

THE MISTLETOE MAID



THE Spirit of the Mistletoe
Her spell about the land throws wide.
And eyes are bright and cheeks aglow
Where stirs the pulse of Christmastide.

O gracious branch with berries pearled. Yet as the winter, weeping, dies
What gloried green surpasses this. The charm still masters Cupid, so
Whose magic sways the whole wide world. When'er he looks in Psyche's eyes
The rhythmic sweetness of a kiss? He sees the mirrored mistletoe

A CHRISTMAS A LA MODE.

IT was Rose Marie who, marking the day of my last visit on the calendar, made the discovery that I was to belong to father on Christmas day.

This may sound a bit confusing, for most little girls belong equally to their parents, but I, Willette Warrington, don't. Ever since I can remember mother has lived in our nice apartment in Central Park West, and father has lived down in the Fifties, just off the avenue. And I belong to mother year in and year out, excepting three days in each month, and for these three days I belong to father.

When Rose Marie made the discovery that my next visit to Fifty-something street would fall upon the 25th of December she was quite ready to cry her little black eyes out.

Father sent the brougham on the morning of the 24th.

"Billie, Billie, dear!" cried mother, clasping me tightly in her arms when she caught sight of the carriage which was to take me away.

"Don't you want me to go, mother?" I asked a little unsteadily.

"Want you to go?" she cried. Then she hesitated and added, very calm and self-possessed: "Of course I always want you with me, Billie, dear, but then so does your father want you, and for the next three days you belong to him. So I want you to go."

"But now—and tomorrow Christmas day! Oh, mother, won't I see you tomorrow—won't I see you on Christmas day?" I cried, clinging fast to her pretty gown.

"I'm afraid not, sweetheart," she said gently.

"But I want you—I want you, mother, on Christmas day of all days in the year," I said.

"But don't you want your father, too, Billie, dear?" she asked. "Oh, I know you do—you must! So run along, dear little girl, run—quickly!"

She let me go and pushed me gently from her, and I knew by the smile in her big brown eyes that the tears were very near.

Father was waiting for me on the steps of the Cordova, and when he saw the brougham halt under the marquis and just one little girl step out his face went all a-grin, and he picked me up and kissed me.

"Well, well, well! Where's Rose Marie?" he asked, and then I told him she had stopped at home.

I wish you could see father's rooms in the Cordova. They are ever so nice, with dark walls and gay rugs and big, substantial looking furniture. There's an open fireplace and a huge old settle with no end of red cushions in his den, and it is here we sit of an evening, side by side, and talk until bedtime.

After we had gone up in the elevator to father's apartment he turned to me and asked me about the day's program.

"I'd like to go down to the shops after luncheon," I told him promptly.

"Good! Jolly! And suppose we go

down to one of the more quiet of the big hotels and lunch there," he said.

He always does think of the very nicest things! A big hotel downtown!

After luncheon we entered our hansom again and were driven away to one of the big shops, where, as father put it, one can buy everything from a collar button to a steam launch. Rose Marie says men do not like shopping, but then, Rose Marie doesn't know everything in the world, and father and I had a beautiful time. We bought all sorts of gifts for just everybody, and father didn't look while I selected his present, and I didn't look while he selected mine.

"Now," I said, as we came out of the department store, "I want to buy mother's gift."

"Why, of course," said father hurriedly. "What do you want? Where do you want to go? I'll tell the cabby."

"I haven't decided what to get," I said slowly. "What do you think? Can't you suggest something, father?"

He shook his head. "I'm afraid I can't, Billie," he told me quietly. "Get



"OH, MOTHER," I SHOUTED.

whatever you think your mother will like. I know she will appreciate it all the more if you select it yourself."

He put me in the hansom and, jumping in himself, told the man to drive slowly up the avenue. This would give me time to decide upon the present and where it should be purchased. I was wavering between a set of silver for her Antoinette desk and a pair of green majolica jars for her favorite dwarf pines when our hansom was caught in a block.

Directly abreast of our hansom was another one, ours going north, our neighbor's coming south, and as I turned my head I looked straight into mother's eyes! She was the sole occupant of the south coming cab.

"Mother!" I shouted. "Oh, mother, mother!"

"Billie!" she cried. We had both seen each other together, just as we always see everything together.

"What is the trouble?" began father when he, too, turned his head and looked into mother's lovely eyes.

"How-de-do, Will?" she said softly. I saw father clench his hands tightly, then, "How-de-do, Nell?" he returned.

"Awful block, isn't it?"

"Oh, very bad!" said mother, but she was looking at me sitting so proudly at father's side, and presently I caught the suspicion of a tear in her eyes. Directly a big lump came in my throat. I saw how it was. Mother was thinking of Christmas and of her little girl, and I was sorry, sorry for her and for father too. The surface cars banged their bells, the policemen shouted and the cabbies swore. And all the while our hansom was jammed tightly next to mother's, and we sat staring straight at each other and saying not a word.

Just then a policeman came up to mother's hansom and shouted to the cabby. It seemed that the left wheel of mother's hansom was locked in the right wheel of another carriage in such a way as to render it unsafe to pull out. The policeman, who of course knew nothing of our affairs, said:

"Step across into the hansom next to you, ma'am. Its wheels are safe, and I'm thinking the line will be moving north first."

Poor mother flushed cruelly and said not a word, but just sat there looking with pleading eyes at father. But father didn't move, and neither did he speak, so I took the situation in my two small hands and said:

"Father, won't you help mother into our cab?"

Directly I spoke to father he was all attention and politeness. He stood up and held out his hand to mother and carefully helped her across into our hansom. I believe mother would never have come only she knew that a great many persons had heard me and were watching us, and so she yielded gracefully, as mother alone can.

When she was in our cab and sitting down with me squeezed in between father and herself, she raised her eyes and said quietly:

"Thank you, Will."

A moment later the line started, slowly moving northward, and our hansom went with the others, father and mother and I were sitting side by side. It seemed so good just to think of it, although I knew it all came of an accident alone.

After we had gone two blocks uptown, father spoke—very quietly and with tightly pressed lips.

"I'll speak to the man and tell him to stop at the next corner. Then I'll get out and you and Billie can have the cab to yourselves."

"There is no need for you to get out, Will," mother told him quickly. "It is I who am the intruder. Have him stop, please, and I will find another hansom."

"I wouldn't have you do that for the world," he returned. "I shall leave you at the next corner; that is settled."

Mother put out her hand and let it rest lightly on father's arm.

"Will," she cried, "please don't make me feel worse than I already do. I was forced in your cab, by accident it is true, but nevertheless, I did allow you to help me enter it. But that was because—people were—watching us—and I thought—it best. Now that we are out of the tangle, I must thank you and ask you to set me down—at once! Else I shall never forgive you."

And they continued to talk, and the hansom continued on its way, and nobody but myself noticed that we had got well uptown and were within two blocks of the apartment building in Central Park West, where mother and I live.

So, quite unobserved, I spoke up the tube to the cabby, and said:

"The Strathmore, and quick, please!"

We turned down a cross street into another, and before one could say "Jack Robinson" we had stopped at the door of the Strathmore.

"Oh!" cried mother.

"What is this?" frowned father.

But he leaped out on the snow covered pavement and gave mother his hand. A moment later we all hurried up the steps and—stopped in the lobby!

"Thank you," said mother. "You are very kind."

Father laughed. "Oh, not at all," he told her. "This is not a case of being kind—exactly."

"Won't you come in—for a little—a cup of tea, perhaps?" asked mother slowly.

I don't know what father would have answered, so I took no chances. "Do come!" I cried, and looked at mother to further second my invitation.

"Yes, do," she said, without raising her eyes.

"Thanks, I will!" cried father, and we all went up in the elevator together.

When we were safely in mother's pretty sitting room and I had securely locked the door, I slipped away and left them together. Somehow it seemed as if they would get along better without me just then, and, besides, I think I had helped a lot as it was for a mere little girl, don't you?

An hour later—it seemed hours and hours later, although it really wasn't, of course—I went back and found mother in father's arms.

"Oh, won't we have a bully Christmas?" I cried joyfully. "Father and mother and I—what a lovely, lovely time we'll have together!"

"You can wager anything you own that we will," laughed father. "Why, it will be a regular Christmas in a mode, eh, Nell?"

And then he kissed mother, and mother hid her happy face on his broad shoulder, and I was oh, so happy!

Merry Christmas, indeed!—W. Carey Wooldery in Smart Set.

An Easy to Make Jacket.

A combing jacket is something any woman would appreciate, especially if it is as pretty as some of those the shops are showing. The dainty things in the big stores are all but absolutely shapeless, two perfectly straight broadths being used to form a sort of jaunty kimono sack, with pointed back and front. The two lengths have the ends cut bias, this shaping making the front and rear points, and the sleeves are made by catching the breadth edge to edge under the arm. White flannel combing jackets are pretty with blue or pink satin ribbon bindings.

Gift For a Child.

A cute little Christmas gift for a child may be made from a small square of bright silk—some such tiny piece of silk as almost any mother will find among her ribbons.

Fill this with new pennies. The size of the bag, of course, depends on the number of pennies one wishes to give.

The child's name may also be written on the bag with pencil and embroidered in a color contrasting with the silk of the bag, though it will give just as much pleasure without this addition.

FOR DAINTY AND BEAUTIFUL XMAS

Cards, Letters and Mottoes; Hand Painted Calendars and Receipt Books

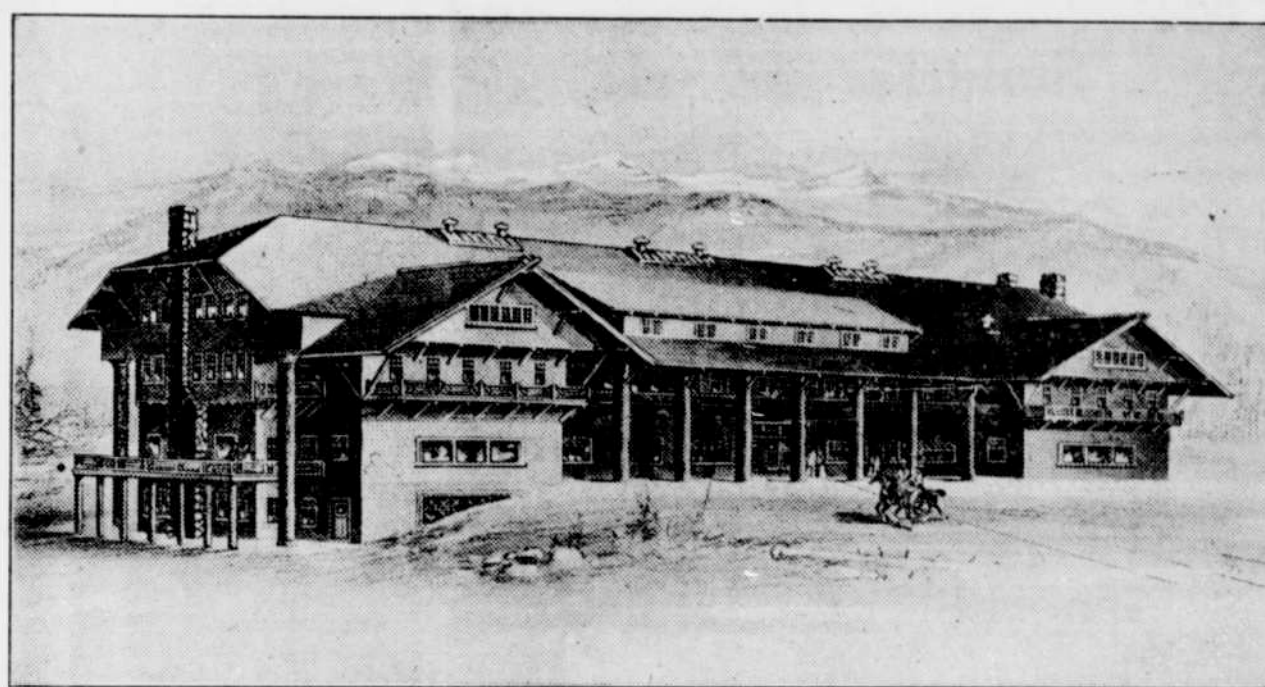
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IS THE PLACE. WE ALSO HAVE A LARGE LINE OF PENNANTS PILLOWS AND POSTERS. BOOKS FOR OLD AND YOUNG. DOLLS FOR GIRLS AND ENGINES FOR BOYS. ALL KINDS OF GAMES AND TOYS.

A FULL LINE OF CHRISTMAS STATIONERY AND PLACE CARDS.

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H. R. BERNARD, Prop'r.



GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL AT GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

The new \$100,000 hotel established by Louis W. Hill, of the Great Northern Railway is one of the most novel and picturesque hosteleries ever constructed. It is built entirely of gigantic fir and cedar logs measuring from eighty to one hundred feet in length and from four to five feet in diameter. This hotel has seventy-two rooms and many unique features will be presented to the

tourist public when it is opened next year. Chief among them will be an open campfire, built in the center of the lobby upon a huge stone, 16x16 feet. A large hood, which hangs down over the lobby camp fire, will carry the smoke up a mammoth chimney. The glow from the burning logs will light the lobby nights. Indian tepees, pitched in corners of the spacious lobby

will be used as card and tea rooms. The interior decorations will carry out the picturesque Indian idea. Two canoes are to be suspended from the high, timbered lobby ceiling. Indian boys wearing buckskin clothing and moccasins will glide noiselessly throughout the building as "bell hops" and Indian maidens will be chamber maids. The porters will also be Indians.

To our many friends THROUGHOUT Washington County

THE year 1912 will soon have passed and we desire to thank one and all for the business which has been given us. We all make mistakes, and if we have done so, we want you to come in and let us fix it, for it was not an intentional mistake, as we try to deal "on the square." We endeavor to buy the best goods that are made, and have only one price to sell them at,—your neighbor will not be given a better deal than yourself.

Wishing you a Happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year, we remain
Yours truly,

Goff Brothers
FOREST GROVE, OREGON
Stores, Forest Grove and Cornelius.