

THE DREAMER'S CRY.

I am tired of planning and toiling in the crowded lanes of men...

I can feel no pride, but pity for the burdens the rich endure...



RECONCILED BY ELIZA.

A Jolly Good Story From London "Answers."

THE level train, which had been speaking out of town at the rate of twelve miles an hour...

"Lady," cried the guard, elbowing up, "we are ten minutes late now."

"Won't I, though?" "But this is most unfair." "All is fair in war and..."

The Farm. Work the Wheat Land. Don't be afraid of getting the wheat land in too good a condition...

New Ideas in Toilettes. Includes illustrations of a woman in a house jacket and a late design by May Manton.