

Woman's Realm

Lace Coats.

Now that winter's end has come, women's thoughts are already beginning to turn to lighter wraps, and no sooner will the day of fur and fur linings be passed than the lace coat will make its appearance. Even now it is occasionally seen with a warm interlining and no apparent additional weight. There is something distinguished and beautiful about an all-lace evening coat. True, the mesh needs to be laid over glittering tissue or soft chiffon, with the usual silken lining, but it requires very little trimming; perhaps but a few incrustations of another lace in a border effect, or medallions inserted in the all-over pattern.

While chantly or all black, or white with black or the arrangement reversed are stunning combinations for such coats, and sometimes even the lace is dyed a shade to match or harmonize with an evening dress.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Blue Camellias.

Whether or no the blue camelia was inspired by the sad fate of La Dame aux Camellias there is no learning. And, with all deference to the blueness of the last days of Marguerite Gautier, it makes no difference—it is here.

And it is pretty. It has appeared on the hat of the fair one who is to spend a month in Florida. The hat is a chip, a lovely shade of blue, almost as brilliant as turquoise. It is bent into something the shape of a small tricorn, and the dents seem to be held in by the big bunches of Parma violets. Between these bunches of sumptuous violets are placed blue camellias. This gives the wreath effect. The conventional shape of the scentless camelia renders it very effective. Indeed, a fluffy flower might make the hat look foggy and overdone.

So much the vogue is the camelia that it is done in many colors besides its own lovely white and red.

Hints For the Girl.

Some one has suggested fifteen things that every girl can learn before she is fifteen. Not every one can learn to play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following "accomplishments" are within everybody's reach.

Never fuss or fret or fidget. Never keep anybody waiting. Shut the door, and shut it softly. Have an hour for rising, and rise. Learn to bake bread as well as cake. Always know where your things are. Keep your own room in tasteful order.

Never go with your shoes unbuttoned. Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.

Never come to breakfast without a collar.

Never hum so as to disturb others, of all things.

Be patient with the little ones, as you wish your mother to be with you.

Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable.

The girl who has thoroughly learned all this might best be called a "mistress of arts."—The Sunday-school Visitor.

Princess a Needlewoman.

Needlework always was popular among old-fashioned women in England and Canada, but it has fallen sadly into desuetude here. There is a chance, however, that all Americans who set their watches by the clock of St. James' will find renewed interest in the little bit of steel when they learn the Princess of Wales is one of the most accomplished needlewomen in either hemisphere. What Her Royal Highness doesn't know about fancy stitches doesn't amount to much, and when it comes to plain sewing she is far superior to the best seamstresses in the royal household. Most of the fine linen in her town house has been embroidered by her own hands, and it is said she marks all her husband's garments with his crest and monogram. Moreover, the Princess is proficient with knitting needles. It is whispered in court circles she makes most of the Prince's stockings by hand, and that she betrays pointed chin when she forgets to wear those she turns out for him. Even a royal dame must have occupation, and, in spite of the many demands on her time the Princess is fonder of simple household pastimes than of the bridge and baccarat enjoyed so tremendously by her royal papa-in-law.—New York Press.

Make Him Comfortable.

A man must feel that he can thoroughly enjoy himself in his own quiet way before he will stay at home on every possible night, says the Philadelphia North American. If your husband feels like having a smoke or game of cards with his friends, let him have it at home, and do not drive him to seek such pleasure elsewhere by complaining about the extra work and trouble. Do not be selfish and expect him to listen to all your worries while you make no sympathetic inquiries about his own, and, above all, try to be cheerful and thus create an atmosphere of brightness in the home, which, no matter how neat and tidy it may be, will otherwise be unattractive.

Many wives sorely try their husbands by their lack of cheerfulness or encouragement in times of adversity or otherwise. This one falling alone has more

LUTHER BURBANK, THE PLANT WIZARD.

The Man With Ten Potatoes—What He Has Accomplished Since—Some of His Wonderful Fruit, Flower, and Vegetable Creations—The Thornless Cactus.

WHEN Luther Burbank came to California, nearly thirty years ago, he had with him ten Burbank potatoes, the partial result of his youthful study, research and experiment. As a boy, working in his uncle's plover factory, he was of an investigating turn of mind, and his instinctive desire to better the things at hand resulted in the invention of wood-working machinery that was so valuable that he was offered special inducements to remain at the factory. But he had been working among plants, following out the bent inherited through his mother, whose family included famous horticulturists. So he quit his factory work, and turned his attention to the development of plant life. The potato was the first subject of his research, and this he perfected until the Burbank potato was produced. Then, his health failing, he sold all his potatoes but ten, and with them as his plant stock in trade came to California, settling permanently near Santa Rosa.

Care of the Hands. You can't have pretty hands without the most careful manueuring of the nails and taking some care of the skin in cold weather or where any housework is necessary.

The first step in grooming the hands is that they should be exquisitely clean, and the second is manueuring. It is absolutely necessary that they should be washed in soft water, and best of all, water made soft with borax. It not only whitens the hands, but keeps the nails of nervous women from getting brittle. The water should be tepid, never hot, and pure castile soap should be used. To whiten the hands, use a wash of three ounces of rosewater, two ounces of benzoin, half an ounce of glycerine and half an ounce of borax.

Before manueuring, the nails should be soaked at least five minutes in strong castile suds. Then the nails should be filed, never cut with scissors, into shape. After the filing the edges should be smoothed with fine sandpaper, and the nails cleaned with an orange wood stick. Last, they should be powdered and rubbed very gently with a polisher. Nails are cut slightly oval to fit the shape of the end of the finger, and never highly polished.

If the hands are, at all inclined to roughen with exposure to cold or the plunging into water necessary in housework, they should be softened with cream every night.

Before rubbing in cream, scrub the hands, even if chapped, in warm water and soap with a hand brush. Brush each joint, then the nails, until every bit of soil and grime is removed, then dry thoroughly and rub with some tested cold cream.

Too much rubbing and polishing will make the nails brittle, and too much soaking will ruin the color. If they grow very swiftly, file every four days and smooth with emery paper.

It is an excellent plan where there is laundry work or dish washing to be done, to keep a jar of cream in the kitchen and rub the hands with it always before drying, then pat dry and they will be smooth without feeling greasy.

Hands that redden or rough easily should never be allowed outdoors unprotected. Where there is any tendency to chilblains, fleec-lined gloves or woolen are most disastrous. Heavy dogskin or castrer with a fur muff are the best precaution for hands susceptible to Jack Frost's admiration.

A well kept pretty hand is not a mere exhibition of vanity; it is a proof of good taste and a desire to give other people innocent pleasure.

FASHIONS OF THE DAY

Lace is seldom used with the cloth suit.

The combination of fur with contrasting fur is a fad of the season.

The collarless coat has seen its day. The new coats have collars. Some have deep ones that will turn up and keep the ears warm.

Except on elderly ladies, bonnets are rarely seen now that toques are fashionable and universally becoming. They are small, medium and large, and are simply covered with folds of crepe or mourning silk.

Embroidered leathers are fashionable with furs. They appear in self or contrasting tones. Embroideries, shaded in the shades of the color of the garment, are used. The leather collars and cuffs are not used entire, but bound with fur.

Face veils may or may not be worn, according to personal taste. Usually a thin mesh in a weave becoming to the wearer's complexion is brought just under the nose or to the tip of the chin. This face veil may have a trim border of crepe, tulle, if desired.

A novelty mourning costume was one made of all crepe, trimmed with folds of soft silk. The skirt of this was cut with a deep circular flounce, headed top and bottom with flat trimmings of peau de soie, veiled with black mousseline. The bodice was simply relieved with narrow bands of silk. This makes a very handsome and elegant gown, and for a change is rather good, but the general effect is heavy, and would be ponderous for any but a large woman who could carry off the real and imaginary weight.

backed by infinite patience, knowledge gained by years of experimenting, and, better than knowledge, a nature-lover's intuition, he has achieved results that have made him famous all over the civilized world. The public hears only of his successes, not of the failures that must be endured before success comes. Often hundreds of thousands of plants and trees are grown and destroyed before perfection is reached.—San Francisco Argonaut.

ENGLISH FOR TOURISTS.

Only When an American Travels Does He Realize His Language's Possibilities.

If an American wishes to know what his native tongue is capable of, he should leave his own country and go east or west. Provided he travels far enough in either direction, he will get many new ideas from the literature put forth by persons who cater to English-speaking people. Here, for instance, is a fascinating picture of a Continental hotel, as its proprietor paints it in English:

"The old hotel, former proprietor, was a great rambling edifice, quite unsuitable to the reception of guests, but it is nothing to the modern new one. Attached to this hotel is a repair work-shop for automobiles. From the dining-room terrace the beautiful view can be seen as far as the eye can reach. A large stock of original and charming memories of the town, of proper invention and production. No connection with any inferior shop having the same style. From our own vineyards we are unique proprietors of these best vintages."

This reminds a contributor to *Tit-Bits* of an advertisement he saw a year or two ago in a newspaper of Bern, Switzerland. It ran:

"Hotel is a favorite resort of those who are fond of solitude. Those who are in search of loneliness are, in fact, constantly flocking to this hotel from the fore quarters of the globe."

But this delicious sample of English must yield the palm to the following notices, the first of which was posted in the bedrooms of a large hotel in the Juras, while the other was addressed by the proprietor of an Alpine hotel to his clients:

"Strange gentlemen will to please not dress for dinner, as this costume flutters the hearts of the maid-folk, and no work is accomplished."

"Masters the venerable voyagers are earnestly requested not to take the clothes of the bed to see the sun rise, for the colour changes."

"Though so extensive," begins the advertisement of another Continental hotel, "the establishment entails no stairs, ascent, the electrical lift enabling visitors to gain quickly the higher-most apartments or fall down again." So runs the tale of absurdities; but these examples would probably seem less ludicrous if matched, as they easily could be, with a collection of French and German themes perpetrated by our own school-boys.—*Youth's Companion*.

Uncle Sam on a Smoke Trail.

Every one who has ever read a sea story written since steam vessels were introduced cannot help having had in mind the trail of thick black smoke" that revealed the presence of an enemy's cruiser, a blockade runner or a possible rescuer.

The Navy Department has at last begun to take notice of this familiar "trail of black smoke," for, beginning in the spring, all new vessels that are building will have to undergo tests to show how much smoke they do emit from their funnels. The amount of smoke a war vessel gives out while under way has come to be recognized as an important factor, for the volume of smoke is largely responsible for the distance at which she can be "picked up" at sea. By measuring the up-pouring smoke additional facts may be gathered as to the efficiency of the funnels and boilers.

The department's present idea is to take a series of snapshots at stated intervals of a ship while she is steaming on her trial trip, and from these the quantity of smoke may be easily determined. In speaking of this new departure the other day a naval officer questioned the reliability of such a test. Said he:

"All of these trial trips are made with picked coal, to say nothing of picked crews of firemen, who naturally could produce a more even combustion with the selected material at hand than a crew of enlisted firemen could with the stuff the average ship burns at sea."—*New York Press*.

The Man Who Ruler Japan.

The Emperor of Japan is the sun of all authority. Everything in Dai Nippon shines by his light. In the Japanese conception of history he is the living representative of the Gods who made Everlasting Great Japan. Whether it were court nobles of immortal lineage, heads of military clans, mediaeval governors who governed in the Mikado's name, or the all-powerful Shogun at Kamakura or Yedo, they did but shine by borrowed light. Even the constitution of 1889, which made government representative and progressive, was a gift in the name of his divine ancestors from the Emperor. The whole theory of administration is that the Son of Heaven is the source of all authority, and that prosperity to the nation comes from his divine ancestors through him. The most serious questions which Japanese patriots have to answer, and the most weighty problems they have to solve, centre in this—how to reconcile this ancient theory with the claims of civilization and of Christianity.—*William Elliot Griffis, D. D., in Harper's Weekly*.

Often persons who pretend to be the most precise in language err the most dreadfully when they forget themselves.

WHAT "LOYD'S MEANS."

The Corporation Provides Insurance Brokers a Place to Meet Customers.

Lloyd's dates from the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and had its origin in a small coffee house in Tower street, kept by Edward Lloyd. He was an enterprising man, and through his business contact with seafaring men and merchants enlisted in foreign trade, saw the importance of improving shipping and the method of marine insurance. He was the founder of the system of maritime and commercial intelligence which has been developed into its present effectiveness. Before the time of Edward Lloyd maritime insurance in England was conducted by the Lombards, some Italians, who founded Lombard street, but after Lloyd embarked in the business Britons conducted marine insurance in London.

The subjects of marine insurance are the ship, the cargo, and the freight, all of which may belong to different parties. In time of war there is what is termed the maritime risk—the danger from accident, collision and stranding—which is distinctly separate from the risk of capture and seizure by an enemy. This class of marine insurance had its inception in the conditions arising during the seven-year French-English war of 1757 to 1763.

Lloyd's moved to Pope's Head alley in 1770, and in 1774 removed to the present quarters in the Royal Exchange. In 1871 Lloyd's was incorporated by act of Parliament. This act defined the objects of the society to be: (1) The carrying on of the business of marine insurance by members of the society; (2) The protection of the interests of members of the society in respect of shipping, cargoes and freights; (3) The collection, publication and diffusion of intelligence and information with respect to shipping.

The corporation of Lloyd's and the committee of Lloyd's, who are the executive body of the corporation, and the secretary of Lloyd's, have practically nothing to do with marine insurance in the way of taking risks or paying losses. Their duty in this respect is to afford marine insurance brokers who wish to effect insurances a place of meeting with those who undertake the risks.—*Scientific American*.

Cooper's Cave to Disappear.

People who have read "The Last of the Mohicans" will remember—perhaps—the events it describes as happening in a cave close to the foot of Glens Falls. Anyway, enough people have remembered them to make the cave the object for years past of many pilgrimages more or less pious, and it is a new grievance against the "paper trust" that cold and hungry monster is going to blast the rocks all away and put a big mill in their place. This it will do by virtue of a deed executed on December 28, 1904, by Frederick H. and Arabella S. Parks, conveying for \$1 all the interest Mr. Parks had in land lying in the Hudson River in the towns of Moreau and Queensbury, commonly known as "Cooper's Cave" or Island. The cave—it is rather a fissure—is in a little lime rock islet. It was cut through the limestone by the swirl of water from the falls, but it was practically obliterated when the stone arch bridge, made familiar to many by the annual calendars of an insurance company, was demolished in pursuance of the Supreme Court order made by the late Justice Joseph Potter in 1888, and the blasting of the rock for the pier of the new iron bridge broke down its thin and shaly rock roof. "It now is swallowed," says a local chronicler, "in the iconoclastic maw of the trust, and another American antiquity is made to be a thing of the past, to exist only in legends of 'Leather Stocking' and the Iroquois braves, for its site lies within the space that is to be occupied by the mammoth new mill that the International Paper Company is preparing to erect at South Glens Falls." This seems really lamentable, for the cave was historic in a way, and had associations that were not the less real because they were the products of imagination.—*New York Times*.

Progress in Rural Italy.

John Elliott, who decorated one of the ceilings in the Boston Library, with Mrs. Elliott, who is a daughter of Julia Ward Howe, recently leased a studio apartment on Washington Square South, after a residence of seven years in Rome. The other day he was showing a visitor to his studio some sketches of the quaint little hill villages of Italy, which are about the most primitive things to be found in the way of human dwelling places. The visitor asked:

"Have these villages begun to modernize in any way?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. Elliott. "There is one quite striking note of modernity. These villages were all originally situated in the most likely spots to resist invasion, quite irrespective of convenience in other ways. In nearly all of them the water has to be brought from springs at a distance, in some cases as much as a mile. Formerly the women used to bring their water in beautiful old hand-beaten copper pots. But nowadays they have changed all that. They carry the water on their heads in the tin cans of the Standard Oil Company."—*New York Press*.

Egg Spoons Made of Bone.

Displayed for the first time last week in one of the big stores were egg spoons made of bone. They are about twice the size of a coffee spoon, the bowls oval and slender in shape, and the handles devoid of any ornamentation. They imitate ivory, of course, and come in cases lined with purple velvet. Undoubtedly they will be welcomed as table accessories by the epicures who are particular as to the way in which eggs are served.



The proposal to permit the use of spectacles to British soldiers is a reminder that from their prohibition came the monocle, according to the Buffalo Commercial. About a century ago an army order was issued forbidding officers to wear eyeglasses or spectacles. But a short-sighted officer belonging to a crack cavalry regiment had no mind to resign his commission or stumble blindly, and he invented the single eyeglass.

That solid silver statue, on a base of gold, which attracted much attention at the Chicago World's Fair, in 1893, supposedly containing about \$800,000 worth of silver and the base about \$200,000 worth of gold, and which has since been on exhibition in various parts of the country, has been broken up as the result of a lawsuit and found to be mostly a hollow sham. It comes pretty nearly making a record as the best-sustained fake ever paraded before the country.

An interesting collection of spectacles is that possessed by Mrs. Wesley Williams, of Bowdoinham, Me. More than 100 years old, these curios were the one-time property of the women of Bath, who were forced by destitute circumstances to seek refuge in the almshouse. Many are of odd pattern, with side lights and extension bows. Another valuable souvenir owned by Mrs. Wesley Williams is the sword of her great uncle, Colonel Samuel Coombs, a famous officer of the Revolutionary War.

There is a man of seventy in Paris, named Wallace Superneau, who still sleeps in the cradle he was rocked in when a baby, and he has never slept one night of his long life on any other bed. The youngest of a family of boys, Wallace retained his place in the cradle as he grew older. He soon became too tall to lie in it full length, but he overcame this difficulty by drawing his knees upward. Each night to this day he rests his feet squarely on the bottom of the cradle, sways his knees to and fro and rocks himself to sleep as he did when a small boy. The habit was formed in babyhood and never broken.

The London Chronicle gives the pronunciation of a number of names of places in England where "phonetic laziness" has made the spoken name of the town far different from the written name. The eccentricities of pronunciation are as great as those involved in calling the family name Cholmondeley Chumley and Colquhoun Coon. According to the Chronicle these are the local pronunciations: Rhudbaxton is Ribson, Woodmancote is Udenmuckat, Sawbridgeworth is Sapsar, Churchdown is Chosen, Sandiacre is Senjiker, Chaddenwyche is Charnage, Hapshburgh is Hazeborn, Salt Fleetby is Sollaby, Almondsbury is Amesbury and Congresbury is Coomesbury. Of places better known, Ulverston is Oost'n and Hurstmonceux is Horse-mounees.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

Seumas MacManus Draws His Ideal Girl to Answer to Marguerite.

Marguerite may shine—indeed, very often does shine—but her qualities are never so deep, never so genuine, as are Margaret's, writes Seumas MacManus in *Good Housekeeping*. Marguerite may be, and usually is, more brilliant. She has sparkle with her; she has wit; she has repartee; she has the knack of impressing people more quickly, and winning admirers far more frequently, and gathering an adoring circle around her with immensely more ease; but her friends are not so genuine, and her admirers wear not nearly so well, and her adores are as quick to change as the figures in a kaleidoscope. It is true that Marguerite eventually makes what the world calls a brilliant match. Whether or not it be a fortunate match, leading to true happiness, time alone shall tell. She could have married solely for love—the passion had worthy place in her bosom, but she married only partly for love (she persuaded herself that she loved him well enough); chiefly she married for power; with that power she got what love the poor fellow's soul was capable of giving; then she led her circle and queened it finely over her followers, and she was kind and good to her husband in an autocratic way. She dazzled people; was adored by some, and envied by many. Had Marguerite devoted herself to art instead of society, she would have acquired no mean name as a painter, and though she might not in this line of life carry so high a head, she would have borne a happier heart and a mind more care-free. For her light-heartedness, her jollity, and her true Bohemian qualities, she would have been known and noted, loved and courted; and she would have queened it then over another kind of circle in a more natural way. The Marguerites, full of ambition as they are, and aiming at many things, oftentimes miss their vocation, and mistake their sphere. But it is a consolation that even in their mistaken sphere they are able to win out with something that looks very like success.

Statistics show that the birth rate in the largest German towns is steadily decreasing, notably in Berlin, Charlottenburg, Hamburg and Crefeld.