



Vampire in Jewels.
Dog collars are made of all sorts of precious stones in effective designs. One fashionable style is of many rows of coral beads, with a large clasp of brilliant. A fantastic collar is of imitation pearls, with a large vampire-like buckle in front, the wings being of odd blue enamel and the eyes of blazing red stones.

Empire Styles.
Long, stiff stays are not worn with empire costumes, but only short cintrages, which give a pretty curve to the figure without torturing it unduly. Thus attired, the figure gains suppleness, softness and even majesty. If this fashion should really become general there will be a perfect revolution in woman's beauty. Wasp waists will be entirely discarded (while the fashion lasts at all events), whether a belt or sash be worn around the waist or not. But we have not come to this yet.

The Newest Hats.
The new hats remain, in nine cases out of ten, low and flat both as to style and shape of trimming, showing a very decided tendency to fall low over the hair in the back, and to droop well over the edges of the brim at all times. This fashion is decidedly a pretty one, especially in summer hats, as laces and flowers can be used most effectively in this manner. Many of the larger hats show uneven brims, the edges being bound with silk, and wired into drooping, and downward or sharply upturning curves, becoming to any eye—Mrs. Ralston, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

Yachtswoman Rules a Ereeze.
Lake Michigan's first woman yacht owner is Miss Stella Mayhew, of Chicago. A Detroit company is building her a \$9000 yacht, which is "warranted" to cover seventeen miles an hour. The yacht bears the odd name of Broussier, and has already stirred up a sensation in Chicago yacht club circles because its mistress has applied for membership in the Columbia Yacht Club, an unprecedented presumption for a woman. There is no provision in the constitution or by-laws that forbids the admittance of women, but many of the members oppose her candidacy, and will fight the man who champion her application.

Miss Mayhew intends to become not only a yacht owner but also a thorough seaman—or rather seawoman. Under the tuition of Lieutenant Wilson, of the United States Hydrographic Office, she intends to take a three months' course in marine engineering, and if she passes the examination, she will ask for pilot papers, which will make her the only woman captain on the lakes.

With the exception of the engineer and fireman the boat crew is to be composed of women only. There are to be women sailors and women deckhands.—New York Mail and Express.

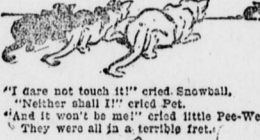
Woman's Opportunities in Washington.
Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson, in his article on "The Capital of Our Democracy," in the Century, gives much attention to the civilizing social influence of Washington. He has this to say of the opportunities it offers to women: "In the hotel parlor, where one studies the American citizen on her first contact with life at the republican court, one is very likely to find the woman who is destined to step from the lowest moving circle to the next, and on and on until she reaches that small and stationary centre where the polite arts are understood and practiced most politely. Washington and the official position of her husband give her the opportunity she needs. She may go to Washington with the hearty and frank outspokenness of the church fair, and quit it with the purr of the dinner party. An intelligent woman has told me that very clever American women who have entered Washington gowned in brocades put together at home have been known even to learn how to dress. It is often a question of first hotels, for there are hotels at Washington which differ from the social kindergarten I have described—hotels which may be set down as the grammar and high schools, connecting links between the infant schools and the private houses where most of the graduates and professors dwell. In a hotel where foreign fashion puts up on its flying visit to Washington, or where some domestic fashion finds it economical to dwell, according to my authority, a clever American, by close observation, may learn what is correct, and in time may come to prefer the creations of a French artist, or her American imitator, to the wild and untutored vagaries of some village Paquin born to make other blush at what they see."

An Era of Industry.
Say what you will about the fine, fire-destroring work that forms so large a part of the smart gown of today, it has one thing in its favor—it has revived some of that fine old industry that we hear so much about from our grandmothers but see so little of since the "ready-made" shop and the apartment hotel came to lessen our labors and weaken our characters. It is almost a fashion to be very busy just now, to make lace, embroider one's lawn collars and do other dainty work that somehow we never found time for a year or two ago.

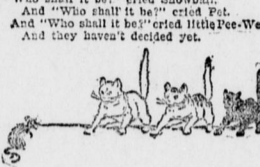
The Renaissance lace had started the ball rolling, and then feather-trimmed and strappings and insertings became so ubiquitous and so apparently—in-



SOLDIERS THREE.
"There's a mouse!" cried Snowball, "Who will catch it?" moved Pet. "Oh, let me see!" moved Little Pie-Wee. "Whose fur was as black as jet."



"I dare not touch it!" cried Snowball. "Neither shall I!" cried Pet. "And it won't be me!" cried Little Pie-Wee. They were all in a terrible fret.



"Who shall it be?" cried Snowball. "And 'Who shall it be?' cried Pet. And 'Who shall it be?' cried Little Pie-Wee. And they haven't decided yet."

JOHNNIE POPP AND THE NEW LITTLE SISTER.

Johnnie Popp is a real boy, there isn't the slightest doubt about that. He plays with boys, likes boys best, and has been a boyish boy always. He has been his mother's "big boy" ever since his second birthday, and he will be eight years old next May. But

der kitchen. And even his father wanted to know, at supper time, what ailed his mournful boy.
But Johnnie's mother! Mothers know lots of things without being told, somehow, and this particular mother knew that her boy was in trouble almost as soon as he did. Johnnie never asked to see her all afternoon, so at night she sent for him. And when Johnnie saw her he looked crosser than ever.
"What's the matter, liddle?" asked his mother, oh! so kindly and gently. "Won't my big boy tell mother what is troubling him?"
Now, Johnnie hadn't meant to say



a word to her. In fact, he had told himself many times that he'd never let anybody know he cared for such silly nonsense, but all the same—he simply couldn't help it. If you'd ever tried to keep anything so dear and horrid from your mother you'll know just how it was.
"Oh, mamma," he cried suddenly. "Are you really going to think less of me because of the new baby?"
"Of course not, liddle. Who put such an idea in your head?" said his mother.
"Norah—Norah said so."

Johnnie couldn't help being a little shame-faced, he knew it was so silly of him to have minded. But his mother didn't even smile.
"I shall never think less of you, liddle, not so long as either of us live!" said the dear mother, tenderly. "How could I think less of my dear big boy because he's got a dear little sister for both of us to love and take care of?"

Johnnie said nothing. But he stooped over and kissed first his mother and then the little tiny sister whom the trained nurse carried into the room at that moment. And when he bade



A Charming Portiere.
A charming summer portiere is made of white scrim, in which is woven at intervals a mauve iris, surrounded by just a touch of its green.

The Latest in Curtains.
Muslin curtains of very fine quality, with appliques of embroidery in self color and of several patterns, put on, are the latest idea in summer window dressing.

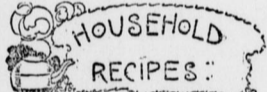
Smoked Globes.
Smoke-grimed glass globes should be soaked in warm soda water. Then add a few drops of ammonia, and wash them well with a soapy sannel, rinse in clean water, and dry with a soft linen cloth.

Cleaning Bronze Articles.
Real bronzes articles, when they stand in need of cleaning, can be regularly washed in boiling water and soap. They should be afterward dried with a chamois skin. The usual way of cleaning bronze, however, is to rub with a flannel cloth moistened with sweet oil, and finishing by polishing with the chamois skin.

A Washing Fluid.
A good washing fluid is made by mixing five pounds of sal soda, one pound of borax, half a pound of fresh, unslaked lime and four ounces of liquid ammonia. Pour one gallon of boiling water upon the soda and borax. Let this cool, then add the ammonia. Pour one gallon of hot water over the lime and let it stand until entirely settled, then carefully pour off the clear fluid and turn it upon the dissolved borax and soda. Add eight gallons of cold water. Six tablespoonfuls of this fluid may be added to a tubful of clothes.

Use of Worn Tablecloths.
Worn tablecloths can be made into serviceable napkins and tray cloths as well as polishing towels for fine china and silver, if the best parts are selected and neatly hemmed. Table linen to look its best must be laundered French fashion, that is, washed as white as snow and ironed while very wet with irons not hot enough to scorch. The ironing must be kept up until the linen is perfectly dry, first on the wrong side to bring out the pattern, and then on the reverse to acquire a polish. Fine damask should never be starched.

A Cozy Corner on the Piazza.
The best arrangement may be made in the corner of a roofed piazza. Have a box seat built here. It should be sixteen or seventeen inches high, twenty inches wide, and as long as the place will allow. In this place may be kept rugs, cushions, pillows, etc., secured with a lock. Screen the corner with curtains that can be rolled up, or drawn with ease. Cotton duck, such as sails are made from, is the best to protect against strong or cold winds, but bamboo makes the lightest and most artistic screen.—Maria Parloa, in the Ladies' Home Journal.



Broiled Squabs.—Clean and singe the same as chicken; split the squabs down the back; flatten them with a rolling pin and wipe carefully inside and out with a damp cloth; broil over a clear fire; serve whole on buttered toast; season well.

Mush Cakes.—Scald two cups and a half of meal, to which has been added a teaspoonful of salt and a heaping tablespoonful of shortening. Make of the consistency of soft mush and fry by spoonfuls in a little dripping until a thick brown crust has been formed on both sides of the cakes.

Coffee Layer Cake.—Put into a bowl two cupfuls of sifted flour; add to it two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; beat the yolks of two eggs; add to them one cupful of sugar; beat well; then add the rind and juice of one lemon; add the flour and powder to this; half a cup of cold water, a pinch of salt and the whites of the eggs beaten stiff; pour into greased jelly cake tins and bake in a quick oven ten minutes.

Delicious Cream Roll.—Chop very fine medium sized raw potatoes. For each two potatoes make half pint well seasoned cream sauce. Add this sauce to the potatoes, turn into a baking pan and cook in the oven till the potatoes are tender. There must be just as little sauce as will hold the potatoes together. In cooking, before they are quite done, turn them over as you would an omelet and stand them on top of the stove where they cannot brown until they take the shape. Turn out on a dish and serve.

Diamonds.—Into one quart of sifted bread flour rub two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat one egg, add one cupful of milk and stir into the dry mixture, adding enough more milk to mix to a soft dough. Turn out on a floured board, knead for a moment, then roll out not quite an inch thick. Cut into two-inch strips, then into diamonds. Place an inch apart on greased pans, brush each with milk and bake in a hot oven.

It is generally the man with the most vivid imagination who catches the biggest fish.

THE GAME OF MUMBLE PEG.

I used to like to loiter
On the hillside in the spring
When leaf an' bud an' all o' that
Made lark and linnet sing.
Jus' loungin' on the shady side
Of beach and other trees,
An' scentin' sweet perianthes
That floated with the breeze,
An' jus' layin' there an' idlin',
Kinder restin' on one leg
An' playin' that old boyish game—
The game of mumble peg.

Right down the mossy ridge a piece,
The way I used to go,
The dogwood spread its petals like
Lingerin' flakes of snow,
An' lazily and dreamily,
Hedged in the pretty shrine
I used to often loiter with
A dear old friend of mine;
Jus' layin' round an' idlin',
Kinder restin' on one leg
An' playin' that old boyish game—
The game of mumble peg.

Softly from the memories
Of all the yesteryears,
I gather smiles, an' laughter, an'
But mostly—mostly tears!
I'd like to loiter once again
About the break o' spring,
When leaf an' bud an' all o' that
Made lark and linnet sing,
An' jus' layin' round an' idlin',
Kinder restin' on one leg
Jus' once more with my old friend
An' playin' that old boyish game—
The game of mumble peg.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.



Mrs. Hatterston—"What! you've had fourteen cooks in three months!" Mrs. Catterston—"Yes, and I didn't please any of them."—Life.

"Will you marry me?" he asked. "I told you once that I would not," she answered. "Yes, but that was yesterday," he urged.—"Tit-Bits.

"I see you've got an automobile. Were you ever in a race?" "Yes." "How did you come out?" "On crutches a month later."—Philadelphia Press.

This thing called fame oft brings regret; its ways are light and breezy. The kind you want is hard to get; The kind you don't is easy. —Washington Star.

"What are you here for?" inquired the visitor at the penitentiary. "For keeps," replied the convict known as No. 1147, with a mirthless laugh.—Chicago Tribune.

"Willie, did you give Johnny Smith a black eye?" "No, ma'am." "Are you sure?" "Yes, ma'am. He already had the eye, an' I jest blacked it for him."—Chicago Post.

"He's a very fast young man." "Not at all." "Evidently you don't know how he spends money." "Well, I know he returns what he borrows."—Philadelphia Press.

"But I can't bear to be insulted!" said the statesman, resentfully. "Well," said his friend, "you should have thought of that before you went into politics."—Brooklyn Life.

Merchant—"So you're looking for a position." Young College Graduate—"No; I've wasted so much time looking for a 'position' that I'll be satisfied now to take a job."—Philadelphia Press.

I hate to use a folding-bed. Because I have been told That many sleeping lambs have been gathered in the fold. —The Philistine.

Briggs—"I donated my brain to my college, and just got an acknowledgment from the president." Griggs—"Was he pleased?" Briggs—"He wrote that every little helps."—Harper's Bazar.

"Let's see," said the inexperienced salesman, "the price of that ping-pong set is \$10 net." "See here!" exclaimed Mrs. Gotrox. "I don't want the price of the net; I want the whole outfit."—Baltimore Herald.

Mrs. Mildly—"Mrs. McFadden, your neighbor, Patrick O'Donnell, has applied to our society for work. Is he a steady man?" Mrs. McFadden—"Steady? Whist, ma'am! If he was any steeper he'd be dead."—Tit-Bits.

Intimate Friend—"The assessor hasn't listed your property at one-tenth of what it is worth? Then, why don't you increase your assessment voluntarily?" Millionaire—"I did that last year and everybody said I was making a grand-stand play for popularity."—Chicago Tribune.

The Value of Tact.
A man must possess the happy faculty of winning the confidence of his fellow beings and making steadfast friends, if he would be successful in his books or profession. Good friends praise our books at every opportunity, "talk up" our wares, expatiate at length on our last case in court, or on our efficiency in treating some patient; they protect our name when slandered, and rebuke our maligners. Without tact, the gaining of friends who will render such service is impossible. The world is full of people who wonder why they are unpopular, ignored and slighted. People avoid them because they make themselves disagreeable by appearing at the wrong time, or by doing or saying the wrong things.—Success.

Rhodes's View of Death.
It had always been the wish of Cecil Rhodes since the time that he first beheld the Matoppo Hills, and among which he afterward passed through so many scenes in his life, that he should at last be buried amid their solitudes in a grave cut into the living rock. Though strikingly picturesque, the views which the Colossus entertained of death were extremely simple. The thought of it gave him little or no emotion. "When I am dead," he once said, "let there be no fuss! Lay me in the grave. Tread down the earth and pass on; I shall have done my work."

A PUZZLE PICTURE.



"HOW AWKWARD YOU ARE, HENRY," WHO SPOKE?

he isn't the kind of a boy that is ashamed of loving his mother, and he never will be. And he felt just awfully wretched and miserable—although he really didn't believe it, of course—when the new girl told him that he'd never see so much of his mother again. "Yer nose is out of 'jint now, Johnnie," said Norah, one day, when she was provoked with him for some reason. "Yer mother'll have ter look after the baby now, 'stead o' ye. An' little gals is always thought more of by their mothers than boys, anyhow."



Now, as has been said, Johnnie didn't believe this. And yet—somehow—it made him very unhappy. So miserably unhappy that he was cross and grumpy and unpleasant to get along with that day. The trained nurse

his mother good night, half an hour later, he gave her hand a great big squeeze.
"Queer moods and fancies that boy has," said Johnnie's father, presently, when Johnnie had gone to bed. "I never saw such a boy for having queer tempers."
But Johnnie's mother, remembering how miserable she had once felt over a similarly foolish remark, made by an unthinking neighbor, didn't think he was so very, very foolish, after all. To you?—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Good-Night Parade.
A happy thought came to a mother of five little ones when she said one night, "We will march to bed, as the soldiers do when on parade." The children were soon in their nightgowns, with mamma ahead as captain, a light in her hand, the brigade formed in line. When mamma counted "one," five little feet went pat on the stair; as she counted "two," ten little feet were on the stair. Thus they marched cheerfully to bed every night, until they had learned to keep step, like soldiers. Mamma said, "Now you can keep step so nicely by counting, we will march to-night singing:
"Softly now the light of day,
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee."
Other songs were learned. Then one night mamma went to that city of which it is said, "And there shall be no night there." So mamma's marching was over, the good night brigade broken up, as auntie did not feel like getting the children to bed that way.—Eliza Bradish, in Good Housekeeping.



Parasols mounted on green and white mottled sticks.
Riding boots for women, in both black and tan leather.
Thin muslin stock collars adorned with two little tabs in front.
Hats elaborately trimmed with pearl beads, cabochons and buckles.
White vests made of pique in fancy weaves, and cut double breasted.
Moreen waists shown in solid colors, white and black predominating.
Marquise hats of burnt tuscany trimmed with garlands of flowers.
Fancy silk waists trimmed elaborately with lace and studded with jewels.

Long dressing gowns made of linen and trimmed with ecru-colored lace to match.
Large automobile straw sailor hats, the upper brim being covered entirely with rubber.
Beautiful black parasols made of peau de seie and elaborately trimmed with chiffon.
Short walking skirts made of light-weight fabrics suitable for warm weather wear.
Washable fobs of linen crash adorned with buckle and stirrup of gun metal, gold or silver.
Coral jewelry in a variety of antique and modern forms and principally shown in the red tone.
Waists of sheer cotton material and unadorned except in the front, where they are elaborately embroidered.
Women's sailor suits, made of blue flannel and with the regulation short shirt, blouse waist and sailor collar.
Sailor collars in a variety of different forms and to be worn either over a jacket or with a collarless and low-necked shirt waist.—Dry Goods Economy.

who was taking care of his mother and the baby said she believed he needed medicine. Norah declared she wouldn't have such a cross-patch in