

Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., April 19, 1895.

A MAN'S SENTIMENTS.

Girls that are wanted are good girls—
Good from the heart to the lips;
Pure as the lily is white and pure.
From its heart to its sweet leaf tips.
The girls that are wanted are home girls—
Girls that are mother's right hand;
That fathers and brothers can trust to,
And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,
And pleasant when nobody sees.
Kind and sweet to their own folks,
Ready and anxious to please.
The girls that are wanted are wise girls,
That know what to do and say;
That drive with a smile and soft word
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense,
Whom fashion can never deceive;
Who can follow whatever is pretty,
And care what is silly to leave.
The girls that are wanted are careful girls,
Who count what a thing will cost;
Who use with a prudent generous hand,
But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts
They are wanted for mothers and wives;
Wanted to cradle in loving arms,
The strongest and frailest lives.
The clever, the witty, the brilliant girl,
There's a constant, steady demand;
But, oh! for the wise, loving home girls,
There are few who can understand.

WHEN SHE WAS THIRTY.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOUTON.

It was Eleanor Gray's thirtieth birthday. Suddenly she awoke to the knowledge that youth, with its vague hopes and dreams, was over. She had never quite understood how swiftly the years were passing. One day was so like another and the heart in her was so young she half thought that she herself was a young girl still, and that love might be waiting round the corner. Hitherto hope had held her by the hand. But somehow there was a cruel positiveness in the number 30. So many years had she lived, the years of charm and expectancy. What could there be to come now? But what had there been even in the past?

She went back in her thoughts over the life she had lived and regarded it as if it had been that of some other person. She had been born in the wrong family, she said to herself—that was the beginning. They loved her well, the practical, unimaginative parents whose child she was, but they had never understood what she meant. Her ways were not as their ways, nor her thoughts as their thoughts. They had been proud of her in some uncomprehending fashion, but they had smiled at her aspirations and ambitions as at the amusing vagaries of a petted infant. They gave her the harp on which she wanted to play, just as they had given her the talking doll she coveted and made friends with when she was a child. They let her buy herself poetry books, just as they had let her buy sweetmeats. They were good and dear—oh, so good and dear!—she said to herself on this morning of her thirtieth birthday. But they did not know her. No one had ever known her. Of that she felt certain.

She took a little hand mirror from her dressing table and began to study her face in it. The features had not changed very much since she was 20. Perhaps the eyes were a little more sad, and the cheeks had not quite the wild rose bloom that belonged to them ten years ago, but really there was not so very much difference. Then she held the glass nearer and looked in it a little more closely. There were—yes, there were—wrinkles, slight, yet unmistakable, at the corners of her eyes. They were big blue eyes, by the way, with black lashes. The young gold of her hair was turning to autumnal brown. And the lips that had never been warmed by kisses seemed to have grown thinner.

"Yes," she said, "ah, yes, I am older. I can see it in the glass. I am not so pretty as I was, but what good did the prettiness do? Who ever loved me really unless—?" She did not finish the sentence. If she had, it would have been "unless Tom did."

And then she laid down the glass, and her thoughts went on a long journey, back to the faraway days when Tom Rhodes used to come home with her from all sorts of places and look at her with such eloquent eyes that she had not forgotten their language even yet. She had never let him go farther than looking, however. The world—her unconquered kingdom—was all before her in those days, and she did not mean to take Tom for prime minister. He was a dear good fellow. She used always to think that when she thought about him at all. But there were poets in the world, and painters and statesmen, and Tom—was only Tom. He taught school in the winter and was busy on his widowed mother's small farm in the summer, and try how you would you could not fancy him in the aspect of a conquering hero. So she had kept Tom from speaking, and finally his mother had died, and he had sold the little farm, had gone away to that vague part of the world known to those days as "out west." What he had done there or what had become of him who knew? Not Eleanor, at any rate.

She wondered if it were such keen torture to other women to feel that they had grown old. It seemed to her, just then, that youth was all—all. She had quaffed its wine, and now in the cup were dregs only. And then she sadly smiled. What wine had she ever quaffed, after all? People used to call her beautiful—and surely she must have been at least pretty—but what good had it done her? The right suitor had never come. Of the few who seemed to care for her she thought in this hour only of Tom. She remembered tones and looks. Shy flowers, shyly given; tender little cares for her comfort in small things. But in those old days her ambition soared far beyond Tom. Would it have been far better had she cared for him? Would he have understood her? Would

love have made that possible? For she felt now that her deepest longing had always been to be understood. Love that was given to the external Eleanor would never have been enough. She must meet some one who had the key to her deepest soul, must she live and die more solitary than any monk of old in his hidden hermitage.

Could it be that she had thrown away what might have been life's fullness of joy? Ah, well, it was of no use to wonder now! Tom was far away, and she was 30 years old. Just then she saw the old village postman coming slowly down the street. She threw up the window and reached out an impatient hand for the letters he brought. They were all from school-girl friends, she saw, as she glanced at the handwriting on the envelopes. She was not in the mood to care much for them. "Dreadfully uninteresting," she said to herself as she opened one. A slip of paper dropped from it unheeded. Eleanor read on listlessly. Suddenly her eyes kindled. She had come to this sentence: "I used to hear you speak of Tom Rhodes—an aspirant of yours, was he not? Can this marriage notice I enclose be his?"

Eleanor picked up the bit of paper from the floor and studied it. It was cut from the *Denver Times*, and it read:

Thomas J. Rhodes of Connecticut to Margaret Eliza, daughter of John Riding, Esq., president of the Wheel of Fire Mining company.

So that was what had become of Tom. She had not remembered the J. in his name, but of course it must be Tom. There could hardly be another Tom Rhodes of Connecticut. It sounded prosperous—this marriage to the daughter of the president of a mining company. So this was the end of her one true lover. She had never said before, even to herself, that she knew Tom loved her. But she acknowledged it to her own heart now. It was as if a window had been opened into the past and a great flood of light poured from a day whose sun had long since set.

Yes, Tom had loved her, and Tom would have understood. He and she might have been one if only she had known. If only that weak ambition she used to think so strong and fine had not held her heart in its thrall. She had the New England conscience, and it was borne in upon her mind that she ought to wish Tom to be happy in this new love, this new life. Did she? She tried to cheat herself into thinking so, but her soul defied her. "You know well," cried the voice of conscience within her, "that you don't want him to be quite happy. You would not like him to be absolutely miserable, but you want him to be something short of satisfied, to say to himself every day and every day: 'Ah, Eleanor would not have done this or said that! Eleanor would have understood better!'"

And then conscience cried aloud, "Oh, you poor, small soul! Is that the best of which you are capable? You would not care for him when he might have been yours. He was not grand enough for you then, and now you would wish him something short of life's best good!" And she listened to the voice, and, afraid of herself, she cried out for strength, and it was as if her guardian angel leaned from the heights of heaven and drew her quivering soul upward to a purer air. Then the impulse came to her to write a letter which should convey to Tom her wishes for his happiness—wishes wholly honest now.

She lingered over it for some time. She began it "Dear Tom." Then she bethought herself of propriety and began over again and wrote:

DEAR MR. RHODES: I have just chanced to see in a *Denver* paper the announcement of your marriage. Oddly enough, just before it came to me, I had been especially thinking about you. I am 30 years old this day, and it seems natural that my thoughts should be busy with my youth, which I somehow feel ends with to-day, and of which, until you went away, you were a part. For you a new life in just beginning. Mine is but the same old story, only it seems as if the rest of it would be what they call in books an "appendix." I write this letter to wish you joy and peace and all that your heart most craves.

I think I know you well enough to be sure that you would not have married without love, and love is the greatest thing in the world. May all its fullness and blessedness be yours now and in time to come, so prays the friend of your earlier years.

ELEANOR GRAY.

She addressed this letter to "Thomas Rhodes, care of John Riding, Esq., Denver." She sealed and posted it, and then the 30-year-old young woman felt that she had indeed turned the last page of her youth and the "appendix" of her life was already begun.

It was not long after this that a newcomer to the quiet old town of Ryefield made Miss Gray's acquaintance. Here at last—so it seemed—came the veritable knight of romance of whom Eleanor had dreamed. Austin Bland was poet and painter both. One glory was not enough for him. He had come to the little Connecticut town to paint some of its beguiling bits of stream and meadow land, some of its famous old trees that seemed fairly human—they had lived so long and were so full of wayward individuality. His pictures, he said, were for sale. His poems on the other hand, were not the property of the world. He supposed it was unfortunate, but the truth was he was utterly subjective. His verses, such as they were, were the very cry of his heart, and surely they did not belong in the market place.

From the first Bland seemed to take an especial interest in Eleanor. Naturally this interest flattered her. It had been many years since any man had so persistently sought her society, and now, here in her "appendix" of life, came the conquering hero,

ready to turn her subject for her sake, eager to paint her charms and to sing her praises. Was it, then, for him that she had unconsciously been waiting, and was it when she was past 30 that she was really to begin to live? It seemed so just at first.

Bland had brought one or two good letters, for even in rural Ryefield letters were necessary, and he had met Eleanor at a high tea at the rectory the very first week after his arrival. It was the glorious midsummer, the long golden days when the sun seems so in love with the earth that he set reluctantly when all the world is at its best and the birds sing its praises and the but terflies flutter lazily about as if to see in what a beautiful sphere they are allowed to pass their little day. There were soft mists at evening in the valley of the Quinbaug, mists that followed the splendor of the setting sun and fled before the rising sun.

Austin Bland never tired of saying how infinitely precious it all was. Sometimes he studied the trees, and sometimes he studied Eleanor. He sketched her as Cleopatra, whom she certainly did not resemble; as Iselt, whom she might have been; as fair Rosamond, with the fatal cup in her hand; as herself, in a score of attitudes. He wrote verses to her in French meters—rondeaux, trios, and ballades—and these, he told her, were for her only, that cry of his heart which none other than herself must hear. It was all so delightfully romantic that Eleanor began to think she was quite sufficiently in love with him, though love was somehow a less strenuous and exciting emotion than she had hitherto supposed. She was rather glad sometimes to be left alone at the close of an afternoon of art and of romance. Of course this was because she was 30. There could be no doubt that it was the right thing—this high bred passion that wooed her with all the resources of art. Bland had not spoken of the future, but that must be because he was too delicately reserved to approach her rashly.

At last there came a July twilight. Bland and Eleanor had been watching the sunset together. He had been talking about his theories of sunset effects. He was always talking about his theories. They were for him the one significant and sufficient theme. Then, when the sun had fairly gone out of sight, Bland got up to depart also and stood for a moment looking thoughtfully at Eleanor.

"I must see you to-morrow," he said. "Shall it be 4 o'clock? I have something to say to you."

"Yes at 3, if you will," she answered, and then he was gone, and she sat musing in the waning light. Of course he was coming to ask her to be his wife. His whole manner had expressed his intention. She was as certain of it as if he had already spoken. Why was she not more exultant? Why did she always feel just a little tired when they had been for some hours together? Of course it would be a glorious destiny to be what he had called her—the queen of his art, to share his ambitions, to be the confidant of his dreams. She ought surely to be grateful to fate, and surely she was. At 30 no doubt the time for ecstasy is past. She looked out into the vague distance and saw some one walking toward her under the trees that fringed the highway. There seemed something familiar in the coming figure. She caught her breath quickly. Were her eyes deceiving her? No, it was—it absolutely was—Tom Rhodes. As one in a dream she got up and moved forward to meet him, for he had turned in at the gate now.

She seemed hardly to know what strange thing stirred in her 30-year-old heart when he took her in a strong, close clasp.

"You, Tom?" she cried. "You?"

"Yes, Eleanor, the same old Tom."

"And your wife? Where is she?"

"Here, darling, if only I can win her."

"What?"

"Yes. I am not Thomas J. Rhodes. He is my second cousin, from Connecticut, but from quite another part of the state. I am Thomas Rhodes, of your service, the same Tom who loved you years ago and has never thought of marrying any other woman. You made me feel in the old days that it would be of no use to speak to you, and so I went away. But when I got your letter and knew that you were Eleanor Gray still I resolved that if I did not win you it should not be because I was too cowardly to ask. At least you have a right to know how long and well I have loved you. I have done no great things. I am neither hero nor poet nor statesman, but I have lived a clean, honest life, and there is not one page of it I am ashamed that you should read."

"You loved me—me—all this time?" she cried. And there was a little choking quiver in her voice.

"Yes," he answered solemnly, "I loved you, and you only, then and now and always, but you have not answered me yet, darling."

"Oh, I forgot that, but you know, don't you?"

And indeed Tom knew, for the eyes that looked into his lit the growing dusk with their great joy, and the lips that had been strangers hitherto to a lover's kiss yielded themselves to his once and forever. Eleanor was won.

After all, 30 was not old age. These two found that they were young enough for ecstasy. The moon came up in the east and looked at them curiously. Yes, they were certainly lovers. The moon has got used to lovers, for she is nearly 6,000 years old, and she is not likely to make a mistake. Eleanor wondered that she could ever have fancied herself too old for joy. She wondered yet more that she had not known from the very first that it was Tom, and Tom only, to whom she belonged.

At last she told him about Austin Bland.

"I have been trying all summer to love him," she said frankly "I thought it was the thing to do, but I had got a

little tired of trying. He is coming to see me at 3 o'clock tomorrow because he has something important to say to me."

Tom laughed, as a successful man may.

"Well, I shall be away just then. I am going to Boston to get a ring wherewith to fetter you to good faith. Deal gently with the erring. I shall be back by the 7 o'clock train to console you for his loss."

The next afternoon Austin Bland was punctual. He came as one who wears the willow. Sadness was in his voice and on his brow. A weed on his hat would not more clearly have emphasized him for sorrow's own.

"I go," he said, "I go this night from you who are the queen very of my art, and I must never see your too fair face again."

"What!" cried Eleanor, startled for once from her stronghold of composure.

"No never! I am to be married next month to some one who loves me; but, ah, she is not you! I have let myself forget all in the supreme joy of your presence, but I must forget no longer. Pity me! You can afford me so much grace. Circé, I dare not drink your cup."

It was really quite a masterly exhibition of histrionic power. It was hard-hearted and ungrateful of Eleanor to smile at it, as I am afraid I am bound to confess that she did.

"I am to be married almost as soon as you are," she said amiably, "to Mr. Tom Rhodes one of the owners of the Wheel of Fire mine. But do not let us lose sight of each other. Your sketches of Ryefield scenery are quite too lovely. I should like to give you an order for some of them, that in far off Colorado, I may not altogether feel bereaved of the old home."

"You are only too good—too good and kind," Austin Bland said mournfully; "but, ah, I must really never see you again. Goupil & Co. are my agents Farewell, queen of my summer!"

And he made his exit, this knight of the sorrowful countenance, after the approved theories of romance. At half past 7 o'clock Eleanor told her little tale of the afternoon to Tom Rhodes, and then she said, with a laugh: "So you see, I couldn't have had him, after all. You are only Hobson's choice."

"No, thank God! I am Eleanor's."

Jingoism vs. Americanism.

Senator Frye, of Maine, has set himself forward as the representative of the bullying and bragging idea in our foreign relations, and runs to all sorts of rash and foolish extremes. It is nearer idiosyncrasy than Americanism. A great nation, conscious of its strength and of its adherence to honesty, moderation and the basic principles of Christianity, doesn't go swaggering up and down creation blowing its own horn and threatening the whole world. That is precisely what Frye is doing. His nonsense is getting too strong for the Republican press, and the *New York Tribune* rebukes his filibustering swagger about Cuba, while the "Independent" denounces him as little better than a buccaner. This has made Frye mad, and he swaggers worse than ever. For instance in his last interview he says:

I would annex the Hawaiian islands at once, improve and fortify Pearl harbor, and lay a cable from there to the Pacific coast. I would maintain our coaling station in Pago-Pago against the world. I would reach out to take whatever in our opinion was or might be, necessary to our future commercial supremacy. I regard the acquisition of Cuba as imperatively demanded, commercially and politically. I would accept Canada as soon as she was ready to come to us, and if England forced us into another declaration of war I would promptly seize Canada and forever make her a part of the United States.

And much more of the same sort. It would seem to the average citizen in possession of his faculties that this sort of stuff is to curry favor with the unthinking, and so avoid meeting questions of statesmanship at home that demand early settlement. In the last number of the *North American Review* Senator Gray, of Delaware, performs a public service in vindicating the foreign policy that President Cleveland has consistently pursued, and in doing so aptly describes the school of jingoes founded by Mr. Blaine, and of which Senator Frye is such a ferocious champion. He says:

Its conscious advocates are, perhaps, few, but there is reason to fear that its dupes are many, and neither its advocates nor its dupes are exclusively confined to one party. But, unless the glories of our past history are to be discarded, it is not American diplomacy. It is middlebore and aggressive; it is envious and suspicious; it is covetous and not very scrupulous; it exemplifies the evil of power without self-control, and of susceptibility to insult without a due proportion of self-respect. Its spirit is that of conquest; its first reason, as well as its last, is force. It overthrows by force a queen in Hawaii in the name of liberty and annexation, and maintains by force a king in Samoa in the name of independence and autonomy. If this be Republican diplomacy, and we are to have more of it, God help the American republic!

No one disputes a genuine American policy at home and abroad, which is to do no wrong and to submit to none. That is very different from the Frye bluster, to sash around the world in search of somebody to fight and something to grab, and especially with a Bob Acres sort of courage to light on some weak power with all our might and main. The Frye kind are sure to funk in the hour of real danger.

—Give us dear Lord, our daily food
Of pure, unadorned bread,
Bread without alum, milk, yeast, chalk,
And sugar minus sand!

"Let coffee be the 'real old gov,'
Not ground Canadian pea,
Old-fashioned juice from cows,
And heathen China tea."

"Have 'boneless' cod with bones left out,
Salt mackerel void of rust,
And keep, oh keep, our victuals from
A speculative 'trust'!"

Potter Palmer Abolished Tips.

His Porter's Knowledge of Horseflesh Was the Cause of the Action.

This is the narrative of Potter Palmer and his chief porter, as told in a Chicago paper:

Mr. Palmer has what he considers an educated taste in horseflesh. He thinks he knows a trotter when he sees him and has little doubt of his ability to judge of the aforesaid trotter when he sits behind him with the ribbons in his hands.

Mr. Palmer some time ago bought a horse with an alleged ability to do a mile in 2:50 that struck him as being extremely desirable. He paid a good deal of money for the animal, and he was filled with delight when he thought of the easy and brash manner in which he would pass the various turnouts on the Lake Shore drive.

He asked Mrs. Palmer to come out with him to try the new horse, and having nothing better to do Mrs. Palmer consented. The wagon was yoked up and the driver attached.

One by one the speedy horses of the neighboring Armours and Trees and Healsys were passed, and Mr. Palmer was just beginning to rejoice in his purchase when there came behind him the clatter and rattle of a badly constructed village cart.

"We will have to have one more run, my dear," said Potter Palmer.

"Just this once love," said Mrs. Potter Palmer.

The clattering came nearer and nearer and nearer and then presenter and presenter and at last passenger and passenger until it faded away in the distance far beyond anything Potter Palmer and the new horse could do, but as the vehicle went by Mr. Palmer recognized the driver.

It was his own head porter! The man who had thus brought him to open shame was the person who told the slaves how to pile the trunks around in the Palmer House.

He said nothing just then; but, like the parrot in the story, he thought a heap. Mrs. Palmer made such conversation as there was held in the rest of the trip, and Mr. Palmer got back to the hotel as soon as possible.

"How much does that head porter get a month?" he demanded.

"Fifty dollars," replied the manager.

"How can he buy trotting stock on \$50 a month?" demanded Mr. Palmer.

"Oh, you forget his fees."

"What fees?"

"Why, his tips—the money people give the head porter when their luggage is brought to them."

"Hereafter," said Mr. Palmer, "no porter is to be permitted to collect fees. You see that he does what he is paid to do for what he is paid for it. And, by the way, find out what he will take for that horse he had out to-day."

Prevent Forest Fires.

Forest fires occur annually in some parts of country, and, after long seasons of drought, sometimes spread over wide areas, but not since 1871, when there was great destruction of Michigan pineries, has there been a calamity like this. Man is powerless to stay the flames when they have fairly started after weeks of dry weather, for the fire spreads so rapidly as often to outrun a horse. But man can do much to prevent the breaking out of such fires, which are very often caused by the carelessness of camping parties, says the Philadelphia Ledger. Maine has suffered little from forest fires since the appointment of fire wardens and the training of lumbermen and hunters to extreme care in extinguishing every spark of the fires they may have kindled in the woods. In view of the enormous losses that may be occasioned by forest fires it would seem to be the duty of the state to guard as well as may be against their origin and spread. It is not impossible to do either. Hunters, lumbermen and others who frequent the woods can be taught to be extremely careful in the use of fire. Railroad companies can be compelled to use efficient spark arresters on their locomotives and in dry seasons fire wardens may be authorized to appoint deputies to guard the forests by night and day and give timely warning of forest fires before they have gone beyond control.

What is needed is some one in authority to command the services of the able-bodied men of a neighborhood in extinguishing small fires or preventing their spread. When the farmers and lumbermen are left to themselves they do not unite their efforts until the danger becomes pressing and then it is too late, unless rain should come to their relief. Professor Hazen thinks that federal and state authorities have duties in this matter.

—The wandering Jew may at last find a resting place for his weary feet. Hived in Poland, persecuted in Russia and bailed in Germany, the Jewish people of Europe have no doubt long dreamed of a new Empire of Jerusalem for the sons of Israel. The recent advent of the locomotive in ancient Palestine seemed to be, indeed, the fulfillment of Biblical prophecy and the foreshadowing of a new temporal sway over the ruins of the old Temple of David and Solomon. But Jerusalem, the Weeping City, is not the site which Baron Hirsch has chosen for the planting of a Jewish State. He would purchase the Island of Cyprus in order to create an asylum for the expelled Jews of the Old World. He proposes to pay the annual tribute due by England to the Porte and create an independent Jewish State under the protection of the Powers. The crowned heads of Europe can scarcely refuse such a proposition, and the spectacle of a Hebrew Republic among the nations of the world may be a triumphant climax of the Nineteenth Century.

—Spreckles the sugar king and his sons might as well have their fight out about his millions, at one time as well as another. The old man can enjoy it now; he can't after he is dead. Then, the boys will have all the fun to themselves.

—In the country districts Japanese women work in the fields like those of continental Europe. This goes far to account of their strength and good health.

For and About Women.

Dr. Louise Fiske Bryson, one of the best established and best known of New York city's women physicians read the first paper ever prepared or read upon "La Grippe." This was in 1890 at the New York Academy of Medicine, and it won its author much praise, both professionally and publicly. Dr. Bryson's specialty as a physician is the treatment of insanity and nervous diseases. Besides a large and lucrative practice in this direction she has published a number of papers and pamphlets upon such subjects.

Lavenders take the lead in the spring colors. Every kind of costume makes use of them, and they are effective in all. They are positively beautiful in the house, comparatively beautiful on the street and superlatively so in evening gowns. "The most charming evening gowns that I have lately seen," observed a woman of taste the other day, "were those of lavender." The color, by the way, is confined to no one shade, but runs the gamut all the way from imperial purple to the softest, rosiest pearl. Frequently several shades are combined in one costume with excellent effect. Black and lavender make another popular combination, which is particularly suited to street wear.

The centre box plaits and epaulettes of a French green woolen costume are trimmed with steel buttons. The close cuffs, from the wrist to the elbow, are also studded with buttons. This gown has a small round yoke of lace, with belt and collar of deep green velvet. With it is worn a sailor hat of yellow straw, with black algrette and flowers.

Young matrons seem to incline to black this season. At all events, fashionable couturiers are making up numbers of black gowns. A handsome Easter costume is designed from a French model. This gown of silk crepon and jet is very effective. The skirt is of jet black crepon in fancy weave, and is five yards in width, well stiffened. Two bands of jet, narrowing from the edge of the skirt to the top, break the plain appearance in front. The round waist, having a centre box plait, is of changeable blue and black taffeta, as are the very full drooping leg-of-mutton sleeves. The entire waist is covered with blue spangles. Pink jacket fronts of black satin are turned back in revers, and the latter are finished with jet figures and edging. The stock collar and belt are also of black satin. The large, straight brimmed hat accompanying this gown is of black Milan straw, faced with black satin and trimmed with a wide white lace bow and a panache of black plumes. The gloves are white glaze with heavy black stitching.

The newest Summer pillows are white, and the very sight of them is a rest and refreshment. They are really the first hint that has been given in Summer furnishings, and they are daintiness itself. The materials are varied, from inexpensive cottons to Anatolian curtains. Through all the range of Oriental cloths the fancy is carried, but there is no reason why the idea may not be carried out in the same way in other stuffs. The principle is that of perfect simplicity, the pillow simply covered with the deep fluff for a finish.

They are made slip fashion with buttons and button holes at one end so they can be easily removed and laundered, and so kept fresh and fair.

The first models of cotton gowns have skirts that fit plainly in front and are gathered full at the back. The waist is round and full and is trimmed with plenty of ribbon, embroidered nainsook, lace, etc. Sleeves are enormous.

The Norfolk belted jacket with immense sleeves is the most approved bague for morning suits of duck. These costumes have flaring, though not godet, skirts.

To modernize hats and bonnets trim in front with wings and outspread bows in wide effect. Spangled wings, in fact, spangled trimming of all varieties, will give a fashionable touch to headgear. The ribbons used are in chine designs, and are rather wide. The stiff taffeta ribbon loops require no wiring. Small bonnets should be trimmed so that they appear wider. The broad Dutch bonnet, which has been so fashionable all winter, continues in favor, and the Maria Stuart shape, which is almost universally becoming, is also very modish. If you have any lace or jet trimming laid away, by all means get it out and use it on your Easter chapeau. Arrange the lace in a sort of small curtain effect in front, and catch it up in the middle with a rhinestone or a few flowers; lay it in very fine plaits to fall on the hair in back. If you exercise a little taste you can combine all kinds and all colors of flowers. Nowadays they are mingled in all combinations. Violets are combined with all sorts of roses, natural and unnatural-looking. A yellow and heliotrope, green and blue, pink and yellow—all these color combinations are seen. There is so much diversity in the present millinery styles that you can trim your hat in any way, according to your fancy. If your headgear be becoming, you can feel serene, for becomingness is the most important feature.

Dr. Simon Baruch, a noted physician speaking of health for women, says: "More cold bathing, more fresh air, less meat, tea and coffee, and more milk, cream, cheese, bread, and butter, with easy fitting clothing, will rejuvenate and be the salvation of our working women."

Everything, skirts, basques, capes, even hats and bonnets, has the godet fullness. Skirts are from four to six yards around the bottom for ordinary wear; sleeves do not puff out to such extremes, but have as much goods as can be plaited in and laid under, so as to fall in heavy folds.

Cod liver oil and beauty. A doctor is authority for the following statement: He declares that he knew, once upon a time a delicate woman who began rubbing her neck and chest with cod liver oil for some weakness there, and that she not only cured herself of the trouble by the remedy, but that she developed a beautiful round throat instead of her old-time prominent collar bone while doing it. It was not permanent, but it was so quickly accomplished that it shows the possibilities for the woman who wants to, for instance, wear an evening gown, if she begins some weeks ahead.