

FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

Thin Dresses Made Warm.

The adoption this season of the chambray saque to go under the evening wrap will make it possible to wear tulle, chiffon and organdie dresses in the depth of winter. The loose-fitting leather garment keeps out wind and cold to an amazing extent. Its weight is not great.

Advice to Girls.

When a girl talks to a man on the street, and he leans up against a wall while he talks, that is the kind of a man to shake, and shake promptly. If a man hasn't the energy to stand up without a wall to lean against, he hasn't enough energy to make him worthy of any girl's chase.—Aitchison Globe.

Lace Gloves Queen's Fad.

Real lace gloves, which will cost from 50 cents to \$1 a pair are necessary to the society woman's wardrobe this season. Queen Alexandra of England is responsible for the fashion. She tired of the trouble in taking off the long kid glove, and disliked to peel it off at the wrist, tucking the hand portion under the upper part of the glove. The lace glove is taken off easily.

Mrs. W. J. Bryan.

Mrs. W. J. Bryan can swim a mile. She is a splendid walker. She rides a bicycle with ease. She can drive mettlesome horses and bake, cook and sew. She knows how to keep house, and all her home expenses are recorded, so that she knows from day to day and week to week, how matters stand. She is well read, not only in current literature, but in the good things of the past.—The Argonaut.

Death for a Kiss.

The rules and regulations which environ unmarried girls in France are exceptionally strict when compared with those of England or America.

On the other hand, compared with the social laws of Spain, I think those of France are favorable to the jeune fille. I have personal knowledge of a case in which a young Spanish girl shot herself because she had been kissed by a young man and because—in consequence of this small indiscretion—her life had been made unbearable by her relatives.—Paris correspondence the Madame.

Women and Work.

For the year ending June 30, 1905, 301,585 women, nearly one-half of the number of men, came to this country. The great majority of these came here for work. Nineteen out of every one hundred native American women are engaged in gainful occupations, but thirty-two out of every one hundred foreign-born women are so engaged, and the percentage is increasing. In an investigation of several thousand unmarried immigrant women and married immigrant women without children who had arrived within three years, fully 90 percent were found at work or looking for work.

Truth About Economy in Dress.

There is something anterior to the cutting and making of dresses at home (an accepted, but not always a successful, form of economy); a something anterior to the remodeling of last year's gowns, and to the study of the care of clothing, important though all these may be. It has to do with the practical understanding of economy itself. It is a matter of the head rather than of the hand. In its relation to dress economy isn't skimping on material; it isn't making this or that old thing do; nor is it living in bargain-bought shoddies or misfits and made-over things, and so being more or less apologetic for one's appearance and inwardly saddened over it, even while bending in a spirit of resignation under the weight of work which certain economical sewing methods often involve.

Economy in dressing, primarily, is prudence. It is alert, prudent buying and careful planning, both of which presuppose an acquaintance with current dress forms and current prices of dress materials. This acquaintance is an essential to economical dressing, whether the economy to be practised is one of calicoes or of silk. It is necessary that the woman who must be economical inform herself as to what is to be had, how it is to be used after she has purchased it, and even how a given garment is to be put on once it becomes here.—From the Special Fashion Number of Harper's Bazar.

The Spinster of Literature.

Appropos of "The Neurotic Spinster of Literature," Anne O'Hagan, who has been entertaining the readers of Harper's Bazar recently by some delightfully humorous and remarkably sane talks about spinsters, in the last number of the Bazar vigorously defends her sisters from the imagination of some story writers. She says:

"Maida, who has in her own family, constantly ready for the purposes of investigation, a spinster who works some six or eight hours a day at a calling which demands a measure of sanity; a spinster who eats her three meals a day with excellent appetite and frequently supplements them by a fourth; a spinster who (devoutly thanking Heaven for the great gift) rejoices in the crowds on the streets, the trees in the woods, the stretches of the shore, in men and women, in

books and weather, in fine raiment when she can compass it, in bridge and shows and music and friendship, and all the rich, deep, joyous experiences of daily life—my sister Maida, who has such a spinster, I say, under close observation and a score more such under slightly more remote observation, will read these maudlin tales of neurotic old maids, and will think that she has discovered the true unexpressed attitude of mind of the whole class.

"Victims of thwarted instincts! There are those in all classes; assuredly among unmarried women. But they exist wherever mature women sit down to brood upon the difference between what they yearn for and what the fates have vouchsafed them. What of the thwarted instincts of a childless wife, of a neglected or abandoned wife? Or even of a successfully married woman who happens to have, in addition to her traits as woman, the instinct for artistic creation, for scientific investigation, for business but who is by circumstances or by some social convention forced to deny these their outlet? If, in real life, we all went about making tragedies of all our thwarted instincts, this world would soon resemble the stage at the close of 'Hamlet.' And if in the casual literature of amusement we are going to celebrate thwarted instincts, in pity's name do not let us make the busy, respectable spinster class bear the whole burden of the exposition! Nearly two thousand years of civilization and convention have really trained her to bear her lot with decorum, and even with forgetfulness of its drawbacks!"

The Progress of Woman.

"From a strictly economic, non-sentimental standpoint, doing one's own work is the most wasteful possible form—next to having man and woman do it separately," writes Charlotte Perkins Gilman in the Woman's Home Companion. "This sounds like nonsense, no doubt, to the conscientious housekeeper, who knows that she cannot afford a servant, much less an expert."

"But instead of looking at the question from a strictly personal standpoint, let her look at it for a moment collectively. Wealth is made by human labor applied to materials. The more expert the labor, the more wealth it produces. The better organized and specialized the labor, the more wealth it produces. Society grows in wealth, ease, leisure, power and intelligence, as it develops from self industry to world industry. Very well. In fifty families we have fifty men and fifty women—a hundred units of wealth-producing labor. Now suppose—just for a contrast—that these fifty women all work at some trade earning a dollar and a half a day—nine dollars a week, and that all the men were only housekeepers to the women—cooking, sweeping, washing, caring for the children, for no wages. The family income would be nine dollars a week—and both parties working all the time. We can see at a glance what a loss of wealth is involved.

"Those men, we cry, would earn more than one dollar and fifty cents a day if they were free to specialize, to develop their various talents, to combine, organize, serve one another and their families at the same time. Let the men earn the money and the women do the housework."

"So we usually have the reverse of the picture; the men earning from one dollar and fifty cents to four or five dollars or more a day, a much-increased average income, and improved service—the men's service, that is."

"Now, these fifty women represent potential wealth as well as the men. While each of them works all day in the house for no wages, sharing the income of her husband, is it not possible that she might be working at some special labor she preferred? We continually forget that all women do not like home work nor all kinds of housework equally, and that each family is obliged to put up with inferior service in some particular."

"Some women have a special genius for general management; such might manage in the house-keeping business, in this utopian future we are looking at, and be well paid for it. Some like to cook and can cook well. These could learn the beautiful art to its fullest, and cook for appreciative numbers. Some like to clean, and could learn the laundry business—learn it all—and provide for each group of patrons beautiful laundry work of keep the house antiseptically clean. Some have especial talent with babies and children, and could undoubtedly develop that talent, to the probable advantage of our sometimes misshapen infancy."

"By such division each woman, specializing, would improve the quality of her labor and add to its market value; she would serve more people, serve them better, and be paid more."

"But here we are pulled up short against a blank wall. Habits as old as history are not to be over-riden in a day. Prejudices far older than history cannot be blown aside like feathers. We object to such a change as this. We do not want it. We sternly disapprove of it. I honestly believe, however, that social progress along this line cannot be permanently stopped. We can hang back and dig our heels in like a sulky child, but Mother Nature drags us on relentlessly."



An Overworked Elocutionist.

Once there was a little boy, whose name was Robert Hayes. And every Friday afternoon he had to speak a piece. So many poems thus he learned, that soon he had a store of recitations in his head, and still kept learning more.

And now this is what happened: He was called upon, one week, and totally forgot the piece he was about to speak! His brain he cudged, and his words remained within his head! And so he spoke at random, and this is what he said:

"My Beautiful, my Beautiful, who standest proudly by— It was the schooner Hesperus—the breaking waves dashed high! Why is the Forum crowded? What means this stir in Rome? Under a spreading chestnut tree there is no place like home!"

When Freedom from her mountain height cried, Twinkle, little star, Shoot if you must this little gray head, King Henry of Navarre! Roll on, thou deep and dark blue castled Craig of Drachenfels, My name is Norval, on the Grampian Hills, ring out, wild bells!

If you're wakin', call me early, to be or not to be. The curfew must not ring to-night! Oh, woodman, spare that tree! Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on! And let who will be clever! The boy stood on the burning deck, but I go on forever!"

His elocution was superb, his voice and gestures fine; he finished as he finished the last line. "I see it doesn't matter," Robert thought, "what words I say. So long as I declaim with oratorical display!"

—Carolyn Wells, in St. Nicholas.

A Japanese Candy Shop.

Shops in Japan are all so tiny and look so much alike that it is difficult to tell at a glance just what kind of a shop each one is. But all Japanese boys and girls know the confectioners' sign—the spiked ball—and just where to go whenever they wish sweets of any sort. The sign on this picture is on top of the pole. Underneath it hangs a banner bearing the name of the shopkeeper in Japanese characters.—Grace S. Zorbaugh in St. Nicholas.

Good Dog.

A faithful dog, belonging to Winfred Phillips of Indianapolis, has won the admiration of all who know him throughout his penchant for sitting by the bedside of sick friends. The creature is sixteen years old, and is stone deaf. During the long illness which resulted in the death of Mr. Phillips' mother, this friendly dog sat, by the hour, at the bedside of the patient and showed his sympathy by occasionally licking her hand. The friends of this animal call him "Doctor" Sport, on account of his visiting homes invaded by sickness.

Dot's Birthday Cake.

Once there was a little girl called Dot. And she was just five years old. And she had a fine birthday cake. It was big and round, and it had five beautiful little pink candles set in pink rosettes on top.

Dot sat at the big table at dinner that day, and by and by they put a pretty pink paper cap on her head and then brought in the birthday cake. And the little candles were all burning bright. And when she saw it she said, "Oh, Oh! how lovely! It is just too pretty to cut!"

But her mama said, "I will cut it for you, dear." So she cut one piece for Dot, and then she asked Dot, "Will Marie have a piece?" Marie was Dot's big doll. And Dot looked at her and said, "Marie says, 'No, thank you.'" And mama said, "Will Fuzzy have a piece?" Fuzzy was Dot's Teddy Bear. And Dot looked at him and said, "No, thank you." And mama said, "Will papa have a piece?" And Dot said, "Oh, yes. Won't you, papa?" And papa said, "Yes, please." And Dot said, "Mama, you will. You must have a piece of my birthday cake." And mama said, "Yes, thank you."

And mama cut the cake and gave Dot a piece and papa a piece and herself a piece. But she left the parts of the cake where the candles were burning—one, two, three, four, five. And Dot's birthday cake lasted, one, two, three, four, five whole days before it was all gone.—From the St. Nicholas.

A Tumbling Brownie.

Here is an amusement for the children. Little folks, try it.

It will require one large marble, not less than one and three-fourths inches in diameter, one gentleman's celluloid cuff and a few inches of thin felt in two colors. Cut the buttonholes from the cuff, roll it up into a tube just together. Cut a circular piece of felt easily through it and sew it firmly together. Cut a circular piece of felt one-half inch larger than the tube and sew over the end of the cuff, holding it loosely, so it bags a little.

Cut out a vest and coat of contrasting colors, draw on the upper edge of the cuff, about one and one-half inches from the top, eye, nose and mouth of a brownie, such as are found in any of the papers. This can be done with a pen and ink or in oil paints. Now fasten the vest in the back of the neck, pull the vest down in front to cover the seam where the circular piece of felt was sewn on, and arrange the coat, fastening in front with large knots to imitate buttons.

Cut arms and legs of felt. Sew the legs to the body under the swallow-tailed coat and attach the arms to the top of the coat. Cut a circle of felt, snip out a small triangle from one side, sew it up to make a peaked cap

and finish with a tassel; drop the marble into the body, sew on the cap and the brownie is finished.

Take a smooth board ten inches wide and eight feet long, elevate one end on a chair, place the brownie on this end and see him go spinning heels over head to the bottom, where he ends with a few comical jerks and twitches.—Ladies' World.

Harvest All the Year.

The following, from Coleman's Rural World, gives a very good idea of the continuous round of the seasons, how it is always spring and always summer in some part of the world.

There is no month in the year in which the song of the reaper is not heard in some land on the globe. In January is the wheat harvest of Australia, New Zealand, Chile and the Argentine Republic; in February and March, upper Egypt and India; in April, lower Egypt, India, Syria, Cyprus, Persia, Asia Minor, Mexico and Cuba; in May, Texas, Algeria, central Asia, California, Oregon, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal and south of France; in July, New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, southern Minnesota, Nebraska, upper Canada, Roumania, Bulgaria, Austria-Hungary, south of Russia, Germany, Switzerland and south of England; in August, central and northern Minnesota, the Dakotas, Manitoba, lower Canada, Columbia, Belgium, Netherlands, Great Britain, Denmark, Poland and central Russia; in September and October, Scotland, Sweden, Norway and north of Russia; in November, Peru and South Africa, and in December, Burma and New South Wales.

The Bumble Bee.

The following bit of natural history written by Col. Isaac W. Brown, the famous "Bird and Bee man," appeared in a recent number of the Bible Record.

I have been very much interested this summer in noting that at all the Chautauque schools great interest in nature study has been manifest. Many lecturers have given the stung insects much credit for the work they do in making life better and easier for the human race. The lecturers easily proved that the bumble bee was that friend, but did not have time to speak of the home life of that bee.

I write this little story, therefore, with the thought that many people beginning to realize that creature's vast importance in the economy of nature (the thoughts of God) will desire to have his presence and aid. Many a colony of bumble bees has been burned in its homes by people who had no idea they were destroying their friends. There are not one-tenth as many bumble bees in the agricultural districts as there were in my boyhood days. More is the pity, for twenty-five years from now colonies of bumble bees will be valued at from twenty-five to fifty dollars each in agricultural and horticultural districts.

The female bumble lives from two to five years and has her stinger to protect her in fighting life's battles. The male has no stinger because he has no battles to fight. He is born in June, lives in luxurious life amongst the flowers until frost time. He is then married, and always goes from his wedding trip to his grave. His widow goes into a dormant condition, usually one or two inches below the following spring. The usual number of female bees so hibernating in a home is about ten to seventeen. Her hope is that she may have sufficient strength in the spring to reach the little cups of stored honey above her head, and feasting thereon for two or three days, go out into the world and make a new home for herself and her children to be.

The time will come when those homes will be provided during the winter time and placed in proper positions for the widow's use.

We are now using old felt hats torn into shreds, and other soft material, for filling bumble bee boxes. We use that kind of material for the reason that the bumble bee first makes but one cell and likes to make that surrounded by very soft material, so that as she makes the other cells she may easily make room in her nest. The boxes are made eight inches high and one foot square, out of old well-worn lumber. The entrance holes are made one-fourth of an inch in diameter, large enough for the bees, but too small for other animals. The boxes are just put carelessly along the fences of clover fields and orchards.

Puzzle for Children.

A man has two hobbies. On one he spends \$22,000 annually and the other costs him \$600 each year. One is air cooled and the other is naturally cool. He takes one out nights and the other goes out alone. One has but one sparker and the other has several. He cranks one and the other is self-cranked. Both are inconsistent and exceedingly unreliable. Which of the two hobbies is the man's wife and which is his automobile—Puck.

Germany produces more money than any other European country, furnishing 20,000 tons annually.



New York City.—The simple plain shirt waist has its own acknowledged place, and is never to be superseded, no matter how many fancy ones we may possess. This one is admirably



well suited to washable materials, to silk and to flannel and can be made with the full length or the three-quarter sleeves. In the illustration white madras is the material shown,

Sleeves and Gown Differ.

What may be, with skillful treatment, a pretty fashion—that of making the sleeves of an evening gown different in color and fabric from the rest of the dress—has been revived. In the case of a recently made evening toilet, black gauze sleeves were allied to a white gown, with an outline of black upon the décolletage to connect the sleeves, as it were.

Blouse With Bretelles.

No prettier variation of the ever useful blouse has yet appeared than this one. It gives the broad shoulder effect, it is so constructed as to conceal the armhole seams, and is altogether graceful and attractive, while it is adapted to a whole host of materials. In the illustration plaid taffeta is trimmed with frills of ribbon, but the waisting flannels are very beautiful this season, and suit the model admirably well, while it is also adapted to madras and linen. It can be made with or without the frills and with pretty three-quarter sleeves or those that extend to the wrists, as may be liked, so that it provides a generous variety.

The waist is made with fronts and back and with the bretelles that are attached beneath the outermost tucks. There is a regulation box pleat at the front and the neck can be finished with a band and worn with a separate collar or with a stock as liked.



but pongee is well liked and among washable materials is to be found a generous variety. Madras alone is offered in a great many lovely designs, and lineas are both desirable to wear and so durable that they are to be commended from the economical point of view as well as that of fashion.

The waist is made with fronts and back. The fronts are simply pleated at the neck edge and are finished with the regulation box pleat. The long sleeves are in shirt waist style, finished with straight cuffs that are buttoned over into place, but the elbow sleeves are finished with wide bands. A neck band finishes the neck and any collar preferred can be worn over it.

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

Butterflies in Hats.

Real butterflies—dead, of course—as hat decorations are the latest novelty introduced by a well known London firm. The large "electric blue" butterflies from South America, costing seven shillings sixpence each, look charming in a hat of blue flowers or plumes, and meadow brown butterflies, which are practically valueless, look very pretty in a hat of brown straw. These butterflies retain their color for years, and if properly treated will not decay.

Skirts Must Cling.

Skirts will be clinging, that is to say, the skirts worn for visiting, receptions and other ceremonies, not the walking skirt, which continues to be full round the hem.

Velvets For Visiting.

Fancy velvets will evidently be much to the fore for handsome visiting gowns. Some of the velvets produce a watered effect, others are faintly striped.

The sleeves are moderately full and can be either gathered into bands for the three-quarter length or into deep cuffs for the full length.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and seven-eighths yards twenty-one, four and one-quarter yards twenty-seven or



two and one-quarter yards forty-four inches wide, with ten yards of ribbon for the frills to trim as illustrated.

Colors in Rough Materials.

The rough materials show mixtures of brown with black and green, and frequently a thread of purple.

Interlaced Letters.

Interlaced letters for marking a bride's belongings are more desirable than monograms.

Elastic Belt Novelty.

The elastic belt, imitating pompadour ribbon, is a novelty.