

Bellefonte, Pa., February, 17, 1911.

"BOUNCING-BET."

There's a bit of a runaway gipsy lass That hides herself in the dusty grass By the moon-white lane where the grav-moth

Where the night moths flutter with wide spread wings As soft as a Memory's whisperings, And circle close in the roadside grass

By a bit of a runaway gipsy lass. A bit of a lass in a cloak of green, And the pink and white of her face between The moon-barred blades of the grass's screen The step of an Old Year stealing by The vagabond chicory rank and high, To beckon the dew-sweet face between Of a wandering lass in a cloak of green.

A whippoorwill by the apple-trees That bend broad boughs to the evening

What is the magic that lurks in these? The full moon dappling the long gray wall. The pleading plain of a lost Year's call, That wanders near on the evening breeze To a bit of a lass by the apple-trees.

A bit of a runaway gipsy lass That hides herself in the wind-stirred grass Where the moon-pale ghosts of the dead years

But it's long the way that my heart mu

To the glimmering road in the night-swee air.
To the waft of fragrance amid the grass

And a bit of a runaway gipsy lass.

--Martha Haskell Clark.

that were spending their last threadbare days in this service. A big pot of beans crowned with a slice of pork waited to go into the oven for the night as soon as the present occupants of it should vacate. Then Martha would go to bed. Meantime she darned stockings.

Her thoughts were partly occupied with the wonders that would be possible in the way of cooking when the double-oven range arrived; but not altogether. The shadow that had lain in her honest eyes shadow that had lain in her honest eyes beneath that light in the south, though for a year could never be quite dominations she gave him the tribute of a sigh, and ed by any other thought than itself, however material and of the moment. On sunny mornings, when she sang about her thought the world turned around Van work, the shadow was at its smallest, but Ness. He was going to be driven to the when she sat up late and darned stockings it invaded the room, filtering in with the night, and spreading until it well-nigh put out the cheerful baking fire and the courage of her own heart.

It was early October and the faint sour reek of a distant cider mill entered through a window which gave upon sloping miles of apple country. The night was warm for the season, and so still that you could hear—just barely hear—a faint about it right you could fix up all the murmur, very far off; not the drone of a wrong things in the world. I think so city, but like that in pitch and in never ceasing. From another window opening to the south, Martha could see the light manifestations of the eternal and solid thought much about them. But to-night, between the two there seemed to be menwhich, dwelling long upon the wicked-ness of the strike and longer still upon that, with old McLean stealing the farm make of it.' 'you young men—I wonder what you'll go safely enough 'about their grave af-fairs.—By Georgia Wood Pangborn, in

all men. For the trouble which had so excited that time, it was in the Morgue. . . the futile little clergyman lay under the That's where three dollars a week brought calm light in the south.

Woe to the multitude of many people, he had fumed, and the big Falls, she fancied, were preaching the same sentiment across the night to that troubled city at the south, but calmly and methodically, not at all in the manner of the angry

"Woe to the multitude of many people." whispered the Falls, as they plunged eternally down over the edge of the darkness, "which make a noise like the noise of the seas; and to the rushing of nations that make a rushing like the rushing of many

Sometimes as she darned the stockings her lips mechanically repeated the words; sometimes her hands fell idle in her lap while her troubled glance sought the win-

Somewhere under the lamps that cast that light upon the sky lived and toiled and tempestuously thought John Bailey. Trouble had begun for the Baileys when their farm was swept away by debt. Then John, though he was ready for college, had to take the first thing he could grasp, which had been a place in the shoe fac-tory. This disappointment, of itself, had more had come when his sister went to New York to take a three-dollar-a-week she got to the city, I guess. . . . "I met Ivan just after I got back from I was hot and cold all ever knew what had happened, but with in the year John had suddenly to go to over, and wild to do something. He was town—perhaps it was a despairing letter, a little quiet chap and lame. He had got some roundabout rumor. She was dead, he said when he came back; and that was all. But from this time had dated his strange ideas. How it was that he blamed the Government and the rich people generally for all his troubles was never clear to Martha, although he read aloud to her from excited-sounding books in support of this position. It seemed, moreover, there was a set of men in the factory who had some kind of club where these matters were stormily debated There were foreigners among them, Martha learned with apprehension. Foreigners, to her thinking, were men without religion, savagely whiskered, and unclean

According to John's new philosophy nothing was right in the whole world. It was wrong to own land, it was wrong to pay taxes, it was wrong to inherit money. The climax came when he began to ex-

plain that marriage also was wrong.

Martha's father was quite deaf, but for many an evening, with growing disap-proval, he had been silently reading the young man's nervous lips. Now he put a hollowed hand behind his ear and insisted on having this last dictum shouted into it, that there might be no mistake. This done, he rose to his six feet three of tremulous dignity and told John to go away. And John had gone, and never come back, even to claim the moonstone ring that he had given Martha be-

fore he came to disbelieve in marriage. But Martha could never quite get him

his coming back and having need of her, and when she sat up late with her work she would always be listening for that

rapid uneven step.
To-night, at last, it came. She turned very pale and let her work fall to the floor. It was far down the road, with a kind of dragging hurry about it, but so robbed by excitement and fatigue of its individuality that she could hardly be sure it was John's step until the thorns and withered leaves of the rosebush at the window were thrust aside, and his face leaked in stracked with blood and say him once or twice with queerer look.

The world the rosebus at the window were thrust aside, and his face leaked in stracked with blood and say him once or twice with queerer look.

The didn't send in any story about it, so there goes my job. . . The world has all gone queer. What did the news matter, or my job, or anything else? Then it remembered you. I thought maybe you'd be still sitting up and working in the same old way—I came to find out—and here you were. . . "Yes. I've been here ever since," said face leaked in any story about it, so there goes my job. . . The world has all gone queer. What did the news matter, or my job, or anything else? Then it remembered you. I thought maybe you'd be still sitting up and working in the same old way—I came to find out—and here you were. . . "Yes. I've been here ever since," said face leaked in any story about it, so there goes my job. . . The world has all gone queer. What did the news matter, or my job, or anything else? Then it remembered you. I thought maybe you'd be still sitting up and working in the same old way—I came to find out—and here you were. . ."

"Yes. I've been here ever since," said

fell full length on the wooden settee—a slight, ill-built young figure. Martha's eyes as her large cool hands busied themselves with the blood and dust, were as the eyes of a woman who looks at her first-born. She bound up the cut whence | ing trip? It was like him, though. He the red stain had come, then brought her rocker nearer and waited for him to

"Van Ness is shot," said he. "The Governor!"

"Governor Van Ness-and he'd have been President this fall." "You saw it done. . . ." A sharp memory of his wild, threatening monologues brought her to her feet. "Are they after

He sat up on one elbow looking at her with vague trouble, but nothing worse.
"Not yet, I think. I dare say they may be when they find how thick I was with Ivan—" He pendered for a moment the He pondered for a moment then lay down again with a gesture of indiffer-ence.—"What do I care!" . . .

the queerest things there are in the world. You get reconstructed someways —but first you get all smashed to pieces and don't know where you're at. Then you get reconstructed. I'd hardly thought the queerest things there are in the world. You get reconstructed someways —but first you get all smashed to pieces and don't know where you're at. Then you in luck?'

"Yes. Queer, isn't it? I don't believe we can unravel it very well into right and wrong. Do we—do we have to try? Isn't it better for you, just as it was for me, to up with her bread. A dozen loaves al-ready stood on end shawled in napkins of you 'til to-night—then it seemed I you get reconstructed. I'd hardly thought of you 'til to-night—then it seemed I couldn't remember anything else. So I thought it was a girl and wished him loame to find you. . . Tell your father I haven't any ideas any more of any kind whatever. That ought to suit him. If you have any, perhaps you'll share with me, but I'm done."

"The best in the world!' said he, look it better for you, just as it was for me, to find something that'll keep us very busy, and be of some use to other people?"

John's big and unwieldy brain corsidered the wisdom evolved by her simpler one, but I'm done."

Martha understood little more of his in.

Martha understood little more of his incoherent speech than that he wanted her back after all. She leaned over and kissed his forehead, happy in spite of the great man who lay tragically dead somewhere

"Papa will feel it terribly. I guess he thought the world turned around Van polls to vote for him.'

this with a savage flash of his old pride "he could a' done most anything.
"I'm going to tell you about it—and about me. Sometimes things take shape better than hearing yourself talk.

"I thought a year ago that if you set still, but I thought then I knew how to set

they'll queer anything that's done for them, why, it isn't industrial conditions the wickedness of Governor Van Ness in out from under our feet. . . . And now "Then one of his heelers came after calling out the troops to suppress it, had I'll tell you about Sally. I've never told him to go in front, and I cut around to ended nowhere except in a passion against anybody else but Ivan.

"Well, when I found her in New York, her, and you know she was as good a girl as ever lived. I made up my mind right there that something was wrong with the world-something big, and when these fellows talked dynamite, I thought maybe it would take something big and plenty like dynamite to fix it. I was with them. I don't know where I am now, but I was with them then.

"At least it seemed important enough ment of killing a few kings and million-aires just to see what the effects would be. Didn't seem as if it could be worseand when I thought of Sally's three dollars a week, and the Morgue, I didn't feel very tender of other people's feelings. There was never a rich girl prettier and smarter than Sally, never one of 'em that was more fit to survive. Survival of the fittest be dammed! Talk that to a man who's spent most of his life hoeing corn and potatoes. Leave your farm to fight it out with the weeds and then see what's fit to survive. You'd have some rag weed, I shouldn't wonder-and poison ivy and bent grass-and that's about the way it is with people. I've seen a garden rose turn it came to me kind of sick and sudthat had got lost somehow, trying to live den that Ivan couldn't posstbly change;

New York when I was hot and cold all over, and wild to do something. He was a little quiet chap and lame. He had got and the noise of the shot had knocked me hurt when all his family but him and his father were killed by a party of Cossacks -just for fun, I guess. The sort of fun we read about Indians having with settlers. His father had been away somewhere, and when he got back and counted up the corpses—there was one he couldn't find. He'd have been a lot happier if he had. It was the oldest girl. .

Ivan wasn't dead, but he was crippled.
"Well, old Kosek gathered up Ivan and managed to get out of Russia. They brought up in the Chicago stock-yards. By the time Ivan could read and write

American, his father was dead. "Then Ivan did some begging and some stealing and finally got a job running a little hand sewing-machine in a sweatshop. But he had a good brain, and the whole of it was taken up with the one idea: "Who's to blame, and how can I

get at 'em?' "His father had never talked about anything else, I guess, except the things that had happened to him in Russia. Chi-cago he had seen for himself, and he read every last brimstone anarchist pamphlet he could get hold of. He would translate 'em to us at the club and go one better

out of his own head. "We used to put him up on the table crutches and all, for the fun of hearing him lay it on-he was such a fierce little beggar. It was vaudeville for most of 'em. But I wasn't feeling funny. It struck me he was mostly talking sense. "But when they saw it was me he was contract in cooling and, therefore, are out of her head in spite of her wicked no- And one night we walked home together

tions. Always she must be dreaming of and he told me about his family, and the started to get me too. Ivan was popular

"He was as kind a little chap as ever breathed; he'd spend his last cent on a

face looked in, streaked with blood and saw him once or twice with queerer look. Martha wiping the tears from her cheeks dust that did not hide its pallor.

"Martha!" he whispered, "Martha!" ing chaps than himself and was glad he'd found friends. He seemed to be picking up, too, like a man that's in luck, but he ing chaps than himself and was glad he'd found friends. He seemed to be picking up, too, like a man that's in luck, but he "I suppose you wouldn't want to marry

smash into the strike on his electioneer- as they come. was the sort of man to go across the you so much for thinking the way you world on foot to find a man or a thing did. I got to thinking myself, last winter, that was specially dangerous to him. I when things went bad here. I worried can see him walk up to a lion—Beg pardon, but I thought I heard you roar.

Were you addressing me?'—and the lion to blame for not going with you, the way

shouldn't wonder.' train came in, and I kept at his heels all so I braced up and did the best I could. day yesterday, and I heard what the It made a difference. crowd said—grumble, grumble, grumble, and sassing the soldiers when they made 'em clear the road. Along toward evening as I was going down Market street I long as one is sure of that one ought to "Martha, I've had a queer time since of familiar, and slapped him on the back. It was Ivan. He wheeled around, fierce, I've been a reporter. A reporter sees then said: 'Oh, it's you,' and put back you're doing right you don't worry."

to make his little speech. 'Got anything to say about the strike, Governor?' I said. Workworn lines.
'Nothing but what I'll say to everybody tonight,' said he, and then: 'What do you way as her kind face, and with something

think?

and shook out the crumbs. "Yes. There's lots of people will feel that way. I'd been going to vote for him myself, and if he could swing me around" said: 'Do this,' and even I would have a solution. Martha spoke: gone and done it without a word, and I'm not overobedient.
"'I don't know, sir,' I said, and then,

remembering things I'd heard: 'The men forgetfulness and service he detected are pretty ugly, sir. I hope you'll be something which he could not put into

giving me a cigar, 'of being careful. in the city and for all other troubles. Didn't it ever strike you that there are a Laying her face in her kind young hands, about it. Now I'm not sure. I guess it whole lot of things more valuable than he felt his wild thoughts departing from isn't the laws nor the rich people that ails life? As to the strike, my boy,' said he, him, and, notwithstanding the conof a city opening upon the sky, and this, us. I expect it's something that goes 'I'll answer you-not your paper-because fusion under that quiet glow in the south for size and steadfastness, balanced, in a deeper. You'd think if people would only it was rather nice and unprofessional the way, that murmur out of the north. The reason a bit and half try to be decent to Light and the Sound were to Martha the sound work out right. But altogether a matter of right and wrong, green pastures and still waters. And if makes it possible for the manufactures and still waters. there it is. They can't. Not that you said he, not many things are. Nobody the rushing nations must, as the Lakes of paper to compete with the foreign tresses, though picturesque, can be very can blame them for being blind and deaf. knows anything for sure. A man must do, plunge over a Niagara during some product. The revolution which has occurred to compete with the foreign tresses, though picturesque, can be very can be very do, plunge over a Niagara during some product. The revolution which has occurred to compete with the foreign tresses, though picturesque, can be very can be very can be very do, plunge over a Niagara during some product. universe, the one as enduring as the other and as the stars—not that she often "And if people are really so stupid that do his duty as he best sees it. Some peoportion of their infinite journey, still that ple might tell you to leave the rest to God. Perhaps that's as good a way to things, for the rushing waters become tion made of last Sunday's text, and a that make the trouble. Those fellows put it as any other.' He put his hand on the navigable St. Lawrence, and after most exclusively. In the higher grades further amplification of that fiery sermon that lectured at our club here said the my shoulder. 'You young men,' said he, that there is the ocean, where great ships

"Then one of his heelers came after Collier's get the speech. And half were clapping and yelling, but of the rest some were glum and some hooted. . . . I guess I got the speech all right. It'll be in the paper. . . . Lord! it seems queer! He seemed so alive. I was thinking there wouldn't be such a mess if all the Presi-Lord! it seems queer! dents and Czars and kings were that kind, and I made up my mind to vote for

him, principles or no principles. "After the speech the band struck up, and the people formed in line to shake hands with him. The place was gay enough with flags and guilt eagles and flowers. I got in line with the rest, partly because I might see or hear something funny that I could write up, and partly because I kind of liked the idea of shaking hands with the old boy. As I took my place I saw Ivan ahead of me, but there was a German beer keg between us, so I couldn't nudge him. I thought it singular a chap with Ivan's notions should be taking all that time and trouble to give the glad hand to a bloody oppressor, but decided he might have been quieting down a bit like me. I planned I'd guy him about it when I got him outside. Probably, I thought, his girl had given

him a change of heart. "But just as he was stepping up for his turn it came to me kind of sick and sudthat I'd been an ass, and that there could be nothing but mischief when Ivan Kosek wanted to shake hands with a big man in a big office. So I tried to climb over the

deaf and silly, and they were hustling Ivan and hitting him with his own crutches the way people beat a mad dog to death, and the soldiers closed in and Ivan. Van Ness he raised up—
"Bring him here,' said he, and they

brought him up all bloody and not able to stand without his crutches. Van Ness tried to say something-what do you think he got out?-'Poor boy!' says he,

'poor boy Then his head dropped on his shoulder, the way I've seen Sally go to sleep when she was a kid, and a solemn looking doctor, after a minute more, took the flag that had draped the speaker's stand

busy keeping the people off from Ivan.
"I went with the crowd. Looking back I saw a big fat general with his red face all screwed up like a kid that's crying; but so far as concerned what was covered up by the flag I was down, and now 'twas Ivan's turn. Of that I saw all I wanted to and more-and more. Not that I'd have missed it. I climbed up on a lamp-

waving at, the officer halted his men and not suitable for casting.

down a side street. . "I didn't send in any story about it, so

"Well," said Martha, "I don't blame getting rather slack about the work, and "I stood in the station crowd when his the more I let things go the wosre I felt,

though some answer were written in its

more than a lover's desire. He was put-"That was Van Ness. He always in- ting this and that together to evolve from terviewes. Turned them upside down his experience an abstract law. But it refused to formulate itself. Instead, his "Well, I had thought I had ideas, but it conclusions ranged themselves in the hit me somehow, as he looked at me, that square way, that here was a man who had from the turmoil of the day. In the done more thinking than I had. He was other two he had that night seen express-

"I'll try to be a good wife," she humbly. In these commonplace words of selfcareful.'
"There are different ways,' said he, tion he desired, not only for the turmoil is only an incident and not the end of

How Snakes Climb.

Many have thought that snakes accomplish the feat of climbing by wrapping themselves about the tree and following a spiral course upward. Several years ago two wood-choppers, having felled a large oak tree several feet in diameter and very tall, found in its top two common black snakes. After pondering for some time, the men arrived at the conclusion that one snake had taken hold of the other's tail, and thus by co-operation they had been enabled to clasp the trunk, and by circling about it had ascended to the

Whatever probability may have attached to this conclusion was dispelled by the observation of two naturalists. A black snake, measuring perhaps a trifle over six feet, was found clinging to the side of a small tree, around which it could have wrapped itself nearly twice had it wished to do so. Instead of this the snake passed right and left at short distances, catching the folds along its un-

der parts over and behind the slightly projecting rough strips of bark. As the snake rested only five or six feet off the ground one of the naturalists grasped its tail to test its climbing qualities, but so great was the force with which it pulled upward that it proved a difficult task to hold it. Finally, becoming annoyed at this ill treatment the snake reached down threateningly at the offending hand and, losing its hold, fell to the ground.

The World's Horse-supply.

It has been estimated that, of the 100,-000,000 horses in the world, about 80. 000,000, or four-fifths of the whole number, exist in the temperate zones, and that nearly all of these are to be found in Occidental countries.

The remaining twenty millions, scat tered throughout the tropics, are said to be but poor representatives of the ani-mal as it is known to the peoples of America and Europe.

The horse's carrying capacity ranges from 150 to 200 pounds. The Ilama can carry from 50 to 200 pounds; the donkey from 100 to 200 pounds; the ox from 150 to 200 pounds: the camel from 350 to 500

Why Gold Cannot be Cast.

As is well known, some metals are unsuitable for casting, while others, like iron, can readily be cast in any shape desired. The property of casting well is said to depend upon whether the metal contracts post and looked over the shoulders of the soldiers as they dragged him by. Something made him look my way. He saw me and managed to move his hand for hello and good-by. He hadn't lost his stained glass angel look. He was such a little chap.

The chap is a stained glass angel look. He was such a so it can be cast easily. Gold and silver the chap is contract in cooling and, therefore, are soldiers by the chap is contract in cooling and, therefore, are soldiers by the chap is contract in cooling and, therefore, are soldiers by the chap is contract in cooling and, therefore, are soldiers by the chap is contract in cooling and, therefore, are soldiers by the chap is contract in cooling and, therefore, are soldiers by the chap is contract in cooling and, therefore, are soldiers by the chap is contract in cooling and, therefore, are soldiers by the chap is contract in cooling and, therefore, are soldiers by the chap is contract in cooling and, therefore, are soldiers by the chap is contract in cooling and, therefore, are soldiers by the chap is contract in cooling and the captain soldiers by the chap is contract. or expands on solidifying from the liquid

THE PROOF.

When I behold the beauty that is thine, The wonder of thine eyes, their depths di-

blushing rose-tint of thy cheek and On which a wandering bee might pause to

When in mine ear the silver of thy voice unds measures fair to make the heart re-What need have I to list to stories of The miracles to prove a God of Love?

When scoffers come to tell me God is not, That all by chance hath come, by none begot. One answer have I for each scoffing vow. And tha:, Beloved of My Soul, is Thou!

-John Kendrick Bangs. New England's Paper-makers.

The paper-manufacturing industry is one of the most important in the United States. It employs a capital investment of more than \$350,000,000, creates an annual product of about \$300,000,000 in value, representing an annual output of over four million tons of paper of the something like three hundred million dollars in investment and two hundred mil-

lion dollars in annual output. New England was one of the first sections to take up the manufacture of paper, and for years most of the paper of all grades manufactured was made there. Within twenty years the discovery of new materials for manufacturing paper and pulp, as well as the building of new plants, has changed the output of the New England manufacturers from all grades of paper to practically the manufacture of finer grades of writing and ledg-

This revolution in the quality of paper, however, does not apply to Maine, where the great growth has been in the manufacture of so-called wood papers. The other States are the great producing States of the country in the higher grades

their success. All over Massachusetts and Connecticut will be found small mills in which the massed themselves on the left side, the output is almost confined to specialties, has been made for years in a particular mill. The pure water necessary to turn out a high grade of paper is here found in abundance. The mills are owned largely by the same families that originally started them years ago. Their product is well-known in the trade, and of the total amount of paper manufactured in the United States, New England produces about twenty-five per cent. of all grades and probably ninety per cent. of the higher grades of writing-papers.

Methods in the manufacture of paper have changed greatly within twenty-five years. Then the rags were collected by the tin-peddler. He travelled about the country trading tin and glassware for the collection of rags upon which the housewife depended for her kitchen utensils. To-day there are very few rags collected in this manner, most of them being imported from foreign countries or collected in the large cities, where this occupation

makes it possible for the manufacturers cause of trouble to the vision wayward curred in the manufacture of paper applies particularly to the cheaper grades, where pulps made of wood are used alrags are still used, and as the demand for these special products is not as large in fairs.—By Georgia Wood Pangborn, in individual orders, the business has been here are a few points about coats. They continued in the same localities and in practically the same manner for a great many years. The importance of this in-dustry to New England is very great, and Of course, the strictly tailored coat is there is no reason why New England should not continue to manufacture these grades of paper in competition with any other part of the United States. There is more skill and experience required in turning out these papers than in the coarser grades. It is practically imposcoarser grades. It is practically impossible to build and operate successfully large mills for turning out the higher grades of paper—which is not true as to grades of paper—which is not true as to or white lining is rarely seen, but this is or white lining is rarely seen, but this is seeing facey and if you rely upon con-

The history of New England shows that industry. Congressmen, Senators, and Governors have all been connected with paper-making.

Vegetable Silk.

chestnut-tree, which abounds in Paraguay. It can be woven into threads, but the chief use for it at present is for the used on many tailored suits, and satin stuffing of quilts and cushions, for which combined with lace is the newest idea on purpose it seems well adapted on account of its extreme lightness. This silk cently. resembles a glossy down, and grows in balls about six inches long and about four and one-half inches in diameter.

Near Stettin, in Germany, there is a they are primarily conveniences, they manufactory that turns out skein silk should not be overtaxed, as the pockets made from wood pulp. It is said that no that are once stretched can rarely be special kind of wood is needed to furnish the pulp. The latter, after undergoing a Finally, brush your coat and have it chemical treatment, is driven by hydraulic pressure through very fine tubes. 'The strands thus formed are, separately, hardly perceptible to the eye. Eighteen of them twisted together make a thread of silk. This silk is very soft and of a cream color. It is not as strong as genuine silk, but there is said to be a large demand for it abroad.

Reckless Travelers.

Imagine two people starting off for a journey of years, in an entirely unknown is a little idea for a gift to a prospective country, full of perils and of pitfalls, and bride. having no man to guide them, no knowledge to guard them in their travels. That is the condition of most young married people. Their courage is magnificent, but it avails nothing. Like the path of some pounds: and the elephant from 1,800 to desert caravan marked by bleaching bones, the path of life is covered with the Common Sense Medical Adviser is designed for such people. It garners in its you can utilize it by draping it over the thousand and odd pages, the wisdom of satin foundation, crossing the ends and centuries. It treats of the vital questions tying in a butterfly bow at the back. that affect parent and offspring. It treats plain truth in plain words. This book is plain truth in plain words. The plain truth in plain words were plain truth in plain words. The plain truth in plain words were plain truth in plain words. The plain truth in plain words were plain truth in plain words. The plain truth in plain words were plain truth in plain words were plain truth in plain words. The plain truth in plain words were plain truth in plain words were plain truth in plain words. The plain truth in plain words were plain truth in plain words. The plain truth in plain words were plain truth in plain words were plain truth in plain truth pense of mailing ouly. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered book, or 31 stamps for handsome cloth covered. Ad-

-Do not let the brood sows that are to

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

One small cloud can hide the sunlight: Loose one string, the pearls are scattered; Think one thought, a soul may perish: Say one word, a heart may break.

Straw hats look somehow quite wrong, like something that has arrived too soon, until one remembers they are intended for the South, to which many are making tracks. "The hats for the South" are generally arriving when the regular win-ter millinery is being marked down in price for the clearance sale, and the spruce freshness of the new arrivals alvays stands out in striking contrast to the rather debauched reckless air of the

Of the new straws we may always get a foretaste in these "models for the South" and of the new shades of color.

Vivid pink and red are conspicuous elements in these schemes, also in some cases the larger hats had their straw shapes covered with chiffon, all-over embroidery or stretched satin, revealing the circumference of their new straw formavarious grades, and employs more than tions only when the brim curved up-one hundred thousand people. Within ward, and where the satin stopped tions only when the brim curved upthirty years there has been an increase of short by an inch or so of completely covering the upper surface. A hat of a new species of tegal (beige color) stretched over the cerise satin was finished by an immense mass of black osprey. Another, but of black straw moulded over with cerise satin, had thrown upon its right side a bunch of mauve and pink and white anemones, blooms unnaturally large, but all the more effective, the arment of which was so graceful and free that only "thrown" seems to describe

It is a characteristic of the newest hats that the climax of the scheme, the massing of flowers or feathers or plumage, occurs on what we have always called the "off-side." Instead, then, of this massing being raised aloft on the left of the shape it lies below on the right. Very often a hat may be turned round back to of paper and specialties. Whole towns are dependent upon this industry for achieved! A black velvet hat with dark gray feathers, at which I had been scowling because the heads of the plumes had wrong side, I suddenly found could be because their product is well-known and transformed into the latest idea by this quick-change method.

Undeniably the most charming design for a child's coiffure is the one that really beautifies the little face and that is not governed by fashion or custom. On the other hand the least charming is the design that has a premeditated air. That is why the small girl whose name might justifiably be Curly Locks, because her tresses ripple and curl naturally all over her head, is so enchanting a picture, while her sister, whose hair will not curl, but is tortured into ringlets, bears an

artificial and ill-suited appearance. Her elfin locks would be quite as at-tractive in their way as her sister's curls if they were dressed prettily in their natural state, with the due attention that should be given to all juvenile coiffures in reference to the child's characteristic

Longer curls require a different treathas become a business in itself.

The collection of the waste materials interfere with the child's sight, for as a parting the hair at one side and gathering it beneath a restraining ribbon on the top of the head is one to be recommend-

> Thinking about your spring suit? Well must be short, the longest being the 26 inch cut, which comes about to the finger

> always in good style and if you intend to make your suit last for two or more seasons it is advisable to have it made on the accepted mannish lines. Insist upon a fine quality of interlining-the flexible horsehair being the most satisfactory. This gives a certain tailored stiffness, but

a passing fancy, and if you rely upon conmany men prominent in the affairs of servatism to pull you through the sea-State and nation were connected with this sons, it were advisable to insist upon the gray satin of good quality.

Many short coats show the raised line at the waist. This is attained by trimming, by straps, or by peplums adjusted above the normal line. Buttons are used A kind of vegetable silk is obtained from satin. There is a decided introduction of a tree attaining the size of an ordinary satin and bright colored cloth at the collar and revers.

> Do not have too many pockets, as they tend to destroy the fit of the jacket. Your tailor will tell you this. And, although

Sailor collars and long revers are to be

pressed by a competent tailor from time

Happily for the young woman who wishes to depart from the stereotyped costume for brides, this season has come

forward with a few new ideas. First of all there is the veil-that need not be of tulle now. It can be of lace, either a piece of rare old lace handed down through generations, or it can be fine net, on which a running design can be applied by hand. Here, by the way,

When adjusting the veil a pointed effect can be given in front, falling over the simply arranged hair. The veil should fall in square lines and need not be so

long as in other years. The fichu line is quite evident in the bride's gown of this season. It can be of memorials of human failure. Dr. Pierce's crossed folds of tulle, net, chiffon cloth or

> the princess cut is always good. If you wish, the bodice can be collar-

-one of the changes that speak for comfort and beauty if you have a goodlooking neck. Remember that the sweet simplicity of the bridal gown must be the main feature. Emphasize that and you will never be out of style.