

THE SONG OF THE WORLD.

There's a song that the hammer is singing / A ringing and wholesome song / Of the day's broad work / Of the day's work done / Of a mold well cast / In the fiery blast / And never a blow gone wrong.

QUITTERS.

To Oncoast came a Good Samaritan / disguised behind an unobtrusively impressive waistcoat and wearing pearl-gray spats—a trifle conspicuous in his power to do kindly deeds, as Samaritans often are, but still at bottom a simple, sincere fellow, and possibly Claverly's staunchest friend.

He stayed the night, and in the morning, while they waited for Miss Claverly to give them breakfast, he offered Claverly a place in charge of traffic on the Oregon-Arequipa Overland, standing back to him, at a window meanwhile. Except for that, he betrayed none of the embarrassment he felt.

But Claverly understood, and, changed as he was, he became for a moment his old lightly scornful self, now that the ultimate choice was offered him. His shoulders, that had seemed to hang so heavy, took on their old easy squareness. His somber features lightened, and the old insolent challenge leaped up in his eyes. He looked as tall and clean and young as he had ever been.

He laughed, and the Good Samaritan had the grace to redder. Then Claverly turned serious. "So it's come to that?" he asked. "Jim, why should a man go away from everything?" he glanced about the breakfast room, cheerful with morning sunshine and massed goldenrod and asters—"everything like this, to boss ore-rail traffic in some unheard-of place?" He had never lost a trick of looking his man or his situation square in the face. He did it now.

Jim Hoxsey looked just as squarely back, and under his roly-poly pinkness and his trivial preciseness of dress and manner the real man showed. There was no distinction in him, as there was in Claverly, but there was solidarity. "You're the same good old chap still," he said. "I haven't a notion what you're driving at," he lied. "It is a great opening for any one. South America is the country of the future."

For a moment the eyes of the two men fought. Hoxsey's fell, and Claverly smiled at him with less of mockery. "You're the same good old chap still," he said. "I'll give you offer what they call my serious consideration."

"Do," Hoxsey urged very serious himself. "It's a great opening."

"And openings," Claverly mused, his smile all bitterness now, "lead to holes. And holes are convenient places for disposing of a certain sort of men."

Hoxsey reddened again. "Bill," he said, "you know you can always have anything I've got. But what are you going to do? You can't go on this way."

Claverly shrugged his square shoulders, for an instant, into abject weariness. He looked like an old man. "What?" he asked. "Whereas your solution of the annoying problem, Jim, seems ideally simple. I'll think it over."

"I say," the girl broke in, entering to them in adorable, helpless rosieness, "you seem tremendously in earnest about something."

For the third time Hoxsey reddened, and turned away. Prosaic as he was, he suddenly felt the element of tragedy that underlay the situation.

If Claverly felt it too, he gave no sign. "It's a way men have, Kiddie," he told her, straightening up with his old indolent recklessness. "Give Jim his coffee before I hurl him at his train. He wants to get away; don't you, Jim?"

The wretched Samaritan looked more ill at ease than ever, but no less resolute. "Wire me the minute you decide," he murmured. "It's a great opening. Immense!"

Miss Claverly gave him a sidelong glance out of inscrutable eyes. "Are we talking," she asked, "of volcanoes?" "Something of that sort," said Claverly, sadder again; and Hoxsey, solidly prosperous and prosaic though he was, felt a quick construction in his throat. They looked such a pair of thoroughbreds to have a thing of that sort hanging over them.

"I'll take the day to think it over, Jim," said Claverly. "I'll wire you to-night."

"And I," Miss Claverly said to Hoxsey, "will wait with you for enlightenment."

Once again Hoxsey came as close to shuddering as a plump pink banker can. He had not realized, then, how ugly the affair was complicated by the fact that Claverly had a sister like Rose Claverly.

The banker went back to his bank, and Claverly out to another day of shooting which held no interest. The world went out of tune for him. The zest was outdoor life and sport. Oncoast had changed to him.

He had come down there expecting rest, and had not found it. It was not in the autumn woods, where his shaggy terriers, wild with unaccustomed freedom, dashed at random through the crashing leaves, recklessly flushing partridges in a way to bring a sportsman's heart; nor on the brook-sides, where they tore at muskrat holes, sobbing and slaving; and emerged reluctant, unrewarded save by plasters of mud.

Rest was not for him on the russet marsh, stretched out unendingly from the mowing-fields and orchards to the far rim of the sea. He had sat there in his blind through sunrise after solemn sunrise, while all the eastward was a flood of golden light where rosy cloud-floes floated serenely high, and the crisp October air rustled in the sedgy borders of creek and pondhole, and bitterns in pairs and trios, homeward bound from nights of stilted fishing on the brim of tidal drains, swung by overhead, majestic in measured sweep of wing and ludicrously awkward in helpless length of trailing leg. Through it all he had sat dully or impatiently indifferent, according to his momentary mood, gun across high-booted knees, a foot swishing listlessly through the black marsh water under his hard and narrow seat.

Even when out of the northeastern distance floated the most moving of outdoor sounds, the melancholy whistle of unseen flights of yellow-leg, he had rarely raised his head or pursued his lips and tried his skill at tolling call in answer. The zest was gone from outdoor life and sport.

But he got through this day, as he had through so many others, and evening came at last.

It was an uneasy night. A storm was brewing to the eastward, and the surf on the outer beach droned a heavy, unceasing diapason to the minor piping of the wind in the chimney-tops.

Miss Claverly sat with her chair drawn up before the fireplace, her slipped feet crossed to the blaze in one of the immortal attitudes of women, a hand shielding her eyes and face from the glow. They were alone together in their old house above the marshes, Claverly and she.

Claverly, uneasy as the night was, paced restlessly up and down the shadowed room—it was immense in the vague firelight—smoking and looking at the hand that half hid his sister's face from him, somehow.

It was a frail-seeming hand and wrist, and the face itself was the most delicate of New England ovals. But he knew well enough the strength that could show in them. To him, the girl, in her long, fair slimmness, her spritlike poise of body and mind, her unbreakable reserve that passed outwardly for shyness, had long been the most satisfying of women, to the eye and to the imagination, as he rarely scornful but unfailing friendliness she had been the most understanding of companions. They responded to each other's moods like strings tuned in the strong union of an octave.

But that night everything was out of tune. More than Oncoast had changed to him. Even his sister's accustomed silence vexed him.

He halted abruptly and tossed his cigarette-end on the logs. He watched it flare up and shrivel to a cinder before he spoke: "Kiddie, this is no good. I'll go back to town tomorrow."

The girl, uncrossing her feet, smothered a little yawn. The fire was sleepy-hot, and she had tramped a score of miles that day. "It seems pretty good to me," she said lazily. "Something wrong with you?"

Claverly stared at her. Then his little smile, so bitter, so incredulous, and yet so very likable, rested on his lips. "Nothing more than usual," he answered somewhat dryly.

The girl caught the shade of emphasis. She laughed then, Claverly's own old laugh, full of the easy insolence of one whom life's small troubles touch but lightly. "Been getting your bumps?" she asked. "I thought so when you and Jim Hoxsey were gassing away this morning."

"Rather," said Claverly. The girl glanced up at him, and turned her face quickly from the sight of his. "Billy!" she cried incredulously, "how could I guess it was something real?" Then, quietly enough: "Want to tell me? I suppose you do, or you wouldn't have spoken about it."

"I don't know why I spoke," said Claverly, "except that anything was wrong." The last words held a quick, savage mockery that made his voice sound high and strained.

The girl, without looking up, stretched out her hand, and after an instant's hesitation Claverly took it, and quitted too. "Now tell me," said his sister.

And a sudden impulse to talk to her, to say out to some one what a score like Hoxsey more or less vaguely guessed or knew, and dared not speak of, swept Claverly away. He had walked alone for months, and she was the only living creature of his blood.

His voice turned colorless. "They fired me from the Atlantic & Northwestern a year and a half ago," he told her. "I went to the N. & S. Six months ago they fired me there. I got a job with a jerk-water mountain line—they call it the Missouri-Trans-Pacific. They were fighting for air right then, and they snapped me up without asking too many questions. I used to have a reputation for doing the impossible with traffic, you know. It's gone now. And you ask me if anything is wrong? Again his voice pitched sharply up to mockery.

The girl patted his hand. "Just one more thing to tell me, Billy," she said at last. "Railroads aren't in the habit of firing—men like you without a reason."

Claverly wrenched his hand away. "Can't you guess why?" he asked. "It's a very old story, Kid. Hundreds of men have told it at Salvation Army meetings, with a cup of coffee and a sandwich in prospect for the telling. They call 'em 'experiences.' Want to hear my 'experiences'?" Well, he flung at her, "I get drunk. I"—he gave the phrase a curious flat emphasis, as if he quoted some one else—"I get drunk on the job."

The girl seemed to flame into quivering life, though she sat unstirring in her chair. "You, Billy? You doing that?" She said no more, but that little was enough for Claverly.

"Whatever you say," she begged her, "please don't preach at me."

Instantly the girl's tense body relaxed in cool indifference. "It does seem to be up to you," she said. "What are you going to do about it?"

Her self-control sent a pin-point of irritation pricking at Claverly's strained nerves. "I suppose my quickest way out," he told her, "would be to get drunk once more."

"Mim-hmm," breathed the girl, lightly scornful. "I dare say. But afterwards?" "Get drunk again," suggested Claverly. The girl stiffened again, ever so slightly. "But," she asked deliberately, "after one tired of getting drunk?"

She pushed it too far. Claverly's irritation vanished as if fire had seared it from him. "Good God, Kiddie! he cried, 'don't you suppose I got deathly tired of it long ago?'"

And the girl melted to him. "Sit down here," she said. And Claverly obeyed her, nestling on the floor beside her chair just as they had done, boy and girl together, a hundred times before. She had been his tower of strength from her babyhood.

"Billy," said the girl at last, "I'm not going to preach. But you ought to have told me before. It's bad. Still," she said, clutching at a hope, "you haven't been doing it—since you've been down here? So it can't be a regular habit?"

"It's worse," said Claverly. "It's something wild inside me that goes mad for excitement and goes and gets it from the booze, and then disappears for weeks or months."

"So," said the girl—"I don't know much about such things—but you've what the doctors call a periodical drinker?"

"Drunkard," said Claverly brutally, "is the word they use."

"The girl did not flinch. "Never mind words," she said. "And keep still, anyway, for a minute. I want to think what we can do about this."

"There's mighty little can be done," said Claverly, "for a man that's down and out."

His sister drew away from him. "Out?" she echoed in a cool little tone.

"Out," Claverly repeated indifferently. "Billy Claverly," his sister cried, "you talk like a fool! You're not 'out' as long as you're alive. Nobody ever had a bigger chance. Look at the friends you've got. You have—away with you, like Tommie. Everybody likes you, loves you. They'll work their heads off for you. And you make them trust you. Look when they put you on the A. & N., and you not thirty-five. Don't talk about being 'out' when everybody knows what you can do."

Claverly stopped her. "Not any longer, Kiddie," he said. "My reputation's gone. I tell you. And my friends. I can't find any one to trust me now. Why," he said suddenly, "I don't believe I even trust myself."

The girl laughed impatiently. "Talk away," she said. "I don't," Claverly repeated stubbornly. "I can't. Listen! When I went on that Trans-Pacific junk-heap I wanted to make good. God only knows how much I wanted to! It was the only time I ever really tried. And—couldn't. It was the same old story. No, Kiddie; I've failed too many times. I tell you, I can't trust myself again."

The girl drew away once more. "I'd hate to admit it, anyway, if it was me," she told him bluntly. "I'm past all that," said Claverly wearily. "You were right," she resumed then. "About going away, I mean. Oncoast is no place, the way you're feeling. You want to get out of here. What are your friends who hate to tell you they have nothing for you. Try it once! Try sitting in ante-rooms with office-boys who know as well as you that the boss don't want to see you. Try having men hurry you through interviews, very anxious to get you out of their sight. 'What do you know about it?' they demanded. 'What do you know about getting a job?' 'You're right—I want work the hardest way. It's my only chance. It's all there is in living—for me, anyway. Just work and the drive to get through it. But getting it, being it, the easy insolence of one whom life's small troubles touch but lightly. 'Been getting your bumps?' she asked. 'I thought so when you and Jim Hoxsey were gassing away this morning.'"

Claverly stared at her. Then his little smile, so bitter, so incredulous, and yet so very likable, rested on his lips. "Nothing more than usual," he answered somewhat dryly.

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from her and stood tall and straight before her, and incredibly remote. "I hate you," she drawled. "You aren't my brother. I'd die before I'd quit. Before I'd run away I'd take the lit-test, meanest job—"

Her anger at himself was the last thing he had expected. But she spoke the challenge of blood to blood. He rose to his feet, angry, as she was, and as cold. "Nevertheless," he said, "I shall go to Peru. I have sense enough to know when I am down and out, and pride enough—"

She did not look at him. "I'd never let them make me run away," she said. "I'd start at the very bottom."

A smile that was half a sneer curled Claverly's lip at the inane little phrase, drudge of the barren moralists. It set there and hardened, and his eyes took on the vacancecy of introspection. He was looking back to the beginning.

The beginning was a springtime morning in the city, when Claverly closed a door marked with his name and stepped across a big, cool-smelling room, as straight and nonchalant, as arrogant in carriage of chin and shoulder, as he had been under the fire of the prying eyes, friendly but still prying, outside its shelter.

But inside him waves of nausea at life and all it had done with him and he with it, beat and surged sickeningly.

He sat down at his desk, and even in his misery the little habitual smile, half bitter, half incredulous, touched his lips. It was his desk no longer. That morning, an hour ago even, it had been his. Now he had come to it on a desk-clock, a toy in gold and leather, his sister's gift to him on his last birthday. Its tiny pointers marked the half-hour. At precisely twelve minutes past, he knew by some silly trick of recollection, the Chief's summons had come. All that had happened in less than eighteen minutes by his sister's foolish clock. Men often spent as long as that over a vacant cigarette.

Claverly slid down into his chair,—like wise his no longer,—and those arrogant shoulders sagged like an impotent old man's. Outside, where eyes watched, friendly but prying, to learn what dose had been administered and how he swallowed it, straight-backed indolence had been easier than any other thing. But here, alone in his room, he propped his chin on his palms, propping his elbows on the chair-arms, and gazed at the orderly disorder where the clock, remorseless in its miniature fashion as devouring Time himself, ticked away more minutes. Never before had it ticked away so many idle ones out of a working day.

But his was not a working day for Claverly. He slipped down lower into the massive office chair, and the implications of his situation were revealed to him in one mercilessly swift flash of intelligence. Its very swiftness led the black sea of dizziness rolling in its wake again, and he covered his eyes with a hand.

But suddenly he raised his head. A sob, quickly choked back, had caught his ear. He stumbled to his feet and swung around.

He was not alone, after all. From her desk by the window, a stenographer, a slip of a girl, trim in business woman's black, rose too, more panic stricken than he had been. "Mr. Claverly," she stammered, "I—tried not to, truly. But—uh—oh!" she cried, and sobbed again.

Instantly Claverly was his masked self, clean, tall, young, with thoroughbred good sense in every turn of cheek and jaw and shoulder and flank, with a challenge in his eyes and in the smile, wholly likable for all its incredulity, that just touched his lips.

"Miss Helm!" he said. "Still waiting? I shall have no more work for you this morning." A moment, while the smile touched his lips more strongly, with more of its amusement in it. "Nor on any other morning, I am afraid."

The girl's eyes opened wide. She stepped swiftly toward him, and for an instant it seemed that she meant to grasp his arm with those groping fingers of hers—imploring hands they were, quite literally. "Mr. Claverly!" she cried. "It can't be as bad as that! They'd never let you—leave—the road!"

Claverly's smile became frankly amused and tolerant. Oh, no, he told her. "The road is merely a firing—me."

She did not sob again. Her lip quivered, and then, as something in her answered to the insulting disdain in him, the mothering creature became all at once a vibrantly enduring thing. Claverly, watching her as she leisurely gathered up her work to leave him, was proud of her. Women were always doing things like that. Eyes looking straight out untroubled, chin up and never a soft muscle tightening, they said, "Good-by, then, Mr. Claverly?" just as conventionally as she was saying, "Oh, no, he told her."

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At twelve minutes past the Chief had summoned him. He had strolled through the outer office, between the batteries of prying eyes, and opened the door marked "General Manager."

As he expected, the old man was in a towering passion. His eyes snapped in the caverns under his bushy brows as he stared across the untidy table. His thick neck swelled with a sudden rush of blood, and he plucked at his collar with an impatient finger. It was a characteristic trick—some day he would go with apology. Then, thrusting out his chin, "Well?" he asked.

Claverly made no answer. None was expected yet.

Holt waited through the space of two quick breaths. He plucked at the collar again. "Well?" he repeated. The monosyllable held the crude brutality of a blow delivered straight into an undefended face.

Claverly, standing indifferently at ease across the table, smiled ever so slightly. "Well, sir?" he said in his turn. His voice was colorless.

"What about losing those fast freight contracts?" the old man blustered, and then, as Claverly's face impassively left to be answered before he had his say out: "Carson couldn't make the Intercolonial people terms on empties and demurrage. And his wire lay on your desk from 4 p. m. Monday till 10 a. m. yesterday. Why didn't he get authority?"

Again he gave Claverly no room to reply. "I ain't kicking just because we lose some freight. But I do kick when we lose freight. We don't have to lose. That's your job. The road pays to see that don't happen. Now—why?" Again the question came with unveiled brutality, and he gave Claverly no room to reply. "I like the fist of a bucko matie crashing into a seaman's face."

Claverly smiled again. "I don't seem to remember much about it," said he, his voice still colorless.

"I have a notion, though, it was the same old story, sir." The thought might have amused him. The veins in the old man's temples bulged. "Same old story!" he shouted. "Drunk on the job, eh! I've stood a lot from you and never said a word. But—he leaned forward, and the words came with the vicious sweep of short-arm blows—"but when you have the nerve to offer it as an excuse—"

The little smile still curled Claverly's lips, but the corners of them lifted warningly, like an Ayredale's. "Mr. Holt," he said, still in that colorless voice, "I merely answered your question. No excuses have been offered." His eyes met the old man's steadily.

For an instant Holt glared. Then his angry face turned gray and stony. He picked up a pencil, only to lay it down. "I beg your pardon," he said with averted eyes.

Claverly twitched his shoulders. "Mind if I smoke, sir?" he asked. "Smoke your darned head off if you want to!" Holt spoke with a swift return of anger. Then, quietly enough, he said, "You know as well as I do why I've stood so much from you. You've barked on for so much from you. You've barked on to get traffic and move traffic—when you want to. But there's a limit. There's such a thing as justice to the man that does stay on the job. What religion I've got bolts right down to this: God certainly hates a quitter."

"I should have resigned yesterday, sir," said Claverly, "only—he stopped to inhale a whiff of smoke and blow it out again—"it seemed more appropriate, all around—to wait and give you a chance to—fire—me."

"Well," said Holt, grimly matter-of-fact, as if he spoke to a recalcitrant train-man instead of to his freight traffic manager, "you're fired." He punched a button on the desk-front by his knees. "Good-by, sir," Claverly had answered, and even as the door closed behind him he heard Holt dictating, "In regard to the new Equipment 5's—"

That rather daunted even Billy Claverly's self-assurance, it came so quickly. But he had strolled back, through the long office, between banks of typewriters and adding machines, with nothing save a little tilt to his chin and a little added indifference in his smile giving notice to prying, friendly eyes that the pet of a trunk-line railroad had just been disgraced in the course of a morning's work.

That had been merely the easy wear, for a minute longer, of the mask he had worn for years. Easy, too, even amusing, the recall of Miss Helm to the paths of discipline, the friendly nod in respect to her composed farewell. But, once alone with his sister's toy as it ticked away the empty minutes, alone with the grunt of locomotives and the click and grind of car-wheels that rose to his window from the bustling terminal train-shed far beneath, bringing with each rattle and clatter a whiff of acridly sulphurous coal-smoke, increase to the railroad man in him—alone with those thoughts, the reaction came. The roaring traffic in the yard, monotonously singing, beat a refrain in his ears: "You're fired, Billy Claverly.—Good-by, good-by.—Now in regard to—those Equipment 5's—"

Came, too, a daunting and an unexpected mistrust of the future, immediate and more remote. The world that went with eddying "smoke-curls" and clicking wheels, a place of pressing activities and exacting duties, lay empty about him as an empty house. The day held no furniture of work for him, there or anywhere, nor the days to come, unless he made it for himself.

Claverly, gazing dully round the room where work, close-pressed and tangible enough, had been his, felt the first stab of loneliness for it, as for the sight of some dead friend—the ache that in the months to come was to drive him through the Valley of Humiliation.

His door-latch clicked, and before he could straighten up a heavy hand rested on his shoulder and Holt's voice said: "I've been thinking about you. I can't drop you this way, like a hot potato."

For a moment he stared at the scribbled bits of yellow paper. Then, silently, he got up and reached them to his sister. And she, still quivering with disdain of him, and all men, and all the world, put out a hand and took them.—By Rowland Thomas, in McClure's Magazine.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

Smiles live long after frowns have faded.—James A. Garfield.

Most of the new fashionable silks have the satin finish.

One-piece dresses are increasing in popularity. They are suitable not only for morning wear, but for the more dressy occasions.

Taupe (mole) is an old favorite costume color now brilliantly revived.

For the young girl the dainty pastel shades are called. They are being worn to the more brilliant colors which are now with us.

In thin materials the skirts are cut a trifle wider at the base, but in tailored costumes the skirt is still conspicuously narrow.

The use of fur trimmings on evening gowns is quite marked.

Chenille embroidery is coming prominently to the front this year.

Velvet is the predominating feature in the realm of the fine tailored suits.

The young girl in her teens is proverbially difficult to dress, but very often the simplest and most sensible solution of the difficulty is to let mother and to adhere to the tailor-made.

The fine stripes that are so fashionable make very suitable schoolgirl costumes, especially in the vague black and gray stripes that are now worn. The skirt is cut simply with an apron back and front cut simply with a few buttons of sea material; the coat is short and single or double breasted without trimming, but with the collar faced with gray velvet.

Matching the costume, the hat should be of gray beaver, with just one touch of color, a cerise feather.

In the Woman's Home Companion there is what is called "The Exchange." It is a department of practical household news sent in by readers from various parts of the country. Following is a suggestion sent in by a mother in Michigan:

"I buy the sweaters for my children the same color, and when the sleeves have given out, as they always do long before the body of the garment, I make new sleeves of the whole part of one sweater for the other one."

A most charming afternoon dress is in black and white striped taffeta and the touch of black plush, together with the "line" of the bodice and skirt, lend it grace and distinction.

The sack train is also a not-worthwhile feature. To introduce a welcome touch of color add a satin rose of deep red—resemble the damask rose, or a copper colored rose with vivid green leaves.

For a brighter frock taffeta, with a cherry-colored ground and a stripe of black or maroon, executed the same design. The skirt may be long or short, as one pleases, but it is to be recorded that the long skirt gains in favor almost daily for house and dress wear.

Still the rumors of full skirts, pleats, flounces and even of ermines persist, but in the ateliers of the best dressmakers no signs of these calamities—as most of us regard them—are discernible. One of the fashionable "rainbow" gowns "created" but a day or two since by a well known couturiere showed a plain "underdress."

Undue redness of the face can be relieved for a time at least by pinning the feet in hot water to draw the blood from the head. The stays should never be tight, and no highly seasoned foods or condiments indulged in.

The girdle is present in almost all designs. They have the smallest pretensions to dressiness and some very pretty ideas are forthcoming. A knitted scarf of silk with ball or fringe-trimmed ends is very appropriately called the subretasche. Black velvet figures largely as a girdle. All kinds of fancy ribbons are used as well as the plain stripes, sash width in most cases. The styles are so novel and so merely a pleated girdle finished with a tailored rosette; sometimes it is a scarf effect, simply knotted with long, softly falling ends; sometimes it is pleated around the waist and finished with a most elaborate "flower rosette" with long broad ends. Evening gowns have most elaborate and costly girdles made of gold cord, tinsel flowers, chenille or jewels. Cordelieres, too, are still in the highest favor and in the same styles that have been shown for some time past.

Velvet Cream—Into a double boiler put one-half box of gelatine, the juice of one-half of a lemon, and one and one-half cups of sherry and the same quantity of sugar. Let stand until the gelatine is soft, then beat until it dissolves; strain and set aside until cold. Just as it begins to thicken, add one cupful and a half of rich cream and beat with an egg-beater until thick enough to drop; turn into wetted molds and set in a cold place until ready to serve.

Chicken Broth—Take a chicken or fowl and break the bones. Clean carefully. Put into a saucepan two quarts of water, a small onion, two tablespoons of rice and salt to taste. Skin when it boils. Cover closely and allow it to simmer for six hours if a fowl and five hours if a chicken.

A mole or a pimple can be concealed by a bit of court-plaster skillfully applied. Flesh-color is best, but even black will take simply as one of the beauty patches which women are again affecting. Another way to hide a mole is to cover it thickly with cold cream and then to sprinkle well with flesh-colored powder until it is invisible.

Hobgoblin Cups—Serve frozen cider sherbet in the hobgoblin cups which are made of papier mache and come expressed by this purpose. Each cup bears a different expression, and green paper pumpkin leaves also can be purchased on which to serve them. If the cider is sweet then enough lemon juice should be added to give zest to the ice. When the ice is frozen to a mush add one cupful of sweet cream to each quart of cider and finish freezing.