



### LACE AND HOSIERY.

A filmy Chantilly lace is the leading fancy in the hosiery world, and, lacking an alliance of silk, the very finest fine thread is requisitioned. So fine indeed is this it amounts almost to a lace itself, and frequently between the inserted lines of lace a hand-embroidery of spots is introduced.

### NEW FADS IN CHAINS.

A pretty fancy for the summer girl is to have her chain match in design the fan attached to it. For the daisy fan there is a long chain made of small white enameled daisies, says the Woman's Home Companion. The daisies look as if strung on green stems. Other attractive flower chains are made of little blue forget-me-nots, tiny pink button roses in delicately tinted enamel, and wee pansies exquisitely shaded.

### WOMEN VOTERS OF AUSTRALIA.

An Australian newspaper tells of some curious results of the new electoral rolls of South Australia. The number of men on the rolls has shrunk, in a little over three years, from 83,640 to 76,767. On the other hand, women voters have increased during the same period from 68,375 to 71,682. In the three chief metropolitan districts the men voters have dwindled in number from 35,587 to 30,484, a reduction of nearly 15 per cent.; women voters in the same districts have slightly increased their numbers, and now count no less than 32,801. The women voters in the chief city constituencies thus actually outnumber the men, and if—under any caprice or wave of feeling—they vote as a sex, they would beat their husbands completely!

### TAFFETA PETTICOATS.

Taffeta petticoats have almost entirely taken the place of the white cambric and embroidery underskirts. The evening petticoats are most elaborate, some being made of peau de sole trimmed with lace and insertions, while the cut is quite as important as that of the outer skirt. The taffeta petticoat is an expensive luxury, especially for the evening, when we can wear pale shades many times without their getting soiled. They save the hem of our frocks as well as the laundress's bill, for a muslin petticoat can seldom be worn more than twice without a visit to the washtub and if it be cut after the fashion of the hour, it must necessarily be expensive owing to the multiplicity of frills which are an absolute necessity on the properly shaped underskirt of today.—New York Journal.

### AT A SUMMER RESORT.

At a summer resort I saw novel hanging baskets, made by children's deft fingers out of a small hemlock tree, moss, ferns, vines and tiny plants. A young sapling is cut close to the ground, the upper twigs removed and the lower ones tied to the stem to make the basket. Moss and fern mold is pressed into this bed, in which are planted all sorts of pretty woody treasures which will thrive in sun and air. Hung on a cottage piazza these baskets make a novel and pretty decoration, costing nothing and lasting several weeks. In this same place a table in the hotel was decorated through the efforts of a young girl. A soup plate was filled with moss, and partridge vines and tiny ferns were planted in it, stems of rock ferns being added from day to day. This bit of green made a pleasing oasis in the desert of white tablecloth and was much admired.—Annabel Lee, in Good Housekeeping.

### THE EVIL OF HEAVY HATS.

When traveling in countries where the great majority of the people habitually walk bareheaded, as is the case in many parts of Italy, for instance, says the Youth's Companion, one can hardly help noticing the great number of handsome heads of hair seen on the streets. This fact must be accepted as one of the strongest proofs that the hat is the most fruitful cause of baldness. It is certain that there are more bald men than bald women in the world, although if women were condemned to wear heavy, unyielding felt and silk hats, as men are, they would probably suffer as much.

The head-gear to which men are condemned for the greater part of the year has several qualities inseparable from it which tend to lower the health of the scalp and injure or entirely destroy the hair, and in a lesser degree women's hats may come under the same consideration. These qualities are weight, lack of ventilation and tightness. Any hat which causes a sense of oppression and heaviness across the brow will injure the growth of the hair.

Let any woman who has worn for months or years small, light bonnets set back from the face put on a stiff hat that rests upon the brow, and she will soon realize how vigorously her whole head resents the unwanted tyranny. She will find herself constantly lifting the weight to gain a moment's relief and fresh air for the

imprisoned and rebelling nerves and veins. If she persists in wearing the hat in a short time the danger signals cease. Her brow becomes apparently indifferent to the insult it has given its warning—its danger signals of pain and discomfort—and now adapts itself to the new burden. But the harm goes on, nevertheless. The scalp suffers from overwork, overheating and lack of ventilation, and in a short time the thinning temples and dull nerveless hair will tell the tale.

The growing custom for women of removing the hat in public places, together with the extreme lightness of the structures demanded by fashion for the greater portion of the year, should result in a noticeable improvement in this respect, for with the hair, as with all the rest of us, good looks cannot exist without good health.

### TREASURES OF SWISS WOMEN.

The people in Switzerland are not called peasants, but are dignified with the name of Swiss mountaineers. Very picturesque was the site of this chalet, being well up the mountain side and having a sloping roof, which, projecting over the front supported by arched beams, gave shade to a small side balcony above. The house was lighted by narrow, small-paned windows. The only entrance to be seen was from a rude veranda on one side. After pausing to scrape our shoes on the door-stone, we knocked at the door. A woman came to the door, and upon being told that an American woman would like to visit her, we were cordially invited to walk into the kitchen, which was the first room to be entered. On one side was the only window, and ranged along the sides were shelves with racks to hold the bowls, plates, cups and saucers, which comprised the family tableware. These were in pink and blue, and although not fine porcelain, were really very pretty, and spotlessly clean, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly.

On the wall at the head of the bed were the family portraits, old-fashioned daguerrotypes and some poor photographs, as greatly loved and admired by their owner, however, as if they were portraits by great artists in the halls of stately castles or princely palaces. We gave them their full meed of praise, as well as to the sampler, which hung in a place of honor, just such as our great-grandmothers were taught to embroider as an important part of their education. This, we were told by our hostess, was worked by her daughter, a girl of nineteen, who had died eleven years ago. In a corner was a small spinning wheel, her only means of livelihood being spinning wool and knitting stockings.

She told us her simple story—of the loss of her only boy when but a child, then of her daughter, a good and beautiful girl of nineteen, the only hope and joy of her mother's heart then took up to a table on which was a large wooden box, and lovingly removing some white linen towels, we looked in, as one looks into the casket upon the loved dead, and saw a wreath of white artificial roses and lilies. To each flower was attached a white paper, cut heart-shaped, upon which were written tender verses in memory of the dead girl by the givers of the wreath.

As we looked and read, sorrow and pride seemed struggling for the mastery in the wrinkled face of the mother. Although not an old woman, as we count age in America, sorrow, poverty and ceaseless toil had graven deep lines in the still comely face. We asked her of her husband, and with pathetic dignity she said: "He has gone away, and I know not where." We left our little old woman just outside the door and came down the mountain side musing, with Gray, or "The short and simple annals of the poor."

### FASHION NOTES.

Some of the newest hats are trimmed with oak leaves and acorns. Lace gowns, black or white or black and white, are as fashionable as ever. The latest use for a miniature watch is to have it set in a tiny gold basket of the empire shape and used as the ornament for a wristbag of gray suede.

A coarse linen crash coat is trimmed with stitched bands of cloth, matching as nearly as possible the color of the crash. The deep collar is of the stitched cloth, with fllet lace set in, and more of the lace.

With white frocks children's belts come in black patent leather. They are worn frequently with black hats and patent leather shoes and white stockings.

An applique design of cherries and leaves in the natural colors is the novel decoration of the linen collar and cuffs of a walking costume of shepherd's plaid.

Large white felt hats for women have broad bands of ribbon velvet drawn into folds around the crown, with one long loop and an end of the same length hanging at the back.

For muslin gowns the latest fable is black lace, the muslin or lace ruffles being edged with a tiny width of black lace.

White buckskin shoes are considered the proper finish to a white summer costume, and pipe-clay will keep them in their pristine freshness.

One of the features of the summer season is the revival of low-cut waists, and the wearing of flat sashes, lace berries, etc., with this collarless bodice.

Floral forms are numerous in heads of hatpins, but the better ones are jewelled. A silver snake with emerald eyes form the head to one pin. A gold bulldog's head is seen in another instance, while of violets, marguerites, pansy and fleur-de-lis hatpins there is no end.

## For the Household.

### TO CLEAN MIRRORS.

To clean mirrors and window-panes mix some powdered whiting to a thin paste, and rub this over the surface. Wipe with a dry cloth, and polish with chamois leather. Clean only a small portion of glass at a time, as whiting is difficult to remove if allowed to dry. Be careful not to touch the gilt frames of your mirror with the mixture.

### LINEN TEA COVERS.

Our delicate embroidered cozies can be kept in their original freshness for a long time when covered with a detachable linen cover, white or colored, embroidered in linen thread and edged with a gathered linen frill, says Home Notes. This cover can be easily removed when required to be washed and replaced by another linen one, and a linen cover will be found invaluable also for hiding outside defects in an old cosy which for associations of the giver, or through being not worn enough, we hesitate to throw away.

### AN EARLY CUP OF COFFEE.

A nervous invalid or a person bordering on a state of semi-invalidism should never be awakened suddenly and with a start. No matter how refreshing the sleep may have been, such an awakening gives a shock to the nervous system, and much of the benefit gained by the night's rest is lost. Carry a cup of hot coffee to an invalid's room, awake her gently and give her the stimulating drink at once. If the doctor objects—as doctors frequently do—to a nervous invalid's having coffee, then substitute for it a cup of hot cocoa or chocolate.

### TO IMPROVE SMALL ROOMS.

The apparent size of a small apartment may be considerably increased by removing the chandelier and introducing side-lights. In a narrow parlor, for example, a six-arm chandelier, set in its plaster medallion, the arrangement repeated, perhaps in a mirror over the mantelpiece, adds very perceptibly to the furnishing of the room. Take it away, make the ceiling plain, and you have gained an effect of space that cannot be realized till the experiment is tried. Sidelights are understood now to be much more artistic in lighting in any but very large and lofty apartments, as well as more convenient. A pair may be near the piano, another over a corner-seat, or against a bookcase and so on, to give the light where specially needed.

### HELPS IN EMERGENCIES.

None of us perhaps think seriously enough about the best methods of treatment in case of accidents. If one ever has a scare in their own homes, they are pretty apt to keep fortified afterwards. The following simple remedies will be found useful in emergencies. One should have a medicine chest, and keep all such labelled:

For external poisons (such as poison oak) or all plant poisons, use a strong solution of borax water to bathe the afflicted parts in, then apply a poultice made of tansy leaves. Moistened with sweet cream.

For poisons from mushroom, lead or from alkalies, use vinegar and oil freely so as to eject the poison from the stomach. Mustard and salt with a little soda in it is also excellent.

Fill your medicine chest with such as witch hazel, arnica, balsam, mustard leaves, camphor, paregoric, boracic acid, pulverized borax, linseed oil, a bottle of lime water, vaseline, sticking plaster, soft cotton and old linen rags.

Linseed oil and lime water mixed together with a feather till it looks like cream is an excellent remedy for burns and scalds. Arnica is also good for bruises.

### RECIPES.

Frozen Bananas—Peel ten bananas; cut them in slices with a silver knife; then rub them through a strainer; put two cupsful of water and two cupsful of sugar over the fire; let boil for five minutes; strain, and when cold add the juice of one orange and juice of one lemon and turn the handle slowly until frozen; remove the dasher and stir on one cupful of cream whipped; pack down and let stand one hour.

Beet and Celery Salad—New beets should be used for this salad when obtainable, but the canned small ones do very nicely and are to be preferred to old ones, which may be stringy. Heat the beets and dash through a colander; cool on ice; chop the tender pieces of the celery not used in the pie; put with the mashed beets, and add a dressing made of one-half cup of good vinegar, one-half tablespoon of salad oil, one-half teaspoon of salt and one-fourth teaspoon of pepper and mustard each. Select firm, cuplike leaves of head lettuce and place some of the mixture in each.

Green Gooseberry Jelly—Put one and one-half cups of water to each pint of berries and heat until they are broken; then turn into a jelly bag and let drain over night. In the morning measure the juice and boil rapidly for ten minutes; then add a pound of granulated sugar to every pint of juice and boil steadily for ten minutes longer. Skim while boiling and when done pour into heated glasses, filling to overflowing; a bit of the thin yellow peel of lemon may be placed in each glass before the jelly is poured in.

### England's Climate Getting Warmer.

The average temperature of Great Britain has risen nearly one and one-half degrees within the past half century. January is now nearly three degrees warmer than it was.

## The Disease of Money Getting.

By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

WONDER if the younger generation of Americans are conscious of how rapidly wealth is becoming one object that dominates our horizon? The greed for money has been developed among us since the Civil War with the force and swiftness of an epidemic. Before that war there were very few large fortunes in this country. The man who accumulated two hundred thousand dollars was looked upon with awe as a Croesus. We had no huge, splendid cities then, hotbeds of luxury. The Western, even the Middle States were sparsely settled; the majority of our people lived in villages of little towns, where the conditions of life were simple and inexpensive. The great man of the town probably lived in a pillared wooden mansion on an income of two or three thousand per annum.

The American has now grown used to look upon gigantic accumulations of wealth, and it may well be that his eyesight is a little impaired by their perpetual glitter. Dwellers under the luster of Mt. Blanc, it is said, see other things but dully and no longer can measure distances justly. More can be bought with money now in the United States, perhaps, than anywhere else. Luxury, political power, a certain social position—all have their price. Haman occasionally may be vexed as of old, by some scholarly Mordecai sitting at the gate, who watches his noisy pomp with a quiet, amused smile. And yet the poor gentleman Mordecai has common sense. He knows that with a little heavier account in bank he could send his consumptive boy to Florida or the Adirondacks, and that without it he must die. Mordecai is not a slave to Mammon, but he is human, and he, too, joins the multitude in the frantic struggle of money-getting.

Who can live outside of it? Life rises before the young American now as the enchanted palace did before Jack in the old fairy story. Behind its closed doors wait wonders of which his grandfather knew nothing, the triumphs of art and science, the joys of travel, of power, of society, of luxury. But the doors open, he thinks, only to golden keys. How, without a great fortune, can he sail in his yacht to unknown climes, or build a castle like Biltmore, or buy Titians, or endow colleges, or most coveted joy of all, enter the smart set of his native city? The huge accumulations of wealth in the last two or three years by a few individuals and by the trusts seem to have maddened the brain of the nation just as a noxious disease infects a body.

Our recent writers on sociology recognize the recent change in the values which we set upon the things of life. Our old idea of a higher class to be imitated, men and women of honest parentage, of gentle breeding and high purposes, is, we now hear, stale and fantastic.

The faith of the old-time American in the republic as the one land on earth where all men are free—where government exists only by the consent of the governed—is jeered at and thrust aside. "Neither the constitution nor the old prejudices in favor of liberty, nor the dead hand of Washington," we are told, "shall be allowed to interfere with the gigantic business interests of the country."

Under this ruling even the meaning of words has changed lately for Americans. The successful man is merely the rich man. The national progress of which we boast so loudly just now does not mean advance in science, in art, or learning, or in the nobility or distinction of individual life, but simply commercial progress.

"Get money," shouts the modern teacher to our boys. "Why should you starve? Treat yourselves to the best of life as did the young Roman in the days of Augustus. Get money—Rem facias—it is the only good!"

But in our universal, wild rush to the feet of the golden calf, can we not go back for a moment to facts, to plain common sense? The ruler of Wall street—what are the realities of life to him? His millions or his aching jaw, his drunken son—the woman whom he loved, who is dead? Do the millions actually buy him rest, comfort, happiness? Do they give him any hold upon the world into which he soon must go and go without a dollar?—the Independent.



MOISTURE is responsible for race differentiation—statures, temperaments, etc.—and for much of our physical comfort. Moisture in the air is the great agency that is to stamp the Floridian with the color, stature and bulk of the Welshman, and the resident of Arizona with the lank proportions, high cheek bones and leathery complexion of the Arab. Electricity has no part in stimulating the individual. The readings of the thermometer are meaningless without the records of the hygrometer as to moisture. No living room should be heated above 70 degrees or fall below 40 per cent. of moisture.

Whatever the temperance advocates may hold, the map of moistures is the temperance map of the United States. In effect, alcohol in the system is a dryer. In the wet atmosphere, where the human system has moisture to spare, the effect of drink is scarcely noticeable. You seldom see a native of Florida intoxicated. But in the arid regions of the West, where we have the other atmospheric extreme, liquor produces something like madness.

Many a woman from her drawing-room has envied the complexion of her cook in the kitchen. Why? Simply because of necessity the cook has been living in a moisture-laden atmosphere arising from steaming pans and kettles, while the mistress has been undergoing the kind-drying process of the parlors.

The remedy is to be had in steam. With a room temperature at 65 degrees a half-pint of evaporated water will bring the air up to fifty per cent. of saturation. Anything that will bring about this condition will be economical from any point of view. You cannot warm dry air. Any room having only 15 or 20 per cent. of moisture in suspension, necessarily will be cold.

When some one has given us an instrument for making a quick and accurate gauge of the moisture in a room, and when a machine has been perfected that will afford a quick and accurate adjustment of the atmosphere to any degree of saturation, it looks to me as if one of the problems of the consumptive's climate might be solved.



IT is the opinion of a writer in the Christian Work that churches are spending too much money in useless show. The church property in the United States is valued at \$900,000,000, much of which, according to this author, "is represented in splendid and costly edifices, idle and empty monuments, cold, stately, and magnificent—but nothing more." He suggests that the work of the church would be more thoroughly done if some of this money "were turned into channels of missionary enterprise or into the funds for reaching and evangelizing the unchurched masses in our great cities and neglected country districts."

The New York Tribune admits that "here and there too much is spent on the ornamentation of churches, and in some cases the useful may be sacrificed to the artistic and aesthetic sentiment of the people, otherwise nobody to speak of would go to church. Great stress is laid on the splendor and costliness of church buildings, and, as we know, the assertion is frequently made that poor people no longer care to go to church because modern churches are so luxurious and magnificent. But, like many another popular assumption, this assertion is not founded on fact. Years ago, perhaps, the church buildings, and private residences our churches—even the best of them—were relatively cheap affairs. In many cases, too, instead of repelling by their magnificence, their dinginess and faded furnishings are the things that most strongly impress the beholder. There are conspicuous exceptions, of course; but the average church building in the large cities seems to be overwhelmed by the onward march of modern civilization."



KHAKI is the best material yet found for army uniforms. It is very serviceable. I predict that the time will come when civilians will wear it as commonly as they do woollens. Khaki is made of canvas, crossed with wool. The English manufacturers have had longer experience than our dealers, because khaki has been used for years in Indian regiments. Khaki is just heavy enough to meet all the requirements for war in tropical countries. It is of a dead grass color, and so reduces to a notable degree the liability of a man being shot in battle. Of course, the general use of this material will take away from the army its spectacular side, a change which our women will hardly welcome. But war at best is a hard trade, and our men, dressed for hard work, will be able to prosecute it with more success by being sensibly clothed. The day of the helmet has passed. The brown slouch hat has proven itself the most serviceable for army head-dress. One can slip in a slouch hat, which means much to the comfort of a soldier. Such a hat keeps the mosquitoes away from one's neck. The slouch hat may not add to the soldier's appearance, but its utility is beyond dispute.

### They Never Eat Salt.

The Darnaars a tribe of Southwest Africa, never eat salt.

The Japan current is about 500 miles wide off Japan. When it passes San Francisco it has widened 1,000 miles.



### OVERCONFIDENCE.

The man who thinks he knows it all is happy for a time. For him the lights are brilliant and the bells are all achime— But when the sad awakening comes this life seems very rough, And then he envies simple folk who never make a bluff.—Washington Star.

### EXTRAVAGANT.

"He's such a spendthrift." "Dreadful. Why, he even goes to a church lawn party and gets away without being called stingy."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### DOMESTIC LINE DRAWN.

Benham—You and I are one, or more, dear. Mrs. Benham—Yes, but don't you dare wear my shirt waists while I am away.—New York Press.

### UP-TO-DATE.

"They call themselves bride and groom." "What was it?" "Bride and chauffeur."—New York Times.

### SUBTLE FLATTERY.

Elderly Lady—I like these goods very much, but I am afraid the color is only suitable for young ladies. Gallant Assistant—Why, madam, you ain't half as old as you look.—Tit-Bits.

### GOOD REASON.

Wife—Well, the cook has gone, and it's your fault. Husband—Mine? Why? Wife—She said you didn't treat her any better than you treat me.—New York Sun.

### A DIPLOMATIC ANSWER.

"Ain't I just a little bow-legged?" "Bow-legged? The idea! Why, it was only yesterday, sir, I was telling the head cutter that your lower limbs, sir, were absolutely without a parallel and he agreed with me, too."—The Automobile Magazine.

### UNWISE.

"There is nothing more unwise," said the friend, "than a senseless and ostentatious display of wealth." "That's right," answered Mr. Gripper Sorghum; "there are enough people trying to get it away from you without issuing any challenges."—Washington Star.

### ONE BEAUTY OF GOLF.

May Putter—Everybody is talking about the way you let Jack Huggard kiss you on the lips yesterday. Belle Hazard—Well, I just couldn't help it. I was teeing off when he asked me if he could have just one kiss. I yelled "fore" and he took them.—New York Press.

### AN UNKIND CUT.

"Ah!" sighed Miss Searen Yellow, "I dread to think of the time when I, too, shall be old!" "Never mind, dear," said the sympathetic gusher at her side. "It should be a great consolation to know that you won't be kept much longer in suspense."—Baltimore News.

### UNCONCERNED.

"What's the matter with the trains on this road?" asked the impatient traveler on a small line. "Nothing," answered the conductor. "But you aren't anywhere near on time." "No, I s'pose not. But we didn't make the time table."—Washington Star.

### ADDITIONAL LIGHT.

"No," said Mr. Bickers to Mr. Gazzam, who had resumed a subject discussed the day before, "on that point you are decidedly wrong." "But you thought I was quite right yesterday," persisted Gazzam. "True, but I've talked the matter with my wife since."—Detroit Free Press.

### FILLED LONG-FELT WANT.

"First," said the merchant to the youthful applicant, "we'll have to test your ability as a whistler. Suppose you try." "I'm sorry, sir, but I can't whistle at all." "Hang up your hat," said the merchant with prompt enthusiasm. "You're the boy we've been looking for."—New York Press.

### A SOURCE OF SATISFACTION.

"Does money bring happiness?" inquired the person with a penchant for the abstract. "Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "sometimes there's a heap of satisfaction in being financially successful. When I went to court dressed up in knee trousers and wearing a sword I caught sight of myself in a mirror. And it was a great comfort to remind myself that a man who had his millions as I had couldn't be as foolish as he looked."—Washington Star.

The fellow who is his own best friend may also be his own worst enemy.