

ARCTIC MOTIVE IS FAME.

THE BIBLE REPUTATION OUTWEIGHS LIFE AND TREASURE.

And from This Point of View the Question "Does Searching for the North Pole Pay?" Answers Itself—A Clever Analysis of the Arctic Explorer.

Eighty-four, seventeen, 84.17. Looked at in any way, written in whatsoever fashion, they do not seem to mean more or to be more than just eighty-four, seventeen—a common combination of four figures which an outwitted child might write over and again upon a slate. Juggle them this way and that, as a conjurer would four glass balls, and still they are just eight and four and one and seven, for aught we know who have not been instructed in their singular significance.

But the other day a man came out of the north and stood on a bleak and forbidding hill at Cape Sabine, and shook his head, and said, "Eighty-four, seventeen." What he meant was this:

That pluck and intelligence and money had once more combined in vain; that Lieut. Peary had made a nothing of only 84 degrees and 17 minutes, and had missed by 290 miles the goal of his ambition, and that the arctic still kept its mystery safe within its cruel, white and seductive bosom.

Whether all this should be set down as a splendid romance or plain, ordinary folly depends much upon the point of view.

Like little Peterkin, when he found a skull in the cornfield and wanted to know "what they killed each other for," there are many very sensible people who sanely live and die, make love and pay their taxes, and do not understand at all this thing called "arctic exploration."

Indeed, there is so much of a haze and halo around the arctic explorer that to find out the man and his motives is almost as difficult as to attain to the pole itself. No glorious knight of the Table Round ever engaged in more shadowy, intangible quest, with less hope of what the world calls reward, or earned the plaudits of a more thunderous, gapping audience, than these knights errant of the snows.

The truth is that the great arctic motive is composed of many wants and impulses—imagination, thirst for knowledge, love of adventure, the ambition to excel, and the mere eagerness that men have to be doing something. The Vikings were arctic explorers because they wanted to find Nivheim, the mythical land where the frost giants played. Eric the Red loved the cold spray on his cheek. Later, the early Norwegians sailed into the unknown north because new lands were needed for the restless men who crowded Norway.

Othar, of Alfred's court, "desiring to know," sailed around the North Cape in 890, and told a fine yarn about it. Likewise, Harold Hardrada, King of the Northmen, sent his prowess northward till they were gray with the frozen spray, and he ran plump into darkness and barely escaped Ginnungagap, the abyss of the world's end—a most excellent adventure, indeed, and fine stuff for grandfathers' tales and minstrelsy for many and many a day.

Then came the medieval dream of a northwest passage by the open Polar Sea to the wealth of India and Cathay. The idea took firm hold upon the rich fifteenth century imagination; and even as late as 1607 Henry Hudson tried to find in the north an open waterway to the Pacific. Dreams? Yes, But, says Nansen, "England has to thank these chimeras in no small degree for the fact that she has become the mightiest seafaring nation of the world." Splendid dreams, indeed, Ultima Thule! The words fairly tingle with the reiterated romance of the centuries—bold voyages into uncharted deeps where the blue bergs held their sway.

As for modern motive, Nansen gives the clew to it when he writes often and again of "wresting the secret from these unknown regions of ice," and when he said of his proposed attempt to drift across the pole from the New Siberian Islands to the Greenland coast. "It is not to seek for the exact mathematical point that forms the northern extremity of the earth's axis, that we set out, for to reach this point is intrinsically of small moment. Our object is to investigate the great unknown region that surrounds the pole." Nansen reached 86.14.

All of which does not yet make clear the bootless toiling, the useless sacrifice, the magnificent courage that arctic sacrifice, the magnificent courage that arctic explorations exact. To find the true incentive, we shall have to go deeper yet, and touch those hidden springs that tumble men headlong into such mad, forlorn and futile doings as mystify the gods.

Only the other day a little dried up man, with his face scorched to a crust, like lava, returned to Algiers with a simple, brief story of having traveled 2900 miles among the Moroccan Berbers, a somewhat peculiar people, who would have made a fine but deplorably ugly example of him, if they had penetrated his disguise. He had no particular business in thus taking death by the arm, except a desire to know things. So with that women, Mrs. Workman, who recently climbed Loongma glacier in the Himalayas, after indescribable hardships and perils, just because she wanted to do something big and exceptional. She doesn't like pink teas.

It is a mighty good thing, we cannot doubt, that all success in the world is not spelled with the same set of characters. Most men like to excel. Some choose seven figures on the credit side of the ledger. Some take to music, to painting, even, in their extremity, to the romantic school of fiction. There are men who devote many tell-

some hours to mastering the carom; at least two or three have sacrificed their fine intellect to chess; while the lives that have been "thrown away" with splendid fury and abandon, just to carry a slippery pigskin ball across a muddy field to a whitewashed line called goal, are really enough to keep prudent folks awake at night to the prejudice of their health and the peril of their precious happiness.

"So, after all, the reason why men try to reach the pole, going blithely through all these things, is that they are at one with the silence of the stars, over whiteness that are akin to the whiteness of death—the reason is that the pole is there, and, within the limits of history and tradition, no man has seen it. What more, forsooth? And this adventure has one marked advantage, too, over most other avenues of enlightenment: There is only one North Pole, and unless the earth come a cropper in the celestial fields, and get to spinning on another axis, the man who finds it shall not need to sit there and watch it. He will have won his Europe for all time, and may rest, to such temperate zone, of serenity as his rare and restless spirit can command.

And, finally, who knows? Columbus could not have foreseen the Declaration of Independence when he sailed out to find something. Franklin did not dream of the telephone when he played with kites in a thunder storm. Every new outpost of science, every star that swims into our ken, every landmark of the seas surprise the world and often its discoverer, too. What is there at the North Pole? The Garden of Eden, or an awful spectacle of ice and snow and night? No matter; it is still unknown; and human curiosity is stronger yet than death, and fears not man nor devil nor any unseen thing.—E. A. Birmingham in the New York Mail and Express.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A lake schooner was loaded at Duluth the other day with 840 tons of ore, equivalent to 281,333 bushels of wheat. This is the largest cargo ever floated on the great lakes.

The famous Rat Hole mine, in the mountains of Arizona, was discovered by a woman who watched a trader rat carrying things out of her tent to its hole in the rocks. The mine, it is said, has paid millions in dividends.

One of the largest happy families on record was recently broken up by the police of Paris, France, because the neighbors complained of the night racket. The hostess of this home kept 70 chickens, 30 pigeons, one goat, four cats, eight dogs, one parrot, and 12 small birds.

Captain Harland of the British steamer Hardanger reports having run into a rain of bats on the trip from New York City to Baltimore. The ship was attacked by great numbers of the bats, and it was with great difficulty that those on deck could protect themselves from their sharp fin-like wings.

The largest apple in Boone county, Kan., has been found growing on a tree in a millet patch on the farm of Mrs. E. A. Jones. The tree was small, and was not supposed to have any fruit on it; but this apple, which is of the Ben Davis variety, is 15 inches in circumference, and weighs a pound. The millet around where it grew was 11 feet high.

The bicycle cyclometer which is made so economically and compactly for use on the bicycle has evolved into a machine used now for a great many purposes. One form or another of the cyclometer has now been adapted to a number of machines where it is desired to keep tab on the number of pieces turned out. The latest article of this kind is a tiny device by which the officials of telephone companies are enabled to know at a glance which of the girls of the telephone exchange are shirking work. The machine is fastened in an inconspicuous place on the switchboard and makes accurate record of every telephonic connection made by the girl attending that particular part of the board. The record is made automatically. The counter is attached at will by simply inserting two pins into two socket screws. The operator after inserting the plug presses the lever, and when this is done the instrument registers one.

Preferred His Queue to His Life.

Wing Lee's refusal to allow a physician at the Homeopathic hospital to remove his queue to dress a wound, may result in his death. He was struck over the head with a stool and his skull fractured. Rather than have his hair removed he preferred to take his chances with death from less effective dressing of his injury. The doctor who was called to dress the man's wound started to shave the crown of his head so that a proper dressing could be made. To this Lee strenuously objected. In his broken tongue he intimated that rather than have his queue removed without which he can never again return to China, he would take his chances with death.—Pittsburg Post.

Appreciative of the Unique.

"That young woman has some very original ideas," said the susceptible young man. "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "she must have. Otherwise she couldn't possibly derive so much enjoyment from listening to her own piano playing."—Washington Star.

Volcanic ashes mixed with cement have been used successfully in the construction of a breakwater in Otaru Harbor, Japan.

WORLD'S FUEL SUPPLY.

COAL RESOURCES HERE AND IN OTHER COUNTRIES.

Differences in Mining Methods—Substitutes for Coal—Solid Petroleum Handled Like Coke—The Possibilities of the Use of Peat as Fuel in the Future.

"The world's fuel supply," said an officer of the Bureau of American Republics, "has recently been made the subject of an interesting study by Dr. Ferdinand Fischer of Guttenberg, Germany, who has collected with much care all the available data as to the coal resources of the globe. His findings are made of peculiar value by the recent anthracite strike here, with its focussing of American attention on fuel."

It is a curious commentary, that while China, so far as is known, is richer in coal than any other country in the world, almost none of it is yet available for steam power. It is largely used by the Chinese, but mainly in the regions where it is mined. The land routes are so poor that it does not pay to haul coal more than 25 miles. Unless a mine is within this distance of water carriage, the area of the distribution of the output is confined to the immediate neighborhood. Steamships at Shanghai are today filling their bunkers with coal brought from Europe, because it is cheaper than coal expensively brought from Chinese mines in the interior.

In Dr. Fischer's opinion, Germany has a coal supply that will meet the needs of that country for about 100 years. Dr. Fischer also reaches the conclusion that probably within the next 50 years, and certainly within this century, Great Britain, at the present rate of consumption, will exhaust her coal resources. She certainly cannot go on supplying the larger part of the world's export. The total production of coal in Great Britain in 1901 amounted to 219,946,945 gross tons, against 225,181,200 tons in 1900. Japan has large coal resources, particularly in the southern province of Kiusiu. Borneo is rich in coal formations, as is also New South Wales, a fact that is enabling Sydney to forge ahead of the other Australian cities in industrial development. Africa and South America are poorer in coal than any of the other continents, but the development of coal mines in South Africa bids fair to supply the industrial needs of the country.

According to returns to the United States Geological Survey from producers representing fully 97 percent of the entire coal output of the United States, the production of 1901 amounted to 292,240,758 short tons, valued at \$348,813,831. As compared with 1900, when the output amounted to 269,831,827 short tons, worth \$296,891,354, this represents an increase of 3 percent in quantity, and 13.6 percent in value. The production of Pennsylvania anthracite showed a phenomenal increase from 51,221,353 long tons in 1900 to 69,242,560 long tons in 1901. This represented a gain of 17-1/2 percent, the largest percentage of gain made by the anthracite trade in 29 years. Part of this increase was due to the strike in 1900, which reduced the output that year by over 2,500,000 long tons. The increase in the value of the anthracite product is still more striking, the amount received at the mines last year showing a gain of more than 31 percent over that of 1900. A period of prosperity enabled consumers generally to pay higher prices for their fuel, and a railroad monopoly made them do so.

The production of bituminous coal, lignite, canal coal, etc., in the United States increased from 212,519,912 short tons in 1900 to 224,769,091 short tons in 1901, indicating a gain of about 6 percent. The value of this product amounted to \$236,399,811, as compared with \$221,133,513 in 1900, an increase of \$15,176,298, or a little less than 7 percent. The coal production of the United States last year was nearly 20 percent more than Great Britain's; nearly 90 percent larger than Germany's; nearly seven times that of Austria-Hungary, and more than eight times that of France. England, however, continues to export more coal than all other countries. It supplies far more coaling stations than any other country. The business of selling coal abroad is usually very profitable, and one reason why England surpasses all competitors in this line is because her coal is so near the sea that she is able to ship it less expensively than any other exporting nation. Owing to the more extensive use of coal-mining machinery, much of the United States coal at the pit mouth does not cost as much as British coal when raised to the surface, but by the time it is shipped on the ocean it usually costs more than British coal. England has special advantages for the export coal trade, and she improves them to the utmost, in spite of the fact that economists assert that the present century will see the end of her coal resources.

A comparison of the coal resources of Great Britain and the United States was recently made by A. S. E. Ackermann, who shows that the area of coal fields in the United States is about 225,000 square miles, as compared with 900 square miles in the United Kingdom.

When it comes to actual mining operations the American uses much more machinery than the Briton. Mr. Ackermann says that the annual product of the American miner averages 526 tons, while that of the British miner is only 300. In America the railway freight charge per ton-mile is about one-sixth as large as in Great Britain. Three causes operate to produce the result. Coal in the United States is usually shipped in cars holding 50 tons, while in Great Britain it is broken up into six-ton or ten-ton lots; second,

the original investment of capital in railroads is much greater a mile in England than in America, and the rates must be heavier in order to pay dividends; and third, our hauls are longer. A recent report by Consul Brunot of St. Etienne, France, states that a concern in that country is now engaged in the manufacture of solid petroleum, that is, petroleum so treated that it may be handled as coal or coke. This product is manufactured in the form of briquettes, which are composed chiefly of petroleum, either crude or refined, and possess all the desirable qualities of coal and ordinary petroleum without any of the objectionable characteristics of either.

The principal expense in the manufacture of the new fuel is the oil, the other ingredients and the labor costing comparatively little. Serious attention has been given in recent years to the possibilities in the use of peat as fuel. In North European countries, in Ireland, and in some other regions, the peat deposits have formed for a long time an important fuel supply. Even in Germany, which is relatively rich in coal, the peat bogs are exploited extensively. In the United States there has been little inducement for the development of the country's peat wealth; nevertheless, many believe that there is a wide field for profitable use of this fuel in this country. Far greater possibilities in this direction exist in Canada. That country is practically bare of coal, but rich in peat, and may be forced to consider the use of the latter on an extended scale.

Peat, in its natural state, is a poor fuel. It holds, suspended in the meshes of the network of vegetable fibres of which it is composed, a very large percentage of water, and also contains much water in more intimate combination. A number of methods of treating it are in operation. It has long been realized, however, that the most desirable peat product would be a coke, and numerous attempts have been made in this direction. Up to the present none of these have proved successful. A process developed quite recently promises better results. If the claims made for it are well founded, the peat coke it produces will soon be a valuable fuel.—New York Post.

TAKEN AS AN OMEN.

When the Hangman's Rope Broke All Said Purdy Was Innocent.

"Although I never saw but one hanging, I witnessed a sight that even professional hangmen have not seen," said A. A. Albrecht of Columbus, Miss. "It was at my home. A young Mississippian named Purdy had been convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to hang. The evidence was wholly circumstantial, and before he was accused of that crime the young man had borne an excellent reputation. He was also connected by marriage with some of the best people in the state.

"Nevertheless, he was sentenced to hang and the governor would not relieve him. There were two factors in the community, one believing him guilty, and the other considering him innocent. The latter talked of rescue, but it was all talk. "The scaffold was not inclosed and when young Purdy ascended the gallows he walked erect and fearless. He denied his guilt, and all who saw him were compelled to admit his bearing was that of an innocent man. The black cap was pulled over his face, the sheriff pulled a lever, and the next we saw was a man getting up from the ground snatching the black cap from his head and declaring dramatically: 'God has proved my innocence.'"

"The rope had broken. That was enough. Former enemies turned into adherents, and before the sheriff could again take his prisoner to the gallows and get another rope he was in the centre of a crowd of thousands of people, all of whom were swearing there were not sheriffs enough in Mississippi to hang an innocent man. "Purdy was taken home, and an escort of 250 armed and determined men went with him and remained until there was no danger of any further proceedings being taken. Without any legal formalities the matter was allowed to drop, and Purdy is living 18 miles from Columbia, respected and happy.

"Joy almost killed his wife when she saw him alive at the time she expected his corpse to be brought home. To say Purdy is guilty is now almost as much as a man's life is worth down there."—Denver Post.

Perseverance and Inspiration.

"I was once told," said Anthony Trollope, the novelist, "that the surest aid to the writing of a book was a piece of cobbler's wax on my chair. I certainly believe more in the cobbler's wax than in inspiration." And by way of explanation he adds: "Nothing is so potent as a law that may not be broken. It has the force of the waterdrop that hollows the stone. A small, daily task, if it be really daily, will beat the labors of a spasmodic Hercules. It is a tortoise which always catches the hare."

It was his custom to rise at 5.30 and write for three hours, with his watch before him. He required of himself 250 words an hour. This, at the end of 10 months, gave him three three-volume novels. The man who everlastingly keeps whatever it may be—a success—New York Press cmfwyp chmfwypqj

The Librarian's Honor.

"What," we ask of the librarian, "do you suppose is the greatest library book in the world—the book that is in the most demand?" "Carnegie's bankbook," he responds confidently, without looking up from his work.—Baltimore American.

HOW SALT COOLS COFFEE.

A Little Experiment Worth the Trying Out of Mere Curiosity.

Between bites of simple breakfast he had ordered, the young clerk gazed nervously at the restaurant clock. It was plain he had overslept himself, and was paying the way to future indigestion by bolting his food. The coffee was the stumbling block. It was hot, very hot, but the clerk needed it badly, and he sipped it carefully, having due regard for his mouth and tongue.

But time pressed, and, with a parting glance at the clock, he reached for his glass of ice water and prepared to pour some of the frigid fluid into his cup.

"Don't spoil your coffee, young man," said an elderly gentleman, who was eating his breakfast on the other side of the table. "You take all the good out of it by putting ice or ice-water in it."

The clerk was at first inclined to resent the interference, but the patriarchal appearance of the other man tempered his resentment.

"What am I to do?" he asked. "I am late for the office, and I want this coffee badly."

"Let me show you a little scheme," said the elderly man. Taking the cylindrical salt cellar from the table, he wiped it carefully with a napkin, then reaching over, deposited the glass vessel in the cup of coffee.

"Salt, you know, has peculiar cooling properties," he said, meanwhile holding the receptacle firmly in position. "They put it with ice to intensify the cold when making ice-cream. It is used extensively in cold storage warehouses for cooling purposes, and being incased in glass does not affect its power to any great extent."

As he spoke he withdrew the salt cellar from the coffee and motioned to the younger man to drink. He raised the cup to his lips, and to his surprise found the liquid cooled to such an extent that he could drink it without inconvenience.

"The uses of salt are manifold," said the elderly man with the air of one beginning a lecture. "I remember once when I was in Mexico—"

But the clerk, with another glance at the clock, thanked him profusely and dashed out of the restaurant.—New York Mail and Express.

The Poet and the Check.

Getting a check cashed is no easy matter sometimes. A poet solved the difficulty last week pretty successfully. Walking into the Fifth Avenue Bank he said to the cashier, "I don't suppose you will cash this check without I am identified?" The cashier seemed to agree with him that something of the sort would be required and handed him over to the manager. The latter scanned the check and said: "Well, I know your writings, but I have not had the pleasure of meeting you before." The poet said the disappointment had been mutual. Then there was a pause. "Have you got anything about you, except letters, which would be likely to lead to your identification?" The poet said he had not. "Well," hummed the manager, "have you, for instance, any initials in your hat?" The poet said he had not, but if the manager would allow him five minutes' grace, he would go round to the nearest hatter's and have them put in. Then there was a mutual smile. "Have you a card?" the poet had. As this did not seem to satisfy the dispenser of cash, the poet at last said with a sigh, "You say you know my writings?" "Yes." "Well, I will sit down now, and write you a poem." "Mr. —," hurriedly ejaculated the manager, "we will cash your check!" And he did it at once.—The Journalist.

Virehow and His Way.

The late Professor Virehow was, in his own country, at least, almost as famous for his excessive bluntness of speech as for his very remarkable mental attainments, says the Philadelphia Press. Often he spoke so unfeelingly to the students who sat under him in the lecture rooms that they have been known to leave his classes and not return. According to Berlin traditions one of the professor's favorite replies to a wrong answer to one of his questions was:

"Certainly not. Any cook would know better than that."

On the other hand he seemed to appreciate the spirit in some of his students which prompted them to answer him back in very much his own tone. Once, when he was presiding in a very old and faded suit of clothes he turned suddenly upon a seemingly bashful man sitting near him and asked:

"Do your eyes tell you the truth? What color is this coat of mine?" Without an instant's hesitation the young man rose and said: "I presume it was once black. Now it is any color except white."

That student was passed.

Big Family Hotel.

Innovations along the lines of domestic economy in New York City follow each other in such quick succession that they become institutions before they are heralded. A \$2,500,000 family hotel is to be erected at the southwest corner of Sixtieth street and Fifth avenue which will aim to solve the servant problem. To attract families the hotel will have unusually large and high rooms and will provide servants. Though the lessee of the hotel will have a large force of help tenants will be permitted to bring their own servants if they choose. Accordingly, each suite of apartments will have servants' rooms. The hotel is to have fifteen stories and a frontage of fifty feet in Fifth avenue and 200 feet in Sixtieth street. A roof garden is one of the contemplated features. There will be a cafe in connection and in the basement will be safety deposit vaults. There will be bachelor suites of two, three and four rooms.



New York City.—Simple waists at ways possess an inherent charm and are essentially smart. This attractive May Manton model is shown in peau



CHARMING, SIMPLE SHIRT WAIST.

de cygne, in reseda with stitchings of corticelli silk in a darker shade, is trimmed with drop buttons of open-work silver and makes part of the entire gown; but the design suits all gowns and waist materials, the odd bodice as well as the costume. The foundation lining is smoothly and snugly fitted and closes at the centre front. The waist proper consists of a plain back and deeply tucked fronts and closes invisibly beneath the tuck to the left of the centre in conformity with the accepted style of the season. The back is drawn down at the waist line but the fronts blouse

gore give a stylish flounce effect where they fall free. The skirt is cut in nine gores that when perceptibly as they approach the lower edge and are specially adapted to narrow goods. At each seam, so arranged as to cover it, is a deep pleat that is stitched flat to flounce depth. At the back is a flat inverted pleat that gives the requisite snug fit about the hips yet provides fullness below. The lower portion falls in soft full folds that give a flounce effect. To cut this skirt in the medium size ten and five-eighths yards of material twenty-one inches wide, seven and one-fourth yards twenty-seven inches wide, seven and one-fourth yards thirty-two inches wide and four and three-fourth yards forty-four inches wide will be required.

Velvet Corsage Violets. Something of an innovation in the artificial flower field, both for millinery and corsage use, is the violet scented velvet violet. In shape and shading it is as near the natural product as any manufacture may be, and only the most sensitive olfactory nerves could detect a difference in odor. Woman's Blouse. Invisible or Princess closings with yoke effects are seen upon many of the latest and smartest waists. This stylish May Manton model includes both features, the tucking being graduated to give a yoke effect at the front, with one of the newest collars and the fashionable flat sleeves. The original is of plaid lousine silk, cut bias and trimmed with pipings of black velvet and carved metal buttons, but all waisting materials are appropriate, silk, wool and cotton. The waist is made over a fitted lin-



BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST AND NINE-GORED SKIRT.

slightly over the belt. Over the shoulder seams are applied pointed straps that fall over the sleeves and give the long shouldered effect. The sleeves are full and are finished with pointed cuffs. At the neck is a stock that is cut to a point at the centre front. The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-one inches wide, three and seven-eighths yards twenty-seven inches wide or two and three-eighths yards forty-four inches wide.

Graceful and Effective.

Double breasted waists are essentially smart and have the added merit of being generally becoming. The stylish May Manton model shown in the large drawing is adapted to all waist materials, silk, wool, linen and cotton, and to the fashionable shirt waist suit as well as to the old blouse. In the case of the original it is made of sage green albatross stitched with black and trimmed with small buttons showing black, green and gold.

The lining fits snugly and extends to the waist line only and closes at the centre front. Both the fronts and back of the waist are tucked and stitched flat, the back for its entire length, the fronts to yoke depth, and are arranged over the foundation. The back is smooth and snug, but the fronts are gathered and the blouse slightly. The right front is lapped over the left to close in double breasted style. The sleeves are the new bishop sort and are amply full above the cuffs. The neck is finished with a band over which is the regulation stock.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-one inches wide, three and three-fourth yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and one-half yards thirty-two inches wide or two and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide.

Skirts laid in generous pleats that conceal the seams and are stitched flat at their upper portions, are among the latest shown and are eminently graceful and effective. The smart model shown in the large drawing is shaped with nine gores that allow only narrow spaces between the pleats which provide fullness and with the flare on each



A SMART BLOUSE.

lar. The stock is the regulation one with the addition of the turn-over portion. The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and one-eighth yards twenty-one inches wide, three and seven-eighths yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and one-eighth yards thirty-two inches wide or two and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide.