

# NEWS FOR THE FAIR SEX

## NOTES OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEMINE TOPICS.

### Lightness of New Hats—Jeweled Purses—Khaki Fabrics—Women Should Have More Sleep—Care of Face and Hands—The Benefits of Golf.

#### Lightness of New Hats.

One point in favor of the new summer hats is their lightness. Tulle in a new variety which is very durable, chiffon and lace straw are the leading materials, the most exquisite colored ribbons, flowers and fruits imaginable. Grapes and cherries are the favorite fruits, and as for flowers there is every kind and color. Black silk flowers on colored tulle hats are extremely stylish. Then there are toques made entirely of colored leavs, with a bunch of roses at one side.

#### Jeweled Purses.

The oblong square purses which open with an ordinary clasp are more popular now than the envelope-shaped purses which have jeweled buttons. These purses are studded with jewels in gold ring settings, in some the jewels outlining the edges of the purses and in others dotting the whole of the side. One, for instance, has the entire side covered with amethysts cut diamond shape, set at regular intervals. The purses can be removed and used for collar buttons or to close the neckbands of blouses.

#### Khaki Fabrics.

Khaki wash fabrics are among the new offerings of the season, and the khaki shirt waist is to be commended on account of its simplicity and adaptability to rough usage, such as it must receive at seashore and mountain resorts at the hands of the young woman who likes roughing it. The khaki waist is made without tucks or cording, is slightly bloused in the front, down which runs a heavy khaki band bordered with double rows of stitching. At each side are small stitched pockets. Epaulets adorn the shoulders as well as the stitched cuffs and the belt give other finishing touches to the blouse. A scarlet tie gives brilliancy to the otherwise rather somber garment.

#### Women Should Have More Sleep.

It is a well-known fact among physicians, nurses, and those generally interested in the restoration of health, that the percentage of women among the middle and upper classes who retire early is very small. There are many women so constituted that the wear and tear of daily life consumes to a great extent their vitality, which can only be restored by means of perfect repose.

Especially are long, unbroken hours of rest necessary for wives and mothers, all of whom are giving their strength unreservedly and getting little physically in return, save that which is derived from sleep. Those who earnestly desire to use the most effective means for the preservation of health and beauty should not fail to keep early hours.

#### Care of Face and Hands.

This is the weather when one's face and hands need a whole lot more attention than they usually get. Hot winds and sheets of dust are the trying things. But we'd feel these blasting forces much less if we'd meet them properly.

The face must be washed at least twice a day, and particularly at night, that the skin may "breathe" during the clean and silent hours. In case the water is hard, or the pores of the skin are in particular need of cleansing bicarbonate of soda should be used, in the proportion of a heaping teaspoonful to a quart of warm water. This will be found healing, cooling and cleansing. When the skin is much clogged it may be used for a week. It is well in cases of excessive perspiration, too, and also where there is a heat eruption.

The outdoor sports are hard on the hands, as next to nobody manages to wear the different sorts of gloves they buy. A very simple and efficacious remedy is the lemon. Unlike most bleaches it softens the skin. Undiluted it does wonders round the nails, while slightly diluted it will do wonders for the hand.—Philadelphia Record.

#### The Benefits of Golf.

One of the prominent women golf players of the city says that the game has proved very beneficial in producing steadiness of nerve among women. The nature of the game and the exhilarating outdoor atmosphere invigorates and stimulates the nerves and fit women for greater effort and better self-control.

One of the most exasperating features, however, in connection with the game, from a feminine point of view, is the injunction of silence. Yet it is this very point that trains in self-control, for the player soon learns that silence is golden when her attention is engaged with the ball, and that if she is to score well she must think and act rather than chatter.

The golf school is probably the best school in which the boycotting of coquetry is taught. Furthermore, while the fever of golf is relentless when it takes hold of a woman, and under its fascinating influence she forgets her worst domestic tragedies, her best

friends, and has no time for Browning readings or musicales, the consequences in this direction are offset by the beneficial effect upon temperament, for it serves to solidify her ambitions, straighten her judgment, calm her impulses and control her temper.—New York World.

#### The Baby's Clothes.

An infant's clothes should not be worn too tight; neither should they be too loose. Moderately snug-fitting-garments are the ideal ones—those which will admit of easy movements and free circulation, and at the same time afford a moderate amount of support to the chest and abdominal muscles; the band should be tight enough not to wrinkle. Pins should not be used to fasten a baby's clothes. The band for the first two months is sewed, the seam coming under the arm so the child will not lie on it. The shirt comes next, and a small piece of tape may be sewed on the bottom in front, to fasten it to the diaper and prevent it working up and lying in wrinkles about the body. The barrow, or petticoat, can be either sewed or tied, and should have a shoulder-strap to keep it from slipping down; an older child will have its petticoat buttoned. Loose flowing clothes for an infant are most uncomfortable, not lying close enough to the body to give warmth, and the child is usually lying in a bed of wrinkles, which crease and seam its delicate flesh. It is almost impossible to keep loose clothes smooth; they will work up and wind about the little body, especially if the mother be young and inexperienced in handling babies. The other extreme, tight clothing, should not for a moment be tolerated. A band too tight crowds the organs, impedes the work of the lungs, also often causes vomiting in young infants.—Marrianna Wheeler, in Harper's Bazar.

#### Eyesight Affected by Veils.

Among the patients of the eye doctors of New York City the women outnumber the men. Regarding this fact twelve leading oculists have been consulted, and they lay it to the wearing of veils.

Women who do not wear veils are less troubled with defects of the eyesight than those who always do so. And yet most women may look forth upon the world through veils without serious injury if only they will wear veils of the right sort. Most eye specialists disapprove of the dotted veil, while all are in favor of those made of illusion or chiffon.

The kind of veil last mentioned has a fine, even, regular mesh, through which the eye may look without suffering any worse results than come from peering through the finest wire window screen. The illusion or chiffon veil may, therefore, be said to be the right sort.

The dotted veil, however, offers interruptions to the sight, distracts the eyes, compels one to focus in different directions, and though these differ ever so slightly, the result is injurious. Many a case of astigmatism has been traced to the baneful effect of the dotted veil. The veil of dots may, therefore, be said to be the wrong sort. If you have astigmatism you must avoid this kind of veil.

Above all, never read through a dotted veil. There are three kinds of dotted veils, those with dots far apart, those with dots close together and those with very large dots—bad veils worse veils, worst veils, so far as the eyes are concerned. The one with the dots far apart is the least injurious, because the dots can be so placed—on the chin, cheek, forehead and nose—so as not to interfere with one's vision. The closely dotted veil bothers and teases the eyes. Veils with the large dots when not carefully arranged are apt to offer obstructions to the view as large as the pupil of the eye itself, the result being a change of light and the projection of the vision of each eye in a different direction. Hence this worst kind of veil causes general impairment of the eyesight. If the pattern runs no higher up than the chin or mouth, however, no better protective veil can be worn. By protective veils is meant those which protect the eyes from dust and dirt. So that, as a matter of protection, a good veil is really beneficial. It not only keeps street dust from the eyes, but it tempers the wind and softens glaring light.

White veils are harder on the eyes than colored veils, because their glare strains the eyes. Also the closer the veil is worn to the face the less the harm to the eyes. It is well, therefore, that the fashion of a year ago, when veils were worn puffed far out from the face, is no longer in vogue. By the same token, it were better for a woman not to wear a veil with a large hat.

After a veil has been worn it should be shaken thoroughly and hung up and aired, not tucked away in a bureau drawer. Finally, never borrow a veil. The most sensitive part of the body, is quick to catch the germ of any disease which may lurk near it. Many a case of conjunctivitis, the most contagious of eye diseases, has been caused by a borrowed veil.

#### Novelties Seen in the Shops.

Damascus taborettes richly inlaid with pearl.

Washable foulard satens in silk designs of all colors.

Natty designs in straw, crash and cloth headwear for small boys.

Renaissance and linen scarfs, table-covers, dollies and centrepieces.

Many gauze ribbons with satin edges for embellishing summer gowns.

White and ocre revers of lawn and lace to be worn with Eton jackets.

Black and colored hemstitched drap de volle for midsummer costumes.

Many neatly patterned cream and white wash veils with floral borders.

Mercurized cotton, English squares in lacquered patterns for men's wear.

Spangled aigrettes, together with pearl, steel and jet ornaments, for the coiffure.

Children's flats and fancy straw hats adorned with floral wreaths and ribbon bows.

White canvas shoes with rubber or leather soles for yachting, golf and all out-door sports.

Printed liberty satins showing polka dots, vines, scrolls, palm leaves and flower designs.

Allover taffeta yokings showing hemstitching, rich lace appliques or elaborate silk-braided designs.

White lawn dressing sacques having loose fronts prettily trimmed with lace or open-work embroidery.

All sorts of ready-made ribbon bows, malines, pompoms and fancy, straw braids in millinery departments.

Short-back sailors of fancy open braids, trimmed with roses and large pompoms or drapings of chiffon.

An abundance of lace and embroidery, as well as lace and tucked all-overs, for waists and general trimmings.

Fine all-overs composed of alternating rows of tucking or plaiting and lace for gimples, sleeves and children's dresses.

—Dry Goods Economist.

#### Skunk and Blacksnake Fight.

A novel fight was witnessed by the men employed at the pumping station of the Standard Oil Company near Cochocton, N. Y., the other day. It was a battle between an enormous blacksnake and a skunk and it ended in the death of both combatants.

The attention of the men was first attracted by the strange actions and loud cawing of a crow which was circling about a spot in a field near by. They went to the spot and saw a large blacksnake with its head raised, and within six feet of it was a skunk which kept going about the snake as if to draw its attention from a small rock ten feet away. On this rock were five young skunks about the size of chipmunks.

#### A Remarkable Recovery.

One may have his liver cut in two and yet scan the papers for war news. A young man in Bristol, England, was crushed against a wall by the fall of a case of glass weighing half a ton. He walked, with the aid of two men, to a hospital, when his pulse failed him almost entirely. Upon examination it was found that his liver had been severed, and as it was out of the question to sew the pieces together it was decided to gather up the remnants and put them all together, packing them in with iodoform gauze, of which three and three-quarter yards were inserted. Salt water was injected the meanwhile into his veins to keep up the circulation. On the second day after the operation the patient sat up and asked for papers with the war news. At the end of a week the gauze was removed and two months after the injury the patient went to the convalescent home, and soon after was discharged, looking fat and strong, with the wound securely healed.—London Mail.

#### Modeling That Means Money Making.

Many of the art students who are specializing in clay modeling pay much attention to the commercial end of the work. Greek statues and Renaissance friezes may be a more inspiring form of art and necessary for training and cultivation, but a model of a pair of androns or candlesticks, a section of a mantel or any other bit of home furnishing or finishing that will attract the attention of a manufacturer is more profitable from a money viewpoint.

Such models usually are shown at the public exhibitions of the art schools, and manufacturers on the lookout for new and original designs are willing to pay well for anything that appeals to their liking and that, in their judgment, would sell well. Besides the money that this transaction puts into the pocket and hope that it inspires in the student, it often leads to more orders and establishes a connection which is highly profitable, if making immediate money is a necessity at the end of the course.—New York Press.

#### The Modern Kid Glove Goes Through the Hands of 235 Workmen Before It is Finished.

At least 40,000,000 pairs were manufactured in France last year, their value being \$25,000,000.

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### The Freckle Man.

When I was a little boy,  
I asked my ma why freckles came  
And how they got on me.

She said, "Of stories I have heard  
Now just a single one.  
About a little freckle man,  
Who lives up in the sun."

"If a little boy is playing round,  
And turns to him his face,  
He puts sun-photographs on it  
In every empty place."

I asked, "But why are they not like  
The beautiful golden sun,  
A dazzling yellow, round and large  
A sparkler every one?"

She said, "If they were as you wish,  
A yellow, not dark brown,  
Why people, when they looked at you,  
Would have to blink and frown."

I didn't like those little spots  
For all good things she'd say,  
But tho' I scrubbed and washed and  
rubbed  
They didn't go away.

I'm eight years now, I go to school,  
And from hard lessons shrink,—  
"Why aren't thoughts put in as tight,"  
I sometimes sit and think.

I'd like to get my face turned round,  
And put within my crown,  
Then every spot would be a thought,  
My sums be done up brown.  
Julian E. Todd, in The Favorite.

### Tricks of a Friendly Frog.

"One of the most knowing little animal pets I ever had is a frog about half grown," declared a well-known New York artist to a Washington Star reporter. "I made the jumper's acquaintance one morning two weeks ago, when he hopped from the garden through an open French window into my studio, where his frequent daily visits afford me much amusement during idle moments. He is so tame that he will take worms from my fingers and perch upon my hand like a bird and sing and croak as long as I choose to hold him."

"As an illustration of the little fellow's cunning, I was one morning feeding a favorite cat with a saucer of bread and milk, all of which pussy did not eat. The food that the cat left soon attracted quite a number of flies. The observant frog noticed this, and, hopping into the saucer, he rolled over and over until he was fairly covered with a batter of bread and milk, having done which he lay perfectly motionless and awaited developments. The flies, enticed by the prospect of a good meal, soon began to circle round the scheming batrachian, and when one passed within two inches or so of his nose his tongue darted out and the fly disappeared. The plan worked so well that the frog makes a regular business of rolling himself in the cat's left-over dinner."

### Boy of His Size.

There is no better or truer instinct than that which makes it impossible for a boy to stand by in silence and see a small mate abused by an older one. It invariably indicates a cowardly spirit on the part of the one who always "picks on" a boy smaller than himself, and the big fellow never gets or deserves any sympathy when he comes to grief through his failure to choose "one of his size" when he wants to fight.

Ten or twenty school boys were on their way to school in an Eastern city, one day recently, when a boy of 16 among them began to tease a little fellow of perhaps 12 years, relates J. I. Harbour in Success.

Suddenly the annoyed smaller boy threw an apple core at his tormentor, whereupon the big boy assailed the little fellow brutally, saying: "I'll let you know that you can't throw apple cores at me! You take that!"

The little fellow shrieked with pain, but he could contend but feebly against his far larger and stronger assailant, and none of his schoolmates offered to go to his relief.

Leaping against a lamppost up the street was a typical street gamin, ragged, unkempt and far removed from the tidy, well fed and well dressed school boys. A bundle of newspapers he had been unable to sell was under his arm, and he seemed to be looking about for a customer. Suddenly he let the unsold papers drop to the snowy ground and came running lightly and swiftly down the street, his blue eyes aflame and his grimy fist clenched. The next instant the big, well dressed assailant of the small boy found himself seized by the collar and jerked violently to the ground by a boy of about his own size, who said, boldly: "Take a kid o' yer size when ye want ter fight, ye big coward! Take a kid o' yer size! Tunch that little kid ag'in, if ye dare!"

The big fellow struggled to his feet and said, blusteringly: "Who's going to keep me from touching him if I want to?"

"I am," said the gamin, standing as erect as a West Point cadet, and, whipping out his ragged jacket, he gave his head a toss and said again:

"I'm goin' to see that you don't touch him ag'in! If you want to fight, take a kid o' yer size, I tell ye! Try yer hand on me!"

"Humph!" said the big fellow, without, however, offering to touch the "kid of his size."

"Ye'r a coward, that's what you are!" said the gamin. "Ye don't dare touch a kid o' yer size!"

Nor did he. Mumbling and threatening, he walked off, with the jeers of his schoolmates ringing in his ears.

The street gamin went on his way also, unconscious, perhaps, of the fact that, in his bold defense of the weak against the strong, he had manifested a kind of heroism all too rare among the of the world.

### A Funny Fish.

"Why, Greenspot, what's the matter?" said Mrs. Frog, as her son sprang into the hole.

"O mother! I don't know what to do! There's such a queer fish, all yellow and blue and red, come down top into the water!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Frog. "That's rather queer."

"Yes," panted Greenspot. "It's stopped among the pond weeds half-way down, and it's lying quite still. I can't make it out."

"I'll come and see," said Mother Frog. "Perhaps it's only a new kind of fish trap."

Greenspot, who was so young that he had not yet lost his tadpole tail, called his brother; and they all swam to where a small, gayly-dressed doll had lodged in the weeds. They all swam round, but did not grow much wiser, when all at once Mother Frog cried:

"Hark! What was that noise? Greenspot, go and see; and come home and tell us."

He leaped on shore, and peered eagerly about for a minute or two. Then he went back to his mother. "It's that dear little girl,—Miss Babs. I think they call her,—who saved our lives the other day," he said.

"What did she do?" said Mrs. Frog. "I forget."

"Why, don't you remember? The pond dried up; and she brought water and poured it over us every day, until the rain came and we were able to swim to a safe place. And now she's crying."

"What for?"

"She says her doll has dropped into the water. Does she mean the queer fish?"

"I know but little of the ways of the two-legged races," said Mrs. Frog, thoughtfully; "but very likely you are right."

"I wish I could help her," said Greenspot, sadly, "she was so kind to us."

"So do I!" "And I!" "And I!" echoed half a dozen voices.

"I have thought of a plan," said Mother Frog at last. "The sun is getting now now, and the dew will soon fall. Go up on the bank, and begin to jump about near where the strange fish lies. When she sees you, you must all jump into the water with a great splash."

The plan succeeded well.

When, after a good romp, the little frogs all jumped into the water at once, Babs leaned over and caught sight of her doll's blue dress just below the surface.

"Fan, Fan!" she called; and a fox-terrier came running up, and dragged the doll out of the water. So Babs went home quite happy, and the small frogs are never tired of telling the story of how they helped Miss Babs on the day when the funny fish came down.—Little Folks.

### Pigeons of Peking.

In St. Nicholas Alfred Sheffield tells about the pigeons of Peking. The Chinese have made pigeon-flying the de-coying game that it is because they like any kind of "playing for keeps." Even in kite-flying, they fix little hooks to their kite strings and try to pull in each other's kites, and count it fair to keep any kite that drops into their yards. They will tell you that a kite or a strange pigeon that comes to your place, if given up, takes away your "family luck." So you must tear the kite and keep the pigeon. But when you see the town dandies sauntering out with their fans, and bird-cages to watch the noon kite flying, criticising the flocks and their tactics, and arguing the fine points of decoying, you guess that "family luck" has very little to do with their game.

To decoy strange pigeons, pigeon-keepers must first train their flocks to "fly in spirals"—and that is, to rise steadily in circles without straying far from the home roost. Pigeons naturally fly together in circles. Even wild pigeons wheel about in flocks before straggling to the fields. Chinese make their birds eager for circling by keeping them shut up in a wicker house built on the ground around the dove-cote; and they cure their birds of straggling by pelting them with pebbles when they try to alight anywhere except on one spot—the ridge-pole of the roof facing their wicker house. The flock must alight here in a bunch, and immediately walk down to the eaves. This is done to bring any strange pigeon among them down within sight of the grain, which is then scattered on the floor of the wicker house. Pigeons are fed only after flying, for unless hungry they are lazy and unmanageable. Their food is millet, sorghum seed, or corn, which their keepers use to get as much work from them as possible. When there is much flying and calling down to do, they are usually fed with millet, which is so small that it keeps them eating a long while without filling them. At other times their food is sorghum seed. Corn is

not very good for pigeons, but they are so fond of it that pigeon-keepers usually have it on hand to call them down when they are already fed.

Chinese talk of three regions of pigeon flight; the "sparrow region," just above the house-tops; the "crow region," where the crows pass over the city at daybreak; and the "eagle region." In every flock are several strong-winged birds that will rise to the eagle region. These are the "high-fliers," which are usually sent up first, carrying whistles, as a challenge to other flocks to join them. When they have mounted to some height, the heavier-winged birds, or "low-fliers," are sent up to meet them. A few stay-at-home birds are kept back to call the others down, which they do by flying round the roof and clapping their wings. Pigeon whistles were in early times put on the birds to scare away hawks. Nowadays the hawks do not mind them at all, but they are still useful for attracting stray pigeons, for signaling, and for guiding the younger pigeons when flocks become mixed.

In Peking, flocks are sent up at sunrise, at noon, and just before sundown. Neighboring flocks always join, and their keepers then try each to draw apart his flock with call-birds, so as to bring with it any un-birds from the other flocks. If a stranger is brought to the roof, the keeper coaxes it down with his own birds by throwing millet into the wicker cage.

No one ever demands back a pigeon lost in this way. Two friends will sometimes "play live pigeons," that is, give back each other's birds that may be captured from the flock during the game, but the rule is to "play dead pigeon," or, as the boys say, "for keeps."

### A FORTUITOUS ACCIDENT.

Mysterious Dispensation of Providence That It Occurred When It Did.

"You see some unaccountable accidents in railroadings," said John Rundle, of Boston. Some years ago I worked on the old Maine Central, when Payson Tucker—God rest his memory, for he was a generous employer and the best of men—was manager of the line. It was in the days when they were bringing the road up to date, and nothing was being spared in expense on roadbed or rolling stock. One day the Boston express ran into Waterville, and after the regular tea minutes for refreshments started for Augusta. She hadn't gone fifty yards before, easily, gently, even complacently, the engine went off the track as calmly as though that was the way she usually did things. A hasty examination showed that half of the flange on one of the forward wheels of the pony truck had broken off. They sent post haste for another truck, jacked up the engine, and put it in place of the injured one, and the train was soon on its way again. Then they started to find out the place where the flange had dropped off. The road runs across the Kennebec just north of the railroad shops, and from the shops to the station it is a perfectly straight track. It was supposed that the break had occurred somewhere on that straight line, as it seemed impossible for the engine to hold the track on a curve with only half a flange on it front wheel. It wasn't there, however, and a systematic search up the line was ordered, and something like thirty miles away, near Newport, it was finally discovered by a track walker. Up and down steep grades, round sharp curves and across a river had that engine run in that condition, and finally, after passing through rail work to make a sound engine shudder, it had hopped a straight piece of track when hardly more than moving and when the only thing destroyed or damaged was time. The fearful accident that might well have happened, it has always seemed to me, must have been averted by what the law would term an act of God."—New York Tribune.

### Military Rifles of the Powers.

No two national rifles are exactly alike. First, as to weight, they vary from eight pound three ounces to nine pounds twelve ounces. The lightest is carried by the Italians, and the heaviest by the Austrians, while the British Lee-Enfield weighs nine pounds six ounces. In calibre the Roumanian and Italian rifles are the smallest, and the Portuguese is the largest. The English is a medium bore, smaller than the French, Austrian and German, and larger than the Russian, Spanish and Swiss.

The heaviest bullet is thrown by the Portuguese and Austrian rifles, and the lightest by the Roumanian and Italian. Here, again, England has chosen the middle way, having a bullet larger than the Swiss, Italians and Roumanians, and smaller than the Belgians, Austrians, Germans and French. With regard to speed, the Italian bullet travels the quickest of all, but the Roumanian ball runs it pretty close. The slowest bullet is the Portuguese, and the Austrian is also very slow.

Here are a few of the muzzle velocities per second: Portuguese, 1,672 feet; Austrian, 1,700 feet; British, 2,000 feet; German and Russian, 2,034 feet; French, 2,075 feet; Roumanian, 2,295 feet; Italian, 2,297 feet. The Mauser rifle is used by Germany, Belgium, Spain and Turkey, and it carries five cartridges in the magazine. The Lee-Enfield and the French Lebel rifles carry ten cartridges.

Some girls steel their hearts in order that they may not be stolen.