

the man who is not manly. His very virtues will count against him and only furnish material for ridicule. Anything will be more readily forgiven him than the mannerisms of a woman.

As for the man who is humble and comes cringing and imploring, he is following the very worst of all tactics to win a woman's favour. It seems difficult for a woman to distinguish between these two essentially different qualities—modesty and cowardice—and she too often confounds courage with mere "cheek." Yet in every case the aggressive quality, whether or not meritorious, wins. Women themselves are obliged in the nature of things to do so much more "waiting" that they like a man of action—one who makes things happen. When it is all summed up, a woman admires most in a man those qualities which the average woman does not possess—strength, courage, dominance, force.

Kissing "Generals.."

Did the genius of the lamp but transport Lord Roberts or some of the other popular generals from South Africa to the counters of some of our fancy shops in the West End, one may safely say they would deem it necessary to blush.

To be more explanatory, there has lately sprung up an ungovernable desire on the part of ladies "who shop to publicly demonstrate their affection for the British army, and this is how the thing is done.

The sale of buttons, their fronts adorned with the miniature portraits of military heroes, has lately assumed gigantic proportions.

No lady enters a draper's shop of established degree without stopping at the button basket and making a selection.

Here is where the effusive demonstration hinted at above begins. Dipping a delicate hand into the basket the customer will shuffle its contents until she alights on the "man of her choice." When the discovery is made the shop girl, in the witness of a round of kisses spontaneously bestowed on the little button.

Public criticism has a significant effect on the feminine attentions thus so humbly made. For instance, General Buller is the recipient of far fewer kisses than formerly. Lord Methven, though his blue-blooded connection brings him prominently forward, has similarly suffered in popularity; and Sir Charles Warren remains mute in the basket.

On the other hand, "Bobs" and Kitchener are, it almost goes without saying, prime favourites. Proprietors have deemed it only judicious to let these two portraits principally predominate. Last, but not least, is the heroic defender of Mafeking; and, with all due deference to Lord Roberts, it must be confessed that he gets more kisses than anybody; in fact, many ladies are impervious in this respect, and won't go away till "B.P." has been secured.

A Pretty Photograph Screen.

Three pieces of stiff pasteboard, each a foot and a half long and five inches wide, will be required to make this pretty and useful article. Point them at the top, and then cover them with silk, satin, velvet or any suitable material you may have by you. Sew the sides together to form a screen with large buttonhole stitches, using strong twist of the same colour as the covering for the purpose, and arrange ribbon of the same, or of a harmonising colour, across each panel in such a way that it will serve to hold photographs. This kind of thing would find a ready sale at a bazaar.

Good Eyesight versus Tight Shoes.

Until recently it was not known what a close hygienic connection there is between the feet and eyes. High-heeled shoes can cause injury to the eyes, and even blindness is traced to this source.

There is no doubt that the excellent health of the girl of the period is due to the fact that she wears big and comfortable shoes. Physicians say that the sole of the foot is a network of nerves that radiate like telegraph wires in different parts of the body. May the fashion of "boys' shoes" for the young woman of the day never change. Her low, flat heels for street shoes, her wide, thick soles and round toes are the most sensible things she has adopted of late years.

Wanted—Artificial Feathers.

If the "society to bring back the birds" would induce some enterprising factory folk to start up an artificial feather establishment, perhaps our "little brothers of the air" would sooner render their secret of how to fly, for very gratitude. What an ideal Easter if when we sing "Resurrexit" our little brothers should respond "Alleluia!" and still those lovers of bird bonnets should have head adornments as real "as in a looking glass," and no birds the worse for the decoration! Surely a few years hence women will be as ashamed to wear a humming bird not artificially constructed as to dine on nightingales' tongues.

The thought of a voiceless spring, the dismal woods, no birds—it is a nightmare. What must result unless the witless fashion disappears of wearing dead birds! Happily, oftentimes the monstrosities are not real birds, but birds of imagination, manufactured from market waste, the slaughter of domestic fowl. How these are cleansed, dyed and mounted are secrets of the trade, and they only suggest some artistic exploitations of other fields and fabrics which might be pursued legitimately with better results.

Straw, hair, spunglass, fibres of many plants, silk and all kinds of dainty tissues, not to mention precious stones, and gold and silver, might be used to imitate feathers and birds without hushing this voiceful aspiration toward freedom and the skies, or pain or loss, or our winged brethren, the bond with untrammeled nature. It must be a charming task, a delightful imagination, a happy skill, that can make of common waste feathers a wreath of roses so like as to make you feel you could smell the spicy fragrance of the velvety Jacqueminot, and yet such a wreath I saw the other day.

Some jewellery found in the tombs of Egyptian princesses—placed there thousands of years before the Christian era—is a revelation of the delicacy of the goldsmith's art. The sacred hawk is wrought in gold and precious stones; the birds not half an inch high, yet perfect. The soldering of the minute parts of the gold is absolutely invisible. The figures of the hawks are made up of dozens of microscopic pieces of coloured stone—lazuli, turquoise, carnelian—every one cut to the form of feathers, and every piece having a tiny cell of soldered strip to hold it in place; yet the whole bird only half an inch high. The finest coloured enamelling ever made would be child's play compared with a piece of this jewellery. The exquisite grace of form, harmony of colouring, and sense of perfection leave the mind richer by a fresh emotion after seeing such a new world of skill.

These treasures of a lost handicraft Professor Petrie describes in a recent article in a scientific magazine, along with descriptions of other Egyptian wonders, buried from sight, until recently, longer than we have been in the habit of supposing the age of the world to be.

But very wonderful workers live now—the Japanese—worshippers of Nature and her reverent imitators.

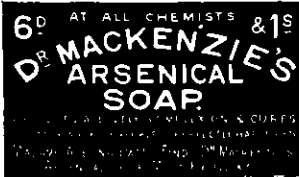
The way to reform is to reform, and it would be an interesting question to know who keeps up the witless fashion of bird destruction.

It bird forms must be worn, let them be made of artificial feathers.

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