

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

THE VELVET BRACELET.

One of the things we are exploiting the pretty fashions of a bygone day, and that of the narrow velvet neckband is among them. In Paris it is quite the rage, and is worn either above or without the high semi-transparent lace collar. Sometimes it is matched by a wristlet or velvet threaded through a jeweled slide, which shows up very well on the long white or pale straw-colored gloves that are worn with elbow sleeves.

HIGH HEELS FATAL.

Tripping on a stair landing by the French heel of her slipper, Mrs. Emma Latassa fell over a fifth story balustrade in an apartment house in East Fifty-fourth street, New York City, the other night, and was instantly killed. Mrs. Latassa and Mrs. Osa Gauvey were walking arm in arm in the hall, and when the former fell she carried her companion with her. Mrs. Gauvey suffered a fractured skull, shoulder and other injuries, and it is believed she will die.

POPULARITY OF NECK BANDS.

"One of the most popular novelties in jewelry this season is the neck band," said S. E. Bolles. "This piece of jewelry is similar in form to a bracelet and the favorite settings are pearls, diamonds or a combination of the two. The band may be worn outside the stock or collar for street use, or it makes a decidedly effective addition to an evening toilet.

"Bracelets are again in vogue, and a favorite style this season will be the hand effect, set with diamonds and pearls. In fact, diamonds and pearls are the combination most generally called for this season. The rubies, sapphires and so on are used principally in rings or in pins made up in butterfly or flower forms.

"In rings a pretty pattern includes a colored centre surrounded by two rows of diamonds. The pearl collarlette is again popular, the smallest being about two inches in width."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

UNIQUE COLLAR BOX.

Another useful present is the collar box. A new style has a tiny box set in the middle of the top, for the reception of collar buttons and cuff links. To make one, cover a wide band of paste-board with silk and sew the edges together. Make a smaller band in the same fashion and then cut a circle of cardboard to fit the bottom of the larger band, cover that and sew the smaller band to the centre of the bottom, and the larger one to the edges. The collars fit around one and the cuffs around the other circle. The cardboard must be stiff enough to keep its shape.

A lid is made by cutting a circle a shade larger than the bottom, covering that and a narrow band to sew around its lower edge, and then sinking a small round or square box in the middle. A small cover for this is made and sewed in one spot and tied with a bow, which forms a hinge, and a little brass knob, or fancy button, tied with a bow, forms a handle to the top.

FRAMED IN AMERICA.

The wife of marshal, the Marquis Oyama, the generalissimo of the Japanese army, is an American by education and training, although not by birth. The Japanese Government sent a large number of able and intelligent Japanese lads to foreign countries to study western civilization forty years ago. They also sent a proportion of girls of good families to foreign lands in order that they might be fitting companions of the afterlife of the educated young men. One of these girls is now the Marchioness Oyama. She is known as a charming woman of intelligence, and a fitting companion to her capable husband. The little girl attended school for seven years, and then entered Vassar College, and took her degree of B. A. in 1881. Her essay was "The Policy of Great Britain Toward Japan." It attracted a good deal of attention from its ability and from its prophecy that Japan would force the world to recognize her as one of the leading civilized nations.

LATEST IN COMES.

The latest fashions for midday's combs and hair decorations are examples of extreme styles and dainty novelties. The comb question has been brought to the front by the appearance of combs of all colors and to match any shade of hair. They are being introduced in such exquisite designs that women who can afford them are having a set to match every one of their gowns. First of all come the white ones. They, perhaps, have become the least bit common, and yet they are extremely becoming. Now that they have been brought forth, studded with precious stones, they simply cannot be resisted by those to whom these sort of things appeal. Many women are affecting the fad for wearing as many combs as their hair will hold, and by this arrangement it costs considerably more than it did previously. The little pins used to catch the stray locks are daintily chic and among the latest are those studded with turquoise to take the appearance of three violets carelessly placed. As for bows and such like they are perhaps the same as they always have been, but a little more ex-

aggerated. Charming effects are also achieved by cut steel and cut jet. They are among the latest wrinkles.

IDEAL WIVES.

What is an ideal wife? How many times has this question been asked, and how many times has it been unsuccessfully answered? Perhaps no one person could explain the qualities of an ideal life partner because, perhaps, of different ideas expressed on this matter by those who would like to possess one. As the years go by women are taking interest in all that concerns their country, their loved ones and their own selves, and, possibly, this advancement has something to do with the lack of home ties which is becoming more prevalent every day. Men, too, in these days, are heart and soul in their different occupations, and the cause might be attributed to their love of other places outside of the fire-side.

Were the women of fifty years ago ideal wives? Were they the pink of perfection in every conceivable way a man might mention? To be sure, some have said so, some who should know, but would that sort of a woman reach the goal which is expected of her today? In those days home was first in thought of both man and woman and the cares and anxiety of business were left for the male portion of the house to solve. The good and patient wives were not weighed with the troubles of the wage-earning occupation. To-day it is entirely different.

Women are given full particulars of their husband's business, and who should have a better right? Care must be disclosed to someone, and why not to a man's chosen partner? Women of to-day are capable in any emergency. They have been allowed the privilege of knowing what the world is doing, and, although they have advanced far beyond what was expected, why are they not considered as good and faithful wives as those of years ago? Perhaps it is true that the self-denying female is not in such strong evidence as formerly, but why should she be? Is she not entitled to as much consideration as men, and is there any plausible reason why she must give up all of the good she gets from this earth for the sake of man?

The wife of to-day is a helpmate for her husband—a something he could not do without. She is often the means of saving severe trouble through her forethought, which few men possess, and many a calamity has been averted by a woman's judgment. The wives of to-day are ideal, even more so if anything than those of the nineteenth century.—Washington Times.

GUESTS AND HOSTESSES.

"I think some people do not realize the mutual obligations necessary when in society," said a matronly-looking society woman to the debutante. "We each owe a duty to every one else, and they in turn owe us a duty. I have no right to go visiting for an hour or two every day, unless I am prepared to do my part toward the entertainment."

"Do all society people feel like that?" asked the young woman. "No, that is just it. They do not. And then some people that do come are such bores. They think that they ought to be entertained, and do nothing toward assisting the hostess. I don't mean that folks ought to be witty and clever. You can be entertaining without being clever. What I mean is that no one ought to accept an invitation unless he or she is ready to talk and laugh and respond to what other people say. I have been to affairs and met girls who were simply lovely, and I have met hostesses who were nearly driven crazy with such girls, trying to make them have a good time. They just sit and listen to what is said, but do not respond. It is very hard to make an affair a success with people like that about. They do not realize the fact that they are required to assist the hostess, and that they are not asked to sit there for the sake of ornamentation. Many of them do not contribute to the decorations any way."

"Well, I know my mother had a young woman visit her some time ago," said the debutante. "She wanted to be amused all the time. If we did not keep her entertained she would get homesick and sit and mope for hours. Why she didn't go home if she was homesick, I could never understand. She wanted to stay and still she did not see how she could entertain herself."

"What a pleasure it is to meet a person who is entertaining and who makes you feel that you ought to congratulate yourself for inviting him," said the older woman. "It is an injustice for anyone to accept an invitation unless he or she knows that they can contribute to the entertainment of the other guests. It isn't always the hostess' fault if her guests do not enjoy themselves. She can't talk and entertain everybody at the same time, and she cannot be expected to have some amusement which will please everyone. If debutantes will only realize that fact, how much more successful they would be in society."

"I shall take your words to heart," answered the debutante as she bid her hostess good-bye.—Newark Advertiser.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS



USES OF LEMONS.

A teaspoonful of lemon juice in a small cup of black coffee will relieve bilious headache.

Two or three slices of lemon in a cup of strong tea will cure a nervous headache.

Lemon juice is better than any drug or complexion powder for giving permanent beauty and clearness to the skin.

Lemon juice (outward application) will allay the irritation caused by the bites of insects.

A dash of lemon in plain water is an excellent tooth wash. It not only removes tartar but sweetens the breath.

The juice of a lemon taken in hot water on awakening in the morning is an excellent liver corrective, and for stout women is better than any anti-fat medicine ever invented.—The Indiana Farmer.

SALADS AND HEALTH.

It used to be considered very French and foreign to have salad with dinner or luncheon. Americans as a whole wanted regularly their just deserts, and a green leaf or two more or less counted for very little.

In the Pie Belt pastry was the necessary garnish for every meal. Down South there were always famous puddings for the complete epicure, and if a salad was served at all a decade ago, it was a ponderous meat affair of which an entire indigestible meal was made.

But to-day we are wiser and sadder nation. Pica and puddings have wrought out their own punishment, and everywhere the dyspeptic microbe is lurking in our midst, seeing what comfort and joy he may devour. We have paid heavily because we scorned the green leaf to lighten our meals and sweeten our digestion.

And why not? Once you awaken an American woman's interest in anything—clothes, outdoor sports or foods—and straightway she sets about to excel. She makes the smartest clothes and is the finest sportswoman and the best cook in the world.

This craze for greens has partly come about through traveling abroad where salads are such an important article of diet, and partly through their widespread recommendation by physicians.

But you must bear in mind that by salads are meant fresh green things from the garden or hot-house, lettuce, endive, escarol, cabbage, celery, chives, onions, fruits, and not meat soaked in oil or hard egg sauce.

Some of the most delicious American salads are fruits and vegetables mixed, and served with cream dressing. And oranges are delicious with celery and mixed nuts, but this would be a shade richer than a dyspeptic would require.

One reason, possibly, that Americans were slow to acquire a real relish of salads may have been because of the fear of devouring insects and microbes along with green leaves. It seems so difficult to get anything that is uncooked thoroughly, hygienically wholesome. But the London doctors seem to have solved the difficulty by ordering all greens, eaten in hospitals or by their patients anywhere, to be washed in a weak solution of borax water. Of course, the purest borax must be used and the solution must be always fresh. Half a teaspoonful of borax to a basin of fresh water is about the right proportion. Each leaf should be separately dipped up and down several times to insure perfect cleanliness, and rinsed in clear water if convenient. Though, if the greens were not rinsed, no harm would be done, as the borax solution is absolutely without injurious properties, would, in fact, be a wholesome wash for mouth and throat.



Cream of Tomato Soup—Cook a half can of tomatoes until soft, then strain. Meanwhile have ready a quart of milk heated in a double boiler and thickened, when at the boiling point, with a tablespoonful of corn starch cooked with two tablespoonfuls of butter. Boil ten minutes, season with salt and pepper. Add the strained tomatoes and if very acid add half a tablespoonful of soda before turning in with the milk. Serve at once with croutons.

Plain Pumpkin Pie—Pare and stew pumpkin that has been pared and cut in small pieces. Cook it long enough to be quite dry, then press through a colander or a puree strainer. To one cup of pumpkin add one beaten egg, three tablespoonfuls of molasses, a pinch of salt, a rounding tablespoonful of sugar, a level teaspoon of ginger and two cups of milk. Line a plate with paste, build up a rim and fill with the pumpkin mixture. Bake slowly.

Pointo Soup—Wash, pare and cut four medium sized potatoes into small pieces, cover with cold water, add a teaspoonful of salt and cook until done. Have ready a pint of milk scalded in a double boiler, together with a teaspoonful of chopped onion and a little celery or celery seed. Take the potatoes from the fire, turn off the water, mash, pour the hot milk on them and mix well. Season to taste, thicken with a tablespoonful of butter melted with a tablespoonful of flour, add a tablespoonful of minced parsley and serve with crackers.

Fashion Notes

New York City.—Surplice waists are to be noted among the latest and most attractive shown, and are exceedingly charming made of the pretty soft silks



SHIRRED SURPLICE WAIST.

A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.



length sleeves. As illustrated the material is ivory crepe poplin combined with cream lace and a belt of messaline satin, but various combinations can be made.

The waist is made with a fitted lining, which is closed at the centre front, and itself consists of fronts and back with the chemisette portions. The chemisette is plain and is hooked into place under the edge of the left front while the waist is shirred over the shoulders and is lapped one side over the other, closing invisibly at the left of the front. The sleeves are wide and full and are shirred on continuous lines with tuck shirring at the front and is closed invisibly.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is five and one-quarter yards twenty-one, four yards twenty-seven or two and five-eighths yards forty-four inches wide, with one and one-eighth yards of all-over lace, two and one-half yards of lace for frills and five-eighths yards of silk for belt to make as illustrated.

A Lovely Slipper.
One lovely slipper made up to match a dinner dress of delicate pink crepe de chine is of suede. This prettiest of slippers is made as illustrated.

White Felt and Their Trimmings.
White felts are shown by most milliners. Those trimmed with white feathers are intended for special occasions, to accompany elegant costumes of white cloth or serge. Others, however, trimmed with dark colors, will be maintained on the list, and will look very well when ermine fur wraps are worn. Cigar and mordore browns and deep yellow and orange shades are the colors most appropriate for the trimming of white felt.—Milinery Trade Review.

of leathers fits the foot with exquisite correctness, and the matt finish recommends it to the refined taste. The toe is in a prettily rounded point (not too sharp) and the heel is the graceful French shape, rather than the very tall form of the true Louis XV. It dips low as to the vamp, displaying of exactly the same color. Poised on the front is a small butterfly bow in pink liberty silk.

Misses' Blouse Waist.
Simple blouse waists are always becoming to young girls and this season are among the smartest of all smart things. The very pretty one illustrated is arranged in shirrings at the shoulders which are continued on to the sleeves, so giving the broad shoulder effect so much to be desired. As illustrated it is made of bright red cashmere with the collar and cuffs of red and black plaid silk edged with black velvet ribbon. It is, however, suited to all of the season's materials that are soft enough to allow of fullness and for both the separate waist and the dress.

The blouse consists of the fitted lining, the front and the backs, which are shirred at the shoulders, and gathered at the waist line. The sleeves are wide and full, arranged over foundations and finished with pointed cuffs,

WHERE 100 MILES ARE AS NOTHING.

We started for McLean's ranch early the following morning, and after an all-day drive over the old Battleford trail, where one could still see the deep ruts made by the guns and ammunition wagons that went this way in the Riel rebellion of 1885, I at last reached my destination, and began to understand why a hundred miles is thought nothing of in this land of extravagant distances.

The following morning we got up ahead of the sun, put guns and ammunition in order, and started out on what was my first experience in hunting prairie chicken.

Over the gently rolling hills we made our way, in the intoxicating air of the Northwest, and so intent was I upon the glorious riot of color that clothed the whole countryside—a coloring which I thought we had a monopoly of in the East—that to my shame and confusion I allowed a dozen brace of chickens to rise from the grass in front of me, and get out of range, with a prodigious whirring of wings, before I could sufficiently collect my wits to let fly at them.

However, the scenery had no more witchery after this, and before breakfast time I had managed to bring down half a dozen brace, and my companion did even better.

This, I am told, is not a good year for "chicken" in the Saskatchewan Valley. They seemed plentiful enough to my Eastern eyes, but according to prairie standards they were considered a failure. I was assured that throughout the valley of the Saskatchewan, and, in fact, throughout the entire prairie country, between the North Saskatchewan and the international boundary, prairie chicken can usually be found in such quantities as to almost spoil the sport from the point of view of a true sportsman.

If prairie chicken were not as plentiful as usual, however, this could not be said of duck, as was made abundantly clear upon a subsequent morning. The ponds or sloughs which abound throughout all this country in any direction assure one a respectable bag. The farmer or rancher in this part of the world rarely attempts to keep dogs for hunting purposes, whether for small or big game. So far as the duck is concerned, there really is not much need of a retriever, as the sloughs are generally small and shallow—rarely more than a couple of feet deep—and one can secure most of the birds with little or no difficulty. One can very often secure the services of an Indian or "breed" boy, who proves quite as effective as a retriever.

Both mallard and teal are exceedingly plentiful throughout the Saskatchewan Valley. As in the East, the former is shy, and must be approached with caution, while the teal is a comparatively easy proposition. The Crees spend a good part of their time in hunting wild duck and prairie chicken. They support themselves to a large extent in this way, and manage to sell or barter what they cannot use themselves. The very day that I arrived at the ranch a couple of irrepressible Crees shambled up to the kitchen door, offering a couple of brace of



MISSSES' BLOUSE WAIST.

mallard for half a pound of tea—of which they are passionately fond.

HUNTING IN THE SASKATCHEWAN

The Picturesque Valley a Sportsman's Paradise—A Practical Experience of Western Distances—Prairie Chicken Plentiful in the Country About Saskatoon—Wild Goose and Turkey Shooting Good in the Season—Deer Found in Considerable Numbers Among the Higher Hills.

It was not that the hunting fields of Eastern Canada had been exhausted; far from it; but every man who handles a gun knows that even the most desirable districts fall upon one after a time, and one hungers for something new; some virgin field unexplored, unfamiliar, full of ending possibilities. So it was that when a friend who was the happy possessor of a flourishing ranch in the far-off valley of the Saskatchewan urged me to pay him a visit, and hinted that he could offer me something special in the way of sport, I jumped at the opportunity, and after a four days' journey found myself at Saskatoon, a flourishing little town in the heart of one of the great wheat districts of the Canadian Northwest, on one of those branches which spring out herringbone fashion from the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

Here at Saskatoon I had one of those practical experiences of Western distances which bring the thing home to one with such peculiar force. All that I knew of the location of my friend's ranch was that it lay somewhere between Saskatoon and Battleford. If I gave the matter any serious thought, it was merely to conclude that the ranch was probably as much as five or six miles from Saskatoon; perhaps even ten. I knew, at any rate, that a stage ran from Saskatoon to Battleford, which could drop me at the ranch. When, therefore, I reached Saskatoon, my first inquiry was for the stage. The stage, it appeared, had gone out early in the morning, and there would not be another for two days. "Oh," said I, "I suppose I will have to hire a man to drive me out. Doubtless we can get there before dark if we start at once." It was then about 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

"Where," inquired the mild-eyed mounted policeman, "did you say you wanted to go to?"
"McLean's ranch," I replied.
"Dear me," said he, "I'm afraid you'll hardly make McLean's ranch before dark. It's a trifle over sixty-five miles from here."

Later in the year one can count on securing plenty of deer back among the higher hills, and, for those who care for that kind of sport, an occasional bear. Rabbits and other small fry are abundant everywhere, while over beyond Battleford, in what is known as the Jackfish country, the hunter can shoot antelope to his heart's content. Altogether, this Saskatchewan Valley offers many inducements to the sportsman in search of new fields to conquer.—New York Post.

Wondrous Ways of Ants.
Lieutenant-Colonel Sykes saw at Poonan ants carrying out grain to dry in the sun. Dr. Linecum in Texas found ants who planted a certain seed-bearing grass, reaped it, and carried the grain into their cells, where they stripped it of chaff and packed it away. The paper relating this was read by Darwin before the Linnaean Society. Another observer has told us of ants which grow mushrooms.

The foraging ants of Brazil and Western Equatorial Africa are terrible creatures. Elephants and gorillas fly before them; the python takes care not to indulge in a meal till he has satisfied himself that there are none of them about. They have a "leisured class," much larger creatures, who accompany their march, "like subaltern officers in a marching regiment"; they are not fighters, however. One curious conjecture as to their function has been made. "They are indigestible, and birds spare the whole army lest they should get hold of one of these tough morsels. This, it must be allowed, looks a little strange.

Slaves the ants certainly have, but they do not make slave raids; the larvae of the inferior race are carried off and hatched out. The crowning marvel, however, is that the British slave-owning ant, and he alone, makes his slaves fight for him.—London Spectator.

A Michigan Senator's Mistake.
It is related of a Calhoun farmer who was at one time in the State Senate that during a session one winter he was invited to a swell banquet, given by a member of the governor's staff. The smell of the feast being very appetizing and the serving a little late, the former senator, by the time he stretched his legs under the table, had an appetite like a husking machine. The soup course he devoured almost before the waiter's back was turned. "Will you have some more soup, senator?" inquired the dusky server. The "senator" quickly passed up the soup plate. The second installment fully satisfied the demand. Then came the salad course, but the Calhoun senator made a sorry effort at it. Next came piled-up plates of roast turkey and other good things to match; but, coach his stomach as he would, it refused to come to time. "You don't seem to be enjoying the dinner, senator," remarked the host, on observing the halting appetite of his guest. "How can I," was the distressing reply, "when I sit here like a fool, full of soup."—Detroit Tribune.

To Laugh or Not to Laugh?
A while ago a French scientist discovered that an hour or two spent in laughter each day was an excellent tonic, and the very latest cure for "nerves." Now an English medical journal warns its readers to note any great tendency to hilarity among their friends or relations, "fits of laughter" being a very common sign of incipient insanity.—New York World.