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PROOF AGAINST PICKPOCKETS.

Advice on the Best Way to Carry a Pocket-book. "Do advise me," somebody begs pathetically, "about the best way to carry one's pocketbook. So many people have their pockets picked, even when they think they are in the safest places, so I had been in the habit of carrying mine firmly clutched in my hand until I saw a number of accounts of pocketbooks being snatched out of people's hands. Then I thought I'd carry it in my muff, with my hand over it. Nothing could be safer than that. But the other day I got two blocks from home and discovered that I must have relaxed my grasp and turned the muff over, and the pocketbook had disappeared. Luckily it was a lonely place, with no one passing to speak of, and I ran back and found it on the sidewalk, but one couldn't expect that very often." It is a difficult problem, for an ordinary pocket is not safe if one travels in crowded cars or boats. Perhaps the best place is a breast pocket inside one's jacket or wrap, but there a large pocketbook is very awkward. A good plan is to put one's purse or pocketbook into the very bottom of one's pocket, pinning it firmly above with a safety pin and keeping a handkerchief above that. Of course keep out a supply of small change for car fare, etc., in an accessible jacket pocket. Some one who has tried this plan testifies that the trouble of undoing the pin operates as a check not only on the pickpocket, but on her own extravagance at bargain counters. M. H. F. L.

GENERAL BELKNAP'S WIDOW.

Mrs. Belknap is Living Very Quietly in Washington. Tall, superbly formed and a decided brunette is Mrs. Belknap, the widow of General W. W. Belknap. She has lived very quietly at Washington since her husband's death in a modest home not far from Dupont circle, with her young daughter, to whose education she gives most of her time. For her daughter's sake, she sometimes emerges from her retirement.



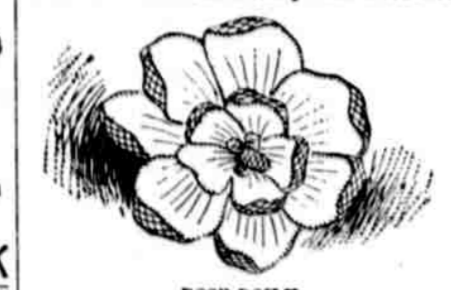
MRS. BELKNAP. At one of the latest and most select balls she was a lovely picture, with dark hair and eyes, fine complexion and beautiful neck and arms. Her gown was a plain one of heavy black silk, whose only trimming was a little jet upon the perfectly fitting, low, sleeveless bodice, and she wore few jewels. Mrs. Belknap was a Miss Tomlinson, of an old Virginia family, and through her mother, a descendant of Sir Roger Thompson, one of Virginia's first settlers. J. M. B.

Bread and Butter Plate Dobbies. Many ladies now use small plates about four inches across in the place of the old style butter chips. The doilies for these plates are most frequently made in the form of a flower convention-



alized, the material being cut away from the edge. They are of course made larger than for the smaller plates—usually from four to five inches across. Two beautiful doilies are here illustrated. The first one is in the form of a lily. The edge is worked in buttonhole short and long stitch and the outside cut away. To work, select one skein of the smallest size German cord and three shades of raspberry pink filo floss. Buttonhole the German cord around all the outline of the lily with one shade of pink silk. Inside this buttonhole outline work a row of close long and short stitch on each petal, using the next deeper shade of pink. Down the center of each petal work several rows of coil stitch, using the three shades of silk, the darkest being placed in the center.

The second of the two doilies is a conventionalized rose. The edge was worked with buttonhole long and short stitch in yellow and white filo floss. The turned over portions of petals were filled in with lace stitch. Yellow silk of a deeper tone was used for this part of the work. The center of the flower was also filled in with lace stitch, and the petals were out-



ROSE DOILY. lined with a medium shade of yellow. These doilies may be made of fine shirt linen, satin damask or any of the other materials usually used for such purposes. GERTRUDE WILLETT.

"The sun do move." The West Virginia legislature has passed an act giving equal property rights with men to the women of that state.

Love In Waste Places.

She was sweetly sleeping. A shapely head nestled in a soft pillow. Long, dark eyelashes hung limp upon delicately tinted cheeks. A finely chiseled nose quivered as she breathed, and rich, beautiful lips were debating whether they should snore. Sawful came upon the scene, gazed in rapture upon the picture, then impulsively leaning forward he kissed his wife and shattered that innocent snore. With a start, she jerked, opened her eyes and flashed out: "You, you, you." Sawful softly answered, "Oh, dear darling." She shot back: "None of your dear darling business here. Can't you let a woman get a little rest?" So Sawful let her rest. His ideal husbandship had gone to seed in waste places.—Arkansas Traveler.

Youthful Anxiety.



Jack (who has been promised trousers when his sixth birthday arrives)—Mamma, if I should die before I am 6, would I wear pants in heaven?—Harper's Bazar.

The Captain Wondered.

"Talking about betting," said a Lake Superior captain to the hotel clerk, "and the spirit of gambling, I recall an instance in my experience that rather beats anything I ever heard of. I was running an old side wheeler the Illinois, from Cleveland to Marquette and points beyond, and on one trip I had a passenger that would bet on anything, and if nothing happened to turn up that he could gamble on he invented something. One day we stopped in mid lake, off Saginaw bay, to repair a wheel, and my passenger began betting on doing various hazardous things, and nobody took him up, so he proceeded to do them anyhow. While at one of them he fell overboard. The alarm was raised, and one of his friends grabbed a rope to throw to him. "I'll bet you \$50 I get him," he yelled to me as he braced himself to throw the rope. "The man in the water heard him. "I'll take that!" he yelled back, and as the rope came flying through the air he dodged it by diving, and I'm blamed if he ever came up any more." "Didn't you ever find him?" inquired the clerk. "No," replied the captain reflectively, "and I don't see why either, for it was worth \$50 to him net, because the other fellow had a barrel of money." And the clerk joined the captain in wondering.—Detroit Free Press.

Why He Succeeded.

"Who is your doctor, George?" "Dr. Smoothman." "How did you come to have that hair-brained creature?" "Oh, my wife once asked him if he could tell why she always had cold feet, and he told her that they were so small that they couldn't hold blood enough to keep them warm. She wouldn't have any other doctor now."—Buffalo News.

She Missed Willie.

On a very hot day a little negro girl named Badge was trying to drive some obstreperous calves out of a field. The owner noticing her lack of success said, "Why don't you cuss 'em, Badge?" Badge said, "Mamma don't 'low me to cuss, but I wish Willie was here." Willie is an older brother with a tendency to disregard his mother's instructions about swearing.—Cincinnati Tribune.

The Cause.

Doctor—Your symptoms resemble those of gout, but I don't see why you should have that. How do you pass your time? Patient—Some of it at home; some of it in my office in the skyscraper building, and— Doctor (luminously)—Skyscraper building? Ah, ha! I knew it—too much high living.—Chicago News-Record.

An Indelible Mug.

"Beg pardon, sir," observed the tough looking waiter suggestively, "gents at this table usually—er—remember me, sir." "I don't wonder," said the customer cordially. "That mug of yours would be hard to forget." And he picked up his check and strolled leisurely in the direction of the cashier.—Wonder

Riveted to the Spot.

Hasters—Why, Mr. Harlow, I thought you were such a great dancer? And yet you've been standing here in one place for an hour. Cholly—Aw—yas—but y' know that some—aw—has dropped a piece of sticky cawdy on the floor, and I'm—aw—standing on the cawdy and cawn't get away.—Harper's Bazar.

Absentminded.

Mr. Absentminded—It is pretty cold in here. Barber—Yes, sir, it is chilly this morning. Mr. Absentminded—If you have no objection, I'll keep on my hat while you are cutting my hair.—Texas Siftings.

Her Object.

"Arabella, dear, I'm sorry to tell you that Freddy and Agneron didn't like the frock you wore last night." "Arminata, dearest, I don't dress to please the men, but to worry the girls."—Forget Me Not.

His Next Study.

Uncle John—So you have been promoted to a higher grade? I suppose you'll have some hard studies next year? Nephew—Yessir. We'll have geology. That's all about rocks.—Exchange.

As a Measure of Defense.

Cholly—Great Scott, old fellow! What are you trying to raise a goat for? Freddy—I've got tired of being chucked under the chin by mothbally old ladies, bah Jovel.—Chicago Tribune.

The One Exception.

"Do you enjoy good health?" "Of course. Did you ever know of any one who didn't enjoy good health?" "Yes, the doctors."—Quips.

PLENTY OF PROVENDER.

No Likelihood of a Famine in the World's Fair City.

[Special Correspondence.] CHICAGO, March 16.—Chicago will have plenty of provender wherewith to satisfy the appetites of her regular population and guests alike during the World's fair. There need be no apprehension on this score. Very likely the story told in holy writ will be repeated, and when the last of our visitors have left us there may be many basketfuls to carry away. Some timid folk—and they have managed to communicate their apprehensions to the outside world—have an idea to the contrary. Just because the western floods of last spring played havoc with the vegetable crop, just as the snow blockades on the railroads during the last couple of months induced a temporary scarcity of other classes of supplies, and because, further, as a natural result of these conditions, there was an advance in the prices of many articles of sustenance and in some cases a scarcity in supply, they rushed at once to the conclusion that the prevailing conditions were simply a forerunner of what might be expected a few months hence. And so they are stocking up their cellars with barrels of flour, and big piles of cans of corned beef, and of canned soups, and canned vegetables, and loudly boasting to their neighbors that, so far at least as their stomachs are concerned, they have so fortified themselves that they are certain to be on the safe side from May to November. All this is sheer hysterics, sheer nonsense, the kind of panicky feeling that no good citizen should allow himself or herself to publicly manifest. We are feeding a million and a half of mouths daily today. We may be called upon to feed another million in addition before many months. And we can do it. At least so say the men who are the go betweens for the producers and the retailers, the commission element that gathers in the produce and distributes it round the hotels, and the stores, and the private houses—the vehicles of communication, as it were, between the fertile plains of the east and the west and the people that have to be fed. These people may be supposed to know whereof they speak. And when they declare, as a hundred strong they have declared to the writer today, that for the rest of the year Chicago will have plenty to eat and plenty to spare they may be supposed to speak by the book. Nobody, it is certain, has a better right to do so. There will certainly be no scarcity of the staff of life, neither of flesh meats. The great northwestern country that is tributary to the World's fair city, and which annually transfers across its borders for foreign consumption hundreds of thousands of barrels of flour, and the great southwest, that daily sends to our great stockyards thousands of head of cattle to be killed and dressed, and the carcasses thereof to be transported eastward and thence across the water to strengthen the bone and sinew and muscle of our transatlantic brethren, can certainly be depended upon to keep the Chicago market well stocked. Perhaps it may be necessary to limit the foreign supply if the local demand should go beyond all expectation, but at any rate the supply will be here, and it will not get beyond Chicago so long as we want it and are willing to go a fraction higher than the figure that may be obtainable elsewhere. Nor need we restrict ourselves or our visitors to bread and meat. I was talking this morning with one of the biggest produce commission merchants in the country, and who has just returned from a trip that extended to Denver on the west, New Orleans on the south and Boston on the east. Between his departure from and return to Chicago he had made contracts for the delivery of 500,000 pounds of frozen turkeys, chickens and ducks, 15,000 dozen of spring chickens and 2,500 tons of game of various descriptions. Not only this, but he had arranged for the delivery of as large a total of frozen fish as he has handled in Chicago in the last five years. He is only one of many in the same business, and they all agree in the opinion that supplies will be plentiful, and that, as a rule, ordinary prices will prevail, although there may be some slight advances for fancy stock. There is a Philadelphia firm that is holding today in storehouses in this state and Iowa no less than 2,000,000 pounds of frozen poultry, which will be unloaded on Chicago after May 1. The prospects for good fishing in Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and other states is better than for many years, and an abundance of trout, pickerel, bass, white fish, pike and perch may be said to be already assured. It is the same way with green goods. Reports from sections upon which Chicago depends for its early supplies—Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee—are all of the most favorable character. It is true that potatoes and cabbage were at a premium a couple of months since, but the plenitude of southern shipments has restored prices to a normal basis, and from now on the commission merchants will have all the business they can handle. Present indications, moreover, are favorable to an abundance of fruit, and Chicago will get its share, even if some other portions of the country are compelled to go with half portions. As a millionaire shipper remarked, and there is logic in what he said: "All the country knows that we will require plenty of sustenance in a solid way between May and November. Hence everything will flow this way, especially if we are prepared to pay a fraction more than may be obtainable elsewhere. As for the canned goods that are stored away in the warehouses of the various grocery firms and of the dry goods houses that indulge in a grocery annex to their regular business, the figures that are given seem well high incredible. No such a stock has ever been laid up in Chicago before. To revert, therefore, to the original proposition, it is certain that Chicago will have plenty to eat this summer. As to the drinking—that's another matter. HENRY M. LUST.

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