

**THE GREAT UNSATISFIED.**

The men who are not satisfied—  
They are the ones who lead;  
The men who do not meet defeat  
With calm, contented face;  
The men who labor on and on  
With minds and fingers skilled—  
They are the great unsatisfied  
Who plan, and fight, and build.

The men who are not satisfied—  
They are the ones who lead;  
They force humanity ahead  
By strident word and deed;  
They bring us out of bygone ways;  
They guide us through the dark  
To where some man, unsatisfied,  
Has set a shining mark.

The men who are not satisfied—  
They are the ones who lead;  
They beat the land with rails of steel,  
And pierce the air with spires;  
They lose the leech of sweet content  
With which mankind is tied,  
We'll never pay the debt we owe  
The men unsatisfied.

—W. D. Nesbit, in Baltimore American.

**One of the  
Greatest  
Blockheads**

It's queer how some of these bright-est, best college fellows fall to "land" when the real struggle begins. Take Ingham, for instance; he was the star of every year from freshman to graduating, a football hero and a man among the many men of his year. And yet when he left college and started in "on his own hook," so to speak, he didn't seem to be appreciated. His mother said he was too modest; his father said he was a dreamer, and Marie Franz, who had worshipped him at school, said: "Give him time; he's a bit slow, but he'll get there."

She went to Chicago to study music the same week that saw Ingham installed as a clerk in the Bank of Creston. A clerkship in a country bank isn't calculated to embolden the genius of any man, but the job looked alluring to Ingham, who was poor, and he took it because he loved his mother and wanted to nurture her old age. He wrote queer, rambling letters to Marie every week and in answer got words of cheer, praise and encouragement. She told him that Chicago was "the place," and that half the successful men might go to school to him with profit.

When Ingham's mother died he had a few hundred dollars saved up and the funeral expenses left him enough to pay his way to the city. It took him three weeks to find employment, and then he was a bit ashamed of his position. Bill clerk in a soap factory is not the situation calculated to thrill the vanity of a college graduate, but Ingham could have borne his humiliation better if a visit to Marie had not



"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, JOE?" SHE ASKED.

been a necessity to his life. He concealed from her the fact of his presence until he had found work, and then, with a swelling heart and a sense of his degradation he called at her address in Woodlawn.

He found her a woman and remembered her as a co-ed. She was glad to see him, and therefore he was sorry he had come. He intended to bare his confidence to the girl who had been his chum at college, but to the radiant woman whom he saw and who called him "Joe" with an odd mixture of familiarity and reserve, he could say nothing at all. So he sat dull and hectic while she chattered away about her successes, her hopes, her friends' memories. Then:

"What are you going to do—Joe?" she asked.

"I don't know exactly," he said, flushing with the memory of his soap factory. "You know, Miss Franz."

"Miss Franz?" she ejaculated; "since when, pray? Here I am calling you Joe and you come back with 'Miss Franz.' Now, don't do that, Joe."

"Well, then, Marie," he resumed, the pallor of hope whitening his good face; "well, you know I haven't much choice. It's a case of work with me. I haven't a son, you know, and what-  
ever I do—at first, anyway—must be for the money there is in it. I've got a place—"

"Good for you," she laughed. "Good boy. And you just came. I told you it was only a question of nerve."

"I think I have that," he was saying, but she rattled ahead:

"Look at Charley Hughes. He's here, already a rising—some say a brilliant—young lawyer. Why, you always excelled him at college, didn't you, Joe? Of course, he's a lovely fellow—(Ingham winced again) and I like him ever so much, but the point is, he's no smarter than you, is he?"

"Why, I didn't know Hughes was here," said the diffident Joe, his gorge rising at the thought that perhaps Marie had already seen so much of his old classmate that her interest in himself was secondary; "do you see much of him?"

"Yes; we're great friends, you know; that is—well, he calls about twice a week," and her big blue eyes studied the carpet till she felt that Joe was looking at the clock. Then she resumed:

"By the way, can't you come out to our Browning Club meet Thursday. Char—Mr. Hughes is to be there, and you ought to begin to 'mix' a little, as they call it. He's going to give a reading of some sort. You and I can go—"

They were in the west-bound car, radiant, expectant and happy, going to the club, and sure of the old camaraderie, when Ingham, seeking for a topic, said:

"By the way, Miss Marie—"  
"Just Marie will do," she corrected.

"All right, Marie; but talking of Hughes—you said he was on to-night's program—do you remember the medal he got for that essay junior year?"

"Yes, indeed; it was about woman, wasn't it?"

"Well, yes; about mothers—the title was 'The Christian Mother.' How did you like that?"

"It was grand! Don't you remember how everybody carried on over it? Why, I never did take any interest in Char—Mr. Hughes—till he delivered that oration. Don't you know how mamma cried over it? It was a glow-  
ing thing! I never suspected he had so much soul, did you?"

"Well, he never had, as a matter of fact," whispered Joe Ingham, handing the conductor a dime. "Fact is, I wrote that oration myself, wrote it for him because he was eaten up with a desire to get a medal. You know he never had much ability, and his father was over-  
whelmingly nagging him to distinguish himself. He did distinguish himself that night—with my oration. I don't begrudge him the honor, but he never showed me any gratitude. On the contrary, he always boasted that no man of '99 could have written such a masterpiece."

"Why, Joe," said Marie, coming closer, and with her face drawn and her eyes abroad. "Joe, you don't mean it? Why, it wasn't honest; it was a fraud; surely Charley Hughes wouldn't have stooped—"

"Oh! It was all right to palm off the oration, Marie, but it was the way he acted afterward that hurt me. You know the last time he was at Creston he never so much as called to see me."

And little Marie, wondering and fluttered, waited till they were off the car before she said:

"Joe, I'm sorry I didn't know you and Mr. Hughes were on bad terms. I've promised to let him escort me home to-night, and—"

"Why didn't he take you to the entertainment also?" Mr. Ingham was nettled.

"He said he'd be too busy—a lawsuit or something. Oh, he's dreadful toney, Joe. But I told him I'd go to supper with him afterward and—and—  
I hope you'll not be offended."

"Not at all, Marie," he said coolly. "Go ahead, I'm accustomed to getting left."

And poor Marie was most unhappy when they entered the crowded hall. The usher could not find two chairs together for them, so Marie sat in the front row and Joe Ingham, in a sullen mood, sat three rows behind her. When the time came for Charles Hughes to appear the chairman of the meeting stepped forward and said:

"The next number on the program is a paper by Mr. Charles Hughes, the eminent young lawyer. Is Mr. Hughes in the house?"

There was a bustle about the doors and directly Mr. Hughes—"Stupidity" Hughes, as the college boys used to call him, entered and rushed forward with a great show of bustle. He mounted the stage, took a sip of water and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen of the Browning Club, friends and fellow citizens: I have been so busy with numerous new and old law cases within the past few days that I've been unable to prepare a set address. However, in a few moments of leisure this afternoon I dashed off a little paper, entitled 'The Christian Mother.'"

At the words Marie Franz looked around and her blue eyes blazed when Joe Ingham smiled a knowing smile. Then Mr. Hughes, "the eminent young lawyer," launched into the resonant and rounded periods of his "dashed-off" address.

Joe and Marie met in the crush at the door when the show was over. Mr. Hughes was yet the lion of the dissolving audience. Women were weeping as they shook his hand.

"Well, good-night, Marie," said Joe with a quizzical look in his eyes.

"Was it your oration?" she whispered, looking resentfully at the crowd about Hughes.

"Word for word," answered Joe.

"Let's go home, Joe, dear," she murmured.

And when the orator of the evening came for the praise that was to be the breath of his nostrils the hall was very empty.—John H. Baferty, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

**The Extent of Our Railroads.**

From a little wooden track line along the Lakeshore Creek, where the first locomotive in the country had its trial in 1829, the railroad systems of the United States have grown in seventy-three years to a network of rails which, straightened out, would make a single track extending eight times around the world. Visualize this eight-fold girdle.

Beside it a new track is progressing twelve miles a day on the ninth circuit. On every five-mile stretch is a locomotive with a train of eight cars. There are five men at work for every mile and 240 new men coming to work every day. The road carries more tonnage than all the ships on all the sea together with the railroads of the largest half of Europe. From the lines that make up the imaginary manifold belt one wagon carner out of every fifteen in the country, directly or indirectly, secures a living for himself and his dependents, if not as a fireman or a conductor or a superintendent, then as a locomotive builder or a steel worker, or even one of the lumbermen engaged in hewing down the 3000 square miles of timber employed every year for ties.—M. G. Cannon, in the World's Work.

**Force of a Cyclone.**

Careful estimates of the force of a cyclone and the energy required to keep the full-fledged hurricane in active operation reveal the presence of a power that makes the mightiest efforts of man appear as nothing in comparison. A force fully equal to over 400,000,000 horse power was estimated as developed in a West Indian cyclone. This is about fifteen times the power that can be developed by all the means within the range of man's capabilities during the same time.

**NEW IDEAS IN TOILETTES**

New York City.—Tucked blouses are in the height of style, and are simply charming, both in delicate wash materials and such soft silks and wools.



TUCKED BLOUSE.

as crepe de Chine, crepe Ninon, peau de cygne, taffeta mousseline, wool crepe, veling and albatross. The very pretty May Manton model shown is made of white Persian lawn, with a finish of beading run with black velvet ribbon, and is unlined, but silk and wool fabrics are more satisfactory made over the fitted foundation.

The lining is snugly fitted and closes with the waist at the centre back. The front of the waist proper is tucked at the upper portion to give a triple pointed yoke effect, and again at the waist to simulate a pointed girdle, but the backs are tucked for their entire length to give a tapering effect. The sleeves are entirely novel and in the fashionable elbow length, but can be made long and the deep cuffs added when preferred. The upper portions are becomingly full and soft puffs are formed at the elbows, but between the two the sleeves are tucked to give a close fit. The neck as shown is collarless, but the stock can be added when desired.

To cut this blouse in the medium size three yards of material twenty-one

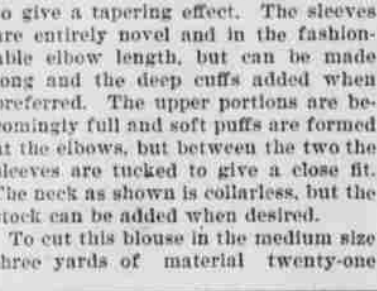
braided as a heading to the flared flounce. These end at the narrow front gore in a loop, each being pulled through a black silk ring. Three rows are round the shoulders in Carrick cape effect, ending each side the front in loops and rings. A loop and a ring also finish the row of braid that finishes the narrow, turned back cuff.

**Golden Rod Brocade.**  
Flower designs are beautiful upon rich brocades. They rival the geometric figures as patterns and are much preferred for satin-ground brocades. Care is taken to have the flowers broadly apart, well spaced from one another. The flowers are raised sometimes in velvet, sometimes by the broche process. Among rather new ideas in velvet brocaded flowers are the chrysanthemum, carefully copied, and spikes of golden rod. In rich brown and amber the golden rod is a superb specimen of a brocaded velvet.

**New Rose Bow.**  
Larger and larger than the already favored rose bow for the hair is the new rose bow which is equally stunning at the corsage or on a hat. Indeed, three of these bows are displayed on some hats. Most of us, however, would find a single one would give more chic. Tightly looped satiny ribbon in a very pale pink forms the centre, while the faded rose petals are of more deeply shaded ribbon. This gorgeous rose is the size of a corsage head, and may be had in any color.

**Ribbon Ruffs.**  
Ribbon ruffs are among the spring novelties that have been accorded increased popularity. They are made of loops of ribbon in any desired color, arranged in a wide puffy ruff and finished with long front streamer. Some are decorated with pompons and loops.

**Foliage Hats.**  
Very distinguished and usually pretty is the dress toque composed of foliage, or having a wreath of foliage for its



HOUSE JACKET.

finishing touch. White velvet foliage is very dressy, making a lovely crown for a white dress or one of dark or black velvet, or even a handsome dark cloth costume. With green foliage a toque takes on more general usefulness, as it does also when the leaves are the lovely dead browns with their innumerable though shaded lights of ashes and gold and bronze.

**Woman's Morning Jacket.**  
Tasteful morning jackets are essential to every woman's comfort and become an economy, inasmuch as they take the place of waists that can be reserved for the latter part of the day. The pretty May Manton model shown in the large drawing is well suited to dainty lawn, batiste and all the familiar washable fabrics, but in the original is made of old blue chaille dotted with black, the trimming being stitching with black corded silk, and narrow ribbon frills. Closing the front and holding the cuffs are carved gold buttons with a tracing of black, and at the waist is black louisine ribbon bowed at the centre front.

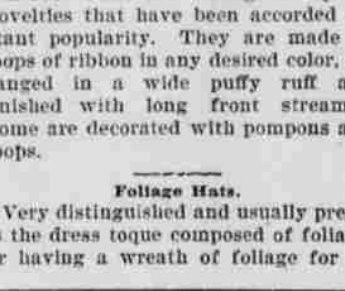
The jacket is simplicity itself. The fronts are gathered at the neck and fall in soft folds that are held by the ribbon belt. The back is plain across the shoulders but drawn down in gathers at the waist line that are arranged in a succession of shirrs. Connecting the two are under-arm gores, that render the jacket shapely and trim at the same time that it is loose. The neck is finished with turn-over collar and over the shoulders falls a deep round one, that gives a becoming cape effect, but which can be omitted when the jacket is preferred plain.

To cut this jacket in the medium size three and three-eighths yards of material twenty-seven inches wide, three yards thirty-two inches wide, or two yards and one-half yards forty-four inches wide will be required.

**Artificial Flowers in Favor.**  
So exquisitely pretty are all the corsage wreaths, crowns, coronets and chaplets of artificial bloom that this season shows that numbers of women privileged to wear pearls and diamonds have put aside the gems for the buds and blossoms.

When it is a question of rosebuds, the best idea is a combination of Bank-sia roses with a sweetbrier foliage. Just at this juncture, in social affairs, many an evening gown requires a restorative touch, and here the corsage arrangements come in. There is no troublesome question of deciding how to put the trails or garlands in place, because, if you know beforehand what you want, the wreath can be bought already shaped to fit over the shabby spot.—New York Sun.

**Braid Loops and Rings.**  
A very handsome new rail, loosely woven and heavy looking braid trims many of the tailor rigs effectively. In addition to its richness it curves into graceful forms. An example in navy broadcloth shows three rows of black



ROBESON'S BLOUSE.

Twenty-seven inches wide, two yards thirty-two inches wide, or one and three-quarters yards forty-four inches wide will be required.



MIRABELL'S DRESS WAIST.

Twenty-seven inches wide, two yards thirty-two inches wide, or one and three-quarters yards forty-four inches wide will be required.

**WOMAN'S REIGN**

**DOMESTIC SERVICE IN CHILE.**  
The Maids are Much Like Other Girls in Other Lands.

Senorita Carolina Huidobro, of Chile, the other day gave a lecture in Boston on the women of her country. Her account of the domestic service question is interesting.

"There are two kinds of cooks," she said. "Advertisements read: 'Wanted, a cook with bed inside,' or 'Wanted, a cook with bed outside.' The latter sort of cook can always be had. Domestic prefer the 'bed outside,' because a cook who does not sleep in the house has more liberty. She does not begin quite so early in the morning, her mistress cannot get quite so much work out of her, and she can steal a little more; yet her services in the main are satisfactory. After dinner every evening the cook comes for orders as to the next day's meals. Even if unable to read, she will remember every item of an elaborate menu. She is given a certain amount of money to buy the provisions; for everything is bought in small quantities, just enough for one day. The cook will only cook; she will not wash the dishes, for that belongs to the table girls' work; the table girls will not clean the knives, for that belongs to the 'boots.' The washing is all done out, and the clothes are brought back in from three days to five weeks.

"The housewife has most winning ways, and often brings her employer flowers and candy; but she asks for a dollar for soap for each washing, and has to be closely watched. Every servant who lives in the house brings her own bed and furniture. A girl from the country will arrive with only a thin mattress and one poor coverlet, and will leave at the end of three or four years with a cartload of goods that she has accumulated. When several servants are leaving at once, with their bedding and furniture, it looks as if the whole family were moving out.

"The women of Chile are not of mixed race. They are pure Spanish, and of the finest blood of Spain. They speak Castilian Spanish, and have the general characteristics of Spanish women. They are well educated, the daughters of the rich in private schools, the others in the public schools. The Nation offers free education to both boys and girls, from the primary school clear through the university; and promising young men and women are after-ward sent abroad to study from three to five years at Government expense. One of the most distinguished physicians in Chile to-day is Dr. Ernestina Perez, a washerwoman's daughter, who showed so much talent as a child that she was educated in Europe by the State. In Chile no genius is lost to the world on account of poverty.

"Of late years, with the growth of educational facilities for women, and for women doctors, lawyers, authors and newspaper correspondents. There were last year in the University of Chile thirty-eight women studying medicine, four studying dentistry and eight studying law. Of the eight law students, five did not mean to practice, but were taking a law course to enable them the better to manage their large properties."

**How Philippine Women Dress.**  
A native Philippine woman, dressed for a gala day, presents a strange contrast to her newly found sisters of the far-off American cities. The tailor-made girl would scarcely admire her, but she appeals to an artist's love of picturesqueness and color. Her flowing skirt is of gay colors—bright red, green and white being the common choice. The length of train, and whether the garment be of cotton, silk or satin, depends on her means. Corsets are not yet in fashion, but a chemise, which just covers her breast, is in common use. To this chemise are added immensely wide, short sleeves. Her hair is brushed back from her forehead, without a parting, and coiled into a tight, flat chignon. In her hand she carries a fan, without which she would feel lost. Her head is covered with a white mantle of very thin material. Finally the toes of her naked feet are partly covered by a kind of slipper, flat like a shoe, soft, with no heel, and just enough upper to enable her to thrust two or three toes inside.

So much for the Philippine women who live in "Quality street." On the other hand, a peasant woman going to market presents a very different appearance. She has no flowing gown, but wears a short skirt of cotton. This is covered by a rectangular piece of stuff; as a rule, of blue, red or black. This outer garment is tucked in at the waist, drawn in very tightly around the loins, and hangs over the skirt a little below the knees. The figure of a peasant woman is erect and stately, due to her habit from early girlhood, of carrying jars of water, baskets of fruit, etc., on her head.—Philadelphia Record.

**Brilliant Work of Club Women.**  
Thirty-six of our States have successful systems of traveling libraries as one result of the labor of club women. Everywhere, too, the public library is blossoming in country towns from seed planted, watered and nourished by the women's clubs, standing always for the education of the common people.

New Jersey club women are making a successful effort to preserve the Palisades, and Minnesota is leaving no stone unturned to preserve the beautiful pine forests of 200,000 acres on her northern borders for a National park.

In towns innumerable clubs are bringing about reforms, improvements in the public schools, tree-planting, and co-operation between parents and teachers.

The little city of Barre, Vt., is instituting a novel scheme in hiring a district nurse, who is paid a salary by the city federation, and whose duty it is to go from house to house looking after

the sick, and not only making them more comfortable, but showing the homemaker how to do so. The Denver Women's Club, one of the finest in the world, has contributed directly to the ethical, moral and social condition of the lower strata of humanity in that city by its experiments with the Pingree gardening system among the poor. In Georgia the club women are working to establish and maintain an industrial school for colored girls, which shall fit them to earn a better living than girls have yet made in the South.—The Critic.

**Women as Journalists.**  
Of the thirty-seven newspapers in the American Colonies at the time of the Revolution several were owned and managed by women, according to the Boston Transcript.

The first newspaper published in Rhode Island was owned and edited by Mrs. Anna Franklin, and established in 1732. She and her two daughters wrote the items and set the type, and their servants worked the printing press. For her quickness and correctness Mrs. Franklin was appointed printer to the Colony, supplying pamphlets to the Colonial officers. In 1772 Clementine Reid was publishing a paper in Virginia called the Virginia Gazette, favoring the Colonial cause and greatly offending the Royalists.

Two years later Mrs. E. Boyle started a paper under the same name, advocating the cause of the Crown. Both were published at Williamsburg, and were short-lived.

In 1773 Elizabeth Timothy started a paper in Charleston, S. C. After the Revolution Anna Timothy became its editor, and was appointed State printer, which position she held for seven years. About the same time Mary Crouch started a paper in Charleston in vigorous opposition to the stamp act. She afterward moved it to Salem, Mass., and continued its publication for many years.

**Pottery For Home Decoration.**  
Some of the latest pottery pieces for home decoration are artistic in increased proportion to their cost. Some of golden brownish yellow, streaked in their glazing, are exceedingly attractive. Handles are prominent features of most of the pieces, placed on the side quite close to the top. This is effective besides being useful, when they are hung from hooks, as they hang and look better than with such a handle.

**The Dish-Cloth.**  
The modern housekeeper understands that rags for a dishcloth are neither clean nor profitable. The shreds get into the plumbing, often with expensive effects, and a dishcloth so worn that it will not bear regular laundering in the weekly wash is one that cannot receive proper care. In all well regulated households dishcloths are as distinct and separate a provision of the household economy as napkins or pillow-cases. Material for the purpose is sold in the shops, and the cloths should be hemmed as carefully as any bit of the household linen.—New York Post.

**Darning and Mending on Sewing Machines.**  
"Tears and worn places in cloth fabrics can be darned most satisfactorily on the sewing machine," writes Maria Parola, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Thread the machine with silk or cotton, of the same color as the fabric. Do not loosen the presser foot; have the stitch of moderate length; begin the stitching a little beyond the damaged place. For places that are worn thin or frayed, put in rows of stitching, close together. Cross these with other rows of stitching; this will give a smooth, fine texture. Where the fabric is worn thin, baste a piece of the same kind of goods on the wrong side and darn over it. If there is none of the same material a piece of net or muslin will answer. If the colors in the fabric are mixed, have the upper thread of the machine of the most pronounced and the under thread of the minor color."

**Care of Hot Water Bags.**  
Do not put boiling water into the bag; fill the bag only about one-half full or a little more, then lay it in your lap before putting in the stopper, and carefully press out the steam. This makes the bag softer, as it is relieved of the pressure the steam makes if left in it. When not using the bag drain out the water, let it hang bottom side up for a little while, then take it down and with the mouth blow a little air into it, just enough to keep the inside from coming together, as it will often do if there is no air in it, in which case the bag is quite sure to be ruined in pulling it apart.

If you have a bag that is stuck together put into it some hot water with a few drops of ammonia, let it remain a few minutes, then with a thin, dull-edged piece of wood, try to separate the inside very carefully. Never fold a rubber bag after it has been once used. A flannel bag for covering the rubber bag is very useful.—Philadelphia Press.

**A Thoughtful Hostess.**  
A thoughtful hostess provides her guests' room with many small accessories, but they should be used sparingly. We should carry with us our own toilet articles and our own newspaper.—Woman's Home Companion.

**Fantasies in Gloves.**  
Beaded gloves now! Of course, one needn't wear them, but if one would be in the very newest agony the bead decorated glove is the thing. They are in white kid and in suede of all tints. The beading is not so stiff and thick as to suggest a "matted fist," but it takes the place of stitching on the back of the glove. A white glove is ornamented by rays of tiniest amber—not amber—beads. A blue glove is beaded with white, a yellow glove with tiny pearls, a gray glove with smoked pearls and a pale green glove with tiniest emerald beads. A spangled fan laced like this would be a combination calculated to dazzle the strongest eyes. Laced gloves are also to be had. They are laced at the sides with cords of colored silk.

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**Fantasies in Gloves.**  
Beaded gloves now! Of course, one needn't wear them, but if one would be in the very newest agony the bead decorated glove is the thing. They are in white kid and in suede of all tints. The beading is not so stiff and thick as to suggest a "matted fist," but it takes the place of stitching on the back of the glove. A white glove is ornamented by rays of tiniest amber—not amber—beads. A blue glove is beaded with white, a yellow glove with tiny pearls, a gray glove with smoked pearls and a pale green glove with tiniest emerald beads. A spangled fan laced like this would be a combination calculated to dazzle the strongest eyes. Laced gloves are also to be had. They are laced at the sides with cords of colored silk.

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