

# Freeland Tribune

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The gross earnings of 178 railroads in 1899 were \$1,210,490,466, which shows an increase over 1898 of \$114,562,936, or nearly 10-1/2 per cent. In this calculation 163,000 miles are represented out of a total about 191,000.

Not many years ago it was considered a wonderful achievement for 16 men to manufacture 48,000 pins in a day. Now three men turn out 7,700,000 pins in the same time, and this does not include the latpines either.

The last words of a man who was hanged in Canada the other day were, "Good-bye, gentlemen. I hope you will all learn to pray, so that you can meet me in heaven." It never occurred to the magnificent egotist that perhaps the gentlemen would like to go to heaven for some other purpose.

Copenhagen's crusade against rats has led to the formation in that city of a Rational Danish Rat Exterminating society, which organization has constructed, at considerable expense, a crematory for the bodies of the rodents which it kills. The rats are said to be dangerous carriers of disease germs, and it has been found dangerous to the health of the city to bury them.

We have all heard the story of the customer at the drug store who asked for trading coupons with a purchase of postage stamps, but the Kansas City Journal goes this one better. It says that in Topeka candidates for municipal and county offices gave trading stamps with their announcements. The first to do this was a candidate for probate judge and others quickly followed suit.

The Theatre Francaise, at Paris, which was burned the other day, was in reality a national institution of France, with centuries of venerated traditions clustered around it. Its support was one of the concerns of state, and the maintenance of the great company of players attached to it—the "Comedie Francaise"—enlisted the earnest efforts of both influential public officials and liberal private citizens. The company will soon be housed anew; but Paris will long miss the century old edifice, with its many-colored porticoes, which through three generations had been the inspiration of dramatic art in the world's art centre.

Utilizing the wind as a stamp-puller is an Oregon innovation. It was the idea of the farmer at the state penitentiary, whose task was to clear the fir-forest from a sixteen-acre tract. He was given the winter in which to clear six acres, but with the aid of the wind he cleared the whole tract in six weeks, although the timber was of a dense growth, the fir measuring from one foot to four in diameter. The winds in that quarter blow strong from the south in the winter. The farmer put his men at work on the north side of the fir-trees, and then cut the surface-roots of the trees that were to be felled. These preparations were made during the first day, and then the men went home and slept while the wind did the rest. During the night a strong south wind blew the trees down, and they in falling across the logs pulled up the tap-roots. The next day the men saved up the fallen trees, burned the brush, and laid their logs for another lot of trees. They proceeded in this way until the whole grove had disappeared.

It's Gold Fields in Philippines.  
American prospectors have searched the province of Benguet, in the Philippines, and have found many paying gold fields. Igorrotes everywhere in the interior on high elevations are working good, small quartz veins, and in some places in very primitive style. Much territory belonging to the savage "head hunters" was never explored by the Spanish. Copper and gold, iron and lignite are sure to be developed by the experts. Rich Igorrotes count their wealth in hundreds of ounces of gold.

## LOVE AND SCIENCE.

**When Love:**  
"It often makes me laugh  
By science claims the telegraph,  
Or when she says that she alone  
More lately made a telephone.  
And now she's ready to aspire  
To send remarks without a wire!

Ab, Science! booby! don't you know  
You're some ten thousand years too slow!  
When primal man began to woo  
I lied my claims ahead of you."

## AN AMUSING WOMAN.

She diverted was Lucy Armitage even by her dearest friends that she made herself rather unpopular. People wanted to like her, but it was difficult when she was laughing at them, but without reservation they admitted that she was the brightest girl in town. So she made a great lament when she left there with her family and went to Chicago. Lucy was sorry to leave the little town, too, when she found that she would be lamented. She began to attach some importance to herself, a thing she had previously failed to do, because of all the absurd creatures in a world of absurdity she had seemed the most ridiculous. If she had even entertained an ambition, she laughed herself out of it. Her attitude toward herself, as well as toward the world, was that of a mocker. And if a ray of sentiment dared to find its way into her mental compound she gave chase to it with derisive mirth.

She did, whatever she attempted, well. In the village there had been only the home duties to offer vent to her activity, and she excelled in these. When other girls blundered in bread-making Lucy turned out white and featherly loaves. When experienced housewives fretted about the monotony of fare Lucy invented new dishes. She could make dresses and embroider, and mow the lawn, and curvy the horse and drive a nail. Oddly enough none of these things had satisfied her. They had not seemed worth while, and she had not been interested in her own achievements. But when she got to Chicago, and found what an awful hurry everybody was in, she got in a hurry, too, though she laughed all the time at the senseless fret and rush and decided to become a part of the breathless and preposterous procession.

She went around and looked at the city, and made up her mind about men, and women, and business, and politics, and religion, with the splendid ease and dogmatism of the young. She sent away a number of ardent lovers.

"Love?" said Lucy. "It's an illusion. Any one over forty will tell you that."  
"But you are under twenty," said one of the protesting ones.  
"An accident" cried Lucy. "A mere blunder on my part. It will take me twenty years of my life to rectify it, and I shall be so busy doing it that I really shall be able to think of nothing else."  
To herself she said:  
"When I marry I shall be for—for reasons of state, so to speak. I shall marry a capable, brilliant, physically perfect man. I believe in the survival of the fittest. I believe in the selection of species. This girlish sentiment that entraps other girls shall not waylay me."  
And for once she did not know that she was amusing.

"One morning she awoke with an idea.  
"I am going to be a nurse," she said. The more she thought of the idea the better she was pleased. For what other purpose had that magnificent strong body been given her? She felt as if she could radiate strength and courage. She was taken for probation on the merits of her general bearing and intelligence.  
"But I am afraid you are too fond of excitement," the head nurse said, kindly. "You seem to have high spirits. I fear you will not be able to stand the discipline and the confinement."

But it seemed to Lucy the place for high spirits. It appeared to be, moreover, the most exciting of places—as stirring and vital as a battlefield. Here were real tragedies, not mimic ones. Here was the actual heroism. She was interested to absorption. There was, moreover, plenty to laugh at—the pomposity of the doctors, the solemn reverence with which they regarded themselves even in the face of outrageous blunders and erroneous diagnoses and futile experiments; the hypochondriacal whims of the patients; the dry sloughing off of all moral responsibility on the part of the nurses, who came to regard themselves as automata set in motion by the physicians. This phase of the comedy humane was deliciously funny to Lucy. She made herself both friends and enemies by her ill-advised merriment.

"Doctors are absurd," she commented frequently. "I have never seen anything so owlish and so ineffective as doctors. The way they set up theories before which we all fall prostrate, and the manner in which they knock the same theories over presently, while we servilely applaud, is truly entertaining. I am glad I came."  
"You won't stay if you don't exercise more control of your tongue," one of the truly obedient nurses once said to her.  
"Oh, well," said Lucy. "The cars still run by the hospital. I can't get away."  
But for all her nonsense she was soon counted one of the best probationers the hospital had ever known. Her

steadiness of nerve was remarkable. Her pulse was normal when she witnessed or assisted at an operation. It seemed as if she could divest herself of her own personality entirely for the purpose of saving the inert creature on the operating table. The majority of life seemed a poem to her at such moments. To preserve at any cost the fragile, divine, mystic, elusive thing which all the science in the world could never synthesize seemed to her half godlike. The physicians gave her extravagant praise.  
"But still I do not like doctors," she said.

Sometimes she did not like patients, either. There was one old lady, for example, who never could divest herself of the idea that Lucy was a common servant, and that whatever else she did she must never sit down. One day the girl had been on her feet for hours waiting upon the patient, rubbing her, feeding her and caring for her in fifty ways, and at length even her firm, young body ached in every bone. She dropped into a chair for a few moments of needed rest.

"Miss Armitage," said the querulous voice of the old lady, "the room appears to me to be untidy. I wish you would pick it up."  
Lucy looked over at the disconcerted old creature and smiled tolerantly.  
"Miss Coudry," she said, "never before have I been asked to do so difficult a thing," and sat still.

Miss Coudry had no suspicion that her phraseology was at fault, and she reported the nurse. The head physician interviewed her on the subject. Lucy refrained from commenting upon the tyranny of the poor old hypochondriac. She turned the matter with a jest.  
"I was asked to pick up the room," she said. "I am not the magnetic strong girl, so I said I couldn't do it."  
The physician tempered his reproof.  
The month of probation over, Lucy was accepted, and the first severe case committed entirely to her charge was that of a young doctor who had been severely injured in a railroad accident, and one of whose legs had undergone amputation. The case was a bothersome one. The young man did not gather strength as he should have done, considering his youth. He sank into a low fever, and drowsed along through life, week in and week out. Lucy stood by him loyally. She endeavored in every way to inspire him to make a fight for life. But for a long time she could arouse no interest. At last she had an idea.  
"I will make him fall in love with me," she thought to herself. "It will do me no harm, and it will help him to get well, and as soon as he is strong again he will forget all about it. The others always have."

It was a silly comedy to play, but Lucy entered upon her role with enthusiasm. She was really a beautiful girl, but she seldom took time to remember it. Now she stuck a rose in her dark hair mornings and cap and apron over her gray gown assumed an indefinable coquetry. She took pensive attitudes and talked upon sentimental subjects.  
"What a precious guy I am making of myself," she often chuckled in the recesses of her naughty soul. "Of all the idiotic parts I ever assumed I have most cause to be ashamed of this!" But it proved to be the prescription of which the young doctor stood in need. He watched for her coming in the morning. He hung upon every word, smiled in her springing, firm step, was soothed into exquisite peace by the touch of her cool white hand upon his brow, and when he felt the grasp of her two strong hands upon his in hours of pain, it seemed to him that with her by he would find strength to endure anything.

"It will soon be over," Lucy said to comfort her conscience. "And if I am clever perhaps I can get him away before he says anything to me."  
But clever as she was she did not succeed in her desire. One day Dr. Hanson, convalescent, turned from the contemplation of the passersby on the street, and said imperatively:  
"Miss Armitage, come here."  
"Aren't your pillows right?" asked Lucy with feigned solicitude. She knew in her soul that the fatal hour had come.  
"My pillows are well. But I wish to say to you a thing you have been preventing me from saying for days. You are a beautiful tyrant, but I will not suffer tyranny, even from the beautiful. I find upon consulting with my—with my physician, that I shall require your services indefinitely. I want them as long as life lasts. I must take you away with me. I must have you for my wife."  
Lucy had many times prepared in her mind the rebukes that she would utter in answer to these remarks. She would bring him to an understanding of the absurdity of the thing.  
But this is what she heard herself saying:  
"My dear, dear, I knew you could not do without me. Of course I couldn't think of leaving you." And this time when their hands clasped it was hers that were trembling.

Then she laughed! She fairly shouted with laughter till the patients in the other rooms heard and smiled responsively. What mad absurdity! What a perversely amusing world! She would marry only a man of great physical superiority—she hated physicians!  
And she had just kissed a one-legged physician, and promised to be his wife. "I was never so amused," cried Lucy.  
"You were never so amusing, my dear heart," said her lover.—Chicago Tribune.

**Hungary leads in glass jewel production.**  
For several years the Department of Agriculture has maintained an office of road inquiry, upon which devolved

## GOOD ROADS NOTES.

**Need of Better Highways.**  
VERY owner of an automobile wants good roads so that he may drive his horseless carriage over them. He is not selfish in this. The man with the hoe—the farmer—wants good roads so that he may bring his produce to market and his family and himself to the neighboring town with a less expenditure of time, wear and tear, and trouble. In sections of the country where the farmer has good roads he would not lose them for more than their cost and go back to the old system of having to haul through the mud and over the stones. He finds that the value of his property is increased, and he can haul two—yes, three—times a greater load in less time to market, and that he is richer and better because of the good road which connects his property with the neighboring town. In Europe the highway was built before the railway. It was their only means of communication until within the last sixty years. Afterward the railway came, and their system of highways was found so useful that they have been kept up, and, indeed, improved.

It has been claimed that we do not need better highways because of our excellent system of railways. This is absurd. Every pound of freight which is carried by the railways, except such as is loaded at factories, quarries, mines, etc., at side tracks, must first be carried over our highways. Every passenger who travels on the railway must, to reach the railway, first pass over some portion of the highways. It can safely be said that the highways of this country carry more passengers and more freight than the railways, but of course for a shorter distance.

General Roy Stone when he was Engineer-in-Chief of the Department of Agriculture, said that the annual cost of hauling in this country over the highways was \$946,414,665. General Stone estimated that nearly two-thirds of this vast expenditure is chargeable to the bad condition of the roads.  
Let us see what our neighboring States have done to improve their highways. Several of them in the past few years have passed good roads laws. The following data of the amounts spent by the States and counties under their good roads' law, and the miles of road improved is made up from returns of the authorities in the different States named:

State	To Dec. 31, 1899	Miles	Amount
Mass.	270	270	\$3,137,000
New Jersey	429	429	2,147,478
Connecticut	290	290	1,289,000
	990	990	\$6,573,478

How does the great Empire State of New York compare with her sister States in this matter? Something over two years ago the Higbee-Armstrong bill for improving the highways of this State became a law. Under it the Legislature has made two appropriations of \$50,000 each. The State Engineer's office has advised me that up to October 1, 1899, the State and counties had expended \$88,032 under this law, and they had completed seven and a half miles of road, and had seventeen miles in process of construction. He reports since the Higbee-Armstrong bill went into effect he has received 121 petitions for the improvement of highways, aggregating about 625 miles; in other words, the counties and local people stand ready to pay their half of the cost of 625 miles of road, and all that remains is for the State to appropriate their half under the provisions of the Higbee-Armstrong bill. It has been estimated that there is something more than \$5,000,000 a year spent in the State of New York in repairing the highways. The usual method of repairing roads is to plow up a ditch and scrape the silt, grass and roots which are there up on the road. The first time there is a hard rain much of this goes back into the ditch and a very large part of this annual expenditure of over \$5,000,000 is simply money thrown away.

What does the State propose to do for good roads? They are little arteries which bring the blood of trade to the railways and the canals. If these arteries are poor and if the circulation of trade is sluggish the usefulness of great railways and great canal systems of the State are greatly impaired.—Speech made in New York by Albert R. Shuck, Chairman of the Committee on Good Roads of the Automobile Club of America.

**The Need of Good Roads.**  
Good roads are a business necessity, not only to the farmer, but to every municipality, industry and enterprise, and all would be equally benefited by improved highways. This proposition is not without supporting evidence, which can be accumulated in abundance. The farmer who must haul to a distant market the products of his acres finds that such transportation is excessively expensive in time and labor involved and in the maintenance of vehicles and beasts of burden. All this increases the selling cost of the product, without conferring any compensating benefit upon anybody. Consumers everywhere are thus compelled to pay a heavy fine for neglect of road improvement. On the contrary, if the public roads should be made solid, smooth and of easy grade hauls from the farm to the preferred market would be rendered of shorter duration and physically less difficult and the stock and vehicle account would be shortened.  
These facts are so obvious that they ought to appeal forcefully to every progressive citizen.—Philadelphia Record.

**The Road Inquiry Bureau.**  
For several years the Department of Agriculture has maintained an office of road inquiry, upon which devolved

the duty of circulating and collecting information regarding the good roads movement in this country. The office has had only a small appropriation; so small, in fact, that contributions for its support have had to be made by those interested in its maintenance.

**Argentina Getting Interested.**  
The appearance of the automobile in Buenos Ayres has been the signal for a good roads agitation throughout the Argentine Republic. The Argentine Touring Club has been organized, and roads exclusively reserved for bicycles and light automobiles are already in course of construction.

**A NOTABLE CO-OPERATIVE SUCCESS.**  
Remarkable Association of Farmers Near Rockwell, Iowa.

Notable among co-operative successes is that of an association of farmers near Rockwell, Iowa. It has rounded its eleventh year of existence, and the past year was the most successful of the eleven. It is a wonder to farmers who are not members of it, and it is a thorn in the flesh of the grain-buyers. It had its origin in the dissatisfaction of the farmers over the price they received for their grain and hogs from the one purchaser with whom dealings were convenient. At the start ninety-five farmers took stock in the enterprise at \$1 a share, the maximum limit of individual holdings being three shares. The members were always paid one-quarter of a cent more for their wheat than the seller outside the society, and the association, to protect itself from the allegations of higher prices paid by competing elevators, compelled its members to pay one-quarter of a cent commission in case the grain was sold to a competitor. The result has been that the Rockwell elevators have paid always one-half cent to one and a half cent higher than any other elevators in the county. Efforts to disrupt the organization have been made, but they have failed. The only effect thus far was to anger the members and to lead them a step further in the co-operative idea. The association now sells coal, salt, flour and other supplies to its members at prices which defy local competition. From a beginning of ninety-five members and less than 200 shares of stock, the association has grown to nearly 500 members, representing 601 shares. From a first year's business of probably less than \$50,000, the year just closed has shown a business of a half-million dollars, and increase in the past year of \$185,000. This year, too, they have added another elevator, have added 125 new members, declared a dividend of \$6123, and have a surplus of over \$7000 in the treasury.—New York Post.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

Do not be ashamed of being big-hearted and ambitious to improve yourself in body and mind. Remember that one of the best ways of self-improvement is being of service to others who need help.

The lines on which we think most earnestly and continuously will decide our main desires, our hopes, our motives, our actions, our characters. A happy marriage depends much more on a good, loving, patient character than all the circumstances of time, place and money combined.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained than this: that when the injury begins on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

Be content with doing with calmness the little which depends upon yourself, and let all else be to you as if it were not.

A twinge of the conscience doesn't trouble most of us half so much as a twinge of the toothache.

Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey toward it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.

Wondrons is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance.

It is so much easier for a genuine humorist to amuse others than to even satisfy himself.

To him nothing is possible who is always dreaming of his past possibilities.

Equal parts of love and sense make the world go round on the square.

**An Awkward Name.**  
He was dressed like a farmer, and he looked inquiringly at the clerk behind the counter of the chief post-office, and pointed pantomimically to a bundle of letters the latter was sorting.

"What name?" asked the clerk.  
"Loudler," said the farmer.

The clerk repeated his query in a tone calculated to startle even a dead man. But the man only smiled at unmeaning smile, and said: "Loudler."  
The clerk took a long breath, and the yell that came out was loud enough to wake the dead.

"No offence, sir, I hope? Yes, that's my name—Loudler, sir."  
"Oh, ah!" said the clerk quite softly. "I never thought of that. Yes; here's a letter."

**Deadly Shells Now Used.**  
The ordinary shell which was manufactured thirty years ago only broke into from twenty to twenty-five pieces when it burst. At the present time it bursts into 240, while a shrapnel shell, which used to scatter thirty-seven missiles, now scatters 340. A present-day bomb, when charged with peroxylene, breaks up into 1200 pieces, and it is estimated that it would effectively kill any one standing within twenty yards of the explosion.

**The Average Woman's Letter.**  
A woman's letter that is punctuated decently is as rare as a picture of a college girl's room that hasn't a banjo stuck up somewhere in sight.—New York Press.

## WOMAN'S WORLD.

### PARASOL PRETTINESS.

The New Sunshades Are Elegant in Shape, Material and Coloring.  
When it comes to the new parasols one's pen almost fails, such is their infinite variety and so many more new ideas are there than there were last season. They may be divided into three classes—the utility ones; the regulation sun umbrella, to go with an ordinary gown; the long-handled, fussy ones, to be carried with elaborate cloth or silk gowns; and, lastly, the distingue kind of lace, appliques, chiton and pleatings, marvelously elaborate and elegant as to shape, material and variety of colorings.

The erstwhile familiar coaching parasol has a formidable rival this year in a similar kind, only with one or two points of difference, termed the automobile parasol. This is of perfectly plain silk, of any desired shade, only, of course, Dame Fashion has first say, and decrees that one shade shall be smarter than all others, but you may choose what you like. Last summer exclusive women chose either a green or a purple coaching parasol; this year the proper automobile sunshade is either red or purple. They have a wooden handle like the coaching parasol, but it is medium in size, not so short or so thick as formerly. A tiny ruche of white Liberty silk, put on so as to fall over the edge, is sometimes used on the automobile parasol, but a coaching one is universally very plain, therefore making a most consistent accessory for a tailor-made gown. One must not mistake because these parasols are so plain that they are inexpensive. On the contrary, they are only come in the high-priced kinds, but they are so useful, serving on so many different occasions, that really they are cheap in the end. Care should be exercised in their selection, as unless it is a good silk they very soon crack, and then all is over, of course.  
The curved and the square shapes are developed in many of the second class of parasols mentioned above, the latter shape being very new, and often made up of one of the recently introduced silk squares, with plain centre and fancy border, or vice versa. The result is extremely effective, especially those of Persian colorings, with the same color and white carried out in the border; these are dainty and pretty enough to be entirely consistent with almost any gown.

Of course, the greatest elaboration and variety of ideas is shown in the lace and chiffon parasols, as here greater scope is had, these materials lending themselves to so much greater diversity of design in the way of tuckings, pleatings, ruckings, appliques, etc. Eccentric might almost be applied to the mode of fashioning some of them. For instance, there is a centre tucked or plaited chiffon or lace over a silk lining, then around this a lace inserting, then a band to match the centre, then one or two lace ruffles. Entire accordion-plaited chiffon or lace parasols over transparent linings are new and handsome, but as a useful sunshade leave much to be desired.

The parasol introduced last summer, consisting of rows of tucks of Liberty silk or chiffon over a thin lining to match, is still very smart, but must match the gown in shade, or at least match the trimmings. This sunshade is extremely pretty, either open or shut. Very light colors, white or black, are the only shades in which it is made, and the bottom tuck is made wide enough to fall over; it is never finished with a lace or chiffon ruffle.

Very handsome and elaborate parasol handles are the fad of the season, and where expense is not considered many most expensive and original designs are used. Gold or silver-tipped ones are quite usual, some of these being even further embellished with small colored stones, or made of something like malachite or lapis lazuli. Coral or ivory exquisitely carved is the newest and most beautiful, but necessarily proportionately expensive.

**Women and Forestry.**  
The lovers of trees will be glad that young women in colleges are taking lessons in forestry. Report says that in the University of Washington, at Seattle, sixty young women have taken the lectures in forestry during the last four years; eleven have done the same thing in the University of Nebraska. In the college of forestry at Cornell the courses are strictly professional, and are intended for the instruction and training of managers of forest properties. While no women have been admitted to that department, a special course designed to give general information on the subject is open to them, and interest is growing in it.

Professor Maria Sanford, of the Minnesota State University, has been hard at work for the last fifteen years trying to save the forests of 23 northern Minnesota from the covetous hands of lumber contractors. Her efforts, with the help of Colonel John S. Cooper, have prevailed with the Government to set aside a tract of virgin timber between the head waters of the Mississippi and the Red River of the North as a forest reserve, with the name of Itasca Park.

Through the influence of the women who took up the matter of planting and cultivating trees on College Hill, Cincinnati, a dilapidated locality has become attractive, and property in that section has advanced twenty-five per cent. in value in two or three years.  
In New Jersey, Miss Vermilie, in an address before the State Federation of Women's Clubs, brought forward the importance of an intelligent

understanding of forestry. All such efforts are laudable, and the women's clubs throughout the country should extend helping hands towards the all too small company of tree-lovers. Arbor Day in schools, tree-planting in honor of great men and women, all these exercises work for good, yet there should always be a strong effort made to awaken an intelligent as well as sentimental regard.—Springfield Republican.

**Between Two Queens.**  
It is said that young Queen Wilhelmina has offended her friend, Queen Victoria. She has espoused the side of the Boers and made indiscreet remarks about the English. Wilhelmina is warm-hearted, impetuous and very fond of Wilhelmina's way. Queen Victoria has written her many letters of affectionate advice, and when urged to marry Wilhelmina has found it convenient to quote the Queen of England, who reigned several years as a virgin Queen. But Wilhelmina has not accepted the many invitations of Victoria to go to Windsor on a visit. She has replied evasively and put off the visit each time it was proposed. The great lady of Windsor has never been treated in such a manner before, and she has known four generations of European potentates. As her majesty grows older she becomes more and more particular about the observance of all rules of etiquette, and she is pained and surprised at the modern independence of the youthful Queen of the Netherlands. But Wilhelmina is neither a grandchild of Victoria nor a scion of the house of Hanover, so she cannot be scolded.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

**Grace Culture.**  
A woman who has improved a naturally ungraceful figure says that it has been accomplished by remembering every time she is required to stand to lift herself upon her toes and let herself down gently, leaving her weight upon the balls of her feet, instead of upon her heels. "When this is done," she says, "it is not necessary to think of chin or shoulders. She has learned to walk in this way, and says that her feet grow less tired than formerly, because the tension of her foot which was intended to bear the weight is in proper use.  
A glance at the position of the arch of the instep will prove that the body's weight was never intended to rest upon the heels, and the habit of throwing it there accounts for weak backs and kindred ills.

**The Long Chain.**  
The present popular way of wearing the long chains of pearls or corals is in a single loop about the throat and a second loop tipped with a pendant hanging to the edge of the gown.

**Frills of Fashion.**  
Belt buckles covered with snede in its natural color, and ornamented with steel, jet or turquoise, are one of the novelties.

It is said that in England khaki cloth has attained considerable prominence as a fabric for fashioning almost everything, from slippers to costumes.

A freak of fancy or fashion, as the case may be, is hand-painted flowers on gauze, silk and snede, all of which are used for trimming gowns and hats as well.

The new hats show very decided crowns, more or less high. Plaited straws are in evidence, and choux of tulle, wings, fruit and flowers are favorite decorations.

Heliotrope and pale blue are colors that have been seen in combination for some time, and in the latest hats pink in a pale shade is seen combined with the other two colors.  
Among the foreign novelties shown in the shops is a line of illuminated silk and wool crepon effects. There are two designs in six colors, and in every instance the black yarn is thrown to the surface to produce a crepon effect.

One of the things which may be attached to the neck chain or chataleine is a gold buttonhook for gloves. The new ones open and close like a pocket-knife, and when handsomely engraved or studded with jewels are both elegant and costly.

Among the novelties in silks that have met with favor are satin Liberties printed in Persian designs of pastel coloring. Foulards have not lost ground, and bid fair to score the success that was predicted for them at the opening of the season.

Many new crepe ties are in, in all the different shades—pink, blue, red, white and heliotrope. Some of them are fringed, some appliqued with lace, and some embroidered, while others are hemstitched. The white, pink and blue will wash well, and possibly the other shades.  
The new jackets are very short and finished with rows of stitching or very narrow piping with stitching above. Some of them are double-breasted, with handsome buttons for a finish. Eaton coats are shaped down below the waist line in front and are quite short in the back.

Pretty silk waists, not intended for the tub, come in plaids, divided by Valenciennes lace insertion; in white and pale blue, embroidered with black spots, and in almost as great a variety of designs as the more elaborate separate waists that have been worn throughout the winter.

Women who have long necks will certainly welcome the latest fashion— which, by the way, is only the revival of a fashion which was in vogue many years ago—of wearing a velvet neckband; the wider it is the better, so it is understood that, at the present moment, the longer your neck the better. These neckbands frequently match the dress with which they are worn, but in many cases they are of black velvet.