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**Juvenile Entertainment to Date.**  
 The small daughter of a New York millionaire who dwells in Westchester county asked her friends to a luncheon to celebrate the "closed season for books." The table was round, and in the center stood a Dutch pine tree with a pond containing fish. On the branches of that tree hung miniature turkeys and sugar plums and fruit, and something from it was given to each little guest. And each turkey and sugar plum contained a dainty little gift in jewelry from the hostess.

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 It may surprise many to learn that India is the greatest cane-sugar producing country in the world, the country's crop amounting to 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 tons. Notwithstanding this fact, its sugar market has been captured first by the beet sugar and later by cane sugar from Mauritius and Java.

**To Brighten Old Gift.**  
 Old gift, such as the gilded frames of chairs, or old picture frames and mirrors, if they do not require re-gilding entirely, may be brightened by using an excellent mixture of three ounces of white of egg and an ounce of chloride of potash or soda. This should be painted over the surface with a feather or a water-color paint brush.

Tightness across the chest means a cold on the lungs. Take a 15-cent bottle of Cure that cold with H. Mills' Wink! Out before it runs into consumption or pneumonia.

**Few Gay Anything.**  
 The idea that when people meet it is necessary for them to talk has grown out of helpless self-distrust. Not over five out of a million people say anything when they converse.

**Mother will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.**

**True Education.**  
 Education is but studying what other men have done in the world in order that we may waste no time in discovering what has already been discovered or in following paths that have been found to lead in no useful direction.—Chicago Examiner.

**THE MAN DECIDES**  
 By GRACE E. LESTER

Martha Bemis clambered off the train just as Mrs. Phillip Metcalf drove up to the prim little station with its inevitable triangle of green grass and the bed of geraniums at the side.

"You dear little idiot!" cried Mrs. Phillip. "I'm awfully glad to see you. Give me your hand and I'll help you up."

"I call that yanking me up," panted Martha, as she tumbled in beside her friend.

"I can't help it," laughed Mrs. Metcalf, kissing her. "I am so glad to see you that I even drove over myself to meet you, in spite of my duties as hostess."

Martha settled back in the seat and sniffed the crisp air.

"Glorious!" she murmured. Mrs. Metcalf smiled in sympathy. "You always did live in the superlative, dear. It is a wonder to me that with your temperament you have not married."

Martha brushed the idea away with her hand.

"Impossible! I have tried to reconcile myself to some men and I cannot. They put themselves at a disadvantage. Most of them propose at some social affair under the impression that they look irresistible." She paused and made a grimace. "They look like a lot of crows."

"Martha! Martha!" protested Mrs. Metcalf, laughing. "The air has certainly gone to your head. But where should a man propose?"

"Out of doors, of course. It is his natural element and woman's, too, only a woman appears better in the artificial life."

"Is that why you didn't accept Stanley Metcalf last year?" asked Mrs. Metcalf, gazing off over the rolling country.

Martha flushed and hesitated. "No-o. I just didn't think I wanted to get married. I couldn't decide so quickly."

"I don't think you know what you want, Martha," reproved her friend, flicking a fly from the horse's back with the whip. "You should have some one else to decide for you. If I were a man I would bind you hand and foot and carry you away."

"Then I wish you were a man," said Martha, half seriously, as they drove in at the gate.

A few evenings later Martha trailed down the stairs in a shimmering, pink gown which surrounded her like a soft, billowing cloud, shaded by a crimson sunset. She was met in the hall by her hostess.

"I have been looking for you everywhere, Martha. I need another hand at what."

"Oh, please don't make me," pleaded Martha. "I am so tired and sleepy and I don't feel a bit like what."

"No wonder you are tired, the tramp you took this afternoon. I'll let you off this time; you have been very good about playing," said Mrs. Metcalf, pinching Martha's bare arm. "Better go to bed; it is after eleven," she added, turning back to the parlor.

"Guess I will," agreed Martha, starting up the stairs. She stopped half way up, attracted by the bright fire in the library. "Guess I won't," she murmured, descending the stairs.

She paused at the door, admiring the effect of the fire and the rose-colored light of the chandelier; then she moved toward the fire, unconscious of adding another shade to the pink glow of the room. The small clock on the mantel struck midnight; she heard the guests going to their rooms and made a half-hearted effort to arouse herself and follow them, but she only changed her position and settled back in the chair.

The house was very still—so still that when the little French clock struck three Martha opened her eyes and gazed at it stupidly.

"I went to sleep," she muttered in surprise.

She rose half way in her chair, but sank back quickly. A muffled step was coming across the hall. It stopped at the door and came into the room. She heard a stifled exclamation and, lifting her eyes to the mirror over the mantel, she saw a masked man with a silk hat on his head and a fur-lined coat on his arm.

He returned her look for a moment, then removed his hat and came and stood in front of her.

"I thought you were a pink ghost," he said in a low tone.

At the sound of his voice she drew in her breath sharply and leaned forward.

"Who—who are you?" she stammered, her heart beating suffocatingly.

He made a slight bow and replied: "I am a gentleman thief!" "You are not!" contradicted Martha, flatly. "It is impossible. I shall ring for someone at once."

She arose, but before she had taken a step he was in front of her.

"Do not, I beg of you," he entreated. "I will go as quietly as I came if you will tell me why you contradicted me. Why is it impossible for me to be a thief?"

"Because nothing. Of course you are a thief if you wish, even if you have a voice," she finished desperately.

"A voice?" he questioned, puzzled.

"I mean a voice like someone I knew once," she explained, in confusion.

"Is it not possible that you were

deceived by his voice—in him?" he asked with a whimsical smile.

"Most certainly not!" she flared. "Stanley—" She stopped, frightened, and tried to pass him. He prevented her by catching over her hands and leaning over her, trembling.

"This man. Was he anything to you?" he demanded.

"I am not in the habit of making a confidant of anyone, least of all a gentleman thief."

He paid no heed to the rebuke, but drew her hands against his breast.

"Tell me, tell me! Do you love him?" he persisted.

"You—you—" she gasped.

"Tell me!" he reiterated sharply.

"Yes!" she sobbed.

The man gave a low, triumphant cry and caught her in his arms. In the struggle to free herself she threw up her hand and the mask slipped from his face.

"Stanley Metcalf!" She lay in his arms a moment, stunned by the revelation; then tore herself away, white with rage.

"How dare you!" she cried. "How dare you play such a cheap trick on me?"

"Martha, let me explain," he begged.

"There is nothing to explain," she replied. "I will not listen."

"Yes, you will," he declared. "There was no trick about it."

"Of course not," she sneered.

He paid no heed to her words, but continued speaking rapidly.

"I had been at a masquerade party at the Yelvingtons, over at G— about 30 miles from here. I promised Phil and his wife that I would pay them a visit, so I decided to come on over in my machine tonight. I had a slight accident, which accounted for my being late. I left

the car at the gate and entered by one of the windows, intending to arouse some one and announce my arrival. I noticed the light in the library and looking saw, or so I supposed, my sister-in-law asleep in front of the fire. Knowing that she was not easily frightened I slipped on my mask and entered the room, intending to play a joke on her."

"Is that all?" Martha asked, coldly.

"You know the rest," he went on.

"When I saw your reflection in the mirror my surprise was as great as yours. I did not know that you were visiting here."

"That explains your presence, but it does not explain your taking advantage of the unusual situation to force a confession from me," she blazed.

"When you spoke of my voice, dear, I lost my head. I was wild to know the truth. If you love me why should you not say so?" he argued.

"If that is all I think I will leave you," she said, ignoring his last question because she could not answer it.

"No! You shall not leave me—not after that confession, Martha," he cried, in a low tone, seizing her in his arms again.

"I hate you now!" she panted.

"O, no you don't. You will get used to my ways after we are married," he assured her, calmly.

"Married! I did not say that I would marry you. I will not."

"People that love each other ought to marry," he reasoned, quietly stepping to the long window and opening it. "We will have just about time to run over to G— and be married and be back in time for breakfast."

She stood looking at him in stupid wonder.

"We haven't any too much time. It is after four now," he informed her.

"You must be crazy!" she gasped.

"I am just coming to my senses," he replied. "Better put this coat on; it is cold riding." He threw the coat around her.

She stood facing him, defiantly. There was a moment's silence as each stood measuring the will power of the other. Then with a quick movement the man picked her up in his arms and stepping through the window leaped lightly to the lawn. He paused a moment and looked down in her surprised, indignant face with a smile.

"You'll be sorry," she cautioned, through closed teeth.

He answered her by bending his head and kissing her lips; then strode off across the lawn toward the road.

And Martha, catching sight of the new moon over his shoulder looked up and smiled in happy resignation.

**Dress Up-to-Date.**

**L**ONDON, ENG. — Fashion, ever like Robert Browning's poem, is prepared to show you a story made—ready-made—to your hand.

There are no garments for over or under-wear which you cannot today purchase inexpensively and of pleasing detail fit to put on. And this may be welcomed undoubtedly as a delightful state of affairs in a world where business is more or less a popularity necessity, and it would be a tragedy if to buy in haste were to repent at leisure. I have been realizing our most excellent commercial conditions in many parts of the metropolis this week, and in my wanderings I have discovered that you can purchase a complete velveteen dress, fit for house wear, with a slightly gathered bodice, and skirt sufficiently narrow and yet not absolutely limited, some slight decoration of braiding—not too much, but just enough—and a turn-down lace collar at the neck at a price of ten dollars. This sounds amazing, but it is true, and the wise will substitute for the provided lace collar one of fish lace, which no doubt they possess in the recesses of their wardrobes, and will further embellish the long, light-fitting velveteen sleeves with fish lace cuffs to match. Then in-lined "nothing could be better," as a famous actor said when he courteously changed his methods. But that is another story; reminiscences of exponents of the drama are amongst my weaknesses.

I must return to the ready-made garments, and having duly advised my many readers to supply themselves with a velveteen dress—purple, black or bronze-green for choice, not forgetting the addition of a real lace collar and cuffs—I would point out to them the excellence of ready-made satin petticoats, which are best in a

numberous as pebbles on the beach, made either of Molleton flannel, Viyella or cashmere, and mostly ornamented with some galon of oriental coloring. The extravagant realize the perennial charm of the wadded silk Japanese gown, now happily reduced in price and looking almost as well plain as when decorated with embroideries. And again I would urge the luxurious fascinations of zennana lined with pongee. Gowns of this are now further embellished by scalloped edges worked by hand, a narrow frill of valenciennes lace being placed beneath the scallops. The kimono has attractions always, and those who find it somewhat chilly about the neck can easily add an inner vest formed of the sash, which is invariably included. I have known the sash serve this purpose most admirably, the odd pieces left over being induced to cover three large buttons, with cord buttonholes added. Thus the kimono is held snugly over the left hip, and the only fault one has to find with this delectable garment is that it is definitely candid and disinclined without the aid of the sash to do its unwrapping duty. Then again it leaves the lower portion of the arms exposed, and plain pongee undersleeves may be required by the "chillful" mortal. An excellent method of wearing the kimono and persuading it to serve as a morning gown is to supply it with a complete underdress of pongee and shirt sleeves of the same to the wrist. Then it needs no fastenings, and will hang with conspicuous grace. I would note a capital example treated thus, the kimono being of purple silk with golden birds flying upon its surface, and the facings of gold pongee, while beneath this was a pale cream-colored, soft silk gown. This formed a most picturesque morning attire, being especially suitable to the few who eschew corsets and spend their early hours in calm, domestic conditions. The scribbler, or the worker who indulges herself in the privilege of sewing for the baby or the household, will find this a comfortable costume in which to work her industrious way.

Blouses must not be forgotten on the list of ready-made triumphs. As I casually mentioned recently a popular model is of dark blue over-sewn with porcelain beads, and I reiterate this information, having several blouses of the type which seemed to be particularly desirable. The trimming of porcelain beads also appears on net, when it may be easily used to decorate the well-merited tunic.

**Vogue of the Tunic.**

And the tunic may once more be written down amongst ready-made articles of dress eminently desirable. Indeed, on thinking it over, there are so many ready-made things admirably contrived and fit to please the most exacting, that I am wondering whether under present conditions the little dressmaker may not find herself, like Othello, with her occupation gone. There is, however, some comfort for her in the thought that, however admirable the ready-to-wear tunics may appear, they must needs be carefully adjusted on to come under-dress before they are fit to put in their appearance in the best circles. A capital specimen I have seen was of fine grenadine closely over-run and bordered with tiny rainbow beads; this most successfully covered an old black satin princess dress, which was cut to the shortness regulated by fashion, and draped with cerise chiffon, which, in its turn, was overlaid with black chiffon and hemmed with black satin; upon this was placed the tunic with the rainbow beaded-border, while the waist was encircled with a few folds of black satin, and tucked in on the left side were two cerise satin roses, with a little spray of gold leaves.

The effect was excellent and original, too. I have met gladly, also, a tunic of pale blue chiffon, bought ready-made and over-run with pale blue bugles, which had its appearance considerably enhanced by a border of skunk and a lining of pale pink. This was mounted over an old pink satin dress, and it was recognized as a conspicuous success. Such success has also attended the renovation of many white satin dresses with lace tunics bordered with bugle fringes, bugles being used to outline the top of the bed-ice and to form the belt, while the cuffure of their best accompaniment was banded with bugle-run net fastened at one side with a small round bunch of pink roses.

**In Striped Velveteen.**

Undoubtedly, striped velveteen is a fabric with which you can obtain some admirable effects by means of just the contrasted working of the stripes, in proof of which I invite your close study of the special design which our artist has prepared for your benefit and for the guidance of your local tailor. Only I do trust that he is really skillful, or otherwise the result will be disastrous instead of decorative. However, I shall hope for the best for you. Oh, by the way, for the facing of the collar and revers you can use respectively old blue velvet and gray satin, with just a touch of oxidized silver braiding, and let there be just a discreet touch of blue, too, in the plippings of the cuffs. The contrast of gray and blue is always charming.



**The Smartness of Striped Velveteen.**



**Saw a Masked Man.**

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