

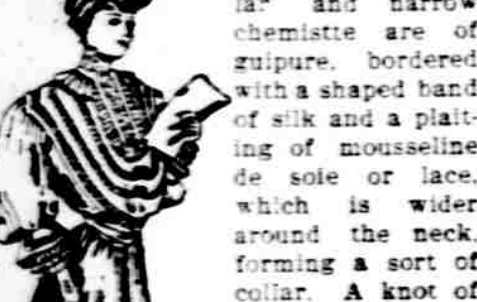
# FABLES OF FASHION

**Caprice in Trimming.**  
Those who are always on the lookout for the trimmings should learn to make "crests." To make a crest take a frill of silk and scallop both edges. Now shift it a little way from the edge, until the frill is moderately full, and set it upon the skirt.

This will make the edges stand out like narrow ruffles, each side of a full puff.

And there are different ways of making crests. They take silk and cut it in strips and double it. Both edges are now pinned or frilled, frayed, or scalloped. The frill is now shifting over a narrow cording and the cord is pulled until the frill is just full enough. It is sewed on the skirt or the waist upside down, so that the edges will stand out in the smartest imaginable fashion.

**Light Blue Silk Waist.**  
Blouse of pale blue louisine, the front and back forming a plastron ornamented with fainting. The collar and cuffs are of narrow chemise with a shapely band of silk and a plaiting of mousseline de soie or lace which is wider around the neck, forming a sort of collar. A knot of velvet ornaments the front.



The sleeves are plaited at the top and again on the outside at the bottom, where they are finished with charming fringed cuffs and plaitings of mousseline de soie or lace.

The article of the silk is ornamented in front with knots of velvet.

**Waterfall for St. Petersburg.**  
St. Petersburg is looking for a waterfall, and has been so looking for more than twenty years. Its object is to find a fall capable of forming sufficient power to supply St. Petersburg with electricity. Hitherto the most suitable for this purpose appeared to be a cataract in Finland, which it was proposed to utilize for the working of an electric railway. Further research, however, has resulted in the discovery of the Kirimint waterfall on the river Voksa, forty-five miles from St. Petersburg, with energy equivalent to 25,000 horse power. This waterfall is forty-five miles from the Russian metropolis, is then that in Finland, and is offered for sale at a considerably less price. Unless the difficulties of conveying the current prove insuperable, the Kirimint waterfall will be purchased.

**Whitening Green Chiffon.**  
A charming dress for a girl who is to help receive with one of next week's debutantes is of pale whitewashed chiffon. Its plaited skirt trimmed at bottom with two loops of waved and knotted green ribbon. Its bodice has a lace bertha and is daintily garnished with ribbon knots. There is a tiny chemise of white guipure.



**Ribbons in Millinery.**  
Ribbons are conspicuous in the new winter millinery. Some of the new hats are shirred or plaited. Huge rosettes made from short bits of ribbon, with Van Dycked points in several harmonizing or contrasting shades, are used in these rosettes. Double rosettes are used with a sort of sheaf effect between—also appear in ribbons.

**A New Dessert.**  
What a boon to the housekeeper a new dessert is. Here is one which is as sure you have not tried, and once tried you are sure to have it again. It is called chocolate pears and is made by paring four pears, cut in fours, and saute in butter until browned. Arrange in serving-dish, pour over the following sauce and chill thoroughly. Cook two ounces of

**Fancy Shirt Waist.**  
Blouse of light weight wool shirred, with a wide white shirred collar and made with box plaits, the latter trimmed with soutache and motifs of pascament.



The full sleeves have deep cuffs trimmed with the soutache and motifs with lace and finished with a wide white shirred collar and wrist ruffles. The standing collar is of lace.

**For Travel or Driving.**  
In describing coats the field is so wide that it is not possible to cover the whole ground. One style seems to be almost indispensable, and that is a long, fur-lined tweed or cloth coat. Such a coat is a wrap par excellence for driving, motoring or railway travel. The mode has no rival so far as comfortable knockabout and comprehensive wear is concerned. One example of a coat of this description is made of light gray tweed, and is lined throughout with squirrel lock, handsomely adorned exteriorly with a huge roll collar and revers of gray Persian lamb.

**The Season's Fur.**  
Numerous faddish furs have been introduced this season, and are enjoying their brief moment of favor. The skin of the baby cat is one of these. It is finely and tightly tailored into flat muffs and small scarfs, to be worn with an trim walking suits. Sometimes one sees smart little "bubbling" coats of setta, often trimmed with leather. And again one sees this reversed, and the coat of the leather with trimmings of the setta.

Fox skin is also developed into leg and loose auto coats, and for very cold weather rather shapeless affairs in bear are appearing.

Mole-skin is losing ground this winter. The furriers discourage its use because of the very great amount of labor required in its finishing. They

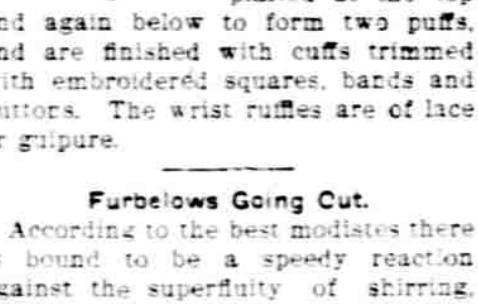
claim the prices they can obtain for mole garments do not cover the great labor of sewing these tiny skins. Then, too, the mole, like the broadtail, is a very thin skin and easily torn, and garments of it are far from serviceable.

**Dress Wrinkle.**  
The newest wrinkle in dress is the sleeveless jacket. It would be better if it were of a little different shape. It is made exactly like a little tight fitting coat, except that it has no sleeves. Its material is something pretty, usually a broad silk, and it is abundantly trimmed, making a garment of a great deal of elegance.

From the bolero to the sleeveless jacket is, indeed, only a step. The bolero in all its forms is well known. And the sleeveless jacket will soon be. It opens up such a fine possibility for pretty gowns that modest are rushing into it headlong, and are spending a great deal of money upon it. It has taken the fashionable world quite by storm.

The skirt to wear with such a coat as this must match the waist and thus a very handsome costume is made, a dressy thing for any occasion.

**In Light Taffeta.**  
Blouse of light gray-blue taffeta plaited at the top, where it is trimmed with embroidered squares bordered with bias bands of taffeta fastened with fancy buttons.



front of the blouse is trimmed in the same way and the yoke, or guipure, is of guipure.

The sleeves are plaited at the top and again below to form two cuffs, and are finished with cuffs trimmed with embroidered squares, bands and buttons. The wrist ruffles are of lace or guipure.

**Furbelows Going Out.**  
According to the best modistes there is bound to be a speedy reaction against the superfluity of shirring, ruffing, piping and the like, against the yards of trimmings, the various materials introduced into one gown, the absurd amount of material required for any dress, the trimmings of the 1890 modes has outrun its model and those much befurbelowed ladies would doubtless gasp with astonishment at the exaggerated replicas of their mechanized fashions.

**Continental Hats.**  
The continental hat has more volume than ever and appears with various modifications. Some of the smartest models have the under side of the rolling brim covered smoothly with black velvet.

The upper side of the brim and the crown are on heavier in white or some pastel shade, and clusters of velvet roses or the rather absurd gold or silver grapes are tucked into the brim's indentations.

**Paprika Snitzel.**  
Cut two pounds of thick veal steak into small pieces, roll in seasoned flour, fry brown in salt pork fat. Remove the meat from the pan, add two tablespoonfuls of flour to the remaining fat, brown lightly, and pour in gradually the strained liquor from a pint can of tomatoes. Add a slice of onion and carrot, three bay leaves and a bit of marjoram, then return the meat to the sauce, cover closely and simmer three-quarters of an hour. When done, remove the meat, add a little more salt if necessary to the sauce, a large pinch of paprika and strain on the platter. (The pork fat helps to season it.)

**HANDSOME TOILETS IN BROWN.**  
The first is of brown cloth trimmed with bands and motifs of brown crushed velvet or plush, and with braids. This trimming encircles the skirt and forms the yoke of the blouse, which fastens a little on one side with gold buttons. The narrow collar is of the cloth embroidered in green and brown, and the standing collar is of white cloth or silk, also embroidered in green and brown. The basque is attached under the front, the latter fastened in velvet with a gold buckle. The leg-of-mutton collar is of cream lace and sleeves are trimmed at the rest of the gown. The other gown is of brown



panne. The skirt is shirred at the top, except in front, where it forms two box plaits. It is finished at the bottom with two furbelows, set one on the other, and headed by little frills of brown taffeta or satin. The draped fronts of the bodice cross and are bordered with bias bands of the panne ornamented with embroidered buttons. The yoke is of cream lace and the shoulder collar is of cream lace and brown silk lace. The puffed sleeves are shirred along the outside and ornamented at the top with little frills of silk or satin. They are finished at the elbows with frills of chiffon and lace. The folded grille is of the panne.

sweet chocolate, one teaspoon sugar, one and a quarter cups of milk, in double boiler five minutes, then add a teaspoon arrowroot, mixed with a salt, cook ten minutes. Melt one and a half tablespoonfuls of butter, add four tablespoonfuls powdered sugar and cook stirring constantly until well caramelized. Add to first mixture, add half a teaspoon vanilla, and strain over pans.—Montreal Herald.



Nothing brightens up a dark suit so elegantly as a white hat and a little emine cravat.

For evening wear the feathered stole has a dainty rose of a camellia fastened at the left side.

A trimming fancy much seen is the use of silver-edged straps and buttons of one or another, and on the whole, they are pretty and generally becoming. One form of trimming is to bring a leather across the crown from brim to brim, and add one very long one, which trails down on the back of the hair and in some cases sweeps half way around the neck.

**Shot Silks Are Coming in.**  
Shot silks are coming in, and are used just now on Louis XVI dinner frocks for the underskirt and cuffs and revers, the rest being brocade. Of course all the hats are trimmed in some form or another, and on the whole are pretty and generally becoming. One form of trimming is to bring a leather across the crown from brim to brim, and add one very long one, which trails down on the back of the hair and in some cases sweeps half way around the neck.

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# Mistress Rosemary Allyn

By MILLICENT E. MANN  
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**CHAPTER II.—Continued.**  
I walked down the path. I had but gone a short distance when I heard a shrill voice call:  
"Wait a little, the lady bids you wait."

It was the old dame. I waited until she hobbled near, thinking the dame had sent a message. I was mistaken. It was more jolly the lady wished.

"Take your fish, my Lord of the World," the nurse mumbled from between loose teeth, as she held out the basket of trout I had left on the grass. "I'll answer for it that you'll get near bite nor sup to-day but the same, my Lord—my Lord Fishmonger."

Then she cooed, echoed in the woods by a fresh young voice. Millady was enjoying herself immensely.

Such had been my meeting with Mistress Rosemary Allyn. I laughed now as I recalled it. Mistress Rosemary Allyn thought me a boor, and because I dressed as the villagers, that I needs must be one of them. Sheath she might have been with half an eye, had she not been so engrossed in her own little temper, that my kerserewere was of the finest, and my linen being from the hand loom to Nance was of as sheer a texture as any to be had in London, eye or even Paris. Again, I laughed as I looked back. For as far as eye could see from the eminence we were upon, I looked upon my own land.

**CHAPTER III.**  
**A Pair of Blue Eyes.**  
We reached a point where two roads met. I took the lower one, telling Gil that I should be home anon. Inclination and desire to again see Mistress Rosemary Allyn pulled my horse in the direction of Castle Drout. The only dwelling

rained voice while her eyes were demurely dropped.

"The mistress."

"The room was daintiness itself in its extreme femininity, albeit the bed was disarranged as if mildly had but just arisen. Lace fine as cobwebs was valanced about bed and dressing table. The table was bare of any toilet articles, save a box or two, but many silken bows stuck here and there filled up the barrenness, and gave a touch of beauty to the whole. A large roomy chair of blue and white tannack an immense divan upholstered in the same material, with a few spindle-legged chairs was about all the room contained.

Such daintiness, such femininity moved me like new made wine. I grew hot for shamefacedness at myself, intruder—going there. I turned away, but not before I had caught sight of a pale blue satin slipper hiding under a frail chair. To see was to desire—to desire was to obtain. But how? All sorts of ludicrous ideas flashed upon me as a means of becoming the owner of that crumpled slipper. The maid—most acute observer—divined my thoughts ere I had time to say a word.

"Pretty, is it not?" she laughed.  
"Pretty, indeed," I admitted, admiring her cunning glance.  
"What will ye pay for it?" she asked.  
"What you will," I replied, delighted at being able to gain possession so easily.

"A sovereign, please, sir," she said. I put a hand into my pocket and drew out the gold piece. I passed it into her greasy palms—fat pink palms. Evidently Mistress Rosemary Allyn did not work her maid to the spoiling of her hands.

I picked up the slipper, and before I put it away, I glanced at it upon the tips of my fingers, while I yet strived to banter the pretty maid, even to pinch her saucy cheeks.

"I received a thrust in the shoulder."

Edward Farmer of Boston sat in an electric car the other day behind two young men. One of the young men was a Bostonian, and the other was a visitor from the West. The farmer was showing the city to the latter.

As the car glided past Copley square the Bostonian pointed out the plain and massive building of the public library to his friend.

As most of the world knows, the people of Boston, when they build their library, are distinguished by the care and pains to make it the show place of New England. They carried out their resolution well, and the beautiful architecture and its decorations by Sargent, Peiris de Charvannes and Abbey have stood admired by visitors from all parts of the globe.

"There," said the young Bostonian, "is the public library. I guess you've often heard of that."

The other looked at the library and nodded his head in appreciation.

"Fine," he said. "Did Carnegie give it?"

"The Bostonian hesitated. "I don't know," he said. "I'm not quite sure whether Carnegie gave it or not. Come to think of it, though I believe he did. Yes, he did. Carnegie gave it."

**SOPHS MADE A MISTAKE.**  
Interruption That Put Stop to Fun of Hazing Party.

Jesse Lynch Williams, who has written ten delightful stories of student life at Princeton and who has lived there since his graduation from the university, is a very youthful looking man, with a frank, boyish face and slender figure that do not betray the student's age. He is a member of the Phi Kappa Psi chapter of the Psi Chi fraternity, and he was crossing the campus one morning when a party of sophomores suddenly surrounded him.

"Soph?" commanded one.  
Mr. Williams stopped.  
"Take off that hat," said another. The hat came off.

"What do you mean by wearing a stiff hat here?" demanded another. "Put it down."

The hat was laid aside.  
"Now walk over to that tree and stand there till we tell you to—"

But the hazing got no further, for an older student came along just then and recognized Mr. Williams.

"What the deuce do you fellows mean?" he asked. "Don't you know an old grad when you see one?" and the wise sophs melted among the trees in the heat of their woeful apologies.—New York Times.

**Wanted Information.**  
The Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainford told the other day of an opponent of ritualism in the Episcopal church who took his little daughter to a "high" church for the first time. The little girl had been attending a very "low" church, where a vested choir was a thing unknown, and when the rows of little boys in long white robes appeared at the professional, the child could not contain herself.

"Oh, papa," she shrieked, "look at all those boys in nightgowns! Do they sleep here all the time, and where is the bath they are going to?"—New York Times.

**An Oriental Answer.**  
It was in a Maine Sunday school, says Lippincott's Magazine, that a teacher recently asked a Chinese pupil if he understood the meaning of the words "an old cow."  
"Been cow a long time," was the prompt answer.

# BALLAD OF BUBBLY CREEK

On the Old Chicago River—A Memory of Boyhood in Halsted Street's Historic Ground

In the old Chicago river in those streamless days of yore,  
Sweeping like a tawny tiger past the green and pebbly shore,  
And the yellow current foaming as it crashed against the millstone, that the And the bells of huge Chicago pealing richly on the ear:

Oh, those chiming bells that brought you down the river, long ago,  
As you drifted with the current, nestled by soft rippling flow,  
And a dreamy, drowsy creeping, soothed in your throbbing brain,  
And could delicious water lull you heartache and your pain.

There we'd swim far up the river, butting to catch the foam on the day,  
As the old stern wheeler, chugging as it naughtily prae,  
And the old stern wheeler, chugging as it naughtily prae,  
Big "Jim" Blunt was her pilot, and a staunch and stalwart friend.

Swimming up behind the tug boats, just rising, falling on the bluffs, and up to the top of the hill,  
Tossed upon the crouching, white caps, tumbling on the white caps crest,  
Floating with the rippling current, diving with keen savage zest.

And the raft of buffalo barge drifted down before our sight,  
And the white steam engine blowing, veiled the drowsy air of night,  
And the night air, heavily laden, seemed to split the brooding air,  
And black smoke stacks of the freighter loomed up like a giant as despair.

Then we heard the measured rolling of the war drums,  
Growling like a rusty train and throbbing with a martial hum.

And we saw great cannon frowning in the barracks on the shore,  
And the sunset gun, thunder that the sunset may was o'er,  
And we saw bright sabres glister death as big melow harvest moon,  
As we rowed the shallow eddies piping up a rowing tune,  
And the halcyon birds, hoofbeats clattering in the way,  
And the jingling of the harness as the night wind blew.

And big war "Victories" drilling with an awkward, clumsy gait,  
And the spruce and brave young captain with the braided, peevish faw,  
And the jingling of the harness as the night wind blew,  
"Sammy Stars-and-stripes," the soldier, was the apple of our eye.

On the old Chicago river, tossing on its waves,  
Flowing with a grisly shiver with its cargo of the dead,  
Twisting like a hungry scorpion as it rippled through the town,  
Choking the water with its scum and suicides plunging in oblivion's frown.

What's the use of always roaming like a sage over the sea,  
Questing like a weary gnat over the green sword frank and free,  
Take me back to Bubbling Creek, for my heart is sick for home,  
I can't stand dark olden times scowling cross the sundering foam.

Take me back to old Chicago, far across the sundering sea,  
Let me get in touch with Halsted—Bubbling Creek's the place for me,  
Every man brings his own piece—Chicago is the town for you,  
Oh, you big, old dumpy city, sprawling like a rusty train and throbbing with a martial hum.

JAMES E. KINSELE,  
Registry Division Chicago, Footnote.

# Found Where Noah Lived

K. V. Millard, who now resides in Indianapolis, has been for several years studying the archaeology of Egypt. For the last year, until his recent return to this country, he was engaged in making excavations at various places on the Nile, especially at Gizeh, in the neighborhood of the great Pyramid of Cheops.

"I have discovered during the last three years," said Mr. Millard, "just where Noah lived, where the ark was built, and that Noah built the great Pyramid of Khufu, known as the Pyramid of Gizeh."

"Noah was the greatest king this world has ever seen. He was the greatest of the Egyptian Pharaohs, not excepting Rameses the Great. He was a millionaire. The Biblical account of the flood gives no clew as to where he lived or where his ship carpenters were at work for 120 years constructing the ark.

"Noah was six hundred years old when the flood came. It is evident that he must have been a millionaire and a man of great business ability. He built the ark at his own expense. Such a boat in those times would cost more than half a million dollars. He must have been in a position to force vast multitudes to work for him, regardless of their interest in him or in his work, or of their own personal indignities."

"Noah built the great pyramid during the earlier part of the fourth Egyptian dynasty, and not more than twelve hundred years after God had expelled Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden. If Noah's size and intellectual powers were proportioned at his age to ours, then in brain and brawn and stature he, too, must have been a giant."—Washington Star.

# Crow Lived Many Years

George McCarran, a farmer living near this city, has just received a much prized aluminum plate marked as follows: "Return to George McCarran, Orrville, Ohio," with which an interesting story is connected.

George McCarran, Sr., father of the man who received the little billet of aluminum was a naturalist and a collector of birds and insects. During McCarran's youth, about twenty years ago, he says he remembers being told by his father, the elder McCarran, of a dispute the latter had had with a fellow naturalist of Orrville, Ohio, as to the age to be attained by a common crow, and finally to settle the matter McCarran attached an aluminum tag to a crow captured in the fields and sent the bird forth with the plate securely fastened to its neck by wires. The legend on the plate requested the finder to return it to McCarran in case anything should happen to the bird.

As McCarran Sr. remembers it, the two men made bet as to whether the plate would be returned within twenty years. If the crow were killed or died it counted on the little billet being found and returned to the address on the plate. If this were not returned they would believe that sufficient evidence that the bird would be still alive. McCarran bet that the plate would not be returned within that time; hence he won the bet. The crow was shot by a farmer boy named Anders in Holmes county last week, and the billet returned to the son of the better, the elder McCarran having died before he could realize the proceeds and the satisfaction of winning his wager. The little billet is highly prized by the McCarrans as a memento of the father's eccentricity.—Orrville Correspondence Toronto Globe.

# Power of the Camera

"It's only lately that I've had any faith in dreams," says the young wife of a middle aged newspaper man. "I used to scoff at them, but now—well, I had a warning in a dream, a genuine warning, and it did me good. My husband doesn't believe in women racing and chasing over the country alone, and when he went out to St. Louis on a business trip last month he made me promise by the ashes of my ancestors that I wouldn't stir out of Washington till he came back. He hadn't seen me a week before my next door neighbor began to coax me to go to Atlantic City with her. She said I needed a change, and that for my husband's sake I ought to take it. She said we'd have a splendid time and that we'd get some before George came back. I need a rest, never know a thing about it. One way and another she worked on my feelings so that I consented to go. We were to start Thursday morning. Wednesday night I had my dream. I dreamed that we went to Atlantic City and that when George came home I didn't say a word about it. It was a Sunday morning when he came home in my dream, and I thought he went out and bought a copy of a New York paper. It had a half page picture of the Atlantic City boardwalk in it, a reproduction of a photograph, and there, in the foreground, I was, wearing a hat and dress that George couldn't help recognizing. In my dream it quite broke up my happy home, and when I awoke I had lost all desire to go to Atlantic City. Not me. It isn't safe to try to keep your romances and going a secret from anybody, with camera funds running around loose."—Washington Post.

# She Cooped to Poodle

On Thanksgiving morning a pretty young woman in a squirrel coat and a big veil sat in an electric runabout that was standing in front of a house on West Fourth street, opposite Bryant park. On the seat beside her was a little white poodle. Down the street came two young chaps who were celebrating the day by strolling around town in the time-honored attire of ruffians. One was dressed to represent a fat neeress, and his make-up and dialect were good enough for the vaudeville stage. The other wore a Harry Houdini costume that was irresistibly funny. Just as they came up to the girl in the automobile she cooped to the poodle and asked: "Are you cold, sweetheart?"

The sidewalk comedians stopped, smiled at the girl with the most languishing air they could assume, and then bowed to her, crying:

"Not at all, dearest!"

Then suddenly they turned and stared at each other. "She done said dat fer me," cried the neeress, with a fine simulation of rage. "I beg your pardon, I really beg your pardon, but the lady addressed herself to me." cried the Harry Houdini with exaggerated politeness.

The girl sat in a state of abject consternation at the scene her words to the poodle had evoked.

"Go away, man! Go away!" broke in the imitation neeress with a sweep of her hand. "Disber lady—"

But the girl heard no more. She pushed the lever and the runabout rolled swiftly away from the comedians. Then the sidewalk comedians fell in each other's arms in a paroxysm of laughter at the evident discomfiture of the poodle worshiper.—New York Press.

# Too Much Wrapping Up

A young teacher of physical culture in a fashionable Connecticut boarding school has introduced the wearing of light, easy clothing among the young ladies under her charge, even discarding the wearing of hats in midwinter, persisting in the theory that the fair sex would live longer by having their bodies unhampered by heavy clothing.

As a result, the young ladies who follow her instruction have cast aside their millinery and wear a loose sweater and a walking skirt. They accept her belief that "bundling up" is responsible for more colds than anything else. Hence the town of Greenwich, Conn., where this fashionable school of Rosemary is situated, presents a sort of fairyland. The young women go about the streets without hats and with light garments.

It was in a Maine Sunday school, says Lippincott's Magazine, that a teacher recently asked a Chinese pupil if he understood the meaning of the words "an old cow."  
"Been cow a long time," was the prompt answer.

So He Can't Keep Poodle.  
"Does your husband take much interest in sports?"  
"No; he shaves himself."—Illinois State Journal.