

DRESS AND FASHION.

EVENING GOWNS, WRAPS, POPULAR MATERIALS AND COLORS.

A charming Ball Dress in Pink and Light Green—Flounces in Favor. Old-fashioned Fabrics Revived. Nattiest of House Frocks.

The charm of the ball gown illustrated here can hardly be portrayed in black and white. In sympathy with the liking for color that is overshadowing the "white" and the trailing skirt is in pink china crape or gauze arranged in flat plaits, which are stitched midway with silk in a contrasting shade. The blouse draped sleeves and collar are of white muslin, while the



A BALL GOWN.

bolero and the hip stole that continues down the front of the skirt are in light green taffeta veiled with lace.

Evening gowns for full dress have many new features this season, and one of the most attractive of these is the frilly grace afforded by flounces, each five or six inches wide, that often reach to the knee.

Pertaining to evening dress also is the model of the second cut, which shows one of the latest styles of theater coat in cream or any of the light shades of fine French cloth, with a quilted silk lining, a collar and stole of lace and a fancy cape with velvet tabs finished with fancy buttons.

Old-fashioned brocaded silks to be made up in combination with fine cloth are making their appearance again. Velvet is back, but it is a velvet of this era, a velvet as supple as silk muslin, velvet that does not crush, that will stand plating and shirring and all the requirements of the present mode.

Wine color, it seems, is to be one of the favorites. Some of its tones, which range from deepest wine to a quite bright pink, are wonderfully becoming when perfectly fitted to the complexion. It is a charming color and is appearing in various mixtures of shades on hats.

Nattiest of house frocks are those made up with the housemaid's skirt and a blouse bodice with a smart waistband and, if liked, a little elaboration in the way of a lace cape collar.



A THEATER WRAP.

Any of the pretty flannels, cashmeres or other inexpensive fabrics of the season answers for them. In one of these, well made and well put on, a girl looks tidy, neat and charmingly fit for every duty and pleasure. With walking and day gowns leather belts are the newest wrinkle. They may be of Morocco of the same color as the dress, with a leather covered buckle or of tan or blue, pink or other fashionable shades. While some are in soft leather and rather wide others are set the narrowest strap.

AMY VARNUM.

CATERING FOR TWO.

Marketing For Meats and How Best to Utilize Them.

Marketing for two is altogether different from ordering for a family of ten or even four. One young matron in her little nest of a home with one maid found that with her small family the right sort of a beefsteak seemed impossible at first, for they were satisfied with nothing less than a "thick cut" of the sirloin of heavy beef; but her butcher explained to her how to cut off the tough end to use in different ways, leaving the best part enough for two fine steaks for her family. She learned to use the tough end in the following ways: Chopped, seasoned and baked for a "beef loaf"; chopped, broiled in one large hamburger steak, serving with mushrooms, or made into small balls, heated quickly in a very hot spider, serving with tomato sauce and French fried potatoes, or use the piece whole, stuffing with a rich bread dressing, roll, lard and fasten with skewers and roast in the oven, basting often. This resembles a fillet itself. She kept a four or five pound piece of farm bacon in the house. With their light breakfast they liked a taste of crisp bacon every morning and served it with many dishes. Thin slices of bacon browned crisp in a hot oven are very appetizing served on top of the steak, as little sausages go well as a garnish to a well browned turkey. The bacon was quite a necessary adjunct to their chafing dish suppers.

Once in awhile Jack called for his favorite stew, and this cheap but good dinner made up for the more expensive. She bought one pound of round steak cut up. She taught herself and then her maid to make a savory stew. The "pot roast," using two pounds of the under round, or flank of beef, was a good change with its tender dumplings.

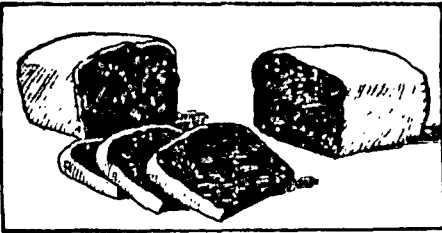
Many suggestions might be added but after all there is nothing for the young housekeeper like making the plunge herself and learning by experience.—M. E. Parmelee in Table Talk.

Epicurean Hash.

Peel and cut fine a medium sized onion; put it in a frying pan with a tablespoonful of sweet dripping and cook slowly until light brown; add one-half of a good sized green bell pepper freed from seeds and cut fine, cook for two minutes, then add one-half of a cupful of chopped tart apple, a cupful of soup stock, a lump of cut sugar, two table-spoonfuls of chopped celery and one and one-half cupfuls of sliced raw potato; cover and simmer for fifteen minutes, then add a pint of finely chopped cooked beef; mix well, season to taste and simmer for three minutes longer.—Exchange.

A Rich Spice Cake.

Cream two cupfuls of sugar and a cupful of butter together, add three well beaten eggs, a cupful of cold water and a teaspoonful each of nutmeg, cloves and cinnamon; mix two tea-



SPICE LOAF CAKE.

spoonfuls of baking powder in three and one-half cupfuls of flour and add to the other ingredients; dust a cupful of raisins and a cupful of currants thoroughly with flour and stir in just before putting the cake in the baking pan; bake in a moderate oven.—New Idea Magazine.

Baked Winter Pears.

Parboil winter pears until they begin to be tender. Place them in a tin baking pan, sprinkle generously with sugar, and pour over them some of the water in which they were cooked. Bake frequently until very tender, then remove to the dish in which they are to be served. Cook down the juice in the pan, adding more sugar if necessary until it becomes a rich syrup. Pour over the pears and serve them with cream and sugar.

A Comprehensive Art.

After much meditation and experience I have divined that it takes as much sense and refinement and talent to cook a dinner, wash and wipe a dish, make a bed and dust a room as to go to the writing of a novel or shining in high society.—Rose Terry Cooke.

Furniture Polish.

Equal parts of linseed oil, turpentine and vinegar form a well tried furniture polish. An excellent furniture varnish may be made of eight ounces of white wax melted and gradually mixed with one pint of oil of turpentine.

Household Hints.

Be sure to fix a place for flowers. They make a dull room look cheerful. "The things which make for peace" are the corner stones of happy home building.

Steaming is the best way to cook old and tough fowls to make them as tender as possible.

There is no pudding better than a baked Indian one when sweet apples are cooked in it.

Look over your preserves often. Should any show signs of fermenting scald them over.

In cleaning furniture always apply alcohol sparingly, if at all, or it will destroy the polish.

Pieces of old flannel, merino and cotton flannel underwear cannot be excelled for household cleaning purposes.

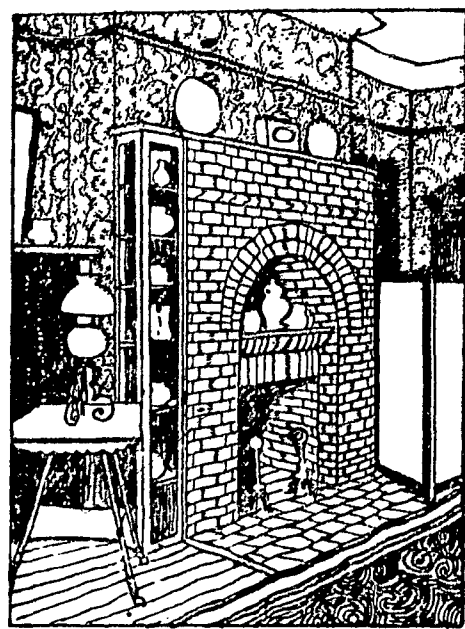
Plain everyday potato parings are said to be better than shot for cleaning carafes, cruets and bottles. They do not scratch the glass.

THE HOME HEARTH.

FIREPLACE AND MANTEL IN THE SCHEME OF FURNISHING.

In Colonial Days—The Modern Arrangements—Brickwork Prominent. Hearthstones and Andirons—The Handy Basket Crate.

Outside of the movable furniture there is nothing of such importance in the room as the fireplace and mantel. This fact is hardly realized until the selection or restoration of a fireplace becomes necessary. Then the attention of the home maker is fixed upon



A DINING ROOM MANTEL.

the details of construction and decoration, and every example in public and private buildings becomes suddenly invested with an absorbing interest.

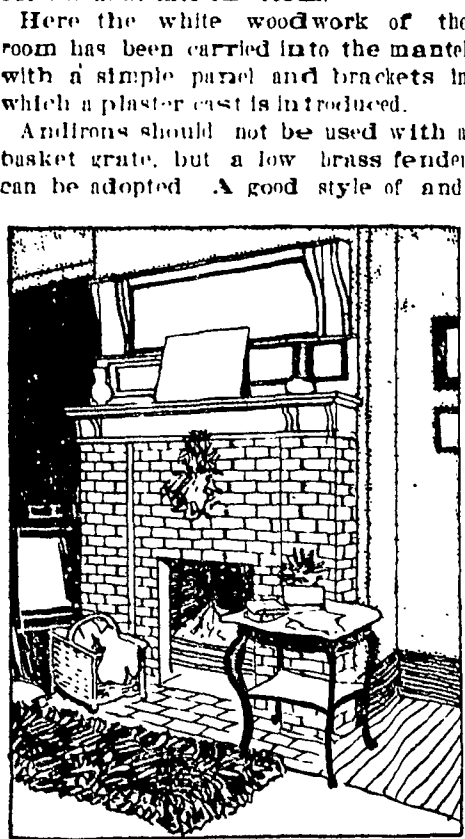
The fireplace opening in colonial days was of great size in the kitchen, but smaller in the other rooms. The fire on the hearth was the only means of warming the rooms, and the chimneys were always placed where they could accomplish the most service. We wonder now, with our comfortable furnaces to assist our open fires, how our forefathers endured the winter cold with the fireplaces alone to give warmth.

In considering the modern fireplace we find that the more simple its design the less likely it is to be a disturbing element in the room. Often in renting a house the fireplace is most difficult to reconcile with otherwise tasteful arrangements. Brickwork in a mass declares its color so insistently that the rest of its surroundings must come into harmony with it. Light terra cotta and buff colored bricks take their places better in almost any color scheme than the dark red ones. A pretty idea was lately carried out in a library in which red bricks were very conspicuous. This was to carpet the entire floor with a wool filling the exact tone of the bricks and to lay small rugs near the door and beside the hearth. In another house a two toned brick colored paper was adopted to distract the attention from the brick fireplace.

Fireplaces lined with brick have a more homelike, cozy appearance than those lined with iron, but the latter will stand more heat and harder wear than the brick. The hearthstones may be of flint or bricks, the bricks wearing better if put to match use than the tiles. The basket grate shown in the illustration "Tasteful Mantel Decoration" is convenient for either coal or wood fires. It is made with casters that permit it to be drawn forward a little after the fire is well started, helping to throw out the heat into the room.

Here the white woodwork of the room has been carried into the mantel with a simple panel and brackets in which a plaster cast is introduced.

Andirons should not be used with a basket grate, but a low brass fender can be adopted. A good style of andirons is shown in the illustration "Tasteful Mantel Decoration."



TASTEFUL MANTEL DECORATION.

Iron is shown in the illustration "A Dining Room Mantel." If the real, old brass pieces are not available there are modern reproductions of colonial types to be had. The cast brass is the best to buy, as it wears better than the cheaper grades of spun brass. In households where the time and attention cannot be given to keeping brass in proper condition the iron pieces may be substituted.—Designer.

Dining and Feeding.

The difference between dining and feeding is the distinction between man and the lower creation. One of the most persistent enemies of digestion is the habit of overeating, which may be defined as eating to the point of discomfort or eating too frequently. Modern living offers every temptation to both indiscretions.

Variety in Scrambled Eggs.

Put a bit of chopped onion in the butter before scrambling eggs or sprinkle a little chopped chives over them before serving, for another variety.

THE GUEST ROOM.

Put Yourself in the Visitor's Place and Detect Aboard Comforts.

The refined beauty of our surroundings has rarely attained such perfection as in this the beginning of the twentieth century. In the cottage, the flat, the luxurious apartment, the fine residence, beauty reigns triumphant—beauty of form, coloring, texture, and everywhere the eye rests in delight to the physical senses.

It has become the custom of every woman to arise and adorn not only herself, but her home, to the best of her ability. Hostesses of today excel as never before, and visits are dreams of delight to their guests. Food is etherealized, and the rarest, costliest and most exquisite flowers and foliage are everywhere seen in lavish profusion. To such a pitch of perfection and luxury have we arrived.

And yet—I think there are quite as many "and yet's" in this world as "but's"—and yet, I repeat, speaking solely and most emphatically of bed rooms, the simplest, most ordinary comforts and necessities of everyday life are in some respects entirely forgotten or overlooked in almost two-thirds of the houses I stay in. Nearly half our life is spent in our bedrooms, by some principally in peaceful sleep, by others in weary wakefulness, and very little provision is made for the benefit, relief or comfort of either. Many a time and oft I have lain awake in most luxurious rooms, hungry both in body and mind. I have longed for even the driest and hardest of biscuits and ground my spirit, envious at the mere thought of the literature that adorns the walls of our railway waiting rooms. A little time and thought, I will not say trouble, and what a difference would result as regards the comfort and happiness of the tired or wakeful guest. Let there be close by every bed a fair sized table and over it, quite low down, a small combined bookshelf and cupboard, the latter always empty for each guest. Fill the bookshelf with care, and do not consult only your own taste in literature and speaking of bookshelves (I say it with bated breath), a dictionary is sometimes useful to a "phonetic" guest. On the table place a cracker jar, and see that it is filled, a carafe of cold water and a tumbler. Smelling salts need not be forgotten nor yet a fan in hot weather. Add a new magazine and light booklet, of which later there is no lack.

Whatever be the lighting of your house, never forget that a candle and box of matches are indispensable adjuncts to the bedside table. Now we come to an important question. Reading in bed is only necessary and calculated to irritate instead of soothe the mind if the reading be done under difficulties owing to want of or badly arranged light. Any light, be it gas, candle or electric should be carefully shaded and placed as low as possible.

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SHORTY MAHAN'S PASSING

By T. BLAIR LATON

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It is very obvious, of course, that his first name was not Shorty; but, what is not so obvious, his last name was not Mahan. The name the rector pronounced when he stood before the font with the wriggling infant in his arms was Jefferson Douglass Jerrold. They were a fine old family, the Jerrolds, with an abundance of heirloom silver, faded ancestral portraits, one of them a Copley, and enough family pride to sink a ship.

When Jefferson Douglass had grown into a short, thick set youth, with sandy red hair and a mobile face, which effectually concealed his thoughts and emotions, the family council set about to choose a career for him which would do credit to the silver, the portraits and the family pride. His father's mind was divided between medicine and the law. His mother made her gentle arguments for the ministry. Jefferson Douglass went to college with his mobile face as inscrutable as ever, but with firm determination to choose his own career.

The exact moment when he decided what that career should be was that October afternoon when Michael Ryan, athletic trainer and ex-middleweight, rose gruffly from the door of the gymnasium and rubbed the point of his jaw in a dazed fashion. Before him, unfastening the boxing gloves which incased his hands, stood a short, thick set young man with sandy red hair and an impassive face. Ryan pulled off his own gloves and extended his hand, which the other shook gravely.

"If I could hit like that," said Ryan, "I wouldn't be here. Man, I could make a wonder of you in a year's time." That was why Jefferson Douglass cut short his course at college, where, to tell the truth, he was not succeeding tremendously along prescribed lines, and, in a stormy interview at home, announced his intention to seek his fortune in the world in his own way and by his own efforts. How those efforts were to be directed he neglected to state, but when the identity of Shorty Mahan, the newly arrived star,



"IF YOU'LL PERMIT ME," HE SAID, "I'LL GET THE KITTEN."

lar attraction in the lightweight class, was finally forced upon his unwilling family and their suspicious fear became bitter truth his father swore roundly, and his mother looked long at the ancestral portraits, especially the Copley, and wept.

For three years Shorty Mahan enjoyed a series of brilliant ring victories, which made his name a household word in the sporting world and added very materially to the foundation of his fortune. Then it was announced that the fight between Mahan and Billy Devine of the Pacific coast for the lightweight championship of the world had finally been arranged to be pulled off in a well known sporting club in the east; that the purse had been put up, the articles of agreement signed by both men and the forfeits posted.

Just two weeks after this announcement Shorty Mahan, with his trainers, his sparring partner, his rubbers and his bull terrier, took up his abode in a little cottage on the shore of Freshwater lake, prepared for the monotonous three months of training which was to fit him for the fight of his life.

Freshwater lake was a charming bit of water but half a mile from Thoraxon village and a scant ten miles from the club where the fight would take place. Shorty Mahan upon his arrival looked the place over, grinned his delight and entered upon his training with a vengeance.

The trouble began one May evening just at sunset as Mahan and Jim Delaney, his sparring partner, were returning from a ten mile run along the country roads. They had reached the village and were jogging easily along the elm lined streets when Mahan noticed a young woman standing beneath a cherry tree and calling in tones of coaxing anxiety to an Angora kitten which sulked among the branches at the top of the tree. He stopped short and turned into the yard.

"If you'll permit me," he said, doffing his cap, "I'll get the kitten for you."

"Oh, if you would be so good," said the girl, flushing becomingly.

In another moment Shorty Mahan's red head was among the topmost branches, and then, with the kitten in his arms, he slid deftly to the ground. "Gee!" said Delaney when Shorty joined him outside the fence. "Pretty nifty, wasn't she?"

Shorty wheeled on him suddenly. "Jim," he said shortly, "that was a lady. Remember it, if you please." And then he cut out a pace for the training quarters which landed Delaney there perspiring and well nigh blown.

Delaney remembered afterward that it was directly after the kitten affair that Mahan began to behave rather strangely. He insisted on taking his daily run quite alone. He found or invented numerous errands which took him to the village, and he went there alone also. Every Sunday night precisely at 7 he slipped off for a quiet walk by himself, so he said.

The weeks went past, and the time of the fight approached. Instead of increasing interest in his training Shorty's zeal showed unmistakable signs of flagging. Delaney begged and the trainer threatened, but Shorty Mahan could be neither wheeled nor driven. The fight was to take place on a Wednesday evening. The Sunday evening preceding it Delaney and Dawson quietly shadowed Shorty when he set out from the cottage. They followed him to the little church and stood before the uncurtained windows of the vestry. Shorty entered and took a seat well down in front, and even as they watched a hymn was started, in which they could recognize Shorty's home-bred bass. Dawson, who was the head trainer, gasped.

"Member the kitten I told you about?" Delaney whispered. "Well, I've found out that the girl was the parson's daughter."

"Humph!" Dawson grunted, and they started back.

When Shorty returned to quarters Delaney was waiting for him.

"Now, about this prayer meeting business, Shorty," Dawson began.

Shorty's eyes flashed fire.

"If you fellows have been shadowing me there's likely to be a rough house here," he said. He stood glaring about him for a moment, then turned on his heel and went to bed.

There have been many vague theories advanced and many absurd stories circulated as to why the Mahan-Devine fight never took place. Some will tell you Shorty Mahan was terror stricken at the last moment. Others affirm he was paid a liberal sum to forfeit the fight to Devine. The real reason, set forth in a letter by Shorty himself, is in the possession of Jim Delaney. It came the morning of the fight:

Dear Jim—It's all off. You know I have often said that if I was ever defeated I'd never fight again. Well, I lost this fight before it began. Clean knockout by a woman too. We were married last night beneath the tree where I caught the kitten. I'm out of it for good, Jim.

And that is why Shorty Mahan faded from the eyes of an admiring public and also why Jefferson Douglass Jerrold is custodian of the family pride, the silver and the ancestral portraits, one of which is a Copley.

A Slight Misconception.

Under the subtle influence of the new world the foreigner becomes a good citizen, willing to do his duty by town and state and to extend it in time of need to his adopted country. But he does not always grasp the entire political scheme. Angelo, a newly naturalized Italian citizen, lived, says the Brooklyn Eagle, in one of a row of neat little cottages built by a man of philanthropic nature in a factory town.

The cottages had pretty front yards that faced on a street as nicely kept as a parkway. Before each gate was an ornamental hitching post. One evening when on a rent collecting tour the philanthropic landlord found one of the posts torn up and thrown into the street. Angelo lived in the house to which the post belonged.

"Angelo," said the landlord, "how came that post to be torn up?" "Me tearn him up," Angelo answered. "Me no want de pole. He costa too mucha mon." And, turning to his wife, Angelo commanded, "Bringa de little pape."

Obedient Mrs. Angelo brought the paper, which turned out to be a poll tax notice.

"Looka disa," said Angelo, passing the notice to his landlord. "Dey maka me pay de doll' for de pole. De pole be no good to me—me hava no horse. Me no payn de doll'. Me diga de pole up and trow him away."

Embarrassment of Seats.

I live in one of the suburbs, and the train on which I ride to the city is generally crowded. The other day, however, an extra car was put on, and when I got aboard there were many vacant seats. I noticed when I sat down that every man who got aboard looked around as if he didn't know just where to sit. One old fellow in particular attracted my attention. He first took a seat near the door. Then he got up and started toward the middle of the car, but finally, after a good deal of hesitating, he went back and seated himself near the place he had decided upon first. Still he wasn't satisfied. He looked at the vacant seats around him and several times seemed to be inclined to change over to one of them. Now I have seen this man hundreds of times scramble upon the cars when they were well filled and rush for the first seat he could get, but never before had I seen him exhibit so much uneasiness and dissatisfaction. When the car is crowded he is glad to find room to sit down anywhere. At such times he doesn't stop to see whether the vacant seat is at the end or in the center or on the right or left side. He just takes it and is tickled at his luck.

The more a man gets the more he wants and the less he is satisfied with what he has.—Chicago Record-Herald.