

When the Caddle is Over the Hill. wun is aslant on the dunce and the gorse. 'hazard" that waits near the end

When the caddle is over the hill.

Who says it is late in the year? by, Spring has returned! Just for lovers.

The larks and the cowalips are here. or, ah, I have learned from the lips of She fully agrees with a wifl. int ours is a game most entrancingly played.

When the caddle is over the hill. -Century Illustrated.

AT SARATOGA

Frites of the Muslin-Clad Girls of Fashion's Most Brilliant Summer Capital.

SARATOGA, July 23.-The two-step has filled Summer dancing. So the wise say, and it looks as if they

vere right. Perhaps golf and tennis have been acworles to the murder.

After a day spent actively in outdoor ort, the two-step is too violent. There something quiet, restful, almost dreamy n a waltz played not too rapidly, but the co-step demands exertion, and the numer of Summer men willing to exert themelves is smaller than it might be.

And the vitality of the Summer girl is ot inexhaustible, though some people ave thought otherwise. Boating and riving and guiding the giddy automobile save her not always disinclined for a may evening flirtation on the plazze, in-Assign reasons as you may, the fact is atent. Saratoga has more miles of piman than any woman can reckon, and it on these long, cool annexes to its huge. is hotels that Summer evening dress best to be studied.

To be a white and fleecy cloud, scarcely becuring the moonlight, is the Saratoga iri's ideal. Only at Washington is white

lacwhere so universally worn.

Walk some few of these miles of plazza
setween 9 o'clock and midnight and you will think yourself in a veritable land of douds, where white is the only hue. To be white and fleecy is a matter of nuslin, and perhaps there is more muslin o the square inch in Saratoga this month ian elsewhere in the country.

White muslin is worn by women of all ges. One sees gray-haired matrons cool ges. One sees gray-naive, relieved by and dignified in snowy white, relieved by black, while debutantes wear muslir prightened by blue and cherry ribbons.

White 3flk Foundation. of the Saratoga muslip dress, whose deree of elaboration seems to vary accordng to the original habit of its wearer. uthern girls wear deliciously simple ocks, hand-newed as to every stitch; Vestern girls preen themselves in muslin dilettes fairly covered with lace and in-ertion and hand-painting. New York irls' muslin frocks fit better than other ris' frocks, while the Boston girl car ies her muslin with a style whose fasnation appears to lie in its apparent

Giris from the four quarters of the globe re muslin-clad by daylight and dark, and he muslin dress that achieves distinction est be indeed a rare one.

Last night a short, slight, slender girl frifted across the veranda and subsided on a heap of cushions. She wore sweet rays of late honeysuckle in her hair, and her dress suited her as perfectly as it too like the flowers, were a product

with narrow lines of lace insertion perpendicularly between the seams, was finished with a deep circular nce put on with lace insertion, and it ing with exquisite simplicity above a tilcoat of white Liberty satin. The bodice was a low blouse with a lace

nd muslin fichu about the uncovered aculders. A rosette of white velvet rib-on fastened the fichu above the bust, nd the belt was of white velvet. The girl's beauty was her hair-heavy,

iusky hair that made a halo about her ace. She combed it in great cloudy waves that supplied color to her otherwise orless tollette. Or-no: there was one uch of emphasis-her huge black nd yellow gauze fan.

The man with the white girl had a siser and a mother, and their efforts to lure im from the white girl were comical to he mere observer sister wore a rather stately tollette

white crepe de chine, made up over the bad an open overdress, edged ink. It had an open overdress, edged ith lace and a tucked front, and its low fice was finished with a lace tucker nd adorned with lace and muslin bands. Mother in White.

The mother, who seemed scarcely older han the sister, was another white man. Her dress was white satin with deep flounce of jet-embroidered white From the left side of her watet

ung a cascade of white chiffon. Her low-cut bodice was draped from sch side to the bust, where it was fasmed under a white chiffon rosette, reamers from which joined the cascade am the waist line.

For half an hour one corner of the eranda was a point of interest; but the an had a square-set jaw and the white dri a beautiful unconsciousness of the naneuvers against her, and in the end I und myself watching two girls whose diettes, if not the actions of their rela-res, promised some diversion.

One of them were the inevitable white malin, this time over mauve. The under-cirt of her dress was plain and flowing: he long, open tunic swept away from he front in a foam of ecru lace ruffles, he tunic itself was laid in fine plaits, as as the bodice, which was cut low. uare neck and lace edgings. Two big. mauve rosettes were placed, one ar the left shoulder, the other at the

This girl was pule and fair-haired, end, spite of her graceful tollette, rather in-fective. Her companion was a quick-red brunette, with brilliant cheeks and dress of white and cherry color. Its skirt had tiny ruches of cherry-colat velvet ribbon set across the front had a bolero of musitn ruched

with cherry ribbon, and drawn together nder a rosette on the bust. The under-odice was of lace ruched with cherry

for some distance above the waist line. prettiest dress in the ballroom, it grew late and cool enough to venture thither, was a white muslin Empire frock tucked from the bust to the knees. About its hem was a deep flounce painted with cardinal flowers, their vivid crimson and the cool green of their leaves making a piquant contrast to every other costume within view.

Short-Wassied Bodice. The short-waisted, low bodice was finished simply with a sash of cardinal color. Lace edged the decolletage and the short

An extremely graceful dress of pale blue mousseline de sole was made with a long, closed tunic, edged with ivory guipure and falling upon a flounce of accor-dion-plaited mousseline. The bodice of this dress was accordion-plaited and trimmed with stole ends of lace falling from the shoulders.

A dress of great beauty, but perhaps too

elaborated for Summer wear, was of white tulle, upon which were appliqued decorations in rose-colored mousseline. These applications were arranged in nar-row lines on the trailing skirt, artificial roses being dotted here and there and nestling in the frothy folds of muslin at

The corsage, draped to one side, was held by a cluster of shaded roses, narrow-ing to a garland fastened at the left hip, Almost every girl who danced wore, noticed, slippers with half-French heels toes somewhat rounded, and the whole foot covering held firmly by straps across

One girl's twinkling feet showed as many as six very narrow beaded hands, clasped on the top of the foot by means of six small, bright, jeweled buckles. A girl who were black satin dencing shoes had five straps arching over the instep, and fastened with buttons of brilliants: ELLEN OSBORN.

GIRLS WHO KEEP COOL There Are Some Who Can, Even in the Hottest Weather.

Next to the fat man who can't keep cool, the flercest caloric of the torrid season is the girl who doesn't know how to keep cool. When the maturity of chance places the fat man who can't keep cool on one side of you and the girl who doesn't know how to keep cool on the other, the caloric effect of such juxtaposition is a thing to fee from.

Here is a proper place to puncture a fallacy, viz., that individual coolness is a matter of temperament. It is not. Individual coolness is a matter of common

Even the girl who, from the first torrid day of Spring to the last of the sticky Indian Summer days, when the russet leaves are eddying and swirling in the ditches, swings a fan like a fiail, absorbs prodigious quantities of soda water and ices, succeeds in inducing the powder to adhere to her face only in spots, finds her hair as straight as toss sticks almost before the warmth of the irons has left it, wads her handkerchief into a pitiable little affair about half an inch in diam-eter wherewith to perpetually dab at her nose, and incessantly laments the cruelty of a lot which does not permit of he cruising in the vicinity of the North Cape in a white yacht from May to October-even such an afflicted and afflictive girl were capable of calmly inviting the dog days to do their worst did she but devote scattered portions of her complaining hours to studying the elemental principles of the art of keeping cool.

A Joy to Look Upon. The girl who keeps cool is rapidly achieving numerical strength even in New York, says the Herald, of that city. She comfort enwraps her; she is as a breath from the sweeping prairies; she is ozone and liquid air in combination; she makes her little world glad of and for her.

How does she keep cool? By permitting the old-fashioned courier on sense to show her the way. She need not be a scientific young person, nor a subscriber to that cult which would

season, for it should be understood that this business of keeping cool is occupa-tion enough and sufficiently absorbing She seeks passive methods of reeling off the days. She cheerfully but firmly de-clines to engage in inflated conversation or any craggy topic whatsoever, evinces a preference to talk-when need arises for her to talk at all-about old, well understood, nicely threshed out things concerning which the phrases come patly, without any heat-producing searches for points of view.

Neither Bothers, Nor Hurries. She refuses to regard her affairs-of the heart or other-as being worth any

further bother than that which arises from breathing a mild flope that they continue to glide smoothly. The girl who keeps cool does not hurry

She achieves punctuality without haste. She does not procrastinate, but she sets herself an even pace and keeps herself aligned to the schedule. When the dinner awaits, she stands on the threshold of the dining-room, prompt to the dot, for, dinner being one of the affairs of the day, she has calculated upon it. The warning bell never catches her dreaming -she invites her dreams when the spaces in her schedule are otherwise blank. The very knowledge that one is behind the time chart is heating, let alone the labor involved in the effort to catch up with

Not only does she eliminate the word "hurry" from her vocabulary as apperher face in the other direction when she is in danger of seeing anybody else en-gaged in the fruitiess act of hurrying.

The girl who keeps cool need not lack n sentiment, but she quite properly puts are sentiment on ice until it is able to get along without a refrigerated tempera-The girl who keeps cool fearlessly de

clines to talk of the weather under any circumstances, and she never by any chance permits herself to be enticed into coading hot weather stories. The girl who keeps cool encourages and cultivates the cool man during the torrid

season. Later on when the trees are bare and leafless and the frost takes the pince of the dew, she is quite likely to refer to him as an iceberg and a Green-lander in temperature—but the cool man's frigidity is restful during the period when the heel sinks into the asphaltum. Devotee of the Kimona.

The girl who keeps cool is a devotee of the silken kimona from far Japan. There is little or no weight to the proper kind of a kimona, and the little of what there is irks the shoulders of its wearer.

The girl who keeps cool sleeps fike an infant throughout nights when the heat is rising in visible waves from the pavements, for she knows of a method whereby her room may be kept as cool as a dry cellar. It is to hang a wet sheet-not dripping, but just weat-across a line rigged up in her room. The wet sheet absorbs the heat as fast as it generates, and the girl who keeps cool slumbers as refoundly as a wearied albatross on the secon of a serene sea.

The girl who keeps cool does not neglect her exercise, but she takes it be-fore breakfast. If shop she must, the girl who keeps cool is threading the maxes of the shops as early as 9 o'clock in the morning, and by the time the sun has all its shutters down and is ready for busiess in earnest she is back in her room and in her kimona, coolly examining her

The girl who keps cool does not patro nize the elevated trains when she goes shopping or for an airing. She elects to ride in a far front seat in an open surface car, thereby avoiding cinders and the hot suggestiveness thereof, and the nauseous oft coal breath of the engine, which is ecidedly a feature worth avoiding.

The girl who keeps cool has picked up the habit of frequently permitting the stream from the cold water tap to run

PEMININE GIRL RETURNS.

Fluffy Gowns in Order, Parasols Resume Their Reign.

upon her wrists.

The woman who doesn't spend an extravagant amount of her allowance this instruct her to say with great positive- season in riotous buying of parasols,



MIDSUMMER COSTUMES IN LACE AN D MUSLIN.

ness unto herself: "The weather is quite | either has unusual self-control, or is lackthis heat that I hear them speaking of is pure imagination."

She need not be an experimenter with

the whimsical heat stifling schemes of the sundry and divers schools of medical men, either. But when she sits into the game with Old Sol, she is sustained by an abiding belief that his game can be beaten, and she beats it by straight play

and level-headed methods.

She waits for the heat to come to her; she doesn't go after it. She steers clear of excitement as she would a runaway automobile. Excitement makes far more heat than does a grate fire. She declines to cultivate her mentality with anything sensational whatever during the torrid

I say so, therefore I am cool, and | ing in feminine taste. Never before were sunshades of one sort and another so attractive. The eternal feminine instinct is asserting itself with growing firmness, and mannishness as a feminine affectation is distinctly and undeniably going out. The Summer girl will go in out-of-door sports and wear golf skirts and shirtwalsts and even drive or walk about the country without wearing a hat out her golf skirt will be ankle length instead of boot-top length, and she will wear soft slik and ribbon and isce collars with her shirtwaists; and, if she doffs the hat she'll make up for it by a The frockled, lobster-hued, sun-baked

girl isn't to be in it this season, so ...e New York Sun says. No more rolling sleaves up to the elbows and putting sait that the sun may get in thorough work and achieve wonders in the line of tan and freckies. Freckie lotions and cold creams and sunburn cures are being packed with the Summer wardrobes of girls who would have scorned them last year. One feally can't wear tucks and frills and laces, and dainty frou frou things, and soft pastel shades and low-cut house frocks, fishu draped, if one is going in for tan and freckles. The day of frills and furbelow is here, and so the leather-skinned Summer girl must change her spots and try to be an Eve-

Outing Bats. There are outing hats of every shape and description this Summer, but all of them actually protect the face. Then there is the long line of bewitching sun-bonnets which began a triumphant career last season, but are in their glory now. and range from a dainty pink or blue version of the sunbonnet of our grand-mothers to marvelous and fascinating creations of chiffon and muli, warranted to make a pretty girl absolutely fatal, and invest even a homely girl with a

This will be a terrible season for the Summer man. The mannish girl was good fun, but one could survive her, Bofore the intensely feminine girl in an or-gande gown and a flower-covered picture hat, or a chiffen sun bonnet, even the most crabbed woman-hater is likely to

Then to go back to first principles, there are those parasols. No buying one white or neutral-hued parasol and making it do for all occasions, this season! One needs a dozen. They come in all the soft pastel



Of Pink Crepe de Chine.

shades and the prevalence of the pink ones adds another note to the swelling harmony of femininity. The girl who cannot look pretty under a shell pink parasol should take treatment for her face. Add the pink parasol to the organdie frock, and where's your poor doomed

The coaching paragol is the favorite of the hour. It is a stiff parasol in taffeta or heavy silk; and, with the club suck is decidedly new. The stick is very heavy and large, and is cut off bluntly without a ferrule, while the handled end also terminates bluntly, as though chopped off, or awells into a heavy knobb. The covering is in plain delicate colors or in an occasional corn flower blue or vivid crimson. Other and more elaborate parasols have slender sticks and are cov-ered in Dresden silks, taffets applied with eru lace or embroidered by hand, heavy moire, in delicate shades.

Showy Handles Tabooed.

The day of the elaborate handle is past, and the well-dressed woman taboos the showy, gold, silver, jeweled, ivory and iniaid handles into which any amount of money could be put. A plain wooden stick and handle is the proper thingthe preference, in the parasols of dainty color, being given to English furze, which is a pale creamy wood and harmonizes and beauty of tint.

The money one can not spend in handles m y be put into parasol covers. There are stil fluffy chiffon effects, and one may pay \$200 or \$500 for a lace-covered parasol, but even in these cases, the handles are still simple; and, expensive as they are, the chiffon and lace parasons haven't the vogue or the style of the stiffer ones. Fiuffiness and elaboration have slipped down from the parasols to the frocks, and the former must make up for their sevrity of form by delicacy

and benefit of tipt.

The most artistic and elaborate parasol of the season is hand painted. Here, too, the covering is usually of plain heavy silk in white or a pale tint, and the form is severe, though occasionally the silk is gauze covered and the painting is done upon the gause. Almost any price from \$15 up, can be paid for these parasols, the price varying with the ity of the work and the fame of the ar-

SALTS THE CARDS.

Curious Superstition of a Woman

Who Should Know Better. "All women are more or less superstitious," said a business woman to a writer of the Washington Post recently, "but it isn't often you come across one who is so frankly ready to admit it as was the old schoolmate with whom I spent last Sunday. She has a charming house in the country, where she lives with a husband and a family she has collected. I arrived late Saturday afternoon, and we spent most of the evening with the cards. We didn't play-not exactly-but she told my fortune and read the cards for me as she used to do for the girls in school. I had gone to my room and was just putting my curi papers on, when my hostess came to the door.
"Do you know where the cards we

had are? she asked. 'I can't find them anywhere."
"'N, I don't,' I answered, 'but I'll help rou look for them in the morning.

"'That won't do, said she. 'I must have them tonight!"

"So I went with her, and eventually we found that I had put the pack behind a photograph on the mantel. I made her tell me what on earth she wanted with cards at that time of the night, and finally she laughed shame-facedly and told me she wanted to sprinkle salt on them over Sunday. The old mammy who taught her to read cards had cautioned her solemnly never to leave them un-salted over Sunday. It brings bad luck, or the evil spirit gets into the pack, or something-I don't know what, but I do know that that girl, with a University of Minnesota A. B. to write after her name if she likes, wouldn't for worlds leave the cards unsalted."

SARAH GRAND AWHEEL.

Wears "Rational" Dress and Advo-

estes It for Others. Sarah Grand does not like the cycling costumes worn by the women of England, and has good reasons to urge in behalf of what is known as the "rational" dress. She says, indeed, there is no other for the health. Military surgeons are beguitable costume. She first learned to ginning to protest against soldiers' belts. But lovely woman doesn't mind a little like health.

considered an appropriate costume, but found that the cycling teacher objected. He was not willing to teach any one to ride with the chance of accident, aggra-vated by skirts. His pupils wished to learn, and as he was firm, the only thing to do was to dress as he desired. Once wearing the coatume, no other could be thought of, and now Mme. Grand goes to the Continent for cycling because the ra-tional dress obtains there. "No one," she says, "should dream of cycling, any more than riding horseback, without the prop-er dress."

The French women, she says, wear their rationals for walking, and on the moors wear a long tunic or a short skirt, which they discard at the first opportunity. Some of the rational suits, which have been worn in England Mme. Grand describes as ideal, and says the wearers make a really elegant appearance. An unnaturally small waist, with the increased size above and below it; has a ridiculous appearance, and it is necessary to preserve the natural figure.

"I don't say that extremely stout wo men look well in rationals, continues Mme. Grass, "but I never find that ex tremely stout people look particularly well in any style of dress." Mme. Grand advocates the rational dress for business women, and for walking on muddy, windy days in the city. "I suppose," she adds, "that if one of our Princesses rode the wheel in rationals every one would follow, and the objections would soon fade

PULLEY-BELT APPENDICITIS. New and Distressing Malady Due to Singular Cause.

"A new and strange malady has ap-peared in Washington," said a Connectiut-Avenue physician, to a reporter of the Washington Evening Star, "which has afflicted several of my patients, and which blds fair to attack the gentler sex as the season advances.

"I was called in by the husband of a lady, who told me in great alarm that, while she was preparing for the theater she was seized with sudden and violen convulsions of the head, neck and vertebra. Her sufferings were very acute, the symptoms finally becoming so severe that her head was twisted around to one side to the extent that she faced back-

"I was much concerned on the way from my office to the house, as the indications pointed to strychnine convulsions. "I found the lady's head turned quite around, indicating a serious wrench of the spinal column and the muscles of the neck. She was in a state of coms. I applied restoratives. After considerable dif-ficulty I succeeded in reducing the muscular tension. I was also fortunate in getting her cranium back to its normal post-tion. When she recovered consciousness she was able to look forward instead of backward, to her intense delight, and the decided relief of her husband. Luckly for her the tension had not been of sufficient duration and vigor to form a permanent position of the muscles. It would have been rather awkward for her to have gone through life with her face looking west over her left shoulder while the remainder

of her body walked east.
"I diagnosed the aliment's pulley-helt-spino-appendicitis, accompanied by ex-treme rigor of the mastoid-jugular muscles. My advice to ladies who wear the pulley belt is, not to feel that their lives depend upon having the points of the dismond in the center surely, squarely, truly, exactly, precisely, positively and perfectly even in the back with the center of the skirt, or their necks may become dislo-cated in attempting to see around, down and behind, and remain so forever,'

About the Baby. In Spain the infant's face is swept with

a pine bough to bring it good luck. In Ireland a belt of woman's hair is blaced about a child to keep harm away. Garlic, salt, bread and steak are put into the cradle of a new-born baby in

The Grecian mother before putting her child in the cradle, turns three times around before the fire, while singing her favorite song to ward off evil spirits. The Turkish mother loads her with amulets as soon as it is born, and a small bit of mud, steeped in hot water prepared by previous charms, is stuck on

its forehead. At the birth of a child in lower Brittany the neighboring women take it in charge, wash it, crack its joints, and rub its head with oil to solder the cranium bones. It is then wrapped in a bundle, and its lips are anointed with brandy to make it a full Briton. In the Vosges peasant children born at the new moon are supposed to have tongues better hung than others, while

WOMAN

"I Doubt It."

Were a pair of red lips upturned to mine, Where no eyes raw to whisper about it, Yould I then resist the proffer'd caress? Well, may be I would, but I doubt it.

Were a dear little hand to nestle in mine With a tempting suggestion about it, Would I let it drop, without one fond clasp? Well, may be I would, but I doubt it.

Were a small dainty waist where my arm might entwine With the charm of the wooling about it, Would I stop to ask, if 'twere naughty or not? Well, may be I would, but I doubt it. -Philadelphia Inquirer.

SYNONYMOUS WITHINSULT

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Held to Sharp Account for Uncalled-for Advice to Summer Girls.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, not content with setting forth the primeval crudeness of her emotions, in the unhallowed verse of "Poems of Passion," must needs come out in everyday prose and drag the young girlhood of America through the silme of evil imagining. The "problem" question has been made much too prominent in our literature of recent years. The result is unsavory and unpleasant reading, So long as it is kept in the realms of fiction. where people are mere "figments of the brain," it is endurable. But when it is brought boldly forth, and, with heedless-ness aforethought, is used to smirch the fair name of our innocent, pleasure-seeking Summer girls, then is it time to call

In her advice to these girls, Mrs. Wilcox takes entirely too much for granted.
"Youth and Summer," she avers, "form a
dangerous combination." Shall we then
send our young people to Alaska, from
May to September? She says: "Earth
dons her green robes, and woos the kisses
of the sun.", How romantic! But it is not

"Love and passion flow during the Sum-mer solstice." I take issue with Ella, as to young people loving each other better in hot weather. Winter also has its allurements.

Come Down, Ella! She further informs us that, "when chools, churches and business houses close, the practical and workaday side of human nature draws down its blinds, and the door to the languorous and emo-

tional side opens."

Now, what should possess a sensible woman to talk such trash as that? If it were not too slangy, I would say: "Climb down from that 'languorous' perch, and wash dishes, and feed the chickens, for a wholesome change. And don't lie awake worrying about our girls. Their inherent modesty needs no lasciviously worded 'prenez garde' from you. The very freedom accorded our young womanhood is its warrantee of safety. 'Give a dog a bad name,' etc. Shadow a young girl persist-ently, and you induce, perhaps, the very ideas you wish to guard her from."

Mrs. Wilcox goes on with her dreary surmises of evil. "I have seen rocks," she says, "overlooking the sea, dotted with men and maids, on Summer nights, as thickly as barnacles, while somewhere, out of sight and hearing, unmolesting outputs, and change or the state of the same white the same said. parents and chaperons exist, in true American confidence that all will be well." One can imagine the poetess drawling this long-winded senten think, for a minute, of the fair Ella cast-ing baleful looks of suspicion on a lot of merry people, "thick as barnacles on the rocks!" Does she want their guard-ians to drive these young people, frankly and publicly having a good time, into those isolated, "out-of-sight-and-hearing" places? It is hard to decipher the mean ing of this worthy mentor.

An Insult. Her language is simply an insult, in the form of advice. This taking for granted that a voluptuous nature is universal is a little too much to be borne patiently. It drags the "trail of the serpent" over the purest motives and acts. Our girls and boys are apt to have an innocently good time, whenever and wherever they are met together, and be it Summer or Winter; and those suspiclous-minded persons who look narrowly those born at the last quarter are sup-at their merry pranks, through silitted posed to have less tongue, but better eyelids, imagining untold disaster, are

TWO PRETTY EVENING WAISTS.

like unto the spider which can only spin

It is all really too bad. Mrs. Wilcox has,

it "in her" to do noble work. She has,

in fact, sent forth many wise and witty screeds of verse, with messages of truth and tenderness, to humanity. This de-

basement of her genius to an unjust in-sistence on the "under-side" of human

nature is a fault one hopes to see reme

MAN WHO CHARMS WOMAN.

Physical and Mental Strength at

Absolute Essential.

The man who charms all women must,

says the Omaha Bee, have the suggestion

of bodily strength. It may be a strength

MARY C. BELL.

reasoning powers. A daughter born dur-

ing the waning moon is always prece-clous.—Chicago Times-Heraid.

Do You Belt?

Do you belt? This is a question that

women are now asking each other. It is

a feminine secret, learned from our sol-

diers. It is that the constant wearing of

This has long been a well-known fact in military circles. A man's girth was al-ways found to be considerably smaller

stiff belt reduces the size of the waist.

which has been impaired, but the signs of it must be there. The man whose face is "peaked," whose eyes are not straightforward, whose hands are thin and dry and sallow, and whose pate is devoid of hair, never charms a woman. If a woman were always to tell the honest truth, she would say that the man she found fascinating was the one she never laughs at, who had no point on which her sense of the ridiculeus could rest. He is not necessarily serious himself, except in all things which concern her. She is delight-ed to laugh with him.

It is a humiliating fact that a woman notices first the way a man stands on his fect. The strength and power of his legs and feet may typify to her his position in the world. The man who trots along may be of an angelic disposition, have the face of a Raphael, and the intellect of a sage, but no woman ever worshiped him. She

wants him to step boldly.

Women seldom find a smiling man fascinating. They are apt to distrust or to find commonplace the man who is too readily good-humored. They admire a more complex nature, one which can discriminate. The ladies' man, the creature who seeks women's society constantly and is altogether gallant, they treat withsmall respect. They are necessary to him, not be to them.

But that woman does not live who does not find a fascinating quality in the man with a quiet sense of humor. Sometimes she will even allow it to direct itself against her own idiosyncrasies; or, rather, that particular idiosyncrasy which is t her "sore spot." That must never touched or recognized,

It is the man who seems firm, decided, and strong, and yet who can consider her, who wins a woman's heart and holds her allegiance. Perhaps no better illustration of the way not to do it could be made than John Drew's part of Mr. Parbury in "The Tyranny of Tears." In this play Mrs. Parbury loves her hus-band devotedly, but cries at him whenever she wants her own way. She is what her husband calls "exigent." In the first act he wants to go on a week's yachting with an old friend. She cries. Every woman in the audience sits in despair, because not a man there has sense enough to know what that woman is crying about. It isn't because he made his plan without consulting her. Had she done the same he would have been fu-

The fascinating man would have said, quite frankly: "Gunning wants me to go yachting for a week. Would you mind it

went? And she wold have thought of the thousand things she wanted to do, and would have packed his traps gayly and bidden him godspeed. But he who charms knows the feminine nature. A man a woman loves can have anything she can give him that he will ask for. It's not the asking that makes all the row. If a woman knows absolutely that she can do as she pleases, it is her feminine nature to abnegate herself. She gives the road to everybody, secure and happy in the knowledge that she can have it when she wants it. And that fact the charming man knows. Your really fascinating man has nothing to fear from acquaintance. His charm is strengthened by propinquity. Why name his qualities? But one covers him; he makes life interesting. And he is the only man who ever knows the full charm of any woman's personality.

Felicitous Married Life of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone.

"No more felicitous union ever existed," ays the Boston Transcript, "than that of the great English statesman, William E. Gladstone, and his wife, known in maldenhood as Catherine Glynne. She was a famous beauty, and he was simply fitted to appreciate her leveliness, which, from year to year, he learned was as much of character as of appearance. That she was content to play the part of true helpmate, all who have ever seen the couple together have borne witness. Intellectually, she was perhaps fitted to make a name for herself had she so ingly great, he might have been known only as her husband. But she was sat-isfied to be his prop, remaining in the background when necessary, or coming to the fore if he had need of her there. In the busy, hard-working days of his life she was his constant attendant, and It has been said that his moral streat-

"Then, as illness and old age made it necessary for him to lessen his public duties, she continued to be the true helpmate by watching over his physical comforts in the tenderest way. It was said at the time of his death that her unceasat the time of his death that her inceas-ing care had undoubtedly prolonged his file. It must have been gratifying to her to hear this, for she had clearly made this her mission. When his life went out she felt in a sense that her life-work was done also, and she looked for the summons to leave this world with no feelings of dread."

Women as Bankers.

One of the latest activities upon which women Have entered is that of banking. They are said to make good cashiers, sind not a few of them are found in prominent financial institutions through-

ut the country.
While some women have little natural aptitude for business, when they are told a thing once they almost invariably remember it and seldom make the same error twice. They are quick, us a rule, in their accounts. Few people have any accurate idea of the number of women who keep separate accounts or who own atocks and bonds. Many are the widows of rich men, while some have inherited large sums of money from fathers or other relatives. There also is a considerable and growing class of women either actively engaged in business or slient partners in some enterprise from which surge dividends are drawn.

It is getting to be more and more the

custom to pay household bills with checks, the bank account for this being carried in the name of the mistress of

Women Make Good Smugglers.

The best smugglers in the world are said to be women, and among them none are more successful in baffling the vigilance of the Custom-House officers than the Americans. Astute and daring as they are, however, they sometimes get themselves into trouble, as two recent prosecutions at New York attest. But where one of these violators of law is caught, a score escape and beat Uncle Sam out of his dues. There are scores of American women, and probably those of other countries, who are a match for the shrewdest officials in self-possession and

Side Lights on Life.

Somehow the marriage of a grass widow with a rake seems to savor of the

eternal fitness of things. A fool praises himself, but a wise man urns the job over to a friend. It is easier to take things as they come than it is to part with them as they go. The only difference between a vic and a fiddler is that one draws a salary and the other doesn't. Some men are so full of human nature

that they have no room for principle.-Chicago News. What a Snap! George Washington a husband was, Whose mornis mounted high;

Oh, what a snap for his good wife,
For he couldn't tell a lie,
-Baltimore American.

