ILLUSTRATED FASHIONS

GOWNS of grandmother's girlhood are suggested by the forecastings of spring fashions. Especially is this true of bodices and coats, whose most noticeable new characteristic is droop at the shoulders, which is a re-echo of styles long bygone. Trimmings of these new dresses are essentially of this day, and generation, so the quaint general appearance of long ago is not reproduced. The long droop is becoming style to many, though comparatively few women have shoulders shaped handsomely enough to stand it in its extreme forms. Almost every bodice or coat has either cape or wide collar effect, and many of these extend almost to the bottom of the skirt in stole-shaped pieces. Many stoles are costly and handsome, those made entirely of lace are especially fine. Silk and velvet are also used a deal, and often the stole is of narrow strips of velvet or silk fastened together with wide rows of fagoting. The one thing to be careful about is the fit of these capes and stoles. Over the shoulders it should be perfect, and, in the circular shapes, this is almost an impossibility to secure in home-made product. So, unless you can afford to have the thing fitted, you had better go without it, for it will have clumsiness all over it if you do not get it just right. Many ingenious ways are devised to get the flat shoulder look in waists, and several very pretty designs have been shown where the fullness was smocked across the front of the waist and over the top of the sleeves. This, of course, is only permissible in very light-weight goods. Shirring and pleating, both box and side pleats, are in favor, and in the thicker materials pleats are stitched down very firmly so as to keep the arm from looking bulky.

These effects are much varied, from those that present a long, only gently curving line from collar to elbow to others in which the shoulder's curve alone is made to show out. Examination of the accompanying pictures will show the diversity that is in promise. In the gown of the initial picture droop was obtained in a cape effect of the goods—dark red canvas cloth—self-trimmed with straps having edging of black satin. Collar, cuffs and odd belt were black velvet. At the left in the first group is a striking example of shoulder slope. This dress was white canvas cloth and black velvet, so was showily composed, but equally advanced shoulder treatment is to be seen in all manner of stuffs. Less rigorous following of the fashions appears in shoulder cappings of many sorts. In the next of the pictured gowns were ornaments of spangled passementerie for the shoulders. Its material was white crepe de chine. And in the bodices of the third illustration other methods were shown. The first of these bodices was white taffeta, and its wide bands were red taffeta, the overlaying narrower ones of the material. The other bodice was white panne velvet, Hungarian embroidery and black velvet frogs. You see house gowns and street dresses reflect this fancy, and even spring coats follow suit. The pictured coat of biscuit etamine, black velvet and biscuit silk was one form of many. So slope you should, no matter in what way nature has provided for you.

Usually when a change is made from tight, clinging skirts to fuller ones, a wail of anguish goes up at the thought of the added weight with which a woman must burden herself. But now it is impossible to complain much, for materials are so light and thin the weight of many new gowns that in appearance are very full is not burdensome. Many of the newer cloth gowns still fit closely over the hips, the fullness being let in farther down. Often a yoke is resorted to, sometimes round, again pointed. These yokes are pleated, tucked, plain, shirred, faggoted, hemstitched—in fact, decorated in almost any way the fancy suggests. It is possible to show great originality by judicious selection and use of trimmings, and no extraordinary store of taste is necessary. Well-regulated daring is, perhaps, the best possession. From this may come successful designs as a dark red broadcloth with nine gores in the skirt and down each seam to a little below the knees a strip of black silk ending in two black tassels. Where the strips of black end fullness is let in. This same idea is carried out in the coat.

The very light shades made up in street gowns are attractive if the shopper only can shut her eyes to their utter impracticability. The shades used are so very light that the number of street gowns needed will be ruinous. White, coffee color, light blue, mauve, biscuit and all tints that are nearly white and extremely perishable will be swagger. They are made elaborately, too. Thus a white canvas cloth gown has for its trimmings stitched bands of white taffeta four inches wide and insertions of Irish crochet. A biscuit-colored canvas cloth has around the bottom of the skirt a wide band of antique lace headed at top and bottom with lace beading, through which narrow black velvet ribbon is run. Every six inches a square design of the cloth is embroidered in a set figure of red and greens. The waist shows a pointed cape effect at the bottom of the lace yoke, and around the cape is the same design in lace, velvet and squares. Ah me! it is a fearful and wonderful thing to get a gown together these days, and it seems as if it would be hard to know when it is done, since as long as there is a square inch of plain material anywhere there is a possibility that some other style of trimming might be applied. So there is chance for endless dispute with the dressmaker and almost endless returns of the gown to her shop.

In pattern skirts there is a wide variety of embroidery. Some of it is arranged to go round the bottom like a flounce heading, again it follows very closely the seam lines, spreading a little at the bottom, and still again it is in hit-or-miss fashion, scattered over the skirt. So it is hard to think that any style of applying the embroidery could be much amiss. In pattern suits the waist decoration conforms to that of the skirt.

Some embroidered lawns have embroidery all over the material, while the gown is made of flouncings, only the lower part of the flouncing showing embroidery. Sometimes, too, Irish crochet is combined with these lawn-embroidered gowns, but it is not pretty to see two such widely diffent trimmings on a wash gown. When you consider the ease and comfort our mothers and grandmothers used to take in their simple afternoon gowns of wash materials, which could go to the tub week in and week out and return as fresh as ever, the "wash gown" of to-day seems a misnomer.

New light weight veilings and canvas weaves show a fancy design in the border. Often it is very elaborate, making the gown almost belong to the pattern gown class. It is in the form of satin-finished lines and stripes, usually of white or delicate shades, and often these lines are edged with hemstitching.

Some very coarse linen weaves in mercerized effects are so silky as to be quite like the hananas so stylish ten or fifteen years ago. They look so much like silk that made up over silk they would be dressy enough for any place, and would cost much less than fine grenadines and other dressy thin materials.

Dark brown Russian lace is very handsome and a very effective trimming. There is some sense, too, in having a whole lace gown of a dark lace, and many who have only been willing in the past to wear black lace are now welcoming the Russian laces. A white lace gown is beautiful, but so perishable. Unless immaculate, it looks positively untidy, and in many cases that means that it can be worn only once before going to the cleansers. Russian laces are in different weights, the thinner ones looking very handsome with thin crepes, and the heavy webs going well with the woolens. Lace gowns show that it is such a fad to trim trimmings that it is hard to tell sometimes what the real foundation of the gown is. Here is the way the trimming was arranged on a stylish gown of black peau de soie: First there were chantilly lace ruffles on the skirt, and a bodice yoke was of the lace. Over the shoulders and around the bottom of the yoke was a row of medallions cut from the delicate figure in the lace. All round the edges of these medallions were loops of narrow black satin ribbon, put on as thick as they could be.

Lenten house gowns are fine, some of them overloaded with lace, medallions, spangles, jewels, fagoting, embroidery—everything that is used on elaborate evening gowns is duplicated on these house dresses. They lend themselves admirably to long stole trimmings, for the majority of them are cut princess. Not satisfied with plain fagoting, a lot of it is seen done in wheel shapes, and it is no easy matter to put a wheel of fagoting into a gown so that it will not pucker nor in any way spoil the fit or set.

Many thin shirt waists of silk mulls and the thin linens open in back, sometimes invisibly, again buttoned through. These generally are heavily embroidered, the yoke often entirely covered with embroidery, a circular flounce of the same edging it. They are handsome, but so perishable as to be almost useless. Verily, many trunks will be taken to the resorts next summer, for the perishable quality of the gowns will make necessary appallingly large wardrobes.

New York, March 13.

NEW STYLES IN SHOULDERS.

OTHER KINDS OF SLOPES.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

COMMENTS ON NORTHERN WOMEN MADE BY A SOUTHERN VISITOR.

The Stout Woman Made Shapely with Proper Corsets—A Test of Goodness—Odds and Ends.

I was prepared to find an even greater difference between Northern and Southern women than between the men, says a "Southern woman" in the New York Independent. But I am forced to the conclusion that American women are essentially the same everywhere. They only differ in manifestations. In the North, for instance, they are frank rather than coquettish. At the same time they are personally more reserved, less confidential than we are in the South, because they have more impersonal topics of conversation than we have. They are more interested in the world at large and less interested in themselves. I think this may grow out of the fact that they are not noticed as much or approved as often and gallantly as women are in the South. Indeed, they are apparently without that self-consciousness which limits our ways from the glance of an eye to the length of a step. This leads to what we should consider the most astonishing results. I accounted on this basis for the naive exposure of feminine legs on Fifth avenue. When I was in New York recently I saw many sober maids, matrons and grand-matrons walking there with skirts lifted as high as if they had been wading through three feet of water. I conclude that this cold indifference to their nether extremities arose not from a lack of modesty, but from the evident indifference of the public. However, if a woman showed such economy of skirts in any Southern city, enough excitement and enthusiasm could be generated along that street by the sight to lengthen self-consciousness down to her boot heels very quickly.

I do not know if social life in the North is more or less elastic than it is in the South, but evidently it is less formal in some ways. A closer relation exists between romance and reality than we admit. Love affairs are openly confessed and apparently receive a recognition, a general sanction that we permit only near the end of an engagement. At the same time I was told that it is not admissible for a man to "make love" to a woman unless he is "in earnest." To us, whose vocation consists largely in a coquettish dexterity at parrying the gallant speeches of our man kind, this seems an unreasonable, prosaic hardship. And this reminds me of another impressive characteristic of Northern men; they are not rude, but they are unconscious of how much and how cunningly women differ from men. I recall in this connection a long walk with a gentleman who is a product rather than an exponent of New England. He was an excellent comrade, but he allowed me to crawl over a stone fence, snake through a thicket of briars and up a hill one-quarter of a mile steep without ever offering me the least assistance. Had a Southern man treated me in this fashion I should have died of exhaustion and indignation. As it was I climbed the situation with a fortitude that I have never showed before or since. I felt a humorous exhilaration in conforming to his strenuous notions of sex.

These are some of my first impressions of the North. More particularly I was amazed at the indefatigable energy of these people. What we know as leisure is an experience they can never have. They have no capacities for resting. Their brains have been wound up by 200 years of industrious living, and they never "run down." I was with a party of New York people in Connecticut who thought they were taking a vacation. Now, with us a vacation is a kind of Nirvana experience. We take our holiday lying flat upon our backs. We go into a romantic trance along with the summer weather. But these men and women showed more zeal in their effort to amuse themselves than Southerners do when they are leading a "strenuous life."

At the Dressmakers' Convention.

New York Tribune.

The numerous patients of leading New York physicians reported to have been recommended by their physical advisers to go to the president of the Dressmakers' Association for correct "corseting" did not materialize yesterday afternoon, at least not for the edification of the public. Miss White also declined to give the names of the recommending physicians. "They might back out and say they never sent them," she explained. There were sufficient models, however, for elaborate demonstration in Masonic Temple, Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street, at the convention's afternoon session.

"I haven't been able to get quite as fat a woman as I want," apologized Miss White. "These ladies," indicating the row of five models, "even the stoutest of them, don't weigh more than 180 pounds. I just want to see what I can do with a 225-pounder. Why, I can make her more dainty and stylish than a woman of only 135 pounds, whose corsets aren't put on right. I've traveled a good deal, and I just want to tell you that the American women have the best style to them of any woman God ever made if they are 'corested' right. If they're not, they look like the old boy himself. From the day I show you how to put on a corset you'll begin to live. You might as well be dead as wear 'em like most people do. Why, I've shown half a dozen lady physicians how to put on corsets this week. Some of them had never worn them before; thought they'd make 'em sick, and you never saw such round shoulders and hollow chests. But when I got 'em into those corsets my way they said they'd never felt better in their lives. Think of that, now! You must get your diaphragm to working. That's the point. And you can look the same at sixty that you do at sixteen. I don't make any allowances for age. I don't have to. Throw out your chest, stand on the ball of your foot, stiffen your knee and no matter how old or how fat you are, you don't feel any heft at all."

An unusually large audience was in evidence to see fat women "made stylish in three minutes," and when some one toward the back called out that she "couldn't see," the model was put up on a chair on the stage. Then somebody giggled. "You don't come here to laugh," said Miss White; "you come to learn. Why, when I'm fitting a corset I never see my customer as a woman. I just think of her as a figure. It's mighty kind of these ladies to stand up here, anyhow, for your instruction."

A Severe Test.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

A clubwoman told this story "to illustrate one of the most amusing—and trying—phases of human nature and experience encountered by the club settlement workers, and also the innate nobility of character attained by some women."

The woman of whom the story is told is well and favorably known to clubdom and is famous alike for her beauty, impressive appearance, kindness of nature and handsome clothes. She makes a point of donning the most pleasing and effective of the latter when she visits the social settlements, just as she carries flowers and bright pictures thither whenever she can. She wore, upon the occasion of a recent address to the woman's club of a certain well-known settlement, a hat upon which every other woman riveted envious eyes.

The handsome clubwoman's address dealt with the necessity of neighborly and sisterly kindness among women. She illustrated the lecture with many pretty stories and closed it with an earnest exhortation to all her listeners to be friendly whenever possible. She herself would always be more than glad, she would be grateful, if opportunities for proving her own gratitude in this connection should occur. The next morning brought her a note from one of her eager listeners—a note borne by a dirty, neglected little child.

"Dear Mrs. B——," the note ran, being translated into understandable English and spelling, "you said yesterday you'd be glad to do anything you could to help us. Will you lend me the hat you wore at the meeting for my sister, who works in a millinery store, to copy? I'll send it back to you tomorrow, if you'll be so kind to me, and be ever so much obliged."

The richer woman, after a brief struggle with herself, loaned the precious bit of millinery, which was duly caricatured, in Halsted-street fashion, by the borrower's sister, and worn with much delight and satisfaction by the borrower herself. And—here is where the innate nobility of character mentioned makes its appearance—the woman owning the caricatured "bunnit" has continued to wear it weekly when visiting that particular club.

Pictures in the Home.

Chicago Post.

While out calling the other afternoon a small boy answered the ring of the bell, and at the same time volunteered the information that "mamma was dressing and the girl was out." I said that I should wait for mother and, childlike, he proceeded to entertain me. He began by showing me the pictures on the wall—all of which had been selected with care. Before a fine autotype of a familiar Corot he had a story to tell of Orpheus and his lute. A small print of Canterbury Cathedral brought out the tale of Thomas a Becket first riding on his white mule with jingling chains and gorgeous raiment, then lying senseless at the foot of the altar. There was a portrait of Beethoven, an Aurora, a Sistine Madonna, a Greuze "Broken Pitcher," and of these and more this boy of eight had stories to tell.

He was not an extraordinary child in any sense of the word—nothing but the ordinary fun-loving, marble-playing boy—but he had been let into the secret of enjoyment in pictures. Before a colored print of a landscape by Diaz, which was pinned to the door frame and had probably come with the Sunday paper, his imagination found a way into the depth of the woods, he admired the coloring and peopled the forest with robbers and creatures of fancy. Some clever person had given him the magic key to a world of enjoyment beyond the sidewalks and car tracks. Wherever he might travel in after years he would never be alone. This fable, as old Aesop would say, has a moral. Choose pictures that have a meaning and tell the children about them. They will prove an endless source of entertainment, and then, are we not continually crying for culture and an upward way in education?

What Domestic Science Is.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

The question is often asked, "What is domestic science?" The answer is simplicity itself. It is housekeeping in the best and easiest way.

Our grandmothers, who rejoiced in the distinction of being good housekeepers, gained their knowledge through experience. But experience means a long and circuitous path to travel, and the modern woman, who has more things on her hands than grandmother ever thought of attempting, wants a short cut to the Elysian fields that surround the perfectly ordered home.

For her applied science, that is, the application of the scientific laws and principles which she has gained in school, is now to be drawn upon for daily living and household management, and the 'ologies and 'ographies turned to practical account.

Nor is domestic science confined, as some people believe, to cooking alone. Its field is too broad to be bounded by the stove and its precincts alone. While the subject of dietetics, which relates to food and feeding, is probably of the first importance to the well-being of the family, there are also the questions of clothing, of home construction and sanitation, the principles and methods of housework, the draining and plumbing, the lighting and heating, how to keep the family well and how to care for them if sick or injured, how to look after the household expenditures so that there need be no leaks, and how to satisfy the demands of social conscience. All these important and varied requirements fall into line under the head of domestic science.

Odds and Ends.

Scalding water poured on apples will cause the skin to slip off easily, saving the labor of paring. The same treatment of bean pods will simplify the shelling of the beans.

The best way to clean steel knives is with raw potato. Cut the potato in half, dip into ordinary ashes taken from the range, and scour. You will be surprised at the result.

One has to dispense with a lot of superfluities in order to live up to a room furnished in mission style. A pair of iron or copper candlesticks and a low pottery bowl for matches are in the best taste for the mantel of such a room.

Deep flounces extending from a hip yoke, or from the belt to the hem of the skirt, will be a popular trimming for summer silks, crepe de chine, voile, foulard, French muslin, etc. This revived fashion will make it possible to use skirts of another season by adding double or triple flounces of new material.

The fluffy boa will take the place of the fur neck scarf at Easter time. The importing and fancy dry goods houses are already displaying many styles with short three-quarter and extra long ends in white, black and white, gray, or cream combined with delicate rose mauve, and other soft pastel shades, and also in solid black.

To prepare lobster a la Newburg pick the meat of one lobster or of one can into small bits and drain off the juice. Cook the meat for five minutes with one tablespoonful of butter, a dash of paprika and salt. Add a wineglassful of sherry or Madeira wine. Stirr into a pint of cream the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, mix with the meat mixture and cook over boiling water until thickened.

A schoolma'am who has traveled all over America and Europe has her monogram painted not on one end of her trunk, but on the top as well as on each of the four sides. "It is not the public I am serving," she says, "it was an idea evolved after I had wasted hours in baggage rooms hunting for my trunk. I have had to pick it out of great bales of luggage where only one side was visible and, of course, that was the side which had no initials on it. Now I can find it easily."

Better than an unadulteradted stimulant is a spoonful of rich cream added to the white of an egg beaten stiff and flavored with a spoonful of brandy. A physician's wife in the pages of What to Eat gives several good raw-egg combinations, among them a morning strengthener. She says: "An egg beaten in a cup and the cup filled with coffee is excellent for a person with no appetite for breakfast. Stir the egg rapidly while pouring the coffee over it to prevent its curdling. Cream and sugar should then be added, as usual."

Many children are fond of ham, but mothers, as a rule, hesitate to give it to young people on account of its supposed indigestibility. But ham properly cooked is anything but indigestible. A prominent physician is authority for the statement that typhoid fever patients in the Vienna hospitals are allowed boiled ham early in their convalescence, not sparingly, but as one of their principal articles of diet. The ham has been boiled until it crumbles at the touch of the fork, and does not require to be cut with a knife. Cooked in this way ham may be served on the nursery table with perfect safety.

The prevalence of knotted ribbons in the trimmings of gowns, wraps and waists is most apparent. Showers of narrow satin ribbons, knotted in several places to a foot in depth, forming a bertha effect drapery around the shoulders of a gown, are among the pretty ways of arranging these ribbons. Even wide sash ribbons are knotted in several places. A soft round bow at the waist line is further supplemented with a knot sixteen or eighteen inches further down and another near the end of the strand. Scarcely any plain lengths of ribbon are seen on the Paris models. To tie up the soft lengths and make them chic and bunchy is to have them quite correct.

A FASHIONABLE AFTERNOON GOWN

Fancy Waist 4205 **Three-piece Skirt 3890**

Soft wool fabrics, such as veiling, albatross and canvas, are much in vogue and make charming afternoon gowns. This stylish model is suited to all, but is shown in stem green voile with cream Venetian lace.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is for waist 3½ yards 21, 3 yards 27, or 2 yards 44 inches wide, with ⅞ yard of all-over lace and 3½ yards of insertion to trim as illustrated; for skirt 10¼ yards 21, 8 yards 27, or 5¼ yards 44 inches wide.

The waist pattern 4205 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

The skirt pattern 3890 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure.

PATTERN COUPON

For patterns of the two garments illustrated above send 10 cents for each (coin or stamps.)

Cut out illustration and inclose it in letter. Write your name and address distinctly and state number and size wanted. Address Pattern Dept., The Journal, Indianapolis, Ind.

Allow one week for return of pattern.

ADE'S FABLES

THE MODERN FABLE OF THE UP-TO-DATE ATLAS WHO CARRIED THE WORLD ON HIS SHOULDERS

[Copyright, 1903, by Robert Howard Russell.]

Once there lived in a Jim Crow Town a glowing intellect who was Posted on all the Issues of the Day.

Some one had to keep Cases on the Government and prevent the whole Outfit from getting out of Kelter, and so the Job fell to Mordecai F. Quinsy. Mr. Quinsy found that he could give his Time to regulating the Washington Game, because his Wife did Sewing and his Daughter was an Expert Stenographer. Between them they kept him supplied with good 5-cent Cigars and relieved his Mind of all Business Cares.

AN EXPERT IN FINANCE.

He had nothing to worry him except Affairs of State.

When he tackled a large International Problem he could do so with a keen active Brain that had not been fagged out by any cheap Exertion, such as trying to locate the Winter's Supply of Coal.

Mr. Quinsy had the solemn Phiz of a professional Pall-Bearer, and much meditation had corrugated the Front of the Dome. Those who merely caught one Flash of him and never looked up his Record and checked off his Pedigree thought he was about due to break into the Senate. To tell the cold and icy Truth, Mordecai could not have been elected Constable, but just the same he knew all about John Hay's next Move and sometimes he fretted a good deal for Fear that John would make a Miscue and permit himself to be Hornswaggled by them foreign Diplomats.

Mr. Quinsy could sit on a Kit of Mackerel with a Bunch of Keys, a Barlow Knife, a Plug of good eating Tobacco and about 35 cents in Currency secreted in his Jeans and he could tell the Treasury Department just how to manage the next $100,000,000 Issue of Bonds.

One thing that worried Mr. Quinsy a lot was the possibility that Teddy would make some serious Mistake. He felt more or less responsible for Teddy inasmuch as he had formally nominated him in front of Pilkins's Hardware Store as far back as 1889. If he could have been at Teddy's Elbow all the time to whisper Advice there would have been no Chance for the Administration to get balled up. But the Trouble was that Mr. Quinsy was out at Peewee Junction and Teddy was up at Washington, and they could not get together to frame up a Policy.

ONE OF HIS ARDUOUS DUTIES.

Mr. Quinsy was a man of Regular Habits and very Methodical. He had so much to do every Day that he had to work on a close Schedule.

In the Morning, after his Wife had arisen and started the Fire and put on the Griddle, Mr. Mordecai F. Quinsy would arise and take a few Observations of the Weather. He was a very able Prognosticator, and one of his favorite Stunts was to get up in the Morning and do a little Forecasting for the benefit of his Wife and Daughter.

After Breakfast he put on his Overcoat and wrapped himself up in a Comforter so as not to catch Cold and lose the Use of his Voice. If Mordecai F. Quinsy had lost the use of his Voice this Country would have been in a Bad Way.

Mr. Quinsy knew a Druggist who took a Daily Paper, and so, the first thing every Morning, he went to the Drug Store to find out what Foul Break had been made by Congress. After reading the Paper he sat by the Stove and laid out some Work for the Ways and Means Committee.

After which he went down to the Station to see Number Six go through.

After which he went up to the Postoffice to wait until the Mail had been distributed. One day in 1889 Mordecai received a Seed Catalogue, and after that he was encouraged. While waiting for his Mail Mr. Quinsy said a few plain Words about the Kaiser and stood up for the Monroe Doctrine.

About 11 o'clock every day Mr. Quinsy acted as Referee in a Pool Game and then went over to the Barber Shop to look at the Illustrated Papers containing the Pictures of Footlight Favorites and Noted Criminals. Mr. Quinsy, being possessed of an Analytical Mind, was deeply interested in all Murder Mysteries, and for every Case he had a few Theories of his own that would have been a great help to the Police.

Just at 12 o'clock Mr. Quinsy went home and ate a hearty Dinner, after which he returned to Main Street smoking a Farm Hand Regalia and gazing thoughtfully at the Ground, trying to straighten out the Panama Canal Business.

NEEDED A LITTLE REST.

In the Afternoon he hung around the Court House more or less because he played a good Game of Checkers, and besides he liked to be on hand in case the State needed the Services of an unprejudiced Juror.

Mr. Quinsy had a Weak Back, which prevented him from splitting Wood, but he loved some kinds of Work, and the Honest Toil that suited him best was to sit on a Jury in a Case involving Assault and Battery.

If there was nothing doing at the Court House Mr. Quinsy usually went to a Real Estate Office and grappled with the Trust Problem. He had given much Thought to the Matter of legislating against infamous Combines, and he was one of the first to discover that the Trusts were trying to whipsaw the Working Classes.

About the time that he had solved the Trust Problem he had to go over and see the Afternoon Train go through and wait for his Mail once more.

Late in the Day he usually dropped in at an Undertaker's Shop where a Veterinary Surgeon and a retired Truck Farmer were collaborating on a Foreign Policy for the State Department. Mr. Quinsy was always able to slip in a few Suggestions. He was dead set against the Anglo-Saxon Alliance and believed in the Annexation of Canada even if it involved War.

At 5:30 he would purchase a Pound of Oyster Crackers and have them charged. Then he would go home to Tea and tell Mrs. Quinsy and Daughter to fix up the Sofa for him, as he was suffering from a Headache and wanted to Rest for a little while.

Moral—What we need in America is the Gospel of Relaxation.

Under the Rose

A romance

(different and delightful)

By Frederic S. Isham

with Christy Pictures in colors

is now ready for you

Special price $1.18

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