

FRILLS OF LACE INSIDE THE CUFFS.

A most treasonable practice struggling for a foothold is that of indiscriminately trimming sleeves. There is only one way a sleeve can ever be trimmed and that is on the length of the arm. Any woman who knows the difference between grace and gracelessness will never try to destroy the long line, running from shoulder to finger tips, by breaking it at the elbow and by adding trimming again between elbow and shoulder, or immediately when that is done her waist line begins to shorten. On a stout woman elbow decoration is an enormity, but from Paris come suggestions nevertheless in favor of hanging a row of fringe at top, bottom and midway of sleeves, else a bracelet effect in embroidery is done there, or a fanciful pattern in stitchery, and on some of the most sumptuous costumes a lace or embroidered encrustation clasps the arm at the elbow and sends out sprays along the outside of the arm to communicate with cuff and shoulder and hide the seam. In relation to sleeves it is necessary to report that women will begin again this fall to put frills of lace inside their knuckle long cuffs, but that this will only be done on the gown that is meant to play a very ceremonious part.—New York Sun.

THE THEATRE FROM THE INSIDE

That there are five thousand theatres in America, and that one million and a half people attend them each week-day night, spending seventy millions of dollars a year on theatre-going, are the surprising facts with which Mr. Franklin Fyles, the dramatic editor of the New York Sun, will open an important series in the next issue of the Ladies' Home Journal. The series will be called "The Theatre and Its People," and will run through seven numbers of the magazine, lavishly illustrated with pictures made by twelve different artists. The articles will treat of every phrase of the theatre, the play and the actor, from the inside and will tell how a theatre is managed, the actual money which plays have made; how an actor is trained and what the actors are actually paid; how a play is written and what the authors receive; how a play is rehearsed; the first night of a play; how the actresses "make up" and what they use; and in a minute way the two last articles will show what goes on behind the scenes on a stage during a performance. It is a curious fact that this will be the first time that the theatre and the actor have ever been exhaustively treated in a magazine, and that there is no book on the subject in existence.

HIS FIDUS ACHATES.

Mrs. Witherby—I met Mrs. Plankinton this morning, and she told me about her husband.
 Witherby—What about him?
 Mrs. Witherby—Oh, the way he has been cutting up!
 Witherby—Is that really so? By Jove, I never should have suspected such a thing. It's too bad that he hasn't any more self-respect. What's the fellow been doing, anyway?
 Mrs. Witherby—Oh, everything! She says that while she was away, last Summer, he carried on at a great rate.
 Witherby—How did she find it out?
 Mrs. Witherby—Oh, someone told her about the noise in the house.
 Witherby—Some kind and thoughtful neighbor, I suppose, who only had her good at heart. Well, well, what did he say about it?
 Mrs. Witherby—Oh, he confessed it all.
 Witherby—That shows there is some good in him. Did he tell her all the things he did?
 Mrs. Witherby—Oh, yes. He drank!

Witherby—You don't say! I suppose he asked the boys around, and sat up all hours of the night playing poker?

Mrs. Witherby—Yes, and other dreadful things.

Witherby—Sad, isn't it? Beats all why a man should want to make a beast of himself. Well, I sympathize with her. Such a nice woman, too! What else did she say?

Mrs. Witherby (carelessly)—Oh, she mentioned the fact that when she and I were away, this Summer, you and he were inseparable.—The Housemaid.

First Cannibal—Did you enjoy eating that silly fellow?

Second Cannibal—Yes, you know I like simple food.

Every machine politician tries to get himself vindicated by being elected to some office before he retires to private life. He seems to consider the public a door mat on which he can wipe his feet before passing into history.

You say your wife is starving. Can't you get work?

Yes, sir; but she can't!

IN CHICAGO.

Who was the fellow who bowed to you?

I don't remember his name, but he was the nicest fellow I ever married.

I can tell a lie the minute I hear it. You can beat that Liarby. You can tell one the minute you think of it.

My wife is now engaged in the pleasant occupation of unpacking all the things she brought home from Europe with her.

Then you'd better take dinner at my house tonight.

Dinner! Can't you put me up for a week or ten days?

Ingenious Sounding Apparatus.

Rapid-test soundings were required in some work on a railway line between Paris and Havre, where the cast iron viaduct of Bezous was replaced by an arch bridge alongside. The old foundations for six channel piers were removed to the bottom of the river. It was required that the river bed should be carefully leveled. After it had been dredged the bottom was explored by means of a horizontal bar of iron about twenty feet long, which was suspended at each end from a framework uniting two flatboats in catamaran fashion. This beam was lowered close to the bottom and the boats were gradually moved along in the direction transverse to the length of the bar. When the scraper encountered no irregularity the suspending chains hung vertically, but as soon as either end was deflected by contact with any obstruction an electric circuit was closed, which caused an alarm to be rung. The boat was stopped and the obstruction located by means of sounding poles. In this way small stones down to a diameter of four inches were easily located and the bed of the river was leveled to within that amount of irregularity. This method proved rapid and successful.—Savannah News.

The Season's Sensation.

The sensation of the season in Newport has been Miss Virginia Fair's pet donkey, Persimmon, and his appearance at Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's dance. The dance was given for Miss Marion Fish, the daughter of the house, in Mrs. Fish's new villa. When the gaiety had well begun Persimmon appeared in the ballroom decked in flowers, with his shoeless hoofs gilded, hitched to a tiny cart in which were the "favors" for the dance, which were baskets of flowers tied with white ribbons. Persimmon behaved nobly. He had been in the eye of the 400 before, when, in 1895, he won a prize at the pony parade given by Mrs. Calvin S. Brice.



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