



THE NEW PREACHER'S SON.

—Minneapolis Journal.

THE SPINNER.

The spinner twisted her slender thread
As she sat, and spun.
"The earth and the heavens are mine,"
she said,
"And the moon and the sun;
Into my web the sunlight goes,
And the breath of May,
And the crimson life of the new-blown
rose
That was born to-day."

The spinner sang in the hush of noon,
And her song was low;
"Ah, morning, you pass away too soon,
You are swift to go.
My heart o'erflows like a brimming cup
With its hopes and fears.
Love, come and drink the sweetness up
Ere it turns to tears."

The spinner looked at the falling sun.
"Is it time to rest?
My hands are weary, my work is done,
I have wrought my best,
I have spun and woven with patient
eyes
And with fingers fleet.
Lo! where the toil of a lifetime lies
In a winding sheet!"
—Mary Alice de Vere.

Getting a Start

Josephine's brother was in the dumps and Josephine knew why.

Two months before she might not have been so discerning, but since that time she had been seeing things by the light of her own engagement solitaire—a most revealing flash.

"Cliff," she said, confidentially, "are you going to call on her to-night?" Clifford Roland slapped his muffled round his neck and buttoned his overcoat.

"Because," his sister pursued, "those violets I used on the table for the luncheon I gave this noon are perfectly good and you're welcome to them." He looked at her, considering.

"Did they come in a box?" he asked. "No; just tissue paper. I bought them at the station, but they're the best you ever saw, for that kind. And I have a box—a good new one. Wait a minute."

She darted out of the room and came back presently holding aloft a purple box bearing the name of an exclusive florist.

"Here you are! This is the box Percy's last violets came in. I scolded him at the time for being so extravagant, but now I'm glad. And look inside! Here's the very wrapping paper and card it was tied with, all saved! I was just as sentimental as that. And here's even the envelope Percy's card was in, with the florist's name printed on the back—all complete!"

"Say," said Cliff, beginning to look interested. "I wonder—"

"Of course you will! I have purple gauze ribbon upstairs and a purple-headed pin and everything."

Cliff loosened three buttons of his overcoat. "Dodie," he said, "you're a peach, but it won't do any good. Her father's too rich. I wish she didn't have a cent!"

"Now, see here," Dodie informed him in the mature manner of a young person who has been engaged for sixty days. "Millionaires, if they're worth getting at all, have hearts, just like other girls."

"You take my word," she went on sagely, after a flying trip upstairs. As she spoke she stripped the dining table of violets and began to prepare them for the box. "You can go in and win—same as Percy did—if you'll just brace up. He was every bit as scared as you are, but he never showed it. If a girl's going to like you at all, she'll like a masterful way. Percy brought me violets from this very florist's the night he proposed, and it's a good start."

She flourished the bunch of violets—their stems wrapped in purple tinsel and adorned with a huge purple bow.

"Get out a card," she commanded, "and put it into this envelope. No; Percy's card hasn't been left in it. That's put away with my treasures."

Dear old Percy! He will go on sending me flowers, no matter what I say. I tell him we ought to save from now on for household furnishings; so every time he brings me violets or roses or anything, he says: 'Here's another butter-spreader, or 'Here's a teapot, or some such thing. Isn't he clever?' "He was clever to get you," Cliff muttered, which is a brother's way of saying thank you. Then he took his box and started out, visibly cheered.

In the home of the "millionaire's" a half hour later young Roland sat alone pondering his sister's advice. The violets had been sent up to the adored one, who had not yet appeared. "Good evening, Mr. Roland," a sweet voice broke in. "You were so kind to bring me the violets."

He rose, to meet a puzzled, inquiring glance in the blue eyes. She was wearing the violets, but something was wrong.

"You were so kind," she repeated in an odd tone, just touched with frost, "but why—that is, can you explain—this?"

She held out a slip of thin paper, folded once. Young Roland opened it. "Dear girl," was written in Percy's handwriting. "Here's another salt cellar. I love you."

Drops of perspiration stood out on young Roland's forehead. He recognized the paper as a leaf from a small notebook that Percy was always whipping out of his pocket. Confound him! He had whipped it out once too often. That had been in the envelope, too, and Dodie had missed finding it when she took out the card.

He pretended to be puzzling over the paper. In reality he was trying to decide what to do. For a fellow of his sort there was no course but the



"CAN YOU EXPLAIN THIS?"

truth. The only question was how to begin.

Whipping out a notebook and pencil in successful Percy's own style, he rested the obnoxious slip of paper on the book and drew a heavy line through the words. "Here's another salt cellar." Then he handed it back to the girl.

"That much of it is for you, anyway," he said in a tone masterful enough to suit Dodie herself. "Sit down here and I'll tell you about the rest."

It was late that night when young Roland got home, but a sympathetic sister was waiting to let him in.

"Did it work?" she asked, solicitously. "It worked," he answered with a grin.—Chicago Daily News.

ROLLER TOWEL TO GO.

Board of Health Calls It More Deadly than Public Drinking Cup.

All our favorite gods and sacred traditions fall one by one before the onslaught of reform. So closely have the clippers of political zealots shorn us of those personal privileges enjoyed by our sires that the modern man stumbles in his melancholy pathway to the grave, beset on all sides by prescriptions, regulations and rules of conduct, and feels himself lucky if he dies out of jail. In Kansas, beautiful, proud, prosperous and far-famed Kansas, the reformers have found their paradise. Topeka is the latter-day Delphi and the oracle of reform speaks in many tongues.

The latest reformatory utterance is a condemnation of the roller towel, according to the Kansas City Journal. It has been officially declared that the

roller towel is even more dangerous than short sheets, drinking cups and cracked dishes. Per square foot the roller towel contains a greater number and variety of germs than are to be found anywhere else in the Sunflower State, and for the protection of society the time-honored rotating rag must go. Perhaps this is all for the best, yet it is permissible to pause and sigh at the passing of the old roller towel. It has served long and well and millions of our most respected citizens have left their sooty imprints upon its inviting folds.

Its rattle has been soothing music to sputtering patrons of public washrooms and in spite of the progressive cycle of its layer upon layer of discolorations it possessed a simple dignity that could not be defied. Even when limp and discredited, it festooned in unloveliness from its scaffold, the roller towel was not without virtue. Always some one came to toy gingerly with its edges in the hope of finding one small area less dirty than the rest.

Bowing to the decree which banishes the roller towel from sight, we yet remember with something like affection the long years of intimate association with it in which it never failed. It has represented human democracy and comradeship. It was the bond that united the high and the low and it touched all mankind with a welcome if humid salute. The arrogant foes wore the roller towel in the days of their affluence, but it remained faithful and its very form typified unchanging purposes.

Legions of men and women have vainly sought the end of the roller towel. It has remained for the Kansas State Board of Health to lay a vandal hand upon this ancient institution and tear it from its honored place behind the door.

TALE OF A LOST UMBRELLA.

Two People Who Failed to See Humor in the Situation.

It was a train coming through Southern Wisconsin. On board was one of those impromptu comedy crowds from the tall grass that hadn't any idea it was funny. One woman suddenly descended on her husband with the thrilling inquiry:

"Where is that umbrella of mine?"

"I dunno," growled the husband.

"Well, you had it last."

"Didn't neither."

"You did, too, and you've got to git busy findin' it. I bet it's up forr'd there where we was a-settin' before we come back hyer."

More growls from the husband, who was sleepy.

"You got t'help me hunt it, anyway."

She took him and went forward, peering under the seats. All up and down the aisle they went, searching vainly. The more uncomfortable the stooping made her the madder and worse excited the woman got and the worse her husband growled.

Finally she began poking under the seats to see if she could touch the umbrella in some recess beyond her vision.

A girl with a blue feather in her hat, who had been timidly watching the performance and showing a blushing tendency to interrupt, could contain herself no longer.

"What's that you're poking under the seat with—isn't that the lost umbrella?" she asked.

The woman straightened up, gave one look at the tightly grasped instrument, and snapped out: "Yes, it is!" She said it just as if it had been the fault of the girl with the blue feather in her hat.

An Impressive Appraisal. "Time is money," said the ready-made philosopher. "Every minute is precious."

"Yes," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "I went out after luncheon to the links and played nearly a million dollars' worth of golf. And yet people say I am not liberal!"—Washington Star.

A woman's idea of a good doctor is one who has a tender voice, and sympathetic eyes.

Methods are plentiful when it comes to killing time.



Woman.

Untamed and forever the tameless,
The frail yet forever the free,
Unshamed and forever the shameless,
The top of creation is she.
All civilizations have passed her
And left her barbarian still.
And the man who had dreamed he is
master
Is simply the slave of her will.

She simpers and glances demurely,
And looks like a saint as she goes;
As sweet as a lily, yet surely
She's leading some man by the nose.
For hers are the primeval resources
Of strong, unregenerate sense;
Duplicity marshals her forces
And art is her subtle defense.

Oh, man, you may marvel and wonder,
May reason and argue and fret;
Oh, man, you may bluster and blunder
You never have conquered her yet!

You lecture and tutor and teach her,
But still she is ever the same,
The free, irresponsible creature
That nothing can fether or tame.
—Chicago News.

Modish Turban Coiffure.



The turban coiffure is first in favor for dress occasions, and that the hairdresser may not suffer by the simplicity of the fashion, waves and puffs are being introduced, and as our illustration indicates with pleasing effect. It is impossible, however, to arrange one's own hair in this manner, and the puffs and hair band on each side are false and adjusted after the waved tresses are drawn back over the turban foundation.

Health and Beauty Hints.

Sweet spirits of nitre is used for slight fevers.

Use witch hazel salve for sores, bruises, burns, abscesses, etc.

Carbolic salve or zinc ointment may be used for flesh wounds, boils, etc.

Never sleep so that on first awakening the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Camphorated oil is ideal for the relief of sprains and is a mild counter-irritant for sore throat.

If the wind has reddened the eyelids, wash them in slightly salted warm water (using common salt).

For a cold in the head a roll of medicated cotton will be valuable. A small piece placed in each nostril will give instant relief.

Make the rule to go outdoors every day where the air is pure, take some deep breaths and exercises. You will find that will keep you warm for quite a time—and it is a healthy warmth.

To reduce the temperature of a feverish cold moisten a sponge with either eau de cologne or vinegar and water and hold it in the hand for a time. This reduces fever due to a cold in a marvelous way.

To remove blackheads, wash the face in tepid water, dip finger tips into green soap, sold at all druggists, and massage the face. Rinse the skin and apply toilet water to kill the alkali and prevent burning.

To straighten round shoulders try the following exercise: Stand about eighteen inches from a door, press the palms of the hands against it, and slowly push the body forward until the breast touches the door. This is also good for weak shoulders.

Crib Pillows.

For pillows for cradle purchase ticking which reflects a pale blue flower. Make the pillow case of soft white dimity, hemstitch it and finish with a hemstitched pillow. The colors show through the white in delicate tracery. A pillow for the crib should be filled with down, and should not be stuffed full. A gift should include one pillow and three pillow cases.

Women Seldom Color Blind.

Color blindness is scarce among women, according to Prof. Samuel P. Hayes. He mentioned that only one woman in 1,000 seems to have defective color vision. In some experiments which were made at Mount Holyoke College with sixty-three students of the class of 1909, but fourteen made very slight mistakes.

Women's Looks in Business.

An attractive, slender figure, a bright, healthy appearance, an alert bearing and graceful ease of movement—these are beauties and personal advantages which women in business do well to cultivate and preserve. They are often a passport to success when applying for a situation, while the young woman with a clumsy figure,

sallow complexion, and slow movements has a much smaller chance. There is also the question of health. Stout persons, as a rule, are more inclined to the common ailments of everyday life than those who are slim and "on the move;" and obesity, a disease in itself, brings others in its train. Plumpness is often very charming. It is when the plumpness turns into real, undoubted fatness that there is cause for alarm. Neglected fatness will soon mean chronic obesity; then troubles come.



Four honors at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris have been won by women this year.

Miss Ellen Day, the organist, is still living in London at the age of 81. Miss Day was only 8 years of age when she was summoned to play for Queen Victoria.

Mrs. Elizabeth Moore, a Vassar graduate, has entered the agricultural department of the University of Missouri at Columbia and has announced her intention of becoming an expert farmer. She is a member of several clubs in St. Louis.

Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia, Emperor William's only daughter, has an exquisitely beautiful string of pearls, which her mother has been collecting for her ever since her birth.

Miss Cigrid Gude, daughter of the Norwegian minister to the United States, is an ardent believer in votes for woman. So is Mrs. Agnes Bryce, the Englishwoman, who has been visiting her brother-in-law, the British ambassador at Washington.

Good Manners for Girls.

The girl who is properly coached in matters polite does all of these smaller things:

Takes off her hat at the theater.

Is invariably courteous to servants.

Never reads the crimes in the newspapers.

Never speaks with her mouth full at table.

Removes her glove to shake hands with elderly persons.

Prefers to walk out with a girl friend than to go alone.

Never uses slang or other unbecoming words of any sort.

Offers her chair anywhere and everywhere to old ladies and gentlemen.

Never forgets for a moment that her conduct must be at all times and in all places on its best behavior.

Never gossips about a girl friend or does anything else to anybody she would not have done to herself.

Care of Mahogany.

The less polish the better where antiques are concerned. Old oak and other wood always require more elbow

grease than applications. Sweet oil—sparingly applied—is, however, excellent for antique mahogany. If a flannel is dipped in the oil it should be rubbed over the wood, the surface having been first of all well dusted. Stains and spots on old mahogany can be taken out by dipping a cork in oxalic acid and water and working it over the marks. Two ounces of yellow beeswax dissolved in the same quantity of spirits of turpentine represents another good medium for mahogany.

Women in the Professions.

Only two professions, according to statistics, have so far not been invaded by the persistent American woman. There are no women sailors in the marine corps and no female linemen for telegraph and telephone systems. The other professions and trades number as follows:

Architects	1,041
Clergymen	3,373
Dentists	786
Electricians	409
Engineers	84
Journalists	2,190
Lawyers	1,010
Teachers	327,614
Bookkeepers	85,240
Clerks	85,246
Commercial travelers	946
Officials in banks	1,297
Manufacturers	3,433
Packers and shippers	19,998
Stenographers	86,118
Telegraph operators	22,556
Undertakers	323
Carpenters	545
Masons	167
Painters and glaziers	1,750
Plumbers	126
Miners	1,309
Blacksmiths	139

Modish Felt Hat.



Felt hats for wear with walking suits are very popular, and our artist has sketched a model especially well liked. This might be successfully worked out in purple felt with darker shade velvet trimming and a dull gold buckle. Be sure, however, that your milliner knows how to handle velvet, as the beauty of this hat lies in the clever draping of the trimming at back.

Hanging Wall Paper.

When papering a room, if you are a novice at the business, choose either a plain or striped paper, as there is then no difficulty in making the pattern fit. If the paper is striped, cut the stripes from the pieces left over and use them wrong way up for a frieze. The criss-cross effect is delightful.

At Last.

A girl's idea of culture is something which will enable her to dodge dish-washing.—Atchison Globe.

IN PARTY-LAND.



Nothing daintier or more delightful could be imagined than the lovely party dresses for children and young girls. Our charming trio gives an idea of the elegance in some cases, each of which, however, may be copied in less expensive materials. The little frock on the left is a pale pink messaline, elaborately trimmed with white lace on blouse and a flounce of same on the short skirt. A wide sash of the material cleverly covers the joining of blouse and skirt and ends in back in large loops without ends.

On the right we show a more babyish frock, built on lines suggestive of the old-time Mother Hubbard fashion. This one is pale blue chiffon surah silk with white lace and pink rosebuds for decoration, put on as shown in illustration. The sash in this case is pale blue satin ribbon, with long ends falling from left side.

Big sister is wearing a gown of white crepe de chine, with accordion-plaited deep flounce and surplice cut bodice, each trimmed with an applied band of fine white lace. It is cut en princess, and the fullness above flounce is artistically held in place and caught at right side with a spray of pink roses matching those on sleeves.