

IRMA INTERFERES

What Happened When a Young Wife Decided to Go on the Stage.

By MOLLY McMASTER.

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In his heart John Craig longed for the day when the footlights would cease to be an attraction for his wife. He was too big and too broad in his love for her to demand that she leave the stage and live a quiet, domestic life at his side. He had fallen in love with her as a star, wood and won her as such and now as wife and mother Sybel Craig still shone, a resplendent star in the theatrical firmament.

John Junior was a scant three months old when his mother began rehearsal for her new play. It had been a shock to Craig. He had somehow counted on the arrival of John Junior as a barrier to Sybel's prolonged stage career, but she had laughingly told him that she could act the better now that she had a son to be proud of her.

"You would grow frightfully tired of me, anyway," she added, "if I was about the house all evening."
"I grow tired of not having you, dear," Craig had told her, and was not quite aware of the extent of his weariness. He only knew that his evenings alone in the house while his wife was playing to crowded theaters were beginning to bore him.

John Junior was four months old when the new nurse arrived. She, Irma Newton, was lovely to look upon, beautiful as to character and endowed with womanly charm that entered the appreciation of John Junior, his mother and his father. She was one of those fortunate women who understand all human wants and woes and administer according to needs.

John Junior loved her instinctively. Sybel loved her because she possessed all the domestic and sterling virtues that Sybel herself lacked. And John Craig? But he did not know that he loved her. He only knew that evenings of complete boredom were a thing of the past and that his wife's career was no longer so severe a thorn prick in his happiness.

Had Sybel loved her husband in a more unselfish way she would have seen that Irma's position in the household was nothing but temptation flung in the path of two persons. But Sybel felt secure in her husband's love, and it did not for a second occur to her that he would turn his affections in another direction.

Craig, however, was only human. He had married because he wanted a home and a wife to tread the path of life beside him. He had regretted that love had come to him across the footlights, but she would love him more than her audience and applause. The time seemed long in coming. In the meantime Irma Newton entered the Craig household and discontent turned slowly into a most delightful feeling of peace.

When Irma had been in the house six weeks Craig knew that his contentment would vanish if she were to leave. He knew also that his wife's career was seldom in his mind and that his evenings were not marred by her absence. Neither did the fact that Irma was bending over John Junior, when it should have been Sybel, annoy him. In fact Craig found himself appreciating the light on golden hair and finding it more lovely than on black. Sybel's hair was raven black. Also he knew that he was beginning to study Irma's eyes for an expression he wanted to see there.

The situation was so completely harmonious for all concerned that it was not until the serpent was already in the grass beneath their feet that Irma awoke to the full significance of it. She had been sitting beside the fire with John Junior in her arms when Craig had come quietly into the room. He had not spoken, but his eyes had revealed the whole truth even as if his lips had spoken it. Irma knew then that the serpent had stirred. She wondered how long the serpent had been there and how deeply Craig's happiness was affected. She was more grieved than stung when the truth dawned on her. Irma spent a night in grave thought. She knew that Craig could not long remain silent and she shrank from the scene that must assuredly follow. She recoiled from the knowledge that she had robbed another woman of her husband's love, innocent though her own action in the matter had been.

"There must be some way out of it," she told herself over and over again. "John Craig is far too fine a man to wreck his matrimonial craft on the rocks, and his wife is too thoughtless to put out a beacon light for him. I wonder—I wonder how I can save him." Irma felt that Sybel Craig was more to blame than her husband, and that he would have remained faithful in his love had she made the very slightest attempt to hold him.

"She must make that attempt," Irma told herself. "I shall tell her exactly how matters stand."

It was a brave decision to come to, but Irma was no coward. Besides she realized that should Sybel Craig display the same pride in her personal life as she did in her public life she would strive to maintain her position as John Craig's wife. She

would not, Irma reasoned, like to see herself as a deserted woman. Sybel was having her 11 o'clock cup of tea when Irma knocked at her door. It was not an unusual visit, so that Mrs. Craig was not surprised. They were wont to talk things over at that hour of the morning.

"Mrs. Craig," began Irma without preamble, "your husband imagines himself in love with me, and I want you to help me to prevent him telling me so."

Sybel went a shade pale. She was not, however, theatrical in her private life and her answer was unexpectedly calm.

"Why do you say he imagines himself in love with you?"

"Because he is not really—he only thinks so. He and I have been thrown together continually and—he is a man essentially fond of feminine companionship. He has not had that from you. It is most natural, then, that his nature should respond to the presence of any woman sensitive to his personality."

Sybel Craig gazed in a more or less less vacant way at Irma. Perhaps for the first time in her life she was looking at a situation from another person's point of view.

"You are not so selfish as you are thoughtless," Irma went on as if following out her own thoughts. "Your husband loves you and wants you at his side and you have never stopped to realize that you have never considered his desires—only your own. In this life we really should try to make others happy rather than ourselves—don't you think so?" Irma asked the question in a perfectly impersonal way. She was trying desperately to retain the atmosphere of unemotional reasoning. She hated scenes of any kind and felt a respect for Sybel beyond that which she had known because Mrs. Craig had accepted the situation calmly.

"I think," Sybel said from out of her depths of thought, "that I have been vaguely conscious of all this. My husband is very dear to me. I could never love any man as I do him. Perhaps had he been less lenient with me and demanded that I quit the stage I would have done so and been more than happy, but—my duty has never been pointed out to me and I have not been wise enough to see it for myself." Her head went forward on her arms, but she did not weep; she was only trying to shut out the picture of John Junior's father being happy with another woman.

"Your understudy—" suggested Irma softly. "Could she not take your play from tonight, so that you may stay at home and teach your husband the art of loving you all over again? I will stay with you for a time, so that he will never suspect this little chat we have had. After that, if you like, I will leave you to your happiness."

Irma arose and slipped quickly from the room. She realized that Sybel would want time to think. It would not be an easy matter to give up stardom for domestic life, yet Irma felt that Sybel would not hesitate.

"John," Sybel asked in a voice that strove to keep the fear from showing, "would you consider me fanciful if I chose to quit the stage from tonight on and just stay at home to make you and John Junior happy?"

She did not realize until she saw the glad light in his eyes how fearful she had been of his answer.

DE MAUPASSANT ON WAR

Great French Writer Waxed Eloquent in Condemning Abominations of Armed Conflict.

When I but consider the word war I feel a shock, as if one spoke to me of witchcraft, inquisition, some dead or distant thing, abominable, monstrous, unnatural.

When we hear of cannibals we smile with pride and proclaim our superiority over these savages.

What are savages, real savages—those who fight to eat the victims or those who fight to kill, merely to kill?

These youthful soldiers of the line speeding along yonder are destined to death, just as the flocks of sheep driven along the roads by a butcher. They are destined to fall on a plain, their heads cleft by a stroke from a sword or their breasts pierced by bullets. And these are young men who could work, produce, be useful. Their fathers are old and poor, their mothers, who during 20 years have loved and worshiped them, as mothers can worship, will learn in six months or perhaps a year that the son, the child, the big child, brought up with so much trouble, with so much money, with so much love, was thrown into a hole, like a dead dog, after his body, riddled by a bullet, had been trampled and crushed into pulp by the charge of cavalry. Why have they killed her boy, her noble boy, her only hope, her pride, her life?

She cannot tell. Yes, why?—Guy De Maupassant.

The Limit.

"When we were married, Henry, you said you would tell me everything I asked you about."

"Maybe I did, my dear, but how in the dickens was I to know that you would ever ask me what men talk about in smoking cars?"

Deceived by Similarity.

"Oh, look what a fine war map in this illustration."

"No, dear, that is not a war map." "Then what is it?" "A phrenologist's chart of the human brain."

Fur-Cloths and Furs in Wraps



THE wonderful new fur-cloths are so like the skins which they imitate that they appear in all outside garments made up with genuine furs used as a trimming. They do not suffer in the least by comparison with these.

The owner of a coat made of expensive fur sometimes finds a drop of bitterness mixed with her pleasure in it. The thought of the number of small animals that must be sacrificed or more often still, the thought that the finest of furs are not very durable, are disturbing to one's peace of mind. Now that the new fur-cloths have proved such a triumph with women of fashion they may have wraps more durable than natural furs, longer lived and quite as beautiful, without regrets.

Another good feature of the fur-cloth wrap lies in the fact that it may be altered in shape to conform to the altered lines of the styles as new seasons arrive. The altering of fur garments is an expensive undertaking on account of the difficulty of matching and sewing skins. No difficulties of this kind are met with in handling fur-cloths.

A very handsome coat of broadtail fur-cloth is shown in the picture given here. It is cut on straight lines, flaring toward the bottom, and finished with a collar and cuffs of real chinchilla fur. It is a short coat with flounce set on, shaped to flare and ripple at

the sides and back. It is lined with plain satin and fastened with handsome jet buttons.

Worn with the coat is a muff of panne velvet bordered with the fur-cloth. A velvet chrysanthemum is mounted on one border. A smart velvet turban, with the crown extended into wings and the shape outlined with box-plated satin ribbon, completes a costume that will compel admiration in any gathering of fashionably dressed women.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Gay and Novel Is This.

Red and white Pekin striped pusey willow silk—the popular silk for blouses with the younger contingent—was used to build a gay little replica of an imported model. The striped blouse opens over a vest of white pique, which curves around in waistcoat effect and joins a belt of the silk. An organdie flare collar rises at the back and big red buttons fasten the white waistcoat.

Braid and Fur.

Braid and fur are interestingly combined in ornaments for cloth coats. There are frogs of black braid edged with a narrow fringe of soft black fur and, with a fur collar or braid banding on the coat, the effect of these frocks would be very good.

The Newest Shapes in Velvet Hats



THE velvet hat, having been made in every shape with which we are familiar, now appears in novel shapes that we have not seen before. So far nothing has appeared to supplant it, although there is a whisper in the air that those who like to be "different" may soon choose hatter's plush, bright-finished felts, or hats of bright finish combined with suede leather.

But if one admires velvet and is looking for novelty, two out of the three shapes pictured above are certainly odd and picturesque enough to fill the requirement. The third is a standard shape so good that nothing will ever make it unpopular.

The daring and dashing helmet is a reflection of war times and an extreme of the military mode. Minus the chin strap, there is no reason why it should not prove a successful model. It is military enough without this extreme and inconvenient accessory. The standing cockade of Spanish coque feathers, and the bright silver braid, look quite warlike without the strap. It is a shape for youthful wearers who are excited for running into daring extremes.

A beautiful new shape is pictured with a soft top crown, a wide collar for a side crown and a square brim turned up on three sides. This is a handmade shape, moderately large, with the up-turned portions of the brim curving

downward at the edges. Its charm is increased because the lines of the brim are soft, the frame over which the velvet is laid being of some flexible material without any rigid outlines.

No novel shape needs little trimming, and the extreme of simplicity has been adopted in this hat. A curious ornament of silver flitter spangles is mounted at the front. Soft ostrich plumes are suggested by the shape, and if short and full ought to prove especially well on so rich a background.

The third hat is classed among that legion of shapes called "sailor" without any very good reason. The crown is soft with puffed top and narrow collar of velvet laid in folds. The brim is plain, lifting a little at the left, where it widens. It is very graceful.

This hat is trimmed with a very handsome spray of silver flowers and foliage laid across the base of the crown at the left front. It is almost impossible to describe the novelties in trimming of silver and other metallic effects, they are so new and unlike other things. But never was anything more beautiful and striking used with black and dark-colored velvets.

This last hat is a lovely and conservative piece of millinery.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

For the LITTLE ONES



IMPORTANCE OF YOUR FACE

If Your Disposition Is Sunny, Kind and Gracious Your Countenance Will Beam With Goodness.

If you stop to think about this for a moment, you see what a tremendously important thing it is. Just as surely as you have a face, the story of your life will be written on that face. If you are mean and crabbed and disagreeable, your face will settle into a disagreeable expression, and everybody will avoid you. If your disposition is sunny and kind and gracious, your face will beam with goodness, and everybody will know at a glance that you are lovable, writes Lewis Edwin Theiss in St. Nicholas. And the older you grow the more distinctly your face will tell the story.

When you go out into the world to earn your living, the first thing that people will ask is this: What kind of a boy is he? Or, what kind of a girl is she? Under our present industrial system the employer has to teach young persons their trade after he hires them. So he is more interested in the applicant's character than in his present ability. And the character he will learn from the face.

It is just as the director of the employment bureau of a great department store said to me: "We base our choice largely on the applicant's looks. To be sure, the faces of boys and girls are not deeply marked. Many applicants have only begun to outline on the blank pages of their cheeks the picture that will eventually appear there. But even a sketch tells much. We know that almost inevitably a child will continue the facial development it has begun. The sullen, shiftless, don't care kind of a face we reject, but if the face is full of courage, hope, truth, good-cheer and kindness, we pick the child quick. That is the sort we are after." If, then, our faces have so much to do with our future success, isn't it worth while to try to make them attractive by being attractive ourselves?

HOW HEROES ARE DECORATED

Comparatively Few People Have Received Medals of Honor Bestowed by the United States.

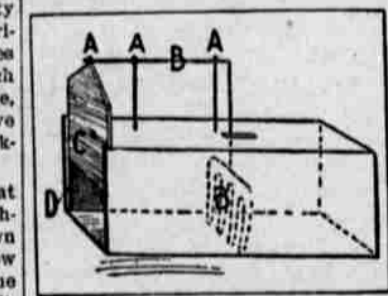
You would be very proud, indeed, if you had been given the Victoria cross. You have, of course, heard a great deal about it, and know that men who have won it must be of the bravest. You would be proud to win the Iron cross of Germany or the cross of the Legion of Honor of France. But how about the Medal of Honor which the United States sometimes bestows on its heroes? Do you know anything about it? Not a great deal, we are sure, and yet it is rarer and harder to obtain than any of the others. In 40 years more than 50,000 men won the cross of the Legion of Honor, 40,000 men won the Iron cross during the Franco-Prussian war alone, but in 50 years since its creation, only 3,088 men have been considered as worthy to wear the Medal of Honor. To win it a man must have "distinguished himself conspicuously by gallantry and intrepidity, at the risk of his life, beyond the call of duty." So, you see, we Americans need not hang our heads when England and France and Germany speak of their decorations for heroism. There are less Medals of Honor, not because there are fewer heroes, but because our standard of heroism is higher.—The American Boy.

HOW TO MAKE RABBIT TRAP

Easily Made Device for Catching Predatory Animals in Orchard or Other Places Around Farm.

An easily constructed rabbit trap which may be used in orchards or in other places where there are rabbits and other predatory animals, is shown in the illustration.

A are the staples allowing the wire, B, to pass through. C is a door, which



Easily Made Trap.

is shown partly open, fastened to wire B above. The other end is made of lattice work.

The rabbit passing in the door pushes the wire B outward, pulling it out of door and allowing it to drop. D is the groove in which the door slides.

Didn't Even Hesitate. Mamma—Tommy, I'm afraid you told me a deliberate falsehood. Small Tommy—No, I didn't; I told it in a terrible hurry.

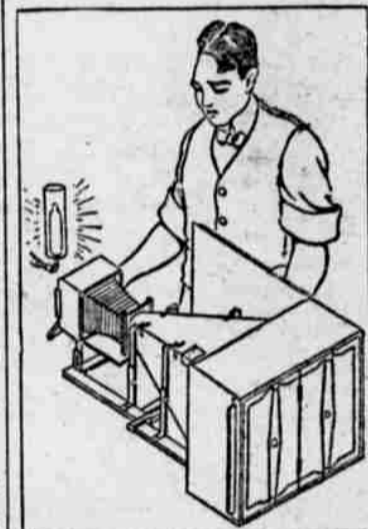


NO ROOM!
Aunt Jane is not all there. Ma said. But I don't see. Said Annie. "really I declare where any more could be!"

ENLARGE WITH OWN CAMERA

Rather Fine Lens Obviates Necessity of Carrying Around Large Machine—Cost Is Trifling.

The tendency among amateur photographers at the present time is to make their pictures with a small camera equipped with a rather fine lens, and then enlarge the resulting negative to the desired size. This obviates the labor of carrying a large camera around and just as good results are secured. Besides the convenience, it offers an element of economy which is considerable. The enlarging attachment shown herewith permits a pho-



Making an Enlargement.

tographer to make use of his own camera in making the enlargement. That is, he makes the enlargement with the same lens with which the original picture was made. The attachment is made of some light material and has facilities for holding the plate or paper on which the enlargement is to be made. The negative to be enlarged is placed in the back of the camera and the lens is directed into the interior of the attachment. The whole is then placed where a strong light, either natural or artificial, is allowed to shine through the negative and lens and to project the picture into the attachment. This does the work of a rather expensive enlarging apparatus at a trifling cost. The attachment was recently patented.

CREED OF THE COUNTRY BOY

Life Out of Doors and in Touch With Earth Is Natural Life of Man—Square Deal Demanded.

In every school house in Prince Edward county, Virginia, a placard containing a creed for the American country boy and dedicated to the Boys' Corn Club of Virginia has been posted. It reads:

"I believe that the country which God made is more beautiful than the city which man made; that life out of doors and in touch with the earth is the natural life of man. I believe that work with nature is more inspiring than work with the most intricate machinery. I believe that the dignity of labor depends not on what you do, but how you do it; that opportunity comes to a boy on the farm as often as to a boy in the city; that life is larger and freer and happier on the farm than in the town; that my success depends not upon my location, but upon what I actually do; not upon luck, but upon pluck. I believe in working when you work and in playing when you play, and in giving and demanding a square deal in every act of life."

A Dog Trainer.

"Hey! What are you doing there?" Little Arthur was caught. He was up in the pear tree, his pockets full of luscious fruit, while below stood a bull terrier trying wildly and frantically to reach him. And the owner of the tree and the dog had just come upon the scene. "What d'ye want up my pear tree, young fellow?" asked the farmer again in gruff and angry tones. "P-p-please, sir, t-trying to teach your d-d-dog to stand on his h-h-hind legs!"—Baltimore Trolley.