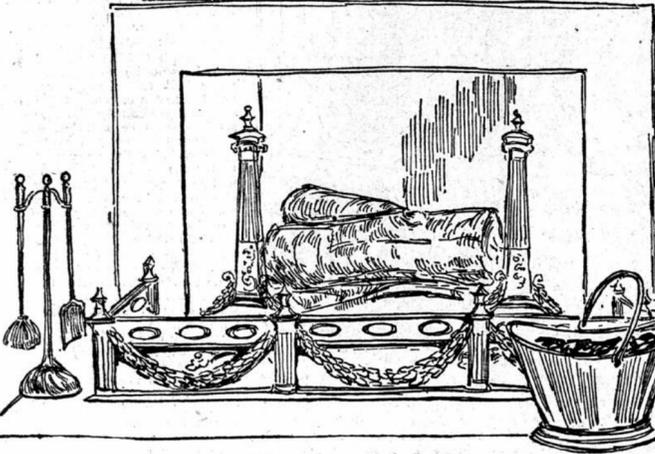


FIREPLACES and their ACCESSORIES

Coal Grates have largely Supplanted Burning Logs and Quaint Andirons



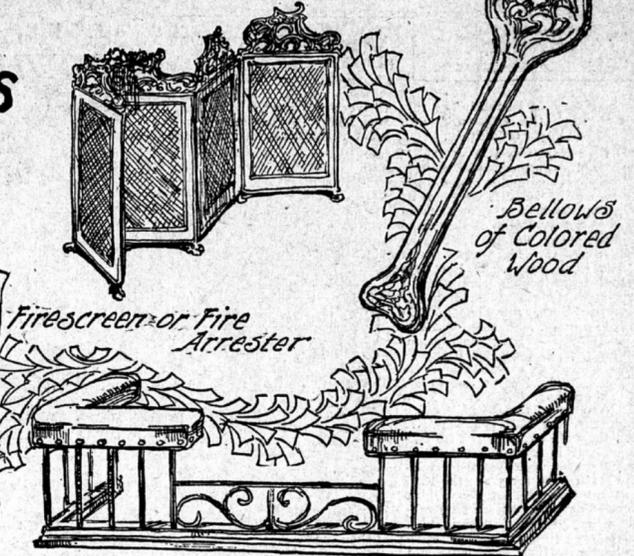
Firebox of Brass



Elizabethan Andirons and Fender



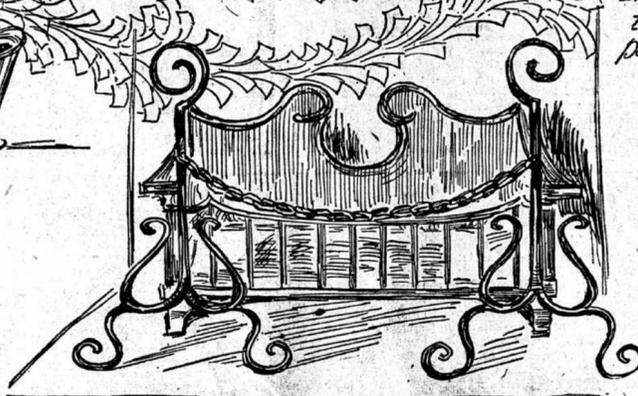
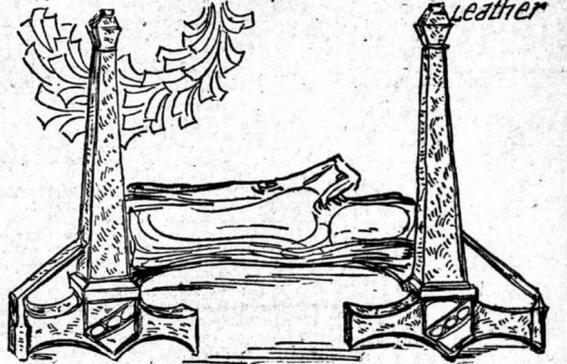
Bellows in Burnt wood with Motto



Fire screen or Fire Arrester

Bellows of Colored Wood

English "Backtoaster" found in Inglewicks throughout England and Scotland composed of wrought iron upholstered in leather



A Simple Design for Wrought Iron Andirons and Grate Trimming

Unique Design for Andirons in Flemish Brass

FIREPLACES as a rule do not receive the attention they merit. Half the charm and comfort of a winter's evening is lost when robbed of the congenial companionship of an open grate, with its blazing logs and the fragrant odor of the wood. Who does not remember the delight of sitting on the hearthrug as a child telling "story dreams" about the fairy caverns and sprites in the tiny flames that leaped and sputtered when the fire burnt blue on frosty nights?

Open fireplaces with their cosy inglenooks are now rarely seen, except in old-fashioned country homes. It is true, however, that in many of the newly-built homes on the outskirts of a city or in the suburbs, less spacious fire grates have in a measure, been retained for the library, living room and possibly large reception halls.

In homes where English traditions are followed open fire grates also appear in bedrooms. No one can appreciate the fascination of an open fire grate in one's room unless she has experienced its mellowing and sympathetic influence.

Where open grates are not possible, gas logs with asbestos trimming are the next best proposition. They are cheap, throw out a quantity of heat, and are an immense improvement upon the little black enameled heater which can only be regulated properly from the cellar. And ten chances to one, if you live in an apartment house the floor below or above receives your quota of the heat.

Where Bad Taste is Evident

The members of a certain business house in town which makes a specialty of mantel pieces and grate accessories went to particular trouble and expense in erecting fireplaces essentially correct in all their details for the periods of style they represented. But this plan was only partially successful.

When a man or woman becomes attached to certain outlines and treatment they demand that these be employed, whether it is in good or bad taste. If they want Colonial andirons in a Dutch room they are deaf to the expostulation of wisar judgment. Hence public taste refused to be correctly cultivated, and the consequence was that the firm of worthy men were compelled to tear down these splendid examples of architecture and construct those which came nearer to the taste of the masses. Therefore, the designs for mantel pieces they now display mean nothing and represent a sufficing of styles, but public taste has been satisfied.

Several good examples are shown of andirons in brass and wrought iron. The first illustration shows the Elizabethan treatment for andirons and fender in dull finished brass.

Some people believe the dull finished brass to be more rich and elegant than the highly polished surface; but this is purely a matter of taste. A unique design in Flemish brass also is displayed, and is modeled over the mission pattern. The outlines are quite simple, but pleasing.

Just beneath are Colonial andirons of highly polished brass; the fender being of wrought iron with a graceful scroll pattern in highly finished brass. The stand containing shovel and hearth brush are also of Colonial brass.

Less expensive, of course, are the andirons and grate trimmings of wrought iron, which are also about as much better to keep clean as brass. There are many attractive designs for andirons in wrought iron, and their prices quite reasonable.

Very attractive fire boxes are shown in brass, copied from French and English tapestries. These boxes range in price from \$8 to \$20. Less expensive are those of wood with silver or wrought iron mountings.

Fire Screens and "Backtoasters"

Throughout England and Scotland "backtoasters" are part and parcel of inglenooks. Our sketch shows a modest one in wrought iron upholstered in red leather. Some of those found in foreign homes have wing-pieces at the outer sides of the seats which form a support for the back and head.

Among the most effective fire screens are those of brass, which are available in a variety of designs and of varying size. In many Colonial homes quaint old fashioned fire "arresters" are seen, which represent the work of some bygone ancestor. These heirlooms are both tall and low; they were worked upon scrim with silks and worsteds in fanciful tapestry patterns and, indeed, some are works of art.

Many attractive fire screens are available in leather decorated with heraldic characters beautifully colored. Some artistic, but none the less dashing fire screens are shown in Japanese designs, gaily decorated with characteristic screens, flowers and a mere glimpse of the sacred mountain peak looming up in the background.

Two bellows are also shown, the larger one decorated with colored leather and bearing a quaint inscription "East, west Home's best;" the other is embellished with burnt designs.

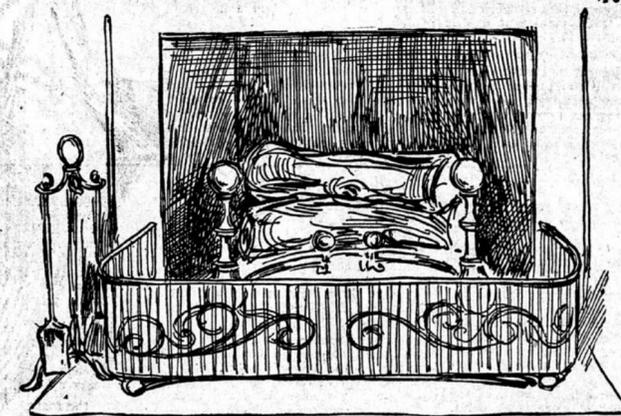
Accurate Women

WOMEN are certainly more accurate than men. Young girls are taught early in life that neatness in folding their clothes and carefulness in putting away dolls and other toys are most necessary. Boys, on the other hand, are rarely brought up on these lines; they are allowed to fling clothes and toys where they think fit, and mark this—their sisters are trained to pick up these things and put them in their right places, and the boys do not even notice it, and for the reason that it is not brought under their observation.

In the world of business, too, the rule holds good that women are more accurate than men. Teach a young man and woman bookkeeping at the same time, and it will always be found that the girls keeps her books in a much more clean, tidy, and accurate manner than does the man.

Woman, in short, is painstaking; the smallest thing does not escape her notice, nothing is too trivial to be of importance, and it is these traits in women's nature which give her the advantage over man.

It may be granted that great accuracy is not so important in big matters. And thus it comes about that he who has to attend to all the trifles of life must necessarily be the more accurate, and that one is woman.



Good Colonial Treatment for Hall, Bedroom and Library.

The Stern Face

IF you have ever watched the faces of people in a busy thoroughfare, the probabilities are that you have come to the conclusion that mankind as a whole is far from being happy. The man with a bored expression is enough to blot out all the sunshine of the most glorious day. It almost makes one ashamed of his enthusiasm. The dissatisfied face is not pleasant, to say the least. The wearer of it may be only dyspeptic, but the effect is the same as though he had found the whole world tedious and tasteless.

Once in a while you see a face of radiant good-humor, and you mentally take off your hat to it. These faces are not always actually smiling—the street would not like a lunatic asylum on parade if solitary pedestrians went along with a broad grin all the time—but they wear the suggestion of smiles in the corners of the mouth and eyes, and you feel that there are fountains of joy hidden just ready to flow. Such a face bears the marks of all its past smiles subtly traced in curves and character lines, and whether it belongs to someone you know or to a total stranger, you feel like saying "Thank you" to it, for making the street pleasant after all a pleasant and wholesome one.

The Folly and Fascination of Flirting

DO you mean to marry him?" the Old Maid asked.

"Marry! That's a horse of another color," laughed the Flirt, shrugging her very pretty shoulders. "Besides, nobody's asked me, Sir she said."

"He might," suggested the Old Maid.

"He won't," declared the Flirt, decisively.

"Supposing he did," insisted the Old Maid.

"You dear thing! I can't even suppose the improbable. My imagination is not equal to it."

"Supposing he did," repeated the Old Maid, obstinately.

"Supposing he did, I should say 'No.'"

"And he would say?"

"He would say—well, disagreeable things, probably."

"He might suggest you encouraged him, for instance."

"He might, but he would have no right to suppose—"

"You let him monopolize you," observed the Old Maid, as the Flirt hesitated.

"One must kill time," The Flirt emphasized the necessity with another shrug of her pretty shoulders.

"You have let him kiss you," the Old Maid further observed.

"I objected," protested the Flirt, piously, pointing the finger.

"What more do you consider necessary to constitute encouragement?" the Old Maid asked in judicial tones, ignoring the protest.

"Nothing more—something less, perhaps." The Flirt was for the moment reflective.

"The greater includes the less."

"That sounds like Euclid, and you can't reduce a flirtation to a proposition. Besides, my dear monitor, what more right has he to think I would marry him than I have to think that he has any such foolish intention with regard to me?"

"Because, my dear, on your own confession you could do no more if you were willing to marry him, and he—well, he could propose if he wanted to marry you. A woman may not encourage the man she wants to marry, and she

may encourage a man she does not want to marry; but so long as she possess the prerogative of proposing, so long will they be inclined to conclude that the woman who likes them to monopolize her for a week would not seriously object to a longer monopoly."

"It is a horrid conclusion," objected the Flirt.

"I think I shall send him away to show him he is wrong if he thinks that," she added meditatively.

"He may go without being sent, men sometimes do."

"There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," quoted the Flirt, flippantly.

"Possibly; but you cannot always land them at the critical moment."

"That is rather a rude reflection on the bait."

"No, I don't despise your powers, my dear; but the supply is not inexhaustible, and the demand is."

"Well, the supply has not failed yet," retorted the Flirt, defiantly, "and so long as he sits at my feet quiescently and then goes away when I am tired of him to sit at somebody else's feet, there is not really any harm, is there? You must confess it is nice to have some one at your feet."

"Yes, I do confess that, or even to have some one pretend they are at your feet, for that is what they do in a flirtation. I think it is so nice that hardly any woman can resist it."

"Then you exonerate me?"

"I never accused you of breaking one of the commandments. I merely suggested the possibilities and probabilities."

"The possibility that he might like me and the probability he would think I cared for him. Are there any more?"

"Yes, several."

"The probability that you will regret it when the man you would marry comes, and you are only able to give him what you have given lightly to other men."

"He will probably not give me more than he has given other women."

"Men are different. We don't idealize them as they idealize us."

"Lacklily," laughed the Flirt, "are there any

more probabilities?"

"There are possibilities. There is the possibility that you may care."

"I, Oh, I am not capable of a 'grande passion.'"

"One sometimes does not realize their capacities till too late." The old maid's voice had a tinge of bitterness in it. "You would not be able even to say disagreeable things."

"No," answered the Flirt, "I could not say, disagreeable things. If I cared—well."

"If you found you cared and he did not, you would say good-bye quite prettily when he went away, and for decency's sake you would smile at his defection."

"I should show him there were other men."

"There would be no other men if you cared. You might save your pride, but it would be horribly painful."

"Have you cared?"

"Yes, I still care."

"Tell me," the Flirt was imperiously pleading, and when she was "imperiously pleading" the Flirt was irresistible.

"It is not an edifying story, but it has a moral," began the Old Maid. "There had been a good many before he came, all more or less in earnest, and I had flirted with them all. Then he came. We met abroad, in a street in Rome. As he looked at me in passing I felt a strange fateful feeling; his eyes seemed to fascinate me. For a month he followed us about, sooner or later appearing wherever we were staying, and at last, in Paris, we met at the de Luce's, and were introduced. Within a week we were engaged. He was madly in love, and believed in me until I almost believed in myself. He never dreamt that there had been other men, and I did not tell him. We all traveled to London together, and he went on to his family to announce our engagement. The night after we arrived in town I went to a dance. The dance was beginning to bore me, when another man came on the scene. He aroused all my old love of flirtation, and I allowed him to make love to me. It was mad, dishonorable, incredible perils, but it is true. He asked permission to call on the strength of my encouragement. I gave it, thinking it was the ardor of a moment, and that he would never come. He came, the next day but one, and met the man to whom I was engaged. They turned out to be old friends. Protestations, excuses, were in vain, he would not even listen to me. I know I did not deserve it. But God knows I have paid for my folly!"

"Is he married?" the Flirt asked.

"No. I destroyed his faith in women. He mocks at marriage, at religion, at everything! I sometimes feel I have destroyed his soul, if one human being can destroy the soul of another. That is what a love of flirtation can lead to—and there is always a risk."

"I won't take it," said the Flirt, and there was a new seriousness in her eyes.

What a Conscience

WEARILY Ferdinand the frowsy and frayed trudged up the garden path, and took off his hat to the woman at the door. She eyed him keenly, and a quick flash of recognition passed over her countenance.

"Look here," she said, "you called at this house in the depth of last winter."

"I did, ma'am," he sorrowfully admitted.

"And I gave you a good square meal, on condition that you swept the snow out of my back yard."

"That's right, ma'am."

"And when you had the meal you sneaked off without doing it."

Ferdinand passed the back of his hand tremulously over his eyes.

"Yes, ma'am," he said brokenly, "and my conscience smote me for the scurvy trick. That's why I've tramped all the way back under the scorching hot sun to finish the job!"

But, alas! consciences of that supreme order were not in demand in that neighborhood just then, and Ferdinand went empty away.

Progressive Age for Faddists

WHAT a boon it would be if no one would discover anything fresh about us for some time.

What wonder that our nerves have all gone to pieces when almost daily discoveries are being made that we are developing this or that new disease, that our characters are deteriorating, that we are tending to grow more and more ill we shall ultimately leave man so far below us that he will never dare aspire to our enlarged hand. Our feet are steadily elongating, our complexions are going all to pieces, and, in short, there is literally no end to the awful discoveries that are continually being made concerning our physical, moral, and mental condition.

The latest terrible fact to be revealed is that we cannot eat wisely—or otherwise—especially otherwise, without writing it, so to say, on our countenances. Now this is terrible, because we all have some little dietary weakness, it may be nothing worse than rice pudding, but if we indulge it, there it will be, not exactly emblazoned on our faces, but certainly shown forth. In what way is not revealed to us, but we cannot eat this

way or that without producing some marked effect upon our appearance.

This much is made clear, that lips will thicken, cheeks will bulge, noses redden, eyes decrease in size, if we let our appetites have rein where certain things are concerned.

On the other hand, it is comforting to know that we may preserve or cultivate a most refined and kind of sculptured image look by careful diet. Unhappily, we are not given definite instructions what to avoid and what to eat.

The diet faddists doubtless know all this. But what a disconcerting thing it is to sit down day after day to one's meals feeling that perhaps the plentiful banana is destroying the curve of our lips, or that our craving for afternoon tea has given our eyes an unholy glitter. Before we know all this we could eat and drink with pleasure. Henceforth a predilection for this or that will set our nerves all wrong, and send us flying to our mirrors to see to what favor we are coming.

To be always under the microscope in this fashion is getting insupportable. We shall have to start a society for the preservation of women from faddists.

Porcelain or Gold?

AT one time," said a dentist, "everybody wanted his front teeth filled with gold; but now there are plenty of people who regard gold fillings that show as unsightly, and who have their front teeth filled, and built up, if required, with porcelain which matches the teeth in color. This porcelain work is one of the latest advances in the development of modern dentistry."

"In filling a tooth with gold, we drill out the cavity, to make it larger within than at the opening, but the cavity for a porcelain filling is made slightly larger at the opening than at the base. The porcelain filling is held in place not by the narrowing in of its retaining walls at the opening, as is the case with other fillings, but by cement."

"There are many shades of porcelain material, there are also made inlay cements of many shades. The proper shade of cement having been selected, and the surface around the cavity and that of the back of the inlay having been suitably roughened to make the cement hold the better, you mix the cement and apply it, and set the inlay into place, there to be held until the cement has hardened."

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