

IN THE LIMELIGHT

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH ACTIVE



The duchess of Marlborough in an interview in London the other day on the aims of the Women's Municipal party, of which she is the president, said:

"That women have for so long held aloof from the active exercise of the vote in local government is due to the fact that they do not realize the value of political unity. Now the St. Mary-lebone Women's Local Government association has been the means of showing us what vigor women can bring into the political life of London."

"For a start at their next meeting on March 27 a basis will be drawn up on which our work will be founded. From the women who sign we shall pick the cleanest and most ready spirits as the women's party candidates for the next borough council and London county council elections. They will be pledged to a program of progressive social legislation. They will not seek votes on the catch words of either of the men's municipal parties, but will let the voters see plainly what they stand for."

"We want to form a party at municipal elections which will have the same political effect as the entry of a labor party candidate at parliamentary elections. We aim at supplying the need of a central electoral machine which in conjunction with other local government associations will produce a party of women so strong that it can approach party agents before a vacancy is declared and insist that a suitable woman candidate shall run on party lines."

MRS. SHAFROTH A STUDENT

"If I could, I should like to go to college always," said Mrs. John F. Shafroth, wife of the senator from Colorado, in Washington the other day. "This reminds me of a story I once heard about a man who was left a legacy with an income to be paid as long as he should continue to remain in college. The story went on to say that at the age of eighty the man was still in college."

"Now, I have no such ulterior motive as that, but I love teachers and all that pertains to study. I should count it the greatest joy if I had time to take a college course every year."

All of which brings one abruptly to a consideration of the question why our western women have such active and alert mentalities. Is it because the climate of the West is intensely invigorative, and therefore stimulative of mind as well as body, or is it that the inheritance of a pioneer tenacity from their mothers and grandmothers has induced a desire not to be denied once it fixes itself upon a certain aim?

In any case, the fact remains that western women have a mental intensity and vivacity not exceeded by that of the women of any other part of the country.

Mrs. Shafroth is a shining example in this respect of western woman-kind. She is intellectual as well as clever. She is acquainted with her country's progress from the political as well as the artistic standpoint, and her viewpoint is comprehensive because she is a student.

She was graduated from Howard college, Missouri, her home state. But her student days by no means came to an end when she left college. Rather, then commenced a period of more thoughtful study than she had undertaken before.

BUYS DUKE'S RARE VOLUMES?



According to a London cablegram Henry Edwards Huntington, an American millionaire, has purchased the great library of the duke of Devonshire. The library contains many rare volumes, and it is said the purchase price exceeds \$1,000,000.

The Chatsworth library, consisting of the Claxtons and Kemble collection of plays, are part of the collection. The British museum was anxious to obtain the rare editions, but was obliged to retire from the contest owing to the lack of funds, according to the report.

Included in the purchase, are 23 Claxtons, a score of Shakespeare, Green, and other Elizabethan quartos, plays by Ben Jonson, Marlowe. The collection was sold by Kemble to the sixth duke of Devonshire for \$10,000. It is said that in order to avoid adverse public opinion the books were shipped out of the country secretly.

Mr. Huntington was born in Oneonta, N. Y., February 27, 1850, and began business life in the hardware trade in his native town. His fortune, however, was made in the railroad construction business. His first venture in this line was made in 1880.

AMERICAN GIRL IN HIGH POSITION

Another American woman of distinguished family, Mme. Grouitch, will soon do her share in carrying American civilization to the Balkans, when she goes to Belgrade, where her husband has been appointed secretary of foreign affairs. She is now in America on a flying visit. She is well known in exclusive society circles of New York, Chicago, Washington and other large cities.

Mme. Grouitch, who was formerly Miss Gordon of Virginia, met her husband at Athens when both were students there. After they had married, he rose to be Serbian minister to England, and with him she played an important part in the high social circles of the British metropolis and Paris.

She did notable work for the wounded of her adopted country during the Balkan war, and made a tour of America in the interests of the wounded soldiers. Later she went to Belgrade to work in the hospitals. King Peter and the two young princes are delighted that she is to live in their capital. The two young men, brought up without a mother, owe much to Mme. Grouitch, who acted as a social mentor during their several years in England.



Hairdressing for Little Maids



HAIRDRESSING for little maids, from babyhood to the debutante age, really means the manner of using the hair ribbon, more than anything else. Every one who knows girls, little and big and all sizes between, knows how keenly they are interested in the latest hair bow, the newest hair ribbon, and how insistent they are in the matter of keeping up the pace set by the fashion leaders in their young world.

The baby girl finds ribbon-decked caps awaiting her. Before she reaches the dignity of enough hair to dress little rosettes of baby ribbon have made gay her headwear. When she gets to be in the neighborhood of two years old, the reign of ribbon begins for her and her first hair dressing is inaugurated with small rosettes and bands of baby ribbon like that shown in the picture.

These little bands are made over narrow elastic, which adjusts them to the head. The rosettes are more or less simple according to taste and occasion of wearing.

As the baby girl grows older she is allowed wider ribbons, although the narrow ribbons continue to play a part in her hair ornaments. From the

time she is five years old until she begins to dress her hair in the fashion for grown-ups the hair bow is a momentous question in her estimation.

For these buoyant decorations the best grades of taffeta ribbon will be found more satisfactory than other weaves. They stand wear and are easily freshened. The child should be taught to tie them so that creases will come in the same place, and to press them out with a warm iron under white tissue paper. These ribbons may be washed and ironed or dampened and ironed.

The bows are nearly always tied on the hair, but sometimes they are made and sewed to a hairpin or bow fastener. For handsome ribbons and for bows that are seldom worn it is best to make them in this way.

The position of the bow or bows depends on the accepted styles. That is, there are fashions in wearing bows. Their size is also determined in this way, and the shape of the loops, length of ends and other little details. The bows shown in the picture are made of ribbon five inches wide and are only moderately full. Such bows are always good style.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Hats That May Be Trimmed at Home



THERE are many women who from motives of thrift or because they like the work, undertake to trim their own hats. They are more likely to be successful when they select a model and undertake to copy it, than when they try to design for themselves. Two of the fashionable flower-trimmed hats (called "sailors" for some undiscovered reason), are pictured here which can be copied easily by the home milliner.

After making a selection in shapes the next thing is to decide upon the color of silk or ribbon to be used in facing the brim, and after that comes the choice of the trimmings. Supposing that a shape similar to those shown in the picture has been chosen and is to be trimmed with flowers, the work is proceeded with as follows:

Select a messaline or other soft ribbon three to five inches wide, matching the hat in color but in any shade of that color which is desired. Or if the color is not becoming next the face as a facing, choose a harmonizing color that is becoming. For the facing buy a length of ribbon one and a half times the circumference of the hat brim at its edge. Hem the ribbon in a tiny hem about one-eighth of an inch deep along one edge. Use silk thread to match the ribbon and sew the hem in on the machine.

Insert in this little hem a fine wire called "shirring" wire. This should be one inch and a half longer than the circumference of the brim. Pull the ribbon evenly on the wire and finally overlap the ends of the wire about one inch and wind them together with silk thread. This forms a circle of the wire with a ruffle of ribbon gathered over it.

Place the wire edge of the ruffle on the under side of the hat near the edge and pin it down. Use a fine

needle and silk thread matching the facing to sew the ribbon to the shape. This part of the work must be carefully done, for the stitches are not to show on the upper brim. Use what is called the blind stitch (or slip stitch) for sewing the edge of the facing to the under brim. When it is sewed down remove the pins and gather the other edge of the ribbon. Dispose the fullness evenly and sew this edge into the head size.

The wreath of flowers is to be made on a circle of green-covered wire (called "bonnet" wire). After selecting the flowers to be used the sprays are taken apart by unwinding the small wire which holds the blossoms together at the stems. The wire to be used for the circle is the foundation to which the blossoms are to be wound. Arrange them by placing the blossoms and foliage one at a time along the wire support, and fastening their stems with the small tie-wire which has been unwound from them in taking the sprays apart.

When the wreath is completed according to the directions it is to be sewed to the hat at the base of the crown. Fasten its ends together after it has been placed about the hat.

Use a long, strong needle and a heavy linen thread. Thrust the needle through from the inside of the crown and sew the wreath to place with several loose stitches. Cut off the thread, leaving ends long enough to tie in a knot on the under side. Fasten the wreath in several places to the hat in this way. The tied ends of thread make it secure.

Finally blue the hat with a piece of silk or ribbon matching it in color. Draw up the lining and sew on it a tiny bow made of baby ribbon. This completes the work.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

MOUNTAIN MERCURY

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

Far up the mountain America could see the rural carrier on his sure-footed little steed. At first he had seemed just a black speck against the sapphire sky behind him. Then, as he came nearer, he wiggled a welcome with his red bandanna.

America had a little shawl about her shoulders, for, in spite of the sunshine, the February day was cold, and she used it for an answering signal. Then, smiling, she waited.

"You're mighty anxious," said the young man on horseback, as she ran down the road to meet him.

"It's St. Valentine's day," she told him archly, "and I'm lookin' for one."

He handed her a little box.

"Well," he said shortly, "you've got it."

The girl's eyes were like stars as she untied the string.

"If I'd 'a' known," he went on slowly, as he watched her, "if I'd 'a' known that New York fellow was sendin' you somethin' nice, I'd have gone him one better."

"Oh!" she caught her breath quickly, "but you couldn't go him one better than this, Jeff."

She held up for him to see a sparkling jeweled heart, swung on a slender chain.

"There's a card in the box," she went on, and read it with eager eyes.

Jefferson bent down from the saddle.

"What does he say?" he demanded masterfully.

"I ain't goin' to tell you." She stood away from the horse. "It wasn't intended for any one but me."

"Well, you're goin' to read it to me." His head was up and his bronzed young face was stern.

"I ain't goin' to read it to you. How'd you like to have me read your letters to some other fellow?"

He waived the question.

"I'm goin' to read what's on that card," he reiterated.

He dismounted and came toward her.

For a moment she seemed to meditate flight; then her blue eyes met his brown ones in defiance.

"You can't force me to give it to you."

"Yes I can." Again his face was stern. "If you don't give it to me I'll take it from you, Meriky."

Something in his air of quiet determination touched the primitive in the girl. It was thus that men made themselves master of her kind. It was thus they won the women of the mountains.

"Oh, well," she said sulkily—but back in her eyes smoldered admiration.

He took the card and read the verses aloud, and his lazy drawl seemed to add romance to the words: "This jewel, dear, is but the sign Of my own heart; both sweet, are thine."

I send them as a Valentine To one I love."

"I guess he loves you, all right," he said slowly.

"Yes." Her tone was exultant.

"And he wants to marry you?"

"Yes."

Jeff tore the card into little bits.

"Don't!" she cried.

"Let the four winds take it," he said bitterly. "I knew there was trouble ahead when that man came up from New York to paint in the hills. You hadn't ever seen such a man, and he hadn't ever seen such a woman as you—you had the beauty of a wild bird, and he was used to seein' tame ones. That's why he fell in love with you, and that's what would make you unhappy if you married him."

"You ain't fit to be caged in that little flat of his. I went there when I was in New York, and I felt like I was in a trap. He showed me the electric lights that had shades like flowers, and his pictures, and some old faded rugs, but I kept thinkin' how you'd die among all those tall buildings with all that noise—"

She shook her head, and the color came and went in her cheeks.

"But he'd give me pretty clothes," she said. "Don't you think I'd look nice in a pink silk dress and a pink hat with a feather?"

"You look nice in anything," he said fiercely, "to me. You look nice in that old gingham you've got on, with that worsted shawl around your shoulders. But he'd have to dress you up—and then you wouldn't be the girl he fell in love with in the hills—and he'd compare you to those city women, and after a while he'd be ashamed of you."

"Oh, how dare you, Jeff!" Her voice shook with indignation.

"He would," the man went on doggedly. "You don't talk like them, and you don't act like them—it's kinder to him to give him up—"

"But he said he'd learn me, and give me the things to look right in."

He came and stood over her.

"Is love nothin' but clothes?" he demanded. "Are you willin' to sell your chance of happiness for a pink silk dress?"

She drew away from him.

"I don't think it's very honorable for you to talk that way," she said. "seem' he's the man I'm goin' to marry."

His eyes blazed.

"Ain't I brought you his letters every week since he left?" he demanded. "Do you think I didn't want to fling 'em in the river?"

"Oh, well, you had to bring 'em," was her taunt. "You're the mail carrier."

"No, I didn't have to bring 'em." His little young figure was drawn up to its full height. "I didn't have to bring 'em. I might have flung 'em in the river. I ain't afraid of the president, or no government officer, when it comes to gettin' the girl I want. But I wasn't goin' to work that way. I wanted you to have his letters. To chose fair and square between us. And now's your chance, Meriky. This morning, here and now."

He reached out and took the jewel from her hand and laid it in his big palm, beside a little rosy heart-shaped pebble, worn smooth by the waters of the mountain stream.

"That's what I brought you for my valentine," he said slowly; "and at first I was ashamed to give it to you when I saw the present he had sent. But now I ain't ashamed. I'm offerin' you the best I've got. No man loves you like I do—not that artist. He's just taken with your face and figure. But I've cared since I was a kid, and I'm goin' to care till I die. I'm goin' to care after I'm dead and meet you in heaven."

As he flung the words at her the girl caught her breath.

"Oh, Jeff," she whispered, "you mustn't say such things—"

"Which heart will you take?"—his voice was tense—"his, that cost a lot of money, or mine, that didn't cost a cent? Which will you take, Meriky?"

She shrank from the decision.

"I told you just now I was goin' to marry him," she wavered.

Something in her tone gave him hope.

"Look her, girl," he wheedled; "look here. I want to show you somethin'. You get up here behind me on Baldy, and we'll go back a bit up the mountain."

She stared at him.

"What you goin' to do?" she queried doubtfully.

"I'm goin' to show you somethin'," he reiterated. "You come along, honey."

She shook her head.

"I'm not goin' anywhere with you, Jeff."

"Why not?"

She struggled for composure.

"I don't know," she whispered.

He dropped his hands on her shoulders.

"Look at me," he commanded, and as he raised her scarlet face he said slowly: "You're afraid you'll give in?"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't know."

"You know how I love you, girl," he said simply.

Her eyes, lifted to his, seemed to see into the very depths of his tender soul.

"I'll go, Jeff," she said timidly, and he lifted her on the old horse.

The roads that wound up the hill and into the forest were muddy with the melting of the last snows. As they went along Jeff read to his lady-love the verse that was to have accompanied the rosy pebble heart:

"If you love me as I love you, Our hearts will be forever true."

"It's pretty," she said softly.

"Not like his," Jefferson said. "I can't talk like the city chaps, but I can beat 'em all to death lovin' you, Meriky."

"Don't," she insisted. "What have you got to show me, Jeff?"

"You wait a minute," he said.

Deeper and deeper they went into the heart of the woods. About them was the silence of the winter. The bare tree looked ghostly in the pale sunshine.

And then all at once they came to a circle of the pines, vivid emerald among their dead surroundings.

As Jeff guided the horse into the midst of the circle America gasped.

"Oh, Jeff—"

"I built it last spring," the boy said proudly, as he led her up the steps of the tiny cabin, "and I put all the things in it. I never thought of your comin' here, anybody else, and I just got ready for you, and thought how you'd like it. And then he came, and at first I thought I ought to let him have you. He was rich, and could give you everything. But after I went to New York last fall I just wouldn't give you up to that kind of life."

He lifted her over the threshold, and for a moment held her in his arms.

"Why, honey," he whispered, "in the mornings we could stand here and see the sun rising through that cut I've made in the pines, and at night the wind would sing us to sleep."

He put her down and stood away from her breathing quickly.

"How do you like it?" he asked after a moment, unsteadily, and waved his hand toward the fireplace.

It was a great cavern of stone, fit to hold a backlog that would last a week.

"I could see you kneelin' in front of it," he said softly, "and the fire makin' your cheeks pink. I can't think of any other woman there, Meriky."

"Jeff!" There was a note of trouble in her fresh young voice.

He held out his arms to her.

"Come here," he said masterfully, and with face aflame he came to him and laid her burning cheek against his coat.

His voice shook as he looked at her. "But there ain't any other woman goin' to be there, is there, honey?"

And the radiance in her eyes answered him.

Turned White in a Single Night.

Belle—They were sitting on the old haircloth sofa in the dark.

Beulah—And what happened?

"Oh, he proposed."

"And was she surprised?"

"I should say so! Why, even the hair of the sofa turned white that night."

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.