

WOMEN AND FASHION

Woman Charming Always.

There are plenty of rules to keep us young, but nobody seems to think it necessary to do anything for those of us who are, in spite of rules and cold creams, at last fat and 40, or lean and 60. From 40 to 50 seems to be the period of age that women hate, writes Virginia Lee. Oh, to be 40 years old, horrible! To look 40 years, too, terrible to think about! Why do we women forget that every period of development has its charms, and that every charm differs from those that have gone before?

The woman who clings so jealously to the disappearing freshness of her youth merely hastens its departure by worrying about it. To take the marks of time as they come graciously, and to wear them as a crown makes any woman a queen of the years and the very friend of time. If a woman would not give up, but would keep herself as trim at 50 as at 15; as tidy, as up to date, and as well groomed at 60 as she was at 20, she would find that she was still charming for and not in spite of her years.

Because a woman's hand has lost its plumpness is no reason why it is not beautiful; if the nails are as well kept and the hand white and attractive it has the aristocratic appearance which age alone can give. Because a woman's hair is mixed with gray is no reason why it should not be as soft and fluffy as the golden locks of 18. The woman who wears her hair plastered down over her ears because it was the fashion when she was young misses more than she knows.

Age is no excuse for ill-fitting clothes and unbecoming colors. And the colors that are becoming change as the rose-red leaves the face and the hair grows soft and white. A woman, who in her youth found that she must avoid pale blue and pink, finds touches of those shades most becoming at five and fifty. This is a truth few women remember when selecting the colors which make or mar their daintiness.

Many women believe, too, that because they are old they must not be dainty, that daintiness lacks dignity. It is a woman's duty to be always as dainty as time, place and purse will allow. Let us then search for the charms of every age. Let us find them and make the most of them, as we did with the bloom of youth. Every period of a woman's life is charming if she but make it so.

Don'ts Requisite in Dressing.

- Don't buy cheap boots or gloves.
- Don't wear your walking dress in the house.
- Don't use a cheap, poor ribbon in millinery.
- Don't send anything to the laundry before it is marked.
- Don't on any account put a dress away without brushing it.
- Don't forget to iron the wrinkles out of sleeves occasionally.
- Don't let boots and shoes wear through before they are soled.
- Don't take a bodice off and put it away immediately—lay it out to air.
- Don't hang a skirt up by the fastenings, fix two tapes to it for this purpose.

For the South.



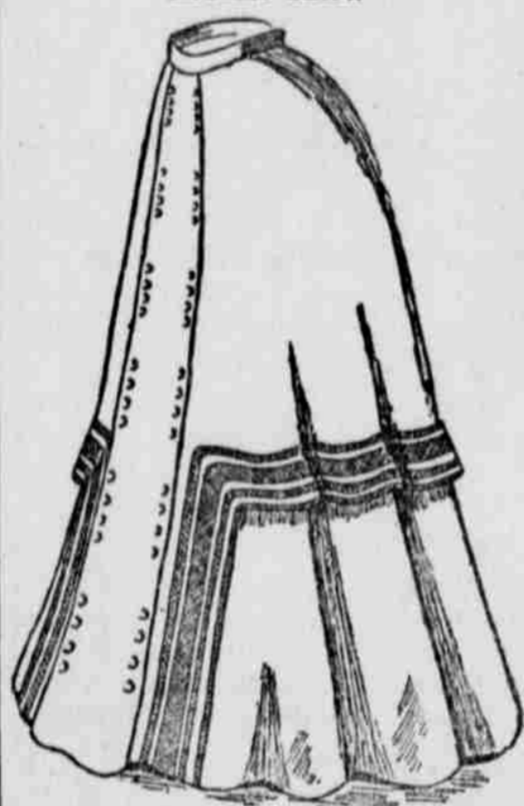
1. Reception gown of soft finish silk, with chiffon puffs and silk buttons. Worn with a picture hat of black taffeta, covered with black plumes.
2. One of the new embroidered novelty stuffs, trimmed with bands of the plain material, caught here and there with rosettes.

The Best Life-Partners.

Men seldom ask the girls with whom they laugh and bandy jokes to share their homes. They enjoy being amused for an hour by the girl who is witty and clever, who is sparkling and gay, and they will heap admiration to the full measure upon the girl who is beautiful. Yet how seldom do they think seriously about making such women their wives! Men are, as a rule, far

cuter than folks imagine when it comes to the point of marriage. True, so many sacrifice everything for the sake of a pretty face, but the majority are wiser in their generation. They see the mistakes of others, and take warning. Beauty fades, wit and cleverness pall if they are backed up with no more solid virtues, and the happiness and comfort of a home cannot depend upon the power of being amusing. When a man marries he wants a helpmeet, not a beauty upon whom he must be forever dancing attendance, not a brilliantly clever woman, at whose feet he must be forever sitting in admiration, but a woman full of love and sympathy, a partner who can bring into the partnership what he himself lacks, one who will help him, and for whom he will never tire of working and serving devotedly.—Home Monthly.

Circular Skirt.



Circular skirt with front panel separate, which has a tunic effect produced by the addition of a shaped flounce at sides and back.

Care of Hands in Winter.

One of the minor ills to which human flesh is heir when winter's chilling blasts search out and discover weak spots is roughness of the skin, particularly of the hands. A too frequent cause is carelessness in drying the skin after washing it, particularly if it is washed immediately before going out into the open air or directly after coming in.

Honey rubbed into the skin while still wet, drying it in as the skin is dried, is also a preventive of chapping. Another delightful emollient for the hands, arms and neck is fine oatmeal. Put it into a flannel bag, boil it, and then place it in the washing water; or it may be kept dry in a jar on the washstand, and some rubbed on the hands whenever they are washed.

If the hands were dried more carefully there would be less roughness of the skin. A good plan is to dry the hands well, after using the towel, with an old soft, silk handkerchief, which will absorb any moisture left.

Glycerine is an old friend, but as alone it is irritating to most skins it should be diluted with rose water or pure water; one part of glycerine to three parts of rose water. If about one dram of acetic acid is used to one ounce of glycerine, it helps to remove any stains from the hands.

The Successful Wife.

The successful wife keeps on hand a little boom in case of need. She keeps a surprise tucked up her sleeve, where it can be fired on a moment's notice. Maybe it is a carnation for his coat lapel; maybe it is his favorite pudding served extra; perhaps it is the baby's picture framed for his desk. Something she has ready, and when his affection needs jogging she does not hesitate to do the jogging.

Why, a bunch of violets or a knot of bright ribbon where it adds the most to the wife's charms almost make a man forget that he is hungry. A saucy pinch with the usual kiss or a merry chase away from the accustomed greeting will almost make a man forget that he is married to the adorable creature. A stage whisper now and then and a twinkle of mischief are worth hours of cooing. The woman who buries her roguishness on her wedding day robs her home of much of its happiness.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Husband's Failings.

If you are disappointed in your husband after you are married, probably he is just as much disappointed in you. Human nature is faulty, and it is well to bear in mind that there is usually blame attached to both sides. Make

a solemn resolution that when a trouble is past you will never mention it again, nor allow your mind to dwell upon it more than you can avoid. Keep your temper always. Never show resentful feelings after a past affair. In every way let your husband see that, instead of giving way to temper and injured feelings, you are doing your best to do right.



Pineapple gauze is out in dazzling new designs.

Mousselines are figured and dotted in a variety of patterns.

Fluffy little toques to imitate marabou are made of puffed maline.

Princess gowns are to be the smartest of spring and summer frocks.

The waistcoat or vest is almost universal on this season's tailor mades.

Soft, fluffy and dainty are the blouses made entirely of valenciennes.

The newest in hand embroidery is a sheer and dainty little bolero of batiste.

A novelty is the dinner plate sailor, like unto an upturned and flower-decked dish.

The surplice waist runs riot. Almost every new frock is finished off that way.

Lots of smart blouses have shirring run from the neck band down to the sleeve top.

Ware the awful shoulder puff! Good dressers cling to moderation in all things sartorial.

Plaids of all sorts for separate waists and costumes are popular and they are extremely becoming.

It appears that the very long coat is going to be worn in the spring, along with all the other kinds.

Scorn not a bargain in white leather handbags. It will come handy with the summer shirtwaist suit.

Two flirtatious little bodice tails seem the necessary and proper finish to the spring blouse jacket.

Ombre ostrich-feather stoles and boas are beautiful and look exceedingly well with the long opera coat.

Coat of Cream Broadcloth.



Coat of cream broadcloth shirred full to a yoke under a hood effect formed of crochet lace and circular ruffles of the cloth. This is surmounted by a collar of ermine, to which is attached jabots of ermine that border the fronts. Large sleeves with wide ermine cuffs. Under the hood and bordering the coat are deep falls of Irish crochet lace.

Leather Covered Chairs.

Leather-covered chairs, when dull and shabby looking, may be greatly improved in appearance by being brushed over with the white of an egg. Leather portmanteaus and trunks may also be treated in the same way. Bept up the white of an egg until it is a stiff froth. Then dip into it a piece of old linen or other soft rag and rub the leather well, but without using too much force. The article must then be left until dry.

How to Wash a Corset.

Remove the steels, then lay the corset on a table or board and scrub with a stiff brush, using a lather made of white soap. Rinse beneath a tap with cold water, pull straight and allow to dry.

GOOD Short Stories

Leslie Mortier Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury, was at luncheon in the Hamilton Club of Chicago. The talk had turned to statesmen and politicians, when John M. Harlan said: "Mr. Secretary, what is the difference between a statesman and a politician?" Quick as thought came the answer: "It's the difference between the young man seeking a position and the boy looking for a job."

As it is Captain Frank Conn's business to build trolley roads, he always patronizes them on principle whenever possible and eschews cabs. The other day, a cab driver accosted him with the regulation, "Keb, sir, keb?" "How much to the Long Island ferry?" "Two dollars, sir." "No." "All right, sir; make it a dollar and a half." "Is that your lowest?" "Yes, sir; isn't that cheap enough?" "Oh, I suppose so." "All right then. Jump in." "Oh, I don't want a cab. I only wanted to find out how much I would save by taking a street car."

A London mother heard terrible shrieks from the nursery, and rushed up to inquire. In the middle of the floor sat Jackie and Ethel, voices uplifted. On the table sat the senior, Thomas, aged 8, with his mouth full. "What's the matter, children?" cried mamma. "Boo—o—o! we were playing Garden of Eden," sobbed Ethel. "Yes," said mamma, picking Ethel up; "I told you the story yesterday. But why are you crying over it?" Ethel stopped her tears, and pointed furiously at the brother on the table. "God's eat the apple!" she shrieked.

Archbishop Ireland doesn't mind telling a joke on himself. The archbishop always dresses so unostentatiously that no one could guess his episcopal rank from his street garb. Traveling one day in a rural district, he met a good-natured woman in the car who, after some general conversation, asked him: "You're a priest, father, aren't you?" In a bantering mood, the archbishop thought he'd try a quibble to put her at her ease, so he answered: "No, my good woman, I'm no longer a priest." The woman gave him a pitying glance. Then she said, soothingly: "Oh, the Lord help us, father! It wasn't the drink, I hope?"

Upon one of his Western tours Bishop Potter spent a few days at the home of a prominent churchman. The latter's wife took particular pains in making the bishop's room worthy of the guest, and among other things intended for his comfort put a fine silver toilet set on the bureau. The bishop, however, preferred his own, and transferred the set provided to a bureau drawer. The consequence was that when the hostess went to the bishop's room after his departure, the silver set was missing. She worried for several days, then finally summoned up courage to write a very apologetic letter to the bishop, asking if by any chance he had found any of the articles among his luggage. There was an immediate and characteristic reply. The telegram read as follows: "Poor but honest. Look in the washstand drawer."

DEBT RECOVERY ABROAD.

Ways of Suing and Being Sued in Various European Countries.

Of all countries, Germany probably offers the greatest facilities to foreigners for the recovery of money owing to them by her subjects. A power of attorney is required for suing purposes and a sum of money has to be deposited as security for costs; but the deposit is returned in full at the conclusion of the action. All costs, together with interest, are recoverable from the defendant.

In France the collection of trade debts is usually relegated to the huissier or bailiff. This official is able to sue before justices of the peace, whose jurisdiction is, however, limited to debts of not more than 200 francs (about \$8). Where the amount exceeds this sum, and the efforts of the huissier to effect a settlement on conciliation prove unavailing, the only course is to employ an avocat and commence a suit in the civil courts. Here the cost may easily run up to \$8 or \$12, and, whatever the result of the action may be, the plaintiff will have to pay his avocat's charges, and a substantial portion of the court costs. In the event of the defendant entering a defense to the suit, at least one adjournment will in all probability be ordered—it is astonishing upon what flimsy grounds this is frequently done—and the costs be thereby multiplied ad infinitum.

The way of the foreign merchant in Italy, seeking to enter into his own by judicial methods, is full of vexations in the shape of exorbitant demands for translation and other mysterious fees, every forward step of the slow-moving legal machinery calling for ample lubrication from the pockets of the unfortunate creditor.

In Spain, the impediments in the way of debt recovery by foreigners are

on a par with those of Italy. In the commercial court costs may run up to 300 or 350 pesetas, and are recoverable from the defendant only if the judge is satisfied that he has acted in bad faith; that, when ordering the goods, he had no intention of paying for them unless compelled to do so. As may be surmised, this condition is usually amply sufficient to prevent the plaintiff recovering any part of the costs.

Debts against private persons in Russia become proscribed by statute after a lapse of twelve months.

Before an advocate in Russia can take any legal steps to validate the rights of his foreign client, he has to be furnished with (1) a lengthy power of attorney drawn up in the Russian language, certified by a notary and vice by the Russian consul; (2) an extract containing particulars of the claim from the creditor's books, accompanied by a statement, in Russian, from the notary to the effect that the extract is a true copy of the entries in the books, which are found to be kept in good order and in accordance with the English law. The expense connected with the preparation of these documents is very heavy.

Should the creditor persist, he will be required to deposit a substantial sum on account of costs, and, in all likelihood, before the matter has proceeded beyond the preliminary stage it will be found that he has unconsciously run counter to some incomprehensible Russian law, either in the mode of delivering the goods or in some other particular connected with the case, which will afford the debtor a loophole of escape.—The Magazine of Commerce.

JAPANESE MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

Japanese marriage customs are very much at variance with western sentiment. In the first place love has no part to play in bringing youth and maid together. The aim and object of Japanese parents is to place their daughter where she will be well connected and well cared for. No Japanese mother would be so unwise as to give her daughter to a young man who had not a proper home ready for her. Before he could aspire to a girl's hand he would have to show a creditable family tree and prove that his means warranted his taking unto himself a wife. Unless he could do this he might love and love in vain, for, whatever the young lady's sentiments might be, he would not get her. In no case does the Japanese maid choose her own husband. Her marriage is the care of an interested friend of the family, known as a "go-between." When a girl reaches marriageable age this "go-between" looks out for a suitable husband for her and, having found a youth who meets with the requirements of the family, he arranges for a meeting with the girl and her mother. Another plan is to arrange a meeting at a friend's house and, of course, the matchmaker pretends that it is entirely accidental, though all the party know perfectly well that this is a mere polite fiction. The maiden is very shy and hides her face with her fan as she bows very low again and again. Then she retires, blushing and nervous, behind her mother. The young man decides at this meeting whether he will marry the girl, and if he thinks highly enough of her charms negotiations are continued. He pays for the trousseau and the bride's father provides for the furniture for the house that the newly wedded couple will occupy.

Mrs. Disraeli's Economy.

Of the rigid economy practiced by Mrs. Disraeli there is one very good story told: Mrs. Disraeli and her husband had come down from London to spend the Easter vacation at Hughenden and had called on the various tradesmen at Wycombe to order the groceries and other requirements for their ten days' or fortnight's stay. It so happened that their sojourn was rather abruptly shortened, and Mrs. Disraeli was seen calling at the grocers and other purveyors, taking out of the carriage the nonconsumed wares and asking the shopkeepers to receive them back and have them reweighed and so to make a reduction in their accounts.

The great statesman, with folded arms, was leaning back in the carriage perfectly nonchalant, but evidently desirous to have no share in the frugal transaction. Such rigid economy was no longer required after the old lady who so admired his books died and left him her entire fortune, amounting to over £40,000.—London Tit-Bits.

Case of "No Luck."

"No luck" appeared tattooed on the forehead of a burglar who was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment in Paris the other day. He said the words had been there since he was a child, and had exercised an "unholy spell" on him ever since.

Both Eyes Tightly Closed.

"Yes, I saw Dumley yesterday just after his fight with Biffer."
"How did he look?"
"He couldn't."—Philadelphia Ledger.