

FOR WOMEN AND HOME

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

Etiquette and the Truth—The Bridal Attitude—Notes of the Modes—Some up-to-date Hints for the Household.

ETIQUETTE AND TRUTH.

Imitations are so perfect nowadays that they deceive the very elect, and those who esteem themselves connoisseurs should be careful how they admire the fine lace, jewel and tapestries belonging to their friends, lest they should lose their reputation for discrimination.

"What would you do in a case like this?" said an honest but tactful woman the other day. "I have a bit of arras framed into my library and wall which is a capital imitation of the best Beauvais tapestry, but after all it is not genuine and I never have pretended that it was. Some time ago Mrs. —, who prides herself on her knowledge of curios of every description and is herself a great collector of tapestries, came to see me. 'What a beautiful specimen of Beauvais!' she said as she was going out and noticed the panel. 'Where did you get it?' Now, what was I to say? To tell her it was an imitation was to show her her mistake, which would undoubtedly vex and mortify her, while I did not like to take the credit dishonestly, as far as I was concerned, of allowing her to believe my imitation tapestry was genuine. I concluded, however, it would be more tactful to let the matter pass without enlightening her, so I simply said, 'I got it in Paris,' and changed the subject; but now comes my dilemma. She is one of the patronesses of a loan exhibition which they are getting up for charity, and this morning I had a note from her

asking me if I would do them the favor of lending them my 'beautiful specimen of Beauvais tapestry.' I am at my wits' end to know what I ought to do about it. Of course, if I refuse it will seem churlish, and under the circumstances I certainly cannot explain!"—Daily News.

NEW FRENCH MOLDE



Of brown cloth, wit' brown velvet vest, mink trimming.

THREE SMART COSTUMES.



Tailor-made suit in brown checked goods, with trimmings of plain brown cloth, stitched.

Medium length coat of blue broadcloth, elaborately embroidered in black braid.

Afternoon gown of pearl gray cashmere, made up with narrow bands of light blue velvet and ecru lace collar.

Riches can buy a man a whole lot of trouble.

FOR BRIDAL ATTENDANCE.

Ingenuity is racked these days to devise fanciful costumes for bridesmaids and train-bearers. Close lace caps for the little train-bearers are a fancy of the hour. At a recent wedding in St. George's, Hanover square, London, the bride's train was borne by three little girls in empire gowns of ivory and white chine silk veiled in white chiffon, with fuchsia of the chiffon and high mauve sashes. They carried baskets of mauve sweet peas and wore the close little lace caps. At another wedding there were two train-bearers who wore quaint long-waisted Stuart frocks of white satin and had white chiffon fuchsia caught together with white roses. The roses were used also to border the close lace caps which the little maidens wore. There were nine bridesmaids at this wedding and they were dressed in rose gowns with attention paid to every detail, says the Daily News. Their dresses were of white mechlin lace over silk. The frills of the skirt were strewn with pink rose petals, and leading the frills all around were garlands of pink roses and foliage. The waists had transparent yokes and sleeves and were finished with fuchsia fruffled net covered with garlands of pink roses and foliage. The sleeves were caught at the elbow with roses. The hats were composed entirely of rose petals, the crowns were wreathed with roses, and there were great bunches of them on the turned-up rims.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Starch left over after the ironing day should not be thrown away. A little boiled Delft starch added to the hearthstone used on doorsteps will make them last longer and cold-water starch can be allowed to settle, when the liquid can be poured off and the rest left to dry for use again.

The best background for pictures is plain terra cotta or brown paper. A woman who is the proud possessor of many old prints and engravings has them in her dining-room. The walls are covered with wapping paper, or something that looks very like it, and above is a frieze of orange distemper. The picture rails and woodwork are white. The hangings are of orange-colored velveteen. All the furniture is mahogany.

A simple and easily made dessert of rice and peaches is always delicious and is especially adapted to children and persons with delicate appetite. Boil rice, taking care that every kernel shall be dry and separate from every other one. Heap it in a glass dish. Peel and slice some peaches and cover them with sugar. Turn the fruit over the rice and serve hot, with cream and powdered sugar. Chopped pineapple is delicious prepared in the same way.

A small toque is excessively unbecoming above a large, round face.

It is the unconventional woman who has a mania for attending conventions.



A heart is lost in the game of golf! Cupid has taken charge of the green, and hazards are frequent, high and off. With a stymie constantly between.

The victim studies his charmer's play. Follows her course with an anxious eye. Hoping she'll land in the self-same way. Making the game a like-as-we-ite.

The parson's niblick would help them then. For to the altar the course would be. And when the game would begin again. A wedding-ring would serve as the tee.

As single players no more arrayed. Against each other, but man and wife. Their future would be a series played. Of foursomes upon the links of life. —F. W. W.



Between Heart and Bayonet.

BY JAMES NOEL JOHNSON. (Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"Boys," cried the Colonel, dashing up, "do you see that redoubt?"

The Colonel paused but a second. He had spoken with the air of one who is granting a favor rather than delivering a command.

Capt. Blake and Lieut. Summers answered with an exultant shout that echoed from every lip in their company.

A single impulse throbbed in each heart simultaneously, and the leap of one foot was the movement of all.

Until now the company had stood, all their arteries conduits of burning flame. Their faces gave evidence of the repressive struggle within them.

They had cast sullen, envious eyes on other ranks of men that, loosed from restraint, were hurrying, like glad streams, into the sea of action.

Oh, the sickening agony, the soul neuralgia of the brave soldier who is compelled for a time to become the passive object of roaring conflict!

The wild shouts of his brother troopers in action ring in his ears, firing his enthusiasm, but his feet are chained to the ground.

All around him and through him runs the thrill of battle. His nerves are leaping and vibrating like strings swept by heroic melodies, but he is chained to passivity.

Ever and anon a shot strikes into the human wall. A man detached drops and lies on the ground. There is reproach in the fading eyes, for the man had been shot as he stood as helpless as if tied to a tree.

But now the Colonel's word had cut the thongs from Capt. Blake's impatient men, and gave them the liberty of action. And each man pressed forward as if victory sat on the hill to be claimed by him alone.

An accommodating wind shouldered aside the masses of smoke and exposed the redoubt.

About the mouths of the great guns was blown the foaming clouds of death. The redoubt seemed a great monster idol, belching flame and destruction to the feet of which hundreds of human sacrifices were already being cast.

Capt. Blake and Lieut. Summers charged in front of their exultant



Each saw her in the scene.

troopers, their swords lifted in glittering menace. They had no need to cheer on their men. To keep free and ahead of the exultant rush was all the officers needed to do.

Each of the two officers knew that, in that sublimed moment, his mind was in many things the reflex of the other's.

Images in their respective minds were flying as swiftly as the missiles of death that both worshiped with the frenzy of idolatry.

Above that instinctive purpose of shattering the monster on the hill, each man saw laurels, blood red, he expected to clasp and carry away to be proudly placed at the beautiful feet of Christine Egglestone.

She was at home—each saw her in the same anxious attitude, at the doorway, a soft hand rooing her eyes, gazing toward the south. The men rushed, shoulder to shoulder, but at which was she gazing most anxiously? Neither could tell—each had his hope and his fear. But the uncertainty of it all flew through the soul of each like a sword.

Each officer had a clear premonition that but one of the two would escape that cauldron of death.

Blacker grew the clouds, and the peals of thunder fused into a continuous roar. Vague lightning played through the wall. Men dropped like ripe fruit from a shaken tree. Shouts of exultation often dropped into dying groans. Still unharmed, side by side, the rival officers fought, the same impulses moving their bodies, the same vision flaming in their minds.

But if each officer knew the other's



Drove his shoulder like a glut.

mind was engaged with the same thoughts and images, he couldn't resist the belief that the other held a dark purpose in addition unworthy of himself, but to be expected in the other.

They were enemies, of course. In self-defense they couldn't wish each other well.

"He'd rather die than lose Christine. He'd see me die with secret joy. I believe he would kill me if he knew he would never be suspected. I am too magnanimous. I am too chivalrous to nourish such a thought respecting him, but I am sure he would kill me if he could. I'll be between twin perils throughout this action." This horrible suspicion flew through the jealous mind of Capt. Blake, and, with reference to the Captain, it sped on through the jealous heart of Lieut. Summers.

Each, in his present morbid state, furious with two passions, wrongly felt the other would connive at his death!

Now the men are in the very teeth of the awful monster. Great mouths open and spurt out tearing missiles of death. All sounds, small and tremendous, run together in a continuous roar that becomes half silence. All passions are reduced to one primal, elemental desire—the lust of slaughter. This is the pressing, omnivorous instinct. From the rim of that vortex, hope, love, despair, fear, all fly like feeble wisps of vapor. Through plunging arm; through pressing foil; through pointed eyes; through lifted lip; through singing nostril, but one feeling surges—the lust of slaughter.

Lieut. Summers is at the side of his rival, and both fight with that cool resolution and tremendous execution of fearless men exalted by a dual purpose.

Suddenly, without experiencing any distinct pain, Lieut. Summers felt the strength flow from his great arms. Outstretched, their weight overbalanced him, and he dropped forward. Bells sang in his ears a moment, but by omnipotent will force he struggled to his all-fours, and then gained his feet by the assistance of Capt. Blake. A feeble thread of smoke was then seen crawling from his coat a little below the heart.

"My laurels for my grave!" he grimly thought, and smiled.

The next instant a dim, straight object came plunging down through the smoke, spearing toward the heart of Capt. Blake. In the snarl of the crowd and jam, he had no power to avoid it, had he known it was coming. Would neither brave man go back with laurels?

Instantly Lieut. Summers, with the last spurting energy of a dying flame, drove his shoulder, like a glut, between the bayonet and its intended sheath.

Now the death-dealing monster had blown its last breath. The great guns died in sudden silence, and above the echoes arose the lusty shout of victory.

Lieut. Summers saw laurels through fading eyes. A great, strong hero, his grimy face streaked with tears, bent over him.

"Forgive me!" he began.

"Oh, don't mention that," spoke the dying man. "Forgive me for my unworthy suspicion. Now, go home with laurels—yours and mine. Take them all to—her."

Nothing is ever done beautifully which is done in rivalry, nor nobly which is done in pride.—John Ruskin.

The more of a sponge a man is, the less he tries to keep a clean record.

WOMEN'S BOARD OF TRADE.

Organization at Santa Fe in Existence Since 1893.

A novelty in the way of women's clubs is the Woman's Board of Trade at Santa Fe, N. M. It was first organized in 1893 for the purpose of enabling its members to visit the world's fair at Chicago. It took to itself the name "Board of Trade" to denote its practical objects. After the exposition it turned its attention to city improvement. Santa Fe, like all cities both in old and New Mexico, has a plaza in the center of the town. The plaza at Santa Fe is a place of great historic interest, many of the salient events of the history of the territory having occurred there. On one side it is bounded by the governor's palace, a long abode building which has been the seat of authority ever since New Mexico was a crown colony of Spain. With this interesting old building on one side and the best shops and hotels of the city on the other three, the plaza should have been an ornament to the town. Instead it was sunken and irregular in surface, covered with a rank growth of alfalfa and surrounded by an old wooden fence. The Woman's Board of Trade took vigorous possession of the plaza. They transformed the surface into a fine level lawn, replaced the old fence with an elegant stone coping and erected a handsome drinking fountain. This was not only an achievement in itself, but gave an impetus to like improvements throughout the city. The board has also established a free library and reading-room, which now contains several thousand good volumes. It has a visiting and relief committee, which looks after strangers and gives them a welcome, a boon in a city to which so many sick and unfortunate victims of tuberculosis bend their steps. It also has a committee on prevention of cruelty to animals. The board is recognized by taxpayers and city government as an active factor in successful municipal government. Notwithstanding its splendid achievements it has no command of public funds, but such is its standing in the community that it has never had any trouble in raising sufficient money for its work.

POMPEIAN PAINTING.

Beautiful Young Woman Seated on a Bronze Chair.

At Bosco Reale, near Naples, an interesting group of Pompeian houses has just been uncovered and the student of painting is astonished to find figure-work there reminding him more of fourteenth-century than of first-century endeavors. In one of the most striking of these figures a young woman is seated on a bronze chair, a chair of singularly beautiful form. She is playing the lyre. Her features and expression are pleasing and vivacious. Her hair is curled and she wears a white robe. She curiously holds her instrument with the right hand and plays with the left. Behind the chair a young girl is standing, probably a maid. From her expression and from her position, we suppose that she is listening with interest to the music of her mistress. This composition is one of much simplicity and naturalness, and it seems to have been done, not by many, but by a few strokes—by the frankness and sureness of the hand of a master, Signor Baldassare Odescalchi, Senator of the Kingdom of Italy, has recently written an interesting article on these discoveries for the "Nuova Antologia," and voices the surprise of all that such harmonious composition, such correct design, and such remarkable coloring could have existed and yet not have been better known. Until the other day it was supposed that the frescoes at Pompeii itself represented the highest form of art of the period.

A Michigan Town.

The arrival stepped up to the hotel counter, swung the register around and signed his name: "John Smith, Michigan." "Ah, Mr. Smith," said the clerk with that hospitable manner of the true hotel clerk, "what's the best word in Kalamazoo?" Mr. Smith turned pale as if he had been caught in the very act. "How did you know I was from Kalamazoo?" he inquired in surprise, for he had never been in that hotel before. "Oh," laughed the clerk, "I've been in the hotel business a long time, and I never saw one of them put down the name of his town yet. The only others I know of like that are from Oshkosh." Mr. Smith didn't know just what to say in reply, so he said it, and went on up stairs to his room, thinking.—New York Sun.

Native Seed Best.

Like Indian corn, the tomato is best when the seed is produced in the same latitude and climate where the crop is to be grown, and it seldom does its best the first season when taken far north or south of its native locality.

Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come.—Lowell.