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BIEN JOLIE BRASSIERES

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FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Sleepy Time Story About a Boy Who Was Nearly Lost.

HOW IT ALL CAME ABOUT.

An Amusing Incident That Caused Some Alarm For a Time—Where the Missing Youngster Was Finally Discovered—A Russian Princess.

Tonight, said Uncle Ben to little Ned and Polly Ann, I am going to tell you about

A LOST BOY.

When I was a boy we lived on a farm, and my father had a large barn in which the children liked to play. I'll never forget the fun I used to have when I was a boy climbing up the haymow.

Our barn was quite a little way from the house, and father seldom locked it. One afternoon mother said that a neighbor spoke of having seen tramps going by, and after that he thought he would lock up the barn.

That afternoon we had a glorious game of robbers' cave in the barn. Our children and the children of two or three neighbors were there.

When it was nearly supper time we stopped playing. The other children got ready to go home, and we, too, started to the house.

"Where's Billy?" some one said. Billy was a three-year-old neighbor and had come with his sister, who was my sister's chum.

"Oh, Billy must have gone home," said his sister. "He would want something to eat before this." Then we said good night very merrily and went our ways.

It was almost dark, and a little later our father came in after having fed the animals and locked the barn.

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REIGNS OF TERROR

Times During Which Law and Order Are Dethroned.

WHEN CITIES GO STARK MAD.

This Has Happened Many Times in Different Lands, the Most Notable Example Being Frenzied Paris in the Revolution and in the Commune.

During the insurrection in Ireland, which had its center in the historic old capital of that long troubled Isle and which resulted in the execution of several of its leaders, including Sir Roger Casement, Dublin went mad—stark, raving mad. It is a way cities have sometimes. Then, just as single individuals do when smitten with insanity, they perpetrate all sorts of horrible deeds that in their saner moments they would be the first to repudiate and condemn.

Paris was attacked by just such a violent fit of mental aberration during the stormy and blood-soaked days of the revolution and again immediately after the last Franco-German war. Her revolutionists in the latter event called themselves Communists, and these frenzied people did pretty much as did the Dublin insurrectionists—that is to say, they seized public buildings, threw up street barricades and entrenched themselves in open strategic spaces. The result in the end, too, was the same. They were overpowered by the regular troops, and the bulk of them were killed or made prisoners, but not until a fourth part of Paris had been laid in ruins, property worth \$32,000,000 being destroyed.

To find anything in London approximating to the Dublin madness we must go back to the year 1780, when Lord George Gordon's armed rioters held England's capital at their mercy for several days. On this occasion Newgate Jail was stormed and set on fire, after the prisoners had been released, the Bank of England was besieged and hundreds of houses, churches, shops and other buildings were set on fire and destroyed.

Bristol's turn came fifty years later, during the reform agitation of 1831. The city, long seething with political excitement, suddenly exploded like a powder magazine to which a lighted match is applied, and in the course of a day and night 500 of her citizens were killed by the military or burnt to death in the fires they themselves had kindled, and most of her principal buildings, including the mansion house, the bishop's palace and above 100 shops and private dwellings, were beset of blackened ruins.

In 1830, Newport, Monmouthshire, underwent a similar experience, but the mayor called out the troops with commendable promptitude, and after a brief but bloody conflict in the market square the maddened rioters fled, leaving the place a shambles. Of what a fiery Welsh mob is capable, however, when it is allowed to get out of hand, was shown in 1882 at Tredegar, in the same county, when the miners there, infuriated by an attack made on a Protestant religious meeting by some Irish Roman Catholics, stormed the quarter of the town in which the latter lived and literally wiped it off the face of the earth.

In 1913 five white mechanics working underground at the New Kleinfontein mine, near Johannesburg, were asked to assent to an alteration of hours that would involve their working for the future on Saturday afternoons. They refused and were dismissed, whereupon practically all of the white miners on the Rand came out on strike.

That week saw Johannesburg given up to scenes similar to those enacted in Dublin. Bands of armed madmen fought the soldiers with rifles, with revolvers, with dynamite bombs. The railway station was set on fire and destroyed. The offices of the Star newspaper were blown to pieces with giant powder. To venture into the streets was to gamble with death. In the end, of course, the military got the upper hand—they always do—but not until some 200 of the strikers and their sympathizers had been killed and wounded.

Hunger sometimes drives cities crazy. The people suffer until they feel they can suffer no longer. Then the madness mounts into their brains, and things—terrible things—happen. Milan, for instance, went mad from this cause in 1898 owing to the long continued scarcity and dearth of bread. Gaunt, skeleton like women, stripped to the waist, led the rioters and urged them by fanatic cries and gestures to try conclusions with the soldiers.

Milan ran red with blood. In one short afternoon eighty-two of the hunger maddened people were shot dead. Many hundreds were wounded. Negri, baker's shop in the city escaped being looted, and most of them were utterly destroyed into the bargain. But in the end the people got their way. The price of bread was reduced.


Belfast has periodically gone mad. One of the worst occurred in 1886, when eleven people were killed outright and more than 200 were wounded.

New York city, too, had a flash of this kind during the draft riots of July 13 to 16, 1863.—London Tit-Bits.

Which Nerve? "I met James coming from the dentist this morning and from what he said I can't tell whether he got scared or had the dentist go through with it." "What did he say?" "Said he lost his nerve."—Baltimore American.

Remember to be calm in adversity.—Horace.

Swagger Coat Designed For Jack Frost's Weather.



Brick red velours worsted, cut with novel lines on the shoulders and across the front, gives this smart garment

Black velvet cuffs, buttons and a deep collar contrast the bright tones of the med.

SO COMFORTABLE.

Patterns Borrowed From the Shawls of Grandmothers' Days.

Paisley designs, the latest things of the moment among the smartest fashionables—abroad and which are the shawls of our grandmothers reproduced in silks, are to be a full feature.

A woman may take a couple of yards of one of these lovely things, drape them around her, and she has a cloak that cannot be surpassed.

Paisley is the fashion (as used, but Kashmir, Persian or oriental will describe the new silks. They are all after the designs of grandmothers' shawls, not nominally, but actually, for the real shawls were used to obtain the designs. The material is in satins, in fleur de soie, a soft lustrous like silk; in a soft rich ribbed crape and in dweety, a silk that has the consistency of the old time cashmere.

It will be one of the things in which the silks with the less strongly accentuated designs will be seen. The Paisley may also be combined with plain silks for evening wear; they will go into handsome blouses, but they will find their best use probably as cloaks or linings for elegant fur or velvet wraps.

The familiar palm leaf, which appears frequently in all oriental designs, in rugs and other textiles as well as in the old time shawls, is prominent in the silks. That wonderfully brilliant scarlet so familiar in the shawls is notable sage foundation in some of the silks on which are vignettes of the palm leaf design in dull gold tones. On a white ground the palm leaf is in those soft hues that one knows on the old white shawls. The black foundation has the design with gold or green tones predominating and a soft warm blue foundation has peculiar magenta pink tones in the design.

FALL SWEATERS.

They Come in Gay Tones Like Autumn Leaves.

It will be good news to the sports-woman to know there are shower proof sweaters. The latter have been put through the water proofing process and are therefore impervious to rain, mist or other "elements of the weather."

These sweaters are knitted in plain stitch and have an all around belt, a roll collar and deep pockets. They come in such colors as Dutch blue, hunters' green, old rose and yellow. They are just the thing, not only in point of shape and general style, but also in colors, to accord beautifully with the fall requirements and autumn foliage.

Then there are sweaters made of brushed wool that are mixed with fiber to give them an attractive gloss. When in color such sweaters usually are finished with white collars and cuffs, and in some instances the latter take on the appearance of soft fur.

Chutney Sauce.

Twelve large apples, four large onions, six large green tomatoes and two bell peppers, all chopped fine. To one quart of vinegar add two cupfuls of brown sugar, one cupful of chopped raisins and one tablespoonful each of salt, cinnamon and cloves. Drain the tomato mixture dry, add to sirup and cook slowly one hour. Bottle while hot, and if sealed it will keep a year.

Man and His Weight.

A well proportioned man should weigh two and one-third pounds for every inch of his height.

Why He Was Good.

"Is he a good after dinner speaker?" "Splendid! He never talks more than five minutes, and when he gets through he makes you feel that you could have done much better."—Life.

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Photo by American Press Association.

GRAND DUCHESSE MARIE

In 1890 and is therefore seventeen years old. She was photographed in soldier's uniform, warlike costume being very much in fashion in Europe just now. Doubtless she is an honorary officer in one of the czar's regiments. Anyway, she makes a very handsome soldier.

The Ferryman.

Dear ferryman, with beard of gray, We are very tired of play Our heads are nodding, and our eyes Are wet with misty, sleepy-tears. So wrap us in your shadow coat And let us climb into your boat. Then row us gently down the stream Of a sweet and quiet dream.

WHAT ONE SEES IN HOLLAND

Many Things, of Course, but Mostly Black and White Cows.

And what does one see in Holland? Black and white cows—black and white cows in small squares of green pasture; windmills, innumerable perfect vegetable gardens, black and white cows; narrow canals where fences ought to be and which the black and white cows seem never to cross with out permission; women and girls in adorable Dutch costumes or in hideous misfits of modern garments; black and white cows; ten thousand models of the "Man With the Hoe" in ten thousand flower hedged gardens; windmills and church spires against the low sky line, Dutch Reformed church spires mostly and nothing much to speak of but with hundreds of black and white cows in the foreground.

Long strips of canal crowded with ugly or quaint craft of various kinds and lined with primly set rows of stubby trees or with high gabled, red roofed, red brick houses; in village squares acres of red and yellow and purple cheeses and, in certain sections if the season is right, fields upon fields of low growing, wonderful flowers but principally black and white cows to small squares and oblongs of green pasture.

Broad, open meadows? Densely forested acres sheltering wild things of the earth and sky? Uplands and low lands? Wide, wasteful rivers running loose in a riotous sunlight? No; nothing like that in Holland. The Dutch cheese is a snug little cheese, all sleek and firm and brightly colored. That is Holland. Why is it that, wherever you go in the wide, wide world, from the islands of the south seas to the lands of the all summer sun, you can nearly always get an Edam cheese?

The answer is that there are three million and some hundred odd thousand of black and white cows in Holland, a cow, at least, for every two persons—man, woman and child. There are sheep and goats and pigs as well, but they are not so conspicuous in the landscape.—Eleanor F. Egan in Saturday Evening Post.

MILK SHOULD BE EATEN.

When Swallowed Rapidly It is Hard and Slow to Digest.

Milk, fresh from the bovine font with its rich store of vitamins and enzymes, with the finest quality of protein for brain and muscle building salts to stiffen the bony framework and to brighten the vital fires of the body, is a natural product. Not only is it not improved by the art of cookery but it is actually damaged by it and rendered incapable of supplying in the highest degree those subtle elements which are essential to good nutrition.

A word should be said about how to take milk. It should be eaten, not swallowed as a beverage.

All foods need to be masticated. The calf and the nursing infant chew milk. The movements of the jaws and the sucking movements executed by an infant in nursing induces an abundant flow of saliva, which, mixed with the milk, properly dilutes it and to a high degree promotes its digestion.

Milk when swallowed rapidly as a beverage is likely to form in the stomach large and hard curds, which are very slowly digested. Many persons who suffer from taking milk in this way imagine themselves to be unable to take milk and so abandon its use.

Milk should be sipped slowly and with a sucking movement of the throat, so as to secure a liberal admixture of saliva. By this means the formation of hard, indigestible curds may be prevented.

Milk also must be taken in right quantities and in right combinations. It cannot be denied that milk digests better when taken by itself or in very simple combinations than when mixed with a large quantity of other food-stuffs.—Dr. J. H. Kellogg in Good Health.

Growsome Craft.

There is a little boat on the East river, New York, known as the Fidelity, which is the official funeral barge of 5,760 persons a year. Every morn ing, rain or shine, it steams up the East river on its daily tour of the various city hospitals and institutions. Bodies of those who have died are returned to the morgue to be left from seven to ten days waiting for a claimant. There are about 120 a week, 480 a month, or an average of 5,760 a year.

Floundering in Pronouns.

Attention is often directed to the in eradicable cockney "derangement" of negatives. There is a provincialism that flounders among the personal pronouns. An assize court witness in a case arising from a brawl when asked what she knew about it replied, "Well her told I to hit she," and counsel remarked, "Her did, did her?" Naught abashed, witness added, with confidence, "And then her came at we."—London Globe.

A Full Man.

"Men are like wagons," remarked the man who dispenses aphorisms. "They make the most noise when empty."

"Your trolley is off the wire," rejoined the contrary person. "A man makes the most noise when he is full."—Indianapolis Star.

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