

Democrat Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Jan. 4, 1895.

THE PUNCTATION POINTS.

BY JULIA M. COLEMAN.
Six little marks from school are we,
Very important, all agree
Filled to the brim with mystery,
Six little marks from school.

One little mark is round and small,
But where it stands the voice must fall,
At the close of a sentence, all
Place this little mark from school:

One little mark, with gown a-trailing,
Holds up the voice, and never failing,
Tells you not long to pause when hailing
This little mark from school:

Two little dots, both round and neat,
Pause, and these tiny guardians greet—
These little marks from school:

When shorter pauses are your pleasure,
One trails his sword-takes half the measure,
Then speeds you on to seek new treasure;
This little mark from school:

One little mark, ear-shaped, implies,
"Keep up the voice—avail thyself,"
To gather information, and to find
This little mark from school:

One little mark, with an exclamation,
Presents itself to your observation,
And leaves the voice at an elevation,
This little mark from school:

Six little marks! Be sure to heed us;
Carefully study, write, and read us;
For you can never cease to need us,
Six little marks from school!

—Selected.

A FAMILY MATTER.

BY ERNEST YARROLD.

"As we cannot get along together without quarreling," said Jack Manly as he arose from the breakfast table, "we had better not speak."

"Just as you please, sir," said his wife, with a bright spot on each cheek and an angry glitter in her eyes. Jack buttoned his overcoat, and slammed the door violently behind him. Thus began the most miserable days the young couple had ever known. Jack Manly was a dry goods clerk in the village of B—, He had been married for three years and loved his wife devotedly, but had contracted a habit of passing his evenings away from home. Mollie had borne her husband's neglect bravely for a time. Then she lost patience and chided him. Hence the quarrel. It was the first serious rupture that had occurred in their married life.

"Mollie will have to give in before I do," said Jack to himself as he walked quickly along in the direction of the store, while the snow crackled under his feet. "Of course I'll forgive her as soon as she opens her mouth, but she began the quarrel, and she must finish it. There's nothing like impressing a woman with your strength of character. A brief lesson in the virtue of silence will do Mollie good."

This reasoning was sufficient to sustain Jack during the day, when his work kept him from deeper reflection, but when the time for closing the store came and his thoughts turned toward the usual cheery and sympathetic words awaiting him at home from his "little woman"—as he lovingly called his wife—affairs began to assume a different aspect. Besides, Jack reflected, New Year's day was only a few hours distant. He had calculated on making a few resolutions. A most cursory review of the past year showed him plenty of room for improvement. Silence might be golden, but in the spelling book, but Jack found it would be impossible to have his wife's assistance in carrying out his resolve unless he broke it. His heart leaped within him as he drew near to his home and saw the welcome light in the window.

It needed all his pride to keep his mouth shut as he stepped into the cozy dining room. It seemed that the fascinating laces had all arrayed themselves against him, for Mollie had dressed herself in the dark maroon which set off her brunette complexion to such advantage and which Jack admired so much. Upon the table were all the dishes that tickled his palate. It seemed to Jack that the biscuit, fresh from the oven, had never been so flaky and toothsome before. Mollie served his tea with her usual grace. Once she caught his eye with a questioning glance, but she did not speak. When her back was turned, Jack's eyes followed her figure as he thought to himself:

"This is the biggest contract I ever undertook."

But man is a complex animal swayed by varying emotions. Pride came to his relief. To save himself from showing the weakness which threatened to sweep him off his feet like a flood, he hastily drank his tea and left the house, closing the door very gently behind him this time, however.

"Well, well," he muttered, "Mollie is evidently bent on getting the best of me. I'm afraid I'll have to blindfold myself if I win."

Jack went down to the grocery and played a game of checkers. He couldn't get his mind on the game, and he was beaten in a most thorough manner. Then he tried billiards with no better result, the reproachful questioning glance of his wife seeming to follow him everywhere.

"I'm afraid the little woman has hoodooed me," he muttered as he walked homeward under the starry sky. Perhaps after all, he had been wrong. Night after night he had left Mollie alone in the house and had gone away seeking his own gratification. He was filled with contrition as he opened the door with his night key and stepped into the hall. If Mollie had been there to meet him with her accustomed caress, he certainly would have ended the suspense. But the hall was dark and silent. Jack thought he heard a light footfall on the stairway. He listened, but as the sound was not repeated, he concluded that it was the cat. He did not feel sleepy, and so he went to the dining room and smoked for awhile in order to quiet his nerves.

Surely Mollie would come down to him, he thought, as he paced uneasily up and down the room, puffing out smoke like a factory chimney. But she did not come, and when he retired at 12 o'clock he listened at the door of her room and thought he heard a sob. He was not sure. It might have been the wind. For three hours Jack tossed uneasily on his pillow, unable to sleep. He mentally alluded to his lack in terse and rigorous English. At last an idea occurred to him which almost made him laugh outright. Ten minutes later he was sound asleep.

It was 8 o'clock on New Year's eve Jack stood at a florist's counter. Said he:

"Be sure and deliver that box at my house between 11:30 and 12 o'clock."

"All right, sir," said the florist. Jack did not leave the house as usual after supper that night. He put his slippers feet on the fender and tried to read a book. Mollie's lips were still sealed. He could hear her in the parlor playing with uncertain and diffident touch upon the piano. How slowly the fag end of the old year drifted into the eternities! What was that tune Mollie was playing? Oh, yes; he recognized it. Freightened by the memories of his courtship days, it came floating into the sitting room replete with tender emotion. Mollie did not sing, but the music needed no vocal expression to interpret itself to Jack.

It was getting to be unbearable. Jack jumped to his feet muttering, "I'll be hanged if the little woman ain't smarter than I thought she was. Confound that boy! Will he ever come?"

He went to the window and looked out. The stars were shining brightly. The old year was dying in regal splendor. Suddenly the door bell was pulled violently. Jack uptied to the foot of the stairs. He heard the door open and his wife say, while his heart beat a tattoo against his ribs:

"For me, did you say?"

"Yes, if you're Mrs. Manly."

It was a small pasteboard box. Mollie looked at it curiously. Then she cut the string which bound the cover and peeping inside saw a tiny white dove with outspread wings as if flying on a message of love. In its little beak was a New Year's card shaped like an olive leaf, decorated with cupids, and on the card was written in her husband's handwriting:

Silence may be golden, but your silver speech is preferable to me.

JACK.
Jack heard a feminine ejaculation of delight, followed by the sound of a dress trailing on the staircase. As Mollie reached the foot of the stairs Jack received her with open arms. She raised her face to his and opened her lips to speak, but Jack prevented her from uttering a sound. Just then the village church bell with muffled toll broke the silence in a requiem for the old year.

Fashion of Beards.

A Time When Courage Was Needed to Wear Them.

The beard and mustache came into fashion among Englishmen so recently that middle-aged folks can easily recollect when it required some courage to lay the razor aside, and still more to face the world during the initial stages of the result, says the London Standard. Toward the close of last century, the second Lord Rokeby endeavored to restore the pointed beard, which went out with the Stuarts. But his countrymen would not hear of such an innovation, and recalled the hero of the Gordon riots, who, when he turned Jew, allowed his beard to grow after the almost sacred custom of his coreligionists. Lord Rokeby, therefore, endured to no purpose the scoffs of his contemporaries at what one of them described as "the most conspicuous trait of his person."

All England either shaved, or compromised by permitting a scanty hint of a whisker to grow. Even "mutton chops," regarded in America until lately as the peculiar mark of an Englishman, were not generally adopted by the staid Britons. As for mustaches, only military men wore them, and, indeed, cavalry officers had almost a monopoly of this warlike appendage. The infantry seldom adopted it, and many officers of high rank, like Wellington, never wore it at any period of their career.

Even Napoleon remained throughout his life smooth-faced, and generally plied the razor himself. "One born to be a king," Talleyrand explained to Rogers, "has someone to shave him; but they who acquire kingdoms shave themselves." Naval officers, many of whom are, in common with their men, bearded like the pard—though even they are subject to certain rules in this respect—used to be still more strictly shaved. A mustache, far less a beard, was never seen afloat. The mustaches of foreign sailors never failed to excite the amusement and contempt of our blue jackets, just as the bearded lips of a visitor at once stamped him as not to the Island born—a German was probably a "Frenchy," a German waiter, a singer, or a circus rider.

Dickens gives expression to this popular prejudice in "Martin Chuzzlewit" when he endows Montagu Tigg with a mustache and the semi-military frock coat then in favor with shady gentlemen who liked to be addressed as "Captain." "Him!" was Mark Twain's contemptuous observation of the fellow who shaved himself and then got his hair cut. I wouldn't have any such Peter the Wild Boy in my house, not if I was paid race-work prices for it. He's enough to turn the very beer sour. Yet Dickens himself wore a beard in his latter years.

—Miss Frances E. Willard is the third woman to have the right to write Doctor of Laws after her name. Maria Mitchell, the astronomer, and Amelia B. Edwards, the Egyptologist, were the others.

No Bars or Stone Walls.

Restrain a Sense of Liberty of Patients in Pennsylvania—Asylum for Chronic Insane—All Ledges Who Will, and Every Provision Is Made for Comfort—No Emotional Cases Treated There.

Before the fiftieth annual convention of the American Medico-Psychological Association, an organization made up of the medical superintendents of the various insane asylums throughout the country. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the eminent neurologist, delivered an address, severely arraigning lunatic asylums of the United States as they have been and are conducted. The policy of having cells, locked doors, prison-like walls and barred windows he denounced as outrageous.

His scathing criticism of asylums was general. But one institution did he except from his sweeping denunciation. That one was the asylum at Wernersville, Pa., then the home of over 200 chronic insane persons, all of whom were engaged in the peaceful occupations of farming, grading and general housework. Dr. Mitchell pronounced this institution the most nearly ideal hospital for the treatment of the insane in the country. It is the only one, he said, where the ideal of the celebrated psychologists are fully carried out. Other prominent physicians who have made an especial study of the human mind have pronounced the Wernersville asylum a model institution, and recommend that the method of treatment in vogue there be adopted all over the country.

IN A VERY DELIGHTFUL SITUATION.

That the days of brutality in the treatment of the insane are numbered is shown by a visit to the new Pennsylvania State Asylum for the chronic insane, which began its good work September 5, 1891, on which date it was formally turned over to the State by the commission which had been charged with the selection of a site and the erection of the buildings. Situated in the most beautiful spot of the Lebanon Valley, within a few minutes' ride from Reading, directly on the line of the Lebanon Valley Railroad, a more beautiful home for the sick in mind could not be imagined. There is no haze, no dreary outlook. For 20 miles to the north the eye is charmed by the sight of rich farms, unfolding their wealth of fertility to the very turn of the distant Blue mountains. In the rear is the picturesque South mountain range, clothed with a surprisingly lovely verdure. From one of its hills, Whisco Nisco creek, a clear mountain stream bubbles and sprays on its way to the Schuylkill river.

A large stone farm house stands on the grounds in the rear of the hospital. A quaint old grist mill, a frame barn and a small stone dwelling covered with vines, lie on the banks of the creek. While the new buildings were in the course of erection, these roomy old houses were the dwelling places of the patients who were at work there.

WHAT A FRIDAY VISIT WILL REVEAL.

Friday is the regular visiting day at the institution. Scores of persons take advantage of this every week to investigate the workings of this model asylum. Alighting from a Lebanon Valley train at South Wernersville, it is but a few minutes' walk up a broad plank road to the main entrance of the asylum. Out in the fields workmen have done the ploughing, cutting corn, gathering fruits and vegetables and engaged in various other occupations of a farmer's life. If you were to inquire from the first person you meet on your way to the asylum, he would tell you that the men who did the work in the field are, with few exceptions, insane. The few are guards, who act as bosses, but always in a gentle, forbearing way.

When you reach the main entrance and get a closer view of the buildings, you will be surprised at their extent, and more especially at their grace and general air of stability. Climbing the granite steps at the threshold you enter a beautiful hallway, and just to your right a luxurious reception room presents itself. You take a seat and while you wait for an attendant to show you the way, you look about you and admire the rich furnishings of the room and the vista through the open doorway.

An attendant arrives soon afterward and you are escorted about the various and well furnished rooms of the Administration building. The yard turns to the right and, crossing to the asylum proper by way of an arcade, you reach one of the large sleeping rooms or wards.

BODILY COMFORTS WELL PROVIDED FOR.

Passing through long corridors by smaller sleeping apartments, all without any bars or heavy locks upon their doors, you get a glimpse of lavatories and reception rooms, and then you turn to the rear building. Here it is that the bodily comforts and welfare of the patients have been most particularly the subject of attention.

A great dining room spreads out before you. Rows of tables, neatly arranged, quite fill the place. The laundry, bake shop, kitchen and hat factories are near by. Men and women are busily working in all these places, doing odd jobs. Some of those about are, perhaps, sitting idly on the floor. No one speaks to them, and you might believe they are attendants until informed that they are patients who are shirking work. No one is forced to labor, but it is surprising how soon the listless becomes industrious under the advice of their nurses and through the example set by their fellow inmates.

At 6:30 o'clock each morning breakfast is served. Every able-bodied patient is marshaled into the dining room by the nurses and the meal begins at once. Plain food, but wholesome food is served, and the female inmates acting as waitresses. Before 7 o'clock the meal is ended. Everyone has eaten heartily, for the chronically insane condition is remarkable for the excellent appetite it engenders. An attendant gathers from 5 to 17 of the breakfasters into a group, and then begins the march to the door.

NECESSARY PRECAUTIONS AGAINST HOMICIDE.

At the exit stand two watchful nurses with buckets. Into these each patient

as he passes must drop the steel knife and fork he has just been using at the table. This is a most necessary precaution. Without it a patient predisposed to homicide might readily conceal pieces of cutlery beneath his clothing. With such dangerous instruments in his possession the lives of his fellows would be unsafe.

The groups of men, then go out into the fields and the women begin their household work. At noon dinner is served, but before that time arrives the patients are made ready for the meal in the various wash rooms. After dinner the same knife-gathering process begins and again the men go to the fields and the women to their respective duties in the wards, the laundry, kitchen, sewing or hat manufacturing room. Supper is served at 6 o'clock. From then until bedtime, about 8 o'clock, the patients are allowed to roam at will about the grounds, in the corridors or through their respective wards.

The large amusement hall on the second floor, with a seating capacity of 1,000 persons, is to be utilized during the winter by talented persons willing to do something for the amelioration of the sad mental condition of the inmates. Concerts, theatrical entertainments and shows of various kinds will at different times be given.

NOT A HEAVY BURDEN ON THE STATE.

The asylum is intended to be self-sustaining to a certain extent, and so only \$250 a week is allowed for each patient. Careful and judicious management has made this sum keep everyone of the inmates in food and clothing.

There are now 519 patients in the institution. Nearly everyone, very few excepted, is capable of being cured. If the emotional insane were housed here—that is, those persons who are subject to fits of melancholia and whose eyes in a "fine frenzy rolling" seem always to bode evil to all mankind—the hope of a cure would be very small.

It is the emotional order of insane, given to violent outbreaks, which calls for a firm hand. The minds of the chronic insane are numbed and excited; those of the emotional, wild and excited. The one craves rest, the other frantic motion. The State of Pennsylvania has gone into its pocket to the extent of \$500,000 to purchase and equip this magnificent asylum, with its breathing space of 550 acres of ground, in order that the two kinds of insane could be housed and treated separately. While they were together, cures were rarely made and were seldom permanent. With the other five asylums of the State devoted entirely to the cure of emotional insane, the one at Wernersville to the care of chronic cases exclusively, it is hoped that beneficial results will be attained.

The Administration, or main building, is three stories in height, surrounded by a clock tower very much like that of Independent Hall. The style of architecture is colonial. There are two wings, in which are located 12 wards. The dining room is 109 by 72 feet, and has a seating capacity of 900.

There are no locks or bars at the windows, and nowhere about the grounds is there a semblance of a stone wall. Rail fences alone separate the institution's property from that of nearby farmers.

To Preserve Wood from Insects.

A French investigator tells us that the trees most attacked by insects are those whose wood contains an abundance of starch; that the dust from the borings of these insects contains no starch. He therefore suggests as a way of preserving the wood from the attacks of insects that the starch be taken from the trees by removing the bark some months in advance of cutting them. He asserts that by girdling the trees high up on the trunk and destroying all branches put out below this girdling the object will be attained. An experiment in this connection was made with oak poles. One lot barked a year before cutting, and the other lot was left to grow. At the end of three years those barked were perfectly preserved, those stored with the bark on were much injured, and those that had been stripped after cutting were in a condition between. Another experiment was with oak logs of forty-years' growth, part of which had been girdled in May and cut the October following, the rest having been exposed before being cut. All were left exposed for three years, when no signs of insect boring cutting were shown in the barked logs, but the others were badly injured. Another lot barked in May and cut in October were in the same condition as those that have been simply girdled, and with nothing of gain from the extra work. The spring, this investigator thinks, is the best time for the barking or girdling, as the starch will have disappeared by autumn. Professor J. F. Duggon, of the Department of Agriculture, calls attention to these experiments.—Philadelphia Ledger.

He Kept a Diary.

The Most Wonderful Oil Well.

The giant of all the oil gushers was that struck at a depth of only 570 feet at Bakou, on the Aspheron Peninsula in the Caspian Sea. The oil stratum was suddenly penetrated and almost instantly the well was blown to pieces by the rush of gas. Following close upon the gas came a terrific blast of oil and sand, the like of which has never before or since been known. Efforts to check the enormous flow were equally as futile as those made to "plug" the mouth of the well, but the flow continued. During the 60 days it followed the tapping of the old stratum, it is estimated that not less than 120,000,000 gallons of oil and 5,000,000 tons of sand were disgorged by the spouting monster. Great lakes and rivers of the well and three or four creeks and rivers of the same fluid nature poured an outlet into the sea, and thus prevented a veritable inundation. Within a month the site of the well looked more like a volcano than anything else which it could be compared to. The shifting sands had caused the giant oil jet to first deposit its load of sand on one side and then on the other, until a regular Pompeian calamity had overtaken all the building, hoisting apparatus, derrick, etc., within a radius of 200 yards, burying the tallest of them entirely out of sight. This volcano of oil and sand had a regular crater of central orifice through which the sand and oil escaped and daily and hourly added to the mass. Fears of an explosion caused the authorities to issue edicts demanding that the people extinguish all fires within an area of five miles, and providing heavy fines even for the crime of lighting a pipe within the "dead line." The geyser was struck during the first week of September 23, when an inventor backed by the Russian Government succeeded in controlling it, but not until after it had spent the greater part of its fury. During the first 100 days, the Russian expert estimates, it vomited forth over 500,000 tons of oil.

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Dogs That Work for a Living.

They Drive the Bellows in Williamsburg Spikes and Nail Factories.

In several spike and nail factories in Greenpoint a novel use is made of dog-power, says the New York Sun. The dogs work in treadmills which turn large heavy iron wheels, which in turn operate the bellows of the forges. It is only in the smaller shops where the spikes and nails are forged by hand that dog power is employed. There are three of them, all in the same section of Williamsburg.

The largest is Peter Kohlmann's on Lorimer street near Bedford avenue. Six dogs are in use there only one or two working at a time. The dogs go about their work with cheerfulness and alacrity. They are big, heavy fellows of mongrel breed, with a remarkable development of muscle, caused by the vigorous exercise they get.

The rim of the wheel which the dog turns is more than a foot in breadth, and it is roughened on the inner side, and padded with sawdust to prevent the dog's feet from becoming sore. On each side of the broad wheel are two iron cross pieces which form the spokes. Within these two sets of spokes the dog has room to move freely. He is not tied or fastened, and after he has once been put at work no further attention is paid to him until it is time for his relief to take his place. A dog lacking in conscientiousness could jump out and run away.

On each side of the wheel's hub is a crank one and a half feet long, carrying an iron bar. One of these bars goes to the lower arm of a bellows on one side of the room, and the other to another bellows opposite. The cranks are set in opposite directions, so that the fires are blown in alternation. Further back in the room there is another slightly smaller wheel connected with but one forge.

Only the larger wheel was in operation yesterday. It was sufficient, however, to keep four men busy, two at each forge. The wheel turns slowly, and the dog has only to keep up a fairly brisk walk.

"That dog in there now," said the manager, goes a little too fast. "He blows the fire up too much. That can't be helped, though, for you can't slow a dog down any more than you can hurry him up. A dog has his natural gait, just the same as a man has. We don't work our dogs very hard, because we've got so many of them. They work about an hour at a time, and get in about two hours a day altogether. When it is time to change we simply call another dog, and he gets in and the first gets out."

Going over to the idle wheel the manager called out, "Here, Rover." Rover jumped in and started briskly off without more ado. The draught sent the dead ashes flying in the forge. The dog evidently thought he was in for an hour's work, and the manager had to stop the wheel with his hand before he comprehended that he was only a showing off.

The training of the dogs takes ordinarily only a couple of hours. The dog is put in the wheel, and the trainer bends down in front of him and begins him with a bone and an enticement to get the bone by walking up the rim of the wheel. A dog of ordinary intelligence sees the point after a little and accepts the work as a matter of course.

"There is nothing cruel in this work," said the manager, "if the dogs are well taken care of, as they are here. You can see what good condition they are in. Of course it isn't the right thing to do to work a dog and starve him too."

"I'll tell you a curious thing, I live right back of the shop, and every once in a while I wake up in the night and hear the bellows going. The dogs sleep here, and they go to fooling around in the night and start the wheels going."

The Most Wonderful Oil Well.

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For and About Women.

It is rather interesting to know in view of the fact that one of the chief reasons advanced for the disfranchisement of woman is their incapacity for war, that the spherical shape of the bullet is the result of a woman's experiments. And though women have not much of a reputation for success in inventing, some of the most important and useful inventions have been made by them. Catherine Littlefield Greene, widow of General Greene, of revolutionary memory, perfected the cotton gin after Eli Whitney, who happened to be boarding with her, and who made the original design, had given it up as a bad job. The light and convenient paper pail was invented by a Chicago woman, and the valuable gimlet-pointed screw was the idea of a little girl. An improved wood carving machine, a furnace for smelting ore, a chain elevator, a deep sea telescope, a screw crank for steamships, a fire-escape, a wool feeder and weigner, a spark arrester for locomotives and a signal rocket used in the navy have all been invented by women. The device in use on the New York Elevated Road for deadening the noise of the trains and which Edison had been asked to take into consideration was made by a woman.

The first step toward the revival of the bustle has been taken. This is shown in the new organ-pipe skirt. It is the skirt of the season, and resembles in a marked degree the bustle of the past. The skirt is very full, lined with haircloth and arranged in four or two box plaits at the back. These plaits stand out prominently, and are padded ten inches from the waist line. Over the hips the skirt fits with gloves like smoothness flaring toward the bottom.

Only the sleeves, if you have them right you need not worry about the rest of the costume. After the economical, sensible girl has decided upon her winter sleeves, she turns her attention to her collars and collarettes. Those are really the only parts of her costume that require much thought. The careless, extravagant creatures have a few extras, such as jet and fur skirt trimmings, and blouse pearl and braid effects, but the sensible girl eschews all such, and devotes herself to sleeves and necks. "Shall I wear my sleeves to-night?" hesitatingly asked one girl of another. By "sleeves," you must know, she referred to a simple black gown, whose only trimmings were huge sleeves and crush stock of the latest purple velvet. The outlay for the sleeve material was \$10; that for the black of the dress considerably less. Therefore the costume became simply a matter of "sleeves," and was never designated in any other fashion.

But it is of collars and shoulder trimmings I would write. They follow the sharp and clear-cut style of the winter maid, punctuated in her Vandylke fashion. A velvet and heavy Venetian point combination gives the key to almost all of her creations. It is a pretty mirror velvet, of pale sage green, falling over each shoulder in a not-full ruffle. Each ruffle is edged with a heavy Venetian lace—a Vandyke formed of five or six rows of small points. In front there is no velvet, only a yoke of the lace, cut in a large, broad point. Of course, the collar is crush, with headings sticking out here and there.

How do you put on your veil?—if you wear one. It is wide and long, and must be arranged with care to give it the correct drop. If you do the proper thing there are a few inches gathered right in the center of the top edge, and this is daintily caught with a fancy pin to your velvet hat. Both ends are also gathered, and therefore you have no difficulty in catching them together evenly.

The first thing one notices in the fancy bodice of the hour is that all sleeves drop down and outwards, and that there is a growing tendency to create a slight blouse effect at the waist in front. From the throat, at times, will hang huge collars of lace or velvet, made to flare out like a skirt. Another dainty waist of white chini silk, scattered with the shadowy ghosts of pinks, perhaps, will have square bretelles of lace projecting from the arm holes over the sleeve tops.

If you are to be fashionable, at least one gown of patterned cloth must be yours. Or the gown may be of mouseline de soie, velvet or chiffon—that matters little as long as the fabric is sprinkled with tiny holes. The "perforated" craze is at its height. An imported walking costume showing all the latest frills. The material is dark brown Vienna cloth. The gown is a simple skirt has the most approved flare. Each edge is defined by a broad line of perforation showing sage-green silk beneath. The tight-fitting bodice is made of the green silk, over which is a draped jacket of the perforated cloth. The green velvet stock appears to be fastened at both sides by round steel buttons. The enormous sleeves are fashioned of the open-work cloth, with an inserted puff on the silk.

Beautiful as the fall novelties were they will be in the background compared to the reign that black will have. There will be at least six black costumes sold to every three of colors. In millinery the proportion in favor of black will be greater, says a leading modiste. Outside of tailor gowns in which tweeds and covert cloths are the main glimpses of color will be in the fancy waist. Skirts of black satin with small brocade designs and made in bell shapes will be worn with these waists. Soft, lightweight woolen goods in blended colors, having a blurred effect, will be made up for the same purpose.

A pretty woman will be able to keep her character if she consumes less starch, glue and mulligan than the gourmand. Eliminate from the bill of fare rice, oatmeal, wheat, bananas, potatoes, peas, gelatine and beans, and give the system the benefit of a complete change of diet. Eat boiled or fried hominy with meat; have brown or graham bread and juicy fruits, stewed onions, tomatoes and squash.