



# FOR THE FAIR

**A Fad of the French.**  
In Paris the velveteen redingote is the popular garment of the moment. The Russian blouse and the redingote, the bolero, and even the basque coat are modish, but the redingote reigns. The redingote proper is a very different thing from the long, tailored coats shown in most of the shops. The redingote proper fits closely at the waist line, but is gracefully ample of skirt and seldom severe or plain across the bust and shoulders. Often the upper part of the coat is plain, save for the severe collar and revers, but more often there are fancy lapels. The long skirt of the redingote frequently reaches the ankle, showing the hem of the skirt with which it is worn.

**A New Idea for a Workbag.**  
Since the sewing fad has been introduced the smart girl has substituted a flowered silk work-bag for her reticule, which during the summer days she often carries for holding her handkerchiefs and fan. An easy-to-make and charming-to-look-at-work-bag, and quite the correct thing to carry one's work in when attending a sewing afternoon, is made of some pretty flowered silk, with embroidery-hoops for the handles. To make such a bag, seven-eighths of a yard of the silk will be needed, and a pair of embroidery-hoops. The silk is shirred to the hoops which are first covered with ribbon one and one-fourth inches wide. About four and one-half yards of ribbon will be required. Bows of ribbon add to the pretty effect of the bag, and a number of girls have sewed either to the bottom or to the side of the bag a flat silk sachet made with their favorite perfume. In making a bag of this sort one pair of embroidery hoops will answer perfectly, even though one happens to be a trifle larger than the other.—Woman's Home Companion.

**Precious Stones Typifying Love.**  
Rubies are most suited for young lovers. They are also most expensive. The people of the Burmese empire believe that a ruby is a human soul just about to enter the sacred precincts of Buddha and consequently in the last stages of transmigration. A ruby is an emblem of the most passionate and absorbing love. A ruby in the old days of chivalry was supposed to lead a knight to conquest, to cause obstacles to melt away, and to inspire one with bravery and zeal. It also kept his honor unstained and his character without a blemish.

Pearls have always been the particular emblem of purity. They are also credited with representing modesty. In Persia to this day people suppose them to be drops of water which by some means entered the oyster and became crystallized there. Pearls and diamonds are the most popular of gems among all classes.

**Grandmother's Bouquet Holder.**  
A girl was rummaging through an old treasure box of her mother's and she came across a sort of cup of filigree silver, attached to two silver chains, the longest of which ended in a ring, the other in a long silver pin. The girl had never seen its like and she carried it to her mother, curious to know its uses. "Dear me," exclaimed her mother, "I haven't seen that thing for years. It was my bouquet holder in the days when I went to parties. Where did you come across it?"

The bouquet holder belonged to the era of "made-up" nose-gays, stiff, hard and about as ungraceful as a collection of anything so beautiful as flowers could be tortured into. The girls of the present day who know only the sheaves of superb cut flowers and the bunches of smaller single blooms, like violets, sweet peas, lilies of the valley and the like, would look with puzzled wonder on the collection of carnations, heliotrope, mignonette, Bin Sided roses, tuberoses and spiliac, tied up compactly, after having their stems cut off and wire stems substituted, and then put into an elaborate petticoat of paper lace, which her mother used to carry to parties or the theatre.—Boston Herald.

**Debts and Duties of Women.**  
Women have been receiving their rights from their (abdicated) lords and masters in a series of installments. They are receiving their responsibilities from the same source in a complementary series of installments. Not long ago one of them declared that they were "downtrod" in this country because so few states had been erected to them. If the men have their own way, women will be kept so busy exercising their new responsibilities that the statue grievance will remain in abeyance.

One of these responsibilities is the elemental one of physical support. A lecturer in the northwest addressing a class of young women stenographers not long ago, admonished them that they should not marry unless they were able to support a husband. The latest census reports show that nearly 30 percent of the girls and women of the country do contribute to the

family exchequer, either by office, store or factory work, or by taking in boarders." Now it is proposed that married women in this state shall be made liable for bills they have contracted for clothing, etc., where the husband is unable to meet them. At a recent meeting the Portia club decided to protest against the bill on the ground, as stated by a member, that "so long as a husband is entitled to all the services of a wife, I do not see why he should not pay the bills;" the club took cognizance of the existence of two opposing aggravations—the extravagant wife and "the near husband" without deciding which was the worse.

The married woman's responsibility bill may be ungalant, but it is a logical corollary of the law that married women may hold their own property; it abates the position of woman as a privileged class, as a necessary consequence of the bestowal of rights in whose absence the privilege originated. It is a precursor of further legislation when the sexes are placed upon a perfect equality, legislation that from the old standpoint will seem as brutal as the lecturer's insistence that women who marry should be able to support a husband. At the end of the avenue of altered social custom into which this legislation leads is the European "dot" system.—New York Mail.

**Daughter of the House.**  
Whether weana is or is not to be her portion, she is early taught to take her part in domestic councils. The business of welcoming and looking after guests, a task peculiarly fitted for the exercise of her gracious powers, is largely allotted to her. She helps her mother in reducing her burden of notes, letters, applications for help and money that every day's mail brings pouring in to the breakfast table, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

She writes and answers invitations, gives hints as to the disposition of the daily menu for meals, remembers the dishes papa likes and the boys have called for, and receives claimants on her mother's time and attention.

When she is acting in her mother's stead her youth and buoyancy throw off a hundred trifling annoyances of the household that through years of iteration have begun to wear on the older housekeeper.

With the younger children she establishes the lovely ties of vice-queen, carrying off the mandates of the maternal sovereign and making herself a delightful comrade of nursery and schoolroom.

To her father and grown brothers the rightly trained girl becomes a veritable blessing.

To her they carry confidences and worries which it does not seem expedient to convey to the generally overburdened mistress of the house.

Her sympathy and camaraderie create a green spot in their workday lives.

## Household Matters

**An "Auto" Dinner.**  
For a dinner of automobile enthusiasts some novel dinner cards have been made. One of these is a small red face mask with huge goggles. Another is a tiny touring car, complete in every way, with a place to write the guest's name on the side.

**Cleaning Carpets.**  
Directions for cleaning carpets on the floor are given in the House Beautiful. The same method might be used to clean rugs: "Make a suds with good white soap and hot water and add fuller's earth to this until it is of the consistency of thin cream. Have plenty of clean drying cloths, a small scrubbing brush, a large sponge, and a pail of fresh water. Put some of the cleaning mixture in a bowl and dip the brush in it. Brush a small piece of the carpet with this, then wash with the sponge and cold water. Dry as much as possible with the sponge and finally rub dry with clean cloths. Continue this until certain all the carpet is cleaned, and then let dry."

**Housecleaning as Exercise.**  
You can make work play or play work according to your temperament. You can sweep yourself into an invalid by doing it wrong, and you can end a half-month's housecleaning with rosy cheeks and a light heart if you have the right training and the spirit of happiness in you.

First of all, practice breathing and walking correctly. It's just half-breathing and walking in a heap that wears out most women. It is not action. Stand straight, chest high (always high), shoulders low, spine erect, abdomen drawn back; stand this way, walk this way and work this way.

Then breathe slowly, filling the lungs with air, expel it slowly and never let your chest sag. A chest out of plump means weak lungs, round shoulders, anemic blood and poor circulation, and equally important, a figure wholly devoid of style.

Next, dress sensibly. This doesn't mean to put on a fresh shirt waist and stiff linen collar and snowy apron, and be miserably neat all day. It means to do your housecleaning in bloomers, coming just to the knees, loose and full and washable.

Wear golf stockings: low, stout, comfortable shoes, and see what fun you can get out of the March bugbear.

One point more: To keep absolutely free from colds, to avoid the exhausting reaction that comes from a superabundance of unvented physical exertion, always end up the day's work with a quick bath, preferably a cold plunge, though a lukewarm sponge is very restful.

Have your room warm and the water, without fall, soft. If you can't get rain water, soften the ordinary well or city water with pure borax. If you put a teaspoonful of borax powder into a tub of water, the water will feel to the skin as though it dripped to the eaves in a June shower.

No matter whether your bath is warm or cold, soften the water with borax to get the best effect. It not only softens the water, but gives it the power of cleaning antiseptically and is a stimulation to the skin, leaving it soft and white.—Mary Annable Fenton.



## Timely Fashion Hints

**New York City.**—Blouse waists worn with chemisettes, make pronounced favorites, and will extend their vogue for many months to come. This one is



BLOUSE WAIST AND TUCKED SKIRT.

charmingly graceful and simple, and includes sleeves of the latest sort that are shirred to form puffs above the elbows, so reducing the apparent breadth. In the case of the model the material is

and is adapted to all materials that are soft enough to take graceful folds, but is shown in raspberry red chiffon broadcloth stitched with corticelli silk. The skirt is cut in five gores and is laid in three tucks of generous width. The upper edge is shirred to give the effect of a shallow yoke, and the fullness is so distributed as to give less at front, more at the sides and back.

**A Chain of Roses at the Brim.**  
A novel form of treating a felt hat at present is with a chain of roses all along the brim, and this is very effective when the hat in question is carried out in the deeper colors, such as the wine and dahlia shades and the myrtle and hunter's green.

**Walking Skirt With Flounce.**  
Flounce skirts of all sorts make notable features of the latest styles, and are much liked for the soft silks and wools as well as for the many dainty cotton materials. This one is exceptionally dainty and shirred at the upper edge, the flounce being joined to the lower, so providing more perfect flare than is possible when it is applied over the skirt. As illustrated the material is foulard, peach pink in color, but the available ones are almost without number.

The skirt proper is cut in five gores, which are shirred and arranged over a shallow foundation yoke, then joined to the belt. The flounce is straight at its lower edge, turned under to form a heading and shirred in successive rows, then arranged over the lower edge of the skirt, which serves as a stay.

## A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.



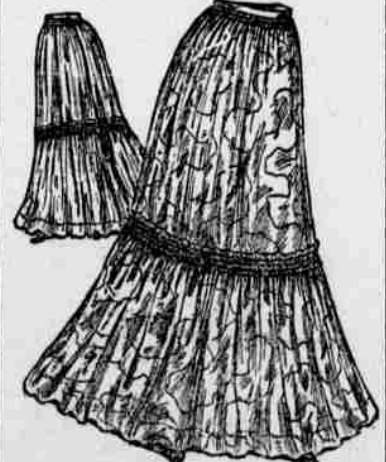
almond green chiffon taffeta, the chemisette and cuffs being of the material, banded with tiny braid, and the belt of chiffon velvet. The tucks at the back give the effect of broad shoulders with a small waist, while those at the front provide becoming fullness.

The waist consists of the fitted lining, which closes at the centre front, fronts and back. The chemisette is separate and arranged under the fronts, and the shirred sleeves are arranged over foundations which are faced to form cuffs.

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

Skirts in round length that touch, or just a little more than touch the floor, make one of the most fashionable of all models for all indoor occasions and for the handsome street costumes. This one is exceedingly graceful at the same time that it is simple in the extreme

The quantity of material required for the medium size is ten yards twenty-



one, nine yards twenty-seven, or five and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide.

**A Pretty Fashion.**  
A pretty fashion, growing out of the vogue of the transparent yoke, no doubt, is seen in the many velvet and silk gowns made with slashed sleeves showing undersleeves of the yoke material.

**The Redingote.**  
The redingote falls quite to the ankles, leaving only a few inches of the underskirt showing. This length is much more graceful than the three-quarter length coats so much worn.



## CHILDREN'S CORNER

**The Rhinoceros.**  
You've heard of the rhinoceros— (My! that gave me a fright! I had to seek a lesson To see I'd spelled it right!) If beauty's truly skin deep, the Old Rhinoceros has a pinch! His skin's three inches thick, at least. If it's a single inch.

He has a funny paintbrush tail, And stubby little toes, And a great single horn adorns The middle of his nose. I said the middle of his nose; If I had thought my mentor, The editor, would let it pass, I would have said the "acenter."

The rhino is almost like folks That we meet every day, Because he sticks his nose in things In just the self-same way. If every little boy in town Had a thick skin like that, He could be bad and never know Where papa spanked him at.

**The Jap Baby.**  
How do you suppose the babies take an airing? In baby carriages, you say? Of course not; the Japanese never do anything the way we do it. When the baby's about three days old, it goes out for its first glimpse of the world strapped on somebody's back, and that's the way it goes every day till it can go on its own feet. Sometimes it goes to its nurse takes of a brother or sister, who is perhaps not more than four or five years old. These little nurses don't seem to be troubled at all by their charges, as you would suppose; they play ball and tag, and run races and fly kites, in spite of the heavy loads on their backs. What is more remarkable, the babies are perfectly happy; and hardly ever cry, though when their young nurses run with them, the poor babies' faces bang back and forth against their caretakers' shoulders till an American baby would howl with pain and rage.

**Smiles in Ryme.**  
As wet as a fish—as dry as a bone, As live as a bird—as dead as a stone. As plump as a partridge—as poor as a rat. As strong as a horse—as weak as a cat.

As hard as flint—as soft as a mole. As white as a lily—as black as a coal. As plain as a pikestaff—as rough as a bear. As tight as a drum—as free as the air. As heavy as lead—as light as a feather. As steady as time—uncertain as weather. As hot as an oven—as cold as a frog. As gay as a lark—as sick as a dog. As slow as a tortoise—as swift as the wind. As true as the gospel—as false as mankind. As thin as a herring—as fat as a pig. As proud as a peacock—as gay as a grig. As savage as tigers—as mild as a dove. As stiff as a poker—as limp as a glove.—Indianapolis News.

**How the Boy Got There.**  
Sometimes boys wonder how they can get a start in the world. Here is a true story of how one boy began.

A neighbor had a lot of cows to milk. This boy hurried around and milked his part of the home dairy, then he skipped down to the neighbor's and milked five or six more cows, every night and morning. For this he received a penny for each cow.

These pennies he put away in his bank. What was his bank? Just an empty matchbox. How many times a day did he get that box down and figure up his account? I don't know; try it yourself and see.

He added to this little store by selling nice mellow apples on a train that stopped near his home a few minutes every evening. The pennies he made this way went also into the bank.

When the boy had twenty dollars he bought a pair of boots, a geography and some other school books, and went at it to learn all he could that winter. This plan he stuck to a number of years.

Sure enough there was Minnie on her little pony, galloping toward the tent in a cloud of dust.

"How's my baby this morning?" said Minnie, jumping from her pony and running into the tent.

"Me dood boy," replied Blue Cloud. "Got new shoes."

"Oh, how nice and soft they are, and you have on your strings of pretty white and red beads, too."

"Minnie make cakes," said the little fellow, anxious to begin his play. "Yes, we'll make mud cakes. I brought you a piece of real cake."

"Tank," said Blue Cloud, taking the piece of cake and beginning to eat at once. Minnie had taught the solemn little puppouse to say "tank."

"Now we'll make mud cakes," said Minnie, leading the little boy out of the tent.

They found a nice, shady spot behind the tent. Blue Cloud's mother gave them a little pail of water. Minnie poured some of the water on a pile of dust she had collected. Then she made cakes, pies and doughnuts and set them out in the sun to bake.

Blue Cloud helped. He made some little round cakes and got his hands and face very muddy.

"Me want to make horse," said Blue Cloud, after they had played nearly an hour.

"I don't think I can," replied Minnie, "but I'll try. You run and get some little sticks to make his legs stiff and I'll make some more mud."

It was much easier making cakes and pies than making a horse. Minnie worked for a long time before she got his head to look anything like a horse's head. At last she succeeded.

"Now, let's make a big brave riding on him," said Minnie.

Blue Cloud thought this a fine idea. So they made an Indian on the horse's back, and then set them out in the sun to bake.

"Dat 'oo," cried little Blue Cloud to his father who came to see what they were doing.

"Me? Who make?" asked Red Cloud in his broken English.

"I did," replied Minnie, "but Blue Cloud helped."

"You good girl. Good girl to make horse. Good girl to take care Blue Cloud. Red Cloud make you fine blanket," said the Indian.

One day several weeks afterward Minnie was again playing with Blue Cloud. When she was ready to go home Red Cloud brought her a beautiful red and white blanket which he and Mrs. Red Cloud had woven for her.—The Little Chronicle.

**Tact Ought to Be Taught.**  
I want it recognized that tact should be taught, continuously, seriously, thoroughly; that it should be placed in the forefront of education, and take its natural first place side by side with the catechism, writes Frank Danby, in Black and White.

A friend of mine, recently suffering under a great bereavement, was in the receipt of innumerable letters and telegrams from friends, acquaintances and the general public. One of the eleven hundred and forty of such communications, two only hit the right note. Among pages of sentimental and religious commonplace two messages alone touched his heart.

"He was a man I loved. I am with you in your grief," was one.

The other ran: "You have lost your best pal, he was mine, too. God help us both."

Both of them epitomized the senders; men with great hearts. But the acquisition of tact by some of the other sympathizers would have supplied its place.

Again, paying an afternoon visit recently, my hostess, wanting a book to which our conversation had referred, rang the bell. Within two minutes the servant appeared with tea and the following colloquy occurred:

"Who told you to bring tea?"

"Please, ma'am, I thought that was what you rang for."

"Well, please don't think. I hired you to answer the bell. It wasn't the signal for a guessing competition; when I want you to do that, I'll supply the kitchen with a copy of a newspaper."

I was not surprised to hear this lady changed her servants frequently.

**A Self-Cooking Hat.**  
New anecdotes are coming to light daily about the western contingent of the Rough Riders which descended on Washington for the inauguration. Here is one that has not found its way into print before: One of the members of Roosevelt's old command, now a lawyer in New England, came down with his wife and established himself rather luxuriously at the best hotel in Washington. He made his apartments a sort of entertainment headquarters for his old companions, and as fast as he could round them up in various parts of the town would bring them to his rooms for a drink and a smoke.

Late Saturday afternoon one of the men in the room was a young Arizona cowboy who had been a sergeant in "my regiment." Sitting on the edge of a bed looking at his host's evening things, which were spread out, he espied an opera hat compressed into itself, and picking it up began to regard it curiously from different angles. While poking it, the hat sprung open. Young Arizona regarded his handiwork with amazement and delight.

"A hat!" he commented admiringly, "a self-cooking hat! Now don't that beat the Dutch!"

An earthquake shock knocked one of the towers of the San Francisco city hall crooked, so that it leaned over the street. Many windows were broken in the city.