

WOMEN AND FASHION

When Should a Girl Marry? Reason should govern marriage to some degree, although it does not. People in love do not reason. Here is where the parents or legal guardian of a girl can justify their office by doing the thinking she is neglecting for dreaming—always a more pleasant pastime to one in love.

SUMMER COSTUMES.



are appearing with wide silk paisley borders. Quite out of the ordinary was a pair of mules made from pieces of an old paisley shawl, to accompany a "peignoir" in changeable oriental chiffon.

Long white tulle or feather boas can be used up to date by cutting them just long enough to encircle the neck, the ends tied in the back with a bow of broad black velvet ribbon with long floppy loops and ends. The box-plaited ruffles of four layers of box plaits divided in half by an inch band of ribbon to match the suit are very fetching and becoming.

All the newest collars have ruffles at the top and bottom. A pretty one of plain linen has a fluted ruffle also of the linen an inch and a half wide above, terminating in a V-shape, and another ruffle twice this width fitting over the blouse front and back. The more elaborate dressy collars of chiffon have tulle ruffles, with loops of baby ribbon set at regular intervals.

Buttons are a most favored trimming. They are used not only upon tailored gowns and summer frocks, but upon the more elaborate evening costumes. They are oftentimes placed the full length of the clinging skirt at one side, in the center front or in the center back. This line of buttons is a continuation of the button trimming upon the bodice portion, and is one of the little tricks employed to give the much desired "long-line" effect.

One of the prettiest fashions of a year of pretty fashions is that of threading the skirt of a frock with ribbons at flounce depth. Instead of using the heading which was formerly employed in carrying out this idea, this present mode demands that actual slits be cut in the dress. These are introduced and the ribbon or velvet is then passed in and out. The fullness of the skirt is drawn in to suit the figure of the wearer, a result which is the reason for discarding the less troublesome heading. The ends of the ribbon are either tied at intervals or are all looped at the left side.

Embroidered vests of plume and linen promise to be a necessary adjunct to summer suits. As the season progresses the rage for crocheted buttons as a trimming increases. Crocheted is also largely used for waistcoats, hats, parasols, collars and applied effects. A sporty novelty in umbrellas which promises to be popular presents balls of solid leather, with a heavy cheville fringe hanging from them. The balls are fastened to the stick by solid leather straps. A dainty parasol is of dove gray silk with embroidered orchids in the space between each rib; some have a border of beaded satin ribbon in two contrasting shades along the outside edge, whereas inside two ravishing rosettes, each repeating the color scheme, are posed at a short space one from the other. Simple little pongee and tulle frocks are ornamented with bits of trimming of fancy design. Scarfs

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE FIRE GOAT.

Ding-a-lug-a-lug! goes the fire alarm. The truck and hose wagon are gotten in readiness, the captain gives the word, William the goat rises quickly to his feet and is harnessed in the twinkling of a moment, the doors of the chicken coop are flung wide open and Woburn's junior fire company proudly appears, ready to battle with the demon fire. The company is not very strong numerically. There is James, the captain, who is 12 years old. There is brother Thomas, who acknowledges the age of 10 years and who is the lieutenant, and then there is Frank, only six years, but is the one whose prowess has won for him the distinction of being the driver of William the goat.

Only three of them, although William insists on being counted as a member and not as a horse; but no fire company ever worked with greater vim and will. The Sheeran boys are well known in Woburn. So is William. No sooner does a conflagration threaten a building in the town and the real fire laddies appear on the street than the Sheeran company comes in the wake of the real apparatus, and Woburnites give a sigh of relief, for the boys have come to be known as true mascots, and, with them on the scene, battling with the flames is nothing short of play.

The idea of forming a fire company first originated with James, as it really ought to, for James is the oldest of the trio. It was simply a shame to let William pass his days in idleness without an honest effort in a practical direction, and William is far from being an ordinary goat. His intelligence, declare his young masters, is simply extraordinary. So William was decided upon as a horse.

The chicken coop in the yard of the boys' home at 22 Clinton street was just the thing for a barn. Of course, there were hens to be reckoned with, but the hens were not very numerous and the coop was very large, so the young fire fighters petitioned the powers that be, and the hens found themselves minus part of their former possessions. A horse and a fire house on hand, the matter of wagons was a comparatively simple proposition. It took a great deal of tinkering, and many tons of fond memories and great pride had to be sacrificed in constructing them, but at last all the difficulties were overcome, and the wagons were ready.

"We need a tackle, just like the one in every well regulated and properly ordered fire house," said James, and Thomas and Frank echoed the sentiment. With infinite care and untold labors, the tackle was finally constructed, and when a piece of garden hose was procured, nothing but uniforms lacked to make the Sheeran company a real property saving institution of Woburn.

Dilskins were deemed essential for uniforms, and it was decided to get them. What is more, the boys got some oil waterproof coats, came in just handy, three somewhat dilapidated but still serviceable suitcases were pressed into service and properly decorated with tinsel and other ornaments, and presto! the outfit was complete.

Pipe drills were instituted. Daily practice was ordered. Everything went serenely, but for "William" who was ready to do anything, but was unwilling to play the passive part of a horse.

Of course, there were compensations in the part he had to play, but staying cooped up in a chicken coop would make any self-respecting goat rebellious. By much coaxing, moral and other, "William" was made to see the error of his ways and learned to take his position under the tackle, upon which rested the harness, the moment the alarm bell rang.

But "William" was getting lonely, some waiting for the bell, and so he occasionally rang it himself, causing in this way much grief in the hearts of his owners, who insisted upon a strict discipline. In the course of time he was weaned of this habit also, and now he is fully as severe a disciplinarian as Captain James himself.

"We love William," say James and Thomas and Frank. "We don't care that he has but one horn, he has more sense than any goat with two horns, and that's enough for us." Woburn is really proud of its Junior fire company, and it is a feature of the town with which every stranger is immediately made acquainted.—Boston Post.

MISS POLLY'S CHICKENS. A long time ago, when Harrisburg, Pa., was an old-time village, Miss Polly Smith lived there, says the Philadelphia Record. She rented a ground floor room, with a cellar in the rear of it, on the corner of a street and an alley. In this cellar Miss Polly set her hens and raised chicks, selling eggs and chickens to help earn some money, for she was thrifty. As the town was small, no one cared that the chickens were turned out daily into the alley, where they ran about on the street, picking up a bite here and there, scratching around for dear life. As chickens will do, they would often get too far away, and then their owner would stand at the corner with a handful of corn and call, "Here, chick, chick, chick!" They did not always come at her call, for some boys in the neighborhood, as soon as they heard the click of the latch on the yard gate, would scamper to the corner and peep around it, and as soon as they caught a glimpse of Miss Polly's hen, white and black and blue, they would call out "Shoo, shoo, shoo!" the chickens away. You know, the boys could call louder and were nearer to her pens than Miss Polly was, so she had them more trouble than she liked. There was a boy who lived in a house nearly opposite the one in which Miss Polly's home was. His name was John Hammill. In the kindness of his heart he often helped her when he heard her calling her chickens by doing the running after them for her. Miss Polly's "Thank you, Johnny!" was enough for him. Thus he kept on doing until he was 17 years old. Then he took a notion to be a farmer and take up a tract of government land in Texas. All this happened long before any of us were born, and the big State of Texas was not so easily nor soon reached as now, when we can travel by steam.

John had a little money his father left him. With that he was going to buy what a farmer would need as far as his money would go, and also pay for his trip to his new home in the sunny south. His mother was willing that he should do so, and he bade her and his five brothers goodby and started. I think he must have had a lonely time and been many a time homesick, so far away, but he could not get back, for it cost more than he had. But he went out into the world with a stout heart and was going to do his best. When Johnny left Miss Polly had no one to help her herd her chickens when they strayed away. After Johnny had been gone some years the old lady died. A cousin of hers came and took what she left, chickens and all. Of course, not the same ones that had been living when Johnny was there. They had been sold and eaten before they got too old. Miss Polly knew better than to keep them until they would be tough, and nobody would want them. John's mother wrote to tell him that his friend, Miss Polly, was dead and had left him a legacy of \$10 in her will. And that \$10 went all the way to Texas and the farmer was glad to get it, as he never got rich, but better than that, he realized that his old friend had appreciated his kindness to her, that had cost him so little effort and helped her so much.

HOW NOISY ROY LEARNED. There was once a boy who made as much noise as two fire engines, five locomotives and a dozen automobiles all together. You never knew such a boy or making noise. When he was shouting and yelling his very loudest you could hear him for miles away. His parents had to keep him in a room interlined with cotton wool to make it as soundproof as possible. He couldn't seem to help being noisy. When he spoke he shouted so that you had to go three blocks off to understand what he said, and when he whistled you could hear him across the street. So he couldn't possibly keep any secrets. When he played train the rattling and banging sounded like a young battle, and when he played boat the tooting and booming sounded like a Fourth of July celebration. He couldn't even play jackstraws without making some noise about it.

One day Roy—his name was Roy—was playing Indian in his partly soundproof room, and the neighbors were holding pillows to their ears, when an old gentleman came along the street, went into the house and up to the partly soundproof room. He opened the door, whereupon the clamor was something terrific, until Roy stopped in surprise to look at the old gentleman.

"Come on," said the little old gentleman, abruptly, "it's time to start." "Where to?" shouted Roy, in surprise. "Wait and see," said the little old gentleman.

"All right," answered Roy at the top of his voice, for he felt interested. So he followed the little old gentleman down to the street. "Now, you mustn't talk until we get there," said his friend.

So Roy was silent, and all the neighbors breathed deep with relief. After a while they came to a very tall mountain with a door at the foot. "Here," said the little old gentleman, "is a lovely place for you to play. I'll come for you in an hour. You'll find it very interesting," and he opened the door and Roy went in. Truly, it was a delightful place. The whole inside of the mountain was lighted up, and from the ceiling hung huge crystal chandeliers of all colors. There were long hallways, leading upward and downward, and far above was a roof studded with gold stars. "Hurrah!" cried Roy. But instantly he put his hands over his ears, for he heard that "Hurrah!" echoed like thunder on all sides of him, and again from the halls and alleyways.

"Well of all—!" began Roy, but he stopped in a hurry, for the words returned to him with exceeding loudness. He tried a whisper, and that was better, and finally by practicing a good deal he managed to speak in a low tone that was echoed in a most interesting way all over the inside of the mountain, but not with the deafening sound he had heard at first. For an hour Roy played in the mountain room, and his new tone was so much better than his former about that he was quite delighted. When the little old gentleman came for him he hardly knew him, his voice was so improved. And ever afterward Roy spoke in his new voice, and the neighborhood was at peace.—Washington Star.

Laplanders are the shortest people in Europe, the men averaging 4 feet 11 inches, the women 3 feet 9 inches. Miscellaneous marketed 107,155,555 dozens of eggs last year, for which was received more than \$18,000,000.

Household Notes

FOR HOUSEFLIES. Take 1-2 teaspoonful powdered black pepper, 1 teaspoonful brown sugar and 1 tablespoonful of cream; mix them well together and place this mixture in the room where the flies are most troublesome, and they will soon disappear.—Boston Post.

DUPLICATE EMBROIDERY. To trace a pattern from a finished piece of embroidery place over the piece some white tissue paper; fasten securely and then rub all over with an old spoon, using the back of bowl. The pattern can be outlined and then traced on any piece of linen.—New York World.

CLEANING BRASS. When cleaning brass try moistening the rag with alcohol before dipping it in the brass paste; the alcohol soon removes all stains from the brass and makes it beautifully bright. Before sweeping a carpet sprinkle with moist salt; it will both lift the dust and revive the colors.—Boston Post.

MAGIC PAPER. Take lard oil or sweet oil mixed to the consistency of cream with paints, the color which is desired. Prussian blue, lamp black, chrome green or Venetian red, either of which should be rubbed on plate or stone until smooth. Use rather thin but firm paper, put on with sponge and wipe off dry, then lay between uncolored or newspapers and press by laying books upon it until the surplus oil is absorbed, when it is ready for use.—Boston Post.

TESTING SILK FABRICS. Of the goods sold as "all wool" there is not one-tenth that is genuine. Generally the main component is cotton. The test for this is simple. All that is necessary is to pull out a few threads and apply a lighted match. Cotton will go off in a blaze; wool will shrivel up.

To distinguish pure linen from counterfeit is even easier. The intended buyer need only wet her fingers and apply it to the goods. If they are pure linen the moisture will pass straight through; the spot touched will be soaked at once and almost immediately one side will be as wet as the other.

Frauds are more numerous in silk than in any other fabric, but here also the material of adulteration is cotton. Its presence can readily be discovered. Draw a few threads out. The pieces of cotton will snap off short when pulled, while the silk will stretch and permit a considerable pull before breaking.

The boasted silk of our grandmothers that "stood by itself" is not necessarily the best. Modern ingenuity has devised means of giving the poorest article the body requisite for this purpose. Rhinoceros and other sticky substances mixed through the fabric will produce as stiff a silk as ever graced the wardrobe of our ancestors. Such stuff is quite worthless, however, as it quickly rots.—Buffalo Courier.

RECIPE. Apple Porcupine—Make a syrup by boiling 8 minutes 1-2 cups sugar and 1-2 cup water. Wipe, pare and core 8 apples; put apples in syrup as soon as pared so not to discolor. Cook until soft. Drain the apples from the syrup, cool, fill cavities with red jelly and stick the apples with almonds blanched and cut lengthwise. Serve with cream sauce.

Maine Fruit Cake—One large cup of butter, 3 cups of brown sugar, 4 eggs, 1 cup of milk, 1 teaspoonful of cloves, 2 of cinnamon, 1 nutmeg, 1 tablespoonful vanilla, 4 cups of pastry flour, 2 pounds of raisins, 1 pound of currants, 1-4 pound of citron, small teaspoonful of soda. Bake in a slow oven.

Cranberry Pudding—One cupful of sugar, 2 cupfuls of flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, butter the size of an egg; break 1 egg into a cup, beat, fill up with milk; stir all together and add 1 pint of cranberries. Bake and serve with sauce.

Lemon Cream Pie—One cup sugar, 2 teaspoons flour, little salt, 1-4 cup butter, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 lemon, juice and grated rind. Cream butter and sugar together, add flour and salt, the yolks of eggs, milk and last of all the lemon juice and rind and whites of eggs beaten stiff. Bake in one crust in moderate oven until set.

Creamed Lobster—One pint lobster, half pint milk, half pint cream, one tablespoonful butter, one heaping tablespoonful flour, juice half a lemon, even teaspoonful of salt, pinch of cayenne. Make a sauce by cooking together over boiling water the butter and the flour, add to it the milk and half the cream. Put the lobster into this sauce, add pepper and salt and stir until it is smoking hot. Put in then the rest of cream. Cook just long enough to heat this, squeeze in the lemon juice and serve.

Prune Sponge—Soak 1 pound of French prunes over night in enough water to cover them. In the morning stew in the same water until tender; add 1 cup of sugar and put through a sieve to retain all stones and skins; to the pulp add 1-2 boxes of gelatine, softened in 1-2 cup of water; the juice of a lemon and 1 orange; beat until foamy; then add the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs, and beat again until all are thoroughly mixed. Mould.

To destroy worms in flower pots stick a quantity of sulphur matches head downward into the soil and then water the plant. The matches will soon poison the worms.—Fashionable News.

PATTERNS

Fancy waist always in fashion, and each new design is thousands of girls to find the place. This one is especially attractive and graceful, while it can be made from almost any available material. There are dresses which give graceful and becoming lines, and which appropriately can be made of net, lace or anything of a similar sort, and the rather deep chemise.



PATTERN NO. 0020.

It is becoming and in the height of style. Also the sleeves are novel. An illustrated crepe de Chine is made with a chemise of tucked and drapery of plain net with trimming of lace and banding of heavy embroidered flut, while a crush girl of mesquite satin finishes the lower edge. Thin silks and thin wools are many this season, however, and each and every one is appropriate, while any of the lovely silk and cotton mixtures will make up most attractively after the design.

The above pattern will be mailed to your address on receipt of 10 cents. Send all orders to the Pattern Department of this paper. Be sure to give both the number and size of pattern wanted, and write very plainly. For convenience, write your order on the following coupon:

Order Coupon. No. 0020. SIZE. NAME. ADDRESS.

Three or Four-Piece Skirt. The skirt which is smooth over the hips and which flares at the lower portion continues a favorite one for walking, while it is always the most becoming and most graceful. Here is a model that can be made either in three or four pieces, as the front gore is seamed at the center or cut in one. In the illustration it is made from striped material, and the front gore is seamed.



PATTERN NO. 0022.

at the center to produce the chevron effect, but the model suits plain materials quite as well as striped. The above pattern will be mailed to you on receipt of 10 cents. Send all orders to the Pattern Department of this paper. Be sure to give both the number and size of pattern wanted, and write very plainly. For convenience, write your order on the following coupon:

Order Coupon. No. 0009. SIZE. NAME. ADDRESS.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING. Superstitious persons have light hair. The rabbit's range of vision takes in the entire horizon. The average woman carries fifty miles of hair on her head. Michigan ranks second of the States of this country in its potato production. Living expenses in New York have been increased by 11 per cent in one year.

For speaking French to him a lord of a Ducal estate had recently charged a guest with his bill. Tigers appear to be on the increase in Burma, owing to the restriction on the possession and carrying of arms. The first pocket handkerchief was sold in the market for five pence.

It takes four men to lift a man for exhibition. The first man to be hanged in the United States was executed in 1782. The first pocket handkerchief was sold in the market for five pence.