

CALE ALLEN...

...GENIUS

The Whimsical
Carriage-Maker

Of Carmel-Town

By HOLMAN DAY

Now, a genius—well, if you'll show me any really smart man that hasn't a skew-angle on one corner or the other of him, then I'll set up the cider the next time you come around to my house. And a genius does even his courting a little different from the ordinary run of men; but we've got such an almighty matter-of-fact set of women in Carmel that you can't make them understand such things.

It always has been a little different with the men. We acknowledged that Cale Allen was a genius and put up with him. It was a mite tough on Doc Bragg to have to ride around in that sleigh, with the body made like a duck, and to have the boys go "Quack, quack!" after him; but Doc can take a joke, and we all know him in Carmel, and it didn't hurt his business any, and so it was all right.

Cale, you understand, has been our carriage and sleigh maker in Carmel for thirty years, and he'll do a job that you can't match this side the golden chariots. It isn't very hard to put up with the eccentricities of genius when you know you're getting something for your money. I bought one factory-made top-buggy; but that was enough for me. It was a good sample of crocheted-work; but it wouldn't stand up any more than ice cream in a hay field. So I went back to Cale, and he built me a wagon that looked like a pumpkin sawed in two and set on four wheels. He allowed that it would remind me that I was a pumpkin-head.

I took it. I had to take it or nothing. That was Cale's style. Feller went to him and ordered a carriage or a sleigh, and he got it; but Cale never allowed him to say a word as to what the model should be. Being a genius, he insisted that he knew better than the customer. Of course, he had to stick more or less to straight patterns on carriages; but when snow-time came, then you would behold in Carmel the result of Cale Allen's ingenuity in invention. When Carmel folks drove into other towns with their sleighs the people would run to the windows. Once when we took Squire Avery over to the Etna Tomb in February, with a procession of sleighs from Carmel about half a mile long, we drew bigger crowds than Haskell's Hippodrome Circus.

There was the old red-cradle style for new-married couples and the rocking-chair style for old folks, and the minister drew one that had the Bible painted on the high back and a hymn book on the fender and a covering like a sounding board. He certainly always showed good taste, Cale did. Folks wondered where he ever thought up all the styles and all the colors he slapped on; but when you come to analyze the thing it always hit off the owner just right. When about fifty of those sleighs were hitched around the church door, a feller would kind of hanker for a piece of smoked glass to look at 'em through; but they certainly did add a lot to the landscape. Oh, yes, I suppose some folks did find it hard to get along with all of Cale's notions; but you had to consider that he was a genius and entitled to some of his crankiness, and then you didn't think anything more about it.

Widower, Cale was, and the women folks who had watched him for ten years allowed that he wasn't ever going to hitch up again. First wife didn't get along with him very well—genius, you know, and he kept her guessing all the time.

Well, the first any of us in the village suspected that a hen was on was when Al Hanson's boy came into the grocery store one evening and snickered while side of the stove, and finally out and said he was just coming down past Widow Sprague's house and saw Cale going up the front walk. He said that Cale was hurrying like sin, as though he was afraid some one would see him, and struck a glary place on the walk and fell down, and a paper bag he was carrying burst, and more'n a peck of apples scattered every which way. Boy said that the way Cale talked to himself when he was picking up those apples was certainly comforting to cold ears. Boy brought along one of the apples that had rolled his way, and showed it to us to prove his story, for it certainly did sound unbelievable. The apples was a Tallman sweeting, and old Ike Elwell sniffed it and said that he didn't know how it was in city places and high society, but when a widder or an old bach started out in Carmel with a bag of sweet apples to call on a widder it meant more than simply passing the time of day.

"He's beginning to show attentions, that's what he's doin'," said Ike.

And that was the general opinion of all those in the grocery store at the time. Some remembered back, and those that couldn't remember could guess how it might be if they had the chance. Some of the citizens said they were a good mind to put the thing right to Cale the next time he came to the store; but there wasn't anything so mighty definite about it, and then you never know how a genius is going to take hectoring. We let things hang.

The next item that happened was nearer to the point.

Uncle Cy Bryant, who is a kind of near sighted old poke, came humping into the store one evening a little later—it was in March, if I remember, about the time the crust got hard and icy—and he said he believed the Sprague sugar orchard was ha'nted. He was kind of all up in a heap about it, old Cy was. He said he was coming along the road at the foot of the slope and from away up amongst the trees came sky-hooting some kind of a contraption that looked like—well, old Cy called it "an asstrich."

"Ostrich, you mean don't ye?" asked the storekeeper.

"Wal, the long-shanked bird with a millinery store on his tail," said Cy. "Don't butther me when I'm tellin' a story!" So we kept still.

He went on to say that this thing seemed to be letting the blue yells out of him or her for all him or her was able. He explained that some of the yells were way up squawky like and some were down low, and so he couldn't say as to whether it was him or her. Anyway there was a terrible to-do on, according to his tell. First it would scoot one way and then the other, and finally something, he couldn't tell what, shot off away from it, and then whilst he stood there in the road the ostrich thing came whoop! over the stone wall, ker-whish across the road, ker-wow over the opposite stone wall, and down into the meadow. And by that time he was so fussed up that he didn't stop to see any more and came along full pelt to the store. He said that the yells of the thing when it crossed the road were too much for his nerves. He didn't have any grit left to chase it.

Just as we were getting up a bee to go and investigate, the store door slammed open and in stomped Silas Sprague, the Widder Sprague's nineteen-year-old boy. "Where's Constable Britt?" he yelled.

"Right here," said Britt, shifting his chair.

"The Sprague boy was a big, lurching chump, and he cracked his fists together and hollered: 'I've found out that I can lick him, and I've licked him good and plenty; but they ain't all there's going to be to this. I want him arrested now, and sent to State's prison for his whole ding-blamed life!'"

He was tearing out of the store, motioning for us to follow him; but Britt humped along and grabbed him.

"You ain't told me whether it's Napoleon Bonaparte or King George you want arrested yet," yelled Britt. "Do ye think I can work without any clues?"

"It's Cale Allen!" howled young Sprague. "And I want him put into State's prison where he belongs."

And then as near as we could get at it from him, it seems that Cale had come around to the Sprague house that evening with a new kind of a sled that he had tinkered together, and made Widder S. bundle up and come out, and he put her on board and sat on behind and started down through the sugar orchard, spite of all that could be said. Sprague boy said that the hill was one glare of ice with snow humped around each tree, the way it does, and all frozen smooth, and that the sled got to whee-jiggling around and Cale fell off, and there was the widder, bundled all up and left on board and no way to steer.

The sled would dodge straight for a tree, strike a glary hump and whoosh around and make for another tree, and whoosh again, and there that woman went pellity-whoop for half a mile, just missing each tree by an eyelash, and off down across the road and over the meadow and whang-bunt into a haystack.

"And I started after her," said the Sprague boy, "and on the way I came across Cale Allen, where he'd been wrapped around a tree, and there and then I found out that I could lick him; and I done it to the queen's taste. And I got my mother back home, and there she's settin' on the bed, grabbing the foot-board and hollerin' so's you can hear her a mile, and thinkin' all the time that she's slidin' down hill and missin' trees, and the neighbors say that near's they cut to see her 'ble to be slidin' down a hill in her mind for all the rest of her life, and hollerin' like that, and he's broke up our happy home, and now I want him put into State's prison!"

After he got it all out of him we had to put snow down the back of his neck to bring him out of his hysterics.

Well, for a fact that was a sad story to hear about our genius. Of course, a genius has a good many rights that the ordinary man doesn't have; but it really did seem that this was a matter to be looked into. So a delegation headed by the constable started off to investigate and proceed in matters as the case should warrant.

As the coroners say, we first took a look at the remains. The Widder Sprague's house was full of neighbors, and she was still sitting on the bed with her muffer round her head, hanging to the foot-board, her mouth wide open and hollerin': "Oh, my Lawd, there's a tree! Drag your feet! Wheel! There's another tree! Oh! Stop me! Oh, my sakes! Drag your feet!"

Half the women were all saying: "Poor critter!" and the others were snapping "Missabul scoundrel!" You can figure pretty well on which ones to fit the names.

"They say it's a long lane that has no turnin'," said the constable; "but it seem to me it's a longer hill that ain't got any bottom."

"And trees on it thicker'n spines on a quill-pig, to judge by her remarks," said another man.

"If any of ye's got the spirit of a louse," yelled Mis' Liza Bangs, "you'll march boots to the house of that missabul Cale Allen that's done this turrible deed and fetch him to the ring-bolt with a good round turn. He ought to be strung up higher'n Haman."

The way those women indorsed that would have done good to the souls of a Populist convention.

The first selectman came in just then, and they all lit on him.

"All is," said Mis' Bangs, "if you men folks don't stir your stumps al-

mighty sudden the women of this town will take it up, and there'll be a b'illin'-water bee that will take skin and bristles off'n one hog in this town!"

The selectman, who had just bought a new sleigh off Cale, with a crown and crossed gables painted on it as a delicate compliment, tried to say something about the eccentricities of genius; but the women flew at him like setting hens at a barn rat.

"Gents," he said, turning to us men folks with a sigh, "I guess the vote of the meetin' is in favor of what you might call an official investigation. I will lead the way to our genius's house, and all those so minded may follow me."

The selectman had to fairly drive back two of the women to stay and take care of the widder, for fear she might try to jump off her mind-sled, as you might say, and get into trouble. It certainly was about the most popular excursion that was ever organized in the town of Carmel. Everyone wanted to go along.

It being an official party, headed by law and authority, we didn't stop to knock at Cale's house, but trudged straight in on the heels of the selectman, like ducks following a leader.

Cale was sitting on his bed, too. I have an idea that he was the most surprised man that ever held an evening reception in town. But you couldn't judge of his surprise by his expression. As a matter of fact, only one eye was showing, and that eye wasn't especially intelligent looking—it was mused up too much.

I guess that between the whoops he got around the tree and the sharp edges of the crust and the attentions the Sprague boy paid to him on the way to rescue the widder, Cale had been finding life for the last hour molasses cholly and forkum, as the poet says.

The selectman took his place at the foot of the bed, and the delegates to the convention formed behind him.

"Mister Allen," said the selectman—"I will call you Mister Allen, this bein', as you might say, an official visit, we have just come from a house of pain and sorrow."

"And what kind of a house do you think you've come into?" said Cale in a gruff bow-wow under his toweling.

"Do I look as though I was celebrating a birthday with feast and frolic? Looks like a mighty spunky business stramin' into a man's house in this fashion. When I want to entertain I'll send out invitations."

"Remarks are heard and duly noted," said the selectman; "but it so happens that there wasn't time for the usual preliminaries of polite society. We are willin' to take into account all the excuses that a genius has to offer, and you needn't take the trouble to recapitulate 'em. You can start right in and explain what in sanup you were thinkin' of when you set the Widder Sprague on that bobbled or whatever it was, and left her to slam galley-west down through that orchard. There are those here that think it's deliberate attempt at assassination. What have you got to say for yourself?"

"The chances are that in ordinary circumstances Cale would have lit on us and drove us out; but enough things had happened to him that evening to make him sort of supple. Some one in the crowd hinted that it had been found out that he could be licked by the Sprague boy, and that under those circumstances it wasn't good taste for him to ride a high horse any longer. So Cale ran his eye over us, noted that we were all looking pretty set, and he went on to give in his statement. But he was scornful.

"I don't suppose any of you have read books enough to understand that the scientists assert that there are more cases of insanity among women in the country districts than in any other classes," said he.

"If they let you run loose much longer around here, I reckon the point will be pretty well proved," broke in Mis' Bangs with a snarl.

"It ain't that way at all," snapped Cale. "Scientists say that women in the country, bein' tied down to home work and bein' alone so much, and havin' nothin' special to take up their minds, get to broodin' and fall into nervous prostration and go crazy. That's the size of it. Now you know that the Widder Sprague has been alone a good deal for the last ten years!"

"Say, is sweet apples good for balancin' the mind?" inquired old Ike Elwell.

Cale snapped that one eye pretty hard, and showed that he understood that we knew some things; but he kept on. "I could see that the Widder Sprague was gettin' run down and solemn and lonesome, and was dwellin' on things, and was fallin' into nervous prostration just as fast as she could. And whilst the rest of the hogs in this place was goin' around with their noses held down to their own business and not payin' any attention to the sufferin's of their neighbors, I studied up on the thing, and I was bound to cure her of her brain-fag, as the scientists call it. The books say that in cases of that kind the patient needs to be roused up, taken out of hum-drum surroundings, given some fresh and healthy excitement, and so forth and so on."

"Then the first prescription of Tallman sweetings failed, hey?" persisted old Ike.

"I understand what you're drivin' at, you old picked-nosed scouting hyena!" yelled Cale. "It's got so in this town there can't be any neighborin' without it bein' chawed over along with a plug of tobacco down at that grocery store. Now you shet up, Elwell, or I'll git off'n this bed of pain and cuff your head into the shape of the Methodist steeple! When I'm talkin' science to you I want order."

"Now, I went round this evening to take the Widder Sprague out of herself, as you might say, and make life a little less solemn and mournful. I went to cheer her up with fresh air and healthy excitement, as the books advise. And see what comes of it? Bein' misunderstood and bootied at, and havin' my house invaded by a gang that don't understand science nor common politeness."

"Of the 136,561 freight cars ordered for American railroads last year 65,000 were of steel construction."

The lord chief justice of England was well known in his younger days as a boxer of note.

"It is generally admitted," said the selectman, "that the ones who introduce new ideas into the world always have to stand more or less abuse; but you'll have to admit, Cale, that the people in Carmel have always been mighty kind to you as a genius in the carriage and sleigh line. We have taken your new ideas in models and your schemes in color and have pulled our wallets and paid and never said a word. But this 'ere treatment for nervous prostration seems to be affecting the peace and happiness of a home and the equilibrium of an immortal soul." He waited there and smacked his lips. Well, it did sound pretty slick! I don't know where he ever got hold of that string of words. "If you could see her settin' there on her bed, gaffing the footboard, and seel'n trees ahead, and feelin' that she is still goin' on fjomlighty-sakes down a hill, you'd understand that this community feels justified in pickin' the thing up."

"I've discussed it with the family already," said Cale, with a good deal of hidden meaning, settling the bandage around his eye, "and I don't understand that the neighbors have any license to stick their noses in. It's wholly a family matter."

"Is it, now?" squealed Mis' Bangs. "Family matter, eh? Well, do you presume to set there and tell us that you've declared your intentions?"

"None of your business!" snorted Cale.

"Well, it is our business!" said Mis' Bangs, and she came right up to the side of the bed. "It's the business of the spinsters and widders of this town to see that one of their number ain't lied to and deceived and rode down hill to her everlastin' ruin and then deserted. You'll find it's our business, Mister Cale Allen, you that's been scornin' the women in this town for all these years! If you ain't declared yourself, then we've got as much to do with the Sprague family as you have."

"Do you mean to tell me," roared Cale, "that the women of this town think I've got the right to tell me how I shall do my courtin'?"

"Jamm'n! fool ideas down the men's necks and triffin' with the affections of helpless women are two different things," insisted Mis' Bangs. "You may be a genius, as they say; but you can't genify us around your little finger."

He jumped off the bed like a flash, and I thought he was going to cuff her ears, but that wasn't it. He ducked out of the door on the run; and we all took after him, for we couldn't think what was going to happen. Geniuses go crazy all of a sudden sometimes, and we didn't know but the town of Carmel was going to see more tragedy that evening than we had seen up to that time, and land knows we'd had enough!

He kept ahead of us easy down the road, turned into the Widder Sprague's house, tossed the Sprague boy into a snow-drift when the boy tried to stop him in the door, and when we got into the house he was standing beside the bed shaking the widder by the arm.

"Mis' Sprague!" he shouted.

The hiccups had come on her by that time, but she was still able to holler "Whoa!" and talk about trees chasing her.

"Widder Sprague," he said, coaxing-like.

But she only let out another howl. "Joanne," said he.

"She didn't holler so loud."

"Dear Joanne!" he said.

Her voice sunk down to a moan, and the hiccups made her sort of cluk like a setting hen.

He put his arm round her shoulder. "Dear Joanne," he said, "I'm a-steer-in' her, and don't you be scared a mite."

She let her head lay over on his shoulder.

"I was thinkin', dearest Joanne," said he soothing her with his hand, "that when we got to the bottom of the hill, I'd say: 'Let's you and me slide together all the rest of our lives.' We're past fifty, and it's all down hill for us now. Yes, dear Joanne, when we get to the foot of the hill I'm a-goin' to ask you to marry me, and now," he hollered in her ear just as loud as he could yell, "we're at—the-foot-of—the-hill!"

Well, sir, she came to like the snap of your finger, and smiled at him like a sick cat, and when he said: "Will ye marry me, Joanne?" she patted him on the cheek and laid her head on his shoulder and said: "I'll make ye jest the best wife I know how to." And she was as calm as a pork sausage.

Cale stood up and shook his fist at us, one arm still around her.

"Now, blast your old pellets!" he yapped, "you've spied around and stuck your noses in and prodded at me till ye made me pop the question right square under your noses, and now I suppose you are satisfied. And if you are, get out! If this ain't a family matter now and from this time on, I'd like to have Mis' Bangs there tell me wherein it ain't."

Now, really, there didn't seem to be anything to say.

"Meetin' is adjourned siny die," said the selectman, and we went home, wondering at just what point the Widder Sprague began to sit up and take notice, but not being very well posted on nervous prostration and mind troubles none of us could figure it very well.

History Repeated.

A learned clergyman was talking with an illiterate preacher who professed to despise education.

"You have been to college, I suppose?" asked the latter.

"I have, sir," was the curt answer.

"I am thankful," said the ignorant one, "that the Lord has opened my mouth to preach without learning."

A similar event occurred in Harlaam's time," was the retort.—Harper's Weekly.

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FADED COLORS FAVORITES.

The greens are prominent both in millinery and frocks, and many new shades are shown, differing only enough from the old tones, in some instances, to justify the statement that they are new. All of the bronza green tones from dark to light, the almond and willow greens, a line of elder greens, a fresh springlike tint, appropriately called printania, a warm glowing yellow moss green which is at times charming in its millinery uses, or sparingly used in mere relieving touches upon a white or neutral frock—all these are fashionable, and there is a vivid Russian green, successful in Paris, though not yet taken up extensively here.

All the pinkish lavenders are in fashion, and begonia, a reddish purple with a dash of gray, is considered extremely French—as French as it is unbecoming. One could not well say more.

The salmon or pompadour pinks, peach pink, melon pink, all the shades of rose, including dried rose leaf and old rose tones, the magenta pinks and reds, the old gold, apricot and banana yellows, with the orange tones shading from mandarin to brown, the bluish blues and a very popular medium shade of blue called saze, the beige and straw colorings, dove grays—there one has a list of colorings most exploited this season, but one sees many shades not on this list.

The pink yellows and spring-like greens have been particularly affected for the bridesmaids' frocks at weddings, though one wedding for which the costumes were turned out by a well known house was in white and American beauty shades, and another color scheme selected by one of the brides is in pinkish lilac and pale cream yellow.—Washington Times.

POLITENESS IN CHILDREN.

There is such a thing as too much teaching and training, but mothers cannot afford to overlook certain important, indeed, absolutely essential points, in the bringing up of children. There should be a careful and constant surveillance when it comes to good manners and breeding, and any neglect in this direction is injustice to the child, says American Grange Bulletin and Scientific Farmer. Teach the little boys to be chivalrous, which is really only regard and kindness after all, and make them realize that it is below their dignity as young men to push themselves forward, and overcrown girls and women of any age or condition in any place.

Teach them to raise their hats; to sit up and not lie down in their seats; to express appreciation for kindness done them, and always to excuse themselves for unconscious or accidental neglect of their "manners." Show them the vulgarity of attending to any part of their toilet in public places. Make them realize that bad manners are an indication, not only of lack of training, but of their own ambition to be gentlemen. And above all things, teach both girls and boys consideration for infirmity, and show them the great unkindness in laughing and jesting at the expense of some unfortunate or afflicted person.

I do not mean to crowd their minds with set rules for every act of their lives, but to develop their sensibilities and sympathies and understanding, so that their good behavior will be a spontaneous expression. Any other method invariably fails, for character and real culture cannot be simulated. Tell the little girls that "lady" means a loaf-giver, and therefore implies the nobility of heart, and that fine clothes or beautiful gowns can never make up for not being a true lady.

The work is really very simple after all, and requires only timely and convincing suggestions, that will be appreciated by the child when constant preaching and nagging would invariably fail. Of all things, avoid this last method—nagging—for it is not only irritating to any child, but it is only disastrous to the right development of young minds.

A ROYAL CHINESE AUTHORESS.

The Empress Consort of the Emperor Yung Lo of the Ming dynasty in A. D. 1405, committed to paper her thoughts on the behavior of women, under the title of "Instructions for the Inner Apartments," i. e., for women. These are arranged under twenty headings, with an additional chapter on the education of girls. The Empress lays much stress on gentleness, good temper, economy, kind treatment of the young and of relatives, but thinks that speech unrestrained is the real rock upon which most women split.

"If your mouth is like a closed door your words will become proverbial; but if it is like a running tap no heed will be paid to what you say."

In her additional chapter on education, which is really a more or less doggerel poem of about 350 lines, our authoress will be considered very disappointing by some. So far from pleading for higher education for Chinese women, she urges only that a girl's governess should teach her propriety, deportment, good manners and domestic duties as a preparation for her entry into married life. Then if she has no children to continue the

ancestral line, she is not to show jealousy, but rather satisfaction if her husband takes a subordinate wife. Supposing that he dies before she, she will be left like earth without its heaven, and must transfer her dependence to her son and summon up her resolution to face widowhood until death. Mount Tai may crumble away or she may have to walk over sharp-edged swords, but this resolve must not pass from her. Examples are given of heroines of all ages who have died by hanging or drowning themselves rather than violate their marriage vows.

"Their bodies, indeed, suffered injury in life, but their names will be fragrant for 10,000 generations."—Nineteenth Century.

SOME THINGS THAT COUNT.

Small belongings of dress often make or mar a woman's appearance, therefore it is well that she should keep an eye on the little fads and fancies of fashion.

Gloves this season will match the costume. At least they will correspond with its shade. Some of the newest have little turned back cuffs of contrasting color, and many of the long suede gloves are heavily embroidered. Embroidered silk gloves are shown in elbow length to meet the short sleeves of the new waists.

For neck trimming there is a wide choice of collars and ribbons. Lace which has seen service on old gowns can be pressed into service for smart stocks if applied on net or on wide heavy lace insertion. Lace motifs, too, can be ripped from discarded blouses and similarly utilized.

A new French fad is the wearing of black velvet bands around the throat. These of course are intended for use with "V" necked blouses. The velvet band is sometimes tied a little to the right of the front with loop ends allowed to drop almost to the waist.

Bead necklaces are being much worn in Paris at present. These may be strung together at home, using a small crystal bead between each two of the plain ones. Quite large beads are the fad and short chains of graduated beads are also liked. A pretty chain for a young girl is made by stringing roses of chiffon together at intervals on a silk cord. These are dainty adjuncts to an organdie or muslin frock.—Washington Times.

EMERALDS COMING IN FASHION AGAIN.

Emeralds are coming so much into fashion just now that they are, as a natural consequence, rapidly rising in price, and promise to be one of the favorite and most expensive stones of the coming season.

The queen owns a parure of emeralds that is worth a king's ransom; Princess Charles of Denmark has one hundred emeralds of large size and first quality which forms a flexible waist belt; and stones in the possession of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Lady Aberdeen are priceless.

The Duchess of Malborough, who so seldom wears any jewels but her famous pearls and diamonds, caused a mild sensation at Dublin Castle one night last week by wearing a magnificent ornament of emeralds.

Lady Carew has a fine tiara of emeralds and she also owns an exceptionally splendid stone which was presented to her by the Shah of Persia. Mrs. William James has a trellis work collar of emeralds and diamonds, while Lady Carnarvon, Lady Ludlow, Mrs. Ronald Greville and Mrs. Arthur Paget all have small fortunes wrapped up in these green gems.

Square emeralds are a current craze. Mrs. George Keppel has a priceless square emerald, which she wears as a pendant on a slender chain.

FOR THE SHOPPING BAG.

A novelty intended to slip into a shopping bag is a flat little case of gun metal. One of the inner sides is fitted out with rows of bristles, which lie flat when the case is closed, but rise when a spring is touched, and becomes a stiff brush. This may be devoted to clothes, nails, or hair, according to the needs of the wearer. The opposite side furnishes a mirror, back of which lie concealed a nail file, a pencil, and other small aids.

FASHION HINTS.

The black and white checks are not usually dressy, yet some extremely handsome gowns are made of this popular material.

A black and white checked foulard had a large flower design overlaying the check, the principal color being pale blue.

The gown most frequently seen on the street is the coat and skirt suit, worn over the thinnest of lingerie gowns.

Gowns and hats are in the best of taste, with even the tendency towards overtrimming modified.

Mother's Instructions.

Hostess—Shall I help you to the cake, Tommy?
Tommy—No'm. Let me help meself first. Ma told me not to help meself more'n oct. You can help me all you please afterward.