Wheels Within Wheels in San Francisco

By William Inglis.

AS a confirmation of his theory that the graft prosecution was diverted from its original general design into an effort to ruin him and his associates, so that Mr. Spreckles and his fellow workers could buy the United Railroads cheap, and thus acquire the transportation business of San Francisco, President Patrick Calhoun, of the United Railroads, lays much stress on the fact that the Municipal Street Railway Company of San Francisco filed its charter on April 17, 1906, the day before the earthquake and fire. The principal owners of the company were Rudolph Spreckles and James D. Phelan. The plan of operation, as set forth by Mr. Spreckles in published interviews, was to compete with the United Railroads by running for ten blocks at a time along the tracks of the United Railroads, then going around a block, and again using ten blocks of the company's tracks, paying there for interest on the original cost of construction, as provided by law.

"But when they thought they could drive us out of existence by using the prosecuting power as a club," says Mr. Calhoun, "they dropped their Municipal Railway scheme and devoted all their energies to ruining us."

This I submitted to Mr. Spreckles.

"The charge is untrue," he said. "Our sole idea was to demonstrate that it was possible to operate cars efficiently and with profit by means of the underground trolley system. We were not going into a general competition with the United Railroads. The best proof of that is that we were ready to sell out to the city at any time. Our charter provided that we would turn over the road to the city whenever required, upon receiving the amount of our original investment, plus interest. We intended to make that demonstration in perfectly good faith; but after the fire the project was dropped."

It is a fact that nothing was ever done toward establishing the Municipal Railway lines after the fire.

Having conquered the guilty supervisors and given them immunity in exchange for confession, the prosecution allowed them to remain in office. When Schmitz had been thrown into jail to await trial on many indictments, the guilty supervisors elected one of their own number—Boxton—to act as Mayor in place of Schmitz. At this there were great manifestations of popular disapprovai, and all the boodlers were put out of office. The corporation officials point to the retention of the confessed bribe-takers in office as a confirmation of their theory that the prosecutor had entered into an alliance with these men in order to obtain false testimony against the "higher-ups."—Harper's Weekly.

Idleness and Green Eyes

By Winifred Black.

I KNOW a woman who is jealous of her husband.

Every time the man is five minutes' late to dinner the woman thinks he has stopped to see another woman.

The wife has nothing in the world to do all day but read novels and think up love scenes, and when her husband comes home from downtown so worried that he doesn't know whether he is walking on his head or his hands, she's cross because he doesn't tell her how lonely the day has been without her.

If she could see the crowd of hangers-on that won't breathe until they've asked her husband about it, she'd realize that he'd give a year of his life to get a chance to be lonely for a minute.

The man is a good, plain, sensible, every-day man, who would cut his right arm off at the shoulder to keep his wife from any real sorrow, but he hasn't time and doesn't know how to make love.

I wonder why his wife can't understand that.

Do you know what I'd do if I were that man?

I'd bring that wife of mine down twon with me every morning for six months; rain or shine, hot or cold, tired or rested, sick or well, down town she'd have to trapse, and I'd make her help me do my work. I'd shove half of my worries on to her shoulders, and when she had been bored, and puzzled, and irritated, and driven to distraction by trying to talk to half a dozen people about half a dozen things at once, I'd sulk because she hadn't told me for half an hour that she loved me.

Six months of that sort of thing would cure the poor, foolish woman of that particular kind of folly, I'll warrant you.

What a lot of women waste their time being jealous!

The average man is just as faithful to his wife as the average wife is faithful to her husband.

The average man is too busy trying to pay his wife's bills to have time to fall in love with Venus herself, even if she sits at the typewriter in the same office with him.

Men get past the flirtation age very early if they have anything else to think of—and most of them have.

If I were a man and had a wife who was jealous without cause I'd make her go to work and get something to think of. An idle mind is the most fierce trouble breeder in the world. Get rid of it, Madam Green Eyes, get rid of it.—New York American.

Some Uses For Seaweed

By Charles A. Sidman.

THE seaweed industry in the United States is not as extensive as it is abroad. It is practically restricted to Massachusetts, and is addressed to one species, the "Irish moss." The Irish moss, or carrageen, is found from North Carolina to Maine, as well as on the Pacific coast, being especially abundant north of Cape Cod, growing on rocks just below low-water mark. The fronds are from three to six inches long and usually purple, but when exposed to a bright light while growing are of a yellowish-green color. The crop is usually gathered between the months of May and September. A small part is gathered by hand, but most of it is torn from the rocks by means of rakes used from boats. The rakes are made especially for the purpose, have a fifteen-foot handle and a head twelve to fifteen inches wide, with twenty-four to twenty-eight teeth six inches long and an eighth of an inch apart.

In the preparation and curing of Irish moss, fair weather and much sunshine are the principal requisites. When first brought ashore, the plants are washed in salt water, and then spread on the sandy beach to dry and bleach. After twenty-four hours in good weather they are raked up and again washed and again spread on the beach to dry. Three washings are usually sufficient for complete cleansing, curing, and bleaching, but as many as seven are sometimes given. After the final washing, the plants are left in the sun, the entire process requiring about two weeks of good weather and sunshine. At the end of this period the plants fade and are white or straw-colored. Two more weeks are then required to soften and prepare the produce for shipping

The moss is sent to market in barrels holding about one hundred pounds, and the first crop is usually shipped in August. The product has a wide distribution in the United States and Canada, part going to druggists and grocers, while the larger part is taken by brewers.—The World To-day.

PROHIBITS REVOLVING DOORS.

Their Use Forbidden in Large Paris Restaurants and Other Places.

M. Lepine, Prefect of the Paris police, issued an order today prohibiting the use of revolving doors at all cafes, restaurants, hotels, and other places capable of containing more than 100 persons at one time.

Thousands of these doors will have to be removed at once. The Prefect maintains they are dangerous in case of fire or panic, and that is the reason he gives for his order. It is alleged that on numerous occasions within the last year accidents have happened with these doors which might have had serious consequences.

On one occasion recently, during the busiest time of the day at a restaurant on the boulevard in Paris, the revolving door was jammed for a full hour, and nobody was able to enter or leave the restaurant. Had a fire panic occurred the result might have been disastrous. On another occasion an alarm of fire in a cafe caused a rush to the revolving door, which got jammed with people and could not be opened.

The Prefect's decree is a serious blow to all who are engaged in the revolving door business, which has soundly established itself in France. It also will cause great expense to a very large number of restaurants and other public establishments.—New York Times.

Wanted the Match Back.

To illustrate the canniness of the Scot the following tale is told: A merchant and a farmer were discussing political economy in a railroad car. After a while the merchant filled his pipe, lit it and settled back for a comfortable smoke. The farmer took his pipe from his pocket, and after gazing longingly at its empty bowl asked his companion for a match.

The merchant selected one from a large boxful and handed it over. Said the farmer: "I am afraid Ive come away without by baccy pouch." "Well," said the merchant, holding out his hand "then ye'll not be in need of that match."—Kansas City Times.

A Hungarian has invented a washing machine, which, with electrified water, will cleanse 300 garments in less than fifteen minutes without the aid of soap.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Whose Girl?

I'm mamma's girl all day—tause why?
She gives me cookies w'en I cry,
An' helps me d'ess up Bess an' James—
Those is my two bes' dollies' names;
An' w'en I'm hurt she kisses me
An' makes me well, an' so you see
I dot my weasons w'en I say
'At I am mamma's girl all day.

I'm papa's girl at night—tause why?
My papa works all day to buy
Some bwead an' meat an' dess a stick
Of tandy 'at won't make me sick;
An' 'en he takes me on his knee
An' tells some fairy tales to me;
So don't you fink 'at I am wight
In bein' papa's girl at night?

I'm gamma's girl w'en she comes to
Our house tause she will allus do
Nice things for me, an' tause she bwings
Some dolls an' blocks an' books an' things.
My mamma says 'at she spoils me
Tause she's so drefful good, you see;
'En gamma laughs—tause why? She knows
'At I'm her girl until she goes.

I'm mamma's girl all day, an' 'en
At night I'm papa's girl, an' w'en
My gamma comes I'm her girl, too;
But still you see 'at I ain't fru
Wiv bein' people's girl—tause why?
A boy named Tommie lives clost by,
An' w'en I goes to see his squir'l
My bruvver says I'm Tommie's girl!

—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Hidden Name Puzzle.

By taking the initial letter of a one-syllable word from each of the following sentences and writing them in the order in which they come the name of a well known politician will appear.

Study the industry of the tireless bee.

Do what is right, regardless of public opinion.

Let not a year of life pass without helping some unfortunate brother.

Never ask of another that which you should learn for yourself.

Note well the advancement of the times and keep abreast it.—Washington Star.

Enjoying Anticipated Sorrow.

Ina came in from the country on her fifth birthday to visit her cousin May. At night they were pct to bed early. An hour passed, when heart-breaking sobs were heard from the children's bedroom.

"What is the matter, children?" asked May's mother, entering the dark room.

From under the bed clothes Ina sobbed out. "May won't give me any of her peanuts.

"But May has no peanuts," replied her aunt.

"I know that," sobbed Ina, "but she said if she did have peanuts, she wouldn't give me any."—The Delineator.

Conundrums.

If you should see a dude riding on a donkey what fruit would you think of? Ans.—A pair (pear).

What word of six letters contains six words besides itself, without transposing a letter? Ans.—Herein (he, her, here, ere, rein, in).

Why is a portrait like a member of congress? Ans.—Because it is a representative.

What relation is a child to its father when it is not its own father's son? Ans.—A daughter.

Why is the average milkman like the fish that swallowed Jonah? Ans.—Because he finds a profit (prophet) in the water.

When do you find a tall man short? Ans.—When you try to borrow five dollars from him.—Washington Star.

Rules of Civility.

It is a misfortune for all American boys in all our schools today (writes Owen Wister in "The Seven Ages of Washington") that they should be told the untrue and foolish story of the hatchet and cherry-tree, and denied the immense benefit of instruction from George Washington's authentic copy-book. As a boy of fourteen, he copied these precepts, and they entered like leaven into that young lump of strength. In later years Washington was entirely aware of the great influence for good exerted upon his character by the "Rules of Civility;"—

Be not immodest in urging your friends to discover a secret.

Wear not your Clothes foul, unript, or dusty.

Sleep not when others Speak, Sit not when others stand, Speak not when you should hold your peace, walk not when others Stop.

Superfluous Complements and all Affectation of Ceremony are to be avoided, yet when due they are not to be neglected.

Read no Letters, Books or Papers in company, but when there is a necessity for the doing of it you must ask leave: Come not near the Books or Writings of Another so as to read them unless desired. Look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

Speak not of doleful things in a time of mirth.

Talk not with meat in your mouth.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little Spark of Celestial fire called Conscience.—Christian Register.

A Shetland Pony.

Don is a little Shetland pony I rode and played with this summer when I was on a farm in Maine, visiting some friends. He is a very intelligent and very fine pony, and is a great pet of everybody who knows him.

The first time I ever rode bareback on him he started to trot right away and I fell off. He stopped and let me get on again, but for the rest of the day I couldn't induce him to trot.

It was a good deal of trouble to get Don ready to ride or drive, as he didn't wish to be caught. We chased him for a long time one day, till finally I caught hold of the end of his long tail. As he is very gentle and didn't want to hurt me, he stopped and we were able to put on his bridle. He had a trick of putting the bit under his tongue, in the hope that we would change it for him, but after fixing it a number of times the trick was learned and we refused to notice it any more, so now he has to work the bit back himself.

If we tried to ride him in the road, unless he was following a horse he knew, he would try to turn around. Before I learned how to stick on him he threw me twice by turning suddenly. It always scared him worse than it did me when I fell, and he would stand very still till I got on again. Once I rode him to the town (about one and one-half miles) when he was following a horse he knew, and another girl rode him home. The horse had a young colt at home, so she went to the town very fast and Don kept up to her, which gave me a lovely fast ride. When we got there the mare acted very badly, standing on her hind legs and once even backing on the sidewalk. When she got started for home she calmed down, but when I was in the village she nearly backed on Don and me several times, for he would persist in getting in the way, as he wanted to be near her. It was rather dangerous for the people driving the mare. They even had to get a man to hold her.

Don learned how to open the gate of his pasture, and several times we had to go out and chase him. He could open almost any bin, and one summer he was caught several times with his head in the oat bin.

Once I got him to walk up three steps on the piazza and down the steps again after some oats I had. Yours sincerely, Katharine D. Kendig.—In the New York Tribune.

Curious Brushes.

Willie, flushed and happy, had just come in from the barn where he had been playing hide-and-seek.

"I guess my little boy needs to find a brush," said mother, looking up from her work. For there were clinging to his pretty sailor suits bits of dry grass and seeds from the mows, and some were playing peek-a-boo in the little fellow's hair.

"O mother, can't I wait? I'm just too tired now."

"If flies had been playing hide-and-seek, they would not allow a speck of dust to stay on their heads: they'd brush it off," casually remarked Aunt Nan.

"Flies?" exclaimed Willie, incredulously. "Where'd they get their brushes, I'd like to know?"

"Oh, they have them, and use them," laugher Aunt Nan.

"Hair brushes?" questioned Willie, and his face took on a perplexed look.

"Yes, and they always keep them selves very clean. Have you never seen a fly rub his delicate front legs over his head?"

"Lots and lots of times," replied Willie, quickly.

"Well," resumed Apnt Nan, "there are a great many hairs on the underside of a fly's feet and legs, and these form tiny hair-brushes. When any dust gets on a fly's head, he brushes it off at once, and then he rubs his legs together, as you have probably noticed. This so that no dust may cling to the little brushes."

"Hurrah, Mr. Fly!" exclaimed Willie. "I guess you needn't think you're the only one who can use a brush, even if the other fellow doesn't carry his brushes around with him on his feet!"

Away he ran; and, when he came back, mother said her little boy looked neat enough to be kissed.—Christian Advocate.

The Mistake.

They looked just alike, these grave little dollies that Aunt Sue had brought all the way from Japan! And their little American mothers were very much alike, too, for they were cousins, almost the same age, with the same long, light pigtails and the same blue eyes. People who did not know them used to call them "the twins," and people who did know them used to call them "the cousin-twins," for they were always together, and very very fond of one another. No one had ever known them to quarrel; all their grown-up friends said they were the easiest children in the world to manage. "Just let them have each other to play with and they'll be perfectly happy," every one declared.

But one day something happened. No one knew really what it was. It might have been the hot weather's fault; it might have been the sweet lemonade and cakes they had for their tea party. Anyhow, just in a minute, Molly jerked O-Mimosa San from her grass bed, where she was lying so comfortably with Miss Almond-Blossom, and cried, "I shall never, never come over to play with you again, Polly Gerould! So there, now!"

And instead of "soft-answering" her Polly only said, "Well, all right for you, Molly Richardson, I don't care! And they promptly turned away to their own homes.

And for a week they did not speak, these lonely little uncomfortable souls. But when seven long days had come and gone, Polly came to her mother and said, "Mother, I'm sorry I quarreled with Molly. And I miss her awfully, and. I'm going to send her Miss Almond Blossom, 'cause she's always wished she had two Japanese dollies so that O-Mimosa San wouldn't be lonesome at night." So Miss Almond Blossom was rolled up in a sheet of tissue paper very carefully, ready to put on Molly's door step that very evening. Now, as it happened, just at the same time Molly said to her mother, "I was dreadfully cross to Polly the other day. I wish she wasn't mad at me. I want to give her something to make up. I think I'll give her O-Mimosa San, because I love her better than any other dolly I have, and then Polly will know I'm sorry, really and truly!" The thought of being friends again kept her happy all day.

So Miss Almond Blossom was left on the doorstep, and O-Mimosa San went by mail, and neither little girl got the other dolly until the next morning. And then how they cried! Because, you see, Polly and Molly each thought that her cousin-twin was angry still, and had sent back the "make-up" present, and that was almost too much to bear.

I do not know what would have happened if Aunt Sue had not come to visit both cousin-twins that very afternoon. She was at Molly's first, and she heard the story and looked at the little Japanese lady; and then, all of a sudden, she began to laugh. "Why, you dear, silly, generous little geese!" she cried, while Molly and her mother stared as if they thought she had gone crazy. "You've both tried to make up by sending the other your own doll. Look, Molly, this isn't O-Mimosa San at all; this is Miss Almond-Blossom. I know, because there was a little flaw in her silk sash; something that you'd never see, but that any one who had ever lived in Japan would notice at once. And so you each have the other's doll."

Mother was almost as surprised as Molly, and came to examine the little sash with its fortunate telltale flaw. She had left the little girls to find their own way out of the quarrel, so that they would learn by experience to be less hasty.

"And now," said Aunt Sue, "you must come straight over with me and we'll tell Polly all about it, because she's probably feeling quite as grieved as you are."

So they went to Polly's and explained, and the week long quarrel ended, as all little girl quarrels should, in laughing.—Alice V. Carrick, in Youth's Companion.

The Road to Riches.

If at first you don't succeed, ask them for one of the easy jobs with the high salaries.—Galveston Daily News.

Her Special Realm

Style Requires Dash.

"I wish I had as many clothes as my bachelor girl friend," said the impecunious girl. "She always is getting something new every time I go there."

"Yes," said her companion, "but she never looks stylish. You are more stylish than she is with all her clothes. She is too neat. Her excessive neatness stamps her an old maid. You must have a sort of reckless dash about your things to look stylish."—New York Press.

Why Women Tolerate Men.

"You see that old woman and the young one in the corner of the room," said he, "They come here every night for dinner. I don't know whether they are mother and daughter or a rich woman and her attendant, but I wish you could hear their comments upon the men in the place. Critical as to their manners, their looks, their talk. I get quite discouraged when I happen to sit near enough to hear. Ever any man with them? Not that I ever saw, but it is the women who never go with men who are most critical. Those who do are lenient with their foibles. They excuse them for the sake of whatever good traits they might chance to possess."—New York Press.

Charm of Sincerity.

Few attributes add so much to one's personal power as the knowledge that one is absolutely genuine and sincere.

If your life is a perpetual lie, if you know that you are not what you pretend to be, you cannot be strong. There is a continuous struggle with the truth going on inside you which saps your energy and warps character.

If there is a mote in your eye, remove it at once. Otherwise, you can not look the world straight in the face. Further, there will be a cloudiness, a haze, about your character which will be noticeable to those about you.

Strength lies in character. Deceit is weakness; sham and pretense are enfeebling. Only the genuine and the sincere are worth while.—Indianapolis News.

The Haughty Maid.

A writer in Charities and the Commons seems to think that the attitude popularly attributed to the haughty servant, who demands to "store her bicycle in the drawing room and receive her company in the library," has its foundation in rainbow hued imaginations. She describes the scenes at her home on advertising for a maid; "out of seven applicants . . . three wept with disappointment at not securing the work offered. All the applicants, with but two exceptions, were bedraggled, disheartened and discouraged, and the amount of wages to be paid them did not seem very essential. Saddest of all was a dazed looking deserted wife, who had three small children, and who, when she found she was unsuited for the place, hesitatingly asked for 10 cents for carfare, as she had come from Brooklyn to Manhattan in search of work. Another married woman had a boy of ten, and pleaded, with tears in her eyes, to be allowed to make a home for herself and her boy."

Her Views on Immigration.

Mrs. Marie Cross Newhaus, prominent in women's club circles of the State, has the following to say in the New York Telegram regarding immigration to this country:—

"We are accustomed to talk of our great hospitality in allowing foreigners to come to our shores and are apt to forget that many of them bring qualities that are of value to us commercially and are important factors in helping to mould the character of the nation. The German element, for example, brings thrift, cleanliness and good citizenship to the United States, and we should welcome this kind of immigration.

"We are especially prone, though, to underestimate the good in the Italian portion of our immigration. The Italians in New York have deposited $16,000,000 in the savings banks, and have invested $35,000,000 in real estate. There is an Italian Chamber of Commerce here and four papers are printed daily. For the last ten years Italians have built railroads dug subways and done all sorts of pick and shovel work. If the Italian laborers were suddenly to drop out of our industries their loss would seriously cripple us.

"It is difficult for us to understand and appreciate the romantic and idealistic nature of the Italian because we live in a country where the practical dominates nearly everything. For instance, the only ruins that the Americans tolerate and respect are subway and railway excavations and the demolished buildings in their trail."

No Snobbery Here.

There was a sudden and evident commotion among the employes of a Paris dressmaking establishment. "The princess! The princess!" they cried. "She has arrived!"

American eyes began to bulge. Out from a magnificent equipage stepped a regally gowned woman, attended by footmen and maid, and was received by the whole bowing establishment, to the neglect of all other customers. She was in a gracious mood and easy to be pleased, praising past efforts and selecting several new creations without regard to cost. After she had made her departure amid like ceremonies, there was no need for the saleswomen to bother their heads over suggestions. Every American woman present wanted a gown copied from the one the princess had bought, and she got it after much pleading and at a price far beyond the limit she had set.

"The point of this fable is this," says "The Woman's Home Companion," which is responsible for the story. "The princess was no princess, but an employe of the house, and the ruse was worked in one of the biggest establishments in Paris."

The American woman, in fact, according to the same authority, appears to be regarded as fair game by the dressmakers of Paris. "Every French gown has two prices—an American price and a French price. It is needless to say which is the greater price. Along about April the cry goes up, 'The Americans are coming,' and then the prices go up, too. Along about November, when the Americans have left, you might almost say they are giving away gowns, only the Frenchman never does give away anything. Then it is that the Frenchwoman in general and the French actress in particular selects her wardrobe."—New York Tribune

Suffragette Banners.

The occasion of the meetings of university extension students in Cambridge was utilized for an exhibition of the beautiful banners contributed by the Artists League for the procession in support of woman suffrage on June 13.

The banners are skilfully displayed, the fine flag of the Cambridge alumnae (the women students, past and present), in rich shades of subdued blue, being hung in the place of honor at the back of the platform. Near it were the banners to celebrate some of the great women who have shown what women can achieve.

On one, in shades of gold, stood forth the word radium and the name of Mme. Curie; on another, with a delicate Madonna lily on a pale mauve ground, the name of St. Catherine of Sienna; on another St. Teresa; on another Katherine Barlass, whose heroic story is told in Rossetti's ballad "The King's Tragedy."

Elsewhere hung banners to commemorate George Eliot, Charlotte Bronte, Elizabeth Fry, Edith Pechey Phipson (one of the pioneers in opening the medical profession to women), Mary Wollstonecraft, Florence Nightingale, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Josephine Butler, Mary Somerville, Susan B. Anthony, Lydia Becker and many another.

With these were the banners of the great organizations of woman suffragists throughout the country, of some of the chief professions in which women are doing good work, and of some of the societies, such as the National Union of Women Workers, conservative and Unionist Suffragists and Liberal Women Suffragists.—Queen.

What Is Meant by Directoire.

Directoire, incroyable, marveileuse—words that are on every tongue, yet they are frequently used interchangeably without regard to distinguishing characteristics. Directoire is the comprehensive word, including incroyable (the dress of the man during the directoire period), and the marvelluse (the woman's dress of the same period.)

The classic type of costume which has so revolutionized the clothes of the moment is a revival of the copies of Greek draperies assumed at the close of the 18th century, when the new government—the directoire (directory)—supplanted the old French monarchy.

At that period Greek and Roman philosophy appealed to cultivated minds, and classic costumes, as expressed in the lines of Greek sculpture, demanded a share of consideration. The women of the younger republic appeared attired in costumes on Grecian lines, and the style—at once simple and artistic—prevailed.

So the original directoire was born of the Greek and adapted to the requirements of the "present day" of the closing of the 18th century; and the directoire of the moment is the revival of that of a hundred years ago, with just sufficient amendment to suit it to our "present day" needs.

The characteristic features of the directoire style are: Skirts scant and clinging and en traine, with a high waist band, sleeves small, close fitting, and long; collars high; pockets large; revers exaggerated; buttons numerous. One, all or any number of these characteristics may be discovered in one garment.

The introduction of the directoire has caused a radical change in costume building. The effect must be of swathing, of a seamless robe, no matter how much seaming, darting and goring may be employed in the construction of the foundation.

Distinguishing characteristics of the incroyable are the coats—long or tall and cut off squarely and abruptly above the waist line in front, with long sleeves, massively cuffed, with huge revers and pocket flaps—all much be-buttoned.

Marveilleuse stands for the scant, clinging, swathing style.

The empire style is an evolution of the directoire, even as the directoire period merged into the empire. The chief difference between the two styles lies in the greater fullness of the empire.—New Haven Register.

Fashion Notes.

Sleeves with wide armholes will be a feature of the evening wraps.

Suede shoes and slippers are in great demand, especially for house wear.

The wide, full rouches are very effective in giving a touch of daintiness to a plain gown.

Ribbon and silver, also gold chains, with a tiny tassel on each end, are shown everywhere.

New hair ornaments in amber, tortoise and silver have butterfly and birds' wings in design.

A noticeable feature of the new frocks is the difference between the two sides of both bodice and skirt.

Not for some years has so much attention been paid to costumes as distinguished from suits as during the present season.

The old peacock blue, under a new name, appears in many dress materials, though most of the latest shades are not pronounced.

An exceedingly smart touch is given the tailored waist of heavy linen by finishing the front simply with large crocheted buttons.

House frocks, affect the tucked sleeve, for with the simplest model of challis to the handsomest of afternoon gowns this style will be correct.

The woman with pale eyebrows will greatly improve their beauty by painting them each night with olive or almond oil, using a tiny brush for the purpose. This will darken them if persisted in.

Of course, in fashioning sleeves for evening dresses the style of the gown will have to be carefully considered. With the short-waisted empire and directoire effects the puff sleeve will be correct. The Directoire buckle is a novelty. It is square in shape, with ribbon through the open space and soft short sash ends falling in graceful folds.

This Wouldn't Go.

The Professor: "And how did Phocion shamefully evade his duty?"

The Freshman (who doesn't know): "I have been taught, sir, never to speak ill of the dead."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GARDEN, FARM and CROPS

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE UP-TO-DATE AGRICULTURIST

Pure Bred Fowls.

Some think that by crossing pure-bred fowls better results can be obtained, and they proceed to cross this, that and the other varieties to suit their theorizing fancies, and thus the flock is degenerated. Careful breeding has been carried on for years to bring out varieties useful for every known requirement. No cross is so good as the pure breed in all its purity.—Farmer's Home Journal.

New Hampshire Orchards.

While New Hampshire is not considered a peach state, there are several large and profitable orchards in the southern and eastern parts of the State. From the Melendy orchard, near Wilton, shipments have been made at the rate of a carload a day. The Parker and Chase orchards in the same vicinity also send large shipments. The quality of these New Hampshire peaches seems to be equal to any, and the somewhat sheltered locations seems to enable the trees to endure the low winter temperatures.—American Cultivator.

Look Out for the Drains.

In every house there is of refuse material a large amount. On washing days many gallons, often barrels, of water in which our clothing has been washed, and which contains all the filth that the skin has thrown off during the week, must be disposed of. As a rule, it is thrown into a drain, which is, perhaps, covered only by a board, and carried only a few feet away, when it forks into the ground or spreads out and evaporates into the air. If the soil is pervious, it may soak into it and some of it eventually find its way into the well.—Weekly Witness.

Jap Insect Kills Gypsy Moths.

One of the most promising enemies of the gypsy moth is a small parasite brought from Japan. This little insect lays its eggs on the caterpillars. The young hatch and burrow into the caterpillar, soon causing its death. The young insects then attack other caterpillars in the same way, destroying large numbers. According to Secretary Kirkland, the Japanese insect seems to be firmly established and promises good results by another season. In Japan the gypsy moth is successfully held in check by the parasite, and it is not too much to hope that it will do as well in this country.—American Cultivator.

Making Hens Molt.

One of the difficulties in poultry raising is to get the hens to molt early so that they will be ready to lay early in the fall when eggs are high.

Left to themselves hens will take a long time to molt and will not finish until cold weather sets in. They will not then lay much until January first and all the profits for October, November and December are lost.

At the Poultry Institute held in Denver by the Colorado Agricultural College, J. R. Wilson, a poultryman of long experience in Colorado, gave his method of controlling the molting of hens.

Mr. Wilson turns his hens for three weeks in July on alfalfa, feeding them in addition dry bran only. Under this treatment they get thin. The first of August he starts feeding them a mixed ration of grains and meat, giving a light feed in the morning and all they will eat at noon and at night.

Under this treatment they finish molting quickly, get new feathers, and begin laying the first of September. By October 1st they are in full laying and make a profit through the fall months.—News Notes, Colorado Agricultural College.

Cross-Bred, Jersey-Ayrshire Cows.

Which is the best cow for farm and for family use? Where the farmer uses his cows for butter making experience would go to show that the grade Jersey is essentially the farmer's cow, an act widely appreciated. The mark of the Jersey is now noticed on every hand in the beautiful and picturesque colors and graceful forms of the cows seen grazing in the meadows and dotting the pastures. No other cow is so easily kept, or more docile, or gives a richer return in butter for the food consumed than the grade Jersey. But something depends upon the cow from which the grade is raised. Unless the dam of the cow is a copious milker, and is able to transmit this quality to her progeny, the principal end sought in the crossing is missed. The Ayrshire is the most prolific milk cow. For large yields and for easy keeping she is unsurpassed. To cross the Ayrshire cow with a well selected Jersey bull, ought to give the best dairy cow that can be readily produced. The large milk yield of the Ayrshire is united with the large cream yield of the Jersey, and we have all we can procure in the way of the Jersey, multiplied by the excess of the yield of the Ayrshire—Weekly Witness.

Keeping the Milk Sweet.

Practically the only method that can be recommended to keep milk sweet is to keep out of it the bacteria that makes it sour.

If after milk has been cooled, that is, after the animal heat is taken out of it, it could be secured free from bacteria and put in clean bottles and tightly sealed, it would keep just about as well as land. In fact, milk has been bottled and sent across the ocean and back again, and still kept sweet. Hence the way to keep milk sweet is to keep it clean, not merely from animal filth and odors, but as far as possible from the bacterism which tends to sour it.

The reason why milk kept cool, down to around 32 degrees, or near the freezing point, will keep sweet longer than if kept at a temperature of 70 or 80 degrees, is because the bacteria which cause milk to sour do not multiply at that low temperature. It does not get them out of the milk, but it keeps them from increasing.

There is only one way to keep the bacteria out of the milk, and that is perfect cleanliness. If one wants to keep milk sweet in warm weather, he must milk the cows in the open air while they are in the pasture. Then put the milk into clean pails, reduce it to the temperance of cold spring water, and there will be no trouble with the milk souring in any reasonable length of time. But if the cows are milked in a stable poorly ventilated, poorly lighted, with strings of spider webs covered with dust hanging from the ceiling, with a dirty floor and considerable manure in the gutters, and do the work with dirty hands and dirty clothes the milk is sure to sour.

Many an honest man is furnishing milk that not only sours quickly but is dirty—plainly speaking. He is honest enough, but he does not really know the simple fact that milk sours with the multiplication of a certain class of germs; that these are to be found in every stable to a greater or less degree; that the dirtier and darker the stable and the more dust there is around it and in it during milking, the quicker the milk sours, no matter how good care is taken of it afterwards.

Milk will keep longer if the first in each teat is milked out and given to the hogs. The reason for this is because colonies of germs find their way into the mouth of the teat and multiply between milkings.—W. H. Underwood in the Indiana Farmer.

The Business Hog.

The hog for the farmer and the pork barrel should be a hog that is hardy. Any one ought to know this, but I say it because there are scores of people who do not seem to know even this much. They buy almost anything, just so it is cheap. "Common stock will do for me," is a frequent saying. It is strange indeed, with all the good farm journals published, that there are so many people who claim that common stock is good enough for them. Some even claim they can make a hog out of anything with feed.

Don't try this plan of past ages. Get a good pair of pigs and learn how to care for them. Take your choice as regards breed, but buy the best. Why? Because the best gives you two chances. You can have just as good success raising pure bred pigs as the common kind. If you cannot sell any for breeding purposes the first year, people will see them and inquire after them and by and by you will be selling as a breeder and the business will come to you and you will hardly know how you got into the business. Although you do not sell any pigs or shoats for breeding purposes you have a lot of hogs that will take less feed and raise you better pigs.—Farmer's Home Journal.

Farm Notes.

Commercial fertilizers should be used as soil improvers not for crop stimulators.

Guineas are a nuisance on the farm. They are quarrelsome and apt to kill small chickens.

Stable manure is the best balanced plant food for most soils although some soils will produce better when mineral fertilizers are employed.

Raspberries and blackberries are both much benefited by spraying with Bordeaux for leaf diseases, but where rust appears the diseased cane should be cut and burned.

As a rule, a woman makes a success of poultry culture because she is careful, watchful and mindful of all thes mall details—the little leaks that often sink the ship.

One of the reasons why a small flock of hens does better than a large flock is because table scraps form a large part of the small flock's rations and they are an evenly balanced ration.

It is a dangerous error to spread manure from the cart, leaving it in small heaps. Much of the value will be leached out and the material unevenly distributed, and the work of application is increased.

Do not burn the old stalks, weeds or garden rubbish. They contain much good plant food and are especailly desirable as mulch around fruit trees that are so located that they cannot be kept in cultivation.

The farm was made attractive for the young people by making a nice lawn, with plenty of shade, a croquet set, lawn tennis, basket ball or other contesting games, and permission to invite the neighboring boys and girls to join.

Mosquitoes Capture a Fort.

Golf, tennis and croquet, with which the officers at Fort Lawton and their families up to a few weeks ago were wont to pass their idle hours, have been abandoned at the post. So have the afternoon band concerts.

Formerly there were not half a dozen hours in the day when the links and the tennis courts were not occupied. Now they are lifeless. The reason is mosquitoes.

The pests have always been numerous about the post, but this year they have appeared in myriads. Sentries and men on fatigue duty are compelled to wear hoods of netting about their heads and gloves. So are the children of the officers when at play. Lieut. J. C. Lehardy, assistant surgeon, yesterday felt the golf fever so strongly that he donned a mosquito hood and anointed his hands with kerosene and started around the course. The insects drove him back to quarters in fifteen minutes.

All porches at the post are screened and the fatigue parties are armed with buckets of kerosene, which they pour on every damp spot on the post. It is estimated that it would cost $12,000 to fill in the low places where the insects breed.—Seattle correspondence, Los Angeles Times.

Novel Alarm Clock.

A novel illuminated alarm clock has been made by a Bohemian clockmaker named Felix Andelc. By this device the sleeper, upon awakening, can see the dial of an ordinary alarm clock, which is illuminated by means of a candle when the alarm sounds.

The candle is forced upward by a spring, which is inserted in the same case and provided with a cap through an opening in which a wick can pass freely. A movable slot, in which the igniting surface of a match box may easily be placed, is pulled downward by a wire lever operated by the peculiarly constructed winding up crank of the clock, during the ringing of the alarm.

In this manner a match, the b[illegible] of which is placed against th[illegible] by a spring, is lighted. The [illegible] match, with the holder is t[illegible] forward and lights the w[illegible] candle.