

HIS BURDEN.

There's a dreadful heavy somethin' Right in the place that's me; I'm sure I never at it— It's somethin' you can't see!

WHAT MY BOY KNOWS.

My boy is sixteen years old. He was born in Chicago and has lived in this 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.

After George had gone to his room, I could not sleep, but kept thinking over and over his words and his manner; and observing that my wife also was sleepless, I said:

"I'm worrying about George. If he 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 brings it home to me is that when I first went to the city the one thing that angered 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."

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 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.

ing his example, but that within a week 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 contaminated by a month in the city with my boy and his friends, we'll try this thing out."

"The boy who never knows temptation isn't any good anyhow," said Fred. "I've faith in mine, not so much because he is any stronger morally than yours or anyone else's, but because he seems to see things better."

"How do you account for it?" I inquired. "It's perspective, I think," remarked Fred. "We here in the country see the evils in city life that you are too close to see at all."

"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 pros and cons, as you know, are not so much in evidence as they were not making headway as it was discouraging at times, and irritating. For example, one morning Fred said:

"Let's go down to the Field Museum today." "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."

faults in him too, but he was normal; and he viewed things from a normal distance and in the right light. Indeed, 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."

"It was a trying thing for me, as a father, to withhold criticism, and an even greater one to withhold punishment. There were times when I felt like exercising 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, but was difficult to drive. To command him to think, to believe and to believe so, and do so and so would only arouse rebellion until he saw clearly, and the problem was to make him see. I knew that a greater part of his ideas on patriotism, on women, on the sanctity of marriage, were but reflections of views he had heard expressed often and 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 greatly as his low estimation of women was his immorality in money matters. He had heard of business men, and he knew it anyway, but get it," was his idea—an idea fostered by the city. He was a bar ahead in the tune of the times.

"I had hoped that in the private high school, or 'Prep' school, as he called it, a sense of honor would be taught, but here he associated with boys also sent 'to guard them against the evils of the city,' who, in many instances, were more modern than he, and who related to each other the worst of what they heard on the stage or read in the papers. I discovered a circulating library of fifth among them."

"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.

was puzzled over the object of the work; there was a history of money and its 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.

"I don't believe he is that way at all," protested my wife, blind in her devotion to the boy. "It is just because everything there is so new and different."

"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 wouldn't allow a daughter of mine to associate with."

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

Every man stamps his value on himself; the price he challenges for ourselves is given us.—Schiller.

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.

Give yourself time for a bath and a 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.

See combination suits, consisting of two materials, will be much worn this spring, 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 single drape, which comes well below the knees, thereby preventing the flat hip appearance.

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 appearance 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 arate skirts, the idea being to carry out the tailored 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 brocaded failes.

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

In the Woman's Home Companion Grace Margaret Wood, fashion editor of that periodical, writes "A Talk With Girls About Their Clothes." Following is an extract which presents Miss Gould's ideas about hair-dressing for young girls: