

Probably the Spaniards are thinking just now that those "American pigs" must be of the wild boar variety.

Massachusetts claims to have more different kinds of native trees than has any kingdom of Europe. The number exceeds fifty, among them being nine large oaks.

It is regretted from Spain that our navy officers don't wear socks. This may account to the Spanish mind for the barbarous ferocity with which they keep at the work of knocking the socks of the Spanish navy.

A large part of the literature of the world is becoming unintelligible to this generation through lack of ability to understand quotations from the Bible, asserts the Christian Herald. Allusions to sayings and events which our fathers would have understood at a glance now signify nothing to many readers.

The Illinois Central Railroad has beaten its record, having delivered 1,000,000 bales of cotton at New Orleans during the current season of eight months beginning September 1, 1897. The one million and first bale was presented by Stuyvesant Fish, President of the railroad, to Colonel H. G. Hester, Secretary of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange, and it is to be disposed of for the benefit of the poor of the Crescent City.

"The talk about European intervention in the Cuban affair and a Continental league against the United States has a hollow sound," declares the New York Tribune, "when American control of food supplies is demonstrated so completely. America stands in no dread of a European concert in defense of the worm-eaten Spanish throne, when by withholding food supplies she could menace every Continental State except Russia with bread riots and starvation; nor is it necessary for Americans to be impertunate in their wooing for an Anglo-Saxon alliance. England not only speaks the same language and reads Shakespeare, but it also lives on American wheat. Self-interest rather than sentiment is the true basis of an Anglo-American alliance; in future bread is more important than blood relationship."

It has been repeatedly stated in the past few months that the ships of nations at war could not pass through the Suez Canal. That was the common belief, and many people who prided themselves on the accuracy of their general information have been not less confused than surprised to find, on looking the matter up, that they were entirely mistaken. The canal is as free—except for the little detail of tolls—to the navies of every nation and at all times as are the waters of the open sea itself, and this has been the case ever since 1858. Early in that year England, France and Turkey agreed on a convention making the canal a neutral highway, and a few months later all the powers gave their acquiescence. The instrument explicitly permits the transportation of war material and ships of war through the canal, whether peace prevails or not, and only prohibits overt acts of hostility between or within three miles of the termini.

The battleships of modern times are a necessity to any great nation which intends to maintain its rights and protect its interests, believes the Atlanta Journal, but their cost is heavy. An outlay of something like \$5,000,000 is required to construct and equip a ship which would take high rank in any modern navy. After such a ship is complete the expense of maintaining it is very heavy. This item for each of our big battleships is now about \$1500 a day even when they do no firing. The daily expenses of our navy are now over \$50,000 a day. The total annual expenses of a first-class battleship are estimated at \$547,000, divided as follows:

Pay of officers, crew and marines	\$926,000
Rations	48,000
Equipment	12,000
Navigation charges	6,000
Ordnance	18,000
Construction and repairs	13,000
Steam engineering	32,000
Medical supplies	14,000
Gen. medicine, surgery, secretary's office and incidental expenses	78,000

The cost of ammunition used during an engagement is immense, but it is of course impossible to estimate this in calculating the expense of a navy. Repair to warships, cruisers and other craft even in time of peace is large, but after every engagement it is necessarily immense, even for the victor. War on a modern basis is a terrific absorber of money, and there never was a time when the importance of money as a factor in war was anything like as great as it is now.

### THE DANGER OF BEAUTY.

I never read the papers without feeling so content. That both my eyes are twisted and my nose is slightly bent; I'm glad my mouth is out of line and that my teeth are few. And if I had a "wealth of hair" I don't know what I'd do.

A "tiny foot" or "lily hand" would fill me with dismay. And if I had a slender waist I'd sicken in a day. For I have noticed from the first, as strange as it may seem, The girl who gets the worst of it is "lovely as a dream."

The papers never tell about a woman being shot. Or mangled by a trolley car, or married to a sot. Or forced, at point of pistol, her last fifty cents to lose. But that her eyes are "limpid" and her boots are number twos.

So I can live in sweet content, without the slightest fear. That trouble or calamity will overhaver near— And when I see my misfit face it's some relief to know That I'll outlive the beauties by a hundred years or so!

—Brooklyn Life.

## THE HEART OF SAVAGERY.

### A TRAGEDY OF BEACHCOMBERS IN THE FAR AWAY SOUTH SEA.

PEARL fishers are a mysterious lot and the South Sea is full of obscure tragedies. Recent events in the Philippines have drawn attention to them anew. Tragedy was often the end of the most venturesome or the most abandoned of white men sought to live among the wild islanders in the days, not so far remote, when the missionary had not yet introduced his stucco churches and taught the natives the price of an axe or a handful of ship's biscuit. This tale of one of the forgotten tragedies is drawn from an official document on which forty years of slumbering in a forgotten pigeonhole has served to dull the writing and to dull the imprint of the lion and the unicorn with which a British Consul made the paper official. To write an account of a murder on sixteen sheets of Government blue stationery, to attach a seal with the royal arms—that may pass sometimes as just the same as avenging it.

Suvarrow is as lonely a group of desolation as it is possible to find in that scantily traveled region of the South Seas which lies to the eastward of Samoa and before reaching such populous centres as Tahiti and Rarotonga. Other islands have the picturesque features of towering mountains, verdure clad to their summit crags, the grace of waving cocoanut palms fringing every beach with giant leaves. Suvarrow is but a ring of sand banks skirting a lagoon filled with coral groves; the only trees, the stunted pandanus, set on a group of prop-like rocks. Other islands have their peopling of brown-skinned folk, possibly treacherous, and always to be treated as inferiors by that lovely creature, the beachcomber of these seas, yet human in their desire for gaily toys and the tinned goods on which the white man feeds. Suvarrow is marked on the charts as uninhabited and, therefore, is not a port of call for the vagrant whaler in his search for sperm, the trader or the blackbird. Yet now and again little island colonies may be found on the bare sands of the atoll, for in the lagoon grow the pearl oyster and the beche-de-mer, which Chinamen eat, and on the sands great turtles come to lay their eggs by night. Hence beachcombers mysteriously wandering beyond the confines of civilization at odd times camp on the bare islets in search of the wealth of tortoise shell, pearl shell and trepan of the sea affords. This is the story of one such colony on the desolate atoll of Suvarrow, a tale whose events were complete in 1858, but have never yet been made known beyond the combers of South Sea beaches.

In the early months of 1857 Thomas Charlton, of Martha's Vineyard, a runaway hand from a Nantucket whaler, was living on the island of Manahiki. When he was fishing one day in a canoe outside the coral reef a sudden squall carried him and his party of islanders out of sight of land and left them adrift and undirected upon the ocean. South Sea tradition is a mass of tales of such involuntary voyaging. With such help as a sailor could get from dead reckoning and a knowledge of the set of the trade winds, Charlton managed to bring his canoe to Suvarrow and there established his colony of gentle Manahikians. In addition to his wife Sumaria, Charlton, of Tanna, as he was called in the lingo of the islanders, numbered in the census of his settlement on the sands eight souls. Here and his wife, Kokorari (a Panmotti woman from the far eastern island away to windward of Tahiti, and, as the event proved, a shrewd and conscienceless woman), Kaitai and his wife, and the single men Ngeru, Taurau, Voitia, Otea, and Vaimau. With true Polynesian apathy, these people made the best they could of a bad affair, built their houses near a source of water, and took up the thread of life where it had been broken by the squall at Manahiki, scores of leagues away. There was food on the island and water—that is enough for a colony of folk whose needs are simple. They were destined to live not long alone. Captain Sam Sustenance was sailing those seas in his topsail schooner Dart. Captain Sustenance might not be classed among the elect. He was not a good man, even according to the standard of these waters, where the only good thing afloat was the "society's brig," said society being the London Missionary Society, which has pioneered the South Pacific since Cook's voyages of discovery. But Sustenance was such a man as best suited the early times of sea trading, enough of a mere merchantman to satisfy the curiosity of the infrequent naval vessels cruising among

the islands for the sake of the moral effect, enough of a buccaner to have dollars to jingle on the Circular Quay in Sydney before a grand carouse in the Currency Lass public house. From end to end of the Pacific Sam Sustenance was known by the name of Uru-Uru, which the islanders had given him. At Penrhyn Island on August 1, 1857, he engaged an English beachcomber, Joe Bird, to superintend the party of native pearl divers whom he shipped at the same time. There were eighteen men and several women in the party. The Penrhyn folk are widely different from the gentle and timorous Manahikians. Sour and gloomy at all times, they are capable of nourishing a grudge and of biding their time in a plot to wipe it out. Two days later Uru-Uru stopped at Manahiki long enough to take on board 7000 cocoanuts for the food of his divers, and on August 13 he anchored at Suvarrow.

According to beachcomber's law of might is right, Sustenance and Joe Bird with a fighting crew at their back, with a score of fierce Penrhyn Islanders, were able to decree that Tannu and his handful of mild Manahikians should confine themselves to one islet and leave the rest of the atoll to the pearl divers. Still more company was coming. Within a month or six weeks the schooner Tiekler, Thomas F. Martin, master, visited Suvarrow and landed Jules Trel, a Frenchman, who was known to the islanders as Jules Farani, or French Jules. In October of the same year Sustenance revisited his pearling station and found little shell as yet collected. It is likely that he gave forcible expression to his disappointment, but that as it may, the main feature is that the three beachcombers were then there with the two native settlements of Manahikians and Penrhyn people and that all was well. In April, 1858, the brig Charlotte touched at Suvarrow and two of the Manahiki boys, Otea and Vaimau, went on her to Samoa. Neither on the voyage nor at Apia did they mention any white men as having been with them on Suvarrow, and the master of the Charlotte knew nothing of the former actions of Sustenance.

That trader again visited Suvarrow on June 15, ten months after establishing his diving station and eight months after his last visit. As he stood up for the passage through the coral reef first one and then a second canoe filled with Penrhyn Islanders boarded the Dart with many expressions of pleasure that they once more saw their friend Uru-Uru, for the three beachcombers had long ago taken their boat and sailed away westward to Samoa. Knowing the wild rover fever which drives the beachcomber hither and yon, back and forth through the South Seas, and their recklessness of the chances of voyaging, Sustenance saw nothing unusual in the thought of three men setting out in a small boat for an ocean voyage of hundreds of miles. His two mates suggested the possibility of foul play, but he pool-hooped their suspicions. At any rate the Penrhyn Islanders told a consistent story.

On landing, Sustenance met the Panmotti woman, Kokorari, wife of the Manahiki Here. Her story was to the effect that in February the three beachcombers had painted the boat and made a new sail. They had taken the small cask filled with drinking water and a large supply of dried eggs of the sea fowl which swarm on the islands, together with a variety of food in the shape of fresh and baked cocoanuts. The boat had been leaky, but was tight after the new painting. They had sailed away to the west and before sundown were out of sight. As they had left their wives behind, she was sure that they intended to take ship in Samoa and go to their own lands beyond the horizon. They had taken all their trade goods except one bolt of printed goods which they had divided among the Penrhyn divers. For a savage this woman seems to have had a genius for lying. The other people agreed with her account, and the island, when carefully searched, yielded no indication in the way of goods or stores that the woman had told other than the truth. For the following fortnight the Manahikians and the Penrhyns were on the Dart on the homeward voyage back to Penrhyn, and not a word or a sign gave reason to suspect that the story was false.

Some weeks later Sustenance touched in the course of trade at Rakahanga, and there again encountered the woman Kokorari. She asked at once if he had heard of Joe and Tannu. Apparently much concerned when she heard that they had not reached Samoa, she asked in what direction Pukapuka bore, and when the shipmaster pointed down to the west, she seemed much relieved, and suggested that the beachcombers had probably reached that island.

Yet in her original story and in this renewed interest in the voyage of the beachcombers Kokorari was but playing a leading part in a tissue of fabrication which was sufficiently good to deceive Sustenance, and it may be said that it is by no means easy to pull the wool over the eyes of a South Sea trader.

The three beachcombers had been murdered on Suvarrow in the presence of this woman and every other person on the island, and Kokorari herself had planned the consistent story which had cleared them all from suspicion. The story came out of the confession of the wife of Tannu, that is, Tom Charlton, the American, who she made to Tairi, the native missionary teacher on Rakahanga.

For some time after the last visit which Sustenance made at Suvarrow the people busied themselves about their several occupations. Tannu and his Manahikians fished and cured the beche-de-mer, Joe and the Penrhyn Islanders worked at the beds of pearl shell, and Jules seems to have diversified his chief occupation of doing nothing by spells of watching the others at work. He was well liked by the islanders. So was Charlton. But Joe Bird acted as the superior being is apt to do when living among the islanders. A common threat when any of his divers proved refractory was that he would cut them in two and would eat their livers, and when one is a cannibal such a threat does not seem as improbable as it might appear in other conditions of life. Often he deprived his divers of their rations and water when their take of shell was not up to the amount he fixed for a day's task. The divers plotted to take their revenge upon him, and saw clearly that they must make away with the other white men at the same time.

The opportunity came early one morning. Joe Bird missed some cocoanuts from his pit. He went first to Tom Charlton's and questioned the Manahikians as to the theft. This was no more than a matter of form, for no one would ever suspect a Manahiki of theft. Receiving their denial in good part Joe took his gun and sword and strolled over to the quarters of his divers. The various people on the island were engaged in various concerns. Kokorari was cooking a bird for breakfast. Here's wife was attending her sick husband at lomilomi, the effective South Sea massage; the other Manahikians had just started out after beche-de-mer. Tom, with pistol and sword, hurried after Joe Bird and after him came Jules Farani with a sword. Arrived at the houses of the divers Joe charged their head man, Tangiora, with stealing the cocoanuts and fired the gun over his head. Then he grappled with Tangiora and called to Tom for help. Tom ran up and got hold of Tangiora's hand and snapped his pistol at him. It missed fire and he recapped it, taking the fresh cap from a little chamber in the butt of the weapon. As he aimed a second time a savage named Maori caught him by the hand, whereupon Tom knocked him down by a blow in the eye. But as he fell Maori caught Tom by the feet and threw him with the assistance of Tangiora, and these two then disarmed him and tied his hands and feet. Meanwhile a savage named Rapahua seized Joe Bird and threw him down, and with the help of Tangiora lashed his hands. Farani had no firearms, but he came on a run with his sword at Matahu. The latter, with the aid of Popokia and Natoto, tied the Frenchman up like his mates. The three beachcombers were then thrown into their boat and word was sent to four other Penrhyns who were fishing on the other side to come and row the boat.

Tom's wife Sumaria, came running to Here's house shouting, "O nga rops, O nga rops, good people, they are killing the white men for they are taking them away in the boat." Tom's wife, Kokorari, and Kaitai's wife, all hastened to the boat. Here Sumaria and Kaitai's wife had already cast off the lashings from Tom's wrists and ankles, when Rapahua aimed a gun at the women and forced them to desist. Tom, apparently thinking that they were to be set on one of the islets across the lagoon, then bade Kaitai's wife to call the Manahikians to launch his boat. This the Penrhyns prevented with guns and swords, and the four rowers by this time having come across, they pulled the boat out into the lagoon. Tom was seated on the gunwale and the other two were lying under the thwart. Joe Bird begged his captors for mercy and offered all he had if only his life might be spared.

But Tom bade him not to be a child, for it was now too late, and he himself had brought his fate upon himself and his companions. At the deepest part of the lagoon the Penrhyns bore Joe Bird overboard first, and he sank right to the bottom. Tom was the next to go, and he, too, went down like a stone. But the Frenchman rose alongside the boat, and Powhatu cut his head open with a sword. Then the Frenchman sank to join his mates in the quiet depths of the lagoon.

Now that the deed was done the shrewdness and facile invention of the Panmotti woman, Kokorari, stood the party in good stead. Left to their own simple devices they would have shaved out the goods of the murdered white men, and their detection would have been certain. She it was who set the scene and concocted the story so well as to deceive Captain Sustenance. She had the boat burned and the metal work sunk in the lagoon, and the property of the white men was in like manner destroyed, all but the single bolt of cheap cloth distributed to the divers. That was a stroke of genuine art. It would be such a natural thing for Joe Bird to do if he were sailing away that it car-

ried proof in itself. The money was almost all in her possession, but she had a long series of unwritten accounts by which it was made to seem the wages of the Penrhyn Islanders acquired by her in the way of trade.

With these confessions set out in full the original document ends. A careful search of the records shows no indication that any attempt was made to punish the murderers. Three men had died in the early morning in the lagoon of a little visited atoll in the wild South Seas, but they were only beachcombers, and their loss was not grievously felt by the world of civilization they had voluntarily cast off in order to plunge into the heart of savagery, a wild, a sudden, a cruel heart.

How such a murder was regarded by a man who was living the same life and was exposed to the same chances is naively shown in the concluding words of the deposition of Captain Sustenance: "There did not appear to have been any serious quarrel, neither should I judge the natives to have been much excited. I should infer that it must have been talked of long before and probably accelerated by the gun unhappily discharged over instead of into the head of Tangiora."

—New York Sun.

### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The steam engine is covered by 8237 patents.

One-quarter of all the people born die before six years, and one-half before they are sixteen.

Microbes are so minute that 250,000,000 can be comfortably accommodated on a penny postage stamp.

There are three times as many muscles in the tail of the cat as there are in the human hands and wrists.

The expenses for the electric underground road now being built in London have so far amounted to \$8,000,000.

There are now forty-five match factories in Japan, employing an average of nearly 9000 operatives a day. Their exports last year reached a value of \$1,706,612.

No parental care ever falls to the lot of a single member of the insect tribe. In general, the eggs of an insect are destined to be hatched long after the parents are dead, so that most insects are born orphans.

In Russia eleven laboratories are engaged in the manufacture of diphtheria serum, in which the entire population place great confidence, and not without reason, as in 44,631 registered cases in which the serum was used the death rate was but fourteen per cent. against thirty-four per cent. of the 6507 cases in which it was not employed.

It has been suggested that as ice at only twelve degrees below freezing has a specific insulation of over one thousand megohms, it might be possible to have hollow conductors which could be placed in a trench filled with water and used to carry brine for purposes of ice making and refrigeration. The frozen water would act as the insulator, and calculations have been made showing that the arrangement is feasible on a commercial scale.

The consensus of opinion regarding the origin of the migration of birds is that it began during the glacial period. The earth being then covered at either end with a cap of ice, all life was confined to a belt in the centre; but the ice receded a little at certain seasons, leaving an uninhabited space that afforded the quiet and seclusion that all the higher animals seek during the breeding period. The birds went there accordingly to rear their young, and, as the ice receded further and further, they migrated further and further.

### Russian Bluejackets Eat Tallow Candles.

"To most people," says the Hong Kong (China) Telegraph, "a tallow candle appears more in the way of a necessity than a luxury, but the Russian bluejackets who are enjoying shore leave just now from the Russia and the Admiral Nakimoff appear to find in assimilating candles of Chinese make as much gusto as an English child would have in eating a sugarstick. The other day a party of stalwart Muscovite bluejackets were to be seen going along Queen's Road, and the avidity with which they polished off soft candles was a sight for the gods. Some of the men, who were evidently petty officers, elected to dine off candles as thick as one's arm—regular No. 1 joss pigdin arrangements—and streams of grease trickled from the corners of each man's mouth."

### A Large Family.

In the Basler Jura, on the slopes of Mount Terrible, is a small village called Montavon. The government of the place is conducted by a President, Vice-President, three Councilors or Aldermen, Communal Steward, Communal Clerk and Communal Sergeant. The President's name is Joseph Montavon; the Vice-President, Victor Montavon; the Steward, George Montavon; the Clerk, Joseph Montavon; the Sergeant, Karl Montavon, and the three Councilors, Peter, Julius and Ernst Montavon. This curious circumstance arises from the fact that everybody in the place bears the name of Montavon. It is the name of a family so large that it has been vested with town rights by the Swiss government.

### New Treatment For Dyspepsia.

A new treatment for dyspepsia is a Japanese fish diet, in which the chief articles of food are fish, rice, eggs and oysters. The dishes are said to be numberless. One is a baked pudding, made of flakes of fish, boiled rice, eggs and seasoning. Another is a raw fish salad; a third, raw fish pickled; a fourth, is the meat of fish pounded into a paste with butter, vinegar, salt, white and cayenne peppers. All are said to be appetizing and nutritious to a high degree.



### Bows Under the Chin.

It is a conservative estimate to say that two-thirds of the feminine world wears a bow under its chin. A dashing little French bow, made in two loops—no ends appearing—of taffeta, or chiffon, or tulle, that is accordeon plaited, is especially stylish.

### Shamrocks the Vogue in Paris.

"Three little leaves of Irish green united on one stem," incised in a crystal locket are the latest fad in trifles which go to make up the budget of fashion in Paris. In the shop windows these trinkets are labeled, "Indian," but the description is only in name. Most of the jewelry in vogue is still fashioned after beetles, scorpions and birds.

### Fans Are Larger.

Fashionable fans are growing in size. The very small Empire fans, popular for so long, are being ousted by a breeze-creator that has at least a few degrees of usefulness. Ostrich feather fans, particularly those of a natural color, are again at the top of style. Every woman who has had one packed away in a moth-proof box for four or five years had better bring it out and air it, for she will surely need it. Those made of black, white or pale gray feathers are also being much used. No fan, of gauze and tinsel, is so graceful and alluring as one made of a mass of waving plumes. The preference is for the open and shut fan.

Simpler fans of gauze, silk, satin or net are also larger and create more wind than those of last season. They are decorated with lace, embroidery and painting and have handsome sticks of pearl, silver, gold or wood.—New York Sun.

### Venezuelan Women.

Miss Louise Stevens lectured the other day before the Professional Woman's League of New York on "Venezuelan Women." The Mail and Express reports the following:

"A few days ago I happened to be in the house of a Cuban family, when a young lady entered who was so marvelously beautiful as to attract attention in any place. She had eyes of a limpid black, with arching brows above, raven hair, features so regular that a Phidias might desire to model them, and the figure and carriage of a young Hebe. She spoke Spanish upon entering, but changed to perfect English in deference to the presence of an American, with the innate politeness common to her race. When I was told that she was a Venezuelan I knew the secret of her enchanting grace.

"The complexion of Venezuelan women might be called fair brunette, though throughout their own country the women powder their faces so as to give almost the appearance of a white mask. It is an old custom, a part of the regalia of full dress; a lady will carry her powder box in her pocket to the opera or dance, and think nothing of turning to one side and applying another layer over her face in the full view of the assembly. The effect of this profusion of powder when the perspiration trickles down is far from pleasing, forming as it does, little ridges of paste in the corners of the nose.

"I presume that one of the reasons for this custom is the pleasing sensation of coolness it imparts, and while Venezuela is by no means a hot country, yet the gentle exercise of dancing in a land where it is always summer is somewhat heating. However, one cannot but wish that they would not so disfigure themselves.

"The marvellous beauty of the young women quickly fades. Either they grow enormously fat, losing their clear complexion, with a swarthy hue and many moth patches, which no amount of white powder will cover, or they become very thin, and their faces have the appearance of a baked apple. They keep their luxuriant brown or black tresses, however, until a very advanced age; but though they lose the freshness of youth, they are not unattractive, their simple friendly manners and their kindly interest in one counting for much.

"Venezuelan women are pre-eminently mothers. They seem to keep their interest and sympathy with their children, and do not grow hard or crabbed."

### Gossip.

Mrs. Micah Dyer, Jr., of Boston, has been chosen President of the Woman's Charity Club of that city for the tenth consecutive year.

The Princess of Wales has a tea service of sixty pieces, and each piece is decorated with a different photograph which she took herself while in Scotland.

The Woman's Club, of Evanston, Ill., has raised near \$12,000 for the Charity Hospital of that place, and a new hospital building will soon be opened free from debt.

A monument designed by the Princess Louise has just been placed over the grave of Mrs. Mary Ann Thurston, who nursed all the children of Queen Victoria from 1845 to 1867.

in order to help her husband in missionary work he has undertaken in Africa.

Acting as guide, chaperon and shopping expert is the present occupation of at least one lady in Boston, who is following a line of business for women which has become quite popular in London.

Women bicyclists in St. Petersburg are ordered by the police to wear bloomers or rational dress, as the wind blows too capriciously in Russia's capital for skirts to be worn with decency.

Empress Augusta Victoria of Germany found 144 German servant girls last year to whom she could give the golden servants' cross for having lived forty years with one family. Only one was found in Berlin.

Miss Charlotte Yonge's name is to be given to three free scholarships for girls, for which her admirers, headed by the Princess of Wales, are collecting money in England. Miss Yonge is seventy-five years of age now, and has written more than eighty books.

During the present session of the English Parliament the debates have been listened to by a large number of women. The Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. Chamberlain and Mrs. Curzon are among those who have been most frequently seen at the House.

New York women are overjoyed that the Pennsylvania University has decided to open its doors to women, and to offer undergraduate courses equal to those now open to men. The women think that many other colleges will follow the university's example before long.

In giving \$100,000 to the United States Government to be used for expenses incident to the war, Miss Helen Gould has endeavored to render the most efficient kind of aid, saying that the money might be of more service than the fitting out of a yacht or a regiment.

The Emergency Hospital at Rome, Ga., is said to be one of the grandest works of its kind in this country. Rich and poor alike are treated with kindness and consideration, and the head nurse is extremely popular among the patients under her care and that of the people of her city.

Parisian women are discarding birds for animals as trimmings for their hats. Small chinchillas, not unlike rats in appearance, have become a favorite form of adornment, and it has been suggested that the new fad, if carried so far as the wearing of birds, may even extend to guinea pigs, kittens and puppies.

### The Newest in Dress Goods.

The season's jacket will flare, with large lapels, moire being the facing generally used for this purpose.

The Tam o' Shanter, with violets and other flowers, will make popular and pretty headresses this season.

Persian mauve and pale almond or tan color are effectively combined on new Paris evening gowns and tailor costumes for special wear.

The usual decoration for gowns is revers of lace edged with pleated satin ribbon. The belting is of ribbon, with pretty little ends and loops.

Satin royal and very elegant qualities of peau de soie are handsomely made up together in imported wedding toilets for the spring and early summer.

A white chip flare, with three long ostrich plumes of the same color, one standing in the centre and the other two falling gracefully on the brim, forms a pretty hat for young women.

Jeweled buttons are much used on some of the fancy coats and on the more elaborate gowns. They are seldom used, however, to fasten the garment, being better adapted to adorn than to be useful.

The old-fashioned gray, so popular with our great-grandmothers is once more a leader in the fashions of the day. This is true also of the old silk poplins, and the gray, combined with pink or blue and garnished with lace, makes a lovely costume.

Sashes will be much worn, the styles being varied and beautiful. The Roman sash is again in vogue, and is made up in all the attractive colors. One particular style is the stripes and crossbars in pink, green, blue and yellow, with a little black.

Caps for aged women are more elaborate than ever. A dainty one is of black Chantilly lace, accordeon-plaited, with a lavender bow on top. From the back are two streamers formed of rows of black beading, having a lavender ribbon run through them, and edged with narrow lace.

Vests are more becoming to stout figures than yokes, which fact will ever keep them in vogue, but they are not as new nor as stylish as yokes. A narrow, flat vest gives length to the waist if made to taper to a point. The ever-popular full vest is now ornamented with tiny cross tufts and fits loosely, but does not bag in front.

Squares of black enamel, studded with diamonds, in checker-board design, are very handsome; flowers painted on white china, with a border of turquoise, gunmetal and enamel, are new, and a novel shape is like the setting of a marquise ring, but very small. Steel, cameo and moonstone buttons are all handsome and smart.