

WHAT TO WEAR AND HOW TO WEAR IT

Special Correspondent of This Paper Writes Entertainingly to Women

LATEST FROM THE METROPOLIS

Embroidered 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 and



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 THEROWA

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 hausfrau gets more. "The German husband may seem to us uncharitable 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 pathetic 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 reason assigned is that by her skillful household management the hausfrau 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 courtesies 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 ever 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."

There is comradeship between young girls and men, Mrs. Vorse finds, but it ceases just at the time when the latter begin the real business of life. For this state of affairs she thinks 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 coaxingly: '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 to 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 partners to each other in the affairs of everyday life."

A Cheap Shoe Box.

A pretty and serviceable shoe box may be made by 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 line 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 wool 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 girl's 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.

LIONS FATTING FOR AIM OF ROOSEVELT

Where President Will Hunt, These Beasts Have Not Been Molested for 10 Months

ESTATE WITH YANKEE HOUSE

Mr. McMillan, in Whose Jungles Mr. Roosevelt Will Shoot Big Game, Has Everything in Readiness for His Distinguished Guest.

London.—William Northrup McMillan, nephew of the late Senator McMillan, of Michigan, and his wife have sailed from Marseilles for India to visit the Maharajah of Cochin Behar at his earnest invitation. Messrs. Bulpitt and Shaw and six other Americans, all friends of the McMillans, are in the party. Their fellow-passengers were the Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife and their two daughters; Sir Henry and Lady Titchborne, and Lady Lansdowne and her brother, Lord Frederick Hamilton. The Titchbornes are great travellers and intimate friends of the McMillans.

After the visit Mr. McMillan will hasten to South Africa. He has invited President Roosevelt to hunt big game on his vast estate near Nairobi, and as host he wants to be certain that everything is ready to receive Mr. Roosevelt and his son. Mr. McMillan, himself a mighty hunter, will not shoot with his guests, will not join them or even receive them.

Certainly the Roosevelts will suffer no handicap while they remain on the estate, which is to be given over to them. It is called the Juja Farm because it lies between the Ju River and the Ju River. The chief bungalow is the most comfortable residence imaginable, with two stories and a veranda. It was made in America at the order of Mr. McMillan, who formerly lived in St. Louis, transported in sections and set up under his eye. It is well furnished with American furniture.

And Mr. McMillan has taken pains to provide fine sport for his guests. In effect the game has been preserved; the shooting has not been disturbed for ten months.

There are six lions' dens on the McMillan tract. The lions have not been fattened by feeding them, but they have been left to live tranquilly, so that they may be there in good condition for the Roosevelts to shoot.

The McMillans are very wealthy. Their Devonshire seat, Tout Saint, at Buckland, Kingsbridge, is superb. The place was originally a convent, and is a walled estate, with quaint gardens, orchards, meadows and pasture lands. The interior of the house is palatial. It was furnished by French artists, the walls and ceilings being paneled and moulded by the best workers Paris could supply.

Their London residence, No. 17 Hill street, is even finer. A museum occupies the centre of the house and the trophies of the chase it contains would delight Mr. Roosevelt.

A ballroom was demolished to make room for the museum. The first thing that confronts one in the entrance hall is a stuffed lion, the first one killed in British East Africa after Mr. McMillan took over the estates there. This beast fell to the gun of Mrs. McMillan. A vase array of heads and antlers cover the walls—a collection much finer than that of the Duke of Orleans at Evesham—although Mr. McMillan has no polar bears, while there are ten at Evesham. The McMillan mansion contains giraffes, rhinos, hippos, buffaloes, oxys, hartbeest, wapiti, gazelles, warthogs and two wild elephants. Hundreds of tusks line the walls and cases. Oval mirrors, some nine feet high, are framed with tusks, representing a fortune in African ivory.

Mrs. McMillan was the first woman to cross Abyssinia at the head of her own caravan. She was guest of the Negus. An autoress and devoted to sport, she cares nothing for society.

VEST BUTTON IN HIS HEART.

Strange Discoveries in Autopsy Upon Body of Aged Man.

Denver, Col.—An autopsy performed on the body of Fred Pomplitz, who was sixty-six years old, revealed a black vest button embedded in the heart over the right auricle. Dr. W. G. Mudo and Dr. J. P. Hamill made the autopsy. This was not all, for they found in the spleen of this same person a piece of rock, two inches long, one-eighth of an inch thick and an eighth of an inch wide.

The doctors' theory is that he swallowed the button by accident, that it stuck in the bronchial tubes and by a process of ulceration was carried into the vena cava. The "rock" in the spleen was caused by salt concretion from the blood.

\$5,000 for a Church Singer.

Chippewa Falls, Wis.—A visitor here for a few days from Waupun was Mrs. Catherine Marbone, who is, perhaps, the champion mother in Wisconsin. Mrs. Marbone is only thirty-nine years old, has been married nineteen years and has had eighteen children, one born each year. She has been married twice, the first time when she was seventeen years old. Twelve children blessed her first marriage and six her second.

FACTS CONCERNING BLOOD.

It Is the Most Genetic Thing About Animals.

A drop of the blood of a walrus shows no relation with a drop of whale's blood, or of the blood of any other cetacean, such as seals or porpoises, which, like the walrus, are mammals that have taken to the sea. Instead of that, the blood of the walrus immediately reacts with the blood of horses, asses and zebras, thus proving that he is an equine that no longer crops grass but goes where he can live on an exclusively fish diet. Likewise the hippopotamus is shown to be a modified pig.

Where a blood relationship exists, but is distant, these reactions are proportionately faint, but where no reactions occur there is no relationship at all. Thus, geology indicates that birds are descended from reptiles, and, oddly enough, the blood of a bird shows a distinct, though very faint reaction with the blood of a snake but none whatever with that of the winged bat or the flying squirrel, for these are mammals.

On the other hand, the marsupials, once such a great family, but now reduced to the kangaroo, the opossum and a small creature in South America, have now not a single blood relation left. As to man, he has no relationship to monkeys, but the blood of anthropoid apes shows a very faint reaction with his. Meantime, all the races of man are unmistakably of one blood, whatever their color or abode.

Hence the blood is by far the most hereditary thing about us. Neither the shape of the skeleton, nor the contour of the body, nor brain, heart, lungs, stomach, intestines, liver or skin, nor even ancestral habits about the great Food Question—Darwin's only Creator—how to eat or keep from being eaten—are comparable to a single drop of blood for telling the correct story of descent. All this gives a new meaning to the words, "For the blood thereof is the life thereof." Likewise, the old saying that insanity runs in the blood now wears a scientific look, since blood and family are so inseparably associated.

Average Ages of Birds.

The doctrine of vegetarianism appears to be slightly shaken by the result of an investigation that an English newspaper has made into the subject of the longevity of birds. With one notable exception the meat-eating birds are the longer lived. The exception is the swan.

The average ages of some of the best known birds are given in the following table:

	Years.
Blackbird lives	12
Blackcap	15
Canary	24
Crane	24
Crow	100
Eagle	100
Fowl, common	10
Goldfinch	15
Goose	50
Heron	59
Lark	13
Linnet	23
Nightingale	18
Parrot lives	60
Partridge	15
Peacock	24
Pelican	50
Pheasant	15
Pigeon	20
Raven	100
Robin	12
Skylark	30
Sparrow Hawk	40
Swan	100
Thrush	10
Wren	3

The average age of the boarding house variety of chicken is still undetermined.

Tulip Soup.

"What makes this vegetable soup taste so different?" asked the young husband.

"Only the leeks you sent home," replied the bride. "You remember you said you were going to order leeks."

"I didn't order any leeks," growled the husband, but he finished his bowl of soup rather than disappoint her.

That afternoon he stopped at the grocery store.

"How did you come to send leeks up to my house this morning?" he demanded. "I didn't order them."

"Great Scott! Did you eat them?"

"O, for land's sake. They were Mrs. Jackson's tulip bulbs. She left them on the counter and they got into your basket by mistake."—Detroit Free Press.

Cry Baby Cures.

Alaska babies do not cry. They try it and then give up the bad habit from choice. To this desirable end they are gently persuaded by their mothers. When a baby begins to cry the mother takes a pot of water, fills her mouth with the liquid and squirts it into the face of the weeping infant. If the cry increases in force, so does the stream of water. No word is spoken, no blow is struck, but the victory is sure. Very soon the infant begins to connect weeping with the squirting of water in its face. Becoming firmly convinced that the two things are inseparable, it decides to cry no more.

Chinese Coolies Smuggled.

Smuggling Chinese coolies from Mexico into the United States is a busy industry on the border and a profitable one, but occasionally there is a setback. The other day one of the smugglers was caught as he was entering San Diego harbor at night, with eight coolies in a steam launch.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 37 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

BIG OFFER

To All Our Subscribers

The Great AMERICAN FARMER

Indianapolis, Indiana.

The Leading Agricultural Journal of the Nation. Edited by an Able Corps of Writers.

The American Farmer is the only Literary Farm Journal published. It fills a position of its own and has taken the leading place in the homes of rural people in every section of the United States. It gives the farmer and his family something to think about aside from the humdrum of routine duties.

Every Issue Contains an Original Poem by SOLON GOODE

WE MAKE THE EXCEPTIONAL OFFER OF

Two for the Price of One: THE COLUMBIAN

The Oldest County Paper and THE AMERICAN FARMER

BOTH ONE YEAR FOR \$1.00

This unparalleled offer is made to all new subscribers, and all old ones who pay all arrears and renew within thirty days. Sample copies free. Address:

THE COLUMBIAN, Bloomsburg, Pa.

ONLY A LITTLE COLD in the head

may be the beginning of an obstinate case of Nasal Catarrh. Drive out the invader with Ely's Cream Balm applied straight to the inflamed stuffed up air-passages. Price 50c. If you prefer to use an atomizer, ask for Liquid Cream Balm. It has all the good qualities of the solid form of this remedy and will rid you of catarrh or hay fever. No cocaine to breed a dreadful habit. No mercury to dry out the secretion. Price 75c., with spraying tube. All druggists, or mailed by Ely Bros., 50 Warren Street, New York.

Whose Say-so is Best?

With nearly all medicines put up for sale through druggists, one has to take the maker's say-so alone as to their curative value. Of course, such testimony is not that of a disinterested party and accordingly is not to be given the same credit as if written from disinterested motives. Dr. Pierce's medicines, however, form a striking exception to this rule. Their claims to the confidence of invalids does not rest solely upon their makers' say-so or praise. Their ingredients are matters of public knowledge, being printed on each separate bottle wrapper. Thus invalid sufferers are taken into Dr. Pierce's full confidence. Scores of leading medical men have written enough to fill volumes in praise of the curative value of the several ingredients entering into these well-known medicines.

Amongst these writers we find such medical lights as Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennet Medical College, Chicago; Prof. Hale, of the same city; Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., late of Cincinnati, Ohio; Prof. John King, M. D., late of Cincinnati, Ohio; Dr. Grover Coe, of New York; Dr. Bartholow, of Jefferson Medical College, of Pa., and scores of others equally eminent.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the worst cases of female weakness, prolapus, anteversion and retroversion and corrects irregularities, cures painful periods, dries up disagreeable and weakening drains, sometimes known as pelvic catarrh and a multitude of other diseases peculiar to women.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*