

SOME STYLES IN CHILDREN'S DRESSES FOR SCHOOL.



The reopening of school is a source of regret to the children, but to mothers it brings problems of perplexity. Children are no respecters of dress, and the question of wherewithal shall Katie, or Susie, or Rosie, be clothed is an ever-present one. Muslins and gingham must soon be put away and flannels and serges be made up into pretty costumes for the little people. Durability and simplicity should be prominent characteristics of school garments, but the little dresses should be pretty as well as useful. Maternal pride is ever ready to assert itself, and, happily, mothers no longer cling to the Puritanical idea that to put a pretty dress on a child means to swell unduly its bump of vanity. On the other hand, pretty clothes do not mean elaborate nor extravagant clothes. There is no more pitiable sight than a much beruffled, bejeweled and befrizzled grown-up little girl.

Cashmere is to be in high favor. None of the substitutes has stood the wear and tear like cashmere. Nun's veiling and mohair are also being used for early fall school frocks. Cheviots and the serges are old standbys. Tucks, cords, plaits and machine stitching and braiding are the principal trimmings for school dresses. Silk and velvet are employed for trimming, and lace in slight quantities. There are the fancy gold and silver braids, but these are better reserved for best frocks. Narrow black velvet ribbon is always a pretty and very suitable and durable garniture for the little gowns, and its possibilities of application are unlimited. Bright-tinted embroideries will be in great favor among trimmings, and they are very effective and appropriate. The Russian dress will be a popular design, and on these Russian embroideries will be much used as a trimming.

Buttons are again fashionable, and they not only play a useful, but ornamental, part in the calculations for juvenile modes for the fall. Small gold and silver buttons give a very picturesque finishing touch to many of the little frocks, and a few very large ornamental buttons are used with good effect.

Guimpes and collars of many kinds will be used. The big white collars of lawn linen, pique, embroidery and lace will continue to be worn. The white wash fabrics with embroidery are the most serviceable.

**PHYLLIS.**

In powdered wig and silken hose,  
Young Corydon as suitor kneels,  
To offer Phyllis fair the rose  
That in its tender tint reveals  
The color of his beating heart,  
Which Cupid shivered with a dart.

But Phyllis coyly hesitates;  
She may—she can't—she won't—she  
will,  
The while her patient lover waits,  
With all his heart a-beating still.  
For Doubt itself suggests a chance  
Of waking up the rare romance.

His face is fair; his eyes are blue;  
He kneels a suppliant at her feet;  
And surely must his heart be true,  
Thus, with a smile serene and sweet,  
She gently takes the proffered rose—  
And ends his hopes and fears and  
woes.

Then Corydon pursues his suit,  
With tender touch and facile phrase,  
While Phyllis, for the moment mute,  
With eyes cast down before his gaze,  
Lists to the tale of love lifelong,  
To echo the immortal song.

How often waitean limbed he pair,  
And won the praise of many wens!  
But did not son's in the air,  
And here they pose before the lens,  
Yet Phyllis in her rich brocade  
Is Phyllis still—in tailor-made.

Be sure we love her just the same  
As in the days of yore, when we  
Were wont to play the wooing game  
In buckled shoon, on bended knee.  
The Heart that loves is still a Heart  
In all the divers dreams of Art.  
—The Sketch.

"What will mother say?" I asked, as Joan, not at all discomfited at my cool reception of her news, left my room, humming the refrain of a song.

Perplexed with the situation that had suddenly arisen, I went down-stairs to find our old friend and neighbor, Jack Villiers, of whose presence the exigencies of the diplomatic service, to which he belonged, would soon deprive us. I told him of my trouble, and ended by asking his advice.

Ten minutes later he said:  
"This is my idea. Joan is impressionable. I have an old friend in town



I ONLY SHOOK MY HEAD.

who has a rare knack of fascinating girls; I'll get him down for a week's shoot. If he devotes his time to Joan it may destroy her inclination for Avonmouth."

The plan seemed feasible. I prayed that Joan's affections would be diverted from their objectionable object.

Two days later I received a note from Jack saying that his friend had accepted the invitation and was coming to-day.

When I descended about luncheon time, Jack and his friend were the only occupants of the drawing-room.

"Let me introduce you to my old friend, Claud Blackwood," said Jack. I gave my hand mechanically. My thoughts were concerned with Joan's future.

Later, I noticed that he had fine eyes and there was plenty of him, but all the same I was disappointed. Perhaps I expected too much.

Soon Lord Avonmouth and Joan strolled in from the garden, and, after the usual commonplaces, we went in to luncheon. Before half an hour had passed, I discovered that Captain Blackwood fascinated me, and to such an extent that I almost forgot my fears with regard to Joan. She, too,

seemed interested. Her white muslin dress, decorated with a red rose at her waist, showed off to advantage her rich, young beauty.

After lunch, while Joan and I waited the men in the rose garden, I was strangely silent. I had only thought for Jack's friend.

When the men had been with us some few minutes Jack maneuvered so that Captain Blackwood and Joan strolled off to inspect some ruins at the farther end of the park.

"Well contrived," whispered Jack as they disappeared from our sight.

"Well contrived!" I echoed absently.

The next morning we assembled for a ride previously arranged. Jack again managed that Captain Blackwood accompanied Joan.

Though the knowledge that he left my side reluctantly gave me intense secret pleasure, I found myself surrendering to a desire for isolation; and soon I was alone with the softly whispering trees. Their sadness had never seemed so attuned to my mood before.

Horses hoofs, a beating of my heart, and Jack's friend drew rein beside me. The whispering of the trees was so beautiful I wondered I had not noticed it before.

He did not speak. I summoned courage to glance at his face—only for a moment.

"I think we had better find the others," I said, "I want to speak to Jack."

"Have I offended you?"

He never knew the effort it cost me to curb his ardor when he reminded me of my self-imposed duty to Joan.

Ten minutes later Jack was beside me.

"Blackwood said you wanted me."

"I want him to give all his time to Joan. Have you forgotten our compact?"

He was so confused that I said to him: "What's the matter?" Then as he did not answer, "Surely you can tell me," I said.

"I love Joan, have always loved her, and you know it's hopeless, hopeless."

I did not contradict him.

A week passed, and Captain Blackwood, happily was still among us. Our scheme, as far as Joan was concerned, had answered admirably. She had been so distant to Lord Avonmouth that he had betaken himself to Paris. But I had saved Joan by compromising my life's happiness. I loved Captain Blackwood, and I feared with a great fear the day on which he would take his imminent departure.

While he was near I could be almost happy. But I knew the blackness that would supervene when he had gone.

At last the moment of the dreaded

day arrived when we were to say good-by.

He stood before me. I could not look at him.

"Ruth!"

"Good-by!" I whispered.

"Not good-by. Never good-by."

"Why?" I timidly whispered.

"I love you, I love you." Then, after a pause. "Have you no word for me?"

Duty to Joan alone restrained me from throwing my arms about his neck.

"Have you no word for me?"

I could not speak, I only shook my head.

When I next had a consciousness of things he was gone.

"Where's Ruth?" cried a voice.

It was Joan's. I dried my eyes and summoned the ghost of a smile.

"Here she is!" cried Jack's voice. They entered together.

"Why didn't you come with us to the station? Captain Blackwood was in such a bad temper we left him before the train started," said Joan.

"A good job, too," from Jack.

"Jack!" from Joan.

"It is. Joan and I are engaged. I should never have asked if we hadn't found ourselves alone on the way—"

"What?" I gasped.

For answer Joan took Jack's hand in hers.

"What about Lord Avonmouth?" I asked when a few moments later Joan and I were alone together.

"I hate him. I always loved Jack, and I knew he loved me, but he wouldn't speak. I pretended to care for Lord Avonmouth as Jack was going away, and—what is the matter, Ruth?"

I had no time and less inclination to explain. I seized a hat and hurried toward the station.

Half way there I paused for breath. The warning whistle of a train seemed to stab my heart.

"Come back, come back, my love," I cried.

For answer a cloud of white smoke that told me of the departure of the man I loved. All the same I pressed on. Arrived at the station I almost fell into the arms of the stationmaster, who prided himself on the flowers that decorated his station.

"What's happened, miss?"

"I want a gentleman, but he's gone."

"There's a lunatic here, if that's him, miss."

My attention was drawn to a knot of officials who were watching a tall, well-built man who was viciously striking the heads from the flowers with a walking cane.

"A lunatic," I gasped.

"Well, miss, he drove for a certain train, but didn't go by it. Ever since he's been spoiling my flowers, and he looked so savage none of us liked to interfere."

At that moment the lunatic caught my eyes.

He approached.

It was the man I loved.

"You!"

"Yes, dear."

Our eyes said all that was left unspoken.—Mainly About People.

**The Curse of Gold.**

"Papa is afraid some man will marry me for my money. Do you think any-one would?"

"Some men will do almost anything for money."



**Queer Houses in New Zealand.**

New Zealand has some quaint things in the way of houses. In places where flat land is scarce, there is sometimes a difficulty in securing space for a place on which to build a house. Here is a singular situation for a cottage, access to which is gained by climbing the rock at the back. In the back blocks of a new country some queer habitations are erected, and a bootmaker's shop in the wilds of the colony is rather a picturesque specimen. It is composed of sacking on a frame of saplings, while the chimney, from which his "shingles" is hung, is formed of "bungles"—the stems of the handsome Punga-Punga treefern.

**Divorce in Madagascar.**

A husband in Madagascar may divorce his wife for the most absurdly trivial offense. All he has to do is to call his friends and relations to the door of his house, and in their presence give his wife a small coin and push her out, saying, "Madam, I thank you; go." An underdone dinner will amply justify him.

"My parents may come between us," she faltered. "If they do," he exclaimed, hotly, "they must be pretty small." And he pressed her still closer to his manly breast.—Philadelphia Record.

TWO WOMEN PICTURE-MAKERS.

They Represented American Women in Artistic Photography at Paris.

The work of American women in artistic photography has been represented at Paris by two delegates, both of whom are ably fitted by reason of talent and artistic achievement, to speak for the feminine exponents of the profession. Miss Beatrice Tonnesen read a paper before the International Congress of Photography at the Paris Exposition. Miss Tonnesen is a Western girl, coming originally from Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Her professional career is, however, identified with Chicago, and from a provincial girl, equipped with the foundation of thorough technical knowledge of photography, she has become a well-known business woman of the metropolis of the West, with a thorough understanding of photography as a fine art.

Miss Frances Benjamin Johnston, of Washington, read a paper before the International Congress of Photography, her subject being "The Work of the Women of the United States in Pho-



MISS BEATRICE TONNESEN.

tography." Miss Johnston may be taken as the representative of the East, although her reputation is national. She has made a study of photography as a means of illustration from an artistic and mechanical standpoint. She was the first photographer to give to the world photographs of the frescoes in the Congressional Library, having taken them from the scaffolding. She has photographed almost all the prominent personages in official and social life in Washington, from Mrs. McKinley and the ladies of the Cabinet down.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

Discretion in the surrogate to withhold commissions from an executor who has not given proper attention to his duties is held, in re Rutledge (N. Y.), 47 L. R. A. 721, not to be denied by the code provision that the surrogate "must allow to him" certain commissions for his services.

A statute making it unlawful to permit the escape of natural gas into the open air from a well for longer than two days after it is constructed is held, in State vs. Ohio Oil Company (Ind.), 47 L. R. A. 627, to be constitutional and a decision to the same effect is rendered by the United States Supreme Court in 177 U. S. 190, 44 L. ed.

Setting of a back fire without negligence by one whose property is threatened with imminent destruction by fire is held, in Owen vs. Cook (N. D.), 47 L. R. A. 646, not to make the owner liable for the destruction of the property of another person in case his acts add or contribute to its destruction, but the fire from which he seeks to protect himself will be considered as the direct and proximate cause of the loss.

An explosion of gas in a dwelling supplied by a low-pressure line, caused by connecting therewith a high-pressure line, leaving the gas uncontrolled by the regulator, is held, in McKenna vs. Bridgewater Gas Company (Pa.), 47 L. R. A. 790, not to make the gas company liable, in the absence of negligence on its part, where the connection was blunderingly made by an employe of another gas company who was a trespasser in so doing.

Damages to property for which compensation must be made under a constitutional provision that property shall not be taken or "damaged" for public purposes without just and adequate compensation is held, in Austin vs. Augusta Terminal Railroad Company (Ga.), 47 L. R. A. 755, in which the affair is elaborately discussed, to be limited to such damages as result from some physical interference with the property or with a right or use appurtenant thereto, and not to extend to the diminution in the market value of property caused by the noise, smoke and cinders made by operating the railroad.

**East Indian Schools.**

In East Indian schools mental arithmetic is a vastly more serious matter than it is in the schools of this country. Catch questions are numerous, and pupils of ten years are taught to carry the multiplication table up to 40 times 40.

There are lots of people who look as if they had spent the day sitting on a wharf waiting for their ships to come in.

**JOAN'S INEXPERIENCE.**

RUTH. Ruth, it's important; I want you— from the further side of my door.

I had resolved to devote the morning to study, but, mother being on the continent, I felt a certain responsibility for my beautiful younger sister. The "important" decided me.

"What is it?" I asked, as she entered the room.

"You'll never guess. Lord Avonmouth has proposed."

"But you haven't accepted him?" I asked, fearful that inexperienced Joan should trust her life to the man with the worst reputation in the county.

"Why not?"

"You don't know anything about him!"

"Don't I? He's the most charming man I ever met, and I certainly said 'yes.'"