

LILY WORK

**Pillars Capped
by Capitals
of Beauty**

By REV. FRANK CRANE, Chicago

WHEN King Solomon built his temple he had set up in front of it two pillars, which he called Jachin and Boaz, meaning permanence and strength.

The cunning artist, Hiram of Tyre, made the pillars, which must have been imposing, from the many references to them; and in the account in the book of Kings it is said: "And upon the top of the pillars was lily work; so was the work of the pillars finished."

Lily work upon the pillars! It is a haunting word. All through the history of architecture men seem to have felt that the pillars of strength should be capped by the capitals of beauty.

The same law holds good in the realm of spiritual reality that holds good in the realm of material appearance.

The law is that the end of strength is beauty, and the basis of beauty is strength.

Virtue is pure strength; it is not usable in the temple of life until it becomes beautiful—that is, till it becomes love.

Love is virtue—with lily work.

Contrariwise, mere amiability, tenderness, a pleasing face and manner, with no strength of character beneath, is nothing but lily work for its own sake; hence cheap and unsatisfying.

So also goodness is the pillar, joy the lily work. Joy without goodness is moral tawdriness, and goodness without joy is moral crudeness.

The puritans were all for pillar; the cavaliers were all for lily work.

There has been a world long conflict between the moralist, seeking for strength and the artist seeking for beauty.

Manly strength is not perfect; nor is womanly beauty; it is the union of the two, the family, which is perfect.

Cromwell and his Ironsides, smashing stained glass windows were pillars.

Read George Eliot's "Romola." Romola's husband was all lily work.

I will tell you when the millennium will come. It will be when the good shall be beautiful, and the beautiful shall be good.

Then shall the future chronicler say: "At that time humanity solved its problem. Righteousness and peace kissed each other. For men had at last learned, in their lives as well as their houses, to crown all pillars with lily work, and put lily work only upon the pillars."

Many City Men Make Good On Farms

By J. C. Worthington, New York

A certain writer is much exercised over the difficulties that will be experienced by "a man of forty raised in a big city, employed as a clerk on a moderate salary, used to comfortable, steam-heated flats, theaters and similar excitements, going to the country and raising fruit."

Thousands of such men are doing this work and making good at it, doing far better than they could ever have done with the extremely moderate incomes that they earned in the city.

Modern farm homes have running water, steam or hot water heat, telephones and many more comforts and conveniences than are ever possible in a city apartment or on the average city income.

Many of our most successful farmers are ex-city men, who are succeeding better than many who never left the farm, because they came to the work with open and active minds, and willingness to learn new and improved methods. But often the native is content to follow the antiquated methods of his grandfather.

The man who studies his fields, his crops, their fertilizer needs, the season, weather conditions; who fights weeds, insects, rodents and other pests; who studies the mating of different strains of horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, poultry, pets, bees, for the production of the most desirable qualities in their offspring; who studies feeding methods; who takes part in local politics; interests himself in schools, lodges, church, roads, bridges and all neighborhood doings will have all the "excitement" that any healthy minded man needs and then some. When he or his family wish to see a good play they have the price to do it properly, which is often lacking with the city man, and comparatively few farms are more than three or four hours' ride from a live town.

Man is a social animal and needs the companionship of his fellows to develop the best that is in him; nowhere is he able to enjoy such companionship better than in the country, where everybody knows everybody else and has a friendly interest in his welfare.

The man who can't live without constant excitement has degenerated; if not too far gone the country may cure him; otherwise, he is hopeless.

When Is Girl Old Enough to Marry?

By Mrs. C. Kayser, San Francisco

When is a girl old enough to marry? When she has sense enough to know that she honestly loves the man she is going to marry; to stay with him in sickness and trials. Above all, she must be able to cook a good meal, see that the house is kept clean, tend to his bodily comforts, be contented and happy, be she eighteen or forty years old. There would be fewer divorces if those directions were honestly followed.

A great number of girls, who marry, learn to cook after they marry. If the husband can't agree with the meals, trouble is sure to follow. Some delicatessen stores with quick order meals attract the young wife's attention. When hubby comes home, she runs to the store and gets the ready meal. It is in her opinion the easiest way to keep house. But when hubby becomes dyspeptic, she will really find out what trouble is.

Some girls have more ambition and sense than others, but a girl in my opinion should not marry till she is twenty years old and the man five years older. Life is not all sunshine, be you married or single. When a girl marries, she should learn to bear her troubles like a Trojan and keep them to herself. She should learn to laugh. A good, hearty laugh is better than medicine.

Laugh and the world laughs with you, cry and you generally cry alone. Just learn to smile. The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves its fellow men, will drive away the clouds of gloom, and coax the sun again.

To the young wife: If hubby is cross, leave him alone; just smile and be patient, he cannot help loving you in return.

BEST ARRANGEMENT OF COIFFURE



SOME styles of hair dressing are not suited to dark shades of hair, but are especially effective for blondes. Those whose hair is in the lighter red shades, in gold or pale drab shades, and especially the ash blondes, may pick out fluffy and elaborate coiffures which are suited to their individual style.

An unusual coiffure is shown here worn by a model with pale gold hair. The very white skin and dark eyes perhaps lend a charm to this hair dress. It shows a return to many thin, fluffy puffs covering the back of the head and curled fringe across the forehead. This fringe is curled in little ringlets on a small iron and

they are the new and individual feature of this style. Not everyone can wear them.

All the hair is waved for this hair dress and the puffs are quite liberally pinned on. That would at any rate be the most convenient way in which to wear them. They are too light and fluffy to burden or heat the head and as a matter of fact, much more comfortable than the natural hair is when arranged in so many puffs.

It will be noticed that the puffs are arranged very close to the head and that there is not much hair at the sides of the face as in the greater number of today's coiffures.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

BRILLIANCY IN SHOE COLORS

Many of the Modes Veer on the Garish, Though Remarkably Pretty Effects Are Produced.

Just as colors in hosiery have been used with discretion by the woman with a talent for dress, so have colors in our footwear. Some women have adopted gayly colored tops for their shoes with an eclect which carried them off; others have impressed us with the vulgarity of the new whim. But one and all have fallen captive to the new Colonial slipper, which was introduced along with the dashing little Directoire coats, the Continental hats, and other reminders of the Napoleonic period. It is a jaunty little affair, which is simply bewitching on the right foot, a slender little foot with a well arched instep, for it boasts a broad pointed tongue, spreading out over the instep, a high heel, on the Spanish order, and a stunning buckle—just such a buckle as the more fortunate of us have handed down for generations. We copyists of today select such a buckle in gunmetal, leather, old silver, or, if we wish to be very rash, rhinestones. Can't you see just how fascinating these slippers can be?

For evening, our satin slippers, whether in black or a color to match the gown, are brilliant with buckles of the glittering rhinestones, or cut steel. The bow knots of platinum, set with brilliants, are entrancing as adornments to a dainty satin slipper. Still another fancy calls for a button of brilliants.

SERVING THE AFTERNOON TEA

Appurtenances May Be Costly or Simple, but Everything Must Be of the Daintiest Order.

When the woman who is her own maid serves afternoon tea she appreciates the convenience of having a cart which can be wheeled from kitchen to living room and will hold everything that is needed for the collation. The carts come in mahogany or fumed oak with glass top shelves and rubber tired wheels and in natural wood with rattan, and, considering their usefulness, none are very expensive. Lacking the cart, many housekeepers have in their living room a little oak or mahogany or willow tea table equipped with a spoon drawer, which also holds several paper napkins. Instead of keeping the service upon the table its top is ordinarily covered with an elaborately embroidered silk mat, which is whisked off when the tea equipage is brought in on a tray of the proper size. Unless this tray is a handsome affair of glass rimmed with mahogany, silver or brass, it should be covered with a fine linen tray cloth and be accompanied by a wuffin stand of wood or of willow.

Space-Saving Parasols.

There is a growing fancy for parasols and umbrellas that can be easily packed. One of the newest is adjustable to any angle, which makes it convenient for motoring, tennis tournaments or the races, and when closed the top disappears in the handle. This sunshade has a rosette and loop by which it can be slung over the wrist.

Folding umbrellas are now made to go in small trunks and compact enough to be tucked into a suitcase or even a sachel. An umbrella which does not fold, but weighs only twelve ounces, is of thin, strong silk on a light steel frame and stick.

BEAD TASSEL EASILY MADE

Having the Fringe and Beads, the Decoration is by No Means Hard to Put Together.

A very simple bead tassel can be made from deep fringe or from loose beads.

If you use loose beads you must thread forty lengths of seventy beads each, or twenty lengths of a hundred and thirty beads if a double end is preferred to a single one. Each length is attached to a narrow strip of satin ribbon, which is then wound round and round and stitched through to prevent the middle of the little bundle from slipping.

If the tassel is made of fringe, cut off five inches and wrap the heading round and sew as described above. Next take a piece of stiffening one inch and a half long, two inches broad at one end and three-quarters of an inch at the other. Cover with silk and oversew the edges together so as to form a tube.

Slip the satin ribbon inside the larger aperture in the tube and stitch through securely, for the beads make the tassel very heavy. Thread about two hundred beads and wind the string round the tube to completely cover the silk, sewing at intervals. Make another string of eighty beads, double into three, and sew to the top to form a loop.

CHILD'S SUIT.



This attractive little suit is of tussah silk in natural color. The dress is made with a long-waisted blouse and short skirt, the latter finished with lace to match.

The blouse is trimmed at the top with hand-embroidered dots, and the girdle is of taffeta of a contrasting color.

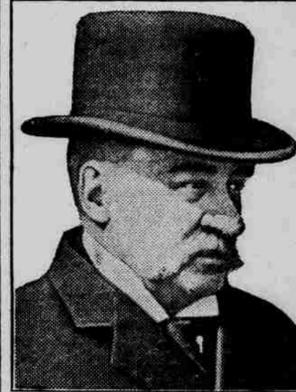
The pretty jacket has a waistcoat, buttons and cravat of taffeta like the girdle.

Wrinkled Seam.

When a seam becomes wrinkled sewing on the machine, dampen slightly and press it on the right side with a warm iron, laying a piece of the same material over it and pulling the seam gently as you run the iron over it. This will shrink the material and the seam will become quite smooth.

IN THE LIMELIGHT

J. P. DON'T KNOW AND HAS NO THINK



J. Pierpont Morgan, who knows a few things about finance and art, music and ecclesiastical history, got back from Europe the other day.

He had been away about six months during approximately the period the Stanley committee has been occupied in taking testimony and reporting. He has been up the Nile, in the art and money centers, and has done some yatching on his Corsair, which arrived ahead of its owner.

The yacht, with members of his family and grandchildren aboard, raking the steamer fore and aft with marine glasses, was at quarantine early in the morning. Son Jack Morgan went aboard the ship and found his father at breakfast. Mr. Morgan's niece, Miss Annie Tracey, and her friend, Miss Berwind, who were passengers, were at the same table.

The banker was very affable, if uncommunicative, when seen later. He wore a gray sack suit and a small Panama with the rim turned up all around and bit one of the Morgan dollar cigars and held his cane in the air. He said: "Good morning" to the newspaper squad, but gave no chance for an interview.

"Go away. Get out. Nothing to say. Wouldn't say it here if I had! 'Way. Leave me alone," was his answer to the request for a talk.

"Mr. Morgan, will you—"

"No, I won't. You know I won't. Why do you bother me this way?" He glared not so unpleasantly. Mr. Morgan's face was ruddy, showing that he had been out in the sun.

The young man suggested to Mr. Morgan that he could get his salary raised if he could extract an interview from him.

"All right. How much will they raise it? I'll pay the difference. Give you a check right now. But tell me how much and then get out."

"Mr. Morgan, you were pretty close to Emperor William?"

He whirled. "Who said so? Who told you that?"

"It was cabled to the newspapers."

"Well," the Wall street power snapped, "what of it? For God's sake, what of it?"

"Winston Churchill made a speech in parliament."

"Did he, did he?" inquired Mr. Morgan, becoming interested, and turning upon the companionway. "What did he say? What did he say?"

"He called for 500,000 pounds and expressed an open fear of Germany."

"Humph!" said the kaiser's guest.

"Do you think that means war?"

"How should I know?" he replied, without turning. "How should I know?"

"But you were with Emperor William?"

"He did not tell me he was going to war. He didn't tell me anything about it. See, here," continued Morgan, putting his emphatic flat under the reporter's nose, "I don't know and I don't think. I have got no think! Understand?"

THE RAPID RISE OF CHARLES D. HILLES

C. D. Hilles, today field marshal of the Republican forces, was, less than four years ago, guarding the interests of several hundred orphans in a juvenile asylum at Lancaster, Ohio, of which he was the superintendent. His rapid rise in public life is a dramatic story and intensely American in its illustration of the opportunity that, even in these days, awaits the young man who does his job well.

From the hour of his renomination President Taft steadily insisted that his secretary was the right man to head the national committee, and after a little consideration of the character of Mr. Hilles the seasoned politicians reached the same decision.

Who is Mr. Hilles and why has he succeeded where his predecessors have consistently failed? By what art does he succeed as secretary to the president, recognized as the most difficult official billet in Washington? Why does the president prefer him as a leader in the campaign? The answer to these questions, direct from the White House, is Hilles has "the poise and the touch."

It was the Chicago pre-convention campaign that made Mr. Hilles a national figure in politics. He had quietly organized the campaign in a thorough and painstaking manner that permitted Representative McKinley, the president's political manager, to start with an efficient organization.

At Chicago, where Mr. Hilles was the personal representative of the president, he surprised friends and foes alike by his deep insight into every move of the opposition and his ready defence for each attack.

His capacity for work kept him going until three and four o'clock in the morning without his feeling it. He went about his work in his orderly way, carrying it to his rooms with him in his suit cases, as if he were about to start on a long trip.



HETTY GREEN TO JOIN CHURCH



Mrs. Hetty Green, who is in her seventy-eighth year, was baptized the other day in the Episcopal faith in order to prepare for confirmation as a member of the church.

The ceremony was performed in Jersey City by the Rev. Augustine Elmendorf, rector of Holy Cross Episcopal church, Arlington and Claremont avenues, in the presence of Col. Edward Howland Robinson Green, on whose shoulders have fallen much of his mother's great business responsibilities.

Father Elmendorf, as the clergyman is called by his parishioners, is distantly related to Mrs. Green, and for five or six years he has been endeavoring to induce her to think less of things earthly. He kept his secret to himself and labored diligently in his role of missionary by writing letters or carrying the message to her office in person.

Father Elmendorf went to the Trinity building, in New York city where Mrs. Green has her office, on the day of the ceremony. Although the great majority of workers in the financial

district had taken advantage of the Saturday afternoon holiday, Mrs. Green was still busy, but as soon as she could straighten out everything she said she was ready to go with the minister. Colonel Green had his car in readiness and the trip across the river to Jersey City on their spiritual mission was made.

Several persons noticed Mrs. Green as she alighted from the car and entered the rectory, but nobody recognized her. Even the sexton of the church was kept in ignorance. The baptismal ceremony was conducted in the church. Owing to the advanced age of Mrs. Green sponsors were not required, according to the church laws, and Colonel Green merely acted as a witness. The Greens returned to New York after the ceremony.

Mrs. Green will now prepare herself for confirmation, a ceremony that will be conducted by Bishop Edwin S. Lines of the New York diocese.