

FOR THE FAIR

THE AMERICAN WOMAN.

Are American women growing better looking? is a question raised occasionally by magazine writers, and then they write long essays to prove that they are. The truth is that American women are and always have been good looking. What often leads to the general remarks that women look more beautiful to-day than formerly is the difference between the styles of wearing apparel in vogue now and those of fifty years ago. At a theatre or social party it is sometimes difficult to discover which is the daughter and which the mother nowadays, because one looks about as youthful in appearance as the other.—Pittsburgh Globe.

JAUNTY HALF COATS.

Pert, crisp and jaunty are the dainty half coats of linen, pique, lace and silk that are attracting the eye and purse of maid and matron alike.

The jackets are loose and come to half way between waist and knee. Most of them are double breasted, fastened with big buttons of pearl, porcelain or cut steel. The chief ornaments of the jackets, aside from the attractiveness of cut and material, are the wide circular collars that fall gracefully beyond the shoulder seams on the sleeves. In many the bell sleeve, wide flowing at the hand, is to be seen.

One exquisite jacket of coffee-colored renaissance lace over taffeta of a shade darker is quite loose, fastened single-breasted in a scalloped edge, with porcelain buttons painted with arabesque buds. A large circular collar of lace, fastened at the throat with a wide sash of coffee-colored satin ribbon, rested coquettishly on the rest of the dainty garment.

Crash and pique have come in for a comparatively new use in the short box coat. Crash jackets are made severely plain, with many rows of stitching and big smoked pearl buttons as their main ornament.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

ORIENTAL EMBROIDERY.

Bonds of Oriental or Russian embroidery brighten up many of the new gowns, and always give an air of distinction to the dress. Navy blue serge looks quite uncommon when it is trimmed with Russian embroidery, and zibeline takes on a new charm when relieved with bands of Eastern work. Black velvet dresses are being much worn, especially by fair women, and I have also noticed some pretty dresses in gray velvet.

A charming gown which formed part of the trousseau of a recent bride was made in silver-gray velvet lined with palest blue silk. The seams were laced across with silver cord, and a beautiful collar was worn, made of white guipure laid over pale blue and threaded with silver and embroidered with turquoise.

Turquoise combs were worn in the hair, and other ornaments of the same pretty stones were added to the bodice. All fashionable women are wearing what they call "bits of blue"—turquoise chains, or necklaces of turquoise matrix. This latter is always such a fascinating object, with its strange streaks of brown and green.

Strings of pearls are more popular than ever, and jeweled chateleines, gold or silver purses, and large diamond rings, frequently covering the fingers up to the knuckles, are much worn. The abundance of necklaces, which used to be so much liked, has now become a thing of the past; at present the pendant is the important part, and it is better to let it hang from a slender chain.—New York News.

THE INDIA SHAWL.

Though India shawls possess great value they are seldom bought or sold nowadays. There's a good reason for this. They are hardly worn at all. Despite many stories of the attractive wraps into which they may be converted there's one pair of eyes that have been open all winter and have not rested on a single one. This shows that not everybody has taken to the wholesale slaughtering of these rare and beautiful shawls. It is silly to cut one up for a wrap which will be passed in a few seasons.

Another thing: Many of them are prized quite as much for their associations, having been handed down, generation after generation, as for their great money value. If your great-grandpapa brought your great-grandmother a shawl from India, and it has at length come down to you, you appreciate just how this is.

English brides in high life received this proverbial gift from the late Queen Victoria. And every woman of means on either side of the Atlantic has, in the absence of thoughtful ancestors or rich and liberal friends, quietly provided herself with one of these treasures.

An India shawl is like some other things in this life—you haven't any earthly use for it, yet you feel robbed if you haven't got it.

Since cutting one up is out of the question, save with iconoclastic souls, its seasons of exploitation are restricted to sartorial conferences with dearest friends and festive occasions when it is spread over a library table that is perhaps the worse for wear.

A couple or more generations ago the Paisley shawl, invention of a canny

Scott, was a fad with those who either could not afford the real India or did not care to wear a real India frequently. The better Paisley shawls had a beauty of their own. To cut one of these up does not smack of the vandal as much as setting scissors into a small fortune in the shape of a real India shawl. They also make admirable table or small couch covers. The remnant of one that was half burned up has served effectively over an impossibly ugly mantel.—Philadelphia Record.

THE FEMINE FIB.

A distinguished preacher once divided lies into "black lies, white lies, gray lies and Chinese lies." The feminine fib is generally a judicious blend of the white lie and the Chinese lie. For the benefit of those who have never graduated in the special mendacity tripos it may be explained that a Chinese lie is, as a rule, purely ornamental, being in the nature of embroidery, which is intended to add beauty and color to the plain object on which it is used as trimming.

The Chinese lie is prompted by the very highest and noblest of motives—namely, a desire to give pleasure to others; many a plain, dull fact being served up and made quite tasty and appetizing by a little judicious garniture of Chinese—or embroidery. Directed into the proper channel, a Chinese liar becomes a skilful writer of fiction, and turns her gift to profitable account. But the everyday feminine amateur, who has not this outlet for her rarridicular talent, turns her attention to the afternoon tea table, and adds a spice to whatever gossip is going by a gentle peppering of fibs.

She meets a man on the other side of the street, who raises his hat and dashes along to catch his train, and by the time she has reached the tea table for which she is bound she is prepared to give circumstantial evidence of the eager manner in which he hurried across the road, the effusive way in which he grasped her hand with a lingering pressure, gazing the while into her lustrous eyes. And she can repeat word for word all the sweet sayings and sugary compliments which he would no doubt have paid her if he had had the time.

Unfortunately this gift of imagination is often accompanied by a defective memory, whereas to make a good—or prevaricator nothing is so essential as a good memory. Without this the employer of the Chinese method is almost certain to get found out sooner or later (generally sooner), and then she has the mortification of finding that her little efforts to please quite fail in their effect. And not only that, but what is more trying still, she even finds that when, from lack of material for fictional purposes, she does for once serve up the cold unvarnished truth, her hearers have so got in the habit of disbelieving her that her plain statement is received with incredulity. That is why any one who aims at distinction in the fibbing world must carefully cultivate a good memory, and so follow the golden rule—to avoid being found out.—Modern Society.



Swallow-tail bows deck many a new corsage.

Sunflower rosettes are attractive on headgear.

Tucking is in favor. It must be very fine or very coarse.

Medallions of lace in all sorts and sizes are much liked.

Straw buttons stud the lace on handsome imported hats.

A touch of orange-pink is very smart with gray or castor.

White serge is the favored material for fair ones who a-yachting go.

A fan of pleated ribbon half covers the top of one pink and white picture hat.

Chantilly and Irish point are combined to good advantage on a filmy net gown.

The favored fabrics grow coarser in weave and more open in texture with each day.

It is said dipped laces have not the greatest vogue because they wear abominably.

A rich trimmed ruffle appears upon the majority of the latest black taffeta undershirts.

Fichu draperies will be the complement of the thin cotton gown in the majority of cases.

The "mitten" sleeve, that is, one with a long, tight gauntlet cuff of lace, is one of the very newest and smartest.

Beautiful lace collars, so wide as to almost reach the top of the snugly-fitting girldie, are almost indispensable to the stylish bodice.

Belts of black satin bands alternating with rows of narrow lace, with tab fronts and pendant purse of the same material, are recent introductions that are both convenient and good looking.

The sun shades of the summer of 1903 are almost as elaborate inside as out. Their linings are tucked, ruffled with chiffon and adorned with lace. When held over the shoulder these form a most effective background.

In the realm of costly parasols the top notch of elegance is the all-lace parasol, preferably the lovely thread lace. Mounted over silk with misty blurred colorings and with a gold handle set with gems, surely it is fit for a princess's use.

The sleeve of yesterday came to its climax of bagginess at the wrist. Today the climax is at the elbow, whence the sleeve tapers to the wrist. The present sleeve is an elegant little complexity, and even if carried out in one fabric must be stitched and strapped and embroidered.

How to Succeed.

By Henry Frank.

ETERMINATION to succeed means merely that one's mind is set upon success. Now, can this habitual mental mode be acquired and cultivated? I think so. In the first place, to be surrounded by success is a great inspiration toward success. Therefore let him whose nature is timid and lackadaisical seek the company of people whose native energy is virile and persistent, whose outlook is always toward achievement and whose habit is to succeed.

Another suggestion: Mental habit is the product of the action of the so-called "unconscious mind." Says C. H. Lewis: "I am the product of all I have felt; not a thrill passes through the body but our sensorium is altered by it; the sum of such traces is the human life." If this proposition is true, then the object of life should be to get the unconscious mind working for success. How is this done?

By reading authors whose writings inspire the hope of success, by reading the lives of successful men and women, by living much with successful people. These are the first essential steps. But perhaps above all other essentials is that of cultivating the mental habit of thinking success for one's self. By day, by night, awake, asleep, let the one thought and yearning be to succeed. The unconscious mind will do the rest.

Teaching Man How to Live.

By the Editor of What to Eat.

HERE is the billionaire philanthropist who is willing to accept a crown of immortality by endowing an agency for teaching men how to live?

Free public libraries, universities, colleges, schools and hospitals are being endowed all over the country. Millionaire philanthropists are engaged in a rivalry over the endowment of learning. Each is striving to build a monument in the shape of a munificent gift to education or art that will forever perpetuate the memory of the donor in the hearts of the people. One multi-millionaire is scattering libraries in the cities and towns of the Union, thereby enshrining his name in the grateful memories of a hundred or more communities.

But of what avail are all the well-laden shelves of the free libraries in teaching man the laws of life? Millions of volumes of literature have rolled from the presses in the last decade, and one might read every line of every page without understanding the mysteries of his own being or the laws of his own bodily nourishment and replenishment. Young men come out of the colleges and universities every year with their craniums packed with useless facts and dead languages. But who ever heard of one who had mastered the art of building his own body, scientifically and perfectly, from the materials bountifully provided by nature? Whoever heard of one graduating with the degree of doctor of dietetics or doctor of alimentation?

And yet what is of greater importance to the human being, which has in its custody and keeping the most wonderfully delicate and complicated mechanism in all creation—the human body, temple of an immortal soul—than the science which teaches how to live?

Success.

By George Horace Lorimer.

BOYS are constantly writing me for advice about how to succeed, and when I send them my receipt they say that I am dealing out commonplace generalities. Of course I am, but that's what the receipt calls for, and if a boy will take these commonplace generalities and knead them into his job, the mixture'll be cake.

Once a fellow's got the primary business virtues cemented into his character, he's safe to build on. But when a clerk crawls into the office in the morning like a sick setter pup, and leaps from the stool at night with the spring of a tiger, I'm a little afraid that if I sent him to take charge of a branch house he wouldn't always be around when customers were. He's the sort of a chap who would hold back the sun an hour every morning and have it rain two every afternoon if the Lord would give him the same discretionary powers that He gave Joshua. And I have noticed that he's the fellow who invariably takes a timekeeper as an insult. He's pretty numerous in business offices; in fact, if the glance of the human eye could affect a clockface in the same way that a man's country cousins affect their city welcome, I should have to buy a new timepiece for the office every morning.

Boys are a good deal like the pups that fellows sell on street corners—they don't always turn out as represented. You buy a likely setter pup and raise a spotted coach dog from it, and the promising son of an honest butcher is just as like as not to turn out a poet or a professor. I want to say in passing that I have no real prejudice against poets, but I believe that, if you're going to be a Milton, there's nothing like being a mute, inglorious one, as some fellow who was a little sore on the poetry business once put it. Of course, a packer who understands something about the versatility of cottontweed oil need never turn down orders for lard because the run of hogs is light, and a father who understands human nature can turn out an imitation parson from a boy whom the Lord intended to go on the Board of Trade. But on general principles it's best to give your cottontweed oil a Latin name and to market it on its merits, and to let your boy follow his bent, even if it leads him into the wheat pit.—From "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," by George Horace Lorimer. By permission of Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

The Law of Cause and Effect.

By Margaret Stowe.

OUTSIDE of my window two boys have quarrelled. One has knocked the other one down. The boy picks himself up and shouts after the retreating friend: "You wait. I'll get even with you. I'll pay you back for this!"

They are boys, apparently, of refined and educated parents, yet they evidently have not been taught, and probably have never heard of, the law of cause and effect.

One has only to read the progressive magazines and newspapers to see how education along this line is spreading, and how thousands of thinking beings are building up their lives and the characters of their children by the power of thought.

The true physician and parent of the future will not medicate the body with drugs so much as the mind with principles.

The coming mother will teach her child to assuage the fever of anger, hatred and malice with the great panacea of the world—Love.

The coming physician will teach the people to cultivate cheerfulness, good will and noble deeds for a health tonic, as well as a heart tonic; and that a merry heart doeth good like a medicine.

Let us go back to the boy holding thoughts of anger, revenge and malice. If he pays the other boy back in the same coin that he received at his hands what will happen?

He will get even with him by going down to his own level, and both will suffer by it.

But if this boy had been brought up by the law of cause and effect he would show himself the larger by sending his companion love for hatred, kindness for ill-treatment, pay him back by raising him to his level.

Sentimental rubbish? Yet turn an honest and impartial judge for a moment and tell me which way of dealing with the question is the better.

Teach your children that they can never help another without by that very act helping themselves.

If the boy is ready to treat the other as he treated him, then he shows clearly that there is in him that which attracts the hatred and ill-treatment to him; he deserves what he got and should not complain.

We know that love is a positive force and stronger than hatred. The latter can always be conquered by love.

Make children understand that by meeting hatred with hatred they degrade themselves, but by meeting it with love they elevate not only themselves, but also the one who bears them hatred.

I heard a mother the other day say to her children who were nagging and teasing each other in a very rude and annoying manner: "If you children hold the discordant thoughts that are in possession of your minds at present I shall not be surprised if you are both ill sooner or later.

"You understand the law of cause and effect and so know that an angry and discordant thought has a direct effect upon your bodies.

"By former experience you know, too, the poisoning effect that discord has upon the organism; therefore I advise you each to go into your own room and clear your thoughts, as you know so well how to do, and do not let me see you again until you are quite sure that harmony is restored."

Educating a child upon such lines, you will find that these little lessons become less frequent, because harmony is developing and increasing, while discord is quickly diminishing.—New York Journal.



THE LITTLE, LITTLE FLOWER.

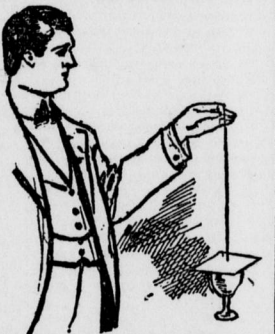
Such a little, little flower
Lay on my breast to-day;
I held it but an hour
Ere they took it quite away.
'Twas so warm and pink and sweet
I can almost feel it yet;
More than once our lips did meet—
Yet they think I can forget!

For this little, little flower
Was the baby from next door,
I could hold it for an hour
If I'd sit upon the floor.
It has eyes like pansies blue,
And its cheeks are rosy-pink;
Off I kissed it, and it knew
That I loved it well, I think.

Now this little, little flower
Curled its little hand in mine,
And for all that happy hour
I kept thinking oh! how fine
I would be, if I only dared—
Ask to have a doll so dear—
But they didn't think I cared,
So they left me sitting here.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

A CLEVER TRICK.

The trick is to swing a glassful of water with a string. Attach a string to the centre of a square of cardboard by means of a knot and seal the hole



with wax. Grease the rim of the glass and press the cardboard so closely to it that not a bubble of air remains. The glass may then be suspended by the string and swung.

A DIFFICULT SCISSORS FEAT.

Take a pair of scissors (not too large), and hang them on your little finger, as shown in Fig. 1. The trick is to throw them upward and toward you in such a manner that when you have brought the backs of your hands together the blades will be pointing upward, as in Fig. 2.

This is another of those seemingly simple tricks, but a key is required to unlock it, as you will find by repeated experiments before it is given you.

When you have hung the scissors as explained above, simply throw them upward and toward you, with the hands held open and placed together in such a way that when the scissors reach them they (the scissors) will rest on the hands for an instant. In this



position only the first joints of the little fingers will be in the scissors, as you will observe in Fig. 2. Now bring your hands still closer together and roll your knuckles outward, bringing your hands toward you until the backs meet, then downward and upward, and the scissors, if you have mastered the trick, will turn blades upward as already explained in Fig. 3.

In handling the scissors be careful that no one gets hurt by carelessly tossing them toward the eyes or face, as some are apt to do unless warned.—New York World.

WITHOUT REHEARSAL.

The great ceremonies of the world's history, coronations, inaugurations, even weddings, can be, and are rehearsed. The orator goes carefully over his periods, and plans to turn possible interruptions to his own advantage; but for the real emergencies of life there is no rehearsal. The man or woman meets the test, whatever it may be, and stands or falls by it, with no opportunity to try that particular struggle again.

Henry Carter was thrown from his mowing machine the other day, and terribly cut in the groin. When the doctor came he said that the man's life had been saved by the desperate pressure of his daughter's thumb on the spouting artery. She had remembered a lesson in physiology, learned in school, and she had courage enough to apply it at the critical moment, although she dropped in a faint when the doctor took her place at her father's side.

When four-year-old Tommy Cates fell into the river, there was one of the boys with him who knew how to drain the water from his lungs and bring him back to life again; yet he had never before tried to help a drowning person.

It was an impulse that forced Frank Murphy to spring from the sidewalk and seize the bridle of a runaway horse that in another moment would have been trampling the life out of a score of school children; but the impulse had its roots far back in some unknown deep of character.

"Never show the choice momentous till the judgment hath passed by." Whether it is binding a wound, stamp-

ing out a fire, telling the truth, or resigning a self-forbidden pleasure, the act that is effective comes from long habit, painfully acquired and made a part of character.—Our Young Folks.

THE MAGIC HAMMOCK.

Such a queer hammock it was. Sometimes it was large enough to hold Bess and Bennie and Bert, with plenty of room to spare for dollies and kitties, and even Bert's little pug dog Popsey. Then the next day it would be so small that there was just barely room for one little child, with one little dolly or kitty. This is the way I found out about it:

One day Bert and Popsey were having a nice swing in the hammock and I sat on the porch watching them. Pretty soon Bess came out with Kitty Grey in her arms, and said: "Let us get in, too, Bert."

"No," said Bert, "there isn't room only just for Popsey and me." "Why, Bert?" I said, "that's very strange. Is not that the same hammock that held all of you this morning?"

"Yes'm," said Robert, hanging his head. "I will tell you how it is," said grandma, who sat by the window with her knitting. "It is a magic hammock, with a puckering string. One fairy always lets out the string as far as she can and takes in all the children. She is a good fairy and her name is Love. The other is a bad fairy, called Selfishness. She always draws up the string so tight that only one boy or girl, with his own pet dog or kitty, can possibly squeeze in."

Bert looked so red and ashamed that I said: "Shall we call the other fairy, Bert?" He nodded his head, and I called softly: "Come, Love; come, Love!"

And, if you will believe it, the moment I spoke the words the hammock flew wide open, and Bess and Kitty Grey sprang in. Bert's face was all smiles, and the hammock swung so gaily that I feared the children would be tossed out.—The Round Table.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

Fill a basin with water, and after the water has become perfectly still float a dozen burned matches in a



circle, all pointing toward the centre of the basin.

Touch the water at the centre with a bit of soap. The matches at once move away and form a larger circle close to the edge of the basin. Take out the soap and dip a lump of sugar in the water at the centre of the basin. The matches immediately come back and cluster about the sugar.

This simple and amusing experiment illustrates two scientific principles. In the first place every liquid acts in many ways as if its surface consisted of a tightly stretched elastic membrane or skin. In other words, the liquid has what is called "surface tension." Now, the strength of this surface tension, or pull, is different in different liquids. It is stronger in pure water, for example, than in soapy water. Consequently, when you dip the soap in the water the tension at the centre and the pull toward the centre are diminished and the matches are pulled away by the stronger tension of the pure water outside.

Again, if you dip a corner of a lump sugar in water, the water, as you know very well, rises rapidly and wets the whole lump. In the same way water rises in small tubes and oil in lamp wicks.

"Capillarity" is the real name given to such actions, but that name doesn't explain them a bit. We simply know that they occur—that water and



other liquids rise in small tubes and through porous substances like lamp-wicks and loaf sugar.

But the water cannot rise in the lump sugar without coming from somewhere, and so we have a current of water setting from the edge of the bowl to the centre, all around, just as if we were drawing water out of the centre with a little pump.

The floating matches, of course, move with the currents, and there you have the explanation of mystery number two.

A Good Fire Extinguisher.

A very perfect fire-extinguishing compound is made by mixing twenty pounds of common salt with ten pounds of sal ammoniac in seven gallons of water.

Ivy and Damp Houses.

Ivy growing on a house, so far from making the house damp, as is usually supposed, actually extracts all moisture from the walls.