



TALKS ABOUT WOMANKIND

A Dress Necessity.

Shirt waists of some sort have become one of the necessities of dress and their popularity has brought forth the shirt waist suit. The shirt waist suit is made of foulard, madras, mercerized chevots, surahs and taffetas, but the simple figured foulards and the plain surahs are the most fashionable. They are made with either plaited or box plaited skirts and blouses without linings, and girdles or belts of the same material, and with them is worn dainty turnover collars and cuffs. A charming combination is that of nun's veiling and taffeta. A model of dark blue veiling is combined with a green and blue shot taffeta. The blouse of the veiling has a little jacket of the silk, with short sleeves slashed over the undersleeves of veiling and ecru lace. The skirt is laid in tucks.

A French Prodigy.

Paris critics are now enthusiastic over a 16-year old girl whose marvelous singing and acting seem to promise for her a great future. Her name is Marthe Pierat, and she made her debut at the Odeon. On the day after her first appearance the Paris journals eulogized her voice, her acting and her beauty, until the name "Second Bernhardt" has come to be quite commonly applied to her. It is stated she takes her triumph calmly and altogether as a matter of course, but her friends say that she is in no danger of being spoiled by early admiration. She is a conscientious artist, with ambition, energy and tenacity. Her beauty is said to be fascinating, and the simplicity and naturalness of her manners would have made her famous even had she not been blessed with the additional gifts of musical and histrionic ability.

The Cure of the Nails.

A young woman who has been living in Paris for a year says that no French manureur who treated her hands used a cuticle knife about her nails or a steel nail-cleaner. The little orange-wood sticks sharpened to a broad point were used to push back the encroaching cuticle, and to clean the nails after each washing of the hands. In this way the delicate enamel of the nail is not injured, and the under surface of the nail point is kept smooth. The French manureurs, too, polish more often with a bit of chamolis rather than a regular polisher, and cut the nails with a clipper instead of curved scissors. These clippers come in pairs, one for cutting the nails of each hand. Emery boards or a velvet file is recommended for the little filing needed to shape the nails. Never cut the cuticle around the nail, but press back lightly with the orange-wood stick. Daily brief care when the nail is soft from the use of soap and water is all that is needed to keep the hands in good condition with a weekly manuring. Use lemon juice instead of any other acid to remove stains.—Harper's Bazar.

"Hatless Girl" in Town.

"The dean of Chicago university has pronounced against the 'hatless girl,'" said a woman at the seashore. "It is exceedingly difficult to see just where the summer maiden vexes propriety by her pleasant habit of going hatless on a warm evening, or why, when she carries a parasol, or travels along country lanes or village streets in a covered phaeton on a summer's day, it is also necessary to burden her head with a hat. Custom is a curious thing. A woman is urgently besought to remove her hat in the theatre, and reviled for not doing so; and she may go to balls with a wisp of lace over her coiffure, or sit hatless in her own yard. But the air of the street suddenly renders the hatless girl improper. No women in the world have been so chained to the hat as those of America. Women of the southern races have always been independent of a head covering when they chose, and summer heat throughout the United States, though not as long continued, is as torrid in countries nearer the equator. Furthermore, no hat is prettier than a pretty head of hair, and nothing improves the latter more than sun and air.—New York Tribune.

Goals for the Hair.

The hair is still raised in front in a Pompadour, slightly waved, and if the forehead is very high, it may be relieved by a few curls on the brow; while on the back of the head the remainder of the hair is massed loosely in a light chignon or turned up in a catogan, in that careless manner that is, after all, the most difficult to achieve without untidiness. Wreaths of real flowers were much worn in the hair in Paris during the last days of the season. Of course, the idea of a wreath of natural blossoms is old enough, but it is long since it has been used. However, the fluffy looseness of the hair dressed at the back of the head, not too low down, with the high pompadour in front, seems exactly made for the floral wreath to come between. Natural leaves have been chosen in many cases; they are carefully wired in order that they may take the proper garland shape, surrounding the loose coils at the back and rising well on the top of the head. Lilies-of-the-valley, with their long leaves, make a most successful wreath arranged round the loose chignon in this manner; the foliage is the most important

portion of the adornment, a few white bells just giving a suggestion of color. Real violets and leaves can also be favorably used, and pink or scarlet geraniums with variegated foliage come out pleasingly.

A Woman House Decorator.

A clever New York woman, who has succeeded as a house decorator, is now developing a novel adjunct to her business, which is finding hearty co-operation from the real estate dealers. To sell or lease a house or apartment, agents have discovered that interior appearance at the time of inspection greatly facilitates. There is more money to be made in proportion out of a rental of a furnished house or apartment than from those unfurnished. People who go to New York merely for a season or two desire artistic settings which are out of their reach save at large expenditure. This clever woman has accumulated large assortments of antique furniture, picked up at auction for a song, and she is an acknowledged connoisseur. This furniture she leases to guaranteed parties. She co-operates with a firm of women real estate dealers. The latter, for example, have an apartment which rents unfurnished for \$50; the decorator fits it up with her antiques, which give the appearance of wealth, and the rent rises to say \$100. Fifty dollars monthly soon pays the decorator for the outlay, and once the furniture is paid for, repairs excepted, it may be rented repeatedly at clear profit. It is stated that the two apartments fitted up in this manner paid for the furniture in less than three months and increased the business of the agents to such an extent that they are unable to meet the demands for such apartments.

How Fashions Are Set.

Beyond peradventure fashion rules; but who rules fashion? This question Nancy M. W. Woodrow seeks to answer in the Cosmopolitan. She explains that in England Queen Alexandra is leader of the mode. When the Queen, then Princess, donned a high jeweled collar to hide a disfigurement of the neck, almost every Englishwoman of fashion "fitted her neck to the yoke like an obedient ox."

"On this side of the water we have no official arbiter of modes, no courts or royalties to determine the disputed issues of fashion. Nevertheless, there is in this country a standard as fixed as that of England or France. In each of our large cities one or more women are recognized as social leaders, whose fiat on questions of etiquette and precedence is all-supreme; but it is to a little coterie in the metropolis, whose wealth, position, beauty and taste render them independent of cavil or criticism, that we look for guidance in the matters of fashion.

"As much at home on one side of the Atlantic as on the other, these women are entirely free from the diffidence of provincialism; and, gifted with unerring discrimination, they invariably select what best accords with their own preferences, serenely regardless of how the rest of the world may look upon the innovation. As a matter of fact, the rest of the world usually tumbles over itself in its haste to follow in their footsteps.

"These are the women who form the oligarchy of fashion in America, the supreme council before whose bar the conceptions of tailor and milliner and bootmaker must stand, to be either adjudged worthy or ruthlessly condemned and cast into outer darkness."



FOR WOMEN'S BENEFIT

A linen crash gown is trimmed with large French knots.

Shepherd check mohairs are included in the season's collection of fashionable fabrics.

Gray silk hosiery is very dainty with the open work fronts dotted with little clusters of steel beads.

Oriental embroideries for collars, cuffs and revers on canvas gowns have a most striking effect.

Sheeriness of fabric is the special feature of the season's lingerie. There are some pretty petticoats of china silk, lace trimmed. Night robes are mostly in the Empire style.

Bands of fine linen, either white or colored, joined with a fancy stitch or a band of lace insertion and inset directly in front with a lace medallion, are among the pretty things for dressing the neck.

Since the contrasting shades of lining have come in again grass lawns have blossomed out anew. They come in wide variety, some embroidered in different colored dots, others have velvet dots woven in. Many of the waists blouse in the back as well as in front. Of course, the fulness is by no means as much as it is in front, and it never appears except in very thin, soft fabrics. The belt to be worn with such a waist is of medium width.

Stones have been set in about everything, it would seem. At present there are some very lovely single spoons of gold in the top of which are cut anemones. The newest veil is of chiffon spotted with black velvet, in which the entire head may be tied up as in a bag.

Checked silks in black and white, brown and white and blue and white, made very simply, are used extensively for morning gowns. They have entirely superseded the dark foulards, and some are trimmed very prettily with ribbon velvet or bands of plain taffeta.

IMPROVED VEGETABLES.

MARVELOUS GROWTHS MADE TO ORDER BY GARDENERS.

Seedless Tomatoes, Climbing Cucumbers, Squatting Lima Beans and Other Marvels—Whopping Big Strawberries—The Humble Onion Made Proud.

Never in the history of market gardening have such fine fruits and vegetables been seen in the local markets as now, and all because the man with the hoe—at least he who helps to supply the big cities with their daily supply of fresh garden truck—is more wide-awake to the demands of the hour than his city brother gives him credit for being, says the New York Mail and Express.

If one were to compare the flavor, substance, appearance and general good qualities of the vegetables sold here 10 years ago with what are offered in the markets today, the difference would be striking, even to those who know little of such matters.

Probably no more striking example of the progress made in the time mentioned can be found than is furnished by the tomato. Here is a humble product of the garden, beloved by all men who have a proper fondness for good things, that has been so changed and improved of late as hardly to know itself. And it is strange, yet true, that the improvement in the tomato has been due largely to the discovery of that popular ailment, appendicitis.

When the surgeons first established the fact that appendicitis and colic were not one and the same thing, and began to operate for the relief and cure of appendicitis, there was much discussion as to the cause of the then dread affliction. The conviction soon became general that it was due to the presence of foreign bodies in the appendix, such as fruit and vegetable seeds, and, thereupon, the doom of the tomato was sounded because of the many seeds contained in it. There were large and small and highly-colored tomatoes in the market, but all were full of seeds. Here then, was a serious situation confronting the big tomato growers, as well as gardeners generally.

There were then and there are still men who make a specialty of tomato growing, and who originate all the new varieties that are offered to the growers. These did not despair, but said if the public wouldn't eat a tomato with seeds in it they'd grow a tomato without seeds. And they did. Not entirely without seeds, to be sure, but with so few seeds in them as to justify the assertion of the originators that they had produced a seedless tomato; whereupon the tomato was restored to popular favor.

But that was not the only change made in the tomato. Without the great number of seeds they were found to be far sweeter in flavor. This flavor was retained while the size and solidity were increased, until today there are tomatoes running up to six inches in diameter, from two to four pounds each in weight, that are as solid as a piece of meat, defy all sorts of weather, that last from the first picking until the coming of frost and of which as high as 20 tons have been taken from a single acre. The tomato specialists are justly proud of their accomplishment.

But improvement in other directions has been just as great and often without such good reason. Many gardeners objected to the old way of growing Lima beans. They didn't want to go to the expense of cutting poles and sticking them in the ground for the beans to run upon, and it took the beans a long while to mature, anyway; so they turned out a bush Lima bean, which grows only two feet high, needs no support and upon which the beans mature quickly and in great quantities. While they were at it they originated a new lot of string beans which were ready for the market all of two weeks earlier than the usual kinds, which were really stringless and so tender they snapped when not picked carefully. That was another big stride.

Then the men who know more about strawberries than most folks could dream of thought they'd see what they could do. First, they increased the size of the berries until they had shown specimens almost as big as one's fist, with whole fields averaging a dozen to a full quart measure. Then they improved the flavor of the big berries until they were as sweet as the wild berry. After that varieties were introduced that were earlier than others, which extended the season for this fruit. Not satisfied with that, a progressive Frenchman brought forth a strawberry that is a marvel in its way, for it produces three crops in a year and is practically ever-bearing until killed by frost. These berries can be picked in the spring, in the summer and again in the autumn. France was so proud of this achievement that the originator received a certificate from one of the big societies.

In the meantime the fellow whose hobby is a perfect cucumber was not idle. Some one objected to the irregular shape of the cucumber, and so the cucumber sharp grew a strain of cucumbers that were of a uniformly perfect shape and deep green in color and seemed about perfect until another grower thought there were too many protuberances—warts, the growers call them—on these latest ones. So he went to work and grew them so there were very few warts on them, and the spines, or ribs, were all even and at regular distances apart. Another cucumber man thought they were mighty fine on the outside, but ought to have fewer seeds, and so he grew them with fewer seeds. It seems that nothing more could be done when an

enterprising "Jap," probably desiring to see cucumbers spoiled by lying on the ground, placed before the world a climbing variety that grows on poles and which, like the Frenchman's strawberries, bears continually until killed by frost.

The struggle for supremacy in the various lines continued, and slowly, like the tortoise, the humble onion pressed forward for recognition. Spain produced a large onion that was fine grained, of mild flavor, and almost white. The native onion growers thought it was fine and that they could turn out something just as good, if not better. They tried and succeeded, and during the proper season of the fine, big white onions on sale in all the fancy fruit stores, which the dealers call Spanish onions, are the result of that effort. They are Spanish onions only to the uninitiated buyer, for they have been no nearer Spain than Long Island or New Jersey, where they are grown.

Despite the fact that these onions are often 15 inches around, and grow so freely that close to 2000 bushels of them have been taken from a single acre, they are so mild and tender that any one can eat them without ill-effect. Physicians regard them with much favor, because they induce a natural sleep, and patients who could by no means eat the ordinary, strong onion can partake of them freely. As it is, the home-grown product today excels all the onions brought from abroad, not excepting the far-famed onions of Bermuda.

What has been told here simply furnishes an idea of the great progress made in this humble line of industry. Every vegetable on the market has been improved so greatly that the consumers would make a great fuss were they compelled to go back to what they thought was so fine 10 years ago. It is clear that the "brother of the ox" is doing his part, even if he does it quietly.

QUANT AND CURIOUS.

The village church at Upleatham, North Yorkshire, is claimed to be the smallest in England. The church dates back to 900 years. Some of the tombstones in the graveyard are dated 1550.

If all the land planted in corn in the United States this year were massed, the area would exceed the British Isles, Holland and Belgium combined, or four-fifths of the area of France or Germany.

The authorities of Lisbon recently took a strange step to relieve the Portuguese capital of loafers and beggars. These children of leisure were gathered together, dumped into a steamer and deported to the Portuguese colonies in Africa.

The mayor of Steubenville, Ohio, has adopted a unique method of settling what he calls "petty clothesline" quarrels between women. He has established a "fighting room," in which he locks the women who quarrel over back yard fences. After an hour's abuse of each other they run down. Then they invariably become reconciled.

It is claimed that the largest chains ever made in the United States for securing ship's anchors were made in four sections, or "shots," each comprising 900 feet, so that the total length of the combined chains is nearly 4000 feet. Each link averages not less than 165 pounds weight, an average of about 100 pounds to the running foot, making the total weight of each anchor section nearly 50 tons. When the chains were tested, the testing machines broke at a strain of 500,000 pounds, but none of the links were affected.

When the inhabitants of Sidstrand, near Cromer, Eng., awoke one morning a few weeks ago they were surprised to find that a large portion of a cliff on the seashore had sunk into the sea. Thirty thousand tons of earth had fallen and with it the wall and a portion of the graveyard of old St. Michael's church. The ancient church tower itself is now in jeopardy, for during the day following the slip a further portion of the cliff crumbled away, leaving only a few feet between the tower and its edges. A gruesome feature of the slide was the unearthing of many long buried coffins and the scattering of human remains far and wide.

Wilhelmina's Heir.

The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who is the next heir to Queen Wilhelmina, is a wealthy young prince. He is twenty-six years of age and unmarried. In Germany, it is said, he has a reputation for "bulls" worthy of a fishman. Once while visiting a public school he noticed two boys of striking similarity in appearance.

"Why, what a remarkable likeness!" he exclaimed. "Those lads must be twins!"

"Yes, your Royal Highness," remarked the principal, and beckoned the two youngsters to him.

"Ah, my son," said the Prince, placing his hand on the head of one of them, "what is your name?"

"Heinrich."

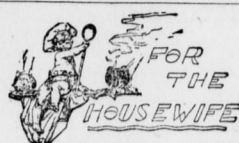
"And how old are you?"

"Six."

"And you?" he said, turning to the other boy.

On another occasion his kind heart took pity on a murderer sentenced to imprisonment for life, and he proposed to remit the "last three years of the sentence."—Tit-Bits

The butterfly invariably goes to sleep head-downward on a stem of grass, with its wings tightly folded.



FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Puzzle Cushions, Now.
The latest cushion in the Gibson girl series shows her seated in a drawing room. A young man near by is biting his lips by way of fortifying his courage, while the rest of the company is socializing on the other side of a large screen. Under this picture we are admonished in the plainest of lettering to find the girl who is going to be kissed within ten minutes. The best part of this puzzle picture is that you don't have to stand on your head to solve it. Furthermore, the characters are of normal size, which is more than can be said of the mix-up of Lilliputians and Brobdingnagians in most puzzle pictures.

Harmony in the Kitchen.

What bride a few years ago would have thought to harmonize the hues of her kitchen walls with the color of her cooking utensils? Yet that is what a young bride has been able to do in furnishing the little kitchen of her snug flat. The walls of the kitchen had been painted light blue, and enameled ware of the selfsame hue was bought. The effect is charming, for frying pans, mixing spoon, basins, stowpans and all, with their dainty white linings, are disposed about the apartment to the best advantage.—Philadelphia Record.

The Electric Lamp.

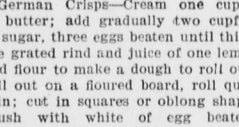
The electric lamp has kept pace with the development along artistic lines that is apparent in all branches of household fittings. The incandescent lamp is now admitted to the dining table, although until recently the incandescent burner was thought to shed too pitiless a glare to be desirable for dining table illumination. The glare has been ingeniously softened, and at a recent dinner the electric lamp, which occupied the centre of the table was the most effective decoration that could be imagined. The pedestal and supporting column were of silver gilt, around which were grouped charming female figures in French bisque. The incandescent burners were shaded by glass globes in soft hue of rose; these in turn were veiled with numberless strings of pearls in rose-white tint, and the light shone through with a softened glow that was delightful.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Glasses for the Table.

Nowadays the fashion is to serve a different type of glass with each course at dinner, and thereby display the varying beauties of shape, coloring and engraving of one's lavish store. Some hostesses, who do not go quite to these lengths, have adopted different sets of glass to match their various sets of china, and a new and fashionable painted glass for dinner parties has come recently into use.

The crystal is very bright and thin, and adorned with a green, red or blue band at the edge of the bowl and on the edge of the foot, and the owner's initial and some heraldic device are painted on the side of every piece.

This is highly ornamented, but care must be taken not to use red-banded glass with a blue china service, else there will be anarchy in the carefully elaborated decoration of the table. Furthermore, it is not considered tasteful, to say the least, to use one set of glass straight through a meal.—Philadelphia Inquirer.



HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

German Crisps—Cream one cupful of butter; add gradually two cupfuls of sugar, three eggs beaten until thick, the grated rind and juice of one lemon and flour to make a dough to roll out; roll out on a floured board, roll quite thin; cut in squares or oblong shape; brush with white of egg beaten; sprinkle with granulated sugar; chopped or shredded nuts or candied lemon peel; bake in a moderate oven a delicate brown.

Chicken a la Maryland—Singe, drain and wash quickly one or two chickens; split them down the back; sprinkle with salt and pepper; dip each half in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs; put them in a buttered dripping pan and pour over a little melted butter; place in the oven and roast for 20 minutes; remove to a hot platter and pour over one cupful of cream sauce made with one tablespoon of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one cupful of milk, salt and pepper; serve small corn fritters.

Currant Flummery—This is nice for breakfast on a hot morning, as it is just tart enough to give the zest one desires. Add two cups of granulated sugar to the strained juice of two quarts of mashed red currants. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Take one pint of this juice and pour over a pint of ground rice and blend until perfectly smooth. Boil the remainder of the juice in the cereal kettle, and into this stir carefully the thickened juice. Cook until thick and then pour into molds large or small and set on the ice to stiffen.

One Home for Many Years.

Mrs. Belinda Bell Adams of Warrensville, Ohio, born in 1811, is still living in the house to which she went as a bride in 1829.—Baltimore American.

HER EMPHATIC OPINION.

Expressed in Various Terms, but Not in a Way to Have Effect.

There were plenty of vacant seats up forward in the open car, but the hatch-faced woman with the baggy umbrella and the faded reticule didn't want to see them. The conductor, with his hand on the bell strap, motioned her with the other hand to one of the forward seats, but she didn't want to see the conductor, either. So she deposited herself and her baggy umbrella and her faded reticule in the next-to-the-last seat, alongside a short, squat man with a bristly reddish moustache and a fixed stare right ahead. This individual was puffing industriously on a ravelled, pale olive-hued cigar, that gave forth eccentric clouds of brownish smoke that looked as if it might be issuing from a burning out flue.

No sooner had she taken her seat than the hatch-faced woman began to glare at the man with the freak smoke. The man, however, kept right at his work of puffing, never seemingly taking his eyes from the back of the motorman's neck, straight ahead.

"Ugh!" ejaculated the hatch-faced woman when she found that her glares weren't relieving the situation any, "Ugh!"

The man with the eccentric fumer pulled harder than ever, and continued to regard the back of the motorman's neck, as if fascinated by that spectacle.

"Some folks' manners, if I must say it!" snapped the woman with the baggy umbrella, wriggling in her seat and continuing to direct vitriolic glares at the reddish-mustached man.

The latter removed the cigar from his mouth, gazed at it in a contemplative, affectionate sort of way, dampened some of the many loose ends of the thing with a forefinger, replaced it in his mouth and continued to fill the air with deep, brown smoke.

"No more respect for ladies than so many rabbits, some of 'em, I do declare!" exclaimed the hatch-faced woman, fetching the ferule of her bulgy umbrella down on the car floor with a bang.

The squat man with the piece of burning, raveled rope, crossed his legs and continued to smoke with great obvious enjoyment, although he was still interested in the general contour of the motorman's neck.

"Blowin' their filthy see-gar smoke right in the faces o' ladies old enough to be their mothers!" went on the woman with the faded reticule, while the other men in the rear seats, none of whom happened to be smoking, snickered and glanced at each other grinningly.

But the man with the hempen article only redampened some more of the loose ends of his smoke and then went on pulling on it with even more enjoyment than before.

"An' y' might jes' as well talk t' some swine as I could tell of as t' so many cobstones!" continued the hatch-faced woman, raising her reticule from her lap and putting it back with a jolt.

The conductor happened to be passing on the sideboard just then, and he smiled as he said in a courteous tone to the hatch-faced woman:

"Lady, these seats are reserved for smokers—move up in front at the next stop and you won't be bothered."

The woman with the bulgy umbrella shot the conductor a look of the most overwhelming scorn as she made reply:

"They ain't no sich thing as reservin' no seats on no cars nowhere for hogs, an' you know it, young man, as well as I do."

The conductor shrugged his shoulders and passed on forward.

But the man with the blazing bit of cauliflower had never turned his head either to the right or left during this colloquy, nor had he given the slightest indication, by any expression of his face, that he was even aware of what was going on.

"Th' very idee o' ladies bein' ast t' change their seats in cars f'r th' sake o' lettin' common, every-day cattle make noosesens of themselves!" sniffed the hatch-faced woman.

Just at that moment a man with a singularly plastic countenance climbed into the vacant seat on the other side of the man with the raveled smoke. The two recognized each other instantly, and instantly they began a quick exchange of conversation—with their hands, deftly and swiftly going through the ever-interesting and ever-mystifying language of the mutes.

The expression that swept over the sharp features of the woman with the baggy umbrella could never be described.

"Well, I swan!—he never heards a word I said!" she ejaculated, and then she signalled the conductor to stop the car at the next crossing and there departed, while the men in the rear seat chuckled aloud and the two mutes went on, all unconsciously, with their language of the hands.—Washington Star.

Rats Safe in India.

Although the famine over the greater part of Rajputana, Gujerat and the central Indian states is less widespread than hitherto, there will nevertheless be much suffering during the next few months, and 400,000 people are already on government relief works. The rats have to a large extent disappeared, but have destroyed a considerable portion of the cotton crop. The inhabitants of Gujerat are convinced that the rats are reincarnations of their friends who died in the last famine, and it is for this reason that the British officials have found it impossible to get any assistance in destroying the pests.—London Mail.