

THE GENTLEMAN AND THE FRILL

By E. CRAYTON McCANST

(Copyright, 1904, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The water was past, the wind was in the south, the bees were at work, and an odor of apple blossoms was abroad in the balmy air. In compliment to the bright spring weather the windows of the house at the corner of the street were open and into those windows there drifted the sounds of the outside world—the low hum of stirring insects, the raucous squabbles of the many sparrows in the street, and the musical love-notes of the pair of cat-birds who were building a nest in the quince bushes by the garden fence.

At the end window of the house—the one that faces away from the cross street and commands a view of the diminutive orchard where the fruit trees on this day seemed lost in a billowy, pink-and-white cloud of blossoms—The Girl sat before her sewing machine, now working the tressle with a brief and furious energy, now pausing to look at the other girl and to air her grievances; for she had long ago shut her eyes to the beauty of the world and she refused to listen to the plaints of the sparrows because she had trouble of her own.

"Just don't care!" she finally remarked, with an emphatic nod of her pretty head. "It is The Gentleman's fault anyhow. He—he is so unreasonable!"

The other girl raised her eyebrows. For an hour it had been evident to her that trouble was in the air, but The Gentleman was not her "gentleman," so she felt that the quarrel was none of hers. Still, now that the matter had been approached directly, she could not withhold a show of interest.

"And so he's going to-day?" she asked sensitively.

The Girl shrugged her shapely shoulders. Yes—and he doesn't need to go until to-morrow afternoon. For my part, I don't see why he should go even then." She clipped her words short and set the machine whirring again.

Before her, filling the "leaf" of the machine and overflowing upon the floor, were multitudinous folds of delicate and woven stuff, and on the table at her side were other breadths of the same, together with odds and ends of silk and ribbon, and a great yellow pile of tissue-paper patterns.

While The Girl sped the machine the other girl came over to the table, took one of the pieces of paper, spread it out on the stuff and planned it. Then she stepped back and looked at the effect, holding her head aside and considering. To the uninitiated masculine paper might have stood for anything from a Russian war map to a Standard Oil rate sheet, but the eyes of the other girl saw therein the plans and specifications of a gown.

"Oh, Polly!" she exclaimed, a little twinge of delicious envy taking hold of her soul. "It's going to be a beauty and that wide ruffled collar at the bottom of the skirt is the darlingest part of it!"

The Girl stopped the machine and rested her chin on her hands. "It's lovely," she admitted. "And to think that The Gentleman asked me to give it all up—the dress, and the party, and my week-old engagement with Harry White—just because he is going away and wanted me this last night all to himself!"

The other girl looked properly surprised and sympathetically outraged. Then, with the consciousness of superior virtue, she raised her eyes heavenward.

"Thank goodness!" she exclaimed, self-righteously. "I'm not engaged!"

The Girl dropped her eyes. "I'm not, either," she remarked; "that is, not now." The "now" sounded depressed and a tiny bit tremulous.

The other girl looked up—here was a sensation.

"What?" she interrogated, sharply.

The Girl's face gathered color. "Yes," she asserted, recklessly. "I can be as obstinate as The Gentleman can. I told him that I was going to the dance to-night and that he must wait over and see me to-morrow night; that if his business is of more importance than I am, why—?" She hesitated. "He has decided not to stay," she added, decisively.

The other girl looked grave. "He can't stay, Polly," she urged. "I heard him say that he could not. They've wired for him."

The Girl tipped her chin into the air. "It doesn't matter now," she said. "It is settled once and for all." Then her lofty indignation deserted her and her voice fell. "He might have—?" she began, but broke off suddenly, turned to the machine and set it whirring again.

The other girl looked troubled; then, as a step sounded on the front walk, she went to the window and peeped out.

"Why," she exclaimed, with some relief in her tones, "here's The Gentleman himself!" After which she gathered up sundry of her belongings and vanished discreetly from the room.

The Girl heard a quick, heavy footfall, but she pretended not to notice, and the machine went faster than before.

"May I come in?"

She could not evade the issue, so she turned to face The Gentleman.

"If you like," she replied quite frigidly.

The Gentleman, looking a little downcast, stepped forward, bearing a suit-case in his hand.

"I—I was on my way to the station," he hesitated, "and I saw you at the window here—"

"You have a pleasant day for your journey," The Girl interrupted, hastily.

The Gentleman ignored her remark, but cast about for some explanation of his presence there.

"I have a photograph of you," he continued, a trifle lugubriously. "I wish to know if I may keep it or whether it is your wish that I—"

The Girl averted her face. "You must return it, of course," she said, quite evenly.

The Gentleman flushed. "Certainly," he replied. "I—"

He lost the remainder of his remark by fingering nervously at the fastenings of the suit-case. When he had opened this he spread the sides recklessly, dug out a lot of brown paper parcels and finally drew forth a linen envelope. This he handed to The Girl and, with a swift, unseeing movement, he swept the ruck of his own belongings back into the case again. The Girl fingered the envelope, looking down at her feet the while.

When The Gentleman had relocked the last strap he extended his hand.

"I may never see you again, dear," he began.

The Girl caught up the dress on the machine as a drowning man grasps at a straw.

"I am going to wear this to-night," she said, with a rush. "Isn't it pretty? Oh, goodness! Wish you a pleasant journey. I'm sure!"

The Gentleman went out, bumping the suit-case savagely against every convenient obstacle. The Girl dropped down beside the machine and hid her face in her arms.

After a little space the other girl looked in at the door. "Polly!" she called.

The Girl sat up suddenly and began to sew again. The other girl came up behind her and laid her hand on her arm.

"Is it all right, Polly?" she asked.

The Girl did not answer. "I don't believe I am going to like this dress," she presently announced, apropos of nothing at all.

The other girl looked concerned. "Why, I don't care," she began.

The Girl snapped a thread and tumbled the cloth about. Then she stood up.

"The frill?" she explained. "Have you seen the frill?"

The other girl rummaged solicitously through the litter that cumbered the table. "Before I went out," she remarked, "it was lying just here."

The Girl stepped and peered behind the machine, then straightened herself and shook out a shimmering length of skirt. "Now wherever?" she inquired, querulously.

Suddenly she dropped the garment in a heap and turned to the other girl a pair of brown eyes that were damp and suspiciously red.

"Let the frill go," she said with unnecessary emphasis. "I hate the old dress; I hate dances; and, anyhow, I'm not going to-night!"

The other girl touched her on the cheek. "You're dead tired, Polly," she said, judicially. "You go right upstairs and rest."

The Girl plodded up the stairs wearily. Now that The Gentleman was irrevocably gone, she discovered, quite humbly, that she wanted The Gentleman above all else in the world. From the lower floor came the hum of the sewing machine—the other girl was using it now—and from the window of her chamber she could see the orchard and the narrow white path along which The Gentleman had been used to approach. Without warning, an inexplicable desire arose to dress herself becomingly and go thither and walk along the path.

For a while she resisted the temptation. Out of the purple-hilled west a breeze was blowing, bringing with it a tang of the fields and an odor of the blossoming hedge-roses that grow by the country roads. Softly, lest the other girl should hear, she arose and went down and slipped out.

In the diminutive orchard the apple trees greeted her with a shower of petals and the bees sang a monotonous song to her as they came and went busily. She seated herself upon a little rustic bench. How unreasonable she had been, to be sure. Of course business matters were imperative, and she felt in her heart that she herself would be thought less highly of The Gentleman had he yielded to her childish whim.

And yet, if he need not go until to-morrow, why should he leave to-day? With a woman's inconsequence she ignored the fact that their quarrel had rendered his further stay a thing undesirable. Petulantly she dug into the soft earth with the point of her parasol. Beyond the garden fence a thrush was singing; overhead a humming-bird hung on vibrant wings regarding her curiously.

Suddenly, away across the town, she heard the rush and the roar of a passing train. He was gone, then. Her eyes filled and all the world swam mistily.

She had started to her room when a footstep sounded on the gravel behind her.

"You!" she ejaculated, turning.

The Gentleman bowed very stiffly. "I—I—Inadvertently, I got among my packages a piece of your cloth—a frill, I think—" he stammered. Then his eyes met hers. "Why," he exclaimed. "Why, sweetheart—"

When he had got her safely in his arms she untended her face to his. "I'm so glad," she murmured, "that you cared to—to bring the frill."

The other girl looked out of the window. "At least I'm sane," she asserted loftily.

"THERE IS NO DEATH."

He is not dead.

Whose good life's labor liveth evermore; He is not dead.

To join the noble spirits gone before. He is not dead.

What man calls death Is but a passing sleep in Man's Great Life.

Man's spirit saith: "There is no death of strife; There is no death."

Lost is no soul That nobly suffered, labored, loved and lived; That sets its goal The great mysterious Light its heart perceived. Not lost that soul.

There is no death. Though man's body but a span endure, Man's spirit saith: "My living spirit's highest thought is sure There is no death."

—Allen S. Walker, in the Academy.

Where Dishonor Lies, Reggie (insuflantly)—Tell me, Muriel, do you consider that it's dishonorable in a chap to steal a kiss from a girl?

Muriel—Yes, if he is caught doing it by a third party.—N. Y. Times.

Same as Honesty. Not getting caught is the best policy, N. Y. Press.

EASY LESSONS IN DRAWING

By FREDERICK RICHARDSON

(Instructor in Composition and in Charge of Illustration Classes in the Art Institute, Chicago.)

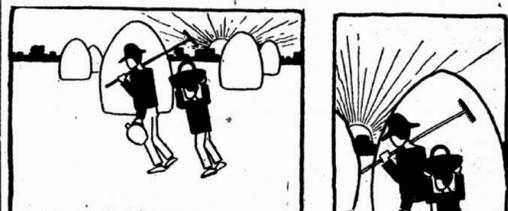
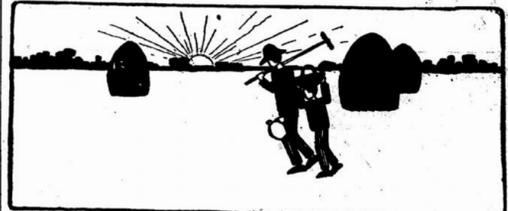
(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

What has previously been said of permitting the child more freedom with the symbol forms may now be recalled and put into general practice. Every child, as said before, cannot avail itself of the liberty to deviate from the geometrical forms, and the less talented will work by the forms, while the most talented will have understood that they were a means to an end and began to work freer from restrictions. With the cultivation of talent, observation of form will naturally begin, and this will show that while the symbol of an apple tree as given may stand for the apple tree, by certain indentations of the mass of the tree and certain curving, widening and branching of the trunk a representation much nearer an apple tree may be given.

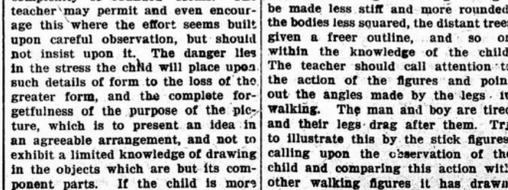
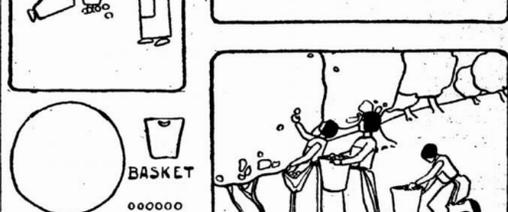
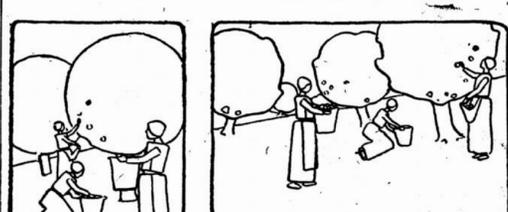
Modifying Picture Forms. The same would hold of any symbol, and especially that of the human figure.

The child's instinct in this direction needs constant supervision, and the teacher should constantly turn this instinct to observation, instead of mistaken practice. Have the child take notice of the larger details of character in forms, without forgetting the big general form. If it has always been made to reduce complicated forms to the most simple ones, as has been the practice, instead of seeking to elaborate the simplest forms given, it may have cultivated simplification to the point where it can be permitted to render an object by a character marked mass, instead of a hard geometrical symbol. The individual child must have individual guidance in this case.

The Illustrations. One of the subjects given this time is a man and boy coming home from the fields at evening. While given the close adherence to the rigid sim-



MAN AND BOY WALKING FARAWAY WOODS SETTING SUN PICTURE SYMBOLS AND COMBINATIONS.



WOMAN ACTIONS-GATHERING APPLES "GATHERING APPLES." PICTURE SYMBOLS AND COMBINATIONS.

figure. As soon as a man can be represented by an arrangement of parallel lines it is natural to try to so modify the latter as to approach the complexity of rounded forms. The teacher may permit and even encourage this where the effort seems built upon careful observation, but should not insist upon it. The danger lies in the stress the child will place upon such details of form to the loss of the greater form, and the complete forgetfulness of the purpose of the picture, which is to present an idea in an agreeable arrangement, and not to exhibit a limited knowledge of drawing in the objects which are but its component parts. If the child is more occupied with the putting of whiskers and buttons on its drawing of a man than upon the man taking his proper place in the picture its effort is worse than wasted, because in losing sight of the picture purpose the ultimate good effect of such training as this on any future artistic work is lost.

Our Pattern Department

LADIES' ETON SUIT.



Patterns Nos. 5619 and 5530.—No. color is more fashionable this season than gray, and among the smartest costumes shown was one of pale gray veiling trimmed with silk in a darker shade. The skirt is a very popular nine-gored model, with wide sweep at the lower edge. The Eton jacket is quite new and exceedingly stylish. The pattern provides for full-length and elbow sleeves. Broad cloth, mixed styling, cheviot, taffeta and linen are all adaptable. The medium size will require one and three-quarters yards of forty-four inch material for the jacket and six and five-eighths yards for skirt. Ladies' or misses' Eton jacket: Sizes for 30, 34, 38 and 42 inches bust measure. Ladies' nine-gored flare skirt in habit style or with applied box pleat in the back: Sizes for 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure.

The above illustration calls for two separate patterns. The price is ten cents for the jacket and ten cents for the skirt.

This pattern will be sent to you on receipt of 10 cents. Address all orders to the Pattern Department of this paper. Be sure to give size and number of pattern wanted. For convenience, write your order on the following coupon:

No. 5619 and 5530.

SIZE.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

FIVE-GORED PETTICOAT.



Pattern No. 5387.—A most satisfactory design for a petticoat that is to be recommended for its excellent shaping, is here shown developed in white long-cloth. The pattern includes a flounce and dust ruffle, but the use of the dust ruffle is optional. As illustrated the flounce was made of embroidered flouncing. The medium size will require six and one-eighth yards of thirty-six inch material. Sizes for 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure.

This pattern will be sent to you on receipt of 10 cents. Address all orders to the Pattern Department of this paper. Be sure to give size and number of pattern wanted. For convenience, write your order on the following coupon:

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SIZE.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

The Ghastly Hour.

"The ghastly hour," said a Chicago policeman, "is the hour between four and five in the morning—the hour of the monstrosities. In every big city there are several dozen dreadfully formed creatures who could make huge incomes in museums, but who, having money, prefer to remain unseen. They are monstrosities, beings so terribly unlike ordinary men and women that if they ventured out upon the street, they would instantly be surrounded by an enormous and shrieking crowd. The monstrosities must have air and exercise. They take it before dawn, between four and five, for then the streets are most nearly empty. I see them on my beat, moving slowly in the dim light, like the creatures of a nightmare. The dim, still hour before dawn is theirs. I call it the ghastly hour."

Tit for Tat.

They had a quarrel.

"I won't say marriage is a failure," he said, angrily, "but some are more fortunate in what they get than others."

She laughed annoyingly.

"You are right, dear," she said. "You, for instance, got me; but I—got only you."—Cassell's Journal.

He Was Busy.

Noozey—Never saw so many idle men as there are around here, especially down at the next corner. I saw half a dozen of them there to-day who just stood around and did nothing for two or three hours.

Acem—How do you know that?

Noozey—How do I know? I just stood and watched them.—Philadelphia Press.

TO PREVENT FOOT DISEASE

Ohio State Veterinarian Fischer Declares Farmers Should Be Very Vigilant.

Our recent experience with foot and mouth disease should teach us a lesson. This disease is one of the milder infectious diseases. Though it spreads from animal to animal with extreme rapidity it runs its course in a very few weeks, and almost invariably ends in complete recovery. Fatal terminations are rare. Yet congress considered it wise to appropriate half a million dollars to exterminate it after it had made its appearance on a few New England farms. Thousands of cattle, besides sheep and swine, were sacrificed in order to prevent the disease from gaining a general foothold in the United States. Mild as the disease is compared with other affections no expense was considered too great to exterminate it while this was still possible. The individual farmer should not fail to learn a lesson from this. If the stamping out of foot and mouth disease had not been looked upon as a good business transaction and a profitable investment in their results a million dollars the necessary funds would never have been appropriated.

Few realize the importance of this work, or have a knowledge of the good that may be done. We do not appreciate protection from an enemy until we have made its acquaintance. Bright sunshine, low temperature, dryness and general cleanliness prevent the development of diseases and the best conditions are conducive to the best health of higher animal life. Collectively we refer to them as good sanitary conditions. It is necessary, aside from providing such conditions, to protect animals against the introduction of diseases from localities where they are prevalent.

Efforts expended in this direction, considering the slight expense, are more fruitful in their results than any other single operation on the farm. Every farmer and owner of live stock should take the same measures to protect his farm from invasion by disease as a state live stock board takes in protecting a state from the introduction of animal plague from other countries. Work of this kind by a live stock sanitary board involves many difficulties and the expenditure of large sums of money, yet it is successfully accomplished, and is a profitable investment for the state. The individual farmer has the advantage over a state or government organization; he is in a position to be perfectly familiar with all conditions existing on his farm and is completely master of the situation.

A handy door prop is made of a piece of 2x4, a short piece of board 1x4 inches and 2 feet long, a little wire and a few nails and staples. First, explains the Farmers' Review,

THE HAY BARRACK.

and turned up one inch; on this is a piece of joint three feet long (hard wood is best), to support the roof. Roof should run to a point from each side, and may be shingled, tinued or thatched. There are four plates framed together, and braced. The posts pass up through the roof on the inner corners of the plates. The roof is elevated and lowered with a small screw of wood or iron, about two feet long. A wooden screw three inches in diameter will answer. This is used on the inside of the post. One man can raise and lower the roof, if it is done as fast as the hay is put in or taken out. Raise each corner of the roof one foot at a time, going regularly around the barrack. The roof will not be likely to blow off, if the above directions are followed in building. The posts, as far as they extend to the ground, may be left the full size of the stock. The best way to build a barrack is with sills, and girls seven feet from the sills, and braced. You can fill it from the ground, or put hay poles on the girls, and have shelter under for sheep or cattle.

ROAD BUILDING.

What the Nation Has Done in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands Should Be Done Here.

The government of the United States has built highways in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands, and congress is even now preparing to appropriate money to blaze the highways and establish means of communication in Alaska. But the astonishing fact remains that the government has taken no substantial part in building highways at home, and helping the people who sustain it, and furnish it the very sinews of existence as a government, although it is not forbidden by constitutional limitation or sound public policy from engaging in such internal improvement.

Intelligent men all over the country know that the almost universal lack of improvement in our road conditions is directly referable to the fact that there has been no established system or policy pertaining to the question. According to the ordinary schemes for road building the farmers have been compelled to pay the burden of the cost. Road building is undoubtedly a duty of government. Government is established for the welfare of the people. Nothing can be evolved from the brain of man will more directly affect material interests among the people than road conditions, for good or bad. The question is one coming home to all the people. The proposition embodied in the Brownlow good roads bill is undoubtedly a wise and thoroughly patriotic one. Congress is being looked to for relief in this road matter. The people are now aroused as they have never been in favor of this suggested system of cooperation, aided, fostered and led by the general government. The money that has been expended in the Philippine Islands—money gathered as taxes from our own people—would have constructed a scientific system of roads in every state in the union. The people are studying about the question of government levying tribute on them for the support and betterment of other peoples, while relief is denied to them at home. The subject is assuming the practical phase that will lead to legislation such as the Brownlow-Latimer bill, or something similar thereto.

Write to Hon. W. P. Brownlow and secure a copy of the bill.

Effect of Quietness on Milk Giving.

F. J. Lloyd, an Englishman that has been making some investigations relative to the variations in the composition of the cow's milk, believes that the quietness of the cow regulates the presence of fat to a large extent. He believes that if the cows are kept quiet they will increase the production of fat, while if they are constantly disturbed, the quantity of fat will be greatly reduced. He says that the system of tethering cattle practiced in the island of Jersey results in freedom from excitement, and that this quiet has resulted in the course of generations in very greatly increasing the quantity of fat in Jersey milk. Many American dairymen will accept this theory quite readily, as they have themselves found that any unusual disturbance among the cows affects the butter production.

Can Be Left in Ground.

Carrots, turnips and slauds can be safely left in the ground over winter for two or three hours.

Acem—How do you know that?

Noozey—How do I know? I just stood and watched them.—Philadelphia Press.

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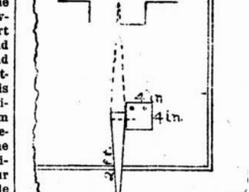
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A HANDY DOOR PROP.

How a Device Can Be Fitted to the Barn Door Which Will Hold It in Any Position.

A handy door prop is made of a piece of 2x4, a short piece of board 1x4 inches and 2 feet long, a little wire and a few nails and staples. First, explains the Farmers' Review,



THE DOOR PROP IN POSITION.

cut the 2x4 four inches square and trim your board down to a point at one end and round off the top of the other. Now nail your 2x4 on the door about 14 inches from the bottom. Next nail the rounded end of your board on the side of the 2x4 so that it will work easily. Now move your stick up against the door and nail the wire shown in cut so that when bent it will hold stick up. When wanted to work up wire and the stick will fall and hold door open.

SAN JOSE SCALE LOUSE.

The Mixture Which Has Proved the Most Effective as Spray for the Trees.

But it will do to repeat what we have said before, that so far nothing has been found to equal the lime, sulphur and salt remedy, unless it is simply the lime and sulphur, omitting the salt. The salt does not seem to do much good, but renders the substance harder to manage.

William J. Stillman, president of the New Jersey state board of agriculture, an old soldier, is fighting the louse; he has a large orchard which he has been spraying for years trying everything recommended, and has settled down to the conclusion that the lime, sulphur and salt are the best. He tells the Royal New Yorker this, and says that he can, by hard work, keep the louse in check.

He makes the mixture as follows: "Forty pounds of fresh lime, 30 pounds of sulphur and 20 pounds of salt, to 10 gallons of water. The very best of materials should be used, the mixture boiled until a thorough combination is formed, then applied at once. This solution, if properly made and thoroughly applied, will kill the scale, no matter what kind of a tree it is on. The idea that the scale is harder to kill when on one kind of a tree than another is an absurdity. All oil remedies used by me have killed the trees."

"This month and next are the best months to spray; get right at it.

Plan: Food for Orchards.

Cottonseed meal and other organic fertilizers must be used cautiously in the orchard. Fertilizers from mineral sources are usually better.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Good farm butter is still in demand on the Chicago market.

The "beery" cow is not a profitable buttermaker.