

# AUTOGRAPH GHOSTS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

HE autograph send has a far more amusing fad just now than the mere collecting of ordinary signatures of extraordinary folk, and the newest thing in this hobby necessitates the possession of a "ghost-book" to hold the signatures which portray the "ghosts" of the eminent ones.

These little books are becoming very popular both in London and in New York. They have an advantage over the ordinary autograph album, because the collecting of signatures has been so overdone that many of the "great ones" have had rubber facsimiles made of their very best autographs—not the kind that appears on their checks—and instead of taking time to respond whenever a stamped and addressed envelope is inclosed, all they do is to pass the letter, request and envelope over to their secretary—or perhaps it never gets beyond the secretary at all—and the autograph is stamped on in such a manner that it serves the purpose well and saves Mr. Author, Mr. Actor or Mr. Singer a lot of time and trouble.

But a request for a name in one's ghost book has a certain novelty about it and there is, too, considerable curiosity to see just what sort of a ghost one's name will make, so that nearly everyone will take the trouble to picture his ghost for you.

In making the collection for a ghost book, partially reproduced here, many well-known men and women were asked for ghosts. President and Mrs. Taft were immensely amused at the idea and both took the keenest interest in seeing how their ghosts would turn out. The big statesman adjusted his glasses, folded with the utmost precision the paper on which he was to inscribe his ghost, looked around for a stub pen, which, unfortunately, he could not find on his desk in the Hot Springs bungalow and then he wrote his name and hastily folded back the paper.

"Cannot say that for such a big man as I am in the flesh my ghost cuts such a wide swath," he laughingly remarked as he held the paper up for Mrs. Taft to view. "But anyhow, the smaller one's ghost the better—perhaps," he added.

"Mrs. Taft was more pleased with her ghost than she was with that of her husband. "You are more important just now, but my ghost is a far more artistic creature than yours and really more spirituelle," she laughed.

It will be noticed that a part of Mrs. Taft's ghost bears a remarkable resemblance to a Mosaic emblem.

Miss Mary Garden practiced several times on her ghost before she would allow the final one to appear in the writer's ghost book.

"Ghosts, like everything else, improve by practice, and I look upon my final ghost as a worthy effort," laughed Miss Garden.

"In fact, I see the turn above from which my spook must have hopped out," she said, and a smile.

enough, if one will look at the prima donna's ghost it will be found quite true.

Miss Geraldine Farrar was enchanted with her ghost, which she said looked like a veritable butterfly. "How splendid to be so picturesque a ghost!" Miss Farrar commented.

Miss Emma C. Thursby has one of the most remarkable ghosts of all, and for beauty and symmetry it is quite as pleasing as a wrought-iron work design or a Japanese brass candlestick. "I prefer to think of it as something that was designed by the shades of some Japanese artist, which I absorbed when I visited some of the great temples in Japan," said Miss Thursby.

Lady Warwick says she doesn't believe in ghosts at all, but she was very much impressed by the appearance of her titled name when her ghost became a reality. "I think I shall design a book plate out of it. That wouldn't be a bad idea, would it?" the countess added as she viewed the strong, bold writing that formed her signature.

Lady Cosmo Duff-Gordon was enchanted with her ghost and ghost-collecting has become such a fad with her that she has purchased a dozen of the little volumes for her friends. "I put my ghost in each one and I suppose I must be a woman of a number of selves or else there are a number of warring ghosts in my ancestry, for each one of my signatures produced a ghost so totally different from the others that one would scarcely believe that they came from the same name and handwriting. But I am rather pleased with the idea, for what is more prosaic than lack of variety? I have made my fortune by original and diverse designs in the making of frocks," said the titled dressmaker, "so why shouldn't my ghost signatures portray that characteristic?"

When Mrs. Elinor Glyn, author of "Three Weeks," had made her ghost she thought that it bore some resemblance to a tiger and eagerly plotted out its claws. "The tiger is essentially one of my transmutations, or shall I say manifestations?" remarked Mrs. Glyn. "Hence my tiger ghost. Paul would be pleased with that, wouldn't he?" she added with a smile.

Emmy Destinn, the gifted Bohemian prima donna of the Royal opera house, Berlin, who has

just finished a brilliant first season in America, said that she could see in her ghost the shades of the late empress dowager of China. That fancy may have occurred to her because when she made her ghost the news of the death of the Chinese empress had just been received.

George Bernard Shaw hasn't time for ghosts or interviews or writer folk at all, he says, yet this most inconsistent of men generally gives his interview and sees the writer person, and here we have his ghost. Mr. Shaw generally makes it as uncomfortable as possible for the interviewer before allowing him to be admitted, but after that the genial blue-eyed Irishman is irresistible and one readily forgives him anything that has seemed rude. The writer sent a note asking for an interview with Mr. Shaw in his chambers just off the Embankment in London last summer and in response Mr. Shaw characteristically wrote:

My Dear Miss —: I will have ten minutes' rest to-morrow some time between 11 and 12:30. If you catch me during the ten minutes I will see you. If you stay longer I will throw you out of the window.

GEORGE B. S.

The writer went at a quarter to twelve and Mr. Shaw talked and talked and talked until

the history of cultured society and is not without its romantic side. One of the Ptolemies once paid the starving Athenians in wheat for the privilege of copying some treasured manuscripts of the immortal Greek dramatists. The wretch kept the originals and returned the copies. If it had been the ghost signatures of Euripides and Sophocles that the unscrupulous ruler was after he would not have found it easy to perpetrate so heartless a trick.

person will often show an apparent wide difference in conformation, owing to the shape of the pen, the flow of the ink and the amount of pressure used, a more careful scrutiny will make it clear that the chief characteristics hold throughout. The ghost is true to its type.

Who, then, will interpret and reveal the true meaning of our ghost autographs? Here is a new field for investigation and amusement.

With the advent of the ghost book we have a new twist to an old, old fad. Travelers in central Europe as early as the fourteenth century used to carry their "Book of Friends," an octavo volume in which names and sentiments were inscribed. On their return home they could show an interesting record of the famous personages they had met. These are the first autograph albums of which we hear, but the passion for collecting manuscripts and autographs is as old as the history of cultured society and is not without its romantic side. One of the Ptolemies once paid the starving Athenians in wheat for the privilege of copying some treasured manuscripts of the immortal Greek dramatists. The wretch kept the originals and returned the copies. If it had been the ghost signatures of Euripides and Sophocles that the unscrupulous ruler was after he would not have found it easy to perpetrate so heartless a trick.

## MONEY THAT GOES ABROAD

Europe is a lovely place; the grave of Shakespeare is a noble sight and it's worth money to see the hillsides that produce the wine that made the Rhine famous. But this year it was Broadway, Bath Beach, Kokomo or Kalamazoo for a large number of worthy American citizens whose custom it has been to spend the sultry months across the water.

It's the old story of Balaklava over again—only worse. Some millions have been plundered. Times are twisted up in a hard knot and we are just beginning to get the kinks out. Nobody knows what is going to be the outcome of the new tariff law. The indications are good for a poor wheat crop. Panama hats and overcoats are selling side by side in the open market.

In short, there is no time like the present for staying at home and attending to business. In these crucial circumstances 200,000 persons have consented to make the sacrifice. At any rate, such are the present indications.

This means something to the rest of the country. Paying to see Europe is our annual blood-letting operation. Millions upon millions are taken out of our national circulation. We work hard during the winter, either at earning money or at getting it from those who have earned it, then hustle across the water to fatten up the Swiss guides and the hotel keepers. That is, about 1,200,000 of us do. The other 78,800,000 do their traveling in their sleep, so they can be back next morning in time for work.

The rich American going abroad counts only one on the passenger list, but he must be carefully considered in any estimate.

He spreads out the chart upon his desk. An exceedingly anxious-to-please agent of the steamship company is at his side. Here is something up near the bow that is just right—so the steamship man says. "Not for a minute," says the man who has the last say. It is too far up in front. The motion of the boat would put him out of business the first day. What else?

Oh, an exquisite suite amidships. It's great The Countess de Spitzbergen never takes anything else when she is going to or coming from America. Beautiful parlor, mahogany finish. Bedroom in ivory. Bathroom in baby blue. Maid's quarters. And the rate for two adults and one servant is only \$1,700.

Will the gentleman take it?

Indeed he will not. The Countess de Spitzbergen may travel in the hold if she likes, but no baby blue or mahogany can lure him to a point over the engine. Why, didn't he come over once in a suite thus located? Didn't the incessant coughing, wheezing, trembling and sneezing of the machinery nearly drive him wild? Not a wink of sleep from the time he went aboard until he got home. Friends thought he had been sick when he showed himself in the street.

Oh, very well. Here's an equally beautiful suite far removed from the engines—back toward the stern. Occupants of these apartments often call for the captain to ask what makes the boat go, because they can hear no noise nor feel any vibration. Highly recommended by the best physicians to nervous patients. Price, the same.

Did any one ever hear of such stupidity? Here our patient multi-millionaire has explained in detail that he cannot travel at the bow of a ship because the motion is too great and the agent has shown him a suite near the stern. What's the difference between the bow and the stern, anyway? Isn't each end balanced in the middle where it will go up and down like the end of a walking-beam? Well, a steamship man who doesn't know any more than that can go back home. Mr. Multi-Millionaire will travel by some line that at least employs persons of intelligence

## For the Hostess

Chat on Topics of Many Kinds, by a Recognized Authority

An Unique Party. There are "novelties in entertainment" at the seashore as well as in town, and this scheme of a New Jersey girl is one that "took" wonderfully. The affair was held on the broad plaza surrounding the house that faced the grand old ocean.

The invitations were for a "bottle party"; each guest was requested to bring a bottle (empty) any size or shape. Of course every one wondered what the result would be when the motley collection of bottles appeared on the table waiting to receive them.

After a few moments spent in speculating as to the future of "those bottles," the hostess brought in yard lengths of crepe paper of many colors, cotton, pins, odds and ends of ribbon, etc., and requested each guest to select a bottle and transform it into a doll; there was a supply of corks to use in forming heads, which were covered with cotton.

A half hour was allowed to finish these creations; prizes were awarded for the best, worst and funniest.

Next the hostess passed cards with pencils attached, numbered from 1 to 20; the guests were taken into a room in which stood 20 bottles, each bearing a tag numbered from 1 to 20. Yellow paper concealed the contents of the bottles, which were pill size up to gallons. One "sniff" or "whiff" was permitted, then the supposed contents were written down opposite the number on the card.

Lavender salts, bottles of cologne, and sachets were given as prizes.

The next act was very pretty. Each guest was blindfolded and led around the room in which flowers were arranged in vases on mantel and tables. The one who recognized the most flowers by the odor received a handsome nosegay surrounded by a frill of lace paper.

The refreshments consisted of flower forms made in ices and creams with dainty little cakes ornamented with candied rose and violet leaves.

For a Children's Party.

There have been so many requests for a children's party that I have made a special effort to get these pretty ideas for decorations, feeling sure that mothers could adapt for their own use the schemes suggested.

Clown cakes will be much appreciated by youthful guests; bake a simple cake mixture in small round muffin pans. Frost some with white.

some with chocolate, making eyes, nose and mouth of contrasting color. Around each put tiny frills of colored crepe paper and the cakes will look like funny faces beneath little bonnets.

With these serve circus lemonade. Take large smooth skinned lemons, cut off one end, hollow out and place in ice water. Cut off black court-plaster eyes, nose and mouth, dry the shells and paste these on in as grotesque a manner as possible. Then make little dunce caps of red and white stiff paper, leaving a hole at the top to receive a straw; fill the cups with lemonade, put on the caps, stick in the straws and they are ready to serve.

For a centerpiece have a tiny tent, with miniature animals in a procession. At each child's plate have a wee tent of paper, a flag on it, with rail fence of opera sticks around it. Under each tent have salted peanuts. Have striped paper bags filled with popcorn and the small guests will be perfectly delighted with the "circus" party.

A Potato Supper.

Church suppers have been and probably always will be a commercial asset in raising money. A "ladies' aid" society issued these catchy invitations, which were printed in red on common brown wrapping paper and scattered broadcast in the hotels and boarding houses of the seashore resort, where summer visitors helped out largely in furnishing the where-withal to run the little church during the long nine months of winter. I give the invitation so that our readers may cut it out for future use, as the scheme is adaptable for any time or place:

A sociable next Friday night! Look down below, first left, then right, and you will see the "Bill-of-Fare." In English language written there: POTATOES HOT, POTATOES COLD, POTATOES NEW, POTATOES OLD. Some we will boil and some we'll bake, and some serve in a hot hot-cake; Potatoes also we'll prepare. In brown croquettes as light as air, and some r'ake up in griddle-cakes. As nice as any French cook makes, and these dessert—for those who wish. We will prepare some dainty dish, "Fit for the gods," you'll think, we know. Though mostly made of potato. This sociable is to be given. Between the hours of four and seven, at ——— Hall next Friday night, and one and all we here invite: Be sure to come; don't be afraid. Your presence will ——— "THE LADIES' AID." MADAME MERRI.

## DISCOURAGED WOMEN.

A Word of Hope for Despairing Ones.

Kidney trouble makes weak, weary, worn women. Backache, hip pains, dizziness, headaches, nervousness, languor, urinary troubles make women suffer untold misery. Ailing kidneys are the cause. Cure them. Mrs. S. D. Ellison, N. Broadway, Lamar, Mo., says: "Kidney trouble wore me down till I had to take to bed. I had terrible pains in my body and limbs and the urine was annoying and full of sediment. I got worse and doctors failed to help. I was discouraged. Doan's Kidney Pills brought quick relief and a final cure and now I am in the best of health."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



GOT HIM! Gertrude—The man I marry must be a genius.

Bertie—Thank heaven we have met!

A Realist.

"I am a great believer in realism," remarked the poet.

"Yes?" we queried with a rising inflection, thereby giving him the desired opening.

"I sometimes carry my ideas of realism to a ridiculous extreme," continued the poet.

"Indeed?" we exclaimed inately, somewhat impatient to reach the point of his witticism.

"Yes," continued the poet, "the other day I wrote a sonnet to the gas company and purposely made the meter defective."

At this point we faltered.

The Newer Way.

Many ideas in regard to women have entirely changed, and among the better and wiser changes is that old thought that the women who were given to good works must needs be dowdy. It is undeniable that "good" women used to wear dowdiness as a sort of hall mark of virtue. As a matter of fact, dowdiness is merely a mark of bad taste and a sign of some lack in the mind. Women are no longer lacking in the wisdom that chooses pretty rather than ugly clothing, and those who do not make the best of their appearance are losing a golden opportunity of giving pleasure.

Your Salary.

The universe pays every man in his own coin; if you smile, it smiles upon you in return; if you frown, you will be frowned at; if you sing, you will be invited into gay company; if you think, you will be entertained by thinkers; and if you love the world and earnestly seek for the good that is therein, you will be surrounded by loving friends, and nature will pour into your lap the treasures of the earth. Censure, criticism and hate, and you will be censured, criticised and hated by your fellow men.—N. W. Zimmerman.

Look at the Names.

In 4 A. D. Fearaidach-Fionashtna was an Irish king, a "most just and good prince," who was slain by his successor, Fiachadh-Fion, who was treated to a similar fate by Finchadh-Fionhuh, "the prince with the white cows," who died at the hands of the Irish plebeians of Connaught. Eochair-Moidmedhain was one of the half dozen who died of natural causes, and Flaithbeathag was one of the two to resign the monarch's scepter for the monk's cowl.—New York Press.

Could She?

"When women get to voting," said the man, "they will have a great many more calls than they now have to put their hands in their pockets and give money to further important causes."

The woman looked thoughtful.

"I'm always willing, of course," she said, "to give money for a good cause, but as for putting my hand in my pocket—"

BAD DREAMS Caused by Coffee.

"I have been a coffee drinker, more or less, ever since I can remember, until a few months ago I became more and more nervous and irritable, and finally I could not sleep at night for I was horribly disturbed by dreams of all sorts and a species of distressing nightmare."

"Finally, after hearing the experience of numbers of friends who had quit coffee and were drinking Postum, and learning of the great benefits they had derived, I concluded coffee must be the cause of my trouble, so I got some Postum and had it made strictly according to directions."

"I was astonished at the flavour and taste. It entirely took the place of coffee, and to my very great satisfaction, I began to sleep peacefully and sweetly. My nerves improved, and I wish I could wear every man, woman and child from the unwholesome drug—ordinary coffee."

"People really do not appreciate or realize what a powerful drug it is and what terrible effect it has on the human system. If they did, hardly a pound of it would be sold. I would never think of going back to coffee again. I would almost as soon think of putting my hand in a fire after I had once been burned."

"A young lady friend of ours had stomach trouble for a long time, and could not get well as long as she used coffee. She finally quit coffee and began the use of Postum and is now perfectly well. Yours for health."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. The one you are reading is true, and full of human interest.

## Small Garments



TUNIC for Boy from Four to Six Years.—This simple little tunic might be made in Holland, drill, or linen; either would be suitable and seasonable; it is quite plain, fastens down the front, and has a turned-down collar; a leather belt is worn just below the waist.

Materials required: Two yards 42 inches wide.

Dress for Girl from Eight to Ten Years.—Cherry red cashmere is used for this dress; the skirt is trimmed at the foot by three small tucks. The blouse, which resembles the sailor style, has the upper part cut in a shaped yoke, and the lower tucked and set to it; the tucks are only stitched down two inches; the sleeve is tucked a few inches at both ends and is set to a tucked wrist band. A sailor collar of spotted drill is worn; the tie matches it.

Materials required: 2½ yards cashmere 48 inches wide; 1½ yards white lawn; the skirt is gathered at the waist and is trimmed at the foot by two rows of Valenciennes insertion; the bodice has a vest and sleeves of tucked lawn and insertion arranged in stripes alternately; the sides of the bodice are plain lawn, so are the epaulettes, but they are edged with insertion and lace.

Materials required: 10½ yards lawn 42 inches wide 1½ dozen insertion, 3 yards lace.

## IN VOGUE

Striped effects rule supreme in skirtings.

Many summer coats are lined with shantung.

Sequins play a leading part in fan decoration.

Military straps are among the popular sleeve trimmings.

The white face veil is more widely worn than any other.

Hats are larger now than they will be later in the season.

Mohair is the favorite material for automobile dust coats.

Pongee hats, matching pongee costumes, are smart just now.

Walking costumes are a bit severe, with little trimming.

Linen frocks with short skirts are popular for street wear.

"Linden," a creamy yellow green, is a leading shade in new dresses.

Lace has a wider vogue than ever

before and is freely used, even on shoes.

The overskirt effect is seen more and more as the summer advances.

Mittens are worn by some of the fashionable women at watering places.

New Satin Buttons.

Since satin buttons have become so fashionable and have remained so, perishable the factories have been trying to improve their make. They have done so. The new ones have tiny metal rims which not only add luster and character to the button, but kept it from fraying out at the edges.

No matter how much one pays for the usual satin or braid buttons they quickly go to pieces at the edges where the mold cuts through the fine fabric. This causes a constant renewal of buttons, which is tiresome enough even when one can match the old ones, and positively irritating when one has to spend a day in the shops trying to get similar substitutes.

The metal rim protects the button and keeps it from wearing as long as it is used.

## With the Air He Breathed

Emigrant from the Green Isle Absorbed Americanism.

How long it requires an Irishman to become an American is another story. The federal statutes, of course, have their own crude opinions on the subject; but those authorities are apt to be influenced by prosaic fact rather than by divine instinct.

It is told of two steerage passengers whose steamer entered New York on the morning of the glorious Fourth, that one of them, an Englishman, listened a few minutes to the tremendous cannonade and cracker firing that ushered in the dawn of Freedom. At last he turned to his companion and wondered what was the meaning of all the "blooming row."

The other smiled scornfully. "Arrah, g'wan, you foreigner! This is the day we bate yees!"—Sunday Magazine.

Reading for Improvement.

Any girl with an ordinary public school education can do something to improve her mind a little every day. She can read a page of some good book—a book of travel, or a book of history, or a book of poems, or a book of essays—and she can think of what she has read, and by copying in a blank book a few sentences or lines

which impress her, she can improve her knowledge of spelling and phrasing, so that she will acquire after a year of such practice a better education than many high school graduates possess. Any librarian will advise an ambitious girl what books to read for self-culture. To read a novel hurriedly, just for the sake of knowing "how it comes out," is only a waste of time and brain power. Good novels are worth reading, but they should leave something in the mind besides the story, or they are better left unread.