

SERENITY.

About the hour of vesper-song
Each day I see her stroll along;
The robin from a blooming prong
A greeting flutes her;
Serenity—this old-time name,
Of some departed dame,
Is that whence the maid lays claim;
How well it suits her!

"Neath level brows her eyes gaze out,
No harborage for fear or doubt;
Her smile demure would put to rout
Each evil passion;
The red and white play hide-and-seek
Across the rindure of her cheek;
How restful 'tis to hear her speak
In her soft fashion!

I know she loves all quiet things—
The South wind's mellow whisperings,
Eve's peaceful afterglow, and spring's
Hushed noontide rapture;
And when she sits alone apart,
Reading some lyric in such a way
Her seraph look a man of art
Would joy to capture.

She dances with the rhythmic sway
Of fragrant apple-boughs in May;
She makes bon-nots in such a way
That laughter bubbles
Spontaneous from the listener's lips;
She's dainty to her finger-tips;
Her presence throws into eclipse
The darkest troubles.

Alas, for human happiness!
But in these days of moil and stress
The maids like you, I must confess,
Are far and few, dear!
Ah, were I not the bliss denied,
I'm very sure that I could glide
Adown life's long toboggan-slide
Serene with you, dear!
—Clinton Scollard, in Life.

A Clandestine Correspondence

Of course it was a silly notion, and she didn't expect that anything would come of it, but Mrs. Bleecker had set her heart upon arranging some sort of a clandestine correspondence. She knew it was a rather vulgar form of diversion, but she meant to cover up her identity so thoroughly that she might drop the whole affair at any time without fear of discovery. She conned out of her imaginative mind many reasons that seemed to condone, if they did not justify, the little scheme. Curtis Bleecker, her husband, was, she believed, commencing to neglect her. They had been married six years, had no children, and were still "struggling" to keep out of debt. She was suffering from ennui, amusements were expensive, and Curtis showed each night when he came home the evidence of busy, nerve-racking, bothersome days. Sometimes he didn't come home till past midnight, and she was beginning to doubt his stereotyped apologies. Maybe he was perfectly loyal, and anyway, Mrs. Bleecker was sure of her own fidelity under any conditions, and she was fascinated with the idea of getting up some sort of a letter flirtation with some unknown man whom she never expected or cared to see.

She confided the plan to Miss Annie Cuthbert, her best friend, who had a typewriter, and between them they fixed up an advertisement, which appeared in the next Sunday newspaper, as follows:

WANTED.—By a young, handsome, intelligent woman, the acquaintance of a sympathetic, educated and moral man; object, the exchange of instructive and helpful letters. Address Q 33, this office.

Miss Cuthbert went for the answers, and the clerk handed her many. That night Curtis didn't come home even for dinner, and his wife, for the first time in her life, was glad of it. She went with her friend into the kitchen, locked the doors, and together they sat down to go through those answers to "Q 33." Most of them were idiotic, of course; a few were sane enough, but mercenary or commonplace or ill-spelt. Some contained photographs of lovelorn youths with curls and foolish smiles. Some were the ridiculous plaints of old men who had outlived or neglected their opportunities to be loved. It was very funny, the whole business, and Mrs. Bleecker and Annie laughed over the reading and over the photographs till the bell announced Mr. Bleecker. Then Annie bundled the stuff into her satchel and said: "Come over in the morning, Chloe, and we'll answer them."

But when it came to formulating a letter to the most "likely" of the correspondents, and they saw what study, what subterfuge and what time it required, they determined to burn up all the letters but one and make the most of that. The lucky object of their attention signed, or rather printed, his name as Roger Fortescue, and his address was "General Delivery." He had enclosed no photograph, his typewritten letter showed every evidence of education, good breeding and even reverence for the unknown "Q 33," and forthwith he became a personage, something of a hero in the minds of both these good women, who never expected to see him, and would have laughed at his frank confession, his gently hinted hopes, his dignified melancholy—if they could.

But they couldn't. Roger Fortescue's letters more than satisfied their first anticipations. His typewritten notes in successive letters of increasing length were almost vocal of a generous, wise and tender nature. Mrs. Bleecker and her friend began to endow him with every imaginable virtue. In the replies which the young wife wrote she strove to rise to his standard of rhetorical excellence, to his splendid imagery, to his vague but winsome messages of love. She no longer permitted her friend, Annie Cuthbert, to dictate even an occasional sentence, and at last she even failed to share with her friend one of the letters which, as usual, she had received at the general delivery window.

Then Mrs. Bleecker, almost unconsciously, began to compare Curtis, her husband, with the unknown Fortescue. Why had the master of her des-

tiny never written such letters to her? Why was he not eloquent like Roger Fortescue? She had begun to call him "Roger." She became a bit scatterbrained, for she was a true and dutiful wife. She and Bleecker had exchanged very few letters in their courting days. Perhaps he would have written just as well as Fortescue if he'd had the opportunity, she thought. And then in a sudden realization of her folly and perhaps of some subtle and hateful sense of disloyalty, she went to Annie's house and wrote a long letter to Fortescue in which she begged his pardon for "luring" him into a correspondence that must appear deceitful, fruitless and even humiliating when she, "Beatrice Landon," admitted, as she now must, that she was a married woman, whose husband was "the best man on earth." She expected that the long and self-deprecating letter would put a final stop to his letters, but after a week, during which she did not inquire for any letters at the window she asked Annie to "see if there was anything." There were five!

"I, too," wrote Roger Fortescue, "am married. My wife is the embodiment of all virtue, beauty and intelligence—but—" And then he launched into a subtle and gracefully worded discourse to the effect that "Mrs. Fortescue was not wholly satisfied with him." That she didn't understand him, that he could not blame her, but that in seeking a correspondence with "Mrs. Landon," he had only tried after that impersonal and, he thought, unselfish, gratification which comes of the spiritual and mental commerce of two kindred souls. It was very fine said Annie and Chloe, and the letter almost shed tears as she declared positively that she would make no answer and so the affair stopped.

It was about two weeks later that Mrs. Bleecker began to perceive a mighty change in the behavior of her husband. He had become so considerate, so confidential, so tender, so assiduous in his attentions to her that she felt like a girl again in the wooing days. But after tea one night he said with sudden embarrassment:

"Chloe, I know you'll laugh, but I did a very queer thing this summer. I answered an 'ad' of some woman who wanted to correspond with 'a moral and intelligent man of sympathy.'"

"What was her name?" gasped Mrs. Bleecker, getting white and ready to faint.

"Don't get angry, Chloe!" he said quickly, mistaking her fright for rage. "I never signed my name; but honest now, for awhile I thought my correspondent must be—YOU."

"Yes, yes, Curtis! You thought"—she was almost choked with terror.

"I thought it might be you, and I was almost sure when she—her name was 'Beatrice Landon'—admitted that she was a married woman. I told her that I, too, was married, and—well Chloe, I thought that would put end to it, but what do you think?"

"What, Curtis?"

"Why, she came right back; said she didn't believe me. Insisted that no married man ever praised his wife as I had done and—inclosed her picture!"

"Her picture?"

"Yes, look!" He pulled out a photograph and showed the fair face of Annie Cuthbert.

And now Mrs. Bleecker doesn't know what to think of her friend Miss Cuthbert, but they've kept the secret—the three secrets. Curtis never let Annie know that he knows. Annie never "let on" that she took up the Fortescue correspondence where Chloe let it drop, and Chloe has never told her husband that she was "Beatrice Landon." But she is fonder of him than ever, because he did praise her, oh, so eloquently, in those letters.—John H. Raftery, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Test of the Violin.

Dr. Henry Watson, a well-known authority on music, and himself a cultured musician, while lecturing recently at Manchester, incidentally had a short piece played on two violins, one a Stradivarius worth \$3000, and the other one of a lot worth half a crown apiece, used in a variety turn on the stage.

Then he asked the audience which instrument they regarded as the better. It was only by a very narrow margin that the audience, which was composed largely of regular attendants at the performances of Lady Halle (Mrs. Norman Neruda) and subscription concerts, decided in favor of the genuine Strad. Thereupon Dr. Watson said:

"I doubt whether you would have chosen the right one if the piece had been played in another room without giving you an opportunity of seeing the instruments."—New York Sun.

For the Last Edition.

An amusing story is told of the editor of a go-ahead London evening newspaper, who, in the eternal rushing to press to get ahead of the opposition, was constantly impressing upon his reporters the necessity for condensing all news.

A terrific boiler explosion had taken place on board a big ship lying at Portsmouth.

"Get down there as hard as you can," he said to one of his men. "If you catch the 11.40 from London bridge you'll be there soon after 2 and can just wire us something for the fifth edition, but hold it down."

And the reporter went. Soon after 3 o'clock that afternoon they got a wire from him:

"Terrific explosion. Man-o'-war. Boiler empty. Engineer full. Funeral tomorrow."—Tit-Bits.

Prosperity of the Railroads.

The net receipts of one hundred American railways during the first eight months of 1902 exceed those of the same period in 1901 by \$8,500,000, and \$55,000,000 more than in 1899. Their prosperity is unexampled in the history of railroading.

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT

THE JAPANESE WOMAN.

She is Not a Slave, But the Autocrat and Idol of the Home.

"No race can rise higher than its mothers." Japanese women are essentially a race of mothers, and the care and rearing of their children occupies so much of their time and thought that they are unable to have that extensive social life their Western sisters enjoy, even were it not for the etiquette which makes it actually fashionable for them to find their pleasure in their homes.

Many have imputed to Japanese women in consequence a lack of knowledge and undue meekness, regarding them as little more than servants of their families and husbands. Such criticism is purely superficial and far from being accurate; indeed, it is very inaccurate.

The position of a Japanese woman is a high one. She is addressed as "Okusama," the honorable lady of the house, and she is treated with the greatest consideration and respect by her husband and her family. Far from being a meek, slavish creature of the household, she is more the mistress, the autocrat and idol of the home. In domestic affairs she has full control. Her duties are onerous, but never repugnant to her. They consist of managing the household, practicing economy, making her home pleasant both in appearance and by her cheerfulness of disposition, and the education and instruction of her children, for even after the children have entered school they are still under her tutelage.

As her home is therefore her world, it is only natural that it has become the inherent instinct of the Japanese women to lavish the greatest love and tenderness upon their homes, and to expend much time and thought in endeavoring to make them as attractive and as pleasant as possible.

Her house is the acme of purity. To a Western eye the aspect of the interior of a Japanese house may at first seem bare and barren. In truth, the Japanese abhor decoration of any kind and consider it not only inartistic, but extremely vulgar. I was once shown a so-called "Japanese room" in the house of a Chicago millionaire, and I am quite sure that the average Japanese housewife would have thought herself in the room of some insane person, or else in some curiosity shop. Such a profusion of articles scattered broadcast about the room! Such a frightful display of mixed-up ornaments hanging to the wall!—Onoto Watanna, in Home and Flowers.

Rules for All Visitors.

Do not stay too long. It is much to break into the life of any family, even for a few days. Pay no attention to urgings to stay longer, however sincere they seem. Set a time to go when you arrive, and stick to it. Conform absolutely to the household arrangements, especially as to times of rising, going to meals and retiring. Be ready in ample time for all drives or other excursions.

Carry with you all needed toilet supplies, that you may not be obliged to mortify your host by pointing out possible deficiencies in the guest room, such as a clothes brush—the article most commonly lacking.

Enter heartily into all their plans for entertaining you, but make it plain that you do not care to be entertained all the time, or to have every minute filled with amusement.

Be ready to suggest little plans for pleasure when you see your host at a loss to entertain you. Try how well you can entertain him for a change. Turn about is fair play in visiting, as well as in everything else.

Be pleased with all things.

If you ever were brisk and sprightly be so now.

Your high spirits and evident enjoyment are the only thanks your host wants.

Take some work with you, so that when your host has to work you may keep him in countenance by working also. More good times are to be had over work than over play, anyway.

Do not argue, or discuss, debatable matters. Few things leave a worse taste in the mouth.

Offer to pay the little incidental expenses that will be caused now and then by your visit, but merely offer—do not insist upon it, which would be very rude.—Woman's Life.

Nature's Colorings Copied.

We borrow our ideas from all sources as far as dress is concerned, but the last notion is to try and adapt to woman's clothes the hue of the butterflies' wings. It is quite true we cannot improve on Dame Nature, but it is difficult to interpret her, and when you compare the colors we produce with those you see in nature the process is very certainly disheartening. A bluish black which figures in some of the butterflies' wings we may utilize, but we can hardly hope to vie with nature in some of the hues which combine seventy tints in one—viz., brown shot with gold and blue, with reds and peacocks' blues. The fawn color in the butterfly's wing and the lichen greens we have never touched even. When you come to examine the beautiful butterflies in the tropics, which appear to change in every light, you test the impossibility of it. There is a green and gold butterfly in Jamaica intermixed with plum color which would make a fortune to anybody who could reproduce it, or the olive green and deep yellow of a Chinese moth. There is no lace so lovely as some of the butterfly patterns, and a light salmon colored butterfly in West Africa would indeed give a delightful scheme of color to

many dress subjects, only it would be a degradation to the butterfly.—Washington Star.

Handwork of Long Ago.

Quilting, the handwork of the grandmothers and great-grandmothers, is once more being shown on the costumes of fashionably attired maids and matrons.

But it is to be doubted if the beauties of to-day are following in the footsteps of their feminine ancestors and creating the exquisite needlework that is appearing on their smart coats and gowns.

Satin petticoats that peep out from underneath handsome gowns are profusely decorated with this work of long ago, and so are sleeves and many of the long cloaks have thickly quilted linings.

Quilting once having been brought to the front as a style means that we shall soon be having counterpanes and bedspreads with the bewitching work upon them of our forefathers. Quilting does not mean a mere running in and out of a needle and thread. No, indeed, it is of much more complicated affair, and in the olden times it meant bunches and garlands of flowers and animals and birds being worked upon bed covering.

A Fur and an Imitation.

Any woman consumed with a desire to shine in the most picturesque of picture hats will never find anything more strikingly beautiful than this large flaring chapeau covered all over and faced with cream white silk plush woven to imitate krimmer. Imitations of furs are, as a rule, very inferior effects, which would never deceive the most unpracticed eye. Even this silk plush does not look so much like krimmer, but in this case that is a redeeming quality, for it is much more lovely than krimmer, which is not always pretty. Indeed, the plush is richness itself. Oddly enough, the sole trimming of this splendid affair is a real Siberian sable. The beautiful animal, or rather its coat, is sprawled across the top of the hat, its tail and one leg being drawn under the flaring left brim quite as if it were a plume. It sounds barbaric, but in reality it's the most admirable of the more stunning hats.

Crow's Feet.

In old-fashioned books of a quarter-century ago you used to hear a great deal about "crow's feet" appearing on the face as a sign of advancing age. For some reason or other they are not seen often nowadays, and wrinkled men and women are comparatively rare, at least in this section of the country. The only crow's feet you see are the pretty specimens of black silk embroidery which are executed at the corners of outside patch pockets on a tailored waist or at the overlappings of seams here and there on the dress. The "crow's feet" make a handsome finish and give firmness and stability to the garment.

Saddlers' Silk.

Coarse twist or saddlers' silk is used this season to make French knots down sides of the bodice front and the panels of the skirt, or the tiny bands of an evening bolero, or to form lattice-work or brier stitching on yokes and undersleeves.

A New Fad.

A young woman appeared on Broadway the other morning with the letter "M" sewed to the left sleeve of her jacket. The letter was cut out of black velvet, and it may possibly be a variation of the popular mourning band.—New York Post.

FRILLS FASHION

Little girls, from six to twelve, are wearing Russian smocks.

Hats made entirely of feathers are on view, but are too bizarre to be popular.

Peculiarly smart and pretty is a fine black furry felt hat trimmed with the whitest of gardenias.

A flat effect over the shoulders and long stole ends in front are very prominent features of the latest furs.

Masses of flowers, generally in conjunction with lace, are among the newest trimmings for evening bodices.

Birds are being worn and promise to gain in favor as the season advances. Paradise plumes are also greatly in evidence.

Alternate strips of Russian lace or embroidery and ribbon or velvet are used in the construction of a new separate blouse.

The vogue of the bertha has brought the old-fashioned round, low neck into favor as the popular shape for the neck of a low-cut gown.

The furriers' ingenuity is shown in the fact that they are discreetly adding waistbands of embroidery or silk to short, tight-fitting coats.

Lace collars coming well over the shoulders are favorite for fancy bodices, obtaining their touch of newness from strapped designs of cloth or velvet.

One of the cleverest snake chains shows the best with head and tail curled together for a pendant. Three emeralds are in the head, two little rubies serving for eyes.

Neckwear grows more and more elaborate and the all-over collars, stocks, boas and shoulder capes are all intricate creations, bewildering to the general shopper. Safe to say, these dainty dress accessories are not at all inexpensive.

All men make mistakes, but what the typewriter girl does is write,

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

Soups For the Winter.

"Every age has its pleasures, its style of wit and its own ways," and it might be added, "Every season has its soups." Here are a few recipes for some good, substantial soups for cold weather:

Black Bean Soup.—This soup is considered to rank next to mock turtle, the beans being known as "turtle beans." Soak one pint of these beans overnight. In the morning put over the fire in three quarts of water, which as it boils away must be added to so as to preserve the original quantity. Add four ounces of salt pork, half pound of lean beef cut in bits, one carrot and two onions cut fine, one tablespoonful of salt, one saltspoonful of cayenne, three cloves and a little mace. Cover close and boil four hours. Rub through a sieve and pour in the tureen on three hard boiled eggs, sliced, one lemon cut in thin slices.

Oxtail Soup.—One oxtail, two pounds of lean beef, four carrots, three onions, thyme and parsley, pepper and salt to taste and four quarts of cold water. Cut the tail into joints and fry brown in good dripping. Slice onions and two carrots and fry in the same when you have taken out the pieces of tail. When done, tie them, the thyme and parsley in a bag and drop into the soup pot. Put in the tail, then the beef, cut into strips. Grate over them two whole carrots, pour over all the water and boil slowly four hours. Strain and season. Thicken with brown flour wet with cold water. Boil fifteen minutes longer and serve.

Potato Soup.—Boil six good-sized potatoes for fifteen minutes, drain, return to the pot, add one quart of water, two onions, sliced; a small bunch of celery cut in small pieces. Boil all slowly about two hours or until the potatoes are very soft. Mash through a sieve; add a cup of hot, thick cream or milk, a tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste and a little chopped parsley. This soup must be about the consistency of thick cream.—Washington Star.

How to Cook Vegetables.

Vegetables should always be boiled in plenty of water—all that is, except peas. By this means any unpleasantness of flavor is carried off.

Where vegetables are known to be less digestible than others it is a good plan to parboil them; then, having poured away the first water, boil them again in a fresh supply.

The time for boiling vegetables depends, of course, upon their freshness and size.

All greens, such as cabbages, etc., are much improved by being boiled with a little carbonate of soda.

Soda should not, however, be used in the case of broccolis or cauliflower, which, by the way, requires very careful boiling, or its appearance gets spoiled.

Tomatoes are especially good for dyspepsia, and lentils are not only most nourishing, but most easily cooked and digested.

Potatoes should always be boiled in a saucepan specially kept for them. If the pan is used for any other vegetables, they will become discolored.

They are best when boiled in their skins. When peeled, they lose their flavor and the salt, which pass out into the water. They should be all of a size, whether large or small.

Cold turnips, greens or spinach can be heated by putting them in a basin and placing them in a saucepan of boiling water over the fire. Put on the lid and steam till warmed through.

Another method of heating cold broccolis, etc., is to mince the greens or spinach very finely, let them get very hot in the oven, then place them on rashers of fried bacon with poached eggs on the top. This makes a very appetizing dish.

Serve vegetables directly they are done. They should not be allowed to remain in the water for a moment after they have once been boiled.

NOTES FOR HOUSEWIVES

Laces or delicate materials which are soaked in borax water do not require rubbing.

A little charcoal mixed with clear water thrown into a sink will disinfect and deodorize it.

The whites of eggs beaten up with an ounce of soda and used with a soft brush will freshen gilt frames.

Forest colors—that is, dark brown or a rich leaf green, are the craze of the hour in house decorative schemes.

Gasoline applied with a woolen cloth is a most effective agent for cleaning porcelain bathtubs or marble wash bowls.

To prevent irons from sticking mix a little turpentine in the hot starch. A little borax mixed with the starch will have the same effect.

Mashed vegetables, like potatoes, turnips or parsnips, can be made into croquettes or with less labor into little balls to be browned in the oven.

A studied carelessness in the arrangement of a number of small floor rug is most effective. Have them of various sizes, character and color. Let them lap here and there.

To prevent the corrosion of metal pens throw into the inkstand a few nails or small pieces of iron not rusted and the action of the acid in the ink will be expended on the iron.

SUBURBAN ASSOCIATIONS

List of Officers Together With Time and Place of Meeting.

IN THE ALTER OF THESE ASSOCIATIONS THE FIRES ARE BURNING FOR ALL THE PEOPLE OF THE SUBURBS.

East End Suburban Citizens' Association.

Meetings are held the 1st Monday Evening in each month at 15th and H Streets N. E.

OFFICERS:

President, William H. Ernest; Vice-President, Hugh A. Kane; Secretary, J. M. Wood; Treasurer, Aug. W. Stubener. Total membership about 75.

Brightwood Park Citizens' Association.

Meetings are held the Third Tuesday Evening in each month in Thomas' Hall.

OFFICERS:

President, W. McK. Clayton; Vice-President, Chas. W. Parker; Secretary, Frank J. Metcalf; Treasurer, W. S. Detwiler. Total membership about 75.

Citizens' Northwest Suburban Association.

Meetings are held the First Friday Evening in Each Month in the Town Hall, Tenleytown, D. C.

OFFICERS:

President, Chas. C. Lancaster; 1st Vice-President, Jas. L. Tate; 2nd Vice-President, Col. Robert I. Fleming; 3rd Vice-President, A. E. Shoemaker; 4th Vice-President, Dr. A. M. Ray; 5th Vice-President, Prof. Louis L. Hooper; Secretary, Dr. J. W. Chappel; Treasurer, Chas. R. Morgan; Sergeant-at-Arms, Andrew J. Berga; Chairman Executive Committee, Louis P. Shoemaker.

Brightwood Avenue Citizens' Association.

Meetings are held the Second Friday Evening in Each Month in Brightwood Hall.

OFFICERS:

President, Louis P. Shoemaker; 1st Vice-President, Wilton J. Lambert; 2d Vice-President, N. E. Robinson; 3d Vice-President, Thomas Blagden; 4th Vice-President, Dr. Henry Darling; Secretary, John G. Keene; Treasurer, N. E. Robinson. Total Membership about 200.

North Capital and Eckington Citizens' Association.

Meetings are held the Fourth Monday Evening in Each Month in the Church of the United Brethren, Corner North Capitol and R Streets.

OFFICERS:

President, Irwin B. Linton; Vice President, Washington Topham; Treasurer, W. W. Porter; Secretary, A. O. Tingley; Executive Committee The officers and Messrs. Jay F. Bancroft, Theo. T. Moore and W. J. Fowler. Total Membership about 280.

Takoma Park Citizens' Association.

Meetings are held the Last Friday Evening in Each Month in the Town Hall, Takoma Park, D. C.

OFFICERS:

President, J. B. Kinnear; Vice-President, J. Vance, Secretary, Benj. G. Davis; Treasurer, G. F. Williams. Total Membership about 100.

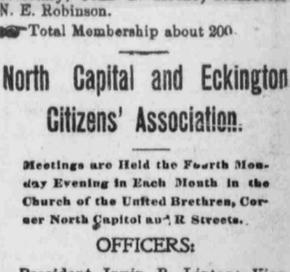
FENNO BEAUTY BALM

The Secret of a Beautiful Complexion! It instantly imparts to the skin clearness, color, brilliancy, and the natural girlish glow of healthy youth.

FENNO BEAUTY BALM cures skin "redness," removes sunburn and freckles, alleviates burning of the skin. Facial wrinkles disappear, when this BALM is properly applied.

Used and recommended by prominent actresses.

Send for booklet and free sample. Large bottle \$1.00. Delivered by the FRIZZINE TOILET CO., 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia.



FENNO BEAUTY BALM

The Secret of a Beautiful Complexion! It instantly imparts to the skin clearness, color, brilliancy, and the natural girlish glow of healthy youth.

FENNO BEAUTY BALM cures skin "redness," removes sunburn and freckles, alleviates burning of the skin. Facial wrinkles disappear, when this BALM is properly applied.

Used and recommended by prominent actresses.

Send for booklet and free sample. Large bottle \$1.00. Delivered by the FRIZZINE TOILET CO., 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia.