

A PAGE OF CHRISTMAS HINTS FOR BUSY HOUSEWIVES

MRS. BORDEN'S CHRISTMAS ANGEL

BY ANNA S. RICHARDSON

"MILLIONS for advertising, but not one cent for sentiment!" exclaimed John Borden, with that firm set of his colorless lips, which James Cartwright, his junior partner, knew so well. Still, Cartwright made one more effort.

"We've done it, Jack, ever since the firm was organized, and every mother's son and daughter of 'em, from foreman to stock boy, will be looking for it. Besides, I don't know but it will hurt our credit to have the story get around that the firm of Borden, Cartwright & Co. had failed, for the first time in eight years, to treat their employees at Christmas. It's only the matter of five each for the foremen and candy for the rest—and—"

"The best answer I can offer your rambling remarks, Jim, is to refer you to our books for the months of September and October. I'll be hanged if I'll add to the losses the expense of this fool Christmas treat. I leave tomorrow night for St. Louis. The Burrall Company is putting in a shoe department, and I want to clinch their trade."

"Well, wire Johnson to jump down there."

Johnson was their Western man. Borden frowned and snapped a rubber band viciously around a roll of papers.

"I prefer to handle this deal myself and no chances. Some one has got to buy."

The implied suggestion of easy tolerance fell lightly from James Cartwright's shoulders. If his senior partner was bound to give himself up body and soul to the firm's success the junior member would not stand in his way. Secretly he was registering a vow to have Borden's mother down for Christmas dinner. The white-haired old lady, in her impressive but colorless apartment, had become a pathetic figure to Jim Cartwright and his sympathetic young wife.

"The paths would have deepened had he seen her the next evening at dinner, when her son remarked carelessly: "Have my bag packed by 9 o'clock, mother. I'm running out to St. Louis for a few days."

The slender, deep-veined hands of the little mother fluttered up to straighten her lace cap. The fingers touched the ribbon bows, but one arm was carefully held to shadow her face. Jack was always annoyed at the slight. Just then he was carefully mixing the dressing for his salad and did not notice that it was some time before she replied, hesitatingly:

"But day after tomorrow is Christmas, dear."

"I know, I know," he answered rather impatiently. "Jim Cartwright has talked of nothing else for a week. But you and I are old enough to have got our own souls. Jim said something about having you up to dinner, and Mollie's chatter will keep you from missing me."

"I miss you every hour, every moment. The words trembled on her lips, but she did not fall. She had long since ceased to raise the slightest protest against her son's business plans. But her salad was taken away untouched, and good-hearted Irish Maggie imparted to her the information that either the blanc mange had been burned or Mr. Borden was in one of his tantrums, for the lady of the house had not eaten more than a spoonful of the dessert.

And then they went into the library, with its orderly array of shelves, Jack's severe and well-appointed desk, and the unlikable-looking gas. Somehow that equable, uniform flame seemed to typify her whole life.

She took her regular position in the square rocker. Her son took his papers to the Morris chair, with its leather upholstery. He liked leather. It reminded him of the shoe business, in which he was building up a fortune.

In her shadowy corner, reached but faintly by the rays from the green-shaded student lamp, Mrs. Borden rocked gently and dreamed. She closed her eyes to the handsome room which represented the best years of her son's life. At least that was what he said. To her the beautiful appointments represented a blank in her life. The best years? Why, those were the years when she and her husband, with their golden-haired boy, had lived in a small town in Western New York. They all passed in review before her—the first trousers he had worn, his first frightened, awesome day in school, his torn clothes, his pinched fingers, his little joys and smaller sorrows, his birthday treats, his Christmas trees, his well-filled stockings! Yes, those had been the best days, before he had invaded the big Massachusetts town to make the shoes his father had been content to sell. As his business had grown, he had passed more and more out of her life. Surrounding her with every

comfort, giving her a liberal allowance, he felt his duty done. Himself he gave to the accumulation of wealth. The review of years seemed suddenly to gallop faster and faster. Her head drooped. A figure in soft white draperies seemed to bend over her. The face was the face of an angel, and a voice murmured gently, "I bring back your boy."

With a gasp Mrs. Borden started up and found her hot, trembling hand clasped in the firm, cool one of her son. "Well, I am off, mother. The cab's at the door. You've had a nice nap. Take good care of yourself and I'll be back over her. The face was the face of an angel, and a voice murmured gently, "I bring back your boy."

"Where are we, porter?" demanded Borden, waking to a sudden realization that the train was not moving, and that daylight was streaming under the curtain of his berth window.

"Just east of Syracuse, sir," replied the colored man. "Your shoes will be ready in a minute, sir, and the first call for breakfast has been given, sir."

"But what are we stopping here for?" Borden demanded with the irritation of interrupted rest. He could never sleep on board a train unless the car was in motion.

"Fright wreck, sir. Rest-and collision and two men killed, sir."

"Too bad," said Borden, ducking back into his berth; but he was not thinking of the hours, waiting always got on his nerves.

He dressed deliberately, having the washroom and smoking apartment practically to himself. The rest of the male travelers were tiding over the delay in slumber.

The dining-car was also deserted at this early hour, and each of the six waiters looked at him with expectant eyes and itching palms. He took a seat midway down the car and studied the menu with the air of a man who had time to spare. Then he leaned back to make the best of the Albany papers.

There was a stir at the door. The dining-car conductor stepped forward to usher in a trim figure in a pedestrian's skirt of mannish material, a tailored shirt-waist and a smart, stiff hat with coquettish wings on one side. Here was not a girlish face, but the face well preserved and brightened by experience cheerfully accepted. She was well groomed and radiated not the sickeningly heavy perfume which some women affect to offset the fetid atmosphere of the train, but the clean, almost keen air of one who has just returned from a brisk walk in the winter air.

"Fr—yes, oranges—and cracked wheat."

The Albany paper slipped to the floor and Borden swung round so suddenly that his tweed coat sleeve almost knocked over the cream pitcher.

He had not heard the voice for seven years, yet it came to him with the clearness of a bell—and something more. The girl was looking out of the window now, and he studied her profile curiously. It had changed. The roundness was gone, with the dimpled mischief that had brought on his first affair of the heart. By Jove! he wondered, had his mother thrown away the little pearl ring? It had laid in a box with some other boyish trinkets. She had returned it in a fine net, when he told her he was going away from Clayville to make his fortune. She had wanted to be married then and let the fortune be earned jointly.

No doubt she had forgotten that little affair—the looked prosperous and happy. And she had a certain air of self-restraint and self-confidence never shown in those earlier and happier days. Yes, he suddenly realized that they had been happier days. A vision came to him of shaded lanes and apple orchards, a fluttering hand that rested quietly only in his, and a head that had once caressed confidently on his big, square shoulder. There were no curls now, just well-arranged waves, but Borden liked them better. He liked the firm pose of her head too; the straight, self-reliant figure. He decided that he had best make himself known.

She turned with distinct evidence of annoyance. Mildred Davis did not care for casual traveling acquaintances. Then the look of hauteur gave way to a sudden expression of almost girlish pleasure.

"Of all people to meet here, in the dead of winter, and dear knows how many miles from where," she exclaimed. "Certainly, have your breakfast brought right over here. My dear boy, you haven't—you have actually grown since we met—let's see—it was seven years ago—or eight."

Jack Borden sat opposite her and made a pretense of eating his breakfast. The waiter reported in the tiny pantry that the young chap was evidently hard hit.



THE BEST GIFT OF THEM ALL.

ANITA FITCH

Fair Habbie she has richest gifts,
But from the heap she turns away
(Sure something is amiss),
Which good Kris Kringle sends to her,
The sweetest of his gifts,
Dear paltry Summer kias.

When lo! Dan Cupid saunters in,
With buds and mistle berries,
And Babbie joys in Bobbie's heart,
The best gift of them all.

Borden was hard hit, but he did not know it. His parting with impulsive, girlish Mildred Davis had not occasioned any particular pain, and had soon been forgotten in the scramble for business recognition. Yet his meeting with the girl Mildred, calm, self-contained and somehow radiating a social superiority that mere wealth cannot give, had thrilled him.

"Where am I going? Why, home for Christmas, of course," she was saying in even tones. "You heard of mother's death, I presume?"

Explosion flashed. He had heard nothing from the old town in years. He murmured some words of sympathy and noted that she looked wistful, but there was no trace of tears in her eyes. The old Mildred had been given to tears.

"I had my position in Albany two years before she left me. No, there is no one for me to stay with at Clayville except the Applebys, but they always take me in at Christmas time. I simply cannot stay in Albany, then. Even second or third cousins are better than business friends."

They returned to the sleeper after a breakfast drawn out until the dining car began to fill up. He forgot his inevitable smoking compartment without finishing. He had so much to tell her about his success, and their beautiful home. Perhaps, then, she would understand why Clayville was only a memory to him.

She listened appreciatively, but asked more questions about his mother than about his great factory. The train started up. Three hours had passed on wings, and cut the citron into thin strips. Measure 1 even teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon and nutmeg and 1/2 teaspoonful each of cloves and allspice. Put all the fruit into a bowl and mix tightly with a handful of flour. Add the sugar and spices, the chopped suet and the bread, and mix all thoroughly. Beat 8 eggs until very light and mix them with 1/2 pint of brandy. Pour into the fruit mixture and stir until well blended. Pack in a greased mold and steam for six hours. Turn out of the mold and decorate with blanched and split macis. For Christmas day stick a sprig of holly in the top and place lump of sugar saturated with brandy on the dish, thus encircling the pudding. Ignite these and send to the table surrounded by flames. Serve with plum sauce.

"It does seem odd," she murmured, with a sudden softening of her clear, bell-like tones, "that you are off to St. Louis, and I to a Clayville which holds nothing but

memories, and your dear little mother, who was once so precious to us both, will be sitting alone watching for the Christmas dawn. Fate plays such strange tricks. Why, it seems like just a few months since your mother and my mother had that joint Christmas tree."

She was looking steadily out of the window, where the snow flew by like the pure, sweet memories she was reviving. Her profile was softer than it had been in the dining car. Borden coughed and frowned. He suddenly recalled the pitiful expression on his mother's face as he had explained that perfunctory kiss on her forehead.

"Why must you go to Clayville? It's an awful dead place," he said harshly. Mildred turned to him in amazement. He was looking straight ahead, and his forehead had contracted into a frown, which did not reflect the thoughts surging through his brain. The brakeman hurried through the train.

"Next stop Syracuse! Change for the Clayville and Northern branch!"

"Why can't you go back to West Taunton and spend Christmas with mother? She'll be deucedly lonesome—and—"

"Why, how absurd—"

"It's not absurd. We could catch the noon train back—"

Her face had flushed and sudden anger shone in her eyes.

"Yes, oh, I say, Mildred, I've been the biggest idiot. It isn't all money—though it counts tremendously, yes, it was worth working for," he added, his cautious nature reasserting itself. "But I've lost a lot. Mother's lost more. I didn't realize it until I saw you. I've hurt her awfully, I know I have. Will you go back with me and help make it up to her?"

The din of the rushing train almost drowned the words, but Mildred caught them, and she saw in his eyes that which had not been there in the days of love's young dream.

The man ahead was gathering up his hat and gloves. They were on the outskirts of Syracuse.

"Mildred, don't say no. I don't deserve you—mother does. Come home to us, and St. Louis may go hang."

It was boyish, but it was earnest. She hesitated—then smiled.

"It's a shame to waste that ticket to St. Louis—but for the good of your soul—and your mother—I am going to West Taunton."

At Syracuse they sent two wires. One went to Clayville and conveyed Miss Mildred Davis' Christmas wishes and regrets to the house of Appleby. The other went to Jim Cartwright, and read:

"Provide Christmas treat for employees. JOHN BORDEN."

It was past midnight when he opened his own door very softly and just as softly summoned the astonished Maggie. His mother's hearing was slightly impaired and her door was closed. The two conspirators were safely shielded in the dining-room, and they trimmed the little tree to stand by the mother's chair. The bewildered Maggie, too excited to sleep, waited out in the kitchen to conduct this mystifying visitor to the guest chamber, and returned to the attic to inform the cook that these were strange doings. Indeed, for a well-ordered household, but her tones belied her words.

The next morning Mrs. Borden had the same dream of the Christmas angel, only the figure was clad in something soft and blue. The voice which said "Merry Christmas, dear Mrs. Borden, but not angelic, but very firm and cheerful and womanly. The little white-haired woman sat straight up in bed, laughing and crying together. When she could see through her tears she found her son hovering in the background, looking sheepish but happy, and when she reached once more for the firm but caressing hands of Mildred Davis, she saw that the little pearl ring was back in its place. It had been Jack's only present to his promised wife, but that was only because every jewelry store in town had been closed on their arrival.

NEW IDEAS FOR DAZZLING THE EYES OF YOUTHFUL BEHOLDERS

LESS than \$2, properly expended, will decorate the Christmas tree beautifully in a novel fashion, and give no end of pleasure.

The chief thing to consider is the color and effect. The materials employed are really secondary. There will, of course, be a cobwebby mass of loose silver tinsel, coated in and over the tree in a bewildering labyrinth, and strings of popcorn, hollyberries and cranberries. Tradition demands their use in connection with the novel ornaments.

Small and inexpensive souvenirs of Japanese lanterns and opened parasols will give a unique touch of Oriental color to the Christmas tree. From every available tip tiny bells, hearts, stars, guitars, banjos and other paper mache novelties, such as rabbits, donkeys and reindeers, should be suspended.

If desired the animals may be made of cake, as molds are made especially for this purpose. The stars and hearts may be cut from Bristol board and given a coat of glue, then dipped in mica or metallic flourescent colors.

Small red and green apples may be used to good advantage for decorative purposes by sticking them with tiny crepe paper flags. They should be suspended from the boughs by braids of red, white and blue paper.

Walnuts, hickory nuts, peanuts, pine cones, etc., will help the decorative scheme also if they are gilded. The best thing to accomplish this result is small, which is kept by paint dealers, and comes in gold, silver and all the metallic shades.

First, dissolve a cake of glue in boiling water, place a tack in the end of the nut or object to be immersed, dip in the liquid glue, roll in the small and dry. Later, when ready to suspend from the tree, attach bright red ribbon to the string, and hang in some of the places that look bare.

Another novelty which will please the children is to take the shells of the walnut, split so they will be intact, remove the meat, gild or silver the empty shells, then place a tiny doll, motto or candy inside, and tie with bright-colored baby ribbon.

It is almost impossible to have too many objects for trimmings, as the tree is like a yawning chasm—hard to fill.

Little Chinamen, dangling by their queues, and Japanese lads and lassies, peering curiously out from among green boughs, will create a great deal of amusement for the Occidental boys and girls whose eyes are eagerly fixed on the tree. Milkmaids, Jack Horner's, Brownies, gnomes and fairies will also be an attraction, and they may serve as bonbon receptacles as well.

To make a milkmaid, for instance, use Bristol board, and shape in an oblong round box. Fit a bit of pasteboard for a bottom, and make a cover likewise. Fill with candies and nuts. Then take an ordinary bisque doll, which may be purchased at any 10-cent store, break off the legs and give the body to the box. Next proceed to dress the little creature in a diaphanous crepe paper gown of some dainty color.

One of the latest novelties for these doll bonbon boxes is to dress them in evening gowns, a train and décolleté, adding a picture hat, a wrap and box in some contrasting shade. Black accessories are very fashionable for these maidens. Another pretty idea is to make tiny corkscrews of crepe paper, glued to a toothpick, and fastened in the hand of little milkmaid—a simple matter, as a trial will convince. Flumes for the hats are made by slaking a strip of folded paper, curling the fringe over a toothpick and flattening on the hat. Muffs, too, are beautifully fashioned out of paper, with a strip of heavy tissue added for trimming. With long coats, boss and picture hats, these bonbon dolls are quite stunning, especially the golden-haired, blue-eyed ones.

A useful gift, which will help to make the tree look pretty, is the twine doll, dressed handsomely in crepe papers—pink and black, red and yellow, yellow and black or blue and black, with hat to match and white paper petticoats. Quite a good sized doll will be needed for this novelty, at least a 14-inch one. Break the legs off close to the body, and glue the body to a twine receptacle, in which is a ball of twine. The costume will, of course, need to be voluminous.

Little pixies can be made to peer out of unexpected nooks on the tree. They, too, are made of small bisque dolls about six inches long, fastened on an oval piece of cardboard three inches in diameter for a standard. This cardboard should be covered with crepe paper, which may conceal several of their violet heads. Attach a penholder, lavender and white paper with plenty of gilding will give a beautiful effect.

Shaving balls made of tissue papers in dainty colors, and immense fluffy balls to which are fastened loops of paper ribbon with bows, are useful gifts and unique for tree trimmings.

Electric light shades made in the shape of an enormous cabbage rose, yellow for

instance, with two buds dangling, and an abundance of green leaves against the wire frame, will be welcome gifts to some one after they have served as Christmas tree decorations.

Still another clever idea for the tree which will serve for trimming first and gifts later on are hatpin holders, which are made of empty talcum powder boxes. Remove the top and stretch a piece of tulle across it. Fasten securely, then "dress" the box in crepe paper, making a double frill at the top. To trim make a pond lily or rose with a bud, leaving the long stem to wind gracefully around the box. Fasten the blossom securely in front, and the useful ornament is finished. Women who are forced to stab hatpins in cushions or leave them loosely in their dresser drawer, because of no better place to put them, will appreciate such a gift, trifling as it is.

There was a time when ugly chains were made of paper and looped on the trees. Nowadays, instead of this barbarity, beautiful tissue and crepe papers are fashioned into garlands, fans, parasols, horns and such gifts as are described in the foregoing.

One of the prettiest suggestions for distributing the smaller gifts is to have them imbedded in artificial grasses. This may be done with either muslin or paper, and though many of the articles will not fit the receptacles, they can be made to do so by a little padding with cotton or tissue paper. Orange colored crepe paper makes the most realistic grasses.

They are not only pleasing to the children as novelties, but add greatly to the appearance of the tree itself. They should be suspended by orange satin ribbon, or by braided lengths of crepe paper, which is more effective, to carry out the idea. When nesting among the dark green boughs of the tree they look exceedingly pretty and suggestive.

Some of the smaller packages may be converted into snowballs by wrapping the gifts in cotton batting and sprinkling with tinsel powder. If there are lights on the tree, the glittering snowballs will be the chief attraction to the animated little people.

"Domino Trees" may be easily "timmed as follows: Make a layer cake, baking in a shallow tin. When the cake is cold, it should be cut into oblong pieces the shape and size of dominoes. A tin cutter can be purchased or the thinner can make one. Dip the tiny cakes in a hotted icing, using toothpick "spars" to accomplish this result. When the icing is cold, make the domino lines and dots with melted chocolate, using a toothpick for the purpose. Each domino may be tied separately to a tiny twig with red baby ribbon, or the cakes may be strung in loops. Several hundred of these goodies scattered about the tree will give a dazzling effect and please the little folks immensely.

Snowball cakes may be made by baking cup cakes which should be trimmed into shape, then iced generously several times and rolled in desiccated coconut. A toothpick spear may be thrust in each one to suspend it.

Attractive ornaments can be fashioned for the tree out of candies. For instance, make some glass with half a cup of water, one-fourth teaspoonful of cream of tartar and a half pound of loaf sugar. Boil until it thickens in cold water. Dip into this fresh rose or violet petals. Spread the glass thin in a pan and score it into butterfly wings. Cut marshmallows into thin strips for the bodies and press the wings into them. Next proceed to cover the white body with streaks and flecks of chocolate dotting the wings with tinted fondant.

Other oddities in the shape of dolls may be made of chocolate creams. Take one bonbon for the head and two more for the body. Each one should be separated by a toothpick. Pinch one side of the chocolate cream until it looks something like a nose. Cut out a piece on either side for eyes; make another slash for the mouth, then with a toothpick make imitation hair on the "Topsy." Dress in a crisp red crepe paper gown, with a black sash, and suspend from the tree with black baby ribbon.

Artificial snow on the topmost branches of the tree will add to its Wintry appearance. To make, dip bits of cotton into glue, then sprinkle with mica to imitate the sparkle.

A pretty little ceremony may be participated in by the children before and after the distribution of the gifts. When everything is in readiness, the little people are invited into the room and told to sing their welcome to Santa Claus, for, of course, the patron saint is expected. In the midst of the lively song, "Santa Claus is Coming," good old Saint Nicholas appears on the scene, snow be sprinkled and jolly, with a pack on his back and to the music of sleigh bells. The children salute him with "All hail, Good Santa Claus, on this merry Christmas Eve."

SOME FAMOUS CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS

SOUTHERN Plum Pudding.—This pudding differs much from the time-honored English one, in that it is steamed in a mold, instead of boiled in a cloth or bag, and is somewhat more digestible while not a whit less toothsome. The receipt given here, which was secured from a Virginian, will be found sufficient for 14 persons, and can either be cooked in one large mold, or, if desired, the mixture placed in smaller ones. It will keep well and indefinitely, and, like fruitcake, is improved by age. If the family is small, it is well to use the small molds, and to reheat as required.

1/2 pound of raisins, 1 pound of currants, 1 pound of suet, 1/2 pound of citron, 1 pound of brown sugar. Stone and chop the raisins, clean and dry the currants, chop the suet fine, sprinkling with a little flour, and cut the citron into thin strips. Measure 1 even teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon and nutmeg and 1/2 teaspoonful each of cloves and allspice. Put all the fruit into a bowl and mix tightly with a handful of flour. Add the sugar and spices, the chopped suet and the bread, and mix all thoroughly. Beat 8 eggs until very light and mix them with 1/2 pint of brandy. Pour into the fruit mixture and stir until well blended. Pack in a greased mold and steam for six hours. Turn out of the mold and decorate with blanched and split macis. For Christmas day stick a sprig of holly in the top and place lump of sugar saturated with brandy on the dish, thus encircling the pudding. Ignite these and send to the table surrounded by flames. Serve with plum sauce.

French Glace Plum Pudding.—One of the most delicious variations of the Christmas dessert is a frozen pudding or cream, which includes the traditional fruits. To make a sufficient quantity to fill a two-

quart mold, prepare a rich chocolate ice cream as follows: Allow 1 quart of cream, 6 eggs, 1/2-pound of sugar and 2 ounces of unsweetened cocoa. Separate the whites from the yolks, beat the yolks to a cream; then add the sugar and beat again. Whisk the whites to a stiff froth; beat them into the yolk cream, and mix with the cocoa. The chocolate into bits and stand over a kettle of boiling water until it is dissolved. Add to the cream and cook the whole in a double boiler until it slightly coats a knife-blade dipped into it. Strain and stand aside to become cold. Prepare a scant half-pound of seeded raisins and currants, mix and boil them until plump. Add enough thin slices of citron, candied cherries and apricots to make a generous three-quarters of a pound. Cover them with sherry and let stand until softened. Freeze the cream. Remove the cover of the freezer can and stir the fruit lightly through the cream. Replace the cover and turn the dasher until the cream is well mixed. Pack in a mold, cover tightly and put the mold in ice and saw for several hours. Serve with the following sauce:

Beat the yolks of 2 eggs with 2 tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar until they form a cream. Place in the double boiler and stir until the eggs begin to thicken, then remove from the fire and beat until cold. Add 1 tablespoonful of marshmallow and stir in lightly 1/2-pint of cream which has been whipped to a stiff froth.

A Famous Nesselrode Pudding.—This well-known pudding, in some of its simpler forms, is familiar to most lovers of good things, but the receipt given here is exceptionally good, and approaches closely to that served to the famous Russian Minister from whom it takes its name:

To make a sufficient quantity to fill a three-quart freezer, allow 3 dozen French chestnuts, the yolks of 8 eggs, 1 pint of

cream, 1/2-pound of sugar, 3 ounces of preserved pineapple, 3 ounces of French glace cherries, 2 ounces each of citron and Sultana raisins, 1 saltspoonful of salt and 1/2 large eggspoonful of good marshmallow. Boil the chestnuts, peel and press the pulp through a fruit press. Beat the yolks of the eggs light and add to them the sugar and 1/2-pint of cream. Stir the chestnut pulp thoroughly through the cream and cook in a double boiler until it forms a soft custard. Then strain into a large bowl and stir in the salt thoroughly. Cut the pineapple into thin slices and the citron into thin strips. Make a syrup by boiling a little sugar and water together. Pour over all the fruit and let stand until tender. When the chestnut cream is cold add the marshmallow, pour into the freezer can, pack with ice and salt and freeze until firm. Have ready an extra half-pint of cream whipped to a stiff froth; drain the fruit and add it and the whipped cream to the frozen custard. Stir lightly until well blended; remove the dasher and recover the can. Pack in ice and salt until firm. Serve with the sauce as directed for the frozen plum pudding, flavoring with chestnut pulp.

Christmas Surprise Pudding.—Make good rich vanilla ice cream by any favorite receipt. Select a square or brick mold and line it with the cream of a thickness of 1 1/2 inches. Have ready cream whipped to a stiff froth, in which glace cherries and pineapple, cut into bits have been soaking. Fill the center of the mold with the mixture. Cover the top with ice cream and smooth with a knife dipped in cold water. Cover the can tightly and pack in ice and salt for two hours. Serve plain or with whipped cream. For a two-quart mold, one quart of ice cream, one pint of good candied fruit and one-half pound of candied



"REALLY," SHE SAID, "IT'S AWFULLY JOPLY. I HAVEN'T BEEN SO EXCITED IN MONTHS."



THE NEW STYLE CHRISTMAS TREE, SHOWING THE DOMINOES OF CARLS BROWNS, LITTLE JAPANESE LANTERNS IN PLACE OF CANDLES, FLAG DECORATED APPLES AND STRING PAPER ORANGES HOLDING GIFTS.