WHAT TO GIVE HER

A MAN either buys his Christmas presents or commissions feminine relatives to buy them for him. He is very apt to postpone the purchase until Dec. 24. Such a man may find some comforting suggestions in the following list of things that are to be seen on the Christmas counter if only the crowd of women would let him get near it.

A silk umbrella in gay shades or

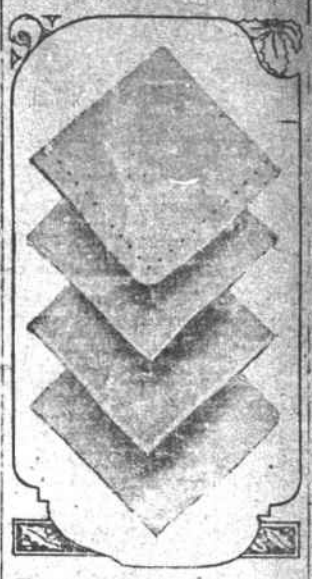
black never comes amiss, as the cut proves.

A salve box for homemade cream from the pure lanolin is useful and pretty enough to be kept on the dressing table. The cheapest ones are $1, and the prettiest are heart shaped.

Needle cases containing all kinds, from the fine cambric variety to a bodkin, and a pair of scissors are useful and encourage the young in the light direction. The cheapest are $1.

A live gift brings its own appeal, and a dear little Pekingese to be taken care of would just suit a certain kind of girl.

Another acceptable gift for a young woman is a four leaf clover chatelaine buckle. Tiny crystals with four leaf clovers inside sell for 50 and 75 cents.



They are made to hang on a chain or the chatelaine.

The cut shows how attractive handkerchiefs come, daintily embroidered or initialed. If desperation still pursues the young man here's a final list for him: Desk fittings, travelling bag, bust of favorite author, cuticure, engage-

Christmas Cribs of the Tyrol

THE Christmas cribs showing the first resting place of the infant Christ, which one sees occasionally in the churches of this country are not to be compared with those of Europe, especially the remarkable ones made by the peasants of Italy and of the Tyrol. In the latter country there has been of recent years a decided revival of interest in these groups representing the nativity of Christ.

It is not unusual to see one with several hundred figures. Not alone the birth of the Saviour, but the adoration of the shepherds, the arrival of the kings with their soldiers and courtiers, the flight into Egypt, Jesus in the temple, and even the marriage at Cana are represented.

The Tyrol's cribs have been famous for centuries, and the people were justly proud of them until the spirit of "modern enlightenment" invaded the land and crib building was denounced as child's play. Enterprising antiquarians and art sellers eagerly bought up all the old cribs and then sold them at good profit to tourists.

Many fine specimens have disappeared from the land, but fortunately a few of the best were acquired by national museums. The best two Tyrol is known to have had, the "Ursulinenkrippe" of Innsbruck and the Moser crib of Bozen, are now in the Bavarian National museum at Munich. A third, the Jaufenthaler crib, is in the Vienna museum.

Originally it belonged to a family in Wilten, now a part of Innsbruck. It contained 154 animal figures, 24 buildings and 256 human figures. It included solid woodcarvings, figures the heads of which were wax and others whose heads and limbs were movable. Some of these date back as far as the year 1700. Seven scenes were represented.

The Moser crib of Bozen was much more extensive. Moser's "city" was in itself a masterpiece and included palaces, gushing fountains, monuments of King David and towers with six city clocks striking the hours of the night. It was valued at more than $5,000 during Moser's lifetime.

The Ursulines' crib was particularly famous on account of the gorgeous dressing of the figures. The angels were clad as courtiers of heaven in the rich court costumes of the seventeenth century.

These masterpieces are now lost to Tyrol. It can hardly cause surprise, then, that serious minded men began to entertain grave fears for their re-

Christmas Dinner in Abyssinia

Plenty of Good Food Greeted Traveler in African Country

A TRAVELER in Abyssinia thus describes the Christmas dinner given by King Menelik at Addis Ababa. On Sunday, Jan. 7, being their Christmas day, the emperor most kindly asked us all to dine in the hall called Abderash, a building about 100 feet long, 60 feet wide and 25 feet high. All the ministers, rus and principal chiefs were present on the raised dais round the throne, while in the body of the hall about 50,000 soldiers were fed in two detachments. Our menu was as follows:

Milk and Rice Soup.
Kabobs of Meat and Potatoes.
Omelet and Herbs. Mince and Artichokes.
Fillets of Beef and Radishes.
Kabobs of Mutton and Cabbages.
Fried Brains.
Fried Chicken and Macaroni.
Boiled Beef and Lettuce.
Brown Rolls and Flat Bread.
Cheese. Honey Beer.
French Claret. Arrack.
Twelve-year-old Tej and Champagne.

After dinner we shook hands and, through an interpreter, thanked his majesty for so much kindness. He replied: "May the Lord keep you well and may you return safely to your own country. May you have good shooting and a pleasant journey through my country."

The Yuletide Cynic.

Thank heaven, it isn't only
the aristocrat who can have
a family tree at Christmas!
Be Christmas white or Christmas green,
It's all the same to you
If Christmas finds you all serene
And doesn't make you blue.

It doesn't take a magician
to transform a small boy into
a turkey gobbler.

When Santa Claus comes
down the chimney he chases
many a man up the spout.

It's the vanity of the sex
that prompts the female turkey
to wonder how she is going
to be dressed for the
Christmas dinner.

An Unexpected Gift

TUPPER arose Christmas morning prepared for the inevitable. He smiled to himself cynically as he inserted himself into his

"Why can't the women folks around a house forget a few of those things a man gets each year and let him take the money and get himself something that he really wants?" he thought to himself. "A fur lined overcoat, for instance, but, oh, no! They wouldn't stand for anything like that." He had mentioned wanting a new overcoat early in the fall, but the missus had ridiculed the idea. And when he brought home that set of books he'd been wanting the whole family jumped on him and abused him.

He started in to untie his packages.

In a few minutes he found himself unwrapping an extremely large bundle. This was something out of the ordinary. Oh, it must be a silk dressing gown. How he hated such things!

But it wasn't.

It was his fur lined overcoat!

Maybe he didn't feel cheap or anything then! What a cad—what a crab he had been! He'd even thought of overlooking that jewelry the wife wanted just because she had made such a fuss when he spoke of buying a new overcoat. And here it was, all because she wanted to surprise him. Wasn't wifey the all right girl, though? She'd probably saved up the money out of her allowance, probably had done without a whole lot of things she wanted. Well he was glad he hadn't been a cheap skate and cut down her Christmas list anyhow.

Meanwhile Mrs. Tupper was standing off enjoying Tupper's delight over his new coat.

"Were you surprised?" she asked him. "You know I was so afraid the tailor might let the cat out of the bag by sending in a bill because I ordered it quite a month ago. But he was real nice about it—said he wouldn't send the bill to you until after Christmas. Wasn't that accommodating of him?"—New York Times.

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