

WOMEN AND FASHION

A Mistake, Perhaps.
 "Madam," he said, when the woman of the house appeared in answer to his knock, "I have called for the suit of your husband's clothes which needs brushing and repairing."
 "He said you were to call, did he?" she asked after a moment's thought.
 "Oh, yes."
 "Did he look and act natural?"
 "I didn't notice any change in him. Why do you ask?"
 "Because he has been dead these fifteen years and I have some curiosity in the subject!"
 "I—I think there may be a mistake here!" muttered the man, as he began backing away.
 "Yes, perhaps there is," she replied with a smile. "You probably saw a man go out of here an hour or two ago. That was my nephew and you ought to have got things straighter."

Forbidden Fruit.
 "Your governess appears to be like me of the family."
 "Oh, yes; she is."
 "Says she wouldn't leave you for anything."
 "Yes, I know."
 "She must love the children."
 "Devotedly. She is a treasure. I wouldn't give her up in the world."
 "Your husband also thinks lots of her."
 "I—I suppose so."
 "Yes, he told my husband she was a peach."
 And next day the poor governess was fired.—Houston Post.

The Other Side.
 "Is this Miss De Muir?"
 "Yes, sir. Pray be seated."
 "Thank you, Miss De Muir, I am Mr. Hoppendyke. I wish to ask you what your intentions are in permitting my son to dance attendance upon you six evenings in the week."
 "You let people domineer over you too much, Henry," said Mrs. Enpeck. "You should learn to say 'no' occasionally."
 "Yes, that's right," rejoined Enpeck "and I wish to the land you had said it on a certain occasion."

What Worried Him.
 Alloway—Debt is causing Skimp-leigh a great deal of trouble now.
 Jenalogs—Is that so? I wasn't aware that he owed a dollar.
 Alloway—He doesn't, and that's just the trouble, nobody will give him credit.

Not an Epicure.



Aw, my dear, to you I will give my whole heart."
 "I thank you, but I am not at all fond of giblets."

An Awful Jolt.
 "You can't name one of the lower animals that I cannot imitate," boasted the amateur ventriloquist.
 "Perhaps not," replied the weary maid. "Neither can I name an animal that would lower itself by trying to imitate you."

His Superiors.
 The Lady—Now that I have given you a dinner, are you equal to the task of sawing some wood?
 The Hobo—Equal is not the proper word, madam; I'm superior to it.

Boulevard Repartee.
 "Why do you need a horn?" asked the wagon. "I have no use for one."
 "Yes," replied the automobile, "but then you have a tongue."

Ancient.
 Sharpe—One of our great professors says that football players are crazy.
 Whealton—Has he just found that out?

Had No Kick Coming.
 "See here!" exclaimed the irate collector, "how many more times must I call for the balance due on this bill?"
 "My dear sir," replied Ardupp, "if you never call again I will not be offended."

Yes, Verily!
 He—A man usually treats a woman right.
 She—Yes; but there are exceptions to all rules, you know.
 He—What's the exception to this one?
 She—He sometimes marries her.

Why She Can't Love Him.
 Mrs. De Swift—I could love my husband but for one thing.
 Mrs. Hemer—And what is that?
 Mrs. De Swift—The fact that I am wanted to him.

A PERSIAN TRAGEDY.
Sublime Courage by Which Princess Salome Escaped Her Master.
 James Baker, a well known traveler and writer, tells a curious story of a war 100 years ago. The Persian shah was besieging Tiflis, and the husband of the Princess Salome had been slain in the siege. When the Persians entered and sacked the town Salome tried to save her young son, but he was torn from her arms and hacked in pieces before her eyes. Her own life was spared and she was borne to the camp outside the walls of Tiflis to the shah. He sold her to Djafar Bek, who shut her up in a castle—a part of which still remains—near where now is the lovely tropical botanical garden of Tiflis. Charmed by her beauty, he asked her to become his wife. She refused and begged her purchaser to slay her. The Persian gave her a night to reconsider the matter and on the next day he lay reclining on a great cushion under a tree on that hot, sunny hillside and awaited her answer. Presently she appeared before him, veiled in a long, pure white robe, calm and stately, her face deathly pale. She advanced, her armed jailers following her. The Persian waved his followers aside and asked the princess, "You consent to be my wife?" "Yes," was the solemn answer. "I consent to love you, for after the death of my husband and son it is my destiny; there is no other fate for me."
 "In Georgia," said the princess, "there are certain families that possess strange powers and dark secrets. My mother foretold I should be the wife of a Djafar, and from my mother I, too, receive these powers to read the future." The Persian was impressed by her manner and her presence. She saw her power. "Give me your hand," she said. "Let me read there if I shall have long years of happiness with you." He held forth his hand. She held it until it slightly trembled in her fingers. Then she burst forth with a cry of horror, "Oh, my master, knowest thou that death awaits thee, perchance this very night?" Djafar Bek trembled now. "Thou wilt die by the hand of a man thou hast this day offended." "Is it by Assa Dhoulla Bek?" he asked. "We quarreled to-day and about you. He would have bought you." "Oh, my master," exclaimed Salome, "to save thee I must have some object upon which he has looked to-day then I can avert this evil and make his arms useless against thee."
 "What! You can do this?" exclaimed Djafar incredulously. "Most certainly. Give me your dagger." He drew it and handed it to her. She held it up and, looking up to the blue heavens above, murmured a prayer; then, handing it back to him said: "Now it is useless. It can slay no one." He looked at her unbelievably. "Try it," she exclaimed. "Strike here!" He struck the blow where her finger rested full upon her heart. The keen blade went swiftly home, and she fell at his feet, exclaiming, "O, God, receive my soul!" Then she lay dead.

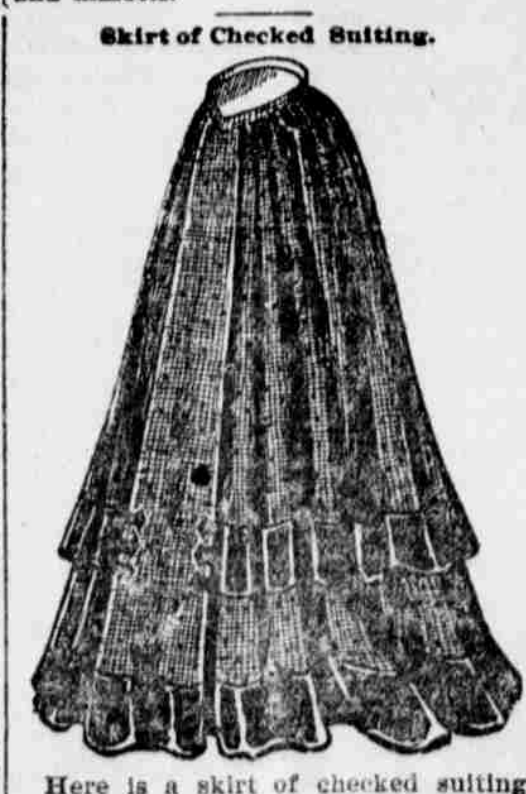
Cattle in the Yosemite.
 In his annual report John Bigelow Jr., superintendent of Yosemite National Park, recommends that cattle be allowed to graze within the confines of the district over which he presides, as preventive of forest fires.
 He states that by diminishing the amount of grass the cattle will destroy one of the principal means of starting fires; by cutting trails, as cattle all ways do on grazing fields of any extent, they provide guards, which, if they do not stop the progress of fires will at least be useful in combating such danger by the usual methods of back-firing, and in addition to these reasons the cattle in the park insure the interest of a number of cattle men, herders cowboys, etc., who will not only take an active part in preventing fires and assist in their suppression, but will also keep the superintendent informed as to the condition of the reservation in places which he is not likely to visit, and will give prompt alarm in time of fire.
 Mr. Bigelow also recommends the acquisition by the United States of the Yosemite valley, now owned by the State of California. His recommendations include also the purchase of the tollroads in the park leading to the valley; the purchase by the government of certain patented lands which are scattered over the park and constitute a considerable part of its area, perhaps 100 square miles, and the cutting off of eight townships, an area of about twelve miles by twenty, from the national park.

Know What It Meant.
 "Hello, Uncle John," exclaimed the village nephew, as he warmly grasped the old farmer's hand. "I'm awfully glad to see you looking so well. How is my good aunt and dear little cousins?"
 "Here, boy," interrupted the wisest old ruralite, as he pulled out his pocketbook, "how much do you need this time?"
 Fewer women commit suicide than men, yet during the rush hours you can see a lot of them hanging to car straps.

Men Will Marry a Laugh.
 Girls spend considerable time trying to find out how to be popular. It is natural that a girl should seek approval and admiration. Her popularity means a good time, boxes of candy, theaters, dances, flowers, everything that the hearts of the young delight in.
 The girl that is popular is the girl who laughs. Not the girl that simps and puckers or giggles, but the girl that laughs and means it. The girl that laughs can have candy and flowers and theaters every day in the week.
 Men flock about her. They adore her. She laughs herself straight into the hearts of beaux and admirers and straight into all the good times that a girl can dream of.
 She laughs, but she is careful when she laughs. She laughs with her beaux, but never at them. She laughs at what they say when they say it, but never afterward. She laughs at their jokes, but never about them. She never laughs at anyone's blunders or misfortunes.
 She laughs when the beaux give her flowers, she laughs when they give her candy, she laughs when they take her to the theater. Why shouldn't she? Her laugh is her fortune. Above all, the girl who knows how to laugh knows when to laugh and never laughs when she should be silent.
 She merely goes through life with her laugh ready and into many dark corners does she flash its cheer. Many a heart she makes glad just by passing. Many a burden she lightens by the music of her voice.
 Women forget to worry when they hear the cheerful girl's laugh. Old men are warmed at the sound of it. Young men listen and follow it, pay court to it, marry it. For it is the laugh that keeps the heart young, the laugh that keeps the face bright.
 What man wants a wife that cannot laugh? And the boy following the laugh is looking for a wife. He may not know it, but he is. And he will find her when he finds that cheerful, wholesome, honest, wholesome, healthy laugh.—Kansas City World.

About Politeness.
 The reason that the French people enjoy the well-earned reputation of being the polite people in the world is because la politesse, or good breeding, is an accomplishment they always acquire at home and in childhood. A Frenchman, his wife, and a couple of children will observe all the most exquisite social amenities in the privacy of their own vine and fig tree, and the family life presents all the social advantages they require. A French boy of even the humblest parentage does not wait to go out in the world to learn how to offer a woman a chair, give an elderly gentleman his arm, invite you to dine, or discover the topics of conversation that engage your interest. He has lived from his babyhood in an atmosphere of family deference and cheerfully unselfish consideration, and he is charmingly polite by precept and example wherever he may find himself.

Skirt of Checked Suiting.
 Here is a skirt of checked suiting in green and blue with heavy embroidered dot. The skirt is full, finely plaited at the waist, with wide box plait in front. A wide band of velvet simulates a tunic, and is joined by shaped tabs to the front plait; another fold of the velvet of equal width borders the skirt. Suitable for moiré.



What Pleases a Man.
 Generally speaking, a man likes to be told he is handsome, whether he is or not. He likes to be told he has small feet. This is a tip for wives. There is more virtue in a pair of tight shoes in keeping a man at home in the evenings than in all the Tea Com-

mandments. It pleases a man to be asked for advice. You don't need to take it. Most men have advice to give away, and they are always willing to bestow it on woman gratis. It pleases a man for a woman to depend on him. This is the reason why many foolish girls could get two husbands apiece, while strong-minded women remain old maids.



Bracelets have returned on a wave of popularity.
 Broadtail is as popular as anything so expensive can be.
 Flat, turndown collars finish most of the fur cloaks and coats.
 There are big fluffy muffs of marabout to match the pretty bonnets.
 Persian trimming is largely used for vests and gown decorations.
 Even the debutante indulges in satin, so soft and light has that fabric become.
 Buttons cannot be too big and fancy, even the fur coats fastening with most ornate jeweled disks.
 Plain rich velvet, ornamented with

rarely seen nowadays in its unadorned style. Lovely women are artificial products, and really lovely children are as scarce as auks' eggs. The reason is that our expressions have grown anxious, eager, cold, our limbs and members are strained out of shape by over-exercise and our complexions and hair are starved for lack of nerve force. The exquisite complexions, luxuriant locks, delicate features and clear, innocent-looking eyes that one associates with beauty are so seldom seen as to be quite remarkable when they are, and we are threatened with a still further decrease of these elements of good looks unless we bring back our gifts to the plain and primitive style of upbringing, which perhaps after all is the best for them. The "larger life" certainly has its drawbacks.

A Well-Bred Woman.
 Rarely wears elaborate or startling costumes on the street.
 Never leaves her house before putting on her gloves.
 Never dresses too elaborately when receiving guests in her own house.
 If she wears a train practices holding up her skirt in front of a glass before going out.
 Never attempts to be the most handsomely gowned at an entertainment, or if she does, takes care to be unostentatious both in manners and dress.
 Is always the same in her manner

EVENING TOILETTES.



1. Simple frock of white satin, trimmed with real lace and festoons of chiffon roses.
2. Debutante costume of white chiffon.
3. White net, spangled with gold and having as decoration an applied design in black ostrich tips. Black jet shoulderstraps and golden tissue girdle.
4. Dinner gown of green silk, with diamond design in velvet and corded silk.

lace, is the most attractive expression of the winter modes yet heralded.
 Turbans with entire crowns of silk blossoms and brims of fur are a beautiful anomaly of this riotous year.
 Such a smart skating rig is made of white corduroy, trimmed with sable and worn with sable toque and muff.
 The smartest model of a tailored coat is a tight-fitting affair, 36 to 50 inches long, perfect in adjustment and finish.

When a woman must wear a stiff collar one of embroidered linen turned over a smartly tied black bow is the best.
 For the blue and green gown there are petticoats of blue moiré with accordion-plaited founce in the two shades.
 Some of the tricorne hats whereof the tops are beaver are simply smooth black velvet on the under side of the rolling brim.
 The new kid gloves for business wear come lined with bright plaids in silk and wool and afford an excellent substitute for a muff.

Beauty's Downfall.
 A warning note is struck by a lady, who has both medical and literary skill, against the reckless disregard of those laws which make for beauty. We Americans are growing plainer, she avers, simply because we allow even our children to be affected by the stress and strain of modern life. The smartness, the ability to look after themselves and the athleticism of the women and children of the present time spell physical ruin. Beauty is

toward other people and never by any means allows herself to show by glance or speech her dislike of any one else.



At a wedding seats are reserved for the parents and relatives, this is usually done by stretching a white ribbon across the church aisle.
 At a small dinner or tea the conversation should be general, it would be bad form to devote one's self to the next neighbor exclusively.
 When a gentleman asks a mutual friend to introduce him to a lady it is customary to ask her permission before the request is granted.
 When visiting you should ask permission of your hostess to have your friends call. If strangers to her they should invariably be introduced.
 At a dinner it is not necessary to wait until all have been served, it is perfectly proper to begin eating as soon as two or three have been served.
 A bride selects her bridesmaids from among her most intimate friends, if the bridegroom has a sister she is usually asked to be maid of honor.
 When giving a house party the period of the visit should be definitely stated in the invitation, this will prevent any confusion or misapprehension.