PORTLAND WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE WITH HOUSE HUNTING IN PARIS

Greatest Disappointment Lay in the Fact That There Are No Bathrooms—The New Latin Quarter.

BY EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

THE mere suggestion of the advisability of seeking a new domicile in one's own home city fills the mind of the average housewife with dismay, consequently the emotions engendered by the same necessity in a foreign city, where not only the language but the customs, provisions and terms are utterly unknown to the prospective tenant, can be better imagined than described. A leaf or two from a recent experience in Paris may prove of interest whether or not the reader is contemplating a residence abroad.

To the student there are two modes of life possible—housekeeping in an apartment and boarding in a pension. Time was when students were admitted as boarders into intellectual French families, where the advantages of home life and an opportunity to practice the language were afforded, but the privilege was so often abused that today it is almost impossible to obtain entree into the household of a desirable family, and the conventional atmosphere of a French pension is the nearest approach to what was a delightful way of living for one who could appreciate it.

A "pension" is nothing more nor less than a boarding-house, but the name savors more of dignity and one cannot but wish that it might be adopted in America as it has been, to a large extent, in London; for, after all, there is a certain style and tone which emanates from a name, despite the rose and its fragrance.

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Boarding-house life is about the same the world over. There may be a slight difference in the variety and manner of preparing and serving the food, but there is the same absence of home feeling, the same lack of privacy, the same necessity for tips, the same difficulty in being able to concentrate one's mind on study whether it be an ordinary American boarding-house or private hotel or a European pension; consequently, as my daughter was to be a student, an apartment seemed most desirable, particularly as the cost for the two of us would be about the same.

At first my mind was filled with visions of unfurnished rooms to be filled with such things as I long had dreamed of possessing, and which can be picked up at such ridiculously low prices, if one knows just where to look, and which I pictured myself taking back to Portland, for, as a non-resident, one is permitted to take in all household goods used abroad for a period of a year or more. But alas for the realization of such delightful dreams. The awakening came with the remembrance that as a married woman whose husband was unable, because of business necessities, to accompany her abroad, I had no residence, no identity, apart from that of my better half. Therefore the futility of furnishing an apartment was at once apparent in spite of the allurement of low rentals, and the search for a furnished habitation began.

The mind of the student-to-be naturally turns to the famous Latin quarter, particularly as its reputation as a cheap place in which to live has become widespread. Paris is a wonderful city, and it is a city of much individuality, but the leaven of Americanism is slowly permeating it and insidiously working and changing old conditions. More than one generation will pass before the change is fully apparent and, in the meantime, the present generation of young people is paying the price and enduring the unrest attendant on the evolution.

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The Latin quarter is today old and decrepit, but the traditions, probably more than the schools, still make it the haunt of artists and a certain class of students. And oh, the charm of the Quartier. Who can describe it, who can resist it once having yielded to its spell? The narrow, winding streets fascinate with their pulsing tide of human flotsam and jetsam, local color for the artist and writer, and character sutdy for the dramatist; the tall, bare-faced houses, leaning backward as if afraid to touch noses with their neighbors across the street, charm because of their very peculiarities, and the fact that perhaps the high attic windows, banked with potted plants, light the only place some struggling student can call home; the queer little shops with their chattering, flattering venders, the historic, student-haunted cafes all call, call, call, for these are the places around which traditions cluster and teem and awaken romance in the heart of old and young alike.

It is hard to resist the call, for traditions mean atmosphere to the student and atmosphere is vital to success.

But health is vital, too, and robust health is not possible without pure air and good sanitation. Perhaps it was the better to secure these necessities that a new Latin Quarter has been established on higher ground, and here is where the commercial element has cropped in, for the profit to be derived from the fame of the name was so apparent that prices have kept pace with the elevation and more healthful environment even though the new quarter is yet too modern to have acquired an atmosphere.

In view of this combination of conditions life in the quarter seemed divested of its romantic attractions, and the idea of an establishment within its classic precincts was reluctantly abandoned.

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Paris is cold and very damp in Winter, hence an abode near the studio of the teacher seemed advisable, and as he had elected to house himself on one of the wide, tree-lined avenues radiating from the Place del'Etoile, our search began near his apartment and continued in enlarging circles until it culminated in the place to be presently described.

Paris apartment-houses differ from those of any other city in many respects. The exteriors do not present a very material difference in architectural design, as structures from five to eight stories in height are necessarily similar in general aspect. The most noticeable distinguishing features of the Parisian buildings are the artistic iron railings and balconies in front of every window and the absence of fire escapes. Huge doors open from the street onto a wide passageway which usually leads to a court, large or small, according to the size of the house. From these stairways rise the number varying with the number and position of the apartments. In many of the modern houses, built on shallow lots, the court is dispensed with and a single stairway ascends from the hallway.

In a small room opening onto the passage the concierge has his den and here this individual, who is a truly Parisian product, presides over the weal or woe of those within his realm. His office is akin to that of our janitor, but if an American apartment dweller looks upon his janitor in the light of a Czar he should become a tenant in a Paris apartment-house in order to realize what absolute monarchy really is, for no despot is more truly absolute than a Paris concierge. Just what he is supposed to do is more than I have, as yet, been able to ascertain, but there is nothing he will not do if the tip is sufficiently alluring.

At first we undertook the search independently, relying on a few French stock phrases to help out the sign language, but either the phrases did not fit or the concierge did not understand American French, for we found the task more than our mental strength could accomplish and were forced to engage the services of an English-speaking attache of a rental agency. He was "onto his job," as an American lad would put it, and insisted on a motor cab, and perhaps it was well that he did, for the sum on the taximeter at the close of a day's search assisted greatly in making a decision.

PICTURE B.

Sometimes, but rarely, the concierge was absent from his post and the concierges to be, in the form of small, serious-faced urchins, in long black aprons, scurried slowly after him. "Scurried slowly" seems rather an anomalous term, but it fully describes the haste of a Paris lad when asked to hurry on an errand.

As the older apartment-houses have no elevators and the stairs are very steep the physical exertion attendant on apartment hunting may be imagined. The higher one ascends the cheaper the rent, but the better the light and air, so that there is compensation in climbing five or six flights of stairs, or would be if the average flat appealed to an American. As to the mental fatigue of trying to understand and be understood, words are insufficient to do the subject justice.

As the apartments in the first few diverging circles were very similar in all respects, a general description will suffice, although it will quite fail to make apparent the appearance of well-preserved age, and, I regret to say, the mustiness of some of them. Many of them were scrupulously clean and attractive, but one has to pay for such things in Paris. Others were cheaper because there were no such attributes to charge for.

We were seeking that elusive and desirable abode, a small flat. It seems that three bedrooms, exclusive of the tiny, walled-in space under the roof, called through courtesy the "maid's room," constitute the average small flat, and that was much too large for our modest needs.

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A Paris architect has the art of utilizing space down to a fine point; the only thing on which he allows his imagination full play is the number and sinuosity of stairways. From the stair landing one passes into a narrow hall onto which the various rooms of the apartment open.

"See, Madame, the beautiful salon, what you call 'drawing room'," and we are ushered into a small apartment with rather ornate furniture, some impossible vases containing artificial plants or flowers, and a statue or two of bronzed plaster; the floor, if the building is of ancient origin, is of inlaid wood, which delights us at once, but if modern, there are rugs or a complete carpet. The dining room, as a rule, charms the housewife with its richly carved buffet, its handsome heavy table and really good chairs. In the lower part of the sideboard or buffet the china and glass are kept; there are dozens of plates for luncheons and dinners are always served in courses, and "dish washing" seems to have no terrors for the French maid. There is also an "afternoon tea" set of fine ware in deference to the English and American habit, which here becomes almost a necessity because of the lateness of the dinner hour.

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"And the cuisine, Madame." We gaze around the wee, often dark, room, hardly more than a closet, which it is hard to believe is the only kitchen the place affords. The largest of the many that we saw was not more than 7x10 feet, if as large, and like the others contained a small working table and a coal range, upon the top of which rested the two-burner gas shelf. "But the sink; is there none?"

"Oh, yes, it is there, so convenient to the stove."

Picture it if you can, a shallow depression in a thin, oval-shaped block of cement, bordered by ornamental tiling, minus a drain board or even a place on which to set dishes or utensils. Visions of china rattling from the tiles of the sink to the tiles of the floor filled my mind and I realized the necessity of the clause in every lease which provides for the payment of a certain sum, when one vacates the premises, to cover breakage and repairs.

"And the bath-room, may we see it?"

"Ah, Madame, a bath-room is a luxury for which one must pay high in Paris."

"But there is one?"

"Not exactly a bathroom, as you Americans express it, but if you wish there is a portable tub which we can have ready in a few days. It has been stored in the cellar for a year."

Or, "There is the portable tub, madam; you can use it in the kitchen, since it has a tiled floor."

And those tubs! Shade of Demosthenes, what queer things they are. Some of them huge affairs, that would require the strength of a Samson to move, others immense pans, so shallow that if one stepped into them the overflow resulting would leave no water for ablutions.

"But we must have a bathroom." The reiteration was becoming fainter with repetition, for even the courteous English-speaking real estate man shrugged his shoulders, as he said, "If you go far out into the new apartment district, yes, but in town it is hard to find at your price, but there are many bathhouses, where the cost is only a franc and a half." Thirty cents and a tip of 10 cents is not much, of course, but to the average American, whose daily bath is as much a part of his day's routine as his meals, it would add considerable to the amount of his rent.

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There remained, then, nothing but a survey of the new apartment-houses built, we were assured, on the American plan, and visions of rentals on a like plan flashed athwart our minds, visions, alas! which proved to be realities.

The houses, however, are charming and possess all American conveniences, except a kitchen with a real sink. The rooms are tiny but artistic, even to the dainty furnishings, and the bathroom accessories are on a par with the best at home.

The lease—every one must take a lease for a certain number of months or pay an exorbitant rental—includes steam heat, water, hot water and facilities for electric lighting and gas for cooking. Yet the bathroom and kitchen contain only cold water faucets.

"Where is the hot water?" we asked, and in answer were referred to the instantaneous heater installed above the bathtub. So the means to produce it were furnished but as the gas is at our expense we pay for the so-called luxury.

Nor are we so very far out, either, since a brisk walk of ten minutes brings us to the studio; within a square are three tram lines and an underground station, by which we can reach any part of Paris, and in 30 minutes we can be at the opera-house. We are high above the river, not far from the Trocadero, and but a pleasant saunter from the beautiful Bois du Boulogne.

True, our outlook in front is limited to the surrounding apartment-houses, inhabited largely by Americans, among them many students, but from our rear window we can look down into a charming garden, onto which a glass-roofed and walled living-room opens, and here a dear old French couple pass their days in happy content, absorbed in their flowers, their books, their pets and themselves.

We have an elevator, or lift, as even the Americans call them here. Would that those who grumble at the crushes in some of the elevators at home could ascend in it. Its capacity, by standing erect and very close, is three persons, but then it is of beautifully finished wood and ornamental iron grill work and is automatic. One only uses it for the ascent, as Parisians, like some other Europeans, consider the lift, like the bathroom, a luxury to be used sparingly.

For all this we pay 300 francs, about $60, a month, and are assured by old Parisians that we are very fortunate to have secured an apartment with a bathroom and a lift so very cheap.

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Trimmings of Fur Hats

THE fur hat has a definite form. It is invariably bigger and more cumbersome than the usual run of millinery. The favorite model is a turban of enormous dimensions, though this is rather high than broad.

The moujik Russian hat accompanies many fine coats; it goes up into a stupendously high crown and has a broad, flat band of fur about the face. A knot of the inevitable tinsel roses is at the side, or else a "fancy" one of the astounding feathers made by the hand of man from bird plumage.

Some velvet shapes turn directly up at the back like a peacock's tail. In the space underneath there is a complicated rosette of satin, filling all the hollow. On the outside there will be an animal skin—a sable, a fitch, or some other creature's skin, twisted about the crown, with a great lift at one side of the fancy feathers. Such hats go with day effects—the rich fur coat that covers the reception or matinee dress. Some little turbans with wide fur bands about puffed velvet crowns seem very useful and ornamental for muffs and neckpieces in matching skins. These may be without other ornament if desired.

The fur headpiece for evening is a thing of enchanting coquetry. With some coats of real and false ermine—rabbit skin—go things that could only be called wreaths and crowns, for a number only encircle the brow, leaving the crown of the head bare. One cap of ermine had a border of this skin and a gold tissue over a puff of turquoise and gold brocade. At the side there were turquoise buds of tinsel, overlapped with the gold. On a light fur hat roses or buds of jet are sometimes seen.

For automobile wear fur hats are great high-crowned turbans or else little things in bonnet shape. For this wear red fox is a smart skin, this pelt going admirably with big matching muffs with the coarse serges employed for auto raiment. All of the best fur headgear is combined with the rich tinsel now to the fore, or else a whole animal skin of some precious nature encircles a hat in one or several bands. Ermine, or rabbit skin trimmed to imitate it, will be put on a spreading brim of black velvet, heads and paws all showing, and yet with the cluster at the side, held down with some handsome jet ornament or other.

But our hats for day wear with walking gowns (for average purses) consist generally of a band of the skin about a crown of less expensive material. Serge, velvet, corduroy, Ottoman silk and satin may all from the crown of street hats, but the fur border used must match the muff and neckpiece or else the fur coat worn. If the tinsel roses employed to give the skins a fairy touch seem too expensive, a small knot of ribbon flowers will be in keeping, or else a carefully chosen rose of the usual sort.

Where there is a gown in a cloth of a rich color—such as blue or dull red—a piece of this may be used for the hat crown with the border of Persian lamb, Alaska sable, seal, marten or what not. What is required in the fur hat is that it will have sequence with the rest of the mufflings; so if the headpiece is of one skin, and muff or coat of another, the smart effect is gone.

Concerning the subject of furs en masse, it will not be possible to present a smart appearance this Winter without them. For the colder days the fur hat will be as essential as the big muff, and the two together make it possible to do without the coat that costs so much money and is only useful on the bitterest days. So if one can buy the more moderate things, my advice would be for a muff and hat in a matching skin. With a serge or cloth street gown, with the coat muffled inside the throat with a richly-colored silk handkerchief, the muff and hat, if well made and in a prevailing style, will give one the required Wintry look without great expenditure.

Like the faneler muffs, the hats are very easily made at home. The skins employed are never lined, and as all fur hats have something of a home-made look a little clumsiness does not matter. With a reception dress a hat in an appropriate fur may have a tulle rosette at the side, gold or silver tassels, of posies. With the tailor-made article a rosette, handsomely made, of satin ribbon, is enough. This is put on at the point where it is most becoming.

MARY DEAN.

Bags for Reception Gowns.

For use with reception gowns there are big bags of suede and satin encrusted with beads shaping handsome patterns and sometimes hanging in deep fringes below. Such reticules must positively match a frock in a pale color or else the effect of them is lost. They are newer than the mesh bags in metal, which, however, bigger than ever, are still seen. There is only one new kink for the mesh bag or purse—it must hang from the neck on a long matching chain.

In mourning departments the shops show bags both of extreme simplicity and decided coquetry. The large ones with square frames, in a leather grained to look like crepe, are admired for sensible use. These have leather handles and linings of dull moire or kid. The fixy bags in black are of dull ribbed silk or beaded peau de cygne, the beads, of course, being dull and the framing of gunmetal. So, if in mourning, do not make the mistake of buying these bags with bright gold finishings, for with only this change instead of gunmetal or dull jet frames, the same styles are used for color.

Exquisite ideas for home work are given by the Dresden bags of colored beads woven with beautiful flowers, and which seem so fine for the theater. One can learn to net these with little effort, and a new well-made bag in such style is a thing to be kept forever. Bags of flowered silk are other evening dainties that can be made at home, and the necessary frames can be bought anywhere. Some of the shops, indeed, put the bags together with the purchase of a handsome frame.

In point of form, the newest of these articles intended for dressy wear have oval tops, and every material of any smartness whatsoever — velvet, moire, beads, silk, satin, etc.—has the cord handle with two tassels at the sides.

WELCOME WORDS TO WOMEN

Women who suffer with disorders peculiar to their sex should write to Dr. Pierce and receive free the advice of a physician of over 40 years' experience—a skilled and successful specialist in the diseases of women. Every letter of this sort has the most careful consideration and is regarded as sacredly confidential. Many sensitively modest women write fully to Dr. Pierce what they would shrink from telling to their local physician. The local physician is pretty sure to say that he cannot do anything without "an examination." Dr. Pierce holds that these distasteful examinations are generally needless, and that no woman, except in rare cases, should submit to them.

Dr. Pierce's treatment will cure you right in the privacy of your own home. His "Favorite Prescription" has cured hundreds of thousands, some of them the worst of cases.

It is the only medicine of its kind that is the product of a regularly graduated physician. The only one good enough that its makers dare to print its every ingredient on its outside wrapper. There's no secrecy. It will bear examination. No alcohol and no habit-forming drugs are found in it. Some unscrupulous medicine dealers may offer you a substitute. Don't take it. Don't trifle with your health. Write to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.,—take the advice received and be well.

Health and Beauty Helps

BY MRS. MAE MARTYN

Hester: You say you are taking on flesh at a rate that dismays you, and will faithfully follow my advice if I tell you how to secure stylish slenderness. I am glad to say you will not find my directions difficult to follow, for I do not believe in starving or violent exercise to avoid obesity. Just get four ounces of parnotis from your druggist, dissolve it in 1½ pints hot water, and take a tablespoonful of this harmless fat dissolver before each meal. Weigh yourself at the end of each week for four weeks and you will be delighted with the result. You will be lighter in spirit as well as body, for parnotis benefits the general health.

Mrs. R.: To allay and soothe the irritation and roughness of your complexion caused by hard water, sun or winds apply a lotion made as follows: Dissolve four ounces of spurmax in a half pint of hot water and add two teaspoonfuls of glycerine. Apply with the palm of the hand and gently rub until dry. Use this inexpensive and excellent face wash daily instead of powder or cosmetic. Spurmax preserves the skin and beautifies the complexion, making it soft, smooth and white.

M. S.: I do not think brunettes are afflicted with superfluous hairs on the face any more than are blondes. Of course, black or dark hairs are more noticeable. You can easily get rid of them if you will use delatone. Make a paste by mixing a little of the powder with a little water, cover the skin from which you wish to remove the disfiguring hairs, let remain two or three minutes, then wipe off the paste and wash the skin thoroughly with warm water. Delatone is pretty expensive. Druggists charge one dollar an ounce, but it is worth it. If the hairs should return they will be thin and almost colorless and another application of delatone will permanently rid you of them.

W. J. G.: Especially at this season of the year you should be feeling energetic, full of life and have a good appetite. Even though you do not feel really sick, you should take a good tonic to rid your blood of its impurities and build up your health and strength generally. Get an ounce of kardene from any drug store and dissolve it with half a cup of sugar in a half pint of alcohol; then add enough hot water to make a full quart. This is a splendid remedy for that run-down, tired, indifferent feeling you speak of. Take a tablespoonful before each meal and in a short time it will restore your appetite and free your skin from those pimples and liver blotches which now annoy you.

Lucy M.: You have made a great mistake in neglecting your hair so long. But it is not too late to restore it to its former beauty, even if it is "failing, scurfy and weak hair," as you call it. Regular use of a good quinine hair tonic will accomplish wonders. To make this tonic, get one ounce of quinzoin from your druggist, dissolve it in one-half pint of alcohol and add one-half pint of water. Rub this tonic into the scalp and hair roots two or three times a week, and it will restore your scalp to a healthy condition, feed the hair follicles, giving your hair new life and causing it to grow in thick, long and glossy. Your sister will find this same quinzoin tonic the right and true remedy for her fading, dull and brittle hair. It will stop the splitting and breaking in one or two applications, but she should continue its use for several weeks and resume the treatment whenever her hair requires it. Read answer to Hermione.

Hermione: You must get the dandruff off your head. Dandruff is a hair destroyer; it chokes the hair, kills it and causes it to fall out. Don't use soap for shampooing; soap leaves the scalp dry and hard, and streaks the hair. I know of only one perfect shampoo, and that is canthrox. All first-class druggists sell it. Just dissolve a teaspoonful of canthrox in a cup of hot water; pour on the head a little at a time and rub well—precisely as you would with any other shampoo; then rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly with clean, warm water. Canthrox removes dandruff and relieves itching scalp. It dries quickly and makes the hair soft, bright and fluffy. For a hair tonic, use quinzoin—described in the preceding paragraph.

A. B. R.: It has been indeed a trying season for even the strongest eyes, and you are only one of thousands who are suffering from a sore, red and inflamed eyes. To relieve the irritation, redness and granulated lids, get an ounce of crystos from your druggist, dissolve it in a pint of water and drop one or two drops in each eye whenever the eyes feel tired, weak or sore. The use of this home-made eye tonic gives brilliance and expression to the eyes, keeping them clear and bright. It is a favorite toilet adjunct with actresses and society women.

"Betty": I don't know who said, "Any fool can catch a husband, but it takes a wise woman to keep one"—but it comes pretty near to being true. For the sake of your present and future happiness, don't neglect your complexion—don't let your skin become sallow, dark, coarse or rough; don't let it wrinkle or sag. Use this home-made cream-jelly for massaging and as a face cream: Get from your druggist one ounce of almozoin, dissolve it in a half pint of cold water, add two teaspoonfuls of glycerine, stir well and let stand over night. This is "the cream without grease"—it won't cause hair to grow. Gently massage your face and neck and you will find it acts on the skin, seeking out the deepest layers, the deepest tissues, the deepest cells and there works like Nature works, thoroughly and surely, for skin health, purity, color and freshness. It not only restores a lost complexion but creates a new one.

Read Mrs. Martyn's book, "Beauty." $5.—Adv.

Christmas Away From Home

A MOTHER has just written me a very interesting letter. Her two children are to be away from home at Christmas, and she wants some advice on how to keep them from being lonely—something to write to them that will be "sensible and self-helpful." The young folks are studying and working in far-off cities, and this will be the first Christmas they have spent away from home.

Christmas away from home! Dear me, the theme is big enough for chapters where young people are concerned, but my first advice in this case is to the mother of the absent nestlings. Let her see to it that letters to the far-off ones are as numerous as possible through the holiday time. Let them all be cheerful, too, without too much talk of missing the dear ones and with a good deal of talk of the importance of their own careers. Let them be prideful mother letters, the sort that help young workers to be up and doing and that leave no room for slumping moods and tenses. But let them be very careful to indicate that there will be Christmas presents at the right moment—when you are away from home presents from the family are as necessary as bread—and let the mother herself see that these tokens get off in time, with the pretty tissue paper wrappings, and binding ribbons, and sprigs of holly and mistletoe that are usual. For the one who is making no money—the girl in school—there should be, too, a little previous gift of money for her own present-making, for Christmas is a time to give as well as to receive.

The Christmas training of the young people should also begin long before the holiday arrives, for the avoidance of miserable homesick moments almost all womankind is blessed with one gift—that of the needle. The school girl must make her own little presents if there is time for this, and if she sews, crochets, knits or embroiders, in company with other girls also making home presents, think what agreeable talk can go on about the ways of this or that darling who is kin to you. Then there is the precious secret moment when you are locked in your own room making something for the school comrade or teacher; when you are writing the grand Christmas letter for somebody near or afar, and peeking into books every now and then to find the most beautiful thing to say.

When the blessed day comes, the schoolgirl must get up with the universal Christmas in her heart. She must feel the glad tidings, the peace on earth good will toward men, and show it to all she meets during the day. A little visit to the parish church will help this along—carols there are always sweet, and even the last eloquent preacher can get up a Christmas sermon that will help one to live. Then, it is quite necessary for civilized beings to feel some of the meaning of Christmas, for without this the giving and taking of gifts are a mockery. Bethlehem must have its tribute, some of the heart's gold and myrrh and frankincense.

After the morning service any jollity is in order, and a masked dance at night, with a few other girls who are bound to remain also at the school, will help to round off the day delightfully. If a book can be had telling of Christmas customs in ancient times, get this and help out the evening fun with some of the old-time games. They tell you how to do all sorts of interesting and quaint things—to feed the birds for sake of the love born into the world, how to find out who you are to marry by throwing an old shoe over your shoulder, and so on. Anything that will keep the mind from self must be encouraged, and if this is done, when the schoolgirl goes to bed that night she will be able to say truthfully, "I have had a beautiful Christmas."

The young man making his living for the first time in a great city has even more opportunity for a successful Christmas than the girl at school or college. He has the first money he has earned to spend for the little home gifts, and all the wonders of a great city to select from. It is simply glorious to spend your own money for other people, and think what a variety of wonders can be bought now for a single $5 bill, and how good it is to exercise your own taste! You go from store to store looking for just the right chiffon veil for mother, from store to store seeking the correct handkerchiefs or cigars from father. For the little folks, the younger sister or brother, the cook, the boy friends or the girl one left behind, there are other things to consider. When at last you have them all you feel richer than Croesus, and even if there is nobody to talk to on Christmas eve there is the wonderful spectacle of the streets, the poor getting their Christmas trappings at the last moment, the rich going by in splendid clothes to theater or opera, windows gay with toys, the bustle and excitement of the night before Christmas, a taste of the beautiful mystery of Santa Claus.

If I may be allowed to be personal, let me tell you that I never miss the sight of Christmas eve streets, and somehow—I have a little poetic leaning—I always fancy as I go along that I am in Bethlehem. Every star in the sky seems the one in the East, and a group of sweatshop workers, old or young, going by with the shirt waists and skirts they have made with such pain and tears seem to me like the Wise Men who journeyed from afar to worship in the city of David. Comfortable people, old or young, pass me like the shepherds of old and they seem to listen with me to the songs of the saints and seraphim. The actual fact that I have nobody to spend Christmas with vanishes from sight. I only feel that I am Christmasing with the whole world.

Here is the best counsel I can give the boy working in the big city, though I would like to advise him, too, to go to the big church where there is sweet music on Christmas day, and to advise him to try and feel every moment that it is far more blessed at Christmas time to give than to receive. Wherefore, think how delicious it would be to help out a poor mother trying to cheapen a little Christmas tree with a gift of the whole sum required! How good it would be to pick up some poor shivering sandwichman and give him a square meal, with a cigar afterward, and a little cheery talk that will help him to go on!

Ah, me, ah, me, why specialize as to the things young people should do when they are away from home at Christmas time, for the subject is one that concerns the old and middle-aged as well; all those who are divided from family ties by circumstances and those who have no ties. The human heart craves some of the joy of this moment, and if there are no near ties to supply it, the next best thing is to fill the breast so full of Christmas feeling that there is no room for loneliness. In fact, I consider this quite the best thing to do at home and abroad—to live the true Christmas life itself, without much thought of one's own needs and with a great deal of thought of the needs of others.

So remember at Chirstmastime that loneliness exists only in the heart, and strive to banish it by living with the more beautiful things of this most blessed period; with charity and hope, and faith and love. Trim the heart with holly and mistletoe, fill it with sweet carols, and wherever you are, however solitary you are, the joy of Christmas will be with you.

PRUDENCE STANDISH.

Hints for Home-Made Gifts

WHEN one starts in to make Christmas presents with her own hand assumption is that some sewing gift goes with the idea. But nine times out of ten there is the bothersome question, "What shall I make?" The list that follows here gives a few things anybody would welcome, and a round of the shops and the Woman's Exchanges will supply excellent ideas for shapes, colors and materials.

Sewing bags of brown linen with stenciled decoration—these can be bought stamped for the work.

Scissors cases in brown or red morocco, with satin ribbon bindings.

Spool holders in the same morocco for threads or silks.

Glove-mending boxes covered with a bright cretonne, with a department for the utensils and one for the gloves.

Sewing aprons, in many fancy shapes of dotted swiss ruffled with plain.

Traveling aprons of white oilcloth, very small, rounded at the bottom, tape-edged, and with pockets for the comb, toothbrush and other small toilet articles. Excellent for the girl friend who goes traveling.

Soiled clothes bags of white oilcloth—this turned inside—with an outer casing of a gray cretonne. As the oilcloth part can be washed often these