MRS. SANTA CLAUS TO THE FORE

TAKING HER HUSBAND'S PLACE AT CHRISTMAS PARTIES.

Santa Claus Also Appears in New Forms —Substitutes for Christmas Trees—A Nautical Party for a Boy—Novel Holiday Entertainments for Old and Young.

"New ideas for Christmas?" repeated the man whose business it is to provide new ideas for all sorts of occasions and entertainments. "Of course we have—bushels of them.

"In the first place I want to say that Ibsen and Shaw and all the rest of that literary gang don't seem to have made any difference in the number of orders that come for Santa Clauses—is that plural of Claus? The kids believe in him just as much as they ever did and there isn't a mail that goes out that doesn't carry with it some wigs and beards for local Santa Clauses out on the plains or in some part of the Union.

"We have a new fireplace for Santa Claus this year that is taking pretty well. Each brick in it is really a candy box, and when Santa Claus has stepped out of the fireplace and distributed his gifts then the children are allowed to pull it to pieces and each one finds a brick filled with goodies and his or her name written on the bottom of it.

"We have a snowball heap made the same way of candy boxes. When it is built it looks just like a pyramid of snowballs and the little ones grow crazy over it when they find out that instead of a cold handful of wet snow they are really getting a nice warm box of bonbons.

"The big snowball boxes with sprigs of holly stuck in them are very popular for holiday luncheons and dinners. The snow sparkles like the real thing and the holly berries look all the redder in contrast.

"One of the most popular innovations for the country is the addition of Mrs. Santa Claus. The idea of Mother Santa Claus is just to add a little fun to the evening.

"All she needs to play her part is a big fur lined cloak turned fur side outside, and the poke bonnet and muff we send, made of white cotton wool with black worsted tails. Mrs. Santa Claus should be stout, even fat, and when she is first disclosed to the eyes of the admiring children she is standing by the side of an enormous pumpkin, out of which in due time steps a little girl dressed like a fairy with wand and wings, who sings a little ballad and then takes gifts from the inside of the pumpkin, which she distributes to the children. Poor old Santa Claus stands by as useless as the husband of a boarding house keeper, and as much overlooked as the bridegroom at a June wedding.

"Many of the societies that we hear from tell us that they have decided for various reasons, some because they do not believe in cutting down the beautiful trees for temporary purposes, to have some substitute for the tree and ask for suggestions in regard to this.

"While there is nothing so beautiful as a Christmas tree and nothing that appeals so directly to the children, these considerations are potent, as well as the ever present danger from fire in a crowded room with two or three hundred children present, so we have many substitutes. One is the Capt. Kidd treasure chest.

"We send directions to the home or to the committee in regard to its building and furnish the covering and the big brass headed nails if required. The presents have to be dug out of the box, where they are imbedded, either in sand or bran, and a pirate stands guard with the most piratical costume ever imagined. There are some skulls and crossbones thrown in with other properties of that kind.

"The grab bag and bran pie never lose their charm, and for a few dollars we send the pie and bag all filled with presents, enough for twenty-five children. These may be made more expensive if desired, and a twelve dollar outfit really furnishes some charming gifts, even including the popular Teddy bears and their accompanying lady dolls.

"One of the popular substitutes we made for a tree was in a little Western church, where in the vestry was built a bower of Christmas greens powdered with glistening snow—represented by cotton sprinkled with coarse salt—the walls festooned with the usual garlands of Christmas greens. Approaching the bower was a long chute down which Santa Claus came sliding on a large red sled with his pack on his back.

"At another place Santa Claus also appeared on a sled drawn by six children dressed in white, who stood and sang their little carols before he alighted and began to distribute his goods.

"The amount of supplies sent out over the country to help to gather money for charitable purposes is simply tremendous. New York people are not the only ones who like to feel when they give that they are getting something in return.

"Our hat trade alone is enormous, and we send hats, caps and bonnets for masquerades, carvinals, cotillons and especially for church fairs. To-day we shipped two dozen Chinese skulls with queues to a committee in Maine, and we have on file an order from the giver of a cotillon on Long Island for three dozen Rough Rider hats and some Salvation Army bonnets.

"For this same cotillon we sent some gift flowers, that is, large flowers of our own manufacture whose petals conceal the favors until they are ready for distribution.

"We have a number of orders for Japanese parties during the holiday week, one of them coming from a big establishment which intends to have the Christmas eve jollification take this form. The presents for the guests will be distributed from the jinriksha.

"The city children who are deprived of the delight of seeing and playing with the open wood fires have burning outfits which make a very satisfactory understudy. The logs look very natural and the burning effect is produced by fire gilt tinsel.

"The amateur makeup boxes we get orders for from all over the world and especially from New England, where it seems that the amateur play is more prevalent than anywhere else. These boxes contain grease paints, lining colors for shading wrinkles, burnt cork, eyebrow pencils, émail noir, to stop out teeth in character work; skin mustache masks, for covering over the mustache when it is not desired to sacrifice it, and half a hundred more articles.

"Certainly the child of to-day has great advantages in this respect over the children of a generation ago who had to be content with burning their own corks and making raids on the flour barrel when the histrionic fever reached the point of expression. You would be surprised, too, at the number of these that are given to children for Christmas presents."

Just at this moment the telephone rings and a request comes over the wire for a new device for Christmas presents. The man of ideas replies that he is working out an idea that is not quite complete and explains, after quieting the questioner with promises to let her see it the next day, that he has originated a Ferris wheel made by placing two ordinary carriage wheels together, painting and covering them with mock snow and fastening Christmas boxes to the spokes. The idea to be worked out consists of turning the wheel so that when it stops the child gets the box nearest him.

Hardly is this described before a suburban woman comes in and asks for help in arranging some kind of butterfly party, while she keeps the staff busy looking up butterfly favors for it. These favors consist of velvet winged pins for the hair, pincushions and fans with painted butterfly adornments, matchsafes with enamel butterflies and stickpins with the same design.

The guests are to amuse themselves and one another by painting butterflies on parchment squares, and prizes are to be given for the best work. The decorations for the table are butterfly shaped and a tiny little girl dressed as Psyche is to dance as a windup for the evening's entertainment.

So the entertainer decides, and having satisfied the customer he turns his attention to an anxious mamma whose small boy is expected home from boarding school and who wishes to give a nautical party for him.

For this it is planned that she shall cover her table with a long green cloth and over this spread a fish net, the sixteen covers to be laid on it, some imitation seaweed outlining each. In the centre of the table a huge pumpkin, hollowed out, will contain a deep pan filled with water on which will float a good sized ship, its decks covered with a cargo of apples, pears, oranges and other goodies.

On the side of the pumpkin little anchors are stuck and from these ropes of evergreen and holly extend to the different places. Little canoes are to be fastened to these ropes, and across the bow of each of the tiny craft a paddle will bear the guest's name. Shells are to do duty as salt and bonbon dishes.

Over the door of the drawing room two big oars crossed will bear the words "Come Aboard," and after the dinner the old game of donkey in a different guise is to be played, a ship at anchor with mast and no sails taking the place of the beast of burden. The little guests will try to pin sails to the masts in the places where they ought to be, the prize for the best placed sail to be a silver rowboat pin.

"There is no doubt about it," says the man of ideas as he arranges for half a dozen other entertainments in the course of half an hour, among which are a lemon party, a rummage sale, a corn social, a lullaby concert and a Mother Goose carnival, "that people do like to be amused when they go to a party with something besides tea and talk. Anything that takes us out of ourselves a little bit, no matter how silly, answers the purpose. We are but children of a larger growth, you know."

And to prove this he told the following:

"The other day we were asked to get up something in a hurry for a stag dinner at the Aldine Club. We sent them a pie with a papier maché crust, all decorated with sprigs of green and holly.

"When the pie was opened instead of the four and twenty blackbirds a number of balloons flew out, on each of which was painted in big white letters the name of one of the party. They had been carefully inflated beforehand, and as the pie appeared when everybody was feeling pretty mellow, why it raised a big laugh. Every man got up, chased his particular balloon around, and having captured it tied it to his buttonhole and was as pleased as a peacock.

"We had an order a while ago from a man who lives in a big studio uptown for an autumnal party, sort of golden sheaf and hunter's moon affair, for he had had a jug of maple syrup sent him from the country and that had started his mind on a sort of merry-go-round of harvest homes.

"Well, we went into his place and covered it with yellow bunting and put some big pumpkins around and some sheaves of corn and wheat. We had some ears of corn in papier maché and they had a regular corn husking, and perhaps the girl that got the red ear didn't have the time of her life!

"He had insisted that we have some good trick played on the crowd, and as supper time approached he came to look up the man we had sent to superintend things. The man didn't let on, said it would be all right, and finally when they went into the dining room he was perfectly satisfied, for he was fooled himself.

"The table was covered with white paper and only the food that would be served to a country crowd in such a merrymaking was on the table, except of course the cocktails, which shone seductively each on its plate, with a big whopping cherry in the centre of the glass.

"They all raised the cocktail glasses, some one proposed the health of the host and then they swallowed them—at least a part of them, for the cocktails were of the maple syrup, an absolutely perfect imitation of the transparent liquid. The host was as mad as a hatter, for he had swallowed his down with one gulp; then he tried to pretend that he did it on purpose, but it didn't work."

THE DELICIOUS MOMENT AT THE CANDY BOX CHIMNEY.

MAKING THE COSTUMES FOR THE FAIR.

CAPT. KIDD'S TREASURE BOX.

WHEN THE PIE WAS OPENED.

THE BUTTERFLY PARTY.

ALL HIS OLD FRIENDS THERE

FAMILIAR GREETINGS FOR THE MAN ON CHRISTMAS.

The Neckties, the Dressing Gown, the White Satin Scarf, the Cane, the Matchbox—Holiday Reflections of Mankind —Getting Up the Expected Enthusiasm.

It is Christmas morning. Slowly the man turns to the heap of packages that contain gifts from his women friends and hesitatingly he begins to open them. He has had other Christmas mornings and knows what to expect.

This long, slim parcel is the silver headed cane; the flat, square one, the silk handkerchiefs; the small ones, the silver match box and the cigar cutter; the big one, the red silk smoking jacket; the larger one, the green figured dressing gown.

Slowly he opens them and arranges the contents on the table. He counts them over—the dressing gown, the smoking jacket, the handkerchiefs, the gloves, the slippers, the match box, the cigar cutter.

One familiar object seems to be missing and he turns over the papers in search of it. Yes, it had fallen behind the table, and as he opens it, under his gaze, from the pink tissue paper emerge the voluminous folds of the white satin scarf.

His brow clears. It wasn't so bad after all. But as he begins to congratulate himself he sees a slim parcel half hidden by a fold of the tablecloth.

His heart sinks, he fears the worst. He takes the little parcel in his fingers and weighs it meditatively in his hand while he gathers courage to break the pink cord that enwraps it.

At last the paper is off, and at the prospect opened by the objects that lie under his gaze he sinks back in his chair with staring eyes and pallid brow. Yes, they are here—the red necktie with the blue spots, the blue tie with the white bars, the lavender with the diagonal stripes of brown, the white piqué and down at the very bottom the ready made white satin dress tie.

Surely he had expected this, and yet he had hoped that for one year he had escaped the universal fate of man. "But," he thought, "what good deed have I done in the year past that would make me worthy to be immune from the trials of the common lot?"

And from Sue, too. Well he knew that from the wife of his bosom nothing could be hid. With sinking heart he thought that no excuse would enable him to avoid wearing the whole assortment. Why had he not grown a beard?

Yet his aching heart must be covered by a smile. Not only must he wear his presents, but he must dissemble, counterfeit enthusiasm and assure each of the donors that it was "such a surprise; just what he wanted most."

Even in the midst of his despondency there was a sombre joy in the thought that he was only one of thousands. He remembered that a million men all over the broad land were passing through the same experience, thinking the same thoughts, wondering why they couldn't kill the salesman who had wrought such misery.

"Why," he wondered, "if women buy a man wearing apparel for Christmas presents do they not try and find out what other men wear and save their helpless victims useless humiliation?"

Once when he was younger and didn't know any better he had remonstrated with his wife.

"Why, dear," said she, "I bought that to match your eyes and the other to match your hair."

Women choose their clothes that way. They don't know men buy haberdashery to match their suits, not their eyes. That even if they have blue eyes they don't wear blue ties with their brown clothes.

Still musing, he wondered if a club of fellow victims could do any good or if suffragette tactics would have an educational value. He decided to make a list of proper things for men's wear and to enlist the help of his male friends in giving it circulation. Scores of other schemes flooded his brain.

He took the neckties in his hand. He could imagine his wife in a dress like the blue one and thought how it would become her.

He wondered why white satin cravats have such a fascination for women. He could picture to himself the very counter in the store where they had lain, with the enticing "English Squares, marked down from $3.50."

A cane was something he had wanted for a long time. But he knew that the proper cane is substantial, with a simple crook of the wood for a handle, and not the flimsy, silver handled aggravation he had before him.

"A silver handled umbrella isn't so bad," he thought, "because you need only carry it on rainy days and people will perhaps think you borrowed it, but a silver headed cane!"

The gloves, too, were gray suède. He knew they were last year's stock carried over till Christmas time. Would young Jones, who had told him that the only correct glove for street wear was a tan glacé kid, notice them when he wore them to the office, or could they be kept for evening wear? Men sometimes do wear queer things in the evening. French counts, orchestra leaders and the like.

The dressing gown and the red silk smoking jacket weren't so bad. At the worst they need be worn only in the bosom of the family, but he thought regretfully of the woollen gowns in soft pastel shades and subdued patterns he had seen in the windows of the Fifth avenue haberdasher and in imagination saw himself arrayed in one of them. He had thought that the next time he had the boys up to play poker he would follow the English style and as the host wear his smoking jacket, but he knew he could never muster courage to inflict the red silk proposition on them.

He lit his pipe and in the curling smoke saw visions of a time when women who gave him gifts would know what to buy, not alone to please his taste but such things as other men wear

In that happy time women would know that the padded silk muffler was out of style and the large square of white or cream silk was correct. They would see that no man wears a silk handkerchief except under compulsion and that plain linen embroidered with a modest monogram please him best.

They would prefer to buy plaited shirts in tan or green or rose with modest stripes or figures instead of the "unparalleled bargains at 89 cents, worth $3.50."

What a happy time that would be! No more ready made dress ties, or out of date gloves, or impossible neckties. But as the door opened he sprang to his feet, saying:

"I don't see how you could guess just what I wanted, dear! You couldn't have chosen anything that would have given me more pleasure."

XMAS CHEER FOR THE POOR

FOUR AGENCIES WILL LOOK AFTER 10,000 HOMES.

Five Thousand Basket Dinners in Sight —Toys for Children and Rent Money, Fuel and Clothing for Those Who Need Them—Convicts' Families Remembered.

It doesn't seem probable that any even of New York's poorest families will have to go hungry or get along without a present of some sort on Christmas Day, judging from information obtained from four of the largest charitable agencies in the city. These are the Charity Organization Society, the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the Volunteers of America and the Salvation Army.

By their efforts at least 60,000 persons representing more than 10,000 homes will receive Christmas cheer in one form or another. Besides there are dozens of other public and private agencies that specialize more or less in their giving. It is evident therefore that New York deserves its reputation for taking better care of its poor than any other city in the world.

Until recently, though, such generosity in holiday cheer was not possible. Only a few years ago Christmas giving to the very poor was conducted mainly in a haphazard and necessarily restricted fashion by individuals. To study how to do the greatest good to the greatest number seldom entered the mind of the most generous of these givers. Public charitable agencies were entrusted with very few checks to spend for Christmas gifts for the poor.

It is different now. Because of the comprehensive system they employ such agencies are much better able than individuals to reach those needing help. This is recognized and people who formerly did their own giving now send checks to some organization.

The managers and the force of workers in each organization are working overtime now to plan their gifts so as to reach homes which otherwise would get no Christmas presents at all. To reach as many of them as possible no two of the organizations are following exactly the same methods.

For example, the Volunteers of America is tackling the double task of looking after the families of convicts and also after a long list of poor families not in this class who at Christmas apply for relief. The two sets of cases are handled by different departments.

Men in Dannemora, in Auburn and in Sing Sing prisons write to Mrs. Booth in behalf of families left behind, and invariably in answer to these appeals a visitor is despatched from headquarters to investigate the family's needs and find out the number of children and how old they are, facts which are taken into account when, packing a big box, which is delivered to each family the day before Christmas and is certain to contain two pairs of stockings for each child, warm clothing if clothing is needed, a month's supply of groceries and canned goods, a box of candy and several toys.

In the wagon which delivers the boxes is a supply of chickens, one or two of which, according to the size of the family, go with every box. In addition rent money is sometimes furnished or fuel, if the need is imminent.

Between eighty and ninety of these boxes will go to New York families, and as many more will be packed to go to other cities, whose convicts also look to Mrs. Booth for aid.

About 2,000 baskets, providing for 10,000 persons, are handled in the department which looks after general cases. A large part of the money spent here is collected in dimes.

In this department the workers will pack baskets all night long in order to be ready for the distribution Christmas morning. This takes place at three different headquarters where holders of tickets assemble, each ticket representing a home which has previously been visited by a representative of the Volunteers. Attached to each ticket is a coupon which calls for a basket containing a dinner for five or six or eight persons, as the case may be.

"We cannot pack the baskets sooner than Christmas eve," said the adjutant in charge, "for the reason that donations of fruit and vegetables from wholesale dealers who turn over to us a good deal of their surplus stock after closing hours, do not come in till Christmas eve, and also because the day before Christmas is the largest in the nickel and dime collection, the size of which has something to do with the size of the baskets."

The Adjutant added that for the past three weeks from one to twenty-five persons had applied daily at the headquarters for rent money, clothes or food. All had been helped to some extent. About $3,500 he thought would be expended by the Volunteers on their Christmas boxes and baskets, provided the public responded with its usual generosity to Mrs. Booth's appeal for donations of money.

The Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor conducts its Christmas giving on a different plan. The extent to which the society plays Santa Claus depends entirely on the size of the checks and of other donations, none of the regular funds being diverted to this use.

Toys and books and clothing, including many knitted mittens and caps and mufflers, are received at the society's rooms before Christmas and together with articles bought with money given for the purpose are distributed by the twenty-five district visitors in the employ of the society.

"Last year," said Mrs. Graham, "a gentleman sent a check for $25, with the request that it be spent solely for things which to some good people represent a waste of money. Naturally that check was expended for toys.

"With another check came the request to spend it all for toys which make a noise, 'for drums and trumpets too,' and this request also was strictly carried out much to the joy of some small boys on our list if not to the peace of mind of their neighbors. A third donor asked that the enclosed check be used to give pleasure to a few aged women—an order I was delighted to carry out. Down here we have been guilty even of buying a canary bird to give to a poor woman at Christmas.

"As a rule, however, senders of checks leave the spending of the money to our discretion stipulating only that it shall go for Christmas presents. Last year children in 500 homes got presents of toys or books from us at a cost of about $300 and about $3,000 more was spent in providing 1,000 special dinners and for coal, clothing and paying arrears of rent, the district visitors taking the greatest pains to fit the present to the particular need of each family.

"We hope to get $3,500 to meet our Christmas demands this year, and although that amount is not in sight yet I have considerable faith in the public's generosity."

The method of this society is to deliver packages of clothing and of food at the homes. The same plan is followed by the Charity Organization Society, whose manager says that every day in the year is Christmas with them.

Under no circumstances is the general fund used for special Christmas benevolences, but in each of the ten district headquarters maintained by the society gifts of money and toys are received every year for distribution among needy families and also at the main headquarters in the United Charities Building. Unless particularly asked to furnish basket dinners this society expends the Christmas money for other things.

Last year a patron asked that 1,000 baskets of provisions be sent to as many poor families at his expense, and it was done in this fashion: A list of names and addresses was obtained from the ten district superintendents and was turned over to a department store which deals in produce, with orders to fill the baskets as specified and deliver them to the recipients the day before Christmas.

The same thing may be repeated this year, said Mr. Persons at headquarters, but so far an order to that effect has not come in. But in any case, he said, that at least 1,800 families would receive a Christmas present of some sort through the medium of the society and that none in its care would go hungry.

At the Salvation Army headquarters preparations are being made to send Christmas cheer to at least 25,000 persons by means of basket dinners, toys and clothing. For many weeks the cadets of the Army have been climbing stairs, sorting children and giving out tickets which shall insure to girls and boys the kind of toy most suitable. Small boys will have a ticket of one color, larger boys of another color. Small girls and larger girls will have tickets of different colors and each ticket will be exchanged for a toy which even at wholesale costs from 75 cents to $1.

These will be distributed from seven centres, each guy with a wonderful Christmas tree, under the supervision of the commander, who will appear on schedule time, beginning at 2 P. M. at 125th street and Lexington avenue and winding up at the headquarters in West Fourteenth street at 7:30 P. M.

The biggest feature of the day will be the distribution in the morning of 5,000 baskets, each containing an abundant dinner for five persons, from the old Sixty ninth Regiment Armory, in Cooper Square, Manhattan, and from Brooklyn 1 Citadel, Brooklyn.

The Salvation Army will also have a spread or two for the homeless.

HIS BOOK.

History of a Volume All Gold and White Outside and Black and White Within.

He didn't look like an author. Few of them do. But there was a burden on his soul and a literary publication in his pocket, which ought to prove something. Besides, he claimed title more in sadness than in pride.

He opened the subject himself and saw it through to the finish without any prompting, and he made suitable gestures when occasion demanded.

"As I was saying," he began, "consider the case of the poor author—the man who writes a book.

"I hate to talk about myself, but take me for example. I am an author. A publisher once made some of my writings into a book.

"It was a lovely little book, all gold and white outside and all black and white in. I was much pleased with it.

"In the first place I wrote it. Then I rewrote it. Then I submitted it to a publisher.

"He liked it. He said so plainly. It was one of the best things he had read. He said that too. But it did not fit in exactly with his season's plans and he was obliged to refuse it.

"You may imagine I was pleased to have him consider it so favorably. I asked him if he had any fault to find with the plot. He had none at all.

"In fact he did not seem to remember much about the plot. He asked me if the book had one. I assured him that it did. He had no fault to find even then.

"And hoping to see the very next thing I did, and being honored by my visit, he gently but firmly shoved me out into an alleyway, which I presently discovered ended in the street.

"Another publisher, who was in his office the fifth time I called, submitted my book to his readers and they reported favorably upon it. They, however, suggested some changes.

"One considered it too long. Another thought it ought to be padded out a bit. A third thought it might have hit the Christmas trade if they had seen it early enough. A fourth said it might do, but it would be dead around the holidays.

"I showed the publisher that the sum of these remarks proved that the book was just the right length and would sell all the year around. He did not deny it. Neither did he take the book.

"I tried others and they all showed great anxiety over the next book I might write. But they flagged that one.

"At least one of them must have been a gambler by nature. He accepted the manuscript. He said the heroine's mother bore a striking resemblance to a certain person whose fourth husband had just eloped with her adopted granddaughter. Something like that. I did not see any resemblance, but I did not tell him so.

"I had meantime made no secret of the fact that I had written a book. No, I had discussed it with my friends. I even got some of them to read it. I heard once that a man sold a book and the publisher swore afterward that he did not write it. I took no chances.

"But my open methods were nothing to those of the man who was to put my book on the market. Shortly I read notices among the literary news about myself.

"I was 'a talented young author.' I learned that the publishers had 'secured an option on my future work.' I was interviewed once or twice. At least I read that I had been.

"They decided to make it a $1.50 book and have it illustrated. I considered my fortune made. I longed to see in painted effigy the form of my heroine. I saw it.

"In the frontispiece she was about nine heads tall, with aristocratic features, and wore a riding habit. In other pictures she ranged from a short plump blonde to a languorous Oriental person who smoked cigarettes. The book said she was a Quaker maiden.

"I called the firm's attention to this and they said they knew it, but what the public wanted was pretty pictures. Besides, her being a Quaker was the weakest point in the book. Quakers, I learned, had been done to death.

"I resolved my next story should be based on twins. Three artists got $100 apiece for illustrating the book. The cost of illustration was charged to my profits.

"Everything went along pleasantly until I got my contract. Somehow I began to have forebodings the minute I read that paper.

"Did you ever read a literary contract? It usually covers four pages of foolscap and is a work of art and science. I read along about the parties of the first part and parties of the second part and heirs and assigns in a mad mental revel of delight. I had never been anything of these things before. I did not understand now which one I was, but I was in the swim anyhow.

"Then I got down to the talk about the royalties. That was the cream. Pretty word, royalties. Only this pessimistic contract had such a grewsome way of spoiling everything. It would go along like this:

And the royalties (if any) shall be paid to the party of the second part, one-half three months after the first of the year succeeding the date of publication and the other half in six months succeeding the payment of the first royalties (if any).

"I don't know if they do it to be mean, but that 'if any' jammed in after every mention of royalties is no good way. No use discouraging a man before he begins. The contract was full of those two cold blanket words.

"There was provision made for the payment of $100 to another man who was better known than I to write a preface and introduction. I was to pay for this. One thousand copies of the book were exempted from royalties and the firm did its own bookkeeping.

"Well, how are you going to beat it? Anyhow, I was to get double royalties on the second thousand to make up for what I did not get on the first. That's fair enough. They all do it.

"Well, sir, when that book came out I was tickled to death. I read it all through to my family and could hardly wait for the next week's papers to see what they said about it.

"After all, what they said wasn't so bad. They liked the pictures and hoped I would do better next time. Queer how everybody was so much interested in my next book.

"My friends stood by me in great shape. Every one of them wanted a copy of that book. Of course they were right when they said that it wouldn't be correct for me to present the books 'With Author's Compliments' unless I bought them.

"That was fair enough. I bought about a hundred copies and gave them away, all autographed. It's splendid to have friends who appreciate your work.

"They gave me a dinner, too. I made a speech and tried to be very modest. Nearly everybody else made a speech, including a lot of those I had given the books to.

"They said they had not read it yet, but it was a pleasure they held in store for themselves. Pretty nice, eh? Oh, I tell you I felt rather satisfied with myself.

"I wondered how the book was selling, but I hated to seem too anxious for the money. My friends spoke of the honor of it so much that I disliked to show my base material side.

"You can imagine it was with some delight that I received my first statement at the end of the year. The statement said that the firm still had 300 copies of the book on hand but hoped to do better during the next quarter.

"I hoped so too. That would bring it about July. Just the thing for a trip to Europe.

"I read the papers carefully during the next months. I learned that the book was one of the wonders of the year. It sold like hot cakes, the papers said. It had been sent to press four times.

"I figured that I could not make less than $7,548.67, or maybe $7,548.66; I'm not good at figures. I ordered some books I had been wanting a long time for my library and began to dress a bit better. After all, one must live up to the pace.

"In the early summer came the letter again. They then had sold the first thousand out completely and a great many in the second thousand, for which I received a double royalty. They had paid the man who wrote the introduction and also one of the artists out of what my royalties amounted to.

"They would pay the other artist as soon as they sold some more books. Without doubt authors are profitable investments for artists and writers of prefaces.

"Well, that is about all. I never did get anything out of the book and the publishers claim to be $100 or so out themselves.

"I hope some day to get a job working for an advertising house. Meanwhile I am an author—cross my heart, hope I may die author. I have a pretty little gold and white covered book to prove it. That is all I have."

DEGREES SOME TIME AFTER.

Pennsylvania Awards Them to Men Unable to Finish Course.

The University of Pennsylvania recently conferred on twenty-three men academic degrees that they failed to get because of interruption in their college work. All the men were students at the university but were deprived of the privilege of being graduated with their classes although not for reasons of scholarship. Some of the men who received the degrees dated back to the '70s, while others were very recent indeed.

This custom has been tried at Harvard and other universities, although not on so large a scale. At Columbia not long ago there was the case of a student whose name was placed on the list of his class as having received a degree although he had died some time before.