

THE JUNGLE BEAUTY

SHE PLUCKS HER WARDROBE FROM THE TREES AND VINES.

Lace bark is the favorite bill dress fabric of the Semite-Billed Belle of the West Indies—Living Jewels That Outshine the Diamond.

Down in the tropical jungles of Central America and the West Indies the lead of the family is not worried by milliners' and dressmakers' bills. The semite-billed belle of these lands knows how to get nearly the whole of her costume from the jungle. She manufactures it herself from the materials she gathers from nature. Though she may be able in rare cases to get from the one shop ten or fifteen miles away a few yards of cloth with which to make her dress, any trimming she may wish to put upon it must be searched for in the woods.

Lace bark is her favorite material for making anything light and dainty. This lace bark is the film which covers the heart of the lace bark tree. The natives carefully remove it and soak it in running water for three or four days in order to get off the gum and unnecessary fiber. After that it is bleached on the sands by the river and sprinkled now and then to whiten it. When it has become a creamy white it is pressed with a hot iron or a heated stone and is ready for use. It has a fine lace appearance and runs into more artistic patterns than any manufactured article. When made into a dress it is wonderfully beautiful.

The jungle girl uses it sparingly on her ordinary clothes, but for her ball dress she uses it in abundance. It is used to give a fluffy look to the skirts. She knows that it becomes her as nothing else would.

Her jewelry consists of beautifully colored seeds strung together in the form of necklaces, bracelets and tiaras. In addition to these, on the night of the ball she catches the brilliant fireflies which swarm in the jungle and artistically arranges them in her dusky locks. The jungle girl would not exchange her "pebble" earrings, as she calls the fireflies, for the diamonds of the northern belle.

The jungle girl's hats are a marvel to behold. She weaves them herself from the jippi jappa grass, and can get any shape or style she fancies. She trims them with the netty fiber of the cocoon palm and the gorgeous wings of the mountain parakeet, which is shot and brought home by her father and brother. Even her parasol and umbrella are supplied by kindly nature. When the sun is too hot or the rain too heavy a big plantain or banana leaf does as well as anything bought in the largest stores of an American city.

A croole belle is as fond of perfume as the daintiest American woman and is just as particular that it shall be of the best kind. She goes to much more trouble to procure it, but then she knows that it is always pure and fresh. She first picks her fresh flowers, and then, by some process handed down from one generation to another, she distills it.

The secret method is often known to only a few families, and they would not give it away for any sum of money. The lucky holders of the secret are of course envied by all who know them. Although others may receive presents of the much valued secret from those in the secret, they cannot make it themselves and therefore cannot afford to be as lavish with it as they wish.

The tropical girl's soap is procured on the way to the bath. As she walks down to the river to bathe she stops here and there to gather soapberries and cuts a piece of stick called "chew-stick" which she uses as a toothbrush. She chews the end of it until it becomes quite soft and froth gathers at the end. She then rubs her teeth with it. This is the best toothbrush on earth, as it not only prevents the teeth from decaying, but keeps them beautifully white and clean. People in other countries, knowing the value of this chewstick above all others as a dentifrice, have it powdered and exported to them.

In many parts of South America the natives cannot buy cloth to make their clothes, so they have to spin it themselves out of cocoon fiber, river weeds and bamboo fiber. The cloth woven from the bamboo fiber is very soft and silky.

Unlike the West Indians, the South American belle wears shoes of a kind. These are made of a coarse woven material like sailcloth, which is attached to soles of rawhide. They are the most comfortable shoes imaginable and are used by the soldiers of South America when on the march. They are called "alpagnattas," and Americans who have traveled in South America invariably bring them home to their wives and daughters for bath slippers. Those who are lucky enough to have a pair will not exchange them for any other slippers, however costly. No other footwear equals the "alpagnattas" for comfort and durability.—Washington Star.

Kean and Macready.
When Edmund Kean and Macready, intense rivals, played in the same pieces at Drury Lane it was usual to consult them in the course of the evening as to what they would appear in next. One night when the prompter was sent to ask Mr. Macready what he would play with Mr. Kean the great tragedian frowned upon him and he blushed. "Sir," he roared, "how should I know what the man would like to play?" The prompter retired to seek the desired information from Mr. Kean. "Sir," said Mr. Kean sharply, "how should I know what the fellow can play?"

Look Higher.
Never cultivate second or third rate folk except for artistic purposes. Meet them, if you must; leave them when you can. You need expect nothing from them that they can conscientiously withhold, for they are after your goods while keeping a strict and jealous watch upon their own. All you can get from them is material, never any spiritual, intellectual, wise, sane or moral or helpful messages.

A Kick on unions.
Clock—I want more salary, sir, because I am going to be married.
Employer—But I don't believe in "unions" raising the price of labor.—Puck.

SAMURAI AND JIU-JITSU.

The Most Wonderful System of Athletics in the World.

More than 2,500 years ago there sprang into existence in Japan an order of knights who were known as the samurai. To them was imparted all the learning, the polite breeding and the forms of superiority that mark the gentleman. They were skilled in arms and versed in the arts of war, for they were the emperor's fighting men, and none but they were allowed to bear arms.

As there could not always be war on hand, and as it was considered beneath the dignity of the samurai to go into any ordinary callings, he came about naturally that these little knights found much idle time on their hands. Being men of war, they turned their attention to athletic feats.

One among the samurai conceived the idea of learning by practice the location of every sensitive nerve and muscle in the body. After that he discovered all the joints of the bones that could be seized in such a way as to give momentary power over the muscles of an adversary. He practiced with his fellow samurai, and thus by degrees was developed the most wonderful system of athletics known in the world.

The Japanese call this work jiu-jitsu. The deft pressures applied in the practice of jiu-jitsu produce only momentary pain, but do not really injure the muscles or nerves. In all other things the Japanese are the most polite people in the world. So it follows that even in their fighting they have developed a humane yet effective method of self defense. They do not strike out with the clenched fist and seek to bruise, as do the Anglo-Saxons in their boxing contests.

The knowledge of jiu-jitsu enables one almost instantly to convince his opponent that it is useless to fight. There are now schools of jiu-jitsu everywhere in Japan. Every soldier, sailor and policeman is obliged to perfect himself in the system. A Japanese policeman, possessed of the art, has been known single handed to reduce to submission and to take to the police station four sturdy sailors of a foreign Asiatic squadron.—St. Nicholas.

A FEW HOGS.

A hog is a person who sits sideways in a car where other passengers are standing.

A hog is a person who jams his suitcase in front of you at the railway station so as to get your place in the line to the gate.

A hog is a person who "breaks in" while you are negotiating in a store and takes the attention of the salesman or saleswoman away from you.

A hog is a person who opens his window in the railway car and allows dust and clinders to fly in the face of the passengers behind, though he would not tolerate an open window at the seat next in front.

A hog is a person who insists on discussing "the mutability of human affairs" with the ticket seller at the theater when there is a long "Indian file" in his rear and the curtain is about to be hung up on the performance.—Cincinnati Commercial.

Danger Cries of Birds.

The approach of danger is expressed by a universally intelligible cry. The blue tit has a peculiar sound, "tss," so indicative of fear and terror that when heard the fool is silent in an instant. It is said that she often utters it from pure love of mischief.

"Every bird," says Bechstein, "has received from nature the power of uttering a note or certain sound by which it can communicate its desires to other birds. The chaffinch's call varies with its feelings. When on the wing it is 'Eyak! Eyak!' Its expression of joy is 'Pink! Pink!' If angry, it makes a sound all more quickly, and 'Treff! Treff!' is a sign of tenderness or melancholy. The raven calls out 'Grabi! Grabi!' slowly or rapidly, as its emotions change."

The Way of the World.

When Thackeray was in this country he called on General Scott, full of admiration for his remarkable campaign in Mexico and eager to hear the warrior explain how battles were fought and fields were won. "Well, now you know all about it," remarked a friend as the novelist returned from a two hours' tete-a-tete with the soldier. "Not at all," replied Thackeray, with a twinkle in his eye. "The general takes no interest in strategy. I found that literature was his forte."

No Discomfort.

Van Antler (contending with Witherly at his country home)—Now, old man, if you should happen to want anything in the night just touch this bell.
Witherly—Never! I know how hard it is to keep servants in the country. Catch me touching that bell!
Van Antler—But, I assure you, you are perfectly safe. The bell doesn't work.—Life.

Hidden Water Supply.

The investigation of a neglected spring or rivulet may bring to light a valuable supply of water for gardening or domestic purposes. A surprising quantity is often obtainable by installing a ram at some seemingly insignificant source. A ram is cheap, because the first expense is the best there being no cost of maintenance, and it is satisfactory, because the ram requires no attention. Once started, it takes entire care of itself.—Country Life in America.

Of Course.

"All the defendants they've brought before us so far," said the first jurymen in the criminal court, "appear to be so thin and miserable."
"Yes," replied the other, "naturally they have a pinched look."—Philadelphia Press.

The Extremity of Bliss.

The Parson—Dis am mos' positively de mos' 'stremly julestest chicking I ever put in mah mouth, Br'er Jackson.
Br'er Jackson—Yes, sah, palson; dat chicking wuz raised 'n' brung up on watermillions, sah.—Leslie's Weekly.

Nobility of character manifests itself at hospitable when it is not provided with large doors.—Wilkins.

NEW SHORT STORIES.

A Cautious Householder.

The late Phil May (of him Mr. Wheeler said, "Black and white work" summed up in two words—Phil May) was talking once in London about his early days of poetry in Australia.

"For a time," he said, "I boarded—boarded with an honest family in a house with an actor named Gage. Rates were low enough in our boarding house, but Gage nevertheless fled one night without paying a month's board. There was a hubbub when his flight was discovered. The landlady, a pretty woman, sent the maid around to the theater to say that if he didn't settle up before nightfall she would come herself to collect his account.

"When the maid returned she was empty handed.
"Well," said our landlady, 'what did Mr. Gage say to you, Jane?'
"He said, 'ma'am, Jane answered, 'that he wouldn't pay, and if you dared to come to the theater yourself he'd kiss you."

"The impudent wretch!" exclaimed the landlady. "I'll show him! Kiss me, will he? Well, I'm going to him now, and let him try to kiss me if he dares."
"She took up her hat and coat, but her husband detained her.
"Don't go," he said gently. "Gage said he'd kiss you, and perhaps he will, for there's no telling what a man will do when he's in a passion."

He Had "Read Up Some."

Dr. R. W. Keen of Philadelphia has great repute as a surgeon. In New York one winter afternoon last year he saw a man slip on an icy pavement and fall heavily. He hastened to the poor fellow's assistance and found that he had broken his leg.

Dr. Keen used his umbrella as a splint and with his own and several



THE YOUNG SURGEON FLUSHED A LITTLE, borrowed handkerchiefs bandaged the broken limb tightly. As he finished his task the ambulance arrived.

"You've bandaged this rather well," the young blue uniformed ambulance surgeon said to Dr. Keen.
"Thank you," said the other.
"Oh, not at all, I suppose," the youth returned, "that you have been reading up some 'first aid to the injured' treatise, eh? They say a little learning is a dangerous thing, but surely the little you have learned about surgery you have put to good account. Give me your name and address, and I'll forward your umbrella to you."
"I'll give you my card," said Dr. Keen. He did so, and the young surgeon flushed a little as he read on it the name of one of the greatest of modern surgeons.

A Story of Gladstone's Boyhood.

John Morley a few days after the publication of his "Life of Gladstone" told in a speech at Sheffield a story of Mr. Gladstone's boyhood.
"The lad," he said, "was in the country. A farmer was showing him over his estate. The farmer would pause before each field to describe it, and before every cow, horse and pig he would make a brief biographical address."
"Finally they came to a small field that contained a large black bull.
"That is a fine bull there, Master William," said the farmer, "a very fine, strong two-year-old bull."
"Two years old?" said the boy.
"Yes, two years, sir."
"How do you tell its age?"
"Why, by its horns."
"The little boy frowned. He missed a moment. Then his countenance cleared.
"Ah," he said, "by its horns. I see. Two horns—two years."

Franklin Pierce and the Orator.

Franklin Pierce at the time of his nomination for the presidency in 1852 was scarcely known to the public at large. When the news of his nomination reached Boston a well known orator was addressing a Democratic meeting. The chairman whispered the name of the candidate to him. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I have the honor to announce to you the nomination for president of that great statesman, that illustrious citizen, that noble man whose name is known wherever the flag floats, whose name is a household word, whose name—whose name"—turning to the chairman—"what the dickens did you say his name was?"—Harper's Weekly.

An Arithmetical Wonder.

If twelve persons were to agree to dine together every day, but never sit exactly in the same order around the table, it would take them 13,000,000 years at the rate of one dinner a day, and they would have to eat more than 479,000,000 dinners before they could get through all the possible arrangements in which they could place themselves. A has only 1 change, A, B, 2; Second Compositor and Printer 3; Thirdly—Why, it's every bit as good as other printing.—Punch.

Critics.

A party of composers and printers from the country, up for a day's outing in London, visit the National gallery and pause in front of Turner's "Ulysses."
Foreman (to his companions, both lost in admiration)—It's marvelous! All done by hand too!
Second Compositor and Printer 3; Thirdly—Why, it's every bit as good as other printing.—Punch.

GOLD NUGGETS.

The Process in Nature of Gold.

That gold is formed from solution is generally recognized. The matter receives the theory because it explains the making of gold in time, but of ten wonders how it is done, so here is what has been seen: Lignite once prepared a solution of gold and left in it a small piece of metallic gold. Accidentally a small piece of wood fell into the solution. The solution decomposed, the gold assumed a metallic state and collected and held to the small piece of undissolved gold, which increased in size. Another investigator heard of this and made a dilute gold solution, in which he immersed a piece of iron pyrites and left it there a month. He added also organic matter, and at the month's end the pyrites were covered with a film of metallic gold. Pyrites and galena were next tried, and each was covered with gold. Gold, copper pyrites, arsenical pyrites, galena and wolfram were also tried, with similar results. Metallic precipitates were tried, and while they threw down the gold (as you may use in this way any kind of apples or pears which are too green or hard to use uncooked) into quarters; then remove the cores and skins. Allow one cup of sugar and one-half cup of water to two quarts of fruit. The amount will vary with different apples, and it is important not to use too much sugar, for the long cooking seems to develop the natural sweetness of the fruit. Cover them closely and cook in a slow oven four hours or until they have a deep rich red color. If they cook too fast, the steam will cause them to burst and run over the edge and result in a mushy sauce, but a moderate heat, long continued, will leave each quarter distinct in the clear syrup. Let it cool in the pan and turn it out without any stirring of the fruit. This may be sealed at once into sterilized jars and kept for use at all seasons. As a sauce for a breakfast or dinner it is acceptable; with cream and hot biscuit for supper it is delicious, and as a filling for pastry shells it is convenient.—Home Science Magazine.

BAKED APPLES.

The difference between apple sauce stewed quickly over the fire and that baked slowly for several hours in a moderate oven is so great that one could easily believe that different fruits had been used. Each method, if carefully followed, produces a delicious result, and, while some persons have a strong preference for one or the other, to my mind it is difficult to decide which is the better way. Therefore it is well to use both methods, cooking the first apples that come in midsummer by stewing, and later, when the cool days of early autumn make a fire less objectionable, trying the baking.

The dish for baking is as important as that for beans baked properly and also for Indian puddings, and should be the same in style and material. Cut the apples in a shallow tin, four or five inches or until they have a deep rich red color. If they cook too fast, the steam will cause them to burst and run over the edge and result in a mushy sauce, but a moderate heat, long continued, will leave each quarter distinct in the clear syrup. Let it cool in the pan and turn it out without any stirring of the fruit. This may be sealed at once into sterilized jars and kept for use at all seasons. As a sauce for a breakfast or dinner it is acceptable; with cream and hot biscuit for supper it is delicious, and as a filling for pastry shells it is convenient.—Home Science Magazine.

Never Occurred to Him.

"I don't know why it is," said Mr. Glossup as he came downstairs red-eyed and sleepy and greeted his guest, "but I never can get used to the striking of that clock in our room."
"It has such a loud, insistent 'bang' when it strikes the hours that it wakes me up nearly every time. We've had it in the house two or three years, but I can't become accustomed to it. We would have put it in the attic long ago, only it's a present from my wife's mother, and that would never do. Good clock, too, aside from that, but it worries me nearly to death. I wish I knew what to do with it."
"Why don't you wind merely the timekeeping part of it," said his guest, "and let the striking part go un-wound?"
"Johnson, you have saved my life!" exclaimed Mr. Glossup joyfully. "I never thought of that."

She Took Them at Their Word.

Keuka lake is one of the most attractive of the great chain of lakes in the Interior of New York State. But point of its head is a bold promontory which rises grandly and impressively. It was upon the banks of this lake that the famous "Jennina Wilkinson" founded a colony nearly three generations ago and announced that she could walk up on the water of the lake. A large crowd gathered to see her undertake the experiment. Turning to her followers, she asked, "Have you all faith that I can walk upon the water?" "We have! We have!" her followers replied. "Then there is no use in my undertaking to do so," she replied. "If ye have faith ye shall be saved without my walking upon the water."—Syracuse Telegram.

An Apt Quotation.

The readiness of repartee of Thomas B. Reed was never better illustrated than on one occasion when he went to visit a friend who lived at the top of a long and narrow flight of stairs. Half way up Reed missed his footing and fell to the bottom. His friend, hearing the racket, rushed to the door and shouted down the semidarkness of the hall, "Who is that?"
"Tis Elmer rolling rapidly," drawled the man from Maine as he picked himself up.

Chickweed.

Like the plantain, which the Indians called "the white man's foot" because it sprang up wherever the whites penetrated, the chickweed seems to follow the track of the white colonist, and in New Zealand the Maoris call it "the mark of the paleface." The little flower is a sort of hamster. It opens when fine weather is coming, remains closed if rain is in the air.

What Did She Mean?

Kitty—Do you think Nellie Breeze is real nice?
Bessie—I don't know. Why?
Kitty—I told her Fred Simmons gave me a very flattering compliment, and she said any compliment that Fred could give me must be flattering.—Boston Transcript.

Not Enough.

Young Husband—I have found a place where we can board and have all the comforts of home.
Young Wife—But what shall we want the counterpane, too, dear.—Chicago Tribune.

Wrecking a Woman's Life.

When a woman says to a man, "You wrecked my life," it may mean nothing more than that he married her and made her a wife, whereas she might have been an artist.—Atchison Globe.

A Looking-Glass.

Mr. Critick—Miss Aris tells me she does most of her painting now on glass.
Miss Spertz—I think she means with the aid of a glass.—Exchange.

THE FIRE CROWD.

There is a Big Blaze and a Curious Thing Connected with It.

"There is a curious thing connected with this fire," said a thoughtful man, "and that is the fact that while the fire is always a loss to the public estimate and while men and women have all kinds of admiration for these brave fellows who yet want to do against the flames. It is an interesting fact that the average man and woman are not at all anxious to see firemen get the fire under control. They would much rather see the flames spread until the affair developed into an immense conflagration. Mind you, the trait is not at all vicious. There is no malice in it. It is simply the love of excitement and adventure, things that are so deep rooted in human nature that we may not control them at will. Besides, we want to develop our heroes to the limit of their powers. We want to fight a good fight against long odds and under great difficulties. We cannot quarrel with this feeling in the human make-up. After all, it is what one may call the poetry of human nature, and without it this old system of ours would be dull and prosaic indeed. Of course, you will always find a few persons around a fire who are directly concerned in the fight the firemen are making. They want to see the flames put out. In the case of some of the spectators it means bread and meat. It means the loss of a position or maybe the loss of home. But I was speaking of the vast majority of men and women who gather to witness a fire. The fire is the thing with them. They want to see a big blaze and hear the crash of the walls and all that sort of thing. Did you ever take the trouble to analyze a fire crowd? In the first place an alarm of fire will draw a crowd quicker than anything in the world. Whenever the bells begin to clang and the engines go rushing down the street you will see men, women and children rushing this way and that in order to see as much as may be seen of the fire and fire fighters. The hour of day or night does not make so much difference. The crowd will get there in some way and for some reason, though the great majority of the persons have no sort of interest other than idle curiosity. Once on hand, they want to see a good fire, and that's why I say they want to see the flames get the best of the firemen. They will go away and talk about what a game fight the fire indices made and all that sort of thing. It is a curious thing, it is not?—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Variety of Hand Bags.

Where women are extravagant these days is in the matter of bags. There is almost no end to the variety of hand bags, chateaus and purses, and nearly all of them are expensive. The dark green and dark blue leather chateaus seem to lead in popularity. A favorite among these bags is named after a play which has been enjoying a long run in New York. It has the leather plaited into a leather covered top piece, leaving quite a generous fullness to crum things into. Like most chateaus, this bag is fitted with purse, cardcase, address book and small mirror.

Flowers For Hats.

Among the newer hats that have been brought out by the New York milliners are the silk beavers, whose smooth, satiny surfaces, closely resembling that of a man's fine dress hat, presents a strong contrast to the rough felt and nap wool beavers, the felt cloches and plushes, which were seen earlier.

The Flannel Blouse.

All the shops are now selling the very daintiest of flannels for making blouses, from the pale pastel shades to the gray Roman striped effects. As the majority of these flannels wash, it is well not to make the blouse too elaborate and to allow for shrinkage. The above design is good to follow in making a flannel blouse. Both back and front are box plaited, with the platts all but meeting, and stitched on the outside about a quarter of an inch from the edge.

Clean Fitting Skirts.

Some very new skirt models are close fitting over the hips and have varied dyed bias sections of the material overlapping each other all the way down the skirt.

Qualified Approval.

"How did you like the opera?"
"First rate," answered Mr. Cumroo. "I didn't care much about the tunes they played, but it was a great comfort to have enough noise to drown the vacuous conversation that was going on around me."—Washington Star.

Wrath and a Soft Answer.

She—Don't you believe that a soft answer turneth away wrath?
He—Oh, yes. Oftener, however, wrath frightens away a soft answer.—Kansas City Journal.

WOMAN AND FASHION.

Attractive Indoor Gown.

An attractive indoor gown is of pale gray crepe de chine trimmed with Persian embroidery. The skirt is "une"



FOR EVENING "AT HOME."

gored, while the bodice has many side plaits. Far over the shoulders comes the deep collar cape that is edged with varicolored bands of trimming.—New York Journal.

Herbert Spencer.

He was a Great Phrase Maker and Had Some Odd Ways. Herbert Spencer was no linguist. Because of eye strain which affected his health he did not even know German. His pamphlet on education was, however, translated into fifteen languages, including Japanese. Spencer was a great phrase maker. It was he who popularized the word "evolution" and explained one of the phases of the Darwinian doctrine as "the survival of the fittest." He also introduced Comte's coined word "sociology."

THE GOOD OLD CLOCK.

Its Mellow, Friendly Tick an Antidote For Loneliness. "Give me the clock for company," said the observant man, "you may have all the balance of the inanimate things under the sun, or over it, and I will throw a few of the animals in for good measure. I can conceive of nothing more friendly, more unexpectably comforting, than the mellow tick of the old family clock which towers high on the old fashioned mantel, above the good old open faced fireplace where the embers are dying down and deepening into a bluish melancholy gray late of winter nights. One never feels quite alone as long as one may hear the mellow tick tick of the old family clock, the same sweet mellow cadences which have rung in one's ear from earliest infancy, through all the changes and upheavals of time, down to the present. Other sounds may fall and deepen into the sadder silence of the night's heavy stillness, but the clock continues to mark the flight of time, and no sound may escape without hearing its passing called out dreamily by the faithful clock whose hands have measured already so many days—some bright and full of light and life and promise and sweet bodings of the future and others echoing back sepulchrally from the years already counted. Ah, the clock! But give me the clock with its ticking and through the night and its slivery chiming on the hour, and you may have the other things, and the dog to boot. I'll take the clock in mine every time when it comes to keeping off that feeling of loneliness which creeps upon us now and then."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

MYSTERIES OF SAP.

How the Circulation From Roots to Leaves is Maintained. To illustrate the modern view of sap circulation, which is not thoroughly understood, it is necessary to explain that the chief food of the plants, consisting of inorganic salts dissolved in water, is absorbed from the soil by the roots. The root consists of a hollow tube or cylinder lined with several cells, the outer layer of which contains certain life-like processes. The water in the soil, containing the salts in solution, is absorbed by these root hairs and passes by filtration into the cells and capillary vessels. The activity of these root hairs and the concentration of fluid in the adjacent cells create what is called "root pressure," and this forces the sap into the general vascular system of the plant and up to its furthest extremities, or leaves.

DLAINY AND COMFORTABLE.

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Just Like a Woman.

"She's running a correspondence school; teaches the secret of success."
"Just like a woman to tell secrets."—Detroit Free Press.