

DON'T NAG.

If you wish to help the world a little in your humble way,
 Don't nag.
 Your wife, if you're a husband, doubtless has her faults, but—
 Don't nag!
 You may be too busy toiling for your little bit of crust
 To be able to lift others who are lying in the dust.
 But you still can help in making the world brighter, if you just
 Don't nag.
 If you wish to give him courage who has chosen you for life,
 Don't nag!
 If you wish to be his helper—and he'll need help in the strife—
 Don't nag!
 He may have a few shortcomings—husbands generally do—
 And he may sometimes sit beaten when he should have triumphed, too.
 But he'll rise with newer courage and new strength if only you
 Don't nag.
 All around you there are others who have painful wounds to nurse,
 Don't nag!
 Rabbing on the raw has even and will always make it worse.
 Don't nag!
 You can see your neighbor's foibles—all his weaknesses are plain—
 But, then, what's the use of prying when it cannot bring you gain?
 Why add by a look or whisper to the world's supply of pain?
 Don't nag.
 If she has her days for fretting, oh, be patient then with her—
 Don't nag!
 If he makes mistakes remembering it is human still to err—
 Don't nag!
 You may not have strength to rescue the pale ones whose burdens kill,
 Or to lift the weary toilers who are stumbling up the hill,
 But you can refrain from making the world sadder, if you will—
 Don't nag!
 —S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Heart of "Ten Cent Barty"

By Carroll Watson Rankin.

BARTLETT must have been about four years of age when he first announced that he was too much old to be kissed.

Up to that moment no one had given the subject of kissing Bartlett very much thought, for he was not one of those irresistibly attractive children that one instinctively caresses; but of course after his defiant declaration it became a matter of pride with the small boy's family to see which member could beg, buy or steal the greatest number of kisses.

By the time Bartlett, who had a large number of feminine relatives, was ten, he had grown so skilled in dodging osculatory advances that it was no longer possible to surprise him with unwelcome endearments. If any one wanted, or pretended to want, kisses from Bartlett, it was necessary to buy them.

Bartlett's price for these favors was ten cents apiece. For the next two years, whenever he was desperately in need of a dime—but the necessity had to be desperate indeed—he consented to sell to his teasing sister Madge, his tantalizing cousin Eleanor or his badgering Aunt Emily a small, sudden, birdlike peck, followed always by instant flight. The sight of this performance invariably sent the fun-loving family into laughter; but Bartlett's mother did not quite approve.

"Don't tease that boy so!" she would sometimes protest, although she was such a mild little person that no one ever thought of heeding her remonstrances. "I'm afraid you'll make him hard-hearted."

"Surely," teased Madge. "You wouldn't want a mushy boy like Clarence Miller?"

Of course, by the time Bartlett was twelve, no kisses could be wrung from him for love or money; but to his great disgust his fame had spread abroad, and his schoolmates had dubbed him "Ten-Cent Barty."

His older brother John, a young man of twenty, still kissed his mother good night in a comfortable, matter-of-fact way; but when Mr. Morgan said to Bartlett, as he sometimes did, with a twinkle in his eye, "My son, why don't you kiss your mother good night?" Bartlett would reply truthfully, if not at all gallantly, "I'd rather be shot."

It was evident that Ten-Cent Barty had no use for kisses. It also became evident, gradually, that the eyes of Mrs. Morgan, a slight, not very strong little mother, followed Bartlett wistfully from the room when, with a hastily mumbled "Good night" to nobody in particular, the boy would bolt for the stairs. It grew plain, even to Bartlett, that she missed the good-night kiss that was hers by right and that was never forthcoming; yet, strangely enough, in spite of repeated disappointments, she looked for it expectantly night after night.

It was not the kiss alone that was lacking. Between John, who was like his mother's family in many ways, and Mrs. Morgan there was a strong bond of sympathy and good fellowship most beautiful to see. But Bartlett was an alien and almost an outsider in the family circle. Apparently he had discarded his mother and dresses at the same moment, for, with his first trousers, he had turned to his father for sympathy and counsel.

Encouraged by his mother's arm, John had sewed patchwork, had learned to knit, and had even played with dolls, without suffering permanent injury from any of these girlish occupations; but from the time that Bartlett's small fingers had been long enough to grasp a hammer the younger boy's predilections had been thoroughly masculine.

Of course it had not taken him long to discover how little his mother knew about things of such vital importance as screw bolts, steam gages, ball bearings and pillow blocks. Neither did any of these things appeal to John, who was reading law. Bartlett had soon learned to work out his problems without motherly or brotherly assistance. By the time Ten-Cent Barty was sixteen his knowledge of machinery had become a source of wonder not only to his own family, but to the interested neighbors, who called him in to prescribe for ailing lawn mowers and injured clothes wringers.

In March Mrs. Morgan had taken cold. All through the summer she had a little hacking cough that alarmed the family, and she seemed pale and listless. The family doctor shook his head whenever he saw her, and in September ordered her to Arizona.

"I'm not saying that there's anything serious the matter with her," he explained to Mr. Morgan, "but this climate isn't the place for her this winter. Send her out West."

On the other hand, the renovated machine ran even better than he had dared to hope. He had feared the long stretch of deep mud always to be found at the foot of Collinsburg Hill, but the automobile dashed through it with an almost appalling disregard for its own shining exterior, only to lose, later, several precious moments from sheer contrariness on the only stretch of good road the boy could hope to find.

But having started, Bartlett had no intention of falling. He had to reach a certain point by half past two and he meant to do it.

A good part of the road, winding among the hills, was unsheltered by trees, and was exposed to the full glare of the afternoon sun. Riding was not so restful as Bartlett had hoped to find, for he had not counted on the nervous strain of guiding the vehicle; and as he grew increasingly weary, his hand lost its sureness. Once he had to work carefully round a load of hay standing motionless in the road while its driver slumbered on top. Once he accidentally slithered into a ditch, from which he could never have dragged his vehicle without the timely assistance of a passing farmer.

Twenty minutes after this disaster, and nearly two miles from his destination, a deep and unseeable hole in the road was the cause of a sudden and disastrous overturn. And the overturn was the cause of a serious break in the steering mechanism that Bartlett pushed the automobile into a thick clump of bushes near the roadside, to be left until called for.

At half past two Mrs. Morgan's train stopped at Forestville, sixteen miles from her home, to take on passengers. The little woman, still rather tremulous, surveyed from her window, although with very little interest, the crowd on the platform. From this occupation her glance strayed idly to the road that led to the station.

Down this dusty thoroughfare a broad-shouldered, long-legged lad was running. There was something about his gait that betrayed excessive weariness, combined with a certain air of dogged determination. There was also something about this overheated, mud-streaked figure that all at once set Mrs. Morgan's heart throbbing with almost unendurable emotion.

As the runner approached, he lifted his eyes suddenly to meet hers at the window. Jostled by the crowd on the platform, the boy elbowed his way to the steps, leaped aboard the train, rushed through the car, and planted one of Bartlett's own ridiculous, bird-like pecks on Mrs. Morgan's lips. But to her, who suddenly understood all, no kiss was ever sweeter.

There was a new, wonderfully happy look in her eyes as, a moment later she leaned from the window to wave her hand to Bartlett, who, already homeward, had passed to wave a hand toward the moving train.—Youth's Companion.

"I have a sister in Phoenix!"

"Then send her to Phoenix. There couldn't be a safer place for her from now until May!"

By the last week in September Mrs. Morgan was ready to depart. When the day came the entire family, with one exception, announced its intention of going to the station to speed the traveler with cheerful words—something very much needed in this instance.

This exception, of course, was Bartlett. He, with his usual aversion to farewells, had mumbled something, and was leaving the table at noon when his father said:

"Bartlett, aren't you going to say good-by to your mother?"

"Good-by," muttered Bartlett from the doorway. "Hope you'll have a nice time."

Mrs. Morgan's eyes filled with tears, but Bartlett gave no sign of seeing them, unless an unusually vigorous stamping of the front door might have been a sign.

At two o'clock the family with some what forced cheerfulness, went to put Mrs. Morgan on her train. She kissed her many relatives good-by as they appeared; but in the interval of waiting for the cry, "All aboard!" her eyes wandered frequently to the door or searched the faces of the crowd on the platform.

It really did not seem possible that Bartlett could let his mother go so far away and for so long a time without giving some small sign that he loved her. But the train pulled out finally, and no Bartlett had appeared.

Now among Bartlett's friends was a man named Johnson, who had owned an automobile, the first to appear in the town.

Whether it was the owner's inexperience or whether the machine itself was defective no one had ever been able to discover, but the runabout had never worked with any degree of satisfaction to its rather sensitive owner, whose fads, at best, were short lived. He had soon abandoned it and bought a horse.

From the first Bartlett had hovered about this misbehaving automobile like a bee about clover. His devotion both amused and touched Johnson, who, in the days when his faith in gasoline was strong, had often invited Bartlett to ride with him, and who had frequently found the boy's skill with tools of service when things went wrong. Afterward, unable to sell the now somewhat damaged machine to anybody who knew of its vagaries, and too honest to sell it to any one who did not, Mr. Johnson permitted Bartlett to experiment with it.

After months of labor, and the clever substitution of parts which he had himself manufactured, it began to look as if the boy were actually going to restore the automobile to something like its usefulness. Several times before the day of Mrs. Morgan's departure the machine had jurneyed two blocks and home again without a breakdown.

Immediately after luncheon the day of Mrs. Morgan's departure, Bartlett, with his hands in his pockets, stood in the doorway of the Johnson carriage house, gazing at the repudiated automobile. The light of strong purpose shone in his gray eyes a moment later when he glanced at his watch, hastily filled the automobile tank with gasoline, flung the doors wide, and started his unwieldy pet toward the entrance.

The driveway was rough and a trifle uphill, but the boy trundled the vehicle to the road, worked away at the crank until the engine was started, and got in, while short, ejaculatory sounds issued from the motionless machine. Then he pushed the lever, and with a sudden sibilant explosion the automobile was spinning down the street, leaving the atmosphere in its wake redolent of gasoline.

Bartlett knew exactly where he wanted to go, but he realized that it was one thing to possess this knowledge and quite another to impart it to a notoriously erratic automobile. The spot he had in mind was sixteen miles distant, for he had something to do and he meant to do it. In the same circumstances any other boy would have thought of a far simpler plan of carrying out the idea; but Bartlett was no one but himself, and the workings of his mind were as incomprehensible as times as were the complicated inner workings of the Johnson automobile.

Sixteen miles are not many for a first class machine, on a good level road, to accomplish in two hours and a half, but sixteen miles, when half of them are up-hill and much of the road is sandy, are a great many.

The country roads were worse than Bartlett had expected to find them.



Little Dressmakers of Paris.

The pinson is a French song-bird, and the petites couturieres of Paris are universally called minis pinsons (little song-birds) because of the habit they have of always singing at their work. Crowded, hundreds of them, in ill-lighted, badly ventilated, great attics, during the busy season, they stitch and sing from 7 o'clock in the morning until long after midnight, and they earn—the vast majority of them—fifty cents a day.

With this amount they must not only board, lodge and clothe themselves, but they must also make provisions for the morte saison—four months, from the middle of June till the middle of September, when the gay world of Paris being a la campagne, no orders for work are given, workshops are closed, and the minis pinsons earn not one sou.—Harper's Bazar.

With Small Means.

It is very foolish of the woman of small means to try to keep pace with the woman of independent, or even comfortable resources; but very often a woman of taste and judgment, especially if she is skilled with the needle, will make a better appearance on a very small outlay than another would do with large means. Careful planning, judicious outlay and purchases adapted to her circumstances must be made. "The best of its kind" is a good plan, but it is better to get the best your purse will pay for, even though the quantity be very limited, and if the material be reasonably good, it may be made over for another outing, with small addition to cost, thus lessening the next season's outlay. Besides, a garment, cheap as to goods, soon looks "cheap," and if nothing better than a mercerized cotton can be afforded it is better than a flimsy quality of showy silk.—The Commoner.

Ideas For Bracelets.

The fashion of wearing a tiny watch in a bracelet, which always holds more or less for traveling, shopping or sporty occasions, is suggested by the fact that bracelets that are being set in the arm ornaments. While a watch bracelet is of leather, these new-old bracelets are of gold.

A big catocion or cut stone that has served in days gone in brooch or earrings is now just the thing to have mounted in a bracelet, either a plain gold band or one in the link design.

For such resetting the semi-precious stones are in as great vogue as those which cost more. Only the workmanship must be superb, or the effect is loud, cheap or dowdy.

Should the family jewel box contain many such old pieces there is no more attractive use for them than to have them reset in a network of silver or gold links, forming one of the necklaces so much in vogue, especially with lingerie blouses.

One such in eruscan gold is set with corals, which of yore adorned one of grandmamma's "sets." The effect is charming.

Value of Neatness.

Ask any one to explain why a certain girl is regarded as pretty, and see if you get a direct answer. Probably you will hear that "she certainly is pretty, but really I don't know why, for she has not a good feature in her face, and, now I come to think about it, I have seen prettier complexions."

She may have a good figure, but that does not alone make a girl worth looking at twice, and certainly does not gain her a reputation for prettiness. Her hair looks well brushed, and is well and becomingly arranged; her dress is well chosen in color, and, however simple in style, it is thoroughly trim at the neck, and there is never a suspicion of rags or untidiness about her skirt or her petticoat.

The "bits and bobs" of that girl's toilet are not slurred over, and her hands and feet are as dainty as care can make them, for her innate refinement makes her abhor the dictum of the slaves that "all that matters is the general effect, and little details are not worth bothering about."

Attention to these little details makes all the difference between the well and badly dressed girl.

A Woman's Cruise.

Beginning due west of Point Conception, on the California coast, and continuing at irregular intervals as far south as the Bay of Todos Santos in Lower California, lies the Channel Islands. In this island region for the yachtman, the fisherman and the hunter, one comes to feel like the new Crusoe on his primitive isle. And in very truth Crusoe's semi-mythical story was enacted upon one of these same islands, though minus the man Friday and the happy ending. The castaway in this case was a woman, a Danish emigrant, left ashore through some mischance by the crew of a vessel that had sought shelter behind San Nicholas during a storm, in the early fifties.

For over seventeen years the lone creature lived unsought and forgotten, though the time at length came, when, on the days the mist-clearing north wind blew, she could climb to the island's highest point and view the ranchers' herds grazing upon the mainland. And at last, when hope and reason had both long died, the poor, wild, gibbering creature was found in her wolf's burrow among the hills by the advance guard of the other hunters' fraternity, who had long wondered at the mysterious footprints they marked upon the lonely sands.—Field and Stream.

Woman's Way of Escape.

Two men sat next her table at luncheon. They were suburbanites, and suburbanite talk engrossed their tongues, and attention. She was a careful, though not intrusive, listener. So she seemingly bent her head to the business in hand the while her ears were eagerly occupied with the aforementioned small talk.



New York City.—The breakfast jacket is so absolutely essential to comfort that it is counted among the first necessities of the wardrobe. Here is one

more notable by a couple of peacock's feathers springing on the left side in front from a diamond ornament, says the Queen.

Maternal Gowning.

There's an idea prevalent that maternal dignity requires mauve, and, indeed, the mother of the bride did don a dress of mauve velour, a stunning princess affair. Her togar was of mauve tulle, with pinnacles along the side. The underblouse, or at least what showed of it, was of this dainty tulle. It made the crispest of elbow-sleeve ruffles.

To Dress Well.

To dress well, even when the income is large, is not the easiest thing in the world; when the income is small, dressing becomes an art. The first rule is simple; never, under any circumstances, buy a penny's worth unless you really want it, and know exactly how you are going to use it. An article you do not want is dear at any price.

Showered Waist.

There is something peculiarly charming and attractive about a soft material that is generously shirred. The very pretty waist illustrated combines such treatment with quite novel cut and is in every way to be desired. The model, which is an excellent one for immediate wear, is made of pale blue

that is exceedingly graceful, that is so tasteful and becoming that it is perfectly well suited to informal home wear and which can be made from a variety of materials. In this instance it combines white India lawn with trimming of embroidery banding, but

A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.



A little later chaille, cashmere, French flannel and the like will be needed, while for the weeks of warm weather there is a long list of materials which are quite as available as lawn. Again, the frill at the collar can be of lace or embroidery if preferred.

The jacket is made with fronts and backs. The backs are tucked from shoulders to waist line and are full below that point while the fronts are tucked to yoke depth only. There is a box pleat at the centre front and the sleeves are in shirt waist style, but the neck is finished with the wide roll-over collar that is both becoming and satisfactory for morning wear.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-seven, three and a half yards thirty-two or two and a half yards forty-four inches wide with one and a half yards of insertion to trim as illustrated.

All White Costume Effect.

Separate skirts, of batiste or handkerchief linen of about the same weight as the materials your "best" blouses are made of, combine with these blouses into the prettiest of the white dresses. And if you keep the skirt fairly plain, trimming it only with tucks, or with flowers, or perhaps with just a little valenciennes lace of some simple, unobtrusive pattern, it will go with any one of your blouses without seeming like a misfit. And have it long. The long, sweeping lines are always more graceful, and nothing is much prettier than the transformation of the morning girl, who has been wearing a shirt-waist suit, with a short skirt, a severe little hat, and tan shoes, into the dresser mortal! all graceful lines and soft stuff.

Negligee Gowns.

Room gowns or negligees, which have entirely superseded the floppy wrapper of ancient days, are a necessity in warm weather, if not at other times. Much latitude is allowed in the style of these garments, the only requisites being becomingness and style. The woman who is clever with her needle can make her own room gowns for comparatively little. When they have to be purchased their cost is considerable.

Large Choice of Hats.

The choice is a large one. There is the large plumed pictureque hat we have worn so long with the brim turning upward, or a smaller style after the boat shape, distinguished by the length of its full, rich plume. The tricorne, with brim turning upward, is rendered

inches wide for chemisette and collar and two and a half yards of lace for frills.