

### FARMS FOR WORKING WOMEN.

A group of enterprising Chicago seamstresses, calling themselves "the Idalis Guild," have bought a fruit farm of one hundred acres in that State. There they will make a common home and win their livelihood from the soil and the weather. This is not an isolated sign of the turn of the tide from the city back to the farm. It has found almost duplication in New York, where a number of working women, for the sake of summer vacations, began by leasing a farm in New England on shares, and found their experiment so successful and profitable, in both health and money, that they finally bought the property and went there to live. Of course, there was a mortgage involved, but the profits were enough both for their livelihood and for interest and a sinking fund.

There is more in these recorded undertakings than the mere desire for a change. It indicates that the former ambition of women and girls to earn what seemed to them high wages in factories or in shops has been diverted in a more wholesome and natural direction. The history of industrial conditions in such manufacturing centers as Lowell affords an illustration. There the daughters of New England farmers were the first operatives, making their homes in boarding houses that were under more or less austere supervision. But immigration and the tremendous development of the cotton industry have made that experience a tradition. There may be something in this movement toward rural life of interest to women's trade unions. Such organizations might find it worth while to look into the possibilities of feminine co-operative farming, not as a substitute for wage-earning in cities, but as a desirable outlet for those workers who are fond of life in the country.—Washington Herald.

### HISTORY IN WOMAN'S GARB.

Never before probably were so many varieties of feminine historical costumes seen as were represented in the History Pageant recently in Bath, England. The founding of that famous watering place antedates the Roman invasion of ancient Britain, and every fashion in woman's dress used by the people of Bath since the days of the Picts and Scots, and of the wall separating southern Britain from the savage tribes of the north, was shown by participants in the pageant. There were the flowing, fur-lined heavy robes of the Saxons the light, graceful draperies brought in by the Roman invaders; the flowered and embroidered gowns of Norman women, who were up to date in all the mode, coming as they did from France; the rude dresses of wild beasts' skins in which were clad the helpmeets of the Danes and Vikings who swept through the country long before the Normans came, and every style of frock which garbed Englishwomen from the time of King Arthur and the Round Table to the present reign of King Edward. Each of more than 200 women wore a different costume illustrative of a distinct period in British history.—New York Press.

### RECIPROCITY.

Reciprocity counts for much in friendships, but there are in every one's circles friends so thoughtful and overwhelmingly kind that one can never "get square" with them. Under these circumstances the recipient of the most favors can only lie in wait for an opportunity to render service. Kindness extended to guests of a household, relieving the hostess from thoughts of pleasure-planning or ordering elaborate dinners for every night, is one resort open to country friends, and when an entire neighborhood is bound in a kindred spirit, that guest has a truly thrilling visit. Motors, launches, horses at command and the spare hours of daytime claimed by friends of the family mean that the few days' stay will ever stand out as "red letter" days of a lifetime. This and much more happens daily in every well ordered colony in summer time, and goes to show that the old world is not so selfish after all.—New York Tribune.

### MANUAL TRAINING NEEDED.

At the recent meeting of the National Educational Association in Denver Mrs. Ellen H. Richards of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology declared that girls needed manual training as much as boys. "For the well-being of her family she should be taught the machinery of her home and how to care for it as well as the boy who is trained to be an engineer or for some industrial enterprise knows his plant," declared Mrs. Richards. "The family, the house, its furnishings, its management, its daily care, its needs in mechanical appliances, its ethical standards and the share of the income needed to carry it on under twentieth century conditions should be taught every girl. She must be taught that a home cannot be maintained without labor. She must be made to feel the sense of power over things and conditions in her realm."—New York Sun.

### WOMEN IN POSTAL SERVICE.

The distinction of first appointing a woman postmaster does not belong

to America, nor is the employment of women in the postal service a new idea. As early as 1548 a woman postmaster was appointed to look after the mails of Braine le Comte, an important town of France. In the trying times of the Thirty Years' War the principal office in the postal service of Europe was held by a woman, Alexandrine de Rue. From 1628 to 1646 she was in charge of the mails of the German Empire, the Netherlands, Burgundy and Lorraine. She was known as a master general of the mails. In America, Elizabeth Harvey was the first to hold a place in the postal department. She had charge of the letters in Portsmouth, N. H., in the beginning of the seventeenth century. A half century afterward Lydia Hill was placed in charge of the post office in Salem, Mass.—New York Press.

### TALENTED WOMEN IN WASHINGTON.

Some of the prominent young women in Washington do not devote all their time to the whirl of society. Many are talented in various lines and have ambition to do something useful in the world. Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, daughter of former President Roosevelt, has acquired a reputation as a hat designer. She has fashioned many hats that her friends know of and admire. Mrs. James Cecil Hoop, daughter of former Representative Dingley of Maine, is an expert accountant. Mrs. Herbert Parsons is a close student of sociological subjects. Her book, "The Family," attracted much attention. Miss Eleanor Terry, daughter of Admiral Terry, has received much praise for her voice and has refused several offers to sign contracts for the operatic stage. Other young women prominent in Washington have proved themselves clever designers of gloves, hats and other articles of feminine attire.—New York Press.

### EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE'S BIRTH.

Apropos of ex-Empress Eugenie's projected visit to Ireland a London paper remarks that she is thus visiting the home of her ancestors, she "being a descendant of an Irish gentleman."

There is reason to believe that her Majesty has Irish blood in her veins, but on the female side she is of Scottish, not Irish, descent, her grandfather having been a member of the ancient and distinguished family of Kirkpatrick of Closeburn. Henri de Grivegne of Liege, by his wife, Antonia Gallegos, had two daughters, of whom the elder married the Comte de Lesseps and became the mother of Ferdinand de Lesseps of Suez Canal fame, while the younger married Mr. Kirkpatrick, who was then United States Consul at Malaga. The daughter of Mr. Kirkpatrick, Donna Maria Manuela, married Don Cipriano de Guzman y Portocarrero, Conde de Montijo, and Duque de Penavanda, and was the mother of the ex-Empress Eugenie. The Portocarrero family is now represented by the Duke of Berwick and of Alba, whose grandfather married Donna Maria Francisca de Sales, the elder sister of the Empress, who died in 1860, and the titles of Montijo and Penavanda are borne by the Duke's younger brother.

### AN OLD-FASHIONED ACTRESS.

Charlotte Crabtree, otherwise "Lotta" (ask your father if he ever saw her on the stage) has just won litigation which will bring her property valued at \$100,000. She is worth, it is said, about \$1,000,000, made by investing her stage earnings in real estate in large cities. She was never counted a beauty, she did not encourage the "Johnnies," did not figure in the divorce court in any capacity and she quit playing before the public got tired of her. No benefit performances had to be given for her after her retirement. She was altogether respectable and she paid her own bills. Quite an old style actress.—Chicago Tribune.

### AMERICAN WOMEN CHEATED.

The Marquise de Castellane, mother of Boni the discarded husband of the former Anna Gould, says that American women are imposed upon by French shopkeepers. She says that they are made the prey of "sharks" when they go shopping in Paris, and that it is only rarely prices are not marked up against them. The Marquise says it actually is discouraging the way American women remain blind to the sharp practices of the Parisian shopkeepers. Maybe there will be a change when American women realize that the original and most artistic ideas in dress are expressed in New York. As returning travelers testify, many of the current fashions of Paris originated here and were worn a year ago.—New York Press.

### GOLD COVERS FOR EARRINGS.

An invention which will be welcome to many women is a hollow gold ball to snap over a diamond or pearl earring. They are designed, of course, for traveling, but they will be of use at other times as well. The tiny globes are ornamental and are easily detached. They are made to fit gems of various sizes.

New York City.—Such a waist as this one serves an indefinite number of uses. It is equally well adapted to the entire gown and to wear with the odd skirt; it can be made from linen, madras and materials of the sort, or it can be made from the pongee that promises to be such a favorite for the

### Tinted Laces.

Have you marked the trend toward tinted laces for the lingerie waists of pure white materials? Those who have always clung to these laces because of their becoming softness will not be in the lead of the fashion.

### Bishop Sleeves With Caps.

Bishop sleeves make a of the very latest development of fashion and those illustrated with separate caps, are exceedingly smart as well as practical. The lower portion of each is designed for thinner material, while the cap is supposed to match the blouse, and it will be seen at a glance that they are admirably well adapted to remodeling as well as for new material. The sleeves can be made in long, three-quarter or elbow length. In the illustration the full length sleeve is made with a cuff of fancy material, the three-quarter sleeve is made with a cuff which matches the cap, and the elbow sleeve is made with the under portion of dotted Swiss and the over portion embroidered in a simple but effective design. The caps can be embroidered, trimmed with banding or with applique or treated in any way that fancy may suggest.

All the sleeves are designed to be made over a fitted foundation. The full, or bishop portion, is made in one piece and gathered at upper and lower edges and the cap is made in one piece finished separately. The full length sleeve is finished with a shaped cuff, the three-quarter sleeve is finished with a rolled-over cuff joined to its lower edge and the elbow sleeve is finished with a band that is edged with a frill. The cap in each instance



odd blouse of the incoming season, and it is admirably well adapted to cashmere, henrietta cloth and simple silk and to various other materials of a similar sort. It allows effective use of buttons, it has a tailored effect, yet it is simple withal. There are epaulette-like portions which extend



over the shoulders, giving becoming breadth, and the sleeves are simple and effective, yet relieved of all over severity. In the illustration cashmere is trimmed with satin covered buttons in matching color.

The waist consists of the fitted lining, which includes plain sleeves, the fronts, back trimming and sleeve portions of the waist proper. The waist is tucked in groups and is finished with the trimming portions, which are arranged over it and stitched to position. The closing of the lining is made at the centre front of the waist, slightly to the left. The sleeves are made in sections, the centre portions being tucked, while the outer portions overlap them. The collar is a novel one, made in two portions, one overlapping the other, and is closed invisibly at the back.

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

### Bronze Shoes.

The bronze shoe, for street wear, has not gained the great vogue that was predicted for it.

### Sam Went Out to Tea.

He said he liked a lot of jam,  
He didn't mind it sticking!  
He fancied, too, a slice of ham,  
He said he liked a lot of jam,  
He asked for custard, too, did Sam,  
His chubby fingers licking,  
He said he liked a lot of jam,  
He didn't mind it sticking!

He pleaded for a lump of cake,  
With heaps and heaps of icing!  
A party, too, he wished to take,  
He pleaded for a lump of cake,  
His hostess soon began to quake,  
As she continued slicing!  
He pleaded for a lump of cake,  
With heaps and heaps of icing!  
E. C. O., in the Brooklyn Eagle.

### CONUNDRUMS.

What is that which makes every one sick except those who swallow it?—Ans. Flattery.  
What is the greatest surgical operation ever performed?—Ans. Lansing Michigan.  
What kind of wild animals are allowed to go free in the public parks?—Ans. Dandelions—dandy lions.  
When are books and houses alike?—Ans. When they have stories in them.—Washington Star.

### The Village Catcher.

Behind the erstwhile willow tree  
The village catcher squats.  
A cross and hostile man is he  
With fingers tied in knots  
Festooned about two mammoth palms  
As big as corner lots.

His neck is short and thick and red;  
His face is black with tan.  
He tears his muzzel from his head  
And kicks whenever he can  
And shakes his fist at all the world,  
For he fears not any man.

The merchant kings with eager  
grins  
Come flocking by the score  
To see him rake the wide' ones in  
And wave his arms and roar,  
And hear his pungent chaff which  
flies  
Like sparks from the furnace door.

He goes on Sunday to the park  
And sits among the boys  
Upon the bench with visage dark  
And loud, infernal noise.  
And when the umpire dodges rocks  
It makes his heart rejoice.

Broiling, rejoicing, thundering,  
On through the game he goes.  
Each inning sees some reason new  
To rise upon his toes  
And put it o'er the other crew  
By means each player knows.  
Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy  
friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught.

Turn loose your tongue to join the  
strife  
When battles must be fought,  
Hot air will do as much in life  
As muscle, nerve or thought.  
—Omaha World-Herald.

### POLLY-BILLY.

Polly's real name was Billy; but, as Billy was a handsome green parrot, people would call him "Polly." Mrs. Hatch, his mistress, used to call him "Polly-Billy." Mrs. Hatch had rheumatism so that it was hard for her to walk much. She taught Billy a good many words.

When Maggie, the maid, was in the kitchen, she would sometimes fall to hear the door-bell in the front hall when it rang. Then Mrs. Hatch, from the sunny sitting-room, would call out, "There's the bell, Maggie!" And Billy would call after her, "There's the bell, Maggie!" Maggie was careless and often used to drop things. Mrs. Hatch would hear the crash, and, wondering what favorite dish had been broken, would call out, "What's happened now, Maggie?"

This was repeated so many times that Polly-Billy learned to say these words, too. Once, when some boys in the street were playing ball, and the ball came through the sitting-room window with a great crash of glass, Polly-Billy was frightened and shrieked out at once: "What's happened now, Maggie? What's happened now, Maggie?"

When Billy was about five years old, he caught cold, lost his appetite, and became so sick that Mrs. Hatch was very much worried. She wanted him to get well as soon as possible, and so she had him taken to a bird-store in Boston, as the man who kept the store knew a great deal about birds. He promised to take great care of Billy, and to do everything that a good bird-doctor could to help him get well.

Billy hardly knew at first whether he liked the store or not. He was too sick to care much anyway. But in a few days he began to feel very much better. He missed Mrs. Hatch and Maggie. But, when the man put him out in the big front room, where there were half a dozen parrots, green and gray, and cockatoos and paroquets, and little and big canaries and finches and queer little foreign birds, when Polly-Billy found a great deal to interest him. When customers came in the store, they sometimes talked to him; but every one called him "Polly," and no one said "Billy" at all, or even "Polly-Billy."

Taken one night something happened. The lights were all out, the window shades down, and it was very

dark; and almost every bird, big or little, had his head tucked snugly beneath his wing.

Away at the back end of the store there was a place where the bird-seed and cuttle fishbone and empty cages and boxes were kept. And there in one corner was a pile of oily cotton waste. Somehow, nobody ever knew just how, this cotton waste began to smoulder—just a few tiny sparks—then a little creeping flame. Soon the wooden boxes began to get charred and black. Then there were little flames going merrily in some places. The smoke became thicker and blacker.

After a while the smoke began to curl through the doorway into the big front room where the birds were, then more and more smoke, until some of the little Japanese birds woke up and began to choke and cough. And at last the room was so filled with smoke that it was hard for the birds to breathe.

Outside, in the alley at the back of the store, a man going by saw the blaze and smoke through the windows. He pulled in a fire alarm, and soon after the big fire engine came rushing up to the corner, the siren going, clang, clang, clang! The firemen jumped down and broke in the door to the back room.

Polly-Billy was awake by this time, and he was coughing and choking like the other birds. The smoke made his eyes ache, and it was hard work for him to breathe. He stretched his head, and climbed about his cage, and felt very queer and uncomfortable.

In a very few minutes the firemen had the fire in the back room put out. There was still plenty of smoke however, in where the birds were; but their room was dark, and, as the firemen were very sure there was no more fire, they all started to go away.

When they had first broken in the door, Billy had said: "Oh, my! What's that!" as Mrs. Hatch did sometimes; but no one heard him. Just as the firemen started to leave, one of them stumbled over a box, which fell down with a loud noise. This frightened Polly-Billy, and he screamed out: "What's happened now, Maggie? What's happened now, Maggie? What's happened now?" How the firemen jumped! They did not know who was calling, for they had never thought of the birds in the big front room.

Billy kept on crying, "What's happened now, Maggie?" So the firemen looked into the big bird-room. It was dark, but they got a lantern, and then they saw Billy—and all the other parrots and canaries and little birds. Some of them were nearly dead from the smoke. The firemen rushed to open the windows and let in fresh air. They fanned out the smoke.

And all the little birds were saved—saved because Polly-Billy had made the firemen come back to help them!—Ida Kenniston, in Little Folks.

### POISONED BLOOD.

"You smoke thirty cigarettes a day?"

"Yes, on the average."

"You don't blame them for your rundown condition?"

"Not in the least. I blame my hard work."

The physician shook his head. He smiled in a vexed way. Then he took a leech out of a glass jar.

"Let me show you something," he said. "Bare your arm."

The cigarette fiend bared his pale arm, and the other laid the leech, black leech upon it. The leech fell to work busily. Its body began to swell. Then all of a sudden, a kind of shudder convulsed it, and it fell to the floor, dead.

"That is what your blood did to the leech," said the physician. He took up the little corpse between his finger and thumb. "Look at it," he said. "Quite dead, you see. You poisoned it."

"I guess it wasn't a healthy leech," said the cigarette smoker, sullenly. "Wasn't healthy, eh? Well, we'll try again."

And the physician clapped two leeches on the young man's thin arm.

"If they both die," said the patient; "I'll swear off—or at least I'll cut down my daily allowance from thirty cigarettes to ten."

Even as he spoke the smaller leech shivered and dropped on his knee, dead, and a moment later the larger one fell beside it.

"This is ghastly," said the young man; "I am worse than the pestilence to these leeches."

"It is the empyreumatic oil in your blood," said the medical man. "All cigarette fiends have it."

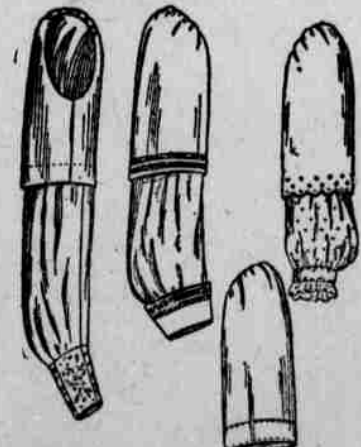
"Doc," said the young man, regarding the three leeches thoughtfully, "I half believe you're right."—Montana True Witness.

### Prepared.

The man at the table in the dining car had long hair, high cheek bones, a turndown collar and a frock coat. The colored waiter observed him carefully.

"Small glass of whiskey, large glass of water," said the man.

Then the waiter shifted his razor to his jacket pocket and the meal quietly proceeded.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



puffs, one yard twenty-one, twenty-four or thirty-two, one-half yard forty-four, with one-fourth yard eight for deep cuffs, four yards of banding to trim the sleeves with rolled-over cuffs.