



## TALKS ABOUT WOMANKIND

**Dress Designing Is Becoming Quite an Intellectual Pursuit.** I heard the other day that one of the great Parisian dress designers has been traveling in the east to get fresh inspiration; while it is well known that the picture galleries of Paris are haunted by the model-making fraternity, and old books with prints and plates of the eighteenth century are quite at a premium in the old bookshops and the book-stalls of Paris.—London Gentlewoman.

**New Designs in Jewelry.** One of the prettiest of the newest designs in jewelry which is now in vogue in London is a chateleine watch hanging from a chain of brilliants.

The watch has a large dial and a rim like a cable. It is suspended from double chains with bow knot pins. Half way down a crosspiece of brilliants separates the chains about an inch and a half apart, but they swing together again at the bow knot and ring of the watch.

A necklace consisting of trefoils of pearls, strung at intervals from a gold braided chain, is finished with two pendants in the form of diamond drops.

**Dainty Bit of Neckwear.**

A certain pretty girl has made for herself one of the prettiest stock collars! And it is one which any girl who is at all clever with her needle might easily copy. The material used is white Liberty satin, the cut (that should go without saying) is perfection. Around the top are two rows of French dots in black. Then comes a row of ribbon, a dainty pink baby ribbon, edged with black, just below this are two rows of the black dots, then another row of ribbon, and another double row of the dots, that is three double rows of dots and two of ribbon. The whole comes little below the middle of the stock. It is sufficiently dainty, but better yet it is dainty, and that is the great quality in neckwear. Once one has achieved both daintiness and becomingness, the problem is solved.

**Neck Ornaments.**

Neck ornaments are particularly pretty. The flat plaited white and colored mousseline boas more resemble shoulder fichus, being invariably bordered with mousseline roses or velvet rose leaves applique at the edge of the mousseline killing. Ends of black ribbon velvet or strands of jet beads finish the fronts. Others of tulle, forming ruches turning down from the hair, are embellished by long pompadour silk stole ends trimmed with large steel buttons. Effective et ceteras are always an important item on a Parisian toilet, and some of the latest cravats and boas are particularly attractive this season. Spotted killed white mousseline trimmed with lace, pompadour ribbon latticed on net, colored bebe ribbon velvet gathered up into rosettes in front of neckbands and embroidered lawn and linen sole collarettes are among the most popular accessories.

**Interpreting Baby's Wails.**

Poor baby has only one method of making her wants known—namely, by her cry, and it takes some little practice to distinguish between the cry that merely says, "Please, I'm so hungry!" the temper cry of pain or illness.

Till baby is four or five months old she doesn't shed tears, so when her little temper is very much upset she cries furiously and in an unreasoning sort of way.

When she is merely hungry, the cry is still passionate, but somewhat hoarse, too, and accompanied by sundry grunts. If baby is sleepy, the cry sounds as if she were on the verge of the land of dreams, whereas if she has a stomach ache, she generally draws her poor little knees up and screams violently, refusing for some time to be pacified.

Crying is always disheartening to those who hear it, but if baby does not cry at all it is a very bad sign indeed, though, on the other hand, many babies are allowed to cry unnecessarily, and instead of at the first wailing cramping a comfort into baby's mouth or violently joggling him, listen to the cry and discover by the character thereof if it's a pin that's offending, if baby is ill or uncomfortable or hungry and then remedy the cause.

**Sweets to the Sensitive.**

To sensitive natures certain perfumes act like poison upon the emotions and health. The ancients recognized the medical virtues of perfumes, and one Latin writer has put on record almost a hundred perfume remedies for various diseases. Among these remedies violets figure more frequently than any other flower, so possibly the ever-present furor for violet perfume has benefited the nerves of the sex. Lavender is also remarkably soothing to the nerves, and the lavender-scented sheets of our grandmothers were not only deliciously fragrant, but were excellent sleep promoters.

A victim whose supersensitive nature is affected by perfumes is Kube-like, the violinist. One who knows him well said recently that "the perfume of violets makes him gay, and he takes down his violin and plays lively airs. If heliotrope is in the room he unconsciously becomes romantic, and under its influence reads and composes poetry, and falls into raptures over antique jewels and vestments. Love is then a pet theme of his. If

he wears a tube rose he immediately becomes sad and melancholy, and searches for tragic books and plays, dons dark clothes and performs sad music on his violin." A famous judge remarked to an interviewer his abhorrence of the mingling of scents: women in court use on their handkerchiefs, and declared that they sent him home at night after a "fashionable" case a prey to the very worst of headaches.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

**Care of Finger Nails.**

Nothing betrays the careless woman sooner than her nails, and nothing shows refinement better than the same possessions. Hands with beautiful nails always please, and the eye dwells on them with a peculiar satisfaction, for in a sense, nails are veritable jewels which decorate the fingers even while performing the nail's great office—that of protection.

They may be classed as gems, indeed, because they have the format of jewels, being composed of flint, silica, lime and similar mineral stuffs. The cunning mineral work at out finger ends is all welded together and made, in a measure, elastic by the power of gelatin. Those who desire good, firm, bright nails, gleaming and polished, at the finger tips should see to it that the food they eat contains abundance of the nailmaking substances. Oatmeal is one of the best of these foods good for nailmaking and hair forming alike.

The nails become impoverished, chalky, liable to break, through deficiency of gelatin and excess of lime deposits. Anything that interferes with the health of the whole body will interfere with the shining appearance of the nails at once.

Nails are really a kind of skin. They are skin formations, being merely an altered kind of cuticle. Small horn moons show at the ends of the nails where the skin proper leaves off and the horny protection begins. These white curves are by some called new nails. They are, in fact, the earliest portion of nail growth, being the skin in its changed form, where the cells mass together in a new way, multiplying rapidly and beginning to secrete much mineral matter from the blood that circulates within their substance. From the edge of the nail new growth pushes onward until the whole finger end is duly protected. The dainty nail is laid on a very sensitive skin bed, which also gives it additions. The growth is nearly twice as rapid in summer as it is in winter in all people.

It is very easy to keep the nails in good trim. Less than five minutes allowed them regularly each day will be all that is required. They need weekly cutting with a pair of proper nail scissors, and the cutting should exactly follow the outline of the finger ends.

A piece of lemon used once or twice a week is nearly a necessity if nails are to be kept bright. The acid acts on the nail substance with a wonderful effect of polishing, and it softens the skin marvelously that is apt to drag itself forward over the shining nail surface. Any dirt about the nail, any stain of ink or fruit, the lemon will dispose of at once, dissolving and decomposing the annoying marks as nothing else will.

A little oil rubbed over each nail after the lemon treatment continues the polishing process, nourishes the nail and skin, eradicates the last lingering atom of suspicious marks. A little vial of soft flannel is used when applying the oil. After the oil the hands are laved in soft water, wiped and the nail polishing continued with a tiny bit of chamolis leather. Violet powder or fine chalk on the chamolis is an aid to great success. Brushing rather roughens the nails and should be avoided.—Washington Star.



**FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT**

Pointed girdles are gaining more favor as the season advances.

The revival of big sleeves has rendered capes a necessity.

Narrow chain bracelets set with different color stones are good style.

Charming evening bodices suitable for young girls are of tucked white chiffon with real Maltese collars.

The handsomest of the new combs of tortoise-shell and amber are embellished with small pearls and diamonds.

The tendency of new models is to make women look as broad as possible across the shoulders and very small at the waist.

For trimming linen lawn dresses, Parisian modistes and tailors are effectively employed linen passementerie in soft occu shades.

One inch in the back graduating to three quarters of an inch in the front, is a good width for a belt; or one and a half inches in the back to one inch in the front.

The lace trimmings of some of the more beautiful and elaborate of the new cloaks are often made up over cloth of gold. Occasionally an applique of lace flowers constitutes the trimming.

Pretty things in the way of fine lawn stole stocks have the stock of the plain lawn, with the hemstitched top turned over after the fashion of a top collar. The stole ends fastened to the lower edge of the collar are of fine embroidery and are plaited. In the centre of each are three little lace buttons. The turnover edge has a very narrow hem or one a quarter of an inch wide.

## OUTLAW TRACY'S CAREER

**MOST REMARKABLE MAN HUNT IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME.**

**A Life and Death Chase Across Country Which Lasted Fifty-eight Days and Extended Over Two States—A Powerful Man Though of Very Slight Build.**

The death of outlaw Tracy by his own hands ends perhaps the most remarkable man hunt in the annals of crime, and closes a life and death chase which lasted without cessation for 58 days and extended over the greater part of two states.

Since June 9 last Tracy, hunted by Indian trackers, bloodhounds, hundreds of authorized officers of the law, the state troops of Washington, and unnumbered volunteer bands of vigilantes, with a price on his head that amounted to a fortune, traveled over about fifteen hundred miles of wild country, and defied capture to the last.

From the moment of his daring escape from the Oregon state penitentiary to his last stand in the swamps of Lincoln county, near the eastern border of Washington, he killed six officers of the law, slew his fellow fugitive, David Merrill, in a duel fought while men and hounds were on his heels, wounded nearly a dozen other officers of pursuing parties, and terrorized the people of two states.

Living on the country he passed through, Tracy rode down stolen horses without number, robbed farmers of food, clothing, and money needed for his flight; crossed and recrossed rivers, hiding when he could and fighting when too hard pressed. Six times he shot his way through pursuing parties which surrounded him, and struggled on in his desperate race against death for liberty.

The criminal exploits of Frank and Jesse James, the Younger Bros., Merrill, and all the horde of desperate outlaws of the west pale beside the determined daring and reckless courage of the Oregon convict.

On the morning of June 9 Tracy, then serving a sentence of 20 years' imprisonment for robbery and shooting a sheriff's officer who had attempted to arrest him, made his successful dash for freedom from the Salem prison, aided by his fellow-criminal, David Merrill, who was serving a term of 13 years for complicity in the robbery of which Tracy was convicted.

That there was aid for the two desperate men from the outside is certain, for on the morning of the day of their escape, two repeating rifles were left in the jail corridors, where Tracy and Merrill easily could reach them as they marched with the other prisoners from their cells to their day's work.

Tracy believed all along that Merrill, who first was arrested for the robberies they both committed at Portland in February, 1899, had betrayed him to the officers of the law, but nevertheless he consented to plot with Merrill to break prison, and their plans were carefully made.

As they passed the guns left for them each seized a weapon and made a rush for the walls around the penitentiary. The guards attempted to stop them, and Tracy, a dead shot, killed Guard F. B. Farrell and wounded Frank Ingraham, a life convict who attempted to aid the guards.

Then, in the face of a heavy fire from other guards, Tracy and Merrill raised a ladder and escaped over the wall, stopping long enough to return the fire directed at them, a third shot from Tracy's rifle killing Guard S. B. T. Jones. Then the escaping desperadoes made a rush for the prison outer gate, where they encountered two other guards, whom they made prisoners, meaning to keep them as hostages should the other guards not cease firing.

The latter, however, kept up the hail of bullets, and Tracy, who had compelled his captives to walk before him, shot dead B. F. Tiffany, while Merrill fired at the second captive, who dropped, and, pretending to have been hit, escaped. Then both escaped.

Twenty guards from the prison were sent in pursuit, and from that beginning grew the famous chase which closed with so dramatic a setting.

Elding their pursuers, the two outlaws captured an involuntary host, J. W. Stewart, whom they made exchange clothes with them, and also pressed into service an expressman whose attire they likewise appropriated.

Both Stewart and the expressman were held captive until the next day, when after having spent a comfortable night and been well fed, the fugitives stole two horses from another Salm resident and started for the north.

On the second day of the pursuit bloodhounds were pressed into service and the chase grew hot. Within a day there was set on the heads of the fugitive pair a price of \$8000. Neither of the bandits was heard of for some days, till, at a place called Gervals they further altered their attire by robbing a man named Roberts of his clothing.

A cordon of several hundred men were thrown around Gervals, but Tracy and his companion easily broke through after an interchange of shots. The fugitives next were heard of six days after the escape, on June 15, when they held up a boatman and compelled him to row them across the Columbia river. The impressed boatman landed the runaway convicts in Washington near Vancouver, formerly the home of Merrill, where they undoubtedly expected to find friends and shelter.

Again bloodhounds were put on the trail, but, as before, the outlaws threw the dogs off the scent by taking to

the water of the swamps and doubling back on the trail. It was at this point in the man hunt that another victim fell, this time one of the pursuing party being shot by his own friends in mistake for one of the outlaws.

While the pursuit still was making a dragnet search through the swamps, the fugitives, traveling with incredible swiftness, made their way 100 miles north to the line of the Northern Pacific railroad, which connects Portland with Puget Sound.

At this point in the flight Tracy and Merrill were known to have been together, but when Tracy next was heard of he was alone and in the close neighborhood of Olympia. A few days later the dead body of Merrill was found further back on the trail with a bullet wound in his back.

After this discovery, the facts of the killing of Merrill came out in the boasting of Tracy, who said he had killed him as he had suspected Merrill of having betrayed him at Portland. They had agreed, he said, to duel, the strange conditions of which showed in a striking manner the nature of the outlaw.

According to Tracy the quarrel arose over the fact that Merrill was rated as his equal in newspaper reports of the escape and flight, and as he held Merrill to be the inferior, they had come to words and agreed to fight. They were to walk, back to back, a certain number of paces and then turn and fire, but Tracy, fearing treachery on Merrill's part, stopped short of the agreed number of steps, and, turning, deliberately shot the other in the back.

At Olympia Tracy visited a fishing camp in the neighborhood and held up the camp, making five men prisoners and pressing into his service a naphtha launch which lay at anchor there, leaving two of his prisoners tied up on the shore while the others were compelled to man the launch and take him out toward Tacoma. The launch crew gave the alarm as soon as he departed, and Tracy within a few hours was trailed to a clump of timber.

The sheriff of the county, Edward Cudihoe, a noted man-hunter, was absent, but his chief deputy, "Jack" Williams, took up the pursuit, and with a posse surrounded Tracy's retreat, only to have the outlaw slip through his fingers, after having added one more murder to the list by the killing of Detective Frank Raymond and wounding Williams himself.

When Tracy renewed his flight bloodhounds again were put on his track, but the crafty outlaw had provided himself with red pepper, and this he strewn over the ground as he passed, with the result, that the dogs had their noses filled with pepper and were thrown off the scent, until Tracy had time to get to water, where he obliterated his trail effectually.

Cudihoe took up the hunt when he learned of the disastrous defeat of his deputies, and promptly with the return of the Sheriff, Gov. McBride of Washington ordered out the Washington National Guard and set 200 soldiers on the chase in addition to the numerous bands of county and state officers who already were hot on the murderer's heels.

The story of the pursuit of the outlaw after this is a long and exciting one, only a few incidents can be given here. Tracy was run to earth on July 10 in a thicket near Covington on Green river, but when the pursuers were sure they had him he burst through the lines, and after two interchanges of shots slipped away, leaving one wounded deputy behind him.

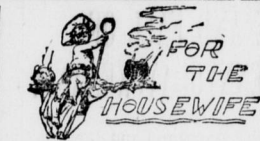
The trail then was lost for two days, and when picked up called for another outing for the bloodhounds and Indian trackers, but with the same results. Then Tracy was lost for four days, till an old-time criminal seeking a share in the reward informed the sheriff's officers that Tracy had submitted to a surgical operation performed by one of his companions with a razor, but the nature of the wound that was so treated was not known. There was a long break in the hunt thereafter, and it was but a few days ago that he was heard from moving toward the point in eastern Washington where he was run down.

Tracy's real name, or at least the name of his father, is said to have been Garr. As a boy of 12 years in 1890 he was arrested in Dillon, Mont., where he spent his boyhood for stealing a keg of beer, and his record ever since has been criminal. In 1897 he appeared in Cache county, Utah, in company with a robber named Dave Lant, and the two together committed many thefts, the burglary of a store in Cache county finally causing the arrest of both and their conviction and sentence to the Utah penitentiary for terms of eight years.

Tracy escaped by taking a revolver away from a guard and marching the guard out of the lines of the prison work before he released him. He next was connected with two notorious bands of young robbers in Colorado. In a fight between officers and the Robbers Roost gang, headed by George Curry, Tracy and a companion shot and killed a deputy sheriff named Valentine Day, but both were wounded and their capture followed.

They were taken to Aspen, Cal., and placed in jail, but in a few days overpowered the jailor and regained their freedom. That was in June, 1897, and for the next two years Tracy kept out of jail, though wanted in several states.

His conviction to the Salem penitentiary was obtained in April, 1899, for robberies committed in Portland in February of the same year. When he began his sentence of 20 years in Salem prison he was registered as 25 years of age. Tracy was a powerful man, though of rather slight build.



## FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

**A Pretty Bed Cover.**  
A very pretty bed cover may be made out of heavy butcher's linen, in white, of course, and neatly hemstitched into a two-inch hem, then embroidered in daisies at intervals. If time is an object or one is not expert in embroidering a rich effect may be had by using a sewing machine and outlining some pretty designs with one of the heavy white braids.

**Cleaning Hints.**  
Mother of pearl may be cleaned by washing with whiting and cold water. Never use soap or soda.  
If door or window screens move with difficulty rub their edges well with hard soap.

Insect specks may be removed from gilded picture frames by dipping a small camel's hair brush in alcohol and applying it to the spot.  
To remove tar put soft grease on the spot, rub it thoroughly with the hands and wash off both the grease and tar with warm salt water.

**A Cover for the Piano.**  
Covers of Oriental weave come for the backs of upright pianos, but they are by no means inexpensive. An experimenting housekeeper who wished, but could not afford, one of these bought as a substitute and at much less cost one Japanese portiere. This was too long and too narrow, but a piece taken from the bottom was fitted at the sides and a second piece was added at the top to go over the lid of the piano. A pattern in shades of gold in a striped effect was chosen which lent itself readily to the piecing scheme, and the new cover is extremely effective.—New York Post.

**For Ironing Days.**  
Try making your ironholder this way if you don't want your hand to get dry and heated on ironing day. Cut from the upper part of an old boot a piece of leather the size you wish the holder to be. Cut a piece of brown paper and two pieces of flannel or cloth the same size, says Home Chat. Then cover the holder in the ordinary way, except that on the top two thicknesses of material should be put instead of one. Sew all round the edge; then slit the top upper covering across the centre, and bind the edge of the slit. This forms a pocket on each side, into which one's thumb and fingers are slipped.

**To Hide the Mantel Piece.**  
The old-fashioned white marble mantel-piece is now considered so objectionable and so out of keeping with modern furnishings that many novel expedients for alteration are being tried where the expense of a new mantel is not desired. One is to plaster it all over and finish in a Venetian red where this will harmonize with the woodwork. When very carefully done this may be ruined off to imitate bricks or tiles. Another is to coat it over with plaster of paris and then color it to harmonize with the woodwork of the room. The best scheme of all, however, is to have a wooden cover built to fit round the mantel, with bookshelves down each side of a fire-place and a shelf to cover the marble mantel shelf.



## HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

**Mixed Mustard for Cold Meats—**Cream two level teaspoonfuls of butter and one tablespoonful of sugar; add two tablespoonfuls of mustard mixed with one tablespoonful of salt; beat one egg until thick and beat it into the creamed mixture; heat half a cup of vinegar, and when boiling add it to the mixture; stand the bowl over boiling water and stir until it thickens a little.

**Cocoanut Biscuit—**Grate a cocoanut and let it dry on paper before a fire; beat to a stiff froth the whites of two eggs, add to them five ounces powdered loaf sugar, six ounces of the grated cocoanut and one ounce corn flour; beat all well together, and if found to be too moist add a teaspoonful more corn flour. Drop the mixture in spoonfuls on a sheet of buttered paper; bake in a slow oven.

**Curried Tomatoes—**Wash one cup of rice in several waters; add one teaspoonful of curry powder to one quart can of tomatoes, and season with salt and pepper; put a layer of tomatoes in the bottom of a baking dish, then put in a layer of uncooked rice, then a layer of tomatoes and continue until all is used, having the last layer of tomatoes; sprinkle the top with bread crumbs moistened in a little melted butter; bake in a moderate oven one hour; serve in the dish in which it is baked.

**Cream of Cheese Soup—**This soup may be made with all milk, but is nicer if part white stock be used. In the latter instance put a pint of milk and pint of stock in double boiler, with a large slice or half of a small onion. When at scalding point remove the onion and thicken the milk with two level tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour rubbed together to a smooth paste. Season to taste with salt and pepper and then stir in two-thirds of a cup of grated or finely chopped soft cheese and an egg beaten light. Serve as soon as these are put together.

**Athletic Training for Soldiers.**

## PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius.—Disraeli.  
Aspiration sees only one side of every question; possession many.—Lowell.

Do what you can, give what you have. Only stop not with feelings; carry your charity into deeds. Do and give what costs you something.—J. H. Thom.

By rooting out our selfish desires, even when they appear to touch no one but ourselves, we are preparing a chamber of the soul where the divine presence may dwell.—Ellen Watson.

No man can learn what he has not preparation for learning. Our eyes are hidden that we cannot see things that stare us in the face until the hour arrives when the mind is ripened.—Emerson.

Think of yourself, therefore, nobly, and you will live nobly. You will realize on earth that type of character and faith which is the highest ideal alike of philosopher and hero and saint.—Charles W. Wendte.

To him who has an eye to see, there can be no fairer spectacle than that of a man who combines the possession of moral beauty in his soul with outward beauty of form, corresponding and harmonizing with the former because the same great pattern enters into both.—Plato.

Progress is without doubt the law of the individual, of nations, of the whole human species. To grow towards perfection, to exist in some sort in a higher degree, this is the task which God has imposed on man, this is the continuation of God's own work, the completion of creation.—Demogot.

## ALL ABOUT BUTTONS.

**Their History Traced from Time When Wooden Molds Were Used.**

The original button was wholly a product of needwork, but was soon improved by the use of a wooden mold, over which a cloth covering was sewed. From this it was only a step to the brass button, which was introduced by a hardware manufacturer in Birmingham in 1689. It took 200 years to improve on the method of sewing the cloth on the covered button; then an ingenious Dane invented the device of making the button in two parts and clamping them together with the cloth between.

In 1750 one Caspar Wistar set up the manufacture of brass buttons in Philadelphia, and soon afterward Henry Witeman began making them in New York. The buttons of George Washington and most of the continental army were made in France. Connecticut presently came to the front and began making buttons of pewter and tin at Waterbury, the present center of the button industry.

Buttons are now made of almost everything from seaweed and cattle hoofs to mother-of-pearl and vegetable ivory. Excellent buttons are made from potatoes, which, treated chemically, become as hard as ivory. Large buttons factories make their entire product from various mixtures of gutta percha, skim milk and blood; others from celluloid and horn. The patent office has issued 1355 patents for making buttons.

The most important branch of the button industry in the United States is the making of pearl buttons, the material being obtained from shells gathered along the Mississippi river. The industry has practically grown up within the last ten years, and its introduction is due entirely to J. F. Boepple of Muscatine, Iowa, a native of Germany, who had learned the trade abroad.

He saw that millions of dollars were going to waste in the shells known as "niggerheads," of which tons were piled up on the banks of the river. Thousands of people are now employed in turning these shells into buttons, the little plants being found all the way from Minnesota to Missouri. Muscatine is still the great headquarters of the industry. It has forty factories. The value of the shells has risen from 50 cents to \$30 a hundredweight. And yet American buttonmaking is in its infancy, 'tis said.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

**Horse With a Taste for News.**

A horse feeding complacently on a diet of old papers was a sight seen at Eleventh and Grand avenue. A stonecutter drove a horse up to the Star office and left it standing in front of one of the city's garbage cans. The horse had a well-groomed appearance. No ribs were visible or would its appearance have attracted the attention of the humane agent. The animal moved up to the garbage can and began nosing its contents. The can was filled to the top with papers. There were newspapers, wrapping paper and paper of various other kinds. The horse began nibbling on a piece of old gray wrapping paper. It appeared to be palatable. A bite followed the nibble and soon the horse was eating the paper as voraciously as an Angora goat. A newspaper followed the wrapping paper. The horse appeared to relish the different pieces of news. When the owner finally appeared the old roan was just pulling from the bottom of the can a luncheon paper with a pink string. The driver did not seem to mind or notice the pilfered meal of the horse, for he drove down the street with the horse chewing the paper. The horse appeared to relish the breeze.—Kansas City Star.

**Qu'is True.**

It is well enough to take things as they come, but there are a good many of them that you might just as well pass on.—Puck.