

THE BABY'S VICTORY.

By Henry L. Sabin.

THE west-bound "Atlantic Express" was running toward Chicago—rattling over bridges, roaring through cuts and dashing contemptuously past the small, unimportant stations. The afternoon was drab and dreary, the landscape traversed by the road never had great claims to attractiveness, and to-day the absence of contrasting light and shade completely stripped it of its even mediocre interest. A drizzly fog had settled upon the world, cloaking with gray the fields and woods and buildings and brushing the car windows with a provoking mist.

With one exception the passengers were dull and disgruntled. Nothing was to be seen outside, and little inside. Even the train-boy had subsided into gloomy despair, recognizing the futility of trying to dispose of his wares to such an unresponsive company.

The only trace of animation in evidence down the aisle of the whole train was found in the coach behind the smoker. Here a baby tightly protested against goodness knows what, and here a group of sympathizing kin endeavored to comfort him. Certainly he could not rightly complain of neglect. He was being regaled with attentions the most solicitous, and especially from his custodian—a girl of fifteen, who patted him and danced him and tempted him with an endless variety of distractions. But her wiles were in vain. He refused to be turned aside from the sibilant recital of his woes, real or imaginary.

Occupying a double seat opposite, Honore Kilroy, general superintendent of the western division of the road, fumed and remonstrated under his breath. He reported having come into one of the ordinary coaches but, on the other hand, how otherwise was he to pursue his per method of keeping posted on all the workings of his department? He argued that unless he sometimes doffed his official privilege of private car and pass, and rode on a ticket, like everybody else, he could not gain the complete knowledge which he was after. He was thus brought into close contact with patrons and employees, and if he was enabled to remain incognito so much the better.

In truth, the indulgences of his hobby had its disadvantages also, and was now putting the finishing polish on what he considered to be the most disagreeable trip he ever had taken over his line. But he was determined to stick it out. He had encountered a number of offending matters in both management and manners, and he was headed homeward with his notebook full of memoranda which boded ill for his subalterns.

In the Chicago office the force of clerks was waiting in fear and trembling the arrival of the executive. From a single curt, decisive message addressed to the chief clerk all apprehended that trouble was in store for somebody. Whenever the general superintendent came back erect and nervous his immediate subjects paid the penalty for being present.

Superintendent Kilroy gazed on the baby as on an intolerable nuisance. He made a resolve that he would propose to the management of the system, the introduction, as an experiment, of a special coach, noise-proof, for the conveyance of babies and party. No doubt the traveling public would hail this as a blessed innovation.

Perhaps he would favor the prohibiting the carrying of children without an adult escort. Here was a case in point across the aisle. Reclining half at length in his corner, from beneath his hat tipped over his eyes he wrathfully scrutinized the "case." The children unattended—some a baby, and the eldest one a mere child—outrages. Had a mother or other mature person been with them of course that baby would not be acting so; it would be quiet somehow. The superintendent possessed vague ideas concerning babies, he being a bachelor.

The little family obtruded itself upon the superintendent's observation rather more than he desired. He could shut it out from neither sight nor hearing. The fact was very irritating. He was of the opinion that at least two of the children badly needed washing. Yet conscientiously he could not blame the busy young body in charge.

She herself was disheveled, but was doing her best. She had a worried, motherly way about her that was quite at variance with the two slender flaxen braids hanging down her back. Her face was round and pink, and her eyes were a clear gray-blue. She wore a plain, sober-colored frock, with none of those pretty ribbons and dainty trinkets so dear to the heart of any girl. However, she bore an air of nervousness, as much nervousness as was compatible with the intimate supervision of four active juniors—a miss of eight, a miss of six, a rogue of three, and a regular rascal, assuredly no more than ten months. With these to right and to left and in front, and a huge telescope bag threatening her from the rack above—ah, what a plight, even were not the baby crying incessantly!

Embued with the firm conviction that not only infants, but all children, should be restricted to that car which he had in project, finally the superintendent desperately appealed to what few winks he simply must have despite the undiminished shrieks. He had just succeeded in skirting the threshold of nod when a light touch on his hand lying on the cushioned seat disturbed him again. He opened his eyes and saw one of the smaller of his neighbors standing at his knee, and looking with awe at his big gloves. He impatiently drew in his hand (the boy's hands were sticky), and his visitor retreated, alarmed.

"Ah! Ah! A-a-a-ah!" the baby was shouting.

The superintendent, now wide awake, knew that sleep would not approach him again with these conditions prevailing. He had lost his opportunity, and he grumbled and kicked his feet with impotent wrath.

Although one after another of her hand, with the exception of the infant, was constantly at the ice water tank, and each time brought back, as in duty bound, the tin cup for her use. It was a question whether the head of the dock derived much benefit from these efforts. The passage of the cup was hazardous with so many lurches and other disastrous experiences! Besides, she divided with the baby. At last she could no longer resist thirst aggravated from time to time by a few drops, and she ventured an expedition on her own account.

Obviously the baby was left in the care of the three remaining children, but in reality, owing to the fact that this trio at once shyly followed the leader up the aisle, he was abandoned to his fate. Promptly he rolled off the seat into the aisle, and almost under the foot of the superintendent. There was nothing else to do—the superintendent stooped and gingerly rescued him. The baby's cries had been interrupted by the accident and they did not now recommence. He stared blankly at his preserver. Each was afraid of the other.

The state of mental apprehension was relieved by the hurried reappearance of the youthful nurse. With a flushed countenance she hastened to lighten the superintendent of the burden lying so awkwardly in his arms. To her overtures the baby responded with an energetic scream of objection.

"Sh-sh-sh!" said the girl. "Come, now."

"It seems to prefer me, doesn't it?" huskily admitted the superintendent, set back by the change of programme. The baby, clinging to him with astonishing strength, was quiet once more.

"Yes, sir," replied the girl, with embarrassed shyness.

"Perhaps I'd better keep it a while, if that will stop its crying. Maybe it will go to sleep," he suggested, seizing on a possible relief for himself and his suffering neighbor.

"I don't know, sir," answered the girl, doubtfully.

"Well, we'll see," he continued looking down at the small being on his lap. "Am I holding it right?"

"Yes, sir," he doesn't mind having his legs twisted a little," assured the girl. "When he goes to sleep you can lay him down. But I think I ought to take him."

"No, indeed," interposed the superintendent, in memory hearing those appalling sounds renewed.

He sat there stiffly, bolt upright, not daring to move, the baby clasped in his arms, and he felt very silly. This was the first baby that he ever had handled, and he was over forty. On his part the baby was peering up with all his might, but his eyes were becoming drowsy.

"You can sit here if you like, where you can watch," said the superintendent to the girl, indicating the seat facing him. "You don't mind riding backward?" he added, politely.

"Oh, no, sir," she declared, and she slipped in. The other three children, who had formed a wondering audience, crowded and clamored after her.

"Where are you going?" inquired the superintendent.

"Fargo, in Dakota," she replied, her manner not yet free from timidity.

"We've lost all our money," vouchsafed Miss Eight-year-old, frankly.

"That's too bad! How did it happen?" asked the superintendent.

"I don't know, sir," said the older girl. "Only after we got on this train I found I didn't have any more."

"And what will you do?" pursued the superintendent.

"Our tickets take us to Chicago, and when we get there I'll telegraph papa," she returned proudly.

"And where's papa?" persisted the superintendent.

"Why, he's in Dakota, on a farm, and he's to meet us in Fargo."

"But I'm afraid you can't telegraph to Fargo without money to pay for the message, and besides, how is he to know there's a telegram for him?" queried the superintendent.

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl, puzzled for a moment, but nevertheless undaunted.

"Papa'll send us money," trustfully affirmed Miss Eight-year-old, squirming against the superintendent's knees.

"Be careful, Hilda, you'll wake baby," admonished the girl. "I guess you can lay him down now, sir, if you do it gently. He's asleep, I think."

The superintendent cautiously obeyed the recommendation. The operation was conducted to a successful completion, and the thoroughly subdued infant slumbered peacefully on the crimson cushion. Mr. Kilroy was more at ease immediately. Nevertheless, with a baby on the same seat, a child at his knee, two others wriggling at the window at his elbow, and a girl, who really was only a child, as his vis-a-vis, his position continued to be most extraordinary—for him. And yet, strange to say, he found that his ill-humor was fast vanishing.

"So this is Hilda?" he asked. "Then what is your name?"

"Louise—Louise Swansson. And that is Gustie, and that is John, and the baby is Peter."

"Mamma's dead," announced Hilda, in a matter-of-fact way.

"Yes," explained Louise, with growing assurance in her new acquaintance. "We lived in Byport, Pennsylvania, and papa went out to Dakota over a year ago, and when mamma died he sent for us to come to him; he was counting on having us all as soon as he got settled." Louise's eyes filled with tears.

"Well, well, that's a long journey—and just you in charge?" ejaculated the superintendent.

"Say—I like you," stated Hilda, candidly thrusting her hand into his.

This frank avowal rather startled the superintendent, who was not used to such overtures. "Thank you," he answered reservedly, not wishing to court further advances from the susceptible, but grimy young lady.

John it was who unceremoniously pumped down upon his lap and affectionately embraced him.

"Oh, Johnnie, don't!" pleaded Louise, horrified at the audacity.

"Never mind; let him stay," spoke the superintendent, bravely.

Johnnie stayed, to be joined within a moment by Gustie, equally as ambitious.

Said the grinning brakeman, who long ago had recognized the official, but had pretended ignorance, to the conductor, who also was in the secret, "Look at the 'old man' will you! Regular happy family, isn't he! Somebody ought to take a photograph of him!"

Could the superintendent's many friends and associates, business and social, have seen him thus engaged when the train pulled into Chicago they would have gazed aghast, thunder-struck, nearly incredulous. And the sight of this same superintendent conveying those children into the station would have clapped the climax!

"You're to stay here, remember, until five o'clock," he instructed, when Louise and her youngsters and bag and all had been safely ensconced upon a seat in the waiting-room. "One of the men in red caps will tell you when your train is ready—and I'll see to it that they take you to Fargo."

"Do you own all the railroads?" asked Hilda, admiringly.

"Not quite, Hilda," he replied. "Goodbye."

On his way to the door he beckoned to a station attendant. "George," he directed, "you see those children over there—four and a baby. Look after them, will you, please? They're friends of mine—going to Fargo, and I'll depend on you to put them aboard the five o'clock L. & D. And, George," handing him a dollar, "you might get some sandwiches and oranges and other truck. They've lost their money. Children always want to eat, I believe."

"Yes, sir; I'll look after them, Mr. Kilroy, sure," asserted the man.

With this the superintendent hurried to the curb, sprang into a cab, and was whirled off to his office.

All the day the atmosphere throughout his suite had been depressing, for it was suspected that he was returning in a temper which meant a general and brusque upheaval. No clerk, however humble, but feared that the first victim of displeasure might be himself. The superintendent's heel's striking sharply along the floor of the corridor were heard in the outer office, and by that subtle species of wireless telegraphy termed "intuition" the word was passed from desk to desk. "The 'old man' is coming!"

He opened the door—and he was whistling! Actually whistling! As he strode through his own private apartment he whistled on! The clerks glanced at one another in relieved surprise. A smile showed here and there, and it seemed as if the sun were shining again. Hardly had Mr. Kilroy entered his sanctum ere he rang his bell imperatively.

"Send in Johnson," he ordered. Johnson, not entirely devoid of foreboding, obeyed the summons.

"I want you to make out an application—in the usual way—to the L. & D. for transportation to Fargo—charge to my account—for Louise Swansson and family. S-w-a-n-s-s-o-n—got it? All right. Go over with it yourself and wait for the pass, and take it down to the station and give it to Miss Swansson. She's in the ladies' waiting-room, with three children and a baby. She's to go out on the five o'clock. A girl of fifteen, three other children and a baby—you can't help find them. The chances are you'll hear the baby before you reach the station."

The bewildered clerk had sense enough left to smile at the concluding sarcasm of his superior.

"Yes, sir; I'll go at once, sir," he stammered.

"And—here, Johnson—you might give the young lady this. Tell her it's for the baby."

"I—I hope you had a pleasant trip, Mr. Kilroy," he hazarded, boldly, as a test to know the worst—if there was a worst. Perhaps the superintendent's urbanity was only surface deep.

"Oh—quite pleasant; in fact, unusually pleasant, thank you," averred the superintendent unconcernedly. "Things are in good shape. Now don't fail to get the transportation to the station. Go right away."

As the clerk made his exit, with him through the open door drifted the welcome sound of Superintendent Kilroy's whistle—cheery, satisfied and reassuring.—Woman's Home Companion.

Publicity as a Panacea.

We have in this country an almost superstitious reverence for publicity, as though it were a panacea for political and social evils. Give the people the facts, is our comfortable doctrine, and conditions will remedy themselves. But there is as much difference between diagnosis and cure as applied to printers' ink as to medicine, and the time will come, even if the writer be wrong in thinking it is now with us, when the feeblest of tonics will do us more good than the most drastic of these modern literary emetics.

It is a curious fact that, when we speak of publicity and its value, we have in mind publicity in its narrow and restricted sense, as the searchlight of public knowledge thrown upon something which is wrong. We make it serve as a sort of social scavenger, as though that were its great function instead of its very least. As though that great instrument of civilization was being employed at its best task when engaged in probing, with a prying hook, our social garbage barrels.—George W. Alger, in the Atlantic.

Died of Improvements.

The following is told of a patient, a German woman, who, taken seriously ill, was sent to the hospital.

In the evening her husband inquired how she was getting along, and was told that she was improving.

Next day he called again, and was told she was still improving.

This went on for some time, each day the report being that his wife was improving.

Finally, one night when he called he was told that his wife was dead. Seeing the doctor, he went up to him and said, "Well, doctor, why did she die of improvements?"—Harper's Weekly.

Woman's Realm

Gives Her Hair a Rest.

It's a strain on the hair to be curled and coiffed in devious ways all winter, and many fashionable young women are giving their locks a rest just now by dressing them very simply, minus the Marcel waves and various other additions to beauty. One girl discovered that she was ruining her hair by too frequent treatments and enticings, and the result is that among her friends' visits to the hairdresser have grown less frequent, for whatever else the summer girl can afford to lose, she can't afford to lose one strand of her hair.—Indianapolis News.

Freedom Not For Russian Women.

It is difficult for an American to understand that freedom as we know it does not exist in Russia. There the legal position of woman is far from satisfactory, but is always under the tutelage of some one.

As a daughter the Russian woman is under the entire control of her parents. Her coming of age does not alter her position. She simply changes the authority of her parents for the no less rigid authority of her husband. As the Russian statute puts it, "One person can not be rationally expected to fully satisfy two such unlimited powers as that of husband and parent."

The unlimited power of the parent is withdrawn and that of the husband substituted. She can not leave her lord even to visit a neighboring town without a "pass" from him. He names the time she is permitted to stay, and at the end of that time she is bound to return to get the pass renewed.

A husband may appear in a court of law as a witness against his wife, but his wife is not allowed to appear against her husband. A woman's evidence in Russia is always regarded as of less weight than that of a man.—Harper's Weekly.

Natural Rose Worn.

New York belles have set the fashion of wearing a single rose instead of a nosegay. The blossom is, of course, the most perfect to be found, and is worn where it will produce the most artistic or startling effect.

A favorite place for the single rose is directly in front at the point in the décolletage. A girlish effect is given by wearing the rose just over the left shoulder.

A schoolgirl has adopted the fashion of wearing the rose tucked coquettishly under her hair, which she wears coiled low.

The short girl has seized the opportunity of making herself appear taller by using the rose at the top of her head, where the hair is knotted.

A pretty effect is obtained by a brunette who wears a deep red rose caught in her collar, close to her throat.

Perhaps the least conventional wearing of the rose was made a fad by one of the society leaders, who appeared at the theatre with a great pink blossom directly in the middle of her back. From the flower hung tulle streamers, matching the tulle and chiffon laces about the fair, bare shoulders.

Princess Gowns.

We never quite desert the princess style.

For a woman with a fine figure indeed there's no dress so altogether smart and becoming as the princess. So true is this that at intervals this mode is revived for street wear, usually in the shape of a princess skirt, and some sort of abbreviated jacket. It goes without saying, however, that the princess style is at its best for house wear, and especially for evening.

Many of the most superb evening dresses are in this mode and though white is the choice as a rule a number of lovely colors are seen in superb effects and the material appears to greatest advantage, there being one long, tremendous sweep from shoulders to trail end upon which the lights play in delightful fashion.

Oriental crepe, heavy, mellow and satiny, is a chosen fabric. It is bound to be magnificent.

Just now palettes on fine net are much in evidence. The great thing is to have these sparklers very tiny, and in no wise suggestive of big, circusy spangles.

A charming example is in pale blue, with a starry, all-over effect in silver spangles. The net over-dress appears to be almost loose, and it is caught into the tightly-fitting satin foundation dress about the waist. Not faddy, however, indeed, the uninitiated might suppose it to be hanging loose and naturally clinging at the curve. Zigzags of pale blue velvet ribbons adorn the foot of the skirt and are also employed to form a sort of bolero, which serves to finish to décolletage.—Manchester Union.

The Fern Picnic.

Picnics claim every summer month for their own, and oftentimes appropriate the early autumn as well. Improvised affairs, with the accessory luncheon basket opened in some attractive woodland spot, are the preconceived notions of the picnic proper, but there are other sorts which, owing to their novelty, will appeal to many.

The fern picnic is the first of these, and when once the fern and the farmer are secured there can be no doubt of the success of the new departure. Presuming that these two items have come into your possession by a day's hire, the plan is to convey the guests by wagon or trolley car to the farm. Arrangements having been made with the farmer, the guests find a cool sitting room, a porch, a barn, farmyard and broad acres at their disposal. Hammocks and swings up, the croquet and even archery in readiness, tennis and even golf can be brought into the flat of the day's enjoyments, if a too great nicety for court and links is not demanded.

The serving of the luncheon in the barn, which is bedecked with boughs and redolent of the odor of hay, is the feature of the day, though it is closely seconded by a late afternoon frolic in the hayfield, where the city folks are permitted to load up the scented cuttings and ride back to the barn; the work which is play to them being a real benefit to the farmer, though, of course, he would never admit it.

The hostess provides all the eatables, so that the farmer's wife is not put to any trouble by the invasion.—The Bee Hive.

On Feeding the Children.

Do not forget that the baby outgrows his food just as he does his clothes, and that timely additions to his dietary are a valuable means of preventing scurvy, rachitis, diarrheal disturbances and other diseases of dietetic origin.

Many children are peevish and ill-tempered because they are improperly nourished. A revision of the diet, with suitable additions, will satisfy the child and transform it into a happy, growing youngster. A healthy child has an instinct for sweets, and this should be gratified in moderation. Honey is one of the best of sweets, or a little good butterscotch or sweet chocolate may be used.

It is better to overfeed than to underfeed a growing child, says the Medical Brief. Overfeeding is less apt to occur with a properly selected diet, for the child will be satisfied with a lesser bulk of food. It is not a good plan to feed children on thin soups and similar fluid foods, as they are filled before the demand for nourishment is satisfied.

Children often eat too much meat, resulting in abnormal stimulation of the nervous system and imperfect nutrition of the body and muscular framework of the body. Cereals, potatoes, whole-wheat bread, milk, eggs, cheese, nuts, green salads and vegetables furnish the elements of growth and repair in a satisfactory form.

When children lose appetite, instead of pampering them with injudicious indulgences, try feeding them nothing but fruit for a day or so, when appetite will quickly reassert itself unless some disease is incubating.

Children who are properly fed will suffer little, as a rule, from toothache, headache, nerves, broken sleep, etc. Proper ventilation, daily outdoor exercise and regular meal times are all essential to appetite and good digestion.

Fashion Notes

New York City.—Skirt and waist of contrasting material are often exceedingly convenient for the little folk, and his very smart model enables them

de chine wore a hat composed of narrow frills of green tulle. This was trimmed with pink roses and lilacs, and a beauty it was—clear and crisp, yet rich and smart. One attractive costume in heliotrope taffeta, richly embroidered, was topped by a bonnet hat of creamy lace, with exquisitely-shaded orchids.

Dainty.

One pretty girl was fetching in a sheer organdie in a pale pink and white check. It was a mass of serpentine insertions, those on the skirt intermingling in profusion to above the knees, and others fairly crowding the bodice proper from neckline. Irish crochet lace formed the elbow and Dutch neck finish.

A La Pompadour.

A clever costume was that of a pretty blonde. With her full skirt of cream mousseline, with plenty of little frills at the foot, she had a coatee of shot taffeta in the hydrangea colors. This was scalloped and bordered with three ruffles of velvet bebe ribbon in hydrangea blue, pink and mauve. Shaded plumes were in her pale blue tulle hat.

White to Be Popular.

White, the trade journals say, will be more popular next year than it has been this or previous seasons. The buyer will, therefore, take every advantage of white sales in the shops.

In Cream White.

A dress of cream white mousseline, with quantities of narrow lace ruffles, was fitted with a large hat of pale

to be worn without the over mature effect which is apt to result from the regulation skirt waist. In this instance the skirt is of checked challie

A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.



while the waist is of white Persian lawn trimmed with embroidery, but there are, of course, countless materials which are appropriate for the skirt while the blouse can be of slightly heavier lawn if preferred. Again, the model is an excellent one for the dress of one material, and will be found charming for the school days of early fall if made from challie or some similar light weight wool.

The dress is made with the blouse and skirt, which are quite separate. The blouse includes the tucked front and the full sleeves and the fitted body lining, which can be used or omitted as material renders desirable. It is closed invisibly at the centre back. There is a belt at the waist line and another attached to the skirt, so that the two can be buttoned firmly together. The skirt is five gores, and is laid in backward turning pleats which give a box pleated effect at the centre front.

The quantity of material required for a girl of ten is, for waist two and three-quarter yards twenty-seven, two and a half yards thirty-two or one and five-eighths yards forty-four inches wide; for the skirt three and three-quarter yards twenty-seven, two and five-eighths yards thirty-two or two yards forty-four inches wide.

Braid Garniture.

Braids are much used this season and principally upon travelling dresses. They are worn, though, a great deal upon street gowns and there are times when a bit of braiding does very well upon a dinner waist. In the last named instance the braid must be very fine and put on in designs into which are worked lace flowers and beaded flowers and every other pretty embroidery device.

A Pretty Effect.

A dark blue batiste with bands of blue and white embroidery was a great success. This skirt was full and had a plain panel in front of embroidery, about four inches wide. Two bands of four-inch and one of six-inch embroidery crossed the fullness of the skirt, giving the effect of puffs. The waist was a surprise opened widely in front to the waist.

Fetching Combination.

A handsome matron in lilac crepe

blue taffeta. This was trimmed with pink roses and a blue plume.

Very Smart.

With a pale, unadorned blue taffeta in a checked figure one woman wore a dark straw hat. There were velvet bows, nothing else. It was very smart.

Fifteen-Gored Umbrella Skirt.

The skirt that is smooth over the hips yet flares abundantly and freely below the knees is the one that is the favorite of the present and that may be looked for for many months to come. Illustrated is one of the latest that is cut in a succession of narrow gores which make it possible to obtain the full effect after a most desirable fashion, while its many lines give a tall and slender effect to the figure. In this instance the material is dark blue mohair, but the model is well adapted to all suitings, both to those of the present warm weather and to those of the coming cooler season. Again, it makes a most excellent skirt for wear with odd waists as well as for the coat suit.

The skirt is cut in fifteen gores, which are widened generously as they approach the lower edge and is laid in inverted pleats at the back.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is eleven and a quarter yards twenty-one or twenty-seven, or six yards forty-four inches wide when it has not.

