

WHAT THE "400" ARE WEARING, by MRS. CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

The Soul Cannot Die

By Camille Flammarion.

THAT the soul exists as a force we do not doubt; that it is one with the ether, that it is the principle of organization, we may admit. That it thus survives the dissolution of the body we conceive.

But what becomes of it? Whether good or evil?

The greater number of souls are not even conscious of their existence. Of the sixteen hundred million human beings who people our planet ninety-nine hundredths do not think.

What use should they make of immortality?

As the molecule of iron floats without being conscious of it in the blood which throbs beneath the brow of a man, or the molecule of hydrogen shines in the light of the foyer of the opera, or sinks in the drop of water swallows up by a fish, into the dark abysses of the sea, so do the living atoms which have never thought slumber.

To the souls who think belongs the gift of intellectual life. There are the guardians of the habitations of humanity and segment of the ages which are yet to come.

Were it not that the human souls, who are conscious of their existence and live by the spirit, are immortal, the whole history of the earth would end in nothing, and the entire creation that of the greatest world, as well as our own insignificant planet, would be a species absolutely more lifeless and less than the most common worm that crawls. This has a lesson, O'era, and the universe should have none!

Can you picture to yourself myriads of spirits awaiting the utmost splendor of life and thought succeeding each other endlessly in the history of the sidereal universe for no other end than to give birth to hopes perpetually deceived, to grandeur perpetually destroyed? It is in vain that we would humble ourselves, we cannot admit annihilation as the supreme end of progress, proved such by the whole history of nature. Souls are the seed of the planet's population.

"Can souls then transport themselves from one planet to another?" I hear some one ask.

Nothing is so difficult to comprehend as the way in which the soul returns. It is simpler than what we know.

Who wonders today at seeing human thoughts instantaneously transmitted across continents and oceans by telegraph wires and cables, or even without these, by wireless telegraphy?

Who wonders at seeing light transmitted from one star to another with a velocity of 300,000 kilometers a second? Besides, only philosophers would be able to appreciate these marvels. The vulgar herd is surprised at nothing.

If by means of some new discovery we were able tomorrow to send messages to the inhabitants of Mars, and to receive answers in return, three-fourths of mankind would have ceased to wonder at it the day after.

Yes, living principles of force can transport themselves from one world to the other, not always and not everywhere, assuredly not, nor all of them. There are laws and conditions to be observed.

My will, by the aid of my muscles, has power to move my arm to throw a stone; if I take in my hand a weight of twenty kilograms, it still has power to move my arm, but if I try to raise a ton, it can no longer do so.

Mozart, at the age of six, made all who heard him feel the spell of his musical genius and published, at eighteen, his first two works of sonnets, while the greatest dramatist who has ever lived, Shakespeare, had written nothing worthy of his name before thirty.

We must not think the soul belongs to some supernatural world. There is nothing that is not in nature, and it is scarcely more than a hundred thousand years, since terrestrial humanity emerged from its chrysalis state of being.

During millions of years, during the primary, secondary and tertiary periods, there was not upon earth a single mind to appreciate the glorious spectacle it offered, not a single human glance to note them.

The evolution gradually developed from plants and animals souls of an inferior grade; man is of recent date upon the planet.

Nature is an unceasing process, the universe ever in perpetual becoming, a never ending ascent.

The New Example in Foulard Worn by Mrs. Chauncey Depew.

Mrs. Elihu Root in a Spring Gown of Black, Much Plaited, with Just a Touch of White.

The Square Cut Arm Hole in Miss Root's jumper frock as an Important Hint.

With a Foreword of Fashion About the "Mushroom."



THE "mushroom" in the fashionable as in the vegetable world progresses in shape and size. If it keeps on I fear all our undersized women will look like the heads of the fairy book completely overshadowed by the foodstuffs. And yet its growth here has by no means begun to attain its full fashionable perfection.

Over across, in Paris, they are wearing their chapeaux set so far, far back, and their hair is so much fluffed way, way forward, and pinned so up, up in the middle of the brims!

Well, we shall see.

Like all extreme accoutrements in a mode, the immense, enormous, over-powering "mushroom growth" is fearfully unbecoming to some women. One of Natica Rivera's bridesmaids just before her wedding, the other week was trying on one of these newest shapes when she tapped her feet in vesitation, snatched it off and swore that:

"I can and just won't wear one of these things with that detestable universal, tiresome, turn-down brim. Mushy's a good name for it, I say."

Yet to some faces the setting is really very becoming and quite delightful. It may get provokingly tiresome, and like all other accoutrements, get too quickly, too common, but there will be as many smart variations of this fashionable confection as of the edible.

The chef will put a touch of piquancy in his sauce and up will it drapes in her sauciness. Each will be distinctively more desirable and cost a good bit you may be sure.

I wonder if there ever was a woman who wasn't really and truly fond of foulard. I noticed Mrs. Chauncey Depew was wearing a very nice frock of it the other day at Sherry's during luncheon, and it seems to be making a strong bid for smart popularity.

A new weaver of it, by the way, is called messaline—why messaline, I'm sure I don't know—whether from the name of a city or the name of a singer, but messaline it is, and it's utterly charming. I never in the way it drapes and clings. Its clinging and draping effects are softest and most artistic. I find much joy in it.

Just lots and lots of tiny little out steel buckles strung on half-inch blue velvet ribbons! They were put quite close together and fairly twinkled at one!

And on the other side of this twinkling, buckle-strung velvet was a row of narrow black soutache braid. This trimming was used to outline the square-cut neck and was applied right down the front of the waist. It also gave just a note of decided accent to the edges of the foulard sleeves, which were slashed up the outer side and

An Effect in French Foulard.

Mrs. Depew's gown was not of this variety, however. It was of French foulard, I noticed, and she was wearing a very nice frock of it the other day at Sherry's during luncheon, and it seems to be making a strong bid for smart popularity.

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A Smart Little Jumper Frock.

The material used was a peculiarly silky, supple velvety, firm and yet not stiff. But taffeta silk played quite an important part in the effect of the whole. The side of each plait was narrowly bound with taffeta silk. Ornaments of taffeta silk were used on both skirt and waist.

The waist was entirely plaited. A yoke of cluny and valenciennes lace in white worked in together and further ornamented with applications of Irish crochet lace, extended over the shoulders to the sleeves. The veiling came up on the front of the skirt in little points, each point edged with a tiny piping of taffeta.

There was a suggestion of suspender effect in the shaped pieces of veiling which ran from the belt to near the top of the shoulder, where they ended. These pieces were bound with taffeta

and had some cleverly contrived rosette-like ornaments of taffeta laid upon them at intervals, graduating in size from the shoulder down.

The back of the skirt duplicated the front. Joining the straps over the shoulder were two very narrow bands of silk which ran over the white lace of the yoke. The sleeves were closely plaited and ended in a cuff of lace. The deep girle was of taffeta and taffeta ornaments were again used to fasten the ends of the shaped pieces to the skirt.

Two flower-like ornaments of silk, from which hung bunches of little taffeta "danglers" were placed just below the yoke on the front of the waist.

It ought to interest you to know how the rosette-like ornaments were made. Rounds of the silk were cut and on these were sewed gathered taffeta baby ribbon—round and round—following the outline of the taffeta disk. Quite simple is it not? Yet the effect was no slight one.

Skirts run to extremes this year. We either trail our long garments in a beautiful simplicity of long lines, without tucks, without plaits or ornaments of any kind, or else we wrap ourselves in yards and yards of stuff, tucked, plaited, embroidered and braided.

You could hardly find better examples of these two styles than in the skirts of Mrs. Depew's and Miss Root's. For Mrs. Root's skirt did not belong to the simple class. It had, of course, to conform to the lines of the waist. The shaped pieces which ornamented the skirt, gradually widening from belt to hem. These had the same rosette ornaments in graduated sizes. Around the bottom of the skirt was a wide, plain band of silk. Above this two upper edges only were placed. The upper one of these two bands bore the rosettes. The back of the skirt had two shaped pieces similar to the front. These continued the line of the waist.

As I have said before, a clever dress for a woman of few inches. But let her who is, however, "divinely tall" beware. These long up-and-down lines are not for her.

Jumper dresses, mark me, are going to be worn this summer by all classes

and ages of women. It would be a pretty safe wager that if a woman's wardrobe held but three dresses, two of them would be of the jumper style.

These dresses are so simple and youthful looking that they are capable of taking years from the wearer's age. And what woman objects to that? Not you, madam, and certainly not I.

And, by the way, I caught a glimpse of a very smart little jumper dress destined for wear later on by Miss Ethel Root, the secretary's daughter. It was made of a delicious strawberry ice cream plait—shades of lines which should prove most becoming to Miss Root's dark eyes and hair. I know that one hears a great deal about Miss Root's cleverness and seriousness and all that, but she has, too, a really feminine love for pretty clothes.

The skirt of the jumper dress was a plaited one, with a box plait down the center of the front and two side plaits on either side turning back, to a plain breadth. The front group of plaits turned toward the plaited part and accentuated the plaited part. Two tucks ran around the skirt and a simple attached hem finished the bottom.

When you are arranging with your modiste for your jumper frock be sure that the armholes are square-cut, for the square-cut armhole is now quite the mode. It is the particular attention to these little details which is such a valuable asset in smartness.

In Miss Root's dress the armhole was square-cut and the waist and little sleeves were all cut in one. Over the shoulders ran narrow attached tucks to give the necessary girlish fullness. The out-cut neck, which ran down in front in a deep U was outlined with a three-quarter-inch band of the lining. The out-cut U was crossed by three bands of the lining, allowing the white soutache of lawn and lace to be seen through. Each band was decorated with just the tiniest daintiest spray of French embroidery in white. The lining sleeves, which were so small they were hardly worthy of the name, had the same embroidery. The sleeves of lawn and lace ended in a straight cut at the wrist. The waist and skirt were joined together under a belt of lining.

CHANGES IN INDIAN LIFE

From Youth's Companion.

We hear a great deal of the Indians as a vanishing race. In one sense this is a correct description. By slow but sure stages the Indians whom Cooper idealized and Catlin painted are passing from view. And the great nations whom the early explorers of our country discovered occupying their original hunting grounds are breaking up.

But the vanishing race and the dismembered nations are still numerous enough to make a pretty fair showing for themselves.

The story of Captain Jack, the irreconcilable Modoc leader, is still told from time to time in print, much in the same spirit in which the historical writers of now and then revive bloody memories of Caligula and Nero. Today a visit to the remote Klamath Reservation in Oregon, where a remnant of the Modoc tribe, seems to survive as a remnant, has made his home, in a

revelation. Neat houses, well built and sensibly equipped, are found on every side, the handwork of young men trained to simple carpentry in the government schools.

Farms that would do credit to many a white man are here. In the pine forests we come upon huge trees felled by the Indians, and in the sawmills at the agency may be seen redmen dragging in the logs and turning them into lumber as skillfully as whites could do it. Most of the heavy freighting through that region is done either by Indians or with Indian help.

These people have learned something else withal. When I was entering the reservation last summer I met one of the big, brown, splendid looking Indian warriors, which tinkled musically as they came.

Recognizing me, the manager of the outfit, a heavy, splendid looking Indian of full blood, stopped his team and came forward with a greeting.

WOMEN IN SUPREME COURT

From the Washington Herald.

Miss Ida M. Myers of this city, who was admitted to practice before the supreme court yesterday, is the twenty-eighth member of the tender sex to attain that distinction.

The first woman to become a member of that bar was Belva A. Lockwood, who was first denied the privilege on the ground there was no authority for women to practice before the court. She then secured the passage of a special law admitting women to the bar on an equal footing with men, and as soon as the bill was signed she appeared and took the customary oath on March 3, 1859.

It was not until six years later that Mrs. Lockwood lost her monopoly of rights, and since then applicants have appeared every year or so. They are scattered all the way from Massachusetts to California, each of which is the residence of two women who are

members of the bar. This city has the greatest number—six, Illinois and Wisconsin have four each, Nebraska three, Pennsylvania two and Arizona, Connecticut, Missouri, New Jersey and Montana one each.

All four of the Wisconsin members belong to one family—Mrs. Kate Pier and her three daughters, who are active practitioners in Milwaukee. The oldest daughter, Miss Kate H. Pier, the first of the family to be admitted, had as her sponsor the then Senator William F. Vilas of Wisconsin. Later her next sister was admitted on her motion, and afterward she introduced her mother and youngest sister on the same day.

Comparatively few of the women admitted avail themselves of their privileges, the conspicuous exceptions being Mrs. Lockwood, who has appeared frequently, and last term argued an Indian case, and Mrs. Sarah Herring Soim of Tucson City, Arizona, who was admitted about a year ago, and is the attorney of record in a case on call next week.

Miss Myers, the latest addition to the

Tree Fountain.

From the London Sphere.

An extraordinary curiosity is to be seen in the village of Gunten on the Thun lake, which takes the form of a natural tree fountain, the water flowing continually apparently from the trunk of the living tree, and shows the wonderful vitality of cut wood.

About 20 years ago the water of the spring was conducted through a shaft and the supply pipe was directed through the cut trunk of a rose tree, which was felled in the ground. After a short time it became patent that the trunk had struck root and branches were pushing themselves well forward; at the present time a splendid growth is to be seen. The pipe and tree have become inseparable.

Rats as Judges of Ivory.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The ivory dealers of the world are doing rats growing among the yellow heaps of tusks and ivory fragments in the garret.

"They are quite lame, you see," he said. "Why shouldn't they be? Fact is, they are on my payroll. They work for me. Their wages are a pound of cheese and a loaf of bread a week."

"They've got like rats, for rats are ivory's best judges, and without their help we should often want a higher price for a bad tusk than for a fine one."

He took a fragment of ivory from the floor and pointed to certain small furrows in its surface.

"The rats did that," he said. "Those furrows are a proof of the ivory's excellence. Rats gnaw the ivory that contains animal glue or gelatine, a substance of which they are fond. And this substance it is that makes ivory excellent, yet a mere man can't tell whether a tusk contains it or not."

"The rats can tell. They are ivory experts, and they work so cheap."