

OPTIMISTIC OBED

By Hugh Pendexter

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

It was Alva Binger's funeral. Although he had died in Ottville, an adjoining town, all his neighbors in District No. 6 gave up the day to decent black and grave contemplation as to who would be the next to require their kindly services and sorrowful attendance.

As school-teacher in No. 6 I was expected to be present at the obsequies, and in company with my host, Methuel Currier, drove silently and slowly through the clouds of dust.

"Alva's baby grandson will miss him," I remarked, recalling how a splendid boy, the only one to disregard the pathos of the day, had kicked his sturdy legs in a kindly matron's arms and had refused to recognize death.

As the different carriages radiated from the cemetery the lagging pace gave way before a tight rein and the fan of mourners disappeared in byways and cross-roads, each intent on arriving home in good season for the evening chores. And I was interested to observe that Obed Sploggett was to be our guest at the supper table. I had seen him once or twice before and had been impressed by the habitual, cheery expression on his rugged face and had come to associate him with things amiable; and in a community where life is sometimes viewed in a somber light I anticipated pleasure in studying him at close range.

"Gim'me th' heel piece, Meth," he said, heartily, as we drew up to the table; and my host placed the toughest slice of the loaf on his plate, to which Mrs. Currier added burned, rind pieces of pork.

"Many at th' funeral?" asked Si, the hired man, who had remained at home to care for the live stock.

"Yas," affirmed Mr. Sploggett, "an' I shouldn't be surprised if we had another soon. Sister Lurinda dreamed of a burryin' last week an' th' hearse was comin' from this way."

Si shuddered and moved his chair to escape a draught from the window



"Lem'me Heft Him."

while Mrs. Currier pleaded her apron and mused: "Why, who can it be? We're all well here, I believe. Ye don't feel sick, do ye, Methuel?"

"Naw, I don't, an' I ain't goin' ter," snapped her husband. "What ye tryin' ter pin it onto me fer?"

"Ye might be sick an' not know it," reminded Si, reassuringly.

As we pushed back our chairs and returned to the sitting room Obed remarked: "Wal, won't that yonker have a hard time of it! I'm only afraid he won't grow up ter appreciate an' enjoy it. That's th' way with babies, half of 'em don't see th' value of their trials. So he's goin' onto '3' poor farm."

"I ain't said that," growled Mr. Currier, frowning at the bowl of his pipe. "It may come ter that, an' mebbe not. Fer a week he's ter stay with one of th' neighbors over there. Mebbe they'll keep him right along."

Mr. Currier was a bit rough in ordering Si to look after the cattle. Then he said: "It's tough, but mebbe it's got ter be as ye say, Obed. Ye see, there won't be only a few dollars left from th' foreclosure sale of Alva's farm. Th' best I can do, if those folks won't adopt th' baby, is ter board him on th' farm at th' expense of th' town an' save th' money agin' th' day he quits th' place ter bustle fer himself. He's a fine boy baby, too."

Mr. Sploggett cut his tobacco in pellets that could not help but smoke ill. Apparently he was disappointed to learn the poor infant would come time emerge from pauperism, if he lived and if the other selectmen permitted Mr. Currier to carry out his charitable purpose, with a few dollars in his pocket. For after allowing several matches to burn his fingers he observed: "Liable ter make a boy upshin, something of a dude, ye know. Ter start him in life as a heir."

"He won't have more'n \$40," remonstrated Mr. Currier, "even if th' other selectmen agree ter my scheme."

When I returned from school at noon the next day I found Mr. Currier harnessing his horse with every indication of being in a hurry. As he buckled the straps he told me Mr. Sploggett had been thrown from his wagon shortly after leaving us the night before and had broken a leg. My host suggested that I accompany him on a visit to the injured man, and as I was curious to note if anything agreeable had occurred to mar Obed's pleasure in possessing a fractured limb I accepted the invitation.

We found him propped up in a most uncomfortable chair, trying to read without his spectacles. "I've snapped a leg four times," he saluted, "but th' doctor thinks this is th' worst yet. An', I ye know, I kind of feel as though he'd made a bunch of settin' th' bones. I jest tapped my foot on th' floor be-

fore ye come in an' it hurt like sin. Guess I'm in fer a siege of it."

"Ain't heard 'em talkin' on th' poor farm yet, have ye, Obed?" joked Mr. Currier.

"Almost," the other grinned. "S'pose ye'll soon have an addition over there in th' Binger baby, won't ye?"

I enjoyed his frown as Mr. Currier replied: "Baby's been adopted."

"Then he won't go?" was the dispirited query.

"Wal, not fer another week," modified my host. "I should have said he was only temporary adopted. Goin' a week from next Monday."

Mr. Sploggett brightened perceptibly on being assured the baby's lease on respectability was not permanent, and he chuckled at my host's short lived triumph and said: "Ye told me that before. That's nothin'. Th' fact remains, he's got ter go. Wal, it'll be a good trainin' an' a lesson ter him."

It was a relief to be at school on the Monday Mr. Currier went after the child to take it to the poor farm. I did not care to see him when he passed through the district, and therefore, when I came home to dinner and learned he had not arrived, but was expected every minute, I tried to hurry through the meal and evade him. Just as I had refused pie, much to Si's amazement, and was leaving the table, a wagon drove into the yard and Mrs. Currier announced: "Here's Meth with th' baby."

But it was not her husband; it was the optimistic Mr. Sploggett, half reclining on an improvised couch, while his sister, a grim, wooden faced woman, a very deaf and seldom known to speak, held the reins.

"Meth here?" he inquired. "I can't come in. Had all I could do ter git inter th' wagon. If th' fish peddler hadn't come along an' gim'me a boost I'd still be ter home, I guess. Most tipped over twice. Gee! but that leg frets me."

Mrs. Currier had hardly explained her husband's absence when another wagon whirled into the yard and my heart sank as I saw the small bundle my host was so carefully holding in the hollow of his left arm. I had hoped the baby had found a permanent home with his foster mother of the week. Mr. Currier's face looked very sour as he tossed the lines to Si and said: "Hang this bein' sleet-man an' cartin' babies ter th' poor house! I don't mind a growed-up pauper, 'cause they are usually shiftless an' jest as lief be there as anywhere. But this little cuss ain't done nothin' ter deserve it. Anyway, we'll give him one more independent dinner before he comes ter takin' town charity. Hello, Obed. No use ter speak ter yer sister. Hitch, an' come in."

"Lem'me see him, Meth. I can't git down, ye know," said Mr. Sploggett, his face now reflecting only pleasure.

"Ye might wait till ye git well an' call on him at th' poor farm," replied my host, grimly, yet resting one foot on the hub of the wheel and holding up the cowering infant in his arms. The wind blew back a corner of the blanket so that the little face peeped out and Mr. Sploggett's countenance grew solemn.

He gingerly picked up one kicking, worsted covered foot between his rough thumb and finger and eyed it in deep surprise. "Lem'me heft him," he asked.

The baby did not mind the transfer and lost no time in clutching one fat, dimpled hand in the grisly whiskers that tickled his chin.

"Smells like new milk," remarked Mr. Sploggett apologetically with a red face as he raised his head. But I could swear he kissed the little cheek.

His sister's inexpressive face stole a bit of animation as she snatched the tiny form from his awkward lap and gently patted the brown hair and rearranged the blanket with deft fingers. Then she asked in her usual monotonous voice, "Shall we go back now, Obed?"

"Hold on!" cried Mr. Currier, as Obed nodded and the wagon began to turn. "Ye've forgot th' baby!"

"No, we ain't," grinned Obed sheepishly. "We've got him. We're goin' ter take him home. I'd planned on it right along. Only I didn't want to come between him an' his experience. When he's older he'll enjoy thinkin' it over. Better pull th' blanket over him more, Lurinda, or else lem'me hold him. Gee lang, there."

And that night nature was gladder and the woods and hills more desirable for Obed's having lived, and I could look through the years and see a quaint old man in No. 6 no longer braving rainstorms, but being ruled by the iron hand of a youngster.

Unjust Suspensions. Mrs. Shril—Two or three times family matters referred to on postal cards which I received have become public property, and I'd just like to know how it happened.

Postal Clerk—I guess you must have left the cards lying around the house.

"Oh! Think I did, do you? Are you sure these cards were not read by somebody here?"

"Very sure, ma'am; there isn't a woman in this office."—N. Y. Weekly.

"Human Natur" (With a Difference). "Here's a story of a man that stole a whole bank." "Human natur!" "An' a man that married seven women—an' they all a-livin'." "Human natur!" "And while I'm about it, I might as well tell you that one of yer mules is stole—likewise the beaver hat you bought to go to meetin' Sunday!" "The devil you say! O, the villainy of man! O, the wretched human creatures goin' run on two legs!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Medical schools should be located, of course, as far as possible from doctors and hospitals.

SEE WHAT YOU BUY

DO NOT TAKE THE CATALOGUE STATEMENT FOR IT.

CASE OF A MAIL-ORDER BUGGY

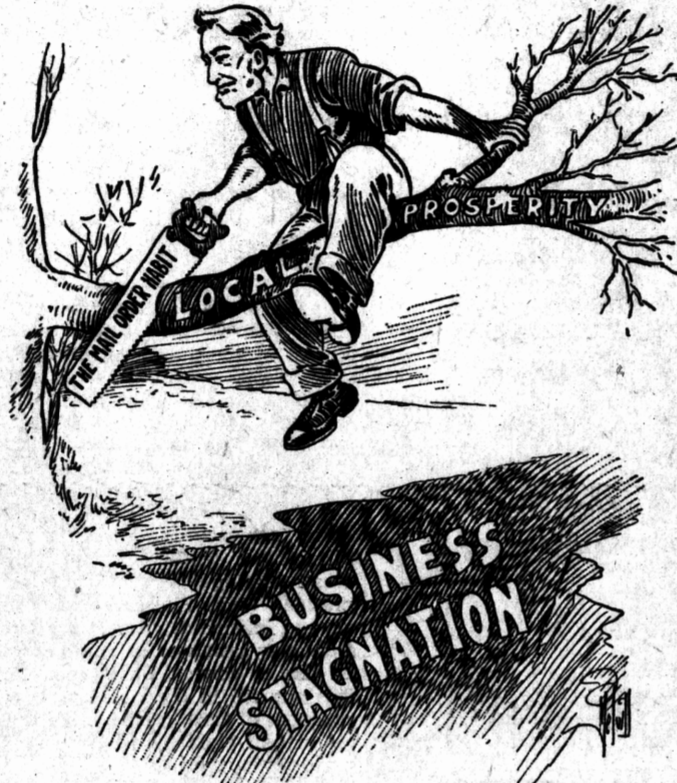
The Purchaser Was Ashamed to Use It and Sold It to His Hired Man—It Pays to Buy at Home.

(Copyright, by Alfred C. Clark.) The East End of London is an example of what the city does for humanity in creating poverty, misery, disease, drunkenness and crime. Jefferson was right when he said: "Great cities are great sores upon the body politic." Is it any wonder that lovers of their kind are horror-stricken at the grinding of these gigantic mills whose grist is the bodies and souls of men?

But there is another movement connected with this current setting cityward which, like it, is full of grave menace to the welfare of humanity. This is the dry rot now invading thousands of villages and towns. It is not lack of capital or business energy in the towns, or discrimination in freights or exhaustion of the soil in the surrounding country that is bringing about this change, but a new and dangerous form of competition, and the caprices of those who buy. Go into these towns and you will find them at a standstill or going backward. Inquire of their business men or commercial travelers and you will learn that business is not as good as formerly and that the prospect is for a continued shrinkage in trade. An observant commercial traveler said to the writer: "I believe the day of the village and town is over. The big fish are everywhere eating up the little fish. A few small lines of business that cannot be done by mail, such as

timekeeper than that famous watch of Capt. Cuttle's. Another friend bought a buggy at \$34 and was elated over his purchase until it came and he saw that the top was a very ordinary article of oil cloth, instead of leather, and he was so ashamed of it that he sold it at a loss to his hired man and bought a better one in a neighboring town. A lady and her two daughters bought shoes from the catalogue and when asked why they had trouble with their feet said it was because of ill-fitting shoes. But such instances of the bad effects of buying 'sight unseen' are daily occurring all over the country. It is only natural and inevitable that such things should happen.

Let us see what will be the effect of this formidable diversion of trade, if carried to its logical conclusion. Nearly all the business houses of the smaller towns will become bankrupt, the value of town property will decline, churches and schools will receive a feeble support and the towns, instead of being centers of business and social activity, will almost cease to exist. The country in general will become like many portions of the south where the large plantations, by getting their supplies in the cities, have kept the neighboring towns down to the cross-roads type—dreary, unpainted little places of a half dozen ramshackle houses. The evil effects of this loss of trade and destruction of the value of town property will react upon the value of farm property by cutting off the home market. They will add to the taxes on lands by reducing taxable values in the towns. Surely it is not to the interest of any body, except the bloated corporations carrying on the mail order business, to see the towns and villages fall into decay. A live town is not only of value to the lands surrounding it, but its well stocked business houses are a convenience and a benefit to the buyer. Even if money could, in the long run, be saved by ordering everything from the city, the inconvenience



The mail-order habit will cut the limb of local prosperity from the tree of national life and drop you and your community into the bottomless pit of business stagnation. Are you wielding the saw that means certain disaster to you and your community?

barbering, blacksmithing or the serving of soft drinks and ice cream may survive, but such lines of trade cannot sustain a decent town. The cause of this widespread loss of business is the aggressive and destructive competition of the catalogue houses in the big cities. It has been possible for 40 years or more to buy of some houses in the cities, if one felt that the merchants of his town were exacting too much profit, but this effort of the mail order houses to cut the retailer altogether is a new thing, the growth of the past few years. Starting with a few lines of trade, this form of competition has come to cover almost everything that can be sold in a country town and it is even asserted that a savings bank department is to be added by one of the catalogue houses.

The claim that the mail order houses of Chicago are doing an annual business of over \$200,000,000 may seem large, but one house alone has sold goods to the amount of \$29,000,000 in the past six months and is now incubating a new plan to increase its enormous business by selling shares of stock to thousands of people in the hope of making them regular customers. The skillfully worded advertisement and the big catalogue, with its pictures of articles in a hundred lines of trade, are very alluring to buyers, most of whom are not familiar with prices and qualities. Some of the articles below the usual prices are of an inferior quality, while the average price is usually fully up to what would be paid to the home dealer. As was shown last winter in a speech in Congress, articles for the mail order trade are often misbranded at the request of the mail order people with deliberate intent to deceive. One of the instances given by this congressman was of some thousands of finger rings stamped "fourteen carats" when they were in reality only ten.

The buyer who orders from his catalogue, or from an advertisement, does not see the articles till they come and is often disappointed in the quality of the most of them, but there is no redress as there would be if he bought at home. He does not like to own that he is disappointed, so he makes the best of it and tries to persuade himself that he has saved money. In many instances he is not well enough informed in values to know that he could have bought as cheaply and selected much more satisfactorily at home. On a rural route with which I am familiar and over which most of the incoming letters are from mail order houses and the outgoing ones carry back money orders, lives a friend of mine who bought a watch from the catalogue at what he considered a rare bargain. The watch came, to be sure, but it did not, that is at the right speed, and, although money enough was spent on it to bring the price up to a good figure, it was no better as a

timekeeper than that famous watch of Capt. Cuttle's. Another friend bought a buggy at \$34 and was elated over his purchase until it came and he saw that the top was a very ordinary article of oil cloth, instead of leather, and he was so ashamed of it that he sold it at a loss to his hired man and bought a better one in a neighboring town. A lady and her two daughters bought shoes from the catalogue and when asked why they had trouble with their feet said it was because of ill-fitting shoes. But such instances of the bad effects of buying 'sight unseen' are daily occurring all over the country. It is only natural and inevitable that such things should happen.

Let us see what will be the effect of this formidable diversion of trade, if carried to its logical conclusion. Nearly all the business houses of the smaller towns will become bankrupt, the value of town property will decline, churches and schools will receive a feeble support and the towns, instead of being centers of business and social activity, will almost cease to exist. The country in general will become like many portions of the south where the large plantations, by getting their supplies in the cities, have kept the neighboring towns down to the cross-roads type—dreary, unpainted little places of a half dozen ramshackle houses. The evil effects of this loss of trade and destruction of the value of town property will react upon the value of farm property by cutting off the home market. They will add to the taxes on lands by reducing taxable values in the towns. Surely it is not to the interest of any body, except the bloated corporations carrying on the mail order business, to see the towns and villages fall into decay. A live town is not only of value to the lands surrounding it, but its well stocked business houses are a convenience and a benefit to the buyer. Even if money could, in the long run, be saved by ordering everything from the city, the inconvenience

and uncertainty of it would always make such shopping unsatisfactory. Ordering from a catalogue is a leap in the dark, except in the case of a few articles whose color, shape and quality are always the same.

To the man who can soberly look on both sides of the question and who can put himself in the place of "the other fellow" the query will come: Is it best from mere whim, or even for a certainty of saving from one to half a dozen dollars in a year to turn my back on the old, convenient ways of doing business, and to do my part toward ruining the business of my old acquaintances and friends, and of destroying the value of property in the town where my friends live?

F. B. MILLER.

RICHEST WOMAN IN BRITAIN.

Miss Emily Charlotte Talbot of Wales Has Distinction.

It will probably surprise most people to learn that at the present moment the wealthiest British woman living is a Welshwoman; more, that she is single. Miss Emily Charlotte Talbot was one of the three children of Mr. Christopher Talbot, a popular M. P. of the mid-Victorian era. The only son died in early youth, and Miss Talbot's sister, somewhat younger than herself, became the wife, just 40 years ago, of Mr. Fletcher of Saltoun.

Miss Talbot remained at home, keeping house for her father at beautiful Margam Abbey, Glamorganshire, and on his death, which took place some 16 years ago, his devoted elder daughter found herself left his sole executrix, and owner of all the Talbot real estate, valued at about a million and a half sterling, as also of a reversionary interest in a huge trust fund in consols.

Didn't Suit Him.

People who patronize the cars running out to Forest Hills are familiar with Conductor Crowley, the man who wears six service stripes on his sleeve, says a writer in the Boston Herald.

On the afternoon of election day in November one of his passengers was an old man who had been imbibing enough to make him go to sleep in the corner of the car.

Just before it reached Dudley street the conductor announced with his usual rich roll of the r, "Cir-cuif and Guild."

"Ye a liar! It's John B. Moran!" shouted the sleepy one, waking up suddenly.

New Metric Chart.

A new metric chart representing geographically measures of the international metric system of weights and measures has been prepared by the bureau of standards of the department of commerce and labor, and will be furnished free to any school teaching the system.

WAYS OF MENDING

RENTS SHOULD BE ATTENDED TO AT ONCE.

Time Saved and a Better Job Done if Delay in Necessary Work is Avoided—Pressing of Darns When Finished.

Rents will look much better when mended if they are attended to at once, because the longer they are left the more ragged the edges become.

Lay the garment right side down, and put the edges of the rent as close together as possible; cut a piece of tissue rather larger than the space that is torn and lay on the top.

Take a piece of thin woolen material the same size as the tissue and as near the color of the cloth as possible; lay that on top of the tissue and when placed exactly in the right position iron with a hot iron until the patch adheres to the garment. The heat will cause the tissue to dissolve, forming a kind of glue.

If the material is of light weight goods it will be best to use a patch of the same, but if the material is heavy, such as is used in men's suits or coats, a lighter patch will be much better.

A clean cut in heavy material may be mended by putting the two edges firmly together and basting them to a piece of paper on the right side. This work is done between the cloth.

Take a thread and insert the needle about three-eighths of an inch from the edge and carry it between the cloth to about half an inch the other side of the cut and draw the thread through; put the needle in where it came out and carry it to the other side about one-half an inch beyond the edge in a slightly slanting position.

Continue to do this until the whole cut is darned. Be careful not to pull too tight. Darn it in the same way in the opposite direction.

It is difficult to use this method of mending if the edges are the least bit frayed, and on thin materials it must be done with the greatest care, using the finest needle and thread possible.

All darns should be pressed when finished. To do this lay the right side down on an ironing board and on the wrong side lay a damp cloth and press with a hot iron until perfectly dry.

Baked Celery with Cheese.

Three cupfuls celery, cut into inch pieces, one cupful stale bread crumbs, three-quarters of a cupful grated cheese, one-half cupful milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful flour. Cook the celery in boiling salted water until tender, drain thoroughly and set aside half a cupful of the liquid. Melt one tablespoonful of butter, add the flour, and mix smooth, turn in the milk and the half cupful of celery liquid. Bring to a boil and cook three minutes, stirring constantly; add half a cupful of the cheese, stir until it melts, then mix in the celery, adding salt, paprika, or cayenne. Melt the remaining tablespoonful of butter and moisten the bread crumbs with it. Put the celery and crumbs into a baking dish in alternate layers, having the last layer crust, and sprinkle the remainder of the cheese over the top. Bake on the upper rack of the oven until a medium brown, and serve hot.

A Sewing Lesson.

To apply insertions by machine baste the lace on the material, then run a row of machine stitching as close to the edge as is possible; cut the goods from under the insertion, leaving sufficient edge to turn back and sew down.

Bloomer trousers may be finished without the rubber at the knee, to which many mothers object on account of its interfering with the circulation. As a substitute a narrow band may be used as a finish, and into it a short fitted lining, and the full bloomer should be stitched.

For children from two to four years of age the animal plushes make serviceable and warm winter coats. Perhaps the most popular of these materials is the bearskin, which comes in a number of different colors.

Ham Pie.

Cover the sides and bottom of a dish with a good paste rolled out thin. Have ready some slices of cold boiled ham (about half an inch thick) some eggs boiled hard and sliced and a large young fowl cleaned and cut up, put a layer of ham at the bottom, then the fowl, then the eggs, next another layer of ham.

Sprinkle pepper over and pour in some water or better some veal gravy. Cover the pie with crust, and bake. The addition of mushrooms is a great improvement.

Peach Shortcake.

Sift together a pint and a half of flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar (less if preferred), two teaspoonfuls of salt. Rub in with the tips of the fingers two tablespoonfuls of butter, then add one beaten egg and milk to make a soft dough. Cut out like biscuits and bake in a quick oven. When baked split in two, spread lightly with butter and fill with the sweetened peaches from a quart can and whipped cream, a layer of peaches first and cream on top.

Pretty Fashions.

The short cap sleeves that are to be worn on jumper waists and eton jackets this spring may be slashed and fastened across with tiny black velvet bows, and the jacket fronts held together the same way.

A becoming dog collar to wear with an evening gown is made of six strands of very narrow black velvet ribbon, feathered, and decorated with tiny jet buckles. The fastening is at the back, under a row of little bows or buckles.

A New Fad.

A fad has arrived and seized upon the feminine fancy, which is to have negligees, tea gowns, the coffee matrons and accompanying petticoats the same tint as the boudoir color scheme. For instance should king roses be the wallpaper design, then all these dainty silk and mull garments are of the same rosy hue, and so on through the whole gamut of floral colors that can be matched in textiles.



FOR EARLY SPRING

SMART DESIGNS IN THE SEPARATE SHIRT WAISTS.

Showings Are Larger and More Varied Than Have Appeared for Several Seasons—Girdles Brought Into Prominence.

The separate waist, ever since the day of its origin, has been a subject of exceptional interest, and all efforts to supplant it have proved ineffectual. It is too convenient; in fact, combines too many alluring characteristics in its make-up to be easily set aside, and while it may never again enjoy the same prestige that first marked its appearance, it is doubtful if we are ever again left without some modification of the shirt waist.

While the entire costume is now considered more dressy, the spring showing of separate blouses is undeniably larger and more varied than for several seasons.

For early spring days smart designs are developed in flannel, always of the unshrinkable quality. These are trimmed either with bias or plain bands of self material, with fancy braids, ruffings and emplacements, or with tucks and shirrs, fancy buttons, straps and various more or less odd devices, fashioned out of contrasting cloths or silks.

The same careful attention to detail, the same perfect fit, and correct lines required in the most pretentious creation are exacted of the separate waist, to be wholly in vogue for the coming season.

The girdle, too, is an important factor. It is generally made of a soft, pliable silk, is about three inches wide in the back and five in front, where it is brought into a buckle or slide of that depth, or else is kept in shape by two bones set about an inch apart. This is an innovation from the

abrupt point, to which we have held for so long a time, but which is not to be found in the newest models.

One very modish design noticed among these flannel waists was of viyella plaid in dull blue and green checked off with half-lines of lighter blue and green. The material was gathered to a pointed yoke back and front, and drawn taut down into a crushed belt of satin of the exact shade of green shown in the plaid. Down the front is a double box plait, cut on the cross of the goods, on which are two tiny folds of satin, stitched through the center. The yoke is outlined with folds, the fronts cut in rounded points overlapping each other and decorated with three tiny buttons. At the base of the collar is a tiny butterfly bow of satin. The sleeves show rather more fullness than those of the past season, this at both top and bottom, and have somewhat the straight up-and-down effect ascribed to the originally designed waists, and also they have the typical shirt-waist cuffs.

Tiny pockets in all manner of odd designs are very much in evidence, although they are in reality but a travesty on the name, never by any chance being other than mere patches and therefore entirely ornamental.

Another special feature in tailored waists is the frilled bosom plait, a style universally becoming and smart. A pretty design of this order is developed in pale blue flannel set in broad side plaits each edged with a quilling of satin ribbon of the cloth shade; the bosom plait, which is also given two narrow side plaits, and which conceals the fastening, is likewise frilled. The sleeves are short puffs with cuffs which reach only to the elbow, each given three plaits edged with a frill of ribbon similar to those on the waist proper. The girdle is of blue velvet, and the lace stock is bordered at the top with a fold of velvet.

TO MAKE HER TALLER.

The Kind of Clothes a Little Woman Ought to Wear.

Just back from Paris the tiny mite of a woman was airing her views on clothes:

"The American dressmaker takes too little account of height but lays all the stress on weight," she said. "Her clients are apt to be divided into two classes—stout and slender. The slender little woman of five feet gets about the same treatment at her hands as the slender young Amazon of five feet seven or eight."

"A maline bow at the back of the neck is a wonderful improver to little persons—it adds height marvelously." "Then there is the shoulder: Feel of my shoulder seam. It corresponds exactly with my shoulder line, but let it be a fraction of an inch too long and I am no longer petite, but a dwarf."

"Heavy, coarse materials are only for the tall. Fine, smooth surfaces are for us. And, there is this about the skirt: Fullness should begin at the hip, not below it—otherwise, the skirt becomes a mere flounce instead of a thing of lines. Between the waist-line and the hips the skirt should be perfectly fitted."

"The hat for a small person is more becoming if it matches the uppermost part of the costume. If the bodice is a tint, the hat should be of the same complexion. In the case of a very small woman, waist and skirt of different tones or colors are not to be thought of. Even the gloves do their part in making or marring the picture. White ones with dark gloves dwarf the height, and so, too, do capes and other fussy shoulder arrangements. Trimmed skirts and braided effects are also ruled out."

Pretty Gowns Seen in Shops.

A charming white frock is made of mousseline de sole, flowered with tiny roses, and trimmed with matinee lace and colored broderies and insertions. Another, for evening wear, of the same diaphanous material, has little clusters of pink roses worked on it, and a berthe of green and gold embroidery, while green and white satin ribbons finish the sleeves.

A very beautiful evening mantle is of pale biscuit cloth, with a hood of valenciennes lace dyed to match the color; a ruche of satin of the same shade with handsome cord ornaments and tassels embellish the neck, and there is lifted lace in the sleeves, and a ruching of pale green satin inside the hem.

LATE IDEAS FOR TRIMMINGS.

Narrow Ruchings of All Kinds Figure Prominently.

Narrow ruchings of all kinds figure prominently among the trimmings of thin skirts, and valenciennes comes into play frequently in this connection. Tiny ruchings and puffings of silk edged by braid or cording are also among the accepted embellishments of dress, and are used to lend chic to the various models in silk and satin finished cloths.

For heavy linen dresses self-stitched bands, with appliques of lace and braid, are favorite decorations, while princess and empire lines seem ultra models for dressy costumes. Quite a delightful confection by Worth has a certain box plait in the front embroidered with a stitching of narrow soutache braid, with the bands around the neck and armholes also braided. The girdle, instead of being of linen, was a heavy folded affair in heavy taffeta; but of the same shade of the gown, and in the front of the girdle in a big square box over which the

BOX FOR PRESERVING STRING.

Pretty Ornamental Trifle for the Boudoir Table.

Our illustration shows a pretty string box ornamented with embroidered silk or linen. An ordinary round cardboard or thin wooden box may be used, with a hole pierced in the center of the lid.

The silk or whatever is used for covering the sides should be embroidered with the little design shown in No. 4 and parts of No. 3; these are worked with China ribbon and tiny sequins. The silk is then fixed round the sides of box with secotine, turning the edges over to the inside and



underneath, as they can then be covered with the lining, which also must be fixed in by secotine.

The spray No. 3 is worked on a circle for the top of lid with a row of sequins or knot-stitches round; the edge must be snipped and fixed down over the sides, straining the top quite smoothly. The piece that covers the sides of lid is embroidered with the border 2; the upper edge must be very evenly turned in before the strip is fixed, but the lower edge can be snipped and turned under, then the lid must be neatly lined.

The lining may be firm colored paper such as is used by bookbinders, or silk or satin may be used. It must be cut exact to size and neatly fixed in by the secotine, of which as little as possible should be used