

Woman's Realm

Bring Out Your Old Lace.

Collectors of old lace will have an opportunity to display their "real" old fabrics this fall, for there seems to be an abundance of lace on almost all the new costumes. Heirlooms are being ruthlessly slashed into, and one dressmaker absolutely refused to handle old lace unless she could cut it as she chose, saying that even the handsome laces are far from decorative if clumsily arranged. Long lace Empire coats are among the season's fads. Some of them are lined with chiffon and adorned with ermine collars. The color is about the only warm thing about them, and, as they are being designed for winter wear, it looks as if pride would shiver this winter.

New Ruffs in Demand.

Several of the milliners who go abroad every summer brought back with them this fall one novelty in the way of an addition to a woman's toilet that has already caught on like wildfire. It consists of an Elizabethan ruff made of colored net, and is usually made of a shade of the filmy stuff to match the wearer's gown. The favorite colors are the light shade of blue that is so popular just now, though some of the ruffs are seen in pink, and they are also made up in black and white. Mrs. Clarence Mackay took her Duchess of Marlborough to her favorite milliner one day this week, and before the Duchess left she had ordered half a dozen of the new ruffs. These trifles cost from \$15 to \$20 each, and the demand for them is so great that in the few big shops that keep them there is a strict rule that none of the ruffs may be sent out of town on approval.—New York Press.

Styles in Footgear.

Speaking of footgear reminds me that the openwork stocking is "de mode," the plain stocking has taken its place. From an esthetic point of view there is nothing more attractive than a plain silk stocking molding a dainty instep and ankle. Whether in black, white, light tan or gray, with shoes to match, they are the stockings that a fastidious woman affects. For the fashionable satin shoe for evening wear the new stockings are inserted with small lace medallions instead of the width of Chantilly, either black or white, that was so general.

With pretty gowns it is indispensable that shoes as well as hats and gloves shall correspond in tone. The smart new shoe is made of thin glove kid and fastens mysteriously at the side. This model does not show a pretty foot to advantage as do the shoes opening in front, still it's a fad. A pair of lilac kid glove shoes were very fetching with buckles in brilliants fastened to black patent leather straps. Our grandmothers wore colored shoes and used to send to the shoemaker a piece of silk or satin from each new skirt. The elegance of to-day are equally anxious to match the color of their shoes and dresses, but they have kid dyed to harmonize with the samples of material they send. This it appears is no easy matter as very fine kid does not take the dye as easily as the coarser kid.

School Hats.

The most serviceable of school hats are those made of cloth with stitched brims and soft crowns. Sometimes the entire hat is stitched and is entirely devoid of trimming except for a small quill. There is no end to the range of colors in which these are shown, and all the new and fashionable shades are reflected, thus having one exactly matching the little one's coat or frock. Ribbons are very markedly a feature of juvenile millinery. The simplest of flats tied about the crown with wide sash ribbon, knotted in a big bow in front, is always in the best of taste, and style as well. There are other flats in soft French felt, faced half way underneath the brim with velvet, and the flat crown almost entirely covered with a thatching of ribbon loops.

Still another good model is of the French felt—and, by the way, a mother who can afford it will do well to buy a good quality of felt, its service is so much longer. The brim of this hat falls in graceful lines, and the small crown of the shape is replaced by a large Tam crown of silk exactly the same shade as the felt. Wide bands of the silk, the edges deeply stitched, are knotted to form the huge front bow.

Velvet hats will be chosen for the little miss' dressier appearance. This winter will probably see more of these large velvet shapes than have appeared for some time past. Of course, they are out of the question for school wear, but many of them are picturesquely simple in outline and in trimming.

Ostrich is shown on some of them, but many mothers, even in the wealthier classes, have an aversion to the use of this plumage on little folks' bonnets, and these will choose the large velvet hats rolled away from the face slightly to one side of the front, bent over the hair in the back, the crown and upper brim caught with a huge bow of the same material.

Women Who Earn Money on the Farm Much has been said and written of the boy and the farm, and of methods

and means wherewith to check the constant movement of the young men toward the cities. Yet we hear little of plans to keep the girls on the farm. With the ever-increasing list of opportunities open to women in the business and professional world, the rural communities are being as swiftly drained of the best of their young women as of their young men. Where one remains at home to take an active interest in farm life, ten go forth to swell the army of teachers, stenographers, bookkeepers, clerks and factory hands—the living tribute money yearly demanded by the great centers of civilization.

One great factor in producing this movement is that the girl on the farm too often has no money of her own, but is dependent upon her parents for clothes and spending money until she marries. Many girls leave home for hard and often unconvivial work in an office or factory simply because it offers them a chance of having money of their own.

There is, however, an opening for girls upon the farms, which, to those who have a taste for out of door life, should prove more healthy, more attractive, equally remunerative and less confining than many professions commonly adopted by women. Some of the lines which appeal particularly to women and along which women are to-day securing fair incomes, are poultry-keeping, bee-keeping, pigeon-raising, either fancy breeds or squabs; flower-growing, either out of doors or green house work; forcing of early vegetables, orcharding and the raising of aromatic or medicinal herbs. There is no reason, also, why women should not own and operate successful grain, dairy or fruit farms.

Within my own circle of acquaintances three women have gone extensively into poultry keeping, another is successfully managing a fair sized greenhouse, and another runs a small fruit farm, with strawberries as its principal crop. A girl just graduated from college is going into partnership with her brother in a large fruit raising venture. Three of the women have been successful teachers, and several are college educated. One girl, the daughter of a prominent New York business man, became interested in a vacant Vermont farm, which was classed as a losing number in the list of the family's goods and chattels, since both father and son had tried their hands at managing it. She took a course at an agricultural college, begged and received the farm from her father, and within two years it was giving fair dividends to its new manager.

Not all girls, of course, care for the farm or for farm life, but give those who do a chance. Let them have something of their own, of which they bear all the expense of running, and from which they receive all the income. If they are interested in crops or vegetables let them have a plot of ground, teach them how to till it, help them secure labor and show them how to market the produce to advantage. If they like poultry give them a flock of two hundred or three hundred hens. Make your girls take an interest in farm life by giving them something to be interested in, and there will be fewer prematurely old women coming home to rest, broken down by the nervous strain of the schoolroom, or the long hours and close confinement of the office.—Phyllis B. Fletcher, in the New York Tribune.



If the girdle is right, the gown is pretty sure to be.

It will be all right to touch your black gown up with bright-colored collar and cuffs.

Braiding is again in vogue, and is conspicuous on many of the new autumn costumes.

Long kid gloves with lace insets are nice, if you care to pay \$15 a pair for your hand coverings.

Besides the fibu proper, every one who can afford it owns a collection of scarfs to wear over the shoulders.

The newest thing in leather purses is shaped like a fan and worn on a long chain around the neck.

Small curls, with the point of adherence carefully concealed in the well-dressed coiffure, are extremely fashionable.

There is a delightful new chiffon veil, bordered with applied velvet leaves in the red, brown and yellow tints of autumn.

The woman who desires to be fashionably gowned on a small income will find a safe investment in black broadcloth.

More curious than pretty are some new shirt waist sets, wherein each button represents a black cat's head with green eyes.

Melted colors is the most descriptive term to apply to the new plaids, in which several soft shades run together imperceptibly.

Coral jewelry is much to the fore. The dark silk shirt waist suit is enlivened by belt buckles and studs of coral, and often the hatpin tops are of coral and a necklace of the same red hue is worn.

HOME POLITENESS.

Our Habit of Forgetting the Rights of Those Nearest Us.

It is a singular thing that we should find it so easy to hurt the people we love best.

The people who live in the house with us, those for whom we would actually do most if it came right down to deeds, are the ones with whom we take the least care to be courteous and kind.

Not outsiders, for whom we care nothing; not our friends and neighbors, nor those among whom chance throws us, but the dear home people who love us better and have done more for us than anybody else, have to bear the brunt of our ill-temper and harsh words.

Home is regarded as the natural place to "let off steam," and there is, curiously, small thought given to the scalding hurt that overflow of wrought up feelings is going to do the family.

Some of us who are the pink of politeness among outsiders leave our politeness entirely out of our dealings with our own. If even the common courtesy we practice toward strangers were made a part of all our dealings with our own family there would be infinitely less friction in the average home.

"Estelle is mad at me," a young woman was heard to say to her thirteen-year-old sister. "She will not speak to me because this morning I went into her room without knocking. She has such an absurd sense of dignity."

Perhaps Estelle carried her dignity to extremes, but in the germ of it she was right. She only demanded the common politeness her elder sister would have shown to a stranger.

It is strange indeed that we find it so little worth while to be particular with our own. In reality we should be more so, for the more strongly people are bound together by affection and the more closely they come in contact in daily life the more strain there is on feelings, temper and nerves.

Try a little more politeness among the folks at home. If you are not treating your own people with the same courtesy you give to others, try for a while to do so, and see if it does not improve many hitherto trying and unhappy situations.

Life is just our chance of learning love, as the wise poet said. And there is no better opportunity to learn that lesson than in our daily contact with those who are nearest and dearest to us.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

His Legal Fare.

The late Mr. Walter Macfarren in his "Memories" told an amusing story of the manner in which he was "taken in" by a Birmingham cabman upon his first visit to the Midland metropolis. In 1876 he was staying at the Queen's Hotel, Birmingham, for the Triennial Musical Festival, at which he was to conduct "The Resurrection." A friend was staying at the Stork Hotel, which is about three minutes' walk from the Queen's, and in order to pay this gentleman a visit Mr. Macfarren enlisted the services of a cabman outside his hotel. For nearly an hour the cabbie drove him about the city, and upon arriving at the Stork demanded five shillings as the legal fare. Later Mr. Macfarren asked his friend why he put up at so distant a hotel. The astonished gentleman took him to the window and pointed out to him the lights of the Queen's, which could be seen by looking along Corporation street.—London Daily News.

Course For Office Boys.

So many different things are being taught in the public and private schools nowadays that there are few innovations in the line of pedagogy that will be a surprise to the natives who are used to hearing tales of Superintendent Maxwell's "fads." But there is one new course started this fall in an institution that makes a business of originating novelties in the way of education that will be likely to make the old-fashioned folk rub their eyes to read of it.

This is nothing more nor less than an "office boys' course," designed to teach the terrors of the business world, the most approved methods in filing, indexing, mimeographing, letter-copying, etc., as well as applied arithmetic, business English, spelling and penmanship. The director of the school lays special stress on the fact that "importance will be laid upon business etiquette."—New York Press.

His Reason.

One of the witnesses called in a Chicago divorce case last year was a highly respected clergyman in the Windy City. According to one of the counsels in the case the following conversation took place between the Judge and the minister, said his Honor:

"Dr. Blank, if you were on the bench in my stead, and were acquainted with all the circumstances of this case, would you grant this divorce?"

"Assuredly I would, your Honor," replied the clergyman, without the least hesitation.

"But," said the Judge, "how do you reconcile this assertion with the injunction of Scripture, 'Whom God hath joined let no man put asunder?'"

"Your Honor," responded the minister, with convincing gravity, "I am quite satisfied that the Almighty never joined this couple."—Harper's Weekly.

Brutal!

A Memphis, Mo., man has discovered a new way to get rid of mosquitoes. He says to rub alum on your face and hands. When a mosquito takes a bite, it puckers his buzzer so it can't sting. It sits down in a damp place, tries to dig the pucker loose, catches its death of cold and dies of pneumonia.—Kansas City Star.

With the Funny



As to the Blonde.

"She's an ox-eyed queen," the poet said in a highly soulful way; But the other girls were not misled— "She's peroxide," cried they.

Secret of His Happiness.

Rounder—"You seem to be remarkably happy since your marriage. What's the explanation?" Rounder—"My wife is a firm believer in fairy stories."—Chicago News.

Wonderful Woman.

"She's a remarkable woman. She was married at fourteen." "Nothing so remarkable about that." "No; but she never imparts the information to new acquaintances."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Short Call, Too.

Mrs. Sharpley—"Next time you call I want you to give me your opinion of my new dog."

Mr. Bore—"Delighted, I'm sure. When do you expect it?"

Mrs. Sharpley—"Oh, not for three months, at least."—London Tit-Bits.

As a Starter.

"Poor man!" said the sympathetic woman. "Tell me how I can alleviate your troubles?"

"Well, ma'am," replied the unattended hobo, "youse might begin by tellin' me wot alleviate means, seein' ez I hain't got me dictionary wid me."—Chicago News.

His Suggestion.

"What wot that I saw yer boy Mike carryin' yesterday?" asked Mr. Dolan.

"That," answered Mr. Rafferty, "wot his golf outfit. What do yez think iv it?"

"Well, it struck me at the time that all it wanted was a pick an' shovel to be a fine kit o' tools."

A Lucky Blunder.

"Ponsonby has a charming wife." "Yes, and he got her by mistake." "How was that?"

"He was trying to propose to the younger sister, but he's so cross-eyed that the older sister thought he was looking at her and promptly accepted him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hard to Find One.



Sapleigh—"Do you think it would be wrong for me to marry a girl who was my inferior intellectually?"

Miss Cutting—"No, but I think it would be impossible."—Illustrated Bits.

Not a Financier.

Clarence—"I hope you told your father that I had a few dollars in my own right."

Edna—"I did, dear, and he says he is going to investigate you."

Clarence—"Investigate me? Goodness, does he think I am rich enough to be investigated?"—Chicago News.

Very Different Characters.

"He must be a good fellow." "Nonsense! Where did you get that idea? He never goes to a club and—"

"But his wife says he is a very good fellow."

"Oh! that's another thing. There's a big difference between 'a very good fellow' and 'a good fellow.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Real or Fancied.

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked the drug clerk.

"Well," replied the man, "my room was full of rats last night, and I want—"

"Yes, sir," interrupted the bright clerk, "bromo for yourself or strychnine for them?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

And So Forth.

"Having discovered a projectile that will pierce any armor," said the seeker for information, "what will the next step be?"

"To find an armor that no projectile will pierce," answered the naval expert.

"And then?" "We must find a projectile that will pierce any armor."—Washington Star.

Modesty.

"Do you know that if you had an income of \$1 a minute night and day it would take you 1900 years to accumulate a billion—that is, of course, not figuring in the interest?"

"How much would one have in a year with an income of \$1 a minute?" "Let's see—\$535,000."

"Well, just lop off the other 1899 years from my allowance, will you?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

NEW YORK'S FLOWER MARKET

How the Metropolis is Supplied With Cut Roses and Violets.

The liveliest spot in Greater New York at half past five in the morning is in the building at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-sixth street. Express wagons, carts, and vans piled high with long and narrow wooden boxes struggle for places at the curb, their number continually augmented by other that rattle down from Broadway or drive around the corner from Sixth Avenue.

It is here that the cut-flower market of the metropolis is installed, and more than two-thirds of the flowers that fill the windows of the big dealers on the principal thoroughfares, or are hawked by vendors in the streets, are handled at Twenty-sixth street and Sixth Avenue in the early morning.

The flower market is divided into two branches, each comprising a separate class to sellers and buyers, who do business at separate hours. The third floor of the building is given over to the humber of the branches—the small growers, almost all from Long Island, who bring in their own wares with their own hands, and whose customers are almost entirely itinerant peddlers, who sell in the streets, or have small stands on the sidewalks. Practically the entire business of this branch of the market is done between six and seven o'clock in the morning.

On the second floor of the building are the big dealers, who sell on commission to the larger florists, and whose wares come by express from the great greenhouses up the Hudson or across the river in New Jersey. Violets are a separate industry in this market, and one firm on the ground floor controls the entire trade in this flower. These more aristocratic traders find their busiest hour between eight and nine o'clock, after which period the fashionable florist has plenty of time to decorate his windows pending the calls of his late-rising customers.—F. M. White, in Harper's Weekly.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A mere madness—to live like a wretch that he may die rich.—Burton.

There is no ghost so difficult to lay as the ghost of an injury.—Alexander Smith.

One of the duties of to-day is to qualify yourself for to-morrow.—Scottish Reformer.

He who increases the endearments of life increases at the same time the terrors of death.—Young.

Cheerfulness is not always spontaneous; it is greatly a matter of habit, and bears cultivation.

The desire of knowledge, like the thirst of riches, increases ever with the acquisition of it.—Charles Hodge.

Any one can do his best, but the trouble with most of us is that our best isn't good enough.—Scottish Reformer.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this—that when an injury began on his part the kindness should begin on ours.—Tillotson.

Model Tenements.

No account of model tenements would be complete without the statement of the remarkable fact that they not only offer the advantages outlined, rent as cheaply as they do, and are run as beneficently as if they were a philanthropy, but that they also pay annually four per cent. on the investment, as a cold business proposition. It is not a theory that is being experimented with; the experimental stage has long since been passed. It is an accomplished fact. Ever since the tenements were built, each half year (two per cent. dividends have gone regularly to stockholders of record. The investment is paradoxically a business and a philanthropy at once. Thus it comes about that the \$1,000,000 gift of Henry Phipps, the steel magnate, if put into operation according to the best plans of the City and Suburban Homes Company of New York, as it undoubtedly will be, will net \$40,000 a year—it is assured—which will be reinvested in other houses, and endless chain to banish the slum.—October Reader.

What He Did to "Hamlet."

A group of actors at the Players' Club were once engaged in a discussion as to the ability and impartiality of certain professional critics of the drama, when the late Maurice Barrymore referred to a certain Denver journalist who was widely known for his dramatic criticisms. "Hayward," said Mr. Barrymore, "was certainly one of the ablest of them. He wrote most learnedly, with the keenest analysis of every phase of the actor's art, and, above all, with no little wit. I am just reminded of what was, perhaps, the briefest dramatic criticism ever penned. It will probably outlive everything else Hayward did. It ran about as follows:

"George C. Mill, the preacher-actor, played 'Hamlet' at the Tabor Grand Opera House last night. He played it all twelve o'clock."—Harper's Weekly.

Francis With His Cat.

Two of the most novel visitors to Winchester this week were Mr. Charles Roe and his large maitse cat. Mr. Roe came from Baltimore, and after spending the day in Winchester left for Natural Bridge, completing a portion of a trip from Maine.

As long as the weather is good and the roads in condition he walks, riding on the train only when bad weather compels.

His companion is an eighteen pound maitse out, which he saved from death eight years ago and which follows him everywhere.—Winchester correspondence, Baltimore Herald.



Notwithstanding the incredulity of many men of science, the Hall Commission of Lima, France, in its report for the past season, again approves the method of dissipating hailstorms in the grape growing districts by firing at the clouds.

A considerable industry has recently been developed in Sweden on the basis of an invention made by Joseph Pflister, an Austrian, whereby coloring matter is forced into fresh cut wood. It takes the place of sap, and gives to the wood a brilliant color, which does not fade after the wood has become seasoned.

The trial trip of the gasoline motor car built for use on branches of the Union Pacific Railroad, was recently made, and the car was pronounced a success. The run was made from Omaha to Valley, Nev., and returned a speed of fifty miles an hour being maintained and a maximum speed of 62.2 miles being attained at one point.

An interesting series of experiments to test the military value of airships is about to be made by the French artillery. It may be premised that the fact of their value may be taken as established up to a certain point to the satisfaction of the French military authorities, since a permanent "harbor" for airships has been established in the artillery quarter of the garrison of Toul.

In drilling for gas, or oil, at Decatur, Kan., the operators struck a gas sand at a depth of 400 feet from which a good flow of gas was obtained, but, to the surprise of everybody, this gas would not burn. Later it was discovered that it would burn if introduced into a fire box containing already burning fuel, but as soon as the coal or other fuel was exhausted the gas refused to burn.

It is a well-known fact that salts of iron are of great importance to the human system, and that the human body may supply its want of iron from vegetable foods. The Neue Tagblatt reports experiments at the Vienna agricultural bacteriological station in which spinach was planted in soil in which hydrate of iron had been applied. The spinach grown from seed dropped a percentage of iron seven times as great as ordinary spinach, without injury to the plant.

AN OLD TRICK

How a Son of the Emerald Isle Upstaged His Nation's Pride.

Irishmen stand high in the regard of Admiral Schley. He likes to tell stories of the indomitable, reckless pluck of the Irish. Thus, at a dinner that Gen. McClure, of Philadelphia, gave in his honor, he said:

"An American merchantman once lay in a Dutch port, and a number of Dutch sailors came aboard to have a chat with our men.

"By and by a spirit of rivalry awoke. The sailors tried to outdo one another in athletic tricks. The honors fell a long while lay with the Americans, but finally a Dutchman climbed to the very top of the mainmast and there stood on his head.

"The Americans' spirits fell at once. It was plain that the Dutch had outdone them. They looked at one another sheepishly. They were almost and ashamed.

Suddenly a young Irishman stepped to his feet.

"Begods," he said, "I won't let that fat Dutch beat me!"

"And the reckless fellow ran like a monkey up the mast and got exactly to stand on his head. He put his feet down and gave a push with his legs. The first push wasn't hard enough, and he dropped back. Up went his legs again. But the second push was too hard, and he fell heels over head. His back struck the first rope, his legs hit next, his neck the next, and so on, somersault after somersault, till eventually he landed on his feet on the deck.

"Do that," he shouted immediately, and he looked triumphantly at the Dutchman.

"All the sailors crowded round him and praised his pluck and agility, warmly.

"Och," he said, 'say nothin' about it. Sure, it's an odd, odd trick wid me. Sure, it's a trick the little childer do in my country.'"—Cleveland Leader.

The Dog's Intelligence.

Wundt, the great German psychologist, tells a story of a dog which he briefly tells: The dog used to be harness on Saturday, but not liking it would disappear on Saturday morning and come back at night too late for his proposed ablution. Wundt, however, takes pains to show that the dog did not know that it was Saturday, but that by association with certain things done early on that day he was led to anticipate, and hence to escape, his hated bath. But this argument reminds me of that of the dog trainer who denied that the dog was intelligent. "He will come when I call out, 'Come, Fido,'" he remarked, "but if I had taught him he would have come just the same when I called out, 'No, Fido!'"

I quite agree with Wundt that the dog formed his conclusions from association of ideas, but in what other way do we ourselves know that it is Saturday? Is not the very repetition of Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, etc., to Saturday purely a matter of association?—London Daily News.

In fifty-nine years Mexico had fifty-two presidents dictators and emperors, before the time of President Diaz.