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Glimpses in a Christmas Shop

Helen Brennan
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A Visit to the Bazaars of Stamboul
By EDA LORD MURPHY, Constantinople College, Constantinople, Turkey

T HE YEAR is aging and growing old, the wintry winds and drifting snows proclaim to us the passing of romantic summer and flippant fall. With the grayed and tired closing year, come the thoughts of Christmas bills and the remnants of the old year which are soon to trip lightly over the roofs, and of Santa, who, with his bag bulging, will slip down the chimneys to leave gifts that will be cherished by the little ones until his next coming. If we could all be blessed as Santa is, with the ability to know just what would please every person, how glorious and joyful the pre-Christmas season would be. The time-aged joke of the bag that traveled the rounds and at last, like a boomerang, returned to its starting point, would be completely unknown. How it would be, that would be perfection, and after all the thought one puts on a Christmas present is perhaps the factor which gives the gift its receiver's joy. Most people enjoy gifts which have a personal touch. A feeling of closer atachment seems to permeate gifts which have even just a speck of hand work, rather than an article which is run out of a factory with others just like it.

A friend of mine introduced me the other day to a dear little shop which contains hand-made gifts. In this sweet little home-like place, I was shown gifts which would cause the heart of any seeker of Christmas gifts to jump a beat. St. Nicholas surely must have been the chief stockholder and creator of the ideas expressed there. I am going to try to take you thru this lovely little place and show you what I saw.

Ribbons are always trim full of possibilities and the little case displayed "coddled" of clever ideas. Sachets were made in square, oblong and tri-cornered shapes, possessing bows, flowers, bows and dainty lace. To me the ones revealing little tinges of water color on the delicate backgrounds were most pleasing.

When speaking of ribbon, garters always present themselves, to be hidden in heaps of some bright color. A most adorable pair was of pale green and lavender, caught with tiny rosettes on one side and little bells suspended on bits of ribbon. Something new in lingerie! The enhancing charm of rich brocaded satin appeals to every woman and I for one was no exception. In this display were articles of every sort, but dear little containers made from straight pieces of satin ribbon and a dab of elastic in the back were about as sensible and different as anything I have ever seen.

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Where is the woman who will turn aside from the appeal of vanity—especially when displayed in the very articles of vanity? One corner of this shop gratified that feminine failing in its exhibit of powder puffs. I can attempt to describe but one type of the many that were there. Georgette, of delicate shades had been shirred on the back of the puff, leaving a
Books—Why Not?

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and the elephant child pulled, but the crocodile was stronger. Then came a great B-I-Colour-Pyton-Rocked-S n a k e and climbed the tree with a flip and hung onto the elephant child's legs with the other part of his body and together they pulled and pulled until the elephant child could be heard all up and down the Limpopo. Ever afterwards all elephants have a long trunk instead of a blackish-bulgy nose.

Get Kipling's "Just So Stories" from your public library and read this to the children tonight. Then on other evenings read how the leopard got his spots, how the rhinoceros got his skin, and the camel got his hump. These stories will do immensely much more good than sermons or scoldings, or whippings, insular as the future life of your boys and girls is concerned. Get from your public library W. W. Jacobs's "What Shall We Read to the Children," or better, buy a copy for yourself. (Published by Houghton Mifflin at $1.00.) It will give you plenty of good and lists and multiplicity of other good stories to tell or read during the long winter evenings.

Probably some of you are wondering by this time what to do after the story telling age is past. In reality, it never does pass. All of us like to be told stories, if we are human. The stories you tell your children in their younger years will prepare them for a wide range of reading by their seventh or eighth year and will give them courage and heart, and will have for them pleasant thoughts, high ideals of men and women, of courage, of beauty, of character, of all the things worth while in life. Who would want his children, as Channing Pollock said, to form their ideal of womanhood from Gloria Swanson? Why not give them an ideal of courage from Sydney Carton, who, in the Tale of Two Cities, gave up his life for the happiness of others? Why not let them form their ideal of womanhood from Florence Nightingale, from Clara Barton, or from the mother of Goethe. Just read how she brought up her boy: "She wore no water I presented under the forms of princesses; and to all natural phenomena I gave a meaning, in which I almost believed more fervently than my little hearers. As we thought of paths which led from star to star, and thought of the great spirits we believed at the sides, rather than under the back, a skweled placed in similar fashion will hold them. Some wish the drumsticks held down, or the wings, or the tails, most of the boxes; others smiled with Peruvian or Egyptian design which had stepped out from the pages of some authentic book to do: Yuletide flowers. Flow- ers were used discreetly on some of the boxes.

The Roast Fowl

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pocket which will hold in the heat and moisture.

A general way of trussing is to draw the thigs up close to the body, thrusting a steel skewer thru the muscle into the body and out thru the muscle on the opposite side. White wine, wrapped about the thighs, held thus, will serve the same purpose. If the wings are desired at the sides, rather than under the back, a skweled placed in similar fashion will hold them. Some wish the drumsticks held down, or the wings, or the tails, most of the boxes; others smiled with Peruvian or Egyptian design which had stepped out from the pages of some authentic book to do: Yuletide flowers. Flow- ers were used discreetly on some of the boxes.

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faintly ruffle at the outer edge and in the center was a little ring of ivory, practical as well as decorative. Sprinkled on the georgette were little rose-buds in pastel shades.

There were also some of Frang's nested boxes which had been dressed up. Some of them had been enameled while others had simply been oiled or waxed, allowing the grain of the wood to show. Bands of bright-colored sealing wax circled some of the boxes; others smiled forth with Peruvian or Egyptian designs which had stepped out from the pages of some authentic book to do: Yuletide flowers. Flow- ers were used discreetly on some of the boxes.

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