

# WHAT THE '400' ARE WEARING, BY MRS. CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

## The Soul Cannot Die

By Camille Flammarion.

WHAT 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 molecules of iron float in the blood without being conscious of it in the blood which throbs beneath the brow of a man, or of the vibrations of a piano for a time attached to the sword of a Caesar, or of a molecule of hydrogen which shines in the light of the foyer of the opera, or sinks in the drop of water which swallows up a man, it is not less the essence of the soul, so the living atoms which have never thought of 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 soul, 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 dead and less than the most momentary worm that crawls. This has a raison d'être, and the universe should have none!

Can you picture to yourself myriads of spirits attaining to 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 deferred, 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 we are ignorant of what 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, 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 is in perpetual becoming, a never ending ascension.

LONGEST TELEGRAPH

How Line From London to Teheran Is Worked.

From St. Martin-le-Grand.

Probably the longest telegraph circuit in the world has been in operation for over a year on the lines of the Indo-European Telegraph company, between London and Teheran, Persia's capital.

This circuit is 4,000 miles in length and in its course it traverses the north sea for 500 miles and passes through Belgium, Germany, Russia, Turkey in Asia and Persia. The Wheatstone automatic system of transmission and reception is employed on the circuit. By this system messages are transmitted at the rate of from 10 to 40 words a minute, according to the nature of the circuit, as against 25 to 30 words by manual Morse transmission.

On the London-Teheran circuit there are 19 automatic repeating stations, namely, at Lowestoft, Embsay, Berlin, Warsaw, Rouse, Odessa, Kertch, Sukhum Kaleh, Tiflis and Tauris. The business for and from Manchester and Liverpool is also handled direct with Teheran.

It will be understood that automatic repeaters virtually take the place of operators at the repeating stations. In the case of the circuit under consideration there are repeating instruments and batteries at each of the 19 repeating stations. As the line is divided into 11 parts, each part is comparatively short.

Rats as Judges of Ivory.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The ivory dealer's rat is a rat that does not gnaw among the yellow heaps of tusks and ivory fragments in the garret.

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

"They gnaw like rats, but 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."

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 brows!

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 Rivers' bridesmaids just before her wedding the other week was trying on one of these newest shapes when she tapped her feet in veneration, 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 accented things, 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 weave 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 softer and most artistic. I find much joy in it.

An Effect in French Foulard.

Mrs. Depew's gown was not of this variety, however. It was of white with a very "stunning" design in blue and dull green over it all. The colors, I thought, exactly suited her and were a decidedly good contrast from the plain gray and blue she usually wears. I always think somehow of Mrs. Depew as such a very well groomed woman and she's so fresh looking that she could successfully allow herself more latitude in the way of color and design, I'm sure. Why does she nearly always allow herself to stick to neutral tints and such conservative styles? I trust she will heed my almost suggestive hints, and I quite fell in love with had one of those long, perfectly plain skirts which look so deceptively simple and so easy to make. In reality they should never be attempted by any but a very experienced creator, for in the knowledge of exactly how to cut and drape the material lies their complete success. This skirt had some tiny little tucks at the waist and the fall away in folds and drapings which were most satisfying to one's eye.

It doesn't seem possible to build a waist this year without constructing an underskirt of white. To try to do this would be something like attempting to erect a building without laying the cornerstones.

Mrs. Depew's waist was square cut and under the short, loose foulard sleeves an understated, white, girl's lace peeped out. This, by the way, is a combination of lace much affected just now, very correct and most smart.

The waist was double breasted and fastened with six large buttons of cut steel. The deep swathed girdle was of taffeta silk the exact shade of the blue figure of the foulard. All these details are rather rushing through because I am so anxious to tell you about the trimming, which really was the motif of the whole symphony.

This trimming was the dearest, daintiest I am tempted to say "cutest" thing, and what do you think it was?

Just lots and lots of tiny little cut 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

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A—Mrs. Elihu Root's Smart Gown, Designed With Waist, Skirt and Sleeve All in Plaits.

A A—Back View of Mrs. Root's Gown.

B—A "Strawberry Ice Cream Jumper Frock in Miss Ethel Root's Summer Wardrobe.

C—French Foulard Gown of Blue and Dull Green, Worn by Mrs. Chauncey Depew.

caught across with two straps over the white undersleeves.

What a charming, cool fashion—this one of sheer white gumps and sleeves promises to be this summer.

We can breathe and feel delectable in a bit of diaphanous lace, lightly upheld by a mere slender bone or two. In our afternoon frocks we shall dispense with collars altogether, for the collarless Dutch neck is to again be the thing.

This is a fashion becoming to nearly every one, thought of course one who is blessed with youth and a pretty neck will be doubly blessed. I advise you to see to it that your massuous spends particular care on your neck just now. Don't hesitate. Your reward will come later on.

I ran over to Washington, as I told you last week, to peep in at Benning's, catch a whiff of lilacs if they had burst and, incidentally, I saw a gown that is most worthy of notice from the pen of the Recording Angel of Fashion.

Mrs. Elihu Root was inside the frock. It was black, and it was a purposely and scrupulously chosen gown of long lines. It was what one might call, in very practical words, a plaited dress—in fact, I don't think I ever saw a dress quite so much plaited.

Waist, skirt, sleeves—all were composed of plaits.

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. Each 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 ebony and valenine lace in white worked in together and further ornamented with applications of Irish crochet lace, extended over the shoulders to the sleeves. The velvety came up on to 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 velvety which ran from the belt to meet 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 girdle was of taffeta and taffeta ornaments were again used to fasten the ends of the shaped pieces to the belt.

Two flower-like ornaments of silk, from which hung bunches of little taffeta "daisies" 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 longer.

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 Mrs. Root's frocks. 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 bands of the velvety, attached at the 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. Those long up-and-down lines are not for her.

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

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 Meyer, the latest addition to the ranks, is a good looking young woman, apparently 30 or 34 years of age, and is the senior member of a law firm here which makes a specialty of practice before the court of claims.

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.

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 in our country.

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

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## 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 pure 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.

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 freight caravans coming out, the big, strong horses wearing bells on their harness, 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.

I am sorry to say that I so far forgot my own manners as to offer him my hand still covered with my gauntlet. But there was no such thoughtlessness on his part. With an absence of self-consciousness that would have done credit to a Chesterfield he had his hand bared, and his hand unclogged in an instant to bid me a cordial welcome.

One Indian whom I met on that reservation, also a full blood, who began life as a penniless bound boy, is worth now probably \$50,000, all of which has been earned by his own industry and native shrewdness, although he does not know one letter of the alphabet from another. He is the local "cattle king," as they call a successful stock rancher in the west.

At a reception which was given in my honor at the Klamath boarding school I saw the Indian boys choose their girl partners for the dance and lead them out with deportment enough to satisfy Mr. Turveydrop's highest ideal.