WHAT TO WEAR AND HOW TO WEAR IT

Special Correspondent of This Paper Writes Entertainingly to Women

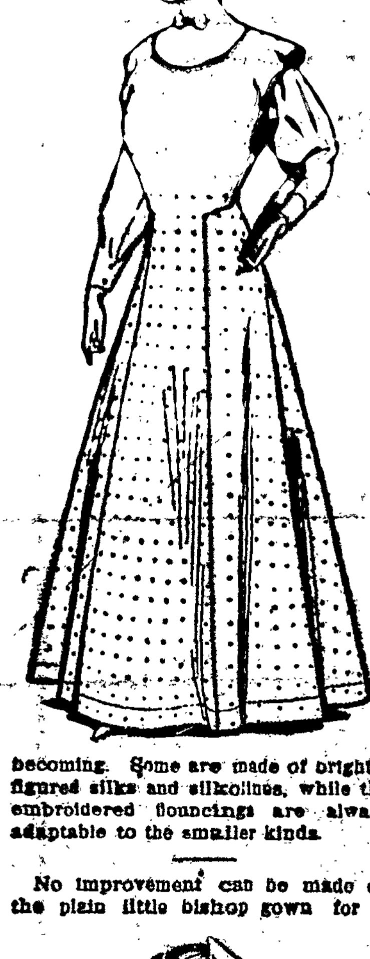
LATEST FROM THE METROPOLIS

Separate Jackets Promise to Be Popular—Graceful and Becoming Aprons—Plain Little Bishop Gown for a Nightdress.

Separate jackets made in empire style promise to be popular for spring and summer wear. They usually are made to match the dress but contrasts, not too violent, are newer and if carefully planned very effective. If two shades of the same color are used

the effect is best of all. The illustration shows the jacket worn over a dress of pale mauve voile. The material is a cloth of darker shade of mauve trimmed with silk braid and buttons. A scarf of soft black silk is sewed inside the neck and hangs below the opening of the jacket, weighted with jet tassels.

The style and fit of an apron is really worth considering and now-a-days many of these are really graceful and



becoming. Some are made of brightly figured silks and silkolines, while the embroidered flouncings are always adaptable to the smaller kinds.

No improvement can be made on the plain little bishop gown for a

nightdress. The only trimming required is a lace ruffle for neck and sleeves.

—By JULES THEROW.

The Choice

Brenton Strang stood motionless in the doorway of his modest frame house, staring with unseeing eyes out over the blue waters of the Pacific. Less than a mile away the smoke curled upwards from the fishing town of Kadiak and far away to the east ward, across the shimmering stretches of the strait, rose in dim grandeur the glaciers and snow-clad mountains of the mainland.

Close at hand the wide fields were green, with high meadow grasses, where the cattle grazed in blissful peace, unheeding the golden beauty of the daisies, the sapphire grace of the blue bells, and the dainty blushes of the wild roses, making a rich riot of color and perfume. For this is the warm garden of that chill north country—a bit of the gracious southland that nature has transplanted to these islands of the sea, and carefully nurtures and blesses with warm ocean currents, sunny skies and soft breezes.

Strang frowned impatiently at his thoughts, and turned on the threshold. He stepped to the low carved mantel and took in his hands the photograph of a fair-faced girl. Her eyes smiled straight into his sombre ones, but still unsmiling he laid the picture down and tramped restlessly back and forth, the frown on his forehead growing ever deeper.

He needed no visible reminder of the face into which he had looked that afternoon when Lolita, the daughter of the white superintendent of the canneries by his Aleut wife, had walked beside him on the shore.

There had been a short, perilous moment when he had caught her in his arms to save her from the unsuspected quicksand that had sucked her feet downward. But in that brief instant her arms had held him tightly and he had seen in her dark eyes a strange light that told its tale of warning.

The girl was young and utterly unlearned. Her slim, supple girlhood appealed to him, and she had become a part of the free, open-air life he had led for two years. But Brenton Strang was a true man at heart, and he faced his problem with unflinching candor.

Should he woo and wed the girl—half Indian and almost wholly pagan—with her passionate love of nature in the wild northern land; should he bring her into his home which he had builded with thought of another woman always in his heart, and so settle down to the vast farming life that he [illegible]?

He should forget his [illegible] of civilization [illegible] the girl whose face watched him from the simple gold frame. She belonged to the life behind him, her dainty, almost fragile beauty found its rightful setting in the luxury to which she had been born. And yet there had been a time, two short weeks of camp life when they had lived very near to the heart of the world and the days had glided by in the [illegible].

He looked around his empty home, picturing her there, as he had so often done. Not until this hour had he realized how closely he had wrought the thought of her into his life.

Three months before he had written her of his decision to remain permanently at Kadiak, save for an occasional winter in the South. The old life which they had known together had lost its grip upon him, and the new, broader, saner life held him fast. He needed her and so he had told her, at the same time leaving her free to choose.

Weeks had passed and no word had come, and his heart and home were very lonely. Lolita's youth charmed and tempted him, but the love of the other woman still filled his soul.

Again he took up the picture and studied its silent beauty.

"Virginia," he whispered, "why have you deserted me, when I love you so?"

The face of the Indian girl had vanished from his heart, and the fair Southern woman reigned supreme once more. With grave tenderness he kissed the sweet lips and spoke to her again.

"It shall be the best or nothing, dear," he told her, and placed the little frame on the shelf.

Then he went to the open door, and his eyes dwelt sadly and calmly on the glory of the scene before him. Suddenly he saw a woman's figure coming swiftly along the road from Kadiak.

His breath came fast, his pulses bounded, then his heart stood still with a great joy. He brushed his hand across his eyes, as if to sweep away the dream.

But the reality of his hope was drawing near, for he beheld Virginia coming toward him, half-running, her cheeks glowing above her dark furs, her lips parted eagerly, and her gray eyes alight.

He dashed toward her with outstretched arms.

"Virginia, Virginia," he repeated over and over again and even she wondered at the solemn tenderness of his voice.

"I came to you, Brent," she said shyly as soon as she could speak. "I had to since you wouldn't come back to me."

She smiled tremulously, but Brenton Strang drew her closer in his arms and answered reverently:

"Thank God, you came, Virginia."

Her Supreme Pleasure.

Probably nothing pleases a woman more than her ability to look younger than some other woman who is the same age, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Notes and Comment

"A NATIONAL DELUSION."

That American Woman Has No Superior Is Absurd.

The idea that the position of American women is superior to that of any other women in the world is characterized by Mary Heaton Vorse, in "Appleton's," as a "national delusion." She admits that they are undoubtedly the "most indulged and petted women in the world," but as for real respect she thinks that the downtrodden German hausfrau gets more. "The German husband may seem to be quickly abrupt in the minor details of life. He may talk with brutal disparagement about the female brain, but when he goes out to amuse himself it doesn't occur to him to go alone. He takes with him his wife and his children. That pathetic person whose husband neglects her for the society of men for whom our tears flow so often in this country, is not found in Germany."

The reason assigned is that by her skilful household management the hausfrau has become a source of wealth to the country. The part which women play in the national life is what makes them pre-eminent or relatively unimportant, says the article. "The amount of small courtesy shown them really doesn't make much difference. Show me a country where its women add to the country's wealth by participating in the business of that country or by their thrift and I will show you a country where the economic position of women is a higher one." In France, where the woman is her husband's comrade and business partner, she has the most power.

"As a contrast to this, the American man stands alone. The women folk of his family do not help him. As far as his business goes, it's quite immaterial to him whether he has a wife or whether he has not. Our men may talk as much as they like about the uplifting influence of a noble woman and of the tangible support that the thought of her nobility gives them. It does not alter the fact that the average American man transacts all the business of his life without ever dreaming of turning to his life's partner for any counsel in the matter—and generally without her even having any knowledge of the business in hand."

There is comradeship between young girls and men, Mrs. Vorse finds, but it ceases just at the time when the latter begin the real business of life. For this state of affairs she thinks the women are to blame.

"When a man first marries it is his instinct to take his wife into partnership with him. It's natural for a man to want to talk about that which takes up most of the hours he is awake to the person he cares for most in the world. But the wife checks these advances according to her nature and disposition. Either she will slip her arm through John's and say coaxingly: 'Don't let's talk about horrid business, dear; let's talk about something nice. You ought to rest when you get home!' Or less agreeable and more honest, she may admit frankly that business bores her."

So the man actually comes to think that he ought to leave his business cares at the office. He sits "bored and silent in his own home," while his wife complains that he is "so absorbed in business that he has no interest left for anything else."

"I do not for a moment mean," the article concludes, "to bring the influence of woman in her household down to a matter of dollars and cents, but it is not probable that the spiritual bond between man and woman was ever less because they were helpful partners to each other in the affairs of everyday life."

A Cheap Shoe Box.

A pretty and serviceable shoe box may be made in the following way: Procure a small wooden goods box, say two feet long, two feet deep and

one and a half feet wide. Fasten the lid on with small hinges. Paint the inside of the box and lid a rich dark red or blue. Cover the outside with cretonne or burlap in rich color, tacking the covering on with bright-headed brass tacks. The lid may be slightly padded so as to form a seat when closed. Four red wool tassels may be tacked to the corners of the box by way of decoration. A red tape loop to draw over a brass hook may be used as a fastening. Such a box is very handy to hold the boy's or girl's shoes and is ornamental in the room as well.

A Glass Rolling Pin.

The modern rolling pin is of glass or of porcelain, with glass handles. These materials are considered much more hygienic than wood.

The Other Girl

By MRS. FLORENCE DEVOE.

Dolly Heath walked quickly up and down the pretty room, blind to its beauties, and deaf to the telephone bell ringing furiously in the hall. Her eyes were full of tears of anger as she mimicked, "I won't be at home very early to-night, dear, so don't wait up for me, will you?" "How much, how much he must love me! Love, indeed, but I suppose after one has been married for [illegible] years she should begin to expect her husband's love to grow cool. Love! I don't believe he is capable of love. I don't think he ever loved me anyway. It was probably because I was good looking that he married me. Why, to-night is the second time this week that he is going to leave me alone, and last week he was out two nights, too."

She dropped onto a convenient couch and [illegible] her anger turning to sorrow at the terrible calamity soon to befall her. Already she saw herself left alone for [illegible] to die of sorrow, by her wicked husband, who, if she had but known it, was at that very moment buying a beautiful collie dog for her. Dolly set out for a long walk to think the matter over calmly. The cool wind refreshed her, and she started out, deciding to walk to the [illegible] about two miles from her house.

Two nights a week! Yes, that was just the way they all began, when they no longer loved their wives. She was walking fast now, and the city streets were giving way to board walks or footpaths. And the foolish little wife nursed her anger and put a different construction on everything Jack had said for weeks.

The road led to a cliff looking out on the Atlantic, one of those coast scenes that Maine is famous for. Dolly loved the sea and she stood for some time glorying in the sight of the huge waves beating against the rocks. A child's voice aroused her and turning she saw a baby of about four years, coming towards her as fast as his somewhat unsteady legs could carry him. He had escaped from his mother's hand and had finally been walking, or rather toddling, very well, when, upon almost reaching Dolly, he stumbled and fell. She rushed forward and picked him up. His mother, a girl of her own age, thanked her and tried to take the baby, but he would not go, to Dolly's great delight. They stood watching the sea for some time, when the child's mother broke the silence.

"How happy you must be," said she. "You see, I know who you are, and I often see you and your husband driving by my house. Indeed I envy you."

Dolly turned, amazed at the bitterness in her voice.

"But aren't you happy, too?" she asked. "You have the baby to make you still happier."

The other girl brushed the dark hair into place under her scarlet tam-o-shanter and looked steadily at the whirling water.

"Happy?" she said at last. "Happy? Yes, I was happy once, but I didn't know it until it was too late—until it was all over. You see—well, my husband left me. But I have never once—it is two years now since he left me—stopped hoping and praying that he would some day come back to me." There was no bitterness in the sweet voice now, only a great longing.

Dolly was silent before this great trouble. What could she say? She tried to imagine what it would be if Jack should go away. The [illegible] thought of the [illegible] she had spent the years they had been engaged, and Jack had left her for a two weeks' fishing trip. Her anger of the morning came back to her. This girl was left, perhaps for life, while she, Dolly, had been angry with the best fellow in the world because he had stayed out for two [illegible] nights. She wondered what [illegible] would think of her [illegible], and she went up to her and put both arms about her.

"How I wish I might help you!" she said slowly.

When Jack Heath arrived home that night at the [illegible] late and unearthly hour of 11, he was embraced and nearly smothered to death by a bewitching little vision, arrayed in the most fetching and likewise most expensive of gowns. The pretty eyelashes were still wet with tears.

"Will this be a fine reward for staying out so late," he exclaimed, "[illegible] I'll do it every night."

"Dear old Jack, you don't know how much I love you, honey," said Dolly, "thanks to the other girl."

Heath sat down in the Morris chair and held out his arms to his wife.

"Suppose you come and tell me then," he said.

And Dolly Heath, after talking nearly two hours, managed to make him believe her, if indeed he had ever doubted it.

Still Another Marathon Feat.

Being pursued by a farmer and his three sons, after being caught in the chicken yard, a young colored person had just made up his mind that he was not eluding his followers as quickly as might be when a long-eared jack rabbit jumped up from the roadside and started down the road ahead of him. The would-be chicken thief had run a few hundred feet further when the farmer and his boys were astonished to hear the negro shout, in a voice that quavered with fright, though unrestrained: "Say, for de Lord's sake, you rabbit, get out ob de way and let some one run who can run!"

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