

# A DEPARTMENT for WOMEN

## Who Pays Mother's Wage?

Father complains of high prices and hard work. The boys protest that their weekly pay isn't enough to contribute anything to the support of home. The girl who works finds her salary too small to buy ribbons and theater tickets she considers essential to her small existence. But good old mother never says a word.

Father and the boys and the girls do all the complaining. Mother does the real hustling for the entire family. Before father is out of bed in the morning mother is busy getting his breakfast. Then she routs out the boys and starts them off to work. After she serves breakfast to the girl who doesn't have to be at her post until 8 o'clock she has time for a hasty bit herself.

Making the beds, sweeping, dusting, washing, ironing, sewing, marketing and cooking keep mother pretty busy most of the daytime. After her family enjoy the evening meal it is mother who clears the table and washes the dishes. Then, while father spends the evening with his cronies at the district political headquarters the boys spend their dimes at some roller rink or cheap dance and the girls occupy gallery seats at the neighboring theater, mother darns stockings for an hour or so to rest herself.

Yet mother is the only one of the family who doesn't draw a regular sal-

work bench and tool chest; that in his hours of ease it is not hard for him to please somebody besides himself, and that, in short, he is almost as useful as a woman.

## The Hussar Turban.



In contrast to last year's low, conical crowns, the high affairs of this year seem almost startling. Paris is particularly enthusiastic just now over these jaunty hussar turbans with high, draped crowns rising from brims set closely around the head. The apparent height is also increased by a stiff brush or aigrette standing straight up at one side. This hussar turban

purses of the same material are worn with tailored frocks.

Castor shoes of leather and mail cloth are suitable to wear with dresses of the same color.

Roman gold pieces for brooches, hatpins, belt buckles and the like are set with very large stones.

There is a new white wash suede that has taken the place of silk and lisle gloves with fashionable designs.

Silk-covered cord is a special trimming that makes a gown look individual, and is thicker than what is known as rat-tail.

Rosettes of all kinds, from the tiny ones for slippers to large fluffy affairs worn as a sash, figure among novel dress accessories.

Dainty lace slippers are made to wear with lace gowns to dinners. They are fitted with red heels and adorned with circular rosettes of lace.

## Where Girls Propose.

All the courting is done by the ladies of Ukraine, Russia. When a girl falls in love with a man she goes to his house and tells him the state of her feelings. If her affections are reciprocated a marriage is arranged. If, however, Barkis is not willin' she remains in the house, hoping to coax him into regarding her suit with favor. The poor fellow can not treat her with discourtesy or turn her out,

## THREE NOBBY COSTUMES.



### An Apron Overskirt.

Willow green permo fabric—a lustrous material woven with fine mohair and crinkled wool threads—was used for this dainty little frock, green taffeta silk in a slightly darker shade being introduced in the border effect which is so much used by French dressmakers just now. The feature of the frock is the odd little overskirt which slopes backward at the sides and is caught with a flat bow of green velvet at the back of the knees. A green velvet girdle encircles the waist and yoke and cuffs are of snow relands lace.

### Chiffon Over Serge—A French Combination.

Chiffon tunics over wool frocks are said to be, in Paris, "very Cheruit," and incidentally Cheruit herself is the designer of this autumn calling frock. Over a one-piece costume of fir green diagonal serge falls a straight tunic of black chiffon cloth, this tunic fastening in a diagonal line from right to left in the front. Cream lace is set into the neck above the yoke of fir green silk embroidered in self tone. The hat is a green velvet model with wings shading from green to pale yellow.

### Youthful Pinafore Frock.

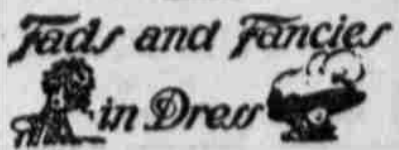
While the pinafore tunic is a bit hard to drape on any but an extremely slender figure, it is certainly charmingly youthful and graceful in style. Often the pinafore—as in the present instance—is made of a contrasting material. Over this little frock of dotted foulard the pinafore of plain colored satin makes a pretty contrast. The chic little bow at the top of the pinafore bib, on the bust, is of velvet in the shade of the plain satin. The big Gage hat of flexible beaver has a velvet bow catching the rolling brim back to the crown.

ary, and, if she is like a good many mothers, she hardly ever knows the pleasure of spending a dollar on herself. If father and the boys and girls had to hire a housekeeper they would be obliged to pay her. Why not be fair and pay mother a little something every week for her own use? Who pays mother's wages in your family?—Chicago Journal.

## Novel Women's League.

A pin money league has been organized by business women in New Jersey. Its purpose is to promote the earning of money at home and to put on sale at an exchange articles those made. This organization is open to mere man. The men are not expected to contribute pound cake or novel designs in pin cushions or art embroideries, but the man with a hobby, who likes to "carpenter" or "tinker," may submit his products and possibly market them. The generous intent is clear. It is to persuade the man that he should never be ashamed of his

has a velvet crown set on a narrow silk covered brim. Both brim and crown are of bluish violet and the violet aigrette rises from a cabochon of the new au clair du lune trimmings.



None of the new winter coats shows any flare at the hips.

Colored embroidery enters into much of the new neckwear.

As a rule taffeta will be the petticoat of the new season.

Hips are slightly more emphasized.

A pearly gray glove is lovely with costumes in the gray shades.

Filmy ties are worn with jacket suits, and jabots of a sheer order are also in vogue.

Oxidized long chains and small

for her friends would be sure to avenge the insult. If he is really determined that he won't have her, his best plan is to leave his home and stay away as long as she remains in it. Thus a man may be turned out of house and home.

## A Jelly for Invalids.

Has it ever occurred to you to jelly fruits in the smallest possible glasses for the invalid friend? Glasses may be had which will hold but a quarter of the jelly usually put into the ordinary tumbler size.

While you may not want to carry to your friend just one of these tiny playthings, the variety that you could take in four of the little glasses would be novel and so much more acceptable to the delicate appetite than a quantity of one kind.

## Least You Forget.

Remember the chills of winter. When you longed for summer heat; Remember the way you shivered; Remember your frosted feet.

## WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUMPKIN.

By JAMES WHITGOMB RILEY.



When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock, And you hear the kyvack and gobble of the struttin' turkey cock; And the clackin' of the guineas and the cluckin' of the hens, And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence; Oh, it's then's the time a feller is a feelin' at his best, With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest; As he leaves the house bareheaded and goes out to feed the stock, When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock.

There's something kind o' hearty-like about the atmosphere When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here. Of course we miss the flowers and the blossoms on the trees, And the mumble of the hummin' birds and buzzin' of the bees; But the air's so appetizin' and the landscape through the haze Of a crisp and sunny morning of the early autumn days Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock— When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty rustle of the tassels of the corn, And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn; The stubble in the furrows kind o' lonesome-like, but still A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they grewed to fill; The straw-stack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed; The horses in their stalls below, the clover overhead; Oh, it sets my heart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock.

## OUT OF REACH.

Pour, rain! You cannot get into my heart Or put out the fire of my soul; I am safe in a beautiful realm apart Where the angels of light patrol! Pour, rain! You are good, I am told, for the flowers and the grain, But you beat the the door of my heart in vain.

Blow, wind! The trees you can buffet and break, You can trouble the waves of the sea, You can scatter the petals of many a flower, But you cannot terrify me! Blow, wind! For the country of "Peace and a Quiet Mind" Is a part of the world you can never find! —Youth's Companion.

## Catching His Eye

If Bowman, the assistant bookkeeper, had a heart he was as unconscious of it as he was of any other of the practical working organs that went to make up his physical man.

Bowman loved his big ledgers. He revelled in long, terrifying columns of figures. He liked good things to eat in an unemotional way, which left him unmoved if the steak happened to be done too much or too little. He was devoted to his mother. He enjoyed his pipe in the evening after dinner. However, up to the age of 28 he apparently had never heeded or been disturbed by the swish of a petticoat, nor had let his head be turned even the fraction of an inch by the glance of a bright eye.

He wasn't afraid of girls; in fact, he rather liked them. They were pretty, he thought, on account of the bright colors they wore, and some of them were graceful, so he enjoyed seeing them flash about, but somehow they all looked very much alike to him and he regarded them all with a benevolent indifference. He was quite an ordinary, stout, plain person, who wore big spectacles across his big nose, had a wide, kind face and a twinkle in his eye.

Bowman was probably the only member of the office force who remained unmoved the morning Miss Finley made her first appearance. Quiet and small and dainty as she was, she was yet such a vivid creature that even the manager, who believed that business and social relations should be kept distinctly separate, noted her and asked her name. However, the first time Bowman remembered seeing her was one morning several weeks after her initial appearance, when he raised his eyes from his work to find her standing at his elbow, looking just a trifle audacious, a trifle shy, but very

pretty, with a piece of paper held up appealingly in her hand. She laid the paper on the desk in front of Bowman and he noticed that she had to stand on her tiptoes to do it.

"Will you add them for me, Mr. Bowman?" she pleaded. "You don't know how mean they act for me."

Bowman's slight interest in the fluffy topknot immediately changed to a pronounced interest in the column of figures she handed him.

"Certainly," he answered. He ran his pencil rapidly up and down the column, while she stood beside him humming a little tune. In a moment he handed the slip back to her. "I think that fixes you," he said happily.

"Oh, thank you ever so much," she replied, softly. She stood for a moment, sliding the paper back and forth in a ridge at the side of the desk. "I'm afraid you think it was awful funny of me to ask you," she continued, hesitatingly. "You always seem so busy."

"Why, I'm never too busy to help you," he said. With a quiet impersonal pleasure he watched the pretty color surge up into her cheeks. "Or any of the other girls," he added genially.

Miss Finley turned on her little heel and walked away so quickly that Bowman was unaware of the smile that



"I'M NEVER TOO BUSY TO HELP YOU."

was curling her lips. A little ripple of giggles greeted her as she returned to the stenographers' corner.

"Was it a frost?" inquired Miss Temple.

"Maybe," replied Miss Finley non-committally. "But one frost doesn't make a winter. You just watch me."

It was perfectly astonishing the number of things Miss Finley found after that which only Bowman could do for her. If the drawers of her desk became refractory and refused to open or shut, only Bowman's strong arm seemed to be considered equal to the task of getting them into working order again. She even got him to sharpen her pencils for her and her frequent appeals to him to know if her hat was on straight set him to wondering philosophically if a girl's hat could ever be considered on straight.

He felt no annoyance when she came to him one day apparently in the deepest despair because she couldn't find one of her hatpins, which was buried deep in the fluffy trimmings of her hat, but afterward it occurred to him that life would be much simplified for

them if girls didn't wear such fantastic things.

About a week after this episode Bowman was surprised one morning upon looking over toward the stenographers' corner to discover that Miss Finley's chair was vacant. He was even more surprised at the queer, sinking sensation that took possession of him when he realized that she was not there. His first impulse was to go over and ask where she was, but a sudden fit of shyness seized him and he decided not to. This made him uncomfortable, for shyness and vacillation were entirely new emotions to him. He dragged down one of his beloved ledgers and began writing in it. Instead of figures, he seemed to see a little pointed face in a mist of soft hair.

At last he stuck his pen behind his ear and gave himself up deliberately to reflection. After some minutes of unproductive mental labor over the problem in hand he turned to the head bookkeeper.

"Here," he said abruptly, "how does a fellow feel when he's in love?"

The head bookkeeper looked at him scornfully. "Come off!" he ejaculated. "Go on and tell me," urged Bowman. "I'm in earnest. I want to know."

The head bookkeeper looked at him disgustedly over his glasses. "For an everlasting, all-round idiot," he said, "you certainly are the limit. She's got you going, has she?"

Bowman said nothing more, but from his knitted brows and general air of unrest one might have gathered that he was still studying his own emotions.

The next morning he was eagerly watching the door when Miss Finley, looking a little pale from her illness, came in. Without a moment's hesitation he went over to where she was standing. Neither of the other girls had arrived.

"Miss Finley," he said, "I came over to tell you something. I just found it out yesterday. I'm in love with you." He stood back and regarded her with a look of the deepest interest.

She gave a little nervous laugh. "Who told you?" she gasped.

"I found it out myself," he said triumphantly.

"I didn't think I could do it," she said soberly. "I told the girls I was going to try just for fun, but I didn't think I could. I told them the other day that I gave it up. I thought you—"

Bowman's face grew stern for a moment. "You did it just for fun!" he said. "You never thought what it might mean to me."

She gave a quick little sobbing sigh. "I did it for fun at first," she said, "but afterward—"

"Well?" demanded Bowman. "Why did you do it afterward?"

"Because I—liked you," she said after a moment's pause.—Chicago News.

People seldom talk too much unless they know too little.