WOMEN AND FASHION

Electric Housecleaning.

Electricity is now being used to operate carpet cleaners. A Pittsburg man recently patented the apparatus shown in the accompanying illustration, which is more serviceable than the pneumatic cleaner for small houses. It resembles the familiar carpet cleaner in appearance. A motor operates a turbine and brush, the revolutions of the latter agitating the nap of the carpet and loosening the dirt. The turbine creates a suction, drawing up all dust and dirt and depositing it in a dust receiver provided for the purpose. It is claimed that carpets can be thoroughly cleaned on the floor and every corner can be reached. Nothing need be moved. Attachable appliances are also provided for treating walls, ceilings, cornices, chandeliers, curtains, etc. Mattresses, cushions, upholstered furniture and pillows can also be aerated as well as cleaned by this appliance. The machine works noiselessly and quickly. Power to operate the apparatus can be obtained from the ordinary incandescent socket.

ELECTRIC CLEANER.

Should Women Live Cheaper?

Mrs. Ellen H. Richards of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology said at the recent quarter centennial meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae:

"The demand for increased salary is constantly met by the assertion, 'It costs women less to live.' But does it, in really live? And, if it does, should it? Because they carry self-sacrifice to a greater extent, should they? Is not this acquiescence in cheaper living the real cause why women lose efficiency? Good food, travel, amusement, social companionship, all tend to good temper and good work.

"The research worker is scarce, because original thought means a mind free from the distractions of economy. The wearing and dwarfing anxieties of making both ends meet are at the root of those physical and mental breakdowns of college women occurring now and then, which gives such joy to the 'I-told-you-so' onlookers."

Paid to Laugh.

There is at least one woman who is paid a regular salary for laughing. She was once on the stage. She has a trained, flexible laugh, musical and contagious. And this laugh is worth money to the proprietors of a music hall, who pay her to sit in one of the boxes and release her flow of vocal appreciation at certain stages on the program. Whenever she perceives that the audience is losing interest in the humor on the stage, or needs to be worked up to a proper pitch of enthusiasm, she lets go her cachination.

It never fails to have a salutary effect. Persons who never look more than mildly amused burst into extravagant laughter. Everybody in the audience is put in the right humor to enjoy himself. And under the inspiration of all this merriment the performers do better than ever.

Meditations of a Spinster.

A branch of promise suit may be bad, but the same girl as a wife would be worse.

When people are happily married it means that they both have the same ideas about how to spend Sundays enjoyably.

It takes a real homely old girl to be there that the reason why more men do not propose to her is because she won't allow them to get to that point.

Most marvelous of all his accomplishments is the way that the deepest dyed man never looks guilty, but as innocent as a lamb.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Ladies' Overblouse.

Simple shaping characterizes the blouse, which has a broad tuck on each shoulder, so as to afford a slight fullness both in front and at each side in the back. It is drawn down closely at the waist by gathers caught to the foundation. The closing is made at the back, so the plain space in front may be decorated with hand embroidery. The short sleeves were finished with a band of hand embroidery. The material used for this waist was pale blue liberty satin, with filet lace.

Putting on a Veil.

A woman who is putting on a veil should have a mirror right before her, and so place the veil that the spot comes over her eyes. The frames may surround a suit of a box, or in the corner of a room, there by doing away with the shadows on the face. The finger marks on the veil may be removed by using a little paraffine. The place should be afterward carefully rinsed in cold water and given a final polish with a clean, soft cloth. There is no just reason for the finger marks on the veil.

regard to the placing of the figures. This is the difference between the veil that is and the one that is not becoming.

As to the pinning, it is quite simple. Just before the last pin is put in, pout out the mouth a little. This will adjust the veil to the shape of the nose and chin and gives a leeway to talk. It is most necessary in putting on a veil properly.

Bedroom Curtains.

Window hangings in bedrooms must let in the light and give seclusion, and for this purpose dotted Swiss muslin is a desirable material. Made from this fabric, curtains may be just the straight kind with ruffled edges or the brise-bis, the French form that hangs straight and flat against the pane, dropping from the inner top of the sash. This latter style drapery may be fashioned from alternate strips of lace and muslin or net, the bottom scalloped, edged with the insertion, and then finished with a frill of lace.

Asbestos Table Mats.

Very thin mats of this material may now be obtained at any up-to-date kitchen furnishing store, and they can be used between a soft lining and any elaborate doily. No housekeeper who uses a polished dining table can always prevent the placing on the table of a dish so hot that it will injure the polish of the table if she serves her food hot enough to be palatable. Of course, these mats cannot be used under eyelet work doylies or centerpieces, and if used with Cluny-trimmed articles the mat must not be larger than the linen center.

Kitchen Weights and Measures.

Ten eggs, one pound.

One cup of butter, half a pound.

A pint of liquid weighs a pound.

A quart of sifted flour, one pound.

A tablespoonful of liquid, half an ounce.

A pint of brown sugar, thirteen ounces.

A solid pint of chopped meat, one pound.

Four kitchen cupfuls of corn meal, one pound.

Three kitchen cupfuls of corn meal, one pound.

A dash of pepper, an eighth of a teaspoonful.

Four teaspoonfuls of liquid make one tablespoonful.

Four tablespoonfuls of liquid, one gill or a quarter of a cup.

Two cupfuls and a half of powdered sugar, one pound.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Worry Leads to Failure.

Worry is the twin sister of nervousness. Neither should ever enter into the daily life of anyone. God, in His All-Wise Providence, put the head of a human being on top, that all might be subservient to it. There is something wrong above the eyes, in the region of the will power, when one becomes nervous in the sense of excitability. "Know thyself" is good; control thyself is better. Worry and excitement never aided anyone. Any fool can get along when everything is all right; but it takes a wise man, a level-headed man, to get along, and not worry nor become nervous when everything is all wrong.—Ladies' Home Journal.

New Skirt Is Tight.

Tall, slim women will be glad to know that the skinny skirt is coming in again. They are wearing a corselet skirt in Paris that defines the figure very perfectly, and makes it impossible to wear very much clothing underneath it. The plait in the back also defines the waist. These skirts are the delight of the woman with a good figure, but let the fat lady beware of them.

To Remove Finger Marks.

The finger marks so frequently left on painted doors by children or careless maids may be removed by rubbing with a perfectly clean cloth dipped in a little paraffine. The place should be afterward carefully rinsed in cold water and given a final polish with a clean, soft cloth.

with a clean cloth will help. Water accidentally spilt on wallpaper will usually not injure it, and should be left alone to dry, as interference may cause a lasting stain.

A pretty finish for the back of an empire waist in ecru lace was a straight stiff two-looped bow of two-inch black velvet ribbon, with two cameo medallions defining the loops about an inch apart. From the center of this bow and between the buckles floated the long ends of accordion-plaited tulle. Two similar bows with but one buckle to each bow caught up the Japanese sleeve on the inside seam.

Last season there was a fashion of arranging ruffles on the bottom of skirts that were raised on the two sides; now they are set on high in the front, in a point, some reaching as far as the knee, where they gradually descend to the hem, covering it in the back. Large drop ornaments or handsome bows of ribbon hold down the point in a pretty way. The arrangement is a graceful one, but should only be attempted by a slight and tall, girlish figure.

TWO MIDWINTER GOWNS.

A Valuable Prescription.

Here is a simple and available recipe—a medicinal bath for the nervously worn and those who cannot sleep o' nights. It was the prescription of an old physician. Take of sea salt four ounces, spirits of ammonia two ounces, spirits of camphor two ounces, of pure alcohol eight ounces, and sufficient hot water to make a full quart of the liquid. Dissolve the sea salt in the hot water and let stand until cool. Pour into the alcohol the spirits of ammonia and camphor. Add the salt water, shake well and bottle for use. With a soft sponge dipped in this mixture wet over the surface of the whole body. Rub vigorously until the skin glows. When nervous or "blue" or wakeful do not omit this bath. The rest and refreshing that follow will amply repay the effort required to prepare it.

Ruining a Child's Character.

How often do we see parents who never punish their children unless they are in a rage. The children are allowed to do precisely as they please, and are not corrected unless they grate upon the caprice of the mother. Then she will fly into a rage at a mere trifle and belabor the poor children as if some great offense had been committed.

The Ways of Women.

It sometimes happens that the girl who jilts a young man does him a favor.

Perhaps if there was a woman in the moon instead of a man it wouldn't get full so often.

Offer a woman an apology and the chances are she will offer an excuse for not accepting it.

Why Worry?

Why worry o'er the petty things
That clog and snarl and flurry?
Defy them and they'll all take wings;
Why worry?

Why worry o'er the stumbling blocks
That check you in your hurry?
Defy them—they are crumbling rocks.
Why worry?

Girls Are Good.

Law court records and reformatory institutions show that only a very small percentage of girls, as compared to boys, are lawless or criminally inclined.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

"My goodness!" exclaimed the ribbon-counter lady, "did you hear that awful noise? What was it?"

"Crash in the towel department, I believe," answered the floorwalking gentleman, with an open-faced grin.

A Growing List.

"I can't save a cent."

"The necessaries of life are higher than they were a few years ago."

"Yes; and there are so many more of them."—Washington Herald.

Real Mean.

Miss Fatte—George tried very hard to put his arm around my waist last night, but no man can do that sort of thing with me!

"No, dear; it would be rather difficult!"

Continuous Round of Pleasure.

"But," protested his wife, "a woman isn't expected to know much about business."

"Of course not," answered her husband from behind a worried look. "Most women have an idea under their hats that all a man does at his office is to sit in an upholstered chair with his feet on the desk, smoke 25-cent cigars and listen to funny stories."

The Better Way.

"According to a scientist," remarked the fluffy-haired blonde who writes type between meals, "the way to sleep is to think of nothing."

"That scientist has bunions on his intellect," growled the fussy old bachelor at the pedal extremity of the mahogany. "The way to sleep is to think it is time to get up."

In This Case It Did.

"Just after we had ended our performance in an Arizona town," remarked Stormington Barnes, "the theater was swept entirely away by a tornado."

"That," rejoined Walker Tigbs, "is what might be appropriately called carrying a house by storm."

Another Color.

Young Man (at reception)—Beg pardon, but isn't this Miss Green?

Young Lady—No, sir; my name is Brown.

Young Man—Excuse me, but I might have known it. You see, I'm color blind.

Samson Wasn't in It.

Teacher—Sam, who war de stronges' man in de worl'?

Sam—Jonah, sah.

Teacher—Wha' makes yo'ink dat, chile?

Sam—Kase when de whale had 'im down he couldn't hold 'im.

Not So Fortunate.

Mrs. Peckem—Our cook has just given warning. She is going to leave.

Peckem—How I envy her. I wish I could give warning, too.

Turning of the Worm.

"My dear," said Mr. Enpeck, "can you tell me the difference between your mouth and the courthouse door?"

"No, I can't," snapped Mrs. Enpeck.

"Then," continued the long-suffering man, "you had better have one or the other of them closed so the public can tell the difference."

Reduction.

The old nag was jogging up the hill with the elopers.

"Yes," said the old nag, "it is rather tough pulling them up to the parsonage, but it will be easier coming back."

"How so?" queried the friendly goose at the roadside.

"Why, can't you see that after leaving the parsonage two will be made one?"

Rather Round.

"I don't thank you for recommending that young clerk!" exclaimed the indignant old broker as they met in the elevator.

"What's the trouble?" queried the jocular banker.

"Why, you said he was as square as a dollar, and he isn't square at all."

"Bosh. Neither is a dollar."

Accounted For.

Mr. Bacon—Don't be frivolous now. I hate a frivolous woman!

Mrs. Bacon—I know you do; not because she's frivolous, but just because she happens to be your wife!—Yonkers Statesman.

Same Old Supply.

Star Boarder—When I first came here, ma'am, I understood you to say you kept chickens, and yet I haven't seen chicken on the table once.

Landlady—Oh, yes, I keep them; that is why I don't kill them.

His Idea of It.

"Well, well," said Tom to his sister, "is that your new hat?"

"Oh!" replied his sister, "it has to be trimmed, you goose!"

"Trimmed? Too large, eh?"—Philadelphia Press.

Family Pride.

Mrs. O'Rafferty—An' phoy did yez giv th' name av Goldstein at th' police station, Oi dunno?

O'Rafferty—Faith, an' Oi was arristed fer bein' dhrunk an' disorderly, an' it's mesilf as wudn't be afther disgr-racin' th' name av O'Rafferty, b' gorra!

His Opinion.

"What is your opinion of love at first sight, Mr. Oldbach?" queried the girl with the fluffy hair, who typewrites between meals.

"Love at any sight," growled Oldbach, "is an optical illusion."

Its Proper Use.

"Here is a little poem," said the party with the unbarbered hair, who had drifted into the editorial presence, "that I intended merely as a potboiler."

"That's a sensible idea," replied the man behind the blue pencil. "Better take it right home and let your wife start the fire with it."

The Wheelbarrow.

The farmer's son looked up from the sporting page.

"By heck," he said, "I wish we had one o' them there horseless carriages."

"We have," returned the farmer; "and now that you mention it, you might just as well get it and fetch up a load o' turnips from the three-acre lot."—Exchange.

A Long Wait.

Storekeeper—Why are you stapling there, bubby?

Bubby—We're a-waiting to see them sticks walk.

Not Always.

"The man who makes the greatest success," remarked the moralizer, "is the one who begins at the bottom of the ladder and works his way up."

"Oh, I don't know," rejoined the demoralizer. "How about the man who is trying to escape from a fire?"

Of More Importance.

Mrs. Newpop—Be careful, George; you must not let the baby stand alone.

Newpop—Why, my dear, she's old enough to learn to walk.

Mrs. Newpop—Walk! The idea. Why, she hasn't even learned to steer an automobile yet.

Enlarged View.

Stranger—What sort of a man is your neighbor, John Braggs?

Native—Oh, he's all right, but he has a telescopic imagination.

Stranger—A telescopic imagination?

Native—Yes. He can't even tell the truth without getting it at least two sizes larger than it is.

Now They Don't Speak.

Miss Oldgirl—One of my treasures is a ten-dollar gold piece that was given to me on my eighteenth birthday.

Miss Caustique—I've often heard that rare old coins become valuable.

A Secret.

Uncle—You seem to be living very comfortably here, my boy, but are you saving any money?

Nephew (whispering)—Yes; but for goodness' sake don't tell my wife.

Progressive Woman.

Singleton—Your wife seems to be an up-to-date woman.

Wedderly—Huh! She's away ahead of the date. Why, she has a lot of trouble borrowed for next year.

What She Wanted.

Clerk—Perhaps you'd like to look at goods a little more expensive than these.

Shopper—Not necessarily, but I would like to look at some of better quality.

How a Dream Came True.

It seems almost incredible that farming lands which were bought at only $4 an acre should, within a few years' time, be disposed of at seventy-five times that price. Yet Edith Neal Perrine, in her article, "How a Dream Came True," in the Technical World Magazine, thus writes. Referring to the Twin Falls, Idaho, irrigation project, she says: "The soil is rich, the climate genial, and, with abundant water supply, all the conditions of rich agricultural and horticultural development are fulfilled. Nor are the results at all in doubt—for, in instances that might be cited, the fruition of actual demonstration has followed close upon the heels of anticipation and effort. In one case, a man whose payments on his land and water rights had aggregated only $4 an acre, disposed of his holding at $300 an acre, and, in addition, sold his standing crop of alfalfa at $50 an acre, the purchaser agreeing to harvest the crop."

Although the man who doesn't pay his debts may be gone he isn't forgotten.

MOST DEADLY NEW DISEASE.

Zympherlitis Its Name and How a Doctor Treated Patient.

"Now, just put up your hands, be amiable and quiet. You are up against it."

The burglar dropped the plunder he had accumulated and looked into the muzzle of Dr. John Jameson's revolver.

"Send for the police," said the burglar. "I am ag'in it."

"Not at all," said the doctor. "I often sit up night studying. The minute you came in here I knew you were suffering from zympherlitis. You displayed every symptom; so I watched you and determined that you were a full-fledged victim. In fact, you are the only thoroughly developed case in America. Sit down! There are two cases authenticated in Europe. Zympherlitis is the most deadly disease in the world. You are the third man to get it. Here take this."

The doctor had been mixing up something and when he handed it up to the burglar the latter gulped it down.

"It's horrible," said the burglar. "Why don't you shoot me or turn me over to the police?"

"Here, take this," said the doctor as he mixed up something that fizzed.

The burglar took it and doubled up on the floor in a carooning agony. He stood on his head, tried to climb the walls and finally sank in a chair.

"It's a terrible disease and a horrible remedy," said the burglar.

"It is," said the doctor. "Come back in a week. Here, I will show you where you are at. Now, notice how the fearful germs of zympherlitis show themselves. They need but forcible action."

The doctor twisted the cuticle in Carter's neck and an ugly lump appeared. Then the doctor handed Carter a mirror.

"Oh, Lord!" said Carter. "It seems to be growing!"

"It is growing," said the doctor. "It's a bad case of zympherlitis."

A meek and subdued burglar left the house.

Jim Carter wouldn't drink; he wouldn't even smoke, and to his friends' invitation he replied: "I can't do it; I've got the zympher, and I'm only one of three men that's got it." Of course, he went to see Dr. Jameson at the end of the week.

"Doctor," he said, "that lump on my neck is growin' and I guess that zympherlitis has got me."

"Jim," said the doctor, "you take this"—and he handed him a small vial—"one teaspoonful every hour, until you go to sleep, so you can't take any more, and when you get over that cussed zympherlitis, Jim, I want you to come and take care of those horses of mine."

And Jim got over the zympherlitis and has worked for Doc now some twenty years. Jim still wonders about zympherlitis, and he smiled one time in a vague, half-understanding way when, while rummaging among some of the doctor's old papers, he found one signed by one of the doctor's old classmate friends, which read:

Dear Doc—I always claimed that the idea of suggestion was a greater curative power than that of medicine. That you succeeded so well with your burglar and your zympherlitis only shows that we live in a world where what we are taught is absolute, is absolute not.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Models to Be Given Away.

The United States Patent Office is preparing to give away no less than 157,000 models of inventions which have gathered on its hands in the course of business. They are mute witnesses to the inventive genius of the American people. Some of them are curious, some interesting, a few, perhaps, beautiful, and many, it is hoped, suggestive. They may start trains of thought in the brains of inventors which will lead to further inventions of benefit to the human race, says the Philadelphia Bulletin.

This, however, is not the primary object of the government in giving away the collection. It is hoped that inventive genius may be stimulated by these objects, but the main incentive is economy. For lack of room elsewhere these models have been stored in a rented building which costs the government $19,500 a year and is not used for any other purpose. They are not worth the room they take up, especially when that room must be paid for at an extravagant rate.

Some of these models, especially those of a historical character, are to be given to the Smithsonian Institution and the National Museum. The others will be at the service of any museums, scientific bodies and individuals that choose to apply for them. A catalogue will be issued presently which will aid in selecting the specimens.

Is It the Most Famous?

"What is the most famous saying ever made by man?" an editor asked.

Some thought that Cæsar, some thought Socrates, some that Lincoln, some that Nelson, had said the most memorable thing; but finally the palm was awarded to Euclid, the mathematician.

Euclid went to Alexandria to teach Ptolemy Soter, the king of Egypt, mathematics. Ptolemy plodded at his problems a week or two, and then asked Euclid impatiently, if there was not some special shorter way by which he could be taught.

"Sire," Euclid answered, "there is no royal road to learning."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Made a Big Hit.

A gentleman visiting some relatives in Scotland was persuaded to try a game of golf. At his first stroke he aimed a terrific blow at the ball, scattering the turf to right and left, and looked around for the result.

"What have I hit?" he asked.

"Scotland, sir," gruffly answered the caddie.—Tit-Bits.

People don't work as much as they used to. More time is required to do everything now than formerly.

After a man reaches 50 or 60 when he spends money it is not his money; it belongs to his heirs.

WANTED: AN EDITOR.

A tall, slim, loose-jointed man was strolling carelessly along the street. He stopped, says a writer in the Chicago Tribune, in front of a shop with a swell front, which had this sign painted on its plate-glass window:

READY TO WEAR GARMENTS INSIDE.

He stepped in and accosted the person who seemed to be in authority—a middle-aged man, with a smooth face and an affable, self-acting smile.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but that sign on your window interests me."

"Yes?" encouragingly responded the other.

"Yes. It aroused my curiosity."

"Yes? You are wishing, perhaps, to look at some——"

"It occurred to me, as I was looking at it and studying it, that possibly it might be a question——"

"Oh, no——"

"Oh, yes. Only it hasn't any interrogation point. Then the idea suggested itself that it must be an assertion, conveying the assurance that the person who painted the sign is ready to wear gar——"

"That sign, sir," interrupted the middle-aged man, his smile narrowing perceptibly, "is so plain that anybody with a grain of common sense——"

"Then the fault must be with me, of course. That idea also occurred to me. I ought to understand it. Viewing it in my blundering way, however, as a question—am I ready to wear garments?—I unhesitatingly answer yes. I have been ready to wear garments for fifty-three years. But to wear them inside—no! If it's going to be the fashion to wear garments inside—"

"Say, look here——"

"You can count me out every time. On the other hand, considering it merely as the statement of a fact, that you, or the proprietors of this establishment, are ready to wear garments inside——"

"You'll oblige me, Mr.——"

"Gwilliams. My name is Gwilliams I say, if you are ready to wear garments inside, wear them. What does the public care how or where you wear your garments? What is the use of you sticking out a sign like that, in all the pomp and blazonry of gold-leaf——"

"Will you step just a minute?"

"I will."

"I'll try to bring that sign down to the level of your intelligence. You have heard of garments that are ready made, haven't you?"

"Now that you mention them, I think I have."

"Well, garments that are ready made are garments that are ready to wear—ready to wear garments—and we keep them here—inside. See?"

The tall, slender, "gangling" caller scratched his jaw reflectively.

"I think I do," he said, a genial smile wrinkling his various features, "and I am greatly obliged. My only object in coming in was to get you to diagram that sign." Here he lowered his voice and became confidential. "And now, my friend," he added, "by way of conclusion, may I suggest that there is one important duty you owe to this community?"

"What is it, sir?"

"Get an intelligent schoolboy to edit that sign—have him put in some hyphens—so it will mean something. I believe that's all. Good afternoon!"

FUNERAL OF INDIAN CHIEF.

Last of the Pottawatomies Laid to Rest with Unique Ceremonies.

The "last of the Pottawatomies" is gone and probably never again will the members of the tribe see a characteristic tribal funeral. Kack-Kack was buried last week with all the honors due to his age and condition, says the Holton (Kan.) Recorder. The tribal ceremony used had not been employed before for many years, and it is likely it never will be again. The body lay, or rather sat, in state from the time of his death until the funeral. Immediately after death it was placed in a sitting position so it would stiffen. It was then put in one corner of the room of his house. Here the funeral services began Sunday afternoon at the grave, which is in his front yard.

After the coffin, which was a square box, had been made, the body was dressed in moccasins and leggings, much beaded, being left bare from the waist up except for much paint of many colors. A 2x4 scantling was placed across the top of the box, on which the chin rested, to keep the body upright. The funeral feast was prepared Sunday, and consisted of two hogs and ten turkeys cooked together, with whole corn boiled with it. "Squaw bread" was also made in large quantities and other delicacies furnished were pies, cakes, canned blackberries, dried peaches, tea and coffee.

The feast was spread upon the floor and all present, including the white people, were expected to partake of it. A long grace or prayer was said before eating and the peace pipe was smoked. The first feast was held on Sunday and another one at the house Monday, followed by one at the grave. Monday afternoon the box containing the body was taken to the grave, which was a hole only about a foot deep, intended only to steady the coffin. The box was placed in here and a peaked top was put on with holes bored in it to furnish air. Kack-Kack's cane and his bow and arrow were buried with him.

His possessions were then all given away to his friends after the lengthy funeral orations had been given. His bereaved wife, who is nearly as old as he was, presided over the distribution. No tomtoms were beaten during the ceremonies and from the time they began until he was left in his long home not a drop of liquor was drunk. Any one who knows the Indian character will understand that this was the supreme testimonial to the respect in which the memory of the dead chief was held.

When a man reporter writes a society item, [illegible] word he can think of is "elaborate."