

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

BY ZIELLA GOGKE

It was just before the Christmas of 1859 that four little Alabama girls were as busy as four little girls—Lily Langhorne, Lucy Waller, Mattie Harwood and Lizzie Ella Manning—could be. They were to have a dolls' party on the Monday after Christmas, and they could talk of nothing else.

Hal Stanley discovered that the girls had a project on hand. The whispering behind desk lids and around the store, and the long conferences during recess, told the secret, although the strictest silence about their plans was maintained in the presence of the boys.

Lily often let slip an unguarded remark about the coming festivity, and then clapped her hands over her mouth if she saw Hal Stanley near. For Lizzie Ella had said over and over again, "Whatever you do, Lily Langhorne, don't you tell Hal Stanley. I don't want him to know one word about it until it is all over!"

"I say so, too!" exclaimed Mattie Harwood. "Why, aren't you going to let him come to the party?" asked Lily, in a pathetic voice.

"Let him come!" said Lizzie Ella. "I'm astonished at you, Lily Langhorne. Don't you know Hal Stanley well enough to know we don't want him at our party? What are you thinking about?"

"I thought maybe you'd let him come, after we had finished fixin' our things," said Lily.

"Well, you thought wrong—he shan't come any time if I have anything to do with it," asserted Lizzie Ella.

"He lets me ride on his pony sometimes, and leads him all around the front yard," said Lily, meekly.

"Yes, and pinches you when he takes you off the pony, doesn't he?" retorted Lizzie Ella.

"He don't pinch me hard," insisted Lily.

"Well, Lily Langhorne, you are a strange girl, I declare. I should think you wouldn't want him at the party," answered Lizzie Ella, with a toss of her head.

"Oh, I don't want him, if you don't, Lizzie Ella. Only he said he was comin', anyhow," said Lily.

"Very well," said Lizzie Ella, still provoked, "none of the boys shall come if Hal Stanley is to come. If he comes I shall not come, and my sister shall not make the dolls' dresses, and I won't lay my hand to a thing. I did think we could have some boys and have a dance, but we'll have girls enough to make a set."

"It would be nice to have some boys," said Mattie Harwood. "Ed, Waller can dance."

"Well, we can't have them. My mother says we cannot invite the other boys and not invite Hal Stanley, and I will not have—Hal Stanley at our dolls' party. Now, you've got it," said Lizzie Ella defiantly, as she walked away from the group of girls.

And so it was settled that the dolls' party should be enjoyed without the presence of boys, and the preparations for the event began. The Saturday before the eventful Monday the table was already decorated with frosted cakes and fruits and candles. The dolls in all their finery were in their seats.

The table was beautiful. The bright colored candles and the gay dresses of the dolls shone among bouquets and garlands and bowers. Everything had been arranged to perfection, and the door of the room was closed. After the dance the girls were to enter the room and stand around the table behind the dolls. Each girl was to have a match, and at a given signal each was to light the three candles in front of the doll behind which she stood. They had practiced the marching and standing until they could do it without a mistake. All were to light the candles at once, so that an illumination should burst over the table like a flash.

By 4 o'clock Monday afternoon the girls had arrived in full dress. They talked and played games, and everything was delightful. The moment arrived when the procession was to

Legend of the Mistletoe.
Christmas is never Christmas without the holly wreath and the mistletoe. Christians venerated the holly or holly tree because to them the little thorny leaves and red berries made in a wreath typified the crown of thorns and the bloody drops. Doubtless they introduced this solemn reminder at the festival in order not to forget the sacredness of the occasion in the general festivities.

The mistle bush, mistletoe—or mistletoe, as we know it—owes its use as a festive decoration to pagan times. According to the Scandinavian legend, Baldur, the most beloved of all the gods, had a premonition that death impended. Thereupon his mother, Frigga, besought everything that was begotten of earth, air, fire or water to swear not to harm her son.

But in her request she overlooked the insignificant little mistletoe. Loki, the god of destruction, disguised as an old woman, visited Frigga, and, learning of her oversight, hurried back to where the gods were assembled. There they were amusing themselves by hurling all manner of missiles at Baldur, and all were turned aside. But Loki with an arrow of mistletoe pierced Baldur's heart.

In reparation, the mistletoe was given to Frigga to do as she saw fit, provided it touched not earth. And she, to show that she bore no ill will, hung it up, and every one who passed

Making Christmas Candies

The difficulties of candy making have been greatly exaggerated. Any one with a little patience can make very good confectionery.

The easiest candies to make are those prepared from confectioners' sugar and eggs. The sugar is of fine quality mixed with certain gums to give it consistency and requires no troublesome boiling, hence its popularity.

To make the candy from the sugar, several eggs are broken and the whites are separated from the yolks. The yolks may be set aside for use in some household operation, as only the whites are needed for the candy.

For a pound box of candy the whites of two eggs are about sufficient. The whites are put in a cup and mixed with an equal quantity of water and about half a teaspoonful of extract of vanilla or whatever other flavoring extract is to be used. The liquid is then gradually mixed with the sugar until a paste of about the consistency of dough has been made. The compo-

GOOD ROADS.

Changes in Road Making.
They have been slow in coming to this country, but now that they have started they are coming with a rush. One of the latest States to adopt the money system of working the roads is Iowa. In that State there is to be no more working out the tax by individual land owners. Everything is to be done by the money system. New York is fast working that way. Whole counties are leaving the old way and adopting the new.

This change comes hard in some localities. The old men have for so many years looked forward to the time of working roads that they do not like to have it done away with. It has been looked upon as a sort of picnic, a time when we can get together and talk over all our own affairs and those of our neighbors. Everybody's business is raked for and aft at these annual gatherings. A little mud or loose earth is hauled into the road—usually where it is least needed—and the rest of the time is spent sitting under some tree or in the fence corner. True, a few districts have always done good, faithful work. All honor to those districts. They shall have all the credit due them, but we all know, and they themselves know, that they are exceptions which prove the rule. Time and money enough have been wasted by men under the name of working on the road to put the highways of the State in first-class shape.

But what are we getting in return? That is what troubles some incredulous souls. They are always suspicious of new things. They look on the new everywhere with doubt. So in the matter of the money system of working the highways these men profess to see grave dangers. Some districts will be neglected. The work will lead to wholesale jobbery. The highways will be no better than they used to be. It will cost more, and so on, ad infinitum.

It must be left largely to time to tell us what part of all these gloomy forebodings are to become true. It seems reasonable, however, to suppose that if we elect honest men for highway commissioners—and that we ought always to do—the work will be done fairly and in the most workmanlike manner possible. It is true that not all honest men are competent to build roads. We will doubtless soon see to it that there are schools under the supervision of the State in which practical roadmaking shall be taught. We will also be more inclined than in the past to keep competent men in the office of highway commissioner when once we have found them. The trend is in the right direction, anyhow. Mistakes may be made. We will profit by them and gradually will come a perfect system.—E. L. Vincent, in the New York Tribune.

Federal Aid to Roads.
The good roads movement that seems to be going over the country is one of the best signs of the times. It is, perhaps, a better evidence of real progress than industrial enterprise of any other character.

When a community once gets well started in good road building it is very likely to keep it up, for every advance on this line gives a fresh object lesson of the practical value of good roads, and the wastefulness of bad ones.

For several years past a campaign of popular education on this subject has been carried on in every section of the country by individuals and organizations, by newspapers and magazines, and to a very notable extent by the Federal Government through its admirably conducted Department of Agriculture. The railroads have also given it very valuable aid. This work has seemed in many localities to have little effect, and there has been much to discourage those who have devoted themselves to it. But they have kept bravely on, and now or all sides the fruits of their labors are beginning to appear. It is a safe prediction that there will be more miles of first-class roadway laid in the United States this year than in any previous year of our history. It has become much easier than it formerly was to interest the masses of the people, the farmers, the business men, men of property and professional men—the public generally—in this subject, which concerns us all and touches all our interests. Interest in road improvement is growing into enthusiasm for it as a larger proportion of the people are coming to appreciate its importance and profitability.

We are at the beginning of a great era of road building in this country, which is equivalent to saying that we are making surer the way to the substantial development and progress of the country.

Representative Beldier, of Ohio, has introduced in Congress a bill which should receive the hearty support of men of all political opinions.

It is emphatically a measure for the advancement of the public welfare; it is hard to conceive one that would better deserve that title.

The Beldier bill provides for the assembling of a convention representing the War Department, Postoffice Department, Agricultural Department, Interior Department of the Federal Government, as well as every State and Territory in the Union.

Such a convention would be composed largely of men who have made a special study of the construction and care of roads. From it we might therefore reasonably expect recommendations that would be of immense value to Congress, the State Legislatures and county boards in their legislative and administrative provisions for road work.

The convention might also lay the basis of a national good roads policy that would benefit the country quite as much as the Government's labor and expenditure for river and harbor improvement.

The Beldier bill is one of the most practical and promising measures that has been proposed to Congress in a long time.—Atlanta (Ga.) Journal.

The Most Valuable State.
The most valuable state in the world is that of the god Diabutsu, in Yokohama, Japan. It is 63.2 feet high, weighs 450 tons and contains 600-pound weight of pure gold.

MUCH POVERTY IN EUROPE

In the United Kingdom There Are 500,000 Persons Unemployed.

London.—It is long since the London theatres and restaurants have experienced as profitable a season as the present. The West End is ablaze with light nightly, all the amusement places are crowded, and theatre supper parties keep the fashionable hotels and restaurants busy until long after midnight.

In the meantime, it is estimated that 500,000 persons are idle in the kingdom, and the Board of Trade returns show the largest percentage for ten years past of unskilled persons out of work, while the proportion of skilled men without employment is constantly growing. The Woolwich Arsenal authorities have discharged 2000 mechanics since the winter set in, and are preparing to let out 4000 more. To the great number of persons out of work must be added 55,000 members of the Army Reserve, who have been released from service with the colors.

The worst distress, naturally, is visible in the East End. Several of the newspapers have started subscriptions and daily print harrowing stories of half-clad school children, many of whom are without any food, except scanty luncheons furnished by sympathetic teachers. Several of the London Suburban Councils are starting public works in order to employ a small proportion of the idle persons. The Canning Town suburb, where the distress is keenest, has appropriated \$50,000 for relief work.

St. Petersburg, Russia.—Lack of employment is causing unprecedented distress in the interior of Russia. In Saratoff, as a fair example of the prevailing conditions, workmen eagerly accept about seventeen cents a day, hosts of beggars literally invade the shops and houses, and the streets are filled with sick and starving people. Similar pitiful details come from other interior cities.

Berlin, Germany.—The bitterly cold weather which prevails throughout Germany has caused various municipalities to vote contributions in aid of the unemployed. Dresden has just voted \$25,000 for this purpose.

Stockholm, Sweden.—The crops in the northern district of Sweden and in a part of Delecarlia have failed entirely owing to the cold, wet summer, and collections are being made in all cities and towns by banks, corporations and private individuals for the relief of the sufferers. From the country, especially from Scania, large quantities of supplies are sent daily to the distributing committees. The railroads carry these supplies free of charge. The members of the royal family are deeply interested, and are lending their aid to the relief movement.

MUTINY AND MURDER AT SEA.

Captain Wounded and Mate Killed—Revolters Leave Ship at Sea.

Queenstown.—Captain Beattie of the British ship Leicester Castle, which sailed from San Francisco July 26 for Queensdown and which has just arrived at Liverpool, reports a mutiny in the South Pacific on September 9. Three Americans, Ernest Sears, James Turner and a man of the name of Hobbs, shipped on the vessel at San Francisco. At midnight on the night mentioned Sears, who was on deck, called the Captain from his cabin and said a man had fallen from the foreyard.

The Captain halted the second mate and told him to bring the injured man in. While the Captain was giving this order Seaman Hobbs shot him twice, one bullet striking the Captain over the heart. Hobbs fired three more shots after the Captain, who ran on deck. The second mate, who heard the noise, ran to the Captain's assistance, whereupon Hobbs shot him dead. Hobbs wounded the Captain five times. Hobbs, Sears and Turner then left the vessel on a raft. They were located for several hours in the darkness, but when daylight came they were lost to view. It is believed they intended to make for Pitcairn Island. They may have perished, as they had only a week's provisions with them. It is supposed that the object of the mutiny was to plunder the vessel. The Captain recovered from his wounds during the voyage.

DEATH OF THOMAS NAST.

The Consul-General at Guayaquil a Victim of Yellow Fever.

Guayaquil, Ecuador.—Thomas Nast, the Consul-General of the United States in this city, died from yellow fever, after an illness of three days. Mr. Nast's body was buried five hours after his death. The funeral was attended by the Governor, the members of the Consular Corps and the American Colony and by many friends. The coffin was wrapped in the Stars and Stripes. The British Consul recited a prayer at the cemetery.

The death of Mr. Nast is deeply lamented by the natives, who held him in high esteem.

Thomas Nast, artist and caricaturist, was born on September 27, 1840, at Landau, Bavaria. He was educated in the United States, where he also studied art. He soon acquired a reputation as a cartoonist, that he was best known. He was regarded as one of the most brilliant of caricaturists.

John Barrett Minister to Japan. It was formally announced at the White House, at Washington, that John Barrett, of Oregon, former Minister to Siam, and at present World's Fair Commissioner to Asia and Australia, has been appointed Minister to Japan to succeed A. E. Buck, of Georgia, deceased.

King Going to Ireland. The Lord Mayor of Belfast has announced that King Edward and Queen Alexandra would visit Ireland in the early part of 1903.

Iron and Steel Workers at Wilmington, Del., have organized a union.

Cleveland, England, miners have been granted an increase in wages of three per cent.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

The Question of Intemperance as the New York Sun Sees It.—The Saloon Exists Because It Provides Gratification For the Appetite For Alcoholic Stimulation.

At a discussion of the question of "The Saloon, Its Function and Perils," by clerical and lay members in New York, a clergyman of Pittsfield in Massachusetts, the Rev. Raymond Calkins, is reported to have made the rather surprising remarks:

"The saloon is ministering to the social instinct of the people and that is why it exercises its mysterious and powerful influence in every community. It is an information bureau, it is a labor bureau, a postoffice, a place of recreation, amusement and fellowship.

"Picture the condition of a young laboring man alone in the city. As he goes to his room in his boarding house, past dark and gloomy churches, he finds one door open to him, and he finds justification for seeking his amusement in the saloon in the cold and uninterested attitude of our Christian society.

"The influence exercised by the drinking saloon in every community is not at all 'mysterious,' Mr. Calkins, but is due to a cause which has always been apparent. The saloon is the only place where gratification for the appetite for alcoholic stimulation, an appetite which has been powerful from the time when Noah, after landing from the ark, 'began to be a husbandman and he drank of the wine and was drunken.' Neither in Pittsfield nor in New York do people go to a saloon to get information or to obtain labor, to post their letters, or simply for a place of amusement and fellowship. They go to it to get a drink. At a great part of the bars the customers tarry only long enough to pour down their doses of liquor, to post their letters and to get a spirit of sociability may prevail. The great and primary attraction at all is the stimulant.

Neither is the Rev. Mr. Calkins justified in attributing the tendency to frequent saloons to a defect of churches and Christians. No 'young laboring man alone in the city' is driven to the saloon by their neglect to exercise the influence proper to them, and the man who makes that excuse for going to a drinking place unless he is seeking to manufacture a pretext for gratifying his appetite. Nothing except his desire for a drink is responsible for his course.

How to find 'a substitute for the saloon' was a question much discussed at this conference. Such a substitute, it seems from statistics gathered by Dr. Crothers, has been found in great numbers of people in the secret use of morphine, and we are receiving letters from victims of the habit which confirm his observation and conclusion that it is widespread, all of them being from men far above the average in intelligence. It is demonstrated that when the appetite for artificial stimulation is thwarted in one direction it may be diverted to another and still more dangerous and pernicious form of indulgence; that frequently men and women who detect alcoholic drunkenness fall a prey to an infinitely worse intoxication.

The cure for the influence of the saloon which seems so 'mysterious' to the Pittsfield clergyman is not in improving drinking places so as to make them more desirably efficient in 'ministering to the social instinct of the people,' but in controlling the appetite for alcoholic stimulation which the minister, first of all. So long as that appetite is left unrestrained the evil results, whether there are or are not saloons, which to gratify it. A drunkard does not need to go to a saloon to get drunk. He can keep the stuff at home. The strictest abstainer from alcohol may secretly keep a hypodermic syringe with which to inject morphine into his system, to his utter undoing. The question of intemperance is very much larger than the saloon question.—New York Sun.

Drinking Women.

"Drinking in England is alarmingly on the increase among women of the wealthy and leisure class," writes Lady Henry Somerset in "The Story of Our Farm" in the North American Review. "Women in apparently respectable positions are continually convicted of drunkenness, and it seems to be a family vice which exists but has some record of the hideous disease. I remember standing once in front of a public house with an American who, when she saw me respectfully clad in a dress, asked me to get drunk. 'Are you going to hold there a crusade meeting?' It seemed to her inconceivable that women were going into the public house to drink, but to us it has become commonplace."

Had the American kept her eyes open at home she might have been less shocked abroad. Women in America do not frequent public houses, that is, bars. But to semi-public retreats our women flock in alarming numbers. Hotel cafes, so called tea rooms, dressmakers' parlors and 'beauty shops' are the resorts of large numbers of American women who drink at all times of day or night all sorts of intoxicants. Women of position, of refinement and of home training may be found to-day in popular resorts who five or ten years ago would have lost social caste had they been seen drinking an intoxicant in a public place, especially when unaccompanied by husband, father or brother.

"I hold bridge worth responsible for much of the drinking to-day among women who really ought to know better," said a man. "All day they are shopping or doing tens, receptions and calls. Most of the night, after a heavy dinner, is spent at the theatre. Haggard, worn out with the excitement of the game, with nerves upset by losses, the women turn to a highball or cocktail. Finding momentary strength they grow well known upon the streets, must needs to pull them through a New York season."—New York Press.

Novel Way to Fight Rum.

A new and practical arrangement for providing masons and other building laborers, coachmen, errand boys, policemen and others with cheap food and non-alcoholic drinks has been called into being by the Berlin section of the German Society for Popular Hygiene.

At stated hours special carts pass through the streets and dispense sandwiches, bread and butter, the sausages so dear to the German palate, tea, cocoa, coffee and soup, all at the lowest possible price.

"No."

On the cornerstone of that fabric which we entitle manhood is engraved the monosyllable "No." He who early learns the use of that inviolable word has already laid the basis of his peace and comfort and safety. An easy compliance frustrates everything. Respect for others need not degenerate into servitude, but respect for oneself—that is, the very alpha and omega of all inward command.

San Francisco is credited with having one saloon for every twenty-two adult male inhabitants.

The Church Temperance Society sends a coffee van to the great fires in New York City. That the firemen may obtain the refreshment they sorely need without recourse to the saloon.

The First Christmas



And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Luke 2: 13-14.



And they came with gifts and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

Luke 2: 16.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea, in the days of Herod the king, behold there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem.

Matthew 2: 1.

under it received a kiss as a token that, instead of hatred and jealousy, the mistletoe now stood for love and forgiveness.

Their Christmas Gifts.
"I thought it better to get you something useful," said Mr. Dossill to his wife, "so I have bought you a couple of good brooms for your Christmas present."

"That was very thoughtful of you, my dear," replied Mrs. Dossill. "I share your ideas, and have bought you a good strong coal-scuttle for you to carry up fuel from the cellar in."



An old English recipe for plum pudding is as follows: Mix together one and one-half cupfuls of currants that have been cleaned, washed and dried, one and one-half cupfuls of stoned raisins, one pound of suet, chopped fine; three-quarters of a pound of siale bread crumbs, one-quarter of a pound of brown sugar, one-quarter of a pound of flour, the grated rind of one lemon and one half pound of minced candied orange peel. Beat five eggs, not separating the whites and yolks, and mix one cupful of liquid to them and add thoroughly with the other ingredients. Boil for six hours. When wanted for use boil six hours longer. When ready to serve, unmoold, stek a sprig of holly in the centre, and wreath with a hard sauce.



Infantile Deduction.
"I guess paw hasn't got so much money this year," said little brother.

"What makes you think so?" asked little sister.

"Cause he was telling me that it wasn't right to impose on Santa Claus just because the old feller was good-natured."—Indianapolis Journal.

Not an Exhaustive Treatise.
"And now," said the literary man who had earned \$100 by a syndicate article on "What to Buy for Christmas Presents," "if I only knew what sort of a Christmas gift to get for my wife I should be perfectly happy."—Chicago Tribune.



march to the table where the fine foreign ladies in national costumes awaited them. The music on the piano struck up and the girls started. On they went, keeping step to the march until they reached the table and each girl stood in her place. Not a mistake had been made; the girls were radiant with happiness. The signal was given and suddenly the table was a blaze of light. The pyramid of snowy cakes and the sparkling candies and brilliant fruits and tiny bowers and wreaths made a fairy scene. A burst of admiration went round the table. "Oh! oh! oh! oh!" sounded from one to another. They were too delighted to speak, when suddenly a scream