Yuletide at the White House

The first Christmas festivities held in the White House occurred on December 25, 1800, less than three months after the completion of the mansion. Since that occasion, which was fittingly termed "the national house warming," there have been an even one hundred such celebrations in the historic old structure.

In the good old days when the White House was a brand new structure, fresh from the hands of the architect and builders, Mrs. John Adams, its first occupant, complained bitterly to her friends that the mansion was too large and roomy for comfort. She declared that the house should have been much smaller in size and more snug in design.

In these closing days of 1901 the reverse of Mrs. Adams' complaint is true. The present occupant, Mrs. Roosevelt, finds the same mansion entirely too small for the modern comfort of her family and the social and official requirements of this advanced age.

The First Occupant.

When Mrs. Abigail Adams, the wife of John Adams, our second President, was installed as the first mistress of the mansion of Presidents in October, 1800, its interior was bleak and cheerless. Mrs. Adams prided herself on being a model New England housekeeper, but she was utterly confused by her capacious, illy-heated, illy-lighted environments. The big rooms and hallways, with their great width, breadth, and depth, almost confounded her.

The mansion was but dimly lighted, compared with the present illuminations, by numerous candles and lamps, almost as ancient in form and finish as the fabled lamp of Aladdin. Instead of steam radiators, heat was furnished by great wood fires on the broad hearths, which roared and crackled and sent showers of sparks up the ample chimneys.

One of Mrs. Adams' complaints was that the mansion was drafty and illy-heated by the wood fires. Another was that there were no bells provided with which to summon her servants, and a scarcity of lamps. At that time the East Room, which has since been the scene of so many public functions, and about which cluster so many historic memories, was used by Mrs. Adams' washwomen as a drying room in which the weekly wash was strung about on lines until it was dried sufficiently to be operated upon by the negro women ironers. The East Parlor was afterward known officially as the audience room.

Christmas in 1800.

On the first Christmas Day in the White House, it is recorded, snow mantled the earth to a depth of nearly two feet. It was a typical old-fashioned Christmas Day, with all the accompaniments of wind and weather. Old Jack Frost was busy and decorated in fantastic designs with films of ice the window panes of the big white mansion. Downstairs in the kitchen there was a blaze of light and genial warmth from the great piles of oak and hickory in the broad fire places, while the atmosphere of the building was redolent with the odor of the viands being prepared for the Christmas feast.

There were no chefs and assistant chefs, with corps of white clad assistants, nor such ranges and cooking utensils as are provided for the White House kitchen of today. Old colored "mammies," neatly clad in bright calico frocks, long white aprons and bright colored kerchiefs on their heads, flitted hither and thither before the roaring blazes on the hearths, as they prepared the food for President John Adams and his yuletide guests.

Mrs. Adams Her Own Chef.

Indeed, Mrs. Abigail Adams herself performed the functions of executive chef. Wearing an immaculate apron, she busied herself giving direction to first one negro servant and then another. The picture thus presented was in strange contrast with that in the White House kitchen in the winter of 1901, presided over by an educated negro chef, brought from New York by President Roosevelt, and provided with every culinary implement known to modern times.

Mrs. Adams and her corps of assistants did their baking in ancient Dutch ovens, while suspended above the log fire by iron chains and tripods were big pots and stew pans. The two great turkeys which formed the pieces de resistance at the Christmas spread in 1800 were "hand raised and hand fed" by a country gentleman in Fairfax Count, Va., who presented them to Mrs. Adams with his "esteemed compliments."

Although those toothsome birds were born and bred on the sacred soil of Old Virginia, Old Aunt Nancy, the head cook, who was a native of St. Mary County, Md., insisted upon serving them in Maryland style, as she did the oysters, and Mrs. Adams humored her, and they were so served. The New England pumpkin pies and plum pudding were prepared strictly after formulas provided by Mrs. Adams and under her personal supervision. Old writers declared the Christmas dinner thus prepared was "a culinary marvel, greatly enjoyed by those who had the rare good fortune to be present."

All Guests at Ease.

The affair was homelike in its details, and the distinguished diners discussed with equal satisfaction the smoking viands on the homely dining table and the great questions of state which were agitating the American people at that crucial period of our national existence. There was an absence of stiff formality, and the host and genial Mrs. Abigail Adams bade the guests to feel "at home" and help themselves just as they would at their own boards.

How different from the conspicuous dinners of this period—the state dinners for example—in the White House. The latter are a predominant feature of the social life in the Executive Mansion, as are the Christmas dinners.

The state dinners during recent years have been quite formal affairs, but it is hinted that President Roosevelt will do away with much of the stiffness and formality during his term of office and bring the dinners down to more of a republican basis, without any loss of dignity.

The Menus of Yore.

In olden times, during the administration of Adams, Jefferson, Madison and Jackson, dishes with unpronounceable French and Italian names and mysterious contents were unknown on the Presidential board. Instead ther wer such as "Roast shoat with sweet potatoes;" "Possum baked Virginia fashion;" "Hog and hominy;" "Ham and cabbage;" "Turkey stuffed with onion duff;" "Terrapin stew, Maryland style;" "Buttermilk corn patties," and other good toothsome old-fashioned dishes. These were a revelation to the dignified diplomats, and some of them openly expressed their preferment for the ancient products of the American kitchen, rather than the mystic dainties of Europe.

One of General Jackson's cooks was an Irish woman, said to have been the first white servant to do duty within the portals of the mansion. Being told one day that the White House was copied from an Irish nobleman's country home, that of the Duke of Leinster, she exclaimed:

"Shure an' Gineral J—ackson kim from the owld sod hisself, an' begorra it is right that, bein' an Irish gentleman, he should live in an Irish gentleman's house."

Social Season Unlimited.

In olden times there was no set time for the commencement and ending of the so-called season at the White House, the motto of the early Presidents being: "The latch-string hangs outward; pull it and come in." All this is changed now. Miss Helena McCarthy, a Washington society writer, who is regarded as an authority on such matters, says the society season at the capital for visiting and receiving visits begins with the opening of Congress and ends with the commencement of Lent.

The first name given to the mansion immediately after its completion in 1880 was "The President's House," just as the Capitol was then called "The Congress House." Afterward the mansion became known as the White House, but as this appeared to be too commonplace, it was changed to the more high-sounding name of Executive Mansion. Recently President Roosevelt, in a spirit of true Americanism, expressed his disapproval of the latter, and it will again be known officially by its old-time cognomen of White House.

Dolly Madison was another of the mistresses of the White House who took pleasure in superintending its household affairs. She was a most genial spirit, and brought with her to the management of the mansion and the reception and entertainment of its guests those rare qualities of an Old Dominion lady of the blood. At the Christmas dinner in the White House, in 1809, Mrs. Madison had prepared under her special direction by Aunt Hannah, the colored head cook, two dishes which she took keen delight in introducing to the guests.

These dishes were rabbit potpie, with trimmings, and a roast pig, or shoat, as young hogs were then designated in Virginia and the South. The pig, when placed on the table, hot, brown and steaming, had a large rosy apple between its jaws, a form of decoration original with herself and which has been a feature of roast shoat ever since.

In choosing a pig for roasting Mrs. Madison, like Mrs. Jefferson, always selected a porker of the Virginia fiddle-face breed, so well known in Caroline county, and claimed that a fiddle-face piggy, properly baked, was far more delicious than turkey. In those days there were no convenient ovens for such baking, and the animal was, therefore, spitted over an oak or hickory fire, after the fashion of the present day barbecues.

The state dining room at the White House as a result of its evolution has been returned to the colonial style, but not to the homelike simplicity which characterized the apartment in the early days of the Republic. It is what an old-timer facetiously termed "the up-to-date colonial style." The western door of the dining room leads into the White House conservatory, with its wealth of bright-hued flowers and fragrant atmosphere. Opposite the state dining room is the family dining room.

The Kitchen of This Day.

The basement floor is devoted to the kitchen, laundry, storerooms and servants' quarters. And such a kitchen! Every reminder of olden times has been removed, and it is now as complete as the cooking room of Delmonico's famous resort in New York, while the culinary skill of past masters in the art of cookery is exhausted in providing Presidential menus.

The Washington markets are considered the best in this country, and necessarily so, for they are called upon to supply diplomats representing every country under the sun, statesmen from all sections of the Union, high Government officials, army and navy officers and wealthy visitors from everywhere. The Presidential steward is, therefore, enabled to select from these markets anything and everything the appetite may crave. In consequence the White House storerooms never suffer from lack of either quantity, quality or variety of ingredients for the choicest viands.

No Notorious Odors.

In the days of yore there were no appliances at the President's house to prevent the fragrant odors in the kitchen from ascending to the upper floors, and it was a saying in Washington at that time: "Let's walk up to the White House and peep in to smell what Old Hickory is going to have for his dinner." All this is changed now. As for as odors go, the casual visitor to the mansion would never suspect that a chef with his corps of white-clad assistants were busy below stairs preparing food for President Roosevelt and his guests.

Christmas dinners at the White House are now set with the most sumptuous state china, on which is depicted the fauna and flora of the United States, together with masses of silver and delicately cut glass. Then there are gold and silver candlesticks and mirrored sconces in broad silver frames, containing wax lights and special floral decorations. These elaborate affairs form a striking contrast with the simple Christmas decorations during the days of Adams, Jefferson and Madison, such as pyramids of red apples, holly and cedar boughs with a roast pig as the centrepiece, flanked by a browned turkey and a duck or two.

Today many courses are served and the state dinners continue about three hours with an accompaniment of soft music by the Marine band. Then there was but one course, in reality. It was a sort of go-as-you-please affair and help your neighbor and yourself.

President Thomas Jefferson entered the White House in 1801. He was much of a bohemian and liked to be surrounded by poets, painters, writers, singers and musicians and every bohemian found a cordial welcome beneath the hospitable roof of the mansion. President Jefferson adopted the plainest garb and made every caller feel at home. He avoided the stiff formalities since in vogue. His cooks were frequently kept busy at night preparing lunches for his bohemian friends, Welsh rarebit and stock ale being a feature of those meals.

The custom of serving the people with banquets in the East Room on holidays and public receptions, but especially on inauguration days, prevailed until the sad experience of the White House on the occasion of Gen. Andrew Jackson's inauguration, March 4, 1829. The White House kitchen had been taxed to its fullest capacity for several days preceding the event and long tables were spread in the East Room on which the viands were to be served to the people. The admittance of the crowd was to be regulated by the doorkeepers and ushers.

But "Old Hickory" was so popular with the masses that a great crowd of people flocked behind him from the Capitol after his inaugural address. They swept into the White House, overflowing the structure. In the East Room, where the banquet had been spread with the choicest viands, was a scene of indescribable confusion. The crowd surrounded the tables and made a concerted attack upon the food. In the struggle ice cream was scattered over the costly carpet, glass and china dishes were broken, coffee spilled on the new satin-covered furniture and great damage done. After this the practice of serving refreshments on public occasions was discontinued.

As illustrated by the White House traditions, cookery has advanced step by step with statecraft and diplomacy. The White House of today is just as different from the President's House of 1800 as the old flintlocks and wooden ships of war are different from the Krag-Jorgensen rifles and our peerless battleships.

PREPARED FOR AN ACCIDENT.

Millionaire Buys a Coffin After Purchasing an Automobile.

W. C. Frick, a nephew of H. C. Frick, and a factor in the steel and iron industry of the United States, bought an automobile yesterday, but knowing the danger of badly-managed machines, he took time by the forelock and added to his purchase a $216 silk-lined coffin.

The coffin was bought from the National Casket Company, 262 Wabash Avenue, and is to be delivered at the Auditorium Annex this morning. It will be taken to that hostelry and kept on call for its owner, if H. R. Southgate, the manager of the hotel, will allow it to be received in the baggage room.

Mr. Southgate has well defined ideas as to what articles can be placed in storage in his hotel, and from remarks he made last night it was surmised by Mr. Frick's friends that the coffin will not pass the hotel doors. Nevertheless Mr. Frick feels that he made an exceedingly wise purchase.

"I think it is one of the best things I could have done," he said last night when seen in his quarters in the Annex. "You know, automobiles are not reliable and I am liable to be killed. If I am, then I will have the coffin ready. It is a good coffin, with nice white silk quilting, and should make as good a resting place as any hotel bed I ever slept in."

Mr. Frick, accompanied by his secretary, Samuel C. Rehman, arrived at the hotel from New York yesterday morning. After breakfast the employer and secretary took a stroll, when they happened to meet Charles H. Michaels, of the National Metallic Bedstead Company riding in an automobile.

"I had a bill against Michaels," said Mr. Frick, "and I suggested to him that I would call the bill square if he would buy me an automobile. So we went right into the office of the Locomobile company and looked at some matchless. The one that pleased me cost $1,410. Mr. Michaels argued for some time and then succeeded in buying the machine at his price, $1,200.

"As soon as I found I owned the machine I left the establishment. Right next door to the locomobile store is the office of the National Casket Company. I saw a nice silk-lined coffin in the window. I knew if Sam Rehman and I would go riding in the machine one of us would surely get killed. So I went right in and bought the coffin. It is big enough so that it will fit either of us should either of us meet death. It cost $216, but I think I got it cheap at that. Now I can go riding and rest assured I will be put away in a nice, quilted coffin should something go wrong."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

NEW USE OF SKI STICKS.

Ingenious Smugglers Bringing in Whisky From Canada.

Of the hundreds of farm and household utensils which the Swedish settlers brought to Maine when they came, more than twenty-five years ago, every one has disappeared except the graceful and handy ski. The wooden shoes lasted until they wore out and cheerfully gave place to cowhide boots. The wooden plows were converted into firewood as soon as steel plows could be purchased, but the skis stayed and multiplied many fold, until today they are as common among the Yankee residents as they are with the immigrants.

Little change has been made in the shape of the ski, although the ski stick, formerly a cudgel of hard wood with a knob at one end, for the purpose of steering the ski over the drifts, has undergone great improvement. It is no longer a stick except in name, for it is made of metal pipe, while the terminal knob is a hollow ball of polished brass. The improved stick is not only stiffer and more serviceable than its wooden predecessor, but it weighs less and is more reliable at critical times.

Until two years ago the ski sticks of brass and steel were not common beyond the Swedish settlement, where every woman and child travels by ski so long as the snow is on the ground. In 1899 the new sticks began to be seen in Houlton, Fort Fairfield and other villages along the Canadian line. It was also noticed that as metal ski sticks became more plentiful, the price of good whisky grew less, and there was more of the liquor offered for sale. As the revenues did not increase in proportion to the sales, the custom house officials made a few trips to the places where liquor was sold across the line and learned of a new device for smuggling.

The metal ski sticks are hollow, the inside of the large ones holding nearly a gallon. By fitting a screw cap to the top of the stick the latter could be made to carry whisky in safety. As soon as the invention was made, ski parties became very popular among the men who spent portions of their time around the hotels and restaurants. It became a custom for parties of five or six to make a trip over the boundary line in the morning. Stopping at a saloon to quench their thirst, they filled their sticks with red liquor and came home much refreshed from their healthful exercise in the open air.

Meantime the price of liquor had gone down until the drummers who came up from Boston, refused to compete with the goods that were imported, and an investigation was started. When the first snow fell this year the revenue officers were on hand and confiscated the loaded sticks, since which time the ski parties have not been so frequent.

Richest Indians in the Country.

(Chicago Tribune.)

The richest Indians in the country and the ones who are in proportion to their advantages the least progressive, are the Osages, 1,765 of whom live on a reservation of 1,400,000 acres in Oklahoma. So much land have these Indians sold from their former extensive domain that each man, woman, and child now receives an annual income of $200. It is little wonder that with this aid to laziness the Osages make little effort to help themselves. It costs little to live on the plains, and when a family of ten can draw $2,000 for lying idle it is apt to do so. Incidentally, as each new member of a family adds $200 a year to its income it is not surprising that the tribe is on the increase. Though the lands are rich the Indians do not generally farm them, but many red men hire whites to farm for them.

Christian Xander's

Pedro Domecq's Spanish Sherries. — Nineteen Varieties. — Sole Depot D. C.

267 Wines and Distillates For Family Use.

Rioja Claret, Spanish, Honored with the Grand Prix Paris, 1900. Sole Depot D. C.

For the most extensive family trade which this house enjoys we have chosen, with a practical knowledge of their nature, 267 different wines and distillates—including both foreign and domestic varieties. Among them, in their original casks, are 19 of Pedro Domecq's Sherries, 10 generous California Wines, 8 Ports, 17 Cognacs, Rums, and Gins, 19 Whiskies in bottles, 33 foreign and 13 domestic Red Wines—30 foreign and 12 domestic White Wines, 58 Cordials, and miscellaneous beverages.

THE QUALITY HOUSE,
909 Seventh Street.
No Branches. 'Phone 1425.

RISKED LIFE TO SAVE A CAT.

Courageous Tinner Climbed a Flagstaff Seventy-five Feet High.

Risking his life that he might rescue a helpless cat, William Clynes climbed 75 feet on Monday night last to the tip top of the weathern-worn flagstaff in Carr Park, St. Louis.

For three long, hungry days puss had clung to the gilded ball that crowned the flagstaff, mewing piteously for succor. Relief expeditions planned by Parkkeeper Patrick Reel and Patrolman Ferle proved futile, and the cat clung to the top of the pole and was starving to death when Clynes rescued her.

Saturday puss ran blithely up the tall creaking flagstaff, seeking a jaunty cock sparrow for dinner. The sparrow, a gay little troubadour, flew away when puss was within three feet of his lofty perch.

Disappointed, puss climbed up to the gilded ball that surmounts the flag pole and considered her line of retreat. Quickly she discovered a paramount fact in cat anatomy. She saw that her claws were curved inwardly, making them fine for climbing, but useless for a descent over a curved object.

All day Monday the cat clung to her perch—a dot in the gray sky. Monday night Reel and Ferle tried to reach the helpless captive. Ferle climbed to the end of the first section of the pole, forty feet from the ground, but the pole swayed ominously, and the second section was smaller and more worn than the one he had ascended.

William Clynes, "Bill," a tinner at the stove foundry, peeled off his coat. Ferle boosted him up the first 10 feet, and while the crowd stood thrilled Clynes toiled upward on his errand of mercy. Slowly he gained the first 40 feet, and then essayed the scaling of the frailer pole. This was no light task—forgetting the great danger. The pole was old and worn and only an inch or so in diameter.

The evening mist had wet the pole and it was smooth and slick as a greased pole at a village fair. Clynes wrapped his legs about it and with strong, sturdy hands toiled on and on, hitching a few inches each time. Now he was 50 feet from the earth and now 60. Then he slipped a few feet. A shudder passed through the crowd. "Come down, come down!" men called. Clynes hitched energetically and gained the distance he had lost.

Ten feet—five feet more. Clynes climbed, and to the spectators below it looked as if he was gripping a slender spire, so thin had the swaying staff become.

Wood or wire, Clynes held it with grasp of iron, and a moment later he held the staff with one strong hand and lifted the starved cat tenderly with the other. Swiftly and silently Clynes slid down the long pole and a moment after he had reached the ground he stood among his admirers with the starved cat cuddled to his breast.—Minneapolis Times.

SNAKE WAS IN THE CHAIR.

He Was Not Disturbed by Being Heavily Sat Upon.

Frederic Tudor, when he was a student at Harvard, was fond of snakes, not the kind that some Harvard students manage to attract after a lively evening in the mazes of the region where Boylston street is the center of excitement, but the real ones to be found at Blue Hill and other park reservations.

His room was a veritable snakery, and visitors always had a creepy feeling that did not desert them even when they reached home after a trip to Mr. Tudor's headquarters. Black snakes, water snakes, and other tame reptiles basked at their ease in corners, on the mantel shelf, and on the chairs.

Mr. Tudor always assured his guests in his slow, droll tones that his pets were absolutely harmless and as benevolent in their intentions as good-natured kittens. This assurance was politely received, but not always given the full measure of credit.

One day two of his friends walked into the room, and one of them plumped into a big easy chair, the kind that has such a capacious seat that its average patron does not fill out the full proportions of the chair.

"Where is that great, big savage-looking black snake that you had around here?" asked the visitor as soon as he settled himself comfortably.

"I don't know for certain," replied Mr. Tudor slowly, "but I think you are——" The other three words, "sitting on him," were never heard by the guest, who was half way out of the building by that time.

Sure enough, there was the big black snake in the depths of the easy chair, blinking calmly, as though not in the least disturbed by the student who had shared the seat with him.—Boston Herald.

DOGS FOR THE BLIND.

Puppies Trained in England to Lead Sightless Persons.

Among the many careers that a dog who has to work for his living may follow is that of leading the blind.

Of course, the work is one that requires some training, and there are, in fact, a number of what may be called preparatory schools for this sort of business.

The most reliable guides are the product of the instructions of a man whose kennels are in a little village in England.

As the dog which is destined to act in the place of a pair of eyes has no easy task before it. Only the most intelligent puppies are chosen to be trained for the purpose.

Having selected the little animal whose life work it will be to lead the blind, the breeder leaves it with its mother until it is at least some four months old. Its playful babyhood is at an end, the puppy begins to go to school, taking, as a first step, lessons in the art of walking in a straight line and at a steady pace. The school room, to begin with, is the kennel yard; later it is a country lane; by and by the village street.

It takes time for a lively young animal to learn that sudden dashes here and there must not be indulged in while some one has hold of a chain attached to its collar. But after about two months' constant daily practice the lesson is driven home.

By making excursions in all directions, leaving the dog to do all the piloting home, the blind expert tests and develops its sense of locality. He furthermore accustoms it to traffic, and by kindly insistence impresses on it the necessity for not only withdrawing itself from danger, but its charge as well.

After from four to five months' training the dog is ready to lead the blind. It is then perhaps some nine months old, and is kept in constant practice until a purchaser is found. The breeder who has had the dog trained does not advertise, but he is known to the officials of the various charitable organizations which assist the blind. When a blind man is anxious to get about and has no child who can lead him, a dog is ordered from the breeder, who receives between $10 and $15 for each animal supplied.

Then a clever little doggie makes a long journey by rail, and after it has got to know its new master, settles down without complaint to a life of quiet, faithful self-sacrifice.—Liverpool Mail.

Christmas Offerings at Barber & Ross'.

Hints For Santa Claus.

Fine Cutlery, Razors, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Tool Chests, Skates, Etc.

The atmosphere of Christmas is all about the big hardware store. Gift seekers are eagerly examining the many rich, beautiful and inexpensive articles which properly belong to the hardware store. Our stock appeals especially to those who prefer useful gifts. For anything in hardware of known reliability you can safely assume that we are the "undersellers." Come in and judge for yourself.

A Superb Line of Gift Cutlery.

Magnificent assortments of the finest and best Carving Sets—suitable for Christmas offerings. Make your selections now and have them laid aside for Xmas.

Special—A Guaranteed 2-piece Carving Set, with stag handle..... $1

Elegant 3-piece Carvin Sets, in satin-lined box, for..... $3.25

Magnificent line of Fine Three to Five-Piece Carvers at almost any price you care to pay, in leather-covered satin-lined boxes; a splendid set as low as..... $5.00

Set of 6 Fine Celluloid-handle Table Knives..... $1.75

Xmas Tree Holders, 25c and 50c.

Tool Chests.

We fill our Tool Chests from stock, using the standard tools in daily use by carpenters and mechanics. They are the finest grades and are fully guaranteed. Tool chests filled with these guaranteed tools make the most acceptable of gifts for boy or man—and we sell them complete at

$5.00 to $25.00.

We also have the empty Chests at

$1.35 to $8.50,

which we will fill with an assortment of tools of your own selection, charging you only the bare cost of the tools and chest.

Boys' Tool Chests, complete, for $1.00 to $3.00.

Skates.

Full line of the famous Barney & Berry All-clamp Ice Skates—

For Ladies, $1.00 to $4.50.
For Men, 50c to $5.00.

Extension Roller Skates, 50c to $1.00.

Six Nickel-Plated Nut Picks, 15c.

Razors.

We pride ourselves on the reliability of our Razors. Not a cheap, inferior blade in the lot. All the leading makes. Guaranteed Razors from

$1.00 to $3.00.

Celebrated Star Safety Razors, $2.00 to $15.00.

Scissors.

The finest line of Scissors you have ever seen in Washington.

Good Scissors from..... 25c
Complete Scissor Cases from..... $1.25
Complete Manicure Sets from..... $3.00

Pocket Knives.

Our line of Pocket Cutlery is undoubtedly the largest and most varied in the city. It contains every sort of good Knife made—at

25c to $5.00.

Each Knife in a neat box for gift-giving.

Six Nickel-plated Nut Picks and Crack, 20c.

BARBER & ROSS, 11th and G St.

SUBSTANTIAL XMAS GIFTS!

Make the Home Cheerful by Selecting One of These Many Specials.

CREDIT IS EXTENDED TO ALL PURCHASERS.

We've gone competition one better on these values. Made our past peerless offerings appear like dots alongside such arrogant values. The stock is for the most part made up of appropriate Christmas Furniture that must show their heels to the other goods this week. Here's how we instill lightning speed into their selling:

Tabourettes. Solid Oak Tabourettes—worth every bit of 75c, for.... 39c

Chairs. Golden Oak Dining Chairs—braced arm and seat—well worth $1.25—for..... 98c

Oak Easels. Actually 6½ feet high—excellently made and finished; worth 75c..... 39c

Carpets. A good Ingrain Carpet, right off the roll—can't be equaled elsewhere..... 25c

Costumers. Well made, in Mahogany and Oak—six pins, securely fastened..... 25c

Hall Racks. Made of Golden Oak, with beveled-edge mirror; worth every bit of $5.50—for..... $3.98

Book Racks. Made of Solid Oak, 3 feet wide, 5 feet high, and 3 folding shelves—for..... $2.48

Book Racks. Fine Solid Oak Book Rack, 8 feet wide, 5 feet high—French beveled plate glass, 6 by 14..... $3.48

Iron Beds. Made with baked enameled coverings—the most durable Bed for the money $1.98

Free To every customer visiting our new Stove Department we will present them with a handsome and useful present.

We Make, Lay, and Line All Carpets Free.

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