

THAT OLD, OLD PATHWAY.

We cry,
We talk,
We laugh,
We walk;
Our mother's pride and joy.

We fight,
We swear,
And pants
We wear;
Our father's little boy.

We dance,
We smoke,
Hold hands,
And joke;
A girl, and then a row.

We drink,
We eat,
Play cards,
And treat;
The fellows claim us now.

We love,
We're led,
We woo,
We wed;
At leisure we repent.

We work,
We sigh,
And soon
We die;
So many a life is spent.
—Cornell Widow.

Feathers for Gertrude.

Gertrude gave a little gasp as she entered the room and saw the clothing her hostess' maid had laid out. A handsome evening gown lay on the bed, and a heap of fluffy, flouncy things beside it—but it was not one of her dresses. Instead of the simple little mull gown she had planned with such care, and the sewing of which had cost her so many hours of painstaking labor was a creation of a fashionable Parisian designer.

"Ask Mrs. Borden to come here, please," she said to the maid, who stood lost in admiration before the finery.

"Mademoiselle will be the belle," breathed the little French woman as she hurried off, but Gertrude shook her head, and sank limply into a chair, regarding the dress with tearful eyes. Not until Mrs. Borden entered did she rouse herself, and then with a little cry she started toward her friend.

"Emily," she cried, sobbingly, "it's perfectly dreadful. Somehow I have gotten the wrong trunk, and goodness only knows where mine is."

Mrs. Borden's brisk glance took in the glistening satin robe and the fluffy things.

"Will they fit?" she asked, practically.

Gertrude gasped.

"What difference does it make? They are not my things."

"Very true," assented Mrs. Borden, "but, my dear, you must wear something, and you can't wear one of my dresses."

She glanced smilingly over her own plump and diminutive person and then at her friend's slender, stately form. Clearly, that solution was out of the question, and Mrs. Borden ran briskly on.

"The fault is not yours," she argued. "I suppose the baggageman got the checks mixed, and you can get it straightened out in the morning, but in the meantime you have come out to the party, and you can't feel comfortable in a traveling dress. Felice, try it on Mademoiselle."

She seated herself comfortably on the sofa and watched approvingly while the trim maid assisted her guest into the strange gown. Mrs. Borden was very fond of Gertrude Dyckman, and the girl was welcomed even in the simple, home-made garments that were the best her comparative poverty afforded. But Mrs. Borden appreciated the fact that Gertrude was more than usually good looking, and she had an especial reason for wanting her to look her best to-night. The fairy suit costume was admirably designed in its color scheme to bring out Gertrude's best points, and her hostess breathed a sigh of satisfaction when it was found that the dress was an almost perfect fit.

"Take the gifts the gods provide," she commanded, as she rose to hurry to her own dressing.

Emily breathed a happy little sigh. She had made a rich marriage, and the visits to her husband's country place were Gertrude's only glimpses of fairyland. For a month the latter had been planning for the party, denying herself the occasional candy and luncheon treats that her slippers and gloves might be good, though her dress had been made over twice.

Now she had not only saved the evening, but she was to wear what would doubtless be the handsomest gown at the dance. With a delightful thrill of anticipation she at last descended the stairs with other members of the house party. Men who had met her before gasped at the sudden realization of her beauty, and women exchanged wondering glances, deciding in their own minds that Emily Borden had paid for the dress.

Gertrude gave no heed to the glances. She was conscious only of a

new sense of power. The timid wall flower became, as Felice had predicted, the belle of the ball. Men flocked about her chair as she rested and pleaded for the next dance, but Dick Borden, the brother of her host, fought all the others off and cleverly maneuvered to keep her to himself.

"I'm not going to have you carried off under my very eyes," he explained in one of the intervals when they had sought the conservatory. "I wish you would give me the right to keep you always to myself, Gertrude."

Gertrude had always felt a bit conscious with Dick Borden, but to-night she was a different being. Instead of fearing the responsibilities that would be hers as the wife of a rich man, it seemed perfectly natural that she should accept without doubt the proposal she had dreaded, even while she longed to hear the avowal of love.

The last guest had departed and Gertrude was already dreaming happily of the future when Borden entered his wife's room and sank into a chair beside the open fire.

"Dick's gone and done it," he announced with very evident relief. "I was afraid that he was going to make a mess of it with that Russian woman who calls herself a countess, but it's that little Dyckman girl. She's more to my liking. She was a ripping beauty to-night. I wonder how she managed that dress. You told me that she made all her own, but this one looked like Paris."

"Bobby Borden, don't you ever breathe a word and I'll tell you," offered his wiser half. "You said you'd give a thousand dollars if Dick would marry some sensible girl like Gertrude, instead of that odious woman. Well, the dress only cost \$750."

"You bought it for her?" asked Borden. "She doesn't look like a girl who would accept clothes from other people."

"She isn't," explained Mrs. Borden. "I had the most awful time. I got one of her old dresses on the plea that I wanted to copy it. From those measurements I had a dress imported and when she came I gave Felice her keys, and Felice hid Gertrude's things and put this in place of the little dress that she has to wear every time she goes out. I persuaded her to wear it since the other woman was probably wearing hers, and the scheme worked beautifully."

"I knew that if Dick ever saw Gertrude dressed properly he would know where his heart lay, and I won. To-morrow she will be told that the expressman came for the trunk before she was up, and everything will be all right. Fine feathers do not always make fine birds, Bobby, but Gertrude needed the feathers to show off her beauty to its best. That's all."—New Orleans Picayune.

SCRUB PINE FOR PAPER MAKING

Long Neglected Tree Has a Fibre Fit Perhaps For Ledgers.

The long neglected scrub or Jersey pine, growing on abandoned farms and cut-over land of the East seems destined at last, the Forestry Bureau reports, to have reached its rightful place as a material of value, according to the results obtained through recent pulp and paper making tests at the forest service laboratories at Washington.

Scrub pine might have been used to good advantage long ago, but it did not seem to the practical paper maker worthy of trial. By only slight changes of the treatment ordinarily accorded pulp wood in the sulphite process, it has now yielded a pulp product which it is thought can be used as a substitute for spruce sulphite in the manufacture of news-paper.

One advantage for paper making which scrub pine is said to have is the fact that there is less loss in barking it than with ordinary spruce. The wood yields quite easily to the sulphite treatment.

The fibre is strong and durable. The yields obtained by the forest service are about the same as those obtained from woods now in general paper making use.

Practical paper makers who have seen this product are almost unanimous in claiming it to be a strong, long-fibred and hard wearing pulp, which seems especially desirable for making bag, news and wrapping papers. Several even went so far as to say that it would make fine bank or ledger papers when properly handled, and that this wood gave one of the best fibres which has been prepared from pine wood.

The Last Resort.

In answer to the returned summer visitor's question as to the welfare of Mr. Macomber and his whereabouts, Mr. Davis replied that "Jake" was teaching at the little red school-house on Bowen's Hill.

"But I thought—"

"Well, he is," admitted Mr. Davis, understandingly, "and he gets more'n more muddle-headed all the time. But what else could we do? We had to put him in schoolmaster to keep him off the town."

"We ain't goin' to pauperize a man," he added, loftily. "If we can find anything for him to do."

Merry Side ...of Life

BUSY AS A B.
Betty Botter bought some butter;
"But," she said, "this butter's bitter.
If I put it in my batter,
It will make my batter bitter;
But a bit of better butter
Will but make my batter better."
So she bought a bit of better,
Better than the bitter butter,
And made her bitter batter better;
So 'twas better Betty Botter
Bought a bit of better butter.

FASHION.

Stella—"Does she wear sackcloth and ashes?"
Bella—"Not enough to sit down in."—New York Sun.

TO-DAY.

"I ran across an old acquaintance the other day."
"Casually, or in your automobile?"
—Baltimore American.

AFTER MARRIAGE.

"He used to send me ten letters a week."
"Well?"
"And now he can't even bring home one payenvelope."—Washington Herald.

WHEN MOST MEN PRAY.

Towne—"Scauffer says he never prayed in all his life."
Browne—"Well, well, what a monotonous life he has led! Evidently he has never been in a tight place."—Catholic Standard and Times.

FEARLESS.

Cockney—"The fox went down there of an hour ago."
Huntsman—"Why didn't ye holler then?"
Cockney—"What did I want to 'oller for? 'E never bit me."—Punch.

IN THE BARBER SHOP.

Mr. Loosum—"Does a man with as little hair as I've got have to pay full price to have it cut?"
Mr. Cutum—"Yes, and sometimes more; we usually charge double when we have to hunt for the hair."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A MYSTERY HERE.

"I can't understand my wife," said the man with the worried eyes. "She vows she will break me of smoking."
"Lots of women are that way," observed the other man.
"But she keeps on buying cigars by the box for me."—Judge.

AMONG GIRLS.

"I don't like the way they run the theatres."
"They ought to have floorwalkers instead of ushers, and let you examine the seats before purchasing."
"Yes, and maybe see one act of the play."—Kansas City Journal.

NOT FOR HIM.

"Mean thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Newlived, "it's just brutal of you to call it 'this stuff.' You said you'd be glad if I baked my own bread."
"Yes, dear," replied the great brute, "but I didn't say I wanted you to bake mine."—Catholic Standard and Times.

PAY-AS-YOU-ENTER MANNERS.

Little Helen—"Sister, that new beau of yours makes me tired."
Elder Sister—"Why, dear?"
Little Helen—"He has the manners of a street car conductor. When I went into the parlor last night he said, 'How old are you, little girl?'"
—Chicago Daily News.

REASON.

"Mamma," said small Gregory, who had been reading proverbs, "I know why a burnt child dreads the fire."
"Why, dear?" asks his mother.
"Because when he gets burned once, the burn makes him smart enough to keep away from the stove again."—Chicago Daily News.

HER INTENTION.

Miss Meanley—"It may not be your intention to offend, but doesn't it occur to you that your treatment of me is rather calculated to make us bad friends?"
Miss Cutting (coolly)—"No; I had the hope that it would make us good enemies."—Catholic Standard and Times.

WHY NOT?

"Can you," inquired the star, "write me a play in which I shall be the only speaking character?"
"I think," replied the playwright, "that by having you mention the other characters and by the judicious use of shouts outside, it might easily be done."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

LOOKING AHEAD.

"I am not wealthy," he said, "but if the devotion of a true and tender heart goes for anything with you, Miss Clara—"
"It goes very well with me, Mr. Spoonbill," interrupted the fair girl, with a pensive look on her face, "but how will it go with the grocer and the butcher?"—New York Journal.

WOMEN: THEIR FADS. THEIR FASHIONS. THEIR WORK. THEIR ART.

IN THE PRESS GALLERY.

A woman journalist, Mrs. Flamonkova, has just been allowed to sit in the press gallery and report the proceedings of the Berlin Landtag. Never before has one of her sex had this privilege in Germany. In England, of course, the same rule prevails. A woman cannot report parliamentary doings and is not eligible for the press gallery.—Detroit News.

CONFIRMED MAN HATER.

Miss Harriet Evans, an elderly spinster on whom an inquest was held at Hackney, was said to have been a confirmed man hater. "She was so much against men that she would not have a coin with a king's head on it," her landlady said. "If one was given her she would throw it into the fire. She would only deal in money bearing Queen Victoria's head." Miss Evans went to the office of a local newspaper some time ago, but refused to enter it until a woman was sent to transact business with her. An advertisement for apartments which she published stipulated that there should be no man in the house. She even declined to receive letters because the stamps bore the King's head.—Pall Mall Gazette.

HER COMPARISON.

The men seated before the fire in the hall of the country club looked very smart in the soft greens and grays and browns of their golf suits. The shapely coats lent to their waists an added suppleness and to their chests a greater girth. The knickers, cut like riding breeches, gave the prosaic legs of bank clerks and stenographers the dashing elegance of the legs of cavaliers. But the

Our Cut-out Recipe Paste in Your Scrap-book

Pineapple Cake.—This is a layer cake, and a very good one. To make it cream together one cupful of sugar and one-third of a cupful of butter. Add the beaten whites of two eggs, a half cupful of milk, two scant teaspoonfuls of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of cream of tartar, thoroughly mixed with the flour, and an even teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in the milk. Bake in layers. The filling consists of grated pineapple, sweetened to taste and beaten with the white of an egg that has previously been whipped to a stiff froth.



The scarf remains. Skeleton bodices are popular. Long sash ends are a novelty. The Japanese wish silks are lovelier than ever.

Fine mull ties with colored dots are very pretty.

Darned effects continue in favor in the matter of embroidery.

Eyelet embroidery will maintain its vogue the coming season.

Large spots and tiny ones are mixed in some of the new veils.

With the tailored suits coarse-mesh net waists will be much worn.

One of the prettiest toffets "refreshers" is a collar made of ostrich feathers.

A charming finish to the waist is the tie known as the Directoire, made of crochet lace.

The Irish crochet buttons will be in the greatest evidence on the spring and summer gowns.

Everything buttons. Crochet buttons are used, but there is a preference for jet and pearl.

Sleeves are long and clinging, with no fullness at the top and no cuffs, or closely stitched ones.

The long lines of the plain skirt are made to seem even longer by the waistline being placed high.

There are just the same colorings among the silk petticoats that there are among the dress materials.

Extra smart blouses are of a coarse gold net, embroidered in dull rich shades, and these are supposed to carry out the color scheme of the costume.

Elegant gowns are seen with no trimming save large buttons, made of semi-precious stones, or clever counterfeits of them, set in rims of gold and silver.

The three, four and six-piece skirts are most used among the gored varieties, as they can be more satisfactorily adapted to the new form of Directoire.

One of the prettiest new boleros is of the brassier or shoulder strap type, with much more material used at the front than at the back. The effect is quite novel.

The fine French cotton crepe and the handkerchief liness seem to be the two materials oftentimes selected for fancy blouses of the elaborate hand embroidered lingerie type.

women! "We women," said a young lady journalist, "look like the deuce beside you men! You men have a regulation golf suit, just as you have a regulation evening dress. But we women disfigure the links in an owl skirt and a sweater. Where is the future Worth or Paquin who will invent for women a golf dress at once neat and elegant?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE CLEVER WOMAN.

With all the discussion that is now going on about what constitutes the clever woman it is interesting to get the opinion of a great English author and editor.

A clever woman, as a wife, is a woman who is skilled in the conduct of life, in the control of the household, and, above all, in the management of her husband, says William T. Stead in the Delineator. A woman who could neither read nor write would be a bad wife for any ordinary man in a civilized community, but such an illiterate woman, if she were clever in all the arts of domestic economy, in the rearing of children and in bringing at once the inspiration and comfort of her husband, would be clever enough for the cleverest man in existence, and infinitely preferable to the cleverest woman in book learning that has ever been turned out by university.

FOR THE SCHOOL BOARD.

Thirty women were nominated for places on the School Board in Philadelphia. Among them was Miss Emily Hollowell, sister of Miss Anna Hollowell, the first woman ever appointed to the Philadelphia Board of Education. Miss Emily Hollowell was for a number of years the head of a private school for girls, the only one in Philadelphia for a long time where girls could be prepared for college. Among the candidates from the other wards were Dr. Clara Marshall, dean of the Woman's Medical College; Dr. Sarah Lockrey, president of the Woman's Medical Club, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Edwin C. Grier, member of the council of the National Educational Association; Miss Mary V. Kemp, head worker in the Church Settlement House, and Mrs. Catherine Tullidge, founder of the Woman's Educational Improvement Association, which is now trying to secure the appointment of a matron in each public school.—Detroit Free Press.

YOUR BABY'S WORTH.

How does dear America hold its babies? What is America doing for