

Her Special Realm

A Night Robe in Court.
A case tried in the local courts hinged on the fit of a woman's night robe, alleged to have been stolen from Mrs. James Wallace's clothes line, with other apparel, by Mrs. James Gorlon. The garment was produced in court and a demand made by Attorney Robert W. Irvin that Mrs. Wallace prove her claim to the property by showing that it fit her. Mrs. Wallace is tall. At the order of the court she stood up and measured the garment over her form, the fit proving a good one. "It's a little short," remarked Mr. Irvin, "and might give you cold feet." Amanda Hardy, a washerwoman, testified she was positive the night robe belonged to Mrs. Wallace, for she had washed it two years ago, and it then had a button missing as at present.—Washington (Pa.) Letter to the New York World.

Flatiron Turban Again.
The new-shaped toque, known as the "flat-iron"—a name suggested by its close resemblance to this homely domestic implement—is among the latest innovations in the realm of Parisian millinery. It is frequently carried out in a combination of blue and green velvet trimmed with velvet fruit. These hats are, besides, to be had in fur, in which case the trimming usually takes the form of a little cluster of camellias or shaded velvet roses.

Numbers of the new picture models have no other trimming than a scarf of fine gold tissue, heavily fringed at the ends and falling over the brim of the hat almost to the shoulder. This, although not a little startling, is sufficiently becoming to tempt many women to adopt it, the effect, when the whole toilette is carried out in black, being particularly successful.

Woman Scientist Honored.
Mrs. W. E. Ayrtton, who has just been awarded the Hughes Medal by the Royal Society for experimental investigations on the electric arc, and also upon sand ripples, has had a remarkable career. When she left school at the age of 16 she began to earn her living by teaching at Girton College, Cambridge. Here she took honors in mathematics and physics. The first result of the course of study was the invention of the sphygmograph, for recording the beats of the pulse; then she took out a patent for a line divider, an instrument for immediately dividing up a line into any number of equal parts. Subsequently she turned her attention to electricity. In 1884 she married Professor Ayrtton. She has read a series of papers before the British Association, and has written a large number of scientific works. Mrs. Ayrtton, who has a beautiful home in the West End of London, is the mother of Israel Zangwill's wife.

New Way To Be Wedded.
Quite the latest way of getting married comes from Paris. Two young people presented themselves before the cure of a church in Montmartre, "Good day," they said, "M. le Cure; is it not splendid weather?" "Magnificent!" replied the genial priest. "A little to warm, but in the shade, you know." His sentence was never finished, for the two young people interrupted him by saying in one voice, "We mutually consent to be married." The priest was thoroughly taken aback, and protested; but at this very moment two witnesses who were in hiding came forward and stated they had heard the declaration, too. Hence there was nothing for it. According to the Council of Trent and the law that governs the church the couple are indissolubly married. Imagine the sensation in Montmartre. Now, when a young man, accompanied by a young woman, "passes the time of day" with the cure, the latter replies, "Oh, that is very well, but it does not count with me; I'm deaf."

Girl Specialists.
The girl that has the most enjoyable time in these days when people must be amused can really be best described as a "specialist," for she must be "up" in some kind of sport to have the invitations that her fitting about denotes. The tennis girl is in demand all summer, from earliest spring until November; the golf girl comes second, and a girl who can do either game and play good bridge besides outclasses both with ease and has what might be termed an "open season" all the year round. To know how to sail a boat, drive a motor or play billiards or pool is useful, but these are merely incidental accomplishments and count for little, but a girl who rides or drives well is in demand among the married women, for she surely attracts the best men in every community to the house where she stays. Girls do not get their invitations solely on their own merits, but most frequently for the amount of use their hostesses can make of them as social attractions.—New York Tribune

Complexions Undergo Changes.
It is not so many years ago that it was the chief ambition of every girl and woman to have a complexion that would be said to resemble the "roses and cream" of the heroine of an English novel. Nowadays, to judge by the complexions on view in the high places of the Diamond Horseshoe, that sort of thing will not do at all, for the

face of the average woman to be seen there on subscription nights looks as if she had just come in from a day spent either in a biting wind following the hounds or as one might look who had been on a yacht for a fortnight or so under the torrid suns of summer days. Two striking illustrations of this fashion in complexions were afforded on Monday night at the opera by Mrs. Edmund Bayliss, who was in the conspicuous Golet box, and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who was holding an impromptu reception all through the opera in the Gerry box. Mrs. Bayliss's face was a rich red that showed off brilliantly over her coeums of greenish blue, and Mrs. Fish looked as if she had spent all the time in her voyage across from Europe out on the deck of the liner, so vivid was the hue of her complexion. In both instances this effect of out-of-doors life was all the more striking from the contrast afforded by the elegance of their frocks.—New York Press.

Hotel Like a Home.
It is no new thing for a woman or women to manage a large hotel, but it is a new experience for a traveler to receive such courtesy and attention at a large and popular hotel that he feels as if he were a member of a house party and must give expression to his appreciation and employment when paying his bill much in the manner he would thank a personal host for a pleasant stay. Yes, there is such a hotel in the world managed by such people. Way out in the northwest, in the province of Alberta, in a region of snow-capped mountains, lakes and rivers, ideal in every way. In this region there is an ideal hotel. And to follow out the house that Jack built form—in this ideal hotel there are four ideal Scotch women, whose voices like Annie Laurie's, are "low and sweet." They work in twos, a day and a night shift or relay, and though the same questions are asked over and over again, day in and day out, the answers are always made in an interested gracious manner; none of the snippy, know-it-all, such-a-bore manner, which is characteristic of the American hotel employe—or for that matter, American employe of any kind. Consciously or unconsciously the traveler lowers his voice and "mends his manners" to accord with those of the women who manage a great hotel in a great—gentle—way. And what is the result. It is that more than the bodily wants, the "creature comforts" of the traveler are ministered unto. The finer senses are satisfied here. No welcome sign is needed; the traveler feels the cordial, cherry atmosphere the moment he enters the place. An evening here when chairs are pulled up in front of the huge blazing logs in the fireplaces, by reading lamps or by card tables, suggests a private house party. The "home touch," or as some call it, the "woman's touch" is felt throughout the place. Americans spend much time, effort and money in cultivating this, that and another talent. Our hearts are in the right place, no doubt, but our voices and our manners are not always captivating, and they are worse when we go abroad, for then we seem to forget the Golden rule. Why, no one knows. But there is hope for us, and especially for any who may come under the influence of such women as one finds in the big hotel in the northwest.—New Haven Register.

Fashion Notes.
Some turbans have brims. One turban shows the brim turned up at the left. Often the brim of the turban is covered by the crown. A bunch of feathers is often at the left back of a turban. Velvet is favored for turbans and so are felts and beavers. Most French frocks of the late are short enough to show the ankles. The Japanese parasol of from 12 to 16 ribs is apparently the favorite. The newest shoes have a medium vamp and are arched to make them look shorter. Softened metal touches are introduced in a number of attractive ways, on the turban. Jeweled buttons are a distinctly new ornament for the hair. They are used to hold in place the pretty hair bands of the moment. The latest hats from Paris are very wide brimmed, but there are very positive predictions, that there is to be a decrease in size of head gear this season. One of the new hat trimmings is a spray of camellia. The blossoms are huge, and the spray usually consists of a single blossom, a large bud, and several leaves. While vanity bags are to be had in every known leather, the light and dark colored suedes are most popular. The bags are a bit smaller than those of a year ago. Very dainty and becoming are the hats which are trimmed only with a large bow of white or cream lace, tied with many loops and wired invisibly so that the folds of the lace may not become limp. Embroidery on stockings is more popular this season than it has been in many years. This is accounted for by the vogue of the embroidered glove, which is supposed to match the hosiery in color and design.

Mission Monograms.
An attractive way to embroider the initials on a set of tablecloth and napkins is to use with mission or craft furniture is to place the letters one above the other and inclose them in a square shaped medallion, open a little on both sides, says an expert needlewoman. These letters should be square in shape and simple in design, and are to be well padded and worked solid. The effect will be very good with the plain style of furniture.

For Her Tailored Suit.
Now that the fact of our once more wearing separate collars and cuffs on our coats has been firmly established, the neckwear makers have straightway become busy and evolved all sorts of new and fascinating pieces.

Turban Shaped Hats.
Some of the huge turban-shaped hats of soft material are studded with jewels or with jet.

Fashions

New York City.—Net over thin silk is being much used for separate blouses worn by young girls just now, and this one is youthful and charming, yet elaborate enough for a dressy



costume. It can be worn with the coat suit or with skirt to match, and is attractive utilized in both ways. The model is a simple one trimmed with silk bands that give exceedingly becoming lines. It allows a choice of fancy or plain sleeves, and is suited to silk, cashmere or voile and other seasonable materials quite as well as to net. It can be made either with or without the fitted lining, and consequently it can be utilized for the simple waist of flannel or cashmere as well as for the more dressy one.

The waist consists of the fitted lining, which is optional. It is made with front and back portions. When the lining is used it is faced to form the chemisette, but when it is omitted the chemisette is attached beneath the trimming. In case of the net the lining is omitted and the thin silk is cut exactly like the outside, but when cashmere or material of similar weight is used, fitted foundation is often found desirable. When fancy sleeves are used, the plain ones are faced to form the cuffs and the over portions are arranged over them.

Fur neckpieces are very wide and muffs are huge.

Plain Fitted Gumpes.
The plain fitted gumpes is much in demand just now, and this one can be made of lining material and faced to form the yoke and with sleeves to match or of all-over lace, net or other gumpes material throughout. It is absolutely plain and it fits the figure snugly, so that it can be worn beneath any blouse without additional bulk. There are both plain, closely fitting two-piece sleeves and those that are cut in one piece, and the former can be used as foundation for the latter or either can be used separately as liked.

The gumpes is made with fronts and backs, and can be faced either to form a yoke as illustrated or to the waist line as liked. There is a high collar finishing the neck. The two-piece sleeves are cut with upper and under portions in regulation style and the one-piece sleeves are cut to form points over the bands.



The quantity of material required for the medium size is two and seven-eighths yards twenty-one, one and three-quarter yards thirty-six inches wide, with two and three-eighths yards eighteen or seven-eighths yard forty-four inches wide for yoke and sleeves, to make as illustrated.



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ADVENTURE

MEETING A POLAR BEAR.
Adventures with polar bears were frequent during the long winter spent in Franz Josef Land by Mr. F. G. Jackson, and described by him in his interesting book, "A Thousand Days in the Arctic." Early one February morning, at the close of his watch on the ship, Mr. Jackson heard the dogs bark, a signal that a bear was near. He seized his rifle and set off alone in pursuit.

After stumbling two miles or more over the rough snow, guided by the barking, I came upon a bear close to the open water, with the dogs yelping around him, and he roaring and making dashes at them. Going up to within ten yards, I wounded him in the neck, but not sufficiently to stop him. He took to the water and the dogs and I followed. He bade fair to get away, and I fired at sixty yards. The bear turned.

In my haste I had taken but three cartridges, and now had but one left, so that on coming up with the brute again at the edge of the floe, I was particularly anxious to make sure of a fatal shot.

I had approached within six or seven yards of him, when he rushed at me, at first with his head low down. I fired at his head; but just as I did so he threw it up, letting the bullet go between his fore legs. He came at me with a regulation menagerie roar, his mouth wide open, and in a second he was upon me.

I could feel his warm breath on my face, and could see the gleam of his teeth, the shape of his long, gray tongue and the glare in his eyes. I had just time to remove the rifle from my shoulder, half-dazzled as I was by its flash in the darkness, and to thrust the barrel with all my force into the bear's open jaws, and then draw it back for another thrust.

This was a trifle too much for him, and he whipped short round and took to the water. My left hand, which entered his mouth up to the wrist, as shown by the teeth marks upon it, bled a good deal. I returned to the ship for more cartridges and resumed the hunt, but the bear had made good his escape.

WHY HE DIDN'T RUN.

"Nobility binds to noble conduct," says the old French proverb. Noblesse oblige. "My boy," answered Senator and Colonel Baker, at Ball's Bluff, when called upon to obey his own order and lie down upon the ground, "my boy, a Senator of the United States can't afford to lie down in the presence of the enemy!" He was shot a moment later. A writer in the Chicago Times-Herald reports how Lieutenant Guy Preston saved his men at the fight at Wounded Knee, by thinking of the sentiment of the old proverb.

"He was holding his men there in the line before the Indians fired," said the narrator. "We were all looking for trouble of some kind, but it was the unexpected that happened. The Indians were around there with their blankets about them, and their moccasined feet, pointing toes in, as usual, when the signal was given by one of them, and in an instant every buck threw away his blanket, and there he stood revealed with a gun in his hands.

"And they fired. They had every advantage of the soldiers, even without counting the surprise. And of course we ran. It was only a short distance, in any case—till some sort of cover could be secured.

"But Preston, looking back over his shoulder to see if the Indians were following—or for whatever purpose one looks back at a dangerous foe—saw a strap on his shoulder, and experienced a shock.

"It occurred to him at the instant that he was running away with the insignia of rank which his Government had conferred upon him; that he was in a way a representative of a great Nation, and that he ought not to run.

"And right there he stopped, and didn't run any farther. Of course there was no well-defined object in his stopping, but when the rest of the men saw him standing there without cover and returning the fire of the bucks, they turned back, and in five minutes it was all over and the Indians were beaten.

"It could have been nothing short of a slaughter if Preston had gone with the rest, for there was no cover till the top of the hill was reached, and that was so far that the Indians would have had a nice time picking off soldiers—their favorite occupation. Preston's queer idea of his duty no doubt saved us many men."

Mr. Preston wears a medal that testifies to his courage.

RIVAL SPORTSMEN.

A writer in Travel says that the Island of Sokotra is one of the least known portions of the British Empire, although thousands of Englishmen sight it every year from the decks of steamers running to Indian and Australian ports. When the southwest monsoon blows, its iron-bound coast is cut off for months from the rest of the world, because no vessel dares to venture near.

In gunning near the coast, where the various streams watering the broad plain of Tamarida terminate in three lagoons, the Englishman found himself checkmated by another kind of sportsman. The lagoons swarmed with fish, and formed the resort of large flocks of duck and teal; but one

of the greatest difficulties in procuring this game arose from the presence of enormous crabs.

These hideous creatures seemed to be amphibious, for they excavated tunnels through the banks of the lagoon, and then lay at the dry end of the opening to watch. They were unpleasant-looking animals, thus engaged, some of them measuring a foot across, and all of a sickening greenish-yellow. One could imagine that the victim forced to lose its life in their clutches might easily die of fright at their terrifying appearance.

If a bird dropped anywhere near, it was at once seized and dragged into the tunnel; and when the hunter had a successful shot, he was by no means allowed to reap the benefit of it. Punctual as the report, Sir Scorpio appeared and claimed the bird, the whole, and never a part.

When one was depending upon one's gun for a dinner, it was maddening to see a beautiful fat mallard embezzled by a crab.

At one time, the sportsman dropped a big sandpiper in the water, some twenty yards from the opposite bank, and a crab rose from the bottom and dragged the bird down. Then the sandpiper escaped and came hobbling up again, but a shot was ready for his pursuer's appearance.

The minute that ugly form arose to regain its quarry, the sportsman let it have the other barrel. Bits of crab and bits of bird fluttered on the breeze, and on securing the mangled remains of the sandpiper, it was found that the crab had eaten away nearly all the head and neck; this in less than five minutes.

HIS FIRST ARREST.

Hemingford is a small and orderly town, where for many years the police force numbered five men. The biggest of these was a broad built giant of six feet four; the smallest, Asa Trott, was a tough, wiry little fellow of only five feet three and a half.

There was much demur at Asa's appointment, and he did not feel that he could rest secure in his job until he had unmistakably "made good." Certainly he could not afford to fail. Therefore, when the first task assigned him was to go and arrest "Big Hi" Hartle, who had been perpetrating mischief at the fair grounds, it was a very determined little man who set out in search of the village ne'er-do-well.

"Hi," as good natured as he was prankish, would have come readily enough with his captor, but his companions, more truly of the hoodlum type, came, too, jeering, hooting and uttering derisive threats. From threats they presently passed to shoving and hustling, but the little officer paid no heed, and clung gamely to his towering captive. Then a sly rascal tripped him, and he fell and sprained his ankle, but he got to his feet and limped grimly forward.

Big Hi, who had remained passive, grinning cheerfully down at him, then suddenly took a hand. He ordered off the aggressors, in such tones, and with such a meaning swing of his mighty arm, that they hastily went. Then he stooped and picked up Asa Trott.

"All right—you leave that club bet! We're making straight for the police station, ain't we? I guess I know when I'm arrested!" he assured his indignant burden when it showed resistance. And in that fashion, to the mirth of all beholders, they arrived at headquarters, and Officer Trott turned over his prisoner.

Big Hi cheerfully paid his fine, and confidentially assured the police captain, before leaving: "The little 'un has grit, and he deserves his uniform, though he hain't got the figger for it—no, he hain't! But I have, now, and I've got grit enough, too. Say—any time you want an extra man on the force, you remember me. I kind o' think I'd like the job."

A year later, when another man was wanted, they did remember him, and he made an admirable policeman. So, too, did Asa Trott, despite his littleness. And the two, who were great chums, were long one of the sights of the town, as they stalked forth in all the pride of blue and buttons, with Officer Trott's alert head just reaching to the shoulder of Officer Hartle. —Youth's Companion.

LOST AT SEA.

An illustration of life on the huge ocean-going ships is given in the following story from a Philadelphia exchange:

On one of the voyages of a great steamship from Hamburg to New York, a little seven-year-old immigrant boy was lost for three days. He left his mother and started in quest of adventure about the big ship, but upon growing tired was unable to find his way back to her. Instead of asking some one where to go, or telling that he was lost, the young truant decided to continue his explorations indefinitely.

When found, he was sleeping in an empty coal box down among the engines. One of the crew took him to the captain, who detailed two stewards to search for his mother.

They found her with some difficulty, and discovered that she, too, had been lost. She had started out to look for her son and had not been able to get back to her own part of the ship again.

In Advance, Please.

"The apartments are quite satisfactory," said the would-be tenant. "I suppose it isn't necessary for me to give references, as I always pay as I go."

"That won't do in this case," rejoined the landlord. "I only trust parties who pay as they come." —Chicago News.