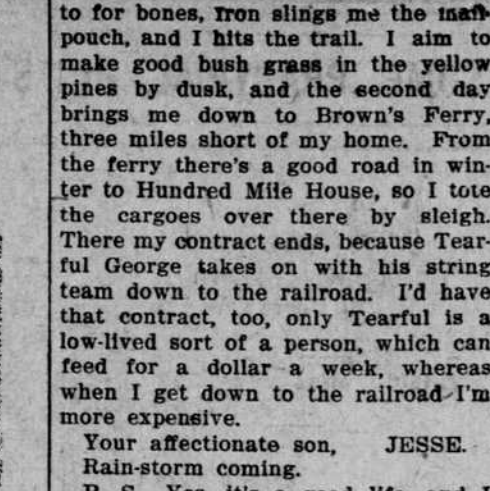
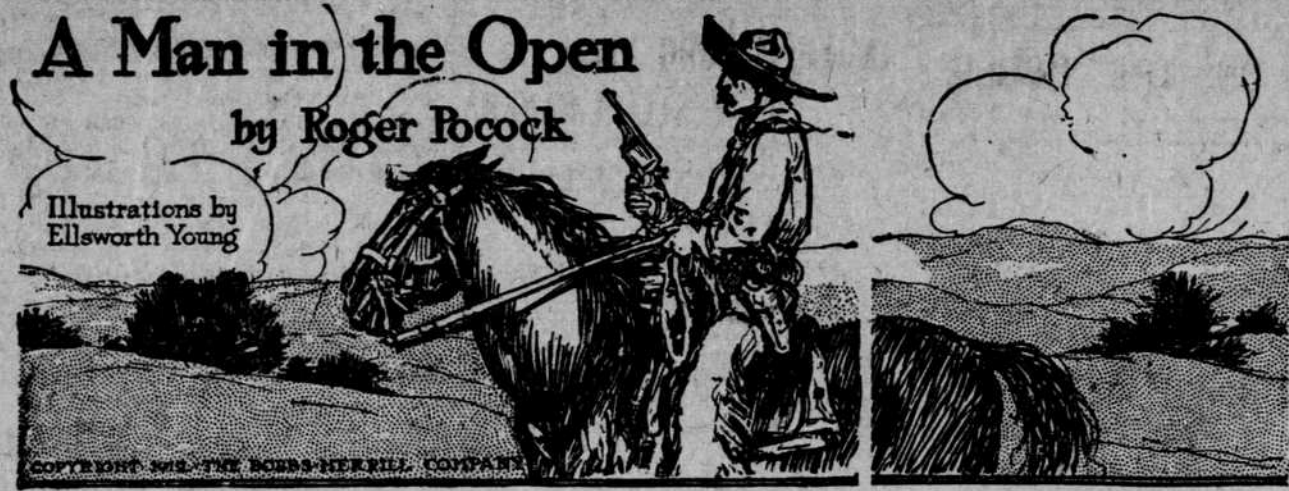


A Man in the Open

by Roger Pocock

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young



SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with Jesse Smith relating the story of his birth, early life in Labrador and of the death of his father. Jesse becomes a sailor. His mother marries the master of the ship and both are lost in the wreck of the vessel. Jesse becomes a cowboy in Texas. He marries Polly, a singer of questionable morals, who later is reported to have committed suicide.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

And I found wealth. Seems there's many persons mistaking dollars for some sort of wealth. I've had a few at times by way of samples, the things which you're apt to be selfish with, or give away to buy self-righteousness. Reckoning with them produces the feeling called poverty. They're the very stuff and substance of meanness, and no man walks straight-loaded. Dollars gets lost, or thrown away, or left to your next of kin, but they're not a good and lasting possession. I like 'em, too.

I found peace, I found wealth, yes, and found something more than in the wilderness. Sweet as the cactus forest in blossom down Salt River is that big memory.

It was after I'd found the things of happy solitude. I'd gone to work then for the Bar Y outfit, breaking the Lightning Colts. We was out a few weeks from home, taking an outfit of ponies as far as the Mesa Abaho, and one night camped at the very rim-rock of the Grand Canyon. The Navajo Indians was peevish, the camp dry, grass scant, herd in a raffish mood, and night come sudden.

I'd just relieved a man to get his supper, and rode herd wide alert. I scented the camp smoke, saw the spark of fire glow on the boys at rest, and heard their peaceful tuck hushed in the big night. They seemed such triflin' critters full of fuss since dawn, so small as insects at the edge of nothin', while for miles beneath us that old, old world Colorado River was playing the Grand Canyon like a fiddler. But the river in the canyon seemed no more than trickle in a crack, hushed by the night, while overhead the mighty blazing stars—point, swing, and drive, rode herd on the milky way. And that seemed no more than cow-boys driving stock. Would God turn his head to see his star herds pass, or notice our earth like some lame calf halting in the rear?

And what am I, then? That was my great lesson, more gain to me than peace and wealth of mind, for I was humbled to the dust of earth, below that dust of stars. So a very humble thing, not worth praying for, at least I could be master of myself. I rode no more for wages, but cut out my ponies from the Lightning herd, mounted my stud horse William, told the boys goodby at Montecello, and then rode slowly north into the British possessions. So I come at last to this place, an old abandoned ranch. There's none so poor in dollars as to envy ragged Jesse, or rich enough to want to rob my home. They say there's hidden wealth whar the rain-bow goes to earth—that's whar I live.

PART TWO

CHAPTER I.

Two Ships at Anchor.

Kate's Narrative. My horse was hungry, and wanted to get back to the ranch. I was hungry too, but dared not go. I had left my husband lying drunk on the kitchen floor, and when he woke up it would be worse than that.

For miles I had followed the edge of the bench lands, searching for the place, for the right place, some point where the rocks went sheer, twelve hundred feet into the river. There must be nothing to break the fall, no risk of being alive, of being taken back there, of seeing him again. But the edge was never sheer, and perhaps, after all, the place by the Soda Springs was best. There the trail from the ranch goes at a sharp turn, over the edge of the cliffs and down to the ferry. Beyond there are three great pines on a headland, and the cliff is sheer for at least five hundred feet. That should be far enough.

I let my horse have a drink at the spring, then we went slowly on over the soundless carpet of pine needles. I would leave my horse at the pines. Somebody was there. Four laden pack-ponies stood in the shade of the trees, switching their tails to drive away the flies. A fifth, a buckskin mare, unloaded, with a bandaged leg.

LEFT YOUNG MOTHER GASPING

Mrs. O'Leary's Well-Meant Words of Compassion Contained a Meaning That Shocked.

There are still two opinions concerning red hair. She was a very proud young mother. All the old masters had never painted such a bambino, had never imagined such a cherub as hers. Quite simply she believed it. And the baby's hair was red. It did not occur to her that red hair was anything but completely and wholly admirable. The little shining copper colored head seemed to her the sum of all that was radiant and lovely.

"I've come for the baby's wash, ma'am." It was Mrs. O'Leary, the washer-woman—a rawboned, dejected soul—who spoke. Evidently there was for her no inexpressible glory shining amid the blue and white draperies of a bassinets. How hard the world was on some women! So thought the young mother and proudly drew back the cover from the baby's nest.

stood in the sunlight. Behind the nearest tree a man was speaking. I reined my horse. "Now you, Jones," he was saying to the injured beast, "you take yo'self too serious. You ain't goin' to Heaven? No! Then why pack yo' bag? Why fuss?" I had some silly idea that the man, if he discovered me, would know what business brought me to this headland. I held my breath.

His slow, delicious, Texan drawl made me smile. I did not want to smile. The mare, a very picture of misery, lifted her bandaged, frightfully swollen leg, and hobbled into the shade. I did not want to laugh, but why was she called Jones? She looked just like a Jones.

"The inquirin' mind," said the man behind the tree, "has gawn surely astray from business, or you'd have know'd that rattlers smells of snake. Then I asks—why paw?"

The mare, with her legs all astraddle, snorted in his face.

"Sugar is it? Why didn't you say so befo'?"

Jones turned her good eye on the man as though she had just discovered his existence, hobbled briskly after him while he dug in his kitchen boxes, made first grab at the sugar bag, and got her face slapped. The man, always with his eye upon the mare, returned to his place, and sat on his heel as before. "Three lumps," he said, holding them one by one to be snatched. "You're acting sort of convalescent, Jones. No more sugar. And don't be a haw!"

The mare was kissing his face. "Back of all! Back water! That now, thank the lady behind me!"

And I had imagined my presence still unknown.

"How on earth," I gasped, "did you know I was here?"

The man's eyes were still intent upon the wounded mare. "Wall, Mrs. Trevor," he drawled.

"You know my name? Your back has been turned the whole time! You've never seen me in your life—at least I've never seen you!"

"That's so," he answered thoughtfully. "I don't need tellin' the sound of that colt yo' husband bought from me. As to the squeak of a lady's pigskin saddle, that ain't no other lady rider short of a hundred and eighty-three and a half miles."

What manner of man could this be? My colt was drawing toward him all the time as though a magnet pulled. He stood facing me, the bag still in his hand, and my colt asking pointedly for sugar. Very tall, gaunt, deeply tanned, perhaps twenty-five years of age, he seemed to me immeasurably old, so deeply lined was his face. And yet it was the face of one at peace. I had been away since daybreak, and now the sun was entering the west. As to my purpose, that I felt could wait.

So I sat under the pines, pretending to nurse Jones while the shadows lengthened over the tawny grass, and orange needles flecked fields of rock, out to the edge of the headland. The man unassumed my horse, unloaded his ponies, fetched water from the spring of natural Apollinaris, but when, coming back, he found me lighting a fire, he begged me to desist, to rest while he made dinner. And I was glad to rest, thinking about the peace beyond the edge of the headland. Yet it was interesting to see how a man keeps house in the wilderness, and how different are his ways from those of a woman. No housewife could have been more daintily clean, or shown a swifter skill, or half the silent ease with which this woodsman made the table-ware for one, enough to serve two people. But a woman would not clean a frying-pan by burning it and throwing on cold water. He sprinkled flour on a ground sheet, and made dough without wetting the canvas. Would I like bread, or slap-jacks, or a pie? He made a loaf of bread, in a frying pan set on edge among glowing coals, and, wondering how a pie could possibly happen without the assistance of an oven, I forgot all about that cliff.

The thing I had intended was a crime, I and conscience-stricken, I dreaded lest he should speak. I could not bear that. Already his camp was cleaned and in order, his pipe filled and alight, at any moment he might break the restful silence. That's why I spoke, and at random, asking if he were not from the United States.

His eyes said plainly, "So that's the game, eh?" His broad smile said, "Well, we'll play." He sat down.

"Come and look at my little daughter," she said. "See, she has red hair." A flash of some strong feeling—could it be compassion?—illuminated the dejected features of Mrs. O'Leary. The proud young mother felt her hand gripped in a grasp of iron, and a warm Irish voice sounded in her ears.

"There, there," it said soothingly. "Don't you fret. Don't you fret. You can't never tell what they look like when they're small. Some of 'em grows up into real good lookin' girls. They do that!"

Children of Palestine at Play. In Palestine, as always, children's play is mostly "making believe" that they are grown up. You may see a mite of five or six paying a visit of ceremony to a pasha or equally tender years, exchanging such compliments with him as "Rest, I pray you!" "Nay, who sees you is rested," and finally backing out of his presence while he gathers up handfuls of dust and sprinkles it on his head. Holding a law court, with melon seeds to repre-

cross-legged. "Yes," he answered, "I'm an American citizen, except," he added softly, "on election days, and then," he cocked up one shrewd eye, "I'm sort of British. Canadian? No, I can't claim that either, coming from the Labrador, for that's Newfoundland, a day's march nearer home.

"Say, Mrs. Trevor, you don't know my name yet. It's Smith, and with my friends I'm mostly Jesse."

"If you please, may I be one of your friends?"

"If I behave good, you may. No harm in my tryin'."

The moment Jesse Smith had given me his name, I knew him well by reputation. Comments by Surly Brown, the ferryman, and my husband's bitter hatred had outlined a dangerous character. Nobody else lived within a day's journey.

"That's my home," said Jesse. "D'ye see a dim trail jags down that upper cliff? That's whar I drifted my ponies down when I came from the States. I didn't know of the wagon road from Hundred Mile House to the ferry, which runs by the north end of my ranch."

"And the tremendous grandeur of the place?"

"Hum. I don't claim to have been knocked all in a heap with the scenery. No. What took hold of me good and hard was the company—a silver-top b'ar and his missus, both thousand pounders, with their three young ladies, now married and settled beyond the sky-line. There's two couples of prime eagles still camps along whar by South Cave. The timber wolf I trimmed out because he wasted around like a remittance man. That was a stallion and his harem, this yere fool Jones bein' one of his young mares. Besides that, there was heaps of I'll friendly folks in fur, hair, and feathers. Yes, I have been right to home since I located."

"But grizzly bears? How frightful!" "Yes. They was frightened at first. The coarse treatment they gets from hunters, makes them sort of bashful with any stranger."

"But the greatest hunters are afraid of them."

"The biggest criminals has got most scare at police. B'ars has no use for sportsmen, nor me neither. My rifle's heaps fiercer than any b'ar, and I've chased more sportsmen than I has grizzlies."

"Wasn't Mr. Trevor one of them?" Jesse grinned.

"Tell me," I said, for the other side of the story must be worth hearing. "Wall, Mr. Trevor took out a summins agin me for chasin' him off my ranch. He got fined for havin' no gun license, and no dawg license, and not payin' his poll-tax, and Cap Taylor bound him over to keep the peace. I ain't popular now with Mr. Trevor, whereas he got off cheap. Now, if them b'ars could shoot—"



"Sugar, is it? Why didn't ye say so befo'?"

I hadn't thought of that. "Can they be tamed?" I asked.

"Men can be gentled, and they needs tamin' most. That was three grizzlies sort of adopted a party by the name of Capen Adams, and camped and traveled with him most familiar. Once them four vagrants promenade on Market Street in Frisco. Not that I holds with this Adams in misleadin' his b'ars among man-smell so strong and distractin' to their peace of mind. But still I reckon Capen Adams and me sort of takes after each other. I'm only attractive to animals."

sent the bribes, is a popular game, and so is a raid of fierce men from the desert. The selling of Joseph and his subsequent interviews with his brethren are rendered with much dramatic action; also the afflictions of the men of Uz, with new details, such as Job's wife cutting off her hair and selling it for bread. "Doing bride" is naturally the chief amusement of the Moslem girl, as it is the one great event of her later life.

Decrees National Sport. Dr. Sargent, the Harvard physical culture expert, is said to regard attendance at baseball games as a harmful pastime, because it stimulates the nerves without furnishing a "motor outlet"—that is, speaking psychologically, and not referring to a joy ride. He says that the case is the same as that of the overstimulated play-goer. Apparently he thinks that there was less harm in the game of baseball as played in the leisurely days of old, when two and two and a half hours elapsed between the moment the umpire called "Play!" and the time the last man was out.

"Oh, surely!" I laughed. But Jesse became quite dismal. "I'm not reckoned," he bemoaned himself, "among the popular attractions. The neighbors shies at coming near my ranch."

"Well, if you protect grizzlies and hunt sportsmen, surely it's not surprisin'."

"Can't please all parties, eh? Wall, perhaps that's how the herd is grazin'. Yes. Come to think of it, I remember once a Smithsonian grave robber comes to inspect South Cave. He said I'd got a bone yard of ancient people, and he'd rob graves to find out all about them olden times. He wanted to catch the atmosphere of them days, so I sort of helped. Robbin' graves ain't exactly a holy vocation. The party had a mean eye, a German name, and a sort of patronizin' manner, but still I helped around to get him atmosphere, me and Eph."

"Who's Eph?"

"Oh, he's just a silver-top, what scientific parties calls ursus horribilis ord. You just cast your eye whar the trickle stream falls below my cabin. D'ye see them sarvis berry bushes down below the spray?"

"Where the bushes are waving? Oh, look, there's a gigantic grizzly standing up, and pulling the branches!"

"Yes, that's Eph."

"Well, as I was tellin' you, Eph and me is helpin' this scientific person to get the atmosphere of them ancient times."

"But the poor man would die of fright!"

"Too busy running. When he reached Vancouver, he was surely a cripple though, and no more use to science. Shall I call Eph?"

"I think not to-day," said I, hurriedly rising, "for indeed I should be getting home at once."

Without ever touching the wound, he had given me the courage to live, had made my behavior of the morning seem that of a silly schoolgirl; but still I did not feel quite up to a social introduction. I said I was sure that Eph and I would have no interests in common.

"So you'll go home and face the music," said Jesse's wise old eyes. "My husband," said I, "will be getting quite anxious about me."

Without a word he brought my horse and saddled him. And I, with a sinking heart, contrasted the loneliness and the horror which was called my "home" with all the glamour of this man's happy solitude.

He held the stirrup for me to mount, offered his hand.

"Do you never get hungry," I asked, "for whar's beyond the horizon?"

He sighed with sheer relief, then turned, his eyes seeing infinite distances. "Why, yes! That country beyond the sky-line's always callin'. That's somethin' I want away off, and I don't know what I want."

"That land beyond the sky-line's called romance."

He clenched his teeth. "What does a ship want when she strains at anchor? Whar she wants is drift. And I'm at anchor because I've sworn off drift."

At that we parted, and I went slowly homeward, up to my anchor. Dear God! If I might drift!

CHAPTER II.

The Trevor Accident. N. B.—Mr. Smith, while living alone, had a habit of writing long letters to his mother. After his mother's death the habit continued, but as the letters could not be sent by mail, and to post them in the stove seemed to suggest unpleasant ideas, they were stowed in his saddle wallets.

There's been good money in this here packing contract, and the wad in my belt-pouch has been growing till Doctor McGee suspects a tumor. He thinks I'll let him operate, and sure enough that would reduce the swelling.

Once a week I take my little pack outfit up to the Sky-line claim for a load of peacock copper. It runs three hundred dollars to the ton in horn silver, and looks more like jewels than mineral. Iron Dale's cook, Mrs. Jubbin, runs to more species of pies and cake than even Hundred Mile house, and after dinner I get a rim-fire cigar which pops like a cracker, while I sit in front of the scenery and taste the breath of the snow mountains. Then I load the ponies, collect Mick out of the cook house, which he's partial

to for bones, Iron slings me the innapouch, and I hits the trail. I aim to make good bush grass in the yellow pines by dusk, and the second day brings me down to Brown's Ferry, three miles short of my home. From the ferry there's a good road in winter to Hundred Mile House, so I tote the cargoes over there by sleigh. There my contract ends, because Tearful George takes on with his string team down to the railroad. I'd have that contract, too, only Tearful is a low-lived sort of a person, which can feed for a dollar a week, whereas when I get down to the railroad I'm more expensive.

Your affectionate son, JESSE. Rain-storm coming.

P. S.—Yes, it's a good life, and I don't envy no man. Still it made me sort of thoughtful last time as I swung along with that Jones mare enquiring at my wrist, little Mick snapping rear heels astern, and the sun just scorching down among the pines. Women is infrequent, and spite of all my experiences with the late Mrs. Smith—most fortunate deceased, life ain't all complete without a mate. It ain't no harm to any woman, mother, if I just varies off my trail to survey the surrounding stock.

Mrs. Jubbin passes herself off for a widow, and all the boys at the mine take notice that she can cook. Apart from that, she's homely as a barb-wire fence, and Bubbly Jock, her husband, ain't deceased to any great extent, being due to finish his sentence along in October, and handy besides with a rifle.

Then of the three young ladies at Eighty Mile, Sally is a sound proposition, but numerously engaged to the stage drivers and teamsters along the Cariboo Road. Miss Wilth, the school-ma'am, keeps a widow mother with tongue and teeth, so them as smells the bait is ware of the trap. That's why Miss Wilth stays single. The other girl is a no-account young person. Not that I'm the sort to shy at a woman for squinting, the same being quite persistent with sound morals, but I hold that a person who scratches herself at meals ain't never quite the lady. She should do it private.

There's the Widow O'Flynn on the trail to Hundred Mile,—she's harsh, with a wooden limb. Besides she wants to talk old times in Abilene. I don't.

While I've mostly kep' away from the married ladies, and said "deliver us from temptation" regular every night, there was no harm as I came along down, in being sorry for Mrs. Trevor. Women are reckoned mighty cute at reading men, but I've noticed when I've struck the complete polecat, that he's usually married. So long as a woman keeps her head she's wiser than a man, but when she gets rattled she's a sure fool. She'll keep her head with the common run of men, but when she strikes the all-around stinker, like a horse runs into a fire, she ups and marries him. Anyway, Mrs. Trevor had got there.

Said to be Tuesday. Trip before last was the first time I seen this lady. Happens Jones reckoned she'd been appointed inspector of snakes, so I'd had to lay off at the spring, and Mrs. Trevor comes along to get shut of her trouble. She's hungry; she ain't had anything but her prize haw to speak to for weeks, and she's as curious as Mother Eve, any way.

Surely my meat's transparent by the way her voice struck through among my bones. If angels speak like her I'd die to hear. She told me nothin', not one word about the trouble that's killing her, but her voice made me want to cry. If you'd spoke like that when I was your puppy, you'd a had no need of that old slinger, mother.

"Cause I couldn't tear him away from the beef bones, I'd left Mick up at the Sky-line, or I'd at that lady to accept my dog. You see, he'd bite Trevor all-right, whar's I has to diet myself, and my menu is sort of complete. Still by the time she stayed in camp, my talk may have done some comfort to that poor woman. She didn't know then that her trouble was only goin' to last another week.

You'd have laughed if you'd seen Jones after she drank her fill of water out of the bubbly spring, crowded with soda bubbles. She just goes hic, tittup, hic, down the trail, changing steps as the hiccupps jolted her poor old ribs. The mare looked so blamed funny that at first I didn't notice the tracks along the road.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Home Club for Domestic. A home club for housemaids and cooks for the purpose of providing domestic a home and a place to entertain, as well as channels of culture and a special employment bureau, will be established by the Friday Morning club of Los Angeles. Much of the cultural work of the latter club will be introduced here and a special employment bureau will be operated by the clubwomen. Music and good books will be supplied and the girls will be expected to make the club a real home, not only living there, but bringing their friends there to entertain them.

Then he fastened a weight on one end of the sweep and a long rope to the other end. The bucket is fastened to the end of this long rope, and all he has to do is to lower the buckets into the well. The weight of the stone pulls it up again, brimming full.

Got the Wrong Dish. Jones seldom gets home in time to eat dinner with his family because the press of his work keeps him at his desk until long after everybody else has left the building. Mrs. Jones always puts his dinner in the oven, where he finds it when he arrives.

One night he reached home after the family had gone to bed, and found his dinner on top of the stove. Next morning his wife opened the oven and discovered that the food she had left for him had not been touched.

"Why, John! Didn't you eat your dinner last night?" she asked.

"My dear," he replied, "I did, and enjoyed it very much, but you made a mistake and left it on top of the stove."

"Good heavens!" she cried. "That was the dog's supper!"

Prevailing Styles in the New Shoes.



EVERY season finds women more exacting in the matter of footwear. Shoes and stockings must be faultless for the well dressed and up-to-date member of modern society, whether she be a devotee of fashion, or engaged in business or simply devoting her time to the business of being a woman.

The styles now prevailing and those just preceding them have brought the fact into prominence. It is not the fashion to conceal them, but to clothe them daintily and set the flimsiest of draperies about them. Lace and chiffon petticoats, slashed skirts and inhanging draperies all bespeak attention to fine footwear.

For general wear a neat looking, inconspicuous shoe of all leather, or of leather and cloth, should be chosen. Perfect fit and neat finish are the matters of importance for shoes to be worn for shopping, traveling and general utility. Two pairs are more economical than one, if such shoes are worn every day, and one should alternate them. They are easily kept in commission in this way. One pair dressed and on the shoe tree stands always in readiness. Properly cleaned and aired and polished, they will pay for the attention with long service.

For dressier wear in the winter there is the shoe with patent calf vamp and brocade silk top in black. This is an elegant shoe with any visiting or dinner gown except the most brilliant of opera or ball gowns. The same vamp with plain black cloth top puts the shoe in another class where

it is appropriate for the demi-toilet of the tailor-made.

Elegant and more showy shoes are up-to-date member of modern society, whether she be a devotee of fashion, or engaged in business or simply devoting her time to the business of being a woman.

The price of good shoes has advanced because the materials of which they are made cost more than they have heretofore. There is no economy in buying cheap shoes. The expenditure at the end of a year will be greater if one keeps the feet respectably clothed, if cheap shoes are bought than if the better grades are worn. In one must economize let it be in some other direction and not in the matter of footwear. Quality cannot be sacrificed here without a certainty involving both economy and comfort in the end.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

COIFFURE AND HAIR ORNAMENT MOST EFFECTIVE

THE very attractive and becoming coiffure pictured here belongs to the class described as the "Casque" coiffure. All the hair is waved and combed to the nape of the neck and the crown of the head at the back. There is the shallowest of parts at the front with the hair at each side brought down over the ears, wholly concealing them.

To make this hairdress the hair must be parted off all around the crown of the head, and waved. That which is left on the crown is to be laid in a flat coil at the back and pinned down securely. All the remainder (except the lock left at the middle of the forehead) is to be drawn loosely

back to the coil and over it. The hair at the nape of the neck is first brought up and the ends tucked under the coil or pinned around it. The ends of the front and side hair are then disposed of in the same way.

Then the lock at the middle of the forehead is parted and brought down at each side over the ears to the nape of the neck. The ends (the lock being light) are tucked under the waved hair covering the coil and pinned into place with invisible pins.

A light fringe of hair curled in flat, short ringlets, is cut across the forehead in a line more or less curved or straight, as best becomes the wearer. These ringlets must be flattened to the head to preserve the correct lines in this coiffure. This may be done by trying them down with a light veil for a few minutes.

The coiffure is finished with an ornamented band and single, curling spray of Paradise. The band in this costume is made of flat jade beads matching those worn with the costume about the neck. But there are innumerable bands, those of black gauze or velvet and rhinestones being among the most effective.

The costume worn by the handsome brunette is of black velvet and silver embroidered net, with a skirt which appears to wrap about the figure, terminating in a high waist line. The rather scanty bodice is made of white chiffon. With a drapery of gossamer

lace it would be much prettier and more in keeping with American ideas of modesty, which criticism is made without apologies to the great designer, who, with such wonderful fabrics to work with, yet missed the final finishing touch by placing a glorious skirt with an insignificant waist on so splendid a model.

The coiffure suits the style of the wearer and her costume. It is one of those that almost any one will find becoming, except women with very thin faces and necks. For them there are other designs which soften or conceal their defects.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Slashed Petticoat. We have had the "tango" gown; now has descended upon us the "tango" petticoat. This latest addition to the wardrobe of the fashionable woman is made of but two pieces, with seams in the side, which, needless to say, are open to a point just above the knee. The front and back breadths of the petticoat are scalloped, sloping gradually up to the joining of the seams at the knee. The garment in this instance is edged with a plaited ruffle of silk of which the skirt is made, but lack of almost any kind would be nearly as effective. To regulate the height of the skirt slashes on each side of the openings there have been sewn crocheted rings, through which a lacing of ribbon is passed.

Worth Trying. The recipe of a doctor for those who have suffered from blotchy complexions and fatigue is worth trying. For two months, he advises, eat nothing whatever for breakfast but fruit.

Do not eat again until luncheon when you return to your ordinary fare. No tea, coffee or cocoa is permitted.

For heavy and obese women the latest idea is that they should eat very little of ordinary food, but subsist only on boiled fish, cold meat and toast and at such sparingly, but of lettuce as often and as much as they like. If they can bear it, their breakfast and supper should be of lettuce and lettuce alone.

All Shades of Gray. Gray in all possible shades is one of the colors of the season. Pearl gray is being most successfully combined with white velvet and ermine for really rich tea gowns; and a deep shade of smoky gray is being very much used for mantles in conjunction with bands of smoke gray fox. All shades of rich blue are in demand in such materials as velours de laine and liberty cashmere. Costumes in these materials are trimmed with bands of sable or of black fox, and the craze of the moment seems to be for Chinese embroideries of the finest description.

To Clean Silver. Put a quarter of a pound of sal soda into a gallon of water. Place on stove and let it come to a boil. While it is boiling put in piece of silverware one by one. Take out quickly and wash in soap suds. Dry with a soft clean cloth. This will remove all discoloration and the silverware will look as if it were new, it will be so bright. It takes about a quarter of the time used in polishing with silver polish.