TENTING.

Tonight I'm alone in the open where the winds

of heaven race. With the noisless patter of starshine to soften my upturned face:

And I lie by my tent recumbent, with my tired With God just back of the curtain where His constellations ride.

Oh, sweet is the low green valley; and sweet is the mountains high;
And doubly sweet is the silence which foled me

as I lie: And sweetest of all the murmur of a softly flow-

ing stream, Which lulls my brain to slumber and gives

restful dream On the Earth's kind breast I've lain, and I feel

her tender heart Athrob with the love she bears me (we have lived so long apart!)

I can feel the due kiss holy which nature gives her child-Forgiving him, though wayward, and blessing

A breeze comes down the valley from the foot of the mountain range. And rustles the grass beside me in whispering

music strange. I sense an insect stirring, and I hear a night birds call; And then through drowsy eyelids I see the

moon's gold ball. I was worn with barter and traffic: lived in town afar:

So I left it all behind me and followed th As of old the wise men found Him in the ma ger at Bethlehem

So I know the Lord is near me-I can -Edwin Charles Litsey in Ave Maria

THE SECRET ALTAR.

Slater, the interne, went hurrying along the corridor of the North eastern Hosp tal toward the room in which the senior surgeon Kennedy, having completed his evening rounds, was putting on his over-

"Can you stay to operate, sir?" he asked. "It's an emergency case. A motor-car turned over in that big pile of snow at the corner and pinned the owner under the chassis. They're bringing him in

"O Lord?" said Kennedy. "They're playing 'Tosca' tonight. What is it?

"Leg," answered Slater. "Fractured in two or three places—compound. Benson has gone to clean the theater and start up the boiler. Miss James has sent for some nurses from the surgical ward." Kennedy took off his overcoat. He opened his gold hunting-watch and looked at the large black figures on the dial. "All right: I'll be there in five minutes."

as soon as she is. The orderlies had carried out a stretch- ber it. tary eye, which cast a band of illuminaion over his robe of raccoon-skin, "Twasn't my fault," he reiterated, twisting his goggles nervously in his ungloved hands. "He told me to let her out." Two blond women, whose throats glistened with gems, made frantic and ineffectual efforts to impede the work of the orderlies. But the man on the stretcher raised himself upon his hands and ordered them away angrily. His face was twisted with n, and from his cut cheek blood dripped into the creases of his starched shirt-front and remained there. A blanket hid

the mangled limb. The women followed him to the hospital entrance and fluttered there, sniffed with disgust at the smell of soap and water on the wood stairs, and, with a single, uncommunicated impulse, drifted out again in panic, the trains of their evening gowns trailing upon the freshly

Within the antercom of the theater Miss James was waiting; at her side was a blue ether bottle, a yellow bottle containing chloroform rested on a glass shelf hehind her, and she was fingering the sphere of a dilated gas-bag. In the operating-room, beyond the swing doors, the nurses from the surgical ward, who had forgathered there, were pulling hoods over their hair and fitting rubber gloves upon their hands. At one side of the room a copper trough sent up a cloud of steam among the empty tiers of ssats, and under the open lid a tray carrying instruments and gauze sponges emerged from the bubbling water. Miss James

came in. "He's drunk-do you know that?" she said to the interne, glancing back through the swing doors toward the stretcher, which had been wheeled into the ante-

"He's had a drink or two," corrected Slater. "He had been dining out. He's

"I see do difference," replied Miss James, proudly; and she passed back into the anteroom, where the patient, who had been lifted from the stretcher, now rested on a glass table. The man said nothing: ignorant of the extent of his injuries, which now no longer pained him, he faced his fate frowningly. Miss James fitted the mouthpiece of the gas-balloon

over his lips and nose.

"Breathe naturally," she said. "Don't take deep breaths. That's right; breathe

away. Upon the other side of the table a nurse appeared. To the patient the room assumed an indistinct aspect, the voices behind the doors commingled; a sense of suffocation oppressed him and he drew in deep breaths to end it. "I think we'll have you so," he heard the anæsthetist say, and he felt his head shifted. Bells

He remembered no more. Miss James removed the balloon, affixed the lessly through the swinging doors into the operating-room.

Kennedy was waiting there. He was towel, shuffled in.

"What do you want?" asked the sick attired in white linen; a linen hood covered his hair and a chin-piece concealed his beard. His arms were bare to the elbows, and bichloride of mercury solution dripped from his rubber gloves upon this drawn face; his skin was of a strar the tessellated flooring. A nurse lifted pallor, his eyes very large and staring.

the tray of instruments out of the copper trough and placed if on a table which projected over the patient. Then they began to work, cleansing the mangled limb, while at the man's head Miss James sat quietly, watching his laboring chest. From time to time, with swift, decisive movements, she poured out ether from the blue bottle upon the mask. Miss and hands, wiping them upon a towel James raised the slack wrist and pressed her fingers on the pulsing veins. There she sat, motionless, her beautiful, strong, ed. sexless face like some compassionate androgyne's, and she only stirred from time to time to pour a few more drops of chloroform upon the mask. Now all was silent in the theater as the surgeons worked, save for the laboring breath, the bubbling water in the trough, and the click, click-like knitting-needles, of the forceps as they clamped the arteries and accumulated round the wound like bunches of house-wives' keys. When the suttring was half completed Miss James removed the mask and the eyes opened unseeingly upon her own. Slater tied the last suture and clipped off the ends. The orderly wheeled out the table with its inert burden. The nurses uncovered their hair; Kennedy peeled off his carmine gloves and divested himself of robes and mask. "Seventeen minutes," he said, ooking at the black figures on the dial of his gold hunting-watch. "I'll see the second act, after all."

"Are you feeling better?" asked the of night nurse. Her voice broke on the man's ear out bleak unconsciousness. He became aware that he was lying in bed, his eyes wide open. Three bare walls swam round him, trembled, and stood still. An electric light burned at his head; outside it was night, with patter of sleet against the panes and wheel sounds muffled by snow. Memory went leaping backward to the gas-balloon, the operating-table, the accident; but between the last moment of that anterior consciousness and this was an awful hiatus; not such as that from which one wakens out of sleep, but of some measureless depth that he had crossed. He sought for some most slender bridge of consciousness with which to space it, but could find none.

He lay upon his back, cramped; his head low, and his injured leg was held immovably in a round, cage-like structure which projected underneath the bed-

"Are you better?" asked the night nurse again, standing beside him. "Pillow," he muttered. "I'm slipping "You shall have one soon."

"I'm slipping down," he murmured, clutching at the sides of the bed. "You're raised on blocks at the back. That's why. How do you feel?"
"All right. Give me a drink. Is it all

over? Did they cut me up?" The nurse placed the rim of a glass against his lips. "Take a few sips," she said. "Yes, they operated on you last evening. You're doing splendidly. That's enough water for the present; you shall have some more when I come back. I

must go and look after my others." She had to tiptoe to bend over the bed, elevated as it was on wooden blocks behind. As she passed out of the door his eyes he said. "Take him right into the operating-room. And tell Miss James she can his side when the anæsthetic was adminisfollowed her curiously. She had stood at go ahead with the ether. I'll be ready tered, and he had wondered then atsomething. He was too tired to remem-

er to the overturned motor-car, which lay embedded upon its side in a small hillock zed like a saw, and an interior personali-The chauffeur, dazed but uninjured, stood by the one glaring headlight, like a soli-fled into a maze of dreams. He was glad when he saw the nurse bend over him again, a pillow in her hands. "What hospital's this?" he asked

"This is the Northeastern." "Who are the other patients? Aren't you my nurse?"

She smiled. "Yes; but there are twenty-nine of you. "We're rather crowded." "I thought one had a nurse for oneself. I can afford to pay for what I want and I'm going to have one. And a larger room than this-is this the best you

"This is a little room off the ward. It was the best we could give you. You are really in the ward."

He looked out through the open door into the corner of a large chamber, from which came sounds of breathing, snoring, men stirring in beds, and an occasional smothering cry. "Have I been put in with the charity patients?" he demand-

"I don't know just what arrangemen they have made with the hospital. We treat everybody alike that comes to us. They're all the same when they get their nightshirts on—just sick human crea-

She placed the pillow under his head and rearranged the sheets. He lay silent while she did this. Then he burst out: "It's a damn queer ending to a theater party. We were going to see—what was that piece called?—'Tosca.' There were two ladies; have they called up about me?'

"Not so far. If any one calls I'll let you know in the morning. We have a telephone outside the ward. She finished her work. "Now I want you to sleep. I'm sure they'll call in the morning. He bit his mustach angrily. "I'll discharge that fool of a chauffeur, anyhow!" he exclaimed. "See here! Tomorrow I want to see the hospital secretary—the moment he's dressed—understand?" He spoke in the peremptory tones of one ac-

"I'm going to move into a private room at once and have a nurse to myself. I think I shall have you; you seem to know

"All right," said the nurse, soothingly. "Now go to sleep. I'm going to put out this light. There's a bell by your hand; if you want any thing, ring."
He called her back as she was moving

toward the door. Lying there alone, helpless, he felt a vague sense of depend-ence, of need of confidence. "Do you know what I was airaid of when I was lying on the table?" he asked. "I thought I'd have to have my leg cut off. I think I'd blow my brains out if I had to be a cripple. But I wouldn't ask what they

were going to do to me."

He dozed till dawn. When he awoke the sky was saffron and green: the rooftops were a dazzling white, and fine snow drifted against the window and melted upon the glass the curious crystals shriv-eling into water drops. He had dreamed ether cone, and poured a few drops on it that his leg was amputated and rejoiced from the blue bottle. She signed to the orderly, and the table was wheeled noise from knee to ankle joint. Presently a man in a patched dressing-gown, carry-

> man, staring at him resentfully.
>
> The man grinned propitiatorily. The stubble of a beard covered the creases of his drawn face; his skin was of a strange

"Put out that light," exclaimed the sick man, angrily. "Do you know this is a private room?"

The man grinned again and grunted in some unvocal language. Angry words rose to the patient's lips, but seeing that the intruder was holding the basin for him, he checked them and rinsed his face and hands, wiping them upon a towel which the man handed him. A minute

"Well, I was glad to see you sleeping so soundly when I came in," she said.
"Who's that?" asked the man, as the intruder shuffled out of the room, bearing the basin.

"That's Joe. He's one of our best He likes to make himself useful. Can I do anything for you before I go off duty, Mr. Lamartine?"

"How do you know my name?" "It's on your chart, over your head." "But you don't know that I'm Frederick Bryant Lamartine," said the man, sneering at the expression of his name. "You've heard of me

She shook her head. "You've heard of the bankers, Lamartine

"I can't recall the names." "You mean to say you don't?" cried the man in astonishment. "Why, the reporters have been hounding me for weeks about—about that—" He broke off abruptly. "I smashed one of the blackguards' cameras yesterday. The fellow snapped it in my face as I was coming out of my house. I caught him,

"We haven't much time to read the newspapers," said the nurse, smiling. "How do you feel this morning? "I feel all right, except that my ankle hurts confoundedly. Was it broken?" She nodded and began to smooth the

"Now I'll leave you to the day "Wait a moment. As you go out, please see that the secretary is sent to me im-mediately. I want to make arrangements about changing my room. And I want him to bring me some writing paper and envelopes. I'm going to write to that fool of a chauffeur to take himself out of my employment. Has anybody called me

No." said the nurse; "nobody has

"You wanted to see me?" asked the hospital secretary, coming into the room late that afternoon. He was a short, stout man, bland, smiling, and defer-

"Yes, and I've been wanting to see you all day. Didn't you receive my message this morning?" "I did. I'm sorry I couldn't get around before, Mr. Lamartine. What can I do

for you?' the best private room you have and a nurse to myself. I can afford to pay for them, as you probably know.

good to you here?" "Confound it, sir, I don't want to be well he would have taken up his life stuck into the charity ward with a lot of where he had left it—the strong, material diseased tramps who keep me awake struggle by day; by night the scramble nights snoring and groaning. I want my after diversion—the only life he knew. clothes and my check-book and my private papers. I want my stenographer at was it worth while? hand to give dictation to. I have a few interests, improbable as it may seem to ed at the newspapers. But now he spread you. I sent the orderly for my clothes them out upon his knee and began read-this morning, to get my pocketbook and ing them. Here it was, on the accustomsome papers, and they wouldn't give them ed front page, "The Lamartine Scandal,"

that wouldn't be altogether good for you. views, alimony, witnesses in hiding. . Lamartine, and we'll fix you up comfortand besides I doubt whether Dr. Kennedy would allow you to be moved for a day brings round the papers every morning.

Shall I have them sent up to you?" "No!" shouted Lamartine. "I don't want to see a newspaper while I'm here. And if two women call—I don't expect them now, but they might telephone-tell them I won't see them or anybody."

"What are your hours?" he asked the night nurse abruptly. "I mean, how long are you on duty here?"

From seven till seven." What, twelve hours a day? And poor pay at that, I suppose. Why don't you organize a union and strike for an eight-

"I never thought of that," answered the nurse, opening the window and drawing down the shade.

"Now you could probably earn twice as much in an office down-town. Women get quite good salaries nowadays. At least, mine do. They're all afraid of me," he went on, smiling rather grimly, "and they think I'm a slave-driver, but I never worked a girl more than nine hours a day. And then get Saturday afternoons off all the year round," he added, watching her face. He had a proposition in his mind which he meant to make later. Will you post this letter for me? he continued, as she went toward the door. "It's to that fool of a chauffeur; I've told

him not to let me see him again.' He lay there, wondering, after she had gone, and through his mind drifted that elusive question that had puzzled him as he lay on the operating-table. There was some incongruity, some missing quality, about these women. Eager as they were to serve, pitiful to those in pain, zealous to anticipate each want, their motives were different—different from the fear his workers showed. And, while they obeyed, yet they dominated each situation as it arose by some secret of personality that he had not yet solved, that would make any of them invaluable to him in his bank, with its big clerical staff. How could such as these keep order among that wardful of rough patients, so that they were obeyed even while they served? Why did they hear those oaths and

bear those spectacles?

He could find no solution that entirely answered his problem. "What's the matter with that outlander with the ghastly face who wanders in here?" he asked his nurse later. "Why

does he do the work of the orderlies?"
"What, Joe? He likes to wander round and get some company. "I mean, what is he suffering from?" "Carcinoma." "What's that?"

"Cancer." 'Whew! Is there much chance for "Not the slightest. He's been operated on three times. That was he that cried in the night when you complained to the

secretary that somebody awakened you." "Does he know?" "Oh yes, he knows."

"Let me have that letter I gave you, please," he said. "I want to add some-thing."

three pieces and watched them flutter pital entrance.
out of the window. "I see they've

were instruments, a pile of gauze, alcool, and bichloride. "Well, how do you feel. Mr. Lamar-tine?" he asked. "We're going to dress your wound today. Any pain?"

'Nothing to cry over, but I fee' it all the time. It's just as though somebody were boring into my ankle with a blunt "Oh, it 'll stop soon. You mean-

which ankle? "Why, the one in the cage. The one you operated on, of course. The interne removed the cage and un-wound the bandages. "You haven't any ankle," he said. "We took your leg off

at the knee." And instantly the pain ceased forever. The interne dressed his patient, glancing at him above the bandages as he lay there, frowning, his face set into a scowl, his teeth clinching. The orderly came back afterward and found him lying in a

sort of lethargy.
"Beg pardon, Mr. Lamartine, did Dr. Slater leave his scissors here?" he asked, looking around.

"I want to send a message to the hospital secretary," Lamartine answered.
"Yes, sir, I'll take it myself." "Tell him I've changed my mind about moving into that room tomorrow. I'll stay where I am until they let me out."

On the evening before his departure he was seated in his wheeled chair upon the hospital roof, within the smoking room which had been built out toward the edge of the parapet. The sun's reflection still brightened the western clouds, and through the snow-cased frames of windows lights shone cheerfully. Far under-neath he heard the snow-muffled sounds of traffic; far down the street he saw the lamps of restaurants with taxicabs before their doors, and crowds collecting for the night's pleasures. That life seemed far alien from this within that quiet place, a throne of silence under the night skies. His mind was not made up. indeed be possible so, crippled and crutched as he must go thenceforward? For days and nights he had postponed the ultimate decision, hiding meanwhile the

scissors, with their sharp points, under his mattress. He had them now.

None of those whom he had known had called. They had sent flowers and cards, clerks and stenographers in his employ "I don't like this room you've put me had left respectful condolences at the It isn't fit for a dog-kennel. I want gates below, but none had braved the sights and scenes of the hospital ward. Well, that accorded with his own creed to the sound wolf the hunt amid the "What's the matter? Aren't they being pack; for the sick beast a hole in the ground in which to lie. When he got

Never, since the accident, had he lookhim."
the old, familiar black-lettering telling
"Ah, well, that's to keep away germs, the old, well-known story in all its ugliest you know. We'll have your pocketbook details of a family divided and an old and papers taken out and sent up to you. name dragged in the mud for the amuse-Now I dare say you'd like a lot of things ment of the brainless multitude. Inter-Try to be patient just a little longer, Mr. even during his illness, then, the newsartine, and we'll fix you up comfort-All our rooms are full at present, for the first time, he felt crushed by this

enmity. Life for him had always been a conor two. We shall have a large room va- test, ruthless and merciless, but one in cant on Thursday, and we'll do our best which, thrice armored with the panoply to make you happy there. The orderly of wealth, he had met all his adversaries will get you anything you want. A man on more than equal terms and vanquished them. Victory to the strong!-and he had been strong until a little pile of snow armor, some source of strength such as those women seemed to know the secret

of, so strong that it could yoke itself to humility and falter not. He had seen men in the ward: one, with less than a lung, painfully exhaling and inhaling air all day through water syphons, to develop those fragments of cells that still remained to him, gasping to gain the breath that came so Lamartine. And others—Joe! Had he been he, he could not have endured a day to work and wait while life ebbed and the darkness crept round and over him. He felt, too, that it was this same subtle women's power that threw the mantle of

its strength around them. Why, these were giants in comparison with him, now that he was humbled. It was he who was weak, he who had pitied them, whose name had been a synonym for rapacity and relentlessness. And with this knowledge, like clear sunlight when a shade is withdrawn, the secret rushed sex, their weakness, that they might serve. They lit those fires upon their the human race, ministrants of common

to the window, and, pushing it up, threw the scissors out into the snow. "I'm going back to fight," he said.

He was trying his crutches along the corridor between the wards while waiting for the elevator to arrive, when, passing the room which he had occupied, he smelled the penetrating fumes of ether, and, entering, saw one who lay upon the bed where he had lain. And she bent over him and held a glass to his lips; on her face was the look that he had seen when she stood near him by the glass

Then at last he understood, and he never spoke the speech he had prepared. This was their never-failing source of strength; perpetual service, race alone; and without this their lamps would dwindle and the fires die. This gift he must attain alone,in ways unknown

waiting elevator. His motor-car was at the door and his chauffeur was waiting there. He sprang forward and threw a fur coat round him. He grasped him by the hand. purse full.

He turned and hobbled toward the

As she went out Lamartine called her "Don't slip on the snow. Dr. Kennedy says you'll be able to be fitted for an artificial limbin a couple of weeks. When you've got it on you won't know the dif-

He backed, smiling, toward the hos-On the fourth morning Slater, the interne, came in, preceded by the orderly, who carried a small glass table on which

There was a young man who started in life with the proposition that he would believe nothing he could not prove for himself or see with his own eyes. For that man history was a sealed book, foreign lands did not exist, astronomy was a fable, chemistry a fairy tale. For ceptance of facts which have been proven other people and belief in the records history and geography written by chroniclers and travelers long dead. That young man would be doomed to perish by h's own ignorance, because he would take n) other man's word and trust no other man's experience. There is a class of people who might be blood relations of that young man who see time and again the statements of cures following the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Yet they go on coughing, spitting blood, and losing strength with every hour. The fact that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery does cure coughs, bronchitis, weak lungs, hemorrhages and conditions which tend to consumption, rests upon evidence as sound as that which proves the salient facts of history, geography, or astronomy. It is not more certain that Washington was at Valley Forge, that London is the Capital of England, or that the sun rises in the east, than that "Golden Medical Discovery" cures pulmonary ciseases. You can't afford to doubt this evidence or reject it, if you are

The Oldest Organ.

The Swedish island Gothland, a Mecca for students of early Gothic architecture, lies in the Baltic Sea, forty miles from the mainland. In Wisby, the principal town of the island, may be seen the ruins of no fewer than ten churches, some of which date from the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The oldest of them is the Church of the Holy Ghost, completed

about 1046. A director in a German musical instiution, who was especially interested in the study of mediaeval organs, visited fifty-nine churches in Gothland, and in a village called Sundre came upon the remnant of what is unquestionably the oldest known organ in existence. The case alone has survived the fret of seven centuries, and its exterior is adorned with paintings dating from about the year

When this ancient instrument could no longer serve its original purpose, it was to change a plain little frock and to give used as a sacristy, and for the safeguard of holy vessels and vestments was kept in careful repair; hence its excellent preservation to our day.

Radium Isolated.

Hitherto the metal known as radium has been certain salts with a radium basis. such as bromide and chloride; pure metallic radium has not been known.

The isolation of pure radium has been accomplished by means of electricity, as breeding. the result of the unremitting labor of Madame Curie and her co-laborer, M. De-bierne. Thus isolated radium appears as her arm down the aisle and spreading it a white metal which alters rapidly when deftly on the back of the chair before it comes in contact with the air, changing from white to the condition of black oxide. It burns paper, energetically decedes the man past the ticket taker. composes water, and adheres firmly to then secures the programs, gives the usher

This is about all that is known so far of this mysterious metal. The investigators had only one deeigram of radium salt to meet, the woman bows first, the proper work with. But since they sealed the precious metal in a tube as soon as they succeeded in isolating it, they will be able to study it at leisure.

complete without a white serge or homespun. These white costumes are most effective and becoming, and very smart. There are several different models that are popular. One of the newest gives the slender lines that are so becoming without the exaggeration that is so unbecoming. There is a double skirt effect with short jacket, and the whole costume is plain and severe. A novel touch is the white moire in revers and cuffs and the moire covered buttons. This is one of assert that it will be copied during the winter in cloth or serge. The back of the winter in cloth or serge. The back of the little more than half with shaved ice and little more than half with shaved ice and little more than half with shaved ice and

-Prof. Ten Eyck, of Kansas, has this to say about sowing alfalfa in sandy soil:
Alfalfa may be sown successfully either and many prefer it without the soda with the drill or broadcast. In sandy soil water. we prefer to seed with the drill, taking care not to cover the seed too deeply. If the press wheels are used, a half inch of firm soil above the seed is sufficient, and in on him. Strength was theirs because some prefer to press the seed into the soil they had laid aside the potencies of their with the press weeels, making very shalsome prefer to press the seed into the soil low drills. If the alfalfa seed is covered in drills, with chains, an inch of mellow soil over the seed is sufficient. We prefer temple altars that would never go out so soil over the seed is sufficient. We prefer long as one sufferer remained, Vestals of to use the grass seeder attachment with the drill in sewing alfalfa seed. With this attachment we are able to adjust the drlll He felt their merciful strength envelop him and laughed. He wheeled his chair to the window, and, pushing it up, threw seed bed is a sufficient amount to sow.

So as to sow the proper amount of seed for those of temperance principles. A nice mixed punch is made by pouring a pint of boiling water over two heaping table-

Pineapple Cloth.

In the search for fiber that may be used in cloth-making it has been suggest-ed that the pineapple plant might be pressed into service. Pineapple leaves contain silk-like fibres which can be di-vided into exceedingly thin filaments and

then spun into threads.

In Eastern countries delicate fabrics, as light almost as cobwebs, have been made of this material. But as yet no good process of producing the fibres in commercial quantities has been discover-

A Weather Prophet.

"Now, Mrs. Brown, I have pinned up to him; and he must seek them, not now, nor yet tomorrow, but every day of his "Oh, thank 'ee, miss, thank 'ee, but my corns tell me the weather far better than any of they 'ere almanacks!"

> -The real value of a sheep cannot be determined, particularly as a breeder, until it is one year of age.

"Well, sir," said the hospital secretary,
"I hope you've spent a pleasant time with
us and feel that we have done our best
the mind clear, the heart whole and the

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Who gathers all, would gather more; Who little hath, hath need of none; Who wins a race will long to win

Another that is never won I fling me in the grass, content That not a blade belongs to me. And take no thought for mowing days-A vagrant wed to vagrancy.

Just a few suggestions anent the collars,

jabots and plisses that are worn.
First of all, there is the fichu of fine linen, lawn or net. It can be adjusted over a plain little dress of thin material or it can grace a silk or satin gown for evening. It is folded around the shoulders, crossed in front and fastened at the back in a small butterfly bow, or under a cabochon, from which a square flat court train falls

This fichu can be of plain linen, hem-stitched and used in flat simplicity on dresses of henrietta or cashmere. It is usually accompanied by deep cuffs to

Extremely large collars of heavy lace are being worn on many suits and dresses. Some are called the "Charlotte Corday"

collars, and all are charming.
Sailor collars, with or without jabots, are being shown by all the leading blouse shops. Materials are varied, and trimming is applied in many ways.

Some collars are of linen, worked up in eyelet, drawnwork and solid embroid ery. Colored thread is used, sometimes on the scalloped borders and in working the eyelets, the latter giving a new and attractive effect Some effective little models are made

of bands of insertion alternated with strips of lace, the whole edged with lace. Many are combined with washable foulards, too. This gives the touch of silk for linen suits that is one of the features of the spring styles. Jabots are still as much favored as ever.

The side effects are perhaps, the most popular. In these styles the frill that is quite wide at the top, narrowing to the lower edge of the strip of lace insertion, is prominent. In some instances there is a narrow frill of lace, embroidery or linen on the other side. Color is introduced in many ways. Em-

broidery can be done in color or the background itself can be of pale pink, blues and buffs, with the embroidery in white. Lace and net in round collars, with jabots and plisses attached, is another style for dresses of lawn or batiste. Frequently the set includes cuffs of the same, and this scheme is, in most cases, sufficient trimming for plain little frocks of colored fabrics.

Do not forget these dainty accessories in your wardrobe. They have the power perennial freshness at the neck and wrists. The Parisienne loves them and revels in a varied assortment. It is for her American sister to do likewise

Arrive at the theatre a few minutes before the rise of the curtain. If this is not possible remain in the foyer until such time as the seats may be reached without disturbing the performers and those about you. This is an unequivocal mark of the person of thoughtfulness and good

being seated. In entering the theatre the lady pre-

A woman should slip off her wrap in

his coupons and follows the lady down the aisle. When a man and woman acquaintance greeting being a slight bow of the head accompanied by a direct glance and a

pleasant smile. Run down the habit as one will, cooling White serge is extremely fashionable beverages are all important in our hot climate and the hostess who understands beverages are all important in our hot

mixing them will be popular.

When wines are used only the lightest punches should be taken in summer. Claret, champagne or sauterne cup are all good and not overheating. A nice claret punch is made by mixing

thoroughly a pint of claret, a pint of soda water, four tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar, a small nutmeg grated, a liqueur glass of maraschino and plenty of cracked ice. Pour over a sliced orange and add the juice of a lemon.

pineapple or berries in season. Sauterne cup is made in the same way,

For a nice champagne cup add to every bottle of champagne the juice of a lemon, one orange cut in thin slices, three rounds of pineapple in small dice and four tablespoonfuls of raspberry syrup. Shake well and serve in champagne glasses.

When mixed in a bowl soda water or

other charged water is sometimes added

-a pint to every two quares of the cham-

pagne-and a lump of ice is used in the bowl for chilling purposes.

There are many delicious fruit punches of boiling water over two heaping table-spoonfuls of orange pekoe tea. Let it stand for five minutes, then strain over a pound of granulated sugar and cook to a syrup. Cool and add to the strained juice of three lemons, three oranges, a pint of strawberries or other berries and a small pineapple. Add a salt spoonful of vanilla and the same of bitter almond. When ready to use add a pint of any good min-

eral water and serve with plenty of

cracked ice and garnishings of fruit or berries in season. This should make about two quarts. A nice strawberry punch is made by pouring over a half pound of granulated sugar, a pint of strained fresh strawberry juice, stir until dissolved, then add a quart of water and the juice of one lemon. Make very cold and just before serving add a cupful of whole strawberries and a tablespoonful of maraschine if you was

tablespoonful of maraschino if you use it. The water may be omitted and a charged mineral water substituted. Raspberry punch can be made in the same way, using juice of two lemons, as the berries are more insipid. Or raspberries and currants mixed are delicio

-Future Mother-in-law-Do you think we shall get on well together?
Suitor—My dear lady, it was chiefly to have you as mother-in-law that I fell in love with your daughter.