



Volume XXVI

December, 1914

Number 6

FRONTISPIECE.....	346	NURSING THE HOUSE PLANT.....	368
<i>Photograph by B. G. Mitchell</i>		<i>Stephen Edsall</i>	
JIMSY, THE CHRISTMAS KID.....	347	THE GARDEN CLUB.....	370
<i>Leona Dalrymple</i>		YOUR FEATHERED NEIGHBORS.....	371
THE CHILDREN'S ROOMS.....	351	<i>B. S. Bowdish</i>	
<i>Louise Shrimpton</i>		THE USES OF WOODWORK IN INTERIOR DECORATION.....	374
THE MERRY LITTLE COCKER.....	354	<i>Alfred Morton Githens</i>	
<i>Williams Haynes</i>		OLD LIGHTS PUT TO MODERN USE.....	376
REMEMBRANCES FROM THE WORLD'S GARDEN.....	357	<i>Agnes Foster</i>	
<i>Mary Hamilton Talbott</i>		INSIDE THE HOUSE.....	378
A NEW HOME IN AN OLD SUBURB.....	358	<i>More Chintzes</i> <i>The New Cushions</i>	
<i>Julia Lester Dillon</i>		<i>Ideas for the Handy-Man</i>	
THE GIFT OF A GARDEN.....	361	GARDEN SUGGESTIONS AND QUERIES.....	380
<i>Grace Tabor</i>		THE GARDENER'S CALENDAR.....	381
CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR THE HOME.....	364	EDITORIAL.....	382
<i>Alison Moore Smith</i>			

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The East is East and the West is West, and it's a far cry from the Colonial to the Oriental, yet this breakfast-room, at Locust Valley, shows a successful mingling of the two, an achievement in restraint. Its lines are Colonial, the decorations Chinese and Japanese. The walls and woodwork are tinted a faint green, and the rug is bluish green with maroon figures. On the mantel is kept a little green Japanese bird.



Jimsey the Christmas Kid

by Leona Dalrymple

Illustrated by Charles Guischard

HIS name was Jimsey, and he took it for granted that you liked him. That made things difficult from the very start—that and the fact that he had arrived in the village two days before Christmas strung to such a holiday pitch of expectation that if you were a respectable, bewhiskered first citizen like Jimsey's host, you felt the cut-and-dried dignity of a season which unflinching thrift had taught you to pare of all its glittering non-essentials, threatened by his bubbling air of faith in something wonderful to happen.

He had arrived at twilight just as the first citizen was about to read his evening paper, and he had made a great deal of noise, yelling back at old Austin White, whose sleigh had conveyed him from the station to the house, a "S'long, uncle!" pregnant with the friendliness of a conversational ride. Now, as he stood in the center of the prim, old-fashioned room, a thin, eager youngster not too warmly clad for the bite of New England wind, Abner Sawyer felt, with a sense of shock, that Judith's Christmas protégé, in some ridiculous manner, detracted from the respectability of the room. He was an inharmonious note in its staid preciseness. Moreover, it was evident from the frank friendliness of his dark, gray eyes that he was perniciously of that type who frolic through a frosty, first-citizen aura of formality and give and accept friendship as a matter of course.

"What—what is your name?" asked the first citizen, peering over his spectacles.

"Jimsey," said the boy. "An' Specks—he's me chum; he goes to Mister Middleton's, next door."

The first citizen cleared his throat and summoned Judith.

She came in a spotless apron no whiter than her hair. She was spare—Aunt Judith Sawyer—spare and patient as the wife of a provident man may well be who sees no need for servants. Jimsey glanced up into her sweet, tired face, and his eager eyes claimed her with a smile. Then, because Jimsey's experience with clean aprons and trimly parted hair was negligible almost to the point of non-existence, it became instantly imperative that he should polish the toe of one worn shoe with the sole of the other and study the result and Aunt Judith with a furtive interest.

"Judith," said the first citizen, "Mr. —er—ah—Mr. Jimsey has arrived."

Jimsey snickered. "Naw, naw, nix!" he said. "Jimsey's the handle. I'm a stray, I am. Hain't got no folks. Mom Dorgan says ye have to have folks to have a bunch-name. I'm the Christmas kid."

"And where are your things?" asked Aunt Judith, gently.

Jimsey's thin, little face reddened.

"Hain't only got one rig," he mumbled; "an' that warn't fitten to wear. Mom Dorgan borried these duds fur me. She—she's awful good that way when she's sober."

Quite unconscious of the scandalized flutter in this quiet room, whose oval portraits of ancestral Sawyers might well have tumbled down at the notion of anyone being anything but sober, the boy moved closer to the fire, as if the ride had chilled him.

"Gee!" he said, with a long, quivering breath, "ain't that a fire, now!" and, because his keen, young eyes could not somehow be evaded, Abner Sawyer accepted the responsibility of the reply, and said hastily that it was. Then, feeling his dignity imperilled in the presence of Judith—though why he could not for the life of him explain—he moved forward a chair for the Christmas guest, and returned to his paper.

Aunt Judith went back to a region of tinkling china and humming kettle. The room became quiet enough for anyone to read—but the first citizen somehow could not read. He was ridiculously conscious of that tense, little figure by the fire, with the disturbingly friendly eyes. How on earth could a boy be noisy who was absolutely quiet? Yet his very presence seemed to clamor—the clamor of an inherent sociability repressed with difficulty.

Jimsey glanced at the checkerboard window, beyond which snowy hills lay beneath a sunset after-glow.

"Gee whiz!" he burst forth, "Ain't the snow white!"

The first citizen jumped—much as one may jump when he has waited in nerve-racking suspense for a pistol shot. The boy had done exactly what he had expected him to do—broken that sacred, ante-prandial hour with the *Linton News* which Judith had not broken this twenty years.

"Snow," he said, discouragingly—for all he had determined to ignore the remark—"snow is always white."

Jimsey shook his head. "Naw," he said. "N'York snow's gray an' dirty. Specks said the snow we seen on the hills from the train winder was Christmas-card snow, and with that the minister he up an' tells Specks an' me 'bout reg-lar old-fashioned country Christmases—fire like this an' Christmas trees an'—an' sleigh-bells—an' gifts an' wreaths an' skatin' an' holly—Gee!"

"That," said Abner Sawyer, with cold finality, "will be quite enough."

"Sure," agreed Jimsey. "A Christmas like that 'snuff fur any kid."

Irritably conscious that his reproof had been misinterpreted, the first citizen, conscience-driven, laid aside his paper.

"James," he began, primly, "I must take this occasion to inform you that Mrs. Sawyer and I spend Christmas quietly—very quietly. We have never had a Christmas tree, and personally I consider that holly is most suitable and decorative where Nature planted it.

Christmas," finished Mr. Sawyer, slightly disconcerted by Jimsey's attentive stare, "Christmas is merely a day and a dinner. Let the frivolous make of it an—er—orgy of sentimentality."

Jimsey's face fell. "Gee!" he said, "your Christmas ain't just an extra Sunday, is it?"

"No," said Abner Sawyer, shocked, "it—it is somewhat different."

"How's it different?"

"I," the first citizen froze—"I hardly know."

"What d'ye have that ye don't have Sundays?"

"I—I believe it's turkey," conceded Mr. Sawyer, desperately, and feeling his dignity hopelessly compromised, returned to his paper.

"Gee!" said Jimsey, with a sigh of relief, "that's mos' enuff itself to make a Christmas. Hain't never tasted turkey." He was silent a minute, in which the clock ticked loudly. It was purple now beyond the old-fashioned panes and the lamp seemed brighter. Jimsey's shrill, young voice broke the quiet, as it would, of course, be sure to do.

"Say," he said, kindly, "don't you worry none about that there Christmas tree an' no holly. We'll have a thump-walloper of a day, anyhow!"

It is conceivable that Abner Sawyer's experience with thump-wallopers had been limited. There was something in the boy's words, however, that brought his gaze over the top of his spectacles again and over his paper.

"My remark," he said, coldly, "about the absence of a tree and holly was a statement—not an apology."

"Don't get ye," admitted Jimsey, and there was danger of a mutual deadlock of comprehension. Aunt Judith saved the day. Arriving in the doorway with a flutter, she said that supper was ready, and that James had better wash his face and hands. And James, who was Jimsey, meeting Aunt Judith's gentle eyes, turned scarlet, and, stumbling to his feet, he stepped en route upon the stately toe of Lindon's pride.

"Gee," he burst forth, contritely, "I'm awful sorry. Spoiled yer shine, didn't I? An' it was a beaut, too!"

Abner Sawyer rose, but even as he did so it seemed as if his world of law and order rocked in chaos about his feet. He was going out to supper—and he had not read a single line in the *Lindon Evening News*!



II

It was at supper that the terrible realization came to Abner Sawyer that Jimsey liked everything and *everyone* rather too well. He liked the ham and he liked the biscuits; he accepted alarming quantities of marmalade with utter confidence in his digestion; his round eyes swept every nook of the prim, old room, and marveled. Thanks to something in Aunt Judith's eyes, furtively concessional to boyhood, Jimsey had misled what little constraint and shyness he had had at first. His at-homeness might be gauged at a glance by the way he gazed at the biscuits.

"Dear me," said Aunt Judith, glancing from Jimsey to the biscuits to see which most threatened the other, "I—I scarcely think—I hardly know—Abner?"

"James," decided Mr. Sawyer, with forbidding dignity, "you may have just *one* more biscuit!"

And Aunt Judith nodded—

"Just as you say, my dear!" as she had been nodding effectively for thirty years.

Jimsey's eyes were very grateful, and it came over the first citizen with sickening conviction that Jimsey, misinterpreting again, had regarded the biscuit as an overture, instead of a show of power. Ridiculous, indeed, to have thrown about your neck the unwelcome chain of a boy's regard, and then, unintentionally, to cement that chain—by a biscuit! Abner Sawyer departed hastily for his lamp, his fire and his paper.

Jimsey followed Aunt Judith to the kitchen, and here, in the shining quiet of an old-fashioned kitchen, whose spotless rows of pans and its rocker by the window, reflected nothing of first citizenship, the memory-making mystery of child and woman, in a homely setting, drew taut a chord of sympathy. Out of the hum of the kettle and the fire shadows of the grate—it came—out of the winter wind that rattled the checker-paned windows—that eternal something that is only

given to women to understand. Jimsey did not know why Aunt Judith smiled, or why the smile made his throat hurt a little. He only knew by her eyes that she liked him, and that was enough.

"Aunt Judith," he blurted, "Lemme, aw, lemme wipe yer dishes."

But Aunt Judith, with the wisdom of women, knew that the best-behaved china is perversely given to leaping without warning out of the hands of any boy, to his utter consternation, and she patted him on the back.

"Bless your heart, Jimsey," she said, "there are so few I can do them myself in no time."

Jimsey!—not James! Jimsey felt that he must do something



"G'wan!" came a muffled roar. "Say that again and I'll bust yer face good"

The Christmas House & Garden

for Aunt Judith Sawyer or his throat would burst. So, finding one leg at liberty, he furtively kicked the leg of the stove and hurt his toe, even as his eyes fell upon a depleted stock of kindlings in the wood-box.

"Well, then," he burst out in a glow of good-will, "lemme—lemme take Uncle Ab's job to-night, an' get the wood."

Aunt Judith's horrified glance made him redden uncomfortably.

"Jimsy," she whispered hurriedly, "you—you must never—never call Mr. Sawyer—Uncle Ab. Nobody does—"

"But," mumbled the boy, "ye—ye said folks call ye Aunt Judith, an' an'—"

"It—it's different," faltered Aunt Judith. "I—I'm nobody in particular, and I—I always get the wood myself." She opened the door and pointed to a wood-pile glimmering out of the darkness, with a rim of snow. "The kindlings are split and piled in the shed. And, hurry, child. The wind's sharp."

Jimsy set forth with a noisy whistle. Then presently he appeared with an armful of kindlings, his eyes shining. Holding the door ajar, he coaxed into the warmth of Aunt Judith's kitchen a shivering dog, little and lame and thin.

"Aunt Judith," he shrilled, dropping his kindlings into the box with a clatter, "Look! He was out there under the wood-pile, shiverin', an' he won't go away. He's a stray, too, like I was afore Mom Dorgan give me a bed with her kids." He patted the dog's head. "Gee, watch him duck, poor mut! That's 'cause he's been walloped so much. Aunt Judith," he blurted, his eyes ablaze with pleading, "can't ye maybe jus' let him sleep behind the stove? I—I feel awful sorry fur him."

"No—no—no!" said Aunt Judith, in distress, "I can't—I can't, indeed. Mr. Sawyer—"

"James!"

Aunt Judith and Jimsy jumped. The first citizen stood in the doorway, the *London Evening News* in his hand—still unread. Nor could he have explained why save that a boy's absence may, queerly enough, be as clamorous as his presence. With the biscuit still upon his mind, Abner Sawyer felt impelled to discipline.

"Put the dog out!"

Jimsy stood his ground. He was used to that. And Abner Sawyer wondered, with a feeling of intense annoyance, what there was about this ragged, noisy child that injected drama into incident. There was a tenseness in the silence of the trio and the cringing dog.

"Aw! hav a heart!" pleaded Jimsy, finally, and there was faith and optimism in his steady glance.

Abner Sawyer cleared his throat, and looked away. "I am fully equipped with the organ you mention," he said, drily. "Put the dog out."

"Jimsy reluctantly obeyed, and, as the door closed upon the shivering waif, Jimsy's face, sharpened by disappointment, seemed suddenly thinner and less boyish. Then, bent upon

making the best of things, he reached for his cap. "Well," he said, casually, "guess I'll go out an' look the burg over."

It was queer how Jimsy's conversation seemed to bristle with verbal shocks. Aunt Judith gasped. Mr. Sawyer fixed a stern eye upon the clock.

"It is eight o'clock," he said, in what seemed to Jimsy's puzzled comprehension a midnight tone of voice, "you will go to bed."

Dumbfounded, Jimsy followed Aunt Judith up to bed. Here, in a great, old-fashioned bedroom, he forgot everything, in an eager contemplation of a whirling, feathery background to his window.

"Aunt Judith," he called, excitedly, "it's snowin'! Gee! that's Christmasy, ain't it? I don't mind the snow at all, s'long's I got a bed cinched." His eager face fell. "Wisht Stump had a bed," he finished, wistfully.

"Stump?"

"I jus' called him Stump, Aunt Judith, 'cause he didn't have no tail." Aunt Judith's eyes were sympathetic.

But an embarrassing difficulty arose about Jimsy's bed attire which drove

Stump for a time from his mind. It was solved by a night-shirt of first-citizen primness which trailed upon the carpet and made him snigger self-consciously behind his hand until he heard Aunt Judith's step again beyond the door, when he vaulted into bed, shivering luxuriously in the chillness of unaccustomed linen. And then Aunt Judith blew out the lamp and tucked him in with hands so tremulous and gentle that his throat troubled him again, and he lay very still until, meeting her eyes, he suddenly buried his face in the pillow, with a gulp and a sob, and clung to her hand. Aunt Judith, shaking, caught him wildly in her arms, cried very hard, and kissed him good-night. Jimsy, Stump and Aunt Judith Sawyer knew variously the meaning of starvation.

III

The house grew very still. Jimsy, awaking after a time, with the start of unfamiliar surroundings, heard the rattle of wind and snow against his window. A tree brushed monotonously against the panes—then, through the sounds of winter storm, came an unmistakable whimper and a howl. The boy sat up. . . . Stump! . . . Huddled, likely, against the door in an agony of faith. Jimsy thought of a winter night before Mom Dorgan had taken him in, and shivered. The howl came again. Rising, Jimsy opened his door on a crack, and peered cautiously through it. The hallway was dimly alight from a lamp, set, for safety's sake, within a pewter bowl. The house of Sawyer slept. Gathering his train in his hand, Jimsy hurried through the hall and down the stairs to the lower floor, quite dark now save for barred patches of window-framing ghostly landscapes. A gust of wind and snow whirled in as he unbarred the kitchen door—then something with an ingratiating waggle pushed gladly against his feet. Five seconds later Jimsy and Stump were on their way upstairs.

Excitement exacted its toll. Jimsy halted



"James," decided Mr. Sawyer with forbidding dignity, "you may have just one more biscuit"





at the second turn in the upper hall, his scalp feeling very queer. The lamp had gone out, probably in the draft from the kitchen door, and he had lost his room. Whispering desperate admonitions to the wriggling dog beneath his arm, Jimsy went on tip-toed hunt, until finding a window, a turn and a door that seemed familiar, he heaved a great sigh of relief, and turned the knob. And, as he pushed back the door, a flood of light and warmth fanned out, and Jimsy, tangling his feet in his train as only a small boy could, fell headlong into the room, propelling Stump, who yelped with fright at the very feet of Abner Sawyer.

"Oh, my Gosh!" yelled Jimsy, wildly! "Pinched!"

Outraged, the first citizen rose from a bench beside a table and a lamp, and Jimsy, scrambling to his feet, a ridiculous figure of apology and dismay in his billowing train and sagging shoulders, saw that Mr. Sawyer held in his hand a plane and a piece of wood, and that the room in which he stood was a work-shop, perfect in equipment.

"What," demanded Mr. Sawyer in a terrible voice; "what does this mean? That dog—"

But Jimsy had not heard.

"Lordy!" he breathed; "what a thump-walloper of a shop! Wisht Jack Sweeny could see this! My, wouldn't his good eye open? Whatcha makin'?"

Mr. Sawyer reddened, as any man may whose weakness has been unexpectedly detected by a boy in an acre of night-shirt.

"No one," he began icily; "no one—not even Mrs. Sawyer—presumes to come beyond that threshold—" he broke off and frowned impatiently, feeling his power of aloofness threatened by something in Jimsy's eager stare, which claimed a kinsmanship of interest.

There was an alarming suggestion of intimacy, anyway, in a midnight scene with a tailless dog, a boy clad in your own night-shirt—and an inferential person with an eye by the name of Sweeny.

Why did a ridiculous frozen sense of guilt impede his tongue now when rebuke was imperative? Why on earth had a look of relief and understanding supplanted the puzzled friendliness of Jimsy's supper-time stare?

"James," said the first citizen, hoarsely; "go to bed!"

"Aw," said James, softly; "make it Jimsy. Aunt Judith did. I ain't no stiff, wit' spinach an' buttons, chasin' newsies off the porch."

"Jimsy!" said the first citizen, faintly, and felt his world rock about him again. For Fate and Jimsy, it was very plain, had filed the word away with the biscuit.

Jimsy's grin was radiant. Upset, Mr. Sawyer turned back to his bench, with Jimsy at his heels.

"Oh, Lordy, Lordy!" breathed the boy, in an ecstasy of admiration: "Makin' a Christmas present fur Aunt Judith, on the sly, ain't ye? Won't she jus' open her eyes? An' polishin' the wood yerself—Gee!"

Mr. Sawyer cleared his throat.

"Mrs. Sawyer and I," he said, "do—not—ex-

change—gifts—at Christmas. This cabinet is for my private office at the bank."

Jimsy's face fell.

"Aw," he said gently; "seems like ye'd orta give her sumthin' fur Christmas. She's so awful good. . . B'long to the union?"

"I—I beg your pardon?"

"Carpenters' union; Jack Sweeny does."

The first citizen froze. "Carpentering with me," he explained stiffly, "is a fad—not an occupation or a necessity."

Jimsy's glance was sympathetic. "I kin plane," he offered eagerly. "Honest Injun, I kin. I kin whittle, too, like ol' Scratch. Lemme plane this—"

"I thank you," began Mr. Sawyer, coldly, with unfortunate selection of words—"but." His voice faltered under Jimsy's shining gaze. For Jimsy, reading in the formal repudiation a vote of thanks, had seized a plane and set to work.

The shavings flew. The clock ticked loudly in the quiet. Outside a winter blizzard was sweeping in white fury from the hills. Stump crouched silently in a corner, his head upon

his paws. And Abner Sawyer, returning to his work in helpless indecision, felt his privacy and his dignity forever compromised by a boy and a dog. He knew that a small boy, scantily clad, ought not be planing furiously on the bench beside him at midnight with a sociable gleam in his eye—yet—something—a terrible conviction,

perhaps, that if he spoke at all his voice would be hoarse and uncertain and his poise threatened by the paralyzing sense of apology which welled strangely up within him in Jimsy's presence, tied his tongue. The minutes ticked loudly on and the shavings flew. . . .

And Jimsy would misinterpret whatever he said in terms of sentimentality—he always did. . . . The clock struck one. . . . Abner Sawyer rose.

"James—Jimsy," he said, and his voice was hoarse and uncertain, as he knew it would be; "You must

go to bed!"

Jimsy resigned his plane, with a sigh.

"Golly!" he laughed; "we'd catch it, wouldn't we—me an' you—if Aunt Judith knew!"

Then he glanced at Stump, and said nothing at all. And quite suddenly conscience told Abner Sawyer that he could not accept without giving. . . . Jimsy had helped him willingly and he had accepted—why, he could not for the life of him remember, save that it had something to do with his throat and his poise, . . . but it did entail obligation of a sort, and he was a just man. . . . Abner Sawyer did not look at Stump. He blew out the light.

In silence the two passed out and closed the door. The episodic irregularities of the evening beginning with the Lindon *Evening News* had reached unheard-of climax. A mongrel dog was asleep in the warmth of the sanctum!

Abner Sawyer had a strangling sense of an—
(Continued on page 402)



Under the startled eyes of all Lindon he snatched Jimsy roughly from the seat, carried him down the aisle, down the steps, and across the platform



The Children's Rooms



The new elephant see-saw

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR THEIR LOCATION, FURNISHING AND DECORATION—WHAT CAN BE DONE IN THE SMALL HOUSE AND WHAT IT COSTS—THE EFFECT OF GOOD FURNITURE ON THE CHILD

LOUISE SHRIMPTON

Photographs by the Author and Helen Speer

WHEN there are children in a household, their sleeping quarters, next to the owner's rooms, are the important feature of the second-floor plan, taking precedence over rooms reserved for other members of a family and guests. At an early age, each child is, if possible, given a room to itself, easily accessible from that of parent or nurse. Such a room is frequently small, but good ventilation is secured through careful planning. A southwestern or southeastern exposure is preferred, as giving the most sunlight. There are usually windows on two sides of the room. Occasionally a sleeping porch is an adjunct. If the sleeping room must be used also as a day nursery—not a desirable combination—the porch, with a high parapet, serves as outdoor playroom or winter exercise ground for a very small child.

Ensuring good ventilation in the winter, without exposure of the child to boisterous breezes, the device of fitting windows with frames covered with white cotton cloth is beginning to be adopted, and since, in this system of ventilation, not one window alone, but all the windows of a room, are open at night, the air is kept perfectly fresh, while still heated.

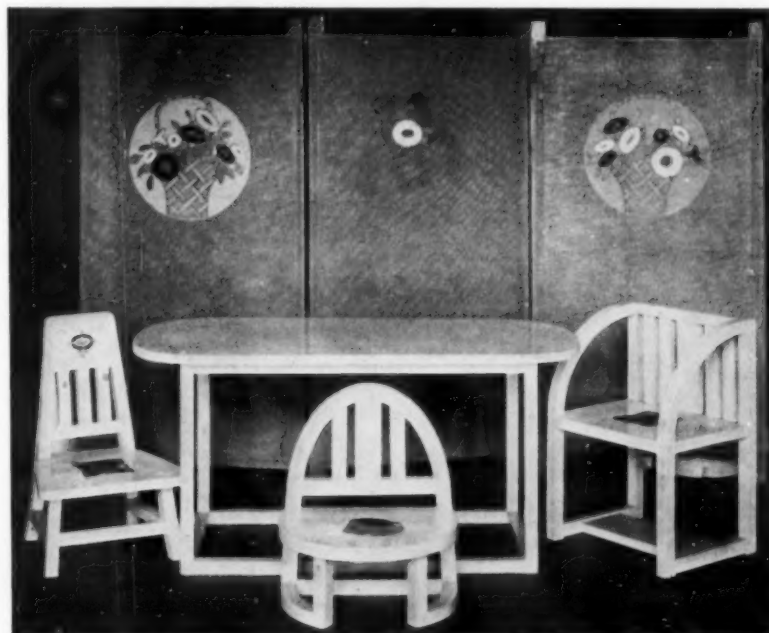
In addition to the location of the child's room, principles of hygiene govern also its structural features, decoration and furnishing. Groups of windows give abundant light and air, as

well as a pleasing effect. A fireplace, where stories are told and small toes warmed before bedtime, becomes, if the cost is not prohibitive, not only an æsthetic advantage, but the best of aids to ventilation. Built-in wardrobes often take the place of closets, a large mirror on the outside of a door being set low enough for a child's use. Or a temporary cupboard—merely a partition in a

sloping roof, with hooks set low behind it—serves for a child until a full-sized wardrobe is grown up to. A window seat is an especially desirable structural feature. It is low enough for comfort, and is either a box couch or, better yet, a seat with drawers beneath it to serve for storing clothes or toys.

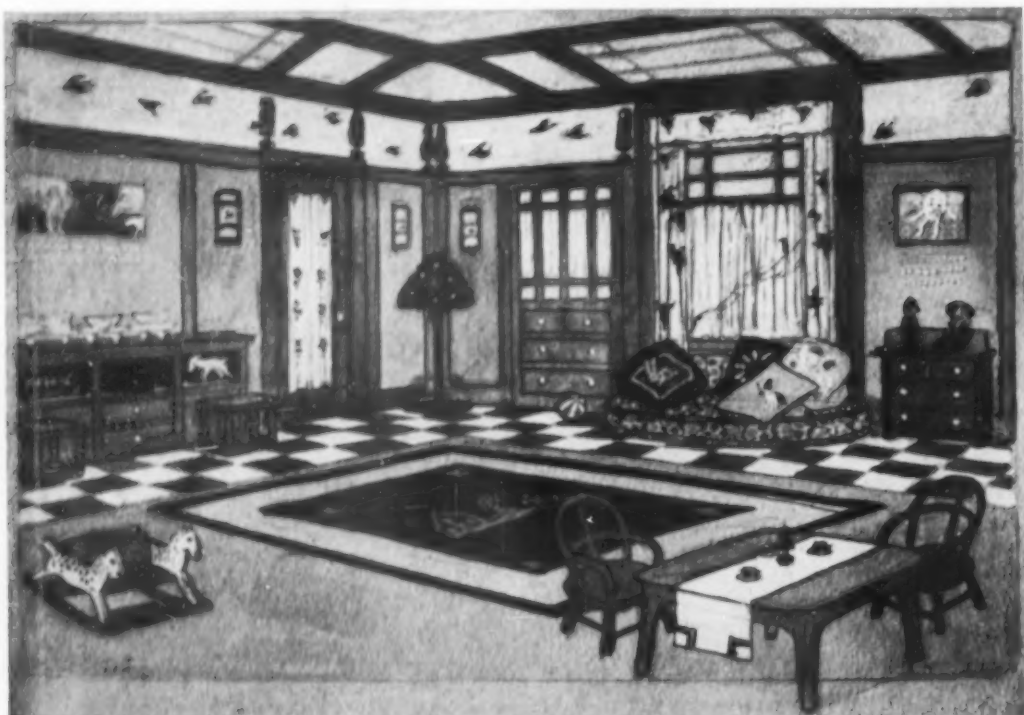
Floors, commonly of hard wood, are given a finish that is easily cleaned and not slippery. Rugs are invariably washable. Braided rugs or those woven of new cretonne with patterns showing ducks or dragons are often chosen. Woodwork in the most hygienic room is painted in white enamel or some pale color. Walls are painted in a flat oil tint, easily disinfected in case of contagious disease.

Or the walls are painted in water color and a new coat is frequently applied. Parents who prefer a figured wall covering indulge in Mother Goose or Kate Greenaway wall papers, though these or any papers have the disadvantage of needing frequent renewal if strictly hygienic conditions are insisted on. Fabric as a wall covering is considered



Rounded edges in the new playroom furniture forestall accidents. Such a set is of light weight and yet serviceable

The Christmas House & Garden 1914



In this nursery the clothes tree is a real tree, and the hanging and frieze bring Nature indoors to the child

terns will be found especially suitable. Next to the strict cleanliness of hygienic surroundings, in the planning of the child's room, comes the educational value of environment, beauty of form and color, an atmosphere charged with culture and æsthetic charm. The hours between bedtime and sleep, between awakening and getting up, are probably the most impressionable of the child's day. To select a scheme in which walls and woodwork, furniture draperies and decorations are all



A window ledge makes a good play corner. The space beneath is utilized for storing clothes and toys

quite unsuitable, as it can become a possible harbinger of disease.

Draperies are as few as possible, and very simple. Shades and one set of thin curtains, easily laundered, usually form the window treatment. Dotted or barred Swiss muslin, cheesecloth, unbleached muslin, Japanese crêpe and plain or figured linens are among the fabrics selected, the cost and effect having no apparent relation.

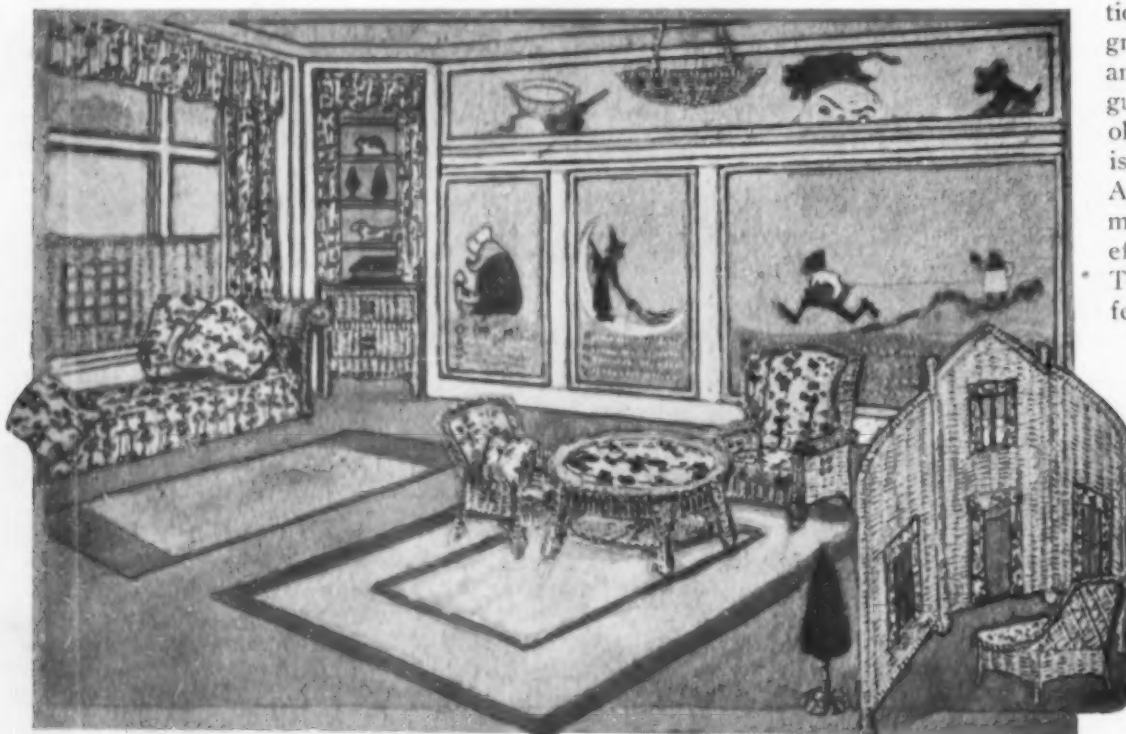
Japanese towelling framing the windows, with a narrow valance, is sometimes seen, when the same material is used for dresser covers, and perhaps for summer coverings upon chairs. If over curtains are desired, chintzes in gay flower and bird pat-



considered as a harmonious whole is to make excellent use of the best of opportunities.

Since the child loves color, full colors—not subdued tones and shades—are used. Oriental combinations, the beautiful and high-keyed greens, blues and red of Chinese pottery and costume are, perhaps, taken as guide, or the primitive coloring found in old North German interiors and in Swedish handicraft, is used as a suggestion. Actual bits of fabric, paper and wood may help in realizing a color scheme, effects being tried on in the room itself. This is a good method to follow, as differences of aspect and lighting make in two locations the same color scheme appear vastly different.

In providing furniture for a child's room there are at least two ways open. One is to make use of pieces of furniture usually to be found in attic or storeroom, harmonizing them with paint or stain; the other, to buy one of the newly designed child's suites of furniture to be found in the shops. If there are time and taste at hand sufficient to procure good results, the former method is one advisable to follow, for a full-sized set of furniture can be bought later for the big



A Mother Goose playroom, with miniature wicker furniture. The house screen is remarkably attractive. Wicker window screens shut out the glare of direct sunlight

boy or girl. The other way, to buy a small set, has the advantage of assuring furniture fitted to its owners, adding to the comfort and happiness of small persons who feel lost among the large pieces suited to grown-ups. A third way is sometimes followed by the lover of the antique, who picks up small chairs, stands and dressers, perhaps designed for small children of a hundred years ago, at an antique shop, or making occasional visits to the second-hand shops abhorred by the conventional, finds treasures



If sleeping-room and nursery must be combined, a connecting porch with high parapet is a desirable feature

of mahogany or cherry, small enough for a child's use, that, done over and disinfected, prove pretty and appropriate. Country attics and barns are another good source of supply, and the quaint types of cottage and farmhouse furniture, the small chairs, tables and dressers found in country places make an admirable setting for the quaint type of child.

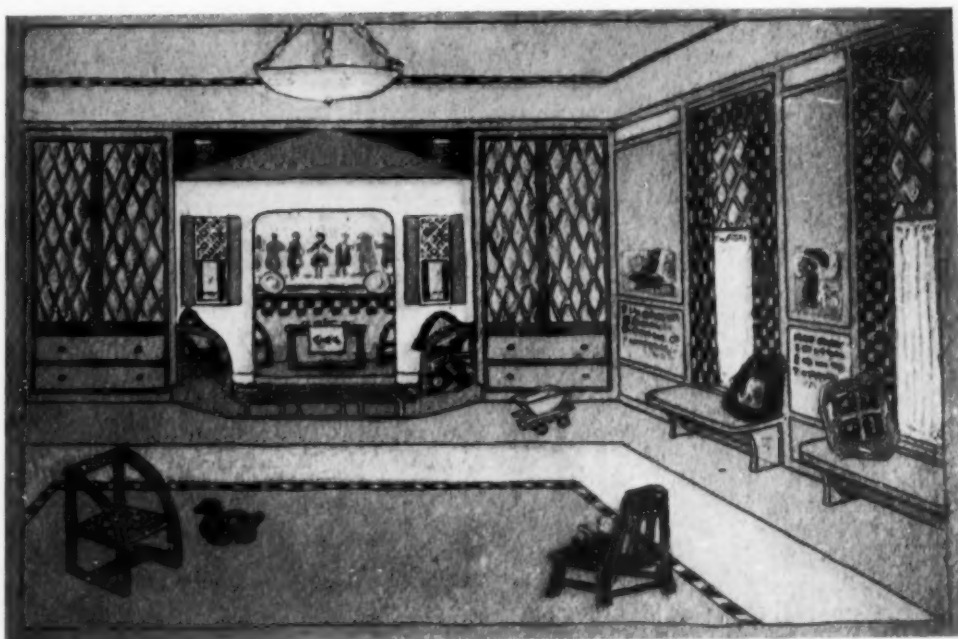
The cost of furnishing a child's room, of course, varies greatly. Furniture may often be purchased at a factory or at a retail shop connected with it, or at sales in a large city, at quite reasonable prices. A newly designed set, on the other hand, of mahogany or Circassian walnut, may be as costly as is large furniture of the same grade. For draperies or curtain materials the cost also may vary greatly. The English linens in white, with flowers and birds in gay colors, cost about a dollar and a half a yard, and can be had also in gray-blue and other colors, with figures in white. An imitation in quaint, flowered pattern costs sixty-five cents the yard. An attractive, yellow madras costs a dollar and a quarter a yard. Small bird patterns—since children are fond of figured designs it is as well to give them the preference—in the newly revived chintzes printed from old blocks, cost about one dollar and fifty per yard. Japanese crêpe is to be had at reasonable prices at Oriental shops, and Japanese towelling, making a pretty side curtain and valance for a group of windows, can be found at any department store at ten cents a yard. Scrim is always a pretty

curtain material in an inexpensive scheme, as is dotted Swiss. Cheesecloth is astonishingly pretty, and may be stenciled in some simple repeat pattern.

If a drapery is desired for a closet doorway or as wind shield at the foot of a crib, a home-made piece of embroidery in a bold appliqué is much enjoyed by children, and is not difficult to make. A wind shield of unbleached muslin was recently made for a small boy, its design of a castle, with primitively drawn bushes and winding road, adapted from a tapestry design by Harvey Ellis. The castle is an appliquéd piece of silesia, whose stone gray came the nearest to castle color of any of the scraps of material in a piece-bag that furnished the color scheme, while bits of emerald and gray-green silk made the trees and bushes. The distant hills were bits of purple and deep-blue silk, and the setting sun a gorgeous bit of flame-colored ribbon. The border, including the child's name, was appliquéd in silesia, dull side out, and the outlining was done in dull-brown silk. Tied to the foot of a crib with silk cord this shield makes an amusing and effective design at the cost merely of the time of the draughtsman and embroiderer.



A room showing effective use of the odd pieces of furniture usually found about a house in attic or store-room was recently fitted up for a three-year-old graduate of the nursery. The room has a western exposure and is lighted by a group of three windows, which, since the outlook is open, give adequate air and a flood of afternoon sunlight. In winter these windows are fitted with muslin-covered frames, and are all kept open. The curtains are of unbleached



The joy of this playroom arrangement is the house-like alcove. Inside is room enough for a table and two chairs—a duck of a place for school and tea parties

muslin. The woodwork was painted a creamy white. Below the picture rail—a flat molding—the walls were painted a pale gray in water colors; above it a light cream color was applied. A squirrel design was stenciled in two corners of the room, the line of the creature's tail following the angle of the roof line, and the

(Continued on page 384)



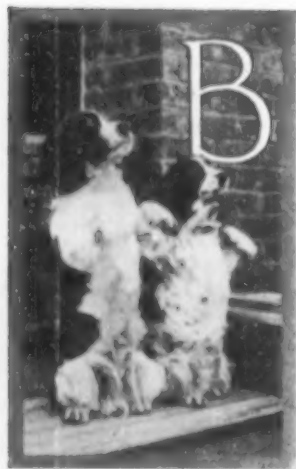
The Merry Little Cocker

Go ill

A DOG THAT LIVES UP TO THE HONORABLE TRADITIONS OF HIS RACE—WHERE HE CAME FROM—WHAT HE USED TO BE AND WHAT HE IS—THE POINTS TO JUDGE HIM BY

WILLIAMS HAYNES

Author of "The Neglected Spaniel," "Practical Dog Keeping," Etc.



Y birth and breeding, the spaniels are the aristocrats of all dogs. Nobody ever saw a spaniel picking an uncertain living out of the alley's ash cans. No spaniel ever slipped through the kitchen door to disappear completely, despite anxious searches and an advertisement in the lost-and-found column, sneaking home three or four days later, his coat full of mud and burrs and with a suspicious-looking cut over his left eye. Never did the butcher's boy succeed in making friends with a spaniel, nor do the gutter pups and the fruit huckster's mongrel greet him as a long-lost brother. A spaniel is always sure of

himself and his position: he recognizes all social distinctions, whether human or canine, with nicety; his manners are perfect: he is kind and true, faithful and unafraid—he is, indeed, the born gentleman.

The cocker spaniel lives up to the traditions of his race. He is, however, the gay gallant of the family. He is not so sedate and dignified as that splendid old gentleman of the old school, his uncle, the Clumber spaniel; nor is he so frivolous and foppish as that favorite of the Court and the drawing-room, his cousin, the toy spaniel. He is the wit of spaniels, the spark of the coffee houses, always a perfect gentleman, but also the man-about-town, the thorough sportsman. Not for nothing has he for a century and a half been called the merry little cocker.

The aristocracy of the spaniels is well founded. Among the voluminous records in their family charter chest are letters patent from good King George; affectionate little notes from Charles I, written in his own flourishing hand; a great commission countersigned by the first Duke of Northumberland, son of Queen Elizabeth's favorite, Leicester; a genealogy drawn up in quaint mediæval Latin by Doctor Johannes Caius, of Cambridge University; and way down at the bottom, aged parchments in French and Spanish. Ancient lineage and proud position held throughout long centuries have given the spaniels what only birth and

breeding can give, and have been a great factor in making them the sort of dogs they are.

The exact origin of the spaniel race is lost in antiquity. There is, however, a persistent rumor to the effect that they came from the East, through Greece, to Spain. Possibly so; we cannot be positive. It is certain, however, that our spaniels, including the cocker spaniel, came from Spain, through France, to England. Out of the original Spanish stock every country in Europe has made spaniel breeds specially adapted to their own needs. The continental varieties, well defined and attractive though some of them are, are generally unknown, even by name, to Americans, nor do they have anything to do with the cocker, who is thoroughly an English product.

The first English mention of the spaniels is in the Duke of



He started five centuries ago as a hunting dog. To-day, though a house pet, he is no less adaptable to that field

York's "The Master of Game," written about 1410; but this is an almost literal translation of "Livre de Chasse," written about 1385 by Gaston de Foix. This French count, famous as a warrior and a sportsman, was a capital authority on all hunts and hunting. His horses, his hounds, and his hawks were not only more numerous, but also of higher quality and better training than those of any feudal lord or monarch in all Europe. His vast domains bordered on Spain, and his kennels housed many a spaniel, cherished as valuable aids in the royal sport of falconry. This noble sportsman, in his great work on the chase, devotes considerable

space to spaniels and their training.

He says that they "are called spaniels because their kind came from Spain, notwithstanding that there are many in other countries," and he tells us they should have "a great head, a great body, and be of fair hue, white or mottled, for they be the fairest, and of such hue they commonly

be the best," nor should they be "too rough, but their tails should be rough." "They love well their master, and follow him without losing, although they be in a crowd of men, and commonly they go before their master, running and wagging their tail."

This description, written over five hundred years ago, is to-day quite appropriate in all that Gaston de Foix said of the spaniel's character and disposition. There have been changes in the race's physical appearance; nevertheless it is obvious that in coats and colors, at least, there has been little transformation, especially since the past ten years has seen a revival of interest in the part-colors, "white or mottled, for they be the fairest."

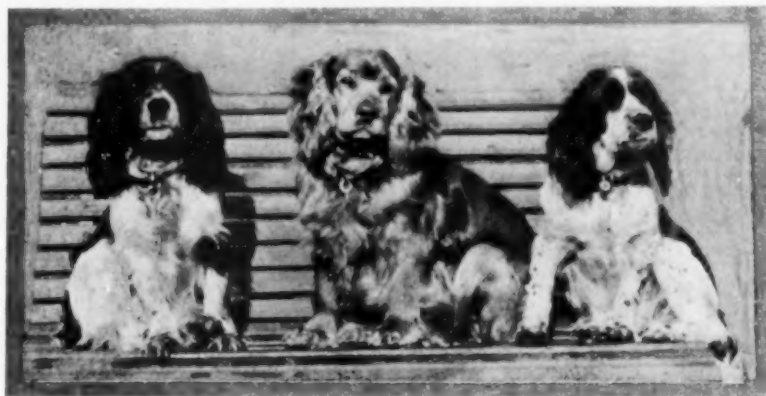
However, there has come a great change in the spaniel's vocation. Gaston de Foix wrote: "Unless I had a goshawk or falcon or hawks for the river or sparrow hawks, or the net, I would never have any (spaniels)." To find partridge or quail for the hawks and to locate coveys to be secured wholesale in a net were the tasks to which the early dogs were put. Gradually there came to be a division of labor among the spaniels. The larger ones that had been used to set birds for the net, the original "setting dogges," continued to follow their profession as hunters of partridge and quail. Others were developed into "water dogges," used to locate and retrieve duck and other water fowl. Still others were found useful in woodcock and pheasant shooting. This was, of course, after the introduction of firearms and their perfection to a point that made wing shooting possible. A selection upon the part of their breeders, based upon these rough classes of activity in the field, has resulted in the development of all the different well-marked varieties of the sporting spaniels, while others, carried into the parlor, have been bred down to that extreme diminutiveness that is the boast of the toys. The setters at one end of the scale and the tiny toys at the other, with all the intermediate varieties, have alike sprung from a chunky, heavily boned, rather lumbering dog of some thirty-five or forty pounds weight.

The cocker has come from the medium-sized stock, bred down to less than half the size of his ancestors who went afield with Gaston de Foix's falcons. He received his name either from the woodcock or the pheasant. In old days it was the custom—

and a mighty sensible and sportsmanlike custom it was—to shoot only cock pheasants, and whoso was hasty or careless enough to kill a hen must pay a forfeit of a golden guinea to the keepers. Accordingly, when the old sporting writers refer to the ancestors of the cockers as "cocking spaniels, used for cock shooting," one cannot always be sure whether they are writing of woodcock or cock pheasants, nor from which bird the dog's name was derived. But, what's in a name?—though it is interesting to see just why the cocker was so christened, especially since many people do not know, and often make quaint guesses, a favorite being founded on some fanciful connection with the cocking of a gun, at which signal the dog is supposed to have been trained to rush in and flush the birds.

Nine people out of ten have at least a bowing acquaintance with cocker spaniels, and I am sure that most of that fortunate nine will think that all this about cocker's sporting ancestors is a far trip afield. We Americans have come to regard him solely as a house dog, and to forget that he was famous as a sporting dog even before Columbus crossed the ocean. I very well remember the storm of protest loosed over my head by a lover of the breed seven or eight years ago when I wrote about the cocker as a sporting dog, under the title of "The Neg-

lected Spaniel." Because he could prove by statistics that the entries of cocker spaniels at the bench shows were always large, he objected strenuously to my adjective "neglected." Nevertheless, as a sporting dog they were, and are, neglected. More's the pity. English and American shooting conditions are very different, but that is poor excuse for our having reduced the size of the cocker till, even in England, he would be almost useless. If the country over



Always sure of himself and his position is the spaniel; he recognizes all social distinctions, his manners are perfect, and he is kind and true



His back should be short, his chest deep, his quarters strong and muscular. Eighteen to twenty-four pounds is his weight—"a big lap-ful"

here offered too rough going for the cocker it would have seemed more befitting his illustrious past to have bred him up to the field conditions rather than to have bred him away from all sporting usefulness. I say "if," because I know from personal experience that in heavy timber a cocker proved to be markedly superior to his larger cousin, and Mr. A. Clinton Wilmerding has for years



He has a knack of readily picking up tricks—and he never forgets them. A long memory is one of his fine mental traits

maintained his cockers as true sporting dogs, hunting them each season. In the Eastern States there is plenty of good shooting country—and this type of country must increase in area—over which a cocker can hunt to advantage.

So much for the sporting cocker. No one will begrudge him his sporting past, and some of us cannot help sighing just a little for his "good old days," when he was the boon companion of good sportsmen and true who loved him for himself and admired his wonderful nose, his pluck and his bird sense.

If the American cocker spaniel has forsaken the field, he has won another niche for himself—his own peculiar niche from which no dog can oust him. Dog owners are inclined to be violent in their likes and dislikes. Each one will swear that, while all dogs are theoretically good, his own favorite is unquestionably the best. It is indeed a peculiar tribute to the cocker spaniel that he shares with the Scottish terrier the unique honor of being very generally selected as a house dog by fanciers who keep their own pet breed in their kennels. Moreover, I have time and again heard men and women with wide experience in various breeds of dogs maintain that the cocker is the *beau ideal* house dog, especially in a household where there are children.

Last winter I was quail shooting in North Carolina with a sworn devotee of the English setter. Just how we got round to cockers I do not remember, but my friend stigmatized them with the epithet "glorified toys." He intended to be as sarcastic as possible, and yet I think he really paid tribute to those very qualities that have endeared the cocker to thousands. In a measure, he is truly a "glorified toy," possessing many of their obvious advantages without some of their disadvantages, for

every breed, of course, has its strong points and its weaknesses.

In the first place, the cocker is a true spaniel with a spaniel's disposition, which is the same thing as saying that he is affectionate and faithful. The love of the spaniel is proverbial. It is a more demonstrative love than that of the more independent terrier. "Wildbrat was faithful" is the motto of one of Europe's proudest orders of knighthood, and Wildbrat was the favorite spaniel of the medieval prince who founded the order, who extolled at once the loyalty of his four-footed companion and held it up as an example for his subjects. Nor has the present-day cocker changed in this. Faithfulness is one of his salient characteristics.

The merry little cocker, besides being affectionate and true, is a bright, wide-awake little dog, but he possesses none of that rough-and-tumble boisterousness we associate with some dogs. Moreover, his intelligence is fairly uncanny. The docility of all spaniels has often been noticed, and this, together with their even disposition and cleverness, fits them peculiarly for the complex lives the dogs of our households live. A cocker will never embroil you in a neighborhood feud over a big, tortoise-shell cat, universally suspected, except by his fair mistress, of being the cause of sundry sleepless nights. He will never carry off the overshoes of an honored visitor, hiding them so securely that you must lend your own pair to insure your guest's dry-footed return home. He will not make a practice of starting pell-mell at one end of the hall, ending with a lifelike imitation of tobogganing, a Turkish rug serving as a sled over the parlor's glossy, hardwood floor. One would hardly look for such rowdyisms from a dog that for centuries has been the intimate of kings and princes and the comrade of great lords and high nobles, and the cocker has inherited rather more than his share of the attractive character and disposition of his family. He is quite as affectionate as the toy spaniel without being so much of a sycophant. He is just as faithful and gentle and loyal. He is more intelligent, more capable and more plucky.

In the matter of size, he has, of course, advantages all his own. True, he is a "big lap-full," but he is a sound, robust little chap, unafraid of colds and chills. He is big enough to be able to take care of himself outdoors: small enough to be easily handled in the house.

The typical cocker is a sturdy, active, cobby, little dog—eighteen to twenty-four pounds weight sets the standard, but most present-day prize winners are closer to the lower than the upper limit. His back should be short, his chest deep, his quarters strong and muscular. His back must be straight, but his loin is slightly arched. His tail must be carried level with his back, never, even

when he is excited, raised above the line of his back, and its wag, a merry wag from side to side, is very typical. His legs are short and heavily boned in front, while his hocks should be well bent and well let down.

His head is expressive of great intelligence. The skull is quite wide, slightly rounded, and there is a sharp stop between the eyes, with a median line, a slight



Although he looks very serious as a pup, the cocker is light and buoyant of spirit

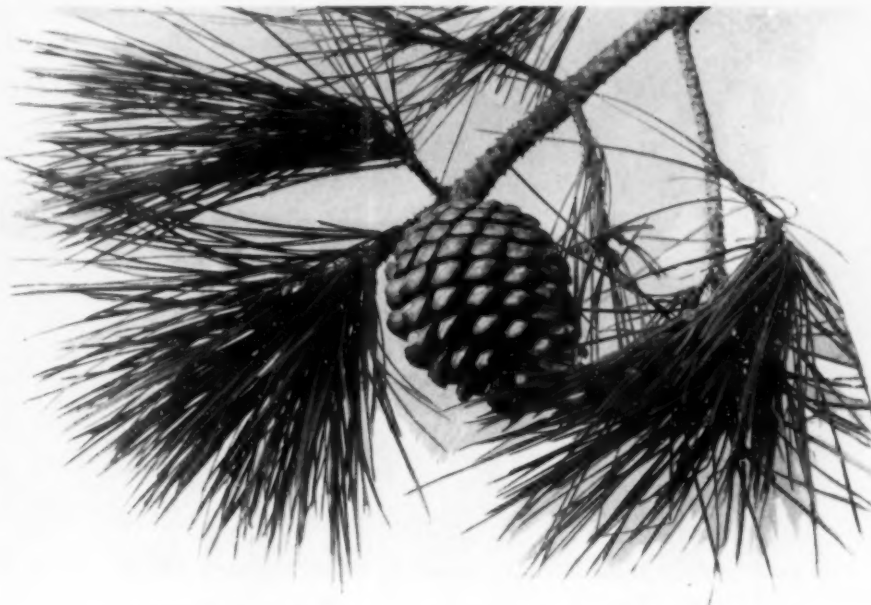
(Cont. on page 340)

Remembrances from the World's Garden

IF one would turn to Mother Nature's storehouse at this season she would be surprised at the abundance and variety that there awaits the purchaser. Often the products of the earth which to you are very commonplace because of your familiarity with them will be a delight to those living in other parts of the country who have never seen them.

Few mountain dwellers in the South realize how coveted are the scarlet galax leaves which they hardly notice, yet they are found in but two or three places in the world; think how prized would be a wreath of them, or some of the rare winter mosses and ferns, a barrel of holly or mistletoe, all of which are so abundant in these regions. Chinquapins are unknown to many a Northern girl and boy, and only an occasional one has ever seen a cotton boll. South Carolina is the only State in the Union where tea is grown; a package of this would surely be a novelty. Kumquats, limes, guaves, do not seem like Christmas gifts to those who live in Florida, yet their friends in many an inland town of the North hardly know them. Alligator pears are uncommon in many places, and almost everywhere cost twenty-five cents each. Send a basket of them with a few written instructions as to how you serve them. Often strange foods are thrown out as unpalatable because the recipients do not know how to use them. Not one person in a thousand has eaten a chayote, but in the Far South it is very common.

Michigan and all our Northern States abound in birch trees; the bark of this is an especial treasure. Send a hanging basket made of it, or a box fashioned from it and filled with some of your best home-made candy. A dozen plain



A VARIETY OF INEXPENSIVE GIFTS FROM DISTANT SECTIONS OF THE COUNTRY

MARY HAMILTON TALBOTT

slips of this bark may go to the hostess who gives unique luncheons, to be used as place cards; your camping friends would be glad to have napkin rings made of it. Often pieces large enough to make into scrap baskets can be found, and these are very dainty. Have you to whom the locust thorn is common ever thought of a thorn as a still-to-letto? It is sharper than any

silver one, and this alone would make your friend who embroiders appreciate it. A band of silver with her initials on it, which can be put on by your local jeweler, would give it a more Christmassy air.

A little girl who lived in Colorado delighted some of her Ohio cousins with pinon-nuts and pine gum. The queer Indian pottery I had sent me from New Mexico will always be treasured. Any of the handicraft of the Indians is usually acceptable. Only in Arizona are fresh dates procurable; the recipients of a few pounds of them could almost imagine themselves in far Egypt.

The pine district inhabitants love to pile the open fire with cones; what a delight to the city cousin if she had a bag of them for her grate; a small chunk of the tree in the bottom might be labeled "Your Yule Log." The ground pines, or lycopodia, are a bonanza in themselves; wreaths and garlands may be made of them, and also of the shining, bitter prince's pine, of laurel or of yew. Rose hips, bittersweet, partridge berries, black alder or wintergreen berries, may be wound in. By taking small twigs and winding one on to the other, using light picture wire as binding, the wreathing makes very rapid progress. It will cost you nothing maybe but the express to send

(Continued on page 390)





A New Home *in an* Old Suburb

The entrance, though formal, is inviting

THE STORY OF "CONISTON," A SOUTHERN HOUSE BUILT ALONG CLASSICAL LINES OF SIMPLICITY AND PERMANENCE—AND THE GARDEN THAT IS LAID OUT IN THE SAME MANNER

JULIA LESTER DILLON



An atmosphere of permanency is lent the house by the columns framing the doorway

IN a gently sloping hillside, where majestic pines and stately oaks have elbowed each other through many decades of fast-passing days, some seven years ago Coniston was built. So perfectly was the house planned to fit the site and so delightfully

have the plantings been adjusted to the building that, from whatever angle one views it, two impressions remain; permanency and simplicity.

Permanency is expressed in the grey stone and stucco that know no decay; in the broad lines of the almost flat roof that are one with the long lines of low-lying hills bounding the horizon; in the stately columns that frame the formal entrance; in the height and breadth, indicative of broad rooms with high ceilings; in green-house, pergola and play-house; in the grey stucco walls, with stone copings that separate the service quarters from the gardens, and by which the lines of the distant garage and lodge are one with the house itself, thus serving to emphasize the unity of the whole. The studied simplicity shows itself in the dignity of straight lines; in the unadorned columns which



Gray stucco walls separate the service quarters from the gardens and carry the lines of the house itself to those of the garage and lodge

The Christmas House & Garden

mark a modern adaptation of true old Southern Colonial style; in the wide arch of the hospitable doorway; in the clear white and cool greys that are the only notes in the color scheme, except where the terra-cotta tiling of the terrace gives contrast to the picture; in the interesting groupings of the windows; in the perfect balance of the whole, which essentially proves that the architect was also an artist.

The classic lines of the entrance to the portico are consistently carried out in the formally clipped privets that frame it, while clambering ivies, climbing Virginia creepers, feathery tamarisks, drooping ferns and waving palms soften the contours and make hospitable the invitation to enter the doorway. The delightful simplicity of the old hickory furniture, the dark grey of which deepens the color note; the grey stone vases that hold fragrant laurels and frame the entrancing views across the broad spaces of the east lawn, make of the terrace an enticing place to linger.

The interior of the house is as charming as the exterior is dignified. Here again is seen the artist's plan in the unity expressed in the uniformly simple lines of the broad mantels; in the old ivory of the woodwork throughout; in the mahogany of the doors; in the high, grey ceilings that are almost white; in the refinement of the specially designed lighting fixtures; in the plastered walls in soft hues; in the attractive lines of the stairway; in the polished oak floors; in the broad vistas which enable one to look across and through the rooms; in the planning of the windows so that each one is the frame for a landscape worthy of the brush of a Corot or a Turner.

The spacious reception hall offers inviting vistas and cool depths. The rich, dark green of the walls repeats the color note to be found in the broad-leaved evergreen just outside the door, and the dull brick of the mantel reflects the coloring of the tiling in the portico, while dull bronze and burnished brass catch and hold vagrant rays of sunlight that stray in.

The living-room extends across the east side of the house, and, with its walls of old-blue, its rich mahogany and dark rosewood, with the touches of gold in the picture frames and the mirror of the old, old days, has a charm peculiarly its own. There is the piano for those who can make music, the Victrola for those who

can only enjoy it, and for those who love the dance, as well as the play. There is an inlaid chess table for the thoughtful; card tables for the more frivolous; chairs that invite one to rest; cushions that fit into all the angles and curves, and lounges that were made for repose. There are pictures that all the world loves, and altogether a room full of joyous light and color.



A fireplace treatment difficult to handle and adaptable only to a certain type of room, but one having singular charm when aged

South of the living-room, and almost a part of it, is the enclosed porch, three sides of it framed in casement windows that extend from floor to ceiling, with panes of glass delicately leaded in a pattern of exquisite simplicity, through which there are always to be seen fair vistas of rose-garden, pergola and lawn.

The simple lines of Mission furniture prevail in the porch. The grey stone and stucco of the outside finish has been brought inside. Cretonnes in soft tans, dull greens and reds bring into the atmosphere of this room the flowers that the Southern summer heat makes necessary to leave outside. When the cooler days of autumn and winter come, this porch is a palm room, and then also throughout the house the jardinières are filled with ferns and palms and other plants.

From the library one can look, even in winter, through doors of plate glass, across the living-porch to the terrace framed in sweet-scented bays, to the lawn that is bounded by the low hedge and shut in by deodars, magnolias, ancient oaks and tall old elms. The built-in bookshelves are enclosed in gracefully leaded glass doors like those that frame the porch. The carefully chosen books furnish food for the scholarly mind, and the well-filled shelves offer a wide range for diversified tastes. The desk of old mahogany in true Colonial pattern seems more inviting for reverie than for composition, as it stands in front of a window facing the fragrant roses and looking out on the sun-dial that forms the heart of the garden.

The dining room is rich in color. The dull red walls paneled in old ivory; the built-in china cabinet; the deep mahogany tones of the furniture; the dull pinks and



By the use of leaded glass doors the porch has been made an extension of the living-room, affording vistas of the pergola, rose garden and lawn

The Christmas House & Garden

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soft greens of the old English ware; the faded blue of Chinese porcelain; the gleam of a mirror; the reflection of polished silver; the delightful vistas across hall and library; the dignified mantel, and, framed by the west windows, a broad sweep of green turf bordered by closely clipped hedges and the fruit garden just beyond, make a picture that cannot but linger in the memory with abiding charm.

These rooms that are in summer cool, home-like and comfortable, are necessarily more cozy and rich in their winter dress. Where venetian blinds are relied on to keep out the glare and protect from the heat without the sacrifice of one breath of air, winter hangings are used of soft cream fillet net, with silken overhangings that harmonize with the colors of the rooms: dull blue for the living-room, deep, dull reds for the library and dining-room, and a rich, dark green for the hall. Where the fiber rugs of cream and grey with markings of dull blues and greens form the sum-

the first-floor rooms. There is the rose room for the passing guest, with the rose motif repeated in the walls and in the hangings and the rose color of the rugs. There are rooms with blue notes in the scheme instead of rose. The faintest of pale greens, like the inner lining of a lily's leaf, is the little



The built-in book shelves are enclosed in leaded glass doors, like those that frame the porch

girl's boudoir, and everywhere there are broad windows that look out on charming views and admit the maximum amount of light and air.

Perfectly appointed baths, marble-lined showers, commodious closets, dainty furniture of white enamel, willow, and fine brass, and in all and through all, daintiness, sweetness and that freshness

that means the acme of living comfort and is the ambition of every housewife to obtain, would seem to indicate that, after the builders had finished and left their monument of stone and wood and plaster and glass, an equally artistic touch has been necessary to accomplish the transformation of the house into what it unquestionably is—a home.

Not the least of the charms of Coniston are the gardens. They seem also to have been planned, like the house, for a permanent home. Here are few of the ephemeral flowers that wither in a day. On the other hand, the larger proportion of the plantings are of broad-leaved evergreens, with some of the conifers, and a goodly sprinkling of the deciduous shrubs. The grey and white of the house and out-buildings make a wonderfully effective background for the pines and cedars and evergreens with broad leaves that surround it. There are groups of pittosporum, eleaster and abelia that grow at the base of the terrace; there are masses of spiræa Thunbergii that lighten with their delicate loveliness the heavier-leaved groups. There are plantings of lagerstroemias and neriums and altheas that make the summer gay. There are tall oaks that tower above the entrance of the driveway and here and there about the house give needed shade and screen without being close enough to shut out the air. There are delightful corners where viburnums, gardenias, spiræas, syringas and ligustrums stand shoulder to shoulder and make cool oases of shadow.

To the south there is a charming view of a shrubby border that bounds the rose-garden and looks on the terrace with its grey stone vases that hold unclipped laurels. In this group

(Continued on page 391)



A house built to its setting: the broad lines of the roof not unlike those of the hills hereabouts



A pergola divides the west lawn from the rose garden and leads down to the drive

mer floor coverings, Persian rugs, rich in design and soft in color, blend with and form a part of the charm of each room. Where rich velvet, dull leather and soft velours form warm backgrounds for winter use covers of cream linen, patterned or striped in écu, soft to feel and cool to touch, spell comfort in the summer days.

The seven bedrooms on the second floor, all opening into a central, spacious hall, are as well designed as are



GARRISON CHALMERS' Uncle Elijah—(this is a true story, please understand—at least partly; the names are not true, of course, nor the places, but the story itself is, in essentials). Harrison Chalmers' Uncle Elijah was eccentric, and had ideas. That is how it happened, I suppose, that he gave Harrison and his wife—of all people—a garden—of all things! for Christmas. A flat, neat, Christmasy-looking parcel it was, holly-beribboned and inviting and properly mysterious, in spite of its flatness, as it lay among the other parcels Harrison opened right after Christmas morning's breakfast. Harriet Chalmers confesses that she thought—and she believes Harrison thought also—that it was a bundle of stock certificates. But now, on looking back, she is rather glad it was not; and I believe Harrison is, too.

Neither of this pair was particularly fond of outdoors things, and flowers and pottering about, and Uncle Elijah's unique gift certainly would have fared indifferently but for the storm that developed that day along about noon. It came on slowly and casually—almost surreptitiously—a snowflake or two; then a little cluster of them; then a thicker fall; and finally a regular steady, fine, sifting that settled in and never stopped for thirty-four hours, tying up all the railroads and trolleys and automobiles in amazingly short order, so that no one could get away if he were at home—and no one that was away could get home.

By the time the Chalmers' guests should have been starting for the Chalmers' apartment—they spent Christmas in town always—their hosts were pretty certain that, instead of the brilliant little dinner party of eight, it would be just



The gardening tools arrived just at the time when they were needed, arranged orderly in a basket



The Gift of a Garden

WHEREIN THE CHALMERS HAD TO CHOOSE BETWEEN VEGETABLES AND FLOWERS AND CHOSE FLOWERS—A UNIQUE GIFT AND HOW IT WAS GIVEN

GRACE TABOR

on top of the packet as it was opened, read: "To my nephew and niece, Harrison and Harriet Chalmers, with the affectionate Christmas greetings of Elijah Chalmers." On the reverse side of it was written: "It has ever been my belief that gifts should be of more than transient worth where real regard prompts them. I am sending, therefore, something that shall be annual and perennial and continual, yet needs must be fractional in its manner of presentation."

"What does he mean?" asked Harriet.

"Blamed if I know," answered Harrison, gazing at the card; "sounds as if this was not all of the present."



Not much of an array, but enough for amateur gardeners such as the Chalmers

they two alone who would sit down to the Christmas dinner.

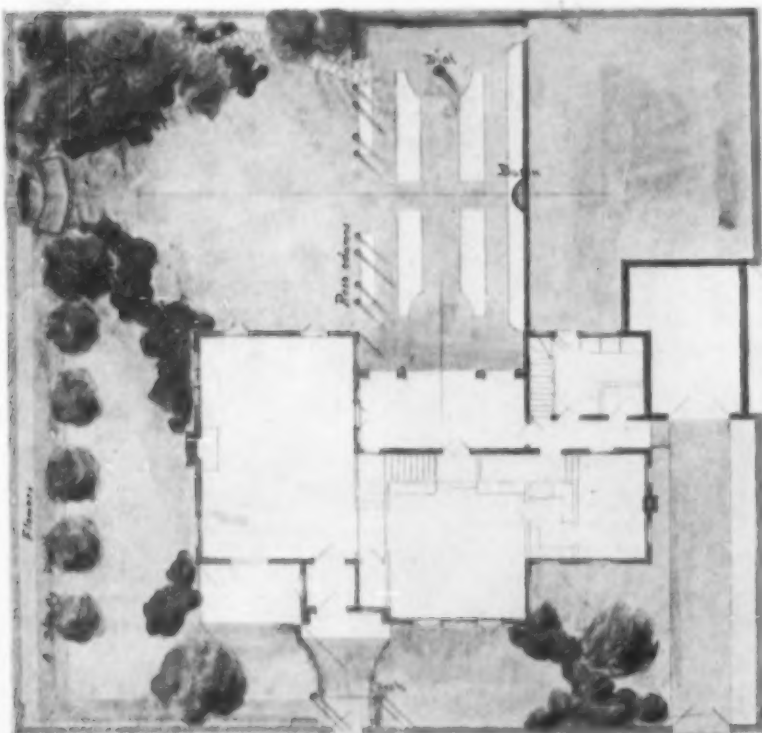
And they were right. Tête-à-tête, they fed well, and made an early finish—but there was no getting away. And, instead of a lively evening at a lively play, with a lively crowd, here were the two of them cooped up by themselves, with absolutely nothing novel around the place—save Uncle Elijah's garden. Which situation was what got them really interested in it, at last; for, after they had played cribbage and solitaire until they loathed them both, and danced through all their favorites to the music of the faithful music-box, they found, to their dismay, it was still only half-past nine o'clock—"and bedtime full an hour away!" yawned Harrison, dejectedly.

"Let's play with that garden," cried Harriet, suddenly remembering it. Whereupon they fell upon the card table and whisked it back out under the light, and drew up the chairs, and spread the whole thing out.

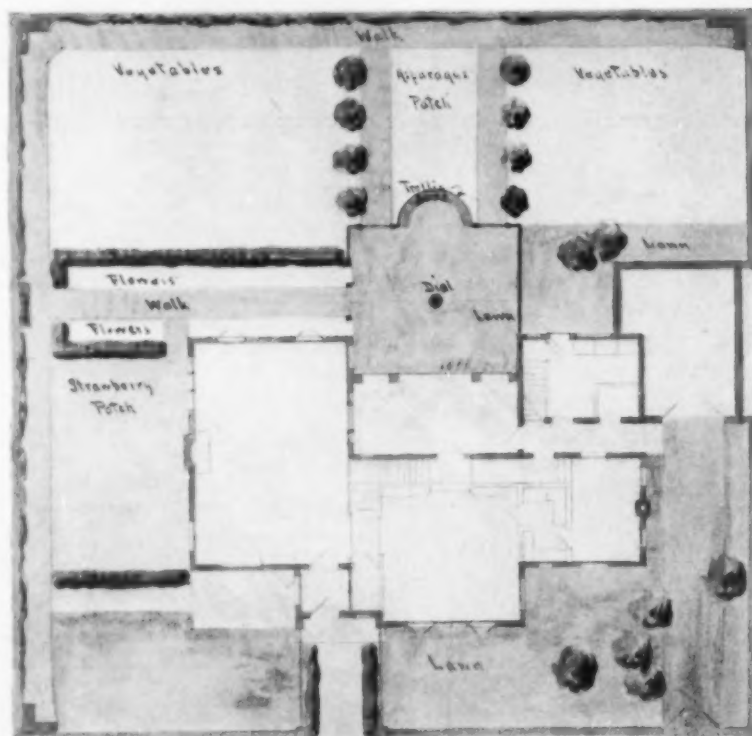
Really, they found two gardens, labeled, respectively, "A Poet's Garden" and "A Practical Garden."

The card which had lain

The Christmas House & Garden 1 · 9 · 1 · 4



The plans for the Poet's Garden only suggested effects without giving details of what plants were to make them



Equally alluring was the Practical Garden plan—it looked like a body-blow at the high cost of living

"I believe he means us to have a garden—like these, perhaps."

"We stand a good show to have a garden—like any kind—on our superb suburban villa plot—we do!" Uncle Elijah's nephew was irritated.

"But look!—this is our house, just as it stands on the land, with all the rooms just as they are, and everything. And here it is again on the other one—the Practical Garden—just the same. These plans *are* for our own superb suburban villa plot, if you please, Harrison Chalmers!"

Which was the truth, unmistakably, though they had not found it out until this belated inspection. "But, plans are queer when

you aren't used to them," defends Harriet, rather sheepishly, now, "and we weren't either of us used to them."

Here they are, just as they spread them out on the card table that storm-bound Christmas night—except that the signature of the artist who prepared them is left off. Do not make the mistake of supposing that Uncle Elijah had made them himself. Oh, no, indeed! That was not like him. He had been to the architect who had built the house, and then he had been to a landscape architect—and then he had brought these two together, tactfully. And between them all—Uncle Elijah included, for he has always been a great gardener, and has a great garden of his own—they



A garden of visions if they chose to be poets—demanding only a little work that Harriet could handle if she had a day's help from outside once a week

had developed the two schemes according to the two motifs which Uncle Elijah gave them in the titles.

Not a plant was named, you see, on these sketches, but enticing bits of description carried a world of suggestion. "The tree of Xerxes," for example, in the Poet's Garden—how alluring! And how distracted with curiosity they both were to know what it was; and with disgust that they had grown so rusty in the classics. All at once Harriet's memory began to stir, by association—she was looking at the piano as she tried to think—and she rushed to it and began pawing over the music that lay on it. "There," she cried at last, dragging out Handel's Largo, triumphantly, "The Plane Tree," from 'Xerxes'—it must be a plane tree."

"I can't see that it follows"—Harrison was in a captious mood—"though it may. But, what the mischief is a plane tree?"

The dictionary told them; but it dropped the subject without noting the legend of the great Persian king who had halted his armies and gone into camp that he might enjoy the splendor of one of these mighty specimens.

"Have we got to choose between these, do you suppose?" asked Harriet, looking up from a long study of the Poet's Garden.

"If that's his idea—really to give us a garden—it seems as if we would have to."

"Well, I never can! That's all there is to that."

"Then we can toss up."

"I hate tossing up."

"Well—then we can leave it to Uncle Elijah."

"He'd give us the Practical one."

"Ah!—then you've decided on the Poet's Garden."

"N—no; but, look at it."

He looked at it; and they discovered together all its charms, and were drawing pretty vivid pictures, before long, of what it would seem like to sit "here," and look out "there;" or to sit "there" and look over "here."

"Really," said Harrison, with considerable enthusiasm at last, "it wouldn't be half bad to have a place like this—would it?"

"It would be heavenly, with just a bank of climbing roses, as I can see them perfectly, all over that wall that shuts off the service yard, and those exquisite columns opposite, with more hanging from them. Why, the place would be a sight to behold—there'd be thousands and thousands of them—just sheets of bloom."

"These wall fruit trees sound good to me." He clung to the Practical Garden, as she to the Poet's. "Pretty good scheme, I should think, if you get any fruit off of them."

"And they would be lovely in blossom, too."

"Why not lovely in fruit? An apple tree with a load of red apples is a color picture worthy anybody's approval; it has always struck me."

So they argued and talked; and it was a full hour past the bedtime that had seemed so far away, when Harrison finally switched off the light with the last word. "Really, I don't know why we never thought of it. I've always known the place needed something."

They left it to Uncle Elijah, as his nephew had suggested, at last. "We know nothing about such things," he wrote to him, after thinking it over a fortnight or more, "and the more we try to decide, the farther we are from doing so. It's up to you; whatever your decision, it will suit us, right down to the ground."

Uncle Elijah had a hard time deciding, himself. One day he would think it would be one garden; the next day he veered over to the other. A thousand times he burst forth at the limitations of their superb suburban plot; but that was not progressing. So he set himself to figure it out on the basis of his nephew's income; which ought they to have, from the purely practical and efficient side?

This meant a pretty general review of the whole situation; of the Chalmers' failings, as well as of their pocketbook. Harrison Chalmers was never to be depended upon to work in his garden—at least as yet he was not. And perhaps he never would be to be depended upon for work of this sort; you never can tell. Which garden, therefore, would cost the least in upkeep? That was question number one that he set himself to figuring out with paper and pencil and wage figures right before him.

It was simple, after all. He hardly needed the pencil, save as a spur to thought. The Practical Garden would demand three days of any man's time per week, if it were to be kept in first-class shape. Frequent spraying of the small fruit trees, he knew, was the

one thing to insure their good health—for annids simply dote on the young tips of certain varieties of these. Then the garden would be constant in its demands of tillage, and to go over it all, as well as to keep the turf cut where there was turf, began to look like too much of a task to be accomplished, even in three full days. Intensive treatment, too, requires constant attention—prompt uprooting of the finished crop and equally prompt preparation of

(Continued on page 387)



Something like this was the treatment of the rose columns suggested by the Poet's Garden plan



Unless they raised all their vegetables and had a gardener all the time, the Practical Garden would be of little avail

Christmas Gifts for the Home

Porcelain fruit dish suitable for dining-room

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ARRANGED ROOM BY ROOM

ALISON MOORE SMITH

NO matter how ardent a lover of dress and personal adornment she may be, there is no housewife worthy the name who does not appreciate Christmas gifts for the decoration of her home. It is not an uncommon practice for husband and wife to "club together" and purchase, instead of personal gifts for each other, some long-desired article of furniture, an ornament or a rug, for some room in the house. With this in view, so large a variety of useful objects is theirs to choose from, that at the start it obviates the oft-repeated question—"What shall I give?" The phrase, "useful objects," is used with purpose, for the interior decoration of a house involves usefulness in every object that is put into it, no matter if it be a deal table for the kitchen or an exquisite bit of porcelain to be placed in a certain light in the draw-



Teapots in a variety of shapes and all of moderate price



A bedroom decoration, but also serviceable as a bedside light



You cannot send your garden, but scents from your garden make an acceptable gift



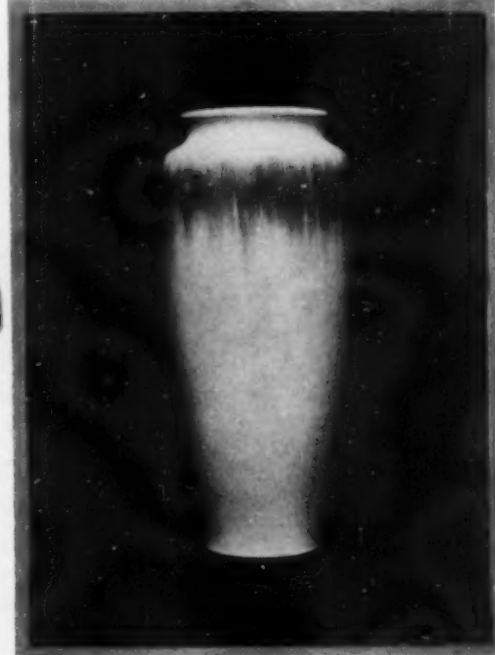
A lamp of such ware fits in well with living-room decorations



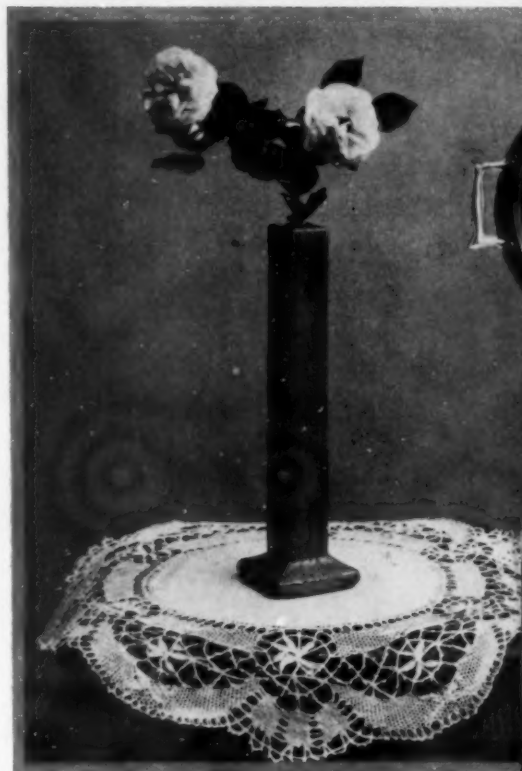
If the hallway is large, why not a Japanese bowl on a teakwood stand?



Lamps, with notched shades, are suitable for the library table



Beauty of line and color gives such a vase a prominent place in the decoration of a library or a drawing-room



For long-stemmed flowers placed on the mantel such a holder serves admirably



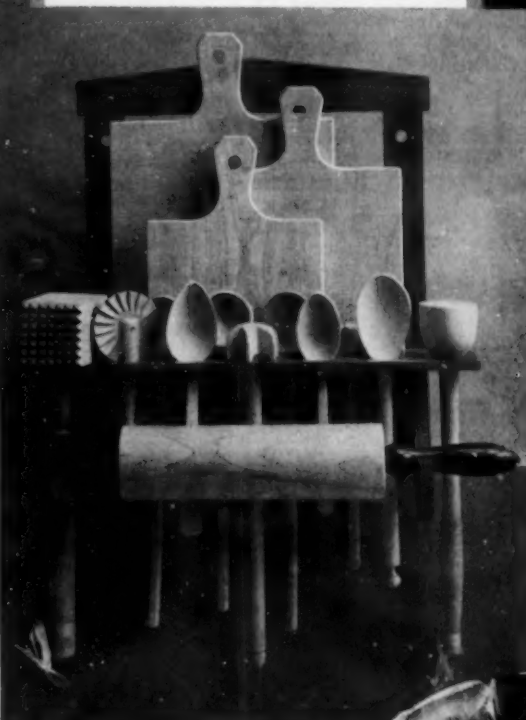
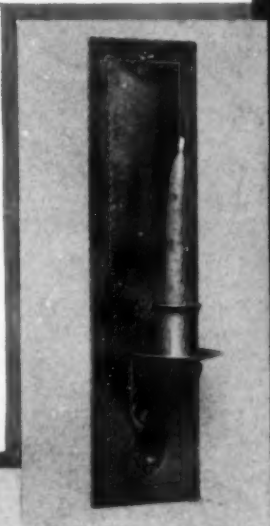
Trays are indispensable. These monogrammed trays will find a ready place in the dining-room



An idea for the dining-room table—a low bowl with flower holder

ing - room. For beauty has its intrinsic use in merely being beauty—and as such, delighting the eye, quieting the nerves or bringing about peace of mind and body; effects hardly induced by ugly

Every room offers some corner for a sconce light



For compactness and service what is more adaptable to the kitchen?

surroundings. But, while beauty itself is always useful, it does not always work the other way round—alas! And simple household objects are often manufactured with no thought of



Beauty for beauty's sake—a bowl of such decorative value will be acceptable in the drawing-room



An infinite variety of uses can be found for such a decorative tray



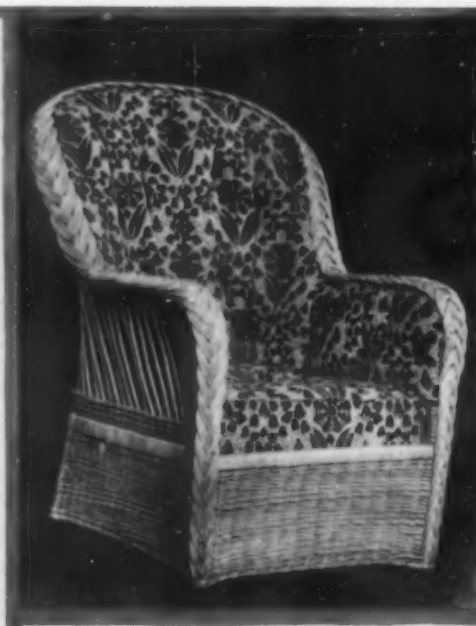
A flower holder and vase combined for the library



The lamp is an integral part of room decoration. These two examples are of excellent line and moderate price



A strong, sturdy and comfortable combination of cane and mahogany for the living-room



Wicker is coming to be an all-year furnishing. Such a chair would suit the bedroom excellently



The Adam design would find a place in the furnishing of the living-room

sideration of the tastes or desires of those who are to receive them? The prospective recipient would not think of expressing, outside of her own family, the ardent desire she has—for instance—for a coal-scuttle! She has never got round to buying one; there was always something needed more at the time; they were hideous things, anyway; but, nevertheless, Christmas always came and went, and left her wistfully regarding the empty space by the fireplace, while Katie carried in coal in a tin pail from the kitchen. This is almost an



For the sunparlor in winter and for the porch or on the lawn in summer this compact little set of wicker is unexcelled

anachronous example, since coal-grates have given over in favor of old-fashioned wood fireplaces, or the ugly but convenient gas-fires—but it serves to make the point. Now, if this person would only sweetly and frankly observe to her friends some time before Christmas: "I know you are going to give me a present, some of you, at least. I may be mistaken, but in case you are thinking of it, I just want to remark that I am well supplied with real-lace pin-cushions for the guest-room; but I am badly in need of a kitchen clock."



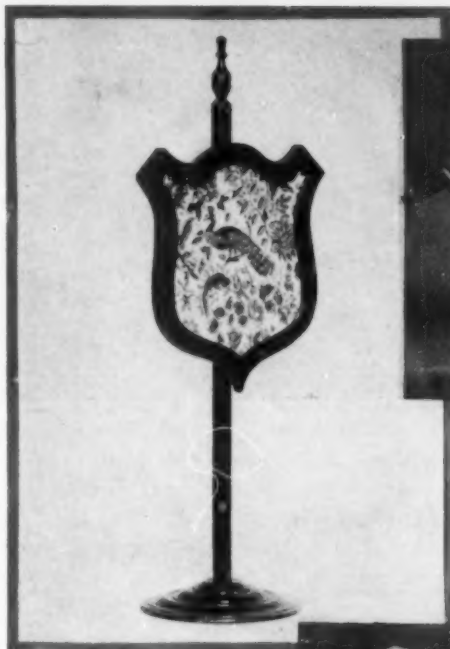
To stand in the bay window or in the hallway



The small Japanese boudoir lamp can be had in many shapes. These are peculiarly adaptable to the writing desk or dressing table



A combined bookrack and magazine shelf for the library is worth its value in usefulness



Reproducing an old-fashioned fire screen is this lamp screen of mahogany

Or, "I really can do without the latest fiction (which I can get later at the library), but if I only had a book-rack to put those books I already have, on—"

But this article does not aspire to change human nature! It only endeavors to show the charm of the useful—or the use of the beautiful—however you care to put it—



For the nursery—a town clock



Three unusual shapes for flower vases. Visualize them on the library table—and your gift is decided

and offers some suggestions for the choosing of gifts that are suitable adjuncts in interior decoration.

In other words—Why not give a Christmas present this year—to the "house"?

Let us begin with the living-room, as it offers, perhaps, a wider scope for



The delicate lines of this glass flower holder give it place in the boudoir

choice than any other in the house. We will not assume, in this case, that the room is bare, that it contains no furnishings whatever. But in the list given, the reader may find a group of novel articles from which to choose one or more that will fit into the room in question, or replace some out—
(Cont. on page 392)



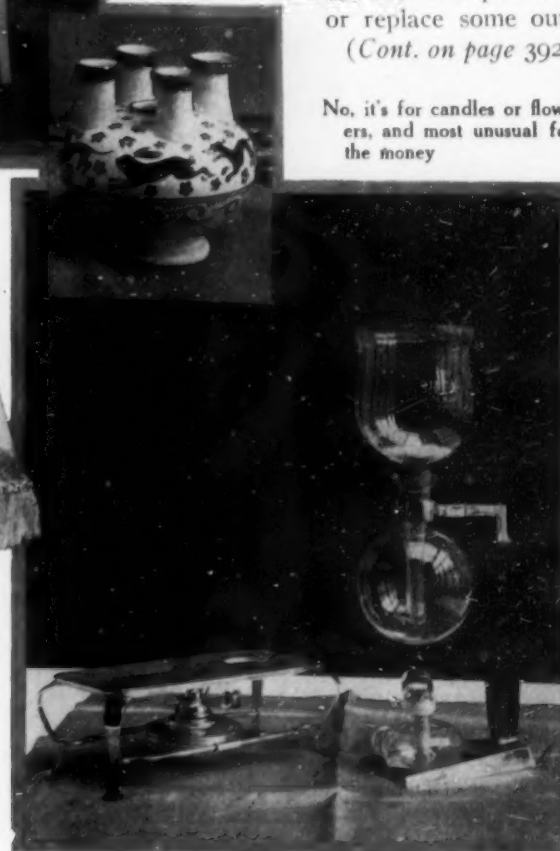
An interesting addition to the playroom study corner—a bunny desk and chair



Three attractive little novelties, a nursery pot, a hanging candle lamp, and a night light fashioned like an antique



If the drawing-room is light, a lamp of such tones would be suitable



Excellent for the small family breakfast table, a toasting plate and a reproduction of the French coffee percolator



Wash off broad-leaved plants occasionally. It opens their pores and gives them a chance to breathe

Nursing the House Plant

THE PLANTS TO HAVE AND WHERE TO PUT THEM—HOW TO GIVE THE PROPER DEGREE OF TEMPERATURE, MOISTURE AND VENTILATION—MAGICAL FLOWER GROWING

STEPHEN EDSALL

Photographs by Robert S. Lemmon and S. Leonard Bastin



For plants with delicate leaves it is better to wash with a spray. Cover with a cloth when sweeping

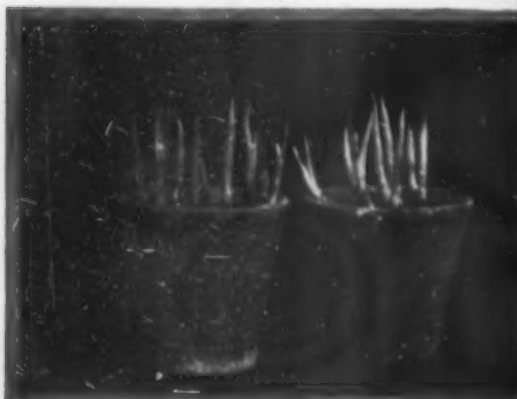
BY December those who are taking an active interest in house plants for the first time discover that they fall into two classes—those that thrive and those that merely exist. Yet, with careful, common sense treatment, all can be made to thrive. Thus, the leaves of your favorite plant may be turning yellow and the whole taking on a sickly look. One of three or all three circumstances may have conspired to produce this failure in health: excessive watering, insufficient food, or the lack of pot room. If the latter two are obviously the cause, repotting will solve the problem. Remove as much of the old soil as possible without injuring the roots; cut back the root system slightly, and work in the new soil around the roots. Again, the stems of your plant may be long, lank and weakly, and the whole plant an easy victim to disease and insect invaders. The need, then, is generally more light.

For all house plants there are three prime requisites: the proper degree of temperature, the proper degree of ventilation and the proper degree of moisture. The average plant demands 65° during the day and from 50° to 55° at night. If it drops below that the plants may be retarded slightly. If it comes very cold remove them from the window or put papers up at the window. The latter method, although unsightly, is effective. Never allow leaves or blossoms to touch the glass in extremely cold weather. A thermometer hung up near the plants in the window will assist in preserving the proper degree of temperature. Should ventilation be necessary, do not open the window directly on the plants; either put up a screen before them or let the air circulate through another room. But fresh air for your plants is of little use unless they can breathe it. If the pores are clogged with dust from sweeping, the plant's air supply will be cut off. Every

fortnight the foliage of plants should be washed. This may be accomplished by rubbing the leaves slightly with a damp rag or by spraying with water. It might also be advisable to cover the plants when the room is being swept. This, at all events, would save some labor in washing them later.

Moisture is supplied plants in two ways—watering and by the moisture in the air. Too much or too little of one or the other is bound to be fatal. Watering in the case of newly potted plants must be done with caution until the roots have taken hold of the new soil. No fear of over-watering need be entertained if the plants have been rightly potted and the drainage carefully placed. Do not allow pots to stand in plates or saucers of water. When the pots have drained empty the saucer. One of the most practical devices to maintain the proper amount of moisture is by the use of a self-watering pot or box. It is made in two sections, the inner containing the plant; the outer is decorative and contains the water which is applied to the plant by the means of a sponge set in the bottom of the inner box. The sponge draws up the water slowly and feeds the roots of the plant in exactly the right amount to make the life and growth of the plant a certainty.

Over-watering is the most common cause of failure in plant cultures. The amount of water to give depends upon the weather and the season of the year, plants requiring far less water at this season than during the summer, and in dull weather less than in bright. In winter just sufficient water should be given to prevent the soil from becoming dust dry. Cold water fresh from the tap is apt to be injurious. Luke-



The first signs of the magical flower growing—Lilies of the Valley at the end of ten days in the sunlight



The twentieth day sees the leaves beginning to uncurl and the first sign of the flower stalks



A week later the leaves will take shape and the flower heads show the semblance of white

warm water is better for this purpose.

Another element entering into the success or failure with house plants is their selection and placing. The room with sunny windows should be reserved for the flowering plants, those that are valued for leafage alone should be put in rooms where there is comparatively little sunshine. In the instance of ferns this rule does not apply, for ferns do need sunshine. Rooms artificially lighted by gas are particularly unwholesome for them.

The essentials for growing bulbs indoors are that they shall become thoroughly rooted before the tops are permitted to grow. This is done by planting the bulbs in soil either in pots or what florists know as "pans," which are shallow porcelain pots, or in boxes. These bulbs are then put in a cool place in the dark for a period of two to six or eight weeks, or even longer if desired. They should be left there until the roots are well started. In the case of bulbs planted in pots the pots may be inverted and gently tapped, when the bulb and soil will come out in a mass. When the bulbs have been sufficiently long in the pots the earth in the bottom of the pot will be completely covered with rootlets. The bulbs should then be brought into a slightly warmer place with some light for three or four days, and then gradually brought into greater warmth and full light. During all the period of growth the ground should be kept moist without being watersoaked.

Narcissi take about five weeks to develop from the time they are brought into full light. Hyacinths take a longer time, and tulips about the same time as hyacinths. The Roman hyacinths come in a little less time, while the paper-white narcissus only takes about four weeks. It is hard to hold the paper-white narcissus for late winter. The hyacinths and tulips are hard to bring into bloom before February. The various forms of the yellow narcissus can be brought into bloom from December until the time for outdoor blooms by starting the bulbs early in the fall and bringing



Every two weeks give the palms a good soaking; immerse the pot in a pail of water and let it stand there long enough for the soil to become thoroughly saturated

them into the light at intervals of a week or ten days. For the earliest bloom it is desirable to get the bulbs started in October, and all of the bulbs should be planted before the middle of November.

Tulips require special care and attention. It is best to place the pots or pans in a box and cover the whole pot with at least two inches additional soil or ashes, and leave them there until the bud has pushed clear above the pot, otherwise the blooms will be strangled in attempting to get out of the bulbs.

Instead of placing in the cellar, these pots and boxes may be buried in the open ground, the pots being covered with four inches of soil. In localities where the ground customarily freezes hard, a heavy coating of manure should be added as soon as the first crust freezes over the bulbs. This layer of manure will pre-

vent their freezing and will permit the bulbs to be removed to the house from time to time as needed.

The hyacinth, paper-white narcissus, and especially the Chinese sacred lily, are frequently grown in water. Special glasses for these bulbs may be purchased, in which they may be successfully grown, or they may be placed in any attractive dish and supported by pebbles. The water should be kept so that it touches the bottom of the bulb.

Nowadays it is a simple matter for anyone, at a small amount of trouble and expense, to have quantities of that most lovely flower of all—the Lily of the Valley—even in the dullest months. Owing to the clever system known as retardation, the roots of these plants, or "crowns," as they are technically called, are prevented from flowering at their proper time. This end is attained by keeping the roots in refrigerators until the plants are required for growth. Thus, if, when we go to the florist's store.

(Continued on page 391)



Another few days and the plant is well advanced with every promise of healthy flowers and sturdy leaves



A month's growth in the sunshine following the forcing period in the dark—plants ready for larger pots



The completed growth, the repotting has given the stalks more room, producing a graceful and healthy plant

WE heard reports of our first year—informally, of course, this not being the regular annual meeting—at the year's final Garden Club this afternoon; and when we look back, we are greatly enthused at what we are certain the future holds for us. For one thing, the idea of garden clubs is growing; how many we have heard of, and how many people have written to us concerning the organization of such a body, I cannot begin to

tell—but I know there are a pile of such inquiries in the club archives already. And so many friends of the members have written, in the course of casual letters, something about wanting to have such a club in their locality. Nothing like getting together and creating a little competition!

After a good, general talk which reviewed our work—and play—for the year, we came down to business with a regular efficiency garden talk by a market gardener, on how to calculate the amounts necessary for families of a given size—in vegetables, of course. This man had given special consideration to that phase of intensive gardening, and worked out, in this connection, almost how many seeds of a given thing would need to be sown to provide as much of that particular thing as one human being could conveniently consume during the season—or during the year, if it was an all-the-year vegetable.

Really, the amount that is wasted, through over-calculation, is quite appalling! Two hills of pole string beans, for example, will bear more than one person can eat—unless they live on string beans!—during all their bearing period; three hills of the same variety will bear all that two people will want. Six hills, planted all at the same time, are as much as the gardener who has only four to provide for ought to plant at any one sowing. And, as the best varieties of string beans will bear uninterruptedly for a fortnight at least—my "Kentucky Wonders" do better than this—it follows that the six hills required need not be planted oftener than every two weeks to provide string beans right along during the summer. Each hill is sown with perhaps six or eight seeds, these being thinned to five plants when they are well up and hustling. Bush beans standing in rows must be thinned to 4 inches apart in the row; and this means that the thirty plants counted on as necessary for a "crop" will take up a distance of 120 inches, or 10 feet, straight away—a distance exactly the same as that occupied by six hills of my pole beans, the hills being two feet apart. Rows must be two feet apart; so, as far as area occupied is concerned, neither has any actual advantage over the other. Beginning to plant the first week in May, two sowings a month are to be calculated on up to and including August—eight sowings in all, requiring a total of about 400 seeds, to allow for thinning out.

Peas need to be planted in much greater number to get the same



EDITOR'S NOTE: The garden club is a great factor in neighborhood betterment. Here is a true story of the work of a certain such club and its accomplishments, taken from the diary of one of its members. What this club actually did should be a stimulus to all who love gardens, and a guide to the ways and means of improving our towns and villages. These chapters began in the February issue, when the organization of the Club was discussed. Each installment shows how the program of activities was followed out.

results — for, of course, the loss in bulk through discarding the pods is great, and then peas do not bear as prolifically, ordinarily, as string beans. Ten plants to a person, at least, at each picking will need to be gone over; which means forty plants for the family of four. At the same distance apart in the rows—four inches—the space filled at a single sowing must be fourteen feet long and the next row when it is planted must be full three feet

away. Allowing for the failure of some to come up to the mark, it is better to calculate on two ten-foot rows at a time of this vegetable than to depend upon one row 14 or 15 feet long. Sowings of the smooth kinds are to be made every fortnight from April first to August first. With the wrinkled ones, which are tenderer, the first and last sowing ought to be omitted. This means nine sowings of the former and seven of the latter.

Radishes and lettuce are the next most important stand-bys, according to this man. Both of these are sown from the first of April on, twice each month. The latter is sown indoors, however, the first time, and transplanted to the outside; and it is always better started in a seed bed and transplanted, through each successive sowing. One good head of lettuce a day is a pretty fair allowance to make for four people, although it might not be enough for a family that was especially fond of this delicacy. But it is easy to reckon, from this basis, just how much one wants. They may come in between a waning crop of peas which are to be pulled up in a few days, making a row of peas and a row of lettuce, and a row of peas and a row of lettuce. Then a row of beets may be sown to take the place of the peas; and really, vegetables all summer from about a pocket-handkerchief's space seems perfectly feasible, after hearing this "conservationist" talk.

Radishes depend upon how well the four people like them. If they dote on them, plant a lot; if they don't, don't! Even the doters will be satisfied, however, with three five-foot rows, sown every week and thinned to plants two inches apart—and there will be a good many left over. Such a planting, as a matter of actuality, will provide at least ninety radishes—which amounts to two bunches or a dozen a day every day in the week. The rows may be six inches apart; and he suggests alternate sowings, making the rows of the first sowing one foot apart; then the next week sowing between these, thus confining the whole radish bed to a very limited space. Where soil just suits this little root crop, it is better to fertilize it continually and use it over and over.

So on through the entire garden list he went, showing how possible it is to put the whole thing on a basis of intelligent and calculated reckoning, rather than letting it run away, hit or miss.

Corn, of which we always have either a feast or a famine, he

(Continued on page 392)

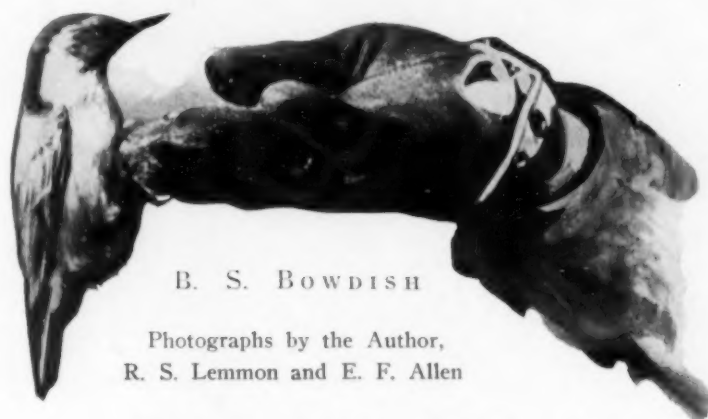
Your Feathered Neighbors

THE MULTITUDE AND VARIETY OF BIRDS THAT VISIT YOUR YARD—HOW TO HELP SOLVE THEIR HOUSING PROBLEM—ON PROVIDING PUBLIC BATHS AND FREE LUNCH COUNTERS

THE endless delight of watching the graceful movements of birds, of gathering something of an insight into their life story, the thrill of pleasure that their charming melody and lively calls bring—these are suggestions of the æsthetic advantages of feathered neighbors.

To be relieved in part of the perpetual battle with weeds and the insect and rodent scourges, which, according to the United States Department of Agriculture, cause an annual loss to forestry and agriculture in this country of over a billion dollars—this indicates the economic benefit to be derived from such associates.

A few years ago such a paper as the present one would have been almost a waste of time. Few there were who would have considered bird life seriously, save from the standpoint of sport in the killing and satisfaction in the eating of these feathered



B. S. BOWDISH

Photographs by the Author,
R. S. Lemmon and E. F. Allen

The white-breasted nuthatch makes friends readily

popularity and been used with varying success: providing artificial nesting sites and supplying artificial food.

If we have an abundance of suitable trees and shrubbery about our homes we shall be sure to have at least some of the common birds which seek such nesting sites—the robin, chipping and song sparrows, catbird, brown thrasher and blue jay. As a rule, tree and bush nesting birds seek thick cover; therefore the more densely foliated our trees and the more numerous and tangled the shrubbery, the

more abundant will be such neighbors.

A protected ledge on the porch or under a cornice may prove an acceptable home site for phoebe or robin; a good-sized chimney flue is almost sure to shelter the log cabin of a chimney swift; barn and eave swallows in well-settled parts of the country have long since forsaken the ancestral nest sites under overhanging rocks on cliffs, the former to plaster their mud nests on the rafters in welcoming barns, the latter to line the eaves with their bottle-shaped domiciles.

Woodpeckers excavate burrows in the decayed trunks of trees in which to lay their eggs and rear their young. Rarely do they avail themselves of excavations which they find ready made.

Two methods of attracting birds have gained considerable



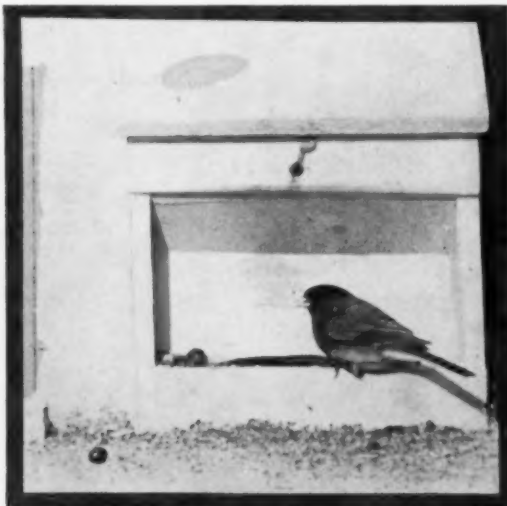
Bluebirds are not at all fussy about the architecture of their home



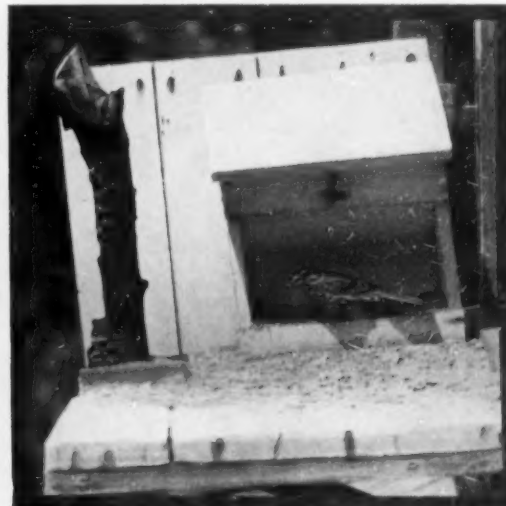
Though not very confiding, the purple finch will not disdain a free home



Some of your feathered neighbors, like the blue jay, nest almost anywhere



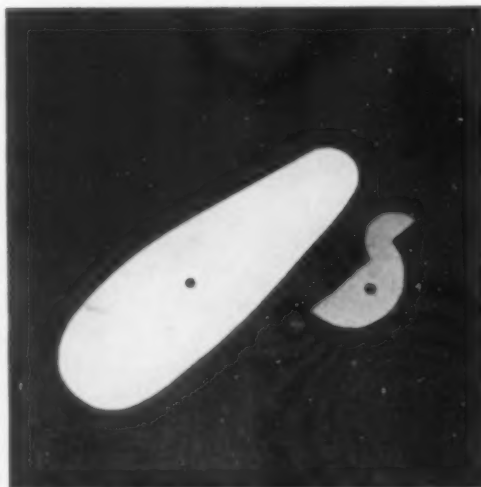
After the blue jay had moved out, the slate-colored Junco took up quarters in the box



And even a song sparrow later made itself at home in the same nest cavity



After boring the entrance hole, split the log and gouge out a pocket in each piece big enough for a nest



Working with such a pattern and gauge, a box standardized to the normal size of your feathered neighbors can be made



The completed box, resembling a natural woodpecker's nest hole. Fasten the halves together and nail to a tree

Some birds, such as chickadees and titmice, either take possession of natural cavities or the deserted nest holes of other birds, or make nest excavations for themselves in very soft, dead wood. Still others, such as the crested flycatcher, tree swallow, bluebird, house wren, nuthatch, sparrow hawk and screech owl, always seek a ready-made nest cavity.

Nearly any of these may be attracted to an artificial nesting cavity resembling a natural woodpecker nest hole. Such a nesting box is made by cutting a section of tree trunk of proper diameter and length to provide for the expected tenant, boring an entrance hole a little more than half way through near one end, splitting the stick in half at right angles to the entrance, and excavating in either half a pocket, shaped like the transverse half of a woodpecker nest hole. The form of this excavation, and gauge and pattern for marking and measuring it are shown in the illustration.



A bird bath in the yard is an endless source of amusement. It can be made cheaply and, with a little care, become a decorative feature of the garden

texture of their homes. Plain wood boxes six inches square and ten inches deep will do very well for them. A round entrance hole should be cut near the top, and it is well to have a little perch for the birds to alight on when about to enter. There should also be a sloping roof to shed rain.

One spring a pair of bluebirds came about the place that the writer had just occupied. Their actions plainly indicated that they were seeking a home and desired to be neighbors. A rough box was hurriedly prepared and nailed up on the barn. Within fifteen minutes the bluebirds were carrying in their furniture—consisting of dried grass and straws. Later in the season the insects that they brought home to the hungry young family were evidence of the

value of bluebirds as neighbors.

House wrens will occupy these plain boxes (in fact, a pair took possession of the bluebird box a year or two later), and they are not even averse to establishing a household in an old tomato can nailed up on post or tree. Their pleasing and persistent melody and the activity they display in reducing the ranks of the insect hordes constitute a high rate of rental and make the birds desirable tenants and neighbors.

Providing artificial food for wild birds is done in a number of ways, and the menu offered may have considerable variety. Winter is the season when the birds' natural food



In a formal garden a more decorative bird house can be built of branches and shingled over against storms

Bluebirds and house wrens are not at all fussy as to the archi-



Another type of nesting cavity is thatched with bark and protected with twigs that prevent heavy winds from blowing away the nest

supply is likely to be most meagre and to be cut off by heavy snow and sleet storms, but some of our feathered friends are not averse to varying their regular bill of fare by a bite from our "free lunch counters," even in summer. Some people have contended that birds thus fed in summer would grow lazy and allow the insect armies to wax strong; therefore, that they should be fed only in winter to tide them over the season of storm and possible famine. This apprehension is not sustained by the experience of the writer. The birds that sample the spread on the lunch counter may visit it daily, or may not come to it for much longer periods, but in either case the bulk of their food is their favorite insect or weed-seed diet, and it is evident that trees and foliage profit by the results in bird abundance and activity which the lunch counter serves to stimulate.

The first simple methods of feeding have usually consisted in scattering crumbs and seed on porches or in sheltered spots and tying pieces of suet to branches or nailing them on the trunks of trees. The crumbs may attract the slate-colored junco or black snowbird, tree sparrows and chickadees, and even the blue jay has been known to come after some of the larger bits. Woodpeckers, nuthatches, chickadees and creepers appreciate the suet. A lunch counter is provided by a board with slightly raised edge strips, nailed up in a tree and provided with a seed bin and with crumbs scattered on it. The same sort of a counter may be fastened to a window sill—preferably an upper window. The writer improved on the plan of tacking suet on the trees. The latter arrangement permits the blue jays to steal large pieces. A piece of quarter-inch mesh wire screen is bent into basket shape and



The young blue jay should be fed on bread and milk, hard-boiled eggs and chopped meat, or with any insects available



If you give him a chance, the red screech owl will become quite companionable. Mice are his favorite diet

placed with the open side against a tree. It is held by two little staples below, acting as hinges, and one above, which, being withdrawn, permits the filling of the basket with suet.

Baron von Berlepsch elaborated a number of plans for providing food for the birds, including apparatus for melting suet and mixing it with seeds, ground meat, dried berries and ants' eggs. The mixture is poured over the foliage of coniferous trees, where, hardening and adhering, it remains a rich harvest for the birds.

The writer has for some years maintained a lunch counter or food shelf outside his bedroom window. This is equipped with a food bin or hopper and an upright piece of tree branch in which auger holes are filled with broken bits of nuts, over which melted suet is allowed to harden. The hopper is made after the fashion of poultry food hoppers, an upright supply bin, wide at the top, where it is protected

with a sloping, hinged cover, narrow at the bottom where it feeds into a trough as the birds take the food. This food consists of meat scraps and dried bread ground together in such proportion as not to be sticky, to which ordinary mixed canary seed is added.

Later, sunflower seed was scattered on the shelf, in the hope of attracting neighboring goldfinches. This effort has never proved successful, but it did bring the purple finches in numbers, and they maintained a monopoly on the shelf most of the time while feeding. White-breasted and red-breasted nuthatches and chickadees came first for the nuts and suet, and then developed a great fondness for the sunflower seed. Myrtle warblers had been feeding from the suet
(Continued on page 388)



A suet box of wire forms a luncheon counter de luxe. It can be nailed against trees or under a protecting cornice



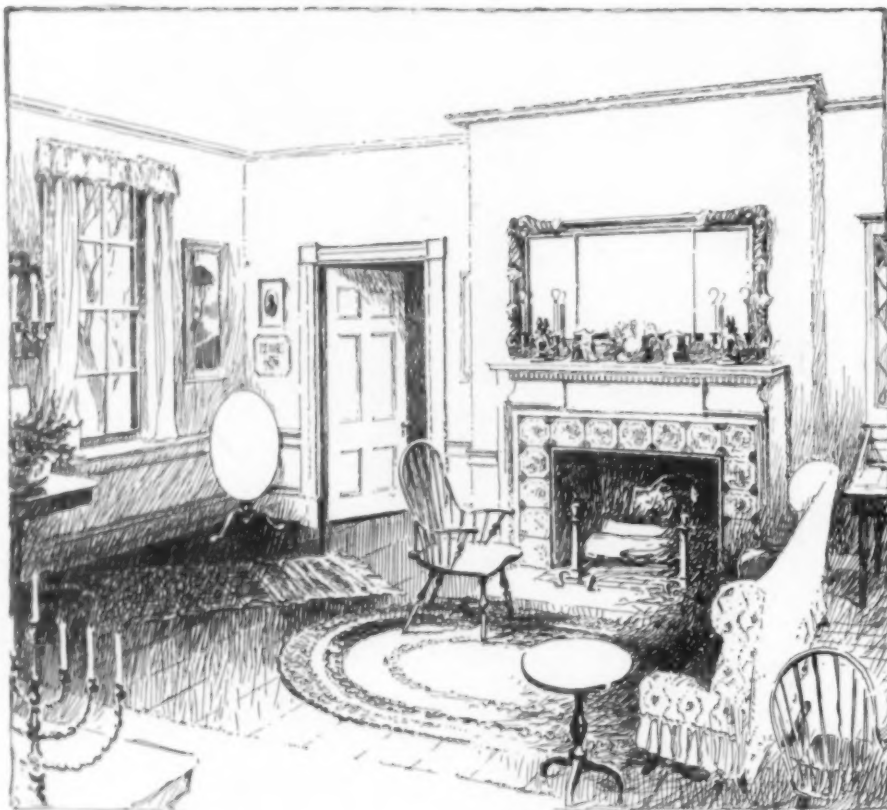
Taken young enough, the barred owl can be made into a very friendly pet. The blue jay's diet will suit him capitally

The Uses of Woodwork in Interior Decoration

THIS month we are assuming that our room is to be finished in the plainest type of the Colonial, Colonial Farmhouse Style we will call it, the best known here of all historic styles and an American translation of the English Georgian; familiar, homely, albeit rather plain or even severe, but light, clean, cheerful; a style popular and near our hearts. It naturally accords with our house construction, which really has changed little during the past two hundred years in the finish, window and door trim, double-hung sash, and other details that show in a room. It costs less than any other treatment, since woodwork is used sparingly and its mouldings and joinery are familiar to mill-men and carpenters; for what is familiar is both best done and quickest, and, therefore, cheapest in the fabrication.

Any elaborate furnishing would not be quite in character. Plain Windsor chairs or stuffed wing chairs are better than the more intricate of the carved Chippendale; braided rugs better than Oriental. We might allow ourselves hand-painted Dutch tile for the mantel facing, and they are neither expensive nor difficult to procure. The inner hearth is best of fire-brick, but common hard brick will answer; the outer hearth of marble if we can afford it, or a continuation of the fire-brick, or common brick if we cannot; fireplace lining of cast iron, plain, or in an old pattern of ovals and sunbursts, or of brick. Perhaps one of the old cast-iron, curved-topped fire-backs with the American or English arms might be set behind the polished brass and-irons, though the lining should be plain in such case.

The mantel might either be made specially



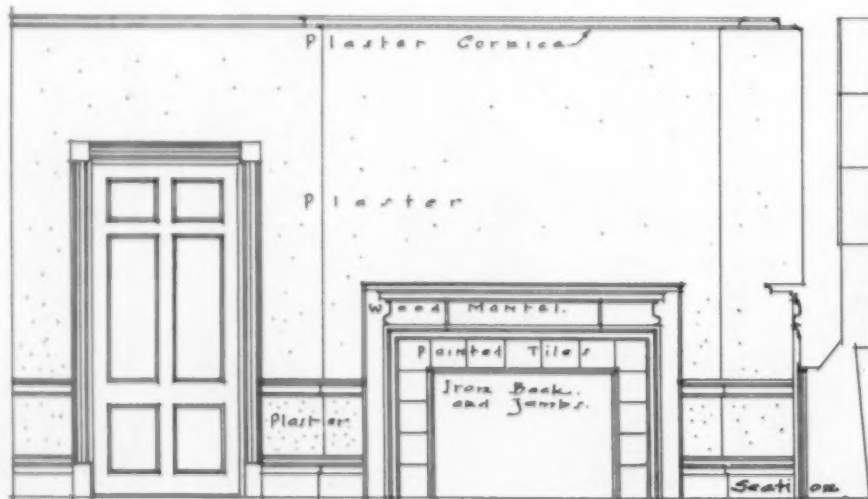
A room of light, cheerful lines, albeit rather plain or even severe

WOOD, WALL AND FIREPLACE TREATMENT FOR A ROOM OF THE COLONIAL FARMHOUSE STYLE

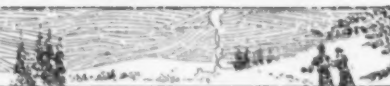
ALFRED MORTON GITHENS

As to the door hardware, small brass knobs are correct historically, though not commonly met with now; glass knobs are occasionally used, but almost always the original rooms had rimlocks with great, black iron lock-case showing, screwed to the face of the door. Now we use the mortise locks, with the lock-case buried in the edge of the door and only knob and key-hole showing.

The windows would have small panes, twelve, perhaps, to each window. The floor might be soft wood painted warm gray (yellow ochre mixed with the commercial gray floor paint will give the color), or mustard yellow or brown; or else it may be of hardwood, stained and waxed. A smooth plaster cornice may be run at the ceiling, better than wood, unless the walls are painted in oil; the plaster walls may be sand finished and left white, if we choose, or colored a



Woodwork in this room is simple: the mantel can be bought directly from one of the dealers, and the door frames and doors are standard makes



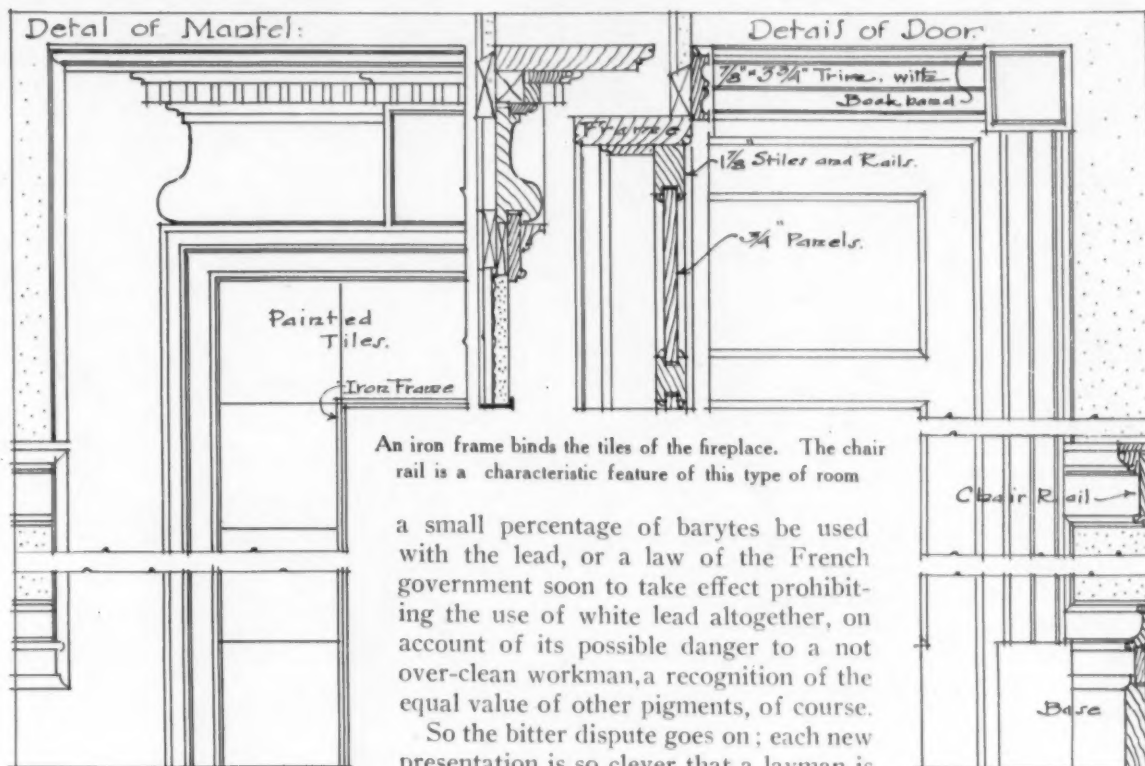
yellow ocher or a yellowish pink; pale blue or green are historically correct, too, but rather cold and trying. Again, the plaster might have the usual hard, smooth finish and be hung with wall paper, preferably in a pattern with white or gray predominating, lest the chair-rail, trim and baseboard be too strongly outlined, for they, of course, would be painted white or a very light gray.

If we desire a perfect white, the ordinary white lead paint is not satisfactory, for the coal-gas and slight cooking gases that permeate a house act on the lead and turn it yellowish, exaggerating the natural tendency of linseed oil to yellow indoors. Sunlight counteracts this and has a bleaching action which keeps the paint white, but in dark corners the yellowish is quite marked. Zinc white seems to keep its color better under these conditions, but, used alone, it is brittle and there is danger of its scaling off. Most house painters use zinc and lead.

Some of the white lead makers deny that zinc helps the paint at all, and claim that lead used alone is the best for all ordinary house work, inside or out. On the other hand, the makers of ready-mixed paint use not only the zinc in combination with the lead, but other pigments in small proportion, as lead sulphate, barytes, silica or calcium carbonate.

The white lead makers cry "Adulteration! Cheap substitutes!" and, with the appearance of truth, since these pigments are cheaper than white lead and the last three perfectly useless if used alone. The mixed-paint makers have prejudiced their cause by not publishing the formulæ on their cans, and have thus given an opportunity to certain knaves among them to make up paint with these cheaper pigments predominating to such an extent that their material has little body or opacity and less endurance.

The white-lead men make the most of this, and point out the danger of buying an utterly unknown material; they point to white lead's long and honorable record, for, until fifty or sixty years ago, lead was the only white paint ever used, and therefore it has stood the test of time. The other side brush this aside as old-fogyism; they instance carefully recorded tests in different cities where hundreds of panels in specially built board fences were painted with different combinations, where in every case the pure white lead paint chalked off long before the combined paints deteriorated. They quote the great railroads whose specifications seem all to require a mixture of other substances with lead; the United States Lighthouse Board, which directs that



An iron frame binds the tiles of the fireplace. The chair rail is a characteristic feature of this type of room

a small percentage of barytes be used with the lead, or a law of the French government soon to take effect prohibiting the use of white lead altogether, on account of its possible danger to a not over-clean workman, a recognition of the equal value of other pigments, of course.

So the bitter dispute goes on; each new presentation is so clever that a layman is in danger of being convinced first this way, then that!

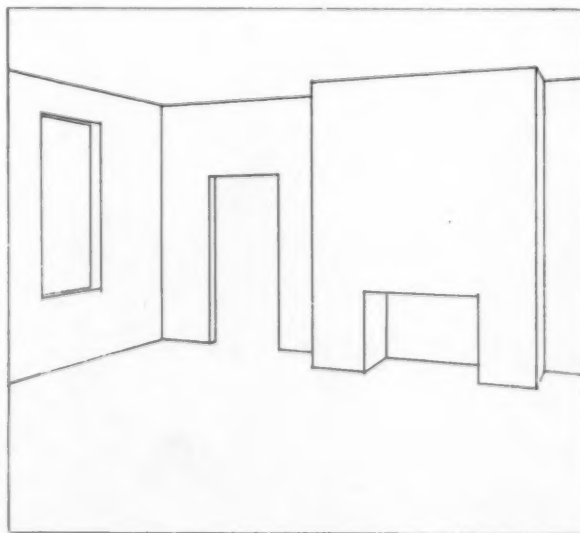
The dispute concerns the "pigment" only. All paints are essentially a combination of two elements—a pigment, which is generally a metallic powder, and a vehicle; in the case of oil paints, mainly linseed oil. Now, the special quality of linseed oil is that it does not dry in the sense that the water in a water-color or a whitewash dries, by evaporation; but it absorbs oxygen from the air and changes chemically into a resinous substance which, mixed with the pigment, becomes very tough and hard. Its actual weight increases as it "dries," but the process is slow. To hasten it, a "dryer," or "Japan dryer," is added, which is a metallic salt dissolved in turpentine and apparently acts by drawing oxygen from the air and transferring it to the oil.

Linseed oil is sold either raw or boiled. Boiled oil is thicker and darker, and, though it would naturally dry more slowly, the makers mix a "dryer" with it before it is put on the market, so that what we buy dries more rapidly than raw oil. Raw oil is far better in the first, or "priming coat," and, perhaps, in all inside painting.

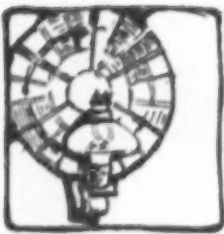
Turpentine is added to the paint to "thin" it, for the mixed oil and pigment is too viscid to be properly "brushed out" on inside work. If much turpentine is added the paint is "flat," or without gloss; if too much, the paint will "chalk" or rub off when dry.

House paint, then, is composed of pigment, vehicle, dryer and thinner, with perhaps a little coloring added to the pigment. The pigments used in dark paints are quite different, and no lead need be used at all; but we are discussing light paints only. The following, perhaps, would be an average working formula for indoors; the lead should be best Dutch Process white

(Continued on page 339)



Comparison of this bare room with the finished product provokes thought, showing one of the many possibilities in room treatment



Old Lights Put to Modern Use

THE SERVICEABLE AND DECORATIVE QUALITIES OF ANTIQUES FROM HOME AND ABROAD— SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR THEIR ARRANGEMENT

AGNES FOSTER



SO much handicraft went into the turning and welding of old lights of brass and copper and pewter, handicraft that served the double purpose of fashioning a thing of beauty and a thing of usefulness, that those who possess such lights should put them to modern use—give them a Twentieth Century justification. An old pressed glass candlestick, for example, may be "as ugly as sin"; if so, to the glory-hole of the attic with it, or to the secret cupboard where the collector keeps his black sheep! But if the shape and proportions be good, put it out to view or give it opportunity to show once more its ante-bellum usefulness.

And there is a modern use for these old lights gathered from every corner of the globe, lights filled with history of the people they have lit of nights in home sanctuary. Some can only be placed around the house as decorative detail, enhancing the value of a glum old piece of dark oak, or completing the feeling of period of an exquisite mahogany dresser.

In a hall of good size, an old ship's lantern—or its excellent and clever reproduction—can well be used. It generally has a base and cap of brass and bands enclosing horn or glass lights that give a warm, soft glow quite sufficient for an entrance. In a

smaller hall, an eight-sided tin lantern, brightly scoured and suspended from an odd-shaped bracket, lends a Colonial air.

At the stair landing an old Persian lantern, with perforated sides, makes by day a distinguished silhouette; if



A Roman lamp of brass, a Jewish candlestick and a Spanish church light. The taller two can be used as modern table lights

fitted for electricity it shows up well at night against the darkness above.

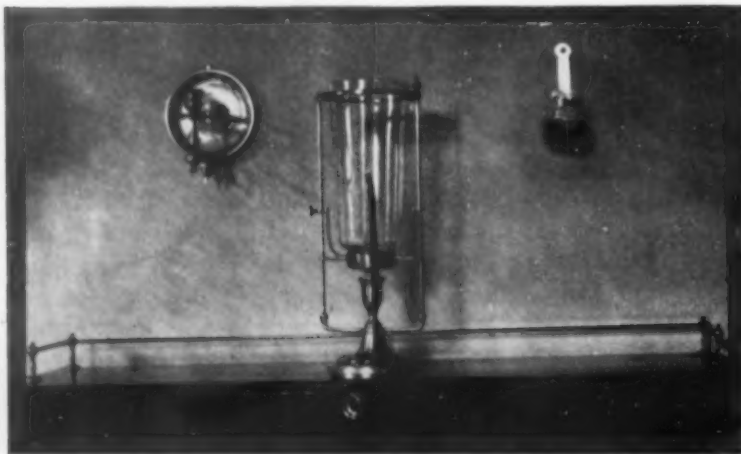
One feels that gilt and glass go best in the drawing-room. A set of old Girondolas, their crystal pendants hiding Paul and Virginia, drooping together beneath the palms, adds a touch of old-fashioned sentiment to the mantel-piece. Since crystal pendant lights have come into vogue again, such Girondolas are adaptable to most drawing-rooms.

Grouping old lights often proves an effective treatment in the parlor. A dainty glass lamp originally used with sperm oil is easily converted by a Prince's burner into a serviceable lamp for the small table. A simple, ground-glass globe etched with a formal sprig of flowers, will add the necessary complement and lend an 1840 look to it. On either side may be placed glass lamps of the same style, much as they were placed originally, with pewter collars and double-tube wick-holders and a tiny cap hung by its chain. On the table in front

of this trio set a silver tray and snuffers, which will complete a pretty group. Or, again, there could be used a larger old lamp—the sort that has a gilt shaft and ornamented globe. Cleverly enough, the electrician can run a wire up the shaft where sperm oil once sputtered. But the steady glow of an electric bulb excuses the sacrilege of its more ancient sputtering sisters of bygone days and usages. Nothing is lovelier in an old-fashioned drawing-room than these lights. Incidentally, they also can be converted into truly serviceable bedside lamps with the



From Provence a five-pointed drip lamp of hammered brass suitable for matches anywhere in the house



In the center, an old-fashioned Southern stairway lamp with adjustable glass shield; above on the left a ship's "Gimbel lamp"; on the right a "Betty lamp" of bronze



The rosin dip of this Breton hearth light was used ordinarily, the candle for fête days only



A pewter lamp resembling a candlestick, but in reality a font containing oil for the miniature wick

addition of gaily-colored chintz shades.

From North Carolina comes a Southern heirloom—a glass shield lamp, supported by a brass standard. The heavy glass shield fits snugly into its socket, and can be adjusted to guard the flame from the wind. At the top of a drafty stairs such a lamp proves as useful as it is ingenious. Near it can be placed a "Gimbel Lamp." These were used originally on shipboard. It can either be held as a candlestick—for it is pivoted so that it could swing with every movement of the turbulent sea—or else it can be hung on the wall as a bracket lamp; its end being heavily weighted, keeps the flame erect. Graceful and well turned are these simple little ship's lights. They must have been a joy to their makers, for surely they prove so to the collector who is so fortunate as to possess one.

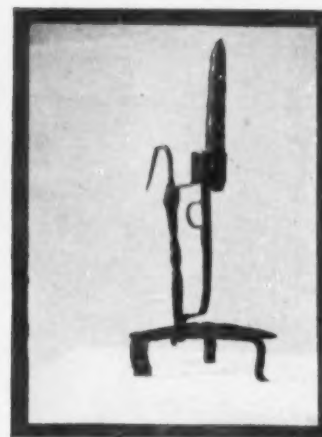
In the living-room the more substantial lights of brass and copper can be used effectively. There is a whole class of lamps fashioned with a wicker-holder for oil and a drip-cup below—the "Betty Lamps" of iron that one sees in every Colonial museum. Abroad, particularly in Normandy, can be found beautifully wrought examples, the brace for the two cups worked in wonderful patterns. Against a simple wall the shadow of such lights is very decorative. The lace-makers of Ireland use a simi-



By fitting with frosted bulbs, a church lamp can be made suitable for above the dining table



A Persian perforated lamp of this kind looks best in the hall. It can readily be wired for electricity



From the Dolomites this curious and serviceable candlestick with a hook for the wall

lar light that they hang over the backs of their chairs. Some are pathetic with patching, but, over a low bookcase in a living-room, they are none the less decorative.

In Colonial times the ballrooms of country places were often lighted by oblong tin sconces with hooded tops cut like scallop shells. These were painted with nosegays and sometimes held a Baberry dip or wax candle, or a glass font of oil with a tiny stem for the wick. In some instances the reflectors were circular, with radiating lines like the sun; sometimes a bit of tinsel, fitted into intricate patterns, formed a gorgeous and dazzling background, making a hundred candles of the one. These oblong sconces are still made, and it is quick work for the tinsmith to form a shell above, cutting a semi-circle in the square top. They can be painted to match the chintz hangings in the bedroom—say with friendly birds atilt on a green bowl filled with brilliant flowers. A plagiarism of our Colonial forbears, but most effective!

The Paul Revere lantern, a type quite common, has perforated sides, whose pattern makes grotesque kaleidoscope decoration when lighted. Poor Paul Revere! But may it be said to the credit of our sense of veneration, we fasten to his memory things of beauty.

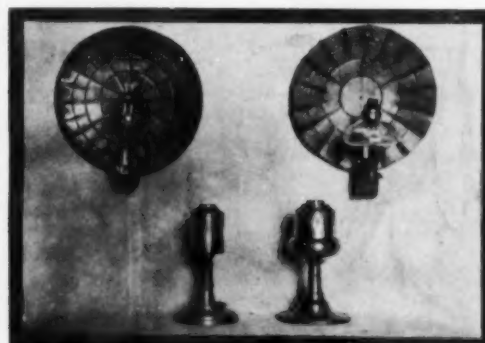
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Above is a Moorish lantern of decorative shape; on the other side, a Turkish hanging lamp with glass shaft; below, a Jewish Hanukah light—a good group

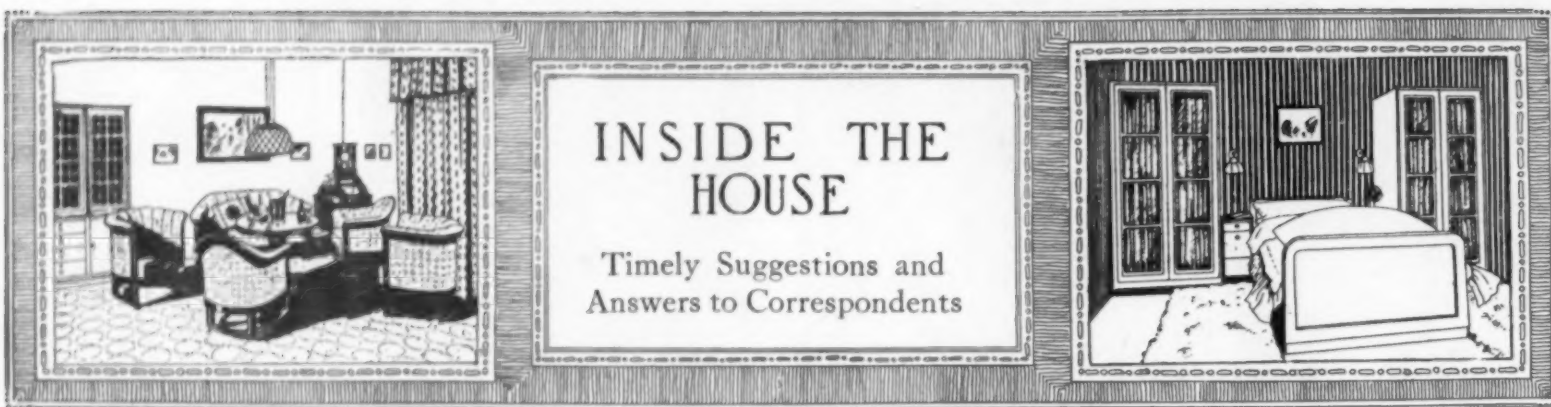


Two tin sconces of Colonial design, and a Paul Revere lantern. The former are popular shapes today and can be painted to match the hangings



Two tin circular sconces—and below, two pewter lamps for sperm oil. The sconces are useful today if fitted properly





The editor will gladly answer queries pertaining to individual problems of interior decoration and furnishing. When an immediate reply is desired, a self-addressed stamped envelope should be enclosed. This department will also purchase any of the articles here described for subscribers living at a distance, or will furnish the names of the places where they may be obtained.

More Chintzes

FOR a number of years Christmas presents have been assuming useful forms, and even the children are interested and pleased with gifts which are neither toys nor games. The little girl will still have her doll on the tree, but, with an instinctive housewife's spirit, she takes a keen interest in something useful and pretty for her own room.

Ever since our fore-mothers (why not?) hung chintzes of quaint design and color at their great Georgian windows, and great-great-grandfather went asleep in the chintz-covered chair (with wings at the side and flounces all around), the flowery material has been a favorite with housewives. Discarded in that gloomy and tawdry period (aforementioned—1870-1880) for horsehair and knitted tidies, it has again attained its place of favor in the American home, and from the new designs and delicious colors shown this year, it seems fated to stay. Its use in renewing old furniture or covering cushions for new has been written about often, but it remained for it to become an integral part of the furniture itself. Several stores are carrying this cretonne furniture. Some of it is entirely of the material, put together so cleverly that paste or nails are the last thing thought of in connection with shelves, drawers or neatly turned legs. Other pieces are partly white enamel or other wood in connection with the cretonne or brocade, or whatever material is used. Nothing could be prettier or more suitable for a little girl's room than the set of this furniture seen lately.

The chiffonnier is of white enamel, with cretonne-covered drawers and glass knobs. The woodwork projects slightly beyond the drawers, protecting them from dust, and the top of the stand is a sheet of plate glass, the cretonne showing through. The glass is easily cleaned, and affords complete protection to the material underneath.

With this comes a little desk in the white enamel, with cretonne top, which is hinged in the centre, and may be closed tight and locked when not in use. The contents of this desk would delight any small girl, as it is completely fitted up



One of the many attractive styles of book racks that are now being shown

with pens, paper-cutter, scissors, held in place by tiny cretonne straps. A blotting pad and day-book bound in cretonne go with this desk, the whole making a charming gift for a little girl.

A sewing table would delight the heart of a girl at all domestically inclined. This, too, is of white enamel and cretonne, with two compartments for work. A novelty

of this table lies in the two handles, which make it easy to pick up and carry about.

Made of a darker cretonne or brocade, are the two pieces for the bedroom of the mistress or young lady of the house. The box is for hats, and is of strong material, covered with the cretonne and bound with gimp. It is extra large, to accommodate all sizes in hats, and makes a strong, attractive handbox for one's closet-shelf, or, if need be, will fit under the bed. The little rack is for magazines in the lower part, in the upper for books, and makes a charming adjunct to the reading-table by the bed.

There are also two odd pieces in silk brocade and mahogany for a boudoir or sitting-room. The table has a glass top, protecting the brocade beneath, which may be lifted, disclosing a large aperture beneath for keeping pamphlets or other articles.

The waste-basket is charming and unique. The side facets are of old, blue Chinese embroidery, the edge bound in gold gimp braid, and the whole set on a small, gilt pedestal.

A Comfortable Rocker

THERE is nothing more uncomfortable than an uncomfortable rocking chair, and nothing that can serve equally well in almost any room of the house than one that rests and soothes while it serves. Those that "catch in the back," those that are too straight or rock unevenly, soon find themselves deserted. What every woman eventually wants is a low rocking chair—a comfortable, safe, snug piece of furniture upon which none of the burden of decoration shall descend, and yet which is decorative in itself. She wants a sewing chair for her bedroom, or a low one for downstairs—one low enough to permit the children to clamber upon it if they will. Of a number being shown this winter few equal for sturdiness of build and beauty of line an antique reproduction fashioned, it is said, after a chair that came over on the "Mayflower." It is made of oak or birch in any color finish, or of mahogany. The serviceableness of such a rocker should appeal strongly to those who have in view the practical side of Christmas-giving.



The serviceableness of this rocker should appeal to prospective Christmas-givers

Ideas for the Handy Man

A MAN may be either economical around the house or uneconomical. This is considerable of a factor if the home be situated in the suburbs, for there are many small items of repair that a handy man can attend to and eliminate the cost of professional labor.

If the man of the house will give his hardwood floors a thorough renovating once a year they will always look fresh and fail to show a worn appearance for many years. For the sum of fifty cents a pound of the best floor wax may be purchased, and this will be sufficient to cover the floors of an ordinary sized house. To treat the floor, first remove all previous finish and then apply two good coats of filler, forcing it well into the pores of the wood. After the filler has been on for twenty minutes the surface of the floor should be rubbed off with excelsior, and after that wiped clean with waste or a soft cloth. The filler is then allowed to harden over night, and the next day the floor is treated in the usual way with varnish and wax. Floors treated this way once a year, with an occasional waxing, will keep in perfect condition.

The handy man will also replace all broken window glass, and when the hinges of a door squeak he can raise the pin which holds the parts together and put a few drops of oil on the pin and on the parts which bind together.

If the door sticks after it is closed, and many times you almost lose all the patience you have had given you in trying to pull it open, call the handy man and have him remove the door and plane off a little of the bottom where it catches. If a piece of tallow candle is rubbed along the surface before the door is rehung it will work still more smoothly. Drawers or window sashes or screens that refuse to slide easily may be coaxed into good humor if a little lard is rubbed along the edges.

The handy man can also prolong the life of your window screens if he will give them a coat of black paint each fall after they are taken down. And do cau-

tion him not to put the storm-doors or storm-windows, or, in fact, any of the screens or screen doors, in a damp place where they will warp.

From a small piece of copper mesh wire can be cut some small discs that will fit exactly into the waste pipes of the bathroom bowl, the bath-tub and the set-tubs. These will prevent lint and other foreign matter from getting down into the pipe and clogging it up so as to necessitate a visit from the plumber.



Handy devices for the kitchen—a string-box and a spice container

He can also help you economize on your gas bill if you cook with a gas range, by cutting two pieces of galvanized sheet iron, one piece 6" by 6" and the other 8" by 8". Place these over the flame and set the pots or pans on it. It has the advantage of holding the heat and requiring less gas, besides keeping the vessel from burning in the centre.

If mice get into your sideboard, tack over the back and underneath it a large sheet of wire netting.

If the inside lining of your refrigerator has become unsightly, give it two or three coats of white enamel paint, and when finished you will think that you have a new article.



Cushions in flowered satins that suggest the dress-fashions of last year

The New Cushions

STYLES in housefurnishings have a most interesting way of following fashions in dress. Think how the Modernist idea in decoration went along with Poiret's brilliant dress conceptions! In the home you saw the same vivid colors that met your eye in the street. It was all very natural indeed.

This season the shops are showing some cushions which have their inspiration in the Louis XVI styles of last spring. Do you remember those panier and puffed dresses of sprigged and flowered silks? The new cushions one sees are just as lovely.

Like the dresses, they are made of flowered, printed satins combined with plain fabric. They are puffed very generously, and some have the puffings separated by cordings of the satin. The colors are delicate, like the dainty French styles. Green, rose, old blue and gray are used mostly. Black is also much in evidence, as it is in most modern housefurnishing.

The shapes are delightful; long, flat oblongs, circular puffs or ellipses. In the illustration the upper cushion is elliptical in shape, of black satin, very much puffed, with three inserts or panels of the flowered printed satin. To the right is a charming, round pillow of the flowered satin in tints of blue and rose, with two circular puffings of the rose-colored satin. The oblong cushion is a delicate green combined with satin in a large pompadour design.

Other cushions are of printed shantung combined with black or gray satin. There is being shown the newest shape in cushions: the cylinder. This form is developed not only in the dainty silk, however. It may be had in more formal fabrics like velvet, with appliques of gold braid and gold tassels at the ends.

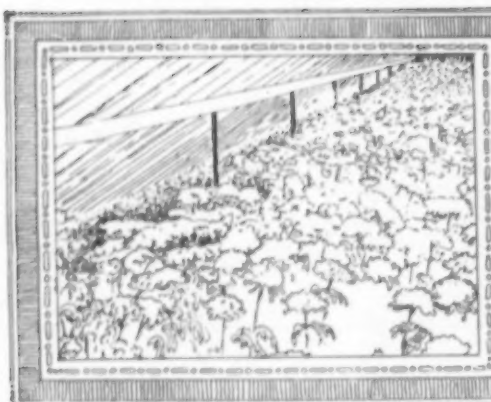
But there is nothing formal about the cushions. They are dainty and delightful and are made to be used. They are particularly good in rooms furnished in the French manner, but their soft, agreeable colorings and pleasing form make them desirable in any simple room.



Sewing table and hatbox, illustrating the new use of cretonne



A charming Christmas plate that would make an excellent gift



GARDEN SUGGESTIONS *and* QUERIES

CONDUCTED BY F. F. ROCKWELL



Winter Gardening

There are still a few things to be done during the early days of December. The little odds and ends which may have been overlooked in the harvesting rush should be cleaned up. Every scrap of refuse and rubbish should be either composted or burned, according to its character. All tools should be "checked up" and put under cover, being oiled and wiped clean with a kerosene cloth at the time. This will save rusted nuts and gears, missing attachments and other aggravating delays in the spring. It is a good plan to sharpen up all hoe and cutting tools now. In the winter you cannot do it so conveniently, and in spring you will be too busy. Sharp tools cut your work in two.

As the ground freezes hard, those things which require winter protection should be looked to. Strawberries and onions and spinach for taking through the winter, the asparagus and rhubarb beds, if they have not already been done; the hardy border and bulb beds, newly planted shrubs, the rose garden, the azalea bed, will all require mulching. Your mulching material—leaves, marsh hay or stray dry manure—is, or should be, on hand. If not, get busy and procure it at once. A supply of evergreen boughs, if they are available, should also be obtained, as they are not only excellent for holding the mulch in place, but remain attractive in appearance through the bare winter months. Where these are not to be had, old boards will answer the purpose. Narrow chicken wire, run around the edge of the bed and held in place by short stakes, provides a very neat and effective method of keeping the mulch of leaves in place; a few boards laid across the top will keep them from blowing away until they become "settled."

Teas and tender hybrid tea roses, and standard or tree roses, require special protection. Straw jackets, bound in place with heavy tarred twine, may be placed around them. A surer and easier way for the latter is to have them growing in large pots, or, better, plant tubs with handles, such as are used for tender hydrangeas. These may be moved, after moderate winter quarters, where they will be protected from too severe freezing, but will

remain cold enough to stay dormant until spring.

Where experience has proved that the winters are too severe for the varieties of raspberries which may be grown, they may be given protection by bending them down, after the old canes have been cut out in the fall, and shoveling a little earth on the ends to hold them in place. This in itself is a good deal of protection, but if not enough, a mulch of hay or cornstalks



Frames in active use should be watered more sparingly as the days grow colder

may be spread over the whole bed. It must, however, be removed in the spring before any growth starts, or the canes will root where covered with soil.

After these things are done, take advantage of every sunny day to get the winter work started; pruning, the first "dormant" spraying, brush cut, stones or rubbish heaps removed, or any other cold-weather job which may be waiting. The pruning of young trees is comparatively easy—"prune to an open center," or so that a low, spreading head is developed, being the rule to follow. But old trees that have been neglected for a long time are a

much more difficult job. With such you should aim to do three things: cut out all dead, diseased and "barked" wood, remove all brushy and surplus growth, and, if possible, lower the head by cutting out the top and saving clean, young growth on the lower branches. With grapes, nine people out of ten don't prune enough. If the vines have been cared for regularly everything should be cut away clean except three to five of the canes which bore this fall. These should be cut back to a few buds—eight to twelve—each. Vines growing over an arbor, or which have gone without pruning for a number of years, should have the laterals cut back to a few buds each.

The Frames and Hot-Beds

Even if you do not plan to keep your frames busy all winter, do not neglect them now. After the spring supply of plants is removed the frames are frequently left to themselves. By fall they are grown up to grass and weeds, which are allowed to go to seed and finally to freeze into the soil, even if the tops are cut off in the late fall clean-up. Fork the beds up now, removing all old bunches of roots, etc. If you have manure available, put on a good dressing of it, both to enrich the soil and to prevent its freezing hard. A mulch of leaves on top of this will be of still further advantage. In the spring the leaves may be taken out and composted, and the manure, which will be in fine condition, forked in. See to it also that a supply of earth and compost is put aside for use in starting early plants next spring. A barrel of each in the cellar, ready for flats in February or March, may mean a great deal to next summer's garden.

Frames in active use should be watered and ventilated more and more sparingly as the days grow shorter and colder. The use of double-glass sash has greatly increased the efficiency and the pleasure to be had from frame gardening. The double layer of glass, which takes the place of a mat or shutter, admits the light, while keeping out the cold.

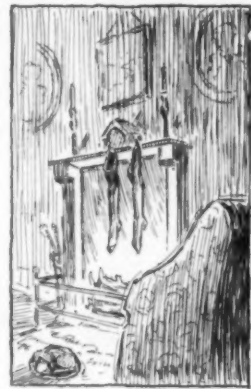
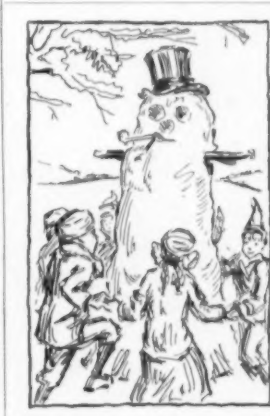
THE GARDENER'S CALENDAR

Wherein is laid out his daily work for the year, together with sundry facts useful or interesting

Twelfth month
Morning stars—Venus, Saturn

December, 1914

Thirty-one days
Evening stars—Mars, Jupiter

Sunday		6. ☉ St. Nicholas' Day—the patron saint of sailors as well as of children. When the bulbs that are being forced show color in the buds bring them into sunlight.	13. ☾ Many things of the garden make delightful Xmas gifts; choose a book, or a plant, or a tool—or a set of seeds—for your suburban friends.	20. ☀ Beginning to-day, learn the outlook for fair or foul weather for the year, by letting it and the eleven succeeding days represent the year's months in order.	27. ☾ Black alder, though leafless, is dazzling with red berries all winter and will grow anywhere. This also must be planted in "pairs," though 5 berry-bearing or pistillate plants to one staminate will do.
Monday		7. ☀ Put them again into shade when the flowers have opened, to make them last. Be on the lookout constantly for hibernating places of insects, and surely destroy them.	14. ☾ Washington died 1799. Third anniversary of the discovery of the South Pole by Roald Amundsen.	21. ☀ The Pilgrims landed, 1620. To-day is the indicator for February's weather.	28. ☾ Bittersweet and the showy red-barked dogwood of the wayside—kinnikinnick—and barberries are all useful for decorative use. And almost any garden may have a clump of galax with its splendid leaves.
Tuesday	1. ☾ Garden work is pretty well over for this year. Clean and then grease all tools thoroughly before leaving them for the season. Begin to put out suet for the birds.	8. ☀ Crocuses need but a fortnight's forcing, therefore bulbs set in a pan now will be in bloom for Xmas if kept in the warmth and sun. A 6-inch pan will hold a dozen bulbs.	15. ☾ Go over the vegetable and fruit stores often enough to keep them free of decaying specimens. One bad apple will spoil its fellows in bin or barrel in no time!	22. ☀ Winter begins to-day—which is the indicator for March. Seeds of lettuce, radishes and spinach sown now in hotbed will furnish these late in March, January and February, respectively.	29. ☾ Time to get at the garden reading now; learn why, for example, a single tree of holly will never bear fruit. Sassafras also has this peculiarity—and quite a number of species.
Wednesday	2. ☀ Full moon 1h. 21m. P. M. Newly-planted trees may have to be protected from girdling by mice and rabbits; band them with a strip of tar paper, its lower edge tight to the earth.	9. ☀ Grapes may be pruned now. Mulch strawberries with straw material, and hold in place by throwing a few shovelfuls of earth on top of the mulch.	16. ☀ New moon, 9h. 35m. P. M. Now is the time to dig up rhubarb roots and asparagus roots for forcing next month. They force readily in a warm cellar where they can be kept moist.	23. ☀ April's indicator. Has your garden anything that will afford Christmas house decorations? Are you quite sure? Look everywhere—carefully—not sacrificing evergreen branches, of course.	30. ☾ Study the errors of the year past in the garden, and learn now why failures were failures; and map out the plans for another summer, profiting by these experiences.
Thursday	3. ☀ Paint the nests of gypsy moths with creosote, and look up the subject of winter spraying and pruning generally, to be ready to act next month—or act now, if weather is favorable.	10. ☾ Last quar. 6h. 32m. A. M. It is interesting to bring cocoons of various kinds indoors and put them into wire netting cages to study. Leave them on the branch, bringing it in, too.	17. ☀ Eleven years ago to-day—no more—the Wright brothers made the first successful flight with a biplane.	24. ☾ First quar. 3h. 25m. A. M. To-day shows May's weather. If there are no Christmas trimmings growing there, note the deficiency and remedy it before next Christmas.	31. ☾ Keep the notebook going all through the winter as well as in summer; for the weather records alone are invaluable garden data, and constitute really a kind of garden insurance.
Friday	4. ☀ Washington bade farewell to his officers, 1783. Coldframes containing any kind of plants should now be covered at night with mats.	11. ☾ Now is a good time to get bargains in cyclamen bulbs for flowering next Christmas.	18. ☀ This is a good time to spray such roses as are not under cover with whale-oil soap solution for scurfy scale. Use a pound of soap to a gallon of water.	25. ☾ Christmas Day. Be sure that the birds have their dinner—suet and peanuts, and a shallow dish of water renewed night and morning if the weather is freezing.	
Saturday	5. ☀ When snow comes, conserve it by banking it up around trees, etc., and over borders, thus providing for a continuance of Nature's best mulch. It thaws less rapidly when thus banked.	12. ☾ Buy plants of <i>Astilbe Japonica</i> now for Easter flowering. It is the plummy spirea of the florists, and nurserymen sell the plants for from 30 to 50 cents. Keep it warm and growing.	19. ☀ Tulips, slow in forcing up to now, force easily from now on, and may be brought to flower in four to five weeks.	26. ☾ Holly is hardier than is commonly supposed, if put in a winter shady place and sheltered from northwest winds. Strip the leaves when planting it, and get staminate and pistillate plants to have berries.	

"If New Year's Eve's night wind blow south, it betokeneth warmth and growth; If west, much milk and fish in the sea; if north, much cold and storms there'll be."
"Chaste as the icicle, That's curdled by the frost from purest snow."—Shakespeare.

All kinds of weather this month, from thunder and lightning to blizzards; cold and stormy after the middle of the month.



EDITORIAL



THE FEAST OF THE OPEN DOOR

IT is one of the happy paradoxes of this contrary old world that in our Christmas hospitality we celebrate an act of unparalleled inhospitality. Wide open we fling our doors and bid the stranger welcome, as though to make reparation for the night when all doors save those of a stable were closed against a Stranger. We would make all children happy on Christmas Day, because of a Child unhappily received ages ago. What dumb cattle saw, what face lowly shepherds gazed upon, we strive to trace out in the faces of those who come to us at Christmas time. Sophisticated are we, hardened to sentiment and schooled to logic, yet who of us would close his door on Christmas Day lest mayhap he shut out someone bearing good tidings of great joy?

One likes to think that the inhospitality was perhaps not so wretched; that things were made a mite less uncomfortable in that stable that night. Perchance a thoughtful one smoothed down the straw in the manger and covered it with a cloth so all would be soft and sweet. Perchance a shepherd hung his cloak over the doorway, that no unruly draft come in.

And there must have been—this in all reverence—a striking contrast between the lowliness of the scene and the kingliness of the Wisemen's gifts. Gold, the unbelieving eye would see, and frankincense and myrrh; though from their sight would be withholden the symbolism.

Readily could the pen run on to tell of other possible contrasts and contradictions then, of contrasts to-day and contradictions. This alone remains for us to know, however: that those gifts and ours were, and are, more than their substance, and that the greatest gift of all is hospitality. We keep at Christmas time the Feast of the Open Door.



Hospitality is difficult to define. In each corner of the world it bears a different aspect. By the New Englander it is expressed in one fashion; by the Westener, another; by the Southerner, still another. What is hospitality on the desert is foolish recklessness in the home; what in the home, scant welcome on the desert. Because of those varied interpretations we can never make a general ruling for it, save to say that it is an intangible thing manifested mostly along tangible lines. It is a thing so tangible as to do with mundane matters, like chairs and doorways and cushions; a thing so intangible as to hide behind a smile.

In their endeavor to make each room express its proper individuality, decorators have endowed certain tasks to certain parts of the house. Thus the hallway must lend an air of welcome, and with studied effort are dark hallways made light and little ones large. The guest room must bring the boon of comfort to the tired stranger and the cheer of one's best possessions.

The development of this expression of hospitality has had a devious climb up to its present-day perfection. It has grown with the spirit of democracy into a distinct part of the home life. There was the guest chair of the mediæval household, a huge affair set near the hearth. There was, in the past century, the front parlor—discreetly shuttered and darkened—whose opening was the manifestation of great welcome on the part of the host. To-day the spirit of hospitality has grown to include the entire house. We have learned that the best way to entertain a friend is not to entertain him at all, but to throw open the entire establishment to him. Let him browse among our books if he will; let him wander in our garden; above all things, let him not feel that only the guest room has been reserved for him.

Hospitality of such generous proportions is a far cry from the day when primitive man offered the stranger his best bear-skin

rug in his hut. What was once offered a king is now offered an ordinary mortal. It would seem that the world can't quite forget that once it let a King sleep in a stable.

Another thing have we learned about hospitality—that its highest aspect is attained only when the labor and the joy, the thoughtfulness and the unselfishness, are shared alike by him who welcomes and him who is welcomed.

We cannot gainsay it, there are guests whose coming is importune and often unwelcome. But if the call is unsuccessful for the host, how much less successful is it for the caller? No, it still remains true that, welcome or unwelcome, the act of hospitality is a thing shared, a giving and a taking. Reams have been written on what the host should do; what devices he should use to give the aspect of hospitality and cheer to his home. And somehow the conception has gone abroad that all the stranger must do is to accept what is offered him. Perhaps it was part of the wisdom of the Wisemen that they brought gifts. Surely it is the wisdom of the guest that he also bring gifts.



Princely gifts are there to bring as a guest. Silent appreciation is one. Let us as guests ever feel more than we say; ever understand and appreciate more than we voice. For it is one of the singular returns of silence that it gives us greater appreciation and understanding—and that it is the basis of true friendship, whereon hospitality is founded.

Acceptance we can bring. And by this is meant more than the acceptance of things as they are—the pleasant surprises that intimacy will vouchsafe. We must accept the atmosphere of that place and make it ours for the time we are there. Being a guest constitutes the act of looking through another person's eyes, and one of its finest returns is the ability to see life—the life of home, its burdens and its happy tasks—from another angle. Before we can attain this we must be mentally malleable to our hosts. The inscrutable guest is a contradiction in terms.

And joy, too, we can bring—the joy that springs from little things; from such things as the host may have long since forgotten or tired of. To find a book, to catch a glimpse that has become familiar to the host; to see a little trait and to be happy for it; such a gift of joy makes almost divine merriment in a household.

Each of these gifts brings its own reward, but the greatest of all rewards for the guest is the ability to depart. By such is not meant to depart in the manner society terms "gracefully," but to depart knowing that ever afterward that door is open unto you.

For the secret of doors is that they never were intended to be closed at all; their being shut is but an incident in their careers. They were made to pass through; they were made to look through. Perhaps the latter is also true of the window, but the vista through a doorway and the vista through a window differ radically. The one frames a vision that is to be beheld; the other, one to be attained. The window shows no way for the feet to tread. You see the far horizon, but the beginning of the journey thither is hidden. Through a door you see both the horizon and the path that leads to it. If one be outside the house there is also a radical difference between the door and the window. To look in at a window and see the cheer and light rarely arouses more than a feeling of curiosity. You pass on your way. To look in through an open door is almost an invitation to enter. You feel impelled to go in.

Here is a saying of Rabiah—a quaint touch of mysticism. A man who was beside himself cried out: "O, God! Open a door through which I may come to Thee!" Rabiah happened to be sitting near, and said: "Thoughtless one, is the door shut?"

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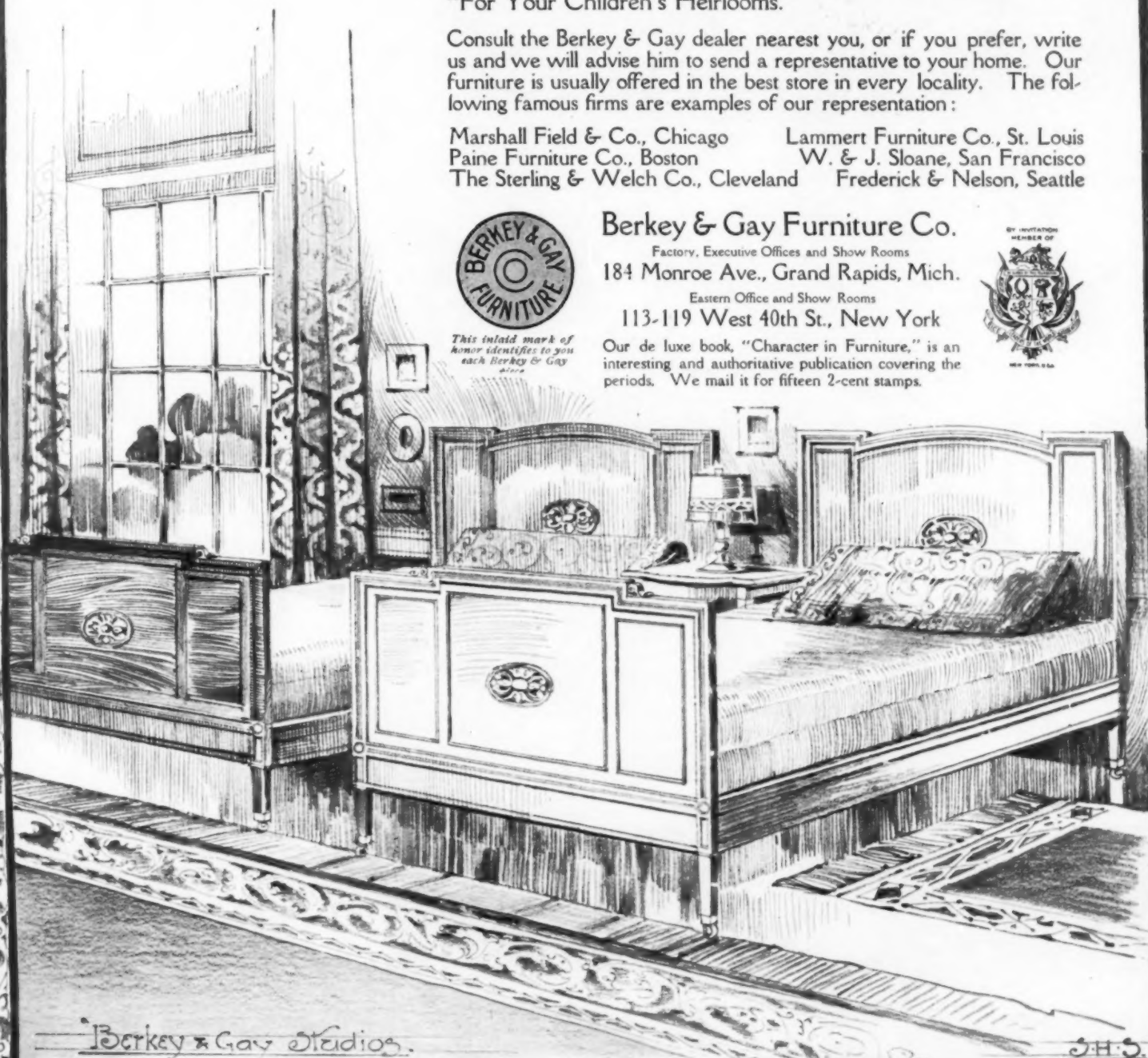
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The Children's Rooms

(Continued from page 353)

color repeating the gray of the lower wall. The floors, of hardwood, were stained a greenish gray. The rag rug, made from terry, is also gray green.

As the room is used merely as a sleeping place, the furniture needed was of simple character. An old drop-leaf table, a small rocker and a dresser were the only pieces, with the exception of the child's crib, considered absolutely necessary. Being of indifferent and inharmonious finish, table and dresser were painted a warm, cream color, several coats being applied, each rubbed down with sandpaper. Flat paint, not enamel, was used, giving a dull finish. A scarlet line was painted on the table top, encircling it about six inches from the edge, and the end panels of the dresser were treated in the same way. A Japanese stencil was used to apply a design of rabbits in the corners of the table top, inside the line, and the same design was put in the dresser panels. In both, scarlet paint was used. The rocker, certainly seventy-five years old, was picked up in a country woodshed for a quarter of a dollar. The rush seat cost a dollar, and was woven by a country craftsman. The chair was painted scarlet, like the stencils, a warm Japanese red, with plenty of yellow in it, which took the amateur decorator some time to procure, by mixing, but proved uncommonly satisfactory when finally attained. The bed, a crib with brass knobs, was given a coat of creamy paint to make it match the other furniture, and the brass knobs were remorselessly covered with the rest, doing away with a discordant detail commonly thought inevitable.

A decorative note is given to the room by some small Japanese prints of birds and animals that cost, bought of a Japanese importer, twenty-five cents apiece. They were passe-partouted in gray green, and for hanging them bright scarlet cord was found in an embroidery shop. The silk cord is suspended from two points, giving two vertical lines that repeat the color of the furniture stencils. Blossoming geraniums in little pots lend an added touch of scarlet, as well as of gray green, accenting the color scheme. Very simple, with nothing superfluous, this little room is a hygienic place for sleep, with cheerful and harmonious surroundings for its small owner when he wakes up of mornings.

A moderate-priced set of furniture designed for a child's room is being shown in the shops. These pieces are reproductions of Colonial models, built in mahogany, with a beautiful dull finish. In size they are only slightly beneath the normal grown-up size, ensuring comfort for small owners, while they will not quickly be outgrown, as is the extremely small furni-

ture that, because of its short-lived possibilities of use, is not practical for ordinary householders, however charming its Lilliputian effect. There are small-sized Colonial style chairs and rockers that go well with this, and a small chintz-covered screen. Little Chinese hour-glass chairs go well with mahogany, and cost one dollar fifty each. Since they are very small, they do nicely for a child's first chair.

A pretty, white-painted set in dull finish is of very plain design and quite small, the bedstead costing fourteen dollars, the dresser seventeen fifty, a chiffonier with glass, fourteen fifty; without glass, twelve dollars. The bedstead has a picture inserted in the headboard.

A white maple set put on the market last season is finished in enamel. The bedstead, dresser, toilet table and two chairs are sold at ninety dollars, and the set is an uncommonly attractive one for a girl of from six to fourteen years, as it is not very small, and is extremely good in design. For the small boy's room the style known as Mission proves durable and pleasing. In the best makes of this style, the original models, not the debased imitations, there are wardrobes, bedsteads and dressers fitted specially to the needs of the child, and their warm, brown coloring when built in oak, or cool gray if maple was the wood employed, gives pleasing results with woodwork and wall coverings planned in harmony. A plain furniture that comes from Boston is very reasonable in cost, and its freedom from superfluous ornament is refreshing. Children's arm-chairs and rockers in this make cost four dollars and twenty-five cents and four dollars and fifty cents, respectively, while a little reproduction in chestnut of the famous Windsor chair model comes at two dollars, and a round chestnut table of thirty-inch diameter costs three dollars. Iron cribs procured of this Boston manufacturer cost from about ten to thirteen dollars, with from two dollars for a "soft top" to nine dollars for a horse-hair mattress.

An oak screen with burlap covering can be had for six dollars. A brass bed for a child costs usually about twenty-five dollars, including a hair mattress.

Rugs are woven by the women who still, in smaller towns and villages, keep up this handicraft, for about twenty-five cents a yard, if material is furnished. Rugs woven from cretonne are sold in the shops in all sizes, a rug three by six feet costing, in a duck design that appeals to a child, about three dollars. If there is much ornament in a room a plain rug is preferable.

In planning the child's room, pictures and decorations, as well as the colors of walls, woodwork and furniture, are selected with all possible regard to the chosen color scheme. The plain walls of the hygienic room need pictures, and there are the best of pictures to choose from; the color prints that come to us from sev-



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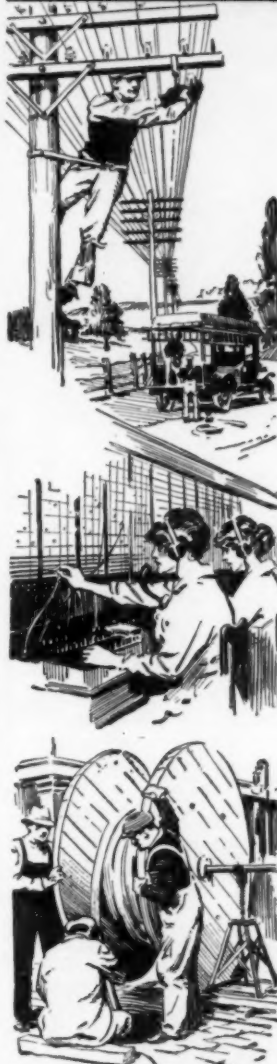
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EVERY year the Winter comes before most of us realize it. And just as sure as every December comes around, a lot of our prospective customers wake up with a start, and are tempted to call themselves names for not having built their greenhouse in the Fall, so that Winter's cold frowns and snows could be defied.

If you are a flower lover, and especially if you are fortunate enough to possess yourself of that keenest of joys, which comes only with fussing with them yourself, then to

be without a greenhouse or conservatory another Winter is indeed a hardship.

If you should now take the question right up with us, we will certainly do our part to hurry the work along so you could have your house in six weeks or so after placing the order. Let's get together on the question and lose no needless time in mulling over catalogues or long-drawn-out correspondence. Drop us a line giving a rough idea of what you have in mind and we will promptly arrange to come to see you.

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eral different nations. The most interesting and harmonious collection of prints is, however, that taken from one source. If photographs of Madonnas from Italian old masters are desired, then several of them of about the same size and tone adorn the walls. If German color prints are decided upon, it is found that a few of these, and these only, give a unified effect. Japanese color prints of birds and animals, combining truth to nature with beautiful color and line, are, it is discovered, seen to best advantage when not combined with English puppy dogs; while English color prints are often effective if seen alone, their conventionally pretty children do not show their charm placed on the same walls with Japanese or German prints.

In the selection of prints it often happens that subjects not specially designed and advertised for children's delectation are the best to choose for them. The friezes or single-color prints abounding nowadays, of dreadfully ordinary Dutch, English or French children disporting in rather inane fashion are perhaps enjoyed by tiny children; they are, however, soon outgrown, and are unspeakably wearisome to either large or small persons of intelligence. A really good print gives a child lasting pleasure, becoming, perhaps, a life-long friend. A merchant vessel in full sail on mid-ocean, a certain German print, beautiful and inspiring in color, was lately chosen for a small boy's room, gladdening the heart of the boy and giving a pathway for his imagination to wander upon. Others of these sea prints, the seaport towns with boats, the castles on crags above winding ribbons of rivers, look to the American child like fairy-tale illustrations, and, while they are vastly satisfactory to their small owners, are also of lasting value from an artistic standpoint.

For a dado around a room at about a three-foot height there is nothing more satisfying than the Walter Crane picture books. The new edition in paper covers is to be had for twenty-five cents the copy, and all the old fairy-tale favorites—Cinderella and Puss in Boots, and the others—may be framed or merely pasted on the wall and varnished, so that they are easily passed in review while their small owners are putting on shoes and stockings. The Boutet de Monvel picture prints make even more interesting color arrangements than the English artist's books, though not, perhaps, so fascinating in subject to the ordinary child. Japanese prints, the antique ones especially, that are tall and narrow in shape, form striking decorations, though not so pleasing to a child as the modern birds and animals.

The house illustrated on the November cover of HOUSE AND GARDEN is at Camden, Georgia. It was published through the courtesy of Hoggson Brothers, New York.



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The Gift of a Garden

(Continued from page 363)

the ground and replanting with its succeeding crop. Unquestionably, the Practical Garden would cost in upkeep just about four times what the Poet's Garden would cost.

For the Poet's Garden needs only lawn mowing and the care and cutting of its roses. Uncle Elijah guessed shrewdly that Harriet would get to tending her roses herself; the twice-a-week spraying which all roses require would not make very great demands upon her time, according to the garden rules and schedule which he proposed to furnish them, at the proper season. And no one could have roses growing right under their nose and eyes, as these would be, without getting so interested in them that they would want to tend and cut them. One day's help a week at the outside, then, for the Poet's Garden, as against probably four—he wanted to make it three, but felt it risky—for the Practical Garden. Would it be worth while?

This brought up the second consideration; how much in actual cash value would the Practical Garden yield? If it would be enough to pay for the help, then the advantage lay here, undoubtedly; for, in addition to having the best grade of vegetables in the best condition, they would have their grounds all in order at no cost. If it were anything less than enough to pay for three full days of the help, then the advantage would lie with the Poet's Garden.

This brought him into a long and complicated mess of calculation—and he came near giving up without seeing the thing through. But that was not his way, either; so he stuck it out. Yet, of course, he could not calculate the rains and the droughts and the pests and the unforeseen losses; these had to be lumped off together as a sort of percentage, from all the gains on the Practical Garden's side of the sheet. And so, to save him—as he himself tells it—he couldn't get his figures to show the favor that he wanted them to show—that he had set down fully expecting, and probably intending, if the truth were to be told, they should show—to the Practical Garden.

"There is no efficiency whatsoever," he wrote his nephew at last, "in raising vegetables with the expense of a gardener, unless you raise *all* your vegetables—and have your gardener *all* the time. Moreover, a day's neglect may mean loss that will eat into what seems on paper to be the saving over the one-day-a-week requirements of the wholly picturesque and pleasure garden. Therefore, I have cast my vote for the Poet's Garden—much to my own surprise, I may as well confess! I believed in the other sort of thing until I figured it out on paper; (and, right here let me say that figured out on paper it is a most valuable proposition—if you do your



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own garden work). Then I came to the conclusion that, for you, it would not be the wise choice. I shall, therefore, take great pleasure in proceeding with the subsequent fractions of the Poet's Garden, in their respective order. The list of these is as follows: A working plan; a set of garden tools, including sprayer, powder guns, and all the paraphernalia that make for the complete gardener; the necessary plants in due season; the necessary seeds, in their turn; and a few works on gardening by well-known authorities who are practical as well as theoretical. The building of the wall will, of course, be the first thing to undertake, and this is a task that will require some little time for its proper execution. I must beg you, therefore, to be patient and tolerant, for this first spring, of the disorder and the annoyance of workmen and litter. The same mason who built the house will do this boundary barrier; and it will be carried out in similar materials and harmonious details, so that the house and the wall will be really a unit.

"If your garden ever becomes one-half the pleasure to you that my garden has long been to me, I shall feel that the impulse which led me to select so unusual a gift for yourself and Harriet was in very truth an inspiration—for I do not know how I should live without my garden, and that's the honest truth!"

Feathered Neighbors

(Continued from page 373)

on the trees, and they occasionally paid a fleeting visit to the shelf.

A year or two ago it was noticed that the white-breasted nuthatches and song sparrows were still visiting the shelf late in spring, and it and the food supply were maintained throughout the summer. The song sparrows fed quietly but persistently on the canary seed, and the nuthatches made frequent trips to the shelf, rejecting the bad sunflower seed and always selecting a good one, which was borne to a nearby tree and wedged into a crevice of the bark, where sometimes it formed part of a store for future need, but more often was promptly "hatched" and the kernel devoured. For a brief period during mid-summer the nuthatches' visits ceased; then one July morning they brought a family of full-grown young, looking larger than their parents, and otherwise distinguishable from them by their short tails. These lusty youngsters clung to cornices and projections over the front of the house, while the busy parents carried sunflower seed, first to one and then to another.

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Winter is the best time to set out birdhouses—our birds like places a bit weatherworn.

Set out one or several Bird Food Houses or Shelters right now; thousands of birds die of starvation every winter. Help us save birds and win them for your friends. Many birds will stay with you all winter if you give them food and shelter.

My illustrated book about birds tells how to attract and keep them living in your grounds. Write for this book—it is free.



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Mr. Dodson is a Director of the Illinois Audubon Society. He has been building bird houses for 19 years and his houses are approved by all bird lovers—and also by the birds.

When in New York see Dodson Bird House Exhibit in the Craftsman Exposition, 6 East 99th Street, near Fifth Avenue

The blue jays had eyed the feeding-shelf from afar with suspicion, but early one morning in the spring of 1913 a jay dropped on the shelf with a wild shriek, and seizing a sunflower seed, retired to the tin gutter of the porch roof and broke it open with blows that sounded like a blacksmith's hammer on the anvil or the activities of a boiler works. Thereafter several blue jays fed pretty regularly on the shelf, but nearly always in the early morning, usually commencing by five o'clock or before. Not more than one jay could feed at a time on the shelf; the attempt of a second to alight there was followed by one or the other being driven away. If a sparrow or nuthatch was feeding when a jay arrived, the smaller bird promptly departed.

Birds require water for bathing as well as drinking. Other things being equal, they are always more abundant along water courses or about lakes and ponds than in the surrounding country. It is, therefore, desirable to install in one's grounds a drinking and bathing fountain. This may be simply constructed by lining a shallow, saucer-shaped excavation in the sod with broken stone, which is covered with cement. The water should be about six inches deep in the center, and diminishing to the rim of the saucer, which may be four feet or more in diameter. The water should be removed, as it tends to grow foul, and replaced with fresh. If a more elaborate and attractive fountain is desired, running water may be supplied by means of a pipe brought up through the center, and aquatic plants added.

One of the most pleasing examples of the results of cultivating bird neighbors shows that this can be done, even in a great city. A woman living in New York commenced to visit a certain spot in Central Park every morning throughout the winter. She rubbed suet into the bark crevices of a certain tree and stood nearby while the nuthatches and chickadees feasted. Later she held peanuts on her hand where the birds could reach them from the tree trunk, and gradually stood further from the tree, compelling her feathered friends to come to her hand for breakfast. The final result was that she could go to the spot, whistle or call, and these birds would come fearlessly, not merely to her hand, but to her shoulder or head, and take the bits of peanut from her lips. The writer has seen her when she had two nuthatches and two chickadees resting on her person at one time.

From the time you think of building a house until the moment you move in—this is the range of subjects covered by The House Building Number of HOUSE AND GARDEN.



ONE year ago this was a country home, in the suburbs of New York, famous for its old-fashioned comforts and its exterior and interior beauties.

Because of a lack of preparedness to extinguish fire at its inception, today the charred ruins stand like a grim skeleton—a mute and pathetic warning to home owners of the costliness of procrastination.

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Fire, once started, will not wait.

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"CREO-DIPT" STAINED SHINGLES

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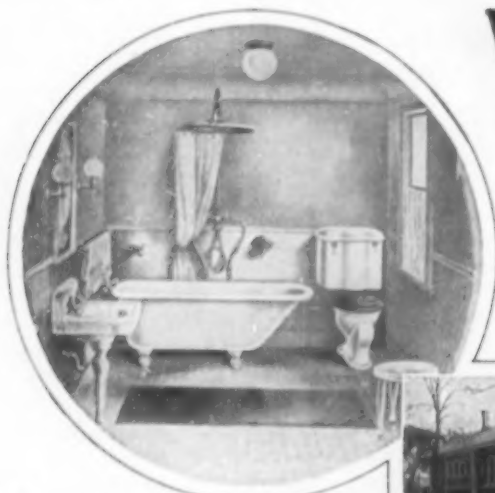
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Home at Any Price



Remembrances From the World's Garden

(Continued from page 357)

your city friend a wee spruce tree for her table, yet she would pay several dollars for one. Fit it securely to a board, cover this with moss and decorate it with oranges whittled from carrots, red roses cut out of deep-hearted beets, animals and birds made from peanuts with pen-and-ink feathers and broomstraw legs and tails, and popcorn and paper chains. Where pines and hemlocks grow a sweet-smelling pillow can be made in a short time, a gift that would bring joy to the insomnia sufferer in the city.

Do you New England women who look upon your bayberry dips as "nothing but common candles" know that women who live where this berry does not grow pay good prices for these translucent green illuminants? And that good maple syrup you use in such abundance is hardly procurable in this pure state in many places? Maybe you Gloucester and Provincetown women do get tired of your fish diet, but many of your commonplace delicacies are never seen in inland towns in Kentucky, and the terrapin and oysters of Maryland have a country-wide reputation which would make them very welcome in other places. The shipping facilities nowadays makes these gifts possible. Coast dwellers may also send large, perfect clam-shells to those who live away from the sea; they are nicer for *au gratin* fish and scalloped oysters than bought ramekins; a couple of dozen make a nice number; try to have them uniform and tie them up in lots of six.

Californians are especially blessed with natural resources, for they have ripe olives, figs, orange blossoms, rose-leaf chains, gorgeous fruits, pepper foliage and berries, ostrich plumes. Nature is very lavish in this State.

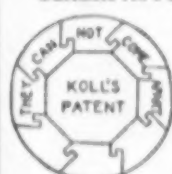
So many women have carefully dried sweet herbs and lavender from their gardens which do not appear to them in the light of possible presents, yet the dainty housewife would rejoice at a goodly supply of lavender for her linen closet; it is so delightful sprinkled directly in sheets and pillowcases. So, make a bag of crepe tissue paper and fill it with lavender, tying it loosely at the top with ribbon. No perfumes made by man can compare with those which are the product of the garden. For a sleepless friend a pillow filled with nicely dried hops will be very comforting.

The housewife's problem of closets is answered in the article about "Useful Closets in Unusual Places," in January HOUSE AND GARDEN.

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Suitable for Pergolas, Porches or Interior Use



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Large 20	\$1.00	\$1.75	12 "	.65
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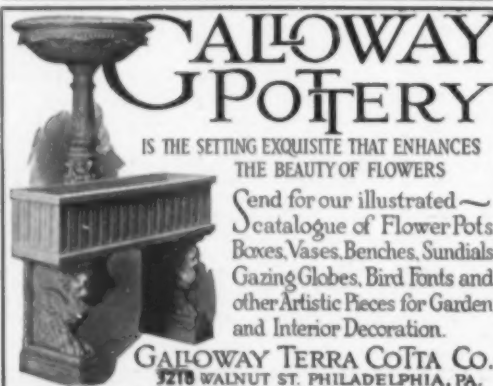


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GALLOWAY TERRA COTTA CO.
3215 WALNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

In writing to advertisers please mention HOUSE & GARDEN.

Nursing the House Plant

(Continued from page 369)

we ask for "retarded Lily of the Valley crowns" we shall be supplied with roots which will really be in a great hurry to start growth.

Nothing in the way of soil will be needed, the best medium for planting being the fibre which is now so largely sold for bulb culture. The roots may be planted in wooden boxes, or in pots, and for the first few days should preferably be placed in a dark cupboard. This will help to give us nice, long stalks. Of course, it is understood that the fibre is kept in a moist condition all along.

After about five days in the darkness, the plants should be brought out into the full light. The best place of all for the lilies at this stage will be in front of a light window. Of course, as a rule, there is not a great amount of sunshine at this time of the year, but it is not a good plan to stand the plants in the full sunlight, especially if the room in which they are growing is rather warm. The actual rate of growth of the Lilies of the Valley will depend a great deal upon whether the room in which they are placed is regularly heated.

A few little points should be borne in mind to ensure a satisfactory development. On no account should the watering be neglected, although the fibre must not be kept in a sodden condition. Do not stand the lilies in front of an open window, as the cold air might do an immense amount of harm even in a few moments. Dust is always a nuisance in living rooms, and a daily sprinkle with water will do much to keep the foliage clean. One grower who has had splendid supplies of these lilies makes a practice of throwing a light sheet of tissue paper over the plants when lighting-up time comes. This tends to check any harmful effects from the artificial illuminant, and also helps to keep away the dust which arises when the room is cleaned up in the morning. Whenever giving water to these lilies it is a good plan to supply it in a lukewarm condition.

A New Home in an Old Suburb

(Continued from page 360)

are pines and arbor-vitæ, English laurel and cypress, while beyond the roses is the pergola, and far across the west lawn the fruit garden, with its wealth of bronze-hued figs, rosy-cheeked plums, yellow pears and velvety peaches.

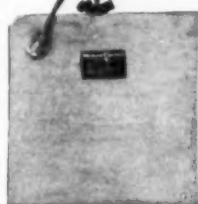
The service entrance is separated from the formal entrance by an ivy-covered wall, which ends in the play-house, the roof of which just shows above the masses of Bhotan pine and cypress, which make a pleasing picture from the reception hall and doorway and all the rooms



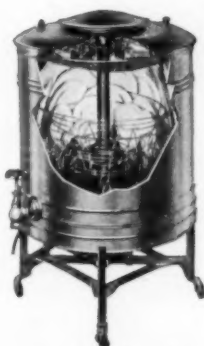
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They exemplify the high quality of all Western Electric merchandise, and are guaranteed by the world's largest distributors of electrical supplies. The Bell Telephone which you use so often is made by this company, and is an evidence of Western Electric worth.

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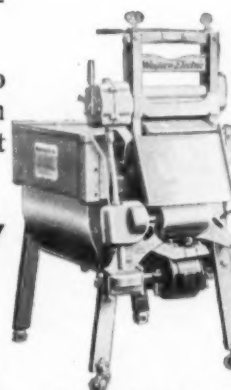
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VOGUE FOR DECEMBER

A handbook of unusual Christmas gifts chosen for you by Vogue in the best shops.

The range of prices is remarkable—there are jewels, furs and antiques of great value, and also many inexpensive gifts that have, nevertheless, a surprising *chic*.

A number of pages are devoted to novel and acceptable presents for men.

GIFTS NUMBER

Dated December 1
On sale November 24



First aid to the last-minute shopper will, in the Christmas Vogue, be supplied through many additional pages of gifts.

Both December numbers will, of course, contain Vogue's famous offer to do its readers' Christmas shopping.

Have you availed yourself of this? If so, you know it lightens the burden of buying.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Dated December 15
On sale December 8

The longer your Christmas list, the more you need these December numbers of Vogue. Instead of the limited stocks of the local shops, through these numbers you can choose from the best metropolitan shops.

It is necessary to bespeak your copies in advance as the supply will last only a few days after each number goes on sale.

VOGUE

Twice a month
25 cents a number

443 Fourth Ave., New York
Condé Nast - Publisher

\$4 a year
Twenty-four numbers

on the north side of the house. The service quarters are as attractive with shrubs and vines as are the other divisions of the garden, which are kept uniform by the wide stretches of green lawn, by the hedges that bound the entire place, and by the higher hedges that outline the service paths and separate the west lawn from the fruit garden and the latter from the service yard.

Garden Club

(Continued from page 370)

"demonstrated" right down to the kernel. Four ears to a stalk, each maturing in succession, he made the basis of his calculation, with an allowance of two ears to an eater of varieties like "Country Gentleman" or "Stowell's Evergreen," or three of the smaller-eared kinds like "Golden Bantam." One stalk of the former will afford four pickings, therefore, of one ear at a time; eight ears are needed at a time for four persons—therefore, eight stalks to harvest at a time are the requirement, or twelve stalks of the smaller varieties. Starting in May with the early varieties, sowings of corn to this amount every ten days will spread the corn festival out over the entire summer, instead of crowding it all into a few delirious days—or weeks.

In the same fashion, he carried us through the winter vegetables, figuring out to a beet the number needed to make up just so many meals during the months when beets must be dug from the cellar instead of from the garden; and carrots and salsify—this stays out of doors, of course, and is dug all winter from the garden—and cabbage and celery, and everything the same.

Christmas Gifts for the Home

(Continued from page 367)

worn or out-of-date piece. For brevity and convenience, we might condense room-furnishing into the following classification: Hangings, rugs, furniture, ornaments (lamps, pictures, etc.).

Hangings, draperies, are eliminated at the start. Without a specified room to work on it would be impossible to suggest curtains or other hangings without going too deeply into the color scheme of the room. And choosing a rug is also rather a serious affair. But one cannot go far wrong in choosing a Persian rug. The very large rugs are disproportionately expensive, but a small one, say 6 by 8, is well worth its price, and can be fitted in almost anywhere. The rug, however, depends largely upon the shape of the room it is to be used in, and upon the placing of the furniture—and should better be left to the owner to decide upon.

Furniture is the next, and perhaps the most important, feature. One of the most attractive of the new pieces is a set in combined mahogany and cane. The treatment was simple. Frames of mahogany carrying out the Adam period of



In The Heart Of The Christmas Pines

By Leona Dalrymple

Illustrations in color by Charles L. Wrenn, decorations by Charles H. Guischart.
12mo. \$1.00 net. Postage, 10 cents.

A story telling of a misunderstanding between a man and a maid and how the unusual events of a Yuletide straightened the course of a great love.

McBRIDE, NAST & CO., Publishers, 31 Union Square North, NEW YORK

New Gift Edition of Miss Dalrymple's Popular Christmas Book

decoration, with its delicate, fluted legs and medallions, combined well with the cane seats and backs in the chairs; and cane is so comfortable, too, and is particularly attractive in the library table, where the cane made its appearance in insets on each side. A charming addition to this set, which included the large table and three types of chairs, was a new rendition of the chaise-longue, an alluring, as well as extremely comfortable, piece of furniture. With these came also a fern stand, an oblong box of cane framed in mahogany and standing about 3½ feet on fluted mahogany legs. The chairs in this suite are all of the "wing" variety, having the back divided into three panels of the cane. Durability and comfort, combined with beauty and simplicity of line, make such furniture as this desirable for a living-room.

Ornaments offer a wider choice. Standing out noticeably among the vast number of objects answering to that name is porcelain ware, which, in the lifelike forms of animals, birds or little figurines, serves for paperweights or as "a work of art"—which is undeniably true, as in this particular ware no piece is duplicated, each design being originated and carried out by skilled artists. This ware also shows lamps of exquisite color, line and design. A number of Japanese articles for use in the living-room have been selected for their novelty and beauty—and, in borrowing beauty from Japan, we seldom go far wrong. The following list offers suggestions in condensed form:

Set of furniture—mahogany and cane.

Porcelain ornaments—figurines, birds and animals, \$1.00 up. Also vases and and flower-bowls.

Porcelain, table or desk-lamp, with silk shade of same color.

Japanese articles:

Library set combining reading-glass and paper-cutter in silk-lined box. It is of carved deer-horn and ivory. \$16.50.

Bamboo ash-receiver, shaped like a graceful vase, with revolving dish. It automatically deposits ashes. \$7.50.

Piano lamp, of cut bronze, octagon-shaped shade of bronze, cut to show silk lining. \$85.00.

Smoking set—including a brass tray, cigaret and cigar-holder, ash-receiver and match-box. \$7.50.

Desk calendar—silver, with design of Japanese dragons.

Bronze book rests: figures of animals. \$5.00 and \$10.00.

Mahogany mantel clock. \$25.00 up.

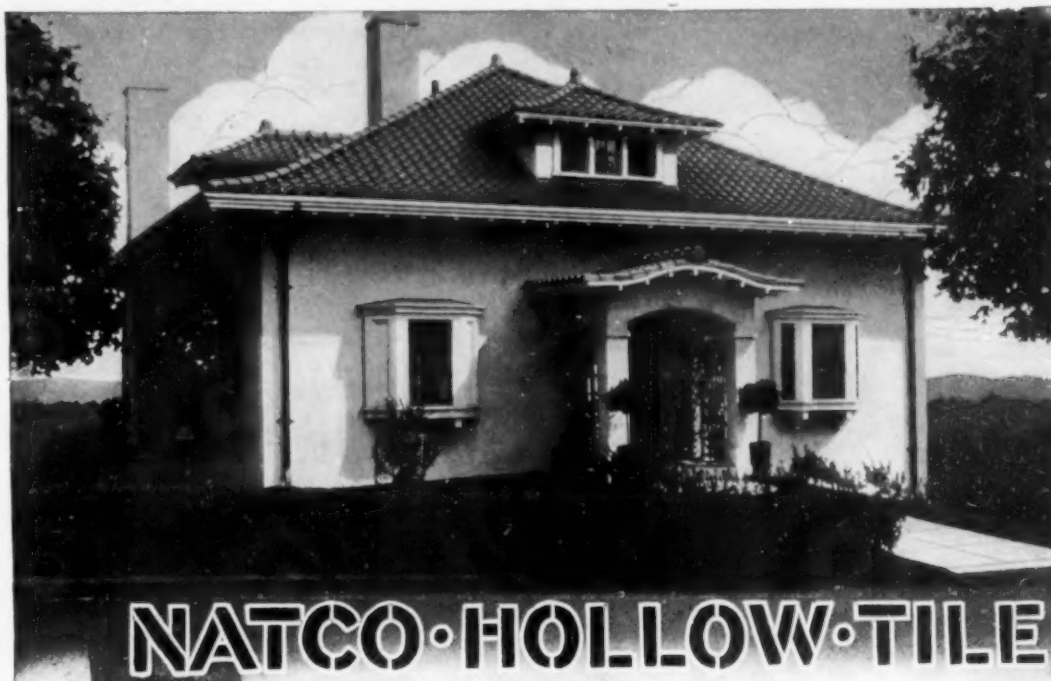
Desk-set—ten pieces, in silver or brass. \$10.00—\$95.00.

Mahogany book-rack. \$3.50.

Silver inkstand, with trays. \$4.00 up.

Engagement pads, with brass fittings. \$5.75—\$30.00.

Perhaps the most interesting room in the house to furnish, to a woman at least, is the children's playroom. Here anything like austerity is abandoned and



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**A Happy Home is one Undisturbed
by fire or any fear of fire
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No matter how perfect your home, your enjoyment of it can never be complete, if threatened by the thought that some time fire may take it from you and all that it contains.

When you build of Natco Hollow Tile, you build not only a home but a future free from the dread of fire disaster. You exempt your home from deterioration, your income from repair expenses. Natco Hollow Tile's endurance defies both time and the elements, and because of it your home is warmer in winter, cooler in summer, dry every day of the year.

Large or small, expensive or inexpensive, your home can have Natco construction—and you, a feeling of security too valuable to be over-estimated or overlooked.

More information will be found in the new 32-page Handbook, "Fireproof Houses of Natco Hollow Tile", containing illustrations of typical NATCO residences and an invaluable guide to the prospective builder. Mailed to any address upon receipt of 10c (in stamps or coin)

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Stamford, Conn.

The Christmas House & Garden

1914



"Admiration"

Certainly this is a nude of exquisite beauty and grace. The maiden, refreshing herself at the clear, cold pool, has found her reflection one that is pleasing, and the frog, in its admiration, questions not the trespasser.

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Any color paper or silk lining made to order.
Stands from 12" to 25" high.
Shades " 5" " 9" high and
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Prices from \$22.50 to \$50.00 complete.

YAMANAKA & COMPANY

Japanese and Chinese Art Objects
456 Boylston Street, Boston.
OSAKA KYOTO PEKING LONDON NEW YORK

everything is light, and color and decoration should take a form that entertains or pleases the child. Usual things that are necessities for the nursery are to be had in most shops that handle children's furniture, but this year a number of new things are to be seen which would not only be gifts to the nursery, but at the same time gifts to the child, so charmingly are they designed and colored to please infantile fancy.

The following list of furniture is particularly adapted to children:

White enamel table, with painted animals in natural colors at each end. \$4.75—\$6.50.

White enamel chair, painted animals set in the back. \$3.25—\$4.25.

White enamel rocker, painted animals set in the back. \$3.75—\$4.75.

White enamel desk, painted animals on the sides. \$4.75—\$6.50.

Bent-wood chairs, desks, combination, in oak finish or white. \$8.95 and \$12.50.

"Shoo-fly" (or rocking-rooster), white enamel, scarlet comb. \$6.50.

"Shoo-fly" (or rocking peacock), natural colors, with child's tray. \$7.50.

Child's settle of fumed oak, with Kate Greenaway pictures painted at the top of the back.

High table chair, with caned back and tray. \$6.35.

Baby-cariol, an outdoor sleeping crib on wheels, in white enamel, and wire screening. \$16.50.

Folding baby-yard, with picture panels. \$9.75.

Record book, "Baby-Days." \$3.00.

Colonial sleeping basket on wheels, quilted cover of hollyhock design. \$50.00.

"Persistent parrots," weighted to swing on the edges of tables. They come in all natural colors, hand-painted and of varying sizes. \$1.00 up.

Wooden figurines, .25 up; animals, .10 up, and fish, .15 up; painted in natural colors and waterproofed so the child may float them in water. The fish, called "Frisking Fish," are weighted to dart in a lifelike way through the water.

Doll-houses of stucco, with real windows, doors, staircases, fixtures, fireplaces, and even electric lights! These come fully furnished or not fitted up at all. \$5.00 to \$50.00.

Nursery clock—a tiny imitation of a town clock, in Danish porcelain, in blue, green and white.

Unique figurines in Danish porcelain, representing children and animals. \$3.00 up.

Flower-pot, painted white, with row of Noah's Ark animals. \$1.25.

Blackboard for child, supplied with colored chalks. \$2.00.

Sewing machine; a real machine in miniature for little girl. \$8.00.

Silhouette moving-picture show. This can be set up in the nursery, and amuses children of all ages. \$2.50.

Dainty

Charming



COPENHAGEN ART FAYENCE
TEA OR COFFEE SERVICE

Consisting of tea or coffee pot, creamer, sugar bowl, six cups and saucers, six luncheon and six bread and butter plates.

Specially Priced at \$13.50

These sets may be had in different designs wherein are displayed in vivid colors Denmark's beautiful flowers. Each piece hand painted under the glaze. Table covers and napkins to match. Shipping charges prepaid on orders within 100 miles.

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Acceptable Xmas Gifts

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GAUMER Hand Wrought Portables are noted for their distinctive design and their guaranteed finish.

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Squeaking animals. These come in all sizes and all squeaks. \$5.00.

Folding play-houses large enough for the child to get in. \$35.00.

Folding grocery, with stores; also "life" size. \$22.50.

The dining-room offers, perhaps, less chance for variety in furnishing than any of the others, but there are numerous accessories to the dining table among Christmas offerings, and several novelties in dining-room furniture. An extremely handsome and odd piece seen in a leading silversmith's was a mahogany silver cabinet containing a complete silver service and four drawers holding the flat silver. The same establishment showed a novel mahogany knife-case shaped like a Pompeian urn, to stand on the sideboard or serving-table. Dining-room novelties from five shops are given in the following:

Silver cabinet—mahogany, 68-inch, four drawers, complete silver service, tray and flat silver.

Knife-case—mahogany, urn-shaped, containing one dozen silver knives.

Oyster-dish—silver combination dish for oysters and condiments. \$18.00.

Cheese dish—sterling silver, plain border, and slicer. \$10.50.

Revolving table, to stand in centre of the dining table; mahogany, with sterling silver breakfast set. \$210.00.

Newspaper rack—a plated-silver stand for newspapers, on the breakfast table. \$12.00.

Porcelain tea set, leaf-green border; twelve pieces.

Porcelain dinner set—grey-blue osier.

Japanese linen set, centre-piece; twelve doilies, twelve tumbler doilies. \$16.50.

Japanese tray, lacquer, with design of birds. \$3.50.

Japanese teapot, of china, painted like tiny mandarin.

Japanese lunch-cloth and doilies; blue butterfly design.

Coffee machine, entirely of glass, with alcohol lamp. \$5.00 up (three sizes).

Coffee and milk heater—nickel and aluminum. \$11.00.

Flower-bowl, shaped like morning-glory.

Hook flower-holder, shaped like a leaf; fastens to side of flower-bowl.

Tidbit rack; holds three plates for sandwiches and dainties. \$12.50.

Tray for baby's high-chair; of electro-plate, with etched nursery scenes and rhymes. \$12.00.

Porringer for the baby, etched "A B C"; solid silver. \$14.00.

Child's cup; also etched "A B C." Solid silver. \$8.75.

Child's bowl and plate, "A B C"; solid silver. \$40.00. These can be had in plated ware, and are much cheaper.

The bedroom is the next consideration. With so many attractive things for it shown in the shops, a choice is difficult to make. But there are always certain things that are acceptable to place in the



Toast Crisper

Made of the finest English electro plate and equipped with an alcohol burner, this item as shown is priced at \$8.00. Larger size, for six pieces of toast, \$9.00.

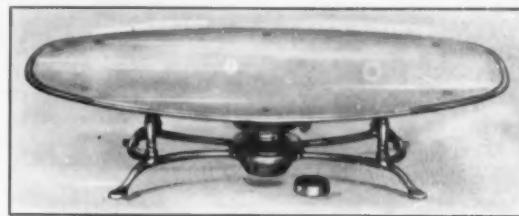


Table Plate Warmer

Beautifully constructed of Copper and Brass, 19½ inches long. Alcohol burner heats entire surface. Price, \$22.00. Other styles, round and rectangular, in Copper and Silver-plate, from \$4.50 to \$33.00.



Cape Cod Fire Lighter

For use with an open fire-place. The Can is of brass, 6 inches high. Price complete, \$4.00; without tray, \$3.50. Extra torch \$1.50.



Bedroom Door Knockers

The Cheshire Cat is priced at \$1.00 and "The Blood-hound" at \$1.75. Over 100 other designs ranging from 75 cents to \$2.50. (Catalog of Door Knockers, Door Porters, Dinner Bells, Roasters, Candlesticks, etc., sent on request.)

Extra Heavy Brass Candlesticks

Few of the newest designs are shown. In order, from left to right, they are No. 1, 9½ inches high, \$7.00 per pair. No. 3, 9 inches high, \$6.50 per pair. No. 4, 7 inches high, \$4.00 per pair. No. 2, 7½ inches high, \$6.50 per pair.



Monticello Door Knocker

Reproduction of the knocker on Thomas Jefferson's home at Monticello. In Brass, 6½ inches high, \$5.00.



Silex Coffee Percolator

Made of glass with no metal parts to harm the coffee flavor. Three sizes, for 4, 8 and 17 after dinner cups—\$4.00, \$6.00, \$7.00.



Brass Door Porters

The Dolphin, 14 inches high, costs \$9.00 and the Colonial Design, 13 inches high, \$7.50. Others in many designs from \$4.50 to \$10.50.



For This Year— A Home Furnishing Christmas

UTILITY will be the predominant feature of this year's Christmas Gifts. And in this store, Utility is combined with the utmost in Originality and Distinctiveness. Gifts purchased here will indicate the thoughtful discrimination of the giver.

We show on this page a few of the almost countless number of USEFUL Home Furnishings Christmas possibilities in our stock. Shop here FIRST.

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45th Street and 6th Avenue
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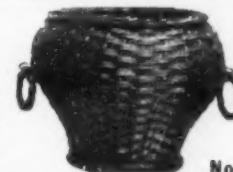


No. 1

"BOMBAYREED" JARDINIERES

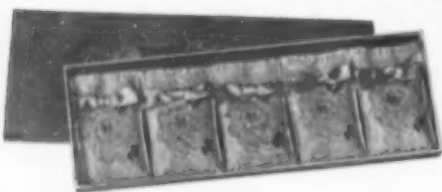
Woven by hand from the celebrated East India reeds. Water or weather does not affect them. Beautiful and artistic indoors and serviceable and attractive outdoors. Practically indestructible. ALL SIZES; ALL COLORS. Size to cover Standard 4 inch pot, style 7, or 5 inch pot, style 1; 35c each; 3 for \$1.00 postpaid. Send for illustrated price list D of all sizes and styles.

BOMBAYREED MFG. CO., Sole Makers, ATLANTA, GA.



No. 7

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A 3-inch Sweet Grass Basket, filled with rose buds, forming a natural sachet. Packed with gift card. 85 cts.



Our book of "Thoughtful Little Gifts" contains among other things a hand-hammered copper Flower Holder at \$2.00. Wall Sconces at \$1.00 each, Lamp Screen made of mahogany at \$4.00, and Wal-rath Pottery Candle Stick at \$6.00.

We shall be pleased to send our book on request.

POHLSON GIFT SHOP

Dept. HG.

Pawtucket, Rhode Island

TINDALE Music Cabinet

There has never been a Cabinet like this for saving the time and bother of searching for misplaced music. Every selection at your fingers' ends. Sheet music, plater-rolls and disc records. Prices from \$17.00 upward.

Write for Illustrated Catalog No. 6

Tindale Cabinet Company
1 West 34th St.
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BOOKLET FREE

"BATH ROOMS OF CHARACTER"

THE TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY
The Largest Manufacturers of Sanitary Pottery in the U. S. A.
TRENTON N. J.



Gift Book Free

KAIN'S Beautiful Gifts Can Not Be Bought in any Store

I design and make gifts that are delightfully distinctive. This tray (12x18 inches), with hand embossing on solid plate of copper or silver (glass protected) and with solid mahogany frame, is only one of many.

Let me send you my Illustrated Book of Gifts—unique hand-made gifts, not likely to be duplicated. It's free.

Money back instantly if you're not perfectly satisfied with any article you buy from me.

Charles N. Kain

308 Arrott Bldg.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

bedroom, such as little boudoir lamps, screens and toilet accessories. The usual color scheme of a bedroom is light in tone, and anything chosen to go in it should carry out this idea. But, as should be the case for any room in the house, in considering any of the above lists, with the intention of choosing therefrom, the particular room in mind must be first considered from the standpoint of good taste in interior decoration, and care must be taken to select something in keeping with the general style of the room, its wall decoration and the furnishings already there. In the list given an effort has been made to choose articles built on delicate lines and in delicate colors, and with an eye to what is essentially new this year; or, if not new things, at least a new rendering of some well-known and necessary articles.

Bedroom suite—ivory enamel, decorated with small garlands of pink and blue roses. Five pieces, dressing table, bed, bench (for same), chair and rocker.

Colonial four-poster bed, in mahogany, with fluted posts and legs. \$34.50.

Dressing table and chairs to match.



Bed spreads may now be had in colors to match the hangings of the room

Wing chair, of chintz, suitable with Colonial furniture.

Couch of chintz.

Toilet set, of porcelain, in delicate tone, painted in butterflies and wild roses. This contained nine pieces for the dressing-table.

Boudoir lamp, of Japanese porcelain. Shade of embroidered Oriental silk. \$25.00.

Bedroom screen—fourfold Japanese cotton and linen, with silk panels, painted in cherry-blossoms. These come in three delicate colors—ecru, green and blue. \$12.50.

Japanese cabinets in red and black laquer, with designs of birds and flowers. .75 to \$3.00.

Bedroom tray in old pewter, including pitcher, candlestick, glass and match-box.

Boudoir lamp of Danish porcelain, with flower design and a silk shade.

Your house may not contain a sun-parlor, but it possibly has some room to which the family all repair for comfortable lounging; a room, or possibly a porch, that suggests comfort and ease, and which



Either of these beautiful Fulper Pottery Bowls safely delivered anywhere in the United States for **\$3.00**

Beautifully artistic—permitting a decidedly more elaborate decorative display of flowers than any other means of arrangement. Send for one to-day—if you're not satisfied we'll refund your money.

"How to use Fulper Pottery Bowls for Oriental Flower arrangement" sent free.

FULPER POTTERY COMPANY

Founded 1895

3 Fulper Place, Flemington, N. J.



Decorate Your Home

with Beautiful Mounted Specimens—Animals, Birds, Heads, etc. Buffalo Hide for Auto Robe or Den. Write me your wants

WILLIAM BIVINS, Box 222, Eminence, N. Y.

Let Us Help You Our experienced landscape gardeners make a planting plan of your place, selecting trees, shrubs, etc., suitable to soil and situation.

Our nurseries (more than 600 acres) offer the finest selection in America for lawn and garden planting

Write for Catalog D

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Old Lights Put to Modern Use

(Continued from page 377)

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(Continued on page 400)

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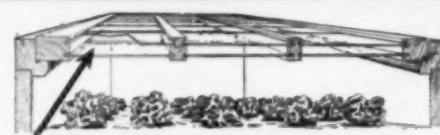
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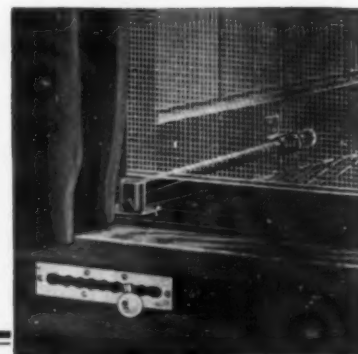
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"Bully shot!" cries Master Dick.

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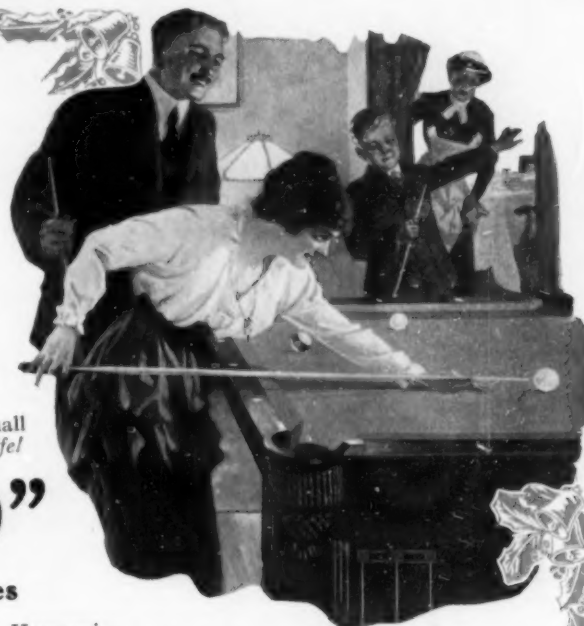


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Old Lights Put to Modern Use

(Continued from page 377)

makes an excellent transition to the picture beyond. Against a dark background, a seven-branched Roman candlestick is invariably a striking silhouette. A window ledge also can carry such a candlestick effectively. The Roman lamp with its small font and long shaft and three or four wicks can be put to use as an informal table light in the dining-room. Any chemist can concoct for use a rose-scented oil, and the lamp gives sufficient light and proves both practical and unusual. I wonder that more people do not put such lights to use. They are the omnipresent souvenir of the first trip abroad. For more gala occasions, use low silver Sheraton candlesticks. Battered though they be, at least there is nothing of the *art nouveau* about them. To use as lighter when cigarettes are passed after dinner, a little low Roman brass lamp plays well the part. This is not an anachronism, for had Cæsar smoked, he, too, would have used it.

Above the dining-room table can be suspended the *pièce de résistance*—a large, old church lamp, such as one finds, for example, in Seville, with beautifully carved chains and a gorgeous red tassels. Between each brace of the bowl is a tiny hole, through which can be threaded wires for small electric bulbs. The frosted variety of bulb is preferable. The fat, shining sides of the lamp reflect a brilliant warmth. If one prefers, the bowl can be filled with electric bulbs, and the effect of overhead inverted lighting, so popular at present, is given.

There are countless candlesticks, all interesting and more or less beautiful and useful. In the dolomites can be found a wrought-iron holder, crude, with a flat-iron base and finger piece. The prettily turned standard at the top is sharpened into a hook to drive in the wooden walls of the chalet whence it came.

Candlesticks lend themselves readily to grouping. For example: with a pair of Japanese bronzes, bearing thick, richly red candles, put another piece of Oriental bronze—an incense burner by preference—and behind it hangs a bit of Japanese or Chinese embroidery—a square of wonderful blue-green from a mandarin's coat. Here one immediately creates a unique arrangement.

It often requires an ingenious, as well as patient, electrician to convert old lights into shape for modern use, but it can be done. More than ever are candles being used to-day, and more than ever do they fit in with the scheme of old lighting fixtures, such as queer old brackets placed above a mantel, lending an air of distinction and refinement. But one rule obtains throughout the house—do not mix gilt and copper or silver and brass. The room that calls for one forbids the other. By careful discrimination alone can we most successfully put our old lights to modern use.



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prevent floor-scars and digs which always result from the use of iron, wood and fibre casters. Feltoids are made of a specially prepared material—strong—resilient—noiseless. They are absolutely unlike any other casters.

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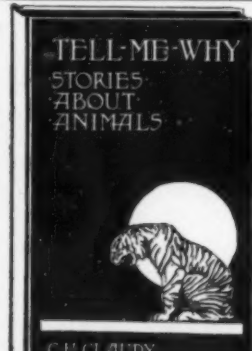
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402

Jimsy, the Christmas Kid

(Continued from page 350)

other link to his biscuit-riven chain.

"Abner," said Aunt Judith, nervously, at breakfast, "you—you don't think this once—we—could have—a—a Christmas tree for Jimsy."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Sawyer, and started violently at an outraged yell from somewhere near the wood-pile.

"It—it must be Jimsy," said Aunt Judith, hurriedly. "He—he was up so early I gave him his breakfast. He's shoveling the snow from the walks—"

"G'wan," came a muffled roar. "Say that again and I'll bust yer face good." Sounds of battle and villifying repartee speedily upset the Sawyer breakfast. Abner Sawyer pushed back his chair and strode hastily to the kitchen window. He saw concentric circles of fists and snow and a yapping dog. He could not know that the defensive section of the maelstrom was Specks, the Christmas urchin next door—or that Jimsy and Specks settled every controversy under heaven in a fashion of their own.

The first citizen flung up the window. "James!" he said, in a terrible voice.

The concentric circles wavered—then whirled dizzily on.

"Jimsy!"

Jimsy upset his freckled antagonist in the snow, and wheeled.

"Mister Sawyer!" he yelled, indignantly; "he went an' said ye was an ol' crab an' a miser an' a skinflint an' an'—a stiff, an' I blacked his eye fur him, an' tol' him he lied. An' he went an' said ye didn't have no heart or ye wouldn't let Aunt Judith carry in the wood an' do all the work, an' never git no new clothes—"

"Yi! Yi! Yi! Yi!" derided Specks. "Boney Middleton tol' me—Boney Middleton tol' me. You won't have no tree or nuthin'!"

"Didn't I tell ye 'bout the biscuit?" demanded Jimsy, fiercely, "an' Stump sleepin' in the work-shop, didn't I? Hain't that enuff? Hain't he good to boys an' dogs?—I—I don't want no Christmas tree, ye big stiff; I'm goin' to have turkey—"

But Abner Sawyer had closed the window with a bang.

IV

And the day before Christmas the Village Conscience telephoned the Lindon Bank.

"I felt that I must call you up, Mr. Sawyer," she said firmly, "and tell you that the boy you have with you over Christmas is going around from door to door, ringing the bell and—*begging!*"

"Begging!"

"Perhaps I shouldn't call it *just* that—but—well—saying 'Merry Christmas!' rather hopefully."

Feeling rather sick, Abner Sawyer formally thanked his informer, and rang off.

And, glancing out of his office window, he saw with a shock that, instead of Austin White, Jimsy and Peggy, the old mare, were waiting beneath a snow-ridged elm, to take him home in the sleigh. Jimsy caught his eye, smiled warmly and waved, and because Abner Sawyer did not know what else to do, he stiffly returned the salute, and reached for his hat, irritably conscious that sufficient sleep and food had already left their marks upon his guest. Jimsy's cheeks above the old-fashioned tippet Aunt Judith had wound about his throat were smooth and ruddy.

"Aunt Judith didn't want me to come," explained Jimsy, "but I tol' her how Gink Gunnigan often let me drive his truck, an' I coaxed so hard she had to. . . . Unc—Mister Sawyer, it—it's nearly Chris'mus Eve!"

Abner Sawyer climbed in without a word. Peggy flew off with a jingle of bells through the village, through the woods, through a Christmas Eve twilight, dotted now with homely squares of light shining jewel-wise among the snowy trees.

"Jimsy!"

"Yes, sir?"

"A lady telephoned that you'd been—*begging*—from door to door."

Jimsy hung his head forlornly. "I—I only rung some door-bells an' said 'Merry Chris-mus.'"

"You expected—and received—money?"

"Ye-e-e-es, sir."

"Why?"

Silence.

"Jimsy, I insist upon an explanation."

Jimsy gulped. And, facing Abner Sawyer, his eyes blazed with heart-breaking disappointment through tear-wet lashes.

"Uncle Ab," he choked, pitifully; "it—it was a Chris'mus s'prise fur you an' Aunt Judith." A great tear rolled slowly down upon the tippet. "I—I seen a book on fancy carpenterin', an' I—I didn't have no money, an' a thimble—it ain't silver, but it's most as good." And then Jimsy lost his moorings, with a sob, and cried his heart out upon the sleeve of Abner Sawyer. "I—I got the—book buttoned under my coat," he blurted after awhile; an', Uncle Ab, I'm awful sorry 'bout the door-bells. All the fellas do it home—"

Abner Sawyer would have been less than human if the boy's tragedy had not touched him.

"Why," he asked, huskily; "why did you wish to give me a Christmas present?"

"Because," cried Jimsy, passionately; "yer so awful good to me an' Stump, an' so's Aunt Judith. An' I thought mebbe ye'd never had nobuddy ever give ye a present an' mean it like I did, or—"

"Or what, Jimsy?"

"Ye'd feel diff'runt 'bout Chris'mus."

The first citizen took the reins and drove home in silence, conscious only that the world was awry and he hated the Village Conscience. Nor was he quite himself, even after supper was done, and Jimsy, a

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little tearful, still in his disappointment, safe in bed.

"Abner!" said Aunt Judith, from her chair by the fire.

"Yes?" said Mr. Sawyer, coldly. He wished Judith would not talk. She rarely did. He was tired and upset, and probing desperately within for some remnant of the cold complacency of a week ago.

"The minister was here to-day. He—he told how Mrs. Dorgan took Jimsy in from the street. He—hasn't—a real—home. The minister would like to—to find one for him."

Jimsy again! He must fling away his chain now or feel it clank.

"That," said Abner Sawyer, resentfully, "is of no interest to me."

There was pitiful, hard-wrung bravery in Aunt Judith's face. Only a passionate surge of feeling could have swept away the silence and repression of the years. Only a woman's emotion, wild and maternal, for all its starving—inevitable as the law of God—could have leaped a barrier so fixed and unrelenting.

"Abner," she said, desperately; "I—I want to keep Jimsy—I—I can't bear to see him go—"

"Judith!"

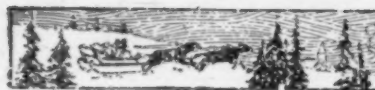
Aunt Judith read in his face an inexorable death sentence of her hope, and rose, trembling.

"You are a hard, cold man!" she said, very white, "and the house is so lonely I hate it! . . . I hate it!" quivered Aunt Judith, with a long, shuddering sob; "there's no one to love in it—no one! And everything Specks said to Jimsy was true!"

And then, crying and shaking, she was gone, and Abner Sawyer went, with stumbling feet, to the privacy of his workshop, his face death-white. The pompous illusions of his little world were tumbling to ruins about him.

He had said with frequent unctious that he was a "hard" man, interpreting that phrase liberally in terms of thrift, economy and substantial common sense, and his world, through the mouth of an urchin, had flung back to him the galling words—Miser and Skinflint! . . . They had fawned to his face and flouted his back, gossiping of servants and made-over gowns and kindlings. . . . Up and down the quiet work-shop walked Abner Sawyer, clinging in an agony of humiliation to the loyalty of an urchin. . . . It was all he had, he told himself, fiercely—all he had. Jimsy alone saw him as he was, and liked him. . . . No heart! . . . No Christmas tree! . . . No one in the house to love! . . . He must prove, then, to Specks—to Jimsy—to Judith—to the Middletons—to all London—

Turning, with anger in his heart, he saw a book upon his bench. And, picking it up, Abner Sawyer faced the pitiful fiasco of Jimsy's Christmas gift. With a great lump in his throat and his eyes wet, he stared at the book of carpentering. "To



The Christmas House & Garden

1914



Uncle Ab," it said upon the fly-leaf; "From Jimsy: Christmas Greetings."

The door clicked as it had clicked the night before, and the night before.

"Unc—Mister Sawyer," said Jimsy, sleepily. "I mos' forgot to come, I was so awful tired an' sleepy. . . . Ain't—Ain't—ain't sick, are ye, Uncle Ab? Yer face is awful queer."

"I—I don't know," said the first citizen, hoarsely—"I—I think I am. Go to bed, Jimsy, and—thank—you—for the book, my boy."

Jimsy went back to bed. He did not know—nor did Aunt Judith or Abner Sawyer—that presently he was the sole keeper of the house save Stump, snoring in the kitchen. For Abner Sawyer was furtively driving Peggy into a village that knew him only by repute, and Aunt Judith, having slipped away in white defiance to Cousin Lemuel's, down the road, was driving into Lindon with the surreptitious savings of many years in the old-fashioned pocket of her gown.

V

The clock struck six. It was Christmas morning! Jimsy awoke, with the thought of turkey uppermost in his mind, to find Aunt Judith by his bed, a wonderful look of Christmas, he thought, in her gentle face.

"Dress quickly, Jimsy," she whispered, "and don't make a sound—not a sound! I'll wait outside by the door. It—it's a Christmas secret that nobody but you and I must know."

Jimsy tumbled into his clothes, and opened the door. "W-w-w-w-hat is it, Aunt Judith?" he whispered.

But for answer, Aunt Judith only hurried him in a flutter to the sewing room, safe this many a year from the measured tread of first-citizen feet, and closed the door.

"Oh, Aunt Judith!" gulped the boy. Aunt Judith!"

A Christmas tree winked and rain-bowed glory in a window by the eaves, everything beneath its tinsel branches that the heart of a boy could wish. The radiance in Jimsy's eyes brought Aunt Judith to her knees beside him; her sweet, tired eyes wet with tears of pleasure.

"You like it, Jimsy?" she whispered. "You're sure you like it, dear"

Jimsy buried his face in Aunt Judith's shoulder, with a strangled sob of excitement and delight. "Aunt Judith," he blurted; "I—I can't mos' tell ye what I think!"

Aunt Judith's arms clung tightly to him.

"Cousin Lemuel helped me," she whispered. "The house was dark, and Mr. Sawyer in bed. There wasn't even a light in the work-shop. We tip-toed up and down the back-stairs. You mustn't breathe a word of it, Jimsy. Not a word! It's for you and me."

Jimsy sighed. "Wisht," he said; "wisht Uncle Ab believed in Christmas."

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Aunt Judith kissed him. "Bless your heart, Jimsy," she said, bravely; "so do I."

But even bewildering hours with gifts and trees must come to an end, and presently Aunt Judith and Jimsy went down hand in hand to attend to the fire and breakfast. . . . And the opening of the sitting room door froze Aunt Judith Sawyer to the threshold, her face whitely unbelieving. Something was wrong with the primness of the sitting room—something in evergreen and tinsel and a hundred candles that showered Christmas from its boughs—something was wrong with Abner Sawyer—up and waiting by the window, his face twisted into a faint and sickly smile of apology.

For, now that he was in the very heart of his "proving," he did not know what on earth to do. Dignity? . . . It was hopelessly out of the question. With a monument to his midnight guilt blazing there in the corner—with Christmas wreaths hung in the windows to confound the Middletons—he must face the music. And, feeling very foolish, he cleared his throat and essayed to speak, paralyzed into silence again by the unexpected evolution of a hoarse croak, so horribly unfirst-citizen that it frightened him. Jimsy broke the staring silence.

"Uncle Ab," he quivered; "ye never—ye never went an' done all that fur me!"

"I—I don't know," said Abner Sawyer, swallowing very hard; "I—I think I did."

Jimsy embarked upon a hand-spring of celebration. "Two trees!" he shouted, caution quite forgotten, in his wild excitement; "two suits of clothes—two everything! Oh, my Gosh, Specks ain't in it! I'm the Christmas Kid!" and then, in a panic, he was on his feet again, his face hot and red. "Aunt Judith!" he exclaimed, almost crying, "I'm awful sorry—"

Aunt Judith's tremulous laugh seemed tears and silver. "Abner," she said, bravely; "one of—of Jimsy's Christmas trees is in the sewing room. I—I'd like you to see it."

VI

Like a rainbow blur, fled the Sawyer Christmas, punctuated with the yells and bangs of boyhood. Specks reviewed the Christmas tree in the sitting room and departed, upset. It was bigger than his own. So was the Sawyer turkey, which Jimsy reviewed in person, with a reverential glisten in his eye. From dawn to bed, it was a triumph.

"Jimsy," said the first citizen, at dusk, "has it—has it been what you'd call a— a walloper-thump?"

"Thump-walloper," corrected Jimsy.

"Thump-walloper of a day?"

Jimsy's reply was ecstatic.

"I mos' always forget," he added, ruefully; "Aunt Judith said I mustn't call ye Uncle Ab. Which d'ye like best, Uncle Ab? Mister Sawyer or Uncle Ab?"

"I—I think," said the first citizen, with a gulp, "that I prefer Uncle Ab."

"So do I," said Jimsy.

With a wind-beaten flutter of wings, Jimsy's Christmas fled at midnight. Dawn grayed bleakly over the Sawyer home, and there came an hour when Peggy waited to carry Jimsy to the station. Nervous and irritable—why, he did not know, save that time was crowding, and he must deliver Jimsy to the minister in time for the 8:32, Abner Sawyer strode resolutely to the kitchen door. But he did not summon Jimsy. Instead, he turned a little white.

It was a common enough sight—a woman clinging to a child and crying—but Abner Sawyer was conscious of a swelling mutiny in his throat and a blur to his vision.

"Do-o-o-n't cry, Aunt Judith!" gulped Jimsy, courageously; "I'll be as good as I know how. An' you'll be awful good to Stump, won't ye, Aunt Judith? He's lame an'—an' he's had a fierce life."

"Yes—yes—"

"An' tell Uncle Austin White I sent him good-bye."

"Yes, Jimsy."

"An'—an' write me every week 'bout ol' Peggy an' Uncle Ab an'—an'—you, Aunt Judith. Don't forget—"

"Everything, dear!"

"Go-o-o-o-od-bye, Aunt Judith!"

"Oh, Jimsy! Jimsy!"

Abner Sawyer fled to his wagon with his hands upon his ears. When Jimsy came at last, looking very red and swollen, he was staring straight ahead.

Peggy finished at the station almost neck and neck with the train. The minister spoke to Mr. Sawyer and rushed Jimsy up the steps. A bell clanged. There was much noise and puffing, and the train was under way. Jimsy, wildly remembering his good-bye to Uncle Ab, flung up the window and waved a frantic hand.

A shaking hand touched the baggage-master.

"Stop the train!" said Abner Sawyer, harshly. He was deadly white. "It—it is important. I will pay, if necessary!"

It was unprecedented, but the baggage-master leaped to the bottom step of the nearest car and spoke to a brakeman. There was a hissing sound, and a jerk. When the train rumbled to a stop again Abner Sawyer was striding up the aisle. With the intelligent eyes of the young minister full upon him, he snatched Jimsy roughly from the seat, carried him down the aisle—down the steps—and over the platform to Peggy.

"W-hat is it, Uncle Ab?" faltered the boy; "did I—did I forget something?"

Abner Sawyer felt the boy's warm, young cheek against his face, and a great lump welled up in his throat. Something hot stung his eyes. The clasp of his arms tightened.

"Jimsy," he said, huskily, "you said I ought to give Aunt Judith a Christmas present, and I'm going to give her—you!"

S O S

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