



FEMININE FANCIES THINGS OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Give the Girl a Square Deal.

The very best post-graduate course that any girl could be given, says a writer in the Philadelphia Bulletin, would be a year in her father's office...

nance of their treasures a pinch of salt, a dash of ammonia or a piece of charcoal. One inveterate lover of flowers, however, says that if you are going to put anything into the water in which they are kept the most effective thing is a lump of sugar.

Two Fall Hats.



Lifts Love Censorship.

Stepmothers—indeed, any mother at all—must not interfere with the love-making of their sons and daughters, according to Mayor Cooper, of Reading, a suburb of Cincinnati, who fined a mother because she had visited the home of her son's sweetheart at 10 o'clock one night and had brought the boy home by the car.

with emery paper and a polishing with chamois. When running brass rods through window curtains put an old glove finger over the end that is being pushed through the hem. Unless this is done the material is apt to tear.

Gas burners, like other things, are likely to get dirty. Often there is quite a little collection of rubbish on them and if this is cleared away the improvement in the light is noticeable.

If your furniture has grown dull and streaked try rubbing up with a flannel dipped in equal parts of turpentine and coal oil. It polishes quickly and much more cheaply than expensive polishes.

If furniture looks smeary after polishing you may be pretty certain that too much polish was used. Very little, indeed, is really needed; only just enough to smear quite thinly over the surface.

Teach Hygiene Children.

On the basis of recent investigations the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis declare, in a statement just issued, that the United States is paying annually \$7,500,000 for the education of more than 1,000,000 children who will die from tuberculosis before they reach the age of 18.

TWO NEW AND ATTRACTIVE STYLES.



A Variation of the Apron Tunic.

Many of the new over-skirts are exactly like little pinafore fashion to the back. An apron tunic is illustrated here. The material being a permo fabric in champagne color. The bodice and bodice are made with a silky permo fabric in light soft and entirely suitable for graceful, draped effects of this kind and the apron tunic with its bib and shoulder straps, is delightfully girlish and graceful in type.

The New Surplice Front Coat.

A winter garment with but one fastening, and that will follow the waist, seems a rather preposterous notion. But many of the smartest tailored models for fall are made in this way. The right front of the coat crosses the left in a surplice effect, the fastening being arranged at the hip. These loose coats, held together only at the hip, require a master hand in the cutting in order to hold their position correctly on the figure seated or standing. This princess model with the surplice front and single fastening shows the new style in a very pleasing manner.

cook. No father sets his son out to practice law or medicine without having studied the science of it.

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It isn't fair, it isn't just, it isn't kind to send a poor, little, helpless girl out into the world to ruin her chances of happiness and success through ignorance. She needs all the help she can get, and it's up to her parents to give it to her. Give the daughter a square deal.

Prevent Rag Ravelling.

A better way than binding to prolong the usefulness of a Smyrna rug that has been whipped out at the ends and has a good center is to cut off old binding and ravel until you have about three of four inches of warp. Begin at one edge and take up six strands of warp and, with the aid of a crochet or button hook, knot securely strands in each hand and pulling in opposite directions the knot will slide closer to the ring and prevent the "riller" from ravelling. Continue to tie the strands until the warp is all knotted.

How Women Are Studied.

A Chicago paper gives the list of women in different cities of the country who are known to be fond of editions de luxe and are often cajoled out of large sums of money. One woman is said to have made \$150,000 out of her 40 per cent commissions on such books. A Chicago woman paid \$22,000 for a set of books that cost \$500, certain additions having been made to the books in the way of illustrations and different fly leaves.

To Keep Flowers Fresh.

The pleasure of receiving a gift of flowers is often eclipsed by the pain of seeing them wither, and those who remain in town during the warm weather are sometimes greatly exercised as to the best way of preserving the flowers sent them by their more fortunate friends in the country. There are some who content themselves with faithfully clipping the stalks every day while others add to the suste-

no right to pry into the love affair of their sons and daughters.

He declared he would punish severely any one brought before him on such a charge.

How Teeth Are Rained.

A dental surgeon expressed the opinion in the Dundee Advertiser that the chief cause of the increase of dental troubles in recent years is that the bread now generally used is made from roller ground flour. He writes: "Some years ago I discovered that there is an increase of about 40 per cent of bread produced from roller flour, whereas there is no such increase when the bread is composed of stone-made flour. Further, I kept in an incubator, at the temperature of the mouth, teeth imbedded in chewed bread made from roller flour and from stone-made flour. Now, the teeth imbedded in the bread made from old-fashioned stone-made flour decayed but slowly, whereas those imbedded in the bread made from modern roller flour decayed rapidly."

Teaches Women Farming.

Mrs. Victoria Woodhall Martin, the American widow of an English banker, has a large English estate, which she has divided into plots and is trying to induce the village women to enter into agriculture. A clubhouse for the women and Gredon Norton College, where they may study the subject, are also established by her to improve the condition of the village women.

The Correct Proportions.

The following are the correct measurements of a woman weighing 120 pounds, uncorrected, according to the standard of the Greeks: Waist, 27 inches; bust, 34 inches; upper arm, 13 inches; thigh, 25 inches; calf, 14 1/2 inches; ankle, 8 inches; hips, 33 inches.

Mending.

Mend clothes, especially starched ones, before sending them to the laundry, so that when they are returned clean and nicely folded there will be no need to disarrange and crumple them for mending purposes.

Essential Wares.

Egg shells, roughly crushed in the hands, are the best things for cleaning enameled pans in conjunction with soap and water.

the children are being educated about the dangers of tuberculosis.

During the school year just closed more than 3,500,000 of the 17,000,000 school children had received such training.

Good Lotion for Rough Hands.

An excellent lotion for the hand can be made at home and keeps indefinitely without spoiling can be made from eight tablespoonfuls of rose water, a tablespoonful of glycerin and one drachm of benzoin.

Residues being soothing to skin that roughens easily, this lotion is excellent to wipe off the face when one wishes to free it from soil in traveling, or when out on a dusty shopping tour. A tiny medicine flask can be filled with it and carried in the pocket or bag.

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BIG STORM HITS SOUTH.

Loss in New Orleans Estimated at \$100,000—Cotton Crop Damaged.

A furious tropical storm swept along the Gulf coast Monday afternoon and night, doing great damage to property. Four lives are known to have been lost. The storm extended along the coast from Pensacola, Fla., to New Orleans. The cotton crop was badly damaged. Dispatches from New Orleans late at night reported that the wind which accoupanied the storm had lost some of its intensity, and apparently moved inland. The property loss in that city will exceed \$100,000. Telegraphic communication with New Orleans was cut off for several hours.

Extensive damage was reported in Mobile, Ala. At 12:45 a. m. the water along the wharves in that city was near the high point reached in the big storm of 1906. The Louisville and Nashville Railroad station in Mobile was inundated. Thousands of persons assembled along the water front in Mobile and watched the rising waters. The Illinois Central Railroad between McComb, Miss., and New Orleans was under water. A large portion of railway track has been swept away. The most threatening of the definite advices received came from Pensacola, Fla., where the wind at dark had attained a velocity of sixty miles an hour.

The storm struck Biloxi, Miss., at 3 o'clock Monday morning, the wind increasing until it reached a velocity of sixty miles an hour at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. It is estimated that \$40,000 to \$50,000 property damage has been suffered. Seven hundred and fifty feet of the track of the Gulf Coast Traction Company was washed away, and another hundred feet is gone near the Soldiers' Home and to the eastward of Gulfport. The hurricane began to show itself along the North Carolina coast in the afternoon. Many three, four and five masted schooners, fearing the tempest, were reported cobling up under the lee of Cape Lookout in search of a safe harbor.

DR. COOK AT HOME AGAIN.

New York and Brooklyn Crowds Blot to See Explorer.

Cheered by tens of thousands of men, women and children, aloft and ashore, Dr. Frederick A. Cook came home Tuesday from the white north. The clamor of acclaim to the hero of the frozen seas began shortly after his ship, the Oscar II, on which he sailed from Tromsø, reached quarantine at New York early Tuesday morning. And the shouting only died away after a day of tumult when the fatigued explorer withdrew from public view at his night's sleep on American soil in two and one-half years.

Dr. Cook's triumph began with whistling of lips and shouted greetings from seagoing vessels when the flotilla of small steamers which had been waiting for him near quarantine drew up alongside the Oscar II. The triumph continued when the explorer was transferred to the excursion steamer Grand Republic, having already met his wife and two daughters, and the vessel steamed up the North River and then up the East River, finally landing at Brooklyn. As the Grand Republic moved along she was hailed by the swarming of whistles from every steamer she met, by the cheers of passengers on these craft and by the shouts of the thousands who lined the shores.

When Dr. Cook landed in Brooklyn his reception became almost a riot, as there was the fighting among the masses of people to get near the stern of the day. He drove to the Bushwick Club in his horse neighborhood, through five miles of streets lined with men and women and children, who made of the thoroughfares a tornado of sound. Later he went by automobile from Brooklyn to the Waldorf-Astoria, New York.

Dr. Cook had numerous sessions with the interviewers, and answered all questions in a straight-forward manner that carried conviction. He declared that he will submit all his records and data to scientific men and to the public as soon as he has had an opportunity to get them in final form.

200 Seize Store Bandit.

While J. C. Smith was counting money in his store in Pittsburg a masked man threatened him and four employes with a revolver and took \$100. He threatened to shoot anyone who sounded an alarm. Smith notified the authorities, and after an excited chase, in which about 200 armed persons took part, the robber was captured.

Youth Earns \$750 on Old Wager.

After having completed a foot journey to Seattle, Carl Livingston, a youth of Tulsa, Okla., is on his way home to claim a wager of \$1,000. The condition of the wager was that the youth must return with \$1,000 earned on the trip. He has \$750 of the amount and has seventy days in which to earn the balance.

Boat Captured; Eleven Drowned.

The British steamer Umhali, from Port Natal, has run ashore off Cape Point, South Africa, in a thick fog. The crew and passengers left the Umhali in the small boats. One of these boats was capsized and five women and six men were drowned.

Naturalists Prey on Bonnet.

William Johns, an American naturalist, and R. Genrich, a Swede, are believed to have been attacked and devoured by wild animals in Costa Rica.

Ohio Giant Negro Shot.

"Big Tom" Ferguson, a giant negro, was shot by Andrew Bokay, an Italian, near Castalia, Ohio. Ferguson is dying. Bokay escaped. Fellow countrymen of Bokay say Ferguson attacked Bokay's wife.

Grasshoppers Attack City.

Millions of grasshoppers are swarming in San Bernardino, Cal. Attracted by the lights, the insects carpeted the streets in the business section in the night. There is no report of damage to vegetation.

VOICES OF THE WIND.

The wind, when first he rose and went abroad Through the waste region, felt himself at fault, Wanting a voice, and suddenly to earth Descended with a wature and a swoop, Where, wandering voluble, from kind to kind, He wooed the several trees to give him one. First he besought the ash; the voice she lent Fitfully, with a free and lashing chance, Flung here and there its sad uncertainty; The aspen next; a fluttered frivolous twitter Was her sole tribute; from the willow came So long as duty summer dressed her out, A whispering sweetness; but her winter note Was hissing, dry and reedy; lastly the pine Did he solicit; and from her he drew A voice so constant, soft and lowly deep. That there he rested, welcoming in her A mild memorial of the ocean cave Where he was born. —Henry Taylor.

CINDERELLA

"I can't afford to send you to college, Muriel," said Mr. Ponsosny, addressing his youngest daughter. "Very well, father," Muriel replied. She had always felt certain that when she was old enough she would not share the lot of her three sisters. Her reason for so feeling remained in the fact that she usually had to take what her brilliant sisters left. She was always kept in the background. Gwendoline, Marguerite and Delicia set great store by their literary evenings. Sometimes Muriel would creep in unobserved and listen eagerly to the conversation.

One night the Ponsosny girls had secured a star in Richard Vivyan, R. A., the most popular and successful artist of the period. Dick Vivyan took not terms very easily, in the least. Dick was spoiled him in the least. Dick was growing bored, and then he suddenly saw Muriel seated in a corner gazing steadily at him. Their gazes met; a wave of color spread over Muriel's face, and she instantly became engrossed in a magazine that was lying in her lap. "A wfully well reproduced, isn't it?" said a voice suddenly.

Muriel started, and glanced up to see Dick Vivyan's smiling face. "They get them up sometimes to look better than the originals," Vivyan went on in cheery tones. Then Muriel realized that the magazine on her lap was open and showing two full-page reproductions of well known pictures. "I should not like to be the artist whose works would gain in such a manner," said Muriel seriously. "How is it I have never met you before?" asked the artist. "I often have met your father and sisters."

"Oh, you see—er—I stay at—that is, I look after the house," replied Muriel nervously. "Of course, just like a man to forget that, isn't it?" Vivyan remarked to himself he said, "Cinderella." Then he calmly sat down beside her and began to chat in the most natural manner. Muriel was dreadfully shy at first, but Vivyan so interested her that she forgot her nervousness and prattled away gaily. Gwendoline made her way to Muriel's side and touched her on the shoulder. The girl started up, and when she saw her sister she flushed guiltily.

"Pardon me interrupting you, won't you?" Gwendoline said to Vivyan, smiling graciously. "But my little sister is required upstairs. Aren't you, Muriel dear?" The look which accompanied the endearing term suggested volumes to Vivyan, who saw through the little by-play. "Good-night, Mr. Vivyan!" Muriel said tremulously, timidly holding out a slender hand. "Good-night, Miss Ponsosny! I'm awfully glad to have met you."

He watched Gwendoline shepherd Muriel out of the room, an expression half whimsical, half annoyed on his face. "Poor little girl!" he thought. "Regular case of Cinderella." On the following morning a note arrived from the young artist. It ran as follows: "Dear Mr. Ponsosny—I want to ask a great favor of one of your daughters. I am at my wit's end for a suitable model for my new picture, and I should be awfully glad if you could help me out. I will call on you at about 11 o'clock to-morrow morning. Yours sincerely, "RICHARD VIVYAN."

"Oh, father, how fine!" cried Delicia. "I wonder which of us he'll ask?" "He means me, I think," remarked Gwendoline. "He was consulting me about the picture last night." Delicia and Marguerite hurried freezing glances at their sister, sniffed and applied themselves viciously to devoted kidneys. "We've had kidneys two mornings running," said Mr. Ponsosny irritably. "I rang an electric bell." Muriel came in presently, a pink overall over her morning dress, traces of four on her shapely hands. "Why on earth can't you be original, Muriel?" Mr. Ponsosny asked. "Kidneys two mornings running is intolerable." Before Muriel could reply a clock on the mantelpiece chimed the three quarters.

"Good gracious," cried Delicia, "it's nearly 11! Mr. Vivyan will be here soon." Immediately the three older girls hastened from the room to adorn themselves for the occasion. Muriel's face crimsoned at the sound of Vivyan's name, and her replies to her father's questions were somewhat disjointed. "Mr. Vivyan, sir," announced a servant.

WELL, ANYWAY, IT'S HERE.



NO MATTER WHO DISCOVERED IT, THERE IS NO QUESTION ABOUT WHO OWNS IT. —Chicago Examiner.

"Show him in here."

"Excuse this, Vivyan," Mr. Ponsosny said, indicating the breakfast table. "We're a bit late this morning. Don't mind if I go on, do you? Will you join me?" "I shall be sorry to lose my model," said Vivyan, watching the girl's face and wishing she would look up so that he could see her eyes and read the expression in them. "I am glad you have found me useful," Muriel said. "Oh, I've found so much more than that!" cried Vivyan, unable to check his desires any longer. "I've found new life, new hope, new everything in you, Muriel. I love you, dear."

He took her hand uncertainly; she did not withdraw it from his grasp. "Do you care for me, Muriel?" he whispered eagerly. "Yes," she said softly, lifting her head and gazing straight into his eyes, a strange mixture of solemnity and passion in her own. "My darling!" He took her in his arms. —Pearson's Weekly.

TAXATION IN MEXICO.

Stamp Taxes on Nearly Everything —Railroads and Lotteries.

The commonest form of interior taxation (in Mexico) is that of the stamp tax. This imposes no really severe burden on those whom it affects. The mining interests protest vigorously against it, claiming that the \$3,000,000 which they pay each year to the government is excessive and unjust. There are cases, it is true, where the government has exacted from mine owners a very large part of their profits, but in a general way the laws are looked upon as equitable and in the interests of the foreign capital by which mines must be developed. All sorts of legal documents, contracts, leases, and even the receipt which the landlord gives to his tenant, carry a stamp tax. Bank notes are taxed, marriage settlements pay a tax of 1 peso for every \$1,000 on donations, except for charitable purposes. Inheritances are taxed 1 peso per \$1,000 for transfers to direct descendants; 2 per cent to those from second to eighth remove, and 3 per cent to strangers. The railroads pay 2 per cent on all gross receipts within the republic, while there is a government revenue from every passenger who rides on the transways in the cities or is jolted over the rough roads of the interior in a stagecoach. Lotteries have to give up 5 per cent on the value of their prizes. The annual revenue of \$465,000 which the government received from the national lottery is one of the most pitiable forms of levy on a credulous and generally unstable people. Fulque, the lottery, and the bullfight are the curse of Mexico. They keep the natives poor. The effect of one is about as bad as that of the other.

In the State of Aguascalientes, says a correspondent, I came upon an agent of the lottery who made this statement:—"In two years the average monthly receipts from the lottery tickets I sold were \$200. In those two years the total amount of prizes distributed represented a gross value of \$10,000."

Mexico makes her postoffice and her telegraph lines pay. The yield of revenue from so-called "public services" and from investments in railroad and other corporations is nearly 10 per cent of the total national income of \$48,630,500.

Anecdote of Sheridan.

Sheridan was at Winchester twenty miles away, when he heard the news. "As usual," he muttered, angrily. "The last trolley has just gone and I shall have to nag it."

Whereupon he sprang upon his horse and got to the rear in time to turn it into the front with a few well-chosen words.

Overoptimistic.

"Biggins says he is determined to look on the pleasant phase of every thing."

"Yes, but he is carrying that doctrine too far. He is getting so that the fancy penmanship on a mortgage or a promissory note commands his enthusiastic admiration." —Washington Star.

If Luther Burbank is so smart, why doesn't he grow watermelons that he handles on them to carry them to And many a man has seen his fortune by sending his own

COULD SOON DO WITHOUT HIS MODEL.

amazement, Mr. Ponsosny forgot to eat, he was so astonished. "Well, well," he muttered. "Will Miss Muriel be so kind?" Vivyan asked. "Certainly, my boy. Won't you, Muriel?" exclaimed Mr. Ponsosny. "If I'll do," said Muriel shyly. "Thanks ever so much," remarked Vivyan, with a sigh of relief. "Will an hour a day, as often as you can, be too much, Miss Muriel?" "Oh, no."

"I should like to start to-day," went on Vivyan eagerly.

Three o'clock saw Muriel seated in an easy chair in Vivyan's studio. That solitary hour each day speedily became a time that she yearned for. Never had she been so happy as she was during those sixty minutes. How slowly the hands of the clock seemed to go round whilst she waited for the time to start, and how swiftly that one hour sped by!

Vivyan, too, began to feel that there was another joy in that hour beside the joy of his painting. A strange thrill ran through him each time he put his hands on Muriel to arrange her posture. Every time he glanced at her from his canvas his heart beat more rapidly.

It seemed to him that he had never painted a picture at such terrific speed, and the fact that he could soon do without his model was looming up large. He invented all sorts of excuses to delay the picture, though never once during those precious hours did he have except as the artist. The lover's part he sternly repressed, though he hungered to give play to it.

"You've finished now, Miss Muriel," he said, one day, laying down his palette with a sigh. "Then you don't want me to pose for you again?" the girl asked, gazing up at him quickly and then drooping her eyes.