

WOMEN AND FASHION

Home Quarrels.

The home should never be the scene of a quarrel. A man cannot afford to quarrel with his wife; it is undignified. A woman cannot afford to quarrel with her husband; it is unladylike. Parents cannot afford to quarrel in the presence of their children; it gives them wrong views of life, and weakens their respect for home. Every quarrel leaves an ugly scar, no matter how well it may be patched up. Small differences must occur in every household, but they can hardly be called quarrels. To quarrel with the person who stands nearest and dearest to you is to put a strain on love that in the long run snaps it.

There is no sadder sight than to see two people who have grown so used to bickering that they do it almost mechanically. When a man and woman make up their minds to tread life's path together they should make up their minds to make it as sunny a path as possible, and to avoid all the stumbling blocks to happiness that they possibly can. Marriage is the best thing in the world, but it cannot be improved by quarrels. A quarrel brings out the ugliest, meanest side of a person's nature, and surely no one can find virtue in anything that does that.



Embroidered and lace-trimmed lingerie blouses will be worn, but it is no longer necessary to have always the most expensive sort of waist. For the morning, for instance, with a plain skirt, a decidedly severe model waist has just recently come into vogue. This summer, for tennis and golf, when it is played, the regulation tailor-made bodice will be smart once more, for the stiff cuffs and collar on waists of rather heavy material are so infinitely more sensible than the blouses that have been fashionable during the last few seasons, that its return to favor was inevitable.

The bottom of a silk skirt will be improved by interlining the hem with flannel rather than lining. Crinoline should never be used, as it would cut through too quickly. Heavier skirts that are to be finished with many rows of stitching should have flannel basted on the wrong side as deep as the stitching will be, then skirt and interlining are stitched in rows, having an easy tension on the machine; the hem is then turned up and lightly hemmed down, or if very heavy, sew a bias strip of lining to the raw edge of the hem and sew the other edge of the lining down to the skirt.

Wisdom's Wise Whispers.

Women abuse men merely to appear original and independent.

A man is at his best when he has a purpose in being agreeable.

Men dearly love to be referred to as an authority on odd questions.

The man most austere in business is usually most genial in private life.

A man talks about dress as though he felt ashamed of the conversation.

Men want to be regarded as capable of pointing out the errors of others.

Few women have the capacity for carrying dates and events in the mind.

Women like to talk of the days when they had beaux galore—even if they never had them.

Every woman wants the world to give to her the consideration she thinks belongs to her sex.

When a woman reaches a commanding position she regards marriage as the next best thing.

Bedroom Drapery.

For country house bedrooms that are furnished in colonial style no fabric approaches more closely the old-time dainty, of which our foremothers made their bedspreads, than the fleecelined or other heavy striped or barred piques found on the modern counter. These materials are used by decorators who are given carte blanche in carrying out their schemes for bedspreads, bureau and stand covers, etc. The edges of all the pieces are scalloped and button-holed or are finished with a narrow white cotton fringe.

"Bonds" for Matrimony.

How manners and customs change in a generation! In talking with Congressman Green the other day, he recalled the fact that his mother and father were married in Massachusetts and his father was required to give a bond of \$125 before the ceremony could be performed. If this requirement

were enforced at the present time, and every young man who desired to enter the blessed state of matrimony had to prove that he was possessed of \$125 spare cash, it is to be feared that many of our young people would have little left to purchase a housekeeping equipment, says the National Magazine. In those old days, they regarded marriage as something more than a pastime, and entered upon it as a real and serious responsibility.



There is much variety in the shape and style of coats for spring.

Madeira work, which is much like the broderie anglaise of last summer, is coming in on the new waists.

For school wear serviceable brown or blue linens trimmed with stitching and a black or red tie are very smart.

Tight-fitting coats, buttoned simply down the front, some rather long, others short, will be worn with severe tailored costumes.

For best frocks for the little girls a fine white material daintily trimmed with good embroidery of valenciennes lace is the very prettiest of all.

Silkier and more attractive than ever are the new cottons, though "cotton" is no longer evidence of their cheapness, for these will make very dressy gowns.

Unique will be the woman arrayed in the latest importation in English suitings, which is a huge check, three inches square, alternating white with some pale color like lavender or brown.

Children's frocks are made of the prettiest stripes and plaids imaginable, linens in rainbow-striped coloring and the most brilliantly tinted small plaids being used, with white embroidery trimmings.

References to Age.

It has come to be a piece of rudeness to question one on age; it is tactful to ignore the delicate subject altogether, and accept what is offered by word of mouth or appearance. Women as well as men are as old as they look and seem these days, these days, and if we can manage to dress in a fashion that has no hint of age about it, we can pass muster among the keenest-eyed.

The Stout and Slender.

Nothing is prettier and more becoming to a fair, slight woman, with a pretty complexion than white; but white gowns must be carefully avoided by her sister of too ample charms. Black is the color for the stout woman, especial-

clean and orderly, so that no one will suffer discomfort for lack of these things; but it has been observed that "a home is not rightly governed and quite falls in its true mission when conducted in a spirit of combat, even against dirt. Cleanliness does not stand next to godliness when gained at a constant expense of nerves and temper, at the cost of every other comfort."

Keeping Dresses Fresh.

One of the nicest ways of keeping dresses—especially evening ones—fresh is to sew throughout the lining tiny perfumed silk sachets. Any odd bit of silk does for this purpose. Make the sachet about one inch square. Put in a layer of soft white wadding, into which has been sprinkled some sachet powder. Sew up and tack firmly to various places in skirt and bodice. This gives the delicate elusive fragrance to your frock which is rather hard to attain when liquid perfume is used. It also has additional benefit of keeping away destructive moths when the garment is laid aside for a time.

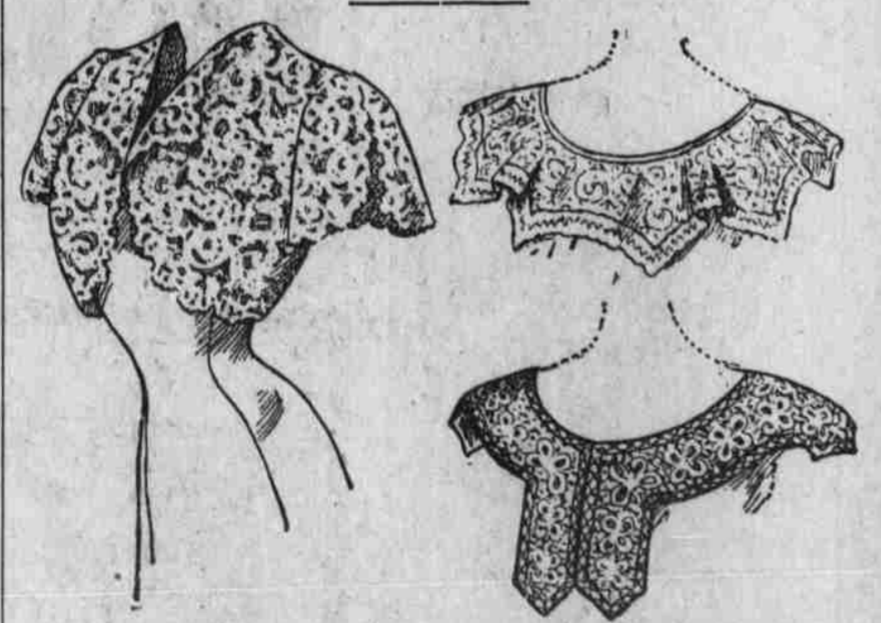
Green Silk with Black Velvet.



Have a Pattern Bag.

The woman who is furnishing a sewing-room will find the pattern bag a necessary article. A simple but commodious one is made of a square yard of green denim, on which are two rows of pockets of the same material and deep enough to conceal the patterns

DAINTY BOLEROS AND BERTHAS.



ly if she be of the black-eyed and black-haired type. A black gown will make her look slimmer than anything else, while pale blue, light gray and nearly every shade of red will make her "too, too solid flesh" most undesirably self-assertive. A subdued shade of blue, heliotrope and olive green, with black, may all be advantageously worn by the stout woman.

More Woe for Man.

An excited man writing in London Truth, announces with an exclamation point that "it appears that the halo-like arrangement which decorates the women of the time is formed by wrapping the hair around a frame! How much more of their general appearance is created by frame contrivances!" he asks.

The editor tries to reassure him by saying that while man is necessarily ignorant of the secrets of the modern woman's surface composition, this circumstance need not throw him into a panic. Since beauty is but skin deep it may be hinted that it really makes little difference whether that little be of wire, wool, buckram or "rats."

Too Particular.

The overparticular housekeepers should not be too severe in keeping the house in order. Let it be kept

entirely. All edges and the tops of pockets are bound with red tape and brass rings are stitched on at the corners by which to hang it on the door or wall. Each pocket has the name of its contents worked on it in red embroidery cotton—aprons, underwear, coats or shirtwaists.

New Kind of Work for Women.

Some genius has constructed a machine that it is said will do away with the stenographer and the office boy. This machine is partly a phonograph, through which the man talks, and his message is then automatically written out by a typewriter attachment. Well, there is the consolation that it will take women to make the parts of this machine, and possibly the work will be more congenial than the stenographic work.

Woman Kills Wild Beasts.

Mrs. Carl E. Ackerly, wife of the member of the Field Columbian Museum, went with her husband to the wilds of British East Africa, from which they have just returned. Some of the finest specimens of native animals which they brought home were killed by Mrs. Ackerly, who is an expert in the use of the rifle.

RELIGIOUS

His Life Work.

"Do leave those Georgia 'crackers,' my boy, and come home. Your sisters need you, and it's high time you left the starved life you're leading and came back to your place here."

Stephen Phelps read and reread this paragraph in his college chum's latest letter. There had been many such letters from his friends and his family during the four years he had spent in Georgia, and of late they had become more frequent and insistent.

His thoughts went back to the time when he had arrived there, just out of college, to recuperate from a nervous strain, and incidentally to look after his father's business interests. It had indeed seemed a lonely, "starved" sort of existence that he was entering upon. He remembered vividly his first impression when he found himself surrounded by suspicion and hatred because of his Northern connections, in the midst of ignorance and lawlessness, in what was known as the darkest corner of Georgia.

The situation held something of a challenge for a nature like Stephen Phelps', and his first determination was to show his fearless disregard of threats by going unarmed and unattended among the people. His bearing awakened interest at once, and commanded a sort of qualified respect. As he learned more of their barren, untaught, uncared for lives, he came to understand why these folk were suspicious and ignorant, why life was held cheap and law despised.

Here, too, was a challenge for Stephen Phelps. It seemed that his was not the only starved life, and he determined to win these people to a better sort of living.

He asked their advice, and took it; he discussed his plans with them, and little by little his honest friendliness won their confidence. In spite of deep prejudice, they entered into his plans for industrial work, for improved housing, and even trusted to his newly established "Yankee" school their untaught children.

With more and more enthusiasm he threw himself into the work he had undertaken; he made new plans, he worked early and late.

Of course there were for him occasional visits to the Northern home, when he gave himself up to the pleasures and activities of his old "set" for a time, and listened to fine business offers and to many pleadings for a permanent stay. But each time that he returned to Georgia the new look of hope and life in the faces of "his people" warmed his heart and seemed worth many a gay dinner and theater party.

"Come down and see for yourself why I am needed here," Phelps replied to his friend Makepeace; "then you'll understand my decision to remain."

Then he planned to do still better for his people. He moved his own piano into a large hall over one of the new storehouses, and gave an invitation to a Sunday afternoon service. The music attracted many; the man more. People came by the hundred to listen to this young man of splendid optimism and unselfish life, who talked to them simply and earnestly of the love of God and the brotherhood of man. Life had a new meaning for them all—a meaning and a fulness which was not lost even when Stephen Phelps laid down his work.

"He's a great loss," said a friend to Makepeace, as they walked up the avenue. "Splendid fellow! Too bad to have thrown himself away and lost these five years in that forsaken place."

"Have you ever been down there?" asked Makepeace, rather shortly.

"No."

"Well, I have; and I'd be obliged if you wouldn't repeat that remark. I used to think that way myself, but when I'd seen the work he accomplished and the change he'd brought about through all that region, and the love and devotion of those people to him, it made his life seem about as full and worth while as some of ours."

"Why, of course," apologized his friend. "You see, I didn't understand."

"Oh, that's all right," said Makepeace; and then he added, diffidently, "it says something somewhere, you know, about 'he that loseth his life shall find it,' and somehow it seems to me Phelps found his."—Youth's Companion.

Looking Beyond.

Whatever be your condition or calling in life, keep in view the whole of your existence. Act not for the little span of time allotted you in this world, but act for eternity. Look beyond the narrow limits of earth, to the scenes of that eternal world to which you are going, and ever aim to do what will promote your best interests, ten thousand ages hence, when all the riches and honors of earth shall have vanished away. Then shall you rise superior to every false, unworthy principle of action, and attain the true dignity and happiness of intelligent beings. Then shall you be safe amid all temptations, and happy amid all trials.—Rev. R. S. Johnson.

A Text that Vindicates Itself.

Here is a text which can be proved or disproved—a text that need not remain among the uncertainties. With my whole heart I believe it. I have

never known it to fail. I have acted upon it when the answer has gone absolutely against my inclinations; when the way seemed clear in other directions and when I have had to give up the most tempting prospects. Yet the text has vindicated itself. My loss has been my gain. If we do not test the text in this spirit, we cannot test it at all. The text is everything or it is nothing. It is not to be trifled with, taken up and laid down, admired as poetry and neglected as discipline. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."—Joseph Parker.

My Refuge, My Defense.
God is my refuge, my defense,
My Shepherd and my King,
My strength, my strong Deliverer,
Of whom I love to sing.

And God is my Salvation, too,
My Fortress strong and tried,
Beneath the shadow of His wing
In perfect peace I hide.

God is my Rock forever sure;
Here may I always rest
Beneath this shade in love secure,
No harm can me molest.

God is the glory of my days,
And of His grace I'll sing,
Who gave for me His only Son,
My Prophet, Priest and King.
—Alice N. Kendall.

Only Believe.

Be not downcast if difficulties surround you in your heavenly life. They may be purposely placed there by God to train and discipline you for higher developments of faith. If he calls you to "tolling in rowing," it may be to make you the better seaman, and to lead you to a holier trust in Him who has the vessel and its destinies in hand, and who, amid gathering clouds and darkened horizon, and crested billows, ever murmurs the mild rebuke to our misgivings: "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?"—Rev. John R. Macduff.

Christ the Friend.

The devout heart yearns after a personal God. Its instinctive desire is for a Father and a Friend—a loving ear into which its sorrows may be poured, a loving heart on which its weariness may rest. This deep-felt want of our natures is most fully met in the person of Jesus Christ. For here is One whom, while we reverence and adore as God, we can think of as clearly and love as simply, trustingly, tenderly, as the best known and loved of our earthly friends.—Rev. R. S. Medley.

LESSON IN POSTAL WAYS.

Superiority of Foreign Service to That in America is Asserted.

In New York it takes two hours to send a special delivery letter from Harlem to Twenty-third street. In Berlin, through the rohrpost, a letter can be sent a similar distance in two minutes.

It would be advantageous to all people if the statesmen of the world, foregoing for a season their provincial boasting, would convene in international session and exchange ideas regarding the world's progress. I was impressed with this fact when I had occasion in Budapest to send a registered letter. Instead of having to wait for a clerk to copy the superscription and hand me a receipt I had simply to show the letter properly stamped and then drop it in a mechanical contrivance which immediately issued a receipt card automatically dated and numbered.

It makes the system of registering a letter in Hungary as simple as dropping a piece of mail in a letter box is in America. I desired to test this innovation and so I mailed a letter in Budapest addressed to myself in a hotel in Munich. Two hours later I took the train to the Bavarian capital, and the day after I arrived in the hotel I received word that there was a registered letter for me at the post-office.

The German system of postal money order is far superior, it seems to me, to the American. You hand the money into a German postoffice, give the address of the person to whom it is to be sent and walk away with the receipt. That ends your responsibility. The government carries the money to the house and even to the room of the addressee.—Hardee Rolce in Appleton's.

Helping an Invalid.

A trained nurse mentions as among the little things that help make an invalid feel comfortable and rested the frequent brushing of the hair and bathing of the hands and face. "I don't know what it is, whether these actions just divert the invalid's mind or really do effect some physical change for the better, but they certainly help the sick one to get through the day. Eau de cologne and the various toilet waters are very refreshing when added to the water or used independently. I once heard a man say that if he couldn't both wash his hands and face and comb his hair in the morning when he got up he would choose to comb his hair. It would wake him up better. He felt something of the same sense of physical comfort as the average convalescent or invalid."

He Knew.

Professor—Mr. X, is there anything in your experience which qualifies you to speak so confidently on the subject of sweatshop labor?

Mr. X—Well, I spent four hours in a Turkish bath once.—Cornell Widow.

As a man gets older, he has more "hard days" to report when he gets home at night.

GOOD Short Stories

A Berkeley bookseller, anxious to fill an order for a liberal patron, wired to Chicago for a copy of "Seekers After God," by Canon Farrar, and to his surprise and dismay received this reply: "No seekers after God in Chicago or New York. Try Philadelphia."

The German Emperor's little daughter is credited with this incident. She was tired of all the old games, so said to her playmates: "I know what we will do. Let's play at being quite poor people—frightfully poor people who have only one or two footmen!"

One more instance of the power of punctuation. Even a comma may play the very mischief. Not many years ago a distinguished graduate of Oxford decided to enter the Nonconformist ministry, and to wear no sacerdotal garb. And he announced his intention in a manifesto containing the words, "I shall wear no clothes, to distinguish me from my fellow-Christians." That delightful comma made him the laughing-stock of the university and the joy of the picture-shops, whose windows were flooded with illustrations of the Rev. X. Z. distinguishing himself from his fellow-Christians.

The great Von Moltke never wasted words and despised anything that approached garrulity in others. On one occasion he was leaving Berlin on a railway journey. Just before the train pulled out of the station, a captain of hussars entered the general's compartment, and recognizing him, saluted with "Guten Morgen, Excellenz!" Two hours later the train slowed up at a way station. The captain rose, after sitting in silence during the journey, saluted, and with another "Guten Morgen, Excellenz!" left the train. Turning to one of his companions, Von Moltke said, with an expression of disgust, "Intolerable gasbag!"

Some time ago the Osage Indians were called into council. It was in the Indian Territory and an election was approaching at which the noble red men would exercise that great privilege, the ballot. The Democrats prepared a feast for them. They barbecued beef and fed the Indians well. And the Indians were "for" the Democrats. Then the Republicans invited them to a barbecue, and they were "for" the Republicans. After it was all over the Indians met. One of them addressed the meeting. "Democrat good; feed Indian," he said. "Republican good; feed Indian full." Then he continued: "Both good; Indian go home." Then they went.

One day the yardmaster asked an earnest employe at the roundhouse if he could run an engine. "Can Ol run an engine? If there's anything Ol'd rather do all day long it's run an engine." "Suppose you run that engine in the house." "Ol'll do it," bluffed Pat, and climbed to the cab. He looked around, spat on his hands, grabbed the biggest lever and pulled it wide open. Zip! she went into the roundhouse. Pat saw the bumpers ahead and, guessing what would happen, reversed the lever clear back. Out she went—in again—out again. Then the yardmaster yelled: "I thought you said you could run an engine?" But Pat had an answer ready: "Ol had her in three times. Why didn't you shut the door?"

Biggest House on Earth.

A gigantic globe tower, the biggest building in the world, is in course of erection on Coney Island. It will be 700 feet high and 900 feet in circumference. It will have eleven floors and 500,000 square feet of floor space.

On these eleven floors there will be all sorts of things to amuse Coney's millions of summer visitors, but the star feature of them all will be the revolving restaurant and cafe, first of the kind in the world.

If you are facing north when your oysters are served you will be looking west for the soup and south when the roast arrives. By the time the coffee and cigars come on you will be back north again. In half an hour you will have traveled 900 feet around a great circle, or thirty feet a minute.

The ground floor will be an automobile garage. Just 150 feet above the ground will be the pedestal roof garden, 900 feet in circumference. When you get 250 feet in the air you will come to the aerial hippodrome. Here there will be a continuous four-ring circus.

The main hall and revolving cafe will be 300 feet above the ground, circling around the great ball room. Another fifty feet and you come to the palm garden in the air, a third restaurant, statuary, fountains and cascades, a scenic aerial railroad and all kinds of novelties. At 500 feet you come to the observatory platform, fitted with telescopes. At 600 feet will be stationed the United States weather bureau and a wireless telegraph station.

Very Suspicious.

"The bookkeeper has been married nearly six months now," said the junior partner.

"Well?" replied the senior partner.

"Well, he hasn't asked for a raise in salary."

"Heavens! We'll have to have his accounts examined."—Philadelphia Press.

No man loves a woman enough to make him very grateful for the privilege of kissing her hand.