

NEWS FOR THE FAIR SEX

NOTES OF INTEREST ON NU- MEROUS FEMININE TOPICS.

How to Cultivate Beauty—Queen Helena's Gift of Repartee—A Royal Sculptress— Fleur de Lys Knot—Thoughtfulness of Swiss Women—Etc., Etc.

How to Cultivate Beauty.
Queen Natalie of Serbia is remarkable for beauty, her great charm being her lovely neck, which resembles that of the famous Venus of Milo. Her recipe for preserving it from the ravages of time is simplicity itself. Every morning she takes a brisk little walk in the grounds of her palace near Belgrade, bearing a pitcher on her head. This exercise not only improves the neck by strengthening its muscles, but the balancing of the pitcher encourages a graceful and easy carriage. Peasant women who carry weights on their heads in this manner are remarkable for their fine figures and erect, dignified and graceful bearing.

Queen Helena's Gift of Repartee.
When the new Queen of Italy, Helena, came as Crown Princess to the court of Rome, one of the ladies of the court attempted to patronize her and remarked: "Your Royal Highness must find court life a great change." Now, although Montenegro is but a pocket edition of a country, and Helena's father, the reigning Prince, is as poor as Job's turkey, the Crown Princess remembered that her family and nation were among the oldest in Europe, while the Kingdom of Italy is a thing of yesterday, and replied: "On the contrary, I think everything is done very well here, considering how new it all is."

A Royal Sculptress.
Queen Victoria has given Countess Feodore Gleichen the important commission of making for Her Majesty a memorial bust of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The young Countess has just completed the memorial of the late Sir Henry Ponsonby, unveiled by the Queen in Whippingham Church, just before the Court left the Isle of Wight. Countess Feodore, who is, through her father, the Queen's great-niece, may be said to have inherited her father's artistic talent, and the Queen has allowed her to retain his studio in St. James's Palace. The Countess takes her work seriously, and the Royal commissions received by her each year would alone keep her busy.

Fleur de Lys Knot.
A black taffeta stock collar has long ends which are finished at the bottom with appliques of white silk passementerie with a fancy edge on the upper border. The ends fall in a broad sweep with points, both being much shorter on the left side, the right-hand corner of the end being four or five inches longer than the other. Below the collar the long ends come together and are fastened with the "Fleur de Lys" knot, with three loops, the middle one higher than the others. All are really formed from one broad width of ribbon, which is caught down on each side, the width being first divided into thirds, and the middle portion being pulled smartly up, as in the case of the conventional Fleur de Lys. Below the loops a tight knot is tied, and the long ends descend, broadening as they go in a graceful sweep. Another feature of this stylish affair is the turnover collar at the top of the neck band. This also is of black taffeta, and it has the same decoration of white silk passementerie applied, and making a handsome edge.

Thoughtfulness of Swiss Women.
The women of Switzerland are more thoughtful for the comfort and well-being of their sisters in strange lands than those of any other country. Swiss women have established "homes" in Milan, Budapest, Vienna, Berlin, and many other European cities, where the young girl, the woman traveller, the companion, governess, nursemaid suddenly dismissed, as well as many women who may need temporary shelter and help from many accidental causes, may find assistance. The "homes" furnish escorts to and from railway stations or places to work, for the fearful; they supply lodging and luncheon places, an employment bureau, and a common ground for social and religious meetings. These places are specially intended, also, for those who need a home, and the ultimate hope of their founders and supporters is to found "houses of retreat" for women who, after working hard all their lives, find themselves at last homeless, poor and unable to toil longer. Although conceived and organized by Swiss women, in the first place, for the benefit of their own countrywomen, they are thrown open to all women without distinction as to nationality or religious belief. Among the 1,100 women who spent more or less time at the Vienna "home," half were Swiss; the other half was made up of French, Germans, English, Austrians and Russians.—Springfield Republican.

Gowns for Children.
Figured silks are very useful for children, and there are two or three new ways in which they may be made up. One smart little gown is made in

flat box-pleats, and has a round waist shirred on the shoulders, and trimmed with a deep-lace collar that is nearly deep enough for a cape. The entire waist is of narrow tucks or narrow box-pleats, closely stitched down at either side, and the waist fastening at the left side has rosettes of bright red velvet caught with small steel buckles. Another style of frock is made of a Liberty silk or lawn-down. The skirt is pleated, and has bands of heavy lace put on at irregular intervals. It is finished around the foot with a succession of small ruffles. The front of the waist is trimmed with bands of the same lace, a deep cape collar of it, and bands around the sleeves. There is a soft belt of India silk tied at the left side in two bows and loops. A most attractive, though rather conspicuous, frock is of bright red in soft wool material. It has a plain front breadth and pleated sides and back, and is trimmed with rows of velvet just the color of the material. The waist has a square yoke out lined with rows of the velvet ribbon and fastens at the left side. There is a red velvet ribbon belt finished with a gold buckle.—Harper's Bazar.

The Modish Coiffure.
Poor femininity, what do you think? Fashion arbiters are agitating the "to be or not to be" of a return to the old-fashioned fringe or bang. Be the outcome of this as it may, one thing is assured about the latest coiffure, namely, that only a very small pad, if any, is worn, with the hair pushed well down over the forehead. The correct result is obtained by waving or curling the hair and then pushing it well forward.

All the smartest hats, whether they are worn over or off the face, show the hair pulled way forward below them. The proper way is to show at least a line of hair below the band of the hat. At the sides and back, too, the hair should be softly and loosely arranged, so as to give the effect of a frame to the face. It should never be frizzed, but should be waved to look as natural as possible. A good way to secure these wide waves is to wet the hair and then the quite broad bands of tape tightly about the head, slightly pushing the hair up between the bands. For evening the coiffure is worn rather higher than for ordinary occasions and is pushed as far forward as possible, straight up from the nape of the neck to above the crown of the head. Then it is pulled out again below all around to show the soft waves mentioned above. This style of hair-dressing almost hides the ears, but its soft, full effect is really more becoming than a more severe style. Some women are so wedded to a part that they still continue to have one, but pull the hair up on each side of it to look soft, full and thick. Don't confuse this full, pushed-forward effect with a frowsy, frizzy style. An untidy head is regarded with scorn by well-set-up women and is far from the style. To get the correct thing the hair must be well kept, often washed and well brushed until it is glossy and waved and then dressed as described with the greatest care to secure the soft waviness without untidiness.—Philadelphia Record.

Women Bookbinders.
"One of the prettiest occupations in the world for a woman nowadays," said the representative of a well-known art publishing house, "is the binding of books. Of course, one must have considerable artistic taste in order to acquire the craft, but artistic taste is not so rare at present, and there are scores of girls wearing their lives away as clerks and teachers who would become skilled binders with little difficulty. The methods pursued by an individual worker, who aims to produce unique effects, are entirely different from those of a big modern bindery, and the trade can only flourish in great cities where there is a large and wealthy class from which to draw patrons. The art binder uses very few tools, and the entire outfit consists of half a dozen instruments, shaped like bodkins, a heavy leather pad, a wooden mallet, a paste pot, some needles and waxed thread and a supply of gold leaf. The whole collection costs only three or four dollars, and every detail of the work is done painstakingly by hand. Such craftsmen make a specialty of binding fine books in such a way as to add to their beauty and value. The volumes they operate upon are generally new, because old and rare books are, of course, preserved in their original covers, and great pains are taken to make the binding harmonize with the contents. Not long ago I saw a copy of Watson's 'Hymn to the Sea and Other Poems,' which had been rebound by a young woman who has a shop, or 'studio,' as she calls it, in Chicago. The material used was very dark morocco and the tooled design represented sprays of seaweed. The inside of the covers, which to a connoisseur are just as important as the outside, were ornamented with a small figure of a starfish in gold, scattered irregularly over the surface. The effect was exquisite. She got \$65 for binding that book, and worked at it, off and on, for a month, but she had at least half a dozen others in hand at the same time. There are two other women binders in Chicago and five or six in New York. They all have as much work as they can possibly do."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Where Lace Abounds.
Brussels owns countless attractive little shops with the most tempting displays of lace in their windows, many of which are devoted exclusively to its sale. It is a recognized fact that Belgium's capital is the place to buy laces, and one firm alone employs twelve thousand women in lace making, but the majority of the weavers of this priceless, cobwebby fabric are in Flemish and Belgian convents. No matter how poor and shabby a woman may be in Brussels, one may always count on seeing her decked out in a collarette or handkerchief of finely wrought lace.

Froil of Fashion.
Lace dusted with gold, silver or copper is to beautify some of the winter evening gowns. A pretty idea is to have fichu and sleeves to match, while the rest of the dress may be of different material. Gathered skirts, with tunics puffed on the hips, are among the possibilities for winter in full dress costumes. Toques of fur and breasts will be worn for morning; toques of tulle and lace for occasions when elaborate toilettes are in order.

Dotted and plain cashmere will be employed to build house and tea gowns. It is a charming fabric, soft, clinging and becoming. A new deep satin is being made into serviceable blouses and shirt waists. It is an all wool material, and is not unlike panne in appearance.

Vast numbers of empire hats are shown. They come in many materials, including felt, fur and velvet, and are trimmed with floating ostrich plumes. White velvet, plush or panne is used for some of the loveliest toques, and while these often have a touch of black, the chic thing is to add green by way of contrast.

One of the most stylish gloves for wear with light gowns is old-fashioned looking, and of soft thin kid, with no stitching on the back and only one pearl button.

NAMING AN INDIANA TOWN.

Early Settlers Shot at Target to Settle the Dispute.

Resting by the side of General William Henry Harrison's saber in the "Old Curiosity Shop" collection of antiques in the old State Bank building at Terre Haute, Ind., is a target rifle of ancient design that is declared to be the weapon that gave Logansport her name. The old rifle, which will come under the classification of heavy ordnance, for it is over seven feet in length. It weighs thirty-seven and a half pounds and shoots a bullet so heavy that twelve of them make a pound. In firing it an iron rest had to be used, and the rest is exhibited with the rifle. Maurice Thompson recently made it the subject of one of his collection of Indiana stories.

According to his story, in the latter part of the '20s the settlement at the mouth of Bel creek had reached proportions that necessitated the selection of a name. The main functionaries met one afternoon under the branching elms along the Wabash and undertook the christening. Every one had a suggestion and many settlers pressed claims. General John Tipton wanted to bestow a Latin or Greek name that was synonymous with "the mouth of the El." Hugh B. McKeen, who had formerly resided on the Maumee, near the spot where the Shawnee chief, Logan, lost his life while attesting his fidelity to the white people, urged the name of Logan. Colonel Duret joined with McKeen, adding the "port." The town was the prospective great port of the upper Wabash, that was then thought to be navigable. The story has it that, unable to reach a unanimous decision any other way, the frontiersmen finally decided to leave the decision to the aim of the rifle. The best smoothbores and squirrel rifles were brought out and each man that had offered a name placed the future of his claim on his nerve and eye. The Logansport man, it is claimed, hit the bull's-eye of the target, which was placed on an elm tree down along the river.

As a rule Indiana towns and cities have either been named in honor of prominent people, first settlers, or Indians, or have been given their names as the result of locality. Elkhardt was named after the Elkhardt river, and the Elkhardt river was given its name because there was an island in the stream that the Indians fancied resembled the head of an elk. Governor William Henry Harrison, riding through the forests on the old Vincennes-Ohio Falls trail, heard the sweet voice of Jennie Smith singing the plaintive ballad "Corydon," and it attracted him many times to the Smith home, where he located the first capital of the State and named it after the song.

Rockville is a city built on a rich alluvial deposit, and but two rocks of any size can be found in the town. There was the usual wrangle between pioneer settlers, each of whom wanted the town named after himself. At last a stranger laid his hand on the big rock and said: "Well, here's a fellow that's been here longer'n any of you—name it after him." The one flask in the crowd was drained and the town was christened by the empty bottle being broken over the "fellow that's been here longer'n any of us."—Indianapolis Press.

CALIFORNIA SARDINES.

HOW THEY ARE CAUGHT BY THE TON FOR THE CANNARIES.

The Spawning Fish Are Being Decimated So Rapidly That It Will Soon Be the Story of the Moss Bunker Over Again.

With characteristic cordiality, the captain of the sardine boat ushers aboard his craft the stranger, who wants to study the details of so interesting an industry as sardine fishing and canning, which is extensively carried on along the California coast. "Tumble aboard. Look out, that's the salt bag; and mind that jag—that's the dago red. Take a seat aft," said a master of one of these long, low launches fitted with a power engine and devoted to the extermination of the California sardine.

The vessel was lying at a wharf in the long, narrow harbor of San Pedro near a building erected on piles which bore a sign that told the world that sardines were canned there, not to speak of lobsters (crabfish) and mackerel; and that there was no admission, except on business. The boat had just landed a cargo of sardines, and a large number of girls and women were at work on the inside cutting off heads and bringing the fish down to the right size for canning. "All ready! Cast off the stern line!" One bell, and the throbbing engine begins to pump; a moment later the jingle bell sounds and the trim boat runs rapidly out of the harbor. The crew is made up of half a dozen herculean fellows—Swedes and Americans. Alongside the launch, held in place by two booms, is a long whaleboat, a double-ender, that holds the big net, while a dory towed astern carries another.

"This small boat, of twenty tons, is the exterminating factor of the Southern Californian waters, and she has taken tons of fish to the cannery this year. No mercy is shown, and no consideration of the people of the future. The spawning fish are taken by the ten-ton load, and hundreds of tons of fish are caught, the supply being decimated so rapidly that it will soon be the story of the moss bunker over again—almost total extinction.

The boat soon cleared the harbor and headed due south for Avalon Bay, which was reached in about three hours—a famous spot for sardines. As the launch rounded to at the anchorage, a big Swede jumped into a small boat and pushed off to row around the little bay and locate the sardines. It took him exactly ten minutes to accomplish this, and he held his boat over the spot until the large net boat was manned and had reached him. The men all wore rubber boots, so that the net would not be cut, and thick woven gloves. When the boat was near the school the net was dropped over, under the direction of the finder, the net boat then being rowed in a circle perhaps 150 feet in diameter. When this was accomplished the men on board lay on to the purse halliard, which was hauled in, closing the net below, so that from five to ten tons of fish were caught in a tubular net, the top portion floating on the surface, the bottom closed. The men now took hold of the net itself, and with their protective gloves hauled up the heavy meshes.

It took perhaps in this instance nearly half an hour to get the net to the surface. When this was accomplished, a line was passed to the large boat and she was hauled alongside. A boom was now rigged on to the mast and the deck of the smack separated by board partitions. The salter hauled out his barrel and stood by; two men took the halliard, while another fastened to it a long-handled scoop net that held several bushels. All was ready; the net, like a huge bottle, was at the surface, and the myriads of sardines, a silvery mass, were struggling below, while a cloud of silvery scales filled the water and went drifting away, attracting schools of yellow tails, sea bass, seals, and sea lions.

The captain grasped the end of the scoop net, a second hauled down the tackle, and plunged it into the squirming throng; the tackle men hoisted away, hand over hand, and the young man who directed the scoop steered it to a particular partition and dumped it—a glittering, gleaming stream. The salter now came to the front, and threw salt by the handful upon the pattering heap. Down went the scoop, and up it came again, and so the work went on, the air filled with flying scales, until in a remarkably short time the deck partitions were filled chock a block with sardines, representing in weight several tons, and generally of large size, five or six inches in length. Frequently the launch cannot carry all that is caught, and the remainder is released; but several tons constitute a load.

The anchor was now hauled up, and under steam and sail the fishing boat headed for San Pedro, where the fish were handed over to the cannery. Here the sardines are first washed, then going to gangs of workers who cut off the heads and tails, cutting them down to the length required—three or four inches. They are then laid on racks and lowered en masse into caldrons of boiling oil. (California olive) where they remain a short time, and are then lifted out, and are ready to pack in boxes.

The fishing industry is increasing all along the Pacific Coast. Monterey Bay is soon to have a cannery, this being a famous place for anchovies, and an abalone establishment, it is said, is also to be started. The abalone (hallotis) has a decided commercial value. The shell is made into buttons and jewelry, while the meat is a savory article of diet.

"Don't you sometimes catch things you are not after?" asked the passenger on the sardine boat of one of the crew. "You're right," was the reply. "Sometimes we get big sharks in the net; sometimes a sea lion, that rips it up; and sometimes a seal, that rips it up in every way. The big fish known as the tuna here goes right through it, leaving a perfectly round hole easy to fix. All those animals prey on sardines, and generally lie under the schools, and when the net is lowered get caught in the trap."

HOW WOMEN MANAGE MEN.

"Lords of Creation" Completely Overcome by Feminine Subtlety.

The ways of managing men are various. Yet woman rarely makes a mistake when handling the subject. She sizes up the situation instantly, and approaches from the proper direction to take the victim unawares. Jean is one of your innocent, fluffy girls, who doesn't look as if she ever had an idea of her own. She is going on a camping expedition this week, and is to send along her quota of the necessities in a box. At the dinner table she was telling the family the various things that were to go in that box, and she innocently remarked: "I told the girls that papa could beat the whole crowd packing, and I knew my things would arrive in better condition than any of theirs."

Papa beamed. He had had no intention whatever of packing that box, and he couldn't let a challenge like that go by, and after dinner he doffed his coat and went to work. And Jean smiled and egged him on with soft exclamations of delight at his cleverness.

Then there is another man, the head of a family, whose wife received a barrel of apples and other good things from the country. She had no mind to open that barrel herself, yet she knew if she asked "hubby" outright there would be a growl about "always waiting for him to do some work when he came home tired at night." So she began diplomatically:

"You can take lessons from me to-night when I open that barrel. Now, if you had been brought up on a farm you could know as much about it as I do." "Humph! Guess I know as much about it as you do without ever seeing a farm." "Indeed you don't! Why, you could no more unhook that barrel than you could fly!" "The idea! I could open that barrel in five minutes." She laughed. There was a sort of aggravating tinge in that laugh. "I'd just like to see you. You'd hack it all to pieces." "Ridiculous! You must think I'm a child. Give me that hatchet!" He seized it and went to the kitchen, and there he hacked and chopped and chived his way into that barrel in a fever of zeal. And his wife stood by and laughed at him, which only spurred him on to renewed effort.

The Traditional British Sailor.

Beneath a hat of straw or tarpaulin, set jauntily on "nine hairs," his jetty whiskers roll breezily round a throat left bare by the open shirt collar with its loose black neckerchief tied in a club knot. Duck trousers, tight in the hips and loose at the ankles, give a glimpse of striped stockings and pumps with silver buckles. The short blue jacket seams with white tape does not hide the broad leather belt and trusty cut-throat; the gallery boys greet his appearance with a roar, for we all know him; his name may be Tom Pipes, Bill Backstay, or just William; but there he is—the British sailor, as represented by the late Mr. T. P. Cooke.

That excellent actor made his first appearance at the old Royalty Theatre, Wellington Square, in 1804. He had been a man-of-war's man himself, and shared in the glories of the battle of St. Vincent; he knew the British sailor of his day thoroughly, and in such parts as Long Tom Coffin in "The Plot," William in "Black-Eyed Susan," Harry Halyard in "My Poll and My Partner Joe," he gave to the stage and the public an excellent type, and I believe in the main a truthful one; but if the lower decks had been filled with that type, and no other, the preservation of discipline on board his Majesty's ships would have been even more difficult than it was.—The Nineteenth Century.

French Silk Hats.

The silk push-out of which hats are made comes almost exclusively from France, all attempts to produce it in the United States having ended in failure. Nine-tenths of the felt hats worn in America are made from the fur of the rabbit and hare.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

The Step From the Sublime.
But yesterday he felt that he was born to be a king; His step was high, his air was proud. He held his head above the crowd— Last night his wife went snoring round. And in his inmost pocket found A letter—he has come to be A cringing, slinking thing!—Chicago Times-Herald.

Works Both Ways.
Mamma—Paul, darling, you must run to bed. See, the birds are already in their nests. Paul (at 5 o'clock next morning)—Mamma, mamma, wake up! All the birds are up!—New York World.

He Could Stand It.
Landlady (threateningly)—I'll give you a piece of my mind one of these days, if you're not careful. Boarder—I guess I can stand it if it isn't bigger than the piece of pie you gave me.—Detroit Free Press.

No Need of Chasing.
Jeweler—This ring is \$1 more than the plain one on account of the chasing. Farmer—See here, mister, yew don't haf ter chase me, I'm goin' ter pay fer what I git.—Chicago News.

She Knew Him.
Young Wife (surprised)—But, mother, you did not write at all that you would come. Mother—That's because I wanted to see your dear husband once more, too.

Easily Remedied.
Guest—I really don't know what I should do; if I take a whole portion it is too much, and a half is not enough. Waiter—You needn't worry about that. Take a whole portion, and we can make it somewhat smaller than usual.

The Important Question.
"The salary of the Czar of Russia," said the leading juvenile, "is \$12,000,000 a year." "Yes," answered the heavy man, as he sadly shoved his hands down in his pockets, "but does he get it?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Stoics.
"Who were the Stoics, Pa?" "Oh, the Stoics were a queer ancient people who didn't brag of their ailments and wouldn't stand and listen to any brag about other folks' ailments."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Encouragement.
"Bixby has given up his job to devote himself entirely to literary work." "He must have had some strong encouragement lately." "Yes, he married a wealthy girl."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Essential to Success.
The young man was after pointers. "What do you consider the secret of success?" he asked. "Wealth," replied the great man, promptly. "And what is the secret of acquiring wealth?" "Success." Then the young man went off and commended with himself and tried to figure out what he had learned.—Chicago Post.

The Impatience of Grief.
"It's too bad you have lost your canary, Millie, but why did you go to the expense of telegraphing your mother about it? Couldn't you have written and told her just as well?" "No! I knew that the sooner mamma heard of it the sooner she'd be sympathizing with me!"—Chicago Tribune.

Feminine Envy.
Jack—Have you got a little camphor, Laura? I want to put it with these new shirt waists. I'm deadly afraid of moths. Laura—You needn't worry a little bit. No self-respecting moth would come within forty gunshots of those h' things.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Inconsistency.
"Who is that man over there with the white, scared face?" "That's the fellow we met at the funeral yesterday, who was telling the wife of the deceased to cheer up—that her husband was better off." "What is the matter with him now?" "The doctor told him he was going to die."—Indianapolis Sun.

The Only Way.
Parke—There's only one way to manage about money matters. Whenever I see a thing I want I invariably ask myself this question: "Can I afford it?" Lane—But do you always stick to this? Parke—Always. If I find I can't afford it I buy it.—Brooklyn Life.

Getting Even With a Girl.
When a girl has made a man work hard to get her he can always get even by making her work hard to keep him.—New York Press.

Lehigh Valley Railroad has abolished newsboys from trains.