

# PRETTY GIFTS AND ENDS FOUND IN THE SHOPS

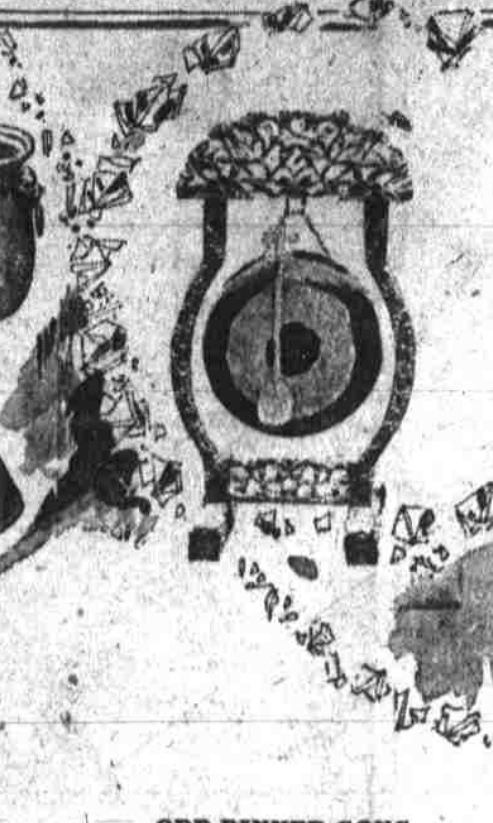


TRAVELING CLOCK. LOVING CUP.

All that man or woman, maid or youth, has to do these busy shopping days is to go into one of the stores, turn about two or three times, and then let the eye rest on a counter. Never in the history of shoppers have more attractive things been exposed to view.

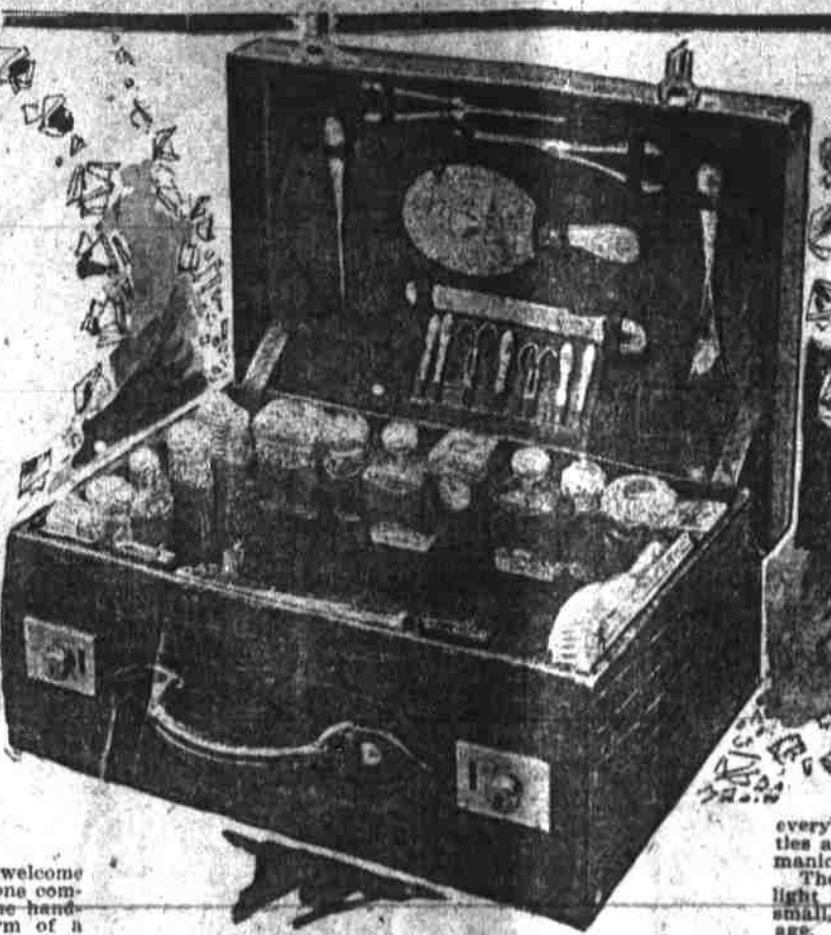
And these beautiful things are not all expensive. The wise man or woman may do any amount of purchasing, and still carry away a full purse, if they will only take a little time. The best hour to buy is at near 9 o'clock in the morning as possible—earlier, if it is possible to get up and down to the stores these dark mornings. At that hour the shops are fairly empty, the clerks are not worn out, and the handkerchiefs, ribbons, stockings, and novelties are not in the mad confusion that is found at the end of the day.

For the man who travels often and far, nothing will be more acceptable for a birthday gift than a toilet



LOVING CUP.

traveling case. Indeed, many a woman would welcome one of these for everything that goes to make one comfortable while on tour is to be found here. The handkerchiefs, ribbons, stockings, and novelties are not in the mad confusion that is found at the end of the day.



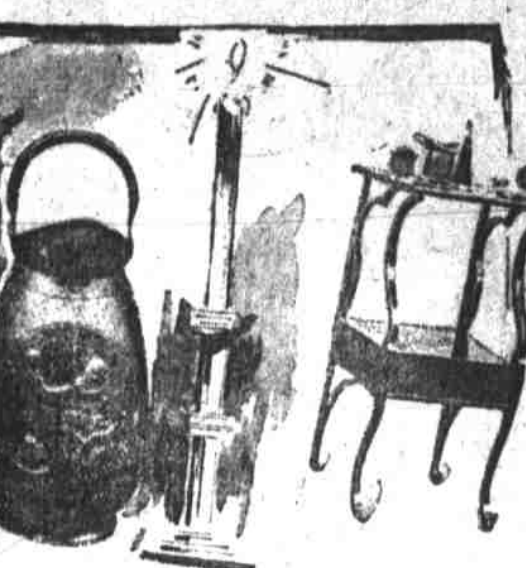
TRAVELER'S TOILET SET.

every article that one could need in dressing. The bottles are incased in silver, and the combs, brushes and manicure articles are all ivory mounted.



TEA TABLE JAR.

The smoking table is another gift that should delight the heart of the most fastidious of men. It is a small, delicate table of mahogany, rich and dark with age, and upon it are all the accessories to make a smoker happy. There are to be found a tobacco jar, match safe, pouch, and the automatic lighter.



CANDLE STICK. SMOKER'S TABLE.

The housewife who delights to have her house charming—and what refined woman, be she young or be she old, does not rejoice when given some treasure for her pretty home—will be happy over a pair of old brass candlesticks. These are a new fancy gone to hang in the hall by which the household is awakened. A tea table is a pretty gift, especially for the young woman who has but recently set up a ten table of her own.

In traveling clocks, a pretty little one is incased in red Russian leather, and is warranted to go whether upside down or standing, as every well-regulated clock should be. There is no end of pretty china for wives, mothers, sisters, cousins or sweethearts. A tea jar with a marble pattern is every ornament, and looks well whether it is used for flowers or is bloomless. In dull silver is a loving cup that any one would be proud to start about the board.

## Lay Sermon on the Cost of Mince Pies

Has there ever been a mince pie built-up—created—whatever may be the appropriate verb to denote the process by which a mince pie comes into being—has there ever been a mince pie worth one dollar? The assumption is that the article—the composition—the creation—was of the normal size and produced under the normal conditions governing the purchase of mince meat, flour and brandy.

Of course, a mince pie, though of only normal dimensions, may be worth a dollar to the family physician, but that is an issue not to be considered in an economic discussion. Of course, too, a mince pie, though of only normal dimensions, might be worth a dollar in a remote mining camp on Thanksgiving Day or Christmas Day, or any day which stirred the miners to thoughts of the old home and its pantry. But this is merely a sentimental valuation, and again has nothing to do with the economic question—was ever a mince pie worth a dollar?

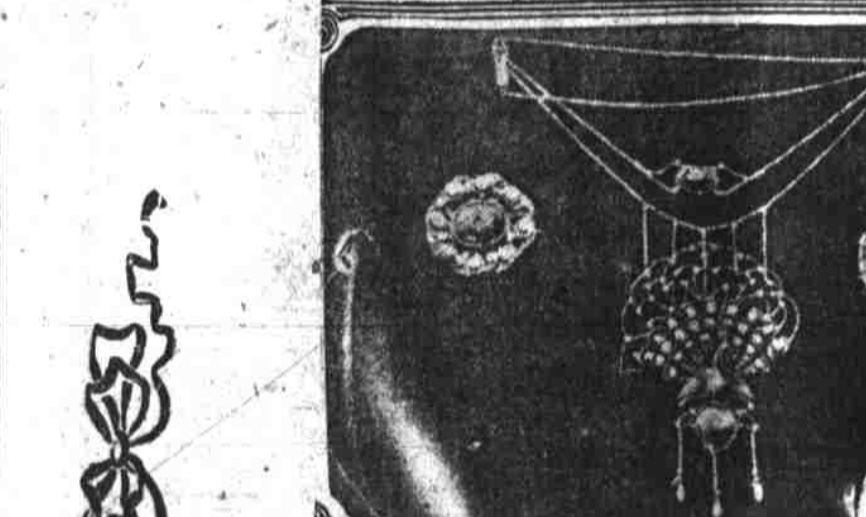
Mince pies are sold for a dollar in New York. Therefore, it is evident that there are persons willing to pay a dollar for a mince pie. But what do they think they are paying for? Rich brown, tender, flaky crust and a melting combination of flavors? Those they might obtain for half the price from worthy bakers. What then? They are purchasing the pleasant consciousness of "helping" that deserving creature, the reduced gentleman.

It is the reduced gentleman who charges a dollar for his pie. It is he who charges \$15 a piece for life sized rag dolls. It is he whose crocheted slippers sell at a twenty-five per cent advance over the crocheted slippers of commerce. It is he whose pincushions are impoverishing to their buyers, whose laundry bags need a Standard Oil purse for their purchase, while only the Steel Trust can hope to own her soft cushions.

It is the reduced gentleman who is not working primarily to soothe the shopper with a sense of having saved money by not buying the reduced gentleman's wares. And one wonders if she is not badly advised by the managers of her emporium when there is so wide a discrepancy between her prices and those current in the commercial world. Those who habitually buy the knickknacks of her manufacture and the pies of her baking must be comparatively few, and they must be actuated by charity rather than by the ordinary purposes of purchase. The reduced gentleman cannot flatter himself that it is the superiority of her work which keeps up its prices. She must know that it is largely the patronizing kindness of her customers which causes her to pocket a dollar for her mince pie, against the fifty cents of the excellent bakery on the corner.

Of course, she has to pay more for her

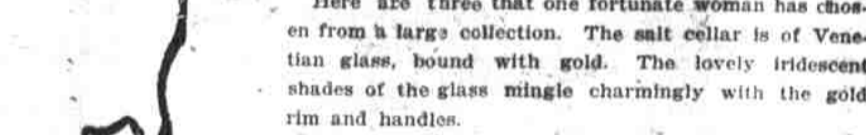
## THE LATEST EFFECTS IN ANTIQUE SILVER.



BROOCH AND TWO PENDANTS.

There are so many lovely things in antique silver that it is almost impossible for the average woman to make a selection.

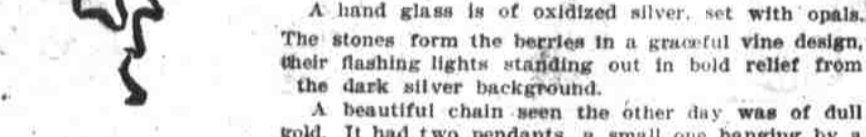
Here are three that one fortunate woman has chosen from her large collection. The salt cellar is of Venetian glass, bound with gold. The lovely iridescent shades of the glass mingle charmingly with the gold rim and handles.



HAND MIRROR IN SILVER SET WITH OPALS.

The George IV. mustard pot is a genuine treasure. It is of silver, and as it is glass lined, might also be used for horseradish.

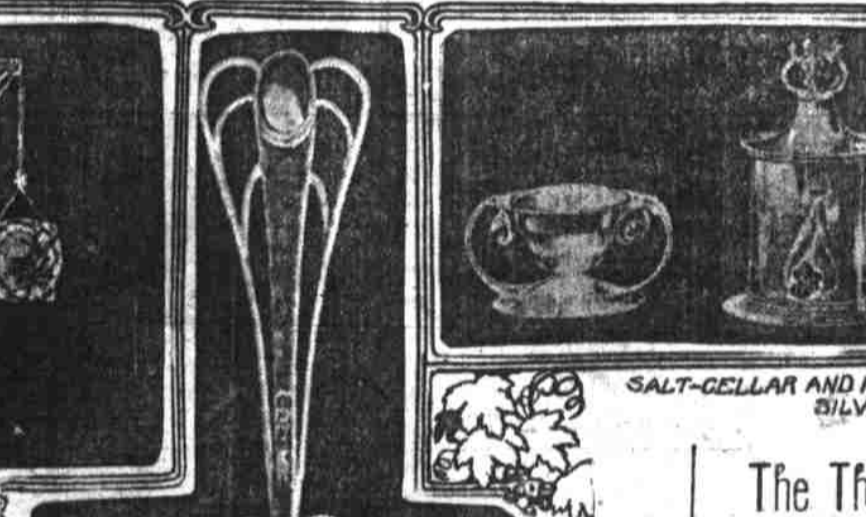
The smaller pot is Colonial style, and though not as useful as its portly neighbor is still much to be admired.



A HAND GLASS IS OF OXIDIZED SILVER, SET WITH OPALS.

The stones form the berries in a graceful vine design, their flashing lights standing out in bold relief from the dark silver background.

A beautiful chain seen the other day was of dull gold. It had two pendants, a small one hanging by a long chain and a much larger and more ornamental one hanging by a shorter chain. The small pendant was of gold, set with a large turquoise in the matrix. The large one was in the form of a peacock, with spread tail; on the tail were three rows of uncut stones, the first of turquoise the second of rubies, the third of pearls. In the peacock's claw was a large turquoise.



SALT-CELLAR AND PEPPER BOXES IN JEWELLED SILVER.

from which hang three chains tipped with pear-shaped pearls. With this necklace was shown a gold brooch, set with turquoise in the matrix and pearls.



HAND MIRROR IN SILVER SET WITH OPALS.

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## The Three-Year College Course

The discussion of the question of shortening the course for the A.B. degree is increasing in interest. President Eliot, having turned four years into three, undertook to defend his action at the recent meeting of New England college presidents at Middlebury, Vt. He showed that by means of work in vacations (which is not done, by the way, by undergraduates), by raising the standard of admission to the freshman class, by a greater intensity of work, the studies of four college years may be jammed into three. He frankly confessed that he was yielding to the pressure of the material world, and that the cries of the professional schools were ringing in his ears. He met a calm, and apparently an exasperating, resistance from the presidents and other representatives of the small colleges. President Tucker of Dartmouth pointed to the fact that the proportion of undergraduates who were not going to enter professions is increasing, and he urged a proper regard for their interests. He took a position that might appeal with increasing force to those who want an education for the mere sake of its discipline and of its enlightenments, that the youths who go to college for the training and illumination of the course which leads to the B.A. degree have a right to demand the full measure of the liberal culture of which this degree is the sign and seal. He was followed by the president of the Middlebury College, who made a strong plea for ripening leisure, which President Eliot rather sensitively construed into a plea for idleness. It was, however, in reality a strong and convincing statement of the claims of the spiritual element of the students. In brief, the meeting showed a decided inclination on the part of the small college to follow in the way pointed out by Williams last summer, at the inauguration of Dr. Hopkins, and emphasized a fortnight ago by President Woodrow Wilson at Princeton. There seemed to be foreshadowed an interesting struggle between spirit and matter, and it is in keeping with the admirable traditions of the small colleges of New England that they are sure to give battle for the finer and the spiritual side.—Harper's Weekly.

## A LOVELY FLORAL GOWN.



Flowers to right of us, flowers to left of us. No up-to-date evening gown is complete without its share of the lovely blossoms.

## OFFERED WILL CARLETON HIS SEAT.

One evening, at Alliance, O., Will Carleton, the poet, whose songs of Two Centuries has just been published, was on his way to the hall in which he was to lecture and read some of his own poems that evening. He had told the committee that they need not call for him at his hotel; that he wanted a little "think" by himself on the way over.

Hotel and hall were quite a distance apart, and Carleton was in so much of a hurry that he was almost in danger of losing his way, when he was overtaken and escorted by a blithe little Hebrew clothing-dealer, who, evidently not knowing him and his habits of thought, struck up a friendly, general sort of conversation.

"Good evening," he said. "Was you a-going to hear Carleton?"

"Yes," replied the poet, sadly and truthfully. "Am I in time to get there before he begins?"

"Oh, sure! you have larks-full of time," rejoined the other. "Haf you efer heard him?"

"Yes," replied Carleton, mournfully. "Several times."

"Do you know him personal?"

"Not very well," replied Carleton, wearily. "Do you?"

"Sure!" replied the clothing store man. "I haf had some hot times with him in New York. He is a high-roller, now, I tell you. He owes me for a suit of clothes now, but I do not press the bill."

"You will never get it," replied Carleton.

"Vell, it is all right if I don't," replied the Hebrew. "He owes something to such men. Haf you a seat?"

"Why, no," replied the lecturer. "I thought it would be easy enough to secure one when I got there."

"You will not," replied the other. "They are all sold. But you seem to be a good fellow, and you may haf mine, if you only pay the admission fee. I know the manager, and he will put me somewhere."

The lecturer promised to avail himself, if necessary, of the other's generosity, and they went in together. It is said that the Jew's face was a study when he saw his "high-roller" companion throw off his overcoat and mount the platform.

## Fragility of Womankind.

"A young man of my acquaintance visits me occasionally," said Dr. Cynicus, "who is very much in love, but who wears me excessively by his ravages over the sweetheart, her angelic qualities, et cetera. She is too fragile for this world," he thinks.

"Fragile?" says I, "how fragile? Ever test her fragility? Let me give you some figures about her, and womankind in general, showing the extent of their fragility. We will suppose this piece of perfection is in moderately good health. She will live to, say, 60 years of age. Women do not live any more than men, do, to die—not so much, for women never grow old, you know. Listen to me! She will eat one pound of beef mutton, or some other meat every day. That's 365 pounds of flesh in a year. In sixty years it's 21,900 pounds. How's that for fragility?"

"She will eat as much bread and as much vegetables per diem, and there you have in sixty years 43,000 pounds of bread and meat."

"If she is not too anæmic she will drink daily no less than two quarts of coffee, tea, wine or beer. And by the time she is ready to have a monument, she will have consumed 175 hogheads of liquids. Fragile?"

"Now," says I to this young man, "these figures do not include the forty or fifty lambas she will worry down with

## THE STEEL-SHOD GIRL IN HER NEATEST GOWN.



A UNIQUE GOWN.

## A MOHAMMEDAN FUNERAL.

Before leaving the shop I had the opportunity of witnessing the funeral of one of the chief priests of Mecca, who had died of cholera. The procession, despite the epidemic, was of considerable length. Half a dozen, in tin-pink packages of the perspicuous Book, led the way. These were followed by twelve unkempt dervishes in quaint uniforms, reciting in unison the praises of the dead priest. Then came the rough bier peculiar to Mecca on the shoulders of ten pilgrims of as many nationalities. The son, supported by two stalwart priests, and the chief mourners came next, and after them the women, about a dozen in number, and a crowd of beggars, who had heard that the flesh of two camels was to be distributed among them. Every now and then, as we noticed on watching the procession pass by, the bearers would be relieved of their burden by the most eager among the bystanders, for it is a tradition that 70,000 angels will praise the man who lends a helping hand in carrying the dead to the cemetery. The frequent cry went up of "Oh, Lord, may his sins be forgiven him. Praise be with Mohammed and with his people!"

"Ya-Moulat," said Seyyid Ali, "you saw how the people lend their assistance in order to win the approval of the angels! Well, I will tell you of a clever trick performed in Mecca last year by four Sunnis who had murdered a shah in a lodging house. One of the assassins was chosen by the arbitrament of the caskmaker to buy the bier and to bring it to the house where the body lay. That being done, the mutilated corpse was laid inside by the four men, who, so to speak, bore the burden of their misdeed into the street. The passerby, seeing a funeral hastened to offer their help in carrying the corpse to its resting place. No sooner was each one of the assassins relieved than he made good his escape, so that by the time the washing house was reached the culprits had all disappeared. The crime was detected when the body was taken out to be washed. Suspicion fell on the beggars having a dozen strange pilgrims who had lent a willing shoulder—and they were brought before the kazi on the charge of murder. They only escaped death by paying heavy sums in blood money."—London Post.

## HAIR-PIN RECEIVER.

## A UNIQUE GOWN.



A UNIQUE GOWN.