

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN

Owls' Heads on Toques.
Owls' heads look down from the fronts of small toques. The wings of the bird of wisdom droop at the sides.

Thistle-Head Pompons.
Outing hats are trimmed with black and white thistle-head pompons and with military pompons made of coques' feathers.

A Pretty Fancy.
White chiffon tucked with gold thread and laid over gold tissue is one of the latest and prettiest fancies for vests, collars and the like.

Used on Ribbon Ends.
Those little gold bindings and fancy metal ornaments are used on the ends of ribbons to fasten fancy collars at the bust, and occasionally ribbons hang from hats with the same ornamented ends.

A Dainty Lounging Robe.
A pretty lounging robe of silk is made long and loose, gathered in at the waist with a heavy silk cord, with bell sleeves, a turned-back cuff, and a Capuchin hood. It has the cut of a monastic garment.

A Queen's Harpist.
The woman orchestra player has won Queen Victoria's approval, which is a matter of considerable importance in England, often making or marring an innovation. Miss Marion Timothy, a harpist, has been appointed to a place in Her Majesty's private band, and is the first woman to appear in that band. The woman's orchestra has been successful in the United States for a number of years, but has hitherto been looked at somewhat askance in England, and this new appointment offers great encouragement to women musicians there.

Hints For Home Sewing.
The sewing machine should be got in readiness at least a day before any protracted work is undertaken, in order that the oil may penetrate about every intricately placed screw. Several needles of a proper size to "take" the fabric should be provided in advance, in order that an accidental delay through breakage may be precluded. Hand or machine needles should be carefully selected with a view to securing implements that will make no unnecessarily large punctures in silk or cloth. A small emery cushion should be kept at hand, that the points of needles may be sharpened and cleaned by running through it from time to time. Home dressmaking never should be begun until each needed article required for the new gowns has been purchased and is held in readiness. Linings, whalebones, sewing silks and cottons or crinoline, hooks and eyes, or buttons, are among the necessities; also buttonhole twist for buttonholes, for the making of loops, or for the tiny "tacks" that are frequently employed upon cloth or tailor gowns. Nor must the important shields be forgotten.—Harper's Bazar.

English Women in Business.
A progressive Englishman calls attention to the rapidity with which women are entering every profession and business in his country. He remarks that the majority of people suppose there are few women doctors, whereas he has looked the matter up and found that in London there are ninety-one, while in the whole of Great Britain he estimates the number as 256. He notices also that there are a small number of dentists, while he knows of several chemists' shops entirely managed by women, and many are employed in pharmacies, and he recommended it as both a suitable and profitable employment for women, and suggests that many women might get the post of dispensers of drugs in hospitals, and earn \$500 and over a year. To come down a peg lower he notes that quite a decent army, some 155 women, travel in England as drummers, and do well; also that women make excellent rent collectors. He thinks, however, that any Englishman will be astonished to learn that there are "female accountants," and says that not so long ago a woman applied for admission to the Institute of Chartered Accountants. She was denied admittance, but the Royal Institute of Architects welcomes women members. He speaks of the many photographers, landscape gardeners, composers and hairdressers. It appears that hair-dressing is a lucrative profession in England, women earning as much as \$7 and \$8 a week. While he is proud that women have made a way for themselves in so many businesses, he is glad that some employment, such as working under ground in mines, is forbidden by law. He does not mention the comparative rates of men's and women's wages in Great Britain, but it is probably like those of other countries—women are driven by poverty to take what they can get, to the general detriment of the labor market. Universal trade unions, which shall include both men and women, is the step demanded by common sense. The rate of wages, nor hours of work, should be arrived at until men and women work together for the good of the Republic.

Box coats of otter or sealskin, with revers and collar of contrasting fur, are shown among the luxurious displays of winter wraps, particularly adapted for youthful wearers.

Buttons of gun metal, studded with tiny jewels or ornamented with designs in gold, are effective ornaments for the trimmed waistcoat of white or color that accompanies the cloth gown of newest model.

Among the forenoon sheer tissue veils, worn walking or driving, the new emerald green shade is the most becoming. An all-white hat and gown are made all the smarter by the addition of such a veil.

The separate blouse will be worn and panne velvet in all-over Moorish and Persian designs will be employed to construct them, as will also white satin, silk and cloth heavily embellished with embroidery.

Although we have become so accustomed to red garments and headwear that they are not looked upon as an evidence of "flashy" taste, as they were in times not long past, still much depends upon the selection of this color.

Long effects are aimed at by makers of the modes. Waists are cut to give the appearance of a low bust and long waist, if one has it not. Girdles are pointed in the back and narrow in front. Collars fit closely. The new ties have long, narrow ends extending to the waist.

A long empire coat ordered by a woman of fashion is made of strips of milk and Russian sable. These strips are about three inches wide and are so arranged that they form a point in the back. This coat has a high standing collar of sable, and it is lined throughout with ermine.

plonship match at Compeigne, France, the other day.

Miss Emily Brown, a graduate of Wellesley, has been appointed teacher of literature in Milwaukee Downer College, of Milwaukee, Wis.

Many Englishwomen are now preparing themselves to pass examinations as sanitary inspectors. In this work the women already admitted have proved excellent officers.

Ellis Wheeler Wilcox regards it as a significant coincidence that from her early childhood her favorite gem has been a topaz, and she has discovered that that is also her birthstone.

Miss Adaline Hunt, of Syracuse, holds the Hiram Gee fellowship from the university there, which entitles her to a prize of \$500. With this sum Miss Hunt expects to study for a year in Paris.

Miss Kathleen Purcell, the well-known harpist, was born in a Moorish castle in Algiers, but she is an English woman and has inherited her talent as well as her name from the great composer, Purcell.

The memory of Miss Mary Kingsley, the African teacher, is to be commemorated by a Mary Kingsley hospital. It will be erected in Liverpool, and will be used for the treatment of diseases peculiar to the tropics.

The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, who, by the way, shares this title with her late husband's aunt, is one of the richest women in the world. Her dowry was \$15,000,000. Besides this, she received an allowance of \$100,000 a year.

The women of Victoria, Australia, have started a movement against woman suffrage, similar, it is said, to the American women's anti-suffrage movement. Fifteen thousand women have signed the petition against the woman-suffrage bill.

Girls who wish to enter the army of bread winners might do worse than consider baby photography as a profession. Certainly babies are the most paying patrons of the camera. Many mothers have their infants photographed at every phase of their career.

The Hon. Mrs. T. Talbot, of London, was the founder of the Parochial Mission Women's Association, which for forty years has been conducted on a successful basis. Its object is to provide poor parishes with the services of competent mission women, who befriend the poor in every way.



Stylish street gloves come in heavy leather, with one button only.

Velvet and velvet ribbon are prominently seen on new frocks and waists.

The eagle is the favorite symbol in the season's charms, buckles, clasps and ornaments from Paris.

Skirts continue to show the ripple bottom, and among the latest separate skirts sold in the shops the adjustable belt is noticeable.

Some of the blouses show the short bolero effect, meeting across the bust, with gumpes and soft undervest to match of some second material.

Fine linen handkerchiefs are now finished with a narrow hemstitched border and with very dainty embroidered corners in contrast to the more elaborate styles.

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The small fans which will be carried with handsome gowns show the cut-out effect of so many other things. There are white lace flowers on black net, the net showing only on closest examination and the flowers standing off by themselves, conventionalized tulips perhaps, or beautiful fleur de lis with a few silver spangles to brighten them set in black handles. Or the black lace fans will have spangles of gold and handles of gold and black.

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

A Daring Snake-Catcher.

In British India no less than sixty people die daily from snake-bite, a total of twenty-two thousand a year. Little wonder that the Government pays a bounty for the heads of venomous snakes, or that it readily agreed, a few years ago, to assist Professor Calmette in his experiments in making from the venom of serpents an antitoxic serum which should serve as an antidote to snake poisoning.

The work of Professor Calmette was done at the Pasteur Institute. The venom which he used was collected for him at Delhi from the fangs of living snakes—about a hundred a week—and was forwarded in weekly installments to Paris.

The man employed to catch these creatures and extract their venom was a low-bred Mohammedan of the district named Kullian, a snake-catcher by profession. His father and grandfather before him had followed the same trade, and had both finally died of snake-bite. An interesting account of Kullian and his methods has recently been published.

His only weapon in snake hunting was a stick two feet long, with an iron hook at the end. He went lightly clad and barefooted. He used his naked hand to catch the snakes by the tail or back of the neck, after jerking them from their hiding places with his hook.

Of the four kinds of poisonous snakes with which he had to deal—the cobra, the herat and two kinds of viper—he used most caution with one of the vipers, because it is swift in its movements and irritable in temper. He feared the cobra least, because it is less rapid and it is not aggressive. He would allow a cobra to strike directly at his hand, sure he could whip it away just before the fangs could touch, but he did not risk such liberties with the lightning-like little viper.

Kullian never pretended to any magic or peculiar influence over serpents. He was in the catching business and was not a showman. Nevertheless, he occasionally played startling tricks to amuse his friends.

"On one occasion he made the on-lookers' blood curdle," writes an Englishman who was present, "by taking up a large black cobra by the neck and placing its head toward his open mouth. The inclination of these snakes is to crawl quietly out of sight in the first hole they can find, and so the reptile began to crawl into his mouth."

"Kullian waited his opportunity, and then suddenly closed his teeth firmly on the serpent's head. The snake, it is needless to say, violently resented the action; but it was powerless for harm, and could only show its indignation by a desperate wriggling of its body, while the man maintained a firm grip of its head with his teeth, at the same time letting both hands drop to his side. After a few seconds he seized the snake firmly by the neck and released its head."

When he did not purposely tease his cobras, he could handle them freely without annoyance on their part; indeed, they seemed to like it, for his touch was gentle and he talked to them endearingly in Hindustani, stroking and petting them as if they had been harmless worms.

With an angry cobra he dealt otherwise. He would hold up and shake a rag in his left hand. On this the infuriated reptile would rivet its gaze. With his right hand, from behind, the man would then suddenly seize it round the neck about three inches below the head, and an assistant would lay hold of the tail to prevent it from winding round Kullian's arm.

His right hand would then slide forward till he had fastened his fingers round the neck just behind the jaw. Then he would insert the rim of a watch-glass between the jaws, slightly relax his grip, and the serpent would viciously close its jaws on the watch-glass, and in doing so would squirt the whole of its venom through the tiny holes of its fangs into the concavity of the glass.

There it dried into flakes, which were afterward reduced to yellow powder and sent to Professor Calmette in Paris.—Youth's Companion

Australian Adventure.
Mrs. Rowan, in her book, "A Flower Hunter in Queensland and New Zealand," describes an adventure which befell her on the Bloomfield River in Northern Queensland. She had been put on shore near the mouth of the river, at a poor and lonely hut.

I was getting so hungry that I determined I would, at any rate, make an effort to cross the river and get a message sent to Mr. H.'s station. Some trees falling across the river had made a partial bridge, and on these I tried my luck.

I climbed on the big root, and with the aid of an overhanging tree balanced myself on the log, and found the first few yards easy walking; but in midstream there was a fork in the tree to get round. Here I lost my hold of the branches overhead, and had to go very gingerly on my hands and knees.

The log was horribly slippery and the water looked very black. I turned myself round and slid so quickly down the other side that I saved taking a header into the river only by catching at a small twig, which, however, broke away in my hand; but I managed to balance myself sufficiently to get on the next log.

After having gone a short distance, I discovered that the tide was fast coming in, not going out, as I had

thought. Between me and the bank the water, instead of being wadable, was high enough to be over my head, and the sloping banks were of soft mud. It was not a pleasant outlook and I began to wonder how long a time I should take in drowning in this position.

It was impossible to turn, so I began a backward movement, but my skirt got in the way. The branch behind me sloped upward, and there was that fork of a tree to pass again. There was no creeping backward up that.

The water had now reached the top of the log. If I dropped my feet I knew that the current would suck me under, and in desperation I drew myself up and threw my body backward against the log, and twisted round on my face. I could never have performed this feat at any other time, but life at that moment seemed very sweet. When once I had my arms round the fork, I pulled myself upon the main branch.

Between the root of the tree and the bank there was now a great gap, which the tide was rushing through with tremendous force, and close alongside of me there rose something that, for the moment, I thought was another half-sunken tree. Then it fell, a gray, lonesome creature that almost paralyzed me with fear, as I marked the long line of its greedily-looking jaws.

I knew that the river teemed with crocodiles, but somehow or other, I had never given them a thought. My skirt's back was not more than a foot below me, and I hardly dared to breathe, much less to move. It slid along under the log, and I felt the vibration of its body rubbing as it came up on the other side. Then it turned with its head up-stream again, its snout just above water, as if it smelt game.

Uncertain in its movements, it sluggishly played round and round. My eyes were riveted on it. I forgot the river, tide and everything else, as with the rising water, it came so close again that my feet almost touched it as it stirred the slimy ooze and mud from the bank with its tail.

For a few seconds the voracious monster lay apparently insensible to everything, but with its ears open to the slightest sound, I hardly dared to draw breath. Now, as if waiting for the supreme moment, its opportunity to spring, it rose the full length of its body and menacingly clashed its jaws; then, with a snout down-stream, it went under, leaving nothing in its wake but a long ripple on the surface. The tide had reached my feet when I caught sight of a native girl in the distance, and with a loud cooee brought her to my help.

In the Galveston Storm.
George and Joseph Alfred Russ were in the Galveston storm, and several days elapsed before their parents in New York City learned of their escape. George is a passenger conductor on one of the roads running out of the Island City, and was imprisoned all night in a car with a number of tourists. Joseph Alfred, his wife and children, were fishing, bathing, etc., at the mouth of St. Bernard River, which is west of Galveston. The handsome house in which they were staying stood on a divide between the St. Bernard and the Brazos. The family sat on the south gallery and watched the storm. They saw the water rising in the rivers, and laughed merrily at people fleeing from cottages as if life was at stake. At nightfall a feeling of loneliness came over them, and they determined to go to the house of the ferryman, a little old structure built in 1862. Mr. Russ started out, and for the first time realized the force of the wind. It nearly carried him away. With the help of the ferryman he took his wife and children to the house, and they had been there but a few minutes when the house they had left was destroyed.

Another house fell, and another, and water began creeping up in the rooms of the ferryman's cottage. Two large schooners had been at anchor in the St. Bernard. Russ looked out and saw one floating bottom upward at sea, and the other, with rigging torn and anchors dragging, being driven across the prairie. Russ said that he and his wife resigned themselves to death with perfect calmness. There was nothing else to do. The little house shivered as if shaken by giant hands. The roar of the elements was unlike anything they had ever heard before. The old French mother of the ferryman, beads and crucifix in hand, prayed all the time on her knees, with her face bent almost to the water that surged around her. Russ thinks the big stack chimney held the house steadfast. At 10 o'clock help came unexpectedly. For three days the families lived on pancakes made of flour and water.

Brakeman's Great Nerve.
To his wonderful nerve and presence of mind William L. Eaton, a brakeman on the Erie Railroad, owes his life. While on a train running near Port Jarvis, N. Y., Eaton fell from the top of a box car to the rails and his right leg was cut off below the knee. He lay quiet until the last car of the train had passed, then dragged himself on one side, where he fastened a tourniquet from his handkerchief and with a jack knife twisted it about the severed limb until the flow of blood was checked. He built a fire to keep himself warm and awaited the approach of another train, which he knew was due in a short time.

The engineer of the train was astonished to see a torch waving a danger signal as he drew near the spot, and stopped the train. Eaton was immediately taken aboard and hurried to Paterson, where an ambulance took him to St. Joseph's Hospital. There his leg was amputated below the knee.

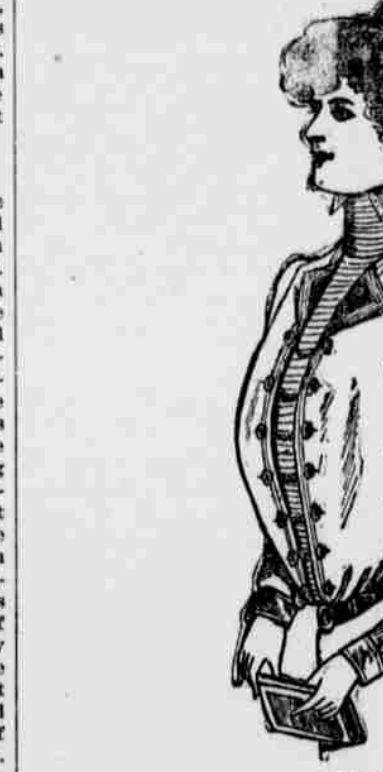
THE REALM OF FASHION.

New York City.—No woman ever yet had too many shirt waists. The comfortable garments grow in favor as the materials for making them do in va-



riety and beauty. At the moment striped and figured French flannels, Venetian waist cloth, embroidered Henrietta and cashmere are all shown, as well as the same materials in plain colors and all the range of taffeta and soft silks. The May Manton design illustrated here includes all the latest features and is made from Henrietta in pastel blue, with the figures and velvet of a darker shade. The deep, turn-over collar is exceedingly smart, and the bishop sleeves are a feature of the newest waists shown.

The back is seamless, and meets the full fronts, the fitting being entirely accomplished by shoulder and under-arm seams. The fronts are full, gathered at both neck and waist, and blouse very slightly for a short space each side of the centre. The collar is cut in two sections and attached to the neck. The sleeves are one-seamed and individually full. They are gathered at both the upper and lower edges, and are attached to the cuffs at the wrists,



where they lap over and close invisibly. To cut this waist for a woman of medium size four yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and three-quarters yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and three-quarters yards thirty-two inches wide, or two yards forty-four inches wide, will be required.

Ladies' Blouse.
The blouse that is slightly more formal than the shirt waist yet easy and comfortable, fills a place that no other does and is constantly growing in popularity. The smart May Manton blouse illustrated in the large engraving belongs to just that class and can be worn during the morning with perfect propriety, while at the same time it will give no offense later in the day. The model is made of Venetian flannel in hunter's green, with vest and stock of white satin-faced broadcloth, machine stitched, and revers of velvet matching the flannel. Down each front, below the revers, are small buttonholes through which the gold chain links are slipped that hold the fronts in place and give a peculiarly chic effect. Countless combinations and a variety of materials can be substituted, however, and tiny silk cord and gold buttons can take the place of the links if desired, or these can be entirely omitted and the fronts hooked invisibly into place. Henrietta, plain and embroidered cashmere, drap d'ete, French flannel and taffeta are all suitable and the color of both waist and vest can be changed to anything the wearer may prefer.

The foundation for the blouse is fitted lining with single darts, and which closes at the centre front. On it are arranged the fronts, vest and back. The fronts are smooth and without fulness at the shoulders, and are drawn in at the waist line. The vest is attached permanently to the right side of the lining and hooks over onto the left beneath the left front. The stock collar is joined to the vest and closes invisibly at the centre back. The bishop sleeves are not ever full

and are finished at the wrists with straight cuffs. To make this blouse for a woman of medium size three and three-quarter yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three yards twenty-seven inches wide, or one and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide, will be required, with five-eighth yard fifty inches wide, or three-quarter yard twenty-one inches wide, for vest and stock collar.

New Style of Revers.
They do not turn over the new revers, nor are they worn flatly laid out on the chest, as formerly. In the present case, the "revers" are ornamental, but only show when the jacket fronts are not closed. They are simply the long strip of facing to the jacket fronts and could not possibly be visible if the garment were worn closed. This is a true "L'Algon" fashion and one which is extremely dressy.

Sleeve Links of Crocheted Silk.
A "cuffbutton" suggests a firm, hard knob of metal; a pair of sleeve links suggests semi-precious stones or gold disks linked together by a golden chain. The newest fastening for the cuffs of a shirt waist of fine flannel or cashmere has the top, which is all that is visible, made of crocheted, heavy, twisted, silken cord. The same thing does for sleeve links, but the single button is the better design.

It is Not Tight.
Those who try on the new garments declare that the L'Algon collar is not so tight as to prove choking. It is high, but broad, and a welcome change from the strangling stock collars which have garrotted us last summer. These last entirely earned the name of "chocker," which was sometimes applied to them by the shop girls who sold them to customers.

Gold-Threaded Vells.
The new vells are chiefly of a lace-like pattern, a fact which is to be deplored on the score of becomingness. Some are even traced with gold or silver thread or beads, while the old

gauze veil in white, gray or neutral tints is resuscitated.

For Evening Wraps.
Greecian satin, a new wool material for evening wraps and tea gowns, has a tiny diagonal stripe on the surface.

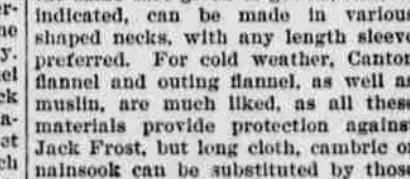
A Snug Fitting Underbody.
Pretty trifles have their place, but the demand for the useful garment never falls. The smooth, snug fitting underbody that covers the corset without fulness and that, when desired, can be made of material that means warmth, is a comfort that every woman recognizes at a glance. The May Manton model illustrated is fitted with the same care given to gowns, and, as indicated, can be made in various shaped necks, with any length sleeve preferred. For cold weather, Canton flannel and outing flannel, as well as muslin, are much liked, as all these materials provide protection against Jack Frost, but long cloth, cambric or nainsook can be substituted by those who prefer greater daintiness.

The backs include a centre seam and the broad under-arm gores that mean a perfect fit and curved lines. The fronts are fitted with single darts and close at the centre with buttons and buttonholes. The sleeves are cut in one piece, the outer seam extending to the elbow only, and fit smoothly from shoulders to wrists.

To cut this underbody for a woman of medium size, two and three-eighth yards of material twenty-seven inches wide, or one and three-fourth yard thirty-six inches wide, will be required.

UNDERBODY.

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