

# READING THE 1931 SHORT STORY, "THE RED GLASS BOWL"



BY MARGARET  
WEYMOUTH  
JACKSON

 [AnchoredScraps.com](https://anchoredscraps.com)

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<https://anchoredscraps.com/2021/12/reading-the-red-glass-bowl/>

The pdf of "The Red Glass Bowl" is from scanning my copy of the December 1931 Good Housekeeping magazine. It was first published 90 years ago this month!

It is one of my favorite Christmas short stories. And in my AnchoredScraps blog post today I have included this PDF along with recording myself *Reading the 1931 short story, "The Red Glass Bowl"*.

Wishing you a joyous Holiday 2021!

Helen Rittersporn  
December 12, 2021

# Good Housekeeping

DECEMBER 1931

25 CENTS



KATHLEEN NORRIS' Story of Love on a Budget  
Margaret W. Jackson + Coningsby Dawson + Achmed Abdullah  
Rebecca Hooper Eastman + Emma-Lindsay Squier



Frances  
Tipton  
Hunter

**F**EAR that some passing shopper would buy the red glass bowl goaded Sis on. She stood at the door, gathering her courage, while the children watched, their noses pressed against the window

No Present Ever Held More Real

Christmas Love Than

# The RED GLASS BOWL

By

Margaret Weymouth Jackson

Illustrated by Frances Tipton Hunter

THE five little Andersons, with Peanut crowded close in among them, pressed their noses against the shining, plate-glass window of Mr. Phibbs' Cut-Price Jewelry Store, and breathed as one. Their gaze was concentrated with a single intentness on the red glass bowl which stood on the second shelf of the window display. It was the most beautiful thing in the window, far lovelier than the rock-crystal goblets in sets, than the hand-painted cups and saucers, than the wrist watches and diamond rings, and strands of pearls and lesser jewels displayed cunningly. The bowl was about five inches across, deep garnet red in color, and with the most beautiful curlicues painted on it in gold. More precious than rubies, fairer than samite—and the price marked above it was only forty-nine cents, a great fortune to the five little Andersons, but cheap compared to other things in the window. Why, there was a diamond wrist watch priced at nineteen dollars in Mr. Phibbs' window!

Sis, the oldest, sighed profoundly. She was ten and wise in the ways of the street, and she knew that they must move on in a minute. Mr. Phibbs did not like children's noses pressed against his window, and the Anderson noses were well-known to all the shopkeepers in the neighborhood.

"If you all like it as much as I do, I'll talk to him," said Sis. "We've got eleven cents, between us."

The four little Andersons murmured ecstatically, and Peanut gave a yelp, his woolly, nondescript body quivering, his black eyes adoringly fixed on Sis' face.

"O. K.," said Sis, very business-like. "I'll go in alone. He wouldn't want us all in there. He's rich, Mr. Phibbs is, and that gives him leave to holler. I'll give him the eleven cents and ask him to keep it for us till Christmas. Then we can get the rest of the money and give it to Mummie for her present. Won't she be tickled?"

The four faces regarding her fixedly shone with pure joy. They all turned back again to look into the window.

"Now, Edith, you hold George's hand, and Maggie and Tillie, stand right together, and don't, on no account, go away from the window till I come out. Peanut, you stand right there, and don't you move!"

Peanut's stumpy tail vibrated, as the children grouped themselves obediently.

"And mind, now, if he'll keep it for us, don't ask Mummie for even one cent. It wouldn't be fair to get the money off her for her own Christmas present."

Sis paused at the door, gathering up her courage. Mr. Phibbs was really a terrible man, with his great gray and black beard and his shining bald head, and bushed eyebrows over eyes that looked more hard and shiny than anything in his store. Mr. Phibbs was known to be cross, and he was rich, which, in Sis' mind, added to his ogre-like qualities. Any little girl with eleven grimy pennies in her hand might well quail before him. But fear that some passing shopper would see the red glass bowl and instantly desire it goaded Sis to heroic effort. She opened the heavy door and went in, while Peanut and the children watched her with awe.

It was only half a store, half a number on the street. It ran back, long and narrow, a counter on one side, a wall on the other. In the back the big safe loomed. Behind the counter Mr. Phibbs towered, a giant in his black coat and beetling brows.

"Mr. Phibbs, please—"

"Sis Anderson, get those kids away from my window. I wash that window every day, and I want no sniveling—"

"Mr. Phibbs, please. We want to buy sumpin."

Mr. Phibbs paused. She did not look as though she could buy much of anything, but you never could tell. You never could tell at all, Mr. Phibbs had learned.

"Mr. Phibbs, that red glass bowl in the window—we want it for Mummie, for Christmas. But we haven't got enough money."

"I couldn't mark it down another cent," said Mr. Phibbs instantly—almost, one might say, automatically. "It's already been marked down from a dollar. It's simulated cut glass. It's an imported

piece. The gold on it is pure gold leaf."

"Oh, we wouldn't ask you to mark it down," protested Sis. "But we wanted to ask you to save it back for us."

"I couldn't do that either," said Mr. Phibbs. "There's half a dozen people want that bowl."

"Not for eleven cents deposit?" said Sis, torn between pride in the word and fear of Mr. Phibbs. "We got eleven cents, and we'll give it to you. We'll bring the rest of the money in as we get it. The other thirty-eight cents, I mean."

Mr. Phibbs paused. Eleven cents was eleven cents. He was no man to scorn a small sum. And the bowl was something no one else would think of buying.

"All right," he said, and was oddly startled at the glow in Sis' face, the epitome of rapture that lit it extravagantly. "But look here, now, Sis Anderson," he said sharply—he was a little confused by that pure Christmas light—"look here, now! If you don't bring in the money, you'll lose what you've paid. I can't hold that bowl and take a chance on not selling it, for nothing."

"Oh, no, Mr. Phibbs. We wouldn't want you to do that. We'll—we'll take a chance on the eleven cents."

Sis was actually pale at the thought of losing it, but one can not get a mother a red glass bowl for Christmas without paying for it. She laid the pennies on the counter, and Mr. Phibbs picked them up and put them into his till quicker than magic.

Sis paused and began to leave, one foot at a time, reluctantly. "It's ten days to Christmas," she said. "We'll get it the day before Christmas, Mr. Phibbs."

"If you get some more money, you'd better bring it in here to me," he told her. "You might lose it."

She beamed at his kindness, and again he was astonished. She opened and closed the heavy door, and Peanut received her return with ecstasy worthy of an absence on a long journey.

The weather was mild, and the streets sloppy. Melting snow made a mess of the walks. Sis marshaled her family. George was short and fat. He was only two. Mother

## The Red Glass Bowl

told Sis every day not to carry him, that he was too heavy for her, that he must learn to walk wherever they went. But Mother was no sooner out of sight than George got in front of Sis and hiked up his little leg.

"Dorge tired," he would say, and not budge another step.

Sis would lift him then, a staggering weight for her frail height, and lug him along with her. Edith, next to Sis, was eight, and the twins, Maggie and Tillie, were five, and then came ol' fat George, as the girls called him, following after his sisters, imposing on them, bossing them, to their hearts' complete content. It was the firm belief of the four little Anderson girls that George was the cutest baby in town. He was a darling, he was so sweet, and whenever he cried, they were all thrown into the most extreme sorrow and compassion, running eagerly to get what he liked, and doing all that they could do—and it was considerable—to appease him.

Each school day Sis and Edith took the three little ones to the neighborhood free nursery before they went to school, but school was out until after New Year's, and Sis was in full charge.

All looked trustfully to her now, and all the little faces shone with the same rapture that had so oddly disturbed and upset Mr. Phibbs and made him sharper than usual, as Sis told them that Mr. Phibbs had taken the eleven cents and was going to keep the bowl for them until the day before Christmas. They looked once more, feeling entitled now, as cash customers, to look at the red glass bowl already practically their own.

Sis drew them gently away and got them started toward home. She carried George on her arm. Edith had a twin by each hand. Peanut brought up the rear, guarding them and herding them like the sheep dog he vaguely resembled, except for his small size. They strung along, looking greedily into windows, where toys abounded, where Christmas trees glittered, and *papier maché* Santa Clauses smiled. The window of the cash-and-carry was a great pattern of apples and oranges, with nuts for trimming and holly wreaths laid over them. It was beautiful. Edith could scarcely bear to pass it, Sis admired it as an abstract phenomenon. Shoppers bustled the children. Peanut ran back and forth, barking and bouncing, airing derogatory opinions of every other dog on the street, and hastily retreating to Sis's feet when they returned his compliments.

They crossed a busy thoroughfare, bunched together for safety, turned down a block where the stores were poorer, and came to a narrow stairway that led up above a fur store to the loft overhead. Sis unlocked the door, after they had thumped up together, and Peanut crowded between their heels and was the first inside. The three rooms were surprisingly light and clean. Great windows on the street front towered above the store. Part of the day the sun peered

into the big front room, and the two small rooms beyond. There were two beds in this front room, one for Sis and Edith, one for the twins. Mother slept in the small bedroom beside the kitchen, and she had a crib for George by her bed. There was no window in mother's room. The kitchen was lighted from the front room, also from a transom over the door, and a window that gave some light from the stairs. The children played in the big front room, but they ate, worked, and did their lessons in the kitchen. A single electric bulb dangled there, the only one in the loft. But no light was needed in the front room. After dark a glow from the street lamp poured beneficently through the unblinded windows, and made it fine for undressing, and comforting at night if one awoke hungry and frightened.

The beds were made; the rooms were clean and orderly. Lately Sis had appre-

ciated Mummie with a new and painful knowledge of her difficulties.

Mummie was proud. "This is our home," she told them. "We must keep it as nice as we can."

Mummie rose early and cleaned the loft before she went to work. Mummie came home at night with groceries and cooked them a good supper. Mummie never said she was tired. She was like a brave warrior between them and hunger and cold. Mummie managed. She was thin and "work-brickle"; her red hair was streaked with gray.

Mummie liked their loft. "It's nice here," she told them. "We have it much better than lots of people, and we're never sick. We're lucky, that's what we are!"

Now Sis plopped George down in his high chair, pulled off his sweater and leggings that had once been hers, while the twins and Edith took off their nondescript wraps



There was no way to deliver the expedition, and it took them

and hung them on the low hooks Mummie had screwed inside the kitchen door. Edith set out the dishes on the oilcloth-covered table, and Sis dipped sliced bread in a little milk, and fried it in dripping, and served it with molasses. The children ate it greedily, and Peanut, who had never heard that dogs shouldn't eat bread, licked up his own portion with great gusto, rattling his tin pan all over the kitchen to get the last flavor. All the while they talked.

"And you mustn't tell Mummie, Maggie and Tillie. You mustn't say one word. And George, don't you dast to let it out, or I'll spank you proper!"

The twins glowed with conspiracy.

"Eat," said George, and the girls laughed aloud at this witticism.

George emptied his plate and put it on his head and puffed out his cheeks, and no comedian on earth could ask for an audience more convulsed with mirth. Then, without warning, the little boy laid his cheek on his spoon and went instantly to sleep. Sis put back the tray of his high-chair, holding him in place with one hand as she did so. Then she tilted him over her shoulder gently, and took him in and put him in his crib. She wiped the molasses from his hair and face with a wet washcloth

and covered him warmly, shoes and all. There he would sleep until Mummie came home a little after five.

The little girls busied themselves with the dishes, then combed one another's hair—with a common comb—and Sis washed faces all around. She put two pieces of coal in the range and shut off the dampers, and they went into the front room to play. Here a pipe from the store below ran up through the room and gave them plenty of heat. The floor was warm, the windows bright with sunshine.

Edith and the twins amused themselves with a penny rubber ball and some old jacks. Then they set up housekeeping with one or two dilapidated dolls. They squabbled, and Maggie cried and beat her heels on the floor, and Mr. Hepstein, the proprietor of the fur store below, rapped on the pipe. Sis spanked Maggie and made her sit on the bed. She was an autocrat. Peanut, with a doll in his

mouth, sat up and begged and made Maggie laugh, and the storm was over. The twins, like George, stayed fat and healthy regardless, but Edith was somewhat thin and pale.

Sis knew that Mummie worried over Edith, and sheltered her. Sis was thin, too, but with a healthier, stringier quality. She was, perhaps, more like her mother in stamina.

Now the little mother sat down with pencil and paper and confronted the vast problem of thirty-eight cents. It was a tremendous sum, and she had only eight days. Five cents a day she needed. If she could get six! It would be much wiser to count on six cents a day. That would take only seven days, and Sunday Mummie was home.



Mummie was firm in her farewell. "You must not go out—any of you—unless the place burns down"

Her mind ranged the neighborhood but found little to encourage it. Mummie absolutely would not let her leave the loft after the early winter dusk had fallen, and all day Sis had to watch the kids. She viewed Edith with a speculative eye. She might leave them now and then when George was sleeping, only Edith could not boss the twins. She cried helplessly when they were naughty.

For a moment Sis was daunted, thinking of their eleven cents. They could have got Mummie something at the dime store with that. But the vision of the red glass bowl with its gold curlicues came before her eyes and steadied her. They had to do it! She felt the sap rise in her; her nerve grew sure. It was, most likely, the only Christmas present Mummie would have, and she ought to have something really grand, like the red glass bowl, not just a comb from the dime store!

There must be some way she could manage it! There must be! Why, lots of people had ten or fifteen dollars to spend for Christmas, she told herself, although she could not really believe it. She saw that Maggie had tumbled over sideways on the bed, sound asleep. Sis said quietly to Edith and Tillie:

"I'm going downstairs to see Mrs. Hepstein. You two be good, and don't waken Maggie, and you won't have any trouble. And don't let anybody in but me."

She put on her hat and coat, sent the disappointed Peanut back to Edith.

"What are you going down there for, Sis?" (Continued on page 167)



papers save in a body. It was a great an hour to earn a nickel and a penny

Frances  
Tipton  
Hunter

great patches of moonlight lay on the living-room floor, and, mounting to the upper terrace, one could find long rays upon the little columns and glittering vine leaves of the terrace house; the even rhythm of small waves crashing upon the pebbles of the harbor beach, and to seaward the sense of the Ocean's presence and distant organ tones.

"This beauty—in its constancy—accompanied the griefs that were inevitable when Death came near, as it did to all of us—and left sacred wounds.

"And in absence, too . . .

"Do not forget the pine's perfume in the sun, the deep caves of shadow, and in the season's later days the orange and scarlet tupelo leaves afloat upon the dark pool in the woods. Do not forget. . . ."

## The Red Glass Bowl

(Continued from page 61)

"I want to see if she'll let me work for her until Christmas. I could work a while every day—"

But Mrs. Hepstein was not hospitable to the idea. It was not unkindness.

"You got enough to do, you baby," she said gently. "You can't take on any more chores."

"It's for a Christmas present for Mummie."

"Your Ma wouldn't want you working extra for any present for her," said Mrs. Hepstein. "She doesn't want any Christmas present from you kids, except for you to be good."

"Of course, she wants a Christmas present," said Sis indignantly. "Everybody wants one, and Mummie *loves* presents."

"I don't think it's right," said Mrs. Hepstein firmly. "Your Ma pays the rent every month, and she keeps you kids fed and dressed, and that's enough Christmas present for any widow in these hard times. And you go off working and leave them alone, and they'll be throwing water like they did the last time."

Sis looked guiltily at the streak on the stove pipe that went through the ceiling of the store. There was a long ribbon of rust on it. Sis left hastily.

On the street, she paused. She cocked an ear up the stairway. All was quiet above, and she ventured to the corner.

"Hey, Spike," she said to the forty-year-old newsboy who had a stand there. "Let me deliver some papers for you, will you?"

She unfolded the plan to him and told him how beautiful the red glass bowl was—offered to prove it—in Mr. Phibbs' window.

Spike listened cynically. "Kiss your 'leven cents good-bye, Sis," he told her. "You'll never see it again. Old Phibbs done you out of it."

Sis was staunch. "You let me deliver papers for you, and see."

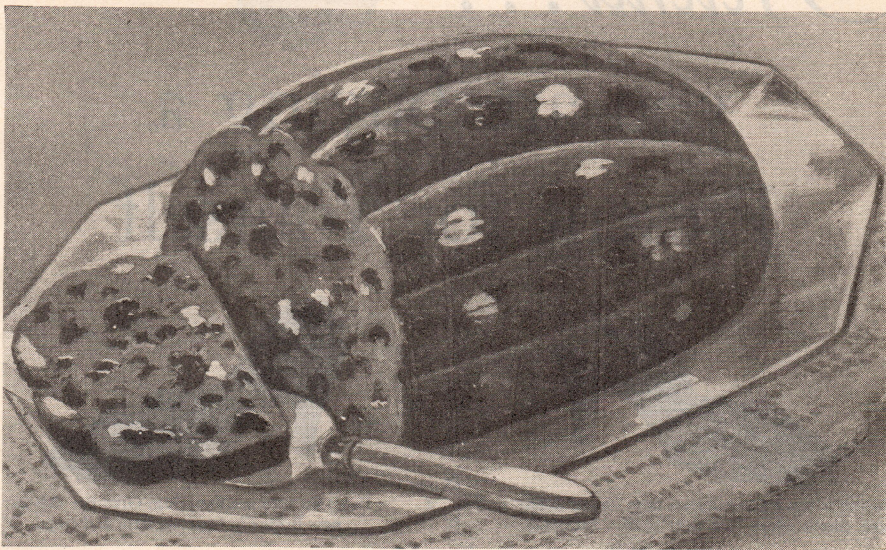
"O. K. Half a cent a paper—twelve papers, every day at noon. I got some customers would like the noon edition in their stores before lunch every day, now they can't get out at noon account of Christmas trade. I'll give you the papers, and six cents after you deliver 'em. But you've got to be here at eleven-thirty sharp, and no missing!"

Sis rushed home, radiant. Edith was laboriously reading to Tillie, faking out the words she didn't know, and Tillie admired her with innocent eyes. Peanut danced about Sis and she stooped to scratch his head. Sis's pencil did astonishing things on the paper. She would have to leave out Sunday, when the stores were closed. But the other seven days would give her forty-two cents on the day before Christmas, at noon. And she would get a penny for each of the little ones in change.

There was no way to manage it, save in a body. So the next day, before half past eleven, the five little Andersons and Peanut, all in a terrific fever of excitement, were at the newsstand. Spike, true to his word, gave Sis the twelve noon editions and a list of the stores where she was to leave them. Even ol' fat George was impressed with the gravity of the occasion and actually walked half way.

# A CHRISTMAS TREAT

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### CHOCOLATE PLUM PUDDING

(Illustrated) (6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine

1 cup milk	1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup cold water	1/2 cup dates
1/4 cup currants	1/2 cup seeded raisins
1 square chocolate	1/4 cup nuts
2 egg whites	Few grains salt
	1/4 teaspoonful vanilla

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Put milk with fruit in double boiler. When hot, add chocolate, which has been melted, mixed with a little sugar and milk to make a smooth paste (or use 3 tablespoonfuls cocoa). Add soaked gelatine, sugar and salt, remove from fire, and when mixture begins to thicken, add vanilla and nut meats, chopped, and lastly, fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Turn into wet mold decorated with whole nut meats and raisins. Chill, unmold and garnish with holly. Serve with sweetened and flavored whipped cream, whipped evaporated milk, or with a currant jelly sauce.

### KNOX DAINTIES (Candy)

4 level tablespoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine

4 cups granulated sugar  
1 cup cold water  
1 1/2 cups boiling water

Soak gelatine in the cold water about five minutes. Place sugar and boiling water on fire and when sugar is dissolved add the soaked gelatine and boil slowly 15 minutes. Remove from fire and divide into two equal parts. To the one part add three tablespoonfuls lemon juice and two teaspoonfuls lemon extract. To the other part add one teaspoonful extract of cinnamon, cloves, or whatever flavor preferred. If peppermint is desired, use one-half teaspoonful only. Any coloring desired may be added. Rinse out shallow pans in cold water and then pour in candy mixture to the depth of three-fourths inch and let stand over night. Turn out, cut in squares and roll in powdered or fine granulated sugar.

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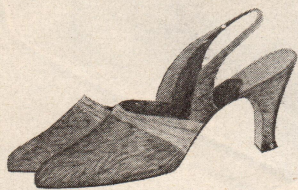
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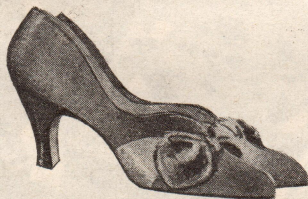
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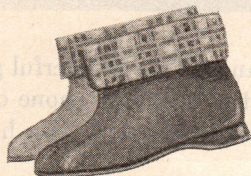
you are buying a  
Present for Yourself



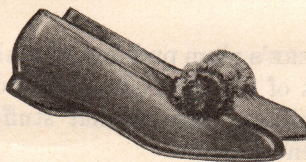
Moire is the smart contrast note for any negligée. She'd adore this new buckle backstrap.



Bows on toes are flattering. Give her this gay new Bridge in lustrous satin and crepe.



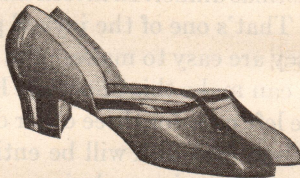
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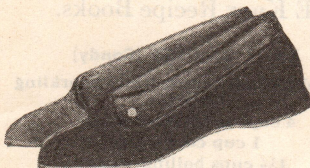
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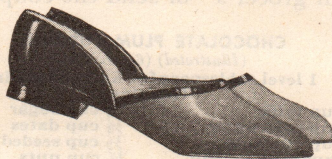
Any woman—any age—needs quilted Comfys for the boudoir. Be sure they're Daniel Greens.



The Comfy Loll in leather or crepe with a restful sole has won more hearts than any man.



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Pretend you are buying a present for yourself. Can you think of anything (that is, anything as practical as Daniel Green Slippers) that you'd rather see pop out of a box? ¶ Of course not! Comfys or Leisure styles, Daniel Greens are as much a part of Christmas as Santa Claus. No one even claims to equal Daniel Green Quality. ¶ Choose gay ones . . . cozy ones . . . for women of any age, for the men you love best. And don't forget the children. Prices \$2.50 to \$6 and up. The Daniel Green Company, Dolgeville, New York.

DANIEL GREEN  
LEISURE FOOTWEAR

December 1931 Good Housekeeping

The Red Glass Bowl

It was a great expedition. Their errand gave them *entrée*, and they entered the stores in a gang, and stared, entranced, at every thing and everybody. It took them an hour to deliver the twelve papers, and Spike gave Sis a nickel and a penny, and they all took it to Mr. Phibbs before they returned home for their lunch. Mr. Phibbs had taken the red glass bowl out of the window and put it on a shelf behind him. There it glowed, like a ruby, and Sis felt that Spike had sadly maligned Mr. Phibbs.

The three days left of the week added eighteen cents to their collection. Sis's arithmetic became complicated.

11¢	49¢	6¢	24¢
+ 6¢	- 29¢	x 4	- 20¢
+ 6¢	= 20¢	= 24¢	= 4¢ Over
<u>29¢</u>			

ANOTHER four days. On Thursday they would get the bowl, and Christmas was Friday.

Sunday was always a happy day for the five little Andersons. Mummie was home all day. Her presence transformed the loft. They had many jokes and games, all of them got a good cuddling, things even tasted differently. The Hepsteins were gone. No one cared how much noise they made. They could throw the ball for Peanut to scramble after. He could bark as much as he liked.

All this particular Sunday there was a delightful air of conspiracy among the children. Screams and hands clapped over mouths saved the secret more than once. Sis and Edith were frozen with terror that Mummie would suspect, but she seemed to notice nothing. Once Maggie gave things clear away, but Mummie had the far-away look in her eyes, and when she looked like that she never heard at all, so Sis breathed freely again.

Late in the afternoon a freezing wind began to blow, and the early dusk was hastened by great clouds of snow that filled the street and danced and whirled about the street lamp. Sis watched it in anguish. Monday morning it was bitter cold. The world was white with a deep, new snow. Mummie left while George and the twins were still sleeping, left Edith and Sis in charge. She was firm in her farewell.

"You must not go out—any of you—no matter what, unless the place burns down!" she added, smiling a little to hide this ancient fear. "One of you sick, even with a cold, would be too much right now. Sis, I put you on your honor—don't leave the house!"

"But, Mummie, maybe I'll have to go out."  
"No," said Mummie. "No, you don't. Your shoes aren't fit, and I don't want you lugging the little ones around through the snow and cold, nor leaving them here alone, either. Peanut—mind the family!"

Peanut put his paws up on her dress, his tail beating furiously. He licked her hand. He watched, bright-eyed, as the door closed. There was nothing for Sis to do, nothing at all, but submit. Fiercely Sis encouraged the others, but her own courage was nothing but desperation. Obediently they stayed within-doors.

It was nice when the fire got hot downstairs; nice when the wind turned west instead of north, so that the front windows were no longer frosted. The children cut out papers and made paper dolls. They watched the endless parade of the street; made up long shows in which they were actors and audience turn about; played house with elegant pretense; turned down all the chairs, and covered them with a blanket for a cave; dressed Peanut in a variety of garments, romped with him, cuddled him, and used him for a pillow. But in spite of Sis's ingenuity the day lagged. Long before it was time for Mummie to come home, their faces were glued to the cold window, watching the corner where she turned into their street.



It was not until Wednesday afternoon that Sis and the children were allowed to venture forth into the streets again. By then the twins were definitely irritable. Edith had cried all morning. Sis was silent, weighed down by the loss of the red glass bowl. And how they had missed their daily excursions into the street, these little Andersons!

They went at once to Mr. Phibbs' store to learn the worst. Again Sis lined them up outside, while she went in alone.

"I've been looking for you every day," said Mr. Phibbs, astonishingly. "I was worried if you was sick or something."

Sis, with the dignity of tragedy, told him what had happened.

Mr. Phibbs listened. He looked at the little face from which the transfiguring light was gone. He sucked his lower lip. Strange things threatened Mr. Phibbs.

"You come back tomorrow, anyhow," he told her—but Sis saw no good to come of that.

In the street again, she and the little ones lingered, a doleful group. George, at the expression of Sis's face, puckered up to cry.

Mrs. Hepstein came out of the store next door, and spoke to them, and stooped and patted ol' fat George's cheek. Her purse slipped from under her arm, the clasp broke on the walk, and some change rolled out. A quarter wheeled directly toward Sis, by the window, and quicker than that her foot was on it, and she stood staring into the window, her quick, shallow breath making a fog on the glass. Edith helped Mrs. Hepstein gather up the money and put it all into her hand, and Mrs. Hepstein gave Edith a penny.

Still Sis stood, face averted, struggling, convulsed. But she could not do it. Reluctantly, slowly, she lifted her foot under which the quarter burned like a hot coal, and moved a little, still gazing into the store front. If Mrs. Hepstein didn't see it—if she went on without it—then the revulsion was complete, and Sis stooped and picked up the quarter and held it out in her hand.

"I guess you didn't see this."

It seemed to Sis that Mrs. Hepstein's black eyes plunged into the depths of her soul, but she only said quietly:

"Thank you, Sis. And here's a penny for you, too."

"No—no, thanks—" said Sis, red and shame-faced, and Mrs. Hepstein went on her way down the street.

Sis immediately took Edith's penny away from her and took it in to Mr. Phibbs.

"You come back tomorrow—don't forget," he told her.

THAT night, after the little ones were asleep, Mummie left Sis and Peanut in charge, with the door safely bolted, and went out. She came back loaded down with burdens. There was something for each of them. A jumping jack and a ball for ol' fat George, small dolls for the twins, a pencil box and tablet for Edith. There was even a tiny, imitation Christmas tree, with some bright balls from the dime store, and popcorn to pop in the skillet and string on red wool. Mummie hid one package, and Sis knew that was for her! Mummie had spent three round, silver dollars in the cheap stores of the neighborhood, and she had a present for each one, and candy and nuts, and an orange and a banana apiece, and meat for a Christmas pot-roast.

Sis was choked with love and sorrow. How lucky they were to have Mummie! That was their luck, nothing else. And they had no Christmas present for her. Oh, if Sis had not been so wild for the red glass bowl! If she had saved their eleven cents, and added the eighteen cents to it, and the penny from Mrs. Hepstein, it would make thirty cents. They might have bought Mummie a big bottle of perfume with that. It was cruel not to have a gift for the one best of all! Sis shivered to think how she had stepped on Mrs. Hepstein's quarter. Mummie would be hurt to know about that. A feverish desire to be a good girl burned in Sis's heart.

All for Beauty



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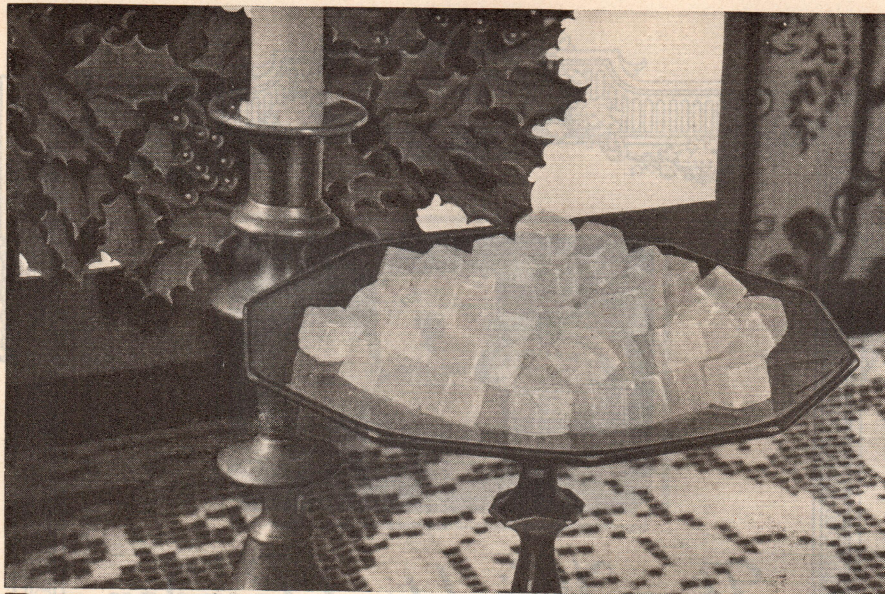
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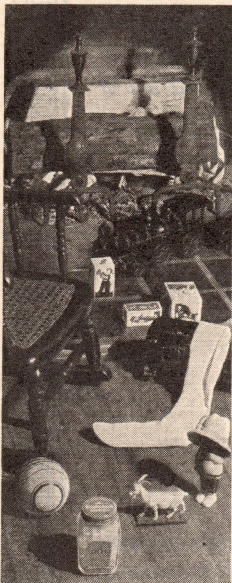
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## The Red Glass Bowl

She and Mummie hid the things away until Christmas Eve. Then they would hang up the little ones' stockings, they would fix the tree. "Edith knows there isn't any Santa, but let's surprise her anyhow, Mummie."

"All right," Mummie agreed, her face shining with pride at the beautiful Christmas she had for her babies.

At noon the next day Mummie came home and found her tribe gone out. This gave her a chance to turn up the hem of the new dress she had for Sis.

Out on the street the five little Andersons pressed their noses against the window of Mr. Phibbs' Cut-Price Jewelry store. Customers went in and out. And there, in the window, was the red glass bowl, with a card in it on which was printed the word "Sold." Sis sighed. Edith struggled with tears. The twins were heavy with woe. Ol' fat George said "tired" in vain, and Peanut sat dejectedly. Mr. Phibbs opened the door, and instinctively the five little Andersons drew back.

Mr. Phibbs beckoned to Sis. His face was shining with pleasure. He grinned at them.

"I was looking for you," he said. "Did you come for your bowl?"

Sis faltered, staring at him hypnotized. The others waited to take their cue from her. Mr. Phibbs plucked Sis by the sleeve.

"Come inside, Sis Anderson." She followed him. The door closed behind her. Mr. Phibbs took the red glass bowl out of the window.

"Everything in the store we marked down, last night," he said slyly. "The bowl is marked down today to twenty-nine cents. Just think of that, for a bowl once priced a dollar. Simulated cut glass, and absolutely pure gold leaf decoration. For such a price! A hard bargain you drive with me, young lady—waiting off until I mark the goods down. It's all ready for you, and you get a penny in change. And would you like it wrapped plain, or for a Christmas present?"

"For a present," said Sis weakly, while slowly, incredulously, the light which had become oddly essential to Mr. Phibbs poured its pure color over her small face.

Mr. Phibbs, as happy as Sis herself, put the bowl in a white box and wrapped it around with white tissue-paper and tied it with red baby ribbon. He handed it over the counter to her politely, and with it a brand-new penny that looked like gold.

He "positively," as he would have said, looked like Santa Claus. His great eyebrows thinned and spread on his bald brow in a double arch. Let each man be measured by his soul's capacity, and it was Christmas in Mr. Phibbs' wintry heart. Sis and the little Andersons had been too much for him.

Dazedly Sis murmured her thanks and walked out of the store spellbound.

NO CHALICE ever was borne more proudly or sacredly through the streets than the red glass bowl. Sis was pigeon-toed and almost cross-eyed with the effort by the time she reached the stairs safely. Ol' fat George walked all the way, and the twins guarded Sis on either side, and Edith and Peanut brought up the rear so that no one might jolt her.

Of course, they could not wait to give it to Mummie. There was no slightest possibility of their waiting until Christmas morning. They gave the present to her just as fast as they could get inside the door of the loft, all crying shrilly,

"Chrismus present—Chrismus present!" Mummie took it with dramatic astonishment. Her loud outcry and joy were satisfactory to the most greedy heart. Mummie actually cried, and hugged and kissed them all. Mummie couldn't believe it was really for her.

"But it looks so awful expensive," said Mummie. "However could you afford it? And for me! I've always wanted a red glass bowl—all my life I've wanted one!"

She put it in the middle of the kitchen table. She went on and on. Her audience knew no surfeit. They told her about it, singly and in chorus. They stood, six of them, around the table, with Peanut's forepaws and his black nose in their midst, and ol' fat George on tip-toe, one chubby hand on either side of round eyes that just could see over the table top.

"Did you notice the curlicues, Mummie?"

"It's simular cut glass."

"Mummie—see how the light shines through it."

"Mr. Phibbs marked it down last night," said Sis. "We thought we didn't have enough money, but he marked it down and gave us a penny in change."

"God love him for that!" cried Mummie. "It's the nicest present I ever had in my life—ny beautiful red glass bowl!"

## Tomorrow is Christmas!

(Continued from page 81)

lighting sets. Lighted outdoor trees for Christmas have become almost a national custom.

Each year brings a host of new ornaments for decorating the tree. In using those made of spun glass, do not handle the ornament itself, as small pieces of glass may pierce the skin. In fastening it to the tree, take hold of the cord attachment. As the spun glass that simulates snow has the same hazard, it is safer to use something else.

Our Institute tree this year is a growing one set in a tub. We found for it sets of lights that were very easy to fasten securely to the tree. They have bell-shaped bulbs in various colors, and there are small wooden balls through which pass the wires from the sockets. The branches were slipped between the wires, and the balls were then pulled up close to each socket to fasten the light in place.

When the children have finished trimming the tree, let them hang the holly wreaths and help to arrange other decorations. They may also wish to help deliver Christmas packages, and pack the baskets for less fortunate neighbors.

This year, more than ever, the contents of each basket should be selected with the needs of the individual family in mind. There should be staples such as rice and other cereals; cheese, dried fruits, potatoes; a roast, a fowl, or a small ham; and a selection of suitable canned foods. There should be Christmas goodies too; perhaps a steamed fruit pudding wrapped in transparent moisture-proof paper. Put in some oranges, and don't forget rosy red apples and some candies for the little people. Your children may wish to contribute last year's toys that are in good condition. Dress each basket with holly and evergreens, and let the children go with you to deliver them.

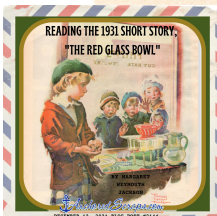
Christmas Eve is the children's evening. There are the glorious old carols sung around the community tree in early evening or at home later by candlelight. "Holy Night," "The First Noel," "O Come all Ye Faithful," are all part of Christmas. Then there are the Christmas stories, read aloud before bedtime. The smallest children will love to hear,

" 'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house,

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

For the older children there are O. Henry's "The Gifts of the Magi" and Van Dyke's "The Other Wise Man," and they should not miss the first Christmas story from St. Luke. Indeed, after an exciting afternoon of packing baskets and dressing the tree, these stories, read before the flickering firelight, will bring a message of that first Christmas, of peace on earth, good will to men.

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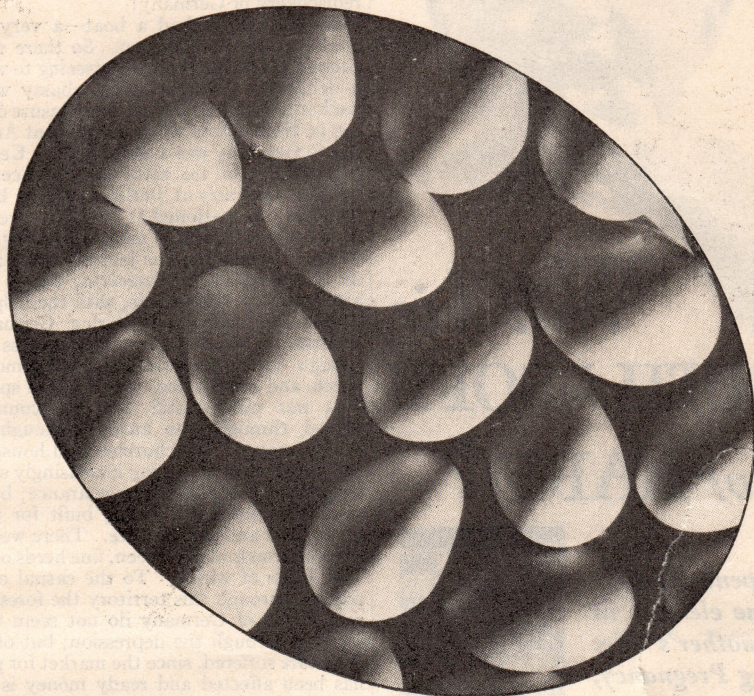


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Here is a little health suggestion: EAT MORE EGGS.

The money you save on tooth paste will earn you biggest dividends in health and happiness, if you buy eggs for the family. Physicians and dietetic authorities stress the importance of eggs as a

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