AFTERWARD.

There's never a storm so wild But after it follows calm; There's never a hurt so great But somewhere's provided a balm; There's never a night so dark But after it follows the dawn.

There's never a shadow falls But after it follows the light; There's never a sorrow comes But after it comes delight.

There's never a sky so great But after it follows the blue; There's never a false friend found But later you'll find a true.

There's never a heart that breaks But after a while it will heal; There's never a moan of pain But after a laughter peal.

There's never a sin so black But forgiveness is found at last; There's never a weary day But sometime 'twill be past; There's never a night so dark But dawn will come at last.

WHO KISSED ME?

Yarn street is made of Chinese alleys tangled together, narrow and cobblestoned—dingy fronts packed

in with sagging stairways. In the daytime, there it is-Chinamen inside their doors, talking singsong, scuffling out of one place land song, scuffling out of song, scuffling out of one place into the wall for shops, with cases of thick, heavy cakes, sweet and overin glass jars, noodles, rice and bamboo; windows piled with goods in nink red. Chisase in the control of the copy in pink-red Chinese paper, yellow labels, straw bags of tea, black Chinese letters up and down every-thing, slippers hanging on gut like strings for fish. And then at night, flaring gaslights in among senseless, fluttering Chinese trinkets; signs of gods; bunches of brass-green coins; silk coats with embroidered patterns; colored lanterns ugly with painted faces, or beautiful with struggling willow branches and cher-

ry blossoms. A balcony of heavy gold, with dragon corners, is uncovered at night across the front of the Port Saavo. Music begins inside. Haze of incense gathers around the door, and people who are looking for Chinatown come there to sit at black teakwood tables, eat kumquats and chow mein, scald their fingers on cups of tea with no handles. They look out on a pack of Chinese children whom the management has paid to scramble in the street, and on flowers of Chinese girls, in silk coats and trousers and little flat embroidered shoes, black hair shingled in fashion, cheeks roughed, lips like poppies—and down a couple of crooked blocks, where Chinatown with sateen coats and wadded queues sit outside halfopen doors, the windows painted

sand secrets. A blue lantern hangs out at Joe Yung's place—ring of dusty light, streak of yellow down three steps to the door, bare tables and wooden chairs, walls blotched with names

over yellow faces-street of a thou-

and marks and pictures.

It is to Joe Yung's that sailors, rocking down the middle of the street, are going perhaps to sleep on his floor all the next day.

Twenty blocks away across a dirty wooden street, is the wharf, slimy green posts, rotten sides—the river crawling in, freight tugs

starting out of Yarm Street, and One night, past the music of the Port Saavo along in the thin light of the dirty windows a straggling sailor saw a white girl, frightened,

walking half running close to the buildings, cheap sleeveless dress just to her knees thick light hair pinher, her eyes darting from one thing to another.

She was a pretty girl, slim legs, silk stockings, high-heeled slippers.
"Where's Joe Yung's?" the sailor heard her ask a Chinaman sitting in a shop door, bales of tea behind him, and racks of ginger jars.
The Chinaman looked at her, The Chinaman

puffed his pipe, shrugged his shoul-ders and looked down again at a newspaper he had—Chinese letters jiggling in the gaslight. The sailor pushed his hat back

and spoke to her. "Baby." he laughed, "if every guy in the world forgets where Joe Yung's is I'll still know."

swung her down the street with him her heels tripping on the cobblestones Joe Yung was half white, big as

a white man, face like a white The sailor led the girl down Joe Yung's three steps and inside. It

was early-only a dozen there, greasy cards, bowls of soup; but already pipe smoke folded around the walls, spreading, clinging to the ceiling. "Sit down baby," the sailor grin-

ned and took her across and scraped two chairs out from a table. "I want to see Joe Yung," she

said. "Joe" the sailor called out. "Skirt ta see ya!! tables putting Vichy down my back!

He took a book of cigaret-papers I'll never make it! For Pete's sake,

out of his pocket, a sack of tobac- get some coffee!" co rolled a cigaret, lighted it and put it in her fingers.

Joe Yung, cap pulled over his eyes, shirt open at the throat, came

across the floor from a table where five men were playing poker.
"Where's Jimmy Lord?" the girl

All the men in the place turned ter him that he around to look at her—waited to rid of them all!

the table. "You heard who asked you," she "Where is he? He hasn't said.

been home for two days."

The sailor who had brought her shoved his hat back and leaned against the table. "I guess he aint." he roared. "He's in the jug!"

The girl flashed around to face him—caught her hands on the table. "What do you man jug?" she said been home for two days."

'What do you mean—jug?" she said sharply.

The sailor sat down in one of the had pulled out. "Ain't chairs he had pulled out. "Ain't you never seen one, baby?" he ask-

ed, and winked broadly at Joe. ed, and winked broadly at Joe.

The girl looked up at Joe Yung
her hands opening and closing on
the edge of the table. "What's he
talking about?" she said, her voice
quiet—steady. "Where's Jimmy?"

Joe Yung took off his cap and
put it on again. "I don't know who

you are, miss, or what reason you got to be askin'," he told her, "but what he says is the goods. A man from uptown got the cops on Jimmy Monday night, and caught him with a box a jade and a load a happy dust done up in a bale of silk. I was sorry as the devil to see a kid like Jimmy get the works, but I told him a year ago he showed up too conspicuous around here

with Chinamen. Too clean he was!" The girl had been staring at Joe Yung. Suddenly she turned and hid her face in her arms against the open door.

"But Jimmy didn't want the stuff," she said, choking—sobbing. "Why don't they get the men he works for? Why don't they get the man who sends Jimmy down here after it?"

shrilled, facing the dingy room. "Glover McKay! Glover McKay!"

what they are talkin' about, he says. Would demand an apology from the Court, he says. Never seen the kid before—don't know what it's all about! Politics tryin' to throw mud on 'm, he says."

Joe Yung made a gesture with his ands. "And Glover McKay bein' hands. Glover McKay," he said "that's all there is to that, girlie. Jimmy'll go up, and what you goin' to do?"

up, and what you goin' to do?"
The girl was crying and laughing.
tears dropping on her cheek.
"Going to do?" she said. I'll tell
you what I'm going to do! I'm going to put a bullet in McKay's vest
pocket, and when he's dead, his
bank books will be somebody's business besides his own, and they'll find said. out who paid Jimmy Lord and taught him smuggling and dodging the law, and lying! I knew something had happened. Jimmy never stays away from home. He's such a good kid!" She caught her scarf against her

eyes dropped into the chair the sailor had pulled out from the table and tried to keep from sobbing out loud. The sailor stared at her. Joe Yung came over to her, stood looking down at her trembling hands, tum-

bling curls.
"Say, girlie," he said at last, "don't be so tore to pieces! Jimmy Lord ain't the world!"

She looked up at Joe Yung, tears in her eyes, "He is to me," she said. "Jimmy's my kid. I'm his mother."

She smiled then, "I'm twenty-nine," she said. "Jimmy's fifteen." "I seen your picture in his pocket," Joe Yung grinned, "but I didn't know who you was. No wonder he was always hurryin' home!" He reached out and put his hand over hers. "Girlie, can I help you?" he said. "If you need any money"—from inside his shirt, with the hand that was free, he brought out a packsloughing tramps of boatmen com-ing up like river muck, sailors age of money—"here's a thousand you're welcome to," he said. "I'd 'a' done anything for Jimmy even be-

money. She said they had five thou-sand dollars. All they had wanted was to get away somewhere and in another day they'd have gone! They had even had their tickets! But Glovned in curls around her head, a er McKay was afraid of what Jimscarf her hand catching it against my knew! He has said if Jimmy tried to quit, he'd turn him over to

the law, and now he'd done it! She looked squarely at Joe Yung. "I'll kill Glover McKay before morning," she said. "I never saw him, but I know where to find him!"

She walked past Joe Yung into the street. He wanted to say something—wanted to stop her—but he didn't. He only stood there and watched her go along half running, keeping close to the buildings. Down by the wharves a boat whistle dragged a wail along the river.

Le Beau Cavalier. It is one of those restaurants where the ceiling is clouded silk, and waterfalls of light behind stained And he caught her arm and glass make the walls. And after midnight lost balloons bounce against the silk canopy, and paper ribbons uncurl. Derby hat on the trombone -syncopated drum shuffle-crowds swaying around the floor, lights turned into moonlight, tables white in the darkness; then the lights on again, and waiters hurrying.

The chorus girls down stairs in the

ber! And keep on an icicle headpiece and a six-foot collar, and get the dark.

down on one knee and up again in He is thinking how he can prodown on one knee and up again in six counts, with some man at the

Drums crash! The North Pole Number! Snow falling! Northern A man of forty or forty-five, hand-

lights dancing! some, wealthy and always alone, is something to talk about. Everybody said Glover McKay had been too handsome. So many women after him that he wanted only to be

He had a table by the season at the hall inside, velvetlike luxury and their bread in their soup.

"Jimmy Lord?" Joe said, "Who wants to know?"

The girl pushed the cigaret the control of the cigaret the control of the cigaret the control of the cigaret the

he had enough of the place.

Everybody talked about why Glov-

er McKay was always alone—but nobody knew why, only Glover Mc-

One night he saw another man alone at a table near by.

Forty or forty-five, distinguished, handsome, ordering cocktail, steak, mushrooms and a dessert—looking on amused. North Pole Number, the girl in the long train a little un-steady, glass waterfall, derby hat on

the trombone. Glover McKay was curious about

same about Glover McKay.

And then, at the head of the velvety stairs, Glover McKay saw a girl—slim, rather shy her shoulders and arms bare and white, her hair pinned around her head in little uneyes, beautiful even curls-wide

mouth. She was looking for something. She was looking for someone. She had a handful of violets and rose-

She was still standing there on the steps when the jazz band crash- shadows. ed, and the dancers crowded out on the floor again lights turned to moonlight again; and then suddenly flame scratched the darkness, a dish shattered, a woman screamed. And when the lights came up and the dancers stopped, women clutching at the men's shoulders there, sprawling over the table, was that

around the sickening sight of it! Policemen coming!
Glover McKay left the place.

er drivers.

the velvet steps!
"Well, my dear," he said to
'you are mistaken, or I am!" "I—just got into the car nearest the door," she said. "You came out the one who shot Glover McKay.

I'm not trying to escape," she said quickly. "I don't want to."

He got into the car beside her—
she, white and frightened—and he— Glover McKay.

"So you shot Glover McKay," he know. He told her he didn't know, the most beautiful thing he had ever He said he hadn't waited to find seen!

His chauffeur saw him and hurried back to the car. "Home, sir?" he asked. Glover McKay told him yes, home,

beautiful. "If I killed him," she said. "I'm

ready to give myself up."

The flowers were still in her hand, fore Now in the half-darkness he saw that they were tied with pale ribbon to a stubby automatic. "Did you expect to kill him? he

asked her. "Yes," she said. "I don't care what they do to me, if only I've killed Glover McKay. But if I haven't, I must be free to try again!" She looked up at him quickly. "I shouldn't have told you World waiting for scandal like a puppy for a bone!

Was he in love! What was this world frenzy to lock this girl in

anyway.
"Tell me why you shot him."
But she didn't tell him. She sat there shivering. Glover McKay took a robe from the rack and put it over her shoul-

She had beautiful eyes and lovely ps. The fact that Glover McKay spent his life without women not make him blind to them. fore I seen you."

She told him they didn't need any Made him see, rather, how insipidly they followed him piquantly looked after him with their eyes gave themselves to him. A man of money, good looks and distinction? Of

> a masquerade of Love in false faces! You carry like stale roast on a
> silver platter something worn out
> and done with, that you speak of
> as "love." Or you long ago bought
> yourself something for nothing with
> what you called "love." because it
> was the easiest money to spend.
>
> What if the man is dead of
> isn't?" he mused. "I can buy the
> court! I am Glover McKay!"
>
> And what he continually forgot
> was that it was Glover McKay she
> had wanted to kill! Glover McKay she was hoping was dead!
>
> She pulled herself up on the pilwas the easiest money to spend. She pulled herself up on the pil-Wearing a hundred different faces, lows and smiled at nim. "You were

For twenty years Glover McKay He walked across to wher had watched the masquerade and was and looked down at her.

crowd! Glover McKay—She has tried to and I have waited all my life for kill Glover McKay! Thinks perhaps just what seems to be happening has! Hopes she has, to save her the trouble of trying again! He picked up her hand that lay on the ready to go to the police for it! Fragile hands—beautiful eyes—here "I don't know who you are," he

highball.

"Girls, I'll never make it! I can't handle this train even when I'm sonanger so you when you shot him?"

"The man she had shot was not been sold the shot was not show that the shot was not show the show She told him no, it had been in

tect her if she has killed the man, because suddenly he knows he will protect her. It does not form in his mind at all that the other man, dead or not, really has nothing to do with it! It does not form in his mind that Glover McKay is the man she hopes is dead! He is only think-

Through the gate you could see

The butler took the robe from said. "The man you shot is a man sailor had given her into the tallow night looking on alone—amused, his sailor had given her into the tallow of a candle that was burning upon car waiting to take him home when to arrange the had enough of the place.

The butler took the rope from said. The might said around the girl's shoulders and hurried ahead of them to arrange the hore in my arms!"

in her eyes. She faced him like a To be considerate, To keep on trying, et some wine.

"You're Glover McKay!" she To profit by mistak e asked her.

"You're Glover McKay!" she To profit by mistak To foreign and then a To profit by mistak To foreign and the foreign and th ed mahogany, and dark Chinese

get some wine.
"Would you like anything else?"
he asked her. "Will you telephone," she said,

"and find out whether Glover Mc- fastened on the war Kay is dead?" He wondered what the broidered in gold.

Her face was like a cameo against the dark room. Glover McKay wondered if her hands were cold, they

were so white. "Edward, fix the fire," he said to the butler. He gave her one of the wineglasses. She took it but she didn't drink, and after a minute put it

down on the table. Wood in the fire made orange flames and put a glow all over the The butler went away. Then Glover McKay picked the girl up in his arms and carried her to a silk

pile of pillows by the fire. "There," he said. He tucked pillows around her feet and stood watching her, while he brought out a cigaret from a case in his pocket. The silence came around them like curtains closing. man near Glover McKay.

Panic! Buzz! A crowd closing and there was Glover McKay looking and the control of at a beautiful woman in his library,

her eyes full of his firelight. Glover McKay left the place.

His car was waiting where it almade of? Dreams. You think a ways waited, his driver peering in at dream is nothing. It is everything. the restaurant door with all the oth- Realities are only worth something to you when they are your dreams. Glover McKay opened the door of And when you have reality, what do

his car, and there staring out at you do with it? Make it into him, was the girl he had seen on dreams again! Glover McKay had dreamed all his life of a woman he would pick up in his arms and put down on the pillows by his fire. A woman who the door," she said. "You came out would seem to belong in his arms of the Cavalier, didn't you? I am and by his fire. And what came over him now was that he had always dreamed she would be a little awkward and shy, like a child-not wis-

dom in masquerade! He stared at her suddenly, because her eyes were closed and she was so white! Slender arms white throat, curls catching the threads of the "Is he—dead?" she wanted to pillow. She seemed to him suddenly

"What a fool I am!" he thought. If an hour of June could come in November-in the bleakness of November just one hour of chiffon sky, tender buds folded up like sealed and then he sat back and looked at that girl. He realized she was more than white and frightened. She was together if such an hour could come in November, it would seem like no hour that ever had been be-fore! It would be like a bubble

caught on your finger tips! You would hold your breath with ecstasy.
"I'm a fool," he thought. He could still feel her against him as he had carried her to the fire, the slender weight of her, her against his arm. face

his arms so there would never be an end to it? His thoughts had seemed

hour. It was only a minute.
"Will you telephone?" she said.
"Please ask if he is dead!" He had forgotten all that-Le Beau Cavalier —this girl who had been standing there on those velvet steps such a little while before—a

Nothing wears so many false faces as Love. The whole world is a masquerade of Love in false fac.

you have said the same thing a hundred different moments, and called it all "love"!

We want said the same thing a very good to bring me here," she said. "I can go now, if you'll call on the telephone."

He walked across to where she "I believe I'm in love with you," laughed at it—and kept out of the crowd!

Now here a girl, Lord knows that to a woman before. I have that to a women would come who, is trying—what is she trying? always thought someone would come Not to intrigue him. She doesn't to me as you have come, when I know who he is, or care And wouldn't expect it—wouldn't seek it;

The chorus girls down stairs in the dressing room hear the orchestra and hurry her. Peggy Fay, who leads the number, is dizzy from a highball.

beside him!

She felt him looking at her, turned suddenly and put her hand over his. "Do you think I killed him?" lier that whatever they tell me"—she said.

The man she had shot was not dead. He was not dying. His wound was not serious. He declined to press a charge against whoever might have shot him. He wanted no

notoriety. So that was what Glover McKay had to tell her. She listened until he finished, then crumpled into nothing in the pillows. He caught her and held her talk-

ed to her in words that meant nothing at all, told her over and over he loved her. "But Glover McKay isn't dead!"
she said. "I have to find him—
and kill him!"

He drew her closer to him—so close she couldn't get away—and told her Glover McKay was him-"Dearest I'm Glover McKay," he

here in my arms!"

ibrary.

"Shall I take your flowers?" McKay asked her. He didn't say he
knew what was in them.

here in my arms!"

For a moment it seemed she
didn't know what he said, and then
she was fighting to get away from
him heating his arms with her she was in them. she was fighting to get away from She told him she would keep them. him—beating his arms with her fists, tearing at his hands till at

hind him, she saw a Chinese coat fastened on the wall, scarlet em-

a man so like himself.

"Small-town official trying to kill an evening." he thought. "Shocked at all the women. Thinks he's great in a dress suit! Vest a little too tight for him. Getting a bay window, old man!"

And the stranger thinking the same about Glover McKay.

"Shocked and evening." He wondered what the butler would have thought if he had been driving down the sleet had been frozen in the docks, she had sat than ever next year, especially the through the dawn, wrapped in a soft pliable linen and cellophane quilt, waiting for Jimmy, till he said. "Won't you sit down?"

But she stood by the table, awkward and rather shy, watching the butler bling the wine and fill two glasses.

"Yes, All right. I'll telephone," frozen in the docks, she had sat through the dawn, wrapped in a quilt, waiting for Jimmy, till he could fight his way through the storm after what a freight boat had sat through the soft point of the docks, she had sat through the said. "Yon't you sit down?"

But she stood by the table, awkward and rather shy, watching the butler bling the wine and fill two sleet had been driving down the brought from China—unset topazes, sewed along the seams of a scarlet coat embroidered in gold, Jimmy had brought it home, and she had mended a place his fingers had torn in unwrapping it. She had embroidered a Chinese letter in gold thread.

And now across that room what stared at her? A Chinese letter in gold thread! Jimmy, tumbled and sleepy on the bed, trying to stay awake so she wouldn't be alone! Her kid!

"Yes, you are Glover McKay," she said. "Well, then, it's you I'll kill!" She ran to those flowers, stood there with them in her hands, as he

had seen her in the Cavalier. He didn't move-didn't say anythingonly watched her! An then the telephone rang. "Yes," he said. "Yes, it is. No.
I've been out all evening... They
let who go? Jimmy Lord? If he
didn't tell anything—all right; let

him go!" Glover McKay turned to face the girl again. But now she was standing by the fire watching the logs fall to pieces, her flowers left

on the table Glover McKay came over to her. 'Well?" he said. She looked at him. "Perhaps I won't kill you," he said.

speak, but he didn't-only looked at "Are you sure you'll still love me tomorrow?" she said. "And the day after? Are you sure there's no one else you ever wanted? Are you

She waited for him to move or

"I have never thought of love until tonight," he said. you tomorrow, and to the last day I live! I love you so much," he said "I'm—afraid—to kiss you!"

She laughed and tucked her head on his shoulder, and out of his

pocket unfolded a white linen handkerchief. "I'm not afraid to kiss you," she said. "Here let me show you."
She stood on tiptoe and bandaged his eyes. He felt her fingers lace together around his neck.
"It's odd," she said. "You don't

know my name, do you? Nor who I am nor where I came from!" "No," he laughed; nor why tried to kill Glover McKay!"

He could feel the ends of the handkerchief hanging foolishly over

his ear. "But now I'm not going to kill you." she said, "because you've waited so long for love and found it

tonight !" He felt her lips against hislips were gone! He tried to find her-groped for

her saying just one of his reach, "when you try to forget, you'll only remember—and remember! So I remember—and remember! So I haven't killed you." she said. "I've only kissed you—and said good-by!" He pulled at the band across his eyes. "But don't say good-by now," he said. "I don't know who you are! I don't know where to find

you!" He felt a wind from the door as it opened and closed heard the clatter of the gate outside on the stone steps! Stupid bewildered, he blundered to the hall—to the

It was two o'clock by Melville so that it might have been better towers. The streets lights were if you had started out with the out. The boulevard was empty, brass and finished with it. street. The night was deserted. Miles away he heard a boat whistle drag a wail along the river.

Hearst's International Cosmopoli-

TIMBER IS RIPE DUR-

tan.

ING WINTER MONTHS When cold weather closes in timber is in its prime for cutting. The sap which has been coursing through the tree during the summer months leaves the tree to a large extent un-

til Spring comes again. Timber cut during this season will remain sound and good much longer than if it were cut when the tree is in full growth. The bark sticks tight to the log or timber and as a result it may be years before insects get beneath it and damage the timber. The stains which are a form of rot, enter a log very slowly when it is

cut in winter. The farmer who owns a woodlot is fortunate with respect to this timber crop. He must use his time in the fields during the summer. When winter comes, he has a great amount of spare time. This spare time may be profitably used in getting out tim-

ber for the market. A woodlot grows only about a cord of wood to the acre a year when it is growing at its best. The farmer should keep this fact in mind so that he can take off a crop each winter. If he cuts too much he will

eventually lose this winter crop. To make sure that he will get the biggest and most valuable crop he should keep his woods weeded of poor trees. Farmers who cut their woods carefully get from \$5 to \$10 return each year from every acre of their woods.

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Daily Thought.

To apologize, To begin over, To be unselfish, To take advice, To be charitable, To think and then act. To profit by mistakes, To forgive and forget, To shoulder a deserved blame-

BUT IT ALWAYS PAYS. -Straws are already weaving the

frame to the face. Pleats, inside tuckings on the brim and other clever touches, combine to the new hats, charm and distinction. The models shown just now are mostly of straw combined with felt or satin Hats are trembling on the brink of the brim and those that have

taken the plunge use the brim in a variety of clever ways concentrating much of the manipulation on both front and sides. Some stylists venture the prediction that the small brimmed hat will vie with the turban and the beret for sports and general wear, and now that the hat has crept off

the forehead and down the nape of the neck perhaps we the return of the cloche. The revival of the brim certainly indicates a change of some sort in the shape of our head-gear and this must be apparent to those who do not take a professional interest in the trend of the mode.

Every house here is displaying pyjama ensembles in endless fascinating variety.

Sumptuous fabrics, ingenious and

sometimes daring color combina-tions, cleverly cut silhouettes that retain the characteristics of the mode as it pertains to more formal clothes these are some of the features that make pyjamas choosing an interesting and delightful adven-

Every woman who longs for color can gratify that yearning by wearing a pyjama suit that runs the color scale from green to orange with a dash of red and a leaven of black to set off more vividly the brilliant hues.

-There is to be sure, some satisfaction gained from wearing the featured colors and shades, providing they are becoming. One should bear always in mind, however, that these exploited colors usually suffer from over popularity and before a short season has passed they are commonplace rather than distinc-

For this reason the wise thing is to make use of them in connection with a dress, hat scarf or other set of accessories that are worn to base the entire, season's wardrobe on them

The more substantial items of the wardrobe, things that are likely to be worn throughout the season are more suitably chosen in some neu-tral or permanent shade—beige, brown gray, navy blue, black or white, while the more striking new color may be used in the guise of a kiss that clung to him—held him! little hat, purse or scarf that may And then her hands were gone!—Her be cast aside when the freshness of the color vogue is over.

-Uusually the less finish on hard-"If you do love me," he heard ware the better, especially on door knobs and handles that have There are different stant wear. kinds of metals finished in various ways steel with a brass finish brass with a bronze finish and so

Many of these finishes are plated on. They come off parts like the door knob that are subject to wear almost as easily as they go on, so that after a time the highly orna. mental finish you started with gives way to the honest brass or steel be-

After all, the brass looks pretty well shining through there—so much

Cocoanut Pudding:— Soak cup bread crumbs and ½ cup coanut in 2 cups milk until Mash well, then add three table spoons sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, and 1 tablespoon melted butter. Add one egg yolk, beaten and lastly fold in the beaten white of the egg Pour into greased baking dish or i individual baking cups, and set i pan of hot water. Bake in a mod erate oven about 30 minutes.

Etiquette.—The laws of social us age winch we call etiquette as strict in some things, and rightl

In the ackowledgement of gifts b a prospective bride they are inex orable. Good form demands the every one be acknowledged by bride herself if possible within 2 hours after its receiving, but if th is impossible, by some member (

the family. But a little license is now pe mitted. The bride may send wri ten thanks while she is enjoyir her honeymoon trip, and this sh should surely do. She should r should surely do. She should r member that the donor of ever gift wishes to know that her or h especial selection is meant, and list should be carefully kept for fear of errors. A girl in the hur and confusion and delight of recei in her gifts is very apt to thin she can recall each one and its don but this will not do, and she shou never omit the list.

In acknowledging it is a pret fashion to bring in the name of t bridegroom as also pleased at friendship shown by the gift. purely a matter of taste as to lea ing cards on the gifts. Some li to do so; others remove the care but display the gifts in a room aside for the purpose.