IN THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN.

DRESSING SMALL DAUGHTERS.

American Styles Superior to All Others for American Children.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—"It would be a true charity, in any kind-hearted and artistically intelligent woman, to give me her best advice with regard to these samples," remarked Maisie coaxingly, as she laid half a dozen bits of bright silk and cloth and woes of lace on the rotund front of one of the big divan pillows, amid which she sat cosily enthroned.

"Another gown, you pretty, extravagant wretch?" began the hostess with mock severity. "I heard you say—"

"Yes, I did say that papa was nearly at the end of his tether. The dear old boy has been made to spend a shocking amount this season," interrupted Maisie repentantly. "I am afraid he begins to think that a successful debutante daughter is a rather expensive luxury and that he would have done far better to let me go in for training as a hospital nurse. However, now that we have put our hand to this social plow I warn him there is nothing gained by looking back, but this time it is not gowns, it's house waists, smart little blouses of which I am shamefully in need, and I have permission to buy two. They must be chic,

FURS AND COAT FOR A SMALL DAUGHTER.

and they must be becoming, and I've registered a truly solemn vow that the bill for them both shan't be of a size to lessen in the smallest degree papa's appetite for his Christmas turkey.

A Debutante's House Blouse.

"What I really want is a blouse of cloth, corded cloth, but the style must not border at all on the shirt waist. I've discovered by very shrewd investigation that a smart house blouse for a debutante is not of silk and not a shirt waist. It is cloth of a light becoming tint made up with what I call a dressy effect and is worn with a dark silk or cloth tailor skirt in the morning and sometimes in the afternoon when one is very informally at home to just a few dear friends."

"Or in other words," explained the hostess, squinting one handsome gray eye at a bit of sky-blue crepe cloth spread on her pink palm. "When one is at home in the bow window with one's best man, eh! My dear Maisie," in a motherly tone, "I've been a debutante myself and," pretending not to observe the warm flush in the cheeks of the girl opposite, "I would have a blouse of that pink cloth you have just laid on the green cushion. Brown-eyed, fair-skinned women always look their best in caressing shades of rose or bland azure and I can prescribe just the style of make up for that svelt little figure of yours.

While Calve Sang.

"At an opera matinee last week," she continued, "I saw a woman, quite your age and build, wear one of pink and I took down its chief and most charming features while Calve was warbling the jewel song in Faust. The body itself was of cloth, having a plain French back and a cluster of the queerest, dearest little slanting tucks under either sleeve. These tucks threw just the requisite fullness and stiffness into the fronts that opened well over the bust to reveal a full vest of cream-white liberty silk. Onto the edge of the cloth fronts were sewed stiffened wavy bands of stitched pink glace silk. A folded band of glace silk finished off the waist line, the collar and cuffs were of silk and the wearer of this fetching body exhibited a small chatelaine of gun metal, caught in one side of her belt, and her gloves, I observed, were of that peculiarly fashionable color known as gun metal gray, and were fastened with one very large white pearl button. The skirt that went with this was a plain black inconspicuous affair, and I must confess I extracted almost as much pleasure from the sight of that tidy, modish little waist as I did from a sweet thing in panne on my left."

Now for the Panne.

"Tell me about it instantly," demanded the girl on the divan, "for yours is the last word to be said as to the cloth waist. Pink it shall be, and now for the panne. I can put panne inside my limit for the next blouse quite as easily as a glace silk. It's not as costly as the best taffeta and a carefully worn waist of this new velvet will see a trio of taffeta garments retired to the rag bag in disgrace and tatters."

"Besides," put in the hostess, "there is nothing more novel than silver gray panne that is tucked. The tucks must be well spaced and so narrowly pinched that they will stand up like cords all over the surface of the material. But to return to the waist on my left. It was a silver gray panne and the tucks ran from throat to belt, enhancing the slenderness of the wearer's figure. In front over the bust the panne was cleft apart to reveal an interlude of accordian pleated chiffon of the most heavenly shade of blue. Baby eyes blue is what the dressmakers call it. A wedge of cream guipure spread over the lower portion of the faintly azure vest, but it was the only other note in the blue and gray symphony that was accompanied by a gray cashmere skirt showing a pleated back."

Pleated Skirts.

"Who is wearing a pleated back?" questioned Mrs. Van Knickerbocker, dropping with a sigh of acute exhaustion into a motherly-looking arm chair. "Why, everybody," came the answer as a cup of the most fragrant tea was set on a tiny wicker stand before her. "Oh nonsense, I think they are ugly and clumsy. I've not seen a really well pleated back this season, and I've just come from a tea where all the women were wearing shaded ostrich feathers in their hats. Last week I saw the new Henry Arthur Jones play and not an actress showed any but habit back skirts."

"There now you are out of sorts and tired," began the hostess soothingly. "You've been too hard worked over Christmas shopping."

For Small Daughters.

"In addition to having fitted out my whole flock of small daughters with new costumes for their cousin's wedding, no small job in itself, I can assure," added the weary one, "although I don't know that anything gives me greater pleasure than a long morning at the children's outfitters, for juvenile fashions are lovely nowadays. Such smart picturesque suits as the children do wear, and the dressmakers import Parisian models to copy from, though for my part I prefer the American styles for our young people.

"My mind this morning was all torn between a charming checked red and black velvet suit and one in gray cloth for my oldest girl Beatrice. Those short plied chucked velvets, set off with a touch of fur, are the most modish choice for girls about 14, but Beatrice has a mind of her own and asserted it like a wise little woman in favor of the gray cloth. It is zinc gray and so simple and yet so timely, for there is a graceful tunic overdress and its edges are all scalloped with a double row of silk cord, falling upon a plain underdress. The scallop finish is given to the big collar on the waist that also shows floral embroidery in shaded gray silks, and the hat we chose in periwinkle blue velvet with twists of satin antique ribbon and a tuft of plumes by way of ornamentation. Now I know that sounds most fanciful as I tell it, but the impression the gray gown gives is one of almost studied simplicity, for I am not one of those mothers who believes in letting a small daughter exhaust all the pleasures of elegant and elaborate dress before she has reached 16."

"You are just the woman I want to talk to then apropos of the sort of fur I should allow my 12-year-old Clarice to wear," said the hostess. "She is teasing me to give her a set of fox or sable things."

Furs for Children.

"My dear woman!" interposed Mrs. Van Knickerbocker, "don't make your child a world worn woman before her time. A little girl should never, never wear anything but a touch of astrakhan or a richly colored wool coat, or stone marten on a very dark one. If you mean to give her fur pieces then give her a muff and neck piece of gray squirrel, while if it's a muff and boa she wants gray Thibet goat is the only thing for a child. Keep the costly furs until the time comes for her to put on long dresses and jewels around her neck. My 9-year-old May, a dear blonde child, needed a new wrap for the wedding, so I guided her choice very artfully toward one of the clearest pale cocoa brown Zibiline cloth having a novel arrangement of overlapping cloth bands by way of trimming on the skirt and a collar decoration in pale fawn tinted Thibet goat fur.

"Our choice of a hat to go with this wabbled for a time between a stitched felt in mushroom shape, so very much worn by school girls this winter, and a pretty chapeau of brown felt having a frilled brim of a lighter weight of felt elaborately stitched. The brown hat seemed the more suitable, so we ordered it lined with a pale shade of brown surah, full gathered and corded at intervals, and then a tuft of shaded brown plumes at one side gave the proper touch of elegance." MARY DEAN.

SOCIAL RANK IN WASHINGTON.

Problems in Etiquet to Be Dealt with in Official Circles.

There are some new and interesting questions of position and precedence in that complicated organization known as official society. One of these is suggested by the recent matrimonial departure of Admiral Dewey. It is long since Washington society has had a full fledged admiral to deal with and there has been some misapprehension as to the exact niche in the social structure his wife is entitled to. It has been said and published frequently that on account of her husband's exalted position, Mrs. Dewey would take precedence of the cabinet women and rank next to Lady Pauncefote, the wife of the British ambassador. This is a mistake. It has been decided by the powers that be that Mrs. Dewey will hold only the place which belongs to her husband by reason of his position at the head of the navy and which is no greater therefore than has been held formerly by the senior rear admiral of the service.

Accordingly Mrs. Dewey will be outranked not only by the wives of the ambassadors and cabinet ministers, but by those of foreign ministers and the judges of the supreme court. Except on occasions when her husband is the guest of honor her place will be pretty far down the line of reception.

It was suggested also that the recent transformation of the British ambassador, Sir Julian Pauncefote, to Lord Pauncefote might affect the social position of his wife and daughters. Inasmuch as ambassadorial rank is determined by seniority of position and as Lady Pauncefote was already at the head of the diplomatic circle, this is not the case. In fact the death of the vice president and the consequent absence of Mrs. Hobart from society places Lady Pauncefote next to Mrs. McKinley on all occasions of official entertainment. At diplomatic dinners in the White House, for example, President McKinley takes in Lady Pauncefote and Lord Pauncefote accompanies Mrs. McKinley. The only exception to this rule of precedence is in the house of a foreign representative. There the secretary of state takes precedence over all others and consequently Mrs. Hay for the time being outranks all the other women present, no matter if the whole ambassadorial corps is represented.

The death of the vice president will have no other important effect on the regulation of official position. It is true that Mr. Hobart's place as presiding officer of the senate will be taken by one of the members of that body, but the latter will not be entitled to the social position usually occupied by the vice president. His wife will merely rank ahead of other senators' wives in official functions.

The regular order of precedence sanctioned by long usage in Washington is as follows: The wife of the president, the wife of the vice president, the wife of the senior ambassador and then the other five ambassadors in order of seniority, the wife of the secretary of state and the other ladies of the cabinet in order, the wives of foreign ministers in order of seniority as determined by their husbands' service, the wives of supreme court judges, the ladies of the army and navy and then the wives of senators and representatives. The latter, as is generally known, are so far along the line that unless they have special social recommendations they never "arrive" to use a technical society expression.

Among those in the senatorial ranks who are expected to take a prominent place in the lighter life of the capital this winter are Senator Depew and Senator Hanna. The Hannas have heretofore lived in a hotel during their stay in Washington. Consequently their opportunities for entertaining have been decidedly limited. For this winter, however, the Ohio senator has taken a pleasant and roomy house which is expected to be the scene of numerous functions. Besides the well understood friendship between the Hannas and the president's family guarantees the former a place of certain importance, and it is understood that Mrs. Hanna will take over from Mrs. McKinley's shoulders a portion of her unofficial social burdens.

The unique position in Washington society is that occupied by Mrs. Brigham, whose husband, Colonel Brigham, U. S. A., is the superintendent of the government grounds and buildings. The incumbent of this position is recognized as a sort of social assistant to the president's wife since her position brings her into more or less intimate relations with the occupants of the White House. For example, it is the custom to send out each day from the White House conservatory a number of bouquets which are distributed among the ladies in official society and the making out of these lists devolves upon Mrs. Brigham. Many other little social duties fall to her lot, such as the task of making introductions to Mrs. McKinley at receptions. In common with Mrs. Porter, the wife of the president's private secretary, therefore, Mrs. Brigham occupies a place of considerable influence and importance. As both Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Brigham are personally attractive and pleasant, they are popular with Washingtonians.

HOW TO CURL STRAIGHT HAIR.

Proper Method for Training My Lady's Unruly Locks.

In the curling of the hair there is a certain knack to be acquired before attaining that much-desired result, so dear to every

WINTER COSTUME FOR HALF GROWN GIRL.

owner of straight locks—the naturally curly look. Even a pretty face is improved by the addition of curls, and a plain one is softened and made more attractive by turning the harsh outline into a wavy mass, for the faces are few that can stand the classic severity of a Grecian coiffure.

The question, therefore, is how to manage one's unruly locks, how to supply, to the best of one's ability, what nature has denied—the pretty, rippling tresses which will elicit from some good-natured acquaintance the remark that she always "thought your hair was naturally curly."

First, there are the numberless appliances for turning one's head into a bristling porcupine by night. When a girl surveys herself in her mirror before retiring and catches a glimpse of a disfiguring halo, which even the addition of blue bows will not render becoming, she sighs reflectively, considers the discomfort of sleeping on knobs of hair and takes to the inevitable—the curling irons. To obtain most satisfactory results a tight curling is not advisable. That destroys any possible look of nature's handiwork—and surely straight locks are preferable to "frizzes."

A very important factor is that of curling the hair artistically, for there can be no illusion about a beautifully curled pompadour while the back hair is uncompromisingly straight. If a low style of coiffure is worn it is only necessary to curl the front and sides, but where the hair is dressed high it is most important not to neglect the back of the head. This will at first be awkward work, but will grow less difficult with practice, and nothing is prettier than a soft outline at the nape of the neck.

SHE ENJOYED THE PERFORMANCE.

Retort of Young Girl at the Theater to a Rude Man's Apology.

It was at one of the leading theaters of Chicago that the incident happened, relates the Chronicle. It was not an unusual incident, by any means, but the dialogue proved of exceptional interest to all who were fortunate enough to hear it. In fact, much of the interest was transferred for a while from the stage to the two-part show which was going on in front of the footlights. It was a case of suave politeness and courtesy in the person of a lovely young girl opposed to rudeness and a tardy apology from a big, red-faced, ungallant man. This is the manner of the performance not one in the program.

He was, as has been said, large, red of face, wheezy of breath by reason of an expanse of waistcoat and shortness of neck. He occupied a seat in the center of the row in the orchestra chairs. She was a gentle, sweet-faced girl, calm and sedate, dressed in a gauzy gown heavily crusted with jet spangles. She also wore a fur and tulle hat which, with her opera glass case and her wrap, she held in her lap in compliance with the Plotke law. She had a seat three removes nearer the isle than the one occupied by the wheezy man.

She was on the improvised stage first. That is, she reached her seat before he did and was comfortably settled to enjoy the performance. He was late and she rose to let him pass. He wanted to see a man after the first act and she was compelled to rise again to let him out. This byplay occurred a third time when he had seen the man. Then the second act was reeled off and the big man found it necessary to go out again. Fourth rise for the woman. Then she made the fifth ascension as he struggled in when the third act—the most exciting of the play—was well under way. Some faint glimmering of propriety penetrated his intellect. He paused just before completing his clumsy evolution.

"I beg your pardon," he muttered. Then he plunged on and smashed the hat, already badly battered out of all original semblance to itself, tore off a few more spangles and twisted his frame through to where his seat was.

"I hope you will not mention it," said the girl sweetly as she resumed her seat and

THE DEBUTANTE'S ROSE-TINTED BODICE.

arranged things. "Please don't mention it. I enjoy it so much."

She delivered the words in a cultivated voice, to be sure, but she elevated that same voice so that her words were heard some half a dozen rows back of her. The fat man gasped, fell into his seat and mopped his face. He sat in that seat until the end of the play, gazing fixedly at a small window in the set as if fascinated. The red expanded well back on his neck as he listened to the twitter of laughter and comment of others on the byplay. A round of applause following the girl's speech only tended to make him more miserable.

SHE STOPPED THE MONOTONY.

Sagacious Wife Who Became Weary of Her Husband's Good Conduct.

"Never had a case like it before," laughed one of Detroit's lawyers, who is in the prime of life and enjoys a valuable practice. "Don't suppose I'll ever have another one. It bothered me more than I can tell, too.

"I knew them both well, for she and I grew up together, and I liked him. She came to me one day with a request that I get her a divorce. I was never so shocked or surprised, but she was insistent. I told her how absolutely free he was from bad habits, how his life one day was like that of another, and that there was not a more exemplary husband in the city of Detroit. He was a man to be proud of and to cling to.

"But I was only going over the very grounds of her complaint. He made life dead level, a dreary monotony for her. In her girlhood she had been full of life and vivacity. Her whole family had been fond of amusements and at home there was a continual round of merriment. Now there was a dull, unchanging routine and she was determined to escape it. I asked a day or two to prepare her case and then hunted up her husband.

"After a long talk I induced him to take my advice. He did not drink a drop, but he was worked up sufficiently to make an admirable actor. At 1 a. m. his wife, pale and wondering, let him in while he was yelling for her to throw him a latch key. He was a wreck. His hat was crushed down to his ears, his necktie hung to the rear collar button, his eyes blazed and his tongue was thick. He had heard of the divorce proceedings. Her love must have gone back to one of her old flames. 'He's doomed,' roared the unusually gentle husband as he flourished an empty revolver. 'Life is nothing to me without your love. I'll finish him! Who is he? Where is he? Don't try to keep me from him,' as she clung about his neck and looked a new joy. 'Is it that sap-headed Jones out in California or that poor little Brown who has gone to Colorado?'

"By 5 he was listening to reason. When I went to the office at 9 she was there and ordered me to drop that foolish proceeding. She had the best husband on earth."

MRS. PALMER SAVED THE DAY.

How She Preserved the Reputation of a World's Fair Bureau.

Appointment of Mrs. Potter Palmer as first of American commissioners to the universal exhibition at Paris next year will give universal satisfaction for many reasons. None will be more gratified, relates the Chicago Times-Herald, than a small number who learned at the time a droll incident of the Columbian board of lady managers, of which, happily for the country, Mrs. Palmer was president. The story is now printed for the first time.

It was a few months before the opening date. Every department was busily at work preparing "copy" for the bureau of promotion and publicity to promulgate. That office was necessarily limited as to the amount of "news" it was authorized to send out daily or weekly. The "copy" received from the departments was rigidly reduced within the day's or week's limit. The chief of fine arts, when his proof was returned, was often wroth to find his 5,000 words about the contents of the catalogue condensed to 500. The newspapers all over the globe, to which the proofs were regularly mailed, could not exclude everything else to make room for the Columbian exhibition prospects. The board of lady managers received from all over the globe volunteer compositions, many of which were unavailable, some of them untimely and a few preposterous. One of the committees was concerned with the achievements of women in architecture. A carefully prepared biography of Sabina von Steinbach arrived at the last moment one day, when the usual portfolio of "copy" was about to go to the bureau of promotion and publicity. One of the industrious clerks read it and was surprised and delighted to find that it would make a full column of live reading about Sabina von Steinbach and her extraordinary genius as shown upon the cathedral of Strasbourg, of which her father Erwin had been one of the architects.

The practice was to submit all the proofs to Mrs. Palmer before they were returned approved to the bureau of promotion and publicity for dissemination. There was pleasant pride in the office of the board of lady managers when the column or more about the renown of Sabina von Steinbach came back. Neatly rolled in a rubber band it was laid unopened upon Mrs. Palmer's desk. The accomplished head of the board opened it and, instead of finding a column of demonstration that Sabina, the beautiful young maid, had designed important portions of the famous fane on the Rhine, Mrs. Palmer read with something akin to stupefaction only this: "Distinguished woman architect coming to the World's fair. The board of lady managers expect Sabina von Steinbach, architect of the cathedral of Strasbourg, to be with them during the fair."

Mrs. Palmer's face as she re-read the proof attracted the eager attention of her assistants and of the several lady managers who dropped into the office at that moment. Mrs. Palmer's face, habitually immobile and kind, changed from grave to gay, from lively to severe, with unprecedented rapidity. No trace of irritation appeared, of course, nor any of levity. Taking a pencil from a dainty case, the president of the board wrote on the margin of the proof:

"Please kill this paragraph. Sabina von Steinbach has been dead more than 500 years."

Thus the world missed an announcement that would have been profoundly startling. As the cause of the blue pencil mark of the president became known in the office there was a scene of self-restraint which those who participated in it have never forgotten. The escape had been too narrow for congratulations.

It was found out after a week or two how the catastrophe came near precipitation. The messenger who had taken the portfolio of "copy" to the bureau of promotion and publicity had presented the column about Sabina von Steinbach to the wrong pigeonhole. Instead of going into that lettered "architects" it was carefully deposited in that with the legend of "distinguished foreigners expected during the fair." The "copy" reader, snatching it hastily, caught the name "Sabina von Steinbach," knew it was a woman's name, and reduced the column to a paragraph of his own, according to that day's order. It was fortunate that Mrs. Palmer was, as usual, at her desk when the proof reached her office.

WORRYING ABOUT TRIFLES.

Feminine Failing Contrasted with Man's Indifference.

From time immemorial women have been told—by women as well as men, though naturally more often by the latter—that worry digs wrinkles in their faces and sprinkles gray among their tresses. These warnings do little good. The fair creatures go on worrying and will probably continue to do so until the millennium comes. The Detroit Free Press asks why this is so, and then proceeds to answer its own question in this way. The question of worry with women seems to be simply this: Women are so hedged about by the littlenessis of their protected lives— for it is the protected woman who does the most worrying—that it is hard to see beyond and above sometimes, and matters in this way get wholly out of focus. If women had the capacity with men of getting up and doing battle with things worry would slip off their shoulders as easily as from off those of the average masculine. Man doesn't worry about debt, because he feels that he has it within him (since money-making is his business) to make sufficient money to pay his debts—some time. Women look at it more practically and consider the now.

Man doesn't generally worry about his health, because he really has not the time. Let him become ill, though, and have to stop his work, and how is it with him? Man doesn't worry about the future—he is so madly interested in the present; nor about his clothes, for the tailor stands between him and that; nor about home matters—they, from his point of view, are too trivial—until he comes home to a badly cooked dinner, and then in his broad outlook there is no excuse for this state of things, for in business circles if an employe does not do his work properly his employer gets someone who can, a method that will yet come to be a powerful lever in the leveling of women's worries.

GOOD FOR THE MONEY.

Mrs. Hazen's Apt Retort to a Parsimonious Congressman.

Besides being a woman of great beauty and talent, the wife of Admiral Dewey possesses ready wit. An incident has just been related illustrative of this faculty, occurring when she was the wife of General Hazen and residing in Washington. As is universally known, General Hazen was the first head of the weather bureau in Washington and found the new position by no means a sinecure. It was almost impossible to persuade the members of congress to vote for him the necessary funds with which to carry out his plans as he desired, and he was at the same time grumbled at as if he were positively and personally responsible for the weather, which it was a fad of the moment to say that he furnished. Mrs. Hazen was the recipient of all his woes and gave him her full sympathy, especially one spring when the appropriation had been shamefully cut down by the economy-loving chairman of the committee on that special appropriation.

A BRILLIANT HOUSE BODICE

A few days after the passing of the mutilated bill Mrs. Hazen was a guest at an afternoon reception at the house of one of the cabinet members, where the most detestable and unendurable weather, untimely and unlooked for, was the topic of the moment. As Mrs. Hazen crossed the room to make her adieus to her hostess she was waylaid by the arriving chairman of the offending committee, who accosted her thus:

"Well, Mrs. Hazen, well madam, and is this the best your husband can do for us in the way of weather?"

Mrs. Hazen turned, looked at him with a sudden flash in her pretty eyes, then answered, clearly and sweetly:

"Yes, Mr. Blank, the very best—for the appropriation."

The discomfited man fled, in the midst of the hardly concealed smiles of the surrounding guests.

REWARDED WITH A SWORD.

Plucky Cuban Girl Who Unearthed a Spanish Plot.

There is a real heroine of the Cuban war in New York. She is barely 19 years old. She is extremely good looking. She is engaged to be married to a soldier of the war—a captain in the personal escort of General Gomez. He also is young and—she says—good looking.

Her name is Julia E. Delofeu. Her father is a missionary, and she is helping him to raise money enough to buy a printing press and take it to Cuba, where he will edit a religious paper. Three hundred dollars are needed, and to raise this he would sell at 25 cents a copy a neat little pamphlet of his own composition, with this title: "Historical and Biographical Notes of the Cuban Mission, by Rev. M. Delofeu; translated from the Spanish by Miss E. Askew."

Julia was 6 years old when her father came from Cuba to Key West. There he became a Protestant, and was received in 1880 into the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal church.

When Maximo Gomez and his escort came to Havana for their great reception the senorita was one of the first women presented to him. The general invited her to go to a ball with him. She refused his invitation because the Methodist church discountenanced dancing.

As a result of this refusal she met one of the captains of the general's escort—Rafael de Armas. He was handsome and intellectual. He wooed her as a soldier and won her. The wedding will take place soon.

But the supreme act which endears her to the Americans in Havana is the discovery of the plot which the Spaniards were hatching to bring about a massacre of Americans the day the stars and stripes were raised in Havana. They had intended to dress their men in Cuban uniforms, so that the obloquy of the massacre should attach to Spain's enemies. It was the Senorita Julia who frustrated this plot. For two weeks she followed first one clue and then another until she discovered the five places where the stores of ammunition and guns were concealed. Then she took her information to Captain Greble and these stacks of guns and cartridges were confiscated and the danger was over. In return one of the swords found was given to her by General Ludlow. This sword she, in her turn, gave to the Simpre Viva club, the only Cuban club which held together in Havana throughout the war.

TALK ABOUT WOMEN.

Jennie June Croly, known the world over as a clever writer and advocate of the advancement of her sex, will be 70 years old next Tuesday.

Mrs. Sarth D. Marden, a real daughter, was admitted to the Paul Jones chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, in Boston the other day. Her father, Richard Seaward, was a sergeant of marines on Paul Jones' ship, the Bon Homie Richard.

Barkeley, Cal., is troubled by the reported rejection from the select Town and Gown club of Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, wife of the president of the University of California. She is said to have been defeated by the town faction, who object to having too many university people among the members.

Many of the nurses who went to South Africa with the Canadian troops are members of well known families in the dominion. The head nurse, for example, is the youngest sister of Joseph Pope, undersecretary of state. She has been a nurse in at least three United States hospitals. Another of the Canadian nurses is the daughter of Judge Forbes of Halifax.

The ex-Empress Eugenie is in good health, but greatly depressed by the death of Mme. Lebreton, her reader and constant companion ever since her flight from Paris. In referring to her the other day the ex-empress said: "She was so cheerful and gay and used to make me laugh and now I can remember her as the sweetest and most devoted of my friends."

Mrs. Roy Devereux of London, who is visiting friends in Cincinnati, is the author of "Sue Lights in South Africa." She is a friend of Cecil Rhodes and considers him the most remarkable of living Englishmen. As correspondent of the London Post she spent a year in the Transvaal and says Kruger is regarded by the best of his countrymen as ignorant and a fanatic.

Corn would still be standing in the fields of Marshall county, Kan., if the women had not turned out and helped to gather it. The crop was unusually large this year and help was not only scarce, but was not to be secured at any price. The women, seeing that men could not be secured and that the crop was going to waste, turned out and husked the corn themselves. Among those who turned their attention to corn husking were the two accomplished and college-bred daughters of Charles Mulhern, a farmer living near Beattie, Kan. Mamie is 20 years old and quite pretty, a splendid Latin and Greek scholar; her sister Kate is 18, a high school girl, bright, vivacious, intelligent and good looking, but they harnessed their own teams, drove to the fields and gathered corn until their father's crop was safely housed. This was their first experience at corn husking.

Miss Elsie Reasoner, the celebrated war correspondent and only American woman who witnessed the coronation of Queen Wilhelmina, is the recipient of new honors, as she is the youngest member of the Paris commission, being the Chicago representative of the Associated Press at the French capital. The New York and London offices will be represented by experienced men, but this young girl with twenty summers to her credit was unanimously chosen for this responsible position by the manager of the three departments, as she has fully demonstrated her ability as a correspondent. Miss Reasoner's "luck" is proverbial, but when analyzed it is the legitimate outcome of an almost occult power to foresee a possibility, an unerring instinct to grasp an opportunity and a Napoleonic spirit that defies defeat and commands success.

Frills of Fashion.

The combination of mink and ermine appears among the novelties in fur neckwear.

The classic and graceful chatelaine appears again among the accessories of artistic evening attire and the smartest of these are of fine gold in filigree set with small vari-colored real gems.

Toques with sable crowns and brims of mirror velvet, trimmed with muslin flowers, are a feature of millinery. Roses are the special kind and the smaller sizes are much used, a wreath of white roses being the only trimming on a sable hat.

The warmest things in skirts not flannel are made of a soft elastic silk material, a sort of matelasse cloth, and edged with embroidered silk ruffles. They are very pretty, but in the French underwear they are not inexpensive.

Effective evening gowns have net overdresses worn over contrasting silk foundations and small silk flowers such as are used in millinery are tacked to the net. They are in color to match the goods beneath or in a contrasting color, as red flowers on black net over white satin.

The most appropriate of the extensive array of hats for holiday wear are the graceful little French toques of dark moss-green velvet, trimmed with holly berries, mistletoe sprays and a cluster of shaded green ostrich plumes.

The old-fashioned box plaits are to be seen as the trimming of underskirts. A box-plaited ruffle is four or five inches wide. There are one or two-inch wide plaits separated by an equal space and the plaiting is stitched on an inch or so below the upper edge and the top of each plait is caught down.

Nearly all the new house gowns have soft, pretty collars covered with silk-muslin ruches, the bands cut much higher on the sides or at the back than in front. In the holiday exhibit of fancy neckwear, net, in various dainty weaves and meshes, is quite as fashionable as chiffon or mousseline de soie.

A handsome gown of tan velvet has the over-dress outlined with a design in cut cloth applique, stitched on with gold thread, the design edged with a tiny gold braid. The body of the overdress is covered with a small all-over pattern of the cut cloth, each design set some distance apart and stitched on with the gold thread.

Long coats of velvet, a half fitting, loose sacque, in shapes without any seam in the middle of the back, are one of the specialties in winter garments. Wide bands of stitched panne are the trimming, and distinguishing feature in this style of garment, whether of cloth or velvet, are triple revers, one of cloth like the coat, one of white satin embroidered with lace on the edge and one of colored cloth covered with stitching.

A pretty dinner gown is made of alternate narrow strips of accordion plaited crepe de chine and lace. The plaits are set close together at the waist line and gradually widen to the lower edge of the skirt. The narrow panels of lace are slightly narrower at the waist and also widen gradually to the edge of the skirt. The bodice is made of alternate horizontal rows of the lace and plaited crepe also.

For evening a pretty way to dress the hair is first to wave it with hair-curlers, if nature has not done this for you. Arrange the hair in the revived French-twist style, coiled, however, very loosely, and softly puffed at the top in front; save out a strand that you roll a la pompadour, and if you wish this effect accentuated, twist the hair over night on rather large pins. Curl little tendrils of short hair about the forehead, fasten a half-wreath of pink or damask roses with a delicate rosebud aigrette, and arrester two effective loops of black velvet ribbon, just back of the pompadour roll—and the effect is charming.

Stylish young women are wearing with their winter shirtwaists of silk, satin or cloth in cream, cherry-red and other colors, the stiff stock of our revolutionary ancestors, seen in miniatures and in larger portraits. The style has been repeated almost quite literally, but effectively, in black satin, to wear with every sort of waist, in black and white effects, and in pretty bright color inclosures, with gray, tan and similar waists of neutral tints. It has the appearance of a scarf carried twice around the neck and tied in a bow in front, above the high collar band, which is stiff enough to keep the ends of the bias silk or ribbon in place.

If you have not time to solve this Brain Test today, cut out this advertisement and save it until you have time. It will be one of the most interesting and profitable things you ever did. Thousands of people already have made a little fortune by this great opportunity.

THE PENNY MAGAZINE BRAIN TEST.

The Two-Fifths Letter Contest.

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EFFICIENCY
INGENUITY

Immediately above this line the reader sees three lines of incomplete letters, which, if complete, would spell four words. Only the lower two-fifths of each letter appears, the other three-fifths having been cut off. What are these four words? They are taken from this very advertisement. The words are not separated from each other; but neither are the incomplete letters mixed up at all. There is no transposition or other trick. Taken one letter right after the other from the first to the twenty-third, they spell four words. Each word appears but once in this advertisement. They are four separate and distinct words. They appear in different places in the advertisement, not in sequence, and no two words appear in one line of the advertisement.

The winning contestants must decide what are the four words which the letters above, if complete, would spell, and in just what line of the advertisement each of the four words is. It is a most interesting contest. There is no chance about it. It requires only ingenuity and painstaking care in its solution. The four words may be determined and located in five minutes, or it may take an hour or two to decide what they are, and to find them. The prizes aggregate Five Hundred Dollars. **Two Hundred Dollars** will be paid for the correct solution; **One Hundred Dollars** for the nearest correct; **Fifty Dollars** for the second nearest correct, and **Twenty-five Dollars** each for the next six nearest correct. If the prize in any given case shall be won by more than one, the prize will be equally divided among the winners.

All results should be addressed to Brain Contest Editor, The Penny Magazine, 189 Fifth Ave., New York City. The contest will close Jan. 15th, and the announcement of the result will be made in the February number of THE PENNY MAGAZINE, the winners receiving their prizes before February 1st.

As most people know, THE PENNY MAGAZINE is one of the greatest successes of recent times in the publishing world. Its editor and manager is Thomas C. Quinn, formerly of the editorial staff of The Boston Globe and The New York Press. He is the man who first suggested and popularized, while managing editor of The Press, in 1880, the now national idea of having the American flag displayed on all public schools and buildings every day.

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