

THE OPEN WINDOW.

My tower was grimly builded,
With many a bolt and bar,
"And here," I thought, "I will keep my life
From the bitter world afar."

Dark and still was the stony floor,
Where never a sunbeam lay,
And the mold crept up on the dreary wall,
With its ghost touch, day by day.

One morn, in my sulken moodings
A flutter and cry I heard,
And close at the rusty casement
There clung a frightened bird.

Then back I flung the shutter
That was never before undone,
And I kept till its wings were rased
The little weary one.

But in through the open window,
Which I had forgot to close,
There had burst a gust of sunshine
And a summer scent of rose.

For all the while I had burrowed
There in my dingy tower,
Lo! the birds had sung and the leaves had danced!
From hour to sunny hour.

And such a halm and warmth and beauty
Came drifting in since then,
That the window still stands open,
And shall never be shut again.

—Edward Rowland Sill.

CHARLIE RENO'S GRANDSIRE.

By HERBERT COOLIDGE.

"There used to be a saying among my tribesmen," said Charlie Reno, the Indian preacher, "that working a Modoc was like breaking a lynx to a dog. My grandfather was a Modoc, and from the age of ten was a captive among the Pitt Rivers. Some of the stories he told about the way he and his captors treated each other would make you laugh, and others would make your blood run cold. I will tell you the story of his last day of slavery just as he has told it to me many times."

Impersonation seemed a deeply rooted instinct with Charlie Reno, and as he took up the narrative one could easily imagine himself in the presence of a grim old Indian grandsire. "Manuk was my friend—all the rest of the Pitt Rivers treated me worse than a dog. He was the best hunter and the bravest fighter of the tribe. I was not yet grown—a Modoc slave raised on women's work—but he treated me as one man treats another.

"Grinding acorns and scraping hides was worse than death for me, and Manuk would borrow me sometimes to help carry in game from the mountains. He gave my owner venison for this, while plenty of the young suckling braves would have been glad to help him for nothing.

"He was ahead about ten steps when we approached the scrub-oaks above River's Fang, where he had cached two arrows. Manuk carried his bow and deer. In the long pole we used to carry burdens with before the day of horses came. Behind was the long, wide lake-rock slide we had chased; before and below was the fang of the river, just its tip splitting the fresher where it hissed along a crack-like channel down a flat, slanting bed of solid stone; farther below, the waterfalls and rapids were trying to gnaw the bottom out of the canyon. "Just as he stopped under the branches, Manuk halted, motioned me over his shoulder, and began back-tracking without a sound. I began back-tracking, too, stooping at the same time so that I could look under the foliage. I saw there the carcasses of the two deer, both on the ground and both chewed and mangled.

"At that moment there was a terrible crashing in the brush to the side of Manuk. I saw the tops of the bushes whipping furiously, saw Manuk spring straight into the air and grasp an oak branch just in time to escape being borne to the ground by the rush of the grizzly. But before Manuk could wriggle out of reach, the bear reared on its haunches and made a lunge with its paw that brought a spurt of blood out of my hunter friend's leg below the knee.

"The grizzly whirled to make another upward drive, and I saw that his right flank was scarred as by fire or scalding. My heart fluttered then like a woman's. Just to say 'Scar-Flank' would set any of the Indians around Mount Shasta to looking over their shoulders, for old Scar-Flank, it was said, was the haunt of a crazy Indian demon. I turned and scudded across the slide.

"Half-way across I heard terrible shrieks, and stopped. I thought the shrieks came out of my friend's death-anguish, and I stood there, listening and trembling. Then I heard Manuk's shrill war-whoop; then he began barking like a dog, and I knew that he was trying to scare the bear with strange noises.

"I was so afraid for my friend that I left him and to afraid for myself to stir or make a sound. Then Manuk saw me. "Run! Run!" he cried. "Run and tell my people that old Scar-Flank has killed me!"

"A great warm feeling for my friend came over me then, and hardly knowing what I did, I picked up a jagged flake of rock, ran a little nearer to old Scar-Flank, and threw it against his back. But the bear thought the blow came from Manuk, and tried all the harder to get at him. I picked up another chunk of rock and threw it with all my strength. It caught him on the head and brought him round, charging.

"The terrible eyes of the grizzly scared me out of my senses, and I ran like a rabbit across the slide. Behind me I heard the stone flake knocking together, and knew that old Scar-Flank was coming.

"A bear runs poorly along places that are sliding. I knew it, but who could run before old Scar-Flank? Some said he could walk on the water

and jump canons. I ran on in blind terror; then, half-way across the slide, I glanced round. Old Scar-Flank was floundering and puffing along behind, half up to his knees in the shifting clutter of broken rock, wallowing frantically as a loosened mass from above swept him half off his feet. I was running lightly, and something inside of me said that Scar-Flank was nothing but a common, scrawny old grizzly.

"When I got across the slide I dared to stop and hurl a rock and a hard word at him. My word was that any gopher could beat him running. Then, trailing my pole from one hand, I ran straight down the slope.

"The stream at the River's Fang was far too wide for ordinary jumping; rough cliffs blocked the path up the river; the down-stream trail was so choked with brush that a man could hardly find a runway. But I knew all the time what I was doing.

"The moment the bear got across the slide, I was sorry that I had stopped to abuse him, for he threw himself down hill in a way that fairly ate up the distance between us. He was close in behind when I reached the sloping stone platform, and I was running like a deer before dogs to escape him.

"Right in front of me the freshest sucked through the crack-like channel, filling it to the brim and making a sound like the hissing of snakes; from below came the growling and gnawing of the waterfalls and rapids. I ran straight across the stone platform without pausing, jerked my long pole to the front, jabbed it end down on the tip of the fang, and gave a strong leap forward. The pole bore me up and over in an arch, and set me down lightly on the other side of the swishing stream. Spinning round on my heel, I faced the bear with my pole held like a lance.

"Old Scar-Flank pulled up at the brink of the stream, nearly tearing off its toenails to keep from going headlong into the water. I feared that he would turn back to kill Manuk, and I reached for stones. I wagged my head; I stuck out my tongue; I taunted him in Modoc and in Pitt River. My first stone rapped him on the shin, and the next grazed his snout and made his hate blaze up like a fire smoked through a canon. He crouched for a leap, and his eyes and his teeth and his bristles were so terrible that my legs strove to take me back into the brush. But I held my ground, thrusting out my pole so that the bear must leap against it.

"Then all of a sudden he whirled about and started back for the scrub-oaks. Again filled with concern for Manuk, I sprang for stones, and by a lucky throw landed one on the back of his head. This brought him back to the valley in a fine rage. For a while I kept up a stream of stones and hard words flying across the stream, and held the bear crouching at the edge of the water. Then, just as I was running short of rocks he began looking over his shoulder toward the scrub oaks. I was desperate then. I stepped to the edge of the stream, jabbed the end of my long pole down on the crown of the River's Fang, threw myself out over the water, and took a standing position on the point of stone that parted the hissing current.

"From there I could reach the bear with my pole, and I gave him a jab in the ribs. This made the grizzly more furious than he had been at any time before. He snapped at the pole, then

struck it such a blow with his paw that I was nearly thrown into the water. This made me more cautious. Instead of trying to prod the bear, I now took to rapping the backs of his paws as he raised them to strike at the stick. This made him froth with rage. He struck out with blows that would have felled a sapling, and scoured his throat and raked his lungs with his snarling and growling. "I saw now that the bear would jump; it was only a matter of time till his rage would make him forget his fear of the hissing current. I paused a moment, dropped the butt of my pole into a niche in the rock between my feet, and leaned the tip toward the bear to get the measure.

"I was as wary as a wildcat crouched for springing when I took up my stick and again began to bait the bear. I drove swift, hard blows at his paws, alertly watching his terrible, blazing eyes.

"All of a sudden I yelled and made a hideous face at him, reached through his guard and rapped him on the nose, then crouched, dropped the butt of the pole into its socket and leaned the tip over just as the bear made a furious lunge straight for me. The tough oak pole bent and snapped, but it was enough to throw the grizzly off his balance.

"He whirled half about, and clutched wildly at the stone platform, but the water caught him and whisked him like a straw off down the slot to the rapids. They found his carcass a few days later caught on a snag below the mouth of the canon.

"Manuk came limping down to the stone platform after a while, and found me standing on my tiny island, holding half of the broken pole in my hand. He was able to hobble off to help, and before night fell the men of the rancheria came up the river in a body and took me off my rock.

"That ended my slavery days. Manuk set me free, and for many years we hunted together and went side by side to the wars."—Youth's Companion.

Treachorous Tribes of Tierra del Fuego.

By CHARLES W. FURLONG.

Upon the Onas have been saddled the ignominy of habitual treachery, the torturing of captives, the use of poisoned arrows and cannibalism. To the aggressive white man of Tierra del Fuego the sharp pain of an arrow fired from ambush, the sudden on-

slaught in the dark of the long winter nights, the driving from his range of flocks of sheep from the land the white men have taken, and the blood revenge, are treachery. To the Ona, fighting against his extinction, it is strategy.

Treachery there undoubtedly is among them. Not so very long ago they surprised and killed the members of a surveying party near Useless Bay within sight of their own vessel, and on the east coast fell upon a party of adventurous miners, crushing their tent down upon them in the night and stabbing them to death. How many crews wrecked in the vicinity of the Strait of Le Maire, reaching the coast, have perished at their hands will never be known. Many of these episodes were in retaliation for white men's atrocities. Shooting the "chankies" on sight for a bounty was the order of the day. Poisoning the blubber of stranded whale and stealing Ona women red-handed were not the worst of deeds committed by the rangers who crowded the Ona from the north, the miners who pitched their tents on the shores of his few good harbors, and those irresponsible nomads of the sea who happened along his coasts—the whaler, sailor and adventurer. But the innocent unfortunately often pay the price for the guilty.

Of the hundreds of beautifully fashioned arrows I have seen not one was poisoned, and I know of no authentic record of such procedure. Had this been their custom it certainly would have been employed in the case of two white men of my acquaintance who were both seriously wounded on the northern frontier by the Ona-Caupar's Magazine.

With the following argument a woman suffrage lecturer made a hit: "I have no vote, but my groom has. I have a great respect for that man in the stables, but I am sure if I were to go to him and say, 'John, will you exercise the franchise?' he would reply, 'Please, mum, which horse be that?'"

The Koh-i-noor diamond originally weighed eight hundred karats, but by successive cuttings has been reduced to 106 karats.

The Farm

Scalded Oats.

When oats are scalded at night and allowed to remain until morning they make an agreeable change of food from the regular diet. Twice a week is sufficient to feed such food. Oats make better food in summer than corn, as they are not so heating in their effects; but some object to oats on account of the small proportion of grain compared with the husks. The scalding of oats softens the hard, woody husks and renders them nutritious.—Weekly Witness.

Nasal Certificate Required.

A mare is never satisfied by either sight or whinny that her colt is really her own until she has a certified nasal certificate to the fact. A blind horse, recently living, would not allow the approach of any stranger without showing signs of anger not safely to be disregarded. The distinction is evidently made by his sense of smell, and at a considerable distance. Blind horses, as a rule, will gallop wildly about a pasture without striking the surrounding fence. The sense of smell informs them of its proximity. Others will, when loosened from the stable, go directly to the gate or bars opened to their accustomed feeding grounds, and when desiring to return, will distinguish one outlet, and patiently await its opening. The odor of that particular part of the fence is their pilot to it.—American Cultivator.

Substitute for Gate.

There are places where a common everyday gate is an utter nuisance and where a turnstile or some other gate substitute or contrivance is particularly convenient and welcome. With the arrangement herewith illustrated the gateway is always closed



to animals, but men may pass through it without difficulty. The accompanying drawing will give a clear idea of the plan. The sketch is made to represent a very small gate, but to answer all purposes the wing panels and gate perhaps should be half a rod in length.

Rotting of Tomatoes.

There has been a great deal of complaint about tomatoes rotting this year. It is a dry, black rot that attacks the blossom end about the time or just before the tomato begins to get ripe. Some people think it is caused by too much dampness when the tomatoes are close to the ground; or by the vines being too thick. My experience is that it is dry weather and hot sunshine that causes them to rot, instead of the wet weather. When I trimmed my tomatoes to a single stem and tied them up to stakes, they rotted a great deal worse than they did when I let the vines run and fall down to shade the tomatoes. If you have noticed, those that come up "volunteer" around the fence where they are shaded from the sun are generally the first ones to get ripe and rot the least. So you see it is not because they are shaded that they rot.

What caused the tomatoes to rot so bad last year, I think, was on account of the hot sun and dry weather when they first began to ripen and before the vines had got thick enough to shade them. As soon as the rains came and the vines got rank enough to shade the tomatoes and keep them damp, they quit rotting.

Nature knows what is best and has given the tomato a vine to cover her fruit from the burning sun. When we try to improve on nature by cutting away part of the vine to let in the sunshine, we ruin the fruit if the weather is hot and dry. And the vines that are not trimmed will bear fruit of a better flavor, the tomatoes not being so strong and sour as they are when the sun shines directly on them.

This is my experience and we never fail to have plenty of tomatoes even when our neighbors have none.—L. O. H., in the Indiana Farmer.

As to Fertilizers.

Suppose we have a commercial fertilizer that we know is good in wheat. Should we, for that reason, risk its being good in corn, and use the same fertilizer for both wheat and corn, as well as oats, potatoes, etc.? Can the same fertilizer be well adapted to various crops? J. O. P.

Answer: The soil ingredients, nitrogen, potash and phosphorus are required for all the farm and garden crops, but some crops require a larger proportion of these elements than others. A complete fertilizer will help all crops, but in some cases it would be wasteful to use them all in full proportion. Here is where the farmer must use study and skill if he would economize. He must know how much of the different soil elements each crop requires to make a full yield. For example, it is found that thirty-six bushels of shelled corn takes about thirty-six pounds of nitrogen, fourteen pounds of phosphoric acid and eight pounds of potash from the soil, valued at about \$6.50. This must all be supplied to make the soil as fertile as it was before. A ton of wheat, 23 1/2 bushels, takes forty-seven pounds of nitrogen, eighteen pounds of phosphoric acid and twelve pounds of potash, worth \$5.50. A ton of potatoes takes only about four pounds of nitrogen, a little over one pound of phosphoric acid and six of potash. If you are planting potatoes then you will need less than a third as much nitrogen as you would for wheat, and not more than half as much for corn, and so of the other elements. We recommend you to study the subject thoroughly in some good books on soil composi-

tion or fertilizers. They will be worth many times their cost to you.—Indiana Farmer.

It Pays to Rush Pigs.

There are times in the early life of a well-bred hog when he will give you 100 pounds of gain for 300 pounds of feed; there are other times later in life when he will charge you 500 pounds of feed for 100 pounds of gain. The profits on feeding are greater therefore in early life. Profits indeed may fall altogether if the hogs are not developed rapidly to market size and sold before they have passed the stage where gains in weight can be made economically.

The number of pounds of feed required to make one pound of pork varies from less than three pounds of feed to considerably over five pounds, according to how heavy the hog is, when its weight ranges between fifteen and 350 pounds. Henry compiled the figures on more than five hundred tests that included over twenty-two hundred hogs and represented the tests of many stations and that extended through a good number of years, and found that the average is that:

A fifteen to fifty pound hog needs 293 pounds of feed for 100 of gain.
A fifty to 100 pound hog needs 400 pounds of feed for 100 of gain.
A 100 to 150 pound hog needs 427 pounds of feed for 100 of gain.
A 150 to 200 pound hog needs 482 pounds of feed for 100 of gain.
A 200 to 250 pound hog needs 498 pounds of feed for 100 of gain.
A 250 to 300 pound hog needs 535 pounds of feed for 100 of gain.

If a man will use any of the good breeds of hogs—and no one breed possesses all the good qualities—and will use enough good pasture and crops that they can harvest themselves, the feed needed to make a 200-pound hog ought not to cost over \$5 or \$6; and other weights will make gain at a cost proportionate with the figures just quoted. This is on the supposition that well-bred hogs are used and that the management is good all the time.

These figures carry their own moral; and if a man will not work with the laws of Nature, they will work against him.—The Progressive Farmer.

Better Methods Needed.

Many dairy farmers are prosperous and have established the fact that the dairy industry can be made to yield good profits, while others, who seem to have the same opportunities, fail to find the profitable side. On a large proportion of dairy farms many of the fundamental principles which should be observed in producing pure milk are almost entirely overlooked. This is usually due to lack of appreciation of their importance more than to intentional neglect. In most cases bad conditions are promptly improved when their dangers are known. Special knowledge is as necessary in conducting a dairy as in other farming occupations. When one understands something of the science affecting dairying, the changes in milk cease to be mysterious, and the work connected with the dairy, instead of being unprofitable, uncertain and monotonous, as some consider it, may become profitable, interesting and instructive.

The value of milk when it is delivered to the factory depends largely upon the care it has received previous to delivery, and its condition as well as its fat content should influence the price paid for it. Every dairyman knows that the handling of milk from the cow has a great influence on its quality and the commercial value of the products made from it. The care of milk needs a simple matter, but better methods in our dairies are of the greatest importance to the success and reputation of American dairying. It is in the interest of every patron of a creamery or cheese factory that the milk used shall be the best and purest that can be produced.

Anyone who delivers badly contaminated milk to a creamery is standing in his own light. His milk may spoil the entire production of the day, and thus decrease the returns to every patron. Butter and cheese makers should absolutely refuse to accept milk that is tainted or unfit for use; they must do this in justice to themselves and to patrons who deliver good milk. The attempt has sometimes been made to estimate the losses caused by taints or changes in the milk due to neglect. The expression "pure milk" should not be taken to mean simply milk having a normal chemical composition, but milk free from all unnecessary contamination; the word "pure" should be understood in its broadest sense.—Weekly Witness.

Why She Couldn't Accept.

Telephone operators get the wires crossed sometimes are responsible for very embarrassing situations, as was exemplified by a broker in this city yesterday morning.

The broker called up his home number and said to the person on the other end of the wire: "Hello, dear, is that you?" "Yes," replied a sweet-toned voice. "Well, I've been thinking about you all morning. I want you to come downtown and meet me for lunch and we'll go to a show this afternoon." "Well, that would be very nice," replied the person on the other end, "and I should dearly love to do so, but my husband is home, and I'm afraid he'd object. Don't you think you've got the wrong number?"—Philadelphia Times.

Somewhat Suspicious.

"Why do you refuse me an interview, Mr. Gotrox? I only wanted to ask you how you earned your first ten thousand dollars." "Excuse me, young man, my first ten thousand dollars was earned by a little in consideration of the number of gowns to be made practically alike. One girl who expected to take part in several bridal processions bought a

Woman's Realm

Wins Divorce Under Old Law.

Judge Martin, of Norfolk, Va., decided the hotly-contested divorce action of Mrs. Jennie E. Haynor, now of Allentown, Pa., against Thomas H. Haynor, a prominent Norfolk business man, by granting the wife's petition, with permanent alimony of \$75 per month.

New Trade Union.

Mrs. Eva MacDonald Valech is at the head of the movement to establish a new trade union among the working women of America. The object of this movement is to get rid of the socialist influence which is alleged to effect the present Woman's Trade Union League. In an address delivered recently before the Woman's Forum of New York City Mrs. Valech said: "I propose to start a campaign against socialism. This shirtwaist strike may be used to pave the way for forming clean, sensible labor unions, and I want to enroll every woman of leisure, every clubwoman, in the movement. The existing unions are not doing what they ought to stem the tide of socialism in this country."—New York Sun.

Sympathy All With Mrs. Astor.

Sympathy with Mrs. Ava Willing Astor, as the former wife of Colonel Astor prefers to be called, was so general in this country that it seems

Our Cook-Book Recipe: Put in your recipe-book.

Cabbage With Rice.—Fill a buttered baking dish with alternate layers of cooked rice, raw white cabbage, chopped very fine, and cream sauce. Dot with bits of butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper and bake an hour in a steady oven, keeping covered for three-fourths the time.

new gown for the first occasion. It was very fine white batiste. Instead of wearing it she laid it aside. Yellow was the color for a chrysanthemum wedding in November. She bought cheap yellow silk for a princess slip to wear under it, and matching accessories and a great sheaf of yellow "mums," attended as maid at a quiet home affair.

The next wedding was a mauve one, and she sent her white gown to the dyer's. This she wore over a white slip. It took a slightly paler tint than was desired, and in consequence was less satisfactory. The next wedding was on the "rainbow" order, the bride wearing white, the four maids being gowned in pale pink, Nile green, lemon yellow, and mauve. With violets, a violet wreathed hat which she made for herself, and the previously worn accessories she made the once white gown do duty again. The expense of the four functions was to her nearly \$70 after all her ingenuity.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Told to Get a Cook.

If Frieda Farkas had stayed at home and cooked for her husband instead of giving music lessons and if William V. Farkas had not stayed out late at night in furtherance of his ambition to become a political leader and as his wife says used stimulants, the case of Farkas against Farkas would not have been on the Supreme Court calendar yesterday. These are the chief causes that have led up to a separation suit by Mrs. Farkas, who asked Justice Pitzeck for an alimony allowance.

Farkas is well known in the Hungarian colony, where he is a member of literary, charitable and political organizations. Also, he says in his

hard to believe the leaders of English society will hold her to blame for the unhappiness that came to her in her married life. But King Edward, once liberal enough in his views on marriage, divorce and all kindred questions, has become a rigid Puritan of recent years, and he has issued absolute orders that no divorcees are to be received at court. Though it is beyond doubt that scores of smart people will flock to Mrs. Astor's receptions and dinners, those who are in closest touch with social affairs in London say confidently the doors of the King's set will be barred against her, at least for a year or two.—New York Press.

Selfish, as Usual.

"I've got some news for you, darling," said Mr. Newliwed, as he faced his better half at dinner. "Well, what is it?" said Madame. "I've been spending some money," he answered playfully. "That is no news," coldly replied Mrs. Newliwed. "I'll tell you, precious," beamed her husband, "and I know you'll be pleased. I insured my life to-day." But her pretty face clouded, and an ominous silence reigned. "You don't seem pleased," he queried. "Pleased? Indeed, no," said she in reproving tones. "It is another striking proof of how inconsiderate and utterly selfish men always are! You can think of yourself and insure your own life, but it never occurred to you to insure mine," says Home Notes. And it took him quite an hour to convince her that he was not so selfish after all.

May Cuyler Not Welcome.

Mrs. Ava Astor is far from being the only victim of the tardy puritanism of King Edward. It is an old story that the Duke of Marlborough was omitted from a list of invitations to a dinner of the Knights of the Garter because of his matrimonial difficulties with the former Consuelo Vanderbilt, and Lord Alexander Thynne, brother of the Marquis of Bath, also has found himself persona non grata at court because his name was brought into the gossip connected with the Marlborough case. May Cuyler, of Morristown, N. J., was a prominent figure in English society when she still was the wife of Sir Philip Grey-Egerton, but since she was divorced and became the wife of Richard McCreey she has been barred from the royal inclosures in Annet and Goodwood and has been notified that her presence is not desired at court.—New York Press.

Being a Bridesmaid.

Of course it is a delightful compliment to be asked to take a prominent part in that pretty pageant, a wedding, but the popular girl invited to officiate as bridesmaid more than the proverbial "three times and out" finds such functions a drain on her financial resources.

Each bride wants her wedding to be "unique" in some particular and likes her bridesmaids' gowns to be exclusive. She decides upon some rather unusual color scheme, and there must be a general likeness between the costumes. Even if all wear white, the various accessories, ribbons, gloves, slippers, hosiery, hat, very lively, and the "extra touch" of fancy muff or boa, brings the expense to a considerable total.

It is not very often that the bride gives the dress or hat, though she often tries to make the expense commensurate with the means of her friends. She often suggests a dressmaker who will reduce her prices a little in consideration of the number of gowns to be made practically alike. One girl who expected to take part in several bridal processions bought a

answered to his wife's suit, he has "conducted himself as a gentleman and has been bred to treat women with courtesy and respect." True, difficulties have arisen, but they were only such as occur in every well regulated family, even to the mother-in-law.

Mrs. Farkas charged cruel treatment in her complaint. Farkas, she alleged, used to stay out late at night, and when she reproved him explained that he had been organizing political clubs and hoped to become a leader.

According to Farkas, the cause of all the trouble was that his bachelor dreams had not been realized. He had led a bachelor life many years, eating his meals anywhere, for it made little difference to him. He yearned for home-made meals. So when he met his present wife and she promised to maintain a home for him and devote herself to it he thought he saw his dream realized. They were married in December, 1908. But, according to Farkas, he is still eating out, the only difference being that his wife eats out with him. Instead of keeping the house, says the defendant, his wife gives music lessons, but the sweet strains are elsewhere, while the Farkas home is dreary. Mrs. Farkas does not have to work, says Farkas, for he supplies her with sufficient money.

Farkas' request for home-made meals, he says, is answered thus by his mother-in-law: "If you want a clean home, get servants. If you want meals prepared, get a cook. Your wife is not your servant. If the home is good enough for her it is good enough for you."—New York Tribune.

PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR.

Many a gown will have the skirt made up of a series of ruffles of varying length.

Dresses of colored embroidery on white will be among the unusual gowns.

Large handbags are now out of style. The newest are small, and made of undressed kid.

Handwork more elaborate than ever before is shown to advantage on coats and gowns of wash materials.

Not only are nets, gauzes and grenadines sown with beads, but also the velvets, satins and brocades.

In a handsome pair of beaded suede slippers the openwork design is partially filled in with the beads.

Some of the theatre bags are of gold or silver net work with a great raised flower on tarnished metal.

Hip yokes with pleated skirts below them are very much in evidence in the newest gowns.

One of the most stunning of the evening hats is an immense triecore or natural colored straw trimmed with a white egret bird.

Net petticoats are of satin merveilleux finished with a fringe of silk braid a quarter of a yard deep headed with netted silk.

Such is the rage for tinsel at the dressmakers are employing furniture galloon and fringe as a trimming for gowns and cloaks.

A new yet simple lingerie blouse is made of eyellet embroidery, with scallops turned upward toward the yoke and overlapping it.

For afternoon and theatre wear the popular hat is the one with a silk or velvet stretched crown, and a trim, either rolling or flat.

There is an arrangement of ribbon and lace on the silk lining of transparent blouses which has the appearance of a lingerie corset cover.