

a rhapsody on the charm of snowy landscapes and frozen brooks; while "Snowdrift" is a poem by Joel Benton, and "Christmas Greens" an instructive article about the trees and foliage of mountain and swamp that contribute to the brilliance of the holiday season.

The story of the "Caterpillar's Winter Home" is told with a series of photographs showing the spinning of the cocoon.

Among other leading features are the "Chesterbrook Stock Farm," by Francis Nelson Barksdale, which tells how A. J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania railroad, raises blooded horses, cattle and sheep on his famous blue grass estate in eastern Pennsylvania, and "A Flower of the Million and of the Millionaire," which is the title of the two large photographic studies of geraniums and orchids. Henry Troth's superb series of photographs, entitled, "Harvesting," which won the first prize in the recent Country Life photograph competition, are presented; and A. Radclyffe Dugmore contributes two wonderful photographs of live fish amid all the beauty of their natural surroundings.

"A Plea for Gay Little Gardens" offers suggestions that will add color and cheer to the home. "On the Making of the Herbaceous Borders" is an appreciative discussion of the out door horticultural display at the Pan-American Exposition; while plant growing in garden, field and green house is treated in many practical aspects with numerous illustrations, and "Storing and keeping Fruits and Vegetables" is a long and comprehensive article by John Craig, a well known authority. "The Lesson of the Abandoned Farms" is the subject of Mr. Bailey's editorial, and he draws some interesting conclusions concerning the profits and successes of rural living. In short, this new magazine shows a wide sympathy for the work and pleasure of the out door world, and certainly deserves the immediate and splendid success the publishers claim for it.

#### CHRISTMAS METHODS.

As the great day of gifts approaches, the children, the little children whose happiness is a study to somebody, feel the all-pervading presence of the mysterious Santa Claus. He is watching all their movements; he is likely to be behind any door or in any closed room; any rustling of soot in the chimney, or unusual sound anywhere about the house, is easily foisted off upon Santa Claus' shoulders. How admirably childlike this is, and how pretty it is to see the little ones in their credulous little plans and speculations, and their older brothers

and sisters carefully watching lest the ancient deception be exploded too soon! And how nicely the little comedy is rounded off on Christmas morning with the bare-foot rush to the fireplace and the exploiting of the wonderful stockings!

This is all very natural and simple. There is nothing in it beyond a child's comprehension, the whole thing fits in perfectly into his mental world. Moreover it is sane and wholesome. The children pass into the midst of their delights directly from their sleep, then they have their breakfast, and settle down to a day of enjoyment and smashing of their new possessions.

With a Christmas tree everything is different. It begins at the wrong end. There are a great many serious objections to Christmas trees, and the wise and prudent are abandoning them. They are never an entire success, for one thing. Look back at your own childhood; was the tree you had looked forward to for so long, ever what your youthful fancy had painted it? You sweated and worried about it all day until your nerves were on edge, and you probably had several quarrels and cries; and if you broke into the room where it was being prepared, you got scolded and spanked. When the tree was finally thrown open to the public you danced and shouted, but by the time the presents were distributed you found that the ones you had admired most on the tree were for somebody else. Then there was nothing left but to go to bed, which you probably did with a painful feeling of disillusion and disappointment.

These are sentimental objections, but sentiment and the children's pleasure are all there is to the day. There remain two very serious counts against the Christmas tree for the grown people's consideration; one is the danger of fire and the other is the folly of destroying a young tree, a hopeful life, to give half an hour's dubious enjoyment to children who will need the tree a great deal more twenty years from now. Let us be reasonable; stuff the children's heads with Santa Claus lore and their stockings with goods after their kind, but let the Christmas tree pass, as a thing altogether inappropriate, out of date and foolish.

#### ROOSEVELT LIKE THE EARLY PRESIDENTS.

"You see the president, but you also see Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, with a dignity really the greater and the more impressive because it is not official, but the natural manner of the man. He does not seem weary. He is busy, very busy; is earnest, very earnest; but he has the manner of a

man who likes his work. You recall the campaign story that was told of him when a sympathetic soul expressed deep regret that he had been obliged to get up from his bed in his car and make his fourteenth speech of that day's journey and to shake hands with another crowd. 'No,' said he, 'don't feel sorry for me; I like it.'

"Born of a distinguished family, but the most democratic of men by habit of mind and by versatility of action, youthful, physically alert, rapid in thought, earnest and in love with life and work—these characteristics of the president have already made a cheerful impression on the public mind.

"Such is the man who is president of the whole people and not of one section or of one party only. It is a true saying by the London Spectator that he is far more like the men of the first three decades of the republic than the convention-made presidents of the modern times. He is like the early Virginians, too, in his social grace and tact."—December World's Work.

#### THE TERRORS AND COST OF MODERN WARFARE.

The terrors and cost of modern warfare have been described with great fidelity by the Polish author Bloch, at whose instance, it is said, the czar of Russia was moved to call the peace conference at The Hague. If M. Bloch had to write his book now, he would find some additional material of great value in the current report of the American Secretary of the Interior, who tells us that our pension list contains 4,000 names in excess of any previous year, and that the number of claims pending at the beginning of the present fiscal year was 403,569. About one-half of these were claims for increase of pensions from persons already on the rolls. The amount disbursed for pensions during the year (the thirty-sixth after the close of the Civil War) was \$138,531,484. Even more remarkable than this aggregate showing is the piling up of pension claims as a result of disabilities incurred in the war with Spain. About 20 per cent of all the men enlisted have filed claims for a war that began only three years ago. Only 6 per cent of soldiers of the Civil War had entered claims in 1872, eleven years after the beginning of that war. Many claimants for disability in the later war were filed a few days ago after the claimants had been examined by army surgeons for discharge, and had been found absolutely free from ailment of any kind. The history of one volunteer regiment which served six months is cited in the secretary's report, where 477 claims for disability have been filed, out of a total enlistment of 53 officers and 937 men—over 50 per cent of claimants in three years, as compared with 6 per cent in eleven years after the beginning of the Civil War. These terrors of war do not come within the scope of M. Bloch's volume because the nations of Europe do not tolerate fraud in their pension rolls.—New York Evening Post.