

WOMEN AND FASHION

Self-Reliant Women.

Being able to meet an emergency in life, no matter what it may be, is a form of self-reliance that every woman should train and develop herself for. It expresses itself in an ability to make quick decisions, and, having done that, acting without doubt and hesitation, straining at every point to justify the action by bringing it to a successful finish.

More than half the women in the world fail, not only in important but trivial things, because they are afraid. Necessity in some form obliges them to make a decision. Of their obligation to do this they have no doubt, but as there is always the possibility of another way being better than that decided upon, they waver, go ahead half-heartedly, and, in the second, either fail entirely or achieve only partial success, because they lack self-reliance. They are not sure of themselves, either of their ability or wisdom, and neither is strengthened.

Doubt, after a positive step in any direction has been taken, is weakening. Nothing is gained, in fact, either in work or in daily domestic routine, without effort. If a woman tries to make a cake, and, during the mixing, part of her mind is occupied with wondering if it would have been better to have used another recipe, the chances are against her turning out as good a cake as it would have been had all her mind been concentrated upon the work in hand, when materials would have been more accurately measured, and strength of conviction would have lent more power to her arm to beat the mixture well.

Knitted Coats.

Among the economical garments for school wear are the popular knitted Norfolk jacket and reefer. They are offered by all tailors, but mothers at a distance who have the time to knit may readily make them at home. Girls of all ages wear such coats in gray, white, scarlet, green or the brown shades. Some are handsomely bound with black satin and closed with crocheted buttons. The yarns that are necessary for knitting them come in all the standard and fashionable shades. Some, however, are double-breasted. They all have roomy sleeves and turnover collars, that may, upon occasion, be turned up around the neck. Knitted coats of this are worn over kilt skirts and plain blouse waists.—Harper's Bazar.

New Tailor-Made Design.



Tailor-made costume of brown cloth. The jacket is very long, and ends in points at the sides. There are large buttons in front and on the sides. The revers are braided, and the collar is of black velvet. The hat is of felt, and is raised on one side.

Buttoning Backwards.

A contemporary starts the question, "Why do women's buttons always fasten backwards?" and considers that there must be some good reason for violating "the rule of correct buttoning." It seems that the man's way is really the backward way, dragging the hole from left to right, instead of bringing it over easily in the right

hand. There is, perhaps, some reason connected with access to the breast pocket which influences the man's method, and it is likely that the difference in size and strength between a man's and a woman's fingers has tended to decide the matter, the method which suits one being inconvenient to the other.



The cradle is an out-of-date piece of furniture which should be consigned to the attic. It is not good for a child to be rocked. From the very first a child should be left to go to sleep by itself and not carried in the arms. It becomes accustomed to whatever is done for it, and goes to sleep more easily and quickly if this method is adopted. If it cries it should not be taken up, for it will not be long before it will demand such an attention if it is once begun. If a child cries,

NEW FASHIONS IN HATS.



Here are three of the most graceful models of the day. The first one is a plain turban of silk beaver trimmed at the left with two small ostrich feathers and tiny silk cross. The large hat is of black velvet trimmed with colored plumes to match the gown, which is a late French innovation. Medium-sized feather trimmed hats with turned-up brims faced with shirred silk are very popular with young matrons.

one should ascertain if there is a cause. A child does not cry for nothing. A pin may be sticking into it; its clothing may not be right; it may need a drink of water. It should not be forgotten that young babies, notwithstanding their liquid diet, need to have water as well, but when you have found that all is right with the child it should then be left to go to sleep, as it will do. A baby should not have soothing syrups, and, indeed, very little if any medicine. Do not get in the habit of dosing the baby. An infant often cries from hunger or colic. Be sure that the baby's nourishment is right.

Work for Women of Leisure.

Miss Jean Hamilton, secretary of the League of Women Workers, an organization representing 11,000 members in five states, says that the situation of working girls is harder than ever, and that the working girls' clubs are simply starving for leaders. In the crowded factory districts of cities the dance hall offers a great attraction to the girl who has worked hard all day in a close room and has no place in which to entertain company at night. The desire for such amusement is perfectly legitimate, and it only remains for those who have the leisure and the money to see that these places are not objectionable or to offer something that is equivalent.

To Wash Blankets.

Put to boil a large boiler of water, into which you have placed a cake of pure soap cut into small pieces. Pour the water into a tub and let it stand till lukewarm, then add a tablespoonful of ammonia. Put the blankets into the water, and with a stick turn them over and over. Do not rub them. If very much soiled, use a second tub of water prepared in the same way. Fold smooth by passing through a wringer and put into shape; then hang in the sun to dry.



Mrs. C. C. Kennedy has been appointed probation officer of the New Orleans juvenile court.

The Wesleyan conference of England recently passed by a large majority a motion to admit women as lay delegates.

There are three women among the nominees for the next Norwegian par-

liament. One was chosen by the Liberals and two by the Socialists.

Mrs. Howard Van Wyck, after an absence of several years, has returned to Milwaukee as special assistant secretary of the Associated Charities.

Miss Alice Fischer traveled all the way from New York to Cheyenne, Wyo., to cast her vote in the recent elections. The trip cost in the neighborhood of \$200.

Mrs. Martin J. Wessels of Spokane, Wash., is said to be one of the few artists, if not the only one, whose work is devoted exclusively to pictures of grain.

Miss Ivy E. Woodward has been admitted to full membership in the Royal College of Physicians of London. This is the first time that the coveted M. R. C. P. has been conferred upon a woman.

Toiling at the windlass in her brother's clothes is the experience of Miss Laura White of San Francisco, now a wealthy mine owner in Nevada. She discovered the vein and worked it herself.

Queer Feminine Ideas.

Many Japanese women gild their teeth. Women of Arabia stain their fingers and toes red. In Greenland women paint their faces blue and yellow. In India the women of high caste paint their teeth black. A Hindoo

bride is anointed from head to foot with grease and saffron. Borneo women dye their hair in fantastic colors—pink, green, blue and scarlet. In New Holland scars, made carefully with shells, form elaborate patterns on the women's faces. In some South American tribes the women draw the front teeth, esteeming as an ornament the black gap thus made.

Jauntiness in Millinery.



The meek mushroom has been entirely superseded by turned up shapes, but these new hats come so far down over the head all around before the upward trend of the brim begins that they are usually very becoming. This Henry IV hat is of silk, faced with velvet and banded with dark fur edged by a quilling of the silk. The side trimming consists of aigrettes and a pair of new mercury wings. Silk, velvet and fur are in brown tones, the wings are coral colored and the aigrettes black.

Too Much.

Continuing to rummage, the burglar discovered the following bills: Groceries, \$88; life insurance, \$102.15; dry goods, \$44.85; coal, \$92; milk, \$12.30; dressmaker, \$78; tailor, \$56; gas, \$7.20; milliner, \$25; miscellaneous, \$72.60.

Sighing heavily, he disgorged the silver and jewelry. "This house has trouble enough," he said, tip-toeing out.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

The Small Souled Person.

You can always take a person's measure by the way in which little annoyances and petty vexations affect them. If they exaggerate them, talk a great deal about them, spend valuable time fussing over them, you know they are not big-souled people.

RELIGIOUS

A Man's Price.

"Every man has his price," said a cynical college student to a young professor.

He waited for a reply, and as the instructor said nothing, he asked, "Don't you think so?"

"If I did think so, I should hate to admit it," said the professor. "I could not very well accept that theory for all men without conceding it for myself."

"You remember the old fallacy concerning the Cretan who said, 'All Cretans are liars.' If all Cretans are liars, this Cretan is a liar; but if he is a liar he is not to be believed when he says, 'All Cretans are liars.' But if he speaks falsely, and Cretans are not all liars, perhaps this Cretan is not a liar."

"If I say, 'Every man has his price,' I may not be entirely right about all other men, but I have made a dangerous admission concerning myself."

"I wasn't exactly yearning for a review in logic," said the student. "I'd just like to know what you think of it as a practical proposition. Isn't the real difference between what we call a good man and what we call a bad man a difference in price?"

"I will answer you seriously, and I will say I do not think that is the whole difference. It may be a part of the difference. You and I, who have never had to face the terrible temptations that have overwhelmed some other men, may well judge them with charity, and pray to God that we may not be led into temptation. For as every stick or beam has its theoretical breaking-point, as you have learned in your study of physics, so I suppose there is not a man of us who has not a point of weakness at which, if tempted above measure, he would yield. In that sense it may be true—probably is true—that every man has his price."

"That was what I meant," said the student.

"I don't think it was," said his teacher. "I am sure I do not mean what I think you meant, nor what is commonly meant when it is said that every man has his price. I thank God that I have known men who held honor above all price, and who, in spite of human weakness, would have died before they would have betrayed a trust."

"It seems to me you contradict yourself," said the younger man.

"I do not think so," said his teacher. "I have conceded the theoretical breaking-point of every man's resolution, but I have not conceded that it will break, or that it does break. Very many times—oftener than not—it does not break."

"I have trusted many men, and few have betrayed me. Although more of them might have betrayed me if tempted inordinately, still I do not think most of them held their trust at a price. This is my own confidence in myself, and in most men about me, that I am not holding myself for a price. And I have one other confidence, namely, that no man can set that price but himself."

"Doesn't the man who offers the price set it?"

"He does not. The man who prays to God to be kept from temptation, and who goes steadily about his duty, not valuing his honor in terms of anything marketable, is to all intents and purposes above all price. He ranks among the great and unpurchasable things of life, the love of God, the grace of Christ, the sacrifice of mother-love, the glory of integrity. And if he sells anything it is not honor, but himself."

"Still as of old, Man by himself is priced; For thirty pieces Judas sold Himself—not Christ!"

"And so I don't believe that all men have their price. I don't want to believe it of myself or of my neighbors. I still believe that Satan lies, and that it is not true of Job nor of a good many men that 'All that a man hath will he give for his life,' nor yet for the things of life."

"Love and honor and duty are above all price, and I believe a good many men hold them so. I hope always to believe this, and want to be one of those men."—Youth's Companion.

How to Kill a Church.

There should be no respect for the house of God, or divine worship. Be sure to visit during prayer. Laugh and talk during the holy sacrament. But if outsiders do as you do, tell them this is the house of God. Do not fail to throw a club during prayer or testimony meeting at some of your brothers and sisters. Pray at people instead of for them. Call somebody down, argue with some one, comment on local happenings while on your knees, but throw in a few "dear Lords" or "Our Fathers" so that people will know you are praying. Preach a sermon or ride your hobby during testimony meeting. Be sure to impress on each newcomer how straight you are; that it is idle curiosity that has brought them out, and point out their sins at once if you know them; and if you don't, keep on guessing. Every time a lodgeman comes in, be sure to pound the lodge, and do not fail to impress him that you hate both him and the lodge. Do all this in a hard, harsh, unloving, repulsive manner, for

if you should act the gentleman, and carry a Christian spirit, some one might say you were a compromiser.

If the above will not do the work, try the following: Find fault with the preachers; talk about the church; don't pay your part; grumble at everything; don't look pleasant. Give out the impression that to be deeply spiritual is to be sour, cranky, hard to please, unloving and harsh. Let your church go to rack and have the poorest light you can find. Don't tidy up the room or make it comfortable or inviting, just paint an end and one side and never clean the lamp chimneys or black the stove. Well, if this won't do, just drop the editor a line.—Teacher's Helper.

Seeking David's Tomb.

Interesting excavations are proceeding at Jerusalem under the superintendence of Capt. Montagu B. Parker, brother of the Earl of Morley, by Messrs. Wilson and Duff and the Hon. Cyril Ward, with two Turkish officials on behalf of the Turkish government, which has granted extraordinary rights.

On the site of the slope above the Virgin's Fountain, at the south end of the Ophel quarter, where stood the City of David, a hitherto unknown tunnel has been discovered. Two deep shafts were sunk. It is hoped to find the tombs of David and the Kings of Judah. Biblical scholars at Jerusalem are confident of success, and that there will be unearthed not only the tombs but the sacred furniture and vessels of the successive temples built by Solomon and Zerubbabel.—New York Sun.

Religion in the Home.

"Do you know what this city needs?" asked an eloquent reformer, who was speaking to a large audience in New York. "I'll tell you. What it needs is a little old-fashioned Sunday school goodness."

"What is the greatest need of the nation?" asked an earnest patriot of a government official who has been a close student of conditions. "A stricter honesty and a higher sense of public duty," he decided.

Honesty, self-sacrifice, patriotism itself are the outgrowth of that strength and purity of character that come generally from religion in the home. Religion may be aggressive in the church, impressive in its ceremonies, prosperous in its affairs, but unless it is potent in the home it falls in its best and truest results.—Baltimore Sun.

A Convenience.

Too many make a convenience of God. He is never thought of till trouble comes, and then on the crutch of prayer we come hobbling into His presence.

WHAT THEY WERE DOING THEN.

Lines of Business Which Some of Our Great Men Followed at 21.

At the age of 21 William Howard Taft was graduated from Yale, and second in a large class. He was salutatorian, received Phi Beta Kappa honors, and divided the first prize on his graduation in law. His plans for the future study of law were undertaken the same year.

In his 21st year the future Rear Admiral Evans was serving as Lieutenant in the United States Navy. He became a lieutenant commander in his 22d year.

At 21 William Dean Howells was an active newspaper man in a small Ohio community. He entered his father's newspaper office, working first as a compositor, later occupying an editorial position. He was appointed news editor of the local paper in his 22d year. His appointment as consul to Venice followed two years later.

After graduating from the English high school of Boston, J. P. Morgan went abroad to study higher mathematics at the University of Göttingen. He returned to New York and began his business career just before reaching his 21st year.

Joseph G. Cannon was busily engaged in studying law in his 21st year, and for several years thereafter. Following an education in the common schools and in law, he was admitted to the Illinois bar.

Long before his 21st year, John D. Rockefeller was well established in business, and had given evidence of his genius for organization. He went to Cleveland when 15 years old and obtained his first position. Two years later he was engaged in an oil commission house. At 21 he was partner in the commission house of Clarke & Rockefeller, where he had been established for more than two years.

A variety of occupations had been followed by Samuel L. Clemens before he had reached his 21st year. The greater part of this time had been spent in a printing office, where he became an expert compositor. At the age of 21 he was threading the difficult channels of the Mississippi River as a regularly licensed pilot. His newspaper career followed.

At 21 the future Senator Tillman was living on a farm with no ambitions for a political career. He had entered the Confederate army when but 17 years old, and had been retired after injuries which caused the loss of his eye.

Hooking Her Up.

"Henry, I'm ready for you."

"Yes, M'ria."

"Henry what is this hookworm we are hearing so much about?"

"I'm one of 'em, M'ria. There, you're finished!"—Houston Post.

A woman is able to stand all the prosperity her husband can bring home.

SHEAR NONSENSE

"How often does your car kill a man?" "Only once, guv'nor!" replied the chauffeur.—Tit-Bits.

Post—Did she think my sonnet was good? Friend—She must have. She didn't believe you wrote it.—Kansas City Journal.

"I want one of the new spotted face vells, please." "Yes, madam. Speckled, splattered or splotted?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I ordered a love of a hat sent up to the house and asked hubby to buy it for me." "Did he?" "No; my love was returned."

First Chappy—That—aw—Miss Summers is a deah girl, doncher know. Second Chappy—You must have been engaged to her, too!—Boston Record.

Mr. Henpeck—We're going to remove to the seaside, doctor. Doctor—But the climate may disagree with your wife. Mr. Henpeck—It wouldn't dare!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Pat—Could yer give a man a job, yer honor? Barber—Well, you can repaint this pole for me? Pat—Be jabbers, I can, sor, if you'll tell me where to buy the striped paint.—Punch.

The Night Nurse—Has that medicine come that the doctor promised to send. The Day Nurse—Not yet. The Night Nurse—Then I guess the patient will live through the night.—Chicago Tribune.

"After all, there's only one thing absolutely certain in this world." "Indeed. What?" "That fashion will never increase the size of women's shoes, as it does their hats and sleeves."—Boston Transcript.

St. Peter (to applicant)—What was your business when on earth? Applicant—Editor of a newspaper. St. Peter—Big circulation, of course? Applicant—No, small; smallest in the country. St. Peter—Pick out your harp.—Epoch.

The small son and heir had been sent into the garden to fetch a stick with which he was to be punished. After some delay he returned, saying, with a sigh: "Couldn't find a stick, mover; but here's a little stone you might frow at me."

"I can say one thing in favor of Mr. Featherly," remarked Mrs. Hendricks, the landlady; "he never takes the last piece of bread on the plate." "No, indeed, Mrs. Hendricks," assented Dumley, cordially, "Featherly ain't quick enough."—Bazar.

"Here, I say! Be a bit more careful with that razor; that's the second time you've cut me." "Well, well, so it is; but there! I always deduct a ha'penny for every cut. Why, it's nothing for a man to go out of here having won fourpence off me."—The Tatler.

Returned Explorer—Yes, the cold was so intense at the pole we had to be very careful not to pet our dogs. Miss Youngthing—Indeed! Why was that? Returned Explorer—You see, their tails were frozen stiff, and if they wagged them they would break off.—Boston Transcript.

Bridge—Will yez have your dinner now, sorr, or wait for the missus? Head of the House—Where is your mistress, Bridge? Bridge—There's an auction beyant the corner, sorr, an' she said she'd stop there for a minute. Head of the House—Have dinner now, Bridge.—New York Sun.

Traveler—What do you think of the tariff? Old Farmer—What they doin' to it? Traveler—Why, haven't you read the papers? Old Farmer—Well, I used to, but 'bout a year ago I stopt 'em off. They got to be too frivolous for me. Since then I've been took up reading a book.—New York Sun.

"Your husband has been ill," said the caller. "Yes," replied the little, worried-looking woman, "he has been feeling very badly. I do my best to please him, but nothing seems to satisfy him." "Is his condition critical?" "It's worse than critical," she answered, with a sigh, "it's abusive."

Willy—You see, it was this way. They were all three so dead in love with her, and all so eligible, that to settle the matter she agreed to marry the one who could guess the nearest to her age. Arthur—And did she? Willy—I don't know. I know that she married the one who guessed the lowest.—Life.

"I hear that your church has installed a phonograph stuffed with sacred music?" "Yes. Had to do it. Choir had struck." "New scheme work all right?" "It's beautiful. Never quarrels with itself, has no skirts to rustle, doesn't fret about the angle of its hat, refrains from giggling or powdering its nose, and if it gets out of order a mechanic can repair it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"It makes you look small," said the saleslady to the elephantine woman who was trying on a hat. Sold! "It makes you look plump," she said to the cold, attenuated damsel. Sold! "It makes you look young," she said to the fair-fat-and-forty female. Sold! "It makes you look older," she said to the slate-and-sums miss. Sold! "It makes you look short," she said to the lamp-post lady. Sold! "It brings out your color," she said to the feminine ghost. Sold! And of course all the hats were exactly alike.—The Sketch.