

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

Woman Who Swims.
Swimming will do more to develop perfect health in women than any other form of exercise. It develops the whole body symmetrically, loosens the joints, gives free action to the limbs. It increases the lung capacity, inducing deep breathing; straightens the frame, throwing the chest forward and the shoulders back. The woman who swims gains all this, and in the gaining has much pleasure.

In the water she is suspended, without the least hindrance to the motion of her body, she can move her arms or legs in any direction and bend the trunk freely. The different methods of swimming, all of which she will learn in time, bring into use all the muscles of the legs and arms.

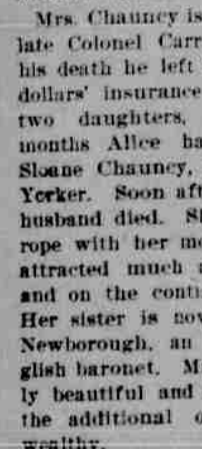
A swimmer soon learns deep breathing, as a deep breath will keep the body at the surface of the water without the extra effort required by the use of the legs and arms.

The positions of the swimmer at first seem strange to a woman: the disuse of certain muscles has degenerated them, and when she enters the water to swim she feels no inclination to use muscles which she has not used since early childhood—the muscles of her waist and abdomen. What she does try to do is to make the same restricted motions that she is forced to make ordinarily, the knees together and the little jerky strokes of the arms and legs. She soon sees the folly of this, however, and in time acquires the long, sweeping, graceful stroke of legs and arms which comes to the proficient swimmer by practice.

Who has ever watched the actions of a professional swimmer and noted the long sweep of the limbs, the recovery of the arms for the new stroke, and the wide, powerful swing of the legs, without a desire to acquire a little skill and power, combined with a like grace of motion—Macfadden's Magazine.

Shines in London Society.

One of the most successful American women in London society is Mrs. S. S. Chauncy, formerly Miss Alice Carr, of Louisville, Ky., and a noted belle of that city. Since taking up her residence abroad her name has been linked with that of Lord Rosebery, ex-Prime Minister, but no engagement has been announced.



MRS. S. S. CHAUNCY. (nounced.)

Mrs. Chauncy is the daughter of the late Colonel Carr, of Louisville. On his death he left but a few thousand dollars' insurance for his widow and two daughters, but within three months Alice had married Samuel Sloane Chauncy, a millionaire New-Yorker. Soon after her marriage her husband died. She then went to Europe with her mother and sister and attracted much attention in London and on the continent by her beauty. Her sister is now the wife of Lord Newborough, an Irish peer and English baronet. Mrs. Chauncy is regally beautiful and adds to this quality the additional one of being very wealthy.

My Vacation Mecca.

I will not spend vacation's days Beside a summer sea. Nor will I seek the pleasant ways Of gay humanity. Upon no mountain's rugged crest, Will I unfold my tent. But in a place of peaceful rest My moments will be spent.

I'll journey to a quiet spot, Beyond a shady lane. The threshold of a moss-grown cot My feet will cross again; And then her lips I'll fondly press, Her form I will embrace; I'll look upon the loveliness Of her angelic face.

We'll stroll together, side by side, And, gazing in her eyes, My heart will thrill with manly pride. And love that never dies, For, in that cot of humble charms Abides my purest joy— My mother waits with open arms. To welcome home her boy.—Leslie's Weekly.

Regards Man as Only a Nuisance.

A leading club woman of the East, who has had considerable experience with men—for, not satisfied with one trial, she has had three husbands—has a very poor opinion of the sterner sex. "I weigh man's moral carat on the scale of his personal habits," she says. "A man, when he is perfectly nice and clean, tastefully dressed and not noisy, is bad enough, but a man who wears his hair in his eyes and over his collar, manicures outside his own room, looms around, sits with his feet higher than his head and all that is unbearable. If I married one of these inadvertently, I'd break him to decency or I'd kill him with indignation. What's the good of a husband, anyway? He has never done more or less than a pet or parasite. By his own admission female companionship has destroyed his usefulness as a creature. That is all right; I never like to see a pet. Now, if I had a husband who was a pet, I'd like to see him to his heart's content, and I'd be a pet to him."—Philadelphia North American.

a pet, why not be satisfied with a bird, a cat, a dog, a monkey, a parrot—any thing? Such pets do not smoke, get drunk, nor bring mud into the house. They never talk back. They come when they are called and they do not try to run things."

Praise Your Wife.

Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake, praise your wife when she deserves it! It won't injure her any, though it may frighten her some from its strangeness. If you wish to make and keep her happy, give her a loving word occasionally. If she takes pains to make you something pretty, don't take it with only:

"Yes, it is very pretty. Won't you hand me my paper?"

It will take you only a moment's time to kiss her and tell her she is the best wife in town. You will find it to be a paying investment—one which will yield you a large return in increased care and willing labor for your comfort. Loving praise will lighten labor wonderfully, and should be freely bestowed.

I called on a friend one day and found her up to her eyes in work. "Oh, dear," she said, "this is one of my bad days; everything goes wrong, and I haven't got a thing done!"

"Let me help you," I said. "No, no," she replied, gently pushing me into the sitting-room. "I'm going to leave everything and rest a while; but I must just wipe up this slip first," pointing to an ugly spot which disfigured the pretty oilcloth.

Just as she stopped to do it her husband came in; he didn't see me, but went straight to his wife. One quick lift, and he placed her on her feet, and, taking the cloth from her hand, wiped up the spot himself.

"There, busy bee," he said, "you have done enough to-day. You tired yourself all out getting my favorite dinner. Now, I think I'd leave the rest till to-morrow."

I spoke to him then, and he sat with me a few moments before going down town. Shortly after my friend came in, looking very much amused.

"I guess I was in the dumps," she said, laughing, "for I've finished, and everything has gone swimmingly since E— came in."—Anna Edwards, in United Presbyterian.

Health and Beauty Hints.

Don't use the eyes when they are tired or weak from illness.

A mustard plaster made with the white of an egg will not blister.

Don't bestow less care upon the teeth than upon complexion and hair.

When walking don't throw the shoulders far back of the line of the hips nor hold the arms rigidly at the sides.

Don't become too stout. Although plumpness of contour is by no means unbecoming, corpulence is a thing to be avoided.

Bilious headache may often be relieved by drinking two teaspoonfuls of finely powdered charcoal dissolved in half a glass of water. A seltzer powder should be taken one hour later.

Don't think that because you are 40 and fair you also should be fat, and that nature has laid down a law that women shall accumulate layers with years, like a magnolia or any other tree.

To keep the hair from becoming thin and splitting at the ends clip it every two weeks. Shampoo it once a month with castile soap, avoiding the use of borax and ammonia. Singe it carefully and regularly.

A small bottle of oil of lavender is as grateful to the stercoriferous "shut-in" as to the home invalid. It's still more so when one has a searick roommate. A few drops in a little hot water freshens the atmosphere deliciously.

The old-fashioned skipping-rope is said to be a great aid to beauty, some of the miraculous power which used to be attributed to the bicycle being supposed to attach to it. Its mission is the strengthening of the heart and the renewal of youthful charm. The ropes are provided with handles and may be shortened for high skipping at will.

Couches and Nerves.

Couches have saved more minds and nervous systems than all the doctors and medicines put together.

It is the best refuge that the overworked house-keeper has, did she but know it; and the only fault I have to find with women is that, as a rule, they do not use their couches half enough.

When distracted by the infinite cares of the household and worried over this bill and that, a woman should have a place where she can throw herself down, and, stretched at ease, allow her troubles to straighten themselves out of their own accord.

By these means hysteria is avoided, beauty is preserved, and the women's chances for eternal salvation are heaped tremendously.—Philadelphia North American.

At the Parson's.

Phyllis (Just arrived)—Are there any men here?
Phyllis—Oh, there are a few apostles for men.
Phyllis—Well, if an apostle is offered to me I shall accept it.

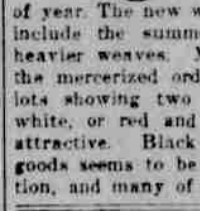
ROUGH AND WEIGHTY

NEW MATERIALS FOR TAILOR SUITS THUS DESCRIBED.

Mixed Suitings Are to Be Much Worn—Boucles, Tweeds and Zibelines Are Popular—Last Named Is Expensive and Unsatisfactory.

New York correspondence.

ROUGH and weighty will be made this winter in the matter of wearing wash goods within doors, or shopkeepers will experience heavy losses. The stores are filled with these materials, which are used chiefly in waists. Wearing such indoors has been a growing practice for several seasons, but the preparations for it never were so noticeable at this time of year. The new wash stuffs now shown include the summer varieties only in heavier weaves. Many of them are on the mercerized order. New wash chevrons showing two colors, as black and white, or red and white, are especially attractive. Black and white in these goods seems to be the favored combination, and many of them show it in such



decrees in this year that separate waists must harmonize with some color in the gown. Sometimes three or four colors are shown in these goods, browns, reds, greens and blues being put together in reckless disregard. In some are bits of yellow in combination with green, black and brown. Many weaves have only two shades. In these last blues and greens are especially favored, some of them having the appearance of the old-fashioned shawls worn thirty years ago.

Boucle suitings, tweeds, broad-tailed and camel hair black, and French and German colored, zibelines are shown in great numbers. The reappearance of zibelines in such quantity is astonishing, for this is a material that recently has grown far from satisfactory as to the wear it gives, as it so soon becomes rough and uneven.

Three model gowns intended to illustrate the beauties of the new rough weaves are shown in the accompanying pictures. A gray tweed was used for the first, with finish of straps, stitching and buttons. First in the group is a rough brown mixture trimmed with brown passe-partout, and beside it is shown a blue zibeline showing blue buttons and stitching. Strapping will be the favored method of trimming, and it is commendable for by it the tailor is enabled to give perfect fit and finish, the attached straps keeping the garment from slipping in any way. Many straps are applied one atop of another, the ends of different lengths being stitched firmly into place. Skirts as well as coats are being strapped, and mixed suitings are made up in three quarters coat and walking skirt, every seam of both strapped. Do not attempt such a garment unless you are sure your tailor can make a fine



COPIES SET FOR USERS OF ROUGH SUITINGS AND SOFT SILKS.

way as to look like gun metal shades of gray. For those who prefer soft flannels there is a tempting array to select from, many of them showing color in their scheme. Stripes and plaids are numerous. Many of the color combinations in the plaids are startling at first sight, but like most other things in the line of dress women soon can become so accustomed to them as not to find them at all conspicuous. Some striped flannels show two or three shades of the same color, each shade seeming to be the shadow of the next darker one. The way in which these shades are all managed

is, for that is to be the essential feature in winter tailoring. Skirts of the heavy materials are made without lining. The favor to be given to rough-surfaced fabrics isn't going to put silks in the background. Nor have silk weavers neglected to supply novelties. New fancy silks show many unfamiliar features, most of them of the sort very likely to attract purchasers. A deal of color manipulation is noticeable in them. One pretty sort has a background of red, blue or black, and on this are white chenille dots half an inch in diameter crossed with a black chenille line, as if the line



AS NEW SILKS ARE TO BE TREATED.

is very striking. An occasional line of black is run in, too, to set off the other colors.

The shops are filled to overflowing with new materials for tailor suits, and the showing is most impressive for roughness and heaviness. Many of the goods are beautiful, but others go to the extreme of seeming too heavy. Mixed suitings will be worn more than the plain weaves for rough and serviceable gowns and it will be a comfort to have it so, for if a gown is meant for heavy service, the mixtures are the best of goods. They never seem to soil or spot, or wear so shiny as do those of plain weave. Scotch effects are prettier than ever, if such a thing is possible, and show so many different bits of color that they are rather commendable for the variety of many weaves of different colors that may be worn with them. You see, fashion's

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IT WAS HIS FIRST THOUGHT.

Irish Stage Driver Kept His Wits About Him During an Accident.

Back in the good old days when nerves and railroads were little known an old stage road ran from Lake Champlain to Ogdensburg, N. Y., passing through the little town of Sodom. This village nestled in a valley between two great hills, over which the white ribbon of the road wound steeply.

Upon one of the trips of the stage the regular driver, who had been at home for some weeks recovering from an illness, was riding inside while the red-haired, mild-featured, big-boned Irishman acting as his substitute occupied the driver's seat upon the box. The day was a beautiful one and the passengers were enjoying their drive keenly, their appetites increasing as the distance lessened between them and the town of Sodom with its promised pause for refreshment.

Suddenly as the heavy stage lumbered over the brow of the hill, down which the road plunged at a sharp angle, running through the little town at its foot and ascending the hill beyond, the passengers became conscious that their pace had been recklessly increased. Faster and faster they went, dashing down the hill at a rate rapidly becoming furious one. Trees and bushes at last became but a dizzying blur along the road. All clung to the reeling stage and held their breath in terror, while on the stage raced, down the hill with ever-increasing speed, into the town, past the hostelry with the waiting host left standing in amaze at the door, past the postoffice without pause, and out upon the road leading up the face of the hill beyond. There the pace slackened, and as the incline grew more steep at last the smoking horses came to a standstill. With one accord the dazed passengers tumbled out and surrounded the driver, who now stood at the head of his reeking leaders.

"What is it, Pat? What is it? Did they get away from you?" came the breathless questions.

"Nope," replied Pat with a set face, "it wor that," pointing grimly before him. There lay the stage tongue dragging uselessly on the ground at the heels of the horses, and completely severed from the coach. At a glance the regular driver comprehended the meaning of the danger to which the passengers of that stage, deprived of its sole means of guidance, had been exposed, and, realizing the miracle of their escape, he turned sick and fainted where he stood.

Later, back at the inn, when the excitement had somewhat subsided and fresh horses were being put to the repaired coach, someone turned to Pat and asked:

"Pat, what was your first thought when the pole dropped?"

"Well, sor," he answered, settling the quid more comfortably in his cheek, "me first thought wor, 'Lord, ha' mercy on our souls!' Thin thinks I to myself, 'D— a horse that can't outrun a wagon!' and I bled the poor divils all th' way down the hill!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

THE RULING PASSION.

When a Modern Boy Wants a Cow He Wants It.

"I have a lad of six years," sighed a newspaper man of this town, "who strongly illustrates the fact that the rush and hurry and feverish aggressiveness of the twentieth century leave little place for sentiment in the minds of the coming generation.

"I went home from the office rather earlier than usual one night last week and found my wife in roars of laughter, whereupon I inquired the occasion for so much good humor.

"Frederick," she said, "has been teasing me all day for a toy cow that he saw displayed in a window down town this morning, and that it 'only cost a dollar,' as he expressed it. Well, I refused to buy the cow, even at a dollar, and to-night when I was preparing him for bed he was still begging for that cow. Then I recalled to my mind how many little children there are who have never seen in their whole lives as many toys as he breaks in one day. Of course he couldn't see it that way, and when I urged that he should have fewer toys and play more in the open, as the green fields were much more beautiful and wholesome than a cramped up nursery, Frederick still talked about the cow, and that it only cost a dollar."

"Well, with the beauties of the green fields in mind, I waxed eloquent on the subject of life in general, and went on to tell him how much I loved it, and how I dreaded the thought of getting old. 'Very soon you'll be a big man, Frederick,' I said very tenderly, 'and then your mamma will be an old woman, or perhaps you'll have no mamma at all,' I sighed.

"Dead," he inquired in a matter of fact way.

"Yes, dead," I almost sobbed.

"Ah, well, mamma, buy me that cow before you die; it only cost a dollar!"

"Well, what do you think of our son?" asked my wife.—Washington Post.

A Fortunate Circumstance.

"There's wan lucky thing about work," said Mr. Dolan.

"What's that?" inquired Mr. Rafferty.

"The fact that it's a grendal easier to lave off than it wor ty begin. If it wor't fur that beautiful provision in nature we'd all be dead wid industry."—Washington Star.

Longest One in Beach.

Los Angeles claims to have a greater stretch of attractive ocean beach in its vicinity, than any other American city.

ILL-TREATED TREES

Ideas Held by New-Yorkers on Subject of Arboriculture.

Some otherwise unimpeached people seem to have queer notions about trees. We are not sure whether they think trees require for their welfare treatment identical with that of lamp-posts and telegraph poles, or that they regard a tree in a city street as a public enemy which should be destroyed, says the New York Tribune. They surely must hold one or the other of these views, or else their actions grossly belie their beliefs.

Here are some examples of the treatment given to trees on a choice residence street in one of the best parts of the city: A few of the trees have such as much as a couple of square yards of open soil about them, grassless, of course, and parked as hard and made as impervious to water as so much well-puddled clay. In some cases the open squares originally left about the trees have been carefully filled in with bits of flagging, close up to the tree all round. In some cases the squares have been carefully filled with concrete or artificial stone, fitting water tight if not air tight around the trunks. In some cases the large tree trunks have carefully been trimmed square with a broadax so that the straight edges of flag-stones may fit closely against them. It may be added that these are all fine specimens of elms, lindens and other trees. Before the sidewalk were thus adjusted to their trunks they were thriving almost as luxuriantly as though they were in their native forests. Now they are beginning to die and the people are removing some of them, saying that "there's no use in trying to grow trees in the city, anyway."

Perhaps they are right. Perhaps a city ought to be an unbroken expanse of masonry and asphalt, with not a tree nor a shrub nor a blade of grass within its bounds. The parks should be cleared off and covered with asphalt for roller skating rinks. It would cost a great deal less to maintain them in that condition. Perhaps the people, too, might be varnished or coated from head to foot with some waterproof and allproof preparation. Then they would not need air or water, but would die as these trees are dying, and it would cost a great deal less to keep them so.

THE BOY AND THE LADY.

How He Won a Dime by Mimicking Birds.

As the lady came down the street on a fine May morning, she heard a Baltimore oriole whistle. She hadn't heard one for a long, long time—and never in the city—so she stopped to listen. The oriole whistled again, plaintively and sweetly, then a boy came around the corner. It was a boy—a ten-year-old boy, with soft brown eyes and curly hair—not too clean, and a bit ragged.

"Was that you imitating the oriole?" said the pleased lady. "Do it again I love to hear the oriole."

But the boy was shy, and got behind a telephone pole.

"Can you whistle like a Bob-white?" the lady asked. "Oh, do whistle like a Bob-white. I'll give you a dime if you'll whistle like a Bob-white. Where did you learn to imitate birds?"

Still the silent boy hid behind the telephone pole.

"Well, I must go," the lady said. "But I'll leave this dime on the curbstone, and I know that before I get very far away, you'll whistle like a Bob-white, won't you?"

The boy made no answer from behind the pole, and the lady walked on. Half-way down the block she heard another bird. It said, "Bob-white—Bob-white," high and clear. Of course, she stopped, and looked around. There at the corner was the boy, walking away from her. But he was looking back over his shoulder, and as long as she could see him, she heard the note, "Bob-white—Bob-white."—Detroit Free Press.

Another Cure for Consumption.

Consul General Mason of Berlin in a recent report gives the composition and effects of sanosin, the new remedy for consumption, which has had a careful trial at Berlin with gratifying results. It was noted by a traveler in Australia that natives used a decoction of the leaves and roots of the eucalyptus as a remedy for consumption with good effect, and that consumptives coming from a distance to reside among the eucalyptus groves were benefited. On this hint a chemist compounded pulverized leaves and essential oil of eucalyptus with powdered charcoal and flour of sulphur and gave his mixture the name of "sanosin." Owing to its volatility sanosin is put up in sealed glass tubes that hold each thirty-one grains. The patient breathes in a closed room the fumes generated by heating the contents of a tube on an earthenware plate by means of an alcohol lamp. An aromatic penetrating odor is perceived and the patient speedily finds relief from his cough, his expectoration is decreased and his appetite improves. The bacillus which causes the disease disappears from the sputum and in 50 per cent of the cases a cure is effected.—Baltimore Sun.

Footling the Baby.

The limit of masculine humiliation has been worked in the case of a Wichita man. His wife makes him wear tucks in the sleeves of his night-gown, trimmed with pink ribbon so that the baby won't know the difference when he walks the floor with it in the night.—Kansas City Journal.

A New Play is Called "A Bed Egg."

It isn't likely to prove popular with the profession.