

IS IT YOU?

Some one's selfish, some one's lazy; Is it you?

Some one's sense of right is heavy; Is it you?

Some one lives a life of ease, Doing largely as he please— Whittling idly with the broom; Is it you?

Some one hopes success will find him; Is it you?

Some one proudly looks behind him; Is it you?

Some one full of good advice Seems to think it rather nice In a ha-ben-a-paradise— Is it you?

Some one trusts to luck for winnings; Is it you?

Some one craves a new beginning; Is it you?

Some one says "I never had Such a chance as Jesus' lad." Some one's likewise quite a cad— Is it you?

Some one yet may "make a killing;" And it's you.

Some one never but to be willing, And it's you.

Some one better set his jaw, Cease to be a man of straw, Get some sand into his craw— And it's you.

—Baltimore American.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

HE messenger boy waited while Jack Powers wrote his answer to her note. She might have telegraphed, but it was her way to send messengers with her messages.

"Very well, Kathleen," wrote Jack; "I'll be there. You say for the last time. I wonder why?"

He sent the boy with this note and an order on a florist for a box of violets as the message's accompaniment, and then he turned to his work again. But his eyes failed to do more than stare at the figures before him. His brain could not grasp their meaning. Kathleen's face persisted in dancing about the inkwell, in a twostep that played havoc with business.

"I'm a beastly cad," cogitated Jack, "and that's what. But it must be done. For the last time, she said. Perhaps she's heard. It would help things a lot if she had."

He looked meditatively at a photograph which he fished from a dark pigeonhole in his desk.

"She's a mighty nice little thing," he said to himself.

And then he took another photograph from an inner pocket of his coat, and kissed it tenderly.

"Violets!" Kathleen buried her nose in the purple fragrance and sniffed with satisfaction.

"Jack always sends violets," she said, to no one in particular, though her maid sat near by sewing some lace on the dinner frock her mistress had bade her lay out for her to wear.

Kathleen looked gloomily upon a tall vase of long-stemmed American beauties that stood on the table.

"That's the difference in men, Lawrence sends big Beauties, because they cost money, and Jack sends violets because they're my favorite flower. Poor Jack! How can I break his heart—for I suppose it will? 'You say for the last time. I wonder why? Heigho! We must take our medicine, Marie. Because I prefer millions to love in a cottage—that's why. Hurry with the waist, Marie. I must not be late with my last dinner with Jack."

"No, I didn't think we needed a chap-eron to-night, Jack."

"Why not to-night?"

"Because, well—"

"Life is too short to quarrel. Life is too short to sigh—"

"I'll tell you by and by, Jack—after the fish, perhaps."

"I, too, have something to tell you, Kathleen."

For the space of ten minutes, while the garcon placed the soup before them, Jack felt uncomfortable. Everybody hates to attack a disagreeable duty. When the duty involves a pretentious woman, it is doubly distasteful. However, he took a surreptitious peep at the photograph in his breast pocket and it nerved him to his task. Nevertheless, there was no hurry about it.

"Isn't it absurd, Jack, to say that love makes the world go round?" asked Kathleen.

In her diplomatic feminine way, she had wished to lead up to the subject she had come to discuss.

"Of course it is," he answered, "when champagne—if one has enough of it—will do the same thing."

They both laughed, and then both attacked their glasses with assumed enthusiasm.

"Salmon—oh, Jack, do you remember how we trolled for salmon at Del Monte last summer?"

Did he remember? He had to pat the photograph in his pocket to forget.

"I read the other day," Kathleen was saying, "that a girl who couldn't make up her mind between two lovers hasn't a mind worth making up."

She looked at him from the corners of her eyes.

Jack's face lighted up. She knew, then, and that was the meaning of her desire for a farewell dinner. How easy it would be now to explain.

But Kathleen was not waiting for an answer.

"They say there's no skill in winning a game where one holds all the trumps. But in the game of hearts, Jack, suppose one held just two? Don't you think it would be hard to know which to discard?"

Brave! thought Jack. What a clever little diplomat at Kathleen is!

But she veered to the other side.

"Isn't it nice, Jack, just we two sit-

ting here like this?" oh, so tenderly. "Isn't it like old times?"

He really couldn't help it—one little kiss was nothing.

There was a pause of some minutes, and then Kathleen sprang to her feet. "Don't, Jack, or I won't be able to brace myself to the ordeal. Don't look like that."

He put his hand in his coat pocket. Yes, the photograph was there. Had he been untrue to her?

"I'm engaged—engaged, Jack," said Kathleen, excitedly. "I'm going to marry Lawrence Smith, the millionaire. Oh, Jack, I never really thought you 'cared—why didn't you ask me years ago—when I was a bud? It's too late, now—too late. It's going to be a grand church wedding. He wanted it to be a quiet affair, but I—"

"Thought it would be the last quiet day he'd have, no doubt."

"Why, Jack, I never knew you to make such a stretched joke before. High noon—at St. Luke's—June 8th. You'll be there?"

"I'm afraid not, Kathleen—I—"

"Oh, we can still be friends. This is the twentieth century, you know, and jealousy is out of date."

"I know, but—"

"Oh, say we can still be friends still, Jack. I never could bear those stuffy little apartments, the modern love in a cottage. It's much better this way, dear."

"I know, Kathleen. But—"

"Oh, don't think I meant anything horrid. I'm not that kind of a woman, Jack. But Lawrence likes you—I think he wants you to be best man. Will you?"

"I'm awfully sorry, but I couldn't, really."

The tension, drawn so tight a moment since, was ready to snap. Had it done so, the man would have laughed, the relief was so great. But his duty was still undone, and doubly repugnant after her confession.

"Oh, you must," pleaded Kathleen, "else you know what people will say."

She looked at her watch.

"I must go now," she said, "for we are going to a ball to-night. Promise me, Jack, that if Lawrence asks you you will be his best man at our wedding. Do it for me, dear, won't you?"

She gave him a good-by kiss, to make her plea more profound.

"Oh, the mischief, I can't Kathleen," he said, squeezing her little hands warmly. "I would if I could, but it's impossible."

"Why, dear?"

The words were warm, but the tone was cold.

"Well, I'll tell you—I've tried to tell you all the evening, but you didn't give me a chance. I'm going to be married myself that same day."—Sarah Williamson, in San Francisco Town Talk.

Italian Peasants in a New-Law Tenement

The conservative spirit of the Italian women is never more clearly shown than in the doing of laundry work. The clothes are wet in hot or cold water, no matter which. Each piece is wrung out of the water and piled on one side. When the tub is empty the washboard is laid flat across the top and each piece soaped in turn, and kneaded as bread is kneaded. When each piece has passed through this process, all are put in the tub, rinsed, and hung to dry at the convenience of the washer, in the room or out of doors, as the case may be. Before this stage is reached four or five days may have elapsed. If a piece of clothing is needed it is sorted out of the pile of colored and white, cotton and woolen, and dried by the stove. Often each step is taken at night after sewing ten hours or more on trousers or coats, cooking and caring for a family of children; the floor space is larger then, and the worker has more room to move. Starching results in clothes that crackle, and only starched clothes are ironed. A little Italian girl in white dress and petticoats is for several hours an object of pity. She cannot walk, stand or sit in comfort. The little boys in starched shirt waists are rebels until the stiffness is gone. Flour is used instead of starch in laundering.

—Lillian Betts, in Harper's Bazar.

Poison Sumac.

There are several species of sumac, and most of them are harmless, but if we do not know one from the other we are apt to feel uncomfortable in the presence of any of them. The poisonous species may be readily distinguished from either the smooth sumac or the stag-horn sumac by reason of the fact that the leaflets of these species are saw-edged, while those of the poison sumac are "entire," that is, without teeth or lobes. The other species which may be confused is the mountain sumac; but as in this shrub the leaf stems are widened out into so-called "wings," it need not be mistaken for its dangerous relative, whose stems are wingless. The poison ivy, a near relative of the poison sumac, though usually a creeper, is classed with the shrubs, and sometimes becomes one when it happens to grow in a spot where there are no supports for its aerial rootlets. This plant has compound leaves with three leaflets, a fact which enables us to distinguish it at once from the Virginia creeper, which has five leaflets, and from the bitterweet, which has from seven to nine.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Goat Story.

A well-known suburbanite, who had been greatly troubled by the depredations of a neighbor's goat, was driven to desperation one day when he learned that the animal had consumed a favorite red flannel goat coat of his. Determined on the goat's destruction, he employed an unscrupulous small boy who lived in the neighborhood to secure him to the railroad track just before the daily express was due. Some days afterward a friend inquired with interest of the goat had been effectually disposed of.

"Not on your life," was the disgusted answer; "that goat has a colored life. He coughed up that red goat coat of mine and flagged the train."—Harper's Weekly.

Treatment of Consumption.

In consequence of the discovery by Professor Schroten that the bacillus of consumption is not the same as that of tuberculosis, it is held in German medical circles that the present treatment of consumption will be radically changed.

Timely Fashion Hints.

New York City.—The Eton in its latest form takes the name of one of the best known French designers and is eminently attractive and graceful.



"PAQUIN" ETON WITH VEST.

The black poodle has appeared on the handle of parasol sticks. He is not very comfortable to carry, but so stylish that no single complaint is heard from the possessor. In dull-finished black wood the poodle is a great success. He is not so large as to be grotesque, and his wooliness is reproduced quite cleverly, as is his semi-shaven aspect.

A black poodle handle is seen on one of the emerald green satin sunshades. He is also seen on a black parasol which has a lining of self-color for two-thirds of the length, and a deep striped border lining of heavily-barred black and white.

The Black Poodle Handle.

Some of the new autumn toilettes of a "dressy" description will be generously trimmed with ruches of narrow ribbon to match. For ordinary autumn wear, however, the covert coat will be far more generally adopted than it has been for many years.

Generously Trimmed With Ribbon.

For the fair automobilist, says the Brooklyn Eagle, the newest cap is of a heavy grade of khaki, with peak of Chinese goatskin, in dark green, flecked with gold.

Nine Gored Walking Skirts.

The walking skirt that flares with

A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.



simple matter. The belt is arranged over the edge at back and sides and passed through openings in the fronts and vest to be closed beneath.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is five yards twenty-one inches wide, three and one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide, or two and three-fourth yards forty-four inches wide, with one-half yard of silk for revers and roll-over cuffs, five-eighth yards of pique and four yards of handing to trim as illustrated.

For Morning Wear.

Java linen is used for morning gowns, and pale blue is the favorite shade. It is trimmed with white braid and white pearl buttons. The skirt is cut in eleven gores, with a pleat at each seam and a tiny shallow rever to simulate a hip yoke. Each rever, folded back from the front breadth, is fastened down by three small pearl buttons. The blouse jacket has pleats back and front, with small revers or "flaps" over the shoulders; these are fastened on with buttons to match those on the skirt for the depth of a shoulder yoke. The buttons are arranged in groups of three. A turnover, triangular collar is embroidered in white braid. This opens slightly at the throat to show the gumpie or shield of Java blue linen with plain neckband. A breast scarf of blue messaline silk falls down in front like a jabot below the open gumpie. There is a messaline girde at the waist, which fastens with a silver buckle. The full sleeves are pleated at the armholes, and are vertically tucked in a group of pleats at the lower edge. The tucked pleats produce the exact effect of a straight cuff or narrow wristband, some five inches deep. A strap of blue linen, with a single pearl button, fastens around the lower edge of sleeve.

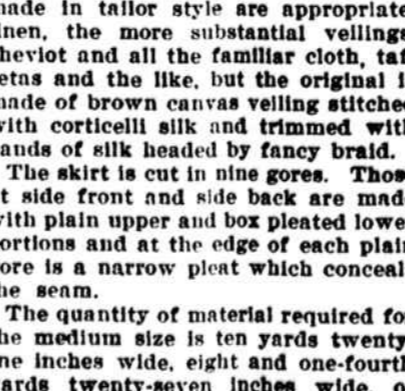
The Latest Skirts.

Trimmed skirts are the rule; the plain skirt an exception. There are flounced skirts, there are tucked skirts, and there are pleated skirts, in all possible and many impossible materials. Colored linens are very fashionable, and are often made with scal-

perfect freedom about the feet yet is snug over the hips is a favorite of the season and is likely to retain all its vogue for a long time to come, inasmuch as it is eminently graceful and becoming as well as comfortable. In the case of the model each alternate gore is different, the front, centre side and back gores being plain, while the intervening ones are made in two sections each, the lower portions being box pleated. All materials suitable for street wear and heavy enough to be made in tailor style are appropriate, linen, the more substantial velvings, cheviot and all the familiar cloth, tafetas and the like, but the original is made of brown canvas veiling stitched with corticelli silk and trimmed with bands of silk headed by fancy braid.

The skirt is cut in nine gores. Those at side front and side back are made with plain upper and box pleated lower portions and at the edge of each plain gore is a narrow pleat which conceals the seam.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is ten yards twenty-one inches wide, eight and one-fourth yards twenty-seven inches wide, or



NINE GORED WALKING SKIRT.

four and one-half yards forty-four inches wide, with two and one-half yards each of silk handing and braid to trim as illustrated.



IN WOMAN'S REALM

Women and Medicine.

Medicine, not as a profession, but rather as a diversion or a fad, seems to be growing among the feminine section of the race. Several of the recently engaged or married couples have brought to the public's attention the fact that the woman in each case was a graduate in medicine and had won the degree of M. D. Miss Mary Turnbull, of San Francisco, whose engagement to George R. Murphy, of New York, was announced a few days since, several years ago took up the study of medicine and was graduated from the Cooper Medical School of San Francisco, with her doctor's degree.

Didn't Use Slang.

Appropos of the slang habit among American women, this story is told of one of them.

When Henry M. Stanley and Mrs. Stanley were last in this country, Mrs. Stanley, after a dinner party one evening, spoke of the amount of slang used by American women, whereat one of the women sitting near her said:

"My dear Mrs. Stanley, you do us injustice. American women do not use slang nearly as much as English women do. Why, if I should use a word of slang my husband would jump on me with both feet."

Mrs. Stanley apparently acquiesced, but she doubtless was scarcely convinced.

Watermelon Luncheons.

Watermelon luncheons are a popular diversion that may be commended to those who wish to give a simple al fresco entertainment. A pile of choice melons are gathered and cooled and invitations sent out for a gathering of the neighboring clans. Rugs, hammocks and camp and lounging chairs are placed about in the shade, piles of plates and forks are set in some convenient place, where every one can help himself, while the master of ceremonies, with a long, sharp knife, carves melon after melon into big segments for the jolly crowd. Large baskets are placed near to receive the rinds, which pile up past belief to those who never participated in a function of this sort.

The Economical Bride.

They were from up the State and were newly wed. Part of the bridal train included a visit to the Aquarium. The fish hatchery exhibit interested the bride, who was of frugal disposition. After watching the embryo water denizens in various stages of development she said:

"John, dear, you know we agreed to raise our own poultry to save expense. Don't you think it would be a good idea to do the same with fishes? Suppose you see the man in charge here and buy a dozen trout eggs. That will be enough for a start, and you can ask for directions for raising them. We might put a pan of water in the incubator with the eggs. It looks easy and I'm awfully fond of fish."—New York Press.

The Smart Woman's Bathing Suit.

One swimming suit. — One costume for surf bathing. — Two or more much trimmed suits for still water frolicking. — One or two highly picturesque sun bath costumes. — Half a dozen sunbonnets to match costumes. — Ditto silk and rubber bathing caps. — A dozen sashes, belts and neckties of shades to suit. — Two dozen pairs of silk and open-work hose.

A choice collection of hose, in high and low effects, in colors to match each costume.

Likewise gloves.

The same beach coats to slip on over the scanty get-up.

And once there is a time when a single blue flannel sailor suit, a big straw hat and a pair of black stockings answered for the whole collection listed above.

A Washwoman's Strike.

The humble washwoman is not generally considered a fomentor of disturbance of the peace save as a cause of profanity when she washes off the buttons on the underlinen of the male sex—much less as a starter of strikes. Nevertheless, because of several washwomen about three years ago a strike was instituted at Dayton, Ohio, which cost that city and the hundreds of people employed in a big cash register company located therein over a half million of dollars. John H. Patterson, the president of the cash register company, furnished towels to his employes and also paid a number of women to wash them. Curiously enough it was these very employes who were being supplied without cost to themselves of these conveniences who rebelled at the washing—the washers being women who belonged to no union. The result was a strike that lasted some months.

A Famous Woman Painter.

Fraulein Grete Waldan, the first woman painter to receive an order from the German Government, who decorated the hall of the German building at the Paris Exposition with wall paintings, has again been commissioned to furnish paintings for the St. Louis Exposition. She is contributing to the hall of mines and metallurgy four large paintings, two of them views of the Krupp plant, the forging of a cannon gun and the flattening of plates for ironclads—certainly no everyday subjects for a woman. She made studies for them on the spot. The other two paintings present the celebrated mines of Konigshtutte, in Silesia, with smit-

ers in full activity. The contrast between the winter landscape (portrayed at ten degrees out of doors), the dark clouds of smoke and the red glow of the fire, is said to be admirably rendered.

Another painting by the same artist, destined for the hall of honor at the educational building, represents the famous Berlin thoroughfare "Unter den Linden," with the new library, as it will appear when finished. It is intended to give an idea of modern German architecture. — Philadelphia Inquirer.

To Clean a Summer Gown.

How many summer frocks does a woman give up because she is afraid of their fate in the laundry? She pictures her roses turned into small archaic flags, and her lace mitts shrunk into half hose, and her wool chiffon done into melancholy rags, for unscientific washing does these cruel tricks to pretty cloths.

But there is one way of getting delicate things clean without injuring their texture or losing their color, and that is by using borax water. Dip all fine printed lawns, chiffon and laces first into a pail of cold borax water, two tablespoonsful to a bucket of water; leave the lace and mesh immersed for ten minutes, take the chiffon out almost immediately. Then rinse through borax suds having a shaving of castile soap. Never boil delicate fabrics. Last, rinse in two waters, first warm and then cold.

Do not wring, but let them drip dry in the wind, out in the sun. Just before they are quite dry take them from the lines and slap in the hands a few minutes. Press muslins and chiffons on the wrong side, but pin lace onto a clean sheet that has been fastened to the carpet; stretch it tight while pinning and when dry it will look like new.

Women's Strength.

A young mother was boasting the other day of her baby, her first and naturally the most wonderful baby in the world. Among other things she told of her strength, and remarked that it was an inheritance from herself. She belonged to a family of strong bodies and healthy minds obtained through a free outdoor life in which walking, rowing and swimming played an important part. "But mother is losing her strength," she remarked, and in further explanation she had sacrificed a precious gift. She was devoted to painting and worked at it long after she had become conscious of extreme weariness.

It will not be hard to guess the end. She will have to give it up when weariness becomes chronic. It might be avoided by discretion; if she would rest when she first becomes conscious of a lack of freshness she might still be one of a strong family. But she is of the thin class driven by the whip of duty and the fear of not being able to turn every minute to account. A fig for that kind of duty. It is a duty to rest, to enjoy yourself, just as much a duty as to work or sleep. I believe there are women who regard sleep as a bit unnecessary and take as little of it as possible, but I do not belong to the number.—Boston Traveler.



FRILLS FASHION

A net that is delicately ribbed with silk is novel.

Such dainty parasols are covered with flowered tulle.

A checked skirt with a little black taffeta jacket is a good combination.

A net gown flounced with cloth is one of the fashionable incongruities.

Most of the Eton jackets are cut shorter than those worn in the winter. Blouses of embroidered batiste are much smarter than those of thin China silk.

A new wrinkle in chiffon is a gauzy fabric with patterns outlined in drawn threads.

Ready-made walking skirts of cashmere scarce last year, are now to be found in abundance.

Full top sleeves shirred to the close under sleeve with a cap beading distinguish a nobby pongee coat.

A closely draped bodice, defining the lines of waist and bust, succeeds blouse effects on the newest gowns.

This year's hip yoke is shallower than last season's and generally formed of fine cordings and shirtings.

Poke bonnet effects, tied with big bows under the chin, are much in evidence at smart afternoon gatherings.

Brown is a hot color, and only the woman to whom nothing else is becoming will wear it through the summer.

Had Learne'd a Wicked Word.

A father recently overheard his young son use a word he did not approve, and calling the child to him, said: "My son, if you will promise me never to use that word again, I'll give you a silver dime." The little fellow promised, and true to his word, refrained. About a week later he went to his father and said: "Papa, I've learned a new word worth fifty cents." —Philadelphia Press.

Fitting Epitaph.

A good man's epitaph: "His life was the definition of unselfishness."—Chicago Record-Herald.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

A New Use For Old Zinc.

Save all old zinc, and when chimneys are filled with soot put a quantity on the fire. It will carry all soot out of stove pipes and clean the chimneys.—Woman's Home Companion.

Fires.

Twenty drops of carbolic acid evaporated from a hot shovell will go far to banish flies from a room, while a bit of camphor gum, the size of a walnut, held over the lamp until consumed, will do the same for the mosquito.

A New Use For Broom-Peels.

Rose petals make a delightful filling for sofa pillows. Save them from withered bouquets or from fresh flowers and dry them. They may be treated as for potpourri or used with their own delicate perfume only.

For Very Dirty Articles.

There must be two rinsing waters: the first warm and slightly soapy, and the second cold and clear. Blue in the ordinary way and hang out in the open. A good plan is to put very dirty clothes in soak the night before, when wristbands and collars should be rubbed over with soap. But note—it is essential to the success of this method that the water in the copper be quite boiling when the oil is added, and that the first rinsing water be warm and soapy.

Bread Boards.

Some pretty bread boards are now made and ornamented with poker work, and one often sees the loaf of bread with a sharp bread-knife placed on the table near the bread-mother's place. Several slices of bread are cut before sitting down to the table, and the loaf placed with the cut side next the bread board, and more slices are cut as needed. This is a sensible fashion, since it saves the bread from becoming hard and dry, and every loaf is fresh until finished.

A Unique Table Cover.

A white linen table cover that was different from the ordinary type and as pretty as it was unique, was bordered with a design in nailows, worked in white silk. The weedlike blossoms were arranged in clusters of three, each flower having a long stem, but no leaves; the stems were brought together as if tied, and on either side of the simulated tying two silts were cut in the linen and buttonholed. White ribbon was run through the buttonholed slits and tied in smart bow with ends. A fringe of heavy Florentine lace edged the cover.

Household Hints.

When storing plated goods, thoroughly wash all the silver and then clean with powder in the usual way. Wrap each piece in silver paper and place in an airtight box with a large piece of camphor. Plated goods will always tarnish if stored in a damp place. Be very careful to dry the inside of both tea and coffee pots before polishing.

A little borax in the last rinsing water will make handkerchiefs easier to iron and look better when done.

A useful thing to remember is that the iron will not stick to the clothes if the starch used has been mixed with soapy water.

Three ounces of borax and two pounds of sliced white bar soap dissolved in two quarts of hot water will make a splendid lather for washing clothes.

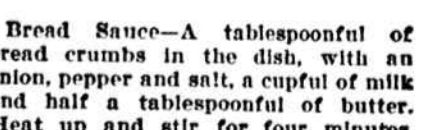
The Art of Bed Making.

The art of bed making is not any too well understood. In the morning each blanket and sheet should be taken separately from the bed and hung over a chair to air for an hour or so. The mattresses should be turned before the bed is made. Put on the undersheet, tucking it in well at the head; pass the hands over it carefully to take out every wrinkle, and then tuck it in at the sides and foot.

Next place the bolster in position. Put on the upper sheet, tucking it well under the mattress at the foot. Next put on the blankets, tucking them in at the foot and sides.

Now turn the sheet back on the blankets, and then turn blankets and sheet both down in one smooth fold. Next put on the spread, letting it come over the bolster; then over the bolster place the pillows that are used during the day.

All through the work bear in mind that it is important to have the mattress level, and to put on the sheets, blankets and spread without a wrinkle.



RECIPES

Bread Sauce.—A tablespoonful of bread crumbs in the dish, with an onion, pepper and salt, a cupful of milk and half a tablespoonful of butter. Heat up and stir for four minutes. Take out the onion before using.

Chilled Ham.—Cut cold boiled ham in uniform slices a trifle thicker than if to be served cold; season them lightly with cayenne and mushroom catsup and broil one minute on each side, just enough to warm through, and serve immediately.

Fried Pineapple.—Cut a smallish pineapple into half-inch slices, paring the skin, of course, and split in half three or four ordinary sponge cakes. Fry these latter in the chafing dish in a tablespoonful of butter till they are light brown on both sides. Take them out and keep them hot. Fry the pineapple slices in a like amount of butter and their own juice. Pour cream over them and serve on the browned sponge cake.

Fisherman's Sauce.—This is a rather rich mixture, adapted for fresh water fish. Half a pint of cream or milk, but cream is better—two tablespoonfuls of walnut catchup, home made for choice, and one tablespoonful of anchovy sauce. Boil these up for five minutes, and just before serving add a small walnut of butter, a teaspoonful of flour, a squeeze of lemon and a pinch of cayenne. Stir up all together, and serve very hot. It is the best fresh water fish sauce going.