WOMAN'S WORLD.

A KANSAS TOWN THAT IS RULED BY WOMEN OFFICIALS.

Gastronomic Color Symphonies—Mrs. Stowe at Eighty-five—Fashionable Discomfort. Shirt Waists and Parasols—Seasonable Hints.

The little city of Ellis is enjoying some notoriety just now from the fact that all but one of its officers are women. Ellis is situated a little west of the center of Kansas and has a population of about 1,200.

The majority of its citizens are composed of railroad men and their families. The people are largely of eastern birth, the town being originally settled by a colony from the neighborhood of Syracuse. The town is well supplied with churches and schools, and its citizens will compare favorably in point of education with those of any town in the country.

Ever since the prohibitory law went into effect in Kansas spasmodic efforts have been made in Ellis to enforce it, but with indifferent success, the saloons always opening up again after the flurry was over. During the past year the liquor element has had its own way more than formerly, and its boldness served to encourage the gambling element as well.

This state of affairs naturally woke up the conservative people, who, while not out and out temperance men, still desired to see the laws enforced, and it became apparent that if something was not done the gambling element would literally own the town. As election day drew near an effort was made to select a ticket that would enforce the laws to the letter, but after a canvass it was found that no one was willing to run.

Finally a caucus of men was held and after a thorough discussion of the situation, the suggestion was made that seeing it was impossible to secure men with sufficient backbone, a ticket composed of women be nominated. The idea took at once and the following ticket was arranged: Mayor, Mrs. M. A.

MRS. M. A. WADE.

Wade; police judge, Mrs. Clara Sheldon; council, Mrs. Viola Gaylord, Mrs. Lillian Hussey, Mrs. Elizabeth Murden, Mrs. Emma Shields, Mrs. Ella Newcomer. A committee was appointed to notify the nominees, who in nearly every instance refused to run unless their husbands gave consent. This was finally obtained and the ticket filed.

An opposition ticket composed of men was nominated and the issues clearly defined. The women for law and order and the opposition in favor of letting matters go on as they were.

The preliminary canvass was about as exciting as a presidential election, the women being not by any means a unit in support of their sisters, and the discussions sometimes became very heated. The opponents of the women's ticket asserted that the women would ruin the town, that there would be hair pulling in less than a month, etc.

Election day dawned bright and fair and found the women ready for the fray and with a grim determination to carry the day if possible.

As the first returns came in it looked as though the women's ticket was beaten, and a number of its supporters went home vowing never to have anything more to do with politics. Later returns proved more favorable, and when the final estimate showed the election of their entire ticket with the exception of police judge, their joy knew no bounds and their supporters proceeded to ring the bells, let off fireworks and make other demonstrations of joy.

The ticket as elected was a cosmopolitan one. The mayor was born of American parents in Canada. Two of the council were born in England, one was Irish descent and the other two Americans.

A good deal of quiet fun is being poked at the husbands of the council women elect, and they are now referred to as "Mrs. Shields' husband," "Mrs. Newcomer's husband," etc., and asked how they like staying at home taking care of the children while the head of the family is away attending to affairs of state.

The women have been sworn in and are proceeding very cautiously, and are evidently not going to make any mistakes if they can help it. The predictions that immediately after their introduction into office they would proceed to tear things is not borne out by their first month's experience. They have already accomplished what the men have failed to do in ten years, closed up the saloons, and the probabilities are that they will remain closed.

One thing more in regard to the councillors. They are not loud mouthed viragos, as commonly depicted in the comic papers, but are women with families who are prominent in church and society circles, and whose sole idea in taking office is to see that the laws are enforced and demonstrate to the world that women have ability to conduct affairs of state as well as men. Kansas is nothing if not radical, and in no state in the Union is women more thought of, or given more encouragement to spread.

State.—[illegible] Journal.

Gastronomic Color Symphonies.

How to color things without telling the guests is something of a problem to the ambitious housewife who wishes to raise her feasts above the commonplace. The cleverest hostess is the one who gives a "shaded" dinner—the menu and decorations shaded, say from pale pink to dark red. Commence with a pink soup and finish with a red dessert, deeply, beautifully red, the flowers deepening from the lovebest's blush roses to the crimson of the jacqueminot. Carmine or cherry red or cochineal tincture, or the former with a judicious blending of apricot coloring, will produce any and every shade of red or pink desired, and as both are harmless and tasteless they can be used without fear. Aspic jelly is the most accommodating bit of edible, for it easily takes on every color in a rainbow—if properly treated—and may appear several times in the course of the meal without exciting either surprise or remark, and first pink to garnish pink dish, later red to decorate a red dish.

For this red dinner the mayonnaise is colored with a table spoonful or two of currant jelly or a little carmine. The sweetbreads may be smothered in a puree of red haricots. Beets, cut in small dice, may be used to garnish another dish. Cherry sauce for the lamb is made of cherries boiled in claret and water. Strawberry jam lends a willing hand in the color scheme, and aspic jelly, as before mentioned, colored either red or pink, serves many a purpose. Cream for the meringues must be colored red with the carmine, and the cases for the ices must be red—red crape paper, perhaps shaped like a rose. Apricot coloring and saffron will tint anything yellow, and damson blue—which can be bought at the shop—with a little carmine, will make mauve. Lemon jelly and ice cream are easily tinted mauve or yellow.

Chopped green aspic is the very backbone of a green dinner. Color the aspic with a few drops of spinach juice or apple green. Chopped parsley is also an inevitable aid, and green paper cases and the handles of dishes tied with green ribbons do the rest. The sauces, meringues or ices are colored with the spinach juice, and some of the entrees may repose upon spinach.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Mrs. Stowe at Eighty-five.

Writing of "Harriet Beecher Stowe at Eighty-five," Richard Burton, in The Ladies' Home Journal, gives a delightful picture of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," of her home in Hartford, and of her daily life. "For some years now," he says, "entirely withdrawn from society, Mrs. Stowe is much afoot in the open air, her strength, for one of her years, being remarkable. In the summer time the slight, bent figure, with its white hair crowning the dark, wrinkled face, is a familiar sight to the neighbors, as she wanders under the boughs, gathering consolation from sun and shade and wind, or strays down the steep bank to where a little silvery stream winds its tortuous length behind the Clemens and Warner grounds. On such walks a trusty attendant is always by her side. It is likely that Mrs. Stowe's fondness for exercise and out door life has done much to sustain her bodily vigor to her present age. But she comes of a sturdy stock.

"Mrs. Stowe's working days have been long over. None of her conspicuous literary productions is associated with her present residence, and her condition requires that she be carefully guarded in every way by her family from the intrusion of strangers. Yet as she walks the street, always followed by a fat little pug, who is an autocrat in the house (it may be remarked that the Stowe family is devoted to dogs), one often sees lion-hunting visitors eager to catch a glimpse of the most noted literary woman of the land. Requests at the door for a sight of the mistress are not infrequent, while letters petitioning for autographs are, of course, legion. Occasionally still the latter favor is granted, or the authoress pens a bit of a note in acknowledgment of some courtesy.

"Her modest way of living implies the fact that the rewards of distinguished success in literature are other than monetary. Such success is not to be measured by tangible things. The aims and ambitions of those who seek to do work with the pen worthy to live, and helpful to their fellowmen, are not those of mere practical pursuits. How can be estimated in dollars the deep moral glow of satisfaction experienced by Mrs. Stowe on the day when the emancipation proclamation was given to the world?"

Fashionable Discomfort.

A little group of women chatting over the various fads, fallacies and follies of the present day indulged in some very just and sensible criticisms on the dress and taste of modern womankind.

"If there is one thing for which I shall be devoutly thankful," said one of them, "it will be when these wide skirts go out of style. I am so tired of having yards and yards of stuff flapping around my ankles that I could almost find it in my heart to adopt bloomers or indeed anything else that would keep these voluminous draperies out of my way. I am fond of walking, but I have been obliged to give it up when I wore my good dresses. The only pleasure I have found in any pedestrian tour for a long time has been when putting on an old skirt and mackintosh on a rainy day. Especially if the wind blows, getting about is almost impossible."

"And I narrowly escaped a serious accident," said another of the party, "simply because the wind caught my dress and wrapped it around me until I was done up as tight as a paper parcel. I was on a crosswalk, and but for a policeman I would have been run down by a truck, for I could not take a step until he turned me around and released me from my imprisonment."

"And I had an experience, too," put in [illegible] of cloth [illegible] weight I had to carry was a caution. I think the skirt must have weighed 15 pounds by the time I got home. It is bad enough to walk in trim fitting skirts when they are wet, but the amount of moisture that a six yard skirt can absorb is something astonishing."

There are indications that fashion will take a reef in skirts and relieve us of some of this superabundance, and surely the reduction will be a most welcome one to all women who are fond of out of door exercise.—New York Ledger.

Shirt Waists and Parasols.

If there were any doubt that the shirt waist occupies the most prominent place in the feminine wardrobe of the coming season, it would be dispelled by the discovery that for each dainty waist of linen or batiste there may be found a parasol of corresponding style and texture. Indications point to an inevitable enlargement of the summer girl's already capacious trunks, since they must contain not only shirt waists of every possible fabric and finish, but likewise as many parasols, whose only essential is that they shall "match."

As the linen shirt waist is to be most conspicuously in vogue, the linen parasol, with its frill of fine embroidery and its silk lining of delicate green or rose, will doubtless oftenest be seen. Yet the simple untrimmed affair of striped cambric or other light material is just as novel and is fast making its way into fashion because of its congruity with the unpretentious costumes of summer morning wear. Even the simplest, however, has its silk lining of a harmonizing shade and may have as elaborate a handle as its owner chooses to pay for. Long handles of the always popular dresden, with charming designs in pinks and blues, knots of silver or of crystal overlaid with silver, are among the many varieties that may be chosen.

This year the parasol, which seemed a short time since entirely to have outgrown its primal function of screening its possessor from the sun and to have developed into a useless state of flimsiness, appears to have taken a decided step in the direction of usefulness and simplicity.—New York World.

What the Bridesmaids Wore.

At a recent fashionable wedding the eight bridesmaids wore gowns of white chiffon made up over satin. The satin skirts were edged, each of them, with a frill of the same, and the bodices had fichus and what are called rucked sleeves of the same. These are sleeves wrinkled from wrist to elbow and looking a good deal like an elongated Bernhardt glove. White satin sashes were worn with the gowns, and red velvet cloaks or short capes lined with white satin were slung from the shoulders. Completing the toilets were unusually large white felt picture hats, with ostrich feathers falling over the brim and another standing straight up with a rosette of scarlet velvet in front. At another wedding the four bridesmaids wore costumes copied from one of Romney's pictures, two being in blue and two in pink pompadour silk and fancy crepe, trimmed with soft cream lace and mousseline. White chip hats trimmed with pink and white tulle and pink moss roses completed those effective and picturesque toilets.—New York Times.

Handsome Toilets.

Very handsome toilets for afternoon receptions, weddings, etc., says a New York writer, have short, smart looking jacket bodices of black silk or satin, brocaded in fine brilliant designs—roses, daffodils, azaleas, cornflowers, etc., with full vests and wide revers of one color veiled with melodion plaited black chiffon, the brilliant shade of the satin showing handsomely through the airy plaitings. The coats are all short and the circular basque stands out crisp and full below the waist and is lined with satin the color of the vest.

Alice Freeman Palmer.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, ex-president of Wellesley college, is now in Venice. She has accepted the invitation of the American Missionary association to be one of the speakers at the jubilee of the association in Boston next October. Her subject will be "Educational Equipment For Missionary Service." In her letter of acceptance she expresses herself as much interested in all the work that the association is doing.

Mary Turner Carriel.

Mrs. Mary Turner Carriel has been nominated by the state Republican convention of Illinois as a trustee of the State university. Mrs. Carriel believes that women should be allowed to vote on "educational and moral questions," but is not in favor of full suffrage.

The high bicycle shoes that lace through eyelets their entire length are said to be preferable to those that lace over pegs at the top, for the reason that the pegs may fret and tear the facing of the skirt, and might cause a serious accident.

In making black lace dresses where transparent sleeves are desired, if the sleeves are first lined with very fine white net the arms will look much whiter. The lining does not show when the sleeves are worn.

Whatever you do don't wear wired pads in your sleeves. It is no longer stylish for the sleeves to go straight out from the shoulder. Put plaitings of haircloth in the armholes.

Miss H. Frances Jones of Philadelphia has been chosen one of the presidential electors at large and delegates to the national Prohibition convention.

Mrs. Celia B. Whitehead is the editor of a new department headed "Woman's Sphere" in The Union County Standard of Westfield, N. J.

WOMEN AND WHEELS.

Mr. Zimmerman Says It Is Time They Were Lectured For Their Awkwardness.

"It is high time some one spoke to women about their position in the saddle, for, taken altogether, there is vast room for improvement among the women cyclists," says Mr. Zimmerman, the crack wheelman. "I do not know just why it should be so, but women who walk gracefully, and whose dancing, for instance, presents the poetry of motion, are awkward on the wheel.

"To overcome that of which I complain I would suggest that all women learn to ride the wheel under the direction of a competent instructor. By that I do not mean to learn how to get on and off the bicycle and to keep from falling off, but to learn the correct position to assume when riding and how to pedal properly.

"Women, more than men, must sit up straight in order to get the full benefit from bicycle riding. If the bicycle, as it is rigged at present, does not permit, change the seat and handle bars. If that doesn't do it, change the wheel, for it is manifestly better not to ride a wheel than to ride one which is injuring you slowly. The handle bars and saddle can be so arranged that you can assume a natural position.

"The best way to begin is by getting a wheel of the proper size and weight and with a suitable saddle adjusted in the proper position. Those are matters which you can determine for yourself more quickly and easily than I can tell you. The easiest and surest way of getting a saddle that will be just right is to have one made from a mold.

"See to it that the saddle is kept in its original form. If it should change form through use have it restored to its original shape, else you will suffer discomfort and fatigue. Pedal evenly. If you don't pedal evenly now, learn how at once. Do not put all the force in pedaling in the downward push. Point the toe downward when the foot is going forward in the circle. Keep the knees in and straight.

"As between the seat and the pedals do not have the saddle so high that when the pedal is at the lowest part of the circle the leg is perfectly straight. The correct position at that point is to have the leg slightly bent at the knee with the toe inclined toward the ground. But be careful not to have the saddle so low that the upper and lower portions of the limbs are at more than slight angles. At the same time the arms must be curved slightly, the hands resting easily on the bars.

"Remember what I have said before to all bicycle riders—don't rock. It is particularly bad for women to get into the habit. Many wheelmen and wheelwomen seem to think the rocking motion adds to their speed or helps them along. It does nothing of the kind. On the contrary, it does a woman positive and distinct injury, as any medical man will tell you.

"And if that doesn't appeal to you, ladies, I want to tell you that you really look hideous when rocking from side to side, particularly to any one who happens to be behind you.

"What I have said about woolen underclothing and keeping out of drafts when the ride is over and the avoidance of drinking cold fluids applies with more force to women than men. Remember you are not so strong as men and can't endure the same strain. Don't ride too long or too far. The best rule is for you to get home before you get tired."

Mrs. Ellen C. Johnson.

Mrs. Ellen C. Johnson is said to be the only woman who has held a commission from the governor of Massachusetts continuously during 17 years—since May, 1879. In that month she, with Mrs. Mary G. Ware of Lancaster, was appointed upon the new board of prison commissioners. Mrs. Ware had been on the advisory board of women several years in prison work, and Mrs. Johnson had had a long experience in private work in prisons. After five years' service as commissioner Mrs. Johnson became the superintendent of Sherborne Prison For Women. Concerning this institution Mr. Warren F. Spalding, secretary of the Massachusetts Prison association, said recently, "The prison now stands among the first in the world for system, methods and results."

Some Elegant Costumes.

Costumes of cream white mohair or pilot cloth with cricket caps or alpine hats of cream felt to match are imported for coaching or seaside uses. Some of these elegantly made suits are wholly unadorned, while others have the skirt and jacket or basque bodice lined with old rose, nesala mauve, or cerise silk with vests, and a bit of color on the cap or hat to match. A line of fine gold braid or a tiny band of gold galloon decorates some of the white wool costumes made for walking, cycling or driving, and the costume is then lined with palest yellow and the waist or basque decorated with white and gold buttons of large size.—New York Post.

A Novel Tea.

Word comes from Paris of a very novel tea recently given there. The drawing room was lighted neither by gas, oil lamps, electricity nor wax candles, but every object was rendered phosphorescent. The ceiling sparkled as with diamonds. Pictures, flowers, carpets and teacups emitted luminous rays. The chairs gleamed. Light was everywhere and seemed nowhere. Ladies moved about in illuminated dresses, their very complexions sending forth moony beams—all very odd and very Parisian.

A Brave Young Woman.

Miss Knox of Sunbury, Conn., entered her father's office at an opportune moment to find him struggling with a pet lion, which had suddenly attacked him. She procured a long strap, made a noose, threw it over the lion's head, fastened the other end to a ring in the wall and rescued her father. No one has yet suggested that she was "out of her sphere."—Exchange.

The Perfect [illegible]

Two things, above all [illegible] the inelegant or unaccomplished writer. If she be guilty of [illegible] the margin at each side of the [illegible] she so far forgets her precepts as to [illegible] a P. S., she is forever doomed. She is exact in details, and society decrees such omission or commission to be the unpardonable sin.

The note, to be correct, must be written upon paper of medium size, preferably cream white, and must be clear and distinct. The monogram is placed on the paper, or the crest, if one has the right, but upon the inside of the flap of the envelope must be the address. When the writer has borne all these facts in mind and has signed her own brevia[illegible] name, she may rest content, for not even the most captious critic will have cause to find fault.—New York Telegram.

New York's Women's Clubs.

The present outcome of the effort to establish a federation of the women's clubs and societies of Greater New York is a postponement of action in the matter until October. At the last meeting the second step toward the proposed organization, the delegates present numbering about two dozen, gave their opinions freely. The majority favored no decisive action until a larger proportion of the 68 clubs of the district govered should be represented. It was ultimately decided that further consideration should be deferred until Oct. 3, for which date a meeting is set down. The committee for the meeting includes Mrs. Alexander, chairman; Mrs. J. W. Cairns, Mrs. E. A. Greeley, Mrs. B. B. Kenyon, Miss Cecil Cowdery, Mrs. Roelker, the Rev. Phoebe A. Hanaford, and Mrs. Janvier Le Duc.—New York Correspondence.

Her Worth Recognized.

Miss Fannie Edgar Thomas has been made officier d'academie by the French government in recognition of her work in musical criticism. She is the first American woman to win this distinction. Miss Thomas has been in Paris little more than a year and went there utterly without influence. Her success, therefore, in grasping the musical spirit of France and interpreting it as she has done is the more remarkable. The recommendation of her work, sent to the Academy, was signed by such well known names as Alexandre Guilmant, Ambroise Thomas, C. Saint-Saens and others. Massenet, who was in Milan, sent a special letter expressing his desire that the honor should be conferred.

She Burned Those Letters.

Miss Elizabeth Banks, the American woman reporter who created a sensation in England a year or so ago by posing as an American heiress in search of a titled husband, recently had an interesting midnight holocaust. When her article was published, she received offers of large sums for the return of some of the letters fortune hunting noblemen had written her. She sent them back without taking any reward. Others were sent back through friends who came to intercede. But the bulk of the letters remained in her desk. The responsibility of possessing them preyed upon her mind so heavily that, finally, one night she got up and made a bonfire of them.—Exchange.

Want Women Appointed.

The matter of appointing women on the board of education in Brooklyn has received the indorsement of a number of the women's clubs in that part of our greater New York, says a New York paper. Several women are already talked of for the places if Mayor Wurster decides there are to be any. Among them is a well known newspaper woman, a member of the staff of one of the Brooklyn papers, who is especially interested in educational matters, and whose appointment is favorably regarded by those who believe a business woman would do good service in such a position. The matter will not be settled until July 1.

A Kitchen Time Saver.

According to Twentieth Century Cookery, a chef of an up town New York hotel has a novel method of shelling peas. He used an ordinary clothes wringer, and the rapidity with which the work is done is surprising. The pods, as they go between the rollers, burst, passing through to the other side, leaving the peas behind. The first impression one gets is that the peas are likely to get bruised. Such, however, is not the case. As the pods stain the rollers, an old one should be used. This seems to offer a very desirable use for old wringers, which have heretofore been a very cumbersome piece of lumber.

A Capable Pulpit Woman.

Rev. Margaret B. Barnard of Chelsea, Mass., having satisfied the committee on fellowship of her fitness for the Unitarian ministry, has been commended to the ministers and churches of the Unitarian denomination. The paper is signed by D. M. Wilson, chairman, and D. W. Morehouse, secretary. Miss Barnard has preached regularly for some time in Chelsea and elsewhere, including Salem and Marblehead. During the past year she has preached in some of the oldest churches in this part of the country. In several cases she was the first woman to occupy these pulpits.—Boston Woman's Journal.

Four Prize Winners.

Miss Clara Langenbeck of Cincinnati has won the Bryn Mawr fellowship founded by Miss Mary E. Garrett of Baltimore and named by her in honor of President Thomas. The fellowship is granted for the first time this year and is of the value of $500. It affords one year's residence and study at some foreign university. Miss Virginia Ragsdale has won the Bryn Mawr European fellowship, and Miss Winifred Warren has taken the Mary E. Garrett European fellowship, while Miss Ellen Rose Giles of Philadelphia has gained a graduate scholarship in Semitic languages for next year.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

TWO SMALL TRAVELERS.

A Little Boy and Girl Make the Trip From Liverpool to Ohio Alone.

The arrival of two little tots who had traveled upward of 3,000 miles alone attracted great attention when the passengers from the American liner Rhynland were being landed at Washington avenue wharf. Though strangers when first put on board the ship, the children became the greatest friends and came ashore together. One is John C. Gough, a bright little English chap, not quite 7, while the other is Mabel Blaney, aged 5 years. Mabel has a tag sewed to her dress, upon which is written, "My name is Mabel Blaney, and I am going to my mother, Elizabeth Blaney, new No. 408 West Fifth street, Cincinnati."

Little Gough has two tags sewed on the inside of his coat and one on the

outside, upon which is inscribed his uncle's name and residence in Hammondsville, O. Perfectly complacent, these two children strolled along the wharf, and when it came their turn to go through the examination they answered the questions put by the immigrant commissioners with a far greater degree of intelligence than many of the adults. Both children were put on board the Rhynland in Liverpool by their relatives. They gave little or no trouble during the passage across. The officers of the ship say that they never seemed to become homesick, neither did they suffer in the least from seasickness.

Mabel Blaney is a well clad, bright little thing and explained to the commissioners that she had been put on board the Rhynland by her aunt and was going to join her mother in Cincinnati. She had a prepaid ticket and was put safely on board the train by Mrs. Kaney, who looks after the women passengers for the immigrant commissioners.

John Gough, in the most old fashioned manner, sat on his trunk in the immigrant station yesterday counting his money and putting his railroad ticket away in his purse. "I am going to Uncle Stephen in Ohio to learn to be a rich man," he said when questioned. He, too, was put safely on board the train for his destination.—Philadelphia Press.

Be Polite.

School children are most apt to be guilty of a certain breach of street etiquette. This is the forming of a group on the pavement so that the knot of people interfere with passersby or the walking together three or four abreast, so that the same hindrance is presented. Please try to remember that while the street is meant for you as much as for any one else it is meant for any one else as much as for you.—New York Times.

Johnny's First Attempt.

Johnny was about to repeat his first verse at the Sunday school concert. Of course it must be short and simple words, so he had chosen this for him. "I am the light of the world," repeating it to him a number of times until he was sure of it. The evening of the concert came. Johnny came out, made his most approved bow, and proclaimed in a loud voice, "My mother is the light of world."—Congregationalist.

The Fairies' Trolley.

The fairies laugh at mortals' folly
For boasting of their wondrous trolley.
For they, you see, know it well,
To run a line from dell to dell.

The spider spins, of course, the wire;
The fireflies make the sparks of fire;
The line is hung from tree to tree,
And the motorman is a bumblebee.

For he can hum and buzz as well
As clang the gong, a big blue bell.
His uniform a black and yellow,
He really is a handsome fellow.

The conductor's place the wasp must take,
For he can stinging speeches make—
"All aboard! Don't take all night!"
"Step lively, please. Go ahead! All right!"

So if you find the fairy dell,
Listen for the big blue bell.
You'll hear the train go whizzing by,
But it's hidden, of course, from mortal eye.
—Anna K. Almy in St. Nicholas.

The Best He Could Do.

"William," said the teacher, "how do you spell 'sawbuck?' Go to the blackboard and write it."

William went to the board, scratched his head, shifted his weight from one foot to the other, wrinkled his forehead and at last produced this diagram, X—X.

"That's the way it looks anyhow," he said.—Chicago Tribune.

What Mamma Feared.

Little Dot—My new doll has a dreffful dirty face.

Little Dick—Why don't you wash it?

Little Dot—Mamma won't let me. She's afraid I'll get soap in her eyes.—Exchange.