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MUST MATCH DRESS

SHOES AND STOCKINGS FOR EACH COSTUME.
Footwear To-Day an All-Important Detail in Modern Dress—Dainty Embroidered Slippers with the Tea Gown.

Shoes and stockings are all important details in modern dress, and a glimpse into the shoe closet of the fashionable woman is disheartening indeed to the woman of moderate means and a love of dress. These are the halcyon days for the woman with



an average sized foot, for bargain sales in footwear are bargain sales indeed. When it is possible to afford to have shoes made to order it is far more satisfactory to do so, but there is such a wide range of sizes and styles to be found in all the large shoe shops that it is not necessary, nor in fact desirable, to slavishly follow any dictate of fashion anent the pointed or square toe, the wide or narrow sole, the low cut low shoe or the fancy slipper to be worn in the street with elaborately embroidered stockings. Again, good breeding is to be noticed. The well bred, well gowned woman will not be conspicuous. If she can afford it she will wear silk stockings—plain ones, with perfect fitting, well cut boots or shoes of well polished or patent leather with her tailor gowns—but she will not go about in public streets with her feet shod as for a ball. The elaborate style of gown worn for the afternoon reception, the tea gown, the theater gown and the ball gown, all demand, in these luxurious days, elaborate footwear, as shown in our illustration. Suede shoes to match the color of the gown and silk stockings to match the shoes are considered smart for the spring and summer.

For winter the patent leather, worn with open work or embroidered silk stockings, is considered correct. For the tea gown are the daintiest of embroidered satin slippers, like mules, with stockings to match, while for the ball gown are satin or kid slippers, embroidered in crystal or rhinestones or pearls, with silk stockings to match, or instead of the embroidery will be seen tiny bows of lace or lace edged ribbon. Gold or silver slippers are also fashionable and are certainly effective, while a rather startling note is struck in the bright red satin slippers with tiny rhinestone buckles and worn with silk stockings of exactly the same shade of red.

Smart Tub Dress.
The girl who intends to have something stylish and out of the ordinary, will make the skirt of her tub frock from white linen and the coat from pink or blue, and braid each in self colors. Carrying out the same idea in woolen materials the coat will be of a darker shade than the skirt, even though the colors be the same.

Before the material is stamped the coat should be finished with the exception of lining and facing, and the skirt completely finished. By so doing the design can be arranged in exactly the position desired and the effect will be much more satisfactory than if first braided and then made up.

The cuffs and collar of the coat are braided before attached. If the garment is of tub material, it should be laundered before worn.

To iron it, have well-padded board and lay the skirt right side down. With irons as hot as can be used, without scorching, press material until perfectly dry.

Grace Through Dancing.
No child should begin toe dancing until 12 years old, but much of the art can be learned before that and through dancing a little girl acquires a grace, a poise and freedom of movement which stands her in good stead during the awkward age as well as for the rest of her life.

Higher Crowns and Trimmings.
On the whole, crowns and trimmings seem higher, and it is not uncommon to find a high crowned hat with a row of wings bristling heavenward all around it. On toques the mercury wings pointing upward and backward will be a popular trimming for early spring.

BANISHED THE BORE.

A Remedy That Dampened His Ardor For Sitting.
The head of a bureau in an important government department has long been afflicted with a friend who calls upon him regularly and sits down and sits and sits and goes on sitting till assault and battery becomes a virtue. The other day this sedentary bore was in the full exercise of his functions when suddenly the official, who had been scrutinizing him closely, cried: "I knew it! I was sure of it! Confound those office boys, with their tricks on your chair again. Hi, Jimmie, bring a sponge and a pail of water!" And, pressing with all his weight on the shoulders of his victim to keep him down, he continued: "Don't stir; you'd tear the cloth sure. Nothing is half so adhesive as glue on a cane seat chair. Here, Jimmie, moisten this gentleman so that we can get him loose. Don't spare the water; the cloth won't shrink or fade." The faithful messenger obeys, and when the operation is concluded the official conducts the visitor to the door and bids him farewell, with the remark: "Perhaps you want to hurry home and change your clothing, so I won't keep you. Goodbye, bless you! If your trousers are spoiled, let me know, and I'll stop the price of them out of the pay of the infernal scoundrel if I can find out who he was, and to that task I will devote all the energies of my lifetime and the whole machinery of the government. Goodbye! The scoundrel! I thought for several days past that there was something wrong." His friend goes like the visions of youth, never to return.—Argonaut.

COIN SWEATING.
An Illegal Practice Which Has Fallen Into Disuse.
Closely allied to the making of counterfeit coins and usually combined with that nefarious trade is what is known as "sweating," which requires considerable skill to accomplish successfully. A rubber mold is used, into which a gold coin to be sweated is introduced and held with a clip. Copper wires having been adjusted, the coin is immersed in a bath of cyanide of potassium and an electric battery set going. The action of the electricity upon the coin in the acid uniformly sweats the metal—that is to say, causes so much of it to become detached. This process is gone through with a large number of coins, and the gold deposit thus obtained is extracted from the acid.

It is for the purpose of detecting the existence of such reduced coins that bankers weigh gold coins in a balance, and if one is in the scale it will immediately be shown by the indicator. The light coin is then taken out, and whatever the shortage represents that amount the customer will have to make up or be fined.

But, all things considered, sweating is but a poor business, says H. L. Adam in his interesting book, "The Story of Crime," and evidently it is thought so by the criminal fraternity, for it has dwindled to a mere nothing. A sovereign weighs 123.27447 grains, and the limit of error in the weight is .2 of a grain, from which it may readily be gathered that sweating cannot now be a very lucrative business.—London Tit-Bits.

The Waist Came Back.
"The other day I hung my prettiest waist out on the line at the kitchen window," said the flat dweller, "after I washed it. Then I forgot all about it, and when I went to look for it two days later it was gone. I rushed frantically down to the janitress, and we climbed together over the coal into the area to look for the waist. I lamented deeply. It was a beautiful waist. We couldn't find it. The janitor came from the next house and helped us look, but there was nothing doing. I came sadly in at the window back over the coal and ascended to my sixth story flat.

"The next day I looked in the drawer of my chiffonier and found the waist there. Say anything to the janitress? Well, I reckon not."—New York Press

Curbing the Suffragette.
"It's all right, Mary," he said patiently. "Go in for politics and stand for the London county council if you want to. But remember one thing—the cartoonists will be after you as soon as you're a candidate."

"I don't care."

"And they'll put your picture in the paper with your hair out of curl and your hat on crooked."

"Do you think they would do that?" apprehensively.

"Of course. And they'll make your Paris gowns look like calico and say that your scoldish chatter is imitation."

"William," she said, "I think I'll just stay here and make the home happy!"—London Tatler.

Too Hazardous.
"Yessir," admitted a waiter, "I shall be compelled to throw up my situation here."

"Indeed! What is the matter?"

"More than I can put up with. The governor insists on my eating mushrooms in the presence of customers to prove they are edible fungi."—London Tit-Bits.

No End of Trees.
"Did your ancestors have a family tree, Mr. Maguire?"

"Family tree, is it, ma'am? One of me ancestors controlled the entire timber privilege of the garden of Eden."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Irish philosopher says it's a great blessing that night comes on late in the day when one is too tired to work longer.

ENDED HAIR HUNT

CELEBRITY BROUGHT PEACE TO SUFFERING JUDGE.
In Eloquent Speech Learned Jurist Convinced Wife That Seven-Foot Strand of Hair Existed Only in Her Imagination.

One of the overture stories of the last session of congress was told in the cloak room by Senator Nathan B. Scott of West Virginia.

It seems that a judge of his acquaintance had a very charming wife, but she was over-zealous, and was forever brushing microscopic dust from his clothes; still all went well until she started on the "hair hunt." After that she never sat beside her husband for five minutes but she perceived a hair of some sort on his clothing, and hastened to remove it, be it hair of dog, cat, or human being.

About this time there came to the town a long-haired lady, daily exhibiting her seven feet of black hair to an admiring audience. The judge was present at one of these exhibitions, watched his opportunity and secured a hair.

On the Sunday after his brief visit to the long-haired lady, his last preparation for worship was singular. A corner of his handkerchief was carefully arranged to peep from his coat pocket, and, showing upon the white background, dangled an end of black hair.

With marvelous patience he endured the searching scrutiny of the good lady beside him; her eyes soon reached his pocket, but a chance to secure the hair without attracting attention did not arrive until the sermon began, when the judge crossed his arms and was evidently absorbed in the eloquent utterances from the pulpit. A cautious jerk brought away a foot of black hair—another yank, another foot. There was a little surprise that the end was not reached—a third foot came to light, then a pause to be sure that the "hunt" was unnoted. A fourth yank, still no end to that hair. The good lady was exasperated and yank number five was energetically—still no end. The thing was like a nightmare—a damp chill came over her, but she was a determined and courageous American woman—yank number six—desperation—talk about nightmare—it was a joke to this! One more yank and seven feet of hair was on the seat between her and the judge. It could not be left there for the sexton to marvel over, so it was hastily thrust under the heavy cover of her hymn book.

Quietly the judge's hand slipped down to the hymn book—a moment and the hair was in his pocket—no matter if it broke now. The sermon ended, the ireful lady grasped the book with relentless grip, holding on for dear life as she walked home.

The front door closed behind them.

"William, what did you have in your coat pocket this morning?"

The judge looked at her with an innocent and questioning gaze.

"You had this," she went on, sternly, opening up the cover of the hymn book. There was the flyleaf with the name neatly written on it—nothing more—absolutely nothing more. She turned pale and stared blankly at her husband.

"Could I have lost it?" she said, faintly.

"You could not have lost a speck of dust from that book coming home, Mary," he gravely assured her. "I saw the extraordinary way you gripped it. What did you think was inside?"

"Think"—she said, indignantly—"I know I had a hair there—yards long," and she told the whole story.

The judge surveyed her, "more in sorrow than anger."

"My dear, you have imagined the whole thing; this hair hunting is becoming a positive mania with you," and he proceeded with a speech as eloquent as any ever addressed to the listeners in a crowded court.—National Magazine.

Occident and Orient.
All the great national questions during the next hundred years will center in the Orient, according to Bishop Brent of Manila. He says: "The home land will not suffer impoverishment by giving lavishly to her choicest sons. They are the very men who ought to rejoice to go just because they are strong, and strength's unalterable commission is to go to the weak. The east is calling some of you, and you must respond as becomes men who, knowing that they can live this life but once, are bent on high adventure. You must go with that beautiful combination of sympathy and tenderness and strength which will study to understand the Oriental character. The old theory was that there is a gulf separating east and west. The new and the true is that all that separates is incidental, and all that unites is fundamental. We must search for the essential and build upon it out of the abundance of our wealth."

Few and Far Between.
"If men really would 'vote as they pray,'" remarked Goodley, "this would truly be a happy world."

"Yes," replied Wise, "but in that case you wouldn't get some men to the polls once in ten years."

Wisdom of Solomon.
Solomon had just ordered the child cut in two.

"After election," he hastened to add, "Thus his reputation for wisdom was established."—N. Y. Sun.

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