

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

OLD GLOVES RENEWED.
A black glove may be quite renewed by covering it with ink, and when this is dry rubbing it well with a polishing cloth. It is not at all undesirable to use on such gloves ordinary shoe polishes which are black, and some, more economical and clever than the rest, contrive to transform their old white gloves to black by the same method. A great deal more can be done with convenient dyes than is dreamt of by ordinary people, but they must be carefully treated.—The Queen.

GIRL FRIENDSHIPS.
There is nothing that is such a lasting pleasure as the possession of a really true friend, says the Paragon Monthly. But how many people lose their friends by their own foolish conduct, and then seem unable to see that it is through their own fault that the once pleasant intercourse is at an end. Girls must remember that to call a friend "darling" to her face and speak ill of her behind her back is not the way to keep her love. In a friend one ought to be sure of finding some one whose advice is worth taking, and whose affection is always the same for us to fall back on, however ill the rest of the world treats us. Friendship is something better than a mere formal knowledge of each other, and the lapses of years between our meetings should not be able to make the least difference in our regard for each other.

THE OUTLOOK FOR 1905.
The fashion outlook for this season was never so bewilderingly complex as at the present moment. Never were there so many absolutely diverse styles to choose from, each and every one bearing the hall mark of the very latest design, and also being indescribably "smart."

Crimoline is more than hinted at, for there are underskirts made to wear with street and house gowns that have two and three pieces of leather bone inserted in tucks or cordings, so that the skirt stands out almost as did the crinoline skirts of olden time. In truth, some aid is necessary to hold out such width of skirt as is required in the fashionable gown intended for late autumn or early winter wear. Cloth costumes will be extremely fashionable, so also will velvet and velveteen costumes, while among the new materials are many so-called velvets and velveteens that bear the strongest possible resemblance to plush—but with rather a shorter nap than was fashionable when plush was last in favor. Silk, satin, brocade, all are in demand for evening gowns, and also there are gauzes, nets, laces, and tulle that suggest ball gowns when seen first in the material itself.—Harper's Bazar Fashion Number.

SEASON'S LATEST TRIMMINGS.
Every fashionable suit with one exception, and that is the strictly tailor-made, is trimmed and frequently it reaches to such a degree of elaborateness that the suit appears just the least bit over trimmed. The latest walking suit also has the same fault if it may be termed so, and in fact everything which is new this season has a large amount of decoration. When fur is used great care must be taken to see that the effect is not too foreign. That is, little dabs of fur cannot be used, as are other trimmings, but among the suits on which fur has been employed it is noticeable that it is used entirely together. Skirt trimming is a rather risky undertaking at any rate, and the greatest caution must be taken when the wearer is either too short or too slender. A novelty has been discovered for the use of straight braids and the fashionable modistes are using the straight silk quality, and making their own designs. Some of the newest embroideries show exquisite combinations in the latest shades, and one has a stunning golden thread woven in and out of the little flower designs.

Some of the imported appliques, which bring forth the latest blendings in colors, are workmanship of the highest art and never before have they been known to be made with such infinite taste.—New Haven Register.

HOME MADE BEAUTY.
They are telling many tales of Lady Feversham in England these days. Her daughter, Lady Ulrica Duncombe, who is declared by artists and sculptors to be the most beautiful unmarried woman in England society, is soon to marry Colonel Everard Baring, brother of Lord Revelstoke. It is said that Lady Ulrica's beauty is largely due to the extraordinary vigilance and commonsense of her mother, who superintended in every particular the regimen led by her daughters when they were children.

It seems that when Lady Ulrica was a child her mother never permitted her to go out in the sun without a veil. This prevented tan and freckles, and kept the face soft and tender. Every hour was subdivided into periods for alternate study and rest. Her food was carefully selected, weighed and measured in order to insure not only health, but to produce beauty of form and perfect coloring. Lady Ulrica did not go in for athletics. She swam and walked, but she never played tennis or golf in the hot sun or danced till morning in hot hall

rooms. She cared nothing for society, and after graduating from Girton, Cambridge, became a trained nurse, and spent years in the slums of London. When asked once how to diet for beauty, Lady Ulrica laughed and said: "Eat meat only once a week, or never more often than once a day. Drink tea or milk instead of wine; bread and butter instead of pastry." She recommended also plenty of fresh air and cold baths.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"BLUEBELL" LIKE HYMN TUNE.
One of the most whistled songs of the season has been "Bluebell." Its composer is Theodore Morse, formerly employed in Edison's music store and the composer of "The Coconut Tree" and "I've a Feeling for You."

One of the rarely sung hymn tunes of the Protestant Episcopal Church is "Watermouth," the name of the hymn composed by H. A. Mann in 1879 for Frances Ridley Havergal's "Oh Saviour, Precious Saviour."

A correspondent of the New York Sun, George Fenwick, has called attention to the striking similarity between the chorus of the song and the hymn. The two were submitted yesterday to a musician in charge of the publishing department of a large music house. He played both numbers through on the piano and to the lay ear they were identical.

"There is a little change in the rhythm, for the song chorus is in march time," he said, "but the notes of the melody are identical. It may be that Mr. Morse never heard of the hymn and the identity of the two compositions may be entirely accidental. It can be said that they really are the same air and could not well be more alike."

The composer of "Bluebell" has drawn large royalties from the sale of the song. He is connected with a song publishing concern in West Thirty-seventh street.

"I never saw or heard of that hymn 'Watermouth' to my knowledge," Mr. Morse told a Sun reporter yesterday, "and if 'Bluebell' resembles it so strongly it is mere coincidence. I have a German song written years ago that is very much like 'Bluebell,' which I heard after the song had been published, and finally got hold of it with difficulty."

"Then there is a little English song called 'The Star,' published more than fifty years ago. I heard it after 'Bluebell' was popular, and after a great deal of difficulty I got hold of it. They are very much alike, almost the same, but I had never seen it before my attention was called to it. Only a short time ago a man sent me a song from London which he had written some time ago, and wrote me that I ought to be ashamed to steal his song. It was like 'Bluebell.' I sent him back the two old songs as an answer."

TO MOTHERS.
I would like to say some words of cheer and encouragement to the tired mothers who think their hearts and hands are full to overflowing. Take courage, dear mothers, the little ones will soon grow up, and perhaps all too soon they will be gone from our homes. Mothers, take time to love your little ones and enjoy their company. Only show your love for them and see how quickly they will respond. The thought that they will be naughty makes mamma feel bad will restrain them more than any scolding, which never does any good. Ask God for strength and guidance and He will surely help.

Never mind if their clothes cannot always be in the latest style; have them as neat as you can, says a writer in the Farm, Stock and Home.

I want to say to those who are grieving over large families, don't do it. You little know how soon their number may be broken. I had a family of six, but in one short week I was called upon to part with two of my darling girls. So I want to say to the tired ones, take courage: love them, and let them love you now, as this is the only time we are sure of.

A woman that can raise and do for a large family should be very happy. She has woman's rights, right in hand. I think a good, true wife and mother, well cared for, has all the woman's rights she needs or should want. If we mothers all raise our children right, to be good men and women, we have conquered the world; let the men do the voting if they like.

It will pay us to be strict with our little ones and teach them the way of right, whether their sheets and night dresses are ironed or not. We will have something to be proud of some day. If we are careful in rearing our own there will be no bad company for others, and they will make good, loving husbands and fathers, wives and mothers, in their turn.

It seems as though no good, honest girl would marry a man she knows to be a gambler, or with the bad habits some young men have. If she marries a good man, with no bad habits, whom she loves and who loves her, how can he change to a brutal, selfish husband?

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS



ABOUT LAMPS.

The common kerosene lamp, which is used in almost every household, despite the electric and gas lights, will give a clear, bright light and be a source of comfort to the family if properly cared for. The bowl of the lamp should be kept full of oil, but when not in use the wick should be turned low to keep the oil from oozing out upon the burner. Use none but the best of burners. Wash the burners often and scour any discolored parts. Lamp chimneys are not near so liable to break when exposed to changes of temperature if they are put in a pan of cold water and allowed to heat gradually until the water is cold again. Polish with old newspapers. Brown spots may be removed by rubbing them with coarse salt. See that the flues fit closely so there is no danger of their falling off when the lamp is moved. Fill your lamps by daylight. Put in a new wick as soon as the old one begins to clog, and before it is burned out.

It is perfectly wonderful how bright and brilliant a light will be if a lamp is thus cared for. You can read as well as if it was daylight.—S. J. H. in Mirror and Farmer.

KITCHEN DONT'S.

Don't litter up the kitchen when getting a meal, because it will take hours to clean up after the meal is over. Don't put a greasy spoon on the table. It leaves a stain which requires time to erase. Put it on a saucer. Don't crumple up your dish towels. Rinse and hang them in the sun. Don't pour boiling water over china packed in a pan. It will crack by the sudden contraction and expansion. Don't black a stove while it is hot. It takes more blacking and less polish. Don't put damp towels and napkins in the hamper. Dry them first if they will mildew. Don't use knives for scraping the table and pots. Don't pour boiling water and soap on greasy spots. Moisten the spots first with a cold saturated solution of soda, then scrub them with the grain of the wood, using cold soap-suds. Don't put egg dishes into hot water—it makes the egg adhere. Soak the dishes first in cold water. Don't put tin pans on the stove to dry. They become heated, the solder loosens and they break.—Prairie Farm Magazine.

CHANGE OF MENU.

So many housekeepers make the mistake of having regular schedules which they follow for the week. Yet too much importance cannot be laid upon constant change. Mutton Mondays, beef Tuesdays and so on, coming regularly, week after week, certainly isn't conducive to appetite, especially if it's all "baulky." It's bad enough for the housemother to know every one of the "twenty-one meals a week" in advance. But, unless it's absolutely necessary, the same sequences of meals should be avoided. Boarding houses nearly always have regular meals regular nights—a mistake that is got into by the effort for a system. But system isn't in having the same things over and over again in the same way. There's system in constant change, especially in constant change in menu. Another mistake, on the same lines, is made usually by the very young housekeeper—and that is in dishing up the "left-overs" at the very next meal, instead of giving the palate time to forget. Change, change, change. Doctors and taste agree in preaching that, for health and strength have their foundations in appetite, and appetite depends largely upon change.

RECIPES

Picnic—Slice one peck of green tomatoes and sprinkle with one cup of salt in layers. Let stand over night and then drain. Add one-quarter pound of mustard seed, one ounce whole cloves, the same of allspice, two cups of brown sugar and two quarts of vinegar. Cook slowly until the tomato is tender but not soft.

Corn Mush—Put one quart of boiling water into a double boiler, with the upper part set directly on the range. Mix one pint of cornmeal with one pint of cold milk and stir into the boiling water slowly. Stir occasionally for five minutes, then set the boiler in the under pan and let the mush cook for an hour, or more if possible.

Rice Griddle Cakes—Beat one cup of cold cooked rice into two cups of cold milk and let stand a half hour to soak. Add a half level teaspoon of salt, a tablespoon of butter, two cups of flour sifted with two level teaspoons of baking powder and one egg beaten well. If a little more flour is needed add it with caution, for the cakes must be as soft as possible and not break when cooked on the griddle.

Ice Cream Cake—Cream one-half cup of butter, add one cup of fine granulated sugar and beat to a creamy lightness. Add one-half cup of milk alternately with one and three-quarter cups of flour, sifted with three level teaspoons of baking powder. After heating well add the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs and a half teaspoon of vanilla. Bake in a sheet and cover with an icing when cold.

Fashion Notes

New York City.—The fitted jacket of hip length is always in style whatever others may come and go. This one is exceptionally desirable for the tea-



FITTED JACKET.

A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.



trimmed with collar and cuffs of velvet, edged with broadcloth, but all the materials in vogue for coats are equally appropriate, and the collar and cuffs can be made either of the material or of the velvet as may be liked. The sleeves are the new ones that are full at the shoulders and narrower at wrists, where they are finished with becoming roll over cuffs.

The jacket consists of fronts, side fronts, backs, sidebacks and underarm gores with sleeves which are cut in two portions each. Pockets are inserted in the side fronts, which add both to the style and to the convenience, and the closing is made at the left of the front with buttons and buttonholes.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and a quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and three-eighths yards forty-four inches wide or one and seven-eighths yards fifty-two inches wide, with one-half yard of bias velvet to make as illustrated.

Chinese Coat Latest.
Any woman with an eye for the picturesque is bound to fall in love with a Chinese coat done over into a room gown. These coats of richest satin and silk are of a sort which the Chinese Minister might wear with eclat. Of yore it was the vogue to wear them over a pretty petticoat and let it go at that. Now we are more elaborate. The latest examples show a graduated

A Picture Wedding.
At a recent wedding the bride's wedding gown had a long train suspended from the shoulders with pearl ornaments, the train was lined with white chiffon and the girdle of the gown was made of silver embroidery. The bridesmaids' gowns were all of pompadour chene silk, opening in the front over tucked white chiffon petticoats, and chene strips of the silk crossed the petticoats and were caught with straps and bows of pale blue. The pointed



THREE PIECE SKIRT.

for the medium size is eleven yards twenty-one, nine and three-quarter yards twenty-seven, or five yards forty-four inches wide.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



BEIN' SICK.
When I am really sick abed I ain't ever any fun. I feel all achy in my head. An' I hate to take my medicine. Th' sheets get sticky an' hot. But I am not allowed to kick 'em off, or read, or talk a lick. When I am sick.

I hate for all the folks about 'To come an' pat me on th' face An' say, "Poor child! You'll soon be out," An' tiptoe all around th' place. They go when I pretend to be asleep—I do it for a trick; I don't like folks to pity me. When I am sick.

My mother's diff'runt—I don't care
If she sits by me once or twice An' says, "Poor boy," an' smooths my hair; She ain't just tryin' to be nice. They bring warm squishy things to me. For meals, an' make me eat 'em quick. I'm mis'rab'le as I can be. When I am sick.

A PARTY TRICK.
Balance a cane on the back of a chair so that the slightest touch sets it to wavering. Then tell your friends that you can make it fall from the chair without touching it in any way or even blowing at it.

Although no one will believe you, it is a very simple thing to do. Get a postal card and rub it very briskly on a woolen cloth till it is thoroughly magnetized. Then hold it near one end of the cane, which will slowly turn toward it. By holding the card below this end of the cane you will attract it downward until it overbalances and falls to the floor.—New York Evening Mail.

TWO ARCTIC BABIES.
On the Fourth of July, 1899, in a broad level valley in the heart of Ellesmere Land, I came upon a herd of five musk oxen. When they saw us they ran together and stood back to back in star form, with heads outwards. This is their usual method of defense against walrus, their only enemies in this land. After they were shot I discovered two tiny calves, which till then had been hidden under their mother's long hair.

Such funny little coal-black creatures they were, with a gray patch on their foreheads, great, soft black eyes, enormously large, bony knock-kneed legs, and no tails at all.

With the falling of the last musk ox my dogs made a rush for the little animals, though wide-eyed and trembling with fear, showed a bold front to the savage unknown creatures which surrounded them. Fortunately I was too quick for the dogs and rescued the little fellows.

Then I hardly knew what to do. I had not the heart to kill them myself nor tell my Eskimos to. Finally I thought I would try and get them to the ship, fifty miles away, though I did not know how I was to do this over the miles of mountains and rough ice.

After the dogs were fastened the little fellows stood quietly by the bodies of their mothers till all the animals were skinned and cut up; but when we were ready to start for camp, and put a line about their necks to lead them away, they struggled so violently at the touch of the rope that I knew they would soon strangle themselves to death, and had the ropes taken off. Then we tried to drive them, but could not. Then I remembered by experience Day, and told Ahngmalook to throw one of the musk ox skins over his back and walk off.

With a hee-a-tie the little fellows were at his heels in an instant, and with noses buried in the long hair trailing behind him followed contentedly, while the rest of us kept off the dogs.

In this way everything went nicely, and we scrambled along over the rocks, waded across two or three streams and walked through an exquisitely soft, green little patch of meadow, cut by a gurgling crystal brook, until we reached the ice-boat where the sledge had been left.—From Robert E. Peary's "Yattee Foodle and Miss Columbia," in St. Nicholas.

turning messengers. Well, he went this time because he couldn't help it; but his cunning played a fine trick on his new owners. This bird was taken 2000 miles by land to San Francisco; 2080 miles by water to the Hawaii, thence 2240 miles by water to the Samoan Islands; thence 1600 miles by water to Auckland—in all nearly 8000 miles, and now Pete is at home again!

The home-coming of this bird is little short of marvelous, and this is how he accomplished it. Watching carefully for an opportunity to escape, after landing at Auckland, Pete took to his wings, and finding in the harbor the vessel which had carried him so far from home, he radiated from its masts in every direction, searching for a familiar scene or object, which, of course, he could not find so many thousand miles away from his American dove-cote. However, he stayed near the ship, perhaps thinking it would return to America; but when the vessel finally steamed out, headed for Australia instead of the United States, Pete deserted his perch and struck out straight toward his home land. So it happened that the Lucy Belle, an old-fashioned sailing vessel laden with lumber from the Samoan Isles, when three days from Christmas Island, was boarded by an almost exhausted stranger; and the stranger was nobody in the world but Mr. Pete.

As the old sailor is a very superstitious being, Pete was welcomed amid cries of wonder at encountering a homing pigeon in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, and was allowed to ride wherever he chose on shipboard. The bird was kindly treated and fed, and one day, during a storm which frightened him and drove the little tramp to shelter on deck, it was discovered that he carried a small tin on one leg, bearing a number and his name. He was placed in a box with slats for bars, and in this condition came into San Francisco Bay with the Lucy Belle, just as happy at sight of land as any member of the crew, who considered him a mascot.

The story of the Lucy Belle's mascot soon spread among the shipfolk along the wharves, and in a few hours Pete was identified as having been shipped some weeks before for Auckland. Then it was that the people understood that the crafty fellow was homeward bound.

All this is wonderful enough; but the fact that Pete reached home unaided over 2000 miles of land route is, perhaps, only less wonderful. But he did.

It was argued on the Lucy Belle that a bird possessing a brain wise enough to figure out an ocean voyage could reach his home on land; and after some debate the sailors securely fastened a little story to Pete's leg, reciting his adventures so far as known to them, and turned him loose. How the dear little wanderer found his way home he alone can tell.

It took Pete nine days to travel the 2000 miles, in covering which, of course, he must have stopped often; for, if he could have gone straight home, the distance could have been made in thirty or forty hours. We who had sent him off to Australia had not the slightest idea that he was this side of the equator, or of the world, when, one morning, not long ago, Mr. Pete quietly hopped down from the home loft, and, without any fuss whatever, joined his mates at a breakfast of corn, wheat and crumbs!

Now, what do you think of him? He will never be sent away again, for there is not sufficient money at the disposal of any one man to secure him. If you know of any girls or boys who are discontented at home, show them this story of Pete, who so loved his humble abode of rough board and hard straw that he outwitted cunning men and defied the risks and hardships of an 8000-mile journey over sea and land, in the effort to return to his home.—Ross B. Franklin, in St. Nicholas.

Paradisiacal Panama.
Service on the Isthmus of Panama, which some years ago was thought anything but an inviting lot of duty, has now, owing to the up-to-date sanitary precautions taken by our naval and military authorities, become quite popular among our marines, who have no fears of contracting fever. As an instance of the popularity of service on the isthmus, it is interesting to note that when a call for ninety volunteers was made at the marine barracks at the Navy Yard, New York, a few days since, to make up the quota from that place toward forming the battalion to sail soon from Philadelphia, nearly 200 men volunteered for service.—Army and Navy Journal.

To Art Visitors in Tokio.
The following notice was posted up recently in an art exhibition in Tokio, Japan: "No visitor who is mad or intoxicated is allowed to enter in; if any person found in shall be claimed to retire. No visitor is allowed to carry in with himself any parcel, umbrella, stick, and the like kind, except his purse, and is strictly forbidden to take within himself dog, or the same kind of beasts. Visitor is requested to take care of himself from thievery."—St. James' (London) Gazette.