

Picture Frames

From Old Silver

All must feel in a measure grateful to the genius who first conceived the idea of utilizing the silver ornaments of worn-out pocketbooks and bags with which to make picture frames. Indeed many of these pieces are really things of beauty both in design and hand modeling and have been no small item in the original cost of the card case or pocketbook. It has always been felt to be a pity to sell them for old silver when so little is realized, and a made-over book is expensive and seldom thoroughly satisfactory. The shapes and styles of the leather parts, as is true of almost everything, greatly change and the old bit of silver somehow doesn't seem to fit in well. Then, after their first usefulness is over, is the time to take them to a reliable jeweler and have them made into a picture frame or mirror. The imagination can readily follow the manner in which it is done. Both of the silver pieces, it will be remembered, are molded in the shape of a right angle, with one side longer than the other. They form, therefore, when placed together, the right angles being diagonal in position, a rectangle which is just the shape desired to surround a cabinet photograph. Usually they are pasted upon a background of some rich shade of velvet, deep crimson or blue, and have the back arranged so that they may stand uprightly. Such frames are never hung. Where the two pieces come together a little soldering is skillfully placed so that the joining is almost imperceptible.

The fancy mirrors that are made out of these bits of silver are also extremely pretty. For them, however, it is necessary to have at least four pieces and they are prettiest when the corners are rounded. It is also desirable for them to be of nearly the same width throughout and the design a prominent one. They are then placed around a mirror on a background of gray velvet and very often arranged to stand uprightly. A quaint idea is, if one has the means, to attach to one a handle made out of one of the old silver knitting needle cases which were used by our grandmothers, and which upon occasions were so discreetly tucked by them in the front of their bodices. They are very long and shaped like a small cornucopia, extending into a little curve at the downward end. For the handle of a mirror of such design as those made from the referred to pieces of silver nothing could be smarter. Of course not every family has one of these needle cases in readiness to put to such a use, but they can sometimes be found and bought for rather a small price at one of the antique shops, although they are now becoming scarce. Such mirrors are artistic and luxurious and appear well when lying upon a drawing room table. A visitor is sure to pick it up and examine it while arranging her veil and piece-*nez* to perfection before she is greeted by the hostess. Bag clasps also can be readily made into mirrors, and, being quite large, but two of them are required. In fact, it is amusing to note how many women are now choosing their pocketbooks and similar articles with an eye to their later usefulness. They also do a good deal of "saving up." One woman buys always the same style of pocketbook and so accumulates a goodly number of identical pieces of silver. She says, like Gillip's wife, she has a frugal mind.

Living Fashion Models

The touch of coming spring is noticeably visible in The Bee's fashion models, which are always particularly seasonable.

The exquisitely smart Parisian gown is designed for spring and summer wear. It is of a light weight beige colored wool. The skirt is laid in clusters of narrow pleats from waist to knee, at which point they fall apart. The bodice is trimmed with velvet of a slightly darker shade, that forms a wrinkled girdle, runs up the back to give a figaro effect and forms a waistcoat in front. The collar is of white satin embroidered in gold and imitation turquoise beads.

An April theater wrap is also photographed here. The material is of pale mastic cloth, piped with white satin and stitched white. The hood is of crimson figured panne, edged with black velvet.

The fetching little combing jacket of amethyst-colored crepe is the very perfection of grace and ease. An insertion of white silk embroidery outlines it and white cords and tassels complete the trimming.

Women in the Sciences

A venerable lady who died at Pan, France, eight years ago, provided in her will for a prize of \$20,000, to be given to the person who will find a means of communicating with a star (Mars, for example), and receiving a reply to the communication. The prize money is held in trust. But the quaint bequest is a reminder, most substantial, of the interest that women of the present day take in scientific advancement. The number of women who contribute out of their private means to the maintenance of observatories and who equip poor but zealous astronomers for individual investigation increases every year, and at no time since astronomy was have there been as many women constantly engaged in the mathematical part of the work.

The improved instruments now available and the universal application of photography to astronomy have opened the door wide for the woman computer and astronomer's as-



CREPE COMBING JACKET

stant. At all the notable observatories and those more or less newly established in what used to be considered remote parts of the earth—India, Mexico, at the Cape of Good Hope, in far Scandinavia, and up in the East Andes—there are women working in the laboratory departments of astronomers. Some of these women are able to make original investigations, being in sympathy with the science and having studied its principles. Others are purely calculators and accurate measurers, measuring the photographs and computing and reducing the estimates obtained as dispassionately as any school girl plods at her equations.

In Mathematics and Physics.

Caroline Hazard of Wellesley said the other day that when higher education was first being broached for women it was believed that they would, as a class, turn much more toward the purely literary branches of a college course than to the exact sciences. But experience has proved that many find pleasure in mathematics and physics.

A short time ago a woman devised a certain mechanism concerning clocks and timepieces that was of distinct value to clock makers. And apropos of women measurers and computer there is a woman draughts-

man who makes the sample drawings for a noted firm of instrument makers. All manner of instruments for measuring, computing, exploring, both in aerial and nautical matters, are manufactured by this firm and they state that this woman does their work more acceptably than many of the men they

Hannah Mace was assistant at the United States Naval observatory. A woman, formerly chief computer at the Goodsell observatory, Northfield, Minn., is one of the associate editors of an astronomical monthly. Among the amateur astronomers who have private observatories is Miss Rose O'Halloran of San Francisco, who makes a study of eclipses, meteors, variable stars and general aspects. Miss Dorothea Klumpke of the same city is one American woman who puts her energies to foreign service. She is now director of the bureau for the measurement of the plates of the Astro-Photographic Catalogue at the Paris observatory. Of the six women computers in the department she is the only American having become identified with the observatory in 1887, when she entered it as a student. Her advancement has been rapid, and her observations of the minor planets and of the Temple-Swift comet have been published in the French scientific journals. It was her remarkable thesis at the time of her examination in 1893 that first opened the way for the employment of women in the Paris observatory.

Problem in Matrimony

"One of a woman's chief charms for a man," says a writer in Self Culture, "is the motherly element in her character. Possibly such a man exists, but it would be hard to find one who does not enjoy being genuinely petted and made much of. And this the older woman generally does. If a man marries a young girl she generally expects and demands all his attention and never suspects that her husband might sometimes like a little coddling. It is this thought of caring for her husband and looking after him that is the attraction of the affair to the mature woman, and it is generally the young man who shows the first symptoms of abandoning the platonic attitude for a warmer feeling. At first the woman hesitates, then denies his plea; for, being bound by the traditional idea of the subject, she is sure she would injure him, that he would repent, and so on. Generally, however, he knows what he wants, and persists until he finally convinces her that she only can satisfy him, and she yields. Mohammed's wife Kadija was twenty-five years his senior. She was the first person who put implicit faith in his visions, and her sympathy throughout her life was unflinching. He adored her accordingly. Finally when he was 50 and she 75 she died, and although at that time Mohammed had four beautiful, fresh young wives it is recorded of him that he mourned Kadija all his days, and not one of his four younger wives could take the place of the sympathetic old wife he had lost. And this is a case in point. Kadija's attraction for the prophet was not physical; it was the result of her sympathetic comprehension of him. What others called the wanderings of epilepsy she believed with him to be visions from above.

"Every man who has searched the depths of his consciousness knows that the thing he most wants and longs for is a sympathetic companion, a kindred mind. Some few men find this in their mothers and are blessed. Some find it in their wives who are younger than themselves; but the young man who marries a woman older than himself has probably grown weary of seeking his ideal companion among the girls of his acquaintance and has turned perforce to the older woman. Whether the young men who take this course are of a more steadfast type than usual, or whether the reason lies with the woman, I cannot say. But certain it is that in the vast majority of cases the attraction lasts. In proof of this many instances come to mind. Madame de Staël, it will be remembered, married an Italian officer young enough to be her son. She appears to have had neither youth, beauty nor grace, and yet the result was a happy union."

Roosevelt's Wife

Mrs. Roosevelt, the wife of the governor of the state of New York, or, as the governor himself calls her, "Teddy's chum," is a quiet, unassuming, modest, housewifely little body, who has absolutely no distinguishing characteristic from thousands of good, true American wives and mothers.

She cares nothing for politics. The worry and bother of the affairs of state are to her only part of the day's work that her husband does, and when he comes to dinner at night the governor is assured of one place where



PARISIAN GOWN OF BEIGE.

he is not going to be asked for an office, or how he is going to act in this or that matter, says the New York Telegraph.

The home life of the Roosevelts is old-fashioned and very comfortable. The table of the house is a place where the family are delighted to gather day by day, where the wife and mother presides with all the solicitude of a good housekeeper, and where her husband is Theodore, the breadwinner, who loves the boys, with whom he romps when he is in the house much as though he himself were about 10.

After he had been "discovered" as police commissioner of New York City, and the cartoonists found a new and excellent subject for their pencils, Mrs. Roosevelt's simple heart was filled with anguish. As the succession of "teeth" pictures appeared from day to day a rebellious feeling surged up in her, and for once in her peaceful life she wanted to do something to somebody. She became used to it after awhile, however, and began keeping a scrap book. She placed in it all the pictures of the future governor that appeared from time to time. She filled several books, and then turned the work over to the boys.

In appearance Mrs. Roosevelt is the sort of woman one feels it would be good to know. Modest, quiet in dress, a little under the governor in stature, and teeming at all times with the genial graciousness of a woman who finds life good to live, her life at the executive mansion is simplicity itself, and the welcome there for visitors who have occasion to call is of the sort that leaves a pleasant warmth in the memory. Mrs. Roosevelt cares nothing at all for politics, but she has unconsciously aided her aggressive husband in making friends of the countryman to an extent that no woman who aspired to the diplomatic could possibly attain.

In the kitchen of Mr. Roosevelt's home, wherever it may be, she can be found when the fruit season is on putting up her own preserves and jams and jellies. The larder of the executive mansion is stocked with the result of her handwork when the wives of the men who run the rural political machinery visit the wife of the state's chief executive. It does not take long for them to find this out, and that is a theme that invariably establishes a bond of sympathy between true housewives, and there is a certain element of regard for the occupants of the executive mansion growing in the country districts that never emanated from any political diplomacy of the governor.



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