

THE DAY OF THE PARTY

THE room was quite dark. There is never much light at 7 o'clock on a December morning, and the thick curtains shut out any faint streaks of dawn that might have been outside. But neither light nor darkness mattered to one of the occupants of the room. He sat up in bed; for one moment he rubbed his fingers in his sleepy eyes to make sure he was quite awake, and then he proceeded to arouse the other person in the room, who was still peacefully sleeping.

"Mother, mother, wake up! It's my birthday, and the day of my party."

"Philip," she said, "it is not time to get up yet. Go back to your own bed like a good little boy and go to sleep again. The party is not till 4 o'clock, and there is plenty of time."

The party, which was partly for Philip's birthday and partly for Christmas, was to be very small and of the simplest description, for Mrs. Dalrymple was a widow and very poor. Indeed, simple as the entertainment was to be—only tea and a tiny Christmas tree—it is doubtful if she would have consented to giving it had not Martha joined her entreaties to Philip's and promised to help with all the preparations. Martha thought there was no woman in London to compare with her mistress, and no child in the entire universe worthy to be spoken of in the same breath as Philip, for whom indeed she had an adoration bordering on idolatry.

Martha entirely managed the little house in Stoketon Road. She had lived with her mistress as maid in the days before her marriage when she had known all the luxury that money can provide. She had accompanied her, when, in direct opposition to the plans and wishes of her worldly wise mother, she had left home secretly to marry the poor artist whom she loved, preferring poverty with him to riches with the savior favored by her mother—a rich man with nothing but his wealth to recommend him. It was Martha, too, who comforted the girl when her mother refused to have anything more to do with her, sending back her letters unopened and turning a deaf ear to her entreaties for forgiveness.

Perhaps if Violet Mitchell had realized how absolute was the poverty in which her marriage would plunge her she might have paused. But she never believed that her mother would really carry out the threat of considering her daughter dead on the day she changed her name; and, too, she had unlimited faith in her husband's talents winning him a name and fortune. But she was mistaken in her expectations. Her mother carried out her threat to the letter. Her husband might perhaps have justified her faith in him had not death intervened. He caught a fever and died two years after their marriage. The widow with her tiny baby and the faithful Martha left the little Italian town where they had been living, and came to London. A little house in a dreary suburban road was taken, and here Violet Dalrymple eked out her minute income by giving music lessons. She had given up all hope of her mother's forgiveness.

Philip lay contentedly by his mother's side and counted on his fingers the delightful things he had seen being prepared.

"Cakes; chocky; fags; crackers!" he murmured delightedly. Then he stopped suddenly, and a puzzled look replaced the smile on his face.

"Mother," he said, "why can't I have a granny to come to my party?"

Mrs. Dalrymple hesitated. How could she tell this baby of the years of stubborn unforgiveness and hardness of heart that had denied him a granny; how explain to him the reason for his granny, though living, being as dead to him?

What a morning of delight Philip had on that day of the party. He helped Martha to set the table for tea in the little dining room, for on this marvelous day mother and Philisey must dine in the kitchen. And in the drawing room was the Christmas tree, wonderful even now before the candles were lighted. He helped mother to stick the little labels on each present. He filled the little muslin bags with sweets, taking frequent toll while so doing; he arranged the crackers in fantastic designs of his own. But occasionally in the midst of these delightful preparations the thought came to him: "How nice it would be if I could have a granny at my party to see all these beauties." Then the idea began to slowly possess him that perhaps mother had made a little mistake, or had forgotten, and that Father Christmas did sometimes bring grannies. That one had not arrived on Christmas Day, the proper day, mattered little. Since he had once been too busy to bring Philisey himself till the day after, might not the same thing happen again?

"Mother," he said in a hushed voice. "Do you think Father Christmas meant to bring me a granny for Christmas, like he brought me to be your little Philisey, and he was very busy like then, and had to wait till the next day? Because if he brings the granny to-day there is no present for her on the tree."

Suddenly a resolution seized him. Mother would not mind, he thought, but perhaps it would be safer not to ask her. He would go out and buy a present for the granny in case she came. He hurried into the kitchen.

"Martha," he said coaxingly, "I do so wish Philisey could have a penny."

Martha was extremely busy, and it did not occur to her to wonder why a penny was so much desired at this particular moment.

"There's a penny on the dresser you may take, Master Philisey, dear," she said; "now run away, lovey, I'm very busy."

Philip knew exactly where to go for the granny's present. He had often admired a gaily painted bird swinging on a little hoop in a toy-shop window. Surely a granny would appreciate so lovely a thing. He put on his hat and coat, seized a moment when Martha was speaking to the milkman, and ran out. It was the first time he had ever been out alone, and the feeling of importance was very pleasing.

He had wandered into a more crowded neighborhood, and several people looked curiously at the little boy who, with a small parcel clasped tightly in his hand, ran on and on as if pursued. At last a woman, feeling sure he was lost and wanting to help him, tried to take hold of his hand. By this time, however, Philip was in a perfect frenzy of terror. He broke from her kindly hand and darted across the road to escape from her. The next moment he gave a piercing scream and lay motionless in the middle of the road, while a horrified crowd gathered round him. A carriage drawn by a pair of horses, and going at a great speed, had knocked him down. A young man, who was a doctor, elbowed his way to the front of the crowd. He fully expected that the child was seriously hurt if not killed, but when he picked him up Philip opened his eyes and said:

"Philisey was frightened and ran very quickly, and the horse knocked him down."

"I will take him home with me," said the old lady, "and on the way we will call at the police station and give information; his parents are sure to apply there as soon as they miss him. My horses were within an inch of killing him, and I can do no less than take charge of him now."

"Are you the granny?" he asked suddenly. And when the old lady asked what he meant, he told her all about the party, and how much he wanted a granny, and how he had gone out to buy a present for her in case Father Christmas brought her that day. He explained, too, how Father Christmas had brought him once to be mother's little boy, and how he had no daddy. He showed her the bird he had bought for the granny.

"Are you the granny to any little boy?" he asked finally, and he could not understand why tears ran down the old lady's cheeks, and what she answered, for she spoke in a low whisper, just as if she were talking to herself, and he could only hear a word here and there. "My folly and wickedness," "years of loneliness," "impossible to find them now," and other unmeaning phrases. But he felt sure the old lady was unhappy, for when mother was unhappy she often had tears on her cheeks, so he tried the same remedy that always cured her.

"This is writing mother put in my pocket for if I got lost," he said, confidentially, and held out a card on which was written "Philip Stewart Dalrymple, 8 Stoketon Road, Clapham."

When the old lady read this, she said, "Thank God!" and she kissed Philip again and again, and told him that she was his very own granny. She gave no explanations, nor did Philip demand them, for never had he imagined that a granny could be so beautiful.

The old lady told the coachman to drive as quickly as possible to Stoketon Road, and just as Mrs. Dalrymple and Martha had become aware of the terrible fact that Philip was nowhere to be found, the carriage drew up outside the shabby little house. The footman gave a thundering knock, and in another instant Philip was in his mother's arms.

"Mother, mother, I went to buy the present for the granny to put on the tree and the horse knocked me down, and Father Christmas has sent a granny in time for the party."

And behind him was a stately figure, whose proud face was quivering with emotion, whose somewhat stern voice was trembling as it said:

"Violet, my child, I have found you at last. Can you forgive me?"

Things were almost too wonderful to be true, Philip thought, but it really was true. He was washed and dressed in time for the party, and such a party never had been known in that street before. Mrs. Mitchell sent the carriage back to her house with a note to the housekeeper, and jellies, and toys of every description.

And when the presents were taken off the tree and distributed, who so proud as Philip? for his very own

beautiful granny drew him to her and kissed him and said:

"I shall always love the bird, Philisey, darling, because if you had not gone out to buy it, I might never have found my little grandson."

But Philip knew it was all through Father Christmas.—New York News.

HOW WOMEN STEP OFF CARS.

Few Understand the Art and Many Are Injured in Consequence.

All over the country the traction companies are being mulcted in heavy damages for personal injuries sustained by passengers who are thrown to the ground on alighting, before the cars have fully stopped. The verdicts are exemplary in many instances, especially if the plaintiffs are women. The jurors rarely seem to concern themselves over the question whether the injured passengers of the precious sex get off with their faces or their back-hair turned toward the front of the compass which claims the attention of the masculine creature at the wheel. It is the proud privilege of the better half of humanity to descend from a car of any sort in just the way she prefers, with eyes to the front or retroactive vision and footsteps, and our transportation companies must revise their rules in accordance with feminine caprices and fancies.

Otherwise juries will deal unkindly with the owners of the trolley lines, whether their power is overhead or underground. The matron or maid who is interfered with in her choice of gracefully alighting from a car platform backward or forward or in any other way evidently has a sufficient basis for litigation if she suffers injury and the car is put in motion before she has taken her way in untroubled security. So the juries seem to think. The harassed and unfortunate male nonentities on the front or rear platforms of the cars who are distraught already over the uncertainty whether lovely women will make her exit without harm have even worse troubles ahead than any which have hitherto afflicted them.

GILDING REFINED FOLD.

Jefferson and Florence Criticizing Their Own Performance.

One night, some years ago, as I entered Dorlon's oyster house on West Twenty-third street, writes E. H. Sothorn in Leslie's Monthly, I saw Joseph Jefferson and W. J. Florence sitting at a table near the door. Jefferson was talking earnestly to Florence, who was looking very much ashamed of himself, with eyes cast down and siddling with his oyster fork. Glancing up he saw me, and, as if glad to escape from a scolding, he cried, "Come over here and sit down with us."

"How do you do," said Jefferson. "Pardon me a moment. I am telling Billy about a point he spoiled this evening." They were playing "The Rivals" at the Garden Theater.

"Well, I was thinking of something else," said Florence.

"Ah, that's it," said Jefferson, "but you missed the point, and let me tell you that you would have got a round of applause there"—naming some other portion of the scene—"if you had made the pause in the right place."

"Look here," said Florence, suddenly, losing his remorseful expression, "you killed your own effect by speaking too quickly on that line," and he instanced one of Bob Acres' best moments. Jefferson's face fell. "That's so, Billy, that's so; I spoiled that line. I was thinking how well I was playing, too and I forgot my look before I spoke."

Florence became quite cheerful again. "He's been giving me fits," said he, "for the last ten minutes. He wasn't so devilish good himself to-night."

To see those two veterans polishing their work, to find them in their hour of recreation gilding refined gold was an object lesson of some value.

Sympathy Was Powerless.

To exercise a general supervisor over lost children and stray pets is characteristic of a kind-hearted resident of South Paris, Me., who is represented by the Lewiston Journal as ready to sympathize with every childish trouble. He was walking along the street recently, when he noticed a little boy on the sidewalk, evidently in the deepest trouble. His chubby fists burrowed into his fat little face. Great round drops of misery rolled down his cheeks and fell on his little blouse.

"Did ye get hurt, sonny?" asked the kind-hearted man.

"No!" howled the boy.

"Lost?"

"No," with a wilder burst of sorrow.

"Where do you live?"

The boy pointed.

"Waiting for your dad?"

"No. Boo-hoo!"

"Well, then, what is the trouble?"

The boy sobbed bitterly, and answered in tones of anguish:

"I've got the tummy-ache."

Larger Quantities.

Miss Gabbie—And she accused me of retailing gossip about the neighborhood.

Miss Sharpe—The idea!

Miss Gabbie—Positively insulting, isn't she?

Miss Sharpe—Yes, for you're really a wholesaler.—Philadelphia Press.

Convict Competition in Austria.

To rid themselves of the competition of the cheap products of prison labor Austrian manufacturers want their government to transport convicts beyond the sea.

It is said that the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, but this does not cut any ice.

One thing a physician gets with a good practice is criticism.

A CRAFTY SEAL.

Stole from Fisherman, but Was Caught Napping.

Andy Fitzgerald, a fisherman of this vicinity, says the Del Mar correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, had a unique experience and made some easy money while fishing off the banks about five miles from this place one day this week. He anchored at the banks and was fishing for sanddabs with a hand line, when he noticed a large seal hovering about the spot where his line lay. By and by he pulled up with a sanddab on his hook and began to haul in the line, but before he could land the fish the seal had grabbed it and eaten it. Two or three times the seal thus forestalled him, and then Fitzgerald put out a line on the other side of the boat, leaving the other line out for the entertainment of the seal. While the animal was watching that line Fitzgerald took in about a dozen fish with the other, and was congratulating himself upon outwitting the animal, when he heard a noise behind him, and, turning, beheld the seal in the boat in the act of devouring the fish he had so recently caught.

When the seal had finished his meal he crawled up the little deck over an apartment in the prow of the boat, and, stretching himself at full length in the sun, proceeded to take a nap. When he had become oblivious of his surroundings Fitzgerald crept forward with a rope in which he had prepared a slipping noose, and, sliding it over the seal until it was back of the flippers, he drew it taut, and then with a sudden lurch pulled the surprised prisoner to the open hatch and rolled him in and shut down the hatch.

Upon his return to this port he disposed of his prisoner to a Georgia visitor for \$25, to be taken to that Southern State and there placed in a little lake on the purchaser's estate.

IOWA BOY CLEVER FREACHER.

Eight-Year-Old Colored Child Surprises Ministers.

Lonnie Lawrence Dennis, a colored boy, aged 8 years, is creating much interest in Burlington church circles by his talks on biblical subjects. He has been holding evangelical services in the African Methodist Church. It is said he has never attended school a



LONGNIE LAWRENCE DENNIS.

day in his life, but has been educated by his mother.

Several Burlington ministers have taken a lively interest in the boy, and having put numerous questions concerning the scripture to him, have been surprised by the straightforwardness and intelligence of his answers.

One of the Signs.

The member of Congress was a new one in Washington. After he had finished his dinner at the restaurant the waiter brought him pie for dessert, and there was a knife with it. The new member looked at the pie and at the knife.

"Major," he said to his companion "do you think that waiter suspects I am a Western Congressman?"

"Hardly. How should he know anything about it? You were never in here before, were you?"

"No."

"Then how in thunder does he know who you are?"

"I don't know. But if he doesn't what did he bring that knife with the pie for?"—New York Times.

His Awful Predicament.

First Russian Nobleman—"Great Scottovich! What is the matterskoff with the archbishopski? He seems to be having a fitovitch!"

Second Russian Nobleman—"Oh, the Grand Dukesk! Ivan Alexandervitch Kutnyoseoff is about to marry the second daughter of the Grand Duchess Andabulosia of the Schkinenburg Katzenblatter, the Duchess Anastasias Venna Pauline Celesta; and the clergy man has several of the names stucd crosswisevich in his throatski."—Smart Set.

A Conciliatory Measure.

"I see," said Mr. Bobbett, "the Census Bureau has located the center of United States' population in an Indian farmer's barnyard."

"I'm glad of it," his wife answered "With butter and eggs going up every day, it's high time to do something to conciliate the cows and hens."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Literary Man.

Mrs. Casey—I hear your son Mike has gone into literature.

Mrs. Clancy—So he has. He's got a job as janitor in a library.—Judge.

Any woman who speaks ill of her neighbors gives them license to get back at her.

It is easy to gauge a man's empty head when he is full.

Women's Doings.

Not Always the Most Attractive.

While it is true that the accomplished young woman undoubtedly gets a good deal out of life which her less embellished sister misses, that fact does not by any means prove that the fluent linguist, ideal waltzer, excellent musician and artist, fearless horsewoman or expert golfer inevitably proves more attractive than the girl who has no special accomplishments.

It has been observed that the worst of an accomplished girl is the involuntary note of assertiveness which so frequently creeps into her sayings and arguings. No doubt it is difficult for her to avoid this when she feels the capability to skillfully discuss many subjects which her women friends perform remain silent owing to entire lack of even slight technical knowledge. She should remember that though she may know and be able to do a good deal more than many, there are another "many" who know and can do a very great deal more than she!

The girl whose attainments are average, or even a little below it, frequently possesses—provided that she be blessed with tact—the very valuable power of making a man feel inordinately pleased with himself. She listens admiringly without desiring to interrupt; she agrees easily, not having the knowledge to differ; she accepts all that is told her, responds sympathetically and questions deferentially, because she realizes the intellectual merits of her companion, as contrasted with her own, to be worthy of such flattering treatment.

Such is not always the case with the super-accomplished girl whose grip of many matters makes it impossible for her to adopt an unquestioning Desdemona-like attitude of admiring credulity; she has been educated to have opinions, and her accomplishments confer the right to very definitely express them, thus giving her companion the uncomfortable feeling that unless he wants to be caught tripping over some artistic simile or criticism he had best be silent—and this attitude is not one which entirely appeals to a masculine enthusiast.

Successful Woman Lawyer.

That a woman may be successful in the legal profession even in a section where there is so much conservatism in matters of this sort as in the far South has been amply demonstrated in the case of Miss Rosa C. Falls, who for four years past has been a member of a law firm in New Orleans and has enjoyed a large and lucrative practice. It is, in fact, stated that during these years Miss Falls has never lost a case or a client, a record which few of the sterner sex engaged in the same profession can equal and none surpass. Miss Falls is a daughter of Judge J. W. Falls, for many years a magistrate in one of the city courts of New Orleans, and heredity may therefore have something to do with her liking for Blackstone and Kent and her choice of a life calling. She had an extended experience, however, as a newspaper correspondent and reporter before she began the study of law, and the knowledge gained thereby has been extremely valuable to her. Miss Falls received her legal education at Tulane University and was admitted to the bar in Kentucky in 1898.

Rain-Proof Suits.

Rain-proof materials come in several tailor styles, so that it is quite possible for a woman who doesn't find ready made just the garment she desires to have one built to suit her, says the Washington Times. This arrangement affords an opportunity for more variety than would otherwise be the case, so that instead of seeing a hundred rain coats all made after the same fashion, it is seldom that one comes across duplicates.

For ordinary street wear the rough effects are considered the correct thing in dress, zibeline being in the lead, while a new, rough-finished vicuna is making a strong bid for favor. The use of plaits has brought about a change in the style of suits, for naturally these designs could not be treated in the same manner as the plainer cloths.

To Sign One's Name Correctly.

A company of women were discussing recently the proper way to sign public registers, those of hotels and similar places, and some argument followed in consequence. Several expressed the belief that under no circumstances does a woman give herself the conventional title of Mrs. or Miss when inscribing her own name. The consensus of opinion, however, was against this view. A name on a hotel register is not a signature, but a mail address for the purpose of identification, and should be, on the part of a woman, the same as that she uses on her visiting card. This, of course, does not apply to her signature in other places, at the end of letters, legal documents, and the like, when it is only the baptismal name and surname that are required. Too many women are careless in this respect, often signing letters Mrs. John Smith, or Miss Mary Smith. To do this is a serious

The Office of a Teacher.

Some one has said that the appointment of a school superintendent may be of more consequence to our nation's power than the promotion of a major general.

What can be of more importance to civilization than the raising of human values, the taking of crude, ignorant lumps of human clay, and by years of patient fashioning and intelligent training develop them into educated, cultured and strong men?

We think it is a wonderful thing for a sculptor to raise the value of a rough piece of marble or granite from a few dollars to a hundred thousand dollars by calling out an idea which would have slept in the cold stone forever had not his genius awakened it. But for a teacher's fashioning hand the value of the human block of clay would have been but half what it is.

It is the office of a teacher to raise human values; to take the low, and elevate them; to train the ignorant, and leave them intelligent; to restrain the impetuous and self-willed, and shape them into self-controlled, polished, beautiful characters.—Success.

A Coincidence.

Mrs. Janson said to Mrs. Lammis (in perfect confidence): "Do you know mine is the prettiest baby in the world?"

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branch of epistolary form. In writing an order to a tradesman the title may be used, but in all other correspondence, if it is to be inserted for identification, it should be placed in brackets at the left of the name. The husband's name may be included in this parenthesis, so that a woman signing her name Mary L. Smith would precede it, between brackets, (Mrs. John G.). The frequency with which this letter writing sin is committed is the excuse for a reference to it here.—Harper's Bazar.

To Make Home Happy.

Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever opportunity offers. Study the characters of each, and sympathize with all in their troubles, however small.

Avoid moods and pets and fits of sulkiness.

Learn to deny yourself and prefer others.

Beware of meddlers and tale-bearers. Never conceive a bad motive if a good one is conceivable.

Be gentle and firm with children.

Do not allow your children to be away from home at night without knowing where they are.

Do not say anything in their hearing which you do not wish them to repeat.

Beware of correcting them in a petulant or angry manner.

Learn to govern yourself and to be gentle and patient.

Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill health, irritation and trouble, and soften them by prayer and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.

Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable.

Do not expect too much from others, but remember that we should forbear and forgive, as we often desire forbearance and forgiveness ourselves.

Never retort a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.

Beware of the first disagreement. Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.—Jessie Shipman, in American Queen.

Health and Beauty Hints.

Cocoa butter is an excellent skin food.

Tight belts and tight sleeves will often cause red hands.

For profuse perspiration boracic acid powder is helpful.

Singeing and clipping will strengthen and cause the hair to grow.

Lemon or tomato juice will usually remove stains on the hands.

Liver spots can be entirely removed by rubbing daily with lemon juice.

Plenty of fresh air at nights in the sleeping apartments is a health preserver.

In facial massage always rub in the opposite direction or across the lines to be removed.

Bicarbonate of soda added to the water in which the hair is washed will make the hair lighter.

To singe the hair, take a small lock at a time, twist it tightly and pass a lighted candle across the ends.

Hair that is thoroughly brushed every night with a clean brush does not require shampooing so often.

Warts can be removed by binding them in common baking soda moistened with water. It is also said to remove corns.

For massaging, olive, almond and coconut oil is used. A good skin food can be made from mutton tallow and almond oil.

Beans and peas are the best substitutes for meat, as they contain the greatest quantities of albumen and carbohydrates.

It is very beneficial for the hair to give it a sun bath occasionally, letting it hang loosely under the back or brushing it in the sunlight.

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