



WOMAN'S REALM

THE HAIR WORN LOW.

Wife Jeweled and Beaded and Silken Scarfs Invariably Follow. The fashion of dressing the hair what you like and even low on the nape has come in to stay.

A big, three roll, or a big winged eight is the most satisfactory arrangement the coiffures have yet arrived at. For the morning the roll is unadorned, save for occasional ornamental pins;

When two extremely long curls are drawn forward on either side of the neck they are appropriately called Lady Tresses and are frequently the hair receives a dash of powder to accentuate the eighteenth century quality of this style.

It was almost inevitable, with the low arrangement of the hair and the waterfall of curls, that the nets of 1890 and thereabouts should come back to favor. Women first began to treat their hair as a joke, but now they have accepted them in earnest, and invisible nets, nets of silk with chenille spots, and nets of beads, are multiplying with amazing rapidity.

Some women, who do not wear jeweled or chenille nets in the evening have found almost as much comfort in the use of fanciful hair scarfs. These are made of chiffon, silk, gauze, Liberty tissue or Oriental gauze, twisted with ropes of pearls, or caught to the hair behind with jeweled clasps, and then brought forward and the ends fastened just above either temple with bejeweled brooches.

Some of the most prominent hair-dressers are actively pushing the use of pearl Juliet nets. These are round or diamond shaped. They fit on the crown of the head, and in some cases a point of the net will come forward to the forehead and there branch up in the form of pearl butterfly wings.

great many women have looked askance at the tiny, three-cornered head and chenille nets that are to be pinned directly on the top of the head. They are to be worn by day, and their utility is not far to seek.

Since all the bulk of the hair has been drawn down to the back of the head there is literally nothing to which the hat crown can be pinned, in order to hold it firm. If, however, a tiny net is first made fast to the top of the head and the hat-pins then caught through its meshes, a gale of wind will be required to unseat the pretty piece of millinery or knock it even askew.

Bracelets have come in fashion again, as the result of the elbow length sleeve, and many are studded with beautiful jewels.

A new velling is the "scroll effect" on a hairline mesh. Between the scrolls there are black dots of silk or chenille.

Black and white are among the favorite trappings for spring hats, and some of the latest novelties are white velvet leaves shading to black at the tips.

The increasing use of tiny buttons for ornament, as well as fancy, has led designers to finish many fancy collars with rows of diminutive buttons in silk or metal.

A new effect in hat crowns has been termed by some persons a "freak." It is made of leather tinted to resemble marble, and fastened to the straw brim by a colored ribbon.

Lace collars and cuffs, which give a pretty finish to any waist, now come in sets, consisting usually of a high neck collar, a sailor or round shaped collar and wide cuffs to match.

Among the newest effects in embroideries are those obtained by silk on sheer materials. These are all of the washable variety, and adapted for dressy gowns, separate skirts or waists.

specimen of middle-class, common-place intelligence, the social recognition for which his wife sighs will never be hers. The wives of Senators from her State will return her call, she may be invited to a tea, even to a dinner at the far end of the season, but that will be the limit of her insight into society.

Your Garments Must Fit.

Whatever you have or whatever you don't have for your spring and summer outfit there are certain things of line that must be remembered and carried out. With these you can wear what you please and look well.

First, your garments must cling to the figure. No pads on the hips and no bustle are permissible. You must look as slim as possible about the hips and as far down as the knees, where your skirt may begin to flare.

Red tones are conspicuous in the windows, but comparatively few smart women affect this color, and it is more generally worn by young girls and children.

A delicate tulle of lettuce green or lily leaf, as it is also termed, is too attractive to be overlooked, and it is extremely smart in combination with a bright dahlia or parma violet tint.

Both the pink and the red coral tones are fashionable, and a very greenish turquoise is employed as a relief contrast to violet and mulberry hues.—Washington Star.

The Art of Retiring.

A graceful exit from a drawing-room has always been an art. There is a good old rule in letter writing about saying what you have to say and stopping when it is done, yet there are people who always leave the important part of a note for the postscript.

When the call is at an end, one who is not from long habit accustomed to formal visiting should keep in mind the point of leaving, and when she has said the last thing she wishes to say, rise quickly and easily and shake hands with her hostess, making some pleasant remarks as she does so, and go directly out.

Care of the Complexion.

New ideas as to the care of the hands and the care of the complexion will always find some persons waiting to receive them. Those who try everything from milk baths on are now advocating parsley water as a complexion improver.

Water is put to soak in one-half pint of rainwater over night. In the morning the face is well rubbed with a dry cloth and the parsley water is then applied with a sponge, no further process of drying taking place. To give the parsley water a real trial, it must be thus applied three times daily. To the dainty woman, there is something still left to be desired on the point of cleanliness in all this.

Bracelets in Fashion.

Bracelets have come in fashion again, as the result of the elbow length sleeve, and many are studded with beautiful jewels.

PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR

The latest stock collars are of light silk and lace, lined with flexible material, and have the lower front end pointed.

A new velling is the "scroll effect" on a hairline mesh. Between the scrolls there are black dots of silk or chenille.

Black and white are among the favorite trappings for spring hats, and some of the latest novelties are white velvet leaves shading to black at the tips.

The increasing use of tiny buttons for ornament, as well as fancy, has led designers to finish many fancy collars with rows of diminutive buttons in silk or metal.

A new effect in hat crowns has been termed by some persons a "freak." It is made of leather tinted to resemble marble, and fastened to the straw brim by a colored ribbon.

Lace collars and cuffs, which give a pretty finish to any waist, now come in sets, consisting usually of a high neck collar, a sailor or round shaped collar and wide cuffs to match.

Among the newest effects in embroideries are those obtained by silk on sheer materials. These are all of the washable variety, and adapted for dressy gowns, separate skirts or waists.

A touch of color is given to black or white evening gowns by fastening to the left shoulder an unsightly large pom-pom of colored Liberty silk ribbon, with two long side streamers extending nearly to the edge of the skirt.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

The Way to Distasteful Books.

If you have an atomizer half fill it with a forty per cent. solution of formaldehyde. Stand the books upright on the end wide open with the leaves separated as much as possible, and spray thoroughly with formaldehyde. If the binding is very delicate and likely to be injured by the moisture procure a tight tin box large enough to hold the book and a saucer filled with formaldehyde. Stand the book upright as described and close the box, leaving it for an hour at least.

Correct Dining Table Decorations.

A florist told me the other day that a well-adorned dining table no longer exhibits a great pretension of flowers. Instead, the embroidery dolly, which is to be up to date is large and square, calls for a tall, slim vase with a few choice roses or some tall, delicate flowers in the center of the dolly. At each corner of the dolly goes a lower vase of the same style as the taller, with the same flowers in it.

Idealized Pillows.

The newest and most beautiful cushion covers are made of the colored chiffon. The chiffon is so drawn as to look like flakes of foam, and very full quadruple flounces are set at the edge. To shape a cushion like a heart is to invest it with a new appearance. Some of the smartest even have wreaths of tiny roses or forget-me-nots at the base of the flounces.

In the big shops embroidery motifs are sold, made of lace, at a few cents or dollars, according to their value, a dozen. These applied upon clear muslin make pretty sofa cushions, while others, of course, can be used for collars and dainty lingerie, and look both smart and pretty.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

To Improve a Dark Hall.

A woman who has long found the narrow hall of her house dark and difficult to treat in any way that made the entrance to the residence attractive, has transformed it, to its great improvement, by letting in a mirror from floor to ceiling on one side. This is opposite the parlor door, and the light from that apartment, falling on the mirror, is reflected back into the hall, to its much better lighting, while the apparent size of the little place is greatly increased.

The mirror is, of course, unframed, and is fitted in between cornice and baseboard, and finished at the sides with a flat moulding that seems a part of the woodwork. The value of this treatment is not realized until it is tried. Often a blank stretch of wall that seems a hopeless shutting in of space may offer the transforming opportunity.

Care must be taken not to overdo the treatment in such a way as to create the effect of a hotel corridor or public hall; but judiciously used under the care of a good architect, the plan is to be commended.—Harpur's Bazar.

RECIPES

Anchovy Toast—The French mode of preparing anchovy toast is as follows: Melt an ounce of butter in a pan and a tablespoonful of anchovy paste; thin it out a little with hot water, add the juice of a lemon; pour over the toast and serve. A better way of preparing it is to spread a thin layer of the paste over the toast and pour over it the milk prepared as for milk toast.

Blackberry Tart—A plain paste made with butter or cream and a little baking powder is much better for fruit pies than the finest puff paste ever made. Use one-third cup of butter to one and one-quarter cups of flour and one-half level teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix with ice water, roll out to fit a perforated tin pie plate and build up the edges slightly. Bake, and fill with fresh blackberries; sprinkle generously with powdered sugar and cover with whipped cream.

Turnip Soup—Peel and slice six white turnips; put them over the fire in two pints of boiling water; add the slice of onion; cook until the turnips are tender; rub them through a strainer into the water in which they were boiled; season with salt, pepper, celery salt; melt two level tablespoonfuls of butter; add two level tablespoonfuls of flour; stir into the boiling water and stir until thickened; let cool five minutes, then add one cupful of milk.

Sweet Tomato Pickle—One peck of green tomatoes and six large onions sliced. Sprinkle with one cupful of salt, and let them stand over night. In the morning drain. Add to the tomatoes two quart of water and one quart of vinegar. Boil fifteen minutes, then drain again and throw the vinegar and water away. Add to the pickle two pounds of light brown sugar, two quarts of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of clove, one of allspice, two of mustard, two of cinnamon and one tablespoonful cayenne, or better still, one green pepper cut into thin pieces. Boil fifteen minutes, or until the tomatoes are tender.

The advertising man may not be superstitious, but he believes in signs.

THE OLD-TIME CIRCUS SHOW.

These here circuses we see Ain't the sort that used to be—Great big wonderful affairs Keeps us scattered over the seas Long the strung-out row of rings Tryin' to see all the things In our rubbernecked old nose As a rule, an' every pore sweatin' plum from head to foot From excitement at the best, An' our eyes get targid so Seem they're swappin' places; go Rollin' up an' down the tent. Leave the tent plain certain Haven't seen the half, by gee! An' around the town we sneak Lookin' cross-eyed fer a week! Give us them of-fashioned shows, Where they showed us everything In a bunch, an' we could see Watchin' 'em an' never fret 'Wakin' there was somethin' we Wasn't got to get to see! —Denver Post.



Employer—"What are you minding your time away for?" Clerk—"I'm not, it's your time."—Chicago News.

She always meets me at the door, My little wife so sweet, She always meets me at the door, To make me wish my feet. —Philadelphia Record.

Mother—"You must remember, Emmeline, that fine feathers don't make a fine bird." Daughter—"True, mamma, but they do make awfully pretty hats."—The Bits.

"The Teacher—"Without mastering multiplication you can't go any further in arithmetic." One of the pupils—"Geet! Wouldn't that be a cinch?"—Pack.

Father—"What is the use of my earning money, if you spend it as fast as I make it?" Son—"That's all right, father, I enjoy it just as much as you do making it."—Brooklyn Life.

Blotter—"I shall have to wear glasses." Slobb—"Are you troubled with your eyes?" Blotter—"What did you think I was going to wear them for—binoculars?"—Philadelphia Record.

"You are indeed my treasure," She blushed and said with pleasure: "Then be my treasure too." —Chicago Daily News.

Hewitt—"I've lost my best friend." Jewett—"Why don't you advertise for it?" Hewitt—"What do you mean?" Jewett—"I thought you said you had lost your pocketbook."—The Smart Set.

"I suppose you had to study anatomy at a preliminary at your art work." "Hardly. Why, that would be a handicap. My business is to draw fashion-plate figures."—Chicago Post.

Visitor—"You have a beautiful place here, but doesn't one become very much bored living in the country alone?" Hostess—"Oh, not. Thank goodness, we have few callers."—The Bits.

Mrs. Nerdice—"My daughter, you know, is quite a lover of music." Mrs. Newcomb Peppery—"You don't say! Then that constant drumming on the piano in your house must annoy her dreadfully."—Philadelphia Press.

"Yes," said the head of the firm, "Miss Addie is a good bookkeeper, but she makes some queer mistakes." "What, for instance?" asked the silent partner. "Well, she enters our messenger boy's wages under the head of 'running expenses.'"—Philadelphia Press.

"This," said the fond father to the dermatological expert, "seems to be a pretty big bill for the treatment you have given my daughter." "It was a difficult treatment," explained the skin doctor. "You see, we had to remove all the cuticle from her cheeks and graft a new epidermis upon them." "Well," said the father, reaching for his check-book, "I don't know which one of you you skinned the most."—Baltimore American.

The Lincoln National Museum.

The Lincoln Museum is now completed in the house in which Abraham Lincoln died, No. 515 Tenth street, Northwest, between E and F streets, directly opposite the building which was Ford's Theatre, where he was shot a few minutes past 10 on the night of April 14, 1865. Approaching this house from F street, one of the principal thoroughfares of Washington, we see on the north side of the high steps fastened to the iron railing, a sign, which informs us that "Abraham Lincoln died in this house, twenty-two minutes past 7 a. m., April 15, 1865." The house is a modest three-story and basement brick edifice, and was owned and occupied by William Peterson at the time of the tragedy, and his family then conducted a lodging house here. It was one of his lodgers who, upon hearing the commotion in the street after the shooting had occurred and the assassin had escaped, rushed to the door and seeing the stricken President being brought across the street, directed the carriers to bring him into the house of which he was an occupant.—Dr. Thomas Calver, in the Woman's Home Companion.

A Man Who Knows.

Douglas, the shoe man, who spends more than \$100,000 a year for newspaper advertising, makes this affirmation: "Any man who has an article of merit or any man who has a business in a good location who will advertise and keep on advertising is bound to more than get his money back and to become successful and wealthy."—Philadelphia Record.

SOME HARDENED CR OKS

TRICKS BY WHICH THEY TRY TO HOODWINK THE POLICE.

One Criminal Who Gave Up Second-Story Robberies in Order to Receive Stolen Goods—Another Who Led a Respectable Life in Order to Pass Bad Checks.

"It's pretty hard for a lag to take a brace, and not many of them do it, but that's not the fault of the police," remarked an old-time Headquarters man who used to be one of the Byrnes staff. "The police are glad to see a crook take a hitch to the right side and stay so, but they've found out from long experience that there are few of them who really do that thing."

"When a man has got hold of bundles of easy money a few times, without doing a lick for it, he isn't much good any more. The recollection of it always stays with him. The cleverer they are the more liable they are to stay with their favorite game."

"Whenever I hear of a finished and graduated lag giving it out that it's him for a merry and a little fat and a trip with the family every Sunday morning to the little church around the corner, I hope it's true, but it's been true in so few cases since I've been paddling around with a badge stowed away beneath my outer clothes that I'm a little bit inclined to rubber to see if the 'boy' isn't working up his little settle-down for the purpose of giving Mulberry street the cayenne square between the eyes."

"One of them, an old-time second-story man who'd done bits in all the big mills of the country, came pretty near throwing me with a spin like that about fourteen years ago. I'd tagged him a couple of times and got him, and when he came back with his hair short the art time he looked me up and handed me one something like this:

"It's me to join the whites, I'm through, I'm thorough right. I've made my last climb. You know how long it's and me down. I just thought I'd come over and tell you, and tell the Chief, so's you'd know. I'm going to get a job in Brooklyn, and if you ever hear of me being with the flash push again, nail me for a forty-speaker and I'll thank you."

"Well, there was something in the sort of down way this old lag had about him when he pushed this one over to me that it got me just a little bit around the neck, for a fact. I took him in to the Chief.

"Well, you could never tell what the Chief thought, one way or the other, and when the old-timer passed him the same ripple I had no means of knowing whether it had stuck or not. The Chief simply told the old lag to drop in once in a while, just for sociability's sake, and the promise was made, and I dug into the kick and handed the vet a few loose ones that were laying around, and wished him luck."

"A month later, in a neat suit of black clothes, this old second-story man came 'round, paid me back those few dollars, and invited me to visit his lodgings in Brooklyn. He said that he had a job as truckman for a big warehouse company—which I afterward found out to be true—and that his niece was keeping house for him."

"The next time I was in Brooklyn in the evening I dropped in upon the old lag, and you never saw such a cute little fat, nor such a nice, womanly-like person—his niece, as he introduced her—presiding over it, in your born minutes. That clinched me. I had a dish of tea and went away with a tenchy lump in my throat, and when I saw the Chief and all the rest of the crowd the plugging I did for that old-timer was something bigger in that line than I've done before or since."

"Well, that'll be about all of the soft notes up around the E string, with the nuts on. Two months later a stool pigeon gave me the whisper that there was a pretty-sizeable jewelry 'fence' running over in Brooklyn in a certain district.

"The tip I passed on to the Brooklyn office without any suspicion of what was going to happen. What happened was that the Brooklyn office made a swoop upon the fence, and the swag, manager thereof was no less a smooth smoke than the old lag who had been the occasion of giving me the mel-lows for the first time in a good many years."

"He had passed up the second-story game, all right, but he had rigged up his fence with a wide business, and his niece was about as emery-papered a piece of English female crookdom as ever had her hair clipped short or wore a burlap mother Hubbard on prison dress parade.

"The old devil had stuck to his teamster job for the purpose of keeping up his blind, and he had asked me to scatter the word around among the police crowd that he was honestly and truly on the level. I could see the almost imperceptible slow grin under the Chief's mustache when it all came out, and the things I did for many a moon after that in the way of tossing pebbles at my forehead couldn't be set down in a week."

"There was a check-kiter in this town, once—he's been picking cactus and treading the mill in the English Portland for many a long year now—who did a reform stunt with the copper on and with such science that it took the office two years even to suspect him.

"When he came back from up the river he made the poor mouth that he wanted to be let alone—which wasn't necessary—and got a job in a New York insurance office as a clerk. He

married a nice girl, and fixed up a cozy little Harlem plant, and made his regular little personal report on the quiet at the office at the regular intervals, and got into the church-going habit, and it began to look to a lot of us who were next to his record that he was going to do a lot of fooling up of a lot of people.

"But, as I say, he was laying plugged checks down all the time and accumulating the coin as a get-away stake, for he was an Englishman and had the idea of making a final slow killing over here and then returning to the old country to give all hands on this side the quiet boot.

"He operated for those two years on an extensive and almighty skilful manner, putting them over in widely separated communities, hiking as far as Philadelphia to pick up a few hundreds, and when he was finally got dead to rights he had an egg so near \$30,000 laid away in a number of Harlem banks that there wasn't any fun in it.

"He hadn't had a single high step or blowout out of the tricks he had turned, and if ever you saw a savage man when he mentioned this fact upon coming out of the sweat-box, he was the individual.

"Nine years was the bit he got out of his little head-and-neck-life stunt, and when he got out he had so much less hair and nerve that he went to England, where they soak 'em hard for swiping a whisk-broom or stepping on a cockroach's foot, and they swung on him with such force for a mere little matter of fifty pound that he's walking the endless roller up to the present moment."—New York Sun.

The Bride Wears Red.

Red is the nuptial color in China. The coolies that carry the bride in her litter are dressed in red, and they bear a dwarf orange tree loaded with fruit and coin. The bride's compartments are finished in red trimmings.

presently are carried on red trays, the banners borne in the procession are originally crimson, which are brightened by the ray glow of the lanterns. The canopy itself is decorated according to the wealth and the taste of the bride's family. A poor woman is carried to her wedding feast in a plain chair painted red. If the family has wealth or rank the palanquin is very ornate, decorated with dragon heads. The Chinese still in working silk or gold cord is displayed in an artistic manner. When the bride appears she wears a red veil, and the letters to her ancestors, whose blessing is invoked, are written on red paper. The bride generally wears a crown adorned with tinsel and mock jewels—an idea which is much more prevalent in Sweden.—Woman's Home Companion.

London Christmas.

The movement for Sunday closing of public houses in England is assuming a business-like aspect. One of the chief obstacles has been the comparative indifference of members of the Anglican Church to the reform. This should now be greatly modified by the warm advocacy of many of the leading bishops, as well as of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The working classes are erroneously supposed to be hostile to the movement. About a million householders have already been canvassed, the result showing a majority of seven to one in favor of Sunday closing. It is more striking in the result of an canvass of fifty-six workshops, containing over 11,000 men. Of these, 10,000 declared themselves in favor of Sunday closing, with 1199 against and 514 neutral. A majority even of publicans have declared against the present custom.—London Christian.

Oldest Paper in the World.

It is generally believed that the Times, of London, and the Gazette de France, of Paris, are the oldest papers in existence, but this appears to be a mistake. The honor belongs to the Chinese, who possess a journal started nearly 1000 years ago. Its name is the King-Pah. It was founded, says a learned bibliographer, in the year 911 of the Christian era.

In 1804 it underwent another transformation, and appeared daily. It costs a half penny and issues three editions. The morning edition, printed on yellow paper, is devoted to commerce; the noon edition, printed on white paper, contains official news and miscellaneous news; while the evening edition, printed on red paper, is taken up with political information and leading articles. It is edited by six members of the Academy of Science, and the total sale of three editions is 14,000 copies.

The Northern Spur of Minnesota.

"If England in 1782 had stood upon the motto, 'What we have we'll hold,' there would be now no Northwest Angle. But that is another story." In these words Mr. Otto J. Klotz, of Ottawa, concluded a paper read at the Ontario Land Surveyors' convention dealing with the Northwest Angle, Lake of the Woods. This is a strip of territory adjacent to the Shoal Lake gold fields, which naturally would belong to Manitoba or Ontario, but a treaty between Great Britain and the United States made it a part of what is now Minnesota, although it is entirely separated by water from the latter State. Mr. Klotz in an interesting manner traced the history of the dispute, and showed that the award, which originally was even less fair to Canada, and which was afterward compromised, was the result of defective maps.—Toronto (Ont.) Globe.

Ireland has the highest average number of children per family, 3.20, while France has the lowest, 3.00.