

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

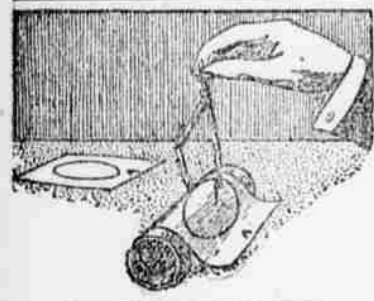


A SCIENTIFIC TRICK.

In making ornamental designs and various other things, especially photograph frames, it is desirable to be able to draw an oval.

Of course you know all about the old method of drawing ovals with the aid of two pins and a piece of string, but I don't believe you have ever heard that a very satisfactory oval of any desired size and proportions can be drawn with a pair of compasses as easily as a circle can be drawn.

All that is necessary is to wrap your paper around a cylinder of proper size—it may be a round ruler, a curtain pole, a round post or column, a stove pipe or a large or small bottle, according to circumstances. The length of the oval will be equal to the diameter of the circle which the



HOW TO DRAW THE OVAL.

compasses would draw on a flat surface if opened to the same extent. The breadth of the oval will depend on the size of the cylinder used.

Ovals drawn in this way are not true ellipses such as are made with the pins and string, but they can scarcely be distinguished from ellipses and are just as good for the openings in photograph mats and most other ornamental purposes.—New York Evening Mail.

WHO ATE THE RING?

Harold was having a birthday party because he was six years old, and Aunt Helen and grandma and Miss Nellie and ever so many big people were there, helping all the little people to have a splendid time. They played games and sat in the darkened parlor to look at the magic lantern pictures till the clock struck five, and then Harold knew what was coming.

Out in the dining-room the table was set with mamma's prettiest china, and there were candles and flowers and bon-bons just like a grown-up party.

Harold was very anxious to have all the children see the table. So he was glad when Aunt Helen said, "Now we are going to march to the dining-room."

Miss Nellie played a bright little march, and the boys and girls formed a long line through the parlor and out on the piazza, "just like a long white ribbon," said grandma; for most of the girls wore white dresses and the boys white waists.

The tiny sandwiches and wee pickles vanished like magic, and all the grown-up people were kept busy waiting on the little folk. Playing games makes one very hungry, you know, and most of the guests had been too excited to eat much dinner that day. Altogether it was a very jolly supper, and when mamma wanted to make a little speech, she had to ring the tea bell several times.

"Now, children," she said, "I am going to pass some little cakes, and one of them has a ring baked in it. You must eat them very slowly and carefully, so some one does not swallow it. You must not break up the cakes to find the ring, but just nibble away till some little boy or girl says, 'I've got the ring!'"

Aunt Helen brought in ice-cream, made to look like dear little chickens, and the children ate the cakes and the cream very slowly. At last all had been eaten, and still no one had said, "I've got the ring."

"That is very strange," said mamma. "I will ask Mary if any one took one of the cakes."

"No, ma'am," said the maid positively. "There has been no one but me in the dining-room since I put the cakes on the table."

"I just know I swallowed it," sobbed a little girl. "I felt it going down."

"So did I," said a tiny boy, and he had to cry too.

"There, there," said Mrs. Clifford, much perplexed. "Two of you couldn't have eaten it, so don't cry."

"I feel bad, too," said another little girl. "I think it must have been in my cake."

I really don't know what would have happened just then if papa hadn't come in. He was so surprised to see tears at a birthday party that he had to inquire the cause, though he was in a big hurry.

"Well, well," he laughed. "I didn't know what a commotion I would cause by taking one cake. I was on my way to see a little patient who has been in bed a long time with a lame limb, and I wanted to take her some of the goodies. I slipped softly in here a little while ago and took some of the nice things without disturbing the party a bit. Even Mary didn't see me. Now, I just wonder if little Bess Ryan isn't wearing that ring this minute?"

"O papa, won't you go right over and see?" begged Harold.

"I hope she did get it," cried all the children. And, sure enough, in a few

minutes Dr. Clifford came back to tell how happy the little girl was with her treasure.

"She is sitting propped up in her old bed, looking at the pretty green stone in the gold band," said papa, "and I didn't go in at all. Are you all glad poor Bess got it?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" cried the children.

—Hilda Richmond, in Sunday-school Times.

JAMIE'S TRUST.

Flora had two babies. They looked like little yellow balls curled up beside her on the old coat in the barn. One had one black ear and one yellow ear, the other two yellow ears and a black spot on the end of his stump of a tail. How Jamie laughed when they stuck up their little black wet noses and made a funny gipping noise.

He went to the barn a dozen times a day to see the puppies. He wanted to take them some meat, but mamma said they were too little to eat meat yet. Once when Flora had left them for a minute Jamie carried them to the back porch to play with them.

They cried and went sniffing around the porch on their weak legs as if looking for their mother. Flora heard them and came running to the porch. How they came tumbling to her when they heard her whine! She poked them with her nose and licked them with her tongue. Then she seized one by the nap of its neck and lifted it from the porch.

Jamie was terrified. "Mamma! mamma!" he screamed, "Flora is eating her puppies."

"No, no, she wants to take them to the barn."

One morning papa said: "I will have to take Flora to-day. I need her to watch the wagon."

He whistled and Flora came bounding from the barn. When she saw Prince hitched to the wagon she knew what was expected of her. She covered at her master's feet and whined piteously. "Come, girl, up with you," said papa.

Instead of jumping into the wagon she raced away to the barn. In a moment she returned, whining and barking. No amount of urging would make her get into the wagon.

"It's her puppies; she doesn't want to leave them," said mamma.

"I'll watch 'em for you," said Jamie, running into the barn with the dog.

Flora seemed to understand. She went to the old coat, and taking a puppy up, laid it at Jamie's feet. Then she brought the other. Reaching up she gave Jamie a lap in the face with her tongue, as much as to say: "Be good to my babies," and, in a moment more, leaped into her place on the wagon.

How carefully Jamie watched Flora's puppies during that long summer day. He fed them milk from a saucer. He brought them out under the apple tree and made them a bed in the grass.

The puppies seemed to like it. They rolled around on the grass and snapped at the flies that lit on the red clover blossoms. Once one of them crawled up into Jamie's lap and went to sleep. "It's nearly time for papa to come," said mamma late in the afternoon. "Are Flora's puppies all right?"

"Yes, mamma, but I think they are tired."

"You had better sit down and let them rest."

So Jamie brought his little red chair to a shady spot at the side of the house near the nasturtium bed. He took the puppies up in his arms and sat down to wait. Before very long Prince's head appeared above the hill top. Flora saw Jamie while the wagon was still far up the road. Leaping from the seat she ran on ahead. How the puppies whined and barked when they saw their mother! Flora immediately started for the barn with one in her mouth. Jamie followed her and laid the other puppy on the coat.

What a washing those puppies did get! Jamie certainly thought Flora would wear her great red tongue out. "She doesn't seem to think you are a very clean nurse," said papa, laughing. —Little Chronicle.

An Amateur Actor.

Mr. George Alexander, is much troubled by amateurs, who believe themselves born for the stage, and who come to him for advice.

One of these, the son of a noble family, whose talent is patent only to himself, was continually pestering Mr. Alexander, and various were the ruses which the latter adopted to evade him. The following is probably the best one:

Walking along the Strand one day, Alexander espied the would-be actor hurrying toward him. There seemed to be no way of escape. A barber's shop, however, was at hand, and into this Alexander dashed.

To the astonishment of the proprietor and his assistants, he seized an apron that lay on a chair, tied it around him, and commenced to lather one of the customers assiduously.

Meanwhile his tormentor entered the shop and looked around. "Pardon me," he remarked to the proprietor. "I thought I saw Mr. Alexander come in here, but I must have been mistaken," and out he walked, much to his victim's delight.

Iron, the first metal found in America, was discovered in Virginia in 1715.



THE EMANCIPATED WOMAN.

The new woman seems to have "evolved" to the point where it is a matter of doubt as to which is now really the "weaker sex." At least, there are some women who evidently consider themselves physically superior to those who were once regarded as lords of creation. In all times of danger the safety of women and children has been supposed to be the first consideration. It is different now, at least in some quarters. "Save the men first!" was the cry of Mme. Gast, owner and skipper of the motor boat Camille, when the rescuers from a French warship got on board her poor little craft to snatch her and the rest of the crew from the violence of the sea. "Save the men first!" It sums up in a sentence the attitude of emancipated women.—Indianapolis News.

WOMEN AS STATION AGENTS.

A Western railway is making some radical changes in the personnel of its employees, and it is now predicted that all the smaller stations on its line eventually will be in charge of women—for it is the introduction of women station agents which constitutes the novelty. The innovation was first introduced a year ago, the experiment starting with one woman, who turned out a most valuable assistant. Not only were her monthly accounts models of neatness and accuracy, but she had been in the office but a short time before she began to offer valuable suggestions as to how to make the road popular with the people along the line. The full measure of her capability was not discovered, however, until the officials made a tour of inspection, when the woman's station was found to be the best kept one on the road. Inquiry revealed that since she had taken the station it had ceased to be a lounging place, there was no rowdyism, and the floors and benches were now clean. This exceptionally good record encouraged the road to experiment further, and it is interesting that the other women appointed have also given a good account of themselves. The woman station agent is found to display more tact in handling people than men agents, and there have been fewer complaints in consequence.—Vogue.

FELTS HATS BIG.

The small hat has had its day. With the autumn big, picturesque styles resume their interrupted dominion. It is not often that a winter fashion can be foretold with certainty so early in the season. In the sweltering days of July, when cloak models stagger under furs and wholesale buyers perspire as they finger velvets and heavy cloths, there is always a gambler's risk about investments. To buy the thing capricious woman will not like when she gets back to town means ruinous advertising to convince her of her mistake, with inevitable loss at the far end of the bargain.

The small hat has been a blunder. A wave of laughter has swept over the country at sight of genteel, dignified women transformed by polo turbans into the likeness of impertinent mixers. Not in ten years has there obtained a fashion so generally unbecoming. Given a good hairdresser to adjust the coiffure to the hat, a certain saucy smartness has been attainable. Without the hairdresser's aid, the average woman would not have looked worse, unless—

Fortunately the flat bread and butter plate that Frenchwomen have slipped perpendicular against their foreheads and have called hats have not prevailed so largely in New York City as have the polo turbans. Wherever they have been seen they have taken first prize for foolishness.

SHADES FOR PARLOR LAMPS.

When refurbishing the house one cannot have too many dainty fold-overs about. As the lamp is such an important factor in the pretty home, the girl, who has nothing in particular to do, is making shades for them, and they are exceedingly attractive and well worth the trouble and time one takes for making them. The heavy silk and glass covered shades are carefully stored away, and in their places we see the delicate thing of light silk, or paper, which looks as if woven by spiders or those covered with cretonne.

Cretonne stands practically unrivaled this year for the dress of country cottage and city home. One shade made of this material is cupola shape, and has the ribs outlined by narrow double folds of silk, gathered through the centre and twisted around the gathering string, so that it has a whirling appearance. Pink silk is gathered in the form of a crown, at the top, leaving a wide stiff heading which is gathered so full at its base that it stands up straight of itself. The crown is protected from the heat of the lamp by an inner circle of isinglass. An effective fringe to hang from the lower rim is made from a double fold of cretonne, four inches wide, cut to within a quarter of an inch of the two edges into stripes not the least bit over an eighth of an inch wide. Shades of less elaborate shapes have their sections filled with bolting cloth decorated in dainty Marie Antoinette scenes. A fringe of tiny opalescent beads finishes these hand painted shades and fine chenille outlines the ribs and rim.

A pretty new light shield to be attached to gas jets or crystal globe is a big butterfly of artist proof paper, decorated with black spots and sprinkled with gold. White butterflies show markings of American beauty red.—Newark Advertiser.

THE NEW SCARFS.

The flat scarfs often shade through tones of one color and are to be had in any of the season's colorings. Marabout scarfs of similar size and shape are also offered in many colorings, and these are little cravats, similar in shape to those made in fur last winter, but fashioned now of ostrich, marabout, chiffon, tulle or lace.

These cravats meant to encircle the throats and cross in front or on the shoulder, are made in varying lengths, as were the fur cravats, but one of the most attractive models is comparatively short. One rounded is making up across the other with a little cluster of artificial flowers, matching in color the hat or frock with which the cravat is worn.

Made of closely set little frills of tulle, chiffon or Valenciennes lace, this model is a charming accompaniment to the light frock, and will often supplement the transparent collar and chemisette or guimpe very acceptably. There are, too, similar scarfs of soft lace laid over sheer silk with a veiling of chiffon, and bordered by a narrow line of ostrich or marabout or by a ruching of little frills of lace or silk.

Long straight scarfs are made, like the little cravats, of little overlapping frills of sheer stuff or lace, and one beautiful imported scarf of this shape had triple frills of chiffon for a border, while the centre of the scarf was covered throughout its length by huge white silk and velvet poppies with touches of yellow and green at their hearts. The poppies were applied flatly to a chiffon and silk foundation and their great loose crinkled silk outer petals overlapped each other.—Newark Advertiser.

AMERICAN WOMEN IN PARIS.

The women folk from across the Straits or across the wide Atlantic are instantly to be detected from their Gallic sisters. Take the Rue de la Paix; it is the stalking ground at this minute of every lady traveler in town. It presents not only a study in nations, but a study in female hero-worship. "Say, ma, do you see those sweet hats across the road?" ejaculates a feminine voice that we "suspect" belongs to Chicago. "What a lovely tulle ruff!" says another, embracing the shop front in the excess of her enthusiasm.

I have discovered an American lady of long residence in Paris, and well versed in the art of dress. To her I put a delicate question, which I would never dare to resolve on my own account. "Which are the better dressed, when they come to Paris, English or Americans?" I asked. Like a flash the answer came, "The Americans." I requested an explanation. "I suppose the answer is," she said, "that my countrywomen are more adaptable than yours. They are quick and eager for new ideas. I have only noticed that adaptability in one class in England; the aristocracy. The smart woman in London is very smart. But what would you term your upper middle classes—the daughters of bankers and professional men, even of members of Parliament—the less well turned out than ours. I think the chief fault lies in the desire of the Englishwoman to dress picturesquely. The result is that she often attains an effect which reminds us of liberty art curtains—every pretty, but not suitable for clothes."

"Again, in hats, I think the Americans have it. They may speak inferior English, but they wear better hats than the average Englishwoman."

There was no shadow of hesitation in the decision. Will the verdict be unanimously received?—Paris Letter to Pall Mall Gazette.



Green gloves are a trifle garish. There are elbow gloves in lemon yellow silk. The robe gown is a tremendous convenience.

Everybody is wearing linen, white or colored. Patch pockets on the outer blouse are handy.

What a smart little air the black velvet collar gives to a white linen jacket.

A different chain of beads to match every frock is the rule of the particular ones.

Those pretty petticoats of pale colored lawn have their uses with gowns that match.

Net gowns are in high favor. One buys the white net and has it dyed the desired color.

Stripes are coming into favor again, and after the long reign of checks they are rather a relief.

The all flower hat is not much in evidence this season, delicate straws and laces taking precedence.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.



FOR PUFF PASTE.

For rolling puff paste hollow glass rolling pins filled with ice water or cracked ice are recommended. Filling a rolling pin an ordinary bottle has been suggested.

TO KEEP BUTTER.

Put the butter on a plate and put on top of the bowl; then take a piece of butter muslin and put over the butter and let both ends drop into the water. You can easily get the butter for use, and you will find it is quite solid and cool.—Washington Star.

CHILL THE DISH.

A cut glass dish used for ice cream should be chilled before using, not suddenly, but with care. Plunge the dish into cold water and after a minute or two take it out and put on it a few lumps of ice. This will preserve the dish from danger of cracking.

POINTERS FOR THE COOK.

When baking potatoes prick them deeply with a fork before putting them in the oven. They will cook better and quicker for the pricking.

When mashing potatoes use hot milk, and if you have been in the habit of using cold you will be surprised at the difference in their lightness.

FOUR POST BEDSTEDS COMING.

The old-fashioned four-post bed appears to be coming back into favor, and amateurs are turning their attention to its decoration. Painting, carving, fancy basket work and embroidery are all employed. If the bedspread does not fall low at the sides a length of linen with a deep fall of lace is tied on at the corners. This has a very good effect on any bed and is easily and inexpensively done. Crochet is much in vogue now for the trimming of tea, toilet and sideboard cloths as well as for nightdress cases, pin-cushions and the ends of bolsters.—Utica Observer.

TEA TABLE FURNISHINGS.

A new idea in household furnishings is a tea table on which is spread a cloth having a white background with a graceful design in blue. As a setting for a blue and white china or for use in a room done in Dresden colors this is very effective and a pleasing variation from the regulation tea table, with its fancy cover embroidered in white, or with plain white squares of damask. They are made of light weight material, something like Japanese crepe, are inexpensive and harmonize very well with the light, airy summer draperies. With a tea set of old blue china one of these covers is a pleasing accompaniment, but even without family heirlooms it makes an agreeable substitute for the everlasting white used during the most of the year.

THE CARE OF LINENS.

Every housewife delights in having nice linens for her table, and those of heavy damask are cheaper in the end, as they wear longer and look infinitely better than the light weight linens. The dinner cloths can be starched ever so little, thereby giving the appearance of heavier weight. This must be done carefully, for a stiffly starched table cloth is unsightly, to say the least.

In buying table linen it is well to remember that a check pattern in plain or elaborate blocks with warp and wool running straight across both ways is a better bargain than a floral or curved pattern that costs the same; for the check pattern is more easily manufactured, and, in consequence, a better quality of linen is put into cloth of this design than into fancy patterns at the same price.



Cream Crullers—Two scant cupsful of granulated sugar, two cups of cream, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder in sufficient flour to roll out soft. Cut into shapes and fry in hot lard.

Potatoes au Gratin—One cupful of dried boiled potatoes, one-half cupful of cracker crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and two-thirds of a cupful of cheese. Put layers of each potatoes and cheese in a buttered baking dish, cover with crumbs, pour over a cupful of milk or white sauce and bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

Turkish Rice—Wash very thoroughly a cupful of rice. Dissolve four tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan and add to it one cupful of strained tomato, one pint of water, a teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper and a teaspoonful of onion juice. Turn the rice into the saucepan with this mixture, and when it begins to boil set where it will cook very slowly for an hour. Do not stir the rice, and when done serve at once.

Pineapple Muffins—Sift two and one-half cupfuls of flour and mix with it three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a saltspoonful of salt and four dessertspoonfuls of sugar. Beat two eggs in a bowl and into it pour two-thirds of a coffee cupful of milk; add this to the other mixture and beat in three tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Lastly stir in one cupful of grated pineapple. Fill the muffin rings two-thirds full and bake about twenty-five minutes.



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

ing 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 radium silk, the collar and cuffs being of taffeta, overlaid with applique of heavy lace edged with narrow braid, while the chemisette is all of Valenciennes insertion. But a little later such light weight wools as chiffon baliste and the new weaves of challis and cashmere will be found admirable, the design suiting whatever can be shirred with success. The full elbow sleeves with their upturned cuffs and shaped frills are especially worthy of note, and are universally becoming, while the collar harmonizes with them and gives smartness to the entire garment. As a matter of course the chemisette can be of many materials. Embroidered muslin is always charming, and there are almost innumerable fancy all-overs, and again contrasting silk, tucked or plain, is always correct.



The waist is made over a smoothly fitted lining, and itself consists of fronts and back, which are shirred to form the deep yoke. The collar finishes the open neck and the closing is made invisibly at the front, while the chemisette is separate and is arranged under the whole. The sleeves are tucked at their inner seams, so providing generous fullness in the puffs and also are

A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.



a little later challis, 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.

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.

Shirred Waist.

There is something peculiarly charmingly attractive.

With a dress of willow green silk, an exquisitely dainty shade, was worn a cream-white horsehair straw. There were shaded blush and yellow roses, foliage in accord with the dress, and a knot of black velvet.

Very Smart.

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

arranged over a fitted lining. At the waist is a shirred and draped belt.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and a half yards twenty-one, four yards twenty-seven or two and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide, with one yard for the belt, five-eighth yards eighteen



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

Despite the one-color vogue there are many charming contrasts. With a costume of white chiffon broadcloth was seen a big black lace picture hat, trimmed with shaded pink ostrich plumes.

In Cream White.

A dress of cream white-mousseline, with quantities of narrow lace ruffles, was fitted with a large hat of pale blue taffeta. This was trimmed with pink roses and a blue plume.