

**FOR THE MOTORCAR.**

Touring Cape and Bonnet of Rubberized Fabric.



THE LATEST AUTOMOBILE WRAP AND BONNET.

The rain proof and dust proof cape pictured here is of light tan rubberized fabric, lined with a contrasting color. The hood may be drawn up over the pretty little bonnet of straw, and the cape buttons securely at the front.

**The New Bridal Bouquet.**

The old fashioned round bouquet of flowers is in vogue again and is replacing the shower bouquet at weddings and dances.

It is not quite the closely packed prim affair of years ago, for the flowers are more carelessly and loosely arranged and the bouquets are larger. Moreover, they are not flat, but rise with a pyramidal suggestion which is graceful. They are very much easier to carry than the shower bouquet; hence their return to popularity. Instead of the laced paper in which the Victorian bouquet was inclosed, there is usually a frame of asparagus or maidenhair fern.

For the debutante the florists arrange lilies of the valley or white roses with the green framing, the whole being tied with white satin ribbon. For the young married woman pink carnations or sweet peas are fashionable, and only the dowager carries the expensive orchids arranged in pyramidal form and fastened with mauve or purple satin ribbon.

**Gown For the Bride's Mother.**

Very appropriate for the bride's mother to wear at a fashionable church wedding ceremony is the sequined costume illustrated.

The overdrapery is of black net covered with lines of silver sequins. The



SEQUINED OVERDRAPERY COMBINED WITH SATIN.

trained skirt is of mauve satin embroidered in orchids in lovely tones of mauve and yellow.

**Extraordinary Color Schemes.**

Never before was there such a season of extraordinary color schemes. To quote from "Alice in Wonderland," "They grow 'curiouser' and 'curiouser.'" The idea of the milliner is apparently to put together the most daring contrasts, the description of which sounds much worse than they really are.

As a matter of fact, they are quite pleasing to the eye, and one finds oneself contemplating complacently a chic little hat of purple and cerise and another of a greeny bronze straw turned sharply off the face with a purple underbrim. Then a harmony in blue and green attracted attention and a deep shade of rich brown with natter and pink.

Crude colors, bizarre effects and old world tones, we have them all set alluringly before us, with here and there a picture hat of black and white.

**HER KEEN REMORSE.**

It Showed Itself in an Entirely Unexpected Manner.

There is in our navy a certain rear admiral, grave, serious minded, conscientious, who is an excellent disciplinarian. But he has had his failures too. In his younger days he was greatly distressed by the thoughtlessness of his charming wife. She had pinned her silk petticoat in the back until there was a great frayed place at the band. She continued to wear the petticoat, however, although her efforts to keep on pinning it at the frayed place always evoked a little storm of irritation and temper.

In vain her husband urged her to mend it. Finally he decided that the only way to reform his wife was to fill her with remorse. So this future com-



"HERE ARE A FEW MORE."

mander of battleships with his own hands ripped off the old frayed band and sewed on a new one. Then he took it to his wife. She was greatly moved, thanked him, kissed him and left the room.

Presently she came back, her arms laden with garments.

"Here are a few more for you, dearest," she said. "But please don't hurry about them. Just fix them whenever you have time."

And she put seven petticoats on the chair beside her dazed husband.—Youth's Companion.

**Lacking Improvements.**

Tim Hurst, the prize fight referee, was formerly an umpire in the big leagues. He was behind the bat one day and the catcher took exceptions to Tim's judgment of pitched balls.

One came whizzing over that the catcher thought should have been called a strike.

"Ball!" stated Tim. "Look here, Mr. Umpire," said the catcher, "that plate has got corners on it!"

"Yes, son," said Tim, "but it ain't got bay windows on it!"

**Tangled.**

"I am at home to no one except Mr. Brown," said the lady to her new maid. "Now, be sure to remember that."

She stayed at home all the afternoon, but nobody was announced. Then she sent for the girl.

"Didn't anybody call?" she asked impatiently.

"Yes, ma'am—five gentlemen. An' I told 'em all that you wasn't home to anybody but Mr. Brown, an' they all went away, ma'am."

"You idiot! You have alienated all my friends by your stupidity! Didn't any of the gentlemen leave any message?"

"Yessum. After I'd said it four times I got it mixed up, an' I guess I told the last gentleman that you was home to everybody but Mr. Brown."

"Well—and what did he say?"

"He says, 'Ha—I'm Brown!' an' then he turned around an' run off jes' like the rest of 'em."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Ignorance.**

Lew Morris, a Kansas City character of local renown, was standing on the corner of Thirteenth street and Grand avenue one Sunday morning when a polite stranger accosted him:

"Would you kindly tell me, sir, how to find the Second Presbyterian church?"

"God bless me, stranger," fervently responded Lew, "I don't even know where the first Presbyterian church is!"—Everybody's.

**It Wasn't a Dream.**

Archbishop Thompson was greatly surprised when he was given the archdiocese of York. He had been suffering acutely from toothache and upon medical advice had resorted to narcotics. After a particularly bad night he set out for his doctor, though his wife had besought him not to submit to further narcotics, as after them he was "not himself" for some hours. On the way he met the postman, who handed him a letter announcing his preferment from Gloucester to York. He rushed back and burst excitedly into the house, the toothache all forgotten. "Zoe, Zoe," he cried, "what do you think has happened? I am archbishop of York!" "There, what did I tell you?" rejoined his wife. "You've been taking that horrible narcotic again and are quite out of your head."

**The Right Kind of Hustler.**

There is a good story concerning a certain trip of inspection when Louis Hill and a party of officials were taking a peek at the station agents somewhere along the line in Minnesota. At a station we may call Oscarville an agent, perhaps forewarned, was observed frantically moving trucks and cleaning up.

"There's a hustler for you," said one of the party.

"Humph," said Hill.

At another station the agent met them smilingly, smoking a good cigar and clad in his best clothes. He was frankly idling, yet nothing was asked.

"Well, what do you think of that?" commented one of Hill's friends.

"There's an agent who has time to loaf."

"Humph," said Hill.

A month later the "loafer" was promoted.

"If a man can get the work done without doing it himself he's the man for me," was the explanation of the railroad president.—Metropolitan Magazine.

**April in Western Europe.**

April is one of the driest months in the whole year in England. In the southeast of England, including London and its surrounding counties, the average April rainfall is only 1.64 inch. That of March, reputed the driest month, is 1.46, while May's rainfall is nearly a quarter of an inch in excess of April's. Not only is April a dry but also a very cold month. April 10th to 15th is a notoriously cold period.

All over the western part of Europe April is a month which is justly dreaded for its severity. Even in Spain this is the case. In central Spain there is an old story that a shepherd promised March a lamb if he would temper the winds to suit his flocks. March did so, but the faithless shepherd failed to keep his promise. In revenge March borrowed three days from April, which were worse weather than any experienced in March.—London Answers.

**Jam Started as Medicine.**

Jam in its early days seems to have been regarded as possessing medicinal properties. Galt in "Annals of the Parish" notes "a new luxury that got in among the commonalty about 1790. By our young men that were sailors going to Jamaica and the West Indies heaps of sugar and coffee beans were brought home, while many, among the cabbages in their yards, had planted berry bushes, which two things happening together the fashions of making jam and jelly came to be introduced into the village. It was found that jelly was an excellent medicine for a sore throat and jam a remedy as good as London candy for a cough or a cold or a shortness of breath." Did it ever occur to you that "jam" was abbreviated from Jamaica?—London Spectator.

**Acute Sense of Hearing.**

"Yes," said the prosperous lawyer in speaking to a friend, "I had a long wait before I got any practice, but I am certainly satisfied now with my profession and its emoluments. The early days, the waiting for clients, were hard, though. Why, do you know that I got so after awhile that when I heard a footstep on the stairs I could tell ninety-nine times out of a hundred whether or not the person was coming to my office?"

"Well that is strange," replied his friend. "Your sense of hearing must have been very acute."

"Not so much that," replied the lawyer. "You see, I made up my mind that they were not coming to my office and ninety-nine times out of a hundred I was right."

**When Death Cools His Sting.**

There is a curious superstition in Jamaica that if a death occurs in the house all the water in it is poisoned at once and must be thrown away. The reason given being that Death cools his "sting" after destroying life in the first water he finds, and as no one can tell—death being invisible—what jar may choose it is safest to throw it all away. Careful people to save trouble even carry all water out of the house immediately before a death is expected.

**His Occasional Wish.**

"Why don't you ever want to go to a wedding?" snapped Mrs. Especk. "I don't believe you've been to a wedding since you attended your own."

"No," mildly responded Mr. Especk. "I haven't. And," he added softly to himself, "I sometimes wish I hadn't attended that one"—Exchange.

**Hollow, All Right.**

Griggs—What odd expressions these novelists use! For instance, in this book you loaned me the author tells of the heroine speaking "in a hollow voice." Briggs—Well, that's all right in her case. You see, she had tried her voice on the stage, and there was nothing in it.—London Sketch.

**Progress.**

"So your son is going to high school?"

"Yes."

"How far has he got?"

"To the point at which I seem to be an intellectual two spot."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Welcome Trouble.**

Miss Newitt—May's in trouble. She's had proposals from two men and can't choose between them. Miss Passay—Heavens! And does she call that trouble?

**His Treasure.**

The Count (who has had a little tiff with his fiancée, the heiress)—But, my treasure—The Heiress—Your treasure? Your investment, you mean.

**The Lovers' Leap.**

Sappho killed herself by jumping from the Lovers' leap, a Leucadian cliff. This leap was often taken by lovesick persons, who believed that if they survived the fall they would be effectually cured of a hopeless passion. The leaps were always witnessed by crowds of spectators, and the would-be suicides were in no way interfered with by the state. Boats were in attendance below to pick up the leapers if they came to the surface of the sea after the plunge. Sappho had a passion for a young man who did not return her love and leaped from the cliff in order to be cured. She perished in the fall. So also did Artemesia and many other celebrities.

Pliny tells a curious story of an old Athenian miser who was in love with his cook and, desiring a cure, went to have a look at the cliff. He peeped over, shook his head, went home and married the cook.

**Old World Armorers.**

In olden times the armorer's work was not of a rough and ready description, but generally bore the signs of highly wrought workmanship. The various pieces of a suit fit into their positions to a nicety, there are no rough edges and, as a rule, very little that is merely careless decorative work. Fashion and reputation have left their hall mark on the armor of each period, and, like most other industries, it had its distinguished masters. The name of Jacob Topf is, for example, still famous in England, and such names as those of Lorenzo Colman of Augsburg, a German armorer of the sixteenth century; Lucio Pincino, a Milanese, and the Wolfs of Landshut, a family of armorers that are supposed to have worked for Philip II. of Spain, are celebrated in their own countries.—Argonaut.

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