THE VOICE OF THE PULPIT

IMMORTAL! A SHORT AND PERTINENT DISCOURSE ON EASTER.

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"What is mortal may be swallowed up of life."—II Corinthians v, 4.

Half the world rouses itself to-day to do honor in some form, simple or elaborate, to that Master of Life, who from the death of selfish separation rouses men to the largeness and reality of a common life. It is as the sun in the heavens, as the spring days lengthen, wakens in every meadow a million blades of grass which he found sleeping. He calls them out of the earth into a higher life; and in their little way they, too, give out of their own power, they breathe out a blessing in their turn. The air is the purer, the perfume is the sweeter because these millions of blades of grass have started out of the cold death of the winter, into the generous mutual life of the new-born year.

What the sun in the sky does to those blades of grass, this Sun of Righteousness, who is the Lord of this Easter day, has done to a million million lives, whom He has called from that dead selfishness of lonely and separated life, into communion with each other, into certainty of their own future, into life in common with an infinite God. In that call He takes the name "Sun of Righteousness." In that name this Sunday, day of Light and Heat and Life, becomes His day—the Lord's day.

"It is a little thing in comparison to believe in immortality. The great thing is to live as an immortal." This fundamental statement, made nearly in these words by the Rev. John Weiss, a man of rare religious genius, announces the central truth, which gives the real value to the festivities of to-day. The joy of the new life, the jubilee triumph because life is larger than it once was, and is to be larger than it is, the new strength, the new health, the new certainty which come to the world because its life is larger than it was, all these are quite impossible to beasts who die, as they are impossible to clocks which stop when the weights have run down. They all belong to the victories of immortal beings, who know they are immortal.

HOW TO LEARN THE LESSON.

And the lesson of Easter for you and me, if we would seek a lesson, will be learned, if we rightly ask what eternal beings do, who have such senses, such muscles, such hopes and fears as we, and if we find an answer. What is there which a man can achieve, looking forward and able to look forward, which a brute cannot achieve, because he does not look forward and cannot? How does this surety of eternity affect daily life—what I say, what I plan, and what I do? I read a speech of Julius Caesar and he tells me that when a blood vessel breaks my life stops forever. But I do not believe that my life stops forever because that mere button in my dress gives way. How will that difference between me and Caesar affect what I think and say and do?

Mr. Ruskin lays it down as a canon of art, that no painting should ever shut us up in an interior so completely but that the eye may somewhere struggle beyond and see through a window, through a doorway, through a passage between columns or a rift in the trees to the infinite blue of an infinite heaven. Whoever has to change the composition of his picture so as to do this, the change from the mere sketch of a room shut up to that larger scheme which includes that bit of heaven, knows very well that the change is no simple change of one or two details. Every color must be changed, every light and every shadow. Our relations now are with infinite affairs, and the infinite considerations which we have brought in will affect everything with which we have to do. The mere camera, indeed, which I have focused for an object the other side of the room, needs entire readjustment before I direct it to an object the other side of the river or bay.

And that single hint as to a perspective for near drawing, or distant, carries us far. The little child has to learn to see. First of all she sees her own hands and learns to know that these fingers are her own. It is a step, a happy step, when beyond the hands and outside of them she learns the face of her mother, always ready, always kind, almost always near, but, alas, sometimes away! But the whole machinery of vision must be changed, and the whole process of thought enlarged, when the infant knowledge which perceives and comprehends these two, goes farther, and knows the curtain and the window, and at last, the rattle or the straw. It is by successive steps from these that the child at last conceives the idea of distance, which is not natural indeed to an infinite soul, and learns how to measure in a fashion the difference between the tree in the garden and the chair in the room. Here is, on a small scale and with steps which are petty in comparison, the process of the enlargement of the vision alone. With that enlargement comes the growth and enlargement of every other faculty, nay, the growth of the mind itself which controls such faculties, and in the end the enlargement of that soul which commands the mind to come and go about its business. It is in that enlargement, as this text puts it, that the mortal is clothed upon with the immortal. A mortal man now begins to live and move and think and speak as an immortal being does.

ENLARGING THE HORIZON.

In Mrs. Trimmer's story of "The Robins," a child's book, now forgotten in the nursery, the brightest sentence was the exclamation of one of the half-fledged little birds, who, having flown out of the nest for the first time, cries out to its mother: "What a very large place the world is!" When the little robin is fully fledged she will be able to fly above the apple tree, and will see that the orchard, which was but just now so large a world, fills, in truth, a space very small in a world which has become much bigger. And if the robin could soar like the lark, the circle of the horizon would expand again, the hills but just now distant would in their turn become near, and with a very different sense she would be crying again: "How very large is the world!" And yet this horizon is nothing if robin or lark would learn to look into the sun, like the eagle, or if, by this time, there come the unanswerable question: "What is there beyond the sun?" or, "What is there beyond the farthest star?"

All these enlargements of the horizon are little analogies of what happened to the literature of the world when the new world was born and the old world ended. That is to say, when literature began to speak of man as being an immortal instead of talking of him as a mere brute, with the gift of speech, who, at the best, stopped living at threescore, or say fourscore years. Compare the book of Proverbs, for instance, with Paul's letter to the Philippians. The first is as wise as you please. It is very bright. It is useful. It is practical. It is shrewd. It is even humorous in places. But then! it is all so narrow, so restricted! You turn over to the end to look for something more. Is it possible, you say, that this is all these men had to say about life, when they were so sharp and keen? Why! this is not life they talk about; this is nothing but clockwork, the swing of the pendulum here, and the twitch of the second hand there. From this you turn over to the epistle to the Philippians. It is all jubilant with the joy and confidence of divine being. You are not saying anything about heaven perhaps, but you talk like a person who is in heaven. He who writes really knows what the joy of God is, the joy of creating, the joy of sustaining, the joy of living and loving forever. And Paul speaks with that large certainty which has in the end preserved this little letter of his so that it is remembered everywhere among the classics of good cheer and enthusiasm. It speaks the passwords and rallying cries. "Forgetting the things which are behind and stretching forward to the things which are before."

On the whole, this is the contrast between the Old Testament and the New Testament, though in the great, glad exceptions, the Old Testament is prophetic. Still, speaking in general, what harasses you as you read your book of Kings or of Chronicles, is the feeling, perhaps undefined, that this all belongs to a corner of Asia, and perhaps to the life of some Gideon or Barak, of whom you know little and, perhaps, care less. In the New Testament, you are on different ground, and are breathing a different atmosphere. And when you look for the horizon to your picture, there is none. These men who write and talk, speak as immortals to an immortal; and, for the instant, you cannot but accept their postulate. In their company you are as one of them. And He, the leader of them all, who starts them on this line of address, at once so simple and so large, He takes from first to last the ground that as He is Son of God you are God's sons and daughters, that you share the infinite life. Death? What is it? They who truly live can never die.

STUDY GOD'S WAYS.

Let any man to-day take for leading motives the motives which might impel any servant of God who is not worried by fear of death or of what may follow it. Let a man live with God, not afraid to talk with Him. Let him study God's plans and methods, as one of Michael Angelo's pupils might study his. Let him work in nature's laboratory, tracing the present processes of creation as they go on to-day when the lily opens; or let him study history, and in the evolution of century from century see what it is which is weak, and what that is which prevails, how vice and crime are powerless and bring forth no issue, and how righteousness exalts a nation. Or let a man undertake, with other men and women, what he might suppose an angel would do, not fettered by time nor anxious about its passage. Let him range from hovel to garret in seeking his society, let him house with crime if he can so help crime, let him carry comfort to beggary, and teach beggary the secrets of industry. Let him live with men for men, not as if the clothes that he wears or the viands he eats were of the first import.

Such life with God is what the apostles mean by faith. Such life for men is what they mean by love. The man who bids his life move in such causes starts to-day on the career of an immortal. His mortal house is clothed upon with his house which is from heaven. He lives as an immortal lives. He opens a window into the infinite through this dead, blank wall which did shut off his prospect. He changes the focus of his camera and his foreground is no longer distorted and twisted. And while he does this he finds that that third element of an immortal's life takes on certainty. What Paul calls hope, by which he means living in the future while a man lives in to-day, is all the time growing stronger and more a thing of course were it only by exercise. He uses what he has, and because he uses it he has more.

A man on this earth may be so interested in faith and hope and love, which are the infinite elements of eternal being, that what is merely earthly, eating and drinking and sleeping, shall be quite subordinate. And this double life, shall I call it, is what Paul means when he says the life on earth is clothed upon with the life which is from heaven.

Easter morning does not prove man's immortality. It asserts it. In the universal resurrection from the night of winter, as Life returns which has been sleeping or shrouded, it asserts man's communion and companionship with the God who is life; and it declares that man, who is child of God, cannot die. Because he is immortal he can adjust his life with the infinite perspective. Because he is immortal he can come to his God as an immortal comes, can speak, can listen and can reply again. Because he is immortal he arranges his duties on the scale of immortality. He begins, if he chooses, on what shall task him a thousand years to finish; he enters on this enterprise or that, perfectly sure that he has infinite allies. Is one of these allies called away so that he does not see his face? It is as a fellow-officer might be sent on other service in the campaign, whom he is to meet again in the hour of victory. Because he is immortal, he lives with these and for these, who also are immortal. They have perhaps help for him; he has perhaps help for them. Help or not, each has for each companionship, and it is not to be that they are to grind along through ages of ages, stupid and alone.

To renew such immortal life here, of faith and hope and love, is the mission every year of Easter day. That this which is mortal may be clothed upon with immortality.

DIVORCE IS NOT TOO EASY.

So Long as Laws Regulating Marriage Are Not So Loose.

Ladies' Home Journal.

Every once in a while we have perfect hemorrhages of righteous indignation upon the subject of divorce. We say divorce must stop, or that there must be no divorce. But wouldn't it be a bit better if we let this subject alone for a while and concerned ourselves somewhat with the evil which leads to divorce? The fact of the matter is that there is a notion, which is altogether wrong, that divorce is easy in this country. Divorce is not easy. I am far from saying that our divorce laws are what they should be. But it is a senseless thing to make those laws more stringent while we allow our marriage laws to be as loose as they are. Let those who cannot see any farther than the revision of present divorce laws ask themselves this question: Is it fair to allow foolish, inexperienced girls to be led into what they believe to be a fairy-palace, and then, when they find it to be a prison—yes and worse, a positive suburb to the infernal regions—to refuse to let them out, if they can get out? Is that merciful? Is that just? Would we not come closer to the commonsense of this whole question if, before we go further in this campaign against divorce, we turn back and tighten the door which leads to it? Divorce is not so easy but that we can afford to leave it precisely where it is for the time being. It isn't a particle easier than it should be, so long as we allow marriage to be as loose as it is.

Calve, the Woman.

G. T. B. Davis, in Woman's Home Companion.

Calve, the woman, is a topic not a whit less fascinating than her career as a prima donna. Each summer is spent at her chateau at Cavriere, near Aveyron, France. There is a pretty romance connected with this country seat. When, as a girl, she used to walk past this place each day her most daring dream was to some time be rich enough to purchase it. After success came the dream was realized. To-day she spends as much time as possible there in company with her parents and brothers and sisters. To the village folks Calve is an ideal Lady Bountiful. She visits the poor, takes the sick all sorts of tempting delicacies, interests herself in securing positions for the unemployed. The village children fairly worship her. Calve loves children. She will sit for hours on the lawn under the big trees, surrounded by a group of admiring children, telling them strange tales of what she has seen and heard in foreign lands, or relating legends of long ago.

Kipling Explained.

Boston Transcript.

It is deplorable to have to explain such things, but if we are to affect to use English music-hall slang like the English we must use it as the English. We have heard of an elocutionist recently reciting Kipling's "Absent-minded Beggar" putting tears into his voice and great emphasis on the word "beggar." Now nothing like begging in the literal sense is to be thought of in connection with the "absent-minded beggar." None but the most ignorant and innocent would imagine a moment that with Kipling in this verse "beggar" was the same thing as "mendicant." "Beggar" is quite as likely to mean to Englishmen what "chap" means to us. Its use is often the reverse of uncomplimentary. "Oxford men are beggars to row," an Englishman will tell you, or very likely he will say "Americans are beggars to stand by their flag." The "absent-minded beggar" is simply a man who forgets sordid considerations in his willingness to serve his country and is therefore heroic.

The Things I Miss.

An easy thing, O power divine,
To thank Thee for these gifts of Thine!
For summer's sunshine, winter's snow,
For hearts that kindle, thoughts that glow,
But when shall I attain to this—
To thank Thee for the things I miss?

For all young fancy's early gleams,
The dreamed of joys that still are dreams,
Hopes unfulfilled, and pleasures known
Through others' fortunes, not my own,
And blessings seen that are not given,
And never will be, this side heaven.

Had I, too, shared the joys I see,
Would there have been a heaven for me,
Could I have felt Thy presence near
Had I possessed what I held dear?
My deepest fortune, highest bliss,
Have grown perchance from things I miss.

Sometimes there comes an hour of calm;
Grief turns to blessing, pain to balm;
A power that works above my will
Still leads me onward, upward still;
And then my heart attains to this—
To thank Thee for the things I miss.

—Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

FOR FEMININE READERS

A PHYSICIAN MAKES SOME COMMONSENSE REMARKS TO MOTHERS.

A Display of Old-Fashioned Needle Work—A Librarian Puzzled—Suggestions to Nervous Women.

"Advice to Mothers" has become such a frequent thing in print and out that an impression might naturally go abroad that mothers are of a different order of beings from other human creatures. The mothers of the New York City Mothers' Club encountered a man the other day, however, who had ideas to the contrary. The club had assembled to discuss "Physical Culture for Mothers." One physician called on evaded the subject by talking about physical conditions of the child from one to fifteen years, which he called the good-for-nothing age. He said, according to the Tribune, that between one and seven years of age was the period of nerve growth, when the brain becomes nearly as large as it ever will be. The child in its growth was frequently most injured by poor nutrition and both external and internal irritation. It being the period of nervous activity it was the time when the child needed the greatest care and attention.

"As self is the dominant characteristic of the child's life," said the speaker, "it is looking for constant change and amusement, and the first seven years has frequently been designated the savage age.

"The boy often becomes an egoist and gets to be unbearable, but after the age of fourteen years he begins to look from within to the outer world and gradually forgets himself.

"The next is the period of bone growth, and the acceleration is so excessive as to often rob other vital processes, and frequently there is such a lack of balance in mental processes that parents begin to doubt whether the boy will ever be 'good for anything.'

"Gymnastics and athletics bring mental development through development of motor nerves, whether in work or play. The brain being a dominating organ must have an adequate food supply. We must have a higher regard for health, for health brings success, and I have never yet seen a red-cheeked criminal. Life is incomplete along classical lines; we must keep close to nature's heart."

Dr. Seaver was followed by Dr. George Winterburn, who caused much surprise to the audience by many statements which totally upset generally accepted theories. He said he was rather puzzled when asked to talk upon the subject of physical culture for mothers, as he did not know of any that was equally suited to spinsters, wives, daughters and brothers. He declared further, in direct opposition to Dr. Seaver, that it was a mistake to declare that criminality was the result of physical decline, as he had seen a number of red-cheeked criminals.

"I have been a mother as far as any man might," said Dr. Winterburn, "having had twenty-five years of experience. I have washed, dressed and fed many a baby. The term 'physical culture' is generally misapplied, and usually the gymnasium work means energy expended, not energy stored up. The first requisite for life is air, the second water inside and outside. The drinking of pure water is a great rejuvenator. Added to this let every one breathe properly and stand and walk correctly and he will need no gymnastics. A natural use of muscles is sufficient.

At the conclusion of Dr. Winterburn's talk, Dr. Seaver responded to several questions, the first as to his opinion of boiled water as a restorative.

"Boiled water is dead water," he replied, "and I would throw it all into the river. It will kill you as surely as too much boiled milk." Then a woman asked:

"Well, doctor, if you lived in Philadelphia would you drink the Schuylkill water without boiling?"

"Yes," he replied, "for it can't be any worse than our Croton. But if you must boil it, let it stand open until it becomes thoroughly aerated. Pure spring water is the best to drink."

Summer Gowns.

New York Sun.

As the new materials are all so thin and sheer the elaborate skirts are extremely attractive. Fine tucks in every way that fancy can devise are a great feature of waists as well as skirts, and they are arranged horizontally, vertically and in waved lines, singly and in groups.

Elbow sleeves, a distinctive element of the new thin gowns, are finished with a frill of lace or chiffon, falling rather wide at the back and narrowing to three inches at the inside of the arm. Transparent lace sleeves, with a lace bolero or lace yoke, are exceedingly pretty in the dressy gown of white silk veiling. The long transparent sleeves, with a frill falling over the hand, are quite as much in evidence, however, so the sleeve resolves itself into a question of what is most becoming. The tendency to enlarge the sleeve from the elbow down to the wrist is seen in the double sleeve, the upper part ending a little below the elbow and flaring a trifle, like the old-fashioned flowing sleeve. Below this is a sleeve of chiffon or lace gathered into a fancy cuff, reminding one of the days when undersleeves were worn.

A striking point in the finish of the new gowns is the belt, which seems to admit of innumerable variations, some of which are exceedingly pretty for the slender figure, but the stout woman must shun them as she would the plague. Long lines, not broken by any contrasting bands, must be cultivated by the shovel-waisted woman who cares to make the most of her figure. There are wide and narrow belts, draped and fitted belts, and belts made of alternate bands of black velvet ribbon and gold galloon an inch and a half wide. These are very effective in some gowns and the number of bands used depends on the length of the waist. One band of gold galloon above a narrow draped belt of bias panne velvet is very good, and then there are medium wide draped belts of soft bias satin fastened at one side with a rosette bow. These are especially good style for thin gowns of mousseline, nuns' veiling and Swiss muslin. A fitted and rather wide belt of white silk, with a band of black velvet on either edge, is a striking feature of a pale gray costume. The wide girdle-shaped belt is worn and also the directoire scarf, which drapes around the waist and fastens with a soft knot and long ends at one side.

The collar bands are shaped much as they have been during the past season, rounding up a trifle just behind the ears and variously trimmed with folds, lace and pipings of black and colored panne. All the little accessories of dress, such as sashes, fichus, berthas, collar and belt effects are very important features, since they furnish so many opportunities for variety in detail. A touch of black is very noticeable among the new gowns, and it is obtained in various ways, one of which is threading black velvet baby ribbon through lace beading and forming a lattice design over a lace yoke and collar, or outlining the edges of lace insertion put on in different ways. For vests these bands are pretty in net or chiffon, arranged in points down the front. White lawn and lace chemisettes are used in cloth gowns as well as the thinner fabrics, and a line of black velvet, with another of colored panne, worked into the collar band, adds much to the effect.

Talks to Nervous Women.

Harper's Bazar.

When your nerves are taut and rough edged and ajar, when you know that, though your family and friends may excuse you and give the trouble some softer name, you are simply unbearably perverse and as cross as a fretful baby do not resort to drugs. A fatal error of many a woman is to try this soothing powder, that alleviating pill, the other persuasive potion and float out on the lulling waves of sleep into a sea of beautiful dreams. Neither stimulants affording a temporary crutch nor narcotics with their transient and delusive aid should be taken by women on their own suggestion or taken at all except when ordered by a trustworthy physician.

Try change. More immediately restful than any other step you will find an ocean voyage. Marvelous is the tonic of the sea. Once cut loose from the land, from the mails, from your friends, from domestic cares for a week's or a month's voyage you are without your own effort or volition made over into a new creature. A mother hesitates to leave her children, not realizing that occasionally the best gift she can bestow upon them is her absence. Everlastingly at home one's horizon narrows; one loses the sense of perspective. Dear as children may be, so unutterably dear that to lay down one's life for them would be easy, there are times when the dictate of unselfish love is not to die for them, but to live for them, and to live not a haltoned, sighing, fluttering existence, but a large, wholesome and rejoicing life. If the wearied woman can compass an ocean trip she will find nothing in nature's wide pharmacopoeia more successful in uplifting her from her slough of despond.

Everybody cannot afford a prolonged jaunt, and many women, looking at the meager purse from which the means for travel must be extracted, shake mournful heads at the mere hint of going away from home. Everybody can manage a day's outing, and whether our home be in town or country a little resolution, a little previous planning and a decided acceptance of the worth while of endeavor will start us on the journey. The thing to do is to take the road. We may have the big carryall brought to the door, the horses harnessed, the good man on the seat and the back of the carriage filled with picnic baskets and presents for mother and Aunt Jane, and off we may start to try being girls again at home.

Latest Fancy Work.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

Judging by the fancy-work counters at the stores, womankind, in spite of the declaration of many that she is taking more interest in suffrage than she is in sewing, still plies the needle most vigorously, at least the needle containing embroidery silk. The fancy-work sections are crowded, and fair ones are busily choosing patterns and materials for fashioning the many little things that make home so attractive.

The very newest thing in the embroidery line is the Hungarian point. It is worked in silks on a divided canvas in tapestry stitch, and can be used in picture frames or for sofa cushions. It is very soft and pretty, and is already a favorite with milady of the embroidery fame.

The pastel colorings have, of course, found their way into the realm of embroidery. Exceedingly dainty and pretty do they look on the Flemish linen and the colored linens. They are used in the conventional designs for center pieces, doilies, tablecloths and similar articles, and they will figure largely in the work done on hotel and cottage piazzas this summer.

All white embroidery is quite the rage just now, and the French embroidery cotton or Peri Lustra are the favorite materials, the Peri Lusta especially being greatly used. This is a floss with a soft, glossy finish, which looks like silk, but does not turn yellow in the wash. Possessing this attribute, it is little wonder that it is held in such high regard by the housewife, who likes her table dainty, but who knows that frequent visits to the laundress will ruin the labor of weeks and months.

In sofa pillows Indian heads and oriental effects seem to be the latest fancies to win milady's favor. The automobile pillow is also new, the design being that of three giddy girls taking their pleasure in this latest child of science. For the little articles for the bureau and toilet table, lace is a prime favorite as decoration, for, of course, it could not be left out here when so generally used by milady on everything else this season. Arabian point, duchesses, renaissance and Medici are the favorite styles.

The golf vests are, just at present, engaging the attention of the knitters, and yarns, patterns and full directions are furnished for those about to essay the task of making one. For those whose tastes do not run in this direction, couch afghans are a pleasing substitute, and green and brown are popular colors of the moment, and, of course, the ever-present pastel shades.

A Display of Samplers.

New York Mail and Express.

One of the most interesting and unique exhibitions, from a feminine point of view, in which London has indulged for some time, was the old-fashioned needle work sampler show. Several well-known society women were represented at the show by exquisitely quaint examples of needlecraft, harmoniously framed. There were few pieces offered for sale, but those so offered found immediate buyers at high prices. In the collection were samplers as old as 1686, which are the earliest yet traced by collectors bearing a sentence or verse. The collection contained about three hundred specimens.

As to the technical execution of these samplers few employ more than three varieties of stitch—the simple cross or marking stitch, the long stitch and the back stitch. Occasionally the French knot is introduced into the quaint birds or animals that adorn them.

The verses on these specimens were a curious study in the by-paths of feminine reading in the past. They divided themselves into three groups, which may be defined as the pious, the didactic, and the frankly cynical. In the first one may find whole chapters of the Bible set forth in intricate cross-stitch, and the Ten Commandments, the Creed, and the Lord's prayer are of frequent recurrence. Tate and Brady's metrical version of the Psalms and passages from Dr. Watts also furnish many quotations.

Of the history of the sampler, Mr. Marcus Huish, the well-known art critic, writes that it came into being to supply a need. The luxury of the household had increased to an extent that called for the possession of numbers of each article whether it was one pertaining to clothing or to table or bed napery. Identification by marking and numbering became necessary, and as, probably, the limited library did not contain specimens of ornamental lettering and numerals, samplers were made to supply them.

Information Wanted.

Chicago Post.

The season of club papers is drawing to a close, and there are not so many women as there once were digging in the public libraries for recondite facts or theories. Still there are enough left to try the souls of librarians.

"I know you'll think I am a fool," said a librarian, "but I must tell you a story on myself. A little while ago there came a day when more demands were made on me for crank literature than my poor brain could stand. They wanted to read up on 'The Vibrations of Optimism' and 'Hereditary Currents' and 'How to Demagnetize Sociology,' or something of that kind, until I was fairly rattled—no other word will express it. Before I had time to collect my scattered senses several ladies loaded down with note-books demanded whatever literature we had on 'The Pole in Music.' Well, I searched our shelves in vain and then came back empty handed and confessed to her we had not a thing on that subject. 'Why,' said she, mildly astonished, 'wasn't Chopin a Pole?' You could have knocked me down with a feather."

Odds and Ends.

White wool skirts will be fashionably worn all summer, both with matching Etons or with shirt waists of silk, linen, lawn, foulard, etc.

Surplice bodice fronts with long scarf ends and fichus, boleros, and countless guises of the fancy waist, are among the attractions for the summer season.

The noteworthy feature of the change in hair dressing is the less aggressive pompadour, the cart-wheel variety having been discarded entirely by those who profess to be in the fashion at all. The hair is puffed out at the sides in the softest manner and arranged much flatter on top. Sometimes there is a suggestion of a part at one side, and the hair is carried carelessly across the forehead in a curve.

Finely shirred skirt tops, with matching bodice yokes, are features of some of the French gowns of batiste, Belfast dimity, India mull, organdie and China silk. The long sleeves or portions of the sleeve are similarly shirred, and if in Marie Antoinette style, the shirring extends from shoulder to elbow.

Mammoth hydrangeas, poppies and chrysanthemums, huge carnations, cabbage roses, and azaleas made of gauze, chiffon, or rumpled crepe lisse appear as the most fashionable of trimmings on French hats of zephyr straw, made really for Easter wear. Frequently the brim of the hat is covered with the leaves of the flowers used. The remainder of the garniture consists of choux and folded draperies of tulle, lisse, or chiffon.

Little girls of five, six and seven are wearing little short puffed sleeves to their wash gowns. Some mothers make little guimpes with sleeves to wear with little low-necked gowns, and in the hottest weather remove them, leaving the neck and arms bare. Some of the sleeves are in odd little shapes, fitting in at the armhole and then slanting out like a straight little flowing sleeve to the elbow, stopping just above it. One little gown with a puffed sleeve has what has the appearance of a cuff longer at the back than the front set into it.

At a recent luncheon fruit salad of bananas and strawberries was served in rather an unusual way. The top of the whole banana was removed as it lay lengthwise. The meat of the interior was taken out and cut in not too small pieces. Strawberries cut into quarters were mixed with the banana dice, and a dressing made of orange juice, a little lemon juice, sugar, and liqueur flavoring was poured over the mixture, which was then returned to the oblong shells of the banana skins and served in them, each piece resting on a green leaf on a plate.

The very latest use of all to which the fashionable maiden has put the bandana is to tie up a bundle, says a New York paper. Books, lenten sewing, fruit, candy, a pair of gloves, anything or everything collected during the morning's shopping, it matters not what, are all jumbled together and tied up in one of the modish handkerchiefs in bold Eastern hues, which are enlivening the shops and embroidering the current matinees. The Paris woman of a hundred years ago, they say, did her marketing with the help of a big, bright kerchief, bringing home her vegetables in it, so that the present fad is only a revival of a very old fashion after all.

The satisfactory treatment of the back of an upright piano when it must face the room is difficult. A rod is sometimes fitted across the top and drapery hung from it. A small India shawl may be mounted in this way. Usually the best effect is gained by breaking the straight line of the back by standing a low sofa or short divan against it. In this case it is necessary to use some sort of drapery. A decoration seen recently may be mentioned. This was a large picture frame in gilt, the size of the entire back of the instrument to which it was attached. In the frame were mounted some good water colors arranged irregularly, as they would be hung upon the wall. The owner explained that she had varied her arrangement a little from the model she copied, which was a dark-wood frame filled with etchings. A piece of embroidery might be mounted in the frame instead of pictures.

Nature's Secret.

Nature, smiling to herself,
A secret safe is keeping
She knows her children are not dead,
But only softly sleeping.

She knows the thrilling flood of life
Within the forest welling,
And sees the branches blushing red
With longing to be telling.
She feels the Mayflowers lift their heads
From off their mossy pillows;
And now—the smallest tree has told,
For here are pussy-willows!

You, dear, wee, furry, silvery things,
We touch you with caressing
And pluck your sprays with eager hands
And many a whispered blessing.
A robin chirrups on the hill,
A bluebird in the hollow;
For these are pussy-willow days,
And spring is sure to follow.

—E. K. Stevens.

A Tremendous Suit Business

For the past six weeks has left us with many broken lines and odd sizes in our best styles. We have selected about sixty of these that sold up to $25.00 and will let them go this week at . . . . . .

$17.75

For choice. This is a rare opportunity, as it permits you to get a suit just at the time you need it and save money besides. They're all of the most fashionable makes. In the lot you will find nice black Cheviot Suits with TAFFETA SILK LINING THROUGHOUT, fine Venetian and Homespun Suits in every good color. Not every size in each style, but all sizes in some styles. Remember these are all new, fresh, fashionable suits, that were made up to our order for this spring's trade and their desirability is proven by the way their mates have sold.

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Two-burner gasoline stove $3.25
Three-burner gasoline stove $4.50
Ovens for gasoline stoves $1.75
Four-hole gas range, oven 16½x16½, broiler above or below bake oven, a bargain, at $18.00
Four-burner gas stove, with oven $9.00
Three-burner gas stove, with oven $8.50
Two-burner gas stove, with oven $7.50
Ovens for gas stoves, or hot plates, each $1.75
Best rubber tubing to connect stoves, per foot 8c

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