

# WOMEN'S AND STORY PAGE

## Meant to Withstand Wear or Weather



With little concession to the last word in fashions these two severely tailored suits present themselves to those who know the strength of their good style. They are suits made to stand the stress of wear and weather and to make their owners look trim and "well set up," rain or shine.

The first suit is made of cravenetted dark blue serge. The coat is straight, with a little extra fullness at the sides and back in the skirt portion by way of recognition of the season's demands. It fastens to one side with bone buttons, and the revers, cuffs and pockets are bound with silk braid.

The skirt is plain and moderately wide, sloping outward from hip to hem. It is cut ankle length and has lapped seams. Small bone buttons finish the plain coat sleeves.

Such a suit is not hurt by the rain and returns from the cleaners as good as new.

In the second model the skirt is widened by the introduction of three

plaits at each side, and trimmed with a row of bone buttons set on the middle plait. The coat is a box model with a single small slip pocket at one side. It is finished with machine stitching and small bone buttons are used for decorating it at the sides and on the sleeves. A double row of larger ones take care of the fastening of the double-breasted front. The skirt is worn shorter than shown in the picture and is both more sensible and more up to date when cut to reach a very little below the shoe tops.

*Julia Bottomley*

### Sewing Hint.

In darning damask, if threads are drawn from one end of the material and used for the purpose, the patched place will scarcely be noticed. This is advisable when one has a very valuable piece which has accidentally been torn.

## The Brilliance of Small Hats



Those whose allegiance holds to the small hat have been repaid by its brilliance as a millinery achievement this season. Though dividing honors with the wide-brimmed styles, the small hat has been allowed greater latitude in the matter of trimming, and intricacy has marked its draping. Even so, its trimming may be classed as simple compared to that which has gone before. But designers have spent their ingenuity in finding odd poses for the season's odd trimmings and in the management of drapery and lines.

Beautiful velvets in colors that are an inspiration to the designers have been used for making many of the small hats, and velvet turbans may be said to predominate. But there are others. A few handsome ones are entirely of feathers. Novelty bands and fabrics, plush, metallic laces and fur are all conspicuous in the composition of the small hat.

Two turbans in which velvet is used are shown here and will serve to illustrate what has been said of the small hat for this season. In the first one a single piece of velvet covers the shape and forms a drapery at the left side. Where the velvet is stretched smooth-

ly over the coronet an ornamental pattern in steel beads has been applied, and where the velvet drapery is gathered in at the right a cabochon made of the velvet finishes it. A similar cabochon catches the velvet at the back. These are the handwork of the milliner.

The crown is supported by a crinoline foundation and the hat finished off with two fancy feathers made of ostrich flues.

The second hat is of haters' plush, with high straight crown and narrow rolling brim. Bows of wide velvet ribbon are daintily mounted at the front and back of the top crown.

Just how eccentric the shape of a turban may be, if its designer understands the management of lines, is shown in the third picture. A round crown is surrounded on three sides by a high curving brim, all covered smoothly with black velvet. A shape so spirited and so simple demands trimming of the same sort and finds it in the graceful spray of paradise that springs skyward from the crown.

*Julia Bottomley*

## KNOW VALUE OF FRESH AIR CHARACTER TOLD BY NOSE

People Realize Its Importance, and Also the Necessity for Cultivation of Proper Breathing.

The open air theory for the benefit of tuberculosis is a comparatively recent thought. The story is that Doctor Trudeau recognized that he had this dread and common disease, and grasped at the open air life as his last and only hope. When he sought the mountains near Saranac, determined to live in the open air, his course was viewed as suicidal. Fellow physicians thought that excessive fear of death had robbed him of his medical judgment. All his friends looked for an early end.

Doctor Trudeau not only regained his health, but he gained a better measure of health than he had ever enjoyed before. Then he began to send back to the cities for workingmen and working women, and cottages were built out of the trees of the hills, and an open air colony started. This was the first in this country, and the date was 1884. Ten years later he established the first American laboratory for the study of consumption. In a remarkable propaganda against the white plague undertaken in Detroit it is written: "So great a change has come over the country in 30 years that fresh air is on the verge of becoming popular. One of the most noted of modern medical men, opening his comprehensive treatise on the preservation of human efficiency and health, begins with fresh air.

"Now, the common form of tuberculosis is the pulmonary form—the form which attacks the lungs. Lungs presuppose breathing, and breathing presupposes air. Tuberculosis belongs to the class of impure air diseases. Its commonest method of infection is through the breathing, its commonest point of attack the organ used in breathing. We don't breathe with the nose; we breathe through it. We breathe with the lungs. The quality of our breathing—that is, the depth and strength and fullness of it—is quite as important a factor in the history of health or of tuberculosis as the quality of the air which we breathe."

## FAKER KNEW HUMAN NATURE

Story That Shows the Old Law of Psychology is Still in Full Operation.

Legend tells of a Hindu fakir who seemed to have a working knowledge of practical psychology and made himself rich selling plain wicker baskets in the streets of Calcutta.

The peculiar virtue of the baskets, he explained to the buyers, lay in the fact that, if one filled his basket with ordinary pebbles, placed himself in a receptive attitude of mind, and stirred them with a stick for an hour, each and every pebble would be transmuted into a nugget of gold—provided the stirrer did not think of a hippopotamus while stirring.

The baskets were sold, but the idea of a hippopotamus was so firmly fixed in the minds of all the purchasers that not one of them ever had legitimate grounds on which to demand his money back.

## Know He'd Seen Her Before.

Three women met in a New York elevated station. "Well, I declare," they all chorused. The last arrival was asked if she, too, was bound for the shopping district, the destination of the other women. "No, indeed," she quickly replied. "I'm going to my husband's office. He just telephoned me he had left an important letter at home, and asked me to bring it to him. He's the most absent-minded man I ever met." "He isn't any worse than my husband," chimed in one of the other women. "Doctor is so forgetful at times that he frequently goes off without his medicine bottle." "Well," spoke up the third woman, "my husband beats that. John, as you know, is a traveling man. He has been away a month this time. He came home the other day and patted me on the cheek and said, 'I believe I have seen you before, little girl, at some place, at some time. What is your name?'"

## Candle Extinguisher.

It has been found that candles can be fitted with attachments to extinguish the light at a set time. To determine the length of time it is necessary to mark a candle of the size used and time how long a certain length it will burn.

Then it is sufficient to suspend a small metal dome or cap, to which a string is attached, directly over the flame, and run the opposite end of the string over nails or through screw eyes, so that it can be tied around the candle such a distance from the flame and the part between the flame and the string will be consumed in the time desired for the light to burn. When this point is reached the string slips off the candle and the cap drops on the flame.

## Riddle of Nature.

Because I have stirred a few grains of sand on the shore, am I in a position to know the depths of the ocean? Life has unfathomable secrets. Human knowledge will be erased from the archives of the world before we possess the last word that the gnat has to say to us. Scientifically, nature is a riddle without a definite solution to satisfy man's curiosity. Hypothesis follows hypothesis; the theoretical rubbish heap accumulates and truth ever eludes us. To know how not to know might well be the last word of wisdom.—Henri Fabre.

Shape of the Most Prominent Feature of the Face Will Reveal Much to Observer.

Nasography reveals the character, habits and inclinations of people by a simple inspection of noses. According to the system, the nose should be as long as possible, as this is a sign of merit, power and genius. Examples—Napoleon and Caesar, both of whom had large noses. A straight nose denotes a just, serious and energetic mind; the Roman nose a propensity for adventure, and a wide nose with open nostrils is a mark of great sensuality. A cleft nose shows benevolence—it was the nose of St. Vincent de Paul.

The curved fleshy nose is a mark of domination and cruelty. Catharine de Medici and Elizabeth of England had noses of this kind. The curved thin nose, on the contrary, is a mark of a brilliant mind, but vain and disposed to be ironical; it is the nose of a dreamer, a poet, or a critic. If the line of the nose is re-entrant—that is, if the nose is turned up—it denotes that its owner has a weak mind, sometimes coarse, and generally playful, pleasant and frolicsome. A pale nose denotes egotism, envy, heartlessness; the quick, passionate, sanguine man has a strongly-colored nose of uniform shade.

## GREAT FIELD FOR NOVELISTS

Industrial Life in America Should Inspire the Best Work of the Best Novelists.

No strong hand has yet been laid (in a literary sense) upon our industrial life. It has been pecked at and trifled with, but never treated with breadth of fullness.

Here we have probably the most striking social contrasts the world has ever seen; racial mixtures of bewildering complexity, the whole flung against impressive backgrounds and lighted from a thousand angles. Pennsylvania is only slightly "spotted" on the literary map, and yet between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh nearly every possible phase and condition of life is represented.

Great passions are at work in the fiery aisles of the steel mills that would have kindled Dostoyevsky's imagination. A pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night marks a limitless field for the earnest fictionist. A Balaac would find a thousand subjects awaiting him in the streets of Wilkes-Barre—Meredith Nicholson in the Atlantic Monthly.

## Sensitive Measurement.

Minute bendings of a steel bar three feet long and three and one-half feet in diameter are accurately measured by a curious but very sensitive device of the United States bureau of standards. The bar, supported at each end, has a small mirror fixed in the center, and above this is a frame holding another mirror partially silvered. As the light of a sodium burner is reflected in each mirror the lower mirror shows a series of black and yellow concentric rings. A very small weight, even that of a pin, deflects the bar and causes the circles to expand outward. Each circle indicates a movement of one hundred-thousandth of an inch, the pressure of a finger, forming five or more new circles, showing a bending of one twenty-thousandth of an inch.

## Second Girl Wins Out.

Wouldn't it jar you if a man borrowed a hundred from you to get a marriage license and buy some furniture for a flat and then went and spent the hundred on his wedding with another girl? It did a New York girl, and her intended husband, who has a monicker as bad as a Russian city, and who came near missing his marriage to her rival. She had him jugged. But once behind the bars the husband-to-be gave vent to a wild outburst of passion. His plight reached the second girl of his choice and she made a house-to-house canvass until she had raised the cold cash to liberate him. And then they were married. What's a little thing like jail when it stands between a determined matrimonialist and her intended?

## Looking on Both Sides.

The progress of humanity depends on two movements which must go on side by side.

One is the impulse toward change; the other is the steady drag toward stability.

To prevent a given social state from petrification there must be constant revolts, a continuous series of fresh and lively efforts to strike out new paths.

But in order that a social state may exist at all, the newer impulses must be harmonized with the older structure.

Order is as necessary for the world as progress.

## Don't Spill the Milk.

In almost every accident, someone is to blame. Let us then learn from our own accidents just where we might have done better. Let us acknowledge that the fault was ours, and set about trying to make good in the future. There is no use in blaming luck or misfortune for our faults of commission or omission; and instead of crying over the milk which was spilled let us learn wherein we were wrong, so that when next we carry milk it will not be spilled.



## PROUD MOMENT FOR SPEEDER

Man Under Arrest Wanted His Friends to Listen to Testimony of Policeman in Court.

"You are charged with speeding." "Impossible, your honor!" "The policeman who arrested you says you were traveling at the rate of 60 miles an hour."

"Indeed? I wish some of my friends were here."

"Haven't you money enough to pay your fine?" "Oh, yes, your honor. They have made so many uncomplimentary remarks about my car that it would be a source of much satisfaction to me if they could hear this policeman's testimony."

## Too Painful.

"Did you visit Vesuvius the last time you were in Italy?" "No," replied the traveled man.

"Not interested, eh?" "That wasn't the reason. I knew that if I saw so much steam going to waste in Vesuvius the memory of the trouble I have every winter in persuading the janitor to heat my apartments sufficiently would make me bitter."

## Vexatious.

"I presume every man has a little Ananias club of his own."

"No doubt. Still, I find it rather difficult to keep tab on the members in mine."

"Yes?" "Every now and then some fellow who has been a member of my Ananias club for years puts over a hard luck story on me and I lend him money."

## The Right Ratio.

"I suppose the world has need of pessimists."

"No doubt. They are the heaven of life, so to speak."

"I don't quite agree with your definition, but by striking a happy medium between the snails of pessimists and the cheerful idiosyncrasy of optimists one is enabled to appraise life at its true value."

## Dense Ignorance.

"If there is anything that makes me tired it is an egregious landlubber finding fault with the United States navy."

"I know the type. He's the sort of fellow who thinks the captain's bridge is a private gangplank."

## COLD-BLOODED.

Arist—Say, I've got some of the funniest pictures you ever saw. Magazine Editor—Really? Where did you have them taken?

Perquisites. "Will you leave office poorer than when you entered it?"

"No," replied Senator Sorghum. "It is a mistake to say that a republic is ungrateful to its servants. A republic will loosen up all right. If you know how to convey a gentle reminder when a tip is due."

## But It Didn't.

"That will do, Henry," said Mrs. Twobble, coldly. "The yarn you are telling me won't hold water."

"I wasn't trying to make it hold water, my love," replied Mr. Twobble, somewhat peevishly. "I hoped it would hold you for a while."

## Valued Setclusion.

"Do you enjoy your magnificent new library?" "Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox; "for a while I didn't get much good out of it. But you don't know what a nice quiet place it is to try out the latest records on the phonograph."

## NEVER LIE DOWN TO READ

Easy to See Why the Practice Is Injurious—How Proper Breathing Promotes Health.

"I never read without using a book rest," said one well-known literary woman. "I think it easier to adjust a book to the sight by its use. A book rest can be raised higher than the level of the lap and the hands and the wrists will not be wearied by the strain of holding it higher than the knees."

"I never read in bed. I am thankful to those, older and wiser than I, who taught me that to read while reclining was to overfill the blood vessels of the eye and so cause a degree of congestion in the eye. If one is too tired to sit straight I am convinced she is too tired to read. She should rest in the silence and darkness of her room."

In the very way a girl carries her body when walking or sitting she can do good or harm to the prettiness of the neck and throat. The chest must always be held high, and this instinctively raises the head more prettily. The abdomen must be held in, and since some intaking of the breath is required for this last muscular effort, the muscles of the throat and chest are at once benefited.

Muscles, by the way, depend tremendously upon good breathing for health and vigor, so if a girl never did anything more violent than picking a rose, if she simply gives the windmills of her lungs all the good air they need, the blood will be freshened and the muscles nourished almost as well as if she played golf every day. The value of outdoor sports, however playful, is in their action upon the mind.

## PUT UP STRONG ARGUMENT

Kentucky Statesman's Unique Appeal for Retention of the Bounty on Foxes' Scapulae.

A new angle is given the old yarn about the parson and the chickens and the necessity of having the latter on the table when the former appears in the homes of his parishioners by the story related in Case and Comment, of the speech made by a member of the Kentucky legislature against the repeal of the law for the payment of a bounty on foxes' scapulae.

The member came from the mountainous section of the state and he put his arguments this way:

"Do the gentlemen want to deprive my constituents and me of the benefits of hearing the gospel preached?"

"We all are Methodists up my way, and our preachers won't come without we can give 'em chickens. We can't raise chickens unless the foxes are killed by somebody, that's sure; and there ain't nobody that can afford to spend their time huntin' foxes and get nothin' to pay for it."

"So, gentlemen, if you repeal this law you'll be depriving my constituents of the benefits of hearin' the gospel preached. That's the way it looks to me. And we need the gospel."

## Turkish School Children.

"Turkish children recite their lessons all together in the old-fashioned schools, and if you could hear them, you would think that you had gone into Wonderland with Alice, where 'things wouldn't come straight.' The little girls go to school in groups, and with them is always an old servant who carries all their books on what looks for all the world like a small clothes-tree. The boys go and come in two long lines attended by their teacher. They carry their own books and wear long trousers and fesses exactly like their fathers. Some of the tiny girls carry their own little tables and drawing-boards. In the gypsy village in Scutari the children learn their lessons by songs in the street. They stand in a circle with a big girl in the middle, and they get noisier and noisier the more interested they grow."—Lindamira Harbeson, in St. Nicholas.

## Only a Collection.

Usually the holdup man's way of getting the coin from the belated citizen is to put him to sleep with a crack on the bean. But the other night a New York journeyman highwayman adopted a different method. He held up a preacher in a Harlem street and with the aid of repartee and a gun made him come across with his roll. After the preacher had dug down in his jeans and given his money to the highwayman he rebuked the man for adopting that way of earning a living. "Can't help it, brother," said the strong-arm man; "I need the coin. I am only taking up a collection; you can do the same, you know, and get away with it twice as easy as I can. Thanks for the favor."

## Judging a Man Properly.

When you esteem a man why should you survey him all wrapped and enveloped? He then but showeth us those parts which are no whit his own, and hideth those from us by which alone his worth is to be judged. It is the goodness of the sword you seek after and not the worth of the scabbard; for which peradventure you would not give a farthing if it were his lining. A man should be judged by himself and not by his complements. What mind hath he? Is it fair, capable and unpolished, and happily provided with all her necessary parts? Is she rich of her own or of others' goods? Hath fortune nothing of hers to survey therein?—Montaigne.

## HORSES THAT WERE JUMPERS

Some Really Remarkable Feats on Record That Are Without Doubt Authentic.

What distance and what height can a horse jump is a curious inquiry. If the reader will carefully measure out 39 feet, an idea of the horse's capacity in this direction will be gathered, remarks the London Times. Such a distance a steeplechase horse called Old Chandler is reported to have covered at Warwick some years ago, and there is more than one apparently authentic record of a horse clearing seven feet in height.

The scene of one such exploit was at the Phoenix park, and the horse was an animal descended from a famous winner named Potoss, himself called Turnip. The animal belonged to Sir E. Crofton, and the duke of Richmond, then lord lieutenant of Ireland, wagered £500 that seven feet in height could not be cleared. A wall of the requisite dimensions was built and Turnip was ridden at it. He did what was asked of him in perfect style, but it happened that his grace, not knowing that the feat was ready for performance, was not looking when the jump was made, but Turnip was therefore ridden over it again, not only successfully but easily.

## HARD TO DEFINE VULGARITY

What One Generation Condemns Another May Have Considered Distinctly Proper.

There is nothing more difficult to define than vulgarity. It is often merely something one dislikes in somebody's manner of speech or behavior.

Webster's dictionary defines "vulgarity" in the modern sense as "lacking cultivation or refinement; rustic, boorish; also, offensive to good taste or refined feelings; low, coarse, mean, base."

And "vulgarity" it defines as "grossness or clownishness of manners or language; absence of refinement; coarseness."

The half of these definitions might safely be cast aside. It is absurd to define "vulgarity" in the present sense as "rustic; low, . . . mean, base."

When we say that anyone is vulgar we mean chiefly that he is, in Webster's words, "offensive to good taste," and that is about as near an explanation as we can go.

As to what good taste is, who can inform us? To say that it is the taste of the best people does not get us much farther, for we have then to discover who are the best people. And is it the best people who have ever lived that we must follow, or the best people who are living now? The best people nowadays would consider it vulgar to get drunk at table; but the best people of bygone times were of a different opinion.

## Aid to Sleep.

There are two very simple but effective remedies for that kind of sleeplessness that comes from overwork or nervous exhaustion. One is to have the feet very warm. Put them against a rubber bag filled with hot water. A rubber bag is better than an earthen bottle, as it will retain the heat for hours. The second method is much more simple. Discard the pillow, turn over and lie on the stomach with hands clasped under the forehead to lift the head a trifle. This will often send one to sleep.

When you are tired and nervous a good rubbing all over the body with the lotion here given will be very restful. Lie quietly in bed after the rubbing for half an hour and you will thus feel quite equal to taking up the daily tasks again. Here is the lotion: Diluted alcohol, six ounces; cologne water, six ounces; tannin, ten grains.

## Nothing Too Hot.

Chabert, the fire king, who was a popular favorite in London many years ago, claimed to be able to swallow arsenic and other poisons with impunity. Visitors to his entertainment were requested to come provided with phosphorus, prussic acid, arsenic and oxalic acid, which he proceeded to consume before their eyes, taking an antidote afterward which was supposed to neutralize their effects.

Then, to show that he was as impervious to heat as to poison, he would take a raw leg of lamb into an oven heated to 220 degrees and remain inside until the joint was cooked, when it was carved and handed around to the audience. The performance concluded by Chabert rubbing a red-hot shovel on his head and face and allowing anyone who wished to drop molten sealing wax on his tongue and hands.

## Professional Pot Boiling.

When a historian or biologist spends part of his time in coaching or extension lecturing in order that the rest of it may be devoted to his researches, these subsidiary functions must obviously be classified under the heading of potboiling.

He teaches in order that he may have time and money for study. The educational enthusiast, on the other hand, studies that he may teach; he regards teaching as the one thing in the world which it is a privilege to be allowed to do, and therefore rejoices if he is permitted to give his didactic impulses full play without having to divert any of his energies into some less fascinating pursuit.