The Legend of the Mistletoe

"Balder the beautiful,
God of the summer sun,
Fairest of all the Gods:
Light from his forehead beamed,
Runes were upon his tongue,
As on the warrior's sword.

All things in earth and air
Bound were by magic spell
Never to do him harm.
Even the planets and stones
All save the Mistletoe,
The sacred Mistletoe."

THERE are some customs which seem to survive almost indefinitely the lapse of centuries. The mistletoe, which reappears every Christmas, was a sacred plant as far back as the days of the Persians, an object of worship in Persia and India. It evokes memories of the ancient Gauls, of the sacred groves, and the Druids, whose priests were said to have sprung from the Magi, and all that belongs to a vanished religion. In the days of the Druids, the festival of the cutting of the mistletoe took place in the month of March, on the sixth day of the moon. The tenth of March at that period was New Year's day, and as the festival required the full light of the moon, it was held as near New Year's day as the moon would allow. The Druids claimed that the gods loved the oak above all other trees. It was the tree of Thor, the Thunderer in Scandinavian mythology, of Jupiter among the Greeks, of Perun, who is the Jove of the Slavonic nations. On the day appointed for the festival of cutting the sacred plant, a procession was formed. Two white bulls being led, were fastened by the horns to the oak. A white-robed Druid climbed the leafless branches of the tree, and with a golden sickle cut the sprayes of mistletoe. Beneath the stately oak was a circle of Druid priestesses in white robes, the hair confined by golden crescents; they held their snowy veils outspread to receive the sacred sprays as they fell from the oak, for they were never permitted to touch the ground. Religious rites were then performed and the two white bulls were sacrificed. The sprays of mistletoe were carefully preserved and used in many ways. They were placed over the doors to bring good fortune, to keep off evil spirits. They were also used in various decoctions to cure many maladies, for great healing power was ascribed to the plant.

Bacon says that mistletoe which grew upon oaks was counted very medicinal, and the Druids considered it a remedy against every kind of poison.

In some parts of Germany the children still run about the streets at Christmastide, knocking at doors and windows with hammers, and shouting "Gut heil, Gut heil!" These words are plainly equivalent to the Drudical name of the mistletoe, used by Pliny when he speaks of it as "All Heal." It played an important part in the life of the Gauls; a remnant of this still seems to exist in France, for the peasant boys still use the expression "An gui l'an neuf" as a New Years's greeting. The ceremony of decorating churches and houses with evergreens is of great antiquity and was observed in many countries hundreds of years ago, just as we still find a similar custom in the east at New Year, showing us that the origin of the observances is the same in each case. It was esteemed a sacred plant among the Normans and Celtic bards, the harpers of Scotland and Wales held it in great reverence. Perhaps the mistletoe was taken as a symbol of the New Year on account of its clusters of green leaves growing on bare trees, and giving them the appearance of having renewed their foliage. In Brittany, it is called "Herbe de la Croix," because it was believed that from the wood the cross was made; though it was degraded from a stately forest tree to a parasite in consequence of this fact.

But before we hear of the mistletoe of the Druids, we meet with the plant in the beautiful legend of the death of Balder, from the association with which it doubtless derived its sanctity. The Apollo, or Day god of the Norsemen, bore the name of Balder the Good. He was beloved alike of gods and men. In him the Norsemen honored all that was beautiful, eloquent, wise and good. He was the spirit of activity, joy and light. Without the brightness of his presence, Asgard, the abode of the gods, of Odin, of Thor, of Freyja, would have been sad and gloomy; without his joyous blessing earth would have been dull and barren. Great trouble therefore fell on the gods in Valhalla, when Balder one day informed them that he had been visited by terrific dreams, threatening him with deadly peril. It seems that he did not possess the immortality which the Greeks attributed to their mythic divinities. Therefore the gods of Valhalla determined to use all their magic arts to preserve to themselves and to men their favorite deity. The mythology of ancient Scandinavia included a principle or power of evil called Loki, whose chief aim was to do mischief and mar the happiness of the gods. Of all the deities, Loki hated most the God of Light. Balder's mother, Freyja, resolved to extort an oath from all created things that they would not hurt him. The goddess mother met with a ready response from earth, air, fire, water, stones, diseases, beasts, birds, insects and poisons, and from trees and flowers. One thing alone escaped her spells. There grew on the eastern side of the Valhalla an ancient oak, attached to which, rooted in its gnarled branches, she perceived a tiny plant, a soft green, insignificant thing with pearly white berries. It seemed so powerless to do harm, that she passed it by. Alas! from all ages comes the warning, that nothing is insignificant. After the spell had been laid on all creation, not to hurt Balder, the gods were wont to test his immunity from harm, by getting him to stand on the plains of Asgard as a target at which they hurled darts and stones, and some struck at him with swords and battle axes. The spell worked well; Balder was ever unhurt, and it came to be an honor paid him, when his invulnerability was thus tested. One day the gods were assembled, when Loki, hovering near unseen, gazed upon the singular spectacle. He beheld the bright-haired Balder standing in a circle formed by the deities of Valhalla. Odin stood gazing at the sport, while Thor threw his mighty hammer at Balder, which rebounded without injury to the youthful god. In his turn each god hurled missiles at Balder, who stood smiling at them, erect and unharmed. What could it mean? Loki determined to find out. So changing his shape to that of a fair and queenly woman, he hastened to the dwelling of Freyja. The goddess received her visitor graciously, and inquired whence she came. "From the plain where the gods are making a target of Balder, without hurting him," replied the false guest.

"Aye," said Freyja, "neither metal nor wood can hurt Balder, for I have exacted an oath from all things, that they will not harm him."

"What!" exclaimed the guest, "have all things sworn to spare him?"

"All things," replied Freyja, "except one little shrub that grows upon an oak on the eastern side of Valhalla, and is called the mistletoe. I thought it too young and too feeble to crave an oath from it."

A secret joy thrilled through the false maiden as she heard these words, and hastening from Freyja's dwelling as soon as she could, she flew to the spot where grew the fatal parasite. Then, resuming his proper shape, Loki cut off the mistletoe and hastened back to the plains of Asgard. He found the gods still at their singular amusement. The blind god Hodur, the god of brute strength, was standing alone to one side. In the Norse mythology he signified Night, as Balder signified Day.

"Why don't you throw something at Balder?" asked Loki.

"Because," answered Loki, "I cannot see and I have nothing to throw."

"Come, then," said Loki, "do as the rest do, and honor Balder, by throwing this twig at him. I will guide thine arm."

Hodur took the mistletoe, and guided by Loki, threw it with all his strength at Balder, who fell lifeless, pierced by the dart.

"Thus fell Balder the Good," says the old Norse legend, "by the bough of the uncharmed mistletoe."

The grief and rage of the gods was intense at this cruel termination of their homage, and feeling that light and joy had been taken from them, they gave way to sorrow and to fear. All their efforts to release Balder from Hela, the pallid daughter of Death, who held him captive, "in the plains of Niffheim, where dwell the dead," were frustrated by the machinations of Loki.

They resolved to avenge themselves. Having captured Loki, they confined him in a gloomy mountain canon, and bound him at the foot of a huge rock, on the summit of which lay an enormous serpent, who dropped poison on his face, but his wife, Sygin, was faithful to him, remained at his side, and caught the drops as they fell, in a golden chalice. It was only when she was forced to turn aside, to empty the goblet, and the venom touched Loki, and he shrank and writhed to escape the burning drops; these struggles shook the earth and caused earthquakes. There Loki will remain till Ragnarock, the twilight of the world, when the gods, the earth, and all the dwellers therein will be destroyed by the powers of evil, the companions of Loki. Only, Odin, the All Father, will remain and gather round him on the planes where Asgard once stood, the gods regenerate and purified by fire, and then a new and better world will arise, in which Balder will come again with his unconscious slayer, Hodur, and all evil will cease, and light and darkness will dwell together in unity.

After the final purification by suffering and fire, and the regeneration to which the Northmen looked as the means of the ultimate adjustment of good and evil, and from which they did not exempt even their gods, the influence of good was to prevail. Balder would reappear, radiant, beautiful, joyous as before; and Loki, the spirit of evil, be no more heard of.—Virginia Belmont in The Madame.

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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 57 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend Gouraud's Cream as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada and Europe.

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Never before have we made such extensive purchases of Holiday Goods. Our showrooms are overflowing with thousands of pieces of furniture, countless rugs in all sizes, hundreds of pairs of lace curtains and portieres, and all are offered at moderate prices within the reach of everyone.

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OPEN EVENINGS

EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME

In selecting a gift for Christmas, bear in mind that there is nothing more sensible or better appreciated than something for the home. Remember, we have suitable presents for father or mother, sister or brother, sweetheart or beau. All goods bought now will be laid away for Christmas. Don't wait till the best are taken, and all we ask is a judicious comparison, and we are sure you will decide in our favor.

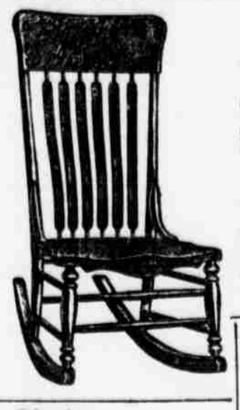
Pedestals and Tabourets
A very choice selection, made in mahogany, rosewood, golden oak, Teak wood, mahogany finish, weathered oak, early English and fumed oak, prices, ranging from $10.00 to 1.35

Parlor Cabinets
Parlor Cabinets made in Vernis Martin, solid mahogany, gold and imitation mahogany, prices ranging from $200.00 to 11.25

Lamps
Large floor Lamps in Mission Den Lamps in Mission, Reading Lamps, Students Lamps and Parlor Lamps, made for electric, gas or oil, ranging in price from $40.00 to 5.00

Medicine Cabinets
Medicine Cabinets with bevel mirror doors and panel doors, made in quarter sawed oak and white enamel, ranging in price from $10.00 to 4.75

Music Cabinets In solid mahogany, quarter sawed oak, imitation mahogany, Circassian walnut, prices ranging from $30.00 to 4.75



Rockers
Our line of Rockers is the largest ever shown in Omaha and at prices that can not be undersold, quality considered. Prices range from $1.35 to $10.00.
Turkish Rockers in genuine leather with Harrington springs and platform rockers for $28.00, $32.00, $33.00, $35.00, $41.50, $47.00 and up.

Ladies' Desks | This Stock is Worthy of Special Mention
Ladies' Desks, quartered, sawed and polished oak, for 6.00
Ladies' Desks, birch, mahogany finished, and complete arrangements, for 6.00
Ladies' Desks, quarter sawed and polished, drop leaf, very complete, French legs, for 9.50
Ladies' Desks, curly birch, French legs, beautiful finish and complete arrangements, for 12.75
Other Desks in mahogany, curly birch, birdseye maple, up to 125.00

Clocks
Our assortment of Clocks, which are always suitable for the home, is comprised of many varieties in a wide range of prices:
Clocks for the mantle, $2.00 to $10 00
Clocks for the dining room, $9 00 to $30.00
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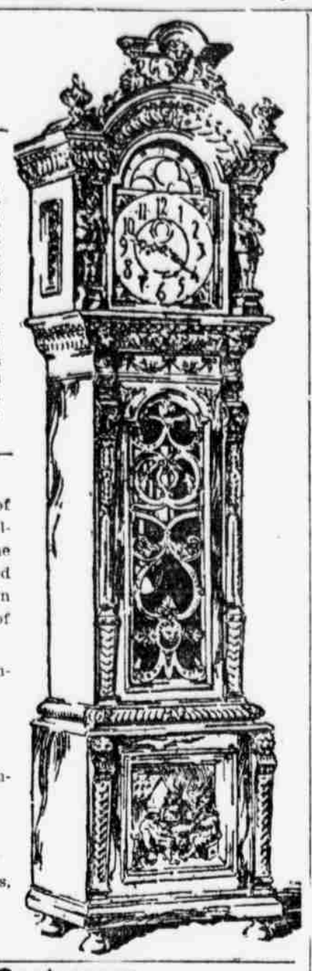

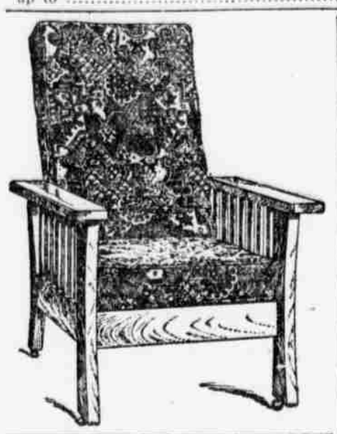

Morris Chairs
Our assortment of Morris Chairs was never more complete and of such good values.
Morris Chair, weathered oak, solid frame, mission style, fine velour cushions—for 8.40
Morris Chair, quarter-sawed oak, hand polished, with cut velour cushions, beautiful design—for 10.25
Morris Chair, Early English Oak, best workmanship, with Chase leather cushions—for 11.25
Morris Chair, quarter-sawed oak, polished, with fine velour cushions—for 9.10
Morris Chairs, in genuine mahogany and genuine leather—up to 55.00

Muffin Stands
Two-Tray Solid Mahogany Muffin Stand with dish shape trays for 10.00
Three-Tray Solid Mahogany Muffin Stand with flat tray for 9.00

Celleretts
Celleretts, for dens, dining rooms and private rooms—made in solid mahogany, golden oak, mission oak, weathered oak and Early English—made in all conceivable shapes, from a clock to a barrel—prices ranging from $50.00 to $12

Sewing Tables
A beautiful present for any lady.
Sewing Table, solid mahogany, for 10.00
Sewing Table, solid mahogany, with two drawers, one drawer partitioned, for 12.50
Sewing Table, genuine solid mahogany, with two drawers and pockets at each side, for 15.00
Other Sewing Tables, ranging in price to 30.00

Costumers
In polished brass, etruscan brass, oxidized copper, solid mahogany and golden oak—from $15.00 to 3.50

Carpet Department
Moquette Rugs—27x63, large variety of designs—each 2.50
Axminster Rugs—27x63, choice of many styles—at 3.00
Moquette Rugs—36x72, many striking effects, both in design and coloring—each 4.00
Smyrna Rugs—30x60, Oriental and floral designs—prices from $4.00 to 2.50
Wilton Rugs—In all sizes and many styles to select from, ranging in price from $10.00 to 4.00

ORIENTAL RUGS
Our stock represents every district of the Orient and ranges in price in the small sizes from $150 to 3.00

HASSOCKS
We are showing a large assortment of Hassocks, made from Brussels, Moquette and Axminster, at the very low price of 35c

CARPET SWEEPERS
We carry only the best makes, the Bissell and National—both range in price according to quality, from $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00. All useful Christmas presents.

Drapery Department
Rope Portieres—A complete line of Rope Portieres, all colors, ranging in price from $6.50 to 2.50
Fire Screens—Weathered oak frames, burlap filling—each—from $6.00 to 3.50
Three-Panel Screens—Weathered and golden oak frames, silkoline, denim and burlap filling—each—from $25.00 to 2.00

Uncovered Sofa Pillows, Down and Feathers Mixed

18x18	20x20	22x22	24x24
40c	50c	60c	75c

Uncovered Sofa Pillows, Pure Down

18x18	20x20	22x22	24x24
80c	1.10	1.50	1.95

Fancy Covered Sofa Pillows, in tapestry, silk and Oriental embroidery—each $4.00, $3.50, $3.00 and 2.50
A large line of Fancy Silks and Tapestires suitable for pillow covers at greatly reduced prices.

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Entertaining Christmas Stories and Tales for Little Folks

A Letter to Santa.

Baltimore American.

"Dear Santy:
I'm a weal dood dirl.
I don't ky when nurse pulls my turl;
I never tease er pussy cat,
An' Fweddie allus doin' 'at.
I mind my mamma all the while;
My papa says I'm the bestest chile
In all his life he ever see,
An 'everybody home likes me.
I wock be 'ittle baby bruvver;
He kies if he sees any uvver.
I never pull poor doggy's tail;
Bad Fweddie, he jus' makes him wail.

Now, Santy, I want lots uv fings;
I want a 'ittle bird wot sings;
I want a dolly wiv weal hair,
Wiv big boo eyes wot shut an' stare;
I want a 'ittle dolly house;
I want a 'ittle squeaky mouse
Wot wuns and makes er pussy jump;
I want a damel wiv a hump;
I want a woolly dog wot barks,
An' uvver fings wiv Noder's arks.
I want a carriage for my dolly;
I want a weal, green, talking Polly,
An' when we hang er stockies up
Please fill 'em wiv de nices' stup.

An' dood ole Santy, don't fordet
Poor 'ittle dirls dot nussen' yet,
Who ain't dot mammas nice like me,
And papas to tate care, oo see;
An' ain't dot shoosies for der feet,
An' ain't dot anyfing to eat.
Please, Santy, div poor dirls an' boys
Some tandies an' some booful toys,
An' div 'em dwesses nice like mine,
An' Kismas dinners, oh, so fine!
Wiv turkey an' 'a big mint pie.
Don't let er 'ittle dirlies ky,
'Cause dey dot nussen'. Don't fordet,
Please, Santy. Papa calls me PET."

Beth's Christmas Dream.

It was only last year, the night before Christmas, that Beth, a little girl about 7, sat before the window in her room looking out into the moonlight. So many stars were winking and blinking their bright eyes at her, and she often liked to visit with the beautiful friends out of doors. Some people even called her "Dreamy Beth," because she was so happy when all alone, quietly thinking.

Away across the snow the moon made a path of light, although it was dark under the trees below. How Beth wished that something of the real Christmas would hurry along. Could she wait all night? But far overhead was a beautiful bright star, like the one in the story of long ago! Yes, but what whizzing sound was that? Almost like a flash there appeared at her side a wonderful, tiny fairy, as white and sparkling as the snow, with silvery wings and a star twinkling above her head. For a moment Beth was too surprised to speak, but soon asked eagerly: "Oh, who are you, and where do you live!"

"Dear maiden, I am one of the star fairies, and our home is the star up yonder."

"But how did you happen to come away off here!" continued Beth.

Sweetly the little voice answered: "Wait, and I will tell you my story. Many years ago we star fairies did a wonderful thing, of which you have heard. We peeped into the manger bed which held the most precious Child of all time. We were so glad to see him that one star shone very brightly, and that helped the shepherds to find the Christ Child. Because of the good we did then, we fairies may come to the earth each Christmas and find those we can make happy."

"And you came to tell me that there are really good fairies at Christmas-tide?"

"Yes, and also something that happened one year. I found some little people who had so many more Christmas books and toys than they could use, and, do you know, they did not look a bit glad! So I surprised them so much by coming right into the window and calling to them to follow me.

"You couldn't guess where we went. I led them a long way down the street until we came to a very old, broken-down house, where there were many children, who seemed to have no Christmas at all, nor even warm clothes. But they were so busy helping the mamma in different ways that they did not see us as we stood outside. Soon I heard some one near me with a kind heart say: 'Oh, let us hurry back home and bring gifts to play Santa Claus to these children!'

"Quickly the children hurried back to where Christmas had been so generous and they loaded themselves with some of all their gifts, besides warm clothing and a feast of candy and fruit.

"How some little people's eyes sparkled when these odd strangers, laden with so many good things, opened up all the queer packages! Such a merry Christmas, and just no end of eyes dancing with light! On the way home, as the visitors were talking to each other of what they had seen and the fun, I left them for my far-away home."

"And you still come to earth to gladden every waiting child! Oh, fairy, how good of you to come to me!"

Just then Beth wakened from her sweet dream, and heard the Christmas bells ringing.—Helen C. Vance in Child Garden.

Tucker's Christmas Tree.

Tucker Johnson was 7 years old when he had a great trouble—for a whole year he could not walk. This was hard for Tucker. His hip had been hurt by a fall, but the doctor said that with care he would get well again. So, after the first and worst was past, Tucker made up his mind to be patient and get well as fast as possible.

Still, it was very lonesome to sit propped up all day, looking out of the little window of the log house, with nothing to see but the muddy yard and dead grass and bare trees. The only beautiful thing to look at was the sky. Mr. Johnson, Tucker's father, had to be out most of the day, working about Mr. Trent's farm, and often Tucker's mother had to be away, too, for they were poor and were obliged to work harder than ever now that their little son was sick and needed doctors. Mr. and Mrs. Trent were very kind; so were other people, and of course Georgie was a help. Georgie was Tucker's little sister, 2 years old, "going on 3," as she always said. She stayed with Tucker when their father and mother were away, and sat in the big red rocking chair with her pudgy feet stuck out before her and rocked "for dear life" and sang and sang.

The Christmas before Tucker was hurt he and Georgie went to see the tree at Sunday school; it was the prettiest thing they had ever seen in their lives.

As Christmas drew near this year that Tucker was sick, he thought more and more about the beautiful tree, and the more he thought the sadder he felt, as he remembered that he could not go to Sunday school for Christmas eve.

As they sat before the fire one night Tucker said: "Mother, I wouldn't mind being sick if I had a pretty Christmas tree to look at all the time. I wish one would grow right up out of the ground and stay where I could see it."

Mrs. Johnson squeezed his hand and said: "They don't grow that way, my son. But maybe Santa Claus will bring something."

Christmas came that year on Sunday, so the Sunday school tree was to be on the afternoon of Christmas eve.

Friday as Mrs. Trent was gathering ferns and holy in the woods, she met Mr. Johnson and inquired after his boy. He repeated what Tucker had said about the tree. After they had talked a little while she told Mr. Johnson that Tucker and Georgie would not be forgotten, although they could not come to the Sunday school tree.

Early Christmas morning Mr. Johnson looked out and said: "Why, it snowed last night!" And when he pushed Tucker's chair up to the window, as usual, what do you think Tucker saw?

A light snow had fallen, and there, right by the window, with the white flakes lying upon its branches, "growing right up out of the ground," was a cedar Christmas tree! Hanging down from its limbs, among the green twigs, were sticks of bright candy and red apples; there was a knife for Tucker and a tiny fat doll, just like Georgie herself. The powdered snow made the prettiest decoration in the world.

Tucker felt he must be dreaming. He had never before felt so happy—and he was very thankful, too. "How good Santa Claus is to me," he said. On the shelf under the window was a box, but Tucker did not see it until his mother showed it to him. On its cover was written this:

"For Tucker and Georgie Johnson. From their friends in Sunday school."

Inside were some nice things to eat, and two story books with pictures, and a game of checkers for Tucker, and a real wax doll with real golden hair for Georgie. The good times they did have that day—and for many, many days!—Ida T. Bane, in Little Folks.

What She Wanted.

What will 'oo dis to me, Mamma,
'Iss tumin' 'Trismas time?
A book 'ith pretty pitchers in,
An' filled 'ith funny rhyme?
A dolly, too, 'ith flaxen hair,
'At rolls an' winks its eyes,
An' when I stweeze it on its breast
It moves its mouf an' tries?

'Tause brudder says at sister's house
'Ay have a 'ittle doll,
At looks 'ike one I had las' year,
And 'ist about as tall;
But 'en he says her doll's alive
An' eats, an' sleeps, an' drows,
An' when awake it rolls its eyes,
An' moves its little toes.

Say, mamma, did 'oo buy her doll,
Or did th' doctor send,
An' borrow one from babyland
Where 'ay have dolls to lend?
'Tause, if he did, please speak to him,
An' have him send, or write,
An' det a doll 'ike sister has
To div me Tristmas night.

Omaha. —"THISTLEDOWN."

Religious Notes

Bishop Mallalieu is preparing to lead the Methodist churches of Brooklyn, N. Y., in a movement which, it is hoped, will be a great revival.

The oldest clergyman in England is Rev. John Edward Kempe, who has been in holy orders for seventy-two years, being now 96 years of age. He has been chaplain in ordinary to King Edward since 1901.

Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis has started a gigantic scheme for the colonization of thousands of Catholics in the southwestern part of Missouri. The land will be purchased cheap, and the families will make their homes as settlers did 100 years ago.

A tremendous rainstorm passed over Delaware Water Gap last Sunday, and when Rev. W. E. Coffman of the Methodist church appeared in the pulpit he found just one worshiper in front of him—the sexton. "We are here to conduct divine service," said Mr. Coffman, "and should not desist because others are absent." Whereupon he preached a sermon of the usual length.

The Protestant Episcopal church lost ground in the dioceses of New York and Long Island last year. The Living Church Annual, just out, reports that church to have lost 1 per cent in membership in New York, and in Brooklyn to have fallen from a growth of 4 per cent last year to 1 per cent this year. The loss on Long Island is relative only, and is due, it is said, to the pruning of parish records.

Suggestions Concerning Latest Fashions

For the accommodation of readers of The Bee these patterns, which usually retail at from 25 to 50 cents each, will be furnished at the nominal price of 10 cents. A supply is now kept at our office, so those who wish any pattern may get it either by calling or enclosing 10 cents, addressed "Pattern Department, Bee, Omaha."

NO. 6330—A BLOUSE OF INDIVIDUALITY

The word shirt waist does not imply a garment of severe plainness, as the term would suggest, but more often an elaborate creation of tucks and gathers. For general wear the well dressed woman does not desire elaboration or fussiness, but rather would have her blouses made individual by trim stitchery or neat trimming straps. Here is shown a blouse quite ideal in its air of quality and refinement. Tucks give lengthening lines in front and back, while the real charm of the waist lies in the fanciful applied yoke. This buttons to one side of the front with jaunty effect and a button finishes each side tab. Linen is excellent for developing the waist, while the model is especially well adapted to a light weight broadcloth or serge. The home dressmaker will find the pattern quite free from difficulties.

No. 6330—32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

NO. 4679—A SUIT FOR A LAD.

Despite the very young man's nonchalance regarding matters of dress, Dame Fashion continues to busy itself concerning the cut and design of what he is to wear. It decrees that the sailor suit is and shall be the most important standby of his wardrobe, and to this ultimatum fortunately "his honor" agrees, as there are no fuss and feathers to interfere with his all-important doings. In this matter it is often well to follow the boy's inclinations, his not over abundant thought on the subject is usually found to be for suitability, comfort and unobtrusiveness, which, on the whole, "fills the bill," with the added fundamental thought of beauty whenever possible. An excellent suit of dark blue was made after this fashion, trimmed with white braid, with emblems in white and red. White linen or serge would also prove appropriate for any occasion.

No. 4679—Eight sizes, 3 to 10 years.

NOS. 6367-6368—A SMART CLOTH GOWN.

The old-fashioned idea that the best gown was the silk gown has long since been forgotten, and now we see gowns of much more style and costliness developed in cloth. The shops are full of exquisite textures, and the women of fashion will select monotones of becoming shades for her new frocks. The gown shown is one of rare good style and suitable to development in French cashmere, drap d'ete, Henrietta or lady's cloth. The model might serve as a reception gown in one of the light pastel shades of cloth or silk. The skirt is the new 13-gored one with pleats stitched in tuck effect. It fits smoothly over the hips, and flares with infinite grace at the bottom. The deep collar continued by trimming straps to the waist line is very stunning. The yoke may be made of Italian lace and the cuffs of a deeper tone of velvet to match the girdle. A frill of lace may finish the sleeves or a deep tight cuff of the yoke material. Large cut steel or silver filigree buttons or medallions of lace may adorn the trimming straps. In the medium size the blouse demands two and a half yards and the skirt six yards of 44-inch material.

Two patterns: 6367—7 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust. 6368—6 sizes, 20 to 30 inches waist.

The price of these patterns is 20 cents, but either will be sent upon receipt of 10 cents.

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