

WOMEN AND FASHION

Woman's Mistaken Ambition. The main trouble with people in general, and the greatest cause of unpopularity and crime, is lack of sense.

Men have not sense enough to see that in making their wives happy they make themselves happy, and women's minds can not grasp the fact that in improving their own minds and characters they are insuring themselves a truer satisfaction than in trying to keep up with the style of the neighbors.

I am a strong believer in the doctrine that we get what we go after in the world, if we go after it in the right way. Women have been going after their "rights" in the wrong way.

There is, not, and can not be, anywhere, in any sphere of life, a better or happier position for a woman than to be the wife of a good, sensible, kind man.

There is just now a crying need for the old-fashioned home atmosphere that was part of the early civilization of our country.

The highest ambition of a majority of our women at present is to be regular society women. This is a very poor

arate from the outside, caught only at the edges. The edges of such a wrap were all scalloped and have a rim of the gauze lining extending like a little frill beyond the silk of the outside.

No more useful garment could be included in a trousseau for debutante or bride than a princess slip of pompadour silk. It is charming when worn under lingerie gowns in summer or under crepe and chiffon in winter.

Dainty aprons and matinees are made from alternate strips of wash ribbon and val lace. For the girl who wears flannel prettier than a ruffle of wash silk and lace, which, by the way, does not cling to the form as flannel does.

There is a long coat effect about many of the tunics of fashionable tailor made. The appearance is the result of the running of the short lines of the bodices into the long lines of the skirts.

Your everyday tulle is a part of your character. A girl who looks like a "fury" or a sloven in the morning is not to be trusted, however finely she may look in the evening.

Leather is composed of a mass of tiny fibers, interlaced and interlocked, one with the other, very intimately. If they are in good, live condition they will be very pliable and elastic and stand a great amount of stretching, but if hard

SOME BECOMING SHADE HATS.



and low ideal, but it chimes in with our modern doctrine of cutting a figure in the world. This is the most mistaken idea that was ever drilled into the heads of young people by enthusiastic, but misguided parents and teachers.

How much wiser and better if we might be simply contented and happy people, shielded from the critical public eye, and mercifully granted the blessing of a peaceful and quiet home with all of home's beauties about us.

Why women are seeking the hard path of public life I can not imagine, but the motive is certainly not a high one. It is woman's mistaken ambition that is taking her into the crowded avenues of trade, or is it the growing hardness of our social conditions that is driving her from the home nest to take a hand in the day's work that was never intended for her?—Juliet V. Strauss.

As To Length of Skirts.

Skirts are longer. For all but the typical walking suits they are very long and sweeping, while the street suits have taken on another inch and just escape the ground. This rule will apply to the wash materials, and wash materials are going to prevail to an extent not known for many seasons.



One French gown of black chiffon is entirely lined with pompadour silk, with a black background and the roses showing with ecru color through the outer folds of the chiffon make the dress beautiful in the extreme.

Venetian bead necklaces are having a great vogue, the delicate colors and combinations serving to enhance any costume to which they are allied.

Many of the most costly summer wraps are lined with gauze, which is shirred and quilted and made quite soft

can be made from gingham or from chambray, or from one of the still simpler wash fabrics if just a plain morning dress is wanted, or it can be made from white linen or blue or from rose color or brown. And if hand embroidery is more work than it seems advisable to undertake, some little applied trimming can be made to take its place or the band at the front and the cuffs can be cut from all-over embroidery.

A New Cut Hair.

The blouse is just a simple one, made novel by the wide box plain beneath which the closing is effected, while the sleeves can be finished either with rollover or plain cuffs. The skirt is straight and laid in plaits; in addition to its other advantages it launders successfully and is well adapted to bordered materials.

For a girl of sixteen years of age will be required, for the blouse 3 1/2 yards of material 21, 3 yards 32 or 2 yards 44 inches wide with 2 1/2 yards of ribbon; for the skirt 6 yards 24, 5 1/2 yards 32 or 4 1/2 yards 44 inches wide.

Apple Chutney.

Chop and mix together twelve peeled apples, two green peppers, one cup of seeded raisins and one large onion. Into this mixture stir a pint of vinegar, the juice of three lemons, two cups of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of ginger. Scald all together, pack into jars and seal.

New Underclothes.

Combination underclothes are becoming more and more the rage. Almost all the corset covers and petticoats that one sees for sale are fastened together around the waistline. Both bodice and skirt are made on the circular pattern, so that there is as little fullness as possible around the waist and hips, and they are joined together by heading through which ribbon is run. It is a very attractive looking garment for negligee, but it is far more trouble to keep them both clean and fresh than it is to care for only one piece at a time.

The Tactful Doctor.

A physician in a small town in Northern Michigan got himself into a serious predicament by his inability to remember names and people. One day, while making out a patient's receipt, his visitor's name escaped him. Not wishing to appear so forgetful, and thinking to get a clue, he asked her whether she spelled her name with an e or i. The lady smilingly replied: "Why, doctor, my name is HILL."—Success Magazine.

A Hurried Supper Dish.

For a little supper dish whipped up in a hurry, cook half a pint of tomatoes or three good-sized ones until they are reduced to a tender pulp. Season with two teaspoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper, and stir in three eggs. When the mixture is creamy serve without delay.

FASHIONABLE BUFF AND WHITE.



Buff linen embroidered with white is so exceedingly dainty and cool in effect that it makes an altogether desirable frock for warm weather wear. This one is made in simple shirt waist style and is charmingly girlish as well as practical and useful while the hand embroidery gives a touch of elegance that nothing else quite affords. The model is an available one, however, and

Change in Historic Hotel.

The Cafe Kaiserhof in Berlin has disappeared. What that means for a section of Berlin, and not the least celebrated, can only be understood by those who have lived for years in the German capital, says the Glasgow Herald. It is a victim of the Americanization of Europe in general and Berlin in particular. The Kaiserhof, the historic hotel on the Wilhelmplatz, just opposite the foreign office and the official residence of the imperial chancellor, is being brought up to date. The Kaiserhof was and still is—the Kaiser hotel par excellence, where the Kaiser lodged foreign princes and delegations who came to attend court functions.

Women and Exercise.

Women, there is no doubt, run easily into excess as far as exercise is concerned. They will either take no exercise at all and sit huddled over a book or piece of fancy work, or they will suddenly start to walk, and continue walking until they almost drop. Exercise, to do good, should be gentle and regular.

Stew and Wings.

Here is a type of hat sure to appeal to the well groomed woman; it has a certain air of dignity which one cannot help but admire. As will be noticed, the hat of white straw has a high crown and sharply turned brim on one side, and the simple but elegant decoration is a black liberty satin scarf draped around the crown and two beaded black breasts and wings on left side.

To Get Rid of Fleas.

To get rid of fleas in the house sprinkle carpets well with salt. Leave the salt undisturbed for an hour, then sweep it up; there will be no more fleas in that carpet. Salt may be sprinkled wherever there are fleas and they will disappear in a short time.

Honey-moon Cabins.

In view of the high marriage rate in Canada, a steamship being built for the Canadian Pacific Railway is to contain "honey-moon" cabins.

A Great Invention.

"But that umbrella looks so awfully cheap and common," said the customer. "The price you ask for it is preposterous." "That's the beauty of that umbrella, it's really the very best quality, but it's made to appear cheap and common so no one will steal it."—Philadelphia Press.

How many women in town there are who are living alone. And how well they get along! And what a failure the men make when they try it.

When a man owns a building in a town, which won't rent he never blames the building: He says the old town is dead.

THE LAW ON TRESPASSING.

Owner's Rights on Private Property Supreme in Almost All Cases.

One who owns or rents a parcel of land has the right of exclusive possession and any usurpation of that right, even the slightest, is a trespass. If I put place one foot over the line, if I fell a tree so that it fell on my neighbor's land, whether it be intentionally or not, or if I allow my rain spout to discharge water over the line, I am a trespasser.

Common as is the practice of picking berries on the land of nobody knows or cares whom, the picker is a trespasser and is liable for the value of the berries, and, what is less generally realized, if the picker sells the berries the purchaser is liable for their value to the owner of the land, no matter how innocent he may be.

Hunting is no more privileged than berry picking. The general acquiescence of city people in wandering indiscriminately over country people's land establishes no law, and if farmers allow it without complaint, it is rather a waiver of their right to sue for trespass, than a license to misuse their property. The farmer may still sue, and if several persons be in the party, each is responsible for the whole damage.

An owner or occupant always has a remedy in a suit at law for a wrongful trespass, and when the case comes within the above statutes, he may have the offender arrested, tried and sentenced. He has another remedy in some cases. If he catches the offender in the act or at any time before the offender gains what in law is possession of land, he may expel him by force. But in such cases care must be taken to use only so much force as is necessary. If the offender resists, the farmer may call help, bind him hands and feet, and carry him off his farm, but the law will in no instance countenance an attempt to punish him. Similarly boys may be driven from an orchard, but if the farmer gives them a licking to teach them not to come again, he lays himself liable to a serious criminal charge.

Any consent to an entry by the owner is a license and makes it no wrong, whether the consent be express or implied. An express consent is of course limited strictly to the purposes for which it was given. It need not be in writing; it may be oral. It is personal, that is, one who is given the right cannot pass it to another, and it is revoked by the sale of the land by the licensor.

Intercourse between men is so extensive and so necessary that a land owner, by implication, is held to have consented that others come to him for purposes of business, courtesy, information, etc. In such cases, if the comer detains himself, property and does no damage he is not a trespasser.

In a few cases one is given a license to enter on another's land by the law. For instance, a fireman may enter on A's land in his endeavors to put out a fire on B's. If it seems necessary he may even tear down A's buildings to stop the spread of the fire, and A must take what the State awards him for his damage. So public officers, assessors, sheriffs or constables have a right to enter without penalty. If a highway is out of repair or is flooded with water, a traveler may pass over the adjoining private property, but he must take care to do no more damage than is necessary.

If an owner's deeds bound his land by a highway, he owns to the middle of the highway and his ownership there is as supreme as in his field, qualified only by the right of the public to make use of it as a highway. Therefore the herbage growing there is his and anyone cutting it and carrying it away is liable for its value. Cattle grazing on the highway are trespassers and their owners are liable, unless by law the cattle are permitted to roam at large. Growing trees also belong to the owner of the land, and anyone cutting them is a trespasser. Land bounded by a brook similarly extends to the middle of the brook and a stranger taking ice or fish therefrom is a trespasser.

THE BEAR HUNT.

One morning the ground was covered with a light snow. An old man starting out early to his work saw some large tracks in the snow and said to himself: "Well, I do believe these are bear tracks," so he went back to his house and said to his brother: "Come on, Jake, get your gun and help me hunt a bear."

Jake took his gun and they started out. They tracked the bear down the road quite a distance and across several fields to the woods. There they could not see the tracks so well, but they kept looking about and by and by Jake, who had hunted bears before, peered into a large hollow log and there found the bear curled up and fast asleep. "Come here," Jake whispered, "Come here quick," and the old man crept quietly up. Bang! bang! went the gun and he rumbled around for a while and then died. "Now," said the old man, "how will we get him home?" Jake had thought about all that. They cut down a long pole, tied the bear's legs together, put the pole through them, then each man put one end of the pole over his shoulder and home they trudged, very proud of their luck. When they came in sight of the home there were three little children looking out of the window who had been watching eagerly all the while to see if papa would bring home that bear. They were quite delighted at first, but when they saw his huge feet and sharp teeth they were terribly frightened. "Now," said their father, "I want you to be very careful how you go into the woods to play after this."

"Oh," said the children, "we never will go there again; no, never." The men skinned the bear and cut him up and the mother cooked some of the meat for dinner and they all had ever eaten. They then tanned the skin and made a rug of it, and on cold winter nights the children would sit on that rug in front of the large fireplace and tell every one who came in how papa had killed the bear. And they were very proud and happy ever it.—Garland Thomas in the Washington Star.

FACTS ABOUT BIRDS' TONGUES.

One of the government naturalists at Washington has recently gathered some fresh information concerning the tongues of birds. Many people suppose that woodpeckers use their sharp-pointed tongues as darts with which to transfuse their prey. It is true that the woodpecker, like the hummingbird, can dart out its tongue with astonishing rapidity, and that its mouth is furnished with an elaborate mechanism for this purpose; yet, according to the authority mentioned, investigation shows that the object of this swift motion is only to catch the prey, not to pierce it. For the purpose of holding the captured victim, the woodpecker's tongue is furnished with a sticky secretion. Considering its powers of imitating speech, it is not surprising to learn that the parrot's tongue resembles that of man more closely than any other bird's. It is not because the parrot is more intelligent than the other birds, but because its tongue is better suited for articulation than theirs that it is able to amuse us with its mimicry. The hummingbird's tongue is in some respects the most remarkable of all. It is double nearly from end to end; so that the little bird is able to grasp its insect prey with its tongue, much as if its mouth was furnished with a pair of fingers.—New York Mail.



The Raggydolls. The Raggydolls are funny folks; They live in Nursery Glade; They use small mallets to crack jokes; Their tears are lemonade.

Their breakfast food is sawdust dry, Of which they eat a lot; A handkerchief's their ruler high; Each eye's a neat French knot.

They haven't got a single hair Upon their little heads; But each is covered with its share Of flimsy silken threads.

They had a party yesterday— It was a dandy treat— And when they finished with their play They got these things to eat:

Some gingham sandwiches quite thick, Some calico coconut pie, Some taffy-taffy on a stick, Some ribbon buns, and my!

A great big can of ice cream, Some sable muffins, too, Oh, dear! I really wish I was A Raggydoll! Don't you?

—F. P. Pitzer, in Record Junior.

A POSTOFFICE PARTY.

Aunt Sue says she thinks a "Post-office Party" is about the nicest. The children were asked to come dressed like the postman or rural mail carrier whom we see every day. Here is how she describes one she attended last summer: "We wore postman blue caps made of paper, and little U. S. cut out of gold paper pinned on our blouses. We each carried a leather-colored bag.

"Clara had a postoffice window rigged up in the library, and we were told at the door to call for letters. Mail would be opened every fifteen minutes during the afternoon.

"The first set of letters were all different, and told us about the post-office party which you had planned for us. We talked about it for fifteen minutes and then called again for mail. These letters were very short notes, and told us the order of games that we would play, and for a postscript it said, 'The next mail will not be opened for half an hour.'

"We played games, and the next set of letters told us who would be our partners for dinner. The bill of fare was very simple, just as you advised that it should be.

"At the dinner table we were presented with special-delivery letters. I will just give you a sample of them so that you will know what they were like: 'Mary Brown, if you will go up the first flight of stairs and go into the bedroom on your right, and lift up the northwest counterpane on the lounge, you will find something that will interest you.' The thing she found was a bag of colored beads.

"We each then went on a quest for colored beads, and then we were given fifteen minutes in which to string them. The one who strung the longest string in fifteen minutes won a prize.

"Then we were invited to help the postmistress open the last bag of mail for the day, in which we each received a quaint little prize.—Bea Hives.

HEARD AT THE ZOO.

"How will you have your beef today?" asked the attendant. "O-O-W-O-W-O-O-O!" returned the lion, so loudly that the iron bars of his cage shook.

"Then the attendant knew that he wanted it roar (raw).

"Now see here," said the elephant to the mosquito, "if you don't stop staging in my ear I'll pack you away in my trunk until the summer is over."

"Dear me! Excuse me," returned the mosquito. "I really didn't mean to annoy you; but your ear is so large I thought I was warbling in Mammoth cave."

"My dear," said old Mr. Monkey to his young wife, "I wish you'd give the baby some vasoline for his throat."

"Why, my dear Baboon?" inquired Mrs. Monkey. "He squeaks dreadfully every time he opens his mouth, my love, and I long for quiet today."

"I want a collar," said the giraffe to the keeper. "My throat feels cool."

"Here is the latest Merry Widow style," said the keeper. "Dear me!" cried the giraffe. "That's too high. How much neck do you suppose I've got?"—Washington Star.

FROM DOT'S DIARY.

I love school, indeed I do; but I'd be a story-teller if I'd say that I didn't love vacation better. I do have such grand times in summer. You see, I have six aunts, and each one invites me to spend a week with her. Object? I guess not! Each one lives in a different town, and each one delights in teaching me something. I'm going to make a series of drawings to tell any one who has enough curiosity to glance in my diary just what they teach me. My mamma says that when I returned in the fall last year I knew a little of everything and not much of anything! My, but I had a jolly time learning nothing! I think that vacation is made for fun, and I only hope I won't be disappointed this trip. Good-bye, dear diary; I'll see you later. Yours, Dot.—Washington Star.

Study of weather charts is now general in the elementary schools in Hanover and Schleswig-Holstein with the object of making their value in agriculture better known.

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AN ADVENTURE.

Harriet and Lloyd Harper lived in a little house in a town of western New York. They were rather poor, but they and their friend Percy Lawrence, had more fun than if they had been millionaires. Harriet, or Harry (as everyone called her), and Percy were twins, 10 years old, and Percy was one year older.

One day, when the blackberries were ripe, Lloyd suggested having a picnic. So they asked their mothers for a little lunch, which Percy carried in his wagon together with the blackberry pails.

When they got to a certain place in the woods they separated, the girls going one way and Percy the other. They agreed to meet there when the 12 o'clock whistle blew, and it was now eleven o'clock, they would have an hour to pick.

Percy soon came upon a lot of bushes with so many blackberries on them that he went to tell the girls to come pick there instead of looking for a new place.

The girls wandered in the opposite direction and didn't see any blackberries, but they did see some cherry trees. Most of the cherries were gone, but there were a few fine ones on one of the trees. Lloyd and Harry both liked them, so they started to climb the tree, Lloyd in the lead. It took a good deal of climbing to get where the cherries were. When they got to them Lloyd put out her hand to get some, but her foot slipped and she fell. She caught hold of the limb below and until Harry came to help her she held on. But Harry could not get her up alone. "Oh, if Percy would only come!" said Harry; "together we could get you up, but he won't be here for nearly an hour, and I don't believe we can hold on so long."

Suddenly the bushes parted and Percy came through them. He had come to get the girls to come pick blackberries with him. He climbed the tree to where Lloyd was and he and Harry together got her up on the limb and helped her down the tree.—Eleanor Parker, in the Brooklyn Eagle.

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is laid in tucks which are trimmed at their outer edges. In this instance the material is white linen and the trimming is embroidery worked onto the material and embroidered insertion. The above pattern will be mailed to your address on receipt of 10 cents. Send all orders to the Pattern Department of this paper. Be sure to give both the number and size of pattern wanted, and write very plainly. For convenience, write your order on the following coupon:

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an exact replica of the kimono worn by the older folk, and it is really fascinating when made from pretty, dainty, babyish materials. In the illustration white cashmere is bound with fowered ribbon, but light weight flannels, both white and colored, and various other fabrics of a similar sort, are used, and often there is a lining of Japanese silk, the one essential being that the little negligee shall be at once warm and washable.

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FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

England has about 12,000 square miles of coal fields.

Australia's only beast of prey is the dingo, or wild dog.

Horseflesh commands a lower price in Arizona than elsewhere.

The estimated cost of a bridge over the Straits of Dover is \$34,000,000.

The railroad bridge which connects Venice with the mainland is 12,000 feet long.

Hydraulic presses are used in England for making seamless steel boiler.

The average daily consumption of eggs in New York City is two for each individual.

A machine to cut grass where a horse mower cannot go and at the same time trim the sod evenly has been patented by an Indiana man.

More than 25,000 Pennsylvania Railroad trucks are in use.

The company