

THE MOTHERLOOK.

"As one from whom his mother comforteth."—Isaiah, lvi., 13.

You take the finest woman with the roses in her cheeks,
An' all the birds a-singin' in her voice each time she speaks.
Her hair all black an' a-gleamin', or a-gleamin' mass of gold—
An' all the birds a-singin' in her voice each time she speaks.
There ain't a word that tells it, or a description it defines—
The mother look that lingers in a happy woman's eyes.

A woman's eyes will sparkle in her innocence an' joy,
Or cast a warm message to the ones she wants to cheer.
In pleasure or in anger there is always happiness—
But still there is beauty that was surely made to cheer—
A beauty that grows sweeter an' that all but glories
The mother look that lingers in a happy woman's eyes.

It ain't a smile exactly—nor it's bringin' full o' joy,
An' all the birds a-singin' in her voice each time she speaks.
Or girl when it's a-singin' with her dreams look in its face,
She smiles it late, an' sets it as she likes it in its place.
It leads all the expressions, whether grave or gay or wise—
The mother look that lingers in a happy woman's eyes.

There ain't a woman of it. If there was they'd have to part
A picture of a woman's smile, an' all the birds a-singin' in her voice.
An' make it all be human—an' they'd have to bend the whole—
There ain't a picture of it, or a description it defines—
No one can paint the glory that comes straight from paradise.
The mother look that lingers in a happy woman's eyes.

W. D. Nesbitt in Chicago Tribune.

**When Riches
Are as Naught**

By VENITA SEIBERT.

An Unintentional Deception That Swept
Away the Barriers of Wealth Be-
tween Two Lovers.

FRANLEIN PAULINE VON ENGBERGERHEIT, a girl of about her thirty years, was humming a snatch of song.

Now she paused to arrange a tush or violet, and to give her face a complexion little more than a soft glow to her lips.

Franlein Pauline's smiling face had been her head over the start she was giving, but not one of those nervous graceful movements escaped her. Her whole soul was filled with longing and discontent. The Franlein girl, a young German lady, visiting some American relatives, was in a city where she was loved and admired and much sought of, she could sit about in her stately clothes and talk to her best. The young girl stretched away herself.

By and by Franlein Pauline took up a book, but her lovely eyes wandered. They studied the face of the girl bent over her work, noted the shallow skin, the tired droop of the shoulders, the heavy frown. Presently a soft hand was laid on the nervous fingers that held the needle, and a gentle voice said: "My dear, tell me what it is that troubles you."

The girl looked up with startled eyes, then suddenly she burst into tears. "Oh, Franlein, I hate to be poor! I hate it so! It is always work and work and work, and I have no pretty dresses and no pleasure! I am ugly and poor—and I hate everything!"

"Poor child, poor child!" said Franlein Pauline, thoughtfully. "You are young, and have nothing, and you are thinking that I, too, am young, and have everything, am pretty and rich, and admired—is it not so?"

"Yes, I cannot feel that it is right that people who are rich should have everything they wish for, while I work so hard and never leave what I want. Poverty is a curse! Those who write of the curses of riches have never been really poor!"

Franlein was stroking the trembling hand. She rose and went to the window, then came back to her chair.

"My child, do you think that people have everything they wish for?" she said, softly. "I will tell you a little story. Far away in a distant city, at one of the great music concerts, an artist and a young girl were introduced to each other. These two met many times thereafter, and life was very beautiful to them. Then came a change. The man's eyes could no longer hide the love that lay behind them, but he did not speak. The girl was an heiress, and he feared to be called a fortune hunter. She was also well born, and he was but a poor American; her wealthy relatives looked askance at him. He knew that he was not a fitting match for her. The girl did not want a fitting match; she wanted a mate. But what she could not speak, she could only wait.

"He was of noble soul. Had he been wealthy and the girl poor, he would have been willing to become poor for her sake, if that were necessary to win her. He did not understand a woman well enough to know that she, too, may have such a noble soul, that to her, also, wealth and position may be as nothing beside love. And so, meaning to be kind, he was cruel. He went away. He would perhaps have been willing to die for her, but he was not willing to be thought a fortune hunter for her sake. Is it right to be so proud in one's love? The girl of poverty is nothing to the pride of a woman. A woman would like to be loved without thought of either. Is it not understood?"

The last words broke away from the even tenor of the story in a little cry, and the Franlein's pretty brown head suddenly dropped into her hands. There was silence. The young girl ventured to lay her hand tenderly on the bowed head; her eyes were filled with gentler tears.

"Did you never see him again?" she asked, softly.

The other girl lifted her face. "Never again," she said, quietly. "It is nearly two years ago now. I am too young not to find joy in my friends, my flowers and birds, my books and traveling, but the best thing in life I have missed, because I am rich! You see, we do not have everything we wish for. My dear little friend, some day this beautiful love may come to you; then you may live in one attic room, and have poor food and few clothes, but you will be far richer than I. And now I want you to have a holiday this afternoon. It is a beautiful spring day, and you need some fresh air. I want you to walk in the park. The skirt can wait till to-morrow."

The girl glanced dubiously at a large bundle that she had brought with her

hand a five-dollar bill. "A week's salary," she said, viewing it meditatively.

Suddenly a hand closed over the bill and the fingers that held it. "Pauline, at last I may speak! I had no right to before, but now you are poor, poor, and I cannot feel sorry, because I am so glad. Pauline, dear one, do you guess how I have loved you all ways from the very first? Sometimes I have thought that you envied. I dared not let myself dwell long on that thought, but now I must know. Pauline!"

She lifted her long lashes and let him see what lay beneath. There was no coquetry in those clear depths now.

"Oh, how dear!" she said, simply—words that in any language need no translation.

After a long, long time, when they had once more become conscious of the payments and the show and the car, Franlein Pauline said: "Ernest, my first care shall be to exterminate the one fault which I find in these. That art too good. I was left lonely and unhappy simply because I had more money than they had, and my pride could not bear the thought. Could it not have loved me so well that wealth would have meant nothing to them?"

"It was for your sake—"

"For my sake? That I do not give an instant for equal depth of soul with yours, Ach!"

"Pauline, please, forgive me! I was my mistake."

"It is well, for I have a confession to make to you. I have done my best to make things for you, but I must tell you I am still rich, but I trust to the honor as a gentleman not to desert me under the sad circumstances." Her eyes smiled at him mischievously. "It was only what you Americans would call a bird."

"A bird? Oh, I see. A bird! You were carrying the vests for somebody else. But this plain gown?"

Franlein Pauline laughed merrily. "That art also a bird," she said. "That is a gown that is a Paris gown. Don't think that vest-makers wear such a bit. But, Ernest, don't you say that I am a fortune hunter still being rich?"

Her Westcott drew her into an empty entry and kissed her. "Dear little bird," he said, "I have learned my lesson!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Finger Marks.

The Berlin Bureau in the State Department of Prisons was recently asked by Chief of Police Watts, of Boston, to identify, if possible, a certain dead burglar. A photograph of the dead crook—who was shot in Boston while in the act of robbing a safe—was mailed here. The department was unable to make the identification. In speaking of the matter Superintendent Collins said: "We have never made a mistake yet in an identification in all the 4500 identifications we have made since the inauguration of the bureau. The Boston police had to photograph the man after he was dead and our department was unable to prove to a certainty his identity, although there were two or three pictures on file here bearing a striking resemblance. We could have identified the man without question if his fingermarks had been taken. That means of identification is unailing. There are now in the bureau here the fingermarks of 3200 criminals, all taken since March 1, 1903. We have one line of classification here which makes identification by fingermarks easy, and I have found that this experiment is a great success!"—Albany Journal.

Chamberlain's Sea-Shell Tonic.

Francois Rene, vicomte de Chambrlain, some twenty years before his death, writing to the Mayor of St. Malo, his native town, made the request that the town should grant him on the west point of the rock of Grand Bay a space sufficient for his burial. To this island rock, accessible only at low tide, the body of the great French litterateur was brought in his death.

A granite cross marks the spot. At high tide the rock becomes an island, and the waves of the Atlantic beat against this lonely grave. The fiftieth anniversary of the funeral was celebrated by a pilgrimage to the Grand Bay, each person being requested to make some gift to the town. A collection in the cathedral in a procession, headed by the mayor and two members of the French Academy, crossed the sands and mounted the rocky slopes, and with the sound of music and the firing of salutes the funeral home was made. Poems composed for the occasion were recited, an oration was pronounced by M. le Vicomte de Vogue, and at night the Grand Bay displayed green funeral lights.

Why the Sky is Blue.

In what way colors are produced is a mystery still. The varied hues of the uncolored American beauty are formed from the black soil. Endless are the colors produced from coal tar, but now no scientist can say. Why it is that in the south we have, in fine weather, a deep, rich blue is perhaps not generally known. There is always above us a haze, however fine. This haze is the aggregate of the finest combinations of moisture or dust particles. And water is blue; even when distilled blue is its inherent color. Accordingly the deep blue color in the upper heavens is caused by the light through depths of the haze.

If there was no haze above us the sky would be black—that is, we would be looking into the blackness of limitless space.—Chicago Tribune.

A Citizen in Missouri.

A citizen of Shelbyville who is building a house is deserving of the sympathy of his friends. When the outside work was done and the lathing and plastering was under way, he incautiously placed a half pint of excellent whisky on a support next to the weatherboarding. He was called away for half a day, and when he returned he found the lathing and plastering had gone up around the bottle, and there was no way on earth of getting it except tearing by tearing the house down on that side. The shiftiest workmen, who are responsible for the blunder, were discharged, and the holder is trying to fish out his bottle from above by dropping a cord with a slip noose on the end after the treasure. At last accounts he was still fishing.—Mason (Mo.) News.



PREPARING A BRIDAL OUTFIT.

Points of the Most Important Points in Selecting a Costume.

For the wedding dress select silk, muslin, crepe de chine, or one of the newer weaves, liberty or duchesse satin, tulle or pau de cygne. If of a thin fabric nothing could be more charming than the new odd 1839 skirt gathered at the belt and having graduating tucks interspersed with bands of flimsy lace and immense tucked sleeves with fingered undersleeves of lace complete the costume. A modish traveling costume is of mixed tweed, the coat preferably in short three-quarter length and with a jaunty skirt just clearing the ankle.

A dressy costume is of fine dark brown broadcloth or zedolite and is indispensable for calling, etc. It should be made on rather elaborate lines, having the skirt with short sweep and a drop shoulder Eton jacket or pleated coat smartly trimmed with touches of silk. Then a modish storm suit or long waterproof English coat should be a part of the outfit. Have also a dainty tea gown of rose colored crepe elaborately trimmed with cream colored lace and a touch of black velvet to give character. Add several pretty dressing gowns, accented pleated and plain, trimmed with lace, embroidery and ribbon, and a kimono of warm-lined Oriental silk. If you would have the outfit complete add one all white and one all black evening dress, an evening gown of white cloth richly trimmed with lace, fur and embroidery, a theatre gown of crepe or soft silk, several fancy waists and an abundance of trig shirt waists. Hats, gloves, shoes, stockings, etc., to match the different costumes are necessary. And last, but not least, the trousseau, which is no small item, as it must be of the simplest description. In addition to the regular lingerie a generous supply of black silk and a few colored patterns are essential, not forgetting some elaborate white ones for use with tea and evening gowns.—Mirror and Farmer.

Messenger Girls in Boston.

After nearly three months of service, during which they have been obliged to encounter every sort of weather condition, the messenger girls have fairly earned their right to remain in the places of the boys who went on strike last October. It was thought by some people who have been watching the experiment, and officials of the company feared a little that the girls would storm the city. Such has not been the case, however; in rain, in snow, in sleet and in freezing temperatures the girls have seen their duty and they have not been found wanting. The A. D. T. management is even more pleased with the girls than it was immediately after it had found relief from the trials and tribulations of dealing with the boys. One of the officials said today: "The girls have proved exceptionally satisfactory, and have more than come up to our expectations. They have stayed on in bad weather and have made good time even under the worst conditions possible."

The company now has about 130 girl messengers regularly in its employ, and the force has lifted down somewhat since it was first put to work. When the girls were first hired all ages applied and were taken on. Young girls and old women ran round town with the messages. The young girls were stopped by the State authorities, and the older women have dropped out of their own accord, so that at the present time the average age of the girl messengers is about twenty-five years. The girls work from eight o'clock in the morning until half past five at night. After half past five the work is done by boys. Some of these boys appear in the old A. D. T. uniform, but in some cases the uniforms were owned previous to the recent trouble and the strike. The boys are also used in the day time for carrying messages to places where it would not be desirable to send girls. Although the girls are now apparently a fixture, it is doubtful if any attempt will be made to have them wear uniforms of any sort. Just at present the company is not considering that question, as it is willing to forego the uniforms for the sake of having messengers with which it is not always in trouble.—Boston Transcript.

The School for Parents.

A writer in a Kansas City newspaper, recognizing the growing demand for amusement everywhere, ventures to invite attention to the fun there is to be got out of bringing up a baby. He goes on to show that twentieth century science has abolished coal and midnight floorwalking and most of the other annoyances which used to detract from the pleasure of parenthood," says the Saturday Evening Post.

"There is some truth in this, but if it were all true it would be a great human calamity. There are hardships of the sort that try body and soul beyond endurance; and in so far as civilization and the progress of science abolishes these it is all to the good. But if ever progress should make life too easy, progress would soon be retrogression. And of all the means to the development of character—which is the real end and aim of progress—none is comparable, at least none now in existence is comparable, to bringing up a baby—to learning sacrifice, especially self-sacrifice.

"Beyond question it is easier to

Simple Fashions

New York City.—Tucked blouse coats too much worn by young girls as well as by mature women and are exceedingly becoming. This one, designed by



MISSIE'S TUCKED BLOUSE COAT.

Some of the new dress hats are very pretty. These are made with crown and wide rim of Irish lace, the edge of the crown and the edge of the rim of tulle. On one of the hats are particularly attractive flowers, big pink tipped white lilies. On another are pink poppies, and the familiar orchid is to be seen on others.

Estamine and Voiles.

Estamine and voiles are no longer confined to wools, but are plentiful among the cottons and linens. Among the linens are estamine in plain, mixed and boucle effects. As yet these are mainly old blue, old red or gray greens mixed with white. A cotton voile has a chine surface mingling soft pink blue and cream.

The Bridal Gown.

White white satin still remains a favorite for wedding gowns, many bridal gowns are being made of fine white cloth, adorned with chiffon or lace. It drapes well, falling in long graceful lines, and is somewhat out of the conventional line, as well as wondrously pretty.

The Sharp Bodice Point.

The sharp bodice point is newer than the rounded line and is seen upon the latest imported models for evening wear, but the ordinary dressmaker has not yet learned the trick of it, and it must be cleverly cut and lined if it is to stay in place.

A Pretty Blouse.

A pretty blouse which is made of checkboard squares of white silk separated by insertions of lace, has for the stock, cuffs and tops of the shoulders the plain silk tucked in many fine, close tucks.

Chaille Patterns.

Chaille patterns have somewhat more character than formerly. A rich blue ground is spotted with large discs outlined with black and filled with green and white stripes.

Sailor Blouse in "Peter Thompson" Style.

The sailor blouse is ever popular, ever in demand, but this season a bit more so than common. The very excellent May Manton model shown is in true "Peter Thompson" style and is drawn on over the head, but allows a choice between two styles of sleeves.

The Holiday of Velvet.

Fashionable persons are wearing two sorts of velvet at night. One is of heavy quality and is the old silk velvet, an emblem of luxury in the past. But these thick velvets are used mostly by women of age, since no young-

A Late Design by May Manton.



er woman wants to be bothered with the weighty folds. At a dance one of these handsome velvets is impossible. Younger women are wearing the light velvet, and that is a novelty. These velvets are not of greater weight than tulle, and have all the sheen and lustre of the thick velvets. The new velvet is the handsomest fabric on the market and needs little or no trimming. In the shops these light velvets are sold from \$3 to \$8 a yard. Velvets are in great demand for evening wear, and silks are decreasing in favor.

Lace Requirements.

The most admired real laces for deep collars, handkerchiefs, neckbands, with tab ends, or a stole finish, are Venetian laces, Duchesse, and Duchesse with Brussels point, and Brussels point de gaze, as well as point de Vierge. Real laces of this day are very apt to be mixed in style, as Brussels point with Duchesse, Milanese, Medon and Milpize laces represent an individual choice more particularly. There is something beautiful and dainty about real Milanese lace, its close designs suggesting point de Venise, Plouzeau, bertous, collarettes and the different styles of neckband laces must be real now to be the correct thing.

Fabric Hats.

Fabric hats, which came into vogue with the embroidered muslin hats of the summer, are still in high favor for girls. These are made of cloth or changeable glass silk, with picturesque happy beings, and roses—as the trimming features. A certain ruffe on the edge of the brim is an attractive and childish touch that gives decided chic.

Ermine in Shades.

Ermine with a slightly yellow tinge is much sought after, and takes its place with old lace, as it is so far only time that has been found to soften the dead white. This ivory shade remains after cleaning, and one of the best dressed women has had a childhood's



Hats of fine thread lace will be worn
Wear fabrics lead for spring street
Light browns and purples are prominent
Old-fashioned paste buckles are considered a smart finish for evening slippers
It seems that to be really swell the shirt waist must be made a size too large
It is predicted that long and three-quarter coats are to be entirely passe in a little while
One of the prettiest revived fashions is that of catching up lace doilies with clusters of flowers
Many of the winter's stoles are cut square at the back, somewhat in the fashion of a sailor collar
Coats are not so loose and baggy as they were, and even the loosest must fit well over the shoulders
The fashionable dress skirt is made in five pleats, and measures only about three inches longer in back than in front
The smart girl wears stiff little bands of embroidery, fastened with jeweled buttons, outside her coat sleeves
Among the many attractive hats is a white silky tubeline round hat, the folds caught in places with small jet ornaments
These Chinese, Japanese, Turkish, Bulgarian and Russian embroideries are creating quite an Oriental furore among us
Flat surplice pieces of real lace in the heavier varieties appear upon many of the new evening bodices, bordering a V-shaped decollete and crossing surplice fashion in front. The lace is broad upon the shoulders and tapers toward the points, and this shape is newer and more desirable than the cape collar