

GRACEFUL FROCKS BEAR THE BRUNT OF SERVICE



Some women manage to look attractive, no matter what their occupation, or what the hour of the day. One might think that the more women devote themselves to business the less interest they would develop in attractive clothes—but facts disclose quite the contrary to this state of things. As they become more active in affairs and as their earnings increase, they buy better and better apparel. And it is not good materials alone that attract them, but good designing and good workmanship. Possibly there will be little room or call for the freakish in our American clothes within the next few years. Already American tailoring is considered superior and has made a demand for itself in other countries than our own.

For business, for school or street wear consider the two tailored frocks shown above. They are simple, well finished, enviably graceful and are made of the same reliable materials that are used for suits. Many a suit, in these days of high cost of woolsens, finds itself converted into a one-piece dress to go on its way with its rejoic-

ing wearer. One might salvage from the tailored suit of two years ago enough material for the plain dress at the left. It is plain and has a waistline, very loosely adjusted, of its own, although a narrow girdle of the material makes a pretense of holding it in place. Its special pride and glory is to be found in the embroidered Van Dyke points above the hem. The wise designer did not elaborate it any further except to allow the waist a double row of small, covered buttons at the front. This dress is a trifle shorter than the average—a privilege allowed to younger girls.

The suit at the right is made on the same lines, but is very cleverly managed for a slender figure. The group of horizontal tucks about the bust and hips help to make a too thin wearer just beautifully slender. The bodice fastens on the shoulder and under arm and a long, narrow sash is prettily finished and weighted with beads. Bone buttons call attention to the lines of the skirt which slant in toward the hem.

NOVELTIES IN HOSIERY



Probably Santa Claus' pack contained a greater number of pairs of silk hose this year than ever, and fewer cotton and woolen pairs. But the shopper who went forth cheerfully to buy the usual number of silk stockings, either had to increase her allowance of money or cut the number of pairs by almost half. It is not likely that the increased price had much to do with sales, for price appears to be a secondary consideration with an increasing number of people and many novelties in silk hose indicate that there is a demand for them.

Conservative women in spite of the beauty of many of the novelty hose, stand staunchly by the plain black silk hose of good quality and consider it the last word in elegance, but the holidays brought out very tempting variations in hosiery. In silk there were pairs with fine lace or silk net set in at the front, the net embroidered with disks, and bows in gold or silver tinsel. Beads contributed to the brilliance of others, including beads of black jet put on in butterfly and sun-burst designs. Little round gold beads, made small, scattered rings on plain stockings and rhinestones instead of jet or gold formed rings around centers of jet on startlingly brilliant pairs. Small white flowers embroidered in silk on plain black stockings found a greater number of admirers than any others except those that were all black.

In the light-colored hose silk embroidery in self color appears the fa-

vorite embellishment. On a light pink pair a heart is outlined in embroidered silk above the instep, and is set in the midst of many small dots embroidered about it. Fine feather stitching is used for this outlining. Stitchery made an effective decoration in drawn work on some pairs and suggested that stockings having "runs" might be put into commission for wearing by converting the run into a wide hem-stitching.

Drop-stitch hose in all colors and in white and black proves to be a great favorite. It is becoming to the feet and is shown in great quantities. Besides these luxurious stockings there are many warm woolen hose for sports wear. A favorite for holiday giving appeared knitted without a heel and having a thin leather half-sole at the toe, which was finished with a big yarn pompon. Just what particular sport they are made for is not evident, but for protecting the shoes when their wearer drives a car, they will prove perfect.

Good soft cotton or woolen hose remain a sensible choice for daily wear in winter time. They will help to keep down the high cost of living, which the increasing demand for expensive silk hose indicates is of the cost of high living.

Julia Bottomley

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

AMBITIONS.

"Do you know what ambition means?" asked Daddy.

"I think it means to want to get on," said Nick. "Isn't there a word called ambitious? And when a person is spoken of who is ambitious it means that person wants to get on and improve and all."

"Right," said Daddy. "That's fine. That saves me all the trouble of explaining, too."

"And saves me all the trouble of trying to pretend I know when I don't," laughed Nancy.

"Of course you didn't give yourself away then, did you?" laughed Nick. "But no matter. What about ambition, Daddy?"

"I've a story to tell you this evening of an adventure Billie Brownie had with a little boy who was ambitious. Or rather he thought he was ambitious. And then another time I want to tell you a story of a little girl who thought she was ambitious and had fine ideas, and of what Billie Brownie said to her."

"He had a lot of explaining to do, I can tell you. Neither the boy nor the girl really knew what ambitions meant. Not really. And of course ambitions mean more than one ambition and Nick has beautifully explained what that means. I'll tell about the girl another evening."

"Oh," sighed Nancy.

"But that's fair enough," she added, "to take turns."

"It was nearing the New Year," Daddy said, "and Billie Brownie was going around calling one evening. He had decided that he would call on the evenings before New Year's rather than wait for New Year's Day. Besides he had another reason for not wanting to call on New Year's Day. And that was a most excellent reason. He was going to give a party."

"He hardly wanted to be out calling the day of his own party, you see!"

"So he was calling on this evening before New Year's and he said he didn't mind in the least if the people



"I Have Great Ambitions."

he called upon were asleep or not. He could have just as nice a call if the Dreamland King would help him.

"And the Dreamland King promised to help him. So he called on the little boy first of whom I am going to tell you."

"How are you this fine evening?" Billie Brownie asked the little boy, whose name, by the way, was Jasper.

"I am thinking of what I am going to do when I am big," said Jasper. "I have great ambitions."

"Gracious," said Billie Brownie, "that does sound noble."

"Would you like to hear them?" asked Jasper.

"Enormously," said Billie Brownie.

"Well," said Jasper, "when I grow up I want to be very famous. I want to be praised more than anything. Oh, Billie Brownie, I want to write great stories and books and have everyone say that I'm greater than Shakespeare. I want to write great plays and have audiences rise to their feet and cheer and cheer. I want to play in concerts and have signs go up which say that all the seats are sold and that there is only standing room."

"I want to be so popular that I'll never have to pay for anything, but others will always be honored to treat me. I want some day to make a great speech and have the policemen called out to keep back the crowds who would hear me. I would like to be a great singer and have crowds stand in the rain waiting in line to get tickets. And I'd like to be a tight-rope walker in a circus and have people admire me."

"I'd like to have long hair and have folks think me clever without having to say a word. I'd like to own a big automobile and I'd like to act in a show where all I'd have to do would be to smile and folks would think me grand."

"Well, well," said Billie Brownie. "Anything else?"

"Yes," said Jasper. "I'd like to make a great deal of money and have a fine job and not have to work at all."

"In fact," said Billie Brownie, "you'd like to be famous and rich and admired without doing a thing yourself! Well, well, Jasper, your ideas are all mixed up. You're just greedy, I fear. And if I were you, I'd think awhile and make a New Year's resolution that I'd be good and kind and work hard and make myself worth while rather than rich. And when you've tried what fun it is to work hard and play hard and be kind, you'll find how happy you are. And happiness is greater than fame. Billie Brownie knows!"

Telling the Story of His Life



Is There a Santa Claus?

Classic Answer of a New York Journalist Affirming a Little Girl's Belief

ONE of the finest things ever written about Christmas was the editorial printed 20 years ago by the New York Sun in answer to the earnest appeal of a little New York girl to be told whether Santa Claus really exists. Its author, Frank P. Church, was an accomplished journalist and wrote much on many subjects, but his fame will rest chiefly on this beautiful setting forth of an eternal truth. With Dr. Clement Clarke Moore's "A Visit From St. Nicholas," it is one of the great classics of the Christmas season.

The answer to the eternal question as printed in the Sun follows:

"We take pleasure in answering at once, and thus prominently, the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of the Sun:

"Dear Editor—I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says: If you see it in the Sun it's so. Please tell me the truth: is there a Santa Claus?"

"VIRGINIA O'HANLON,
"115 West Ninety-first Street."

"Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole truth and knowledge.

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! How dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

"Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men

A Greeting

Take a Christmas greeting

Simple, sweet and true

May your joys be many

And your griefs be few.

to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? No body sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not; but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders that are unseen and unseeable in the world.

"You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernatural beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

"No Santa Claus! Thank God, he lives and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay 10 times 10,000 years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."

Christ Is Born

by Louise F. Elmendorf

The world, late racked with pain through bloody years, Has climbed its weary long-pathea Calvary, Where millions died, as Christ, that they might free Others from wrong and black oppression's tears. Once more now through the world comes to our ears The song of all the ages, "Christ is born."

Mute tongued to notes of joy have been the bells, And only childhood and old age dared try To sing, so near the threatening battle sky, The song that told, though dulled by shrieking shells Whose bursting turned a thousand homes to hells, The wonder of the ages, "Christ is born."

Our faith in God has brought to us the goal; War-weary lands have peace on earth again; And in the scarred and fire-purged hearts of men, Made sweet and strong by suffering of the soul, Through travail of a world once more made whole, A new in human hearts the Christ is born.

Dear God, the Christmas songs are fraught with prayer That Thou wilt be with those whose tears still pay That we may have the glory of this day; That men may live their thanks; that lives may bear Eternal witness for Thee, everywhere Proclaiming that in us the Christ is born.

Changed His Mind. Doris—I thought you and George were going skating? Marjorie—So we were, but when he saw I had my hat trimmed with mistletoe he asked me to go for a walk.