

Colors That Should Be Worn by the Blonde or Brunette Type of Beauty.

Posed by the Misses Lovie Sprague, Clara Lloyd, Jane Burdett and Olga Lafond, of the "Bluebird" Company.



Blondes should wear deep-colored topaz.



Brunettes may wear emerald green.



Warm browns for the Titian Beauty.



Cream white for radiant Brunettes.



Violet for the dark-eyed blonde.

It matters not how generously Mother Nature may have endowed her daughter with physical beauty and loveliness, this loveliness amounts to naught the fair creature give not proper consideration to color. The rarest loveliness may be utterly overcome by an artificial tint or shade that does not harmonize with the general coloring of nature.

On the other hand, a really plain woman may be made to look a beautiful one. Perhaps all that is necessary for the transformation is the adoption of colors that tone with those of her eyes, hair and complexion. An artistic eye for coloring has made many a plain, not to say homely, woman into an exquisite looking one. Women should learn to know what all really clever ones do know, that all woman-kind cannot dress similarly. What becomes one woman makes a fright out of

her even lovelier sister. For the blonde, no matter how tender nature has been to her, she must call art to her side, and the same is true of the radiant dark-haired creatures. The pale-haired must choose colors that will either set off or conceal her fair skin, according to whether it should be emphasized or hidden. Auburn-haired women must wear those colors that harmonize with their looks, if they wish to be considered beautiful.

A few years ago the woman who had auburn hair was not recognized, the coloring beauty that she is today. The reason for it doubtless was that she did not know that she was limited to certain colors in her dress. While as a general thing, it is an excellent rule to carry out the coloring that nature has chosen, still one's tastes are often artistic and at the same time becoming. The blonde whose hair is really yellow looks especially well in all those

shades ranging from the deep topaz to the lightest straw color, and warm browns are lovely on certain fair-haired women, and no Titian beauty goes astray when donning raiment of these tones. Heliotrope may be worn by the blonde woman who has dark eyes, and there are certain greens in which she is lovely. Long ago the brunette thought she was limited to few colors. To-day she knows that this is not true. She realizes that if she finds the right tone she may wear,

with her fairer sister, a dress of pale blue. Bright green, of a certain hue, is also for her. It brings out the brilliancy of a clear, dark complexion and throws into relief the rosy red of lip and cheek. To the vast army of girls and women who belong to no distinctive type there is a large choice in the way of color. When the hair is dark and the eyes are blue, it is well to have the gown match the eyes and contrast with the hair. The dark-skinned should ever avoid black and all

shades of moiré, green and violet. Nothing can these women wear yellow, scarlet and pink. The fair woman, whose complexion is not rosy, may add to her beauty by wearing rose pink, yellow, brilliant purple and dark blue or green. White may be worn alike by blonde and brunette. But black suits are for the fair and cream white is what the dark-eyed, black-haired woman should choose, while the clear white is for the blonde for her alone.

HOW THE SENATE BEGINS WORK.

The moments preceding the opening of the Senate session suggested the aimless waiting prelude at the theater. The galleries were sprinkled with spectators as early as 11:30. There was a soft light in the room as the first Senators strolled in. The bright red glare from the cloak room in the rear reflected the ruddy hues of the fiery red carpet, making the white rattan chairs stand out in immaculate evening dress. The little pages flitted about like fairies. The "Record" and other documents were laid upon the desk of each senator in military precision—every leaf lying "just so," and the chairs lined up with a tape. Even the cuspidors sparkled in their neatness. Gen. Alger was one of the first in his seat, busy with papers. Senator Hoar stopped for a word of gossip. Senator Lodge joined him later, pulling a paper from his side pocket. Senator Tillman sat alone with his thoughts. Senator Dooliver brought forth a leather-covered book and read. Senator Stewart entered with a fresh joke or two. Senator Dryden began his day with business-like precision. Senator Spooner, quick and keen, surveyed the room through his pince nez. Senator Clegg of Georgia with his stiff round collar and black tie looked more clerical than ever. Senator Quay was one of the early arrivals, and walked to his desk stiffly and with the "staidness" determination in his eye. Senator Allison, with well-chosen word or two, took up his post as a veteran goes to battle. The electric lights were turned on, the gavel sounded, the Senators gravely arose, buttoned their coats and bowed their heads for the invocation. This finished, the buzz started, and the way Senator Frye rushed the routine business kept the pages flying and the senators on the alert. He has a way of dispatching business that truly reflects the American spirit of "Go."—Joe Mitchell Chapple in March National.

MIXED BABIES IN INCUBATOR.

A strange lawsuit has just been heard by the courts of Amsterdam. As far back as February last year a newly born child was taken from the mother's care to be reared in an incubator. In accordance with medical advice the infant was placed in wadding and hurried to the hospital, where the incubators stand ready to receive weakly babies. Meanwhile, in compliance with Dutch law, the father filed the birth of a son registered, and the child was given the name of Franciscus Gerardus there. At the hospital, however, the mother was taken for the baby boy, and was put into one of the incubators. Six weeks passed, and the parents received a notice that their child was well enough to be taken away. Imagine the father's surprise when he went to fetch his son to have a baby girl. The hospital nurse declared some mistake had been made by the parents. The parents, nurse and other witnesses to the mistake were on the part of the hospital authorities. The baby girl was not wanted by the parents of the child, and ending with the doctor's her. The father took proceedings against the Mayor of the city, who is the nominal head of the hospital, and claimed \$200 damages for his lost son. During the time the child was in the incubator the outside of the machine was painted, and, according to the plaintiff's advocate, the

For motoring when the days are bright the north, a long, dark blue coat is comfortable. One that is as handsome as it is warm is of heavy melton, and is lined with a soft, shaggy material. The coat comes to the bottom of the dress and has a wide, rolling shawl collar of black lynx. This soft, shiny fur is about the bottom of the wide sleeve, and the cloak is fastened with three old black silver buttons.

cards on which are written the particulars regarding the inmates were mixed up. A touch of romance is added to the case by the offer of an anonymous lady, who undertakes to pay the compensation claimed by the parents and adopt the girl who ought to be a boy. Judgment will be given next month.—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

THE PRESIDENT'S POPULARITY

If you seek the reasons for the profound personal popularity of President Roosevelt, you have not far to go. In any direction. They are many and easily to be

seen. But if you wish to determine which social group has just a little the warmest feeling toward the President, and which feels just a shade more of proprietorship in him than any other can, why, you will have to turn to the fighting men. Politicians like suave men. Scholars prefer the company of scholars. Politicians flock together, and tolerate, if they do not greatly love, their kind. The President has much in common with all these types, but pre-eminently he is of the Berserker breed—a fighting man; and this fact commends him to the soldiers with very especial urgency.—From Affairs at Washington in March National.

GOOD TIMES NOT FOR ALL CLASSES.

A gentleman's gardener came to him one day last month and desired audience. Said he: "You use me well, sir; I have nothing to complain of; but the under-gardener bought a house two years ago, expecting to be able to make payments on it. He did make some payments, but subsistence—coal, meat, rent and the like—has come to be so dear, that he has fallen behind and is like to lose his house and all that he has paid on it. I think perhaps, sir, you would think it well to give him some help." The gentleman assented, and agreed to increase the under-gardener's pay by a sum which the gardener thought would be sufficient. Then, said he: "How does it go with yourself, James? Do you get along well?" "Oh, I get along, sir; I have been able until lately to put aside part of my wages. I cannot do that just now, but I am hoping for better times." The obvious moral of this true tale from real life is that the times are not equally good for all persons, and those whose incomes have long been fixed are not embarrassed by the riches which are advertised to be inundating the country. The better times which the gardener hopes for are likely to come by the automatic working of processes now operative. The general rise in the cost of labor must work in time the restriction of all constructive enterprises, until prices, declining to meet a lessening demand, makes it feasible again for a thrifty gardener who has a good job to save something out of his pay.—Harper's Weekly.

TENDER-HEARTED AUTOMOBILIST.

The automobilist watched his victim writhing in the mud with unconcealed disgust. "Why in blazes didn't you get out of the way?" he demanded at last, in tones of exasperation. "I'm—I'm very sorry. I hope I haven't seriously inconvenienced you," quavered the victim, dolefully fending his broken legs. "Well, you have," complained the automobilist, bitterly. "Here's a great splash of your gore on my lamp, and a whole bunch of your horrid hair flew plump into my face. I fight." "I hope you will forgive me," begged the victim, as well as he could gasp on account of his smashed ribs. "I'll be hanged if I don't declare the automobilist, savagely. You people put us to all sorts of trouble and annoyance, and then expect us to condone it just because you ask us to. A pretty state of society, I declare." "Oh, please do, please forgive me," begged the victim, fixing the eye that was left limply upon the other's face. "Please, please, if you have any humanity, forgive me." "Never," asserted the automobilist, positively. "It's the last request of a dying man," gasped the victim, faintly, as the death-rattle sounded in his throat. "Oh, well, I'll forgive you, then; but don't let it happen again," retorted the automobilist, as he started up his machine.

FOR AFTERNOON WEAR

For afternoon wear an exquisite albatross dress was recently made. In its construction was used silk embroidery, chiffon and passementerie. The gown was of one tone, every being the color, and all the seams were covered with a narrow silk passementerie. The waist was of silk embroidery and so were the upper parts of the sleeves and also the cuffs. The full, baggy portion of the sleeves was composed of accordion pleated chiffon and the same soft material appeared in the neck of the gown.

chance, for after all, he was kind-hearted, and his sympathies were too easily stirred for a successful chauffeur.—Town Topics.

DICK GOWER'S FIGHTING SYSTEM.

Lincoln's great good sense was shown in his making Dick Gower a lieutenant in the regular army. Dick had shown his bravery and his capacity among the Western Indians, but was rejected by the Board of Military appointments at Washington, because he "did not know what an abattis, or echelon, or hollow square was."

"Well," sharply said the dilettante officer with a single eye-glass. "What would you do with your command if the cavalry should charge on you?"

Dick was there. "I'd give them hell, that's what I'd do; and I'd make a hollow square in every mother's son of them."

Lincoln signed his command and Dick made a famous soldier.—James Matlock Sevel in March National.

THE LABOR PROBLEM IN THE PHILIPPINES.

As we have indicated more than once, the labor question in the Philippines is scarcely second in importance to the cottage question. The Filipino will not work steadily at any kind of labor indoors, and he cannot even be trusted to work continuously in the open air. He tills the soil as little as possible; only a small fraction of the land is under cultivation in even the most densely populated islands. Significant is the fact that in the rural districts the houses of the peasants seldom have garden plots attached to them. What market gardening is done is done by the Chinese. They alone can be relied upon for hard, persistent labor. For example, they are stevedores in the seaports; they are the lumbermen, wood-sawyers, ship-builders, and carriage-makers. They are the merchants, tailors, and domestic servants. If the insular government hesitates to recommend the wholesale admission of Chinese, it is for the same reason which has led the Dutch government to exclude them from Java, the knowledge, namely, that natives of Malayan stock could not stand the competition. The Japanese, however, are less averse to manual labor than the Filipinos. It looks as if a certain amount of Chinese labor would prove indispensable, and it has been suggested that the dangers apprehended from immigration on a large scale might be lessened if no individual Chinese were permitted to remain in the islands for more than a definite term of years.—Harper's Weekly.

TOO FAR.

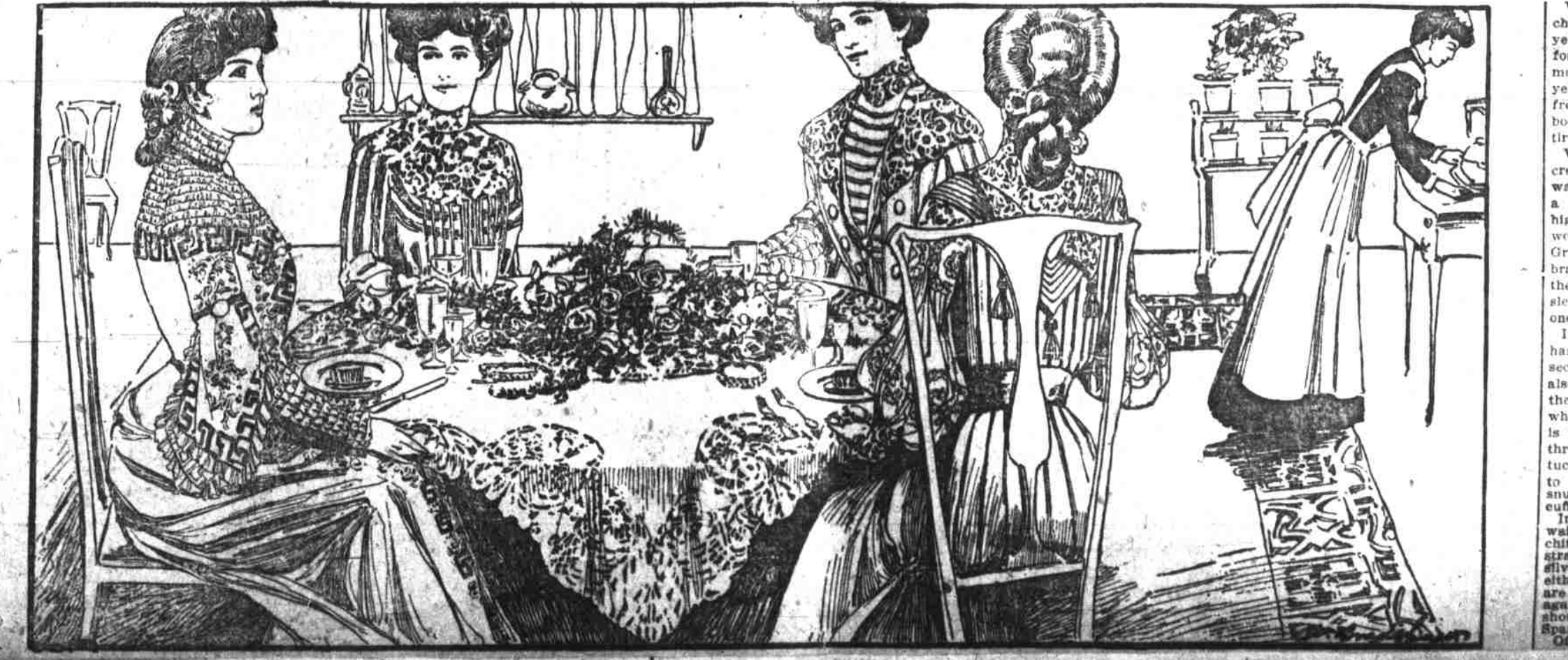
"How did Twiddle come to be robbed so easily?" asked the Cello. "Well," replied the Oboe, "I know Twiddle labors under the misapprehension that he is a comedian, and when his wife woke him up and said there were burglars in the house Twiddle lay still and pretended to be asleep while he was trying to think of something excruciatingly funny and original to say to his wife, so that he could make a story out of it." "I see." "And all this time the burglars were taking everything downstairs that was loose or could be unscrewed." "Love, that was funny." "That's what Twiddle maintained until he found that they had twisted a collection of keys that he had bought the night before and had skipped out West with the lot." "What did Twiddle say to that?" "He said it was carrying a joke too far."

THE GROCER'S TROUBLE.

"Look here," he shouted wrathfully, "those new laid eggs you sent around yesterday weren't fresh." "The grocer threw his apron over his face and wrung his hands pitifully. "Ah, those chickens! Those chickens!" he lamented in stentorian tones. "How much longer will they continue to play this game on me, laying eggs that ain't fresh?" His grief was so heartrending that we noiselessly stole away. Poor man. We felt for him. We have seen trouble ourselves.

The Hostess of To-Day; Her Guests and Gowns.

For the formal dinner or luncheon a round, square or oblong table covered with a thick cotton damask cloth or pad under a fine linen damask without crease or wrinkle, and the best you can afford, is the first requisite. On rare occasions this cloth may be of satin damask or of handsome lace over satin, but if this is attempted all of the table appointments must be equally smart. Whether this cloth be simple or sumptuous, it must hang over at least a quarter of a yard on every side. At the upper right hand of the plate, near the center, place a goblet of water; then place the wine glasses in the order in which they are to be used, beginning near the points of the knives, reaching to the goblet in a semi-circle. If many wines are served, a double semi-circle may be formed, beginning with the sherry glass and ending with the勃利酒 glass. The napkins should be large and of fine quality. They should be folded in ironing four times; then when ready to use fold them once with the hand, slipping between the folds, but in sight, a dinner roll, bread stick or piece of bread cut two inches long by one and a half thick. Place the napkin at the left of the forks if there is space, otherwise place them on the service plate. The formal luncheon is served like the formal dinner, with the following exceptions. If the table is of very handsome wood, without scratch or blemish, it may be left bare, using small dollies under the plates and dishes, and a center-piece. This is a rare opportunity to display artistic embroideries, but the fine damask tablecloth is always in good taste at a luncheon, too. Or more courses may be served, all of the dishes for the first course neatly arranged on the table, and the second course, the guests and servers placed on the side table ready for use followed by finger bowls and fruit.



With a number of pretty waists for changes, the woman who has a severe, yet handsome tailored gown, is ready for luncheon parties. One skirt may be made to do duty for several occasions, yet the maid or matron looks differently frocked, for at each appearance her bodice is of a different tone and of an entirely new model. Very pretty is a rose-pink waist of crepe de chine, that is elaborate in the way in which it is made. The yoke is a mass of close fine gauzing, and the high collar is formed of the same hand-work. This yoke is finished with a Grecian pattern, done in narrow gold braid, and the same trimming is upon the flowing over-sleeves. The under-sleeves are gauged, and upon the over ones are delicate appliques of lace. In sheer batiste is a lovely blouse that has dainty beige blue introduced as a second color. Tucks, up and down, and also running around, trim the waist. About the neck and shoulders is a yoke of fine white lace, and so transparent and open is it that the pretty blue really shows through. The sleeves are perpendicularly tucked to the elbow, and from there to the wrist are full. They are held snugly in place at the wrist in a lace cuff over the colored silk. In the new shade of mulberry red a waist of lustrous silk is made. White chiffon is used for the vest, which is strapped with delicate silver beads, and silver buttons ornament the waist on either side of the vest. The under-sleeves are all of the fluffy white, the silver again coming into play, and out on the shoulders and on the sleeves is white Spanish lace. Of fine gray and yellow is a lovely