

# WOMEN AND FASHION

**Mother.**  
Who is it knows just what to do  
When things go wrong and life looks blue?

Who is it sings amid her care  
And smiles when shadows bring despair?  
Who is it through her chanceless day  
Unchanging goes her faithful way?  
Who is it keeps the light, the home,  
Still sweet however her loved may roam?  
— Mother!

Who is it bears her little ills  
With patience as the Master wills?  
Who is it comes, who is it goes,  
When others suffer, like the rose,  
With soft compassion, tender wiles,  
Dear touch of hand and charm of smiles  
That bring back comfort, cheer and rest  
To burning brow and aching breast?  
— Mother!

Who is it reads upon "his" face  
The care that business leaves, the trace  
Of all-day worry, hard wrought grind,  
Who is it brings his chair, his pipe,  
And leans with lips whose love sits ripe  
To pour upon his troubled day  
The comfort of her woman's way?  
— Mother!

Who is it, when the gray voices knock,  
Guards with her soul her little flock?  
Who is it nurses, rears, and tends,  
Heals little wounds and knits and mends?  
Who is it takes her own joy less  
In grandeur than in tenderness,  
Long giving up through long-drawn years  
Without one sign of sob or tears?  
— Mother!

Who is it earns as well as she  
A little right to rest and glee?  
A little seashore now and then,  
With other wives of other men?  
A little mountain, lake or brook,  
A little sunshine and a book,  
A little quiet hour of cheer,  
With work all done and conscience clear?  
— Mother!

Who is it with the crown she wears  
When love lays wreaths upon gray hairs,  
And joy on wings of softest gleam  
Leads home her little ships of dream?  
Who is it, though she goes not down  
Each day to business in the town,  
Still lifts her burden, toils her share,  
Fulfills her trust and meets her care?  
— Mother!

Ah, mock her not with rules unseen  
Of garish eyes—a homely queen,  
A sovereign round whose scepter sweet  
The legions of the heart's desire meet:  
A monarch who has made the earth  
A greener mold, of greater worth,  
And builded in the hearts of men  
The altar fires of faith sublime—  
— Mother!

**Needlework Notes.**  
Shelves for small supplies and a box for remnant and bundles of lining, as well as knee board, will be found very useful in the sewing room.

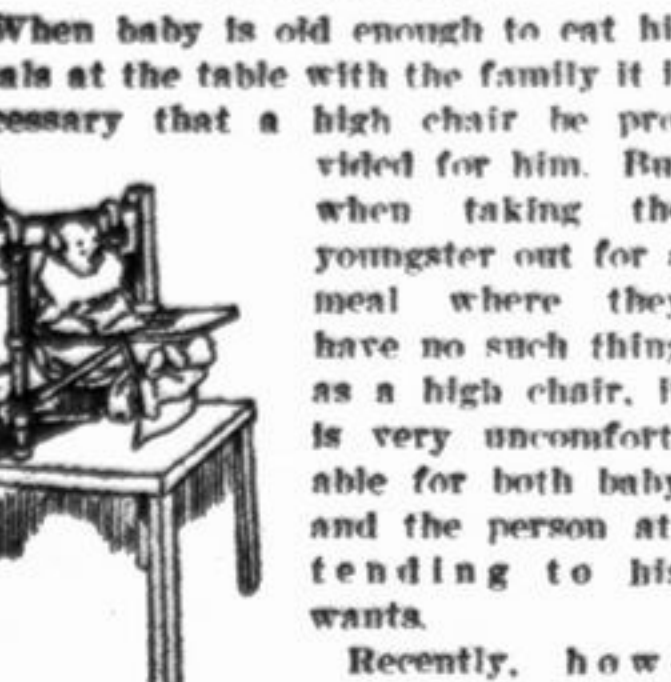
Among the daintiest petticoats worn by baby with the first dresses are those devoid of ruffles. Above the hem stitched hem are little clusters of embroidered flowers.

In selecting linings for a jacket it is well to consider whether the garment will be worn over light-colored waists. If so, it is by far wiser to have a light lining than a dark one.

The fancy vests which are being worn are often made with no back—the fronts are connected by a strap of elastic at the waist line. This makes it possible to remove them with the coat without difficulty.

Narrow velvet bands are now used at the top of fragile collars, and with high ruffling. It is found a good support for the collar, besides adding much to the neck fixture. Satin bands may be used in the same manner.

A very good trimming for the cuffs, collar and tie of a very fine linen, is to work the edges with narrow scallops, and make a border edge of pin-head dots, each the size of an ordinary pin head. This can be made in a white French knot. If a color is desired then use tan or blue.



**ABOUT THE BABY**  
When baby is old enough to eat his meals at the table with the family it is necessary that a high chair be provided for him. But when taking the youngster out for a meal where they have no such thing as a high chair, it is very uncomfortable for both baby and the person attending to his wants.

Recently, however, a folding high chair has been patented, as shown in the accompanying cut. It would be very inconvenient, of course, to carry an ordinary folding high chair around when visiting, but that has been overcome by the use of a folding seat which may be suspended from the back of any ordinary dining-room chair by means of two legs having adjustable hooks on upper ends with cushions on the bottom and the arms about in the middle. The arms serve to brace a detachable mounted table and the whole arrangement may be adjusted to exactly suit baby's comfort.

**Are American Women Rough?**  
The Swedish furist who thinks the athletic tendency of the American woman is to blame for many divorces

## PSYCHE KNOT ROUTS POMPADOURS.



The Hair Is Now Done Perfectly Flat on Top of the Head, but the Crest Which Once Reared Itself Proudly Aloft Has Dropped Down to Either Side Over the Ears.

ought to take an extra think or two before he makes any more statements of that kind. The round-shouldered, flat-chested, flat-footed beauty of European society may be his ideal, but the American man knows his own mind, and his taste doesn't run to that sort. European titles seem to have a fatal fascination for stumpy, empty-headed and empty-headed American girls, but you don't see American men prowling about Europe hunting for wives.

The American man doesn't marry a woman merely to get his housekeeping done for nothing. He marries a bright, beautiful American girl to be his companion in life. He doesn't regard his wife as a chattel. He likes her brilliant, and likes to be envied because she is his. He doesn't want a sentimental, sickly mope, but a strong, able wife, with a sound body as well as a sound mind. Guess again, Judge. Go down town. You're away wrong.—Chicago Journal.

**Hints to Lovers.**  
Agree with the girl's father in politics and with her mother in religion.  
If you have a rival, keep your eye on him; if he is a widower, keep two eyes on him.  
Do not assure the girl that you have no bad habits. It will be enough for you to say that you never heard yourself swore in your sleep.  
Do not put too much sweet stuff on paper. If you do, you will hear it read in after years, when your wife has some especial purpose in inflicting upon you the severest punishment known to a married man.  
Go home at a reasonable hour in the evening. Do not wait till the girl has to throw her whole soul into a yawn that she cannot cover with both hands.  
In cold weather finish saying "Good night" in the house. Do not stretch it all the way to the front gate, if there is a front gate, and thus lay the foundation for future asthma, bronchitis, neuralgia and chronic catarrh, to help you to worry the girl to death after she has married you.

**Now It Is the Souffle Girl.**  
There are fashions in manners as well as in clothes and those delicate beings who catch the vibrations of conduct from the higher ether as carefully as the wireless telegraph operator reads his message have intimated that the era of the vigorous, rollicking girl has passed. The belle of this winter must be a souffle girl, who can sit for an entire evening with her hands lightly clasped in her lap, and who moves only her lips in speaking, not using her eyebrows, shoulders and hands. Several girls are working hard to acquire repose, paradoxical as that sounds. With repose of manner has come study of how to make the eyes expressive. A girl who has millions, but not great good looks, and who will how in New York, brought an instructor from London, just to teach her to use her eyes and how to acquire the latest get, an undulating kind of glide.

**The Baby's Milk.**  
When traveling an excellent way to carry the baby's milk is to place the bottle in an ordinary hand bag along with an ice bag filled with chipped ice. The milk will then be kept sweet until needed, when some means of warming it must be found. Pure water should be carried in the same way.

**Moles.**  
It is a very difficult matter for amateurs to remove moles successfully, and the treatment with them is apt to end in a scar. Understanding this, if one



**DAME FASHIONS AND DECORIES**  
Dotted veils are to be absolutely out. Colored laces are more the vogue than ever.

There is a craze for embroidery in trimming. Artistic simplicity is the dominant note of gowns.

To be in the mode, even umbrellas must be slender. The one tone waist has had a rebound into favor. There is a metal touch in nearly every winter costume.

For dress wear shiny leather shoes are still predominant. Whatever the gown, the accessories must be in tone with it. Baby's head dress this winter is the old-fashioned poke bonnet.

The stylish wrap of the fall is the full or seven-eighths length. It is predicted that Tyrolean hats will dominate juvenile fashion. The new skirts are revolutionary in cut and difficult of adjustment. Satin and satin finished or dull crepe are the favorites in the realm of silk.

New rain coats are full length with loose circular back and double breasted. Shoe tops are higher, toes pointed, and heels about the same as last season.

**THE TWO**  
I long have had a quarrel with Time,  
Because he robbed me every day of life  
Was wrested from me after bitter strife;  
I never yet could see the sun go down  
But I was angry in my heart, nor hear  
The leaves fall in the wind without a tear  
Over the dying summer. I have known  
No truce with Time nor Time's accomplice,  
Death.

The fair world is the witness of a crime  
Repeated every hour. For life and breath  
Are sweet to all who live; and bitterly  
The voices of these robbers of the health  
Sound in each ear and chill the passer-by,  
What have we done to thee, thou monstrous  
Time?  
What have we done to Death, that we  
Must die?

## Humble Beginnings

Not long ago a grizzled millionaire miner from the far West drifted into town. He occupied a superb suite in one of Washington's most luxurious hotels during his stay here. Among his callers was a young man from his own state. This young man married, not long ago, a young woman "out home."

"They got along all right, tiddly on his \$1000 a year, earned as a government clerk. The old miner had not only known the young man from his boyhood, but he had ridden the young man's wife on his knee all the way to Hanbury Cross, when she was a little girl in pigtails.



THE TWO SAT FENIVE AND BAE.

"Well," said the wealthy old miner, "I sure do take it powerful hard that you and Aggie don't invite me up to your place and give me something to eat—I sure do."

The young man started to make some reply, but the old man wasn't through. "I'm getting mighty tired of hotel and restaurant grub," he went on. "I can't get any taste or good out of it—it all tastes alike. If you and Aggie only knew how I've been sort of bunkering for a good, big fillin' layout of shoulder and greens. I'll bet a box of matches that you'd have taken pity on me and asked me to your place to have some. Ever have shoulder and greens? Nothing on earth like shoulder and greens, after all, is there?"

The young man looked a bit embarrassed. "Well," he said, "Aggie and I have talked time and again about asking you to take dinner with us since you came on here this time. But you know what these dinky little three-rooms-and-a-bath flats are—or do you? And Aggie and I had sort of an idea that maybe—well, to be frank, that after all the splendorousness that you're used to, why, it might make you feel sort of uncomfortable—oh, ours is just a plain little dump, you know, and we thought maybe it would—er—"

"Look a-here, boy," interrupted the old miner, "will you and Aggie give me some shoulder and greens to-morrow evening, say at 6 o'clock?"  
"You know very well that we'll be delighted to have you," replied the young man.  
"All right," said the old man. "Write me down the address. I'll be there."  
"And, Joe," he added, as the young man prepared to take his leave, "you'd better warn Aggie about the low-down, ornery, simmering habits of greens. It takes a lot of greens to make a proper mess of 'em. A pretty whopping basket o' greens—well, I've seen a bushel o' greens, almost, hold down to 'most nothing," and then the two laughed and the young man went away.  
On the following evening the bluff, ruddy, fine-looking old mining man arrived at the little flat on the minute. It was a neat and tastefully furnished flat, but small, of course.  
"Sure you've got plenty of greens?" the old gentleman inquired, with mock anxiety, when he was greeted by the pretty young matron, whom he had known as a child. "I've been worrying a good deal over that to-day."  
"Oh, stacks and stacks of greens," she replied, adding, "but if there shouldn't be enough I could eke out by boiling down the rubber plant, you know," and so the little dinner began merrily enough.  
The shoulder was a sweet piece of mast-fed meat from Virginia, and after the old miner had tucked his napkin under his chin in the old-fashioned way and gone at it, he came pretty close to looking like a thoroughly satisfied elderly man.  
"D'ye children know," he said, as he passed his plate over for the third helping, "that I've been in training for this ever since yesterday? Fact, I've hardly eaten a mouthful since you invited me—or, better, since I invited myself. And it's worth the fasting."  
After the dinner the old boy fixed himself in a big rattan chair in the tiny cosy corner near a window and got a well seasoned, birch pipe belonging to his young host going.  
"A cigar after shoulder and greens?"

## BORROWING AND LENDING



Quoth Poor Richard: "He who goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing," but really, isn't it usually the lender who does the sorrowing?

Some people seem to have the borrowing habit. They're always "just out of" something, and instead of doing without, or supplying their own need, they ask a loan. It's a postage stamp or a little change for the laundry boy, or a quarter for the contribution box, and a treacherous memory is a convenient excuse for forgetting the small obligation.

There is a saying, "The way to lose a friend is to lend him money." This is certainly true if the friend doesn't or cannot repay, because he has a sense of guilt or discomfort over an uncharged obligation, and the lender has a sense of injury over being kept out of what belongs to him. He who is refused a loan feels hurt and affronted, and he who refuses feels uncomfortable in denying. Moreover, if borrowed capital is the beginning of a business success, no matter how scrupulously the loan has been repaid, the one who furnished the capital regards himself as in a way the source of his friend's prosperity.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be," is a good working rule. But if occasion comes when a temporary accommodation seems necessary, make it a point to repay promptly. And the smaller or more trivial the sum or the article borrowed, the more carefully should we charge memory with it. It is little things we are apt to overlook, but it is not safe to predicate on the forgetfulness of those who have obliged us. One of the most awkward situations is reminding a friend of a forgotten obligation of this kind, and the curious thing is that the neglectful one always feels a little affronted at having been reminded. "Couldn't she have waited a little? I was just going to return it!"

Speaking for myself—and if Mary was on earth she'd join me in saying it—those were far and away the happiest years of our lives, they sure were.

After some music the old man took his leave, with cheery praises for the young wife's dinner of shoulder and greens. The two young people sat pensively and silent, for quite a while after the old gentleman had gone.

"I guess our little flat isn't so dinky, after all, eh, little woman?" said the young husband then, pinching his wife's cheek.—Washington Star.

**DR. D. D. THOMPSON.**  
Editor of Chicago Religious Paper Killed by an Automobile.  
Dr. Davis D. Thompson, editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate of Chicago, was run over by an automobile in St. Louis as he attempted to cross the street and died from the injuries.  
Dr. Thompson was one of the leading religious paper editors in the country.



DR. D. D. THOMPSON

and was in St. Louis attending the conference of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Mid-southern Board.

Dr. Thompson was born in Cincinnati fifty-six years ago. He was graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan University and the Northwestern University, receiving in 1903 the degree of LL. D. from McKendree College. He was editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate for the past seven years.

**Too Much for Uncle Joe.**  
By the side of a certain Illinois suburban railway stands a fertilizer factory, which gives out a particularly offensive smell. A lady who frequently has occasion to travel on this line, always carries with her a bottle of lavender smelling salts. One morning Speaker Cannon took the seat beside her. As the train neared the factory, the lady opened her bottle of salts. Soon the car was filled with the horrible odor of the fertilizer. The speaker stood it as long as he could, then addressing himself to the lady, whom he saw holding the bottle to her nose, he said: "Madam, would you mind putting the cork in that bottle?"

**THE POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES**  
The population of the United States in 1907 was 92,000,000.

The electrical equipment of the Philippines has been combined and will be managed by one governor and sub-governor. Bontoc will be the capital.

Formosa, with its population of 3,000,000, is running the Philippines neck and neck in the export of sugar. Each exported a value of \$4,000,000 in 1907.

Coal has been found in nearly every island of the Philippine archipelago, but only 4,545 tons were produced last year. In many places it is associated with petroleum.

A railroad section laborer in North Carolina has patented a tie-tamping machine, practical tests of which have shown that on both old and new roadbeds it will do the work of fifty men.

The Kansas-Oklahoma oil field took the lead for production in 1907, pushing California back to second place. Illinois, formerly ninth in the list of states, attained third place for the first time.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, neurologist, poet, essayist and novelist, has been elected to a foreign fellowship in the Royal Society of England. The election is one of the choicest distinctions to which a scientist can aspire, and it has come to only three other Americans now living, Alexander Agassiz, naturalist, and George W. Hill and Simon Newcomb, astronomers.

When the American fleet was at Wagga Wagga in Australia, there was given a banquet at which a labor member of Parliament alluded to the American navy as the "greatest in the world." Then a senator Juggan, and vehemently protested against the remark, saying, "cracking up the American navy as the expense of the British."

The club women of Chicago were asked over the question of a law, which would force working women to wear trousers while earning an honest living as a mod'ern, they are informed that there has been a ruling in the post office department holding that women employed as mail carriers must wear trousers. There is a movement on foot to send a delegation to Washington for the purpose of consulting President Roosevelt on the subject.