

IRISTMAS SHOPPING IN THE PARIS MAGA





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put it on, no matter what happened afterward. All the things I keep because they are too good to throw away and too bad to be worn under any circumstances. I let them put themselves on-you know how. Then I did my half, keeping my sister-in-law in mind all the time." She grinned again. I shook my head. "Never," I said. "She never did her hair as badly as that-as infamously. She couldn't if she tried." "No; that's the greatest joke of all," said my friend, gazing joyfully at a brown stocking above a black shoe. "She couldn't if she tried. I can. I did try. Pure genius."

Care Removes Imperfections.

I do not mind an occasional sartorial rest. I reckon it is not a bad thing to make oneself look as plain as possible, and by plain I mean unbecomingly, inartistically gowned, just as an object lesson. I am convinced that half the bad dressing in the world is committed by people who think their clothes "do well enough," who are, like the delightful ladies in-wasn't it Cranford ?-who said it did not matter what they wore at home, for everybody knew them, nor when they were away from home, because nobody knew them Then, too, that often repeated deflance "I don't care how I look" brings to one's memory the retort, "But I do, because I've got to look at you." And the saying that So-and-so is a pleasure to look at might be pondered over by many individuals who most emphatically are not. And what a pleas-use it is to see a perfectly groomed piece of femininity-not necessarily a pretty or expensively dressed specimen.

To return to my shopping Christmas tour, I was robbed financially and hypnotized aesthetically by the jewelry display in the shops along the Avenue de l'Opera. And my exchequer was depleted in the first round when a new utterfly bracelet was handed over the counter and carefully placed in my "pig," alias my hand bag, which is made of the skin of a line porker; hence the sobriquet. This bracelethow will I ever bear to let it leave me! -is going to make happy the nicest girl I know on Christmas morning. And with it will go instructions that she will forfeit ownership unless it is worn between the elbow and the shoulder and under no circumstance at the wrist. But I haven't told you what it is. Just let me whisper it low, for the fairles, should they overhear, might spirit it away. It is formed of a perfectly plain, tight fitting band of flexible gold, clasped with a large gold, jewel bespangled butterfly. The ex-pensive insect is so poised that at every movement of the wearer's arm the gleaming pinions tremble. And in passing I must say that I, too, tremble for its life should the pretty girl recipient of the gift wear it under a wrap. Here's luck to it and a fighting chance. Bracelets are going to be very popular presents this Noel, for one this season cannot go down to the bottom of the jewel box and ressurect the pretty amulets that have been there since it was the fashion to don these ornaments.

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