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LITTLE MAKE-BELIEVE
OR
A CHILD OF THE SLUMS.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

CHAPTER XII.
Continued.

The colored Christmas candles, which were fixed in every safe and convenient spot, the flags, the holly and mistletoe, to say nothing of the good cheer which warmed the children's miserable little bodies, converted this room on the first floor into a very palace of enchantment.

Then when dinner was cleared away there were games; then there was a huge Christmas tree; then marched in a fiddle and a harp—with mortal bodies attached to them, of course, though the red-nosed man who played the fiddle and the moon-faced man who played the harp might really have been regarded as supernuities, for on such a night the harp and the fiddle would certainly have played of themselves if they had been allowed.

Then there was dancing! Such dancing!

It required to be seen to be believed, and even then the observer might reasonably have doubted the evidence of his senses.

The wild steps, the eccentric steps, the jig steps, the double shuffle steps, the solemn way in which some went round and round and did nothing else all the time the music played, and sometimes when it didn't, the ecstatic way in which some kept their eyes fixed upon the ceiling, the extraordinary way in which they got mixed and the extraordinary efforts which had to be made to disentangle them, the airs that some gave themselves in imitation of their betters—truly it had to be seen to be believed.

Then there were tea and cake, then there was more dancing, then there were lemonade and more cake, then there was a distribution of toys—and then it was ten o'clock at night, and time to break up.

But before they broke up there was a surprise. At one end of the room there was a row of candles which had not been lighted all the night, and behind this row of candles was a long strip of green calico stretching downward about a foot from the ceiling.

Walter and Thomas Dexter, standing on chairs, lighted the candles, and dexterously whisked away the strip of green calico, and there, in letters cut out of golden paper, was revealed the legend, "God Bless Our Dear Little Make-Believe."

She trembled all over when she saw it, and covered her face with her hands, but she could not hide her emotion, for her full heart forced the tears through her fingers.

And when Mr. Deepdale went up to her and kissed her, and when Thomas Dexter did the same, and when Walter kissed her and held her hand in his, and when Saranne threw her arms around the faithful girl's neck and sobbed on her shoulder, and when the children—very few of whom could read, but all of whom knew that she was the one whom they had chiefly to thank for the happy night they had spent—clung to her frock, and looked wistfully up into her tear-stained face, and pulled her down to her knees so that they might embrace her too—it needed all her self-control to prevent her passion of thankfulness from becoming hysterical.

But she knew that that would spoil all, and that some of the children might suppose her heart was filled with pain instead of joy; so, thinking—as she had ever done—of others, and not of herself, she looked round, her lips quivering with smiles, and kissed this one and that one, murmuring as she did so:

"Oh, how good you are to me! How good you are to me!"

CHAPTER XIII.

From Darkness to Light.

It was past midnight, and Thomas Dexter and Little Make-Believe were sitting up alone.

Walter and his father and Saranne had gone to bed, and Little Make-Believe would have accompanied her sister had it not been that it was necessary to do certain work in the way of clearing up, so as to prevent disorder on the following day.

This work being done, Little Make-Believe was about to wish Thomas Dexter good night when he asked her to sit up with him for a few minutes.

"I've got a strange feeling on me tonight," he said, "and I don't seem as if I want to go to bed for awhile. Let's set up and talk a bit."

She cheerfully complied, and they sat together talking of the events of the happy night, and then drifted into recalling reminiscences of the past.

The old man had been much moved by the children, and more so by Little Make-Believe's sweetness. He had related to her the principal events of his life, and she was surprised to learn that he had been married; she had never heard it.

"It was afore you was born," he said. "If it happened that I'd become a father, my child would have been two or three years older than you. It was a lucky thing for all of us, perhaps, that my wife didn't have a baby. Shall we make a bargain, Make-Believe, you and me?"

"I am willing to do anything yer want, Mr. Dexter."

"In the course of nater," he said, "I can't expect to live many more years; I'm near seventy now, but, old as I am, it seems to me that I'm only just beginning to learn things. You've been a great comfort to me, Make-Believe; I don't know now how I should get along without yer. Will yer look upon me as yer father; and let me take you as my daughter? Then I shall be sure of yer. Yer don't answer me, Make-Believe. Is there anything wrong in what I've said?"

"No, sir; it's more than kind of yer, and I'd say yes at once if it wasn't for Saranne. When she's married to Walter I don't think she'd care for me to live away from her; and if she's willing, and if Walter's willing, that I should stop with them. I wouldn't leave them, I wouldn't leave them for the world."

"You mean that they'd want a better place than this to live in."

"Yes, I think they'd be sure to."

"Well, then, what I would have to do would be to give up my shop, and ask them to find room for me; then I shouldn't lose yer."

"If that could be arranged, sir, I'll consent, sir, most willingly. After all you've done for me, it 'ud be ungrateful to refuse; and it 'ud be a pleasure to wait on yer. Is that the wind, or is it somebody knocking at the street door?"

"It's the wind; there's a big storm coming."

He walked to the window, and drew the blind aside. The storm was not coming; it had come. It was snowing furiously.

"I'm sure, Mr. Dexter," said Little Make-Believe, listening intently, "that somebody's knocking at the street door."

He listened, and the wind happening to lull at that moment, they both heard a violent rapping at the door below.

"I'll go and see who it is. It's a strange time for a visitor."

He took a candle and went to the door, followed by Little Make-Believe. He did not draw the bolts, but called out:

"Who's there?"

"I want Mr. Dexter," answered a voice without.

"I'm Mr. Dexter; what do you want of me?"

"I must speak to you at once. Let me in."

"Not likely, at this time of night. What's yer business?"

"Business of life and death. Your wife's dying, and you must come to her at once."

"My wife! Dying!" gasped Thomas Dexter, and he drew the bolts.

As he opened the door the wind dashed in fiercely and almost blew him off his feet.

The man entered quickly, and shut the door behind him.

His story was soon told, Polly Cleaver lay dying two miles away, and had a secret to tell her husband which it was more than his soul was worth not to hear.

"The doctor says she hasn't two hours to live," said the man.

"I will come with yer," said Thomas Dexter; his face was white and his limbs were trembling. "Make-Believe, will yer stop up for me till I come back?"

"Yes, Mr. Dexter," she replied. "Go—go, this very minute!"

She assisted him with his overcoat, and handed him his hat.

"Don't let them know upstairs," he said, and then he went into the storm with the messenger.

Little Make-Believe did not bolt the door. He took the key, and locked it outside.

Listening a few moments for the sound of their footsteps, which it was impossible for her to hear amidst the howling of the wind, even if the pavements had been hard and firm, instead of being covered an inch thick with snow, she returned to the room above, and thought over what had passed.

It was all so confusing that she could scarcely understand it; only one feeling was clear to her—pity for the dying woman and for the man who was on his way to her deathbed.

To die upon Christmas night, after being parted all these years! It was dreadful—dreadful!

She crept softly to her sister's room; Saranne was sound asleep.

She listened outside the bedroom of Mr. Deepdale and Walter; their regular breathing came to her ears; they had not been disturbed.

Then she returned again to the sitting room. A secret which it was worth more than his soul was worth not to hear? What could it be?

How white his face was as he went out! What an ending to their happy night!

She hoped it was nothing bad—nothing that would hurt him. What was that? Only the clock striking. One o'clock.

"He'll be a long time gone," she thought; "I 'll try and read a bit."

But she could not fix her attention on the book, though it was full of pitcures.

How the storm was raging without! She hoped Thomas Dexter would get there safely, and in time to hear what his dying wife had to say to him.

She rose and walked softly about the room; drew the curtain from the window and looked out.

The falling of the snow was like a silent voice, but there was nothing peaceful in it.

The white flakes were whirled hither and thither by the cruel wind.

A black figure was passing on the opposite side of the road; a black figure, huddled up, with its arms tightly folded.

It was a woman, and there seemed to be something despairing in her motions.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" thought, or rather spoke, Little Make-Believe, her sympathy for human suffering was so keen. "Perhaps she ain't got a home to go to, or a bed to lay on. Poor thing! poor thing! Dear God, take pity on her!"

Her eyes were suffused with tears as she reflected that, but for such kind friends as she had, she might have been like that poor woman.

"Dear God, dear God, take pity on her!" she murmured again and again.

Long after the black figure was out of sight she stood at the window, mentally following and sorrowing for it.

The clock struck again. Half-past one. She let the blind fall, and sat at the table, with the open book before her.

Why was it that as she sat, with her head resting on her hand, the love for her sister's lover, which she had striven so hard to kill, should once more rise within her to torture her?

She would not permit it—no, she would not think of him in that way.

It was a sin against love itself—it was a sin against God!

She shook her head angrily, and her eyes wandered round the room as if seeking for strength to conquer this enemy.

Presently she sank on her knees, and with her face buried in her hands on a chair, prayed with all the might of her bruised and innocent heart to be forgiven for the sin.

And prayer brought comfort to her. Gradually she became more composed, and closed her eyes, not intending to sleep, but the fatigue of the day, and of many previous days, told on her, and with a prayer in her mind she fell asleep.

The striking of the clock as it struck two, then half past, did not awaken her.

What was it, then, that seemed to stop the beating of her heart and at the same time aroused her to consciousness?

There was something moving in the house! Where did the sound come from? From the sleeping rooms of Saranne or Mr. Deepdale?

No; the sound proceeded from below. Could it be that while she slept Thomas Dexter had returned?

If so, what motive had he in creeping up the stairs so slowly and cautiously, as though he was a thief?

Nearer, nearer came the sound of muffled footsteps! Terror transfixed her; she could not move; she tried to call out, but her voice stuck in her throat.

Nearer, nearer it came; the creeping mystery was in the passage outside! Its hand was on the handle of the door, which slowly, slowly opened, and the Horror stood before her!

It was the form of a man, with black crape over his face. He saw her, and glided swiftly to her side and grasped her shoulder as she knelt.

"Don't move! Don't stir! Don't raise your voice!"

And she knew that this midnight thief was Foxey.

With this knowledge her courage returned, her voice was restored.

"For God's sake, what brings you here?"

"You," he answered, drawing the crape from his face; "but I didn't think to find yer up."

She thrust his hand from her shoulder, and rose to her feet, but spoke, as he spoke, in a whisper.

"And now that yer have found me up kill me, and go!"

She held her arms outstretched, and waited for the blow.

"No," he said, slowly, "it ain't you I've come to kill; but I'll have the life of two afore I go. After that I don't care what becomes of me."

"What two? Do you hear? What two? You wicked monster! What two? Are yer too much of a coward to answer me?"

"Call me what yer like; it don't matter. I love yer, Make-Believe, and no man shall have yer but me. What two? Yer two lovers. I'll kill 'em and swing for it!"

"My two lovers!"

"Yes, yer two lovers—old Dexter and young Walter Deepdale."

Then she knew that she was safe and that she held him in her power.

"My lovers! Mine! Mr. Dexter's got a wife living—no, not living—dying as we stand here, and he's gone to see her on this blessed Crhistmas night, for the last time! He arksed me to be his daughter not two hours ago, and he's got no feeling for me that a father mightn't have for his child. Oh, Foxey, Foxey, that you should think me so bad and so mean as to take up with a man who's got one foot in the grave!"

"I believe yer; I'll let him pass. But the other one—Walter Deepdale; yer can't say as much for him."

"I can say more for him. He's my sister's lover, and they're going to get married. Look me in the face and see for yerself if I'm telling lies."

He gazed at her steadily; he saw the truth in her eyes.

"And he don't love yer, Make-Believe?"

To be continued.

With the Funny Fellows

Candid.

I cannot sing the old songs now
That oft of yore I'd chant;
And all who ever heard me sing
Thank heaven that I can't.
—San Francisco Call.

Superfluous Question.

"Do you tip the waiter when you dine?"

"Do I look starved?" — Milwaukee Sentinel.

She "Enjoys Poor Health."

Hewitt—"Is your wife well and happy?"

Jewett—"She is never happy when she is well."

Succeeded.

"My wife married me to spite somebody."

"Who was it?"

"Me, I think."—Cleveland Leader.

Penurious.

Stella—"Is Mabel stingy?"

Bella—"Awfully. I insisted for twenty blocks that she allow me to pay the car fare, and she did."—New York Sun.

Evidently.

Captain Longaway—"Did that pretty Mrs. Young ever get over her husband's death?"

Bob Innocent—"Which one—her first or second?"

Is It?

"Well, we've got the bosses up a tree."

"Have, eh?"

"Betcher life."

"Sure it ain't a plum tree?"

Not Profitable.

"Of course, the professor is a pretty shabby old fellow, but he understands at least a dozen languages."

"H'm! but he doesn't hear money talk in any of them."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Panama's Motto.

"Here is the motto selected for the Panama Canal," said the man who reads the papers. "Listen: 'The land divided: the world united.'"

"Huh," declared the pessimist, "it should be 'Get in and dig.'"

Just a Slight Jolt.

Miss Cutting—"Some men are as easy to read as a book."

Saplelgh—"Yaws, I pwesume so. But can you—aw—wead me that way?"

Miss Cutting—"Of course not. I read you like a paragraph."—Columbus Dispatch.

Strongly Recommended.

"And what recommendations has this man whom you are pushing so vigorously for the presidency of our insurance company?"

"He is an unmarried orphan with no brothers or sisters."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Myrmidon Eleven.

Achilles was bemoaning his vulnerable heel.

"That's nothing," they assured him; "suppose the faculty had dropped you from the eleven for poor scholarship?"

Herewith he realized the danger of possible death was a mere trifle.

Careful Girlie.

"These newspaper statements that I only knew my husband for one day before our marriage are all nonsense," declared the heroine of the latest sensational elopement.

"Then you really knew him longer?"

"Why, of course. I knew him two weeks."

A Sop to Cerberus.

Citiman—"What have you on that placard?"

Subbubs—"It's a motto. 'Down with Norway.'"

Citiman—"What do you care about Norway?"

Subbubs — "Oh, I've just hired a Swede cook."

Poudre Riz.

Lieutenant Dashleigh—"I can't think why all the girls make such a hero of Captain Jiggers. Why, he's never smelled powder."

Major Juggins—"Oh, I don't know. He's been out in the conservatory with Miss Puffer for an hour this evening."—Cleveland Leader.

The Point of View.

"Henry, if I were a young man like you and expected to have to make my own way in the world some day I should try to make my expenses come within my income."

"Father, if I were as rich as you are and had only one son I'd try to bring his income up to his expenses."—Chicago Tribune.

His Adjective Fails Him.

"How were the acrobats at the circus?" we asked of the New York man.

"Fierce."

"And the bareback riders?"

"Oh, fierce."

"And the clowns?"

"Fierce."

"And the animals?"

"Fier — no, they were sleepy old brutes."

The Bright Side.

"Yes," replied the cheerful man, "but it is not half so bad as it might have been."

"I don't see how it could be much worse," exclaimed his friend.

"Why," was the answer, "just think what might have been done if all the members of the McCurdy family had been twins."—Duluth News-Tribune.

WARRIORS AT PLAY

How the Jap Soldiers Enter Into Their Sports After the War.

The first anniversary of the victory of the Yalu was celebrated by General Kuroki's men in a most remarkable manner, which, says a London Times correspondent who was with the First Japanese Army, involved work nearly as hard as that required to win the victory. Not being able to go to Japan, they brought Japan to Manchuria. A whole corps that had been in the field for more than a year set out to create in a bare valley overlooked by bare hillsides an illusion of Japan at springtide, all green and park-like.

In Japan carp swarm up cataracts—in fables. When they reach the top they become beautiful dragons. That is the national example of the reward for perseverance which takes the place of the story of Robert Bruce and the spider.

One of the brigades, as its part in the battle of deception, built both the carp and the waterfall. For more than a mile, and then up the steep slope which was the scene of their composition, they brought pine boughs to form the sides of the channels, the overhanging verdure of crags and of rocky islets. The foaming torrent was made by bolts of cotton that laid in waves that half-submerged the leaping fish, seventy-five feet long, which had cotton crescents for its scales. A mile away the illusion was excellent, especially if you half-closed your Occidental eyes, which are always seeing scaffolding and the prompter's box.

You had to do the same with the dragon-fly on the next hill—a dragon-fly with wings fifty feet long and beaten-out ration-meat tins for its gigantic eyes. You had to do the same in order to realize the Big Lion (properly spelled with capitals). The holes of his nostrils, some fifteen feet wide, were made with matting. Their fleshy part was soldiers' red blankets, for he was a fierce Japanese lion, just now in a red fury. His mane was made of evergreens on the summit of a rocky escarpment. Five hundred yards away more evergreens were formed into a lashing tail.

General Fujii, the chief, and the other members of the staff entered into the plan of the effects and the organization of the fete with the same gusto with which they have outmaneuvred the Russians on many fields. Young forests of pines and of wild cherry trees were literally transplanted, and walks and arbors set among them. A gentle slope was leveled for the approach to the altar. Beyond it a statue of General Kuroki on horseback—a good imitation of bronze—looked down on the scene, with a hanging iris garden at his feet. From the altar led two avenues—even provided with conduits where they crossed gullies—leveled with as much care as if they were meant for a generation's traffic instead of a day's merrymaking.

One of the avenues led into the little village of Piau-chi-tun, which had been Kuroki's headquarters since the Battle of Mukden. It had a garlanded bridge, a huge evergreen arch, and what takes the place of an arch in Japan, a torii, which in this instance was formed of Chinese matting covered with cotton cloth. Lining both avenues were alternate pine and cherry trees, and set between them transparencies made by soldier artists. Venerable Fujiyama, the most painted mountain the world was there, of course, and scenes both at home and at the front.

On the plain, out of the earth of the dreary kaoliang fields, whose never-ending stubble is as the sands of the desert, had sprung little Japanese gardens, such as you see from one end of Japan to the other. Miniature lakes were set in miniature landscapes, and a fountain played among the beds of imitation iris.

The night before the fete millions of imitation paper flowers, which had been fashioned in the leisure hours of camp with the skilfulness of Parisian shop-girls, were brought in great baskets and fastened to the twigs of the transplanted trees.

The strangest part of it all is that it is as natural for the soldiers of the Japanese army to do these things as it is for them to fight. That same skill which was devoted to making waterfalls and paper flowers, that trick of ready improvisation which brought Japan to Manchuria, was turned the next day into scouting the dead spaces in front of the enemy's works and to desperate charges in the night.

Japanese Companies.

Japan has three banks paying dividends of twelve per cent., two paying ten per cent., two paying nine per cent., three paying eight per cent., and five paying from two to seven per cent. Of her many railways, docks, electric lighting and gas companies, one (Osaka Electric Light Company), is paying twenty per cent., four are paying fifteen per cent., eight are paying twelve per cent., and the others range from three per cent. to ten per cent. Not a single one fails to pay some dividend. Of her cotton spinning, fire and life insurance, sugar refining, engine works, brewing, hotel and miscellaneous companies three (cotton spinning) pay thirty-six per cent., one pays thirty per cent., seven pay twenty per cent., three pay seventeen per cent., seven pay sixteen per cent., three pay fifteen per cent., four pay twelve per cent., and the rest pay six to ten per cent. It is remarkable that only seven of the eighty-seven companies on the Japanese official list are non-dividend payers. The Bank of Japan has a reserve fund of $8,675,000, and the Yokohama Specie Bank follows with a $5,200,000 reserve.

Stock companies of all kinds are evidently profitable propositions in the Land of the Rising Sun.

The British Government will reimburse the naval officers for the money they spent in entertaining the French fleet at Portsmouth.

WOMAN'S REALMS

Cleaning Spots.

Nothing else makes a dress look so untidy as spots on the goods. These spots are most frequently found in the front of the waist and skirt if from fruit, ice cream, etc., but the lower part of the skirt will sometimes show spots from almost anything of a liquid nature with which they come in contact.

One of the best agents for cleaning spots is soap bark jelly. This is made by dissolving a handful of soap bark in a quart of boiling water and letting it cool.

To clean the garment lay the spotted portion over a folded towel and rub the spots gently with a damp cloth dipped in the jelly. With another cloth and clear water wash off the jelly, dabbing it gently with the wet cloth and changing the cloth under it. Rinse with another clear water and a clean cloth, then let dry in the air. When nearly dry, cover the place with a thin cloth and press with a moderately hot iron.

A dress skirt or waist that has lost its first freshness may be improved by a good brushing and sponging. After every bit of dust has been brushed and shaken out clean any spots that may be found, as directed, then sponge one portion at a time and press it with a cloth between the material and the iron. Use white cloth for light goods and black for dark ones.

Shoes That Creak.

A good many children's shoes (after they have had unwary but intimate knowledge of the contents of alluring puddles) have a way of creaking that is absolutely maddening.

No one ought to be forced to listen to it when the remedy is so simple. The cause lies in the rubbing of the inner sole against the outer, and the wetting may cause one to shrink so that this rubbing is an inevitable following.

Take a large plate or a platter and pour just enough oil on it to cover the bottom well. Then stand the shoes with their heels propped so that the sole of the shoe rests in the oil. Let them stand over night, and in the morning wipe off any excess of oil there may be. If you are careful to let the oil only barely cover the bottom of the plate the shoes will probably absorb all the oil and be seemingly as dry as when you put them in. If you put too much oil the leather may be greasy. Then the shoes should not be worn for a day or two until the oil has had time to sink in thoroughly, or it will make ugly spots upon rugs and carpets.

But the treatment, simple though it is, is effective, and the "squeak" will, in nine cases out of ten, be found to have disappeared entirely. If it hasn't a second application will finish it.—New Haven Register.

Self-Government at Vassar.

So far weaknesses in the student government have resulted in reform, not so much in this or that particular, but in general. The most notable case of this kind occurred now some years ago, when a kind of slackness crept into the association and the elders began to wonder if student government was losing its grip. The answer to that question was the advent of a senior class persuaded in its own mind as to its destiny, and determined to impress its conviction upon the association. That year its house was swept and put into an order which has never since been seriously disturbed. The event not only inspired the association with fresh confidence in itself, and with higher ideals, but inspired the college with a confidence well deserved and of which the students are fully aware.

Of course one of the most obvious menaces to a good government by students is the fact that every year it loses a body of its best informed and best trained citizens, and has to accept in their place a still larger body of the unformed and uninformed, coming from the comparative dependence of schools and families, and likely, like any other immigrants, to be either indifferent or overexecutive. It is hard to see how any executive body so constituted can keep to a steady policy. Yet the association does.—Georgia A. Kendrick, in Harper's Bazar.

Women of Oklahoma.

At the ranch we were pleasantly welcomed—astonishing fact, despite our introductions, for the hostess had just dismissed the last of thirty guests who had stayed with her through the show. The house was still in confusion, for they had not expected to entertain more than half a dozen; but the six invited ones, relying upon her well-know hospitality, had calmly multiplied themselves by five. The parlor, as we entered, proved to be a large, handsome room with a hardwood floor and mahogany furniture. Magazines and papers were scattered about, among them, on the centre table, a big pistol. The daughter was introduced to us—a Vassar graduate—and instead of talking murder and sudden death, we discussed psychology and recent fiction. Also the servant-girl question.

They would have no women servants on the ranch, they told us. Girls were always sick when the mistress felt under the weather; they would rise to no extra occasion, such as thirty guests instead of six, but explained that they weren't hired for that. A man cook, now, did his work without fretting and furnished as many meals as might be required. They had had Englishmen, colored men, and now had a Chinese, and they had all proved satisfactory. The ladies took care of the bedrooms themselves.—Marion Foster Washburne, in Harper's Bazar.

Cheap Rugs.

A cheap rug, says the House Beautiful, shrieks out its pitiful price to the passing critic most unmistakably. Better bare floors, or one good rug representing self-denial and economy, than a floor lavishly covered with base imitations.

And if only one or two rugs can be bought at first, choose soft, rich tones, which will harmonize with everything, and patterns which are good, but not very striking, and you will never tire of them. Hardwood floors as a background for rugs are of course the most desirable, but even a cheap softwood floor may be stained a rich dark blue, green or brown, so that the attention will be distracted from the scarcity of rugs. There is no rug to compare with the Oriental rug in beauty and durability; but for upstairs rooms, where the wear is not very heavy, there is nothing more charming than the rag rug, particularly if woven in colors harmonizing with its surroundings. The Indian Dhurri rugs are good in color and design, but have an exasperating habit of refusing to lie flat upon the floor. Perhaps no cheap rug gives more return for the money expended than the Navajo blankets, but their brilliant hues make them difficult to use. Those with a great deal of white in them are the safest purchases. While the rugs woven of bits of carpet are not beautiful, they often help cover a bare floor, and if made of soft dull colors are unobjectionable.—Evening Post.

Business Woman at Home.

When the business woman gets home at night she is tired and hot from her day's work. It may be her custom to sit down at once to her evening meal, and shortly after retire for a bath and bed, feeling too worn out to spend the evening in any relaxation or amusement.

Yet after a day in office or store she needs the diversion of a little amusement, and this would be possible, even after a hard day, if she followed the plan of resting, bathing and changing her clothing immediately on going home.

Say she gets home at 6 or 6.30. One hour later she can feel like a new person by following out this routine.

The first thing to do on getting home is to remove all clothing worn during the day and hang it to air for morning. The next thing is a bath, and this should be tepid, as cold water will not remove the heat and perspiration of the day, and hot water is too exhausting. Stay in the tub ten minutes. Then slip on a night dress, let the hair down, braid it loosely, and lie at full length on the bed for fifteen minutes.

During this resting period the nerves should be relaxed, the eyes closed and all worrying thought banished. If consciousness is lost, so much the better.

At the end of this time get up and rub the body gently with alcohol or any toilet water, patting it gently, so as not to increase circulation and overheat. Then dress slowly, putting on entirely different garments from those used during the day. This can be managed without extravagance by keeping two sets of underclothing out, using one for day wear and one for evening; the following week take the evening set for day and get a fresh set out for evening. In this way one set a week need be sent to the laundry, although in hot weather the possession of plenty of underwear and frequent changes is an extravagence well worth while.

Put on different shoes and stockings from those worn during the day, and a pretty frock.

And by this time, which need not be an hour from the time you came home, you will feel refreshed and ready for an enjoyable evening. Instead of going to the evening meal hot and dragged out and cross, you will be cool and almost as fresh as if the day had just begun.—New Haven Register.

The light and white cloth costumes that were so popular last winter are again in fashion this season, and, if possible, are more elaborate than ever.

Short boleros of caracul dyed to match the cloth, or made of Irish lace, are one of the features of this year's styles, and certainly are charming as a novelty.

A ravishing bolero is of chinchilla, ornamented about the neck with ermine and having the sleeves finish much below the elbow with a band of ermine.

In Paris now the furriers reign. Their word is law and their products are more beautiful than ever. And all the garments they make are graceful and becoming.

White cloth gowns are almost invariably becoming and effective. To trim chiffon with cloth is another popular fad, and the contrast of the two materials is certainly most effective.

The favorite fur of this season in Paris is without contradiction chinchilla. It shares to some extent popular favor with ermine, but the latter is easily imitated, and so vulgarly, that its vogue is diminishing.