

NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES

New York City.—Coats made in Prince Albert style are among the latest shown and are exceedingly smart. This May Manton one is made of plum



PRINCE ALBERT COAT.

colored shibboleth simply stitched with corticelli silk in tailor style and makes part of a costume, but the coat is also appropriate for the separate wrap.

The coat is made with fronts, underarm gorges, and side backs that are cut off below the waist line, full length backs and skirt portions. The fronts are fitted by means of single darts and closed with buttons and buttonholes. The skirt portions are sewed to the body and are laid in pleats at the side back seams. The sleeves can be plain ones in coat style with roll-over cuffs or the full ones shown in the back view as preferred.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is two and seven-

cut in dip outline and under-faced or bound.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is six and one-fourth yards: twenty-seven inches wide, three and three-fourth yards forty-four inches wide or three and one-fourth yards fifty-two inches wide when material has figure or nap; three yards forty-four or two and three-fourth yards fifty-two inches wide when material has neither figure nor nap.

Popular Color For Hats.

A very striking hat, an importation, is made of that vivid dark blue color which is so popular this season. There is a rolled brim of the blue, and the top of the crown repeats the color. The sides of the crown and the edge of the brim consist of rows of bright red, white, and fawn-blue braids. The hat tilts well over the face of the wearer, and is lifted behind with a bunch of cherries and leaves. It has no other trimming.

Picturesque Scarfs.

Veils continue to grow in length and breadth as well as thickness with the coming of cold weather, and the latest "automobile veils" are really picturesque scarfs, passing completely around the head and tied in an artistically careless knot on the left shoulder that can be accomplished only by a study of the model, considerably placed upon the veiling counters of the leading department stores.—New York Mail and Express.

A Handsomely Trimmed Waist.

A dinner waist of tucked café au lait crepe de chine is trimmed with straps of brown velvet, ending in gold and amber buttons. It has a vest of Cluny lace over ivory silk. The bodice is fastened by bows of brown velvet tied through small round buckles of gold and amber. The collar and cuffs



RUSSIAN COAT AND FIVE-GORED SKIRT.

eight yards forty-four inches wide, two and one-half yards fifty-two inches wide.

A Sensible Costume.

Long coats are much in vogue and gain favor with each succeeding week. The May Manton one shown in Russian style and is well adapted for the entire suit and the general wrap. The model is made of black taffeta stitched with corticelli silk, but all coat and suit materials, both silk and wool, are equally appropriate.

The coat consists of a blouse portion, that is made with applied box plents at front and back and is fitted by means of shoulder and underarm seams, and the skirt which is attached thereto beneath the belt. The skirt includes applied plents that form continuous lines with the blouse and is laid in inverted pleats at the centre back, which provide graceful fullness. The right front laps over the left to close in double-breasted style beneath the edge of the pleat. The sleeves are box pleated from the elbows to the shoulders, so providing the snug fit required by fashion, but form full puffs at the wrists, where they are finished by flare cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is six and one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide, four yards fifty-two inches wide, four yards forty-four inches wide or Skirts that just clear the ground are among the latest de-réed by fashion and can be relied upon as correct both for the present and the season to come. The very excellent one in the large picture provides a graceful flare about the feet and is available for the entire range of skirt and suit materials, but, as shown, is made of Sicilian mohair stitched with corticelli silk.

The skirt is cut in five gores, which are so shaped as to fit with perfect snugness about the hips, while they flare freely and gracefully below the knees. The fullness at the back is laid in inverted pleats and can be attached as illustrated or simply pressed flat as preferred. The upper edge can be finished with a belt or

are of silk embroidery in delicate Persian colors.

Rain Coat.

Coats that afford perfect protection against the rain are essential to every woman's health as well as comfort. This one is adapted to covert cloth and all the materials used for coats of the sort, but is shown in Oxford gray cravenette cloth and stitched with black corticelli silk.

The coat consists of the fronts, backs and side backs. The fronts are without fullness, but the back is drawn in at the waist line and held by means of a circular cape and the neck is finished with a shaped and stitched collar. The sleeves are the ample ones of the sea-



RAIN COAT.

son and are finished with straight cuffs pointed at their ends.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is five and three-fourth yards forty-four inches wide or five yards fifty-two inches wide.



The Change of Clothing.

In an excellent article in The Delicater on the "Hygiene of Clothes," Dr. Grace Peckham Murray makes the following points in regard to seasonable and unseasonable clothing, which are particularly appropriate at this time: The practical utility of clothing is to retain the heat of the body, and consequently it should be adapted to the climate and season. Too much clothing is as injurious as too little, for it prevents free exercise and development. In changing the clothing with the various seasons one should exercise judgment. It is a common practice to fix a certain date as the time for changing, irrespective of the temperature; many persons will shiver in light clothing because the calendar has not yet announced the appointed day, and again will shiver in heavy clothing when the temperature rises after light clothing has been discarded. These methods Dr. Murray rightly condemns, and makes the suggestion that every house should have an out-of-doors thermometer, preferably placed outside a window of the bedroom, so that the temperature can be read each morning and the clothing donned accordingly.

Lady Curzon as a Detective.

A retired Indian judge tells a curious story about Lady Curzon, the wife of the viceroy of India. He was dining at the viceregal lodge one night, and the conversation turned upon a sensational murder trial which he was conducting at the time.

After dinner Lady Curzon drew the judge aside and said:

"I do not want to interfere with your judicial duties, but I know as an absolute fact that the man who is charged with that murder is innocent. If you will send a detective to me tomorrow morning I will direct him to the house where the real murderer is now hiding. I only discovered the fact this afternoon, when I was down there in disguise with one of my spies."

Sure enough, the murderer was caught, as Lady Curzon had said, and the innocent man was released. This incident, becoming known, has made her very popular with the people of Calcutta, who are not used to English "mem-sahibs" taking so much interest in their humble lives.

Lady Curzon would not tell how she found out the murderer. She said that she made it a rule never to talk about her excursions in native costume, lest she should get her native guides and friends into trouble with their own people.

Artistic New Combs.

Some of the combs just sent from France are exquisite. One is of amber with a spray of flowers across the top. Each petal of each flower is formed of a pearl, and the stems are leaves of tiny but very fiery diamonds.

A jet comb has a battlemented top, but of fairy-like lightness and delicacy, the ornamental, finely cut design flashing like gems.

Tortoise-shell combs with ornamentations of paler shell or amber, and dull, bronzy gold are very handsome.

The ivory combs of last year seem to have gone out of fashion and tortoise-shell, gold, amber and jet are the thing now. A shell comb with a spray of diamond morning glories at the top has a unique effect owing to the fact that each blossom holds in its calyx a sapphire dewdrop.

An amber comb has a spray of delicate diamond foliage across the top, terminating at one corner in a bouquet of pearl and emerald flowers.

New and very fantastic are the butterfly combs. They are carried out in tortoise-shell, on a wide band of which is mounted a single gold butterfly, in some instances gemmed with colored stones. The combs are sold in sets of three for the back and sides, and are most effective.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Woman's Mouth.

Beware of the rosebud mouth? That mouth that is so tiny. The mouth that finds its way into the pages of novels, that may be found in statuary. All the Venuses have rosebud mouths—for the rosebud mouth is Dame Nature's label planed to the face, declaring that its owner is vain, frivolous and untruthful.

On the other hand, the larger mouth, with full, well-proportioned lips, which when closed form almost a horizontal line with the corners of the mouth, neither elevated nor depressed is the indication for truthfulness, loyalty, firmness, justice. A large mouth does not look pretty, possibly, but it reflects handsome and womanly qualities which should always be in demand.

One often hears the statement, "Oh, what a short upper lip!" and the statement made in all sincerity. A short upper lip is said to be a sign of beauty. Upon the point of beauty we have nothing to say, but we do know the girl who has a short upper lip is generally a very conceited creature, and the only way to gain her heart is to flatter her. That is a point worth knowing and recollecting.

Observe the wide mouth with downward curves at the corners. Notice particularly the points—mouth wide, corners depressed. Women who have a mouth like this would deprive their stomachs of the best turkey dinner ever cooked for the sake of gossiping. A woman of this kind will neglect every

duty in life for gossip. And she is not over kind-hearted or sympathetic, either. It does not require any very great brain to move this wide, low-cornered mouth.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Helps for Young Mothers.

Don't be afraid to use common sense in the care of your baby.

Don't forget that regularity in meal-time is just as necessary for your little one as for yourself.

Don't stuff the baby until nature rebels by an emesis.

Don't expect the baby to be perfectly well unless you feed it on nature's food—mother's milk.

Don't forget that it wants cool water to drink occasionally.

Don't keep the baby in the house one minute that it is possible to have it out of doors. A baby kept out in the air and sunshine will not be cross and irritable.

At night be sure the room is well ventilated. Its susceptibility to sickness is in inverse ratio to the amount of good, pure air you provide for its lungs.

Don't put too many clothes on the baby, and, above all, don't inflict it with long clothes. Least of all should this be done during its first few months of life, when it is weaker than at any other time.

Don't fasten its clothes like a vise, and then think it is going to be comfortable. A child can't be happy unless it can move every muscle of its body freely.

Don't bundle up its head to suffocation. Don't cover up its head except in a blast of wind.

Don't be cross and irritable about the baby, and then be surprised that it reflects your mood.

Don't let people outside the family kiss the baby. Never so trample on your child's rights as to make it submit to an unwelcome caress from any one.

A child has a natural dislike for "showing off," and if you make it acquire a taste for such a proceeding you will have to spank it later for being forward and impudent.

Be calm and self-contained always in the presence of your little one, from its days of earnest babyhood.—New York Tribune.

The Logic of Economy.

"I've studied logic," said an unusually bright and well educated young woman the other day; "but what good does it do me? I do just such foolish things as the women who never have heard the names of Kant or Locke, or any single philosopher that ever lived."

"Logic! I tell you, women weren't meant to be logical; we were meant, as everybody knows, to use intentional instead of syllogisms, feelings for major and minor premises, and to let conclusions take care of themselves."

"Some misguided soul told me that I was paying too much for my shoes; that for \$1.98 at a place she knew, I could get shoes such as she had tried, which were good enough for anybody, and would wear just as well as the \$4 ones I had been buying. Two dollars and two cents is worth saving, even if coarse shoes are sure to hurt one's feet, therefore I bought a pair of those shoes. They hurt abominably, but I couldn't think of giving them up. I thought, maybe, if I wore stockings thinner than the three pair for \$1 kind it would be a relief, so I bought at a bargain two pairs of silk stockings marked down to \$1.49. I had to get two more pairs at the regular price before I finally threw the half worn shoes away, and sat down to consider that I had spent nearly \$9 to save my \$2.02. Besides, there was another dollar that went to a chiro-podist."

"Again, I took a notion to economize in small things, like pins, hairpins and car fare. I would lack the comfort of a 3 cent bunch of invisible hairpins to keep my hair tidy and would wear myself out in long walks when I was tired; then all at once I saw such a lovely white sash, marked down—bargains are the invention of one more evil than Satan—and I just felt as if I must have it to wear with a white dress I had, so I persuaded myself against my judgment that it was reasonable for me to give myself a present. And I bought the sash and repented at leisure."

"I thought it the most amusing thing I ever heard when some one told me a new story of a woman famous for her absurd sayings. Her home is in a country town, and she was in New York on a visit. 'Now,' she said to the friend she was staying with, 'you complain of the expense of living in New York. Of course, your rents are higher, but outside of that things are cheaper. Why, I was in a department store today, and I saw that saraparilla compound they sell at home for \$1 a bottle at 89 cents, and porous plasters that cost us 25 cents, were marked at 16.'"

"Now, how many women reason with any more real logic about expenses? Don't you know the apparently sensible woman who takes a car further up town because she can get one pineapple that she wants 10 cents cheaper there?"

"Don't you know the well to do woman who is teased by her husband because she came home and told how she wouldn't let that grocer cheat her as he tried to do by trying to sell her a pound of butter at 25 cents, when she could go, as she did, on the car to a place where they sold it for 24 cents."—New York Herald.

Double Pleasure.

Wife—I wish we had a nice large country-place where I could give a lawn party.

Husband—Just for the pleasure of inviting some of your friends, eh?

Wife—Well, yes; and the pleasure of not inviting some.—Philadelphia Ledger.



A Good Gargle.

A simple remedy for hoarseness and tickling in the throat is the gargle of the white of an egg beaten to a froth in half a glass of warm sweetened water.

Preserve the Umbrella.

Never leave an umbrella standing on the point in the ordinary way when wet. The water trickles down, spoiling the silk, and making the wires rusty. It is also a mistake to open it and leave it standing, as this stretches the silk, making it baggy, so that it is impossible to fold it smoothly. The proper way is to shake out as much of the water as possible, then stand the umbrella on its handle to drain.

Laundry Conveniences.

A laundry convenience is a sleeve board, which slips inside shirtwaist sleeves, and makes ironing them easy. Properly used the sleeve board obviates the ugly crease down the back of the sleeve. This useful little appliance costs only twenty-five cents.

Another laundry convenience which is coming in more general use is the gas iron. This is really a gas stove with a tube attachment, and it is so arranged that the flame may be regulated at will. Much time, and probably much gas also, may be saved by the use of this iron. Alcohol irons are useful for pressing small things, ribbons, collars, and chiffon, where the house or apartment is fitted with electric lights.—New York Post.

New Effects in China.

The latest importations of china show almost exclusively the border effects. Flower decorations come in conventional wreaths and set forms. The new dinner sets are showing the Dresden pattern. The French china in gold or green and green trimming, and white plates with wide borders are much sought. Old fashioned china baskets with quaint handles are used for olives, salted nuts and relishes. Cheaper novelties are French plates with scenes, jokes and reading which will do for French luncheons or Bohemian affairs. These cost but twenty-five cents. It is surprising how much china is displayed this summer from the far north. In one shop I noted china from Russia, Finland, Scandinavia, Denmark and Lapland. The Vikings furnish boat-shaped bowls with eagle heads, coarse pottery in crude colorings, peasant water jug shapes in plain reds and greens, the gourd furnishing the motif for these odd vessels. Sweden sends underglazed porcelain, with delicate tints and graceful designs.—What To Eat.

Recipes.

Hermits.—Three eggs, one cup of butter, one and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of seeded raisins chopped, two ounces of citron chopped fine, one teaspoonful each of cloves, allspice and cinnamon, flour enough to roll out; cut in rounds and bake in a moderate oven.

Sweet Potato Pudding.—Grate six medium sized sweet potatoes; let stand in cold water one hour; drain off the water; add one egg, one tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one cup of milk, cinnamon and allspice to taste; milk well; turn into a pudding dish; bake one hour in a moderate oven; serve hot.

Chocolate Loaf Cake.—Stir one cup of sugar, one egg, one and one-half cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; melt one tablespoonful of butter; add it to two squares of melted chocolate; add it to the first mixture; half a cup warm water and one teaspoonful of vanilla; beat well; turn into a greased pan and bake twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

Tomato and Beef.—Put half a can of tomatoes in a small pan with half a tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful each of minced parsley and celery, one teaspoon of minced onion, a little salt, pepper and table sauce to taste; cook five minutes and lay in slices of rare roast beef; cover and let simmer a few moments longer; serve on slices of thin crisp toast.

Spanish Omelet.—Beat three eggs until light; add to them three tablespoonfuls of milk, a little salt and pepper; put in a frying pan one teaspoon of butter; when hot add the egg mixture; when the omelet is slightly browned add half a cup of ham mixed with a little finely chopped onion and a little minced green pepper; fold the omelet in half, turn it out on a platter and sprinkle over the top a little grated cheese.

Velvet Cream.—Soak half a box of gelatine in half a cup of cold water; add to it three cups of hot milk; stir until gelatine is dissolved; beat the yolks of three eggs with three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; pour a little of the hot milk over them; return to the fire long enough to heat the milk; remove, add one teaspoonful of vanilla extract; beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth; add three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar to them; add to the gelatine mixture; turn into a mold; serve very cold with cream.

Four and one half tons of oak timber make a ton of charcoal, while six tons of pine timber are required.



METHODICAL MARY.

Methodical Mary's a wonderful girl—Her mother and teachers declare she's a pearl. She never is hurried or hurried or late, she rises at seven, retires at eight.

She wraps her possessions in paper each day, Her clothes are with lavender all put away, A pin is a thing never seen in her dress, Her head's never beat o'er "accounts" in distress.

She never finds two-pence "most strangely" has gone, She portions each day into "what's to be done"; She's a model of neatness from shoe-lace to curl.

Methodical Mary's a wonderful girl!—Chicago Record-Herald.

Wired Through the Nest.

Birds are fond of building their nests in curious places. On the ground at the Crystal Palace, in London, where the great football games are played, an extra telegraph office was erected for use on special occasions. Shortly after the final tie for the English association cup in 1901 the office was reopened. Then it was noticed that a thrush had made her nest partly on the gas pendant and partly on four of the telegraph wires. She had found her way in through a broken pane of glass. She was sitting on her eggs when first observed, and as she did not seem to be alarmed a camera was fetched and her portrait taken. It was more than likely that most of the news of the match was sent through the nest while the bird was busy building it. Of course care was taken not to scare the thrush or destroy the nest.

Speckle.

A funny thing happened not long ago on a farm nearby. It might have turned out tragically had not the owner come by in time. There was an old hen named Speckle, who was such a patient setter that nearly all the eggs put under her came out well; so the farmer had, for some time past, put valuable duck eggs in her nest, and old Speckle grew accustomed to having her brood of young hopefuls make for the pond the first thing after they were hatched. She used to stand on the bank and watch her youngsters sporting in the water with much the same manner as a human mother would assume if her children did unusual and brilliant feats.

But one day the farmer, without any real thought as to past habit, put a lot of valuable hen eggs under Speckle and in due time out came a brood of fluffy chicks that did the mother's heart good. At the proper time she marched them down to the pond and stood in amazement as the balls refused to take the plunge. She cackled angrily, evidently scolding them for their stupid and sullen behavior. Seeing that her words had no influence over this strange family, she started to drive them all in the water willy-nilly. Just then the farmer came along and saved the lives of those poor innocent chicks. He laughed heartily at Speckle's forgetfulness but he decided to keep Speckle on ducks but he decided to keep Speckle on ducks in the future, since she was such a creature of habit.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Wild Carrot.

A weed has been defined as "a plant that persists in growing where it is not desired." Surely the wild carrot is a most weedy weed from the point of view of that definition and of the dislike of the farmer. As to the persistence, our veteran farmer-naturalist John Burroughs tells us: "Cut off the head of the wild carrot, and in a week there will be five heads in room of one; cut off these, and by fall there are ten looking defiance at you from the same root." Tennyson's method of studying a plant is the only one for getting rid of this. The farmer, in actions if not in words, must say to the wild carrot:

Flower... I pluck you out, Hold you here root and all, in my hand.

The only fault of wild carrot, as of other so-called weeds, is too great success in life. It is guilty only of persistence. But from a nature-lover's point of view there are strictly speaking, no weeds. No plant is disliked. On the contrary, the more a plant is able to strive successfully for life, the more of interest it is. We can also see and appreciate the beauty without the "weedy" dislike.

If in this spirit observers will examine the wild carrot, the verdict will be that it is one of the prettiest and most interesting of our native plants. The beauty is especially noticeable in the full bloom, or "Queen Anne's lace," form; perhaps some may regard the "bird's-nest" form as the most interesting.—St. Nicholas.

"As Weak as a Cat."

Of all the animal adages founded on the mistake of a fact, "as weak as a cat" is the most absurd. Really, the cat is a most muscular animal. The lion, the tiger and other so-called "big cats," as you already know, are of the same family with our common house pussy; we shall not speak of them further. "As weak as a cat" is applied to the house pussy; but to say "as weak as a kitten" is truer. One may then mean the newborn kitten which comes into the world blind, softer and more helpless-looking than even the blind puppy; but which, however, is not so helplessly weak as the puppy, the kit-

ten having sharp claws which the puppy has not. You know so much of cats; do you not, young people.

The cat's muscles are extraordinarily large and powerful in proportion to the animal's size. Then, again those muscles are attached to bones, fitted together at such angles as to make "the finest system of springs and levers," said Dr. Hildekopfer, "known in the whole group; the claws as sharper and are curved into stronger hooks than in any other mammal and by the action of special muscles are withdrawn under the protection of sheath-like pads, that they may escape wear and injury when not in use." The slender, supple form of the cat makes it capable of the highest activity. The heavy boy, you may have noticed, is not always the strongest; the thin, active boy is the fastest runner and the quicker at games which need both strong and limber muscles.

The shoulder-blade, the arm and the forearm, the thigh, the leg and the foot of the cat lie at what the veterinary surgeons call "closed angles." That peculiar conformation shows that the enormous jumps which the cat can take to the envy of any athletic boy are due to the great power and the closed angles of the joints; but the conformation of the legs make the cat's stride at a walk, a trot, or a run remarkably limited. The cat moves, therefore, with wonderful quickness, but with no great speed. The boy who says he feels "as weak as a cat"—if he is at all like the cat—should be splendidly muscular. The truth is that, in proportion to the size of his body, he can never hope to be as strong as a cat.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Great Surprise.

It was just too queer for anything! Tommy was walking slowly down behind the barn, with his usually merry face all scowls; and Teddy was peeping through the slatted fence into Tommy's garden, with a whole great family of wrinkles in his little forehead. Now, what do you suppose that it was all about?

Out in Teddy's yard grow a great, tall horse-chestnut tree, and one crisp October morning a shower of pretty brown nuts came tumbling out of their thick, green shells,—down, down, down, until at last they reached the broad gravel walk and smooth, green lawn. Tommy spied them as he came hurrying home from school at noon, and then the scowls came to make him a visit.

"That new boy has everything!" he exclaimed crossly. "He has tops, an' balls, an' a bicycle! 'Tain't fair, so it isn't." Then poor little discontented Tommy looked crosser than ever.

Tommy didn't realize that down in his garden grew something that the new boy Teddy had always wished for and longed to have—a bounding yellow pumpkin. How Teddy did wish that his papa had bought Tommy's house and Tommy's garden and Tommy's pumpkin—all three!

Teddy sighed as he thought of the Jack-o'-lantern that he could make if he only had one of those wonderful yellow treasures for his very own. It was a very loud and sorrowful sigh, and Tommy heard it; and then he discovered the new boy peeping through the fence.

"Hallo!" called Tommy, quickly. Teddy jumped. He didn't know that anybody was near.

"Don't you like living here?" inquired Tommy. "You look as if you were homesick. Won't you come over and look at my pumpkins? I've got a dandy lot of them, and they are all my own, every one."

Teddy sighed again. "I've been a-waitin' for a pumpkin for years an' years," he said sadly. "But they don't have gardens with pumpkins in the city, an' so I never had any."

Tommy looked surprised. "Would you like one?" he asked quickly. "Cause I'd be delighted to give you one of mine, if you would. Come over, an' I'll give you one right now."

Teddy climbed over the fence in a hurry, and he smiled and smiled as Tommy took his jackknife out of his trousers' pocket and cut off one of his biggest pumpkins with a snap.

"You have everything, don't you?" said Teddy, regretfully. "You have pumpkins—whole garden full of them—an' apples an' grapes, an'—"

This information was a great surprise to Tommy. "I have everything!" he said in astonishment. "Why, I thought you were the one that had everything a few minutes ago. You have tops, an' balls, an' a bicycle, an' horse-chestnuts," he said.

"Why, so I have," answered Teddy, thoughtfully. "I wanted a pumpkin so much that I most forgot all about everything else. I didn't remember the horse-chestnuts. Maybe you would like some. Would you?"

Tommy's eyes danced with delight. "You can have a big bagful," declared Tommy. "An' if you'll get some toothpicks I'll show you how to make a Brownie man."

"An' I'll help you make your lantern after school," said Tommy. "We'll help each other, an' divide our things, won't we? An' then we can both have everything, really and truly."

"Why, so we can!" said Teddy.

Then those bad scowls and wrinkles had to run away in a hurry. They ran away to see if they could find two cross, discontented little boys. I do hope that they did not find you.—The Christian Register.

As It Were.

"So the audience jumped on the pianist, broke both his legs and both arms, four ribs, cracked his skull and swung him up to a pole."

"And by that time, I suppose, he was a finished musician."—Baltimore News.