

NEWS FOR THE FAIR SEX

NOTES OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEMININE TOPICS.

School for Women Librarians—Fashionable Colors—How to Lead a Bicycle—A Word About Complexions—The Vogue of Plaits—Etc., Etc.

School for Women Librarians.
Berlin now has a school for women librarians. One of its two courses of instruction lasts six months, and is for the training of librarians for the ordinary public libraries, while the other, of three years, prepares the students to take their places at the heads of scientific libraries.

Fashionable Colors.
Green is a fashionable color this season, and charming effects are created by using its varying tones. Even hats are made of green straw.

Other fashionable colors are a pale old blue called Corot, an old-fashioned lavender revived as De Neuville, a deep straw named Roybet and a bluet lighter than the regulation color. Diaphanous materials are extensively employed in combination with braids, flowers and foliage. Tulle and chiffons are much used, especially to veil flowers; laces are also seen. Ornaments of cut steel, jet, rhinestone or pearl give a touch of distinction to nearly every example of fashionable millinery.

How to Lead a Bicycle.
Some women lead a wheel by one handle-bar, but it is obviously impossible to guide it properly in this way.

The correct method, however, is vastly different from these. The wheel should be grasped by the centre of the handle-bar, with the fingers turned up and divided around the head-post. This way of leading keeps the machine further away from the body, so as not to interfere with walking by it, and at the same guides it most easily. If one wants to lead an idle wheel while riding (though it takes an expert rider to do this safely) this is the only way in which it can be done. Instantly that it swerves too close or too far, the front wheel is lifted from the ground, and the idle wheel immediately recovers its balance.—Harper's Bazar.

A Word About Complexions.
The conflicting advice of reputed authorities long ago led to the despairing exclamation: "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" The woman in search of beauty or anxious to learn the best way to retain it finds a bewildering variety of advice. Many specialists in treatment of the complexion advocate face steaming. Others condemn it with unhesitating severity. That the latter are probably correct is to be inferred from the experience of a New York woman who went to consult one not long ago. Almost the first words uttered by the specialist were: "You have been steaming your face." Her patient asked: "How did you know?" The answer was: "Because the skin is dry, withered and flabby. I can see at a glance when a woman uses hot water or steaming."

"Hot water should be used once a day, merely for cleanliness. Sponge the face softly with a pure soap and hot water, either at night or in the morning, to remove dust and open the pores. Then bathe thoroughly with clear, cold water until the skin is in a glow, and finish by applying a good cold cream of glycerine, rosewater and benzoin lotion."

The Vogue of Plaits.
Three-fourths of the new costumes show plaits in one form or another. Plaits and tucks are not at all suitable for heavy-weight cloths, but there are this season cloths in so many different weights that it is not difficult to choose one that is suitable. The fashion, however, is seen at its best in the thinner and more flexible materials and in silks, and a model gown that will be seen a great deal is of taffeta made without any trimming whatever, but tucked sleeves, skirt and waist. In a dark color this makes an exceedingly smart gown and is delightfully dainty in the light colors. The belt and collar can be either jeweled or plain, with a jeweled buckle. Much depends on how the belt and collar are treated.

But even when lightweight fabrics are employed it is rather difficult for the dressmakers to follow out satisfactorily the new fashions of the plaited skirts and at the same time the close-fitting ones. To do away with the clumsy appearance that plaited skirts are apt to have requires no end of trouble and a thorough knowledge of skirtmaking as well. The best skirts are those that have the plaits caught down—not merely tacked down, but caught through far down on the skirt and with the extra material, if there is extra material, cut away beneath. There is a certain extravagance about this which will, of course, prevent the skirt ever being made over in another fashion, but then it is most unfashionable to wear made-over clothes.

The Woman With the Hoe.
The vast possibilities of Chicago as a place of residence are brought into prominence by the recent meeting of the Illinois State Horticultural Society, at which one Mrs. C. A. Mead elicited rapturous applause from the assembled horticulturists by singing the psalm of "The Woman with the Hoe."

Carried away by her enthusiasm Mrs. Mead said to her hearers: "If you desire relief from social and domestic cares throw off your corset, put on a gingham gown and acquire peace of mind and health by hoeing potatoes."

Should this advice be generally accepted by the new woman in Chicago the city will furnish an interesting exhibit at its next exposition. The "Woman with the Hoe" is historically not a novelty. She has been a feature of the agricultural landscape of Europe for several centuries, and the consensus of opinion among returning American travellers who have seen her is that she is neither a thing of beauty nor a joy forever. She is classed by our own poet as "sister to the ox."

This, however, is a question of taste. Chicago, with its vast horticultural possibilities, may prefer the woman with the hoe, but New York will try to get along with the woman in the tailor-made skirt, the Eton jacket and the Easter hat.—New York World.

Flowers All the Rage.
That flowers are to prevail in hat trimming seems assured. Some Paris models are made wholly of the smaller blossoms. Many flowers and great quantities of foliage are to be used. These are made in all delicate hues, exquisitely shaded, veined and marked, and some blossoms are composed of half a dozen different materials—silk, velvet, chiffon, satin, etc.—in order to reproduce more faithfully the peculiar luster or softness of the natural flower. Both silk and mull make soft and beautiful flowers and are easily handled in the crimping or crushing process which distinguishes many of the fashionable flowers. A new style of crinkled effect is seen on the order of the fancy plaiting of chiffon which has been so popular the past few years.

The rose will be the most popular flower in millinery effects. All sizes, shapes, colors and kinds of roses, from the small, pale pink button rose to the huge red cabbage rose which blooms in kitchen gardens, are being made for spring hats. Perfectly huge, crushed and crinkled roses are seen, the tendency being toward large effects. A great many sprays are shown, three or four full blown roses, sometimes with two or three harmonizing colors in a bunch, being made up with long sprays of leaves, which also are very much larger than heretofore. The garland is one of the favorite fancies in floral decoration.

In some of these natural colored flowers and foliage are combined with artificial, as, for instance, a bunch of deep-toned violets surrounded by palest green, transparent leaves and a garland of the same flowers in different shades, running from deep purple to pink. A bunch of large pink roses and transparent white foliage is joined to a garland of tiny white and pink buds.

Rubber Gloves for the Hands.
Women would hardly think that the state of the health would affect the hand. Yet nowhere will sickness show itself so quickly. The flesh seems to shrink away and the knuckle bones become pathetic. The skin, too, loses its freshness and becomes pallid and dry, or clammy, which is worse. The clammy hand is the most uncomfortable in the world. It can only be treated through the system, for it is caused by some physical effect too deep for probing. There are hands whose beauty no amount of hard work could destroy and hands which are so sensitive that the ordinary duties of life affect them. For such there is a deal of protection in the rubber gloves, which can be bought in any size. They must be large enough to allow full play to the muscles and must be kept out of hot water or their usefulness is gone. They can be worn in all branches of housework except cooking and sewing.

As for the nails, the woman who does not have a manicure set or at least the few implements needed for the well-being of the nails, is, or should be, an exception. The number of well-kept hands is growing each day. It is not a very hard task to give the shape and polish to the prettiest part of the hand, and it is still easier to keep them when once attained. One is perfectly justified in saying that the only excuse for bad-looking nails is laziness, even if it does sound harsh.

Bits of Femininity.
The special point in the new lingerie is its fit.

Lace boleros bid fair to return their wide popularity.

Jeweled and enamel buttons and buckles reign supreme.

The old-fashioned "shot" taffeta is seen in many imported frocks.

Gray wool muslin built over white taffeta is a late, fetching fashion.

Sleeves are either finished long to the knuckles or else reach only to the elbow.

Belts must be either a very narrow band or a wide sash girdle to prove modish.

The return of the pompadour waist with long points and front is hailed with delight.

Ribbon and silk sashes are found to be a feature of the summer's white muslin frock.

There has come a return of the fancy apron of sheer muslin, lace and a bit of a ribbon.

Most of the skirts of wash dresses are with tucks which are allowed to fly at the knee.

Unlined lace sleeves will be seen everywhere as soon as it is possible to lay wraps aside.

Light toned cloths, trimmed with white, are going to be in the very forefront of smartness.

It is the fashion now when buying a handkerchief bodice to purchase hat and parasol to match.

Evening frocks are beautiful with rich embroidery of pearl and birds and flowers in natural colors.

MAKING STRAW HATS.

DIFFERENT PROCESSES THROUGH WHICH THE MATERIAL GOES.

A Finished Hat Made by Modern Factory Methods Represents the Joint Labor of About Thirty-five Persons—The Glue Bath and the Hydraulic Press.

Along no other line of industry has Baltimore attained such fame as in the manufacture of straw goods. In the lines of cheaper goods New England is superior, but when it comes to the finer grades of straw hats, those made in Baltimore are inferior to none. She has only six factories, but each of these has a capacity of nearly 100 dozen per day. The capital invested in the industry is over \$2,000,000, and employment in these factories is given to over 1,500 hands, for the most part women and girls. The capital invested by jobbers and retailers is much greater and a much larger number of persons find employment with them.

A straw hat in process of manufacture passes through a large number of hands. Ten processes are involved, and in each process several are engaged. The work is essentially girls' work, men having but little to do. In the straw hat factories the principle of the division of labor is also seen, each individual having his small but important task on each article. A finished hat, made by modern factory methods, represents the joint labor of about 35 persons.

THE PLASTER ROOM.

The first department in such a factory is what is known as the plaster room. Patterns of the various styles of hats are made from plaster paris by hand. The workmen, who must be skilled modelers, shape with their hands the mass of pliable plaster into hats of such shapes and sizes as fashion demands. The work is slow, each portion of the pattern having to be correctly shaped. From this pattern a mold is then made. The plaster is caked around the pattern and pressed till each crevice of the pattern is filled. Then when the pattern is removed a mold of the hat of the desired shape is at hand.

Work on the hat proper begins in Department No. 2, known as the braiding room. The straw which goes to make the hat is received in strips yards in length and about half an inch in width. This straw all comes from abroad, principally from Japan and China, no straw being braided in this country. It is received, as has been said, in long strips, and is examined by expert examiners to see if there are any breaks or flaws in the strips. This straw is braided by hand in the Oriental countries, the braiders receiving from 1 to 3 cents per day, according to their skill. The braids are bleached in this country, however, the bleaching imparts to the straw so treated the white, clean appearance. When first received, it is dirty and dark.

In Department No. 2 the sewing of the hat is done. The braid is on reels above the seamstress, and machines are used in the sewing. These machines vary from regular sewing machines only in that the braids mechanically go round in a circle. The reels revolve as the machines are in motion. The crown and brim are made separately and then stitched together. When the hat has passed through this department it has no size and but little distinctive shape.

WHERE STIFFENING IS APPLIED
In the third or "sizing" department the straw of the hat is rendered stiff by glue. Huge iron pots of imported glue are ranged side by side, and into these the hats which have passed through the sewing-room are plunged. They are then placed in a position so that the surplus glue can drip. The glue is necessary in order that the hat may be given shape, as loose, pliable straw would not retain form. When the hat has been dipped in glue, dripped and dried it goes to the blocking and pressing room.

In the blocking and pressing room zinc molds and patterns are used. The hat, as yet without distinctive shape and size, is fitted over a zinc "head," the size of which is known. The hat is blocked, or given shape, and is then pressed. While on the zinc pattern heavy irons are run over it, hardening the glue and pressing the seams. Each pattern differs in size from the others, there being one for each size hat on the market. The pressing "sets" the hat at a distinct size. After the hats have been blocked and pressed they go to the hydraulic press.

The hydraulic presses are in the fifth department, and the hats are brought to this department from the blocking and pressing room. Each hydraulic press is for a different sized hat. The crown of the hat fits snugly in a cavity, leaving the brim resting on the flat surface around the miniature well. Suspended from above is a rubber bag well filled with water. The bag is mechanically lowered and pressed, being rubber and elastic, the bag conforms to the interior of the hat, filling every crevice. Then the hydraulic pressure begins, more water being forced into the bag. A heavy steel lever keeps the bag from enlarging as more water is forced into it. For each thin layer of water forced into the bag the pressure is increased 50 pounds, such is the resistance of water to compression. This pressure is gradually increased until it reaches 250 pounds. When the hat is taken from the press, the straw, which heretofore has been rough and "shaggy," is smooth, and the corners are distinct. Previous to entering the press the hats have but an ill-defined shape, the corners being round rather than at angles. The water pressure, however, affects every

inch of the straw touched, and so circles are transformed into angles.

FINISHING PROCESSES.

The rough work on the hat finishes with the fifth department, the remaining departments being devoted to "finishing" processes. In the sixth the "tips" or strips of silk or satin, which are seen on the interior of straw hats, are cut and printed. A separate die is used for each class of hats. The hats with the loose tips then pass to the next department, where the latter are sewed in the hats. The leather strips of lining are also sewed in this department. The sewing on all fine hats is invariably done by hand. A leather band, the proper length, is cut from a roll and sewed on the interior of the crown. In the cheaper grades this stitching is done by a machine, but on the finer lines it is done by hand.

The hands are sewn on the exterior of the crowns in the same way. All hat bands are imported in rolls. The seamstress cuts off a strip of sufficient length and puts it around the crown. Then she stitches it. After the band is sewed on the hat is practically finished. However, the leather interior brim is rough, the "tip" is wrinkled and the band has not a smooth appearance. In order to remedy these defects the hats pass again through the hydraulic press; and when the pressure has been removed the hat presents a smooth, neat appearance. Work on it ends with the second hydraulic press—the last two departments being devoted to packing and shipping.

Sheridan's Birthplace.

If the events of coming fame would cast a longer shadow before, an admiring people would keep more careful record of the birthplaces of men destined to be heroes. In this way much controversy might be saved.

An old New Hampshire man of a former generation, who may have thought he saw fame coming his way, wished to establish at least one fact beyond a doubt. To this end he began a speech in his native town by saying: "I was born in Blanktown, I was always born in Blanktown, and I always meant to be born in Blanktown."

Among the heroes of many battles and of more than one reputed birth place was Gen. Philip Sheridan. Albany, New York, claims him as her son, and wishes to erect an equestrian statue to him. State Historian Hugh Hastings ably backs up the claim. Ohio also claims Sheridan for the town of Somerset. And when he was mentioned as a possible candidate for the Presidency it was said that he was born in Ireland. This led Sheridan to tell Mr. Hastings, with emphasis, that he was born in Albany, N. Y.

Even then the public gossips were not satisfied, and other places still pressed their claims. This provoked Gen. Sheridan to remark: "If this thing keeps on I soon shall be a bigger man than old Homer, with more than seven cities contending for my birth."

The claim of Albany seems strong enough to warrant the statue.—Youth's Companion.

Even Scissors Do It.

A well-dressed gentleman, whose bearing indicated standing, refinement and wealth, clung to a strap in a Pennsylvania avenue car a few days ago. The car was crowded. When he was approached by the conductor and his fare requested he ran his fingers in the little change pocket of his overcoat.

His hand sought his right trousers' pocket, the left and those of his vest, at last, going through every pocket in his clothes.

A blank look of amazement overspread the gentleman's face, followed by a smile, in which the passengers near him joined.

"Really," he exclaimed to the conductor, whose smile had not yet appeared, "really, I am much embarrassed. I find in my chagrin that I haven't any money whatever upon me, not even a car ticket. I will have to ask you to pass me on my face."

"I can't do that," answered the conductor. "I don't know you. Could not, anyway."

"Can't you make an exception this time? I am Senator —, and will certainly send the fare to the company immediately upon reaching the capital."

The conductor joined in the laugh, which by this time had become general, and walked to the front end of the car. A passenger handed the Senator a car ticket, which the latter accepted with appropriate thanks and paid his fare with it.—Washington Evening Star.

A Philanthropist.

"Yes, judge," said the culprit, "I admit that I kissed the lady without her consent, and, indeed, without her knowledge that I was about to do so, but I was actuated by the most honorable motives and by the desire to render her a distinct service."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked the magistrate, wondering.

"Your honor fills doubtless heard that it is the opinion of some eminent scientists that dyspepsia may be cured by kissing."

"Well?"

"Well, your honor, I overheard the lady telling a friend that she had been suffering from dyspepsia very severely for two or three days. Now, judge, what could a gallant gentleman do under such circumstances?"

She Was to Blame.

She had called him a "perfect tease." "But you see," he retorted, with a smirk, "no 's' are perfect until they are crossed. It's your fault."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

HOW BOERS PITCH THEIR LAAGERS.

Always Put Tents Between Parallel Lines of Hills.

A. C. Hales, the Australian correspondent who was captured by the Boers and released by President Steyn, writing from Burgersdorp, says:

"Possibly it may interest English men and women, too, for that matter, to know what a fighting laager is like, and, as I have seen half a dozen of them from the enemy's side of the wall, a rough pen sketch may not be amiss. In war times the Boer never under any circumstances makes his laager in the open country if there are any kopjes about. No matter how secure he may fancy himself from attack, no matter if there is not a foe within fifty miles of him, the Boer commander always pitches his laager in a place of safety between two parallel lines of hills, so that an attack cannot be made upon him, either front or rear, without giving him an immense advantage over the attacking force, even if the enemy is ten times as strong in numbers. By this means the Boers make their laagers almost impregnable. If they have a choice of ground they pick a narrow ravine or gully, with a line of hills front and rear, covered with small, rocky bowlders and bushes. They drive their wagons in between these hills.

"The women are placed in safety, for it is a noticeable fact that very large numbers of women have followed their husbands and brothers to the war, not to act as viragoes, not to unsex themselves, nor to handle the rifle, but to nurse the wounded, to comfort the dying and to lay out the dead. I have heard them singing round the camp fires in the starlight, but it was hymns that they sang, not ribald songs. I have seen them kneeling by the side of men in the moonlight, but not in wantonness, but in mercy, and many a man who wears the British uniform to-day can bear me witness that I speak the truth.

"The foot scouts take up their positions among the rocks and shrubs on the hills in front and rear of the laager. Each scout has his rifle in his hand, his pipe in his teeth, his bandolier full of cartridges over his shoulder and his scanty blanket under his left arm. No fear of his sleeping at his post. He is fighting for honor, not for pay; for home, not for glory, and he knows that on his acuteness the lives of all may depend. He knows that his comrades and the women trust him, and he values the trust as dearly as British soldiers ever did. No matter how tired he may be, no matter how famished, the Boer sentinel is never faithless to his orders."

Baby's Curis Were Not Natural.

A well-dressed woman with a beautiful baby in her arms attracted the attention of all the passengers on a Germantown car. Everyone was fascinated by the baby's pretty and smiling face, and particularly by two golden curls which hung down her cheeks.

After a while the child became nervous and began to tug at one of the curls which protruded from her hood. The woman—presumably her mother—quickly stopped her, but a few moments later she looked out of the window. No sooner was her face turned than the child seized her bonnet with both hands and pulled it off. It offered little resistance, but to the astonishment of everyone on the car the child came with it, and the supposed golden haired baby showed that in reality its head was without the semblance of a hair.

The child swung the bonnet to and fro and laughingly held it up for the inspection of the other passengers. It was almost a minute before the woman turned around. When she saw what the boy had done her face flushed, and without a word she picked up the child and walked sedately out of the car. When last seen she was trudging down Spring Garden street with the baby tucked under her arm like a sack of oats, but still holding tightly to the bonnet and cooing: "See my pooty hair?"—Philadelphia Times.

Never Admit Defeat.

Never admit defeat or poverty, though you seem to be down and have not a cent. Stoutly assert your divine right to be a man, to hold your head up and look the world in the face; step bravely to the front whatever opposes, and the world will make way for you. No one will insist upon your rights while you yourself doubt that you possess the qualities requisite for success. Never allow yourself to be a traitor to your own cause by undermining your self-confidence.

There never was a time before when persistent, original force was so much in demand as now. The namby-pamby, nerveless man has little show in the hustling world of to-day. In the twentieth century a man must either push or be pushed.

Every one admires the man who can assert his rights and has the power to demand and take them if denied him. No one can respect the man who slinks in the rear and apologizes for being in the world. Negative virtues are of no use in winning one's way. It is the positive man, the man with original energy and push that forges to the front.—Success.

There are not less than twenty-five colonies of Hebrews, most of them thriving and self-supporting, in Judea, Samaria, Upper Galilee and in trans-Jordanic regions, with a total of 4,500 colonists and about 1,000 hired Hebrew laborers.

Many of the new gowns are made with two or three sets of undersleeves as attachments to its elbow sleeves.

An Earthquake.

Yokohama and the neighboring Tokio are said to have about fifty earthquake shocks a year. Most of them are insignificant, but now and then comes one of a different sort. In 1891 the Japan Mail described the experience of a man who had witnessed the terrible earthquake at Gifu.

He had just finished dressing when the first shock came. He crawled and dragged himself out of the house, for to walk was all but impossible. The next moment, so highly strung were his nerves, he burst into laughter at seeing the remarkable way in which a girl was moving down the garden path, stepping high in the air, as it seemed.

Then, looking over his shoulder, he saw a great and ancient temple, which he had been admiring the previous day, leap into the air and fall in dreadful ruin.

Looking again to his front he saw the whole town in an instant swept away before his eyes, and out of the great cloud of dust came a screaming, gesticulating, wildly frantic crowd of men, women and children, rushing hither and thither, they knew not where, for refuge from the great destruction which had come upon them.

Vivid Phrasing.

Elizabeth Harrison, in her "Study of Child Nature," says that children begin to learn the intellectual value of words as soon as they are familiar with them in their material relations. "Sweet," "sour," "rough," "crooked," as applied to character, mean something to them when they have investigated them first through the senses. Occasionally they translate the new meaning rashly, and make laughable mistakes. One morning we had hyacinth bulbs; we examined them, and then compared them with the blossoming hyacinths on the window-sill.

A day or two after, an onion was brought in to us by a child, as another fat, round flower-baby for us to plant. I had some difficulty in making the children see the difference, but finally cutting the onion open I blinded their eyes, and let them smell first the flower bulb and then the onion bulb. An hour or two later one of the little girls spoke in an irritated, petulant voice to her neighbor, who had accidentally knocked over her blocks.

"Look out!" said the little one on the other side of her, "or you'll have an onion voice soon!"

Black Coats.

An English clergyman, rather pompous of manner, according to Spare Moments, was fond of chatting with a witty chimney sweep.

Once, when the minister returned from his summer holidays he happened to meet his youthful acquaintance, who seemed to have been at work.

"Where have you been?" asked the clergyman.

"Sweeping the chimneys at the vicarage," was the boy's answer.

"How many chimneys are there, and how much do you get for each?" was the next question.

The sweep said there were twenty chimneys, and that he was paid a shilling apiece.

The clergyman, after thinking a moment, looked at the sweep in apparent astonishment. "You have earned a great deal of money in a little time," he remarked solemnly, wondering probably, what the sooty fellow would reply.

"Yes," said the sweep, throwing his bag over his shoulder as he started away, "we who wear black coats get our money very easily."

Blowing Him Down.

Dr. Isaac Barrow was an eminent divine, great at long sermons; three hours were nothing to him. On one occasion he was preaching in the Abbey, and had got well on in his "tenthly, my brethren," without any indication of the stream's running dry. Now the Abbey is a show-place as well as a church; and the showmen—to wit, the vergers—became restive under the eloquence of Dr. Barrow. Accordingly, as the voracious chronicler records, they "caused the organs to play, until they had blown him down." "Here again, you see, the organs blew. Whether the organist was asleep—not unlikely, for organists prefer a sleep to a long sermon any day—and one of the vergers officiated at the keys, I do not know, but I confess I should like to have heard the "voluntary"—fit name!—that "blown" Isaac Barrow down.—Longman's.

Tail "Bike" Story.

Somebody should make a collection of cycling yarns. They would certainly outvie the very finest of fishing stories. The latest I have heard recounts how a wheelman was riding in the neighborhood of Worcester after dark when a brawny constable stopped him and demanded to know why he was riding without a light. Not a moment's pause elapsed before the cyclist framed his excuse. "See that bicycle?" he said, pointing on ahead to the glimmer of a light in the road. "Well, that machine is my better half; it is part of this machine, you understand. I was riding tandem, when the parts became unglued; my wife rode ahead, not knowing what had happened; when I recovered my senses she was out of shouting distance." The constable was, it is said, still gasping when the cyclist had got up to twelve miles an hour.—London Sketch.

Nearly 20,000,000 false teeth are manufactured annually in the United States, the greater part coming from Philadelphia factories. About 40,000 ounces of gold are used with this output.

White opossums are occasionally caught in Ohio County, Ind.