



The Latest Turban.

The somewhat severe lines of the latest smart Panama turban are relieved in the application of small Bankia roses with quillings of velvet ribbons and festooned loops and ends of the same. The crown is low and round, and the wide brim is pinched up into the turban shape all around, a smart point coming exactly in the front. Each dent is separately and differently trimmed, the greater part of the trimming being posed just at the left of the front, where a stiff-looking rosette is made with a flower centre and a velvet ribbon quilling for the edge. This is joined to the next one toward the back by loops of ribbon, and the other side is simply trimmed with little bunches of the roses tucked into the folds. The back is built up somewhat by a bandeau, and this, too, is trimmed with flowers and velvet ribbon.—Rochester Post-Express.

White Serge Very Smart.

White serge is restored to the highest favor and some of the most attractive suits are made of it. The short coat, elaborately trimmed with braid, is preferred.

The fashion of wearing colored shirt waists, no matter how delicate the tint, with white skirts, is not approved. A tinted waist may be worn with a white coat suit, and is considered a higher touch of fashion than the all white suits.

The one dominant thing about shirt waists, whether for wear at 9 o'clock in the morning or 4 in the afternoon, is their transparency.

Bobinette has come into favor for shirt waists. It is double width and cuts to good advantage. It washes perfectly and does not pull out of shape, like many muslins.

Most of the new sleeves, by the way, for simple blouses neglect to droop even at the elbow. They are very full, but do not bag, which is to say they are cut the exact length of the arm.

Pointers as to Gloves.

"Don't buy a glove that is too small," advised a woman buyer in one of the big department stores. "It not only cramps the hand, but it prevents grace of motion and gives poor service."

"Not one-half the women who come in here know what points to watch out for in buying gloves. I try to instruct my girls to inform customers, but a woman must be ripe for the knowledge through personal experience or the advice will not be appreciated."

"Black gloves are generally less elastic than light colors. Dressed kid gloves usually retain their freshness longer and are more durable than suede. Short-fingered gloves give the hand a malformed look, and they soon break out at the tips or between the fingers."

"Putting on a glove for the first time has more to do with the fit and wear than almost anything else. Take time to fit them and, if possible, wear them a good hour before closing the fingers. Button the last buttons first, for the greatest strain naturally comes on the first."—Indianapolis News.

Chicago Women's Athletic Club.

Following these exhilarating hours in the gymnasium many seek the swimming pool, the expert not usually going head first from the spring-board or doing a few fancy turns on the performing rings along one side before the final plunge. That the scene of their aquatic sport is probably unequalled in splendor, though outclassed in size, may be understood by the statement that every inch of the tank and corridor, with its massive pillars, is of white marble. The side opposite the corridor is completely mirrored, doubling the enchanting picture; while the suffused glow from great globes of emerald, turquoise, and pink, suspended from above, finds wavering reflection in the blue filtered water. Occasionally a game of water polo invites to spirited contest, though members prefer to practice their special accomplishments, the modern mermaid who swims the length of the pool under water being outdoors only by the one who apparently sits down on the surface before turning a series of back somersaults. At one end of the pool is the visitors' gallery of white marble, and here the late President McKinley watched these adept swimmers when the club tendered him an elaborate reception several years ago, and incidentally exhibited its unique advantages.—Harper's Bazar.

A True "Angel of the House."

It is time that every woman, and especially every woman with culture and influence and social power, should awaken to the needs of her own sex. If she sees that there are wrongs, injustice, social tyrannies—and if she will only open her eyes she cannot help seeing these—in the punishments that are meted out to womanly, as distinguished from manly, errors; in the measure opportunities that are afforded for a woman's virtuous and self-respecting independence; in the indifference that will not bestir itself to cheer and brighten and encourage a working woman's weakness, despondency and loneliness—if she sees all these, or any of these, or more than all these, then it is her privilege and I urge it upon her, to stir from slumberous and sluggish

thought and to so speak and so strive in behalf of her sex that she will rouse others stronger than herself to speak and strive for them as well.

She should do her duty faithfully and lovingly, first of all to those who are nearest to her; but she should remember that the woman who thinks only of her own home, and lives only for it, will inevitably become a drudge, an idler or a toy.

To be truly the "angel of the house," woman must resolutely keep, and oftentimes use, the wings that raise her above the home and all the things in it.—Bishop Henry C. Potter.

Neatness.

Freshness and neatness are imparted to the working girl's garb by the use of a livery, and this is the reason for the existence of the livery.

Cap and apron and neatly fitted suit of gingham or black is no more a badge of servitude than is the policeman's uniform, the soldier's military trappings, or the trained nurse's striped frock and trim cap. These take pride in their liveries and so well may the housemaid.

When the maid is at work she should be dressed in a manner suitable to her employment. In the morning, when she is to be busy with her housework in and out of the kitchen, handling her broom and dust cloth, her dress should be a neat print. In houses where the mistress provides the working frocks of the maids, as is sometimes done, she can have these frocks made all of one piece, but in the majority of homes where but one or two maids are kept they dress themselves.

Under these circumstances they cannot be expected to conform to any special style or color and probably will wear shirt waists and skirts. It is a pity if the skirts are dark woolen goods, because these gather dust and retain the odors of cookery, but a large apron will protect the skirt and washing is saved to the maid if her whole gown is not of light material. She is wise if she wears a large sweeping cap in the morning when she is busy at work that is likely to make dust, but this can be exchanged for a smaller cap when the rougher parts of her labor are out of the way.

For the afternoon, when it is practicable, the maid should wear a black frock with white collar and cuffs and a white bib apron. The apron may be a little more elaborately trimmed than the morning apron. In fact, for the morning, a simple, plain, large apron without bib is all that is needed. This applies to the maid of all work as well as to the waitress and parlor maid, but when one maid has to do the cooking or the dinner before she serves it, it is almost too much to expect her to be in her black suit all afternoon. She may look neat in her gingham waist and skirt, and then when she gets everything in order for the dinner she may slip away in her room for a minute and get into the black waist.

The waitress who has no kitchen work is usually expected to have on her black waist soon after luncheon so as to be ready to answer the door-bell properly dressed. The strictly correct custom demands that she should be in black before luncheon is served, but the rule is not followed in the average household.—From the Washington Times.

Fashion Notes.

American Beauties and roses in the faded shades are the favorites.

The greens are prominent both in millinery and frocks and many new shades are shown.

For a separate skirt in dark blue or white serge or mohair the sun plaited model is particularly good.

An attractive gown in pale yellow mousseline de sole was made with side plaited waist, while the skirt was sun plaited.

An especially chic model hat shown by a celebrated milliner was a roll brim sailor tilted forward, as are all such sailors this year.

The hats are eccentric. One must admit that, but the eccentricity lies in the combination of head and hat, rather than the hat itself.

One needs masses of fluffy hair, a charming face—and youth—to wear the new hats well, and unluckily that combination is not so common as one could wish.

Every style of costume from shirt waist dress to ballroom gown may be accorded or side plaited, and in every material from chiffon to cloth is it attractive.

Walking hats of fine straw, trimmed in broad scarfs of plaited straw, supple as ribbon, and combining many lovely shades, are among the French hats, and are distinctly practical as well as pretty.

If, in many instances, there is intricate elaboration of detail, that detail is at least made to blend into a harmonious whole and only upon close scrutiny is the complex nature of the scheme evident.

The small turbans are worn also for dressy hats. A dainty model was made of white maline covered with tiny orchids in pink and mauve. A small white ostrich feather and a white algerite trimmed one side.



Lamps and Candles.

Candlesticks and lamps made of glass after the old models are very welcome after the long period we had to endure the china and gilt banquet lamp with ballet girl skirt shade. When fitted with empire shades to match the color scheme of a room they look extremely well. The glass candlesticks are especially good for table decoration and when surmounted by a colored shade make a table very attractive.—Utica Observer.

Furniture and Upholstery.

Where cloth-lined carriages and upholstered furniture are to be left for the summer, brush well, especially about the tufted portions, then spray generously with naphtha or benzine, using, if you like, a small sprayer such as is used for house plants. Neither naphtha nor benzine will spot the most delicate fabrics, and the odor will pass in a few hours. Of course, every one should understand that no light, even from pipe or cigar, should be allowed while this work is going on, as the vapor from these fluids is exceedingly inflammable. For carriages it is well to repeat the spraying again in August. After furniture has been well sprayed, wrap the legs with soft paper and old muslin and cover the upholstered portions with tar paper, then old muslin which has pieces of camphor gum tied in at intervals.—Newark Advertiser.

Laundry Notes.

Never put table linen that is fruit-stained into hot soapuds. This sets and fixes the stain.

Embroidered linens should not be washed in tin or wooden tubs. All risk of rust or stain may be avoided by using an earthen bowl.

Flatiron holders, if lined with a layer of old, soft leather, like the top of a boot, will protect your hand from heat far better than if made in the ordinary way.

Wooden laundry tubs should be washed out and dried. If they are kept in a very dry place, they should be turned upside down and the bottoms covered with a little water.

To prevent blue spotting the clothes put some out on a piece of white cloth, gather up the corners and tie together. Dip this bag in the water and squeeze it until the water is blue enough. In this way the clothes will never become spotted.

The Modern Kitchen.

The kitchen must be well ventilated, lighted and fitted with perfect cooking apparatus, whether coal, gas, or electricity.

Proper plumbing and drainage are important, both for health and convenience sake, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

A wainscoting of tile, with wall above painted a dull blue or gray, is the most durable and easily cared for finish for the kitchen, and also the cheapest in the end, as it seldom requires renovation other than that of washing down.

An expensive and invaluable appointment is the "hot metal table," which is constructed in a manner to be heated by pipes which are laid back and forth under its bed and in connection with the range boiler, the water turned off and on at pleasure. Different sizes render this table available in kitchens of various sizes.

The kitchen should be without odors, by virtue of a range hood which gathers them.

Recipes.

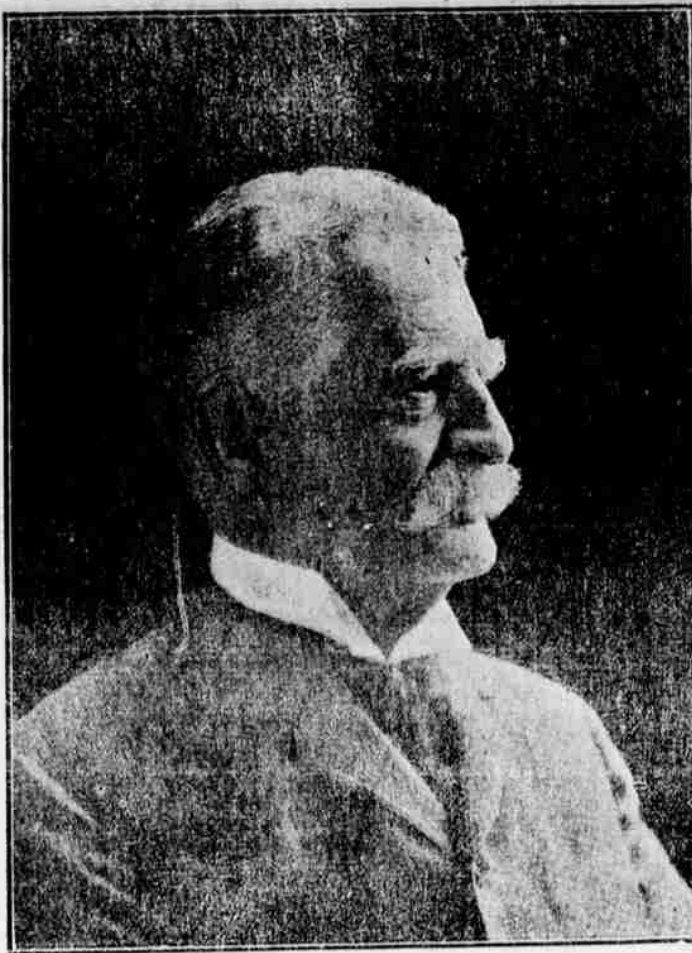
Cheese Squares—Cover the top of salted crackers with finely grated tomato ketchup in the centre of each cracker, dusting the whole with salt and a dash of paprika. Bake in a quick oven until the cheese is melted and the crackers crisp. Serve hot.

Hermit's Kisses—Beat together four ounces of butter, four ounces of powdered sugar, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of milk and ten drops of vanilla essence. Gradually sift in ten ounces of flour in which a teaspoonful of baking powder has been mixed. Work together, then dip out the dough by teaspoonfuls and drop on a buttered tin. Sprinkle with sugar and bake for ten minutes.

Citron Cakes—Six eggs, one-half pound of butter, one-half pound of sugar creamed with the butter, three-quarters pound of flour, a little flavoring extract, one-quarter pound citron sliced fine, nutmeg to taste. Beat the creamed butter and sugar up with the yolks, add the extract and whisk hard for five minutes; then the flour, whites of the eggs and citron, shredded fine and dredged with flour. Bake in small forms very quickly.

Cheese Wafers—Mix half a cupful of stale breadcrumbs which are not too dry with two tablespoonfuls of flour, and in a well made in the centre of this mixture put the yolk of one egg and six tablespoonfuls of soft grated cheese. With a silver fork work the egg and cheese together and sprinkle over them half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne or paprika. Mix the crumbs in gradually, adding a tablespoonful of ice water if necessary. Roll out very thin and cut into diamonds five inches long, drying them on brown paper in a moderate oven.

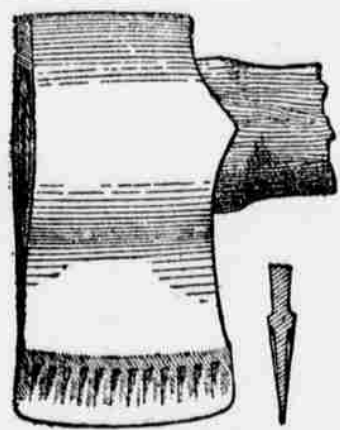
IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



HENRY H. ROGERS.
(Standard Oil and Copper Multi-millionaire.)

AN IMPROVEMENT IN THE AX.

Besides being the instrument on which is based one of the most important industries of the country, the woodchopper's ax now takes its place among the physical culture accessories of the gentleman's home. The visitor at the suburban house may occasionally see a shiny, nickle plated ax, with a hand painted and highly polished handle, reposing behind the vestibule.



IMPROVEMENT IN THE AX.

and inquiry reveals the fact that the head of the house is given to chopping down a tree every morning before breakfast. If, perchance, he is nominated for road supervisor, or some similarly important office, he has his photograph taken in the act of wielding the ax, and it is published in the local paper for the edification of his constituents.

Until the ax achieved the dignity of posing in the front hall little change was made in its shape. The implement hurled at the sturdy tree trunks by the brawny arms of the Plymouth Rock pioneers is in every respect the same as has done service through the succeeding generations until recently, when a slight improvement was made.

A Pennsylvania lad recently devised a new type of ax-head adapted to reduce friction between the ax and the wood by reducing the bearing surface of the ax to a minimum. A series of grooves or recesses are cut in the face of the ax, close to the cutting edge, and back of the grooves the face is hollowed out as indicated in the accompanying illustration. This innovation is claimed to permit a much deeper cut, with no more exertion on the part of the chopper.—Philadelphia Record.

Shake!

What the French call "le shake hands" has its importance in psychology. A student has given the fruit of his inquiries into this branch of science to a Paris journal. When a stranger does not grasp the hand you offer him, you are entitled to doubt his honesty. If he favors you with a couple of fingers, you may set him down as haughty. If his hand lies limply in yours, he is timid. If he gives you the "American squeeze," he is audacious. If his hand slips away he is indolent; but if he is good, loyal, sincere, well-balanced mentally and physically, he lets you have a grip, ample, firm, moderate and yet genial. These simple instructions should be very helpful in the making of new acquaintances, and the choice of friends.—London Chronicle.

ADMIRAL ROJESTVENSKY.



Vice Admiral Rojestvensky, commander of the Russian Baltic fleet, destroyed by Togo, won the St. George's Cross for bravery in the Turkish war, when with a small gunboat he had the hardihood to attack a Turkish battle ship and then get safely away. In appearance he is said to resemble the late Admiral Sampson, of the American Navy.

Who Could Blame Them?

A Paris newspaper relates an amazing story, which most people will probably regard rather as an example of the bon trovato than of an exact fact. According to the story, an automobile proceeding from Mantes to Rosny met a herd of fifty horses being led to a neighboring fair, and stopped so as not to cause a stampede. But the horses seem to have instinctively recognized the rival of their species, and without more ado set on the machine in a body, kicking it to pieces. The chauffeur

was with difficulty got out of the maelstrom uninjured.—London Globe.

Hard to Get At.

An English barrister, arguing before the Criminal Court, says Answers, remarked with much solemnity to the presiding Justice: "My lord, there is honor among thieves." "The Justice looked at him severely. 'There is gold in sea water,' he replied. 'But it cannot be extracted in profitable quantities. Go on, sir.'"



Just Plain Cat.

Our neighbor's cat is Persian, the Jones's is Matinee, and the Smiths' is a New York. Big Angora has feathers to her knees. (At least they look like feathers, and a tail so big and white.) When that kitty meets a puppy-dog, I tell you, it's a sight! But when I ask, "What breed is mine—my pussy sleek and fat?" They laugh, and pull my curls, and say, "I fear—just cat."

It's true her eyes aren't yellow, her tail is rather small. I don't know if she ever had a ped-gree at all. (That big word means her mother, her grandmothers, too, they say.) That they all took prizes at a show, were marked a special way. What do I care for markings, for prizes and all that? My Kitty's just as precious if she is just cat!

She was the dearest kitten, all scamper and all fur! Not one of all my other pets could make me laugh like her. She may be very common, but I know she's good and true. For she meets me when I come from school with loving little mew; And when she's round me never see a friendly mouse or rat. And I believe I love her better 'cause she's just plain cat! —Jeanette Hamilton Ewing, in Youth's Companion.

Prince and Kit.

When Prince was told by his mistress that he was to have a little sister he did not like it and turned up his nose more than a good little pug dog should. "I never did like cats," he said to himself, and ran off to bark at a big black one on the fence. Then he slowly came back and sniffed at the soft little ball of maltese fur that lay on the doorstep.

Prince was like many little boys and girls. He had been spoiled. When his first master brought him to his present home he was so thin that you could see his ribs through his skin, and there was an ugly bare spot where a woman had thrown hot water on him and it had taken his hair off. His paws were sore, and no wonder, for he had walked and trotted beside his master's wagon two thousand miles, as far as half way across the great Atlantic ocean. For whole days he had to live at times on a few scraps of bread, and had to lap up water from some ditch by the roadside. Many a day as he trotted along the dusty road his tongue was so dry that it hung out of his mouth.

But his new mistress liked dogs, and Prince had nice bits of beef to eat and milk to drink and bread with butter and sugar on it, for his dessert. He had a little red blanket to sleep on, and lay on this in his mistress's bedroom on cold nights when other dogs had to shiver on piles of straw in sheds or out of doors. Soon he grew smooth and fat. The hair came over the ugly patch on his skin and he looked like the high-born pug that he was.

Prince was a good dog. He only ran away once or twice, and when his mistress told him how wrong it was, he put his paws on her lap and asked her pardon. Then she told him about the wicked men who cause the dogs to run away, and put them in a wire cage in a big wagon and took them to a place where they were all drowned. After that Prince might go to the front door and look out, but he would not go into the streets alone.

When Kit came to be his little sister, Prince thought that she would eat his nice things, and that made him sniff at her and then run off with his bones and bury them. After a little while he saw that Marie, the maid, gave him just as much as ever for his dinner and that he had as many goodies as before Kit came. Then he let her lie down on the edge of his blanket and did not growl when she crawled up to where he was eating. He felt he had been selfish, so when Marie asked them both to come and eat one day, Prince let Kit stay beside him, and even invited her to jump up on her hind legs and brace against him, so that she would have as good a chance as he at the goodies in Marie's hand.

Another time he very politely waited and gave Kit the first chance while he stood off and watched her jump for the tibias.

Good dogs, like good boys and girls, always get their reward. Did you ever let a cat lick you with her tongue? It is rough and feels like a brush. Well, dogs like to be brushed and rubbed. Kit must have known this, for when evening came and the two stopped playing, she would lie down beside him, and lick his face and back and paws just as an old cat washes her kittens.

Prince was part bulldog and was fond of holding on. He would set his teeth in a piece of wood and you could drag him all around before he would let go. But it was all in play. He never bit anybody, no matter how much he was teased. Prince and Kit are both growing old now, and do not play as much as they did, but they are as happy together as if they were real brother and sister, and show how nicely a well-bred dog and cat can get on with each other.—New York Tribune.

Geography Day With Mother.

Polly and Carrie were very happy. Mother had decided that they were to have lessons at home during the winter. They liked mother's lesson plays, To-day was geography day.

Mother had the pretty globe that mother let her buy with her birthday dollar, and Carrie had the lovely book, "Great Cities of the World," that Uncle Will had given her. Mother was allowing them to use her folding sewing table, and this always pleased the little girls.

On mother's table was a pile of prettily mounted magazine pictures. Polly and Carrie had never seen any of

this set before, so they were full eagerness.

"What is the first city described in your book, Carrie?" asked mother.

"London," replied Carrie.

"Yes, because it's the very largest city in the world. Polly, can you find it on the globe?"

"I don't think I can," said Polly.

"Well, dear, you can find Boston and New York. Put the crochet needle point on New York,—Carrie may look too,—then go across the Atlantic ocean to the British Isles. You will find London, now, if you look carefully."

"Oh, I see it, I see it!" exclaimed Carrie.

"Now we will visit London for a little time. What buildings are shown in your book, Carrie? You may both look at them."

There were fine pictures of the great Tower of London, Westminster Abbey and the interior of St. Paul's Cathedral.

"Of course," said mother, "as we are to travel about a good deal to-day, we cannot stay long in one city. We will take a picture-trip about. Then we will come back to stay longer, at another lesson, we will see how much we can recall. Here is a picture of Windsor Castle, where the King of England lives, and here is a different one of the Tower. You have the picture of the 'Princes in the Tower,' and can tell the story, I think."

"Oh, yes," said Polly. And Carrie said she thought she could.

"I will ask you to tell it by and by. Here is a picture of the 'Poets' Corner' in Westminster Abbey."

Then mother talked about the great poets, Milton, Shakespeare and others whose tombs in this great church are visited by so many travellers. They were pictures of all these great men and their homes, so it was easier to remember.

After a story of the London fog and the great London Bridges, mother said they must travel on.

"The next city is Paris," reported Carrie, turning the leaf of her book.

"Aunt Lucy has been there, and told us ever so many things about it, and there's a whole book of views—the Eiffel Tower, the Notre Dame, the cathedral in the lovely Bois de Boulogne and a good many more," volunteered Polly, eagerly.

"You seem to know so much about Paris," laughed mother, "that I think we'll have a Paris day to-morrow. Bring all you can find about it to the lesson."

"There'll be that French book of Bible stories with pictures," said Polly. "You can read the stories, and Aunt Lucy said the little French girl read them just as easily as we read our English ones."

"You will be able to read them some day, I hope, just as they are. No can you go to Paris for London?"

With a little help the children could make the short trip on the globe. A New York came next in Carrie's book, but as the children's aunt lives in New York, and they had visited so many places in and around that mother said they would go to the next city, which Carrie found was very populous Chinese city of Canton. They found there was a long list to take before they could reach the city.

"What a big, big place this Canton is!" exclaimed Polly. "I 'journeys,' mother. I shall when we go to some cold country north, where there is skating and sledding. I like to see the snow."

That made Carrie laugh. "The warm countries best," she said.

"This Canton is such a wonderful place that people live on boats in thousands of people."

"Oh, mother, do they really live on boats?"

"Yes. Here is a picture of a boat on the water. See! That is a rigger, and here is a river doctor, and his rounds. Boats carrying medicines and all kinds of things to the people with their wares."

The little girls thought it to be fun.

"At evening, when the lights and incense sticks are lighted," said Carrie.

"Joss sticks, mother?" asked Carrie.

"Yes. When the lights are burning the scene is like fairy-land. The people throw burning gilt paper into the river and set off firecrackers to frighten away the evil spirits they have not yet learned are never to be feared. You know, do you not, that the Chinese are a great nation for making fireworks?"

"Yes, mother. The little 'logs' of punk that come with the odd hand-stoves have Chinese writings on the wrappers. And Mr. Goon Dong, who spends his summers with his family at the lake, has a very big fireworks store in Boston."

"That is true. I'm glad you remember. Now we mustn't get too tired, so I think we'll close this lesson."

"Oh, please, mother, let's go to just one more city!" pleaded Carrie.

"If we do, I shall not have time for the game," said mother, quietly.

"Oh, we must have that!" decided the children.

So mother passed them some little cards with numbers on them, and they found the pictures that had numbers to correspond. Then they told all they could remember of what they had learned about their pictures, and for every good story a gilt star was pasted on their lesson-card. Sometimes an extra good story won two stars.—Annie Stevens Perkins in Youth's Companion.

Milk for Rattlesnake Bites.

James McBride, a well known stockman of Barre, Va, was bitten by a rattlesnake the other day and only his presence of mind saved his life. He drank a 20-pound pail of milk and then came to Trinidad for medical treatment. The doctors say the milk saved him.—Trinidad Correspondence of Denver Republican.