

WOMEN AND FASHION

"That Middle Bureau Drawer."

High up in an old dusty attic,
Deserted for ages or more,
Tripped a gay young bride (with her husband),
To explore the ancient lore.
The old, old books, from their sheep-skins
Peered at them, as they passed,
While she viewed herself in a mirror,
Before which many brides danced.
"Way back in a corner, standing alone,
Thickly covered o'er with dust,
Stood an old mahogany bureau,
Smelling of rose leaves and must.
Toward this the bride now wended her way,
And said, "My, what a pity!
We'll have this all done over, dear—
We'll send it to the city."
She opened the upper drawers, in turn,
And exclaimed, at the silks, and laces,
But when into the middle one she looked
A change came o'er their faces.
There were dainty shoes of every hue,
And tiny stockings of lace.
Little blbs and sacques and dresses,
Causing tears to roll down her face.
For on each and every article
She found the name of the little one
Who last wore the treasured dainty,
And from a mother's arms had flown.
In the heart of each fond mother
There's a middle bureau drawer,
Where reposes dainty treasures,
Some of them worn and tore,
Little shoes, all soiled and worn at the side;
Little blbs, all stained and wet.
But there aren't any treasures like them,
At least I've not found them yet.

The Feminine Revolt.

The relation between the cost of living and the activity in the issuance of marriage licenses is recognized as intimate, even though the economists may not be able to express the subtle fact in a mathematical formula. But there can be no doubt that Cupid keeps an eye on the market prices of provision, even though he may have little use for the tailor.

There can be no doubt that this sprightly promoter of felicity has abandoned the old fallacy, enticing but illusory, that two persons can live just as cheaply as can one. Perhaps that untruth in domestic mathematics took form at a time when girls were different in some material respects from the maidens of to-day. It was once the fact that they should be delicate, without appetite, taking food after the manner of birds, with anaemic results. They were more fond of cakes and sweetmeats than of prosaic bread, potatoes and roast beef. In those days there might be more economy in the feminine menu. But the girl of to-day is brought up to be buxom and robust. There has been a reaction, both sensible and widespread. She takes proper pride in her appetite and in her muscles, which she has learned are not at all inconsistent with gentle sentiment. She emulates her brothers in fondness for the open air and for suitable athletics.

There is no longer any reason for her sentimental semistarvation. If she likes a ballad to her eyebrow, she is ready also for a lobster after the opera. She may approve of kisses from the one right man, but he must also be able to provide a menu more extended than bread and cheese. Hence the normal and active feminine interest in the revolt against high prices in the market place.—Washington Post

Labor Lifts.

If a gloss is desired on linen, add a teaspoonful of salt to starch when making.
In ironing handkerchiefs, it is well to begin at the center; if one irons the hem first, the middle will have a tendency to bulge or "full."

Few know that a cold boiled potato rubbed on a piece of paper for a few minutes will form a moisture of the consistency of glue, and is a satisfactory substitute for mucilage in case of an emergency.

Polonaise Costume.



A useful little costume for late spring and summer is shown in this one of white and dark blue foulard which has a slightly trained plait skirt over which falls a belted polonaise of the same material, widely

banded with dark blue satin, overlapping at the pointed sides and apparently fastened with tiny buttons covered with blue satin. The fullness at the waist line is confined by a girdle of the satin, and the seamless shoulders elongate into elbow sleeves finished with satin cuffs and are trimmed with a frilling of embroidered muslin similar to that finishing the low-cut neck. White silk gloves embroidered with dark blue and a blue hat trimmed with white lace and plumes repeat the color scheme of the frock.

Fads and Fancies in Dress

Collar and cuff sets are once more in favor.
Three-piece suits of foulard are an extreme novelty.
Narrow skirts increase in favor, although plaited skirts are popular.
Lace-striped dimities made over colored slips or petticoats are quite new. The stripes are sufficiently wide to permit the underneath color to show through. Such dresses need little or no trimming and styles are extremely plain.
Lace scarfs are fast taking the place of chiffon and crepe de chine as an evening headdress. The laces are fragile and show the arrangement of the coiffure beneath. The scarfs are made long, but are not tied, as they drape prettily.
A new edged batiste, showing a plain border one and a half inches wide, is made in plaited style with the

STRAWS OF LATEST PATTERN.



Here are two of the good new models in rough straw. Ribbon plays a large part in the trimming of one of them, and the band about the crown is festooned with a wreath of tiny roses. The other hat is turned up sharply at one side, and its trimming savors of the chantecler.

border as a piping, not a band. The effect is charming, as the edging is a plain color and delineates any good feature of the dress.

The leather-colored linen is made into a suit of tailored features, with the jacket front widely separated to reveal a double ruffle of soft white mull. The hat is burnt ochre straw with trimmings of black taffeta silk and stiff black algreets.

A smart spring hat is in biscuit-colored fine straw, with a big bow of many loops of black tulle set rather toward the back and veiling a great cluster of purple and green leaves. The violets and leaves are of satin, sufficiently bright in hue not to be completely dulled by the tulle.

Soft-thread tatting, set in soft net collars, is used in attractive neckwear. A ready-made tatting, resembling the hand-made variety, serves very well. Among the deep lace collars which encircle the neck is a round one made of mull, finely plaited and inset with leaves, tendrils and flowers of Irish crochet. There is sufficient weight in the applied trimming to hold the weblike collar in place.

To Wear in the Hair.

"A pretty hair novelty is a band of gold embroidered in delicate silk," says Mme. Riche in the Woman's Home Companion, "sometimes pink, sometimes blue, but always in the same color as the gown with which it is to be worn. This band is long enough to run from ear to ear across the soft low pompadour which is now the vogue. Fancy buckles and sometimes embroidered buttons finish both ends. Under these, hairpins are fastened to hold the band in its proper place."

Ways of Wasting.

Some women foolishly think it a reflection on their generosity to be careful about the little things, while other women economize unwisely.
Instead of making the pot full of weak tea for the sake of economy, or of strong tea for the sake of being considered generous, and throwing away half of it in either case, measure both tea and water and make enough good tea so that it is practically all used. Never make a big fire when a light one is sufficient. In cooking with gas or oil, turn off the heat as soon as through with it; if water is to be heated, do not heat more or hotter

than desired. I know a woman who is endeavoring by means of allowance and bookkeeping to keep down the living expenses, who three times each day heats a huge kettle of water on her gasoline stove to the boiling point for the dish washing and then uses about half of it after it is reduced to a usable temperature. She wastes enough in fuel to buy the fruit and other dainties of which she deprives her family, in order to keep within her allowance.

Reserve all the left-overs, but utilize them simply. One woman will take the good bits of meat that are left, a little stock, a slice of stale bread and an egg, and provide a delicious meat course for the family luncheon from materials, with the exception of the egg, that were in themselves useless. Another woman will at once throw out the left-overs. Another puts them on the table in their unpalatable condition, until the family eats them in desperation, or they become totally useless. And yet another uses unlimited new materials to conceal the old, thus spending much to save a little.

When Women Ruled.

It seems to be pretty well established that originally the matters of relationship and descent, along with all that followed, were determined through the female line. Kinship, and, therefore, property, was governed by the mother. Hence the power of the early woman. When a young woman got married she took her husband home with her, and if he proved unworthy it was within her power to cast him out. The woman was the "boss," and when she said "Go" he had to get out. It is comparatively



late in the history of human society that we first see the change from female to male headship in the matter of kinship and inheritance and in the consequent transfer of the power and importance from the woman to the man.—Chicago Examiner.

Novelty in Trimming.



Ribbon, which takes such a prominent place in millinery this season, is the most practical of trimmings. When used in a large flat loose bow, with compact little wreaths of small flowers, it is most charming in effect

An Insinuation.

Ethel (confidentially)—Do you know, Clara, that I had two offers of marriage last week?
Clara (with enthusiasm)—Oh, I am delighted, dear! Then the report is really true that your uncle left you his money?—Pick Me Up.

Silk Should Match.

Where silk hose are rubbed into holes in the back by low shoes or pumps, it is usually useless to darn them in the ordinary way. Place a piece of silk of the same color underneath and darn the stockings to it.

Piling It On.

The young, inexperienced wife was in tears. "Just think, mamma," she sobbed. "Henry threw a biscuit at me. One I made myself, too." "The monster!" cried her mother. "He might have killed you."—London News.

A SUNNY SOUL.

She Was Missed for the Brightness She Had Diffused.

"The Dyson girls," as Dulverton expressed it, "all amounted to something; they had faculty—except, of course," it usually added, with an indulgent smile, "Miss Vinnie. She didn't seem to take after the Dysons, somehow. She did her best; she never shirked; but Lavinia Dyson's best friend could scarcely maintain that she was capable."

She was gone now, and the gentle, indecisive, fluttering hands had no more tasks to do. The other Dyson girls—elderly women all, but still girls in Dulverton parlance—sat soberly in the sunny parlor, in a companionable silence, each with her task.

They were busy women, seldom idle even for a moment. Miss Lucretia was a leader in church work; Miss Pamela was a notable housewife, and took orders for special kinds of preserves and cakes and pickles; Miss Anne had worked her way through college, and was a teacher in the high school; Amanda, the Widow Cole, had done her duty by three children of her own and a half dozen stepchildren before she joined her sisters in the old homestead.

Abruptly Miss Lucretia laid down her scissors. "I don't believe any one of us would have been missed so much," she said. "It's—I'm ashamed to say it's coming to me as a surprise. We knew what Vinnie was; we knew what she meant at home, and, thank heaven! we loved her for it, and she knew we did; but—I never even guessed what she meant to other people."

"The things that everybody is saying—the people who stop me in the street—" She broke off to madden her voice, and finished with a sudden little sobbing laugh of pride: "Vinnie was an influence in the community. And how amazed she would have been if any one had told her so!"

"I know! I know!" assented Miss Anne. "I'm finding it out, too; and I've been trying to make out just how it was. She didn't do much—or say much, even, but she was always so friendly; and she always took it for granted everybody wanted to do the best thing the best way—she never wasted time or strength on worries or resentments, or suspicions, or pettinesses. People were somehow ashamed not to behave the way she expected them to."

"Yes," agreed Miss Lucretia, "and then they liked her so much; nobody could help that, and of course that made them want to do what she wanted. She was always so pleasant!"

"My girls adored her; they thought there was nobody with such ways and manners as Aunt Vinnie," murmured Amanda. "Young people never seemed to feel the bar of age with her; she seemed so happy."

"Ah, that was it!" cried Miss Anne. "I think it was her way of gathering brightness, and passing it on. Seemed happy—she was happy! She didn't need to do things like the rest of us. She just—shone! No wonder she's missed; it's like losing sunshine."

"A single sunbeam," quoted Miss Lucretia, softly, from her favorite Saint Francis, "can disperse many shadows."—Youth's Companion.

TIBETAN SENSIBILITY.

The Audubon Society has an unconscious branch in Tibet, or one may say, since such compassion exists in that distant country, that a similar influence is unnecessary. In Sven Hedin's "Trans-Himalaya" the traveler speaks of the sorrow of Oang Gye, the son of the Governor of Saka-Dzong, when one of the caravan shot a wild goose. He was quite overcome at this brutal murder, and could not conceive how the servant could be so heartless and cruel.

"You are right," I answered. "I am myself sorry for the wild geese. But you must remember that we are travelers, and dependent for our livelihood on what the country yields. Often the chase and fishing are our only resources."

"In this district you have plenty of sheep."

"Is it not just as wrong to kill sheep and eat their flesh?"

"No!" he exclaimed, with passionate decision. "That is quite another matter. You will surely not compare sheep to wild geese. There is as much difference between them as between sheep and human beings. For, like human beings, the wild geese marry and have families. And if you sever such a union by a thoughtless shot, you cause sorrow and misery."

"The goose which has just been bereaved of her mate will seek him fruitlessly by day and night, and will never leave the place where he has been murdered. Her life will be empty and forlorn, and she will never enter upon a new union, but will remain a widow, and will soon die of grief. A woman cannot mourn more deeply than she will, and the man who has caused such sorrow draws down a punishment on himself."

I had heard in the Lob country similar tales of the sorrow of the swans when their union was dissolved by death. It was moving to witness Oang Gye's tenderness and great sympathy for the wild geese, and I felt the deepest sympathy for him. Many a noble and sensitive heart beats in the cold and desolate valleys of Tibet.

Going to school finally becomes a habit. Many a young man continues in school long after he should be at work.

Some of our first impressions were made by mother's slipper.



For The Children

My Pa.
My pa is not a millionaire,
He's never been elected yet
To any office anywhere,
There's lots of things that we can't get;

Ma often wishes we could buy
The costly things the neighbors do:
The price of livin' is so high
We have to skimp to worry through.

I guess my pa was never meant
To be a leader in the strife;
Ma says he'll not be President,
Nor get ahead much in this life,
But he can make a whistle, though,
Just from a piece of willow tree;
I wish that you could see the bow
And arrow that he fixed for me.

My pa gets paid so much a week,
Because he doesn't own a store;
Ma says if he was not so meek
And mild he might be drawin' more;
We have no car nor runabout,



And nearly always have to save;
Ma's heart is often full of doubt,
But pa keeps hopin' and is brave.

Sometimes I help him in the yard
When he comes home on Saturdays;
I'm sorry he must work so hard
And wish that he could get a raise;
Most all the time ma needs a lot
Of things we can't afford, and which
The neighbors nearly all have got,
Because they managed to get rich.

My pa sometimes takes me away
Out in the country for fresh air;
We build dams in the streams and play
That both of us are boys, out there;
Ma says that pa, long ago,
Just got to be a mere machine;
I wouldn't want to trade him, though,
For any pa I've ever seen.
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Reason.

"Hurry up, there!" shouted Benny Haddock, as he spied Bobby coming slowly down the schoolhouse steps. "I believe I've been waiting a whole hour for you, Bobby!"

"And I believe that you have, too," answered Bobby, crossly. "I'm just tired of going to school, and I'm tired of staying every night after it is over! I wish I were a robin, or a bluebird, or a butterfly. I've been wishing it all the afternoon!"

Benny laughed. "Bluebirds can't ride bicycles, Bobby," he said.

"I don't care if they can't!" declared Bobby. "I'd like to be one just the same. Bluebirds don't have to study, and they don't have to work one mite!"

"Oh, yes, they do," said Benny, decidedly. "They have to build their nests, and hunt for worms and bugs, and feed their babies, and do heaps of other things! They work like everything, birds do!"

Bobby sniffed. "You never have to work or stay after school, either, Benny Haddock! You haven't stayed after school once this term!"

"I know I haven't," said Benny, proudly, "and do you want to know the reason why? It's because I work and you wish! You were wishing and looking out of the window most every minute before the spelling class recited, and then you missed the very first word. That's the reason why you had to stay after school to-night. And I studied and studied, until I was sure that I knew every word, and that's the reason why I didn't!"

Bobby sniffed again. "You think you know everything!" he said, shortly.

But would you believe it! The very next day Bobby studied with a will. He worked so busily that he forgot all about wishing, and he forgot all about looking out of the window, too! He did not stay after school, because he had worked like a little beaver, and had let some other boy do the wishing.—Youth's Companion.

Good Samaritan Sparrows.

The sparrow has never been noted for its good works and kind deeds, but the following little story throws a new light on these oft-despised little scrappers.

Last spring, a young robin was found floundering about a certain man's lawn. It was unable to fly and had evidently fallen from its nest. Fearing that the cats might devour it in the night the man took the bird to the rear of his yard, and placed it in an inclosure covered with a wire screen. While dressing the next morning he looked out of his window and was amazed at the action of a couple of sparrows which were carrying worms to the young robin in the inclosure. They would fly away only to return a few moments later with

worms, which they dropped through the screen into the upturned mouth of the captive. They kept up this charitable feeding until the robin was liberated, and even then they hovered around like self-appointed guardians.

On Second Thought.

Tommy, lying on the grass,
Gazing upward to the sky,
Sees the little cloudlets pass
And the song-birds flitting by.

He sighed: "Oh, would that I could be
A little bird for just one day!
To perch aloft on yonder tree,
And sing, and swing, and rock, and sway!"

But then a sudden swift idea,
At which his little inside quirms—
His supper time will soon be here,
He doesn't care for worms!
—Chicago News.

PLANT NUT-BEARING TREES.

Slow in Maturing, but When They Do Are Very Profitable.

The planting of nut-bearing trees is a matter that cannot be too strongly encouraged in every section of America, especially among farmers and their children. Of course, it cannot be denied, says Collier's, that such trees do not mature quickly, but when they do commence to bear they will be extremely profitable. Again, it may be true that the man who sets them out may never live to profit by such returns, yet this same man does not object to a life-insurance policy which he must die to win.

There are two main factors that make the planting of nut-bearing trees profitable; one is the nuts they will bear and the other is the ultimate value of the trees themselves.

As to the first consideration, many authorities express the opinion that the planting of nut trees ought to be encouraged and increased until the nuts are produced in large enough quantities to become a staple article of food instead of merely a luxury, because they can to a very considerable extent be satisfactorily used in a mixed diet, to take the place of meat, as they really are very nutritious and valuable as a fruit element. Even for use as a luxury alone, the addition of thousands of acres of nut orchards to our present supply would be found profitable.

The value of the trees themselves can well be shown by an actual example. An old farmer in Michigan, half a century ago, who was barely managing to make "both ends meet," had a son with an eye to the future, who in spite of ridicule, went ahead and set out a lot of walnut trees on some rather unproductive low land. Before the old man died the trees were yielding a profitable crop each season and a few years ago the son himself, now being gray-haired, sold a furniture company the entire lot of trees for \$15,000. Without the trees the farm itself was scarcely worth \$3,000.

The supply of hardwood is nearing exhaustion and it is only a matter of a few years until trees set out now become very valuable.

They do not require much care and no inexpensive asset with greater possibilities could be left behind for the coming generation.

ATTITUDE OF THE ROMANTICS.

How It Was Exaggerated by Some of the Famous French Writers.

Ostensibly the Romanites were chiefly concerned with the breaking down of the old rules which fettered literary and dramatic composition making meters more elastic and demanding more latitude in the choice of subjects. They really differ from their predecessors in making literature more subjective, in attaching more importance to their own personalities experiences and "sensibilities." It more openly exploiting the secrets of their souls, in arranging limelight effects and posturing in the center of the stage. One or two of them, indeed like Alfred de Vigny, were too proud to care to make themselves conspicuous in this way; one or two, like Prosper Merimee, were too cynical. But their general tendency was to turn on the limelight, strike attitudes and call upon the world to behold and admire them, not for what they had done, but for what they were.

The attitudes struck by some of them—by Dumas, for instance—were more or less intentionally grotesque but the more usual intention was to appear either sentimental or sublime says the London Times. Even Sainte Beuve aspired to be sentimental though circumstances were against him, for he was ugly and undistinguished. Victor Hugo never tired of reminding his admirers (untruthfully) that Chateaubriand had saluted him as "sublime child," while the pioneers of Romanticism were, if possible, even more insistent in their self-conscious egotism.

It was said of Chateaubriand that he would be content to starve in a garret provided that the garret were in the attic; and Lamartine had no scruple in formulating his unfavorable opinion of any one whom his personality failed to impress. Of a certain stranger who neither blushed nor shrunk into his shoes when introduced to him he remarked:

"I predict no good of that young man. He was unmoved by my presence."

That surely is the acme of egotism—innocent because unsurpassable. One cannot help applauding the sentiment if only because Lamartine, in uttering it, robbed even Chateaubriand of his laurels.

Wanted Fame.

Suffragette (to policeman who is arresting her friend)—Look here, Mr. Officer, won't you please arrest me instead. She's been in jail three times already, and I don't think it's a bit fair.—Life.