

SWEET-AND-TWENTY.

Sweet-and-Twenty, would you think
Such a dream of white and pink
Can be caught by pen and ink
So completely?
Here you are a bird in May,
True to life in every way,
Always glad and always gay,
Smiling sweetly.

Dainty young aristocrat,
Tell me, won't you, under that
Captivating picture hat,
How to win you?
Tell me how shall Cupid make
You a captive for my sake,
What must be from word to waka
Love within you?

By the tulip tint that lies
On the red two lips I prize,
By the stars that make your eyes
Soft and tender,
By the blushing roses in
Brow and cheek and throat and chin,
I have made a vow to win
Your surrender!

Haste, then, Cupid, lest you miss
So much beauty, so much bliss,
Take my message with a kiss,
Kisses plenty
At that crimson tulip gate
For her happy lover wait
Those who wait to contemplate
Sweet-and-Twenty!
—Felix Carmen, in Life.



CECIL WILCESTER — he pronounced it "Wilster" — was something of a joke in Cimarron Valley, where he had set up what he called a "villa." He had fenced in about ten acres which he called a "park," built a queer kind of a cottage which he called a "bungalow" and set about leading a nondescript sort of frontier life that was at variance with all the traditions and utilities of the region. His ranch, which lay along the wooded margin of the river, was more of a game preserve than a farm, for the owner knew as little as he cared about agriculture. He conformed to Western methods only in the matter of weapons, for he was an inveterate hunter, and if not a crack shot at least skillful enough to keep his bachelor table supplied with fresh meat. His household consisted on one Chinese servant and an old half-bred squaw.

The second son of some perhaps rich and ancient English family, about twenty-four years old, tall, florid, hesitant of speech and gait, with a seat like a cross-country fox hunter and attired in the ultra fashionable cutting garb of a sporting Britisher, it is not strange that the loose-riding, long-str-

mouthful he spluttered: "Aw, glad you've come, gentlemen. Won't you have a bite? No need of av. er— violence, don't you know. I'm unarmed, quite powahless, you know." They laughed and told him to go ahead with his meal, but Green kept him "covered" while Whelan gorged himself and the leader stood guard while his lieutenant charged at the fine venable like a hungry hound. The Chinaman had dropped his dish and fled, but the intruders knew that the nearest ranch was twenty miles up stream and regaled themselves in safety. An hour after their coming Wilcester watched them riding away on his two best horses after breaking all the weapons they could not carry and dumping all the surplus ammunition into the river. Darkness was settling over the foggy river when the outlaws urged their stolen animals knee deep into the current and Whelan, turning back with a grimace at the crestfallen Wilcester, put his thumb to his nose and shouted:

"Ta-ta, Silly Willy!"

The tears were in the young Englishman's eyes as he wandered about the place looking for his servants. He called long and loudly for them, but his voice echoed vainly through the

you know, I must have acted quite like a pickpocket; wouldn't have done such a thing, but the animals, you see, the animals were very valuable. So I contrived to seize their weapons; they had quite an arsenal, I assure you.

"But where is the other? Where is Whelan? You didn't let him get away? There's five hundred dollars reward for him dead or alive."

"Ah, indeed? He's quite safe—"

"Safe?" The envious Connors looked scornfully into the astonished faces crowded around, as if to say "What a blundering fool!" But Wilcester, having filled his pipe, resumed:

"The other one, what's his name? Whelan? Ah, he's secure enough, eh, Mr. Green? Fact is, I was obliged to tie Mr. Whelan hand and foot; that is, Mr. Green tied him while I, aw— directed matters."

"And where is he?" chorused the crowd, all running for their horses, except those who held the scowling, silent, sullen Green and Wilcester, who was now puffing his pipe.

"So there's a reward of five hundred dollars?" he asked. "Would you, aw— be offended, Mister Connors, if I suggest that this money be divided amongst your, aw—followers" (the waiting horsemen stared and smiled), "provided they will bring in Mr. Whelan without hurting him. He's a absolute doctle, aw—under the circum-

stances."

And so it was agreed, but when the galloping man-hunters came to the tree-crested butte overhanging the river where Wilcester had left his prisoner there was no sign of Whelan. They searched the wet soil and found the scraped surface and the broken edge of the bank over which he had crawled. They found his body face downward in the muddy, shallow pool below, and Mike Connors, dragging him out by the neck, growled:

"No wonder! It musta been a awful disgrace to get ketch by that dude Englishman!"—John H. Batters, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Grasse and Perfumes.

Grasse, even in the opinion of sober historians, would appear to be one of those towns which are predestined to commercial prosperity; and what is more, its inhabitants through the ages of its existence have shown themselves capable of benefiting by those gifts with which nature has been so prodigal. Omitting allusion to more remote periods, we have the authority of the historian Bouche for the statement that, in 1180, all European countries provided themselves with soaps manufactured at Grasse, while the town was also famous for its oils. In 1420, as Masa informs us, its odorous essences, fine oils, exquisite fruits and renowned leathers were a source of great prosperity.

It may interest many to know that according to the testimony of the greatest historical authority upon Grasse now living, nothing precise has as yet been discovered in the municipal archives relating to the origin of the perfumery works.

At the present moment this industrial centre contains seventy perfumeries and distilleries. Some idea of the extent of the business transacted by these numerous firms may be formed upon the knowledge of the fact that during the month of May alone more than 200,000 kilos of orange flower and 100,000 kilos of roses are distilled daily.—The Gentleman's Magazine.

How to Enjoy a Holiday.

Although the gospel of recreation—more particularly of athletic recreation—has been preached effectively for many years, there is still more uncertainty as to the manner in which indulgence therein benefits a person. It is generally believed that the chief or sole advantage is that derived from physical exercise. An English medical paper, The Hospital, holds, however, that another factor is involved. Indeed, it makes the second element the great essential.

Unless this exercise is taken in such a way that the mind is fully occupied by entirely new thoughts, that periodical holds, it is of little value. Rowing, riding, driving and games like golf do one good, because they call for concentration of attention on the avoidance of danger or the accomplishment of some difficult task, or both. Geological or botanical expeditions are preferable to walking so many miles of city streets or unattractive country roads, because they operate in the same way. The mind is taken out of the old rut of study and business or of domestic care. The nervous system thus gets rest, while the physical is taxed.

Foundlings.

For the humanity of parents, let it be said also that the police records show the percentage of foundlings increases in summer and decreases as regularly with the coming of winter. It is another interesting fact that hard times means more foundlings. And this may be taken as a corroboration of the theory of one of the oldest and most human captains in the Police Department, who would never believe that any infant was abandoned except for the reason that there were already too many mouths in the house to feed. This particular police captain would look at the foundling, when the patrolman brought it in from his post, grant and then say, "What is it? Believe me, quick. They can't afford to feed it there. There's too many mouths in the house where that come from—God forgive 'em." But in this charitable view the old police captain is not supported by many of his fellows.—Ainslee's.

The Farmer and the King.

The Isle of Wight roads are all very narrow. Indeed, it is only by hugging the hedges that two vehicles can pass in many. In one of these latter, the King's motor met the other day a farmer's cart. The driver being nearly asleep, loud blowing of the horn was needed to attract his attention. Even then he was not inclined to take his cart farther toward the hedge. The motor slowly approached and was nearly at a standstill, when "Gerge" shouts out: "Geeeee along, you've got plenty room for they." Then the King having passed, the carter remarked: "There you be! Ye never knows what ye can do till ye tries." All quite unconscious of whom he addressed so freely.

WOMAN'S REALM.

THE WOMEN OF JAPAN.

Improvement in Their Condition the Effect of Western Civilization.

The place occupied by woman in all far Eastern lands is, in general, well known. In Japan, however, for the largest part of its history, woman has not been quite the social zero or slave she has been in India, Siam, China, or Korea. Indeed, in ancient times and until about 600 years ago, the Japanese woman stood comparatively high, not only as wife and mother and companion in the home, but as scholar, writer, artist and adviser in business, and even in affairs of state. It is remarkable that in the early classics of Japanese literature the names of women are among those of the leaders in both prose and poetry. Until the thirteenth century their social relations were in great degree unconstrained, and they were graced, along with domestic knowledge, by many of the highest attainments in refined learning—in history, poetry, fiction and religious lore, and in artistic skill. The change, to be deplored, that at length befell woman's position, took place chiefly in consequence of the universal civil wars that devastated the empire from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries, and the dominance during the latter part of Japan's middle ages of the social regulations of the Chinese age of Confucius.

With the acceptance of Confucianism by the upper and ruling classes about three centuries ago, the Japanese woman sank almost out of sight as a social factor everywhere outside the home; and so she remained until the present period of the general political, religious, scientific and social revivification of the people under the influence of the civilization of Christendom.

I can best illustrate woman's position during the 250 years of the Takugawa Shogunate, the age just preceding the recent restoration of the Emperor to active sovereignty, by a few quotations from the "Greater Learning for Women," the code most widely accepted as regulative of woman's place and conduct. "Seeing that it is a girl's destiny on reaching womanhood," says the Onna Daikoku, "to go to a new home and live in submission to her father-in-law and mother-in-law, it is even more incumbent on her than it is on a boy to receive with all reverence her parents' instructions." "The only qualities that befit a woman are gentleness, obedience, chastity, mercy and kindness."

"After her marriage her chief duty is to honor her father-in-law and her mother-in-law—to honor them even beyond her own father and mother—to love and reverence them with all a daughter's love, and to tend them with every practice of filial piety." "A woman must look to her husband as her lord"—or, as another code expresses it, "as her only heaven to look up to"—"and must serve him with all worship and reverence." "Her lifelong duty is obedience."

Much else is enjoined in this code, but only in like tone, concerning woman's relations, which are exclusively those of daughter, wife and mother. The closing injunction reads: "Parting, hence the foregoing maxims, to your daughters from their tenderest years. Copy them out from time to time, that they may read and never forget them."

But during the past fifty years, under the beneficent in-
fluence of Western civilization, important changes, just now becoming strongly marked, have begun to affect the degrading social condition. It can not be said that these changes have as yet been very widely operative. Japanese society is still greatly bound by the code of Confucius. Outside the capital and some of the chief commercial centres woman still remains ignorant of what you and I consider their essential worth. They are deprived of the sense of personal freedom and the self-reliance necessary for their own best welfare and for the best development of human society, of which they are parts, co-ordinate with men.

The changes of which I speak began, occasioned by the pro-foreign movement started about thirty years ago. The statesmen then in command of the empire, in establishing an enlightened educational system, were induced to include in their plans a liberal education for girls, and to send to America and Europe some promising young women for preparation in foreign schools as teachers for their countrywomen.

At present there are more than 5000 women employed as instructors in schools modeled in accordance with the educational systems of the West; and in those schools are more than a million girls as pupils.—Woman's Journal.

education and extraordinary strides in science and philanthropy. Though the distance traveled since the Victorian era is but a fraction of historical time, yet it is already plain that we are in another hemisphere, and that the most human, intellectual and progressive reign in the world's history is behind us.—Boston Transcript.

Charming Parasols.

Parasols are almost all things, but show a decided tendency toward lack of frills. Lace edges, tucks galore, applique, ruches are to be found in profusion, but for the most part edges are finished without frills. Black and white, white, pompadour and flowered silk, lace, chiffon and batiste are all in vogue and are used in innumerable ways, the Washington Post declares. The good old standby, the coaching umbrella, is here, as it is each year, and without noticeable change, but in silks of exquisite color. Those who can afford the luxury buy parasols, as they do gloves, for each and every gown, and to such the lovely pale pinks, blues, all alike appeal with peculiar charm. Less fortunate but more numerous mortals are content with one or two, and buy with greater discretion, choosing more durable colors.

To these last the quieter shades, dark blue and the like, appeal more keenly than the perishable silks, however charming they may appear, but for all colors the favorite handle is the simple one of natural wood, in club style, tied with a strip of the silk and are quite plain. Pompadour stripes are favorites and are exceedingly effective, as well as serviceable, for the reason that they harmonize with many gowns. Warp printed floral designs also are popular for much the same reason. Made quite untrimmed and with handles of natural wood or enamel, they are simple enough for a tailored gown, yet allowable with an afternoon costume or a dainty summer gown.

NEW IDEAS IN TOILETTES

New York City.—Sheer white organza is used for this attractive dress with ecru lace for trimming. It is lined throughout with fine white lawn.



FANCY WAIST WITH GATHERED SKIRT.

which is preferred to taffeta this season in costumes for young girls.

The foundation of the waist is a fitted body lining, which closes in the centre back, and is faced with inserted tucking to a round yoke depth.

The full front and backs are gathered at the upper and lower edges, and arranged to outline the yoke. They blouse stylishly over the ribbon belt. The berth consists of four separate pieces of lace, edged with narrow organdie ruffles. These are applied to outline of the yoke, and give a becoming breadth to the shoulders.

A plain lace collar completes the neck. The elbow sleeves are shaped with inside seams, and adjusted on

stamps all fashionable skirts this season. It may either be applied or finished to form the lower portion of the skirt. Machine stitching on the seams provides a smart finish.

The mode may be developed in Venetian, ladies' cloth, sabbine, chevrot, canvas, velveteen or serge, with bands of the material or heavy silk for trimming.

To make the Eton in the medium size will require one and one-quarter yards of forty-four-inch material.

To make the skirt in the medium size will require five and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material.

Half-Hidden Trimmings.

Trimmings ordinarily arranged seem to have lost their power of pleasing. We must have them half hidden or veiled. For some years frills of chiffon and the like have been attached to the under side of lovely evening dresses, but now we have added the hat and the parasol. Many a lovely hat has absolutely no trimming above the brim, whatever there is of frills and flowers being tucked coquettishly underneath. Same way with some of the lovely parasols. They are so plain and unassuming that one is much surprised upon peeping underneath to find a veritable forest of frills, especially fine shirtings.

A Combination.

Dresses of embroidered batiste are lovely. For real service they are combined with plain batiste. Otherwise they are made up with chiffon. The all-over embroidery in most cases may be cut out to form edges in any desired shape (Vandykes, battements or scallops), which does away with any cut-and-dried look. A very pretty one shows a blouse and skirt of the all-over, the latter being in points over a flaring flounce of tucked batiste.

Embroidered Insets.

Some of the attractive silk hosiery



PROMENADE COSTUME.

narrow arm bands, from which depend deep pleatings of organdie. The waist may be made high or low neck, with short or long sleeves, as preferred.

The skirt is shaped with five gores that are finely gathered at the upper edge and arranged on a narrow belt that closes in the centre back. The fullness in the front and side gores is evenly distributed, and the back is more closely gathered. The skirt has a graceful sweep at the lower edge, and is trimmed with lace, applied in fanciful scroll and square design.

To make the waist for a miss of fourteen years will require one and one-half yards of thirty-six-inch material, with one-half yard of all-over lace.

To make the skirt for a miss of fourteen years will require four and one-half yards of thirty-six-inch material.

Blouse Waist With Sailor Collar.

White French flannel is used for this jaunty blouse, with collar, cuffs and trimming bands embroidered in irregular black silk dots.

It is mounted on a glove-fitted lining, which closes in the centre front. This may, however, be omitted and the adjustment made with shoulder and underarm seams and form an attractive finish to the fronts.

A broad sailor collar completes the neck and is trimmed with bands of embroidered flannel. The bishop sleeves are shaped with inside seams only and fit the arms closely. They are gathered at the lower edge and arranged on a cuff that is shallow in the back and forms a deep point in front.

The shield is of cloth, completed with a plain embroidered collar. It is adjustable, which is a special feature in waists of this kind, as several shields may be provided for one blouse, making a pleasing variety of stocks and fancy fronts.

To make the waist in the medium size will require two and one-half yards of thirty-six-inch material.

A Stylish Walking Costume.

Tan and black chevrot is stylishly trimmed with black moire in the costume shown in the large cut. The Eton is adjusted with shoulder and underarm seams, the back fitting smoothly from collar to waist.

The fronts are plain on the shoulders, and blouse slightly over the narrow belt that fastens with a small jet buckle. The fronts close in the centre with small black buttons and buttonholes. The neck is completed with a rolling collar of moire that forms long, narrow revers.

A circular skirt portion is added, and fits smoothly over the hips. This may, however, be omitted, and the blouse finished with a narrow belt, if preferred.

The sleeves are regulation coat models, with upper and under portions. They have comfortable fullness on the shoulders, fit the arms closely, and flare in bell effect at the lower edges. Bands of moire are applied to simulate cuffs.

The skirt is shaped with seven well-proportioned gores, fitted smoothly around the waist and over the hips without darts. The closing at the centre back is made invisibly under two inverted pleats that are flatly pressed.

The flounce is circular, shallow in front and graduating in depth toward the back. A fancy band of moire is applied to conceal the seam. The flounce flares widely at the lower edge, providing that graceful sweep that



A SACRED BLOUSE.



CONTRIVED TO SEIZE THEIR WEAPONS.

ripped ranchmen and cowboys of the neighborhood laughed at the British tenderfoot, whom they nicknamed "Silly Willy." He might have maintained an indefinite standing in the sparsely settled country as a harmless curiosity if he had not antagonized everybody by refusing to join the posse which set out in August to round up the Whelan gang of horse thieves that had infested Cimarron Valley for more than a year. Every man and boy who could ride and shoot had rallied round Mike Connors except Wilcester. He didn't approve of the summary methods of Western justice, and as the man hunt progressed and from week to week he heard the new stories of lynchings he even congratulated himself that he was no party to the deeds of bloody violence which characterized the work of the vigilantes. A few took Wilcester at his word and voted him a "chump," but most people agreed that he was a coward as well as a "sanctimonious dude."

By dint of nerve and swift forays, ceaseless vigilance and all-night rides Connors and his lynchmen had necked or imprisoned all of Whelan's gang except the leader and one man, Cluckey Green, and the two survivors, exhausted by continual riding, their horses almost foundered, but yet desperate, were heading eastward toward Wilcester's "villa," not more than twelve hours ahead of their pursuers. But fortune was favoring them, for in the night the dry spell was broken, a generous rain put water into the dry bed of the Cimarron, and with the instinct of trained frontiersmen they resolved to strike for the shallow river, which could leave no trail, and so give Connors and his vigilantes the slip. But to this end they must have fresh horses, so they headed for the Englishman's ranch, equally sure that he had good horses and would yield them without a fight.

He was at supper, the squaw was in the kitchen and the Chinaman was serving the evening meal when Whelan and Green walked in at the open door and made him throw up his hands. His big blue eyes stared with surprise. His mouth was full of chicken salad, but he held his big, white hands aloft and stared aghast apopletically at the intruders. When he had gulped his

meat, he went to the stable, led out a horse, threw a saddle across it, and as he pulled out the cinch muttered: "The outrageous fellows! If they'd left me a gun." Then he threw a long leg across his nervous horse and darted away into the night toward the east, not in the bed of the river, but on the sodden trail that led away through the cottonwood timber.

It was nearly noon the next day when Connors and his posse arrived at Wilcester's villa, whether they had followed the tracks of the fugitives. From the disjointed sentences of the scared Chinaman they knew that the outlaws had been there, had looted the place and probably taken the Englishman a prisoner. But neither the squaw nor the coolie could tell which way the runaways had taken. The vigilantes had fed themselves and their famished horses and were saddling in the corral when up through the widening road that led out of the woods into the "park" they saw Wilcester riding slowly after Cluckey Green, the latter unarmed, his head bowed as in shame and the Englishman holding a ready rifle across his saddle bow. The excited possemen, like leashes after a fox, rushed out at the prisoner and having made a quick end of him if Wilcester had not interfered with: "Aw, I say, don't be ugly, gentlemen! He's quite tractable."

"But how in the name of common sense did you get him?" growled the jealous Connors, coming up. "You didn't do it alone; you must have—"

"Just a bit of strategy, my man," drawled Cecil, dismounting. "I could not fight them because, aw, well, I might as well concede it, they ambushed me. Isn't that what you West-erners call it?"

"They? Do you mean to say you went up against two of them?"

"Quite so, mister, aw—"

"Connors."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Connors. You see, they ambushed me here, as I was enjoying an excellent salad, took all my weapons and rode down the river on my horses. Couldn't bear to lose the animals, you know, so I resorted to a little strategy. Set out a swifter than, in fact, it must have been well after midnight when I crept up on them asleep. So weary-