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A Little Story

I heard a little story, dear,
Last night, you really ought to hear,
The south wind, talking in its sleep,
Told how, that very noon, it played
Up and down the sunny steep,
Till it came upon—a maid!
It shook the still gold of her hair;
It kissed her as no mortal dare;
Tossed her until the bees went home,
With something sweeter for the comb,
Than honey stuff—her laugh, her sigh,
Where to Love tuned his lullaby.
Then straight away was selfish flown,
To sing and hear it all alone.
The south wind paused, and—by the way,
Where were you, Sweetest, yesterday?
—John Vance Cheney in Smart Set.

A Slip of the Tongue

BY KENNETT HARRIS

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The night was bitter cold. It was an unpleasant night altogether to be out in, for the wind intensified the raw chill in the air and carried with it sharp particles of sleet that drove into the face and stung. Then, too, the branches of the trees overhead swayed ominously, and it seemed that their creaking might at any moment be succeeded by the sharp crack of rent timber, and flying oak branches are hard to dodge in the dark. Instinctively the man in the fur coat moved closer into the shelter of one of the brick buttresses of the high walls. He had heard of such things as "judgments."

"But they don't happen nowadays," he said to himself with a laugh. "Transgressors are too thick, and half of our best people would be killed off."

With this reassuring reflection he moved out from the wall to where he could get a better view of a light that burned brightly in a corner of the black shadowy bulk of a house at the end of the avenue. Then he looked at his watch by the glow of a cigarette that he was smoking. "Five minutes more to the appointed time," he muttered—and the Lord knows how much longer after that. I'm too ardent. I suppose when I've done this a few more times I shall get hardened and make the lady wait. She ought to take this as a test of devotion at least."

He shivered and drew his coat collar closer about him and then began to pace rapidly up and down, keeping well in the dense shadow of the wall, however, and avoiding the gravel of the driveway.

"I feel like a burglar," he murmured as the distant sound of a man's voice sent him back against the wall. "Perhaps a sneak-thief would describe me better. I imagine old Cauley won't think that's any too harsh an appellation. I wonder how he'll take it! Philosophically, I hope. It would be foolish to make a fuss about it. I guess that was somebody passing along the road."

"I don't know that anybody could blame me," he resumed, after listening until the voices and footsteps had died away. "She's pretty enough to tempt anybody, if that were all, and then—well I'm not sure that I really meant it when I asked her to cut loose. Anyway, I didn't think she would take me up so quick. Who'd have thought



Moved closer into the shelter of the higher walls.

that there was so much of the devil under that saintly exterior? And now it's come to this!"

He looked at the light which still shone out boldly, unblinkingly. "That means she's still there," he said. "Perhaps it hasn't come to this. It doesn't seem possible, really. I heard Canby say that he knew positively she hadn't missed a church service in her life. She's president of Tenthly's Mission Aid and she wouldn't call on Mrs. Pemberton because she is a Universalist. I wonder what you're thinking of, up there, my lady!"

He lit a fresh cigarette, cautiously, and again looked at his watch. "Five minutes past the time now," he said. "Perhaps she's thought better of it. And now the clouds are blowing over and the moon will be out the next thing. I'll look up an almanac next time. But there won't be any next time. If she doesn't come and—"

The light he was staring at was suddenly extinguished and he gave a gasping sigh and threw away his cigarette. "She's coming, all right," he said.

The clouds were now scattering fast



Threw herself into his arms, and the moon shone dimly forth between the rifts from time to time. Still the wall was in shadow and in that shadow the man waited until, through the trees that skirted the driveway a slight female figure hurried toward him and at his low whistle ran, threw herself into his arms and clung to him.

"Poor fellow," she whispered, presently, extracting herself from his embrace. "You must be frozen. Your face is like ice. How long have you waited?"

"Hours," he whispered back, and, at her amazed look: "Well, perhaps not more than half an hour, but any time seems long away from you, dearest and fairest."

"You shouldn't exaggerate," she said, in tones of gentle reproach. Then: "Shall we go? Take this bag."

"What is in it?" he asked as he took a tiny leather satchel from her hand. "My jewels."

"His jewels," said the man, stopping short. "Mildred, I don't want you to bring these with you."

"Don't be absurd," said the woman. "They're not his, they're mine, he gave them to me. Come, let's go!" She forced the satchel upon him and taking his arm urged him forward to a side gate in the wall, which she unbolted and opened. They passed out into a lane, from the end of which came the quick throbbing sound of a stationary motor car.

"Are you well wrapped?" asked the man, solicitously, yet coldly.

Without answering she checked him, and, throwing her arms about his neck, forced his head down to hers. She was laughing. "Oh, but you are silly!" she said. "Are you going to kiss me?"

He drew her to him, passionately, and for a few moments they stood locked in a close embrace. At last she pushed him away and taking his arm again hurried him on. When the motor car was reached they stopped and the man spoke in an undertone to the chauffeur, who nodded, without looking around.

"Come," said the man, grasping the handle of the tonneau door and attempting to turn it. "What's the matter with the thing? he exclaimed, as it resisted his efforts. "Oh, d—n it!" The handle had snapped in his hand.

"D—n it!" he said again, and in his nervous excitement shook the door. To his amazement it swung open. The handle had already been turned. He laughed and then extended his hand to help the woman in. But the woman was hastening back to the gate.

He ran and overtook her. "Mildred!" he cried, wonderingly. "What is it?" For her face was set in an expression of chill displeasure and she shook off the hand with which he strove to detain her.

"Tell me," he begged. "What is the matter?"

She neither replied nor slackened her pace.

"I shall not stop you if you have decided not to come with me," he panted. "But you must—"

She turned on him and he was silent before the horror and accusation in her blue eyes.

"You swore," she said in a shocked voice. "You swore." Then her eyes fell on the little bag he still carried. "Give it to me," she said, and snatched it from him. He stood astonished as she fumbled at the latch of the gates, which the next instant closed in his face with a bang. He heard the bolt on the inside shoot back into its socket.

Two minutes later a motor car shot down the lane at an ordinance-defying speed, its horn tooting madly, and between the blasts of the horn bursts of hyena laughter profaned the solemn stillness of the night.

WHEN THE APPETITE BALKS.

Change of Diet the Proper Thing to Set It Right.

When the appetite of the family begins to falter and every one feels out of sorts try leaving the meat out of the daily menu for a few days. Eat fruit and green things in large quantities. Grapes are said to be a specific for malaria, and fortunately they grow plentifully in malarial communities. Doctors prescribe lettuce, tomatoes and lemons for liver troubles, but salads should have little vinegar in them when eaten for health's sake. Pineapple is a delicious breakfast fruit and is believed to be very efficacious for diseases of the throat. Grape fruit, also chicory and lettuce salad, with plain oil and vinegar dressing, are excellent for the nerves.

The English people eat watercress plentifully, believing that it is a remedy for lung troubles. Figs and dates at night are not only a delicious little bedtime bite but decidedly wholesome.

Don't drink extremely cold things early in the morning or late at night and don't go to bed too early. Too much sleep is not good for digestion.

A week or two of dieting on these lines will rest the system and encourage tired appetites.

Cost of Railway Mail Service.

Americans pay more for transportation of mail than all the other peoples of the world combined. In the last year for which comparative figures are available (1901) it cost us \$38,500,000 for railroad transportation of mail alone. All the other countries in the world paid for transportation by all means only \$37,000,000, or \$1,500,000 less than we alone paid. Freight and passenger rates have gone down. They are cheaper here than abroad; express companies pay the railroads about half the rates they charge the government, and yet the postoffice department continues to pay for the transportation of mail just as much as it paid thirty years ago, while all other transportation rates have greatly decreased in that time. —Public Opinion.

Aidebaran.

Like a fire in the field of night,
I saw the Red Star shine,
The Red Star, the gypsy star,
And I claimed its light for mine;
The watcher by the name,
The guide o'er moor and fen,
That beckoning waves his rosy torch
For wild and wandering men.

Like a disk of the ruddy gold
I saw the Red Star gleam,
The Red Star, the gypsy star,
That roves in the roads of dream;
Across the empty years,
He flung his spendthrift store,
As a Romany plays with handiwork bright
In the shade of the low tent door.

Like a horseshoe on the forge,
I saw the Red Star glow,
The Red Star, the gypsy star,
Whose trail the vagabonds know;
Beating the bounds of earth,
Beneath the alien skies,
They went with joy in their homeless hearts,
Who have seen the Red Star rise.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

McClellan Hard to "Rattle."

A citizen who is intimately acquainted with George B. McClellan, mayor of New York, declares that he has not a nerve in his being. "I have seen him in some close quarters, but have never seen him change color or appear the least concerned," he adds. "He may have wounds to nurse and nurses them, but if he does he goes into a back room to do it. Just once since he has been in office has he quailed at any proposed ordeal. The health commissioner wanted him to take a ride in a new model ambulance, but the mayor declined, saying he was afraid. 'But there is no danger.' 'No danger!' said the mayor. 'I guess you don't know about the jokemakers of the American press? Excuse me.'"

Foibles of Fashion

Popular Crepe de Chine.

Crepe de chine, in a thousand and one different designs, plain, chameleon, printed, with a satin surface or with a deeply crinkled finish that makes it close kin to the mourning crape, one sees it in the high-class bodices, those that the exclusive shops along the avenue demand \$50 and upward—and it is principally upward in these smart emporiums of style—for the simplest of, when they are all entirely fashioned and embroidered by hand. The double width one-seam crepe comes in all of the latest finishes, and because of its width it is excellent foundation for those dainty stitiches, the plan and scope of which the necessity of joining and piecing the single widths together often interferes with.

There are some charming printed crepes following the Dresden designs which make up so beautifully, either for the indispensable separate blouse or for the entire costume. The white and delicately tinted grounds are the ones most seen in these; and the dainty little blossoms, rosebuds, jonquils and forget-me-nots, roses of various shapes and sizes, are all shown in miniature, and the neutral tint of flower and foliage are followed in the printing. The floral designs seem to have displaced all others; and assuredly there is nothing daintier than these.

The crepe pointille, too, is another favorite. This is a crepe that has the satin ground entirely covered or seeded with tiny dots that look as though they had been embroidered by hand, and sometimes the Dresden china patterns are printed on this background, and with excellent effect.

New Silk Waist Model.

Blouse of taffeta, gathered and draped to a little plain yoke, ornamented with motifs of embroidery and bordered with fagoting. The cravat is



of linen, also ornamented with fagoting.

The puffed sleeves are finished at the elbows with turn-over cuffs of the material, bordered with fagoting, and also with lace ruffles. The girdle is of the material, ornamented in front with two rows of buttons.

Green to Be Much Worn.

Green bids fair to be leader in colors for spring and summer gowns. A charming costume is of green chiffon taffeta. The skirt is smooth fitting over the hips, flares considerably just below the hip curve and has three deep tucks at bottom. A tucked front of pale green chiffon distinguishes the bodice and is outlined with medallions of Irish lace. Three deep tucks are on each side and several rows of shirring make the shoulder pieces. Two full puffs form the elbow sleeves, which are finished with a flounce of pale green plaited chiffon and Irish lace. The girdle is soft silk ribbon shading from pale to dark green.

The Surplice Finish.

An embroidery band scalloped on the edges and with valenciennes frills under the scallops of one or both edges is a good surplice finish, and the same effect may be introduced upon the skirt, though often the embroidery is used nowhere save on the fronts, and the trimming of sleeves and skirt is left to tucking and valenciennes, as was the case with one of the frocks sketched here.

Other surplice fronts are finished with one of the scallop embroidery appliques, producing somewhat the same effect as heavy hand embroidery on the edges of deep scallops of the ma-

terial. Similar Swiss embroidery applique, with the scallops much larger, is an excellent finish for skirt flounces, and, as these embroideries usually come in several widths or sizes, it is easy to use the one idea in all the detail of the frock.

Dandelion Wine.

Steep the dandelion flowers in boiling water for five minutes and strain off the liquid, pressing the flowers hard. Sweeten to taste and add brandy in the proportion of a pint to every four gallons of liquid. Put in uncorked bottles and keep in a cool place until fermentation ceases, then draw off and rebottle.

Boudoir Confidences

New net veils have a border of undulated lace woven in one with the center.

Bronze slippers and stockings are taking notice again, after a long period of oblivion.

Black velvet cuffs and collars distinguish some of the smartest white linen coats.

Very beautiful are some new porcelain buckles with French miniature painted on them.

Any fabric does for coats this season, from sheerest lace and linen to cloth and leather.

Those so-called hand-painted organ-dies are being made up into frocks for June bridesmaids.

Suspender frocks are essentially youthful and need to be eschewed by the matronly woman.

Fix Windows Artistically.

What could be prettier for a blue room than inside curtains of Japanese or India cotton? They wash and wash and will not fade, and the Java prints also wear and wash well, for all these oriental fabrics are dyed with vegetable dyes. Of course, these inside curtains look best made with valances of the same across the top of the window.

The humble cheese cloth makes very good curtains for country homes. In the finer quality it is exceedingly pretty, and edged with white cotton ball fringe, curtains of it placed next the glass, with inside draperies of heavier goods, look exceedingly well, and launder beautifully.

Raisin Pie.

Soak two cups of nice plump raisins (seeded) one hour on back of range in two cups of cold water. Then set on front to boil up. Grate rind of orange and take juice of small one. Put in dish with one coffee cup sugar, two eggs, pinch of salt and two heaping tablespoons of flour. Beat well and stir into boiling raisins. When thick set aside to cool. Bake in two crusts. Will make two good pies. Put in when cold one teaspoon vinegar and add small pieces of butter before putting on upper crust.

Some Dressy Novelties.

The short skirt and dainty blouse frock in sheer material have to some extent supplanted the shirt waist frock of tailored type and of heavier material and this season they will be more in evidence than ever. The prevalence of the surplice front and of blouses cut down to show a shallow gulph has led to the provision of lovely little plastrons and gulphes made of fine lingerie materials. White mull was used in one gown and the surplice fronts are edged with tiny ruffles of the material, which also trim the plastron. The surplice pieces have a row of tucks in the center and are confined in a deep crush girdle. One large puff, finished with a band cuff edged with small ruffles, forms the elbow sleeve.



A cup of salt added to your foot-bath, using hot water, will prove restful.

In the summer lay tallow candles among furs and no moths will go near them, it is said.

Tight gloves will go on more easily if warmed before putting on the hands than if put on when cold.

Damp shoes are very difficult to polish. Try putting a drop or two of paraffin to the blacking, and you will find they polish up at once.

Inkstains may be removed with lemon juice both from materials and the fingers. In colored fabrics, however, care must be exercised lest the acid remove the dye and the remedy be as bad as the ink itself.

Pink Silk Muslin.

Nothing is so cool and pretty for warm summer days as silk muslin. A most attractive, though simple model is in pink. The whole frock is plaited. On the skirt the plaits are stitched to knee depth, flaring prettily from there to the foot. Similar treatment is given to blouse and sleeves, the collarless round neck, bands on sleeves and girdle made of sheerest batiste embroidery. The hat worn with this charming get-up is pink straw braid, the brim turned decidedly on the left side and decorated with shaded pink coque plume.

Beauty in Drawn-Work.

Drawn-work, Mexican style, makes beautiful blouses, and one of the prettiest ways of using it was employed on a blouse last winter. A small table cover, with points, deeply worked, was chosen; the girl who was going to wear it passing by the finest of the blouse patterns and choosing the table cover in preference.

It was done in heavy linen; so she chose the finest handkerchief linen she could find for the foundation of the blouse, and then twisted and turned and managed the corners and center of drawn-work until she had the most unusual thing imaginable. And she touched it here and there with French knots—not the tiny ones lingerie blouses usually show, but rather coarse ones, done with a heavy thread, that somehow reconciled the heavy and light lines to each other.

The same thing is done with those heavy embroideries, combining them with handkerchief linen and giving them some odd touch here or there, that makes the combination full of style and variety.

One of the Newest Turbans.



Turban of tan straw trimmed with brown velvet bows and ribbon cache-peigne.

To Recolor Old Gloves.

Black gloves which have become rubbed and poor looking may be made to look like new by covering them with a good black ink and rubbing them when dry with a polishing cloth. Black shoe polish may be used for the same purpose, although it is more liable to rub off, but it is very satisfactory in dyeing straw.

Rhubarb Sherbet.

Stew together two quarts of rhubarb and three pints of water until the fruit is reduced to a pulp, then strain through a cheese cloth. Return to the fire and add sufficient sugar to make very sweet. When the sugar is dissolved, add the juice of a small lemon and set aside. When chilled put in the freezer and work until thick like mush. Add the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth, with two tablespoonsful of powdered sugar, stir it down into the mixture, and finish the freezing, then set aside to ripen. This sherbet may be tinted a pale green with green color paste.

The Tricorne Hat.

The tricorne is, in the hands of the present-day milliner, a thing of beauty. There are countless developments of this popular model, and so graceful and charming is it in every phase of its variety that there is no possible chance of our wearying of it. The round, bowl-shaped crown is the latest development, and the brim is wired so that it may be bent and pinched and twisted to the angle most becoming to its wearer, and that without in any way losing the lines that are characteristic of its shape.