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 a-

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 eastward, 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 green of the blue bells, and the dainty blushes of the wild roses, making a rich riot of color and perfume. For this in the warm green 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 built with no thought of another woman always in his heart, and so young girls and men, Mrs. Vorse finds, come down to the business of life but it ceases just at the time when they begin the real business of life. For this state of affairs she blames the women are to blame.

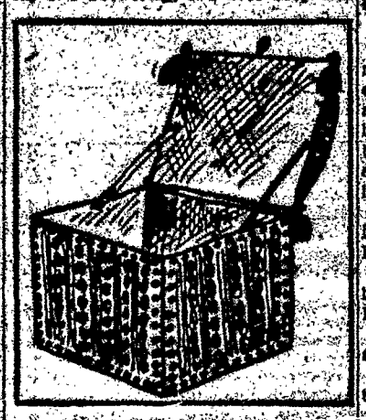
When a man first marries it is his instinct to take his wife into partnership with him. It's natural for a man to want to talk about that which takes up most of the hours he is awake to the person he cares for most in the world." But the wife checks these advances according to her nature and disposition. "Either she will slip her arm through John's and say coyingly: '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 partner, 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 woo. 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 girls' 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.

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 husband may seem to us unchivalrous 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 patronizing 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 work assigned in that by no skilful household management the housewife 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 talk 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 even 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."

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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 we've been married for four 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 harvey. 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 cried her anger turning to sorrow at the terrible calamity soon to befall her. Already she saw herself left alone for life 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 in the moat about two miles from her home.

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 broad walks or footpaths. And the foolish little wife nursed her anger and put a different construction in 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 tumbling Dolly, he stumbled and fell. She ran forward and picked him up. His mother, a girl of her own age, thanked her and urged us 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, startled 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 come back to me." There was no bitterness in the sweet voice now, only a great hope.

Dolly was silent before this great trouble. What could she say? She tried to imagine what it would be if Jack should go away for two years. The thought of her wedding, the happiness she had spent the rake they had been engaged, and Jack had left her for two weeks' fishing trip. The sadness of the morning came back to her. The girl was left, perhaps for life, with her baby. Dolly, had been angry with her husband because he had stayed out for two nights. She wondered what the world would think of her husband, if she went up to her and told her what she thought about her.

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

When Jack Heath arrived home that night at the fearfully 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 eyes indeed were still wet with tears.

"Well, this is a fine surprise for staying out so late," he stammered. "There, 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 on the floor suddenly and held out his arms to his wife.

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

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

Still Another Marathon Fool.

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 de way and let some one run!"

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