FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DINNER GOWN.

Of cream lace over soft satin. Deep hem of velvet on skirt, and bodice of velvet, with paste buttons and with turnover revers of cream satin embroidered in paste and gold thread.
—(The Ladies' Field.

COOKING CLASSES.

Miss Waldron Gives Experiences in Tenement Kitchens.

"Cheap delicatessen shops and bakeries and prepared flours ought to be swept off the face of the earth," emphatically declared Miss Waldron a few days ago at a parlor meeting held in the interests of the kitchen classes, of the League for Home Economics, at the home of Mrs. G. S. Brooks, 1131 Bergen-st., Brooklyn. "They, as well as the cheap candies for children, are the bane of the tenements. I can't begin to tell you how many cases of stomachic troubles and insufficient nutrition, to say nothing of intemperance, can be traced directly to those sources. In homes without number the people just live on those things. Twenty minutes before dinner some one is sent out to the delicatessen to get some boiled ham or tongue, some pickles and a loaf of baker's bread, and when the wage earner comes home from his day's work, tired and hungry, that is all there is for him to eat.

"And it isn't always that the women are lazy either," she continued. "It is ignorance. They don't know any better. Girls have no training at home. When they get to be thirteen or fourteen they leave school and go into shops or factories. Then they marry young, knowing absolutely nothing of housework.

"'My sister is going to be married in the spring,' said a young woman in one of the kitchen classes to me recently, 'and I want her to know more than I did when I married. Really, I didn't know how to tell when water was boiling. My husband had to teach me that and whatever little else I knew when I came here, and if he hadn't been the best husband in the world he would have been so disgusted he would have left me.'

"Not long ago," said Miss Waldron, "I went to see a German woman who was ill and in great destitution. I found her on the first floor of a rear house—that is, a house behind a house—dark, dismal, cold. She had a husband and five children, but nothing in the house to eat, and the oldest boy so discouraged that he declared he was going to the docks and jump off. 'How does it happen, Mrs. Wagner?' I said. 'Hasn't your husband work?' 'Oh, yes.' 'Does he drink?' 'No.' 'What does he earn?' 'Eleven dollars a week.' 'What is his business?' 'He's a stoker.' 'Well, what do you feed your family on?' 'Six loaves of bread a day and a can of condensed milk. We spread the bread with that.' 'Don't you ever cook anything?' 'No, I don't know how.' 'And is that all your husband gets for his supper when he comes home at night.' 'Yes, and he ought to be thankful for that, instead of getting mad.'

"Well, I gave that woman a real good talking to. Then I taught her to make pea soup and a pot of mush, and she actually got down on her knees and kissed me. Now, we are going to start a cooking class in her rooms as soon as she is well enough, and a happier woman at the prospect you never saw.

"How to make their money 'reach' to the end of the week is the problem in the tenement homes. It isn't that the majority of wage earners don't get enough; but they don't know how to spend it to the best advantage. When I tell them how to make dishes out of left-overs, they are perfectly astonished. I often see the ends of steak, a pound or more, thrown to the cat or dog. Their idea of cooking steak is to put a piece of lard in the frying pan and when it is melted—not hot—lay in the steak and let it sizzle and dry away until as tough as sole leather. As for potatoes"—— The pause was eloquent. "One woman last week said, 'Why, I never knew that boiled potatoes left over were good for anything. When we had mashed potatoes, they'd eat them all up, but when they were just boiled, I'd throw 'em away.'

"Do you teach the women to make bread?" asked a pretty woman, with a serious face.

THE MEN LIKE PIE.

"Always in the course of twelve lessons there are two or three on breadmaking. The women are all anxious to learn, and when they have learned the best of it is they all continue to keep on making it. The cost of a homemade loaf is just exactly half as much as a loaf of baker's bread, and no adulterations. We offered a prize last year—a bread mixer—for the pupil who could show the best loaf of bread, and all competed, with the result that it was hard really to tell which was best. One woman that I taught to make molasses cake was so delighted with her success that she began to make for her neighbors, and built up quite a trade.

"By the third or fourth lesson they begin to ask how to make pie, for that is the thing every man counts best. For Sunday dinner there is nothing to equal a lemon meringue pie or a cocoanut custard. Extravagant? Well, no, not as we make it, with a plain crust, using for shortening a mixture of cod fat and lard. Each one is tried out separately, and while still warm beaten together until light and creamy, the shortening the French always use. For the filling there are two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, the juice and grated rind of one lemon, hot water to make the right consistency, sugar to sweeten, and this time of the year one egg. In the spring, when eggs are cheap, they can use two. The yolks go in the custard. The white is beaten up with a tablespoonful of sugar, and put on the pie in the shape of birds. A pie made in this way costs from 9 to 11 cents, while they would have to pay 25 cents at the baker's for one not half so good."

Just here Miss Waldron brought in a little temperance sermon. "I tell the women," she said, "that they should do all they can to add to the comfort of home. It is hard for men to work all the week for $9, $10 or $11, and then never have anything fit to eat. If a man thinks his wife is not going to waste his money he will be more apt to put it into things for the home; but I don't blame a man for being ugly and going to saloons, be he high or low, if his home is not kept neat and comfortable. If you want to keep men from saloons and keep down the liquor traffic, teach a woman to make her home comfortable, give her husband a good breakfast and a full dinner pail that he will be proud to show the other men, and tell them what a smart little wife he has got. Such a man won't think of going to a saloon, and if he brings home some of his friends to dinner sometimes it may make a little more work and cost a little extra, but it is worth it."

KEEN OBSERVERS.

The nationality of women anxious to avail themselves of the opportunity to learn how to cook and keep a comfortable home, according to Miss Waldron, is at least 90 per cent German. Swedes and Irish follow. "But you don't come across one American in 200," said Miss Waldron. "Whether they already know enough or simply think they do is the question."

"Are the women making up your classes all very poor real East Side tenement poor?" asked an interested listener.

"Nearly all, yes. In Leroy-st., for instance, the women are so desperately poor they are not able to pay the five cents for a lesson. These are largely Irish. The class in Twenty-sixth-st. is entirely different. They are largely young married women, wives of clerks, and they themselves were clerks or factory girls before they were married. This class was started because one of the women smelled the pea soup that one of last year's class was cooking, and it smelled so good she was anxious to learn how to make the same.

"When we first begin work in a new centre we usually find the kitchen in a state of great disorder and dirt, but it seldom happens again. The women are quick to notice, and when they see the teacher with fresh white cap, apron and sleeves they feel that things ought to correspond. Sometimes, too, at the first lesson the women come unkempt, with old shawls over their heads, but by the second lesson they have clean gingham aprons and before the close of the class, nice white ones. Side lessons on hygiene and sanitation have to be given diplomatically. In most of the homes they never think of opening doors or windows to air out. That, according to their ethics would let the heat out and therefore be a needless extravagance. In this case you have to show them how much brighter the fire burns with fresh air in the room. To get them to keep their milk and food covered, insinuate that tuberculosis germs from the family above might light on their food. To get them to wash their hands before cooking speak of the danger of disease getting into the stomach in that way, and pretty soon they will begin to reason that possibly that is the reason why John has such a hard cold or the baby is sick, and the first you know the house puts on a very different appearance.

"And so the work goes on, here a little and there a little. At present there are five classes meeting in different parts of the city. In some neighborhoods they meet in the same kitchen each week. In others they change from week to week. The cost of the raw material for each lesson is between 20 and 40 cents, and this is paid by the pupils themselves. Each lesson includes three or four dishes: soups, meats, breads, plain dessert and the manipulation of left-overs. At the close of each lesson the cloth is laid and the women eat of the fruit of their labors and always find that it is good.

"As funds materialize the League for Home Economics hopes to extend this work, for which there is not only a wide field, but a growing demand on the part of the women themselves. A contribution of $25 supports one class, which is named for the donor."

ITEMS OF SOCIAL INTEREST.

A New York State chapter of the Cliff Dwellers' Association was organized on Monday at the Nevada with Mrs. Thomas Henry Whitney as regent, Mrs. Donald McLean as vice-regent, Mrs. Henry G. Bronson as recording secretary, Mrs. Robert M. Lockwood and Mrs. Dwight Holbrook as treasurer. The object of this association, which was incorporated three years ago in Colorado, is to create interest in the relics of the cliff dwellers and to secure the legislation necessary to preserve these prehistoric remains. Another chapter is being formed in California, and an effort will be made to secure branches in every State. The movement was started by Mrs. Gilbert McClurg, of Colorado, and until the formation of an organization for the purpose the work was carried on by a committee of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

The thirty-fifth assembly of the Colonial Daughters of the Seventeenth Century was held at the home of Mrs. Samuel Bowne Duryea, No. 46 Remsen-st., Brooklyn, on Tuesday afternoon. A programme of Colonial songs was given by Miss Margaret Goetz and Miss Marguerite Liotard. It included Pilgrim psalms, prayers and hymns from Ainsworth's Psalmody, the Book of Doom and the Bay Book, fireside songs, ballads and holiday songs in the time of Priscilla and John Alden, and Indian songs of the Seneca and Ojibway tribes.

The Rubinstein Club will give the first concert of its eighteenth season at the Waldorf-Astoria this evening. William R. Chapman will be the conductor, and the concert will begin at 8:30 o'clock. The officers of the Rubinstein Club are: Mrs. Harry Wallerstein, president; Mrs. Eugene Hoffman Porter, Mrs. Doré Lyon, Mme. Marie Cross Newhaus and Baroness Von Orendorff, vice-presidents; Mrs. Joseph A. Physioc, recording secretary; Mrs. William R. Chapman, corresponding secretary and treasurer, and Mrs. Clarence Burns, Mrs. Sarah Dickinson Lewis and Mrs. Alfred Cochrane, members of the governing board.

A New Flavor

FOR BREAKFAST

GRAPE-NUTS FOOD

Furnishes the Carbohydrates in form of Post Sugar, valuable for Athletes, Brain . . . Workers, or Invalids. . .

AT GROCERS. TRIAL PROVES.

TRIBUNE Sunshine Society

GOOD CHEER.

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on.

NOT SWEET ALWAYS.

Thank God for life! Life is not sweet always.
Hands may be heavy laden, hearts care full.
Unwelcome nights follow unwelcome days!
And dreams divine end in awakening dull.
Still it is life, and life is cause of praise;
This ache, this restlessness, this quickening sting,
Prove me no torpid and inanimate thing,
Prove me of Him who is of life the spring
I am alive, and that is beautiful.
—(Susan Coolidge.

MONEY RECEIVED.

A. L. T., of New-Jersey, has given $5 as Christmas cheer for sick ones; Mrs. A. T. Clearwater, treasurer of the Kingston, N. Y., branch, has sent $5 as a branch contribution to the Christmas cheer; F. S. Potter, $5 for Christmas dinners; Mrs. and Miss Winship, of Brooklyn, $12 for holiday work; Nellie D. Stultz, secretary of the Manasquan branch, 25 cents for badges for new members; W. L. Z. P., $1 for portage fund, and Mrs. C., 25 cents for stamps.

DUTCH WEST INDIES.

President of the T. S. S.: We have received the box you so kindly sent and have been able to send a goodly portion on to Venezuela. We have saved some for this island and will soon be giving them out to the children. We rejoice to announce the arrival on November 21 of a dear little daughter, Elizabeth, our first, and a source of sunshine doubly appreciated in the separation from home and loved ones in America. Yours in sunshine, MRS. V. VAN HOWE.
Curacao, Dutch West Indies.

MORE CHEER NEEDED.

Owing to the unfortunate loss of a box of valuable sunshine made by a Brooklyn member, it is feared that some of the invalids may be deprived of the comfortable cheer which was always supplied by this member's contribution. There were thirty pairs of bed socks for invalids and twelve pairs of mittens for little cold hands in the box, besides many other desirable articles, all of which represented a year's sunshine work by this member. If some of the members are making bed socks, will they try to get them to the office as early as possible? There is a scarcity of mittens and toys—the comfort and the joy of children. Boxes for the Southern States were made ready yesterday by the help of several T. S. S. members.

REQUEST.

Will the member who made a request for reading matter for the minister's wife in Minnesota please send the full address to Mrs. M. L. Burt, No. 221 Washington-ave., Brooklyn?

SUNSHINE WORK DELAYED.

Miss Minnie Kreskey, of Tennessee, writes: "Do you remember my asking some time in the summer for silk pieces, out of which I had promised to make 'fronts' for dresses, and have you by this time been wondering what has become of me—and them? I am sorry for the delay, but almost before you published my letter I was under the care of an oculist, and still am, but my eyes, though far from well, are so much better that I am using them again. My mother and I are trying to finish more articles for Christmas. We have distributed some to an orphan in New-Mexico, have sent some to the girls in Brooklyn, and given away others in our own town."

CHEER FOR THE WEST.

Mrs. McNaught has asked for the address of a family at a distance from the city in which there are several children, so that she can send a Christmas box. The president is pleased to have a family in Nebraska especially remembered. There are fourteen children. The elder are grown up, but still there are three under four years of age.

L. M., Staten Island: The girl's name you ask for is Nellie Gleason, in care of William Gleason.

CRIPPLED CHILDREN.

President of the T. S. S.: The crippled children's branch of the T. S. S. gratefully acknowledges a box of books, pictures, etc., received from the T. S. S. It extends to all its kind friends an invitation to its Christmas festival, which is to be held in the school building, No. 250 East Eighty-eighth-st., on Thursday, December 22, at 10:45 a. m.
K. REA STACKPOLE, Principal.

RESPONSE.

Miss Rankin, of Newburg, has written to Lebbeus Ferguson, at San Francisco, that she will forward illustrated weeklies and Sunday Tribunes to him after his arrival in Manila, that he may distribute them to the soldier boys. Miss Rankin has been sending reading matter for eighteen months to a soldier at Camp Vicais, Mindanao. As his term has expired, she will transfer the cheer to Manila.

WILLIE ORN DEAD.

Will the Sunshine friends who have been sending reading matter and other cheer to Willie Orn at Logan, Ohio, please take note of the death of this young man and hereafter address their communications to his sister, Lora Orn? This young man was a helpless cripple from birth, and this sister took almost the entire care of him. Will some of the younger members please send her books or other remembrances?

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Miss Brink, of Middletown, N. Y., called at the office yesterday and brought several parcels of beautiful sunshine made by herself and other members. There were handsome bedroom shoes for an invalid and children, hoods, new underwear and dainty powder cases; Mrs. R. F. Pearsall has contributed a large express box of children's clothing, dolls, etc.; Miss Madeline Smyth, collars, fancy articles, reading, etc.; Mrs. Sydney Evans, of Morganton, N. C., silk bags, handkerchiefs cases, sachets, etc., and 10 cents in stamps; Mrs. H. Orange, a box containing afghan, underwear, ribbons, etc.; Mrs. Young, of Highwood, N. J., clothing and underwear; Miss Mary McLean, Florida, two fancy grass baskets, ripe cootie seeds and stamps; Mrs. Whiting, a warm coat; Mrs. Ray and daughter, of Brooklyn, brought to the office two boxes of sunshine—pictures, fancy articles and favors. An express box of miscellaneous articles came from New-Rochelle; an express parcel of excellent cheer from W. L. Z. P.; pictures from L. Hayes, of Dover (N. H.) branch. The Christmas contribution from the Purchase (N. Y.) branch was an especially helpful as well as generous one. Mrs. A. T. Harrington, of Vermont, sent dollies, cards, etc.; "Brooklyn," underwear and books; some unknown friend a lace bordered handkerchief.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS.

A dainty fan that is gracing a showcase in a large shop is of duchesse lace, with rose point spangles and pearl sticks. The beauty of these pearl sticks is enhanced by delicate carving; $15.95 is the price asked for it. Some other fans of spangled duchesse lace have figures painted on a piece of gauze inserted in the middle. The sticks of these fans, which cost $11.95, are also of pearl.

Three dollars and ninety-five cents will purchase one of the imported bead bags seen in a Twenty-third-st. store. Some are of tiny white beads, with designs in gold beads. Others have a background of black, with the patterns worked in silver beads. The most elaborate of these bags, which may be used for the opera or for handkerchief and purse, have bunches of flowers and leaves embroidered on both sides in several colors.

Another pretty bag in which to carry opera glasses is made of real lace over silk, and filled in at the top with white chiffon, accordion pleated.

If letter paper appeals to one as a Christmas gift, it may be bought in any of the stores now put up in holly decorated boxes. The price, of course, varies according to the quality of the paper. One Christmas shopper bought a quire of paper in one of these boxes for 25 cents. She does not care to give the paper for a present, so she has taken it for her own use and intends to pack something else in the box as her gift to a friend.

For the woman who insists upon curling her hair, a useful little device has been manufactured to stand upon her dressing table. It is a small alcohol lamp, to which is fastened a pair of prongs, which form a rest for the little curling iron. This article complete sells for $4.65 in a Sixth-ave. store.

A handy article to keep in the work box is a red moire book containing four sizes of bodkins. A number of them are for sale at an aisle table in a popular store, for $1.25 apiece.

An unpretentious but pretty vinaigrette that costs $1.50 is of crystal glass, shaped to a point at the end, with a top of sterling silver.

Two dollars and fifty cents will buy a glass whiskey flask of medium size in a brown leather case.

Any little girl would be delighted with the Christmas stockings that a Broadway caterer is offering. Strange to say, these contain nothing to eat, but nearly everything in the shape of a plaything. In the tarletan toe is tucked a tiny tea kettle. Then come a doll, a trumpet, a little broom and dust pan, paper umbrella, string of beads on a card, chiffonier and snapper. There are also stockings which contain toys suitable for a little boy. In a smaller size these Santa Claus stockings cost only 45 cents.

A lizard skin vanity bag makes a charming gift for the dainty woman. The bag closes with a double flap, under one side of which is a tiny hand mirror and under the other a little packet of face powder. Back of these pockets are a purse, large enough for bills, and a card case. The whole is compact and a really beautiful thing.

Another style of handbag is made of alligator skin, green, varied with wonderful contrasting blue. Instead of clasping at the top like the ordinary bag, it fastens with a strap, looped over an inner pocket which contains a change purse of the same beautiful skin.

The Empire holders have come in again. One in particular is composed of three tiny glass bottles fitted in to a filigree work holder of old gold. They and the hatpin holders, card trays and jewel cases are somewhat expensive, but attractive enough to warrant the price.

One of the latest novelties is the garter satchel. It is a flat silk bag, made on the garter and fastening with a flap which clasps down. Inside is another case, of chamois made for jewels.

Pretty silver vases, representing flowers, are the latest thing in hatpin holders. They have had a great sale, as they are useful, inexpensive and so pretty.

If one wishes to remember distant friends there are German silver loving cups and tankards, about three inches tall, souvenirs of New-York. Pictures of some of the big buildings are embossed on them, and they make a suggestive and neat gift.

WOMEN AND THE ALPHABET.

Fifty years ago Thomas Wentworth Higginson was a conspicuous advocate of enlarged opportunities for women, and to-day, at eighty-one, in the light of half a century of progress, he sees no reason to change or modify his views. In 1849 he wrote in "The Atlantic Monthly" a satirical article, entitled, "Ought Women to Learn the Alphabet?" and to-day, in "The Congregationalist," he sums up what they have done with their A B C's, and concludes that the world made no mistake in allowing them to acquire this knowledge. The article is a brief review of feminine achievement during half a century, and begins by recalling "a certain building in Boston," which, fifty years ago, was "regarded with some suspicion and disapprobation solely on the ground that in one office in an upper story a young woman of prepossessing appearance was seen coming and going."

The building has long since disappeared, says the author. It has been replaced by a palace of business offices above and basement shops below, and though these shops and offices may differ in everything else, they are all alike in employing one or more women.

Colonel Higginson puts in a good word for women's clubs, and concludes that there is no room for serious question as to what women have done with the alphabet.

Housewives' Exchange.

HER CHRISTMAS WORK.

I have been much interested in reading the different opinions of your readers in regard to the giving of Christmas presents. To me, Christmas, and the few weeks previous spent in preparation, is the pleasantest time of the year. My allowance for the purpose is very small, and I make a great many of my gifts myself, yet each year I have been able to present to my family and friends who are very dear to me some simple, sensible remembrance. And let me add, under no circumstances do I give to those for whom I have not the true feeling of friendship. Some of my Christmas joy is embodied in a five-cent stamp, for I have one or two "dear one's" living in foreign countries by whom a letter or a card is highly appreciated as an evidence of loving remembrance. For my family, my sister and I sometimes club together, and in this way are able to make a more substantial gift. For my friends close by, I am usually able to gratify some little desire in my own handiwork. And what fun it is to plan and decide how best to do so! So I have found it is not the price of the article that insures its giving joy, for "the gift without the giver is bare," but the sincere desire to give pleasure to the recipient as an evidence of one's love and friendship. H. B. L.
Orange, N. J.

THE BURDEN OF CHRISTMAS.

A great step it has been from that first Christmas with its angels' song, its wondering shepherds, its opened heavens and hallelujah chorus, its glory-crowned manger where the infant Jesus lay, to our twentieth century Christmas with its atmosphere of bustle and barter, its church service, often perfunctory and sparsely attended, its hilarious Sunday school entertainments, where the legend of Santa Claus so frequently supersedes the sublimely simple Gospel narrative of the most stupendous event in the world's history. A long descent indeed from the humble adoration of the shepherds and the fragrant spices of the Three Kings, who, guided only by a miraculous star, underwent the penance of a long, toilsome, perilous journey over desert, plain and mountain for the privilege of laying their treasures at the feet of the new-born Babe; a long descent from these heart-felt tributes to our modern system of Christmas giving, with its gewgaws and flummery, and its pervasive commercial spirit that is so far from costly giving in its best and truest sense.

Grimly humorous are some of the advertisements in our daily newspapers at this season—"Men's Handsome Christmas Slippers," "Christmas Gloves," "Christmas Displays." Christmas suggestions along any and all lines but the one that will lead us to the lowly cradle of the Christ Child. Grimly humorous? No; pathetically tragic, and the pity of it is that we do not see, we cannot realize, how far we have travelled from the path of the guiding Star of Bethlehem.

The Wise Men came from afar not to bring gifts to their own loved ones, but to Him. Are we not putting Him on this, His day, out of the only place where He rightfully belongs, at the head of the feast? Do we not practically go so far even as to forget Him altogether in our undue enjoyment of the blessings His hand has bestowed? Are we sending out our gifts "in His Name" and for Him, or in our own name and for ourselves? Are we carrying to lonely, friendless, needy, sinful souls everywhere the angels' message in its wonderful simplicity, "Unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord"?

Whether we write the inspiring words upon a plain sheet of common note paper, or embroider them in floss of gold on ivory satin, or paint them in embazoned lines, or pour them out in coins of fabulous worth, makes, after all, no difference whatever, for we can add nothing to their import by the splendor of our gifts, as we can take nothing from them by the poverty of our tokens. The alabaster box and the widow's mite carry always the same score of loving remembrance, and bear away equal guerdons of praise.

Shall we then cease to lavish gifts upon our dear ones and overlook our little children at the Christmas time? No, if we can do so without strain of strength or purse, and in the full realization of the meaning of the day to us and to the world. But do we not owe it to our children, is it not a legitimate part of their religious training, to direct their minds and hearts to the central figure of the day, the Child Jesus, their Saviour? Ought they not to feel with us that it is His day and not their own? No heart is more capable of receiving the exalted thought of the Incarnation and of worshipping at the shrine of its ineffable mystery than that of the little child, and there is no voice more eager to join in the angels' chorus or to sing it with a fuller depth of meaning.

I was walking along a crowded street the other day, where the restless, weary throng of holiday shoppers jostled one another in their distracted haste and confusion, and each was laden with the inevitable accompaniment of this season—a weight of parcels. On almost every face there was an expression of anxiety and care, instead of the calm joyousness, the reposeful expectancy that should characterize us all at this Advent time. On one corner of the street stood a man holding aloft a small book, and calling out, 'Buy a copy of 'The Simple Life.' 10 cents," but people were mostly too busy to pay much attention to him or his wares. On another corner stood an old church with open door and the invitation in large letters to all passers by, "Come in and Rest," yet only one old lady, on a back seat, devoutly meditating and with open prayer book, had responded to the call at that hour.

Simplicity, rest, love, joy, the holy joy that follows and attends the full surrender to the spirit of Christmas Day in its beautiful entirety, these should be in us and represented in our gifts offered to Him rather than to each other, in His Name, and to those to whom He would give were He among us in bodily form to-day. Thus would He speak to us and through us to other hearts in ever widening circle the thrilling message of that first Christmas morning of the long ago, "Peace on earth, good will toward men!" S.
Brooklyn.

The Warrior.

BY HAROLD WILD.

He was feeling tired, with that collapsing sense of extreme lassitude to which both body and mind seemed to bow abjectly.

The feeling was not a novel one with him, for during the last few months he had constantly experienced it, combined with a hard, dry and irritating cough.

He stepped out into all the wretchedness of a wet and gloomy day in the early part of the year, and felt how unfit he was, yet acknowledging the necessity to face it.

He had been working hard the day before, finishing some black and white drawings for an illustrated magazine run by a syndicate which was of the long winded type, and which paid badly. But one must live, and, poor artist that he was, the thought of somebody else had lately crept into his mind, urging him on to even greater exertions. It was a hard struggle, this fight against poverty and the world, while victory appeared shadowy and far away.

He had an appointment with a dealer at noon, a man with whom he had left two or three canvases on the slender chance of an offer being made for them, no matter how small, which might prove an introduction to more satisfactory negotiations.

It wanted more than two hours to the time named, and, not feeling equal to close work, he climbed wearily to the top of a 'bus bound for Charing Cross, preferring to sit in the rain and fresh air than face the evil smelling, damp, sodden atmosphere of the interior.

Alighting at Trafalgar Square he walked across to the National Gallery and went into the building, which had just opened for the day. It was always a haven of rest for him, this home of the works of men who had lived and toiled, some of them in as bad a case, nay, often much worse than he was in, and had left behind them names which the world now acknowledged as immortal.

He walked into the room containing the pictures of the Spanish School, and sat down before one which was always a favorite with him, but which now seemed to possess special attractions.

It was the picture, ascribed to Velasquez, known as the "Orlando Muerte" ("The Dead Warrior").

The well known canvas, with its single prostrate figure, appealed to him greatly, not so much on account of the genius of the dead master or the splendid work in the painting, a fine example of foreshortening, but as regarded the immediate subject.

He did not think of that still, silent figure as that which it represented, the dead body of the great Ronald "in the Roncesvalles Strait," but as that of a warrior comparatively unknown who had fallen in fight, amid the turmoil of battle, contesting to the last, and who was now at peace.

"He died fighting, fighting hard," muttered the artist, under his breath, and that thought even cheered him. Better, far better, to die fighting hard than to end one's existence ignobly amid all the luxuries of pampered ease and interested assistance.

He looked long at that pale, armored figure, and unconsciously drew a parallel with his own case. He had started the world's fight clad in all the bright panoply of youth and armed with all youth's confidences and aspirations, and gradually—he sighed as he realized it—the trappings were getting old, the arms had been sadly blunted, and he knew that, as the other warrior had been, he was driven to bay, and all he could do was to die fighting, unless support arrived.

However, that longed-for assistance might come, and if it did the laurels for the victor were surely worth contesting for, and his thoughts took a softer turn as a face seemed to flit before his eyes and blot out the dead figure on the canvas in front.

A bright, merry, laughing face, soft as a child's, with a great deal of a child's innocence in its expression, and—but he shut his eyes to that—a great deal of a spoiled child's waywardness and selfishness about the pouting mouth.

He was lost in a maze of thought when a voice in his vicinity aroused him.

"How thoroughly peaceful that figure looks. Utterly calm after terrible strife."

A lady and gentleman were standing close to him, and the former made the remark to her companion. The artist sighed as they moved away, and pondered on the remark, while a great desire took possession of him. Just to be at peace. To obtain a respite from the world's toil in some way. Would he ever gain that end? Something told him he would, but how?

He roused himself, however, and rose from his seat, knowing that not yet was the time to give in, and with a last look at the picture turned away.

He left the gallery braced up by his recent thoughts, ready to continue the struggle to whatever end it led him, and made his way to keep his appointment.

The dealer was a stout, fussy, pompous man, with a muddy, or, to use a more polite term, olive complexion, and a cast of features which was not generous. He glanced through his gold pince-nez at the artist as he entered the room, and played ostentatiously with a heavy gold watchchain. He seemed hardly to remember his visitor, who quickly said he was here by appointment, did not offer him a chair, but, after a pause, replied, "Ah, yes, er—this, I believe, is the picture you left here, and I think I may be able to do something with it, but, er—your not being very well known, I cannot"—— here he stopped with a supercilious look of surprise, for his visitor had made a remark.

The dealer, while speaking, had indicated a lagish picture which was leaning against a chair, the subject being a nude female figure, the treatment of which was rather brutal and unlicensed.

"This is not my picture," was the remark the artist had made.

"Oh, indeed, isn't it?" replied the dealer, snappishly, "then what did you leave?"

"I left three landscapes with you the other day. That looks like my parcel," and his heart sank as he indicated a corded package which bore signs of never having been opened.

"Oh, yes, yes," said the dealer, in an indifferent tone, half turning to his table again, "I am sorry, but really, you know, we have very little sale for that kind of work just now, and I am afraid it will not be of much use your leaving them here any longer. Sorry, of course—hope I may be able to do something with you on some future occasion. I have your address, I think. Good day."

A few moments later the artist found himself in the mist and drizzle of the street with his pictures under his arm.

The gloom seemed intensified, as with a curious feeling, which was half keen disappointment and half a painful sort of relief—for he really never built upon success in his inmost mind, and the tension was now relaxed as he knew the worst—he put up his umbrella and walked along aimlessly.

Suddenly it seemed to him the sun shone, and a better aspect came over the day, as he perceived two people before him talking together on the pavement.

They turned toward him, and the face of the one was simply the embodiment of the vision continually before his mind's eye. Her companion he knew as a well-to-do young stockbroker who had paid her, at one time and another, a good deal of attention.

Whether it was a certain half ashamed look on the girl's face, or his noticing the well cut clothes, glossy silk hat and gold mounted umbrella of her companion, one could not say, but the artist suddenly became painfully aware that his well worn greatcoat was looking shabby, especially by contrast, and that his boots bore signs unmistakable that their owner walked and did not use hansoms.

The thought showed itself in a flush that sprang to his face, to quickly disappear, however, leaving a paleness that had not been there before.

The girl's greeting was not a warm one, and the stock broker's salutation consisted of a nod and a brief "How d'ye do?"

The artist felt a sudden, mad, unreasoning anger toward the man before him, against his well-to-do appearance, and it was with difficulty that he forced himself to ask the girl if she was turning home.

"Oh, no!" she replied, quickly. "Mr. Bullace has kindly got tickets for a matinee, and we are going there after luncheon. The parcel looks a heavy one."

"Yes. It contains some pictures which have been rejected by a dealer this morning," he answered, with a note of defiance in his tone, as though daring either of them to pity him or remark in any way on the fact.

"Oh!" said the girl. There was no sympathy, no interest of any kind conveyed by her exclamation, and the man at her side, wearing a look of supercilious boredom, threw her a hardly veiled interrogative glance.

"I suppose we shall see you to-morrow evening," she said, gathering her skirts more closely in her hand and stepping back a little.

"I do not know—I—er—really cannot say," replied the artist, in a low, hesitating voice.

"Oh!" indifferently. "At all events, we shall see you some time this week."

"Perhaps so. Goodby."

"Goodby for the present," and she turned aside.

"'By!" said her companion, not looking at the artist, and the two walked away.

The one who was left gazed into the fog and mist, into the gloom which had returned with threefold density, and then moved slowly in the opposite direction.

. . . . . .

It was five days later, and the artist sat before a picture he intended for the Academy, for the time of sending in was approaching.

He had put the finishing touches to it that morning, and now he sat and contemplated it. It was good work, in fact, it was great, and he knew it; but he also knew that he had put something into it that could never be returned to him.

For four days he had never left his studio, and now, as he sat there, a look of great contentment rested on his careworn face. He had worked hard, and his last stroke of work was his best. He had done it "for the love of the working," and as the picture of a girl's face intruded itself for one moment before his mind's eye, with an impatient movement of his arm he seemed to brush it away forever, and again bent his whole soul on the canvas.

There was a knock at the door, and, after a pause, the housekeeper of the building entered with a request for something in the room. He came slowly back to his surroundings, and, on the request being repeated to him, he rose from his chair and gave her what she wanted.

As he turned back to his picture a fit of coughing came upon him, leaving him white and shaking, so much so that the woman stopped as she was going out of the room and looked at him irresolutely.

"It's all right now," he said, with a faint smile, when he recovered his breath, but the woman shook her head as she went out.

He covered up the picture and then walked to the mantelpiece. In the middle of the shelf was a photograph, which he took out of its frame and looked at long and steadily. Then a faintly contemptuous smile curled his lips, and he deliberately tore it across and threw it into the grate. The half deadened coal warmed into life as the pieces fell on it, and, after curling them up, consumed them in a brilliant flame, which flickered for an instant and then died out.

The artist threw up his arms.

"God! She hit me hard, as hard as the rest of the world, but surely that," and his eyes went to the picture, "is a strong blow at them both. Oh, my old warrior! it is great to finish fighting, dealing good strokes to the last."

His arms fell at his sides, and his frame shook with another paroxysm of coughing. His handkerchief bore crimson stains as he took it from his lips. He sank into a chair and remained immovable for some time, and then, going to the table, drew out a sheet of paper, and, taking up a pen, wrote at some length. When he had finished he placed the paper in an envelope, sealed it, and laid it on the easel with his picture.

"In case," he whispered to himself, "in case!"

He lifted the cover and took another long look at his work, and then slowly put on his overcoat and hat, and left the room.

Some time later he sat before the Velasquez picture in the National Gallery.

"It came hard at the last, soldier," he half whispered to the painted form before him, "the blows bit deeply through your broken armor, but I know you finished up with one good stroke that showed you were still a fighting man, though in it the last of your strength was expended. Ah! But it is good to do so, fighting to the"—— Some of the attendants ran forward as the artist fell to the ground, and lifted him onto a chair.

A smile came to his face, to remain there. His head fell back.

The warrior had died fighting.—(Lady's Pictorial.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Tissue Paper Pattern of Corset Cover, No. 4,862, for 10 Cents.

Corset covers made on simple lines are always the best and can be made as tasteful as may be liked by the use of fine material and dainty work. This one is full at the front, plain at the back, where it is drawn down in gathers at the waist line, and is fitted by means of shoulder and under arm seams, there being an extension below the waist which serves to keep it in place. As illustrated, the material is fine nainsook, the trimming German Valenciennes lace and beading threaded with ribbon, but all the materials and trimmings in vogue for underwear are available.

No. 4,862—CORSET COVER.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 1¾ yards 36 inches wide, with 3¾ yards of beading and 3½ yards of lace.

The pattern, No. 4,862, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

The pattern will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Please give number and bust measure distinctly. Address Pattern Department, New-York Tribune. If in a hurry for pattern send an extra two-cent stamp, and we will mail by letter postage in sealed envelope.

A WOMAN INVENTOR.

"Mrs. Sessums, wife of the Bishop of Louisiana, is likely to win considerable success as an inventor," says "The Churchman." "She has devised an improvement upon the bodkin, and has taken out a patent, for which she has received several encouraging offers."

XMAS ORDERS FOR Huyler's CANDIES

FANCY BASKETS BOXES AND NOVELTIES

Can be placed now (to be packed and shipped on any desired date) at our Stores

Broadway, bet. 17th & 18th Sts.
Broadway at Liberty St.
Fifth Avenue at 42d Street
Fifth Avenue, Waldorf-Astoria
42d St. bet. 5th & 6th Aves.
BROOKLYN
458 Fulton St. - 335-7 Fulton St.

Mail & Telephone Orders receive same attention
Candies sent to all parts of the Globe by Mail or Express.

Art Exhibitions and Sales.

THE Fifth Avenue Art Galleries,
366, 368 Fifth Av.
(near 34th st.).
JAMES P. SILO, Auctioneer.

SALE OF Magnificent Jewels,
by order of Sam'l B. Hamburger, Atty.-at-Law,
ALSO
RARE and VALUABLE Antique WATCHES, VASES, CLOCKS and FINE FURNITURE
by order of Wm. J. Lippmann, Atty.-at-Law.

THE ANNUAL SALE of the AZEEZ KHAYAT collection of Antique Glass, etc.
Sale TO-DAY (THURSDAY), FRIDAY, and SATURDAY, at 2:30 P. M.
NOW ON EXHIBITION.

LIEBIG Company's Extract of Beef
LIGHTENS THE BILL. In fact, it lightens two bills—the kitchen bill and the bill of fare; greatly reducing the amount of the former, and adding brightness, variety and attractiveness to the latter.
This signature in blue is on every label of the genuine: J. v. Liebig

If in Need of a Butler Coachman Waiter
Consult the Situations Wanted Advertisements in the Narrow Columns of To-Day's *Tribune*.