



FIVE GENERATIONS OF THE CLARK FAMILY AT ST. PAUL, Neb.

Gifts for Autumn's Brides

WHAT to give the autumn bride is a question that is vexing the minds of many a man and woman. As a usual thing the mind unconsciously turns to spoons, and the bride gets them till she fancies she was born with one in her mouth. Table silver, too, is poured upon her as a hint that she ought to entertain, and the forks and spoons blink a sort of reflection that she ought not to mind if the sets don't match.

Such things are well in their way, but the gift of furniture often reduces a bride to tears, for it is almost certain to be in a style different from that which she contemplated putting into her home. Personal gifts, therefore, are always most certain of a welcome. When did any woman ever have enough personal belongings? These offer a great variety and come in styles suitable for a wealthy as well as a penniless bride, and in patterns and materials new this season and, therefore, desirable.

The friend with a slender purse can send the bride one of the new beaten silver hatpins with little windmills on top, to pair with one having her new monogram twisted in beaten silver. Golf sticks, flowers, bowknots, dogs' heads, little Father Knickerbockers and heads of pretty girls vie in dainty attractiveness among the new hatpins of old beaten silver.

More expensive is a dressing table set of twelve pieces, wrought in the heavy, raised patterns of beaten silver now so stylish. The set includes brush and comb, clothes-brush, tooth-brush, mirror, nail-brush, file, buffer, scissors, kuffe and salve box, with another little silver and crystal box for nail powder. No bride would look askance at such daintiness.

For the bride who belongs to the sewing society of her church a present that is certain to insure her continued attendance at each Dorcas meeting is a set of sewing articles for a chateleine. A pretty chateleine buckle holds a suitable number of chains to which are attached a dainty silver barrel or fancy box, holding a thimble with the bride's monogram upon it, a case containing needles and one holding pins, a little silver emery, a richly wrought pair of embroidery scissors for snipping threads, and a case big enough to hold a spool of thread. When these objects are intended for a workbasket as well, a silver measuring rule should be added, with its ornamental slide to measure the inches graven on the rule. A pretty wrought flower forms a handle. Then there is a glove darning, with its two small silver knobs at the ends of a slender oval stem, and a silver ball on a handle for darning silk stockings, and such things in the way of needle books and cushions and button and thread bags and holders as might prove useful in a workbasket.

Another thing that almost any bride would fancy is a little cut glass bottle of smelling salts, with a silver or enamelled stopper above the tiny glass stopper. The silver ones in pointed, round and square shapes can be had for

\$1, but the enamelled ones are much higher. For women who fancy gun metal these dainty odds and ends come in that attractive metal.

Coin purses, too, are acceptable presents. They are as useful as they are pretty and look like fat little watches swinging from a short chain attached to a fancy buckle. The top flies up at the pressure of a spring and the pressure of still another spring discloses a place sufficiently large to hold quite a good deal of car fare. There might be added to the coin purse one of the little boxes of wrought silver, furnished with a looking glass in the cover, into which face powder is tucked away or bon bons hidden.

Of course, only an intimate friend would venture upon a set of distinctly personal articles, such as a dainty rouge pot, with its long silver handle, a box for face cream, one for lip salve, a box holding a small brush with which color is applied to the lips and another for use upon the eyebrows, a charmingly designed filigree holder and top for the vaseline jar, a hollow-topped wrought silver hair receiver to match the other articles in pattern, as well as the silver soap dishes with their latticed insides.

Just as personal are the manicure sets, of which a woman never has too many. They wear out and break, and are in such constant use that variety in them is always appreciated.

Among the novel shapes introduced into these sets are little flat irons of pumice stone with silver handles.

While beauty always likes the wherewithal to adorn herself, she also has social obligations almost as important. One of these is the answering of letters. Every woman loves to have her own personal desk belongings and to have them as dainty as possible, although one rich woman was recently heard to complain that all her friends fancied she needed letter holders, and she owned so many of them that she could never find a letter to answer.

Several styles of desk sets are in vogue this season—green filigree work upon brass red metal combined with brass, Russian enamel, brass and old beaten silver, that is, old only in name. The latter is most fashionable just now and charming effects are produced in it. A well furnished desk should have silver letter and card holders, paper and envelope holders and racks for pens, pencils and paper cutters. A little sponge cup and one for the ink brush are supplemented by a silver holder for the mullage bottle, a stamp box, tray, seal, candlestick and tray and inkstand and tray. Some attractive silver holders have an eraser in one end and a brush in the other, while even the sponge for putting on stamps has a heavy silver handle. The season has brought in some decorative Greek designs and floral effects in beaten silver that make a modern desk set a joy to the beholder.

When the prospective wedding guest con-



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siders the jewelled garters, the pearl-studded tucking and side combs, the new card cases and purse, the chains and bangles and dangles, which now have their vogue, she is vexed, not by the question of what to give the autumn bride, but what personal gift to select from among an almost endless variety.

Ocean Democracy

(Continued from Page Five.)

are in a better position to pander to it than the average traveler.

Two good reasons exist for the natural disappearance on shipboard of the distinctions that exist elsewhere between the average run of humanity and the financially and socially elect. For one thing the luxury of ocean travel has advanced to a point where it leaves little to be desired even by the most fastidious persons. The cuisine, the service and the appointments on a great Atlantic liner are as perfect as the wealthiest tourist is accustomed to on shore. In railway travel the man in the private car has many advantages over the ordinary passenger, but in sea travel nothing else equals the liners in comfort, convenience and speed. The most luxurious yacht compares unfavorably with them when it is a matter of an ocean voyage, and yacht owners who take their vessels across the ocean usually travel themselves by one of the big ships. When Cornelius Vanderbilt and the party of friends who have been cruising for several months in European waters returned recently they made the Atlantic crossing in one of the big passenger ships, all except Mr. Vanderbilt himself, who is a yachting enthusiast and who came over in his own craft.

A second reason is that the spirit of sea travel has always been one of equality and friendly intercourse. "Steamship acquaintance," like summer flirtation, does not involve any obligations beyond the end of the voyage, and the whole atmosphere of a big Atlantic liner encourages the friendly intercourse and democratic sociability which make an ocean voyage so delightful an experience.

Perhaps the democracy of ocean travel cannot be better illustrated than by a concert that the writer recalls on board

Oceanic, on one of the earliest voyages shortly after that magnificent specimen of ocean architecture was first put into commission. The concert was presided over by the venerable Lord Pauncefoot, the late British ambassador Washington. Andrew Carnegie gave a short talk which was sandwiched in between a song by a variety favorite and another by a salesman for a firm of Bradford spinners. An English duke, since married to an American heiress, played the piano, and the collection for the seamen's fund was taken by a well known society woman and a favorite actress. Imagine such a gathering on land if you can.

The Dramatic Motive

"How do you figure out the plots of your plays?" inquired the anxious novice.

"Motive is the only key that opens the portals of dramatic action," said the popular dramatist. "And motive is best tested by the query 'Why?' See how I have applied the principle in my latest work. Why are the children on the stage? Because the scene is a nursery. Why does the villain come to the nursery? Because he is pursuing the mother. Why is the mother in the nursery? Because she is attending the children."

"But why do you have a nursery on the stage at all?" queried the novice. "Why not something else?"

"Because," said the popular dramatist proudly, "because I had a commission to write a play with a nursery in it."—New York Times.

Hard Lines

"You have asked me to tell you," the doctor said, "your exact condition. There is no hope for you. There will be times when you will seem to be stronger, but you will be gradually growing weaker. You may last a year yet, and possibly two, but no longer."

"Well, it won't make much difference," said the patient, philosophically. "I've never been able to acquire anything absolutely in less time than that, and it will seem perfectly natural to get a lot in the cemetery on the installment plan."—Chicago Tribune.