

## MODES of the MOMENT



**P**ARIS.—We are all in a fever of excitement over the next models, and shopping expeditions occupy our thoughts. The two great rival shops, the Printemps and the Gallerie Lafayette, which stand side by side, are holding sales at sensational reductions, writes a correspondent. Every woman goes with her purse stuffed with tiny "patterns," and we spent most of our spare time trying on each other's hats. What a charm there is in trying on a hat that belongs to some one you know, or to anyone at all!

A hat that may make you look prettier than you have ever looked before! No wonder that the milliners' shops are besieged! What heart-burnings, too, when the hat one has bought becomes antiquated after a brief month of popularity!

If our best friend tells us that we are over-hatted or that she "does not like that hat," we feel that friendship is a failure and life is no longer worth the living!

We are very practical in Paris—we leave it to the English and Americans to buy as recklessly as their means will allow. For us thrift has virtues, and we look before we leap. Just now we may select, for instance, a black satin hat, but when we pause to reflect we discover that if the said hat be lined with velvet it will be infinitely more practical because we can wear it further into the winter! It is often better to spend a little more and get what will last a longer time.

Feathers are of all millinery trimmings the most economical, but the wily milliners have found fresh temptations for us on that score. The latest craze is for everything striped and speckled, and "Panther skin," which is being made into sets of stoles and muff, has extended the fa-

small, is a fringe of chenille or of wooden beads round the brim! I saw a hat with a fringe of tubular wooden beads that looked exactly like a miniature Swiss chalet! For large and medium sized hats the cachepeigne consists of a very large bow of ribbon or a clump of flowers.

Furs are a serious consideration, and so ruinous as to price that one hardly dares to look at the prices given. They form squares, stripes and lozenges, according to the way in which they are cut and pieced together. I have just seen some gigantic flat muffs and wide stoles of seal skin that were treated as one might treat velvet or plush. The idea may be novel—it is not pretty! Pure white ermine, called ermine demouchette, is edged with a band of the same ermine with the tails left in. White stoles are probably of "clipped" rabbit skin, but they look effective edged with bands of chinchilla, skunk or fox. Silk plush is made up most effectively to imitate ermine. It is soft and silky in texture and will make up into the most effective stoles and mantles. It will also be useful to make theater muffs. Fashions die out so rapidly that we reurrect them in a few months. Woman's caprices rule the world of fashion, and we no sooner have something pretty than we run it to earth!

The dresses we affect for evening wear are perforce expensive. We have a satin fourreau, which in its turn is trimmed with lace or embroidery, and over this again we have the tunic and bodice of silk muslin, which will veil the under dress most effectively, giving schemes of color we would never have thought of a year ago. Every detail is costly, from the rainbow-shot gold rat's tail piping cord with which we outline lace or embroidery on net, to the artistic belts, buckles and buttons which form part and parcel of our gowns. Peltry, now so precious, is used to outline the chemisettes and collars of gold and silver net with which our gowns are still provided, or a narrow band of fur edges a square-cut bodice. A little fur is far more becoming than a deep band, and the wide hem of skunk seen on many of our new short costumes is certainly very ugly. However, we do not care to look pretty—proofs of wealth are what we crave for most, forgetful of the fact that wealth may be most inartistic. There is a strong current in favor of short coats, which the dressmakers are trying hard to bring in. These coats look best in serge or in the new hair-striped velveteens. Satin-faced zibeline is a most bewitchingly silky fabric; it is, moreover, very warm, but not so durable as cloth. Black zibeline makes up splendidly, and if it is trimmed with heavy corded embroidery it is really a most elegant dress. Black and black and white are in favor, and some of our most elegant women have decided to adopt the fur coat and frocks for visiting wear. I am inclined to think the idea a very sensible one, as in cold weather it is best to slip off a heavy coat in a warm drawing room, and appear in all the glory of a smart gown, such as one I have just seen. The skirt was of black satin with a knee-deep piece of black muslin velvet; the bodice, high-waisted and belted, was of velvet for the lower part and a deep yoke of satin formed vandyke on the velvet; the neck showed a small yokelet of white and gold lace outlined with a gold cord and tassels, and the sleeves were the kimono ones, also trimmed with gold.

A most elegant dress worn by one of our prettiest actresses at the Palais Royal is a typical smart dinner dress, of gray panne velvet, the waist is very smart and points of Indian cachemir design in soft silk are let into the bodice. Over this was worn a tunic of gray mousseline de soie, which was very much opened at the sides so that parts of the cachemir design showed the cachemir silk veiled and unveiled; the tunic was edged with tiny steel buttons and a narrow edge of black velvet. A large rosette of scarlet silk fastened the waistband.

The illustration shows the most effective method of arranging the new velvet scarf, just now so much in vogue.

### Chinese Embroidery.

"A wonderful achievement of dazzling beauty!" Such is the cry of admiration of an English writer on describing a superb bedspread in rich brocade embroidered in the eighth century by a Chinese princess. The device, she continues, consisted of at least 3,000 pairs of mandarin ducks, sporting amid sprays of rare flowers and foliage, scattered all over the silk ground, on which sparkled a shower of beads made of native precious stones. Had the early Chinese embroiderer less taste, imagination, skill and industry than her American sisters of the twentieth century?

### For Blunted Scissors.

When your scissors become blunted and require sharpening, take an ordinary knife, upon which place the scissors as if in the act of cutting. By drawing the steel along the blades in this manner several times, you will bring your scissors again into good condition.

## GLEANINGS FROM THE OPERA

**Society Woman Forgot Name of Play but She Enjoyed Herself Immensely in Gossiping.**

"Well, did you enjoy your evening, my dear?"  
"Indeed I did, John. I went to the opera."  
"Oh, what did you hear?"  
"Rather, what didn't I hear? I heard that Ruth Jackson was engaged to Tom Harris, the one who got drunk at the golf club ball last year. And that Jack Courtney and Edith Pascoe have quarreled and are not going to be married after all. Then I heard that the Singletons have a baby, and Mrs. Singleton wants it called Peter Garibaldi, after her mother's stepfather; but Mr. Singleton wants it called Primus, because it's the first. Then I heard that Baron von Schmeldt is not a baron at all, and that the Johnsons—"  
"But—"  
"Don't interrupt. I thought you wanted to know what I heard?"  
"So I did, but—"  
"Keep quiet, then. Well, I also heard—"  
"What I meant was, what opera did you hear?"  
"Oh, I don't remember. I saw the name on the program."

## FAR LOOK FOR SMALL THINGS



He—Often when I look up at the stars in the firmament I cannot help thinking how small, how insignificant I am after all.  
She—Gracious! Doesn't that thought ever strike you except when you look at the stars in the firmament?

### Exasperating.

All afternoon Mr. Stubb had been moving pictures from one room to another and his only reward was dust and perspiration.  
"Hurry up, John," chided Mrs. Stubb, impatiently. "You will never finish at that rate."  
Mr. Stubb removed the cobwebs from his florid brow.  
"Woman, do you think I'm a machine?"  
"Gracious, how funny!"  
"Madam, may I ask what is funny?"  
"Why, dear, if you were a machine you would be a moving-picture machine."  
And then and there Mr. Stubb washed his hands and started for the club.

### An Expert's Opinion.

A student in a medical college, while learning the use of the ophthalmoscope, was told to examine a man's eye and report upon the condition of it. The doctor-to-be adjusted the instrument and looked long and searchingly into the subject's left optic.  
"Most remarkable," he ejaculated, with a surprised look. Readjusting the ophthalmoscope, he again carefully scrutinized the eye. "Very extraordinary, indeed," he exclaimed. "I never heard of such an eye. This must be some new disease. Have you ever had an expert's opinion on it?"  
"Once," was the laconic reply. "The man who put it in said it was a fine bit of glass."—TIT-BITS.

### The Inventive Parent.

Woodbury—I noticed that Knop had electric lights put on his lawn last summer.  
Seaforth—Yes, and he also had a baby sling put on his lawn mower. He figured if his baby was waked, so he would have to walk with it, that he might as well push the lawn mower and cut the grass at the same time. I have often seen him come from the house at midnight, turn on the lights, put the baby in the sling and start out on his double job.

### Impossible Employment.

Seymour—Did you have steady employment during the time you were living in South America?  
Ashley—Steady employment? What are you talking about, man? Don't you know that such a thing as steady employment is a physical impossibility in South America?  
Seymour—No; why should it be?  
Ashley—Why? Simply because there are so many earthquakes there.

### A Criticism.

First Angel—What is that spirit fussing about?  
Second angel—She says her hairpins stick out beyond her halo.—Harper's Bazar.

### Or Did He Escape?

"I met Miss Elderly and Miss Sore going for a tramp yesterday."  
"Which one of them got him?"

## HOPE ALWAYS THE BEST FOOD

**What the Doctor Suggests, Not What He Gives, Has Greatest Effect on Patient.**

"Doctor," said one of those self-centered ladies who are always extracting opinions gratis from the medical profession, "what do you consider the best food as a constancy?"  
"Hope, madam," returned the doctor, promptly, "at all times and in all places. Not a senseless optimism, but a self-respecting hope. Heaven and Nature intended it to be the chief pabulum of the race." The table dared not smile, and the doctor, having secured a few minutes' immunity, declined "wholesome" prefaces, and fell upon a robust breakfast of bacon and eggs, waffles and hot rolls. The lady regarded him wistfully, for the doctor ate with appetizing gusto. A stomach long trained on other people's theories concerning edibles was not to be trifled with, so she was fain to satisfy herself upon a tasteless cereal, and then nibbled a little dry toast and sipped a woeful substitute for coffee. But the doctor is nothing if not humane, so, between his waffles he looked across at her pleasantly and began: "I said that because what a doctor actually does or gives is infinitely less in its effect than what he suggests. This is a truth old as Hippocrates and Galen, though, perhaps, only in this age are we beginning definitely and intelligently to utilize it. Happiness is the substance and aim of life and living, and hope is nine tenths, say of happiness; its greatest factor; therefore beware of unconsciously dispensing with hope."  
—Harper's Weekly.

## TALE OF REIGN OF TERROR

**Pathos of Little Nicole's Execution Overcame and Nearly Killed Spectator of Iron Nerve.**

M. Lenotre's book on the experiences of the Gascon royalist, the Baron de Batz—an English version of which has just appeared—was first published in Paris some years ago, and it is surprising that it was not translated before 1910. De Batz was one of the strangest figures of the French revolution. He is said to have used his enormous wealth in bringing about distrust among the revolutionary leaders and in crippling finance, and thus had much to do with the end of the butchery. There was one terrible incident of the executions preceding the fall of Robespierre thus narrated by M. Lenotre in this volume:

"A certain man of great strength and hardness—one of those athletic people who are all muscle and have no nerves—wagered that he would watch the execution at close quarters without flinching. Whether he stood with the executioner or not I do not know. For a long time he bore it unmoved; but when little Nicole came upon the scaffold, and arranged herself upon the plank, and said gently to the executioner: 'Monsieur, shall I be all right like that?' his head swam and his sight failed him, his immense strength gave way, and he fell to the ground. For a moment he was thought to be dead and was carried home."

### Light Attracts Customers.

In the downtown section of a city the theater audiences come and go through two avenues leading to car lines. A haberdasher has a shop in a side street between these two channels of travel, at a much more reasonable rent than he would have to pay on the avenues. Study of the conditions convinced him that the theatergoers took those avenues, not because they were especially convenient, nor as a matter of habit, but simply because they were light. When he put up an electric sign big enough to light his section of the dark side street he diverted enough travel past his windows every night to increase materially the daily sales.—Saturday Evening Post.

### Happy at 103.

William Head, who yesterday celebrated at Windsor Workhouse his hundred and third birthday, when asked if he would like to go for his usual walk into the village of Old Windsor replied: "No, thank you. As this is my birthday I prefer to spend it at home." He looks upon the workhouse as his home, and spent a happy day there. He rose at 7 o'clock and had his usual pipe before breakfast. Then the master brought him two presents of tobacco which had arrived for him. For dinner the old man had boiled beef, vegetables and bread. He spent the afternoon with his friends at the workhouse, and having had a good tea, went to bed at 7 o'clock.—London Daily Mail.

### One Thing Certain.

The tourist from Chicago usually makes herself seen and heard. One lady of such tendencies announced to a surprised audience in a London boarding house that her husband had written to say that he was going to buy an automobile. "I don't know whether he'll go in for a touring-car or a running-around," said the voluble lady. "But one thing is certain, we'll have our own garbage."

### Checkedmate.

"I am very sorry to see you down and out, old man. How did you come to this condition?"  
"I started out to astonish the world."  
"And then—"  
"Instead, the world astonished me."

## CAP and BELLS



## WHY THEY CHANGED SUBJECT

**Discussion Over Sweet Little Honey-suckle-Covered Cottage Is Dropped Abruptly.**

"Yes," said he, "life is so lonely."  
"It is lonely sometimes," she answered.  
"Wouldn't it be sweet to have a little cottage covered with ivy and honeysuckle and roses?"  
"Oh, wouldn't it?"  
"And when a fellow comes home tired from business to have a nice little wife to meet him at the door with a kiss?"  
"Yes—es!"  
"And then the winter nights, the blazing fire in the cozy parlor, and you—I mean a wife—at the piano singing in the gloaming. It would be lovely."  
"I think it would be sweet!"  
"And then—"  
At this point a careworn woman came round the corner with a pair of twins in a perambulator. A dead silence fell upon the pair; the air— Then they changed the subject.

### Studies of the Vernacular.

"Sayiz, hoorat?" said the girl at the notion counter.  
"Hoorat?" queried the girl at the glove counter.  
"Jessa ziffz diddeno!"  
"Lookeermin, wotcha mean?"  
"Fewdon't knowiz, wotchablushin'bout!"  
"Alntablushin!"  
"Yartoo!"  
"Minjones yunobetter!"  
"Swat yar!"  
"Hoojoo mean, anyhow?"  
"Fellerspoke wennyass choorcoun-ter."  
"Diddunsee anyfeller."  
"Diddunteeem, ether, didja?"  
"Coursenot."  
"Awwkumoff!"  
"Sayookids," interrupted the floor-walker, "quitcherchinner I'll repor-chal!"

### Caesar's Lament.

The wild beasts gnashed their teeth and roared like a circus callopie; the gladiators shouted hoarsely; the arena was knee-deep with gore.  
In the amphitheater the pleasure-seeking populace clamored tumultuously.  
"More blood! More death!" they yelled ferociously.

Great Caesar in his private box heard their cry and sighed.  
"Would that I might grant their prayer," he muttered. "If only—"  
and imploringly he raised his eyes heavenward—"I could pull off an automobile cup race!"  
Great Caesar wept.  
For with all his boasted power he was unable to hasten the flight of time.

## AN IMPORTANT CONSIDERATION.



Caroline—So you do not believe in early marriages? You think a man ought to have made his way first, I suppose.

Hobart—To tell the truth, what weighs chiefly with me is that the later one marries the less time one has to outlive one's illusions.

### Reason for Ajax's Madness.

Ajax had defied the lightning. "However, there's very little in it for me with nobody wanting the picture rights," he sighed discontentedly.  
It was by such advanced ideas, though he held them but vaguely, that he at length got himself considered mad.—Puck.

### Charitable.

"I'd have you know, sir," snorted the loud-voiced individual, "that I'm a self-made man."  
"Oh, very well," retorted the other, calmly, "I'll accept your apology."

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Acts directly and peculiarly on the blood; purifies, enriches and revitalizes it, and in this way builds up the whole system. Take it. Get it today. In usual liquid form or in chocolate coated tablets called **Sarsatabs**.

## AS TOLD IN PLAIN ENGLISH

**Real Truth About Young Man With "Excelsior" Banner, and That Lamb of Mary's.**

"Excelsior" is a poem about a young man who walked one winter evening through a village in the Alps. The hotel keeper stood in his door and told him the rooms were all taken, but anyhow the young man knew he didn't have enough money for tips. So he went on. He carried a banner reading "Excelsior." One theory is that he was a drummer for an upholstery house and the other is that he was a demented breakfast food inventor. He was found next morning near the top of the mountain and his relatives were notified.

Mary had a lamb that she spoiled by overfeeding and castrating. She took it to school with her one day and the lamb bothered the spelling class, so the teacher kicked it out of the front door. Not having any sense of direction, it blatted around the schoolyard until finally the teacher sent Mary home with it and told her if she ever brought it again there would be trouble. Next spring Mary's father sold the lamb on the rising market.

Mothers will and Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

### A New Napoleon Statue.

Gen. Niox recently discovered in the State statue repository a bronze statue of Napoleon I by Seurre, of which the invalids only possess a plaster replica. Yesterday work was commenced in the courtyard of the Invalides on the removal of the plaster statue, which is to be replaced in a few days by the bronze original.—Paris Press.

Pettit's Eye Salve First Sold in 1807, over 100 years ago; sales increasing yearly; wonderful remedy; cured millions weak eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

### Depended on the Dog.

A very small boy was trying to lead a big St. Bernard dog up the road "Where are you going to take the dog, my little man?" inquired a passer by. "I'm going to see where—where he wants to go first," was the breathless reply.

### Coroner's Verdict in India.

For quaintness it would be hard to beat the verdict returned in India of a man whose fate it had been to as a sauge a tiger's appetite. "That Pand so died of tiger eating him. There was no other cause of death."

## For That Heartburn

and smothering sensation after eating you really ought to take **Hostetter's Stomach Bitters**. It acts quickly, tones the stomach and aids digestion, thus removing the cause of the trouble. Always keep a bottle handy for just such cases. It is also for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver troubles, Colds, Grippe and Malaria. Try it today.



### Boxing Children's Ears.

Medical men are fully aware of the lamentable consequences that often result from the pernicious habit of boxing children's ears or otherwise striking them on the head or face. It is, however, high time that laymen, and especially teachers, should be made acquainted with these results.

## Bad BLOOD

"Before I began using Cascarets I had a bad complexion, pimples on my face, and my food was not digested as it should have been. Now I am entirely well, and the pimples have all disappeared from my face. I can truthfully say that Cascarets are just as advertised; I have taken only two boxes of them."

Clarence R. Griffin, Sheridan, Ind. Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 25c. 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C.C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

