

Folk We Touch In Passing

By Julia Chandler Marz

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SUPPOSE THERE SHOULD BE CHILDREN

"Well, I suppose you know that tuberculosis has developed in three generations of The Man's family?" questioned The Gossip.

"Yes," answered The Mother of The Girl quietly.

"And The Girl knows?" probed the visitor.

"Yes, she knows," came the even tones of The Mother again.

"And you will not interfere?" went on The Gossip, and before The Mother had time to tell her that the life of The Girl was her own to give or withhold, the talker said:

"Suppose there should be children." And The Girl, reading in the next room, heard.

The first part of The Gossip's conversation amused her. She had gone through with all the struggle before she gave The Man her promise. But in her discussion concerning the matter with either The Man or The Mother the suggestion of The Gossip had not entered.

Suppose there should be children! The Mother had not suggested such a possibility, and The Girl had been too much absorbed in just loving The Man to think of it. Her consent to marry him had been merely a matter of personal concern. The heritage of The Man had already touched him with a ghostly finger, suggesting to him that he was marked for other things than marriage. But he was young. The Girl was young, and had so much of vital strength. They would go away together to the heights and

went of late, when, toward the dawn the Dream Spirit came and touched her, bidding her follow him out into the shadows.

Suddenly she found herself standing on a naked beach—drear, cold, wind-swept. The waves of the ocean dashed their icy spray along the shore and the sound was that of children wailing. A great darkness settled over the land; that darkest hour which comes just before the dawn. Then came the first gray streak across the eastern sky, and The Girl saw.

Along the barren shore ran little children—numbering many, many thousands. They were naked, and a great brawny hand scourged them as they ran until the beach was crimson with the blood which dripped from their little nude bodies, and the air was filled with their helpless cries for mercy.

The Girl covered her eyes with her hands to shut out the vision, but the Dream Spirit drew them down again.

"They are the thousands of little children brought into the world by mothers who knew beforehand that there was every possibility that they would be scourged down to death by the hand of inherited disease.

"Little, little children," went on the Dream Spirit, "children meant to live and to be happy; children meant to have strong bodies and untainted blood; yet children brought into the world doomed from the beginning."

The sea washed over the blood-stained beach, and the children were dissolved in the sunlight of a new day.

The affianced bride of The Man marked for other things than mar-

Midsummer Coat of Heavy Cotton Cloth



The weavers of cotton cloths have become expert in making fabrics much like the heavier weaves of wool in appearance, as well as some novelties that appear only in cotton. These heavy weaves, including cotton corduroy and corded materials, are also shown in basket weaves. They are all used for the popular sport skirts and summer coats that are featured so strongly for street and outing wear.

All of a sudden cretonnes have sprung into use in the making of apparel. Gayly flowered and quaintly figured cretonnes are used to make bright morning dresses and are called "garden" dresses. Floppy-brimmed hats or beach bonnets (which are sunbonnets parading under a new name) are worn with them and made of the same cretonne.

One of the best models for a coat of cotton corduroy, corded cloth, or fancy weaves in cotton, is shown in the picture given here. Like a few of the heavy linen weaves, it is unmissable. For decoration it depends upon machine stitching and buttons made by covering button molds with the fabric. It is cut along the same lines as popular sport coats of wool, with high, convertible collar, big pocket,

and wide belt across the back.

Among other new wraps of cotton for midsummer smocks made in white or blue or brown are commanding much attention. They are straight-hanging garments with the fullness taken up by old-fashioned "smocking" at the neck and at the ends of the sleeves. Cretonnes in small figures are used for the collar and cuffs and are chosen in strong color contrasts. The white smocks are prettiest, but those in light brown are equally smart. They are the something new in outer garments that women are all ready to welcome.

Poke Bonnets.

Adorable poke bonnets in the same pretty coloring show to advantage atop blonde curls, for, unlike our American kiddies, the bobbed hair effect is not being worn on the other side of the water. The little girls all have their hair long and flowing over their shoulders and of course it curls whether naturelle or a la kide or poker. The British boy, no matter how tiny, spurns the bobbed effect also, and rears a close-cropped little bullet head proudly to the infantile fashionable world.

Ostrich Boa In Enthusiastic Revival



The ostrich boa has met with an unanticipated but enthusiastic revival of popularity, and seems destined to outdistance other kinds of fluffy and airy neckwear. The unusually cool weather of spring has made some sort of protection almost a necessity, and there is no denying the becomingness of soft feathers about the throat.

White fox, red fox and light gray or tan fur neckpieces one sees with the most summy of white turbans and flower-trimmed hats. This vogue is probably a reflection from the western coast, for visitors to the Panama exposition have found the weather cool and everyone indulging in the San Francisco privilege of wearing furs with summer gowns.

The feather boa of today is short as to length, long as to fiber, and liked best in white, natural color or two-colored combinations. Occasionally a boa more than long enough to lie loosely about the throat is seen, but not often. They all fasten with bows of soft messaline ribbon, apparently, or the exception is so rare as to prove the rule.

Very smart sets consisting of boa and ostrich-trimmed hats are shown, and there are great numbers of cockades, fans, and other fanciful ornaments made of ostrich to be used on midsummer hats.

Three boas are shown here, one in white, one in the natural tan and white color of the feathers, and the third in black tipped with white. In the last the white flue is tied or pasted on to the colored flue, and there is an endless variety in combinations to choose from in boas made in this way. But the boa may be had now in any color, even the most unusual new tints and shades.

It is to be remembered that a bit of rich and fluffy neckwear presupposes a hat to correspond. In the group pictures here a white fabric hat is shown trimmed with a pattern applied in small black beads about the brim edge. It has a collar of white ribbon with small squares of embroidery in black, and a white rose is mounted near the edge of the front brim. The second bead-trimmed hat shows a reversal of color; white beads are applied to a black hemp shape with facing of white crape.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Pearl Ornaments.

Pearl ornaments may be elegantly polished by first rubbing the olive oil to remove the dirty appearance, then applying any red nail polish. This latter gives a burnished appearance, and with a little fast rubbing the pearl takes on a brilliant glow.

SOLDIERS WHO WEAR VEILS

British Troops in Southwest Africa Have to Conduct Campaign Under Difficulties.

One of the hottest places where the British are fighting is in German Southwest Africa, where General Botha is in command of an expedition against the enemy. The habitable part of German Southwest Africa lies in the center of a sun-scoured, waterless, shadeless desert of shifting sand, and General Botha's men have to carry everything they need, for nothing whatever can be obtained from the country, not even fodder for the animals.

The sand penetrates everywhere, and the heat of the sun is so terrific that all the troops fighting with General Botha have been served out with veils and "goggles." Without them, indeed, it would be impossible to get along at all, and, as it is, hundreds of the Boer burghers, though hardened campaigners, have been so blistered by the sun that they are in hospital.

The heat at midday is 122 degrees in the shade and the "shade" is a sweltering tent. Many of the troops pass that time of the day with nothing on but a sun helmet and a pair of boots.

Perfect Vision.

"You big mutt," said the batter, as the umpire called the third strike, "that was a foot outside. What's the matter with your eyes?"

"Nothing at all," replied the arbitrator in chilling tones. "I can see from here to the clubhouse, and if I don't see you over there in five minutes it'll cost you fifty dollars."

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And the Girl, Reading in the Next Room, Heard.

shake off the grim hand that lay upon The Man.

"But suppose there should be children?" suggested The Gossip to The Mother of The Girl.

The Girl pushed the idea aside and went on reading in the next room, but the words she had heard kept running in between the printed lines of her book.

She went for a walk in the twilight stillness, and it seemed to her that everywhere there were children, healthy, splendid specimens, bubbling over with life and happiness, and every one that turned a smiling face to hers seemed accusing her of some horrible thing she was about to do.

She called to see a friend, and in a friendly little chat tried to force The Gossip's suggestion from her mind, but it clung.

As the days went by and preparations for The Girl's wedding progressed the thought implanted in her mind by The Gossip became a plant that stretched out its tendrils and wove them into the woof of The Girl's life, and so tenaciously did they cling, and so fast did they grow that they crowded out flowers of thought like a rough and hardy weed, until they filled The Girl's conscious hours, and flapped over into her subconsciousness, haunting her dreams by night.

The invitations to the wedding were in the house and The Girl and The Man had spent a very happy evening addressing them. The prospective bride had gone to bed a little less troubled in mind than had been her

riage found herself sitting up in bed the sunlight of an autumn morning streaming in at her window.

"For myself it would not matter. Any suffering I might incur for myself I could bear. Gladly would I give myself in your place if I might," she told The Man touched already by his ghostly heritage when he came to her.

"BUT SUPPOSE THERE SHOULD BE CHILDREN?" she went on, looking bravely into his eyes. "Perhaps we have the right as far as we are concerned. BUT NO WOMAN HAS THE RIGHT TO BRING AN IMMORTAL SOUL TO LIVE IN A HUMAN BODY THAT WILL BE SCOURGED BY THE HAND OF INHERITED DISEASE."

Then she told him of the doomed babies wailing on the naked shore, lashed by the hand from which there was no escape.

And The Man helped her do the only right thing there was to do.

Ants as Sterilizers.
Many schemes have been developed for ridding clothing of soldiers of vermin, as substitutes for the remedy used in peace times—simple cleanliness. Gasoline or kerosene rubbed into the seams is the favorite idea. A member of the French Academy of Medicine, however, has reported a simpler scheme, which is good during warm weather.

The soldier is directed to take off his clothing and lay it on an ant hill. The ants will soon discover the hiding places of the lice and capture them with enthusiasm.