Bellefonte, Pa., April 11, 1913.

HIS BURDEN.

There's a dreadful heavy somethin' Right in the place that's me: I'm sure I never et it-

I never felt it in me Till one day mother said: 'Does anybody know what's gone With my new ball o' thread?

I never answered nothin'-I never told no story About my new kite string An' vet, whenever mother

Looks lovin'-like at me,

My lips get sort o' trem An' that ball o' twine I see Then the heavy, heavy somethin' Mos' takes my breath; an', say, Did you ever have a mother? Did you ever feel that way?

-[Eva Malone, in Boys and Girls.

## WHAT MY BOY KNOWS.

My boy is sixteen years old. He was born in Chicago, and has lived in that city practically his entire life. He was in the second year at high school. His cousin Fred, fifteen years old, lives on a farm near a small city in Ohio, and attends high school there. Both boys have been guarded and trained as carefully as the understanding and the circumstances of their parents have permitted.

Next fall we will leave Chicago and take up our residence on the farm which adjoins my brother Fred's place. We have been asked repeatedly by friends and neighbors why we are willing to leave our comfortable home in one of the most beautiful residential districts and desert, practically, a paying and growing business to "bury ourselves" in the country. A few evenings ago I explained the reasons in detail to an old neighbor, a father who has raised three sons and a daughter and seen two of the boys "go wrong." For a long time after I had finished he sat gazing into the fire. Then he said

simply:
"I think you are right, and I'll pray you are in time. Billy, what you ought to do

are in time. Billy, what you ought to do is to write the things you have told me. There must be thousands of parents situated exactly as you are—and as I was."

Therefore: We are going into the country because of our boy. We have found out what he knows, and that he learned it of the city. Only recently my wife and I discovered that, no matter how carefully and conscientiously paragraphs. how carefully and conscientiously parents may strive, it is practically impossi-ble to rear a boy in a large city and bring him to be a clean, broad-minded wholesome young man. The fault lies not with the boy, nor entirely with the parents. I do not say that the city-bred boy is doomed to criminality, but I am fully convinced that if he escapes becom-ing morally oblique and tending toward degeneracy it will be luck as much as

I am going to write as plainly, almost. as I spoke with my old neighbor. If there are fathers and mothers who think they know their boys, I want them to beautifully bound copy of the Declarathey know their boys, I want them to read. For the great trouble is that we all think we know our boys and that they are "all right." Until last autumn we said: 'Cut out that George M. Cohan vere smugly satisfied with ourselves and with our boy. We felt rather sorry that times.' He ought to be thrashed." It will not help to thrash him," I relar "advantages." It was through the bringing of the two boys together that lar "advantages." It was through the bringing of the two boys together that we were awakened to see the truth.

we were awakened to see the truth.

We decided to spend our vacation in a long-deferred visit to Fred on the farm. It was understood that when we returnate when we returnate when we return the weakened to see the truth.

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"No," I admitted; "we didn't. Neither the weakened to spend our vacation in a long country girl as if he were staring at some Broadway walker." It was understood that when we returned to city Fred's boy should come with us and remain a month or more during the winter to "give him a chance to see a little of life and broaden out." We reached Fred's place after an all-night ride, and the boys spent the morning getting acquainted with each other. I walked with the boys over the farm. Fred showed my boy, George, his traps for mink, weasel, and muskrat, that he he had set in the creek; he pointed out the cover where the quail were, explained the silos, took him up through the dairy barn, started the cream-separator, ex-plained the milking-machine. I was much interested to see the development of the old place, and so interested that I did not observe for some time that George appeared bored and kept winking at me while Fred talked of the rotation of crops and the success and failure of some experiments he had tried. The only thing I observed that day was that our boy did not compare favorably, physically, with his sturdy, self-reliant cousin. He was better dressed, but I felt a pang of regret to think his younger cousin could beat him at anything requiring strength or endurance. It was not until night, when we retired to our rooms, that I began to see light. George hardly could wait until we were alone.

"Oh, aren't they rubes, though!" he laughed. "Honestly, mother, I hardly could keep my face straight when Fred was showing me round. But, cracky, I wish I could handle a machine the way he does! He knows all about autos, and he does! He knows all about autos, and and asked Fred if he thought the same and asked Fred if he thought the same his father lets him go anywhere in it. But he's green as grass. He talked as if I cared about cows and sheep and chopping up corn and stuff.

"Momsy, I nearly snorted out loud at dinner and supper. What the dickens do they want to pray for that kind of grub for? I never saw such service. If Jane cut bread into chunks like that, and piled things onto plates, and shoveled it

at you the way these hayseeds do-"
"That will do," I said angrily. "It seems to me you have a poor sense of politeness to speak that way of your relations who also are your hosts. It's a poor return for their hospitality."

"Oh, I forgot you used to be a Jasper too!" he laughed, not in the least abashed. "Ill bet you had to wash in cold water and eat ham gravy too. This simple life isn't any hit with me."

I was losing my temper when the wife said: "Don't scold him, Billy; it's all new to him, and he doesn't mean to be rude

or impolite, do you, George?"
"Why, these Reubens back here in the high grass don't know what politeness is, Dad," he argued. "Fred don't know how to tie his neck-scarf. He told me himself he never had a dress suit in his life. What do you think of that? When life. What do you think the calls his Sunday suit. And he's never been to the theater except to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and the Drummer Boy of Shiloh.' He thinks that's great. Wait will I get him into town, and I'll teach is into town.

could not sleep, but kept thinking over and over his words and his manner; and observing that my wife also was sleep-less, I said:

gered me more than anything else was the arrogant assumption of every person I met that they were a superior class, just because I came from the country. George has that same assumption."

"I don't believe he is that way at all,"

protested my wife, blind in her devotion to the boy. "It is just because every-thing here is so new and different." We talked until far into the night: I

bitter because of the boy's words and manner, and she warm in his defense. "Well," I finally remarked, "I will not permit him to insult or affront Fred's from evil interested us both. The attitude family. We'll study the boy, and I will of my own son toward the things his not speak of it again until you do, or cousin shrank from filled me with heart-

Fortunately, we always had treated the Fortunately, we always had treated the boy as an equal and invited his confidences, so there was little difficulty in learning his views and thoughts on an equal the "upper middle-class" boy. He learning his views and thoughts on various subjects. The discoveries I made were a revelation to me. They made me realize that, closely as we had watched and guarded the lad, our study of him had been superficial; but now that I studied him with a definite purpose, little was concealed. For more than a week I associated with him and his cousin as much as possible without arousing their suspicions, and drew them out on various subjects. The saving feature of my boy was that he showed little hesitation in speaking openly to me and giving me his opinions on the most delicate subjects -subjects indeed that caused his cousi to blush and stammer, and of which he knew little or nothing. I was doing much thinking, and I studied my wife closely to see whether she was observing the boy or not; for, after our rather hearted curtain argument on the night of our arrival, neither had mentioned the subject. More than a week passed before she opened the subject. She waited until George had gone to his bedroom, and

"Billy, I want to talk with you about George. I have been watching him, and I'm beginning to be ashamed of him. You'll have to take him in hand and talk to him. I'll not have him showing his con-tempt for Brother Fred's family and for the people around here the way he

"What has he been doing?" I asked. "What kind of a boy have you found him

"I'm ashamed to say it," she said, "but if you and I do not make him change his ways he'll soon be the kind of boy I associate with.'

"I felt that way myself, at first," I told her; "but I have changed my views some-what. What has he done to make you ashamed?"

"He considers himself a superior being," she answered. "He has low views

"We never taught him to laugh at relig

did we keep him from doing those things, nor show him wherein they were wrong He is merely reflecting the things he seen and hears every day in the city, the things you and I and our friends say and do the things he hears on the stage, sees on the street, and reads in the newspapers.

He's a city boy—"
"But he knows right from wrong.
We've taught him; we've sent him to the best schools, and to church and Sunday school.'

"Yes, and slept late Sunday morning ourselves," I argued. "The whole thing is that he sees so much bad that is accepted as a matter of course, and with-out protest, that bad and good are all alike to him."

We talked it over again until far into the night and we decided to maintain si-lence, to correct him when a good object esson arose, to show him that there are things outside his own narrow life and views worth while—and why they are worth while. The one thing I feared, was arousing a spirit of resentment. I wanted him to see of his own accord. We agreed to adhere to the original program and bring the boys back to the city together. The next day I casually picked up the Declaration of Independence as we all sat in the living-room, and opened up a discussion with Fred, intending to confine the conversation that ing to confine the conversation to the spirit existed among Americans today as among those who signed that famous document. To my delight Fred took up the argument at once, voicing his view that everywhere, except in the great cities, the spirit of the signers was unchanged, except by modernization, and that even in the cities, although sub-merged under the veneer of false living, it was to be found. I observed that the boys, who had been playing some game, stopped and listened intently to our argument. In the midst of it my boy interrupted, saying freshly:
"Aw, say, Uncle Fred, that's old stuff!

the Jews own it."
"It isn't the Jew, nor the money power, that threatens the United States," he said; "it's boys like you, who think it's smart to repeat glib, fresh sayings like that, things they don't know nor under-stand, that threaten this country."

The rebuke stung. George turned scarlet, and pretty soon went to bed, shamed and set back, and I believed my first step toward bringing him to see himself as others saw him had been a

After George had gone to his room, I ing his example, but that within a week ould not sleep, but kept thinking over he ceased doing so. I do not think there is any danger, so if you are willing to take the risk of having your boy contam-inated by a month in the city with my boy and his friends, we'll try this thing

less, I said:

"I'm worrying about George. If we do not change him some way, he is likely to develop into a cheap snob."

"Why, Billy, what do you mean?" exclaimed the wife, rousing in an instant to the defense of her only child.

"Just that," I answered. "I did not notice it until tonight. The thing that hrings it home to me is that when I first hrings it home to me is that when I first any stronger morally than yours or any strong

"It's perspective, I think," remarked red. "We here in the country see the Fred. evils in city life that you are too close to

to see at all The month in the country had shown me much, but the revelation was nothing compared with that brought about by four weeks in Chicago. My wife and I were with the boys as much as we possibly could be. The eager expectancy of the country boy, his interest in everything he saw, his quickness in learning from observation, and his instinctive recoiling

I do not desire to convey the idea that was merely tuned to the low moral tone of the city. Vice, to him, was not a monster of hideous mien. He had seen it from childhood, and, although he had not done so, he was arriving at the embracing stage. He scoffed at the idea of visiting the Lincoln Park Zoo when his cousin proposed it, declaring "only rubes go there." He sneered at the proposal to go to the University of Chicago, which, he calmly stated, was "only a Jew-andjay school where no one went. All the real folks go to Yale or Harvard." He admitted that he never had gone through the stock-yards, or the city hall, or the art museum. He didn't know where Armour Institute and Hull House are. In fact, in one week his country cousin knew more about the city, its condition, its institutions, and government than mine did. He read the papers, discussed happenings, made inquiries about various parts of the city, and one day went unattended to the public library, then to the Crerar, to look up some historical records, and being unable to find them was directed to the Historical Society, and came late to dinner full of enthusiasm. Thinking it a good opportunity, I laughed and asked George where the Historic-al Society was. He did not know. Nor did he know where the Crerar was, but said the public library was that big building near the Illinois Central terminal. He never had been in it, nor seen its fine

decorations and marbles.
"You two," I said to the boys, "show me the truth about a thing that has puzzled me for years, and that is why there are so few Chicago boys holding Chicago jobs. In our office there are seventy wouldn't allow a daughter of mine to men, and I do not think two of them are natives. The evident reason is that the Chicago boy knows so much less about his own city than the country boy does that the country boy gets the job."

I thought such examples, brought to his attention at the moment when the proof was self-evident, would awaken him to the serious view of life. The process, however, was slow, and most of the time it seemed as if we were not making headway at all. It was discouraging at times, and irritating. For example, one morning Fred said:

"Let's go down to the Field Museum

"Aw, what's the use?" protested George "That won't get you anything. Say, Dad, there's a bully matinee at the Illinois today, take us to it."

day, take us to it."

I took them. Leaving the theater with the boys, I observed a flabby-faced, loose-lipping, young-old man, overdressed, weary-looking, and worn out at perhaps twenty-five, loitering in the lobby. He was a type—a type of the cane-carrying, cigarette-smoking, loose-moraled youth that is becoming more prevalent and to that is becoming more prevalent, and so strong was my disgust, I called the at-tention of the boys to him as another

That's a product of idleness and viciousness," I remarked,never thinking but that both would be as disgusted with the sight of this semi-degenerate as I was.
"A boy who wastes his time and money as he does soon degenerates into that sort of travesty on manhood."

"Him?" exclaimed my son. "Oh, he ain't so worse! That's—. His father is president of the——— Company. They say he has an allowance of five hundred dollars a month, and his father gives him a new car, whenever he worst. gives him a new car whenever he wants

'You know that creature?" I demanded in astonishment. "Yes, I met him once. Some of the frat boys introduced him. He certainly has a good time, and he's the best ferret

in Chicago."
"Ferret?" I asked. "What's a ferret?" "Gee, Dad, you're way behind the times A ferret is a chicken-snatcher. He's laying for some show crinoline now, and he's the bramble that catches them." In spite of my resolution to keep silence, I came near exploding then and there. I saw Fred's boy blushing, as he half understood the bald immorality of my son's remarks. If that degenerate was my son's ideal, I thought the sooner I thrashed that ideal out of him the better. If he imagined that knowing a few ter. If he imagined that knowing a few poor moths of stage girls, doomed, before they start, to ruin and debauchery at the hands of such as he, constituted "having a good time," then I determined to cure that idea. I controlled myself with difficulty. I was learning that my son had progressed further along the road to ruin than even I thought, and I renewed my efforts.

I realized then that no amount of talk from me would help, and that probably nothing his mother could say would be listened to. The only way, I realized, was We aren't free and equal. We aren't even free. There aren't any United States: to start him thinking for himself—and then talk. I realized he was so dazzled the Jews own it." true; that the boy was in the grip of the

> I took the boys to a serious play. My I took the boys to a serious play. My son admired the "shape" of the girl who played the soubrette part. His cousin was thoughtful all the way home, studying the problem of the piece. I led him to discuss the problem and give his views upon them, and I noticed that my own boy listened half enviously. He had seen nothing in the piece beyond the surface, although he criticized the work of the performers intelligently. I took them one formers intelligently. I took them one day to a lecture by one of the greatest thinkers of modern times. It was too deep for the boys. Mine "sneaked out to smoke a cig," as he candidly remark-

d when we came out.

His cousin was not perfect. I saw To tell the truth, it is small wonder he

faults in him too, but he was normal; was puzzled over the object of the work; and he viewed things from a normal distance and in the right light. Indeed, uses, a work on the sex relation, and a during the entire experiment his cousin was a great help. By talking to him and drawing out his views, I revealed to my own son what I thought. Sometimes I would say:

"Get such and such a book, and see what so and so wrote on that subject, George."

ercising violence, and other times when I felt like applying the scourge to myself. The one thing I feared during that period was losing control of the boy and bringing him into open rebellion. He always had been obedient, and never, so far as I knew, had flagrantly disregarded my orders. He could be led and persuaded, cleverly, and cynicism born of hearing such things flaunted over the footlights or dished out as "clever" in the newspapers. What distressed me almost as If the theater had been partly respongreatly as his low estimation of women idea fostered by the city. He was a bar ahead in the tune of the times.

school, or "Prep" school, as he called it, a sense of honor would be taught, but there he associated with boys also sent the stage or read in the papers. I discovered a circulating library of filth

among them. The evening before Fred went home I had a long talk with him; for, to tell the truth, I feared that the influence of what he had seen and heard might be damaging to him.

"I'm not sorry I'm going home, Uncle," he said, "but I'd like to come again, some time, for a few weeks and see it all."
"Do you like the city?" I inquired.
"Would you like to live here?"

"No-not yet. You see it's so big. I guess I'm what George says I am-'a yap.' There are so many things that I see here that won't gee with what they

always have taught me at home." "D
The boy's words awakened memories. I recalled the sense of shocked and sham-you." ed decency I felt when first I came to to see as right things that everyone in of course, but which, from earliest boyhood, I had been taught to regard as
wicked. I could not for many months
become accustomed to seeing immodestly
dressed women on or off the stage, or to
hearing half-veiled indecency flaunted
from the stage, blazoned in the newspapers, or used even in ordinary conversation. I could not get used to seeing or two: and maybe when we come back sation. I could not get used to seeing or two; and maybe, when we come back, drinking, especially among women, in l'll be strong enough to be sure of myself public places, or observing the callous and to help them." of the spirit of the city, and had accepted the things that had shocked me, with indifference, or as a matter of course, until, in fact, I scarcely noticed them.

in fact, I scarcely noticed them.

How to bring home the truth to the boy who never had seen anything but city life, and therefore had no means of contrasting it with other standards, worried me. One evening in the early winter I stopped at the club for dinner, and fell in with a man I shall call Ned. I tricts of Centre county at the places namely like and known him and known his father. had known him, and known his father. He was perhaps thirty years of age, and est of the younger generation of business men, a leader in civic affairs, a thinker, and a clean, straight fellow. I asked Ned to dine with me. After dinner I said:

"Ned, I want to ask you some closeimpertinent, perhaps—questions about yourself."

Then I told him in detail of the boy, his actions, how much he knew, and how much of the fruit of the tree of evil he already had tasted, and concluded: "I want to make him see it himself. I emember you when you seemed to be going the same way. I want you to tell

me what it was that set you to thinking and caused you to change. He was thoughtful for some time, and then said: "I know just what changed me. Maybe it will help in your case. At least, it cannot do any harm.

Then he told me some secrets of his own boyhood; how, for one long period, he skirted the brink of ruin, physically and morally, and how an accident had confined him to his room for weeks and altered the course of his life. We agreed to try the same experiment on my boy.

The following day Ned brought me a list of books that he asked me to procure. That evening after dinner I was in the library, and I summoned my son.
"George," I remarked, "I have decided a college course for you, but probably help more. I want you to do some special reading and studying here at home. I shall insist upon serious work. Every until luncheon-time. After that you are

free for the day." I gave him the five books I had puror four days was annoying, and he was at it every evening when I came home from dinner.

uses, a work on the sex relation, and a history of civilization in France. Then there were two novels; one historical, dealing with Polish history; one with the

degeneracy of modern Rome
For a month Ned and I selected books. varied in subject and in material. George was reading much better,-that is, more intelligently,-and he scarcely grumbled. It was a trying thing for me, as a father, to withhold criticism, and an even I was "driving at," but he was off in his greater one to withhold punishment.

There were times when I felt like example of the started what I was "driving at," but he was off in his auto, or with friends in the afternoons, and I frequently took him with me to the

theaters in the evenings.

It was five weeks after the start of the experiment that I began to notice a subtle change, one perhaps he did not realize himself. He was more silent, and appeared to be thinking. I observed, too, that frequently in the evenings at home he would read books from our own libut was difficult to drive. To command him to think so and so, and believe so and so, and do so and so, would only to in some of the books I had set him to arouse rebellion until he saw clearly, and reading. I gave him a book on the Mod-the problem was to make him see. I knew that a greater part of his ideas on referred constantly to Shakespeare, tracpatriotism, on women, on the sanctity of marriage, were but reflections of views ences, and when we went to the theater he had heard expressed, often tritely and

sible for his moral blindness, it also helpwas his immorality in money matters ed to open his eyes. It was rather a and lack of business sense of honor. "Get cheap, tawdry, and essentially nasty it anyway, but get it," was his idea—an French farce that finally turned the tide. We went together, and before the middle I had hoped that in the private high pened. My son seemed oddly excited, achool or "Prep" school, as he called it, almost disgusted. The character was of the first act I saw something had hapeffeminate and disgusting, and he was a burlesque on the ultra-modern young "to guard them against the evils of the man. We were leaving the theater when city," who, in many instances, were more in the lobby we encountered a youth who modern than he, and who retailed to each had been one of my son's oldest chums other the worst of what they heard on at the private school. George cut him the stage or read in the papers. I dis-dead as he bowed and raised his hat.

"Why did you cut him?" I inquired.
"Why—you see," he stammered, "I
don't want to associate with that kind of fellow again." Then he burst out, "Oh. Dad, I just saw tonight why you wanted me to read those books and why you take me to these plays! I've been so slow."

"They didn't teach you to snub that boy because he does not see things as you do—now?"

you do—now?"
"No-o, I'm sorry I did." He sat silent, looking out the window all the way home. We went into the house together, and as I started up-stairs he said, more timidly than he had spoken to me in years:

"Dad, to-morrow is Saturday. If you're not busy I'd like to have a long talk with

I knew the turning-point had come. the city, a boy almost, and fresh from the country; how I tossed in my bed trying the boy laid his heart open to me. "You can go back to school now." I the city appeared to accept as a matter said. "And you'll be an influence for

indifference even of the "good people" to scenes and actions directly forbidden as unforgivable at home. So I understood when we parted for the night it was thing he had not done for years; and I felt he was saved.—The American Maga-

ed below. The meetings will be called at 1.30 p. m., at each place except at Unionor eighteen I had regarded him as the wildest young scapegrace I knew. Suddenly he had dropped all his wild ways, steadied down, and, although still a bachelor, was rated as one of the soundest of the younger generation of hysics. She has a special message for all.

She has a special message for all.

District number 12, Miles, Haines, Penn and Millheim, Millheim, April 21st.
District number 11, Cregg, Potter and Centre Hall, Centre Hall, April 22nd.
District number 10, Ferguson, Pine Grove Mills, April 23rd.
District number 9, College, Harris and College borough, State Collage, April 24th.
District number 7, Spring, Benner and Bellefonte, Bellefonte, April 25th.
District number 6, Marion and Walker, Zion, April 26th.
District number 5, Howard, Liberty, Curtin and Howard borough, Eagleville, April 28th.
District number 2, Snow Shoe, Burnside and Snow Shoe borough, Snow Shoe, Burnside and Snow Shoe borough, Snow Shoe, April 29th.
District number 1, Rush, Philipsburg and South Philipsburg, Philipsburg, April 30th.
District number 3, Taylor, Worth and Huston Port Matilda, May 1st.
District number 8, Patton and Halfmoon, Stormstown, May 2nd.
District number 4, Boggs and Union, Milesburg and Unionville, Unionville, May 3rd.
Come and hear Miss Robison and bring Come and hear Miss Robison and bring with you all lovers of the Sunday school.

These meetings will be held preparatory to the Centre county Sunday school convention which will convene in Rebersburg on May 5th and 6th. Will the district officers please pre-

pare for these meetings? C. L. GRAMLEY, President. W. NUTTALL, Sec'y.

Can anything be more offensive than to take you out of school, for a time at least. This will not change our plans for not had the experience of a conversation with some one whose every word seemed to reek with corruption? Foul breath is only one symptoms of a foul stomach.
The work of the stomach and organs of morning at nine o'clock go to your room and work on the books I shall give you, properly performed when the health is properly performed when the health is tainted. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will sweeten the breath by cur-I gave him the five books I had purchased that day, with a list showing the order in which I desired him to study of effete matter from the system, clears them. He glanced through one after another, plainly puzzled, and striving to guess what the object was. The manner in which he fumed and fretted for three

"I don't see any sense in this stuff," he complained. "What's it all about?"

"In good time I'll tell you, if you can't see for yourself," I replied rather sharply.

At the end of the first week I asked him to hand me a written review of what he had read, together with some deductions of his own. His report showed that his reading had been careless and sliphis reading had been careless and slip-shod, and I rebuked him for his failure to think of what he was reading, and set

one-cent stamps for the book bound in paper, or 31 stamps for cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

## FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

Every man stamps his value on himself; the price we challenge for ourselves is given us .-

Dinner Without a Maid.-Housekeepers who do not keep maids and wish to entertain their friends will find it quite easy if they adopt a little system.

First find out just what you are going to serve for dinner, how many courses, how many guests and at what hour.

If possible do your ordering the day be-fore. Go to market and pick out your own material.

If grapefruit or cantaloupe is to be served, prepare it the first thing in the morning and put it on ice; also salad; even the salad dressing may be made and

put in a bowl and covered.

Prepare all vegetables, ices, ice cream or berries for dessert. If cake is to be served, make it the day

See that your house is in order, that your linen and silver are ready.

The table may be set early in the after-

noon, and have it just as attractive for four as for a big dinner party. Arrange the dishes for every course and place in little stacks on the kitcher

Try to have roasts or fowls or something that will not keep one in the kitchen over the hot stove all the time or at the last moment, when the housekeeper wants her dinner and herself to be a suc-

Give yourself time for a bath and rest, and always have a pretty and becoming home evening dress, so when the time comes for the guests to arrive you will be able to meet them with a smiling face instead of being tired and worn out.

Since combination suits, consisting of two materials, will be much worn for spring, a great variety of styles in sepaspring, a great variety of styles in separate skirts are being shown. There are both draped and pleated skirts in large quantities. The more practical skirts have only a slight drapery, which comes well below the knees, thereby preserving the flat hip appearance. A few draped skirts with the new Oriental draperies caught up in the front agreement draperies caught up in the front are seen,

but they are rather extreme.

There are many types of new pleated skirts, including cluster pleats, most of which are stitched or caught together by tape, so as to preserve the narrow ap-pearance and still give the desired width to make them practicable for walking. A few gored skirts are seen, but in the majority of cases a few pleats are introduced.

Buttons with simulated buttonholes or loops are the favored trimmings on sep-arate skirts, the idea being to carry out the tailormade effect

The materials used are serges, whipcords, mixtures checks and ratine weaves, the latter in plain colors in two-toned effects, stripes and brocades Among the silk skirts are charmeuse, crepe meteor, crepe de chine and the new brocade

Wash skirts in the corded materials, such as piques, cordelines, reps, etc., and in linens of the ramie weaves and washable pongees.

In the Woman's Home Companion what the boy meant. I remembered I understood we were to build on part of had dropped gradually, as the years passed, into a careless cynicism, a reflection there—rightly. And as he started for Girls About Their Clothes." Following there—rightly. And as he started for bed my boy kissed his mother, which he always had done, and then kissed me, a deas about hairdressing for young girls: ideas about hairdressing for young girls:
"In arranging your hair, I would bear
first in mind, if I were you, not to hide
the shape of your head. You may admire the way your older sister or your best friend's mother wears her hair, but don't try to copy it. The more simply you fix your hair the more becoming it is sure to be Parting the hair either in the middle or at the side is very pretty if it happens to be becoming to you, but if it is not, the soft wavy pompadour worn without a rat is in quite as good style. The hair which is drawn back from the forehead in a low pompadour and con, tinued back over the crown of the headwhere it is then made into a little coil covered by a big bow, is very effective, only it must not have the effect of all bow and the little head. The bow should be small enough to show two cunning little curls below it."

> Duchess Potato Balls.—Prepare a quart of fluffy mashed potatoes. Beat in an egg, then form into balls; while still hot, roll lightly in an egg beaten with one-half cup of water and set on a buttered sheet in a hot oven till browned. Remove with a pancake turner.

Marble Cake.-Put one square of chocolate and one slightly rounding table-spoonful of butter in a cup and set in a dish of hot water to melt. Cream onehalf cupful of butter and one cupful of sugar together; add one-half cupful of milk, slowly beating all the time. Add one and one-half cupfuls of flour, sifted with two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of vanilla and last the stiffly beaten whites of six eggs. Put one-third of this batter into another bowl and mix in the melted chocolate and butter. Drop the light and dark mix-ture into a buttered pan in alternate spoonfuls and bake in a moderate oven about three-quarters of an hour. Cover with a white or chocolate icing.

The tailor-made suit that is strictly correct requires a blouse corsage of just the type to meet the occasion the garment is to adorn.

If it be a morning suit for the country, there should be a masculine looking shirt made of thick satin, flannel, delaine, the luxurious and beautiful crepe de chine or China silk.

Then there comes an intermediate kind of blouse made, let us say, of cotten crepe that will wash and wash again, like the proverbial rag. What a comfort this kind of blouse is to the traveler! She can launder it herself quite easily should necessity arise.

The demi-tailored dresses, and the strictly severe ones that are to be worn in the city afford more scope for the use of beautiful and varied materials and

The latest caprice in collars, worn outside the coat, should be a feature of these waists. White satin composes them, and needless to say, they should be so contrived that they can be detached and renewed easily, for damp weather is a scourging enemy to such dainties.

Some mourning blouses seen lately were materialized in black and white