

The Willow

Willow, leaning with your fingers
Soft on face that never lingers.
Ever changing, ever flowing
To a bourne beyond your knowing;
Bending joyful yet
As you would him to remaining
With the aspect of the minute
You carest, forever in it!
While the title, you seem to capture
Passion in its most rapturous
All the joy of lover's presence,
All the charm of evanescence!
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

WOMAN WITH TWO EDGES

BY J. C. PLUMER.

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"You see," said John Pegley, "luck is dead against me. I've had it on my tongue's end to ask Miss Phipps to marry me for six months. I've polished up the words so that I'm sure she would say 'yes,' if she could only hear 'em, but I can't get a chance. The moment I get alone with her and get my mouth open to say those words some one always breaks in, either her mother or that fool Dempsey who's dancing after her!"

"Why don't you write 'em and send 'em by post?" asked the Captain.

"Because they were made up to be spoken, and it took six months nearly to get 'em together. They wouldn't go well written. They must be spoken."

"There never was a head wind," remarked Captain Holly, impressively, "but what, with a right handlin' of the braces and the wheel, some sort of progress can be made. I can rig a plan to have those words of your'n make as easy a twirlin' a line over a belayin' pin."

Mr. Pegley looked at his friend admiringly.

"Now," said the Captain, "suppose I ask Miss Nora Phipps to go sailing in my boat down to Crane Island. She'd go in a minute, for no one has a better boat in the harbor. Suppose, as we go down to the boat, we should happen to meet you and ask you to go along. When we get to the Island I may walk up and look at the rocks, and you and Nora could walk along the beach."

"Captain!" cried Mr. Pegley, "you're a genius."

"My conscience isn't clear, my lad," retorted the Captain, "I'm no marryin' man myself, and I'm not anxious to get other people to make fools of themselves. No wife for Thomas Holly, my lad."

"Thank you for the plan," cried Pegley, wringing his hands. "It's grand."

In a new jacket Captain Holly walked down the wharf in company with Nora Phipps, the prettiest girl in Rodham. Suddenly from behind a pile of goods appeared Mr. John Pegley looking as if the man taken unawares as possible.

In response to the cordial invitation of Captain Holly to accompany them on a sail to Crane Island, Mr. Pegley, with a clumsy feint of doubt if business would permit him the outing, consented, and the party were about to embark, when Nora asked them to wait a few moments.

"Why, we are all ready," expostulated the Captain.

"Mother's going," said Nora, innocently, "and we must wait for her."

The Captain looked at Mr. Pegley with consternation written legibly on his bronzed countenance. Mr. Pegley looked seaward with all sorts of expressions on his face.

A tall, somewhat bony female came rapidly down the wharf and joined them.

"We're very much obliged for the invitation," said Mrs. Phipps, "but 'tis so hot and dusty in the town."

Captain Holly said nothing though the muscles of his throat worked curiously.

Probably with a view of making the boat sail better, Captain Holly, having seated himself in the stern, piled lunch baskets and wraps in such a way as to form a barricade between himself and Mrs. Phipps, but that lady's somewhat rasping voice easily overpowered this obstruction and kept the Captain busy on the trip to the Island.

When Crane Island was reached the Captain ran his boat alongside a small wharf and the occupants disembarked. Mr. Pegley at once led Miss Nora along the beach, and Mrs. Phipps expressed a longing to visit the rocks in the center of the Island.

Now, the expedition had been undertaken for the express purpose of affording Mr. John Pegley an uninterrupted opportunity of telling Miss Nora Phipps that he loved her. It was a plan of the Captain's, and he felt a laudable pride in it. The instincts of self-preservation told him plainly not to be alone with the dan- gerous Mrs. Phipps, but to keep with her. Captain Holly walked towards the rocks with Mrs. Phipps.

"Nora's a lot of badmatters," said Mrs. Phipps, "heverbody runs after a pretty face. My husband who's dead and 'isn't even never cared for beauty." "Why Phipps was a man who was very pleased," said Captain Holly, "do justice to his dead acquaintance. Mrs. Phipps looked dully at the Captain.

"I looked for deeper wits than



For three mortal hours did Captain Holly and Mrs. Phipps parade the beach.

to the Island, but the tide was too strong for him and the boat drifted rapidly towards the town.

"Hoist sail and come back, you can't make it rowing," hailed the Captain.

But Mr. Pegley knew nothing about sailing, and he valued his life, so, with a despairing wave of his hand towards the Island, he allowed the boat to drift with the tide.

The Captain said something which made Mrs. Phipps place her hands over her ears.

"My husband never swore," she said reproachfully.

"Why, marooned," growled the Captain.

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Phipps. "Why, we're left on the bloody Island, and I don't know when we'll get off of it."

Mrs. Phipps screamed.

"Hill be heloped with you?" They'll say Hill've heloped with you."

"No they won't cry the Captain, desperately, "they'll know nobody would run away with you."

"Hi can never face the people again unless—" but Mrs. Phipps was speaking to the air. Captain Holly was running down the beach.

Arriving at a nook in the rocks he sat down and wiped his brow.

"What made you run so fast?" gasped Mrs. Phipps, appearing at the mouth of the nook.

The Captain adroitly changed an expression on his lips to, "I was hunting for a ship to take us off."

"Hill be real cozy in here," said Mrs. Phipps, seating herself by the Captain, "hill be a nice place for a 'oneymoon."

"I'll go down to the beach," exclaimed the Captain, "there might be a ship in sight."

"Hill go with you," said Mrs. Phipps. "Hill'm tired of sittin'."

For three mortal hours did Captain Holly and Mrs. Phipps parade the beach until a passing tide spied them and bore them to the town.

"Captain," said Mr. Pegley, the next morning, addressing the Captain, who was wrapped in Cimmerian gloom, "your plan was a first rate one; there was only one thing made it not work. Nora had accepted Dempsey the night before."

"The plan worked all right," growled the Captain, "my plans always have somethin' in 'em. I'm engaged to Mrs. Phipps."

Sassafras Tea His Tonic.
The odor of the sassafras tea circulates around the private office of Acting Secretary Adee in the state department, Washington, these days. Two months in the year Mr. Adee drinks tea, but in March and April he brews sassafras by way of spring medicine. He has a tiny brewing outfit tucked away in his desk and when the thirst comes upon him he boils a little water and adds his sassafras tea. And no matter what weight the international problem is under discussion Mr. Adee sets it aside for a few minutes when the time for such refreshment arrives.

Uncomplimentary Artist.
When John S. Sargent, the artist was in New York the last time he visited the gallery of a millionaire whose taste in art matters is not of the highest. A thousand pictures were on view, but they had been selected with woeful lack of discretion. The millionaire conducted Mr. Sargent about the place and waited vainly for the expected word of praise. At length he said in despair: "At least, Mr. Sargent you will agree that my collection is a tolerable one, won't you?" "Tolerable—yes," was the grim reply, "but what would you think of a tolerable crew?"

WRAPS AND GOWNS

Styles That Will Be Much Worn.

Walking skirts built of irregular checks or plaids, preferably in black and white, will be very popular. The skirts are made up in many different ways. The greatest success is found in the bias circular skirt with front seam and perhaps two side plaits down the middle front. A smart little bolero or other short coat accurately fitted to this walking skirt much better. The skirt with many gores is another model much in evidence, but it must fall well below the knees. The very latest gored skirt is smooth over the hips, but is easy below the hip line and is quite full before it reaches even the knee of the line. The back, though it may close snugly and smoothly at the top, falls in fullness below the placket. Hip yokes are much used, notwithstanding that its disuse was prophesied. The newest yoke is short in the front and back and longer at the sides, giving an opportunity for smart models have plain narrow front breadths made to suggest a box plait which are cut in one with the hip yoke; and in one with this lobe also are flat panels running from yoke to hem and side and back, while between them the skirt falls in side plaits over box plaits.

Valuable German Discovery.
A substance possessing curious properties is announced in Germany as a compound of carbolic acid, salicylic acid and camphor with a little turpentine. This mixture, it is asserted, will solidify when heated and melt again when cooled. Solidification with heat is a property of albuminous substances such as the white of an egg, but such substances will not liquefy again on cooling, the coagulation being a permanent chemical change. The mixture described above to which the name "cryostase" has been given, will apparently solidify and liquefy as often as desired, when heated and cooled to the proper points.

Gown Both Chic and Useful.
This is a smart fancy-wreath frock for spring, walking length, trimmed with velvet collar and cuffs and leath-

er pipings and buttons. Hat of straw trimmed behind with wings and ribbon.

Novel Corsage Arrangement.
There are several new features of fashion in one charming corsage that will serve to keep it in the front rank of style for some time to come. Over a fitted lining there is a bouffant blouse of one-piece crepe de chine, this caught down easily into the fold and feathered, ceinture. The neck is cut V shape, and a bolero-like emplacement, with fanciful encaustations of lace, is laid over the back and front. The chemisette that fills in the neck has the collar made in one with it, and lace encaustations serve to conceal the joinings. The sleeve is an extremely good model, the top deeply shirred on the inner seams, and straps of lace serving to hold the fullness in place on the forearm. The fullness under the arm, and a deeply wrinkled mosquito-net arrangement runs from wrist to elbow.

Sash Fancy Grows.
There is a growing fancy for sashes, and an especially novel Paris gown has a sash arranged as a high belt, fastened together in front, with its long ends hanging straight down the front of the dress. For a slender girl this fashion, while doubtless flattering, is bound to be attractive.

Narrow Ruffles. Gathered very full and mounted so that the folds fall over each other, is a style of trimming that is to be widely adopted. For a short, round skirt no better finish could be imagined. A dainty frock for a girl in her early teens is made, as one might say, almost entirely of ruffles, yet so skillfully are they used that the gown is not bunched or over-elaborate. It has four ruffles on the hem, three a little higher up, then two, and then one, about eight inches from the waist.

Design for Summer Frock.
Any of the summery materials, the supple silks, mousselines, organdies and the like will develop charmingly. In Paris the vogue of the cut-out neck extends even to the toilets intended for daylight wear; but here we fill them in with chemisettes. The draped bodice shows beneath wide straps of lace, which are continued down the skirt, dainty little jabots appearing on the bust. The sleeve has several ruffles arranged to the elbow. The skirt is plaited over the hips, the front gone, disposed with intruding flat plaits, and a full flounce is applied beneath a lace heading, cascades of lace appearing either side of the front.

Mountain Dew Pudding.
Into a pint of milk stir the beaten yolks of two eggs, a pinch of salt, four crackers rolled very fine, two table-spoonfuls of cocoanut and three table-spoonfuls of sugar. Mix well, turn into a greased pudding-dish and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes. Draw the pudding to the door of the oven and spread it with a meringue made of the whites of the eggs beaten stiff with two table-spoonfuls of cream. Return to the oven and

these just long enough to color the meringue. When the pudding is taken from the oven sprinkle grated cocoanut over the top.

Kidney Toast.
Skin, core and cut three sheep's kidneys in six pieces. Melt one ounce of butter, add the kidneys, one small shallot and one teaspoonful chopped parsley. Cook the kidney is tender. Mix half an ounce of flour smoothly with half a cup of stock, add one dessert-spoonful mushroom ketchup, a little salt, pepper and nutmeg; stir till they boil, then add one beaten egg. Serve very hot on pieces of hot buttered toast.

Wash white marble with clear water and soft brush.
Take your carpets and even your oilcloths up once a year.

Year-old matting gains new life by being wiped up with salt and water.
Chloroform will remove grease spots from colored clothing. Apply from the bottle.

If you put matting down be sure the floors are thoroughly dry before it is laid.
After cleaning get rid of heavy hangings and see that white curtains are spick and span.

Don't shroud pictures and mirrors in netting. If they're too much trouble to keep right up everything you can away.

To Color Lace.
In the present demand for trimmings and vari-colored laces anyone who has had even a small experience in handling a brush can paint her cheap lace into an excellent imitation of an expensive variety, providing that she uses a little judgment in her effort. Too many colors spoil the effect; but with the flowers painted a delicate pink and the tiny leaves green, a very charming trimming is the result. Lace is the salvation of many a "made-over" frock, and an old family lace frock, or a collar of point lace, or even a lace flounce, can be utilized to better advantage this year than ever before.

Braised Beef.
Make incisions through a round of beef and through the fat, long strips of fat salt pork. Have the incisions about an inch apart. Stuff also into the holes with the salt pork a forcemeat made of minced fat salt pork, minced onion and bread crumbs, a fitted seasoner. Lay the meat in a pan, and cover with a hot dish of carrot, celery, a sliced or chopped tomato, two bay leaves broken into bits and a dash of mace and paprika. Pour over all a half pint of cold water, cover closely and cook very slowly—allowing 15 minutes to the pound. Transfer the beef to a hot dish, strain the gravy, thicken it with browned flour and pour over the meat.

Plaittings.
Plaittings are set into the lower parts of street skirts in many attractive and novel ways. In many there is the smooth fitted hip. Skirts laid in plaits and stitched round the hips but falling full below that point continue to be popular. The plain skirt is not deemed as modish as alternating plaits and groups of plaits. These skirts have the advantage of being more easily fitted than the old-fashioned kilted skirts.

Real Shirt Waist Returns.
The shirt waist promised for the summer is really a shirt waist; that is, it has returned to the simplicity of the original garment. The bishop sleeve has disappeared and in its place is the old-time shirt-sleeve, moderate in size at the top, set in to rise a little and ending in starched cuffs.

In Using the Machine.
During the days of spring sewing women are apt to find the continued running of the sewing machine very tiresome. They will find that the motion is not so wearisome if only the toe of the left foot is allowed to touch the treadle, while the right foot is placed entirely on it and bears the bulk of the work.

Cocoanut Bread Pudding.
Soak two cups of bread crumbs in one quart of milk for half an hour. Stir in a cup of sugar and a cup of cocoanut, grated, and bake for twenty minutes in a moderate oven. Eat with a cream sauce.

Protective Coating for Butter.
A varnish of melted sugar applied with a brush is the novel protective coating for butter that is finding favor in Germany and England.

Buttons claim attention this season to a greater extent than for some time past, and are destined for especial prominence during the coming summer as the decorative adjunct of the linen and similar fabric frocks. Buttons for the tub gown are ornamented in a variety of charming designs, the foundation material being that of the gown and the embroidery executed in mercerized thread in self or harmonizing color. A trio of artistic buttons finished with French knots.

To these may be added a set of beautiful buttons covered with many thicknesses of denim with a raised flower, small but pretty, worked on the top of the button. Such buttons are washable.

Beside this list of handmade buttons there may be included in the same dainty class the entire family of silk covered and hand-painted buttons which are now being made for



the summer silks, the foulards, the wash silks and the Oriental silks.

The place which the button takes this season is remarkable by its prominence. The plain little shirt waist which buttons frankly down the front is made all the more beautiful by the hand-embroidered button which takes

take a stroll up Fifth avenue or through the park some fine morning when the weather is so good that you are erasing her dog or her baby, and your minds will be disabused of the notion, says a New York newspaper. For morning wear it has become a fad to have a bunch of peacock feathers stuck jauntily through the band of a soft felt fedora hat. Glowing cheeks and the rich blue-green of the feathers make charming contrasts and the effect is extremely chic.

In Silk-Ward Menieretta.
All of the soft shades of green are exceptionally fashionable in this very modish material, and a charmingly original design is thus pictured: The bodice follows the smart draped lines over a fitted doublet, the neck out in a lingerie chemisette, and the sleeve a bewitching novelty in the slashed puff that reveals the under-sleeve of white chiffon, the same forming a draped puff below the elbow. The skirt is plaited over the hips, a fancy yoke emplacement seeming to hold it to the figure, and a festooned flounce is applied above the half-circle stiffened hem.

Fish Omelet.
Take the roe and a block about two inches square of the firmest part of the flesh of any unsalted fish having white meat. After mixing with butter and placing in a pan, whip until the butter is melted. Then put an other lump of butter mixed with chopped herbs in a dish, flavor with the juice of a lemon and, after beating the eggs, make an ordinary omelet, adding the fish mixture.

Tailor-Made in Face-Cloth.
An excellent design for a black face-cloth gown; it is trimmed in lines with military braid and "frog"



fastenings, while a touch of originality is the collar and cuffs of white spotted with black cloth. Plateau hat tipped forward by feathers.

Prune Pudding.
Stew 1/2 pound prunes very slowly and without sugar. Add whites of 4 eggs beaten stiff, 1/2 teaspoon of cream tartar, a little salt and some sugar if needed. Put in pudding dish in a larger dish of boiling water, cover and bake in the oven for 10 minutes, remove the larger pan and bake 15 minutes longer, and nicely brown it. Serve cold with cream.

Use for Peacock Feathers.
If there are yet some who think that the superstition about peacock feathers is still ingrained in the minds of their sex, let them

Toboggan on the Grass

One-half the world's coasters doesn't know how the other half coasts. The Canadian has his toboggan, the mountaineer his ski, the rustic easterner his home-made sled for ankle-deep snow in zero weather, the city boy his wheeled coaster for paved streets, but here, on the hillsides of suburban San Francisco, a boy may coast without snow, without a cement walk or an asphalt street—without even a coaster. All he needs is to mount a piece of board on the top of a hillside where there is a vacant lot covered with dry "sticker grass," and away he goes like a sandbag out of a baldy, whooping, screaming in a wild excitement and boundless joy.

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How "Jap" Soldiers Fight

In the grand assault commencing Aug. 19, the immortal Ninth regiment of the Japanese army was ordered to cross the field to the foot of the slope on which lay dead and dying many of the men of the regiment which had gone before. The colonel, Takagaki, surveying the task set for his regiment, sent back a report that it was not feasible. The brigade-general, Ichinobe, replied hotly that one regiment was enough to take one battery.

Ichinobe stepped out of the city, in which he had been seeking shelter, at the head of his command. Before he had been marching, as colonels usually do, in the rear, while his line-officers led the advance. Now, he leaped forward up the slope, out in front of his men. A dozen paces from the ravine he fell with four bullets through his breast. The lieutenant-colonel took up the lead and was shot a few yards farther on. The majors were wiped out. Every captain but one went down. The last captain, Nashimoto, in charge of D company, found himself, at length, under the

Chinese wall with seventeen men. Looking down upon the shell-swept plain, protected for the moment from the sharpshooters above, with that handful of heroes, a mile and a half in advance of the main body of the Japanese army, he grew giddy with the success of his attempt. Of a sudden he concluded that he could take Port Arthur with his seventeen men. He started in to do it. There was only the wall ahead—the wall and a few machine guns beyond, the city itself—a five minutes' run would have brought him to the citadel. He scaled the wall and fell across it—his back bullet-riddled. Eight of his men got over, scaling the height beyond, called Wangtang, or the Watch Tower, a place to which the Russian generals formerly rode on horseback to survey the battlefield. On this slope, for three months, in full sight of both armies, the eight lay rotting. The Russians referred to them as "The Japanese Garrison,"—"Hell at Port Arthur," by Richard Barry, in Everybody's Magazine.

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