HAD NERVE.

He—He has an iron constitution.
She—Yes, and there is a great deal of brass about him, too.

Newfoundland's Bad Record.

The Newfoundland Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis is carrying on a vigorous and necessary campaign this year in the island. The death rate from the disease in Newfoundland is very large. About one in every five of the total population dies of it, and, what is worse, in the last six years the death rate, which is stationary or decreasing elsewhere, has increased about 50 per cent. This is due largely to the native horror of fresh air in the house.

A Small Loaf.

A half-famished fellow in the southern states tells of a baker (whose loaves had been growing "small by by degrees and beautifully less") who, when going his rounds to serve his customers, stopped at the door of one and knocked, when the lady within exclaimed: "Who's there?" and was answered: "The baker." "What do you want?" "To leave your bread." "Well, you needn't make such a fuss about it; put it through the keyhole."

A Recommendation.

Landlady—You find her honest, don't you?

Former Mistress—Honest! Why, she never takes even an order from me!—Judge.

Foolish Loiterers.

People who sit and wait for great moments miss many wonderful small moments, and they are to be pitied.

It is always a shock to a man to discover that a woman "knows her own mind," when he marries her under the impression that she hasn't any.

From the Cottage Window

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

Gavin Cuthbert tossed feverishly about his great four-post bed muttering broken sentences. His mother strained every nerve in an effort to catch the words. Perhaps her mother love could fathom some slight longing in her son's ravings.

As she bent over him to smooth his rumpled hair she caught the word "music." It was repeated again and again with an accent of longing.

Mrs. Cuthbert stood suddenly erect. Why had she been so dense? Gavin loved music and through his delirium his very soul was calling for it.

She quickly enumerated her musical friends and realized that her task would be difficult; it was August and the city's population was scattered broadcast. She and Mr. Cuthbert had returned from the Isle of Wight at the first intimation of their son's illness. They were now in "Kingscroft," their country estate in Mottingham.

To find some one who could wield the power of song? Mrs. Cuthbert's hand was on the bell to order the landau for her drive to the station when she stopped. An idea had suddenly presented itself.

Often when driving down the lane, Mrs. Cuthbert had heard a woman's voice emanating from a tiny, wistaria-covered cottage that nestled just off the road. Beyond the fact that a Mrs. Wallace and her daughter from America occupied "The Cottage," Mrs. Cuthbert's knowledge was limited. Feeling that the voice that came from the cottage would appeal to Gavin she did not hesitate in her purpose.

Ten minutes later, the heavy gate of the cottage swung back, admitting her to the sweet-smelling gardens. When a young girl with two thick braids of golden hair answered the full of the brass knocker Mrs. Cuthbert faced a very beautiful picture framed in the low doorway.

"I hope introductions are unnecessary in so small a community," began the elder woman with a smile.

"I have come on a peculiar mission," she continued, "but many things are permissible where illness calls—I am

Mrs. Cuthbert Stood Suddenly Erect.

going to ask a very great favor of you, Miss Wallace."

"I hope Mr. Gavin is no—"

"No—he is no worse, but—he calls for music incessantly and I was at a loss what to do when I remembered having heard a glorious voice creeping through these little casement windows." Mrs. Cuthbert turned with a charming gesture to indicate the windows, around which rose buds were peeping.

When her gaze returned to the girl she was startled by the change in her. The eyes glowed with an intense fire, the slight figure was drawn and tense while her entire being expressed latent emotion. Mrs. Cuthbert was no longer in doubt as to the owner of the voice; this girl was music incarnate. She arose and went to the girl.

"Will you come and sing to my son?" she asked.

"The wistful appeal in the mother's eyes went straight to the girl's heart.

"I shall come with you as soon as I can wind up my hair."

"It looks so pretty as it is," coaxed Gavin's mother, running a hand down two silky braids, "and—it can't have been 'up' very long."

She had her way and a few moments later Ruby Wallace was sitting at Gavin's piano which was visible through the doorway of his private sitting room. Like the ripple of a woodland brook, the prelude to an old negro melody drifted into the room. Her voice was not ordinary; in fact, it was very rare, possessing the quality of tone that goes right to the heart and lightens the shadows of life. As she sang, the patient became interested, then calm, and finally the dull apathy faded from his eyes and they closed into tranquil sleep. A deep sigh of relief escaped Mrs. Cuthbert and she, too, was soon lost in a long-needed rest. A tear glistened on her lashes and Ruby Wallace, seeing it and the sleeping man, knew that she had won one of the greatest triumphs of her life. She played on, from one melody to another.

Gavin's eyes opened slowly; they rested on the profile of a girl who seemed to be all delft blue and gold; an aureola of sun shone on her head and trailed down her back where it ended in two silky tassels. Gavin raised himself on one arm and tried to see if the eyes of this picture matched the gown. His concentrated gaze drew her attention and she turned to meet his eyes.

"Yes, they are blue—a tone darker than—Come here!" he called. Then, when she stood beside him: "Are you—real?" With a whimsical smile he stretched out a doubting hand.

Ruby smiled. "Oh, yes, very, very real."

"You know," he continued, holding fast to her hand, "I imagined that I was entering another world and that you were there to welcome me with your music, but—" his voice became softer—"you have brought me to life in our own world." He raised her hands to his lips before letting them go. "Where is mother?"

His mother had risen at sound of her name and dropped on her knees beside the bed. "My son."

"Little mother—it is good—to be back with you," he said.

The girl went quietly out.

The following days saw Ruby at the patient's piano very often. And it was not long before he was ushered back to the glory and strength of life.

Late one afternoon when they had finished tea and the twilight shades added harmony to an already great friendship, Gavin voiced a well matured thought. Under the lightness of his words his voice rang with a steadiness of purpose.

"Miss Wallace, I am going to inflict a heavy punishment on your arts for having wielded their powers over me when I was too ill to resist." He looked up to meet an interested glance from his mother and a startled one from the girl. "I shall send you to some terrible music master who will make you breathe from your diaphragm and place tones in your head until you are completely his slave. When that is accomplished—you are to come back and show the world of art what a really great voice is."

The girl was silent; two large tears gathered in her eyes. When she spoke her voice was low but the quality spoke volumes. "I can say nothing—at present—you have made too much possible—all at once. I have longed for what you have put before me and now—I—I want only—to cry."

"There, there," said Mrs. Cuthbert, rising. "If you must cry—cry here on my shoulder."

"But I'm not going to," came a muffled voice. "I am too happy to cry."

Not many twilights had come and gone before Gavin and his mother were again alone; each knew a great longing for the music of one voice. For in the heart of the mother Ruby Wallace had wrought a great love—and in the man's?

Something told Gavin that it was best not to tell the girl until such time as she herself beckoned him. Her letters from Germany were filled with humorous, and sometimes tearful, accounts of her studies and always, intermingling, were little phrases of love and gratitude for those who were her benefactors.

One evening, after three years had passed, Gavin stepped into the drawing room looking so handsome in his evening clothes that even his mother stopped to caress him before putting the question uppermost in her mind. Gavin thought her wonderfully lovely, radiant with some inner excitement.

"Have you any engagement to-night, dear?" she asked.

"None; anything special?"

"Would you mind taking me to the opera to-night?"

"The opera! I thought you—mother! What is it?—you are hiding—!" Then suddenly: "I know! She is—"

"Yes, boy—Ruby is singing Juliet. She sent me word to-day with this." Mrs. Cuthbert drew a scarf from her neck, disclosing an exquisite necklace. It represented a few bars of music; the lines were fine golden strands held together by the bars of tiny diamonds; each note was a matchless pearl.

"It is beautiful!" Gavin turned away his head quickly—the girl seemed suddenly very near and a great gladness thrilled him.

"My boy," said his mother, tenderly, "you need not hide it from me—I have always known."

He turned and caught her in his arms.

Gavin sat far back in the box. He seemed to be chained down waiting for the entrance of Juliet—only the sight of her could release him.

His heart gave a great bound for she was there and his whole being went out to meet her. Every note, every gesture was like a long drawn breath from a garden of flowers to the man who waited.

She was the same Ruby whose voice had coaxed him back to life. Now she stood leaning over the balcony with a moon casting its light on her head and trailed down her back—and yes—it ended in two golden tassels. Gavin's hands clenched on the velvet of the box railing when the Romeo of the opera clasped Juliet in what looked like an unnecessarily close embrace, but that memory vanished when, afterward, Juliet sat beside him in the carriage so close that the soft down of her cloak was warm against his arm.

He slipped that arm under the coat and drew her to him. "I have waited three years—dear," he said.

She did not speak, but somehow there in the darkness of the carriage, he knew that he need wait no longer.

Oh, to Be a Woman!

"You women," exclaimed the disgusted brother, "simply have a glorious time doing nothing! My word, I envy you your idleness!"

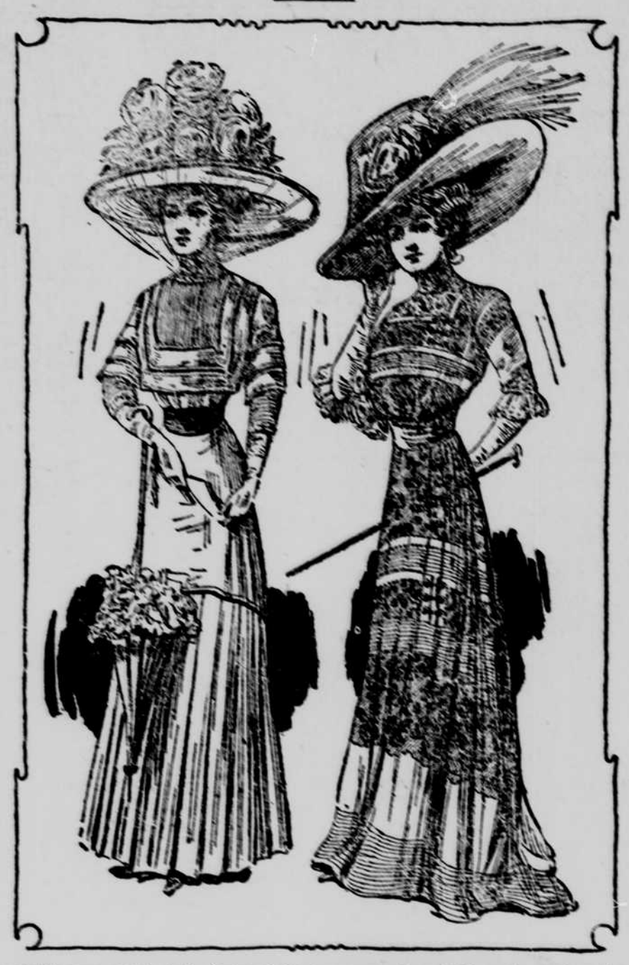
"Idleness?" shrieked his pretty sister.

"Yes, idleness! Oh, why—why—why wasn't I born a woman?"

"Oh, yes; you'd like to be a woman!" retorted the pretty sister. "Just try for a day! Fasten a blanket and a counterpane round your legs; buckle a strap round your waist so tight you can't draw a full breath or eat a hearty meal; have your hair all loose and fluffy so that it keeps tickling your ears and getting into your eyes; wear high-heeled shoes, and gloves a size too small for you; cover your face with a veil full of spots that make you squint; fix a huge hat on with pins, so that every time the wind blows it pulls your hair out by the roots; and then, without any pockets, and with short sleeves, and openwork stockings, go for a walk on a winter's day, and enjoy yourself. Oh, yes, my word, you would like it!"

A man that has had his fill is no eater.

Paris Modes



THE gown at the left, designed for the French races, is of salmon colored tussah silk.

The skirt is made with a deep yoke, to which the plaited lower part, or flounce, is attached with a piping of black silk.

The corsage is trimmed with bands of the material ornamented with buttons of the same and edged with the black silk, leaving a square opening.

The short sleeves are trimmed to correspond and the yoke and undersleeves are of black tucked tulle and white lace.

The casino gown at the right is of black mousseline chiffon and black lace. It is composed of tucked bands of the chiffon and bands of lace, and ornamented with jet buttons and straps of cord or soutache.

The yoke and sleeve ruffles are of white lace, the girdle is of blue silk.

FANCIES OF FASHION

Flowers of different kinds and colors are seen together.

Foulard is coming in for something of its old-time popularity.

Linings must be as soft as they can be made, and as clinging.

Black and black and white both promise to be fashionable veiling colors.

Marquisettes, linen, homespuns, all now appear in checks, both gun-club and shepherd.

An odd fancy of the moment is the use on dressy toilettes of belts of varnished leather.

The soft serges and cashmeres are used to build traveling costumes for the warm spring days.

Nets are again much liked for transparent undersleeves and guimps purposes in the summer frocks.

Billows of fluffy materials and cobwebby laces enhance nearly every lingerie frock now being shown.

EMBROIDERY SHOWN ON BELT

All Sorts of Ornamentation Proper According to the Styles of the Season.

A new touch in embroidered belting is the use of jet beads and colored or crystal bugles in connection with an embroidery design.

A spray of pink white roses worked on white moire belting had as a center for each flower a jet cabuchon. A daisy design worked in white on pale blue belting had yellow bugles for the center and the stems were made of green bugle beads.

The close French knot used to cover stamping, as in coral embroidery, is a quick and popular way to embroider belts. Such a treatment may have satin stitch center with bead stems, or a mock jewel is used for the center, the stems outlined or worked in narrow over and over stitch.

Such belting will not wash, but it may be cleaned with cornmeal and gasoline mixed to a thick paste.

Dusting Sets.

They are charming, coquettish little things.

The set comprises mob cap, sleeve protectors and an apron.

The other handkerchief is used for the cuffs and for a pocket on the apron.

The whole set is made of three men's handkerchiefs, white, with a fancy border in color.

The apron is made of another handkerchief held diagonally and gathered in at the waist toward the top, the extra point above being used as a bib.

One handkerchief gathered up for the cap, by stitching around it in a large circle which almost touches the sides and leaves the four points, and drawing the thread up until the cap takes shape, and a most bewitching shape it is.

SUITS SMALL GIRL.

The little dress is in soft cloth, and made up in rather a novel sailor style; the skirt is gathered in at the waist and turned up with a deep hem at the foot.

The loose blouse is prettily trimmed round the opening at top by material tabs of different sizes; a ribbon is taken under the tabs and tied in a sailor's knot in front.

Materials required: 4 yards 46 inches wide, 1½ yards ribbon.

From a Handkerchief.

A very pretty collar and cuff set to be worn on a blouse may be made from a handkerchief. The one side of the handkerchief should be cut about an inch and a half from the edge and used for the turnover, while the two corners which remain are used for the pointed cuffs. The handsomer the handkerchief the more effective the set. The hem-stitched kerchief is more effective for the purpose than the scalloped.

SIMPLE LINES TO RETURN

Parisian Authority Is Responsible for News That Will Be Gladly Welcomed.

In Mme. Carlier's atelier in the Rue de la Prix there are evolved wonderful ideas in millinery, ideas for which enormous sums are paid by women, or their husbands, from all parts of the world.

The practical American will greet with joy the news that this great arbiter of our millinery destiny sounds the note of simplicity of lines, which can be copied at home.

The small hat is the one most favored by Mme. Carlier. One round toque of Nattier blue velvet has a tiny bordering of black. A square bow is the only ornament, but placed at the front with its loops spreading out on each side.

One of a large number of motor hats is of gathered silk. Around the quaint brim is velvet-bordered ribbon that is gathered and placed in a double quilling to form shells. Over the whole a veil is arranged, caught at each side by a jeweled clasp.

Simplicity Marks Table Decorations.

In decorating your dining-room table aim to make it appropriate and harmonious. Do not let it interrupt conversation. Overdecoration is shoddy and heavy. A jumble of colors or mixture of flowers is inartistic and bad style. Decorations too high or too massive are too imposing.

Aim for simplicity and elegance.

Do not feel you must buy out a hothouse and fruit stand in order to have a handsome dinner table. Wonderful effects can be had with a few flowers and foliage.

Do not turn your table into a jeweler's shop.

Sponging Silk.

Crushed silk may be smoothed out and restored to something like its original freshness by being sponged with gumarabic water. Sponge on the right side of the silk and when almost dry iron it on the reverse side. Do not use a really hot iron or you will make the silk stiff.

TO KEEP TABLECLOTH FRESH

Much Depends on Its Disposition and Care When Not in Actual Use.

When not in use a tablecloth should be kept in folded creases and when brought out to be spread should be laid on the table and unfolded its entire length, the width being doubled, with the center crease along the center of the table.

Then the half breadth that is folded should be turned back and the cloth will hang even.

Careless servants often gather up a cloth "anyhow," without taking the trouble to fold it up again in its own creases, and thus fresh ones are made.

A tablecloth will keep fresh looking as long again if it is always folded up in its own folds and put away until the next meal.

The French have a way of making even an inferior quality of table linen look well without the aid of starch.

When the napkins are washed and ready to be ironed they are dipped into boiling water and partially wrung out between cloths.

They are then rapidly ironed with as hot a flatiron as possible without burning them.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Best Way to Prepare Waffles—Keeping Cakes and Cookies—When Cooking Rice.

Waffles are much lighter if made with sour cream and the batter kept rather thin. To eat with them try chicken gravy or cinnamon and sugar mixed, or lumps of maple sugar melted down and served hot.

A woman who always has delicious little cakes and cookies on hand keeps a cut lemon or orange in the jar with them to give a "far away" and delightful flavor.

One cook always puts a very little lemon juice in the water in which she boils the rice. She claims that it keeps the rice white and the grains whole and separate. It may be worth trying.

If there are not peaches enough left from an opened can to go around mix them with orange pulp and a little sliced banana and the family will find them improved.

Peanut Butter.

This is not expensive to buy, but is still cheaper when made at home. Peanuts are an excellent substitute for meat, containing as they do 50 per cent. of albumen and 20 per cent. of fat. In the German army the soldiers are served regularly with bread and porridge made largely from the peanut. Peanuts are recommended now as a remedy for indigestion, whether eaten raw or made into a soup, sandwich or salad. For the peanut butter, run the shelled and blanched nuts through the meat grinder, using the finest knives. Add salt to flavor and rub into a creamy paste. As the nut is naturally oily, no other oil is needed, though some housewives prefer to add a little cream or olive oil to the well ground nuts. A spoonful of this peanut butter, added to potato or celery cream soup, imparts a delightful flavor.

Creamed Cod in Potato Case.

Boil and mash six good-sized potatoes, add one egg, a gill of milk, salt and pepper to taste and beat until light. Pick and scald a pound of salt cod, drain and scald again. Now press fish until dry. Put a large tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan and add two tablespoonfuls of flour. Mix and add a pint of milk. Stir till it thickens and add pepper to taste. Grease a pudding mold and line bottom and sides with the potato. Add the cod to the cream and fill the center. Cover the top with potato and bake a nice brown.

Vegetarian Beet Dish.

Wash two beets and boil for one hour or till tender. Remove the skin and cut them in thin slices. Peel a medium sized onion, cut it in very thin slices and divide the slices into rings.

Melt one heaping tablespoonful of butter, fry the onion in it till cooked, add salt, pepper and paprika to taste, a few drops of vinegar, also the slices of beets.

Allow the latter to become hot. Put a border of hot mashed potatoes on a hot platter and serve the beets in the center. Serve very hot.

Imitation Planked Fish.

A fair imitation of planked fish may be made on a platter. Put the baked or broiled fish in the center of the dish and rim it with seasoned hot mashed potatoes dropped around by the tablespoonful in egg shaped portions, alternating with wedges of lemon and sprigs of parsley. A broiled steak on a platter may also imitate the chef's elaborate plank work. Rim the platter with hot seasoned mashed potatoes, slices of beets, little white boiled onions and fried mushrooms.

Finnan Haddie Fish Cakes.

A new step and time saver for the busy housewife is the flaked finnan haddie that now comes ready to use for fish cakes, creaming or chowder. The fish is less smoky than when it comes whole. For the cakes mix the finnan haddie parboiled with an equal quantity of mashed potatoes, season with melted butter, salt and pepper, add a beaten egg and mold into cakes. Then fry.

To Make Celery Crisp.

Cut white, tender stalks into two-inch lengths and score the pieces lengthwise about half an inch from each end until both ends are fringed.

Drop them into a pan of ice water in which a slice of lemon is soaking and let stand for an hour before serving.

Stewed Celery.

Use the left-over celery for the next day's luncheon by stewing it tender, mixing it with a white sauce and turning it over toast. The water in which the celery boils should be mixed with cream for the sauce. Or the water may be used to dip the toast in before the sauce is turned over it.

Sardine Sandwich.

An easily made sandwich is composed of finely chopped sardines covered with salad leaves and moistened with the box oil.

SOMETIMES.

Enthusiastic Pastor—Ah! no, my dear young lady; it is not lip service that is pleasing to heaven.

The Dear Young Lady (coyly)—Well, I took in $50, at a dollar a kiss, at the church fair.

Love at First Sight.

Friend—So yours was a case of love at first sight?

Mrs. Getthere—Yes, indeed. I fell desperately in love with my dear husband the moment I set eyes upon him. I remember it as distinctly as if it were yesterday. I was walking with papa on the beach at Long Beach, when suddenly papa stopped, and, pointing him out, said: "There, my dear, is a man worth ten millions."—New York Weekly.

For Settlement.

"That fellow seems to take himself very seriously."

"Yes; he thinks his personal squabbles are weighty enough to be referred to The Hague."

Anything in a Name?

"Say, pa?"

"What is it?"

"Can a rear admiral go to the front?"—Judge.

Grass widows are as new mown hay to some men.