

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN

Rainy Day Petticoat.

A new rainy day petticoat, for use with any walking suit, is black, and has a deep flounce, interlined with crinoline and faced with velvet.

The Newest Underskirt.

One of the latest designs in black taffeta underskirts has the flounce tucked horizontally and perpendicularly with machine stitching of white silk.

Ready-to-Wear Hats.

Many of the latest ready to wear hats are trimmed with white, gray or black wings. These are especially well adapted for the sides of the new tricorne walking hats.

Good Ruffles Should Be Bought.

A good tulle or silk ruffle which is going cheap is by no means to be despised, for when one tries to make it at home she is surprised at the endless yards of stuff it takes and the hopelessly heavy effect obtained. So those who want a ruffle should go to the sales and purchase one.

Unlined Waists.

The tucked silks, chiffon and muslin are a boon to the woman who can use her needle, as the blouse is now quite fashionable without lining and is easily made from a good pattern. The sleeves are in one part, with the seam from elbow only, and the blouse is in three parts. None of the tucks is disturbed by this fashion of cut, and any yoke or insertions can be readily arranged by tacking the lace out on the pattern.

Elaborate New Sleeves.

Apropos of the new sleeves they are more elaborate than ever, and in such an infinite variety of tasteful designs that it would seem impossible to work out a fashion that would not be fashionable; and all sorts of odds and ends of lace, embroidery and fancy materials can be utilized in these beautiful sleeves. But many of the newest end at, or just below, the elbow, so as to allow a fine display of the under-sleeve, that either flows in an open flounce or ends at the wrist in a band of embroidery or lace. One may have many different sets of these under-sleeves, thereby varying the finish of a few gowns of good texture and faultless cut into an elaborate richness.—New York Tribune.

Perfect Taste in Choosing Clothes.

It was said of the now sorrowful Eugenie of France that no one ever said: "How superbly the Empress is dressed," but always: "How beautiful she is to-night." Yet no one ever wore more costly garments at the French court. The materials were of the most delicate texture, the lace was perfection, the cut and design those which only an artist could produce, but they were always subordinate to the wearer. She was never overlaid with jewels—she never bought things because they were expensive—she chose what suited the occasion and set forth her own exceeding charm. To-day her feeble figure is still elegant, and her faded, sorrow-lined face still has charm, and even her widow's mournful garb is strikingly suitable and full of grace.—The Ledger Monthly.

How to Wear Rings.

The growing fancy for wearing an abundance of rings during the daytime as well as for evening affairs makes special care of the gems they increase very necessary.

If you want your rings to last well, do not wear them under gloves. That is what a prominent jeweler says. But if you decide that gloves are a necessity, as probably you will, he adds, then send your rings twice a year to be rehailed.

The reason for this warning is that the constant friction of the gloves wears the tiny points that hold the stones in place, and the result is that the stones fall out unless they are constantly looked after. The wearer might not detect a loose stone, but a jeweler would at once, and by a little timely intervention might prevent the loss of a valuable gem.—Washington Star.

The Care of the Hair.

At night before retiring brush the hair carefully and braid it loosely in a number of strands. Avoid wetting the hair too often to make it glossy, as the wetting has a tendency to make the hair coarse. Avoid putting the hair up in kids at night to wave it. They are more harmful than even the much-abused curling iron, as the hair is twisted about the kid so tightly that it actually wears it out, and a bald spot is apt to be the result.

There is a new sort of shampoo just now much in favor with women of fashion. It is known as the perfume shampoo. It consists of sprinkling the hair with orris powder, leaving the fragrant powder on long enough to collect the dust and oil, and then giving the hair a vigorous brushing. The orris shampoo when thus taken is quite harmless and leaves the hair with just a subtle perfume about it.—Woman's Home Companion.

Making Calls by Telephone.

"Formal calls," said a society woman yesterday, "are becoming obsolete. I mean the running in of an afternoon, chatting for five or ten minutes, leaving your cards, rushing off to the next place on your list, and then expecting these women to do the same thing to you, and praying you may be out when they call."

"I make nearly all my calls now over the phone. It is so much more comfortable, and saves such a lot of time and bother. I just sit down in my

own home and call up Mrs. Jones in her home. I owe her a call. If she is in she comes to the phone, and, although I may have nothing in particular to talk to her about, we chatter away for several minutes, and before I ring off I impress upon her the fact that I am returning her call, and that she needn't expect me to come in person. She laughs and thinks it's all right, and then pays some of the calls she owes in the same way. It really does away with a great nuisance."—Philadelphia Record.

A Sunny Presence.

If you had asked her about her accomplishments she would have told you that she had none, and would have been quite sincere in her answer. She did not know how to play a piano and had never tried her hand at water colors or crayon sketching. She had never found time for embroidery. She got off the key when she tried to sing. In fact, one might run through the list of what are called accomplishments, without naming one at which she was an expert. Yet this sunny faced, sweet voiced girl had one accomplishment which outweighed all those she lacked. Wherever she went gloomy faces grew cheerful. She was a happiness maker. Children stopped fretting when she came near. Old people came back from their dreams of the past and found the present sweet. Without being wise or witty or beautiful, there was an atmosphere of peace about her like the fragrance of a flower. Her smile had the comforting warmth of sunshine. The tones of her glad young voice stirred the heart like a song.—Woman's Life.

Boydoir CHAT.

Mrs. Peary, wife of the Arctic explorer, has accompanied her husband in some of his most perilous expeditions.

Mrs. Ida Foster Cronk, of Chicago, is trying to dignify household service by declaring that housework is a profession.

Eugenie, Empress of the French, is still living in sad seclusion on her English estate, making one visit a year to the Continent.

In former days a married woman could not get her life insured, the supposition being that her husband might kill her for the insurance money.

Lady Cadogan, wife of the Earl of Cadogan, and one of London's beauties, has a fond for snakes, and has been photographed with her pet python coiled about her.

Miss Helen Gould has sent two expensive paintings to the Normal and Industrial College at Greensboro, N. C., as souvenirs of her recent visit to the institution.

Miss Adele Hugo, a daughter of Victor Hugo, whose centenary was recently observed, is still living in Paris, but the place is kept secret, owing to the wishes of the family.

Women can vote on municipal and school questions in all parts of Australia; they have parliamentary suffrage in Southern Australia, and in Western Australia can vote for, but cannot become, members of Parliament.

Massachusetts has a flourishing "Ex Club," which is composed of the past officers of the Massachusetts State Federation. The President is Miss Florence Everett. It is practically a luncheon club, as its meetings generally take the form of a luncheon to some woman of note.

CLEANINGS FROM THE Shops

Chain purses in silver, gun-metal and gilt.

Golf caps of the usual form in red cloth.

Very heavy white skin gloves for walking wear.

Muff or chatelaine chains of agate and gilt metal.

Suede belts, beautifully embroidered in gold and silver thread.

White reversing, with wide black stripes in new and original designs.

Short brown boas, made of gathered chiffon, with ribbon ends to match.

Broad, white ribbon, with colored design thereon, giving water effect.

Women's short coats made of hopsacking in gray and several other tints.

Black chiffon bows, trimmed with for-get-me-nots and other small flowers.

THE WORDS IN A LEAD PENCIL.

Some one has been calculating the number of words in a lead pencil, and he has published the result in an Orleans paper. "I have," he says, "been figuring on the possibilities of words in a lead pencil, and you would be surprised to know what a man can do with one lead pencil. How many words are there in a lead pencil? How many columns of newspaper matter? How many pages in a book of the average size? In the first place, the average pencil is seven inches long. The average diameter of the pencil used by men who write a great deal is one-twelfth of an inch. Considering the wood and lead the point of a pencil measures about one-half of an inch, one-quarter of an inch representing the lead portion.

"Allowing for breaks and scratches," continues this ingenious statistician, "one-quarter of an inch of lead will write two columns of matter for the ordinary newspaper, assuming that the pencil is not of the extreme soft character. There are about 1800 words in a full column of a newspaper of the average size. Two columns would represent 3600 words. So we get this number of words out of one-quarter of an inch of lead. Out of an inch of lead we would get seven times 3600, or 14,400 words. Out of seven inches we would get 100,800 words. So far as the number of words is concerned we have in this result the possibilities of the lead pencil. Allowing 1800 words to the column, this would mean fifty-six columns of solid matter, or an eight-page paper of seven columns to the page.

WISE WORDS.

He who is quick to promise is often slow to perform.

Even an awkward deed is better than the most eloquent dream.

The possessor of great means often produces great meanness.

The attempt to be a good fellow has spoiled many a good man.

A truly great name was never bought at the price of a good one.

A man's business is a curse when he is too busy to stop to do good.

To refuse a right responsibility may be to reject a great reward.

When you have made a child glad you may have made a man good.

It is never safe to waste the day if life since the night falls without warning.

It is better to be a good man in a bad place than a bad man in a good one.

The value of a man's opinion on a subject depends on what it costs him to live up to them.

It is better to grow into a place of popularity than to be blown into one of power.

The power of perfecting the present is worth more than the power of prophesying the future.—Rams' Horn.

Something New "Under the Sun."

In an article in Lippincott, on "Advance Hints to Travelers," the author says: "I recently met an Englishman who told me he had been interested in the purpose of forming for the purpose of serving ice by wagon in London after the company failed of success because householders did not know how to keep the ice after they had bought it. The refrigerator idea had not yet dawned on the British mind. My informant went on to say that his company had now turned its attention to the introduction of refrigerators as a requisite to the use of ice. I asked him if he expected success in this second venture despite the failure of the first. He answered: "Yes, because we have prepared statistics showing the annual waste of thousands of tons of provision in London because of the lack of means to preserve them. When we have touched the Londoner's pocket-nerve we shall win."

"The statement struck me as an exaggeration at the moment, but I received a confirmation of it a few days later in London, when I passed a house-furnishing shop at whose door was hung a placard reading thus: "The Public is invited to step inside and inspect a refrigerator in operation. No charge."

White Mice for Submarines.

Caselli's, it appears, the few, most suitable for submarines, but human sensations give no more warning when his collected fumes are becoming dangerous. White mice, however, are said to be extremely sensitive to this poison, and perish inconspicuously before human beings begin to suffer the slightest ill effects. So in all submarines of the future cages full of white mice are to be kept on the floor, whence the heavy emanations gradually rise, and it will always be some one's duty to go round and see how the mice are getting on.—Country Life.

Unique Tablecloth.

When a southeast wind is blowing the visitor to Cape Town is treated to a peculiar and interesting natural phenomenon, for under such conditions Table Mountain, in the language of the natives, "puts on a table cloth." In other words, the thin line of fleecy cloud forming above it descends until it reaches flat upon the mountain top, with its edges drooping gracefully over its sides.

It is really not unlike the article of household use which gives it its name.

CHATS WITH GIRLS AND BOYS

Thoughts at the Zoo.

If tigers trundled cycles round, I shouldn't go a-riding; If polar bears on skates were found I'd discontinue sliding; If crocodiles were cricketers, I'd never more keep goal; And quite refuse, if kangaroos invited me to polo.

If buffaloes a-boating went, With them I'd not go punting; I'd drop, were guns and guns intent, All interest in hunting; If chimpanzees were cricketers, I'd not attend their matches; Oh, no! nor yet, with gaff or net, Land hippo's funny catches.

A Modern Knight.

One evening a woman walking down a lonely street saw ahead of her an intoxicated man. No one else was in sight except a boy who was carrying some packages. She stood still waiting until the man should get out of her way. The boy saw her hesitation, and turned back.

"Don't be afraid of me," said the boy, "I'll take care of you; you just walk alongside of me."

"Such a man," she said in telling about it afterward, "Why, he was more thoughtful than most boys I know who have had the advantage of associating with gentlemen all their lives."—New York Mail and Express.

Aquarium on the Ocean.

It is not uncommon for trees to be torn up by the great storms that break over tropical countries and swept out to sea. A vessel being becalmed in the Bay of Bengal the sailors spent their time in studying the wonders of the deep. An object floating at some distance from the ship was thought to be a turtle. When they rowed up to it, however, it turned out to be a tree upside down in the water. Swimming in and about the leafless branches were innumerable fishes of every description, from two to nine inches long, many beautifully colored. Outside of the branches a ring of dolphins were keeping watch and ward in the hope of gobbling up any fishes foolish enough to leave their harbor of refuge, while a still outer circle was composed of here and there a shark, waiting for their chances. One sailor said he had never seen a lovelier or more remarkable spectacle. The sea was perfectly calm and clear, and overhead the sun shone brilliantly. The tree must have been waterlogged for many weeks, because it was covered with barnacles and all kinds of shells.

Marie and Her French Lesson.

She was such a dainty little creature, just three and a half years old. Her brother Henri was seven years old.

Life was all joyous sunshine to little Marie, save for the days that were darkened by the visit of the professor to give instruction in French to her and her brother.

After due deliberation she decided to rebel. At the hour for the French lesson Marie could not be found. Henri looked in every room and closet in the house, then went over the ground again, finally through a sudden inspiration he looked under the set tubs in the laundry; there she was, poor little thing, screwed up in a knot to make herself as small as possible so as to escape observation.

"Marie, mamma says to come at once, the professor is waiting to give us our lesson."

"No, Henri, you do it; I can't do it, I won't!"

"But," said Henri, "you must come." "I can't do it, Henri, I can't do it!" then, as she saw no relenting—"well, you do, I turn pity soon," she replied, tears in her voice.

Henri went away to his lesson. Their father, coming down stairs soon after, saw Marie, head down, the French primer under her right arm, her left hand on the balustrade, and, cautiously creeping back, he listened to this soliloquy: "I can't do it, why don't Henri do it? O God, I wis' 'twas Sunday."—New York Tribune.

An Ingenious Bear Trap.

The Mexicans in California had an ingenious method of trapping bears before the advent of the Yankees brought modern firearms into the region. A piece of meat was nailed to the side of a horizontal limb of an oak tree. From a limb five or six feet above a rope was suspended, to the end of which a large stone was made fast so that it hung about six inches above and a trifle nearer the trunk than the meat on the lower limb.

When a bear smelt the meat from afar he would climb up the tree and make his way to the meat. In doing so he would push the stone pendulum to one side. Just as he was about to fasten his teeth in the meat the stone would swing back and bang his head.

This would rouse the anger of the bear and he would give the stone a sweep of his paw which would send it swinging further out. The consequence was a harder bang and more anger. The more he struck the stone the harder would he be hit in return, until, from ferocious anger, he would lose his caution and attack the pendulum with all his vigor. One powerful sweep, then, bang, and brain would be tumbled out of the tree to the rocks below, where, disabled by his fall, he would be at the mercy of those who set the trap whenever they chose to take him.

Carries His Own Seat.

He entered a crowded Lexington street car. There were no seats, but he just smiled. He had long ago solved the crowded car problem and now carries his own seat.

From under his coat this man drew what at first looked like a policeman's night stick. A quick movement and the stick was transformed into a three-legged camp stool. To spread a piece of canvas over the top took but a second, and the seat was complete. The man squatted down on his improvised seat and read his paper in comfort.—New York Mail and Express.

"Souvenir Collecting."

The carrying off of any small portable article from one's friends' houses or from hotels is reaching such proportions, under the name of "souvenir collecting," that soon chairs and tables and other pieces of heavy furniture will be the only things left untouched.

Many women, so it seems, feel nothing of bearing away a spoon, liquor glass or even a sugar basin, to add to their collection—one might say, to add to their hoards—which are triumphantly shown to their friends in cabinets especially made for this purpose.—London King.

THAT WHICH WAS LOST.

A lover said, "I do not hate the years That touch to gray the softness of her hair, For me remembrance leaves the sunlight there."

"I love the lines that colder eyes than mine Read on the spirit fairness of her face. The soul's handwriting tells its inward grace.

"But once around her beauty, still so dear, Blew an enchanted air; a mystic spell That shook my heart, but kept its own from me.

"There was a secret hidden in her eyes; And in her voice one note I thrilled to hear. Have the years slain it, ere I read it clear?"

Even as he spoke, her soft eyes met his own answered. For behind their love and truth Shone the lost magic and immortal youth.—A. L. G. H., in St. James's Gazette.

FACE-TIOUS VEIN

Poser—"Which nation do you think loves America the most?" Bighead—"The one that needs her the most."—Town Topics.

Mrs. Hatterson—"What! You've had fourteen cooks in three months?" Mrs. Catterson—"Yes, And I didn't please any of them."—Life.

She—"They consider themselves among 'our best people.'" He—"Of course. They don't know any better."—Town and Country.

She sat with him at midnight, She called him "Mr. Brown." Her father came from realms above, And promptly called him—down.—Philadelphia Record.

Teacher—"Tommy, if you gave your little brother nine sticks of candy and then took away seven, what would that make?" Tommy—"It would make him yell."—Tit-Bits.

"That was an ideal course the Automobile Club selected for its race." "Think so?" "Yes; there was a blacksmith shop and a pharmacy every half mile."—Chicago News.

How hard it is to classify!— All outlines blend and shirk; Some work is isport, and, then—Oh, my! Some sport is downright work!—Puck.

"Goodness!" exclaimed the boy to the river, at the height of the spring floods, "how big your mouth has grown!" "Yes," replied the river, "that's because my head's so swollen."—Philadelphia Press.

"No man with any sense at all would approve of your action," said the angry husband. "But, my dear," calmly inquired his better half, "how do you know what a man with any sense would do?"—Tit-Bits.

Mother—"There were two apples in the cupboard, Tommy, now there is only one. How's that?" Tommy (who sees no way of escape)—"Well, ma, it was so dark in there I didn't see the other."—Glasgow Times.

"He calls his poems 'the children of his brain.' " "Dear me, then I should think the horrid critics ought to be taken in hand by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

"People used to think he was a wonder," we said, referring to the village prodigy. "Yes," answered the discerning individual; "but come to find out about it, he was merely a bad guess."—Baltimore American.

Nell—"You ought to have seen the pleased expression on Tom's face when I accepted him." Bess—"Yes. It must have been so very different from the pained expression on his face when I refused him last fall."—Chicago News.

Young Minister's Unhappy Phrase.

Dr. George C. Lorimer, of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York, when visiting Philadelphia recently, told this story:

"It is queer what a liking young students have for long words and Latin quotations, and what a dread possesses them of appearing conventional. I once knew a promising candidate who was given charge of a funeral in the absence of the pastor of the church. He knew it was customary for the minister to announce after the sermon that those who wished should step up to view the remains, but he thought this was too hackneyed a phrase, and he said instead:

"The congregation will now pass around the bier."—Philadelphia Times.

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Tired Out

"I was very poorly and could hardly get about the house. I was tired out all the time. Then I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it only took two bottles to make me feel perfectly well."—Mrs. N. S. Swinney, Princeton, Mo.

Tired when you go to bed, tired when you get up, tired all the time. Why? Your blood is impure, that's the reason. You are living on the border line of nerve exhaustion. Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and be quickly cured.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Instantaneous Marconigrams.

It seems that as yet the speed at which the Hertzian currents of wireless telegraphy move has not been determined. Marconi says he thinks they travel at about the same speed as light, 186,000 miles a second. Therefore, should Marconi be able, as we professes to believe he will be, to send a message around the world, it would occupy in transmission approximately one-eighth of a second, and the clicks of the sending and receiving instruments would be almost simultaneous.

Postbox Device.

A letter carrier of Morristown, N. J., has been allowed 18 claims by the Patent Office at Washington for a collector's recording mechanism for letter boxes. The device locks the boxes, preventing them from being tapped during the night, and, by aid of an electrical mechanism connected with the postoffice, much the same as a time lock, permits the carrier to open them at the schedule hours in the morning, at the same time recording the time in the office.

Ask Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder. It rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Itchy Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. At all Druggists and Shoemakers, 25 cents. Accept no substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

A Paris editor complains that almost half the people of Paris were not born there.

FITs permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve-Restorer. \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

There has been no new ruler rulers of Russia since the death of Catherine II.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, &c., a bottle

The first American college was Harvard, which was opened to receive students in 1638, at Newton, Mass., now called Cambridge.

More than 25,000 persons in Switzerland are engaged in wood-carving.

"I Want Everybody to Know How Completely It Cures Indigestion."

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Why Is It

That St. Jacobs Oil always affords instant relief from pains, after all other remedies have signally failed? Simply because it is peculiar to itself, wholly unlike another remedy. It possesses great penetrating power, reaching the very seat of the disease. It acts like magic. It conquers pain quickly and surely. It is an outward application, and is used by millions of people.

Colorado Beats the World IN SUGAR BEETS.

Six Million Dollars have just been invested in sugar factories. Four Million more will be invested in a year. The best piece of sugar land in the world is being intensely irrigated in Colorado. Colorado took first prize at Chicago exhibit last month for highest tonnage per acre, and highest percentage of sugar, better over twice as much as some States. We are offering a few shares of stock for sale in the Colorado Sugar Co. The first and only sugar stock offered to the public at such low prices as the most modern and complete refining plants in the world, situated in a district where the highest price is paid for sugar in the country. Local capitalists have subscribed Five Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars in cash. The stock of the Colorado Sugar Co. is built and paid for. For full particulars apply to—

WM. GELDER & CO., 89 Broadway, New York, or Exchange Building, Denver, Colo.

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