

Beneath Gray Skies

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

Beneath gray skies the chill world sleeps, My heart with brooding heaven weeps...

But when I made life's journey through A dawn tinged world of gold and dew, I still plucked rosemary and rue!

So now when gray morn follows night, Within my heart I kindle night, And turn to find my world is bright— Beneath gray skies.

Little Mary's Essays—Bachelors

By DOROTHY DIX.

Bachelors are men who haven't got any wives and troubles, and everybody hates them for it, although they speak to them nice and polite.

When a man is a bachelor he wears fine clothes, and he looks gay and cheerful when he walks on the street, and he holds his shoulder up, and has a proud air. Also he has a automobile. But when a man is married, he quits brushing his coat, and he has a fringe on his trousers, and he walks hump-shouldered. Also he has a baby carriage which he pushes when he takes a stroll on Sunday.



Married ladies do not like bachelors. I know, because I heard my mother say so. She says they are mean, hateful, selfish old things to spend all their money on themselves, and on fine cigars, when they might be paying a wife's bills as well as not, and spending their money usefully in buying her real imported hats.

Married men do not like bachelors either. I asked my father why this was, and he said: "Can it, child, no man likes a man that is smarter than he is."

But ladies like bachelors when they are going to give a dinner party, because they can invite a bachelor without having to ask his wife, and that is nice, for my mother says, goodness knows what makes all the nice men marry trumps' looks.

Bachelors are also very popular with

ladies who are looking for a nice husband.

Also bachelors that have got lots of money and chronic complaints is dearly loved by their nieces and nephews, who knit neckties for them, and write them nice, long letters. Oh, how fond we should be of our good kind bachelor uncles, who have got bad livers, and lots of dough!

Bachelors have many curious peculiarities. They mostly live in clubs, and are very particular about what they have to eat, and they always get sick when anybody who lives in the suburbs asks them out to spend the week end. My father says a old bachelor keeps a kouty foot on tap, just like a lady does nervous prostration.

Bachelors generally have bald heads and look as if they were cut after the pattern of a bay window, and you would not think that they could run fast, but they are some sprinters, for if they had not been able to outrun the ladies they would have been caught and married.

Bachelors are also very timid animals, and they are so afraid of women, especially of mothers with daughters, that they take to their heels when they see one coming.

My papa was reading in the paper that they are going to put a tax on bachelors, and my mama said, why were they going to do it, and my papa said they were going to do it because it was the principle of this government to tax luxuries.

Bachelors have no wives and children, but they have more poor relations than anybody else, and everybody feels free to ask a bachelor to give them money, and if they don't they all hope some woman will wish herself on them.

The chief advantage of being a rich old bachelor is breach of promise suits, which they have frequent and bad.

A bachelor is about the most intelligent animal there is, but nobody loves him.

When I get grown up I hope I will be able to catch a bachelor with lots of money. I am going to take up the athletic course when I go to Vassar.

Attractive Styles from Paris

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We are accustomed to having color-play the leading role in evening gowns, but this year it has usurped the title role in street costumes as well. The blending of subtle colorings in this reception costume would delight the eye of an artist.

The Longing for Love

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The universal longing for love is responsible for more misfit matrimonial matches than anything else in this love-lit old world.

A man loves love. A woman is the embodiment of that sentiment to him, and, loving love and wanting it, he thinks he loves the first woman who attracts him.

A woman knows that when love comes to her some man will bring the message, and she mistakes every advance courier on the road for her prince, often, in the exuberance of her longing and the natural exaggeration of youth, giving that longing for love to two men at once.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

At a Dance: Dear Miss Fairfax: Will you please tell me the proper thing to say when a gentleman thanks you for a dance, and also if it is proper to go out for refreshments with one fellow when you have come to a dance with another? PERPLEXED.

Don't Think of Disloyalty: Dear Miss Fairfax: My sister is engaged to be married to a certain young man. Sometimes, when he goes out motor-cycling with other young couples he takes me with him, if my sister must work on the appointed day. He does this because all the others of the party have their sweaters. My sister does not in the least mind this, but I am very anxious to know if it looks very untrustworthy on his part? ANXIOUS DOROTHY.

Wait Until He Reforms: Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 15 and deeply in love with a man of 25. Until recently, when he gave me two beautiful pictures ready for framing, I had no idea that he reciprocated my affections. My young lady friends disapprove of him very much because of certain bad habits which I feel sure he would discontinue if

Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"I was away up in the Bronx yesterday," said the Manicure Lady. "Some folks up there was burning rubbish in their back yards, and the smell took me back to my childhood days, when we used to do our spring cleaning back home. There was an old overshoe burning somewhere in one of the piles, and I remembered how there was always a old overshoe or a old rubber that smelt above the burning straw and paper and brush in our back yard. Oh, them happy days of childhood, which have went away forever and which were so much happier than the days I have saw since."

"I never got no fun out of burning up rubbish in the spring," said the Head Barber. "I was the only boy at home, and all that fussing around and cleaning up the yard was up to me. I wasn't keen for it, either. I got so I hated the sight of a rake and a wheelbarrow."

"But the yard always looked so much nicer afterward," said the Manicure Lady. "There was a thought came to me yesterday when I saw them people cleaning up their yards that in the spring every one of us should clean out our minds, and think a lot of pure, fresh thoughts. I told Wilfred about it, because I thought maybe he could make a poem out of it, but he said that there wasn't nothing poetical about burning up rubbish, so I didn't say no more. My brother don't think any thoughts is in brilliant unless he has them himself."

"It wouldn't hurt any of us to clean out the back yards of our minds, if our minds is big enough to have a back yard," said the Head Barber. "but the trouble with people here in the city is that their minds get cramped and narrow like the flats they live in. Then they begin to think that their minds don't need no cleaning out, and there they stay."

"I didn't know that you had ever saw that subject much thought, George," said the Manicure Lady; "but you express my own ideas so forcible that I think our minds is a good deal alike, except that I ain't boob enough to gamble. Geo, I wish I could write even as good as my brother. I could make a poem out of that what you just said."

"And, speaking about burning an old overshoe, it was funny how that small brought back my girl days. Ain't it funny that when you smell some flower or some strange perfume it brings you back to days that have long went? I wonder why that is. When I smelt that burning overshoe my memory went back ten years to the days when I was only a little schoolgirl. I can see my dear old father now, throwing rubbish on that fire in that back yard. He wasn't so fat then as he is now, but I can see him."

"Did you say you was a little school-girl ten years ago?" asked the Head Barber.

"That is what I said," replied the Manicure Lady, "and that is what I mean. What are you grinning about, George? That don't set good on your map, that silly grin. I suppose you are trying to make out that I am getting old, and the first thing I know you will be imitating that I am a spinster. Don't do it, George, if you want to stay good friends with me. The first air I smelt I hear out of you will be my cue to exit off the stage and out of this layout. You are listening to the gypsy's warning, Mister Barber. Let that soak in."

Providing Entertainment: "Say, friend," exclaimed the man who had come suddenly out of the bushes, "I've had all kinds o' trouble to get any fish to stay in this part o' the stream."

Why America Should Now Lead in Beauty Culture and Fashions—Part 6

If America becomes the fashion producing country of the world, what effect will that have on the standard styles? Will the wild, feverish search after a novelty that has been characterized by European fashions continue, or will the modes become more conventional and practical?



As this opens up pure speculation it is perhaps useless to go very far into the subject. Fashions when set by a queen or court favorite were designed to cover up some personal peculiarity or enhance some beauty. When democracy began and all women demanded a share in the modes, some other incentive was necessary. This has often been found in some new departure in art, in the drama, music or even politics.

The Japanese-Russian war made Japanese effects the vogue, and some years later, when the St. Petersburg Opera company made such a success in Paris, Russian ideas in dress crept into the Paris ateliers.

Before I left Paris in September many of the leading couturiers had reopened their shops, shut at the first horror of war, and were making an attempt to fill their American orders. But they all quite agreed that there would be no incentive to furnish new ideas for their own Paris clientele.

From now on there will be few French women wearing anything but black mourning clothes. French family life is so closely interwoven and the ramifications so formally regarded, that at any time the wearing of complimentary or sympathetic mourning is quite common. Already the loss of life has been so great that there is hardly a family that has not some personal loss to mourn as well as the national bereavement.

This will be little felt in this more fortunate country, but the fact that so great a tragedy is going on in the world will undoubtedly have a quieting, sobering effect everywhere. I feel that we are not going to see any continuation of the bizarre and sensational fashions that have been so conspicuous.

The American dressmakers and designers have now a chance to show what they can do, unhampered by any dictation from across the sea. Good luck to them.

Advertisement for TONE BROS. OLD GOLDEN COFFEE, featuring a woman on a horse and the text 'Do You Know the Delights in a Cup of Old Golden Coffee?'.

How Thermometers Were Invented

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Question—"According to Charles' and Boyle's law in chemistry of gases, reference is made to temperature as being absolute. Then, if such is the fact, why should eminent scientific minds as passed by Baum, Fahrenheit and centigrade scales, vary and not use the so-called absolute?"—George E. Carroll, Pullman, Idaho, Richmond, Cal.

Answer—Baum should be written Baumé, but he did not make a thermometer; his work was that of devising the hydrometer. When the physicist, Celsius, inventor of the centigrade scale, and Fahrenheit, that of the scale now bearing his name, and Reaumur, of his scale, lived, none knew of the enormous variation possible in temperature.

Fahrenheit, born 1686, died 1736, put mercury into a glass tube having a bulb. This he placed in a bowl of powdered ice, and when the column of mercury stopped going down, he scratched a mark on the glass and called that zero.

But later he put salt, and still later sal ammoniac, into powdered ice; when the mercury at once started downward. When it came to rest he made another scratch. Then he put the bulb into steam rising from boiling water and the mercury went up rapidly. When it stopped he made a mark at that point.

Next he made 180 equal divisions between his zero mark and the mark at the boiling point. Then he made thirty-two of the same kind of divisions below the zero mark. He thought he had reached the limit of cold.

Then came physicists and liquefied carbonic acid gas, then they lowered this temperature and reached the solid state. Then experiments were made in laboratories everywhere; and this carbonic

oxide gas was used as a means of securing lower cold. Startling results were obtained. Marsh gas was made liquid, then solid, then nitrogen, later oxygen, and soon the world was astonished to hear of liquid air and then solid air.

But greater conquests of nature followed. Solid hydrogen, and, to cap the climax, solid helium, only a few degrees above that most wonderful point, absolute zero.

Let this experiment be made: Take gas at the centigrade zero, that is, the cold of ice. Measure its exact volume, say one cubic inch or one cubic foot, or liter. Heat it to a temperature of 273 degrees and its volume will be doubled. Then for one degree of rise of temperature the volume increased one two-hundred seventy-third.

But cool the gas down to 273 degrees below zero; then a most astonishing result will follow; the gas must be without volume, or absolutely solid; that is, no atom can move. But no volume would be annihilation of the gas; but man cannot annihilate even one atom of any kind of matter.

When the gas must finally reach a state where it is absolutely solid. But none now can predict whether man will ever be able to bridge the few degrees between the appalling death-dealing cold of solid helium and the absolute zero.

This gap is the one most mysterious problem and fascination now confronting man. What, indeed, will be the state of matter when no motion of atoms can occur between its rigid mass?

Alcohol, air, any gaseous or fluid substance known, when subjected to the cold of solid helium freezes to a solid state. When absolute zero is reached, if ever, by science, all matter known may present to us entirely new properties.

One has been discovered: a pure silver wire if immersed in liquid helium loses all resistance to a flow of electricity through its molecules. Think of this. It may be that in an infinitely cold universe, electricity can go anywhere without our present troublesome resistance of all known conductors. Plenty of room here for soaring imagination.

In the centigrade scale the tube has 100 divisions in between freezing and boiling water, while in Reaumur's thermometer there are eighty divisions.

These three scales have caused endless and useless computation in the past. How much better it would be to discard all of them and use absolute only. Then the temperature of ice would read 273 degrees centigrade and that of boiling water 273 degrees.

The absolute heat is unknown, for all substances known to chemists turn to gas at less than 7,000 degrees absolute; in modern electric furnaces or craters of electric arc furnaces.

How hot the giant suns, Arcturus, Vega, Sirius, Canopus, Rigel, Altair, Alpha Centauri, and our own modest sun may now be or become, is at present unknown. For at absolute heat, all matter in existence would beyond doubt be resolved back to primordial electrons, since nothing exists but electrons. But in thus becoming conserved into work, the heat would vanish and absolute cold assume dominion and power.

Sage Tea Turns Gray Hair Dark

It's Grandmother's recipe to bring color, lustre and thickness to hair when faded, streaked or gray.

That beautiful, even-shade of dark glossy hair can only be had by brewing a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray, streaked and looks dry, waxy and scraggy, just an application or two of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundredfold.

Don't bother to prepare the tonic; you can get from any drug store a 50-cent bottle of "Wyetb's Sage and Sulphur Compound," ready to use. This can always be depended upon to bring back the natural color, thickness and lustre of your hair and remove dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair.

Everybody uses Wyetb's Sage and Sulphur because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time; by mousing the gray hair has disappeared, and after another application it becomes beautifully dark and appears glossy, lustrous and abundant.—Advertisement.