



FOR THE FAIR

Need of Tact.

The first thing the invalid notices when his tray is brought to him is its daintiness. It takes very little extra work to make things attractive. A flower laid on the tray, or a pretty dolly, does more good than can be imagined by a well person. Variety of dishes and dainties is another small thing which often induces the invalid to eat. Surely, tact is needed to persuade people to eat when they have absolutely no inclination to do so.

Way to Buy Gloves.

There are more important considerations than their color and the number of buttons. Black gloves are generally less elastic than white or colored ones, and cheap grades are dear at any price. Dressed kid usually retains its freshness longer and is more durable than suede, says an exchange. The best and most serviceable kid is soft, yielding and elastic. A glove so small that it cramps the hands and prevents grace of motion gives poor service. Short-fingered gloves are ugly and certain to break soon between the fingers, if not at the tops. The way in which a glove is first drawn on and shaped to the hand has much to do with both its beauty and durability.

Unless you have ample time, do not have them fitted at the shops, but at leisure draw them on as here recommended and, if possible, wear them half an hour without closing the fingers. In buttoning a glove the greatest strain comes upon the first button, so before attempting to fasten this button the others, commencing with the second one, and finish the first button last.

Women's Clubs in Paris.

French husbands are now much exercised over the proposed women's clubs in Paris. Some who assert that they are thoroughly conversant with Parisian life see difficulties in the successful running of a woman's club. It has long been noted that conversation in French drawing rooms and at dinner parties is general.

Anecdotes, epigrams, reflections, confidences that mean nothing and are intended only to stimulate others to verbal activity are for the benefit of the whole company. Furthermore, the same people frequent the same drawing rooms. We read a day or two ago that one may be in French society for a long time without increasing the circle of acquaintance; that there is small opportunity of making close friendships, of going beyond the limit of ordinary intercourse, simply because coming to close quarters with your guests is denied you by the rules of the game. It is argued, therefore, that this is difficult ground for a club where every one does not necessarily want to speak to every one, and where private friendship must constitute its real fact.—Boston Herald.

Points About Character Reading.

Character reading from the features is a very fascinating study, and the eyes are perhaps the most interesting subject of all.

Large clear blue eyes denote a ready and great capacity, also sensibility of character, but their owner is difficult to manage, jealous, inquisitive and fond of enjoyment.

Deep-set eyes receive impressions accurately, definitely and deeply.

Round-eyed persons live much in the senses, but are not great thinkers, although they see much. Narrow-eyed people see less, but think more and feel with greater intensity.

Now as to color. The hazel-eyed woman never tells too much or too little, never descends to scandal, prefers her husband's comfort to her own, and is shrewd, intellectual and loving.

Great thinkers have gray eyes, for gray is the color of talent and shrewdness, but these generally indicate a better head than heart.

Green eyes betoken courage, pride and energy.

Black eyes show a peppery disposition, and may be sometimes, though not always, treacherous.

Men have light eyes oftener than women, but the percentage of brown and hazel eyes, neither pure light nor genuine dark, is very nearly the same in both sexes.—Washington Star.

The Restful Woman.

"She is the cleverest woman of my acquaintance," was the verdict of one neighbor on another, "because she is not in the least dull, and yet manages to be restful. I know so many bright women—bright in all sorts of different ways, but all alike in one thing. They are never restful. They are strung up to concert pitch. They amuse you, charm you, stimulate you, dazzle you—but they never, never rest you by any chance," says Harper's Bazar.

"It takes ability to be restful. Dull, placid, solemn women are more apt to be exasperating than soothing. The full life that flows smoothly is hard to attain. And yet the greatest service a modern mother can do her children is to bring them up free from nerve strain, which she cannot hope to accomplish if she is always on the strain herself. The restlessness, the noise,

the rush of the life of today, make it all the more necessary to maintain within the home an atmosphere of serenity and sweetness, so that, the threshold once crossed, the outside noise and clatter and strife are left securely behind.

"This is perhaps an old-fashioned conception of home. Many women nowadays want to turn the home out into the street, so to speak, and make 'the world's work' everything and the home life nothing. But a restful home, once experienced, is a joy above the promises of progress to disturb; and a restful—and intelligent—woman alone can make it."

Sunbonnets and Tub-Hats.

The sunbonnet girl is to have a great vogue this season. From the wet toe just commencing to walk to the grown up "girl," who, perhaps has youngsters of her own, tub-hats and sunbonnets will be worn for various occasions. The outing trunk will not be well equipped if there is not plenty of headwear of this order, which may go to the laundry with the summer gown and other accessories. For wear with shirtwaist suits there will be all sorts of dainty creations to suit even the most fastidious. One of the prettiest shown is made of cut-out embroidery on a jaunty shaped wire sailor foundation. This frame is covered with soft, white mulle to disguise the fact that a frame is a necessity. Upon this the circular embroidered crown is lightly tacked, and the embroidery brim adjusted, after which the folds of ribbon with a bow at one side are tacked into position. Two 18-inch squares of cut-out embroidery will make the hat. Fold the squares and make the corners round; then cut a circular piece from the center for the crown; edge this piece with embroidery, and edge the brim with embroidery slightly shirred. One piece is, of course, tacked over the other underneath between the top of the crown and the joining of the brim.

These tub-hats are made of embroidery, India linen, mulle, pique, lace, pongee, and many other fabrics that lend themselves to such uses, and are variously trimmed with embroidery, lace, ribbons, flowers, silks and velvets, which, if unwashable, may be removed before the hat is sent to the laundry.—Ladies' World.

Woman's Privileges.

She can wear her hat on one ear without being suspected of a convivial disposition.

She can say a thing one day and contradict it the next, and no one will call her a prevaricator.

She can shed tears on the slightest provocation, which will merely prove to people that she is tender-hearted and sympathetic.

She can be as inconsistent as an April sky, and her instability will be thought charming.

She can look openly into every mirror she passes without being accused of more than a natural feminine interest in her appearance.

She can spend a good deal of time considering her clothes and prinking up her person, and who shall say that it is not a proper attribute of her sex to be beautiful?

She can wheedle a man into almost anything by artful methods, and never lose her reputation for artless sincerity.

She can succumb to all the little weaknesses of womankind, such as coquettishness, jealousy, vanity, trickery, inconsistency and infidelity, and all these things will be smiled at and condoned as enhancing her femininity.

Whereas if a man did any of these things he would be spelled in capital letters as frivolous, unstable, weak, vain, untruthful, foppish, hypocritical, flirtatious, mean, fake and silly.

O femininity, what a curious thing thou art that thou shouldst be accounted as covering such a multitude of sins!—Chicago Journal.

Fashion Hints.

From tip to toe the summer girl will be embroidered.

Peacock designs flaunt themselves in the face of superstition.

Narrow Irish lace vies with Valenciennes for smartness.

A white linen parasol bordered with colored batiste is good.

New are the belts of open eyelet embroidery over colored linings.

Serge is pronounced all right for the walking gown.

SCIENCE NOTES.

The moon is usually supposed to solidified from the centre to the periphery, but lunar photographs have convinced two leading French astronomers that the surface hardened first. This view modifies various theories.

The picture telegraph of Dr. Korn of the University of Munich has been so perfected that in ten to twenty minutes a photograph 4x7 inches in size can be sent through a resistance corresponding to one thousand miles.

The flavor of hens' eggs is declared by an English medical man to be very materially affected by food. When hens act as scavengers their eggs are made unfit to eat, but a diet of sunflower seeds produces remarkably fine and sweet eggs.

Analyses of 350 samples of coal from forty-four French, Belgian, German and British mines have shown M. Salard that a good coal should contain about two percent of volatile matter and not more than six to eight percent of ash.

The coating on the scales of fish has been studied by a recent investigator. He attributes the fish's agility of movement and sustained life in water to this substance, and has at last produced a composition identical with it. This artificial coating is claimed to be moisture proof and a preservative, and when applied to ship's bottoms it keeps them free from barnacles, thus tending to give increased speed.

An outbreak of 12 cases of small-pox at Newcastle, England, last year has mystified the doctors. No ordinary source of infection could be discovered, but it has been found that on the days when eleven of the patients probably contracted the disease the wind was blowing from one or the other of two small-pox hospitals—one about a mile away, the other about two miles. It is pointed out that flies, a pest of hospitals, may be carried long distances by the wind.

Professor J. J. Thompson has delivered his concluding lecture at the Royal Institution on the electrical properties of radio-active substances. Through radium, he said, so expensive, it seemed one of the most common elements. Cambridge tap water and the soil of the ground contained large quantities, and he had found it in wheaten flour. How it got there he did not know, but a specimen of flour was radio-active, and no doubt it would produce radio-active bread.

GROWTH OF THE TELEPHONE.

Its Marvelously Rapid Development Since 1876.

The telephone made its debut at the Centennial, and two years passed before capital would take any notice of the "toy" that English scientists proclaimed "a marvel." And now in less than the lifetime of a generation, capital has poured more than \$1,000,000,000 into the promotion and construction of telephone service.

Yet, if the pioneers who blazed the pathway for telephone exchange development had comprehended all the trials and the losses, the bitter competition and the costly litigation that would have to be endured, it is doubtful if any would have had the courage to imperil business reputation in so hazardous an undertaking. Far more swift was the progress of telephony than was ever recorded in any other industry and none ever had to face such peculiar, ever-changing, ever-expanding demands. One set of telephone equipment would scarcely be installed before it would have to be displaced by improved apparatus, if the field was to be held, or an unexpected marvelous growth in the number of subscribers would compel complete rebuilding of lines and the installation of new apparatus. Storms of wind and sleet came, wrecking miles of pole line; lightning frequently burned out every coil in the plant; the newly-invented electric lights came rearranged; the trolley made metallic circuits a technically determined necessity; all in the brief span of eight years.

So the glory of the marvelous achievement of the vast trans-continental telephone system that is now winning the plaudits of mankind the world over, lies not in the fact that its foundation was laid by men who were skilled in the knowledge of an established art, or who wished resources. For in the beginning, telephone and handicraft were yet unborn, and of "Bell's curious toy" successful financiers would have none. The crown was won against the combined forces of lack of knowledge, of the destructive power of the elements of human gullibility and human greed.

This transcontinental system is the realization of the implicit faith of the pioneers in the ultimate materialization of the carefully thought-out plans of the inventor and his tireless partners, plans so broad in their comprehensive scope as to partake of the nature of a prophetic vision that one system of electric-speaking telephones would cover the continent, and that telephone service would modify or revolutionize prevailing methods in industry and commerce and prove an essential factor in business and social affairs.—New York Commercial.

Likely to Be Thwarted.

Mrs. Gaye—So your husband insists on moving 50 miles from town? Economy, I suppose?

Mrs. Flye—Yes, but won't I take it out of him on traveling costumes!—Chicago News.



CHILDREN'S CORNER

Little Kindnesses. You gave on the way a pleasant smile, And thought no more about it; It cheered a life that was sad the while, That might have been wrecked without it. And so for the smile and fruitage fair You'll reap a crown sometime—somewhere.

You spoke one day a cheering word, And passed to other duties; It warmed a heart, new promise stirred, And painted a life with beauties. And so for the word and its silent prayer You'll reap a palm sometime—somewhere.

You lent a hand to a fallen one, A life in kindness given; It saved a soul when help was none, And won a heart for heaven. And so for the help you proffered there You'll reap a joy sometime—somewhere. —Monitor Magazine, Cincinnati.

In Praise of the Swallow.

St. Thomas Aquinas said: "Where the birds are, there are the angels." St. Thomas, it is true, said it in Latin, and the rendering given is a lib free, but it expresses what the good man meant.

Most of us who have reached middle life lived boyhood's days in the country. A surplus of sentiment isn't necessary to make one connect angels with the old home where the trees were, the river ran and the swallows nested. The country-bred boy knows the swallows better than he knows any other birds. Since barns were built the swallows have colonized them and have given something of cheer and companionship to every hour of the farmer's day.

The swallows of Europe, writes Edward B. Clark, in the Chicago Evening Post, are about the only birds which are holding their own in numbers. The people love them and protect them, as their ancestors loved and protected them back into and probably through the days of savagery, for there isn't the slightest doubt that the swallow shared the home of the cave dweller. The bird has a place in folklore second to none of the feathered family. In all literature save the American, it holds honored place. Why the American, who was born and brought up with the barn swallow and the cave swallow, has not done something worthy of it either in prose or in poetry, is one of the puzzles of life.

There are several species of American swallows, the best-known being the barn swallow, the blue-backed beauty which builds on the rafters within the barn; the cliff or cave swallow, which builds its nest under the eaves on the outside of the barn; the bank swallow, which excavates a nest in the sand and river banks, and the martin, the fine creature in its garb of Tyrean purple, who build in birdhouses or in the crevices of buildings.

The European prototype of the barn swallow is "The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed." Gray's line, however, is only one among 10,000 that have been written by the English- and the Continental poets about this bird of the home.

The Little Old Story.

There was once a little old man and a little old woman, and they lived in a little old house on a little old farm. They had a little old cow and a little old horse and a little old dog and a little old cat.

One day the little old man dug him a load of potatoes and started off to the little old town to sell them. The little old woman took a little old bucket and went out to the little old barn to milk the little old cow. But no sooner had she begun her milking than the little old cow kicked up her little old feet and kicked the little old woman over. She was so badly hurt that she could not get up, so she lay on the ground calling to the little old dog, "Tippy, Tippy, O Tippy!"

The little old dog came and walked around the little old woman and knew not what to do. By and by she began saying, "Go for your master, Tippy! Go for your master, Tippy!" The little old dog, who was sitting looking at her with his little old tongue hanging out of his little old mouth, trotted off down the road to town.

He found the little old man in a store, where he had just sold his potatoes and was putting his little old pocketbook in his little old pocket.

"Why, bless me, there's Tippy!" the little old man cried when he saw the little old dog.

Tippy took the little old man's coat-edge between his teeth and pulled at it. "Tippy, Tippy! Is there anything wrong at home?" the little old man asked him; and when the little old dog kept on pulling, the little old man ran out to the little old hitching rail, untied the little old horse, jumped in his little old wagon and whipped up the little old horse to as fast a trot as he could travel.

When he finally got to his little old house he saw no little old woman anywhere about, so he quickly drove back to the little old barn, and there she lay, still groaning on the ground.

The little old man picked up the little old woman in his arms and carried her into the little old house and laid her on the little old lounge. Then they sent for the little old doctor, and he came in his little old buggy, with his little old fat gray horse and gave the little old woman a little old pill, so that she was soon well again.

But they all knew that if it had not been for the little old dog the little old woman might never have got well so they gave him the best in the house to eat; but they sold that little old cow to the little old dairyman, who lived in a little house back of a little old hill. And every day the little old dog Tippy would trot down to make a visit to his friend, the little old cow. —Grace MacGowan Cooke, in St. Nicholas.

old hill. And every day the little old dog Tippy would trot down to make a visit to his friend, the little old cow. —Grace MacGowan Cooke, in St. Nicholas.

Our Dog.

"He was a little flustered on first entering the chapel—so many people there, and all sitting so quiet. In this there was something awful for Our Dog, and when out of this unnatural quiet they rose suddenly to sing, Our Dog was frightened and would have run out of doors, only the doors were closed. He soon recovered himself. They were only folks after all—such as he saw every day in street and house.

"He began to recognize one after another. He tried to get up a little sociability with them, but they took little or no notice of him. Everybody seemed strangely constrained and altered. Our Dog is a pet, and this cut him. But his is a self-reliant, recuperative nature, so he threw himself on his own resources for amusement. He was delightfully ignorant of the proprieties of church or church service. The choir is separated from the congregation only by a slightly raised platform. On this walked Our Dog. Again there was singing. He smelt first of the organ; he then smelt of the organist and wagged his tail at him. The organist looked with an amused and kindly eye; but he could not stop. Our dog then smelt of the basso-profundo; he smelt of the tenor; he smelt them on one side and then on the other. Then he went back and resmelt them all over again; also the organ. That was a little curious. There might be a chorus of dogs inside and that man at the keys tormenting them. To him, at any rate, it was not melody. He walked around it, and smelt at every crack and corner to get at the mystery. He tried to coax a little familiarity out of that choir. They seemed to be having a good time; of course he wanted a hand or a paw in it himself. It was of no use. He stood and looked and wagged his bushy tail at them as hard as he could. But, selfishly, they kept all their pleasure to themselves. So he left the choir and came down again among the congregation. There, sure enough, were two little girls on the back seat. He knew them; he had enjoyed many a romp with them. Just the thing! Up he jumped with his paws on that back seat, yet even they were in no humor for play. They pushed him away, and looked at each other as if to say, 'Did you ever see such conduct in church?'

"It was rebuff everywhere. Our Dog would look closer into this matter. The congregation were all standing up. So he walked to the open end of a pew, jumped on it, and behind the people's backs, and walked to get in front of the little girls, that he might have an explanation with them. Just then the hymn ceased. Everybody sat down with the subdued crash of silk and broadcloth. Everybody on that bench came near sitting on Our Dog. It was a terrible scramble to get out.

"Still he kept me employed. There was a line of chairs in the aisle. In one of these deliberately sat Our Dog. If everybody would do nothing but sit still and look at that man in the pulpit, so would he. But somehow he moved one hind leg inadvertently. It slipped over the chair's edge. Our dog slipped over with it and came as near tumbling as a being with four legs can. All this made noise and attracted attention. Little boys and girls and big boys and girls snickered and snorted and strained as only people can snicker, snort and strain where they ought not to. Even some of them made queer faces. The sexton then tried to put Our Dog out. But he had no idea of going. He had come with our folks and he was not going until they went. The strange man grabbed for him, and he dodged him time and again with all his native grace and agility. This was something like it. It was indeed fun. The sexton gave up the chase; it was ruining the sermon. Our Dog was sorry to see him go and sit down; he stood at a distance and looked at him, as if to say, 'Well, ain't you going to try it again?'

"Then, in an innocent and touching ignorance that he was violating all the proprieties of time and place, Our Dog went boldly up on the pulpit stairs while our minister was preaching, and stood and surveyed the congregation. Indeed, he appropriated much of that congregation's attention to himself. He stood there and surveyed that audience with a confidence and assurance which, to a nervous and inexperienced speaker, would be better than gold or diamonds. He didn't care. He smelt of the minister. He thought he'd try and see if the latter were in a mood for any sociability. No; he was busier than any of the rest. The stupidity and silence of all this crowd of people who sat there and looked at him puzzled Our Dog.

"He could see no sense in it. Some little boys and girls did smile as he stood there; seemingly those smiles were of him. But so soon as he reciprocated the apparent attention, so soon as he made for them, the smiles would vanish, the faces become solemn. And so at last, with a yawn, Our Dog flung himself on the aisle floor, laid his head on his fore paws and counted over the beef bones he had buried the last week. Not a word of the sermon touched him; it went clear over his head."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Pertinent Query.

"Yes," said the fat passenger, "my life once hung by a slender thread."

"Why didn't the mob use a rope?" queried the hardware drummer, as he lighted a fresh coffin nail.—Columbus Dispatch.

A GENUINE BARGAIN.

The "mark-downs"—so he always said—in a department store. Were never really genuine—"just fakes and nothing more." But one glad day a "lady clerk" of whom he chanced to buy a bill of goods quite won him by the sparkle of her eyes. She told him she was "twenty-three," and they were married soon. But by the time the happy pair had spent their honeymoon. He deemed a bargain he had found at that department store. He'd got a bride for "twenty-three, marked down from thirty-four." —Nixon Waterman, in Saturday Evening Post.

JUST FOR FUN



"My! old man, you're going bald." "Going! What are you talking about? I was born so!"—New Yorker.

Cricket—How do you feel? Shade Tree—Great! I'm just spreading myself these days!—Detroit Free Press.

"Have you ever dreamt you were in heaven, Bobby?" "No. But I once dreamt I was in a jam tart."—Punch.

Church—These chauffeurs seem to think the ordinary pedestrians are beneath them. Gotham—Well, too often they are!—Yonkers Statesman.

"If you started out to live up to the Golden Rule and do as you would be done by, what would you do first?" "Lend you \$10."—Cleveland Leader.

"Do you think that vegetarianism conduces to a more placid condition of mind?" "Yes. It prevents worry about meat bills."—Washington Star.

Astonished Traveller (twenty-five years hence)—Why, this isn't Niagara Falls, is it? Dejected Native—No, ma'am—jest Niagara—Chicago Tribune.

Bacon—Th first apple produced was in the Garden of Eden, was it not? Egbert—Yes, and the first pair was turned out there, too.—Yonkers Statesman.

Harry—Say, papa, is a man's wife his better half? Papa—That is the popular belief. Harry—Then what part of Solomon was all his wives?—Chicago News.

"A Chicago court has decided that trimming a woman's hat is not an art." "What else could the court have decided? Trimmers get big money."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"And who was the little girl we met in the slideshow of the circus?" "Oh, that was the child of the whirling dervish." "Ah, a daughter of the revolution, eh?"—Chicago News.

Old Lady—Are these genuine Indian moccasins? Fresh Clerk—Yes, indeed. Old Lady—Do tell? Fresh Clerk—Yes ma'am; made on the "Last of the Mohicans."—Philadelphia Press.

Nell—I've decided to marry your cousin Jack. Belle—The idea! Why, Jack never said word to me about—Nell—Oh, Jack doesn't know it yet.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Church—I hear Rockefeller has put a lot of money into a new church organ. Gotham—Perhaps he thinks he can blow the taint out of it in that way.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Have you decided where you will spend the summer?" "Almost. My wife and daughters have got their choice of resorts narrowed down to seventeen."—Chicago Tribune.

"A man in public life should learn to say 'no.'" "Yes," answered the beef magnate. "And when there is an investigation on he should learn to say 'I don't know.'"—Washington Star.

"Yes, my wife calls her little Skye terrier 'Sampson.'" "That's a queer name for such a puny little thing." "Well, you see, he'd be nothing without his hair."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Stubb—The idea of naming a cigar after that boodling politician! I think it's an outrage. Penn—So do I. He is so bad they should have named a cigarette after him.—Chicago News.

"Are your papa and mamma at home?" asked the caller. "No," replied little Marguerite; "one of them may be here, but they never are both at home at the same time."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Visitor (from the sunny South)—I am told there is a theory here that your climate is changing. Host—There is no theory about it. It's a recognized fact. Our climate is always changing. —Chicago Tribune.

Church—I see the total number of passengers carried by electric lines each year in the United States is 5,336,000,000. Gotham—Do you suppose that 336,000,000 of this number find seats?—Yonkers Statesman.

"Father," said the small boy, "what is the difference between a statesman and a politician?" "A statesman, my son, is the man who gives advice gratis, and the politician is the one who gets the situation."—Washington Star.

"Deah me, Chawley, heah's a scientific French fellow who says that the future man, don't you know, is going to be legless as well as brainless." "Good gracious! and I've just gone and invested in a silvah plated trousers stretchaw!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One Bird Barred.

"Can we keep birds?" inquired Mr. Younghusband, who was looking at the fat.

"Well, you can keep canaries and such birds as them," replied the genial landlord, "but there's one bird barred from these apartments." "What bird is that?" "The stork."—Louisville Courier Journal.