



WOMAN'S REALM

SUMMER GOWNS.

Black For Children and Colors For Their Elders.

Many of the wash gowns for summer are of light weight linen in pale solid colors.

The black "paper-chip" hat is warmly recommended for heads that find most millinery too heavy.

A pleasing simplicity has crept into the modes for children. There are still fussy costumes for small girls of all ages.

The school clothes the children's outfit-fitters are showing include sailor suits for both boys and girls.

Pretty sailor dresses for little girls are in blue and white seersucker.

Girdle and Tuck Comb.

One of the latest and most charming frivolities of fashion has to do with belts, for whether of leather, ribbon, satin or elastic silk, they are all studied or treated with imitation jewels.

Cut coral nail heads, each one surrounded by a thread of the minutest steel beads and applied to a Swiss belt of white silk fastened with steel and coral ornaments.

The ultra elegant long belt clasp is now done in enamels or is an oval slice of fine French porcelain on which in proper decorative surroundings a woman's face shows and with real or mock jewels her throat, head and ears are decked with sparkling colored stones sunk into the porcelain or enamel.

Incrustations of Lace.

Incrustations of lace are gaining in favor rather than losing their prestige, and very ethereal effects are produced by applying lace on to chiffon, which is placed over satin; and they also look exceedingly well on foulards, especially white foulards, with fine Irish point of rather a deep tone, outlined with black bebe ribbon.

Pendants Again.

Black silk ornaments with pendants may be used with fine effect on the silk and handsome cloth tailor made upon which the rich black crocheted buttons are in order.

beautifully. From three to five dangling lozenge-shaped ornaments hang from the main rosette-like ornament.

White Chiffon Bows.

Some chiffon bows of white are ornamented with roses of chiffon in colors, pink or yellow, but they are not attractive. They have a made-up look which is not good.

PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR



A pretty hat all of white is dotted generously with tiny pearls.

Sailor hats retain their old-time popularity, and the latest designs are noticeable for their simplicity and style.

In fichu shape is a shoulder collar of white chiffon made with masses of fine shirrings and edged with short double ruffles of the chiffon.

A popular article of jewelry is the pear shaped pearl, which is worn suspended in a short neck chain, and appears in connection with every kind of gown.

Corsets are more elaborately lace trimmed than formerly. Corset covers are made almost entirely of the finest lace, with just a little silk or other material.

Some of the new canvas weaves which are much favored for summer gowns are brightened and embellished by hand-embroidery in artistic designs executed with colored tapestry wools.

A little girl's pink linen frock has a turned-down piece of unbleached linen finishing the neck, cut low to wear with a guimpe, a plastron front of the same linen, a belt and the sleeves also trimmed with the linen.

Black velvet is used with good effect upon many things this year. One fichu-like collar of cream lace has black velvet strings in the front, inside the lace ends, and a big bow of black velvet at the back.

On black fans silver, gold or black spangles are used to emphasize the designs. A novelty is the violet fan, which is covered near the top with artificial violets, forming a border. When the fan is closed it appears to be surmounted by a bunch of these flowers.

TIRING OF FACTORY LIFE.

Girls of the Tenement Eager For Domestic Service.

To encourage factory girls to enter domestic employment a band of young society women, graduates of an uptown private school, have furnished a suite of rooms for model training, and employed an instructor in the art of housework. The enterprise is the most recent addition to the work of the Brearley League Industrial Evening School, which has been conducted for several years in the Fogg Memorial School of the Children's Aid Society, No. 552 West Fifty-third street, with the support of the organization whose name it bears.

Two rooms, a bed room and dining room, have been fitted for the purpose, and two evenings a week the fifteen young girls of the domestic training class, who are from fourteen to sixteen years of age, make a sortie on the place with pails and brushes, brooms, dustpans and cloths, and remove every vestige of dirt that has accumulated since the last lesson. Indeed, scrubbing goes on with as much zest and vigor as if it were the semi-annual housecleaning fray in family apartments. The pretty white iron bedstead, with its spick and span counterpane and shams, is stripped and aired; the crisp white muslin curtains are carefully pinned up safe from the dangers of water and dust, the rugs are swept until a looker-on trembles for them, and they are at last rolled up and put away to allow the floor its share of the cleaning. It is, indeed, the floor and the paint that suffer the most, for every girl in the class loves to scrub, and into that work puts all her superabundant energy.

When the windows and mirrors are cleaned, the last bit of dusting done, the bed remade in the primmest of styles and the nickel polished, the table is set, without a vestige of food, to be sure, but in a fashion most satisfactory to those who arrange it. Then comes one of the girls as waitress, and all sorts of points of etiquette suited not only to the maid but the dinner, are discussed. By the time the table is cleared and the dishes put away the hour for closing has come. The girls of the class are mainly of Irish parentage, and work in carpet or hammock factories or flax mills, receiving from \$2 to \$2.50 a week.

She's a Fighter at Eighty-one.

Mrs. Susan Ann Payne, eighty-one years old, gave John Ritchey a severe drubbing because he irritated her. Mr. Ritchey is an able-bodied man. Mrs. Payne is six feet tall, weighs 190 pounds, and in spite of her advanced age is hale and hearty. She was given a jail sentence of twelve days. She made the statement that she could whip any ten men in Kokomo.

A hot cloth around the mould will help jelly or ices to come from it without sticking.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN

The Lobster and the Crab.

A lobster bold and a dignified crab Went out for a sail together; But the wind blew cold, and the waves ran high, And the lobster cried: "Oh, my! Oh, my! This truly is awful weather! And away to shore I think I will hie, For if I get wet,—why! why! why! why! I'd never get over it, never!" —The Christian Register.

Sneezing Superstition.

There is a quaint old rhyme about sneezing which runs as follows: Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger.

Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger. Sneeze on Wednesday, have a letter. Sneeze on Thursday, something better.

Sneeze on Friday, sneeze for sorrow. Sneeze on Saturday, see true love to-morrow.

A sneeze on Sunday meant a visit from the parson the next day, and a good old English housewife set everything in order against his coming.

The sneeze has certain unflinching traditions attached to it, especially among the early English peasants, and, handed down to our day, they have become superstitions.

The number of time anyone sneezes was always noticed, and the meaning proclaimed with a serious or cheerful face as the case might be according to the number of sneezes. Nowadays even the least superstitious will say, "Bless you," or pat you on the back three times or four or five times, according to the number of sneezes.

Sneezing was considered very healthful, and for this reason, snuff became a fashion, which grew to be harmful, as snuff takers found it hard to break away from the custom.

A Hospital Story.

Once there were two little girls. The mother was down East visiting a sick relative, probably a sister, may be a father. The two little girls had been left with the dressmaker.

At their home stayed the dressmaker, and sewed on their buttons and curled their hair and fed them candy between meals while their mother was down East visiting her sick relative.

The candy was only the stick peppermint kind, with pink stripes that swerved around it till you were dizzy. It stayed on a top shelf, which also made you dizzy.

The little girls climbed upon the step ladder to get some more from the top shelf. Dressmakers should keep candy on the cutting table or sewing machine.

Something slipped. Maybe it was the step ladder. It wasn't the candy, for the little girls had that in their hands when they were picked up. They also had a sprained ankle and a broken arm. They cried for the dressmaker and for the mother who was down East visiting a sick relative. Then, in spite of the broken arm and the sprained ankle, while they cried, "Oh," said the one with the sprained ankle, "Now, we'll go to the hospital and be the children that we visit."

"Oh, goody!" cried the one with the broken arm. "Will be operated." So, when the dressmaker, hurrying upstairs, found them, they said with one accord, "Do, dear dressmaker, take us around the corner to the hospital."

The poor worried dressmaker thought of the mother down East visiting a sick relative. She thought, too, of the father on his way to bring her home. She borrowed a baby carriage, and two little girls were soon put to bed in two pretty white cots. The Children's ward of the hospital held new patients. Convalescent children wheeled by in rolling chairs. Some almost ready for home, walked up to ask questions.

"Were you both operated?" "Have you been run over?" "Did you have a growth behind your nose as big as a dollar?" "Nurse says I'm her talking machine." "Did you bring some new playthings?" "Let's all play operation."

Then the boy with the bandaged foot pretends to chloroform with an atomizer. As each little cot bound child pretends to come under its influence, a transfer picture is pasted on its hand, and the operation is over.

Two little girls in a hospital. The mother down east visiting a sick relative. A sprained ankle and a broken arm mending fast. A poor distressed dressmaker calling each day at the hospital and finding two very joyful children.

Hurry home, mother, visiting your sick relative. Mother shocked that your two little daughters are in the hospital. Two little girls with a happy experience.

Two little girls wheeled home in a baby carriage.—Christian Register.

Jimmy's First Sunday in Church.

Jimmy was three years old. He lived with his parents in a pretty country town, and what he desired more than anything else in the world every time Sunday morning came around, was to go to church. He did not know what a

church was, nor why the people went there, but he whined and sometimes even howled when he saw his papa and mamma go out of the gate on their way to church, his mamma wearing her pretty gown and bonnet, and his papa in his shining black clothes and his tall hat glistening in the sun. But when he begged to go with them his mamma always said: "Jimmy is too little; when he is bigger and older he shall go with us every Sunday."

And Jimmy hoped that in a very short time he would be as big as his father, then he could go to church and would no longer be obliged to stay at home with Nora. Nora was the girl who cooked the dinner and who always said: "Sure ye must have a clane face be the toim the folks will be comin' home," and, seizing him by the arm, she would wash his face, rubbing his nose uphill and filling his eyes with soapsuds.

But one Sunday morning something happened, Nora said she was going to a picnic and must go before dinner. Jimmy knew what a picnic was, for he had attended one, and he wondered if Nora, too, would play high-spy, and make herself sick eating cake. Mamma said: "Nora you cannot go to the picnic today; there will be no one to stay with Jimmy."

"Small difference does that make to me," replied Nora. "I've promised me frins, and to the picnic I'll be goin'. Ye can take Jimmy to church wid ye." "Oh, no!" said mamma. "He is such a chatterbox he would be sure to talk. He could not possibly keep still."

"I want to go! I want to go-o-o!" howled Jimmy.

Finally mamma said: "Very well, you may go, since there is no other way."

Nora remained long enough to dress Jimmy, though she was in such a hurry that she not only rubbed his nose the wrong way and filled his eyes with suds, but she pulled his curls so hard in combing his hair that he would have cried had he not been so happy.

When the church bells all over the town began to ring Jimmy started out with his papa and mamma, holding a hand of each, and stepping high, for he felt very proud.

"Now, remember, Jimmy," said mamma, "you must be very quiet; you must not say one word in the church; do you hear me?"

"Yes, mamma."

"No one talks in church; it is very wrong to do so," she added.

"Would a big wolf eat 'em up if they did?" asked Jimmy, who remembered the wolf that ate up Red Ridinghood. Mamma paused to speak to a friend and did not hear him, but he felt sure her answer would have been "Yes."

What a lot of people there were in the church! He tried to stand up in the pew and look at them, but mamma seized him and sat him down again a good deal quicker than was at all pleasant. It was very quiet; Jimmy wondered what would happen next. Pretty soon he saw his Aunt Dolly come in and take a seat across the aisle. He was very fond of his Aunt Dolly. She lived out in the country and she brought Jimmy something nice every time she came to town. Sometimes it was a big, shining red apple, sometimes it was a bag of hickory nuts, and only yesterday she had brought a delightful gingerbread man with two currants for eyes and a piece of cinnamon bark for a cigar. Jimmy had eaten him all up even to the eyes, and his cigar, and had wished that the gingerbread man had a twin brother, that he might have eaten him also.

Aunt Dolly looked at him and smiled and Jimmy smiled back at her. Then a horrible thought struck him. Perhaps Aunt Dolly did not know that it was wrong to talk in church! What if she should say something to him as she seemed to want to do? Then the wolf in the flapping night cap, as he had seen it in one of his books at home would come and eat Aunt Dolly all up! Jimmy's mind was instantly made up.

"Aunt Dolly," he called out in his high shrill voice, "you mustn't talk in church, or the wolf'll eat you."

A good many people looked around and smiled. Papa frowned, and mamma whispered to Jimmy to be quiet.

A tall man now went up some steps at the end of the room and people sang. Then baskets were passed around with money in them. Papa put in a piece and Jimmy wanted to take out a bright new dime, but the basket went past so rapidly that he did not have a chance to get it. Pretty soon the tall man began to talk, which was wrong, Jimmy thought and he called out:

"If you talk like that the wolf'll get you; he will swallow you all down!"

Then papa took his little boy in his arms and carried him out of doors and back home and Jimmy did not attend church again for a long time.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Small Boy's Plan.

"Willie," she said, "if you eat any more of those preserves I'll give you a whipping."

"You wouldn't whip a sick boy, would you?" he asked pathetically.

"Of course not."

"Then I'll eat enough to make me sick." —Chicago Post.

A full grown elephant can carry three tons on its back.

SUFFERED 25 YEARS With Catarrh of the Stomach—Pe-ru-na Cured.



Congressman Botkin, of Winfield, Kan.

In a recent letter to Dr. Hartman Congressman Botkin says:

"My Dear Doctor—It gives me pleasure to certify to the excellent curative qualities of your medicines—Peruna and Manalin. I have been afflicted more or less for a quarter of a century with catarrh of the stomach and constipation. A residence in Washington has increased these troubles. A few bottles of your medicine have given me almost complete relief, and I am sure that a continuation of them will effect a permanent cure."—J. D. Botkin.

Mr. L. F. Verdery, a prominent real estate agent, of Augusta, Ga., writes:

"I have been a great sufferer from catarrhal dyspepsia. I tried many physicians, visited a good many springs, but I believe Peruna has done more for me than all of the above put together. I feel like a new person."—L. F. Verdery.

The most common form of summer catarrh is catarrh of the stomach. This is generally known as dyspepsia. Peruna cures these cases like magic.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Advertisement for Cascarets Candy Cathartic, featuring the product name and a small illustration.

Advertisement for Cotton Culture fertilizer, featuring a large illustration of a cotton plant and text describing its benefits.

Advertisement for Alabastine wall coating, featuring an illustration of a person painting a wall and text describing the product's durability.

Advertisement for Piso's Cure for Consumption, featuring text describing the cure for various ailments.

"It's a shame!" exclaimed Meandering Mike, as he tossed the piece of newspaper from him. "What was you readin' about?" asked Plodding Pete. "Dese donations by Andrew Carnegie. It's a shame to be spendin' so much money for libraries when dey order be buyin' cook books fur some o' dese jails we have to stop at."—Washington Star.