmaking is a magnificent exercise for the figure. Shoulders, body and limbs are all brought into play and pillow shaking, the folding of sheets and blankets and the spreading of them on the bed all give the arms just the right exercise to develop the muscles to the soft roundness and pretty curves which are the chief beauty of a woman's arm.

For arms, fingers and wrists the washing and wiping of teacups and saucers is admirable exercise. The water should be fairly hot, and soda, which is injurious to the skin, need not be used. The water, combined with the exercise, is especially valuable in giving suppleness to the joints of the fingers.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS FROM GERMAN.

The superiority of German household and kitchen utensils is discussed by a correspondent, who instances as a delightful example the china or earthenware rolling pin which has superseded our primitive wooden one. It is almost superfluous to point out that it is more easily and thoroughly cleaned and is cooler for pastry making than the wooden rolling pin. If the well to do American woman were to work in her own kitchen she would surely never tolerate such a thing as the ordinary pitcher, always narrower at the top than the base and therefore impossible to get clean except with much unnecessary labor. She would invent a soup spoon with a lip at the side, and she would insist on everyday cup and pitcher and vegetable dish handles being put on square, so as not to harbor dirt.

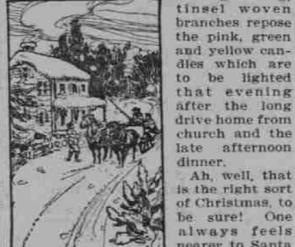
# CHRISTMAS

## KATE CLYDE Tells of the Different Ways of Celebrating the Day

IT is queer how one's notions of Christmas can change. When I was a child (oh, not so very, very long ago for that, believe me!) I used to think that if there were not a tree loaded down with gifts and stockings filled and a dinner with certain things, why, the day was not Christmas; that was all. And if one pie was substituted for another of a different kind, why, the whole thing was wrong.

I am afraid the spirit of the day was a long way from me. But, then, children certainly do cling to the outward forms of things. But now when I realize the different kinds of Christmases there are! First and foremost, the good old fashioned Christmas we love to read about, and that takes place in a New England farmhouse, with spruce trees in the doorway weighted down with snow and the surrounding hills and mountains white with it. There is a jingling of sleigh bells in the air and a spicy smell of good things floating from the tall brick chimney, and in the pantry what an array of dainties! Rows of mince and "pumpkin" pies, a huge brown ball of a pudding, not to speak of— But I won't make your mouth water. When a New England housewife cooks she does it wholesale. Besides, there must be enough to spare for the numerous aunts and uncles and little cousins, for Christmas day means a great family gathering. And in the darkened best room behold the Christmas tree! Tall, shadowy and mysterious, concealing among its spicy branches queer, knobby, white packages which might contain anything from a story book to a train of cars and a doll, while among the glittering, tinsel woven branches repose the pink, green and yellow can-dies which are to be lighted that evening after the long drive home from church and the late afternoon dinner.

Ah, well, that is the right sort of Christmas, to be sure! One always feels nearer to Santa Claus in the country, where there is plenty of room for him to scamper around with his reindeer and the chimneys are wide enough to admit his rotundity.



An old-fashioned New England Christmas.

But we can't all of us have Christmas in the country. Take the dweller in a town, for instance—in a city with high brick buildings and dwelling houses all alike in rows.

Of course it isn't so bad in a house with children in it and stairs up which they can scamper to bed and banisters over which they can peep, white robed and large eyed, when they think they hear Santa Claus, while downstairs in the back parlor father and mother are trimming the Christmas tree, the former forgetting his business troubles and the latter her social worries. Oh, Christmas is good for the grown folks as well as for the little ones!

Then there is the apartment hotel, with its plate glass and iron doors and its stiff orange trees on each side of the entrance; no children there, of they are in the minority, but young couples spending their first Christmas together and looking unutterable things at each other as they eat at the tiny little dining room table, with the still tinier little Christmas tree in a jardiniere between them.

And don't forget the studio Christmas, with its walls hung with holly and mistletoe, its shiny, waxed floors, its hospitable punch bowl and its festive music, and the smaller studio, with its chafing dish and its atmosphere of fun and ambitious dreams.

For many, too, there's the boarding house Christmas. Did you ever? So did I once. We understand then. Still the landlady usually does her best with turkey and cranberry sauce and greens here and there, and, after all, it isn't where you are; it's whom you are with.

But there are some who are alone. Oh, I am sorry for them! Victims of ambition far away from their homes and their people, with a sprig of holly tied to the solitary gas jet and behind the arms just the same letter spread out on the table, suspiciously blurry in spots.

And there are those whose lives lie behind them and who are still alone, without youth, without hope, without ambitions, and I am sorriest of all for them. The saddest thing in the world at a holiday time is not to be able to look forward to brighter things.

### The Stage Christmas.

The queerest Christmas of all, however, is on the stage. Holidays are no holidays at all to the player folk. In fact, they mean a double amount of work, for there is the extra matinee which must precede the Christmas performance. So after the long morning sleep on Christmas day the actress goes to the theater with perhaps a sprig of holly pinned to her coat to remind her that it is Christmas and dashes into her dressing room to put

on her "makeup." There is a chorus of "Merry Christmas" as she passes, and if she is popular she may find one or two little packages on her dressing table, and perhaps one or two more may come in between the acts.

She rushes through the matinee and then, as there isn't time to eat a regular dinner, hastily wipes off her "make-up," ties a veil over her face to conceal the traces of it and hastens out into the gathering darkness to get something to eat at a nearby restaurant. Then comes the evening performance. She must hurry back for that, and when the long, long day is over she is so tired that she is glad to get home and go to sleep in warmth and comfort. But on the following day or on the Sunday after watch her celebrate Christmas! What matters if it is not the day? Stage people have imaginations. There is the regulation little dinner, with presents, friends and a merry time.

So to all of us, high and low, talented or stupid, happy or sorrowful, Christ-



Spending their first Christmas together.

mas comes once a year to wake us from the monotony of our lives and our eternal strivings and hopes and to put a bit of idealism in our hearts. And all of us, from the tramp on the roadside and the humblest servant in the kitchen to the happy and the prosperous, are the better for this reversion to childhood, this bowing down to the spirit of Christmasticide.



An attractive winter costume.

Very attractive is this winter costume of tailor made brown zibeline. Toning in with the cloth are a beautiful muff and box of sable fur. The odd little walking hat of white beaver is trimmed with folds of castor brown velvet and bird wings.

### Too Much Matrimony.

A marriage epidemic now troubles Serbia, and the cause of the trouble is a system of marriage banks, which were founded with the idea of encouraging thrift. Young men and maidens in Serbia pay into these marriage banks in order to secure a premium whenever they marry. Immediately a small sum has thus been accumulated the desire to marry seems overwhelming with the result that the first chance of entering the "holy estate" is eagerly seized upon. To marry in haste usually means to repent at leisure, and in Serbia the effect of premature and ill considered marriages is such widespread misery that the government is now considering the advisability of abolishing marriage banks altogether.

### Dress Don'ts.

Don't always wear red if you are a brunette or think blue the only color for blonds. Reverse the order. A brunette can wear all the light shades of blue, and a blond is a symphony in bright reds.

Don't wear black, mauve or green if the hair is black and the complexion swarthy. Try yellow, scarlet or pink.

Don't choose delicate shades of pink, lavender and blues, except a deep navy blue, if the eyes are blue, the hair dark brown and the complexion not clear.

Don't wear black, mauve or green if the hair is frankly red. Green and white are the colors. There are brown, oak and copper tints that make a red-headed girl a model for any artist.

### Hate Clyde

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### THE CHRISTMAS CLEARING UP OF MRS. MINKEY.

MRS. MINKEY was tired to death. It was the day before Christmas, and she was not half ready, she had ordered five costumes made every, and only two were done. Besides, there were three more gowns—a taffeta, a cashmere and a voile—not even yet ripped up. There was the room she had kept her ancestors' china and furniture in to be daisy the spare blankets and furs and rugs had not an atom taken out of their moth wraps, and the linen chests she examined twice a year had not been overhauled. The drapings of the cozy corner, the spare bedroom and the dining room and parlor mantelpieces had to be taken down and dusted and the lace curtains cleaned, and not a soul to do it but Mrs. Minkey.

She sank into an easy chair that had to have the cover taken off before Christmas and cleaned and put back again. Mrs. Minkey's eye fell upon a newspaper page as she sank, exhausted, into the armchair. An article headed "The Slavery of Things" caught her eye. It set forth how women are slaves to possessions, abject slaves chained to the care of things they do not need or use. "Let us simplify," said the writer. "Let us have in our houses only the articles we actually need and get rid of all the rest—the bother and worry of them. We don't own more than half the things supposed to belong to us. On the contrary, they own us. Our lives might be simple and happy and free from care if we kept in our homes only the clothing and furniture we actually need. When these are worn out we can buy more. Let us free ourselves from the slavery of possessions."

Mrs. Minkey saw a light suddenly. "That's so, every word," she thought. "Here am I worn to the bone this minute because of the care of possessions most of which I don't use once in six months and the rest of which I don't use at all. This article is just right. Let me see. It's the day before Christmas. I'm going on the spot to clear out all the old truck that I don't use. I'm going to give it away in Christmas presents. The Perkses were burned out last week; lost everything. I shall send them my grandfather's four

performance. She must hurry back for that, and when the long, long day is over she is so tired that she is glad to get home and go to sleep in warmth and comfort. But on the following day or on the Sunday after watch her celebrate Christmas! What matters if it is not the day? Stage people have imaginations. There is the regulation little dinner, with presents, friends and a merry time.

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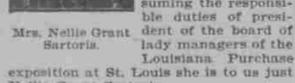
"Hereafter I shall buy only what I need at the time, and that I shall use till it is worn out; so I shall simplify my life. And every Christmas henceforth I shall have a clearing up similar to this one, giving away to those to whom they will be useful all the possessions that merely cumber my way. So shall I escape the slavery of things."

JANE MOSES.

## NELLE GRANT SARTORIS,

Chairman  
Board of Lady  
Managers,  
St. Louis World's Fair

IT is significant of the esteem in which the American people held General Grant's daughter that even while her husband was living they never mentioned her as Mrs. Algernon Sartoris, but ever as Nellie Grant Sartoris. Away back in 1869, when her father was inaugurated president of the first time, his little daughter on the platform at the east front of the capitol broke from her mother's detaining arm during the august ceremony, crept to her father's side as he read his address and took hold of his hand.



Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris.

The general did not remove the small fingers, but clasped his own strong ones around them and thus read on to the end of the dignified state paper. The child was Nellie Grant. This happened a generation ago, yet the little lady is "our Nellie" still. Even in assuming the responsible duties of president of the board of lady managers of the Louisiana Purchase exposition at St. Louis she is to us just Nellie Grant Sartoris.

The manner in which she accepted the post is characteristically her way. He never once in his life sought an appointment to a high or great office, but when it was offered unsought he accepted it without hesitation and entered on its duties without any fuss. Just so Nellie Grant became active president of the board of lady managers at St. Louis, where, according to some chroniclers, Captain Ulysses S. Grant used to haul in from his farm wagon loads of wood and sell them in the streets—back in the fifties, that was. In 1868 they asked his only daughter to be president of the board of women managers of the world's fair. Briefly and modestly she consented and at once left her beautiful Washington home and fared forth to St. Louis without any fuss. In the exposition city she modestly established her abode in a hotel, ready for the work she was called to do. That her social mostly, planning local entertainments, receiving with honor and dignity distinguished guests and providing for them, particularly women guests, also showing attention and hospitality to the home folk, our own people. But we are a nation of well nigh 60,000,000 people; foreign folks to the number of over half a billion more will send representatives, distinguished and otherwise, to the St. Louis fair. A suit of rooms in a hotel was not to be thought of as the residence and headquarters of the woman of the world. The hotel suite was abandoned. Nellie Grant Sartoris, still without a bit of fuss, gave it up and took a large house.

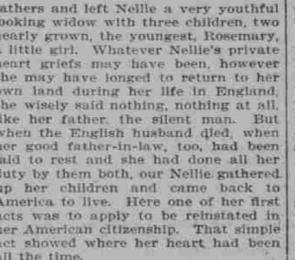
There she is this day, administering the functions of office. Her life has especially fitted her for the social features of the work. The hotel suite features U. S. Grant's daughter will learn with the best as she goes on. She was married so young that her first really long trained gown was worn when she was presented to Queen Victoria at the British court. Abroad she was honored and loved by all who knew her; the world's admiration was honored in British society without exciting any of the jealousy

so many American girls of today who marry Englishmen have aroused. It was because, still like her soldier father, Nellie was so unassuming. Like him, too, she never talked, true daughter to the father who was called the silent man. But Nellie Grant owns heart griefs may have been, however she may have longed to return to her own land during her life in England, she wisely said nothing, nothing at all, like her father, the silent man. But when the English husband died, when her good father-in-law, too, had been laid to rest and she had done all her duty by them both, our Nellie gathered up her children and came back to America to live. Here one of her first acts was to apply to be reinstated in her American citizenship. That simple act showed where her heart had been all the time.

The request of a woman to be reinstated in American citizenship was without precedent, and it required a special resolution of congress to do it. But congress would have done that and far more for the daughter of General Grant. The act was passed, and Nellie Grant Sartoris and her three children are American citizens. Algernon, the eldest, now some twenty-seven years of age, is a lieutenant in the United States army. The elder daughter, Vivian, a handsome young woman with the beautiful dark brows of the Kembles, was married last August to Mr. Frederick Roosevelt Sevel. As to "our Nellie," she says of herself still: "I am an American woman and proud of being one."

LILLIAN GRAY.

In the labor statistics of Scotland one woman is returned as a coachman, another as a dock laborer, still another as a plasterer. There is one woman paper hanger, a female chimney sweep and two women builders. Two more are on the list as money lenders.



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And daughters far away  
We, hand in hand are dreaming on  
We happy still, though old and grey,  
By Yule-log fires.



AN IMPORTED FROCK OF WHITE TULLE.

This dainty imported frock is of white tulle made over a slip of chiffon and taffeta. Wreaths of delicate flowers made of satin and chiffon in pompadour colorings decorate the skirt and bodice. Fine white lace trims the neck and sleeves. At one side of the corsage is a spray of velvet and satin orchids mingled with ribbon ends. The fan is of carved ivory and renaissance lace.