

WOMEN AND FASHION

The Happy Woman.
The really happy woman does exist, though we are apt to overlook her quiet presence in the noisy circle of the discontented and unsatisfied. Somehow her voice is seldom heard.
It seems unnecessary for her to sound her own joy bells, though her less-favored sisters do not hesitate to send forth the town crier with the news of their domestic discords, or to publish in hourly editions the history of undeserved sorrows and misfortunes.
The really happy woman is not always "smart." Her frocks are not always described as "creations" in the society columns. She does not confuse the terms "happiness" and "pleasure," for she realizes the wide difference between them.
She knows that happiness is "gun-shy" and is elusive game, which seldom falls to the bag of the hunter, but rather comes shyly and quietly and unobtrusively as one sits in a garden with book or work, in the nursery with the babies, or in any spot remote from the crowd.

To Dust a Room.
To properly dust a room it must be thoroughly done, and that means carefully done. A feather brush or a turkey wing is excellent for brushing the backs of pictures and one of the best wall dusters is a clean cotton mop. The furniture is dusted before the chairboard and floor. One of the best dusters is a cotton cloth wrung out of turpentine and dried. It accumulates all dust, does not scatter it and brightens the furniture. Woolen cloths are best for the chairboard and floor. When using polish, old stocking legs are good for applying the polish or polishing the wood. The cheap cotton ones contain little lint, are soft and serve for this purpose. Windows may be dusted with a clean feather brush, though cheesecloth is good for polishing them; also soft-tissue paper or crumpled newspapers. If heavy furniture cannot be removed from a room, protect the pieces with sheets. A soft whisk broom answers splendidly for cleaning upholstered pieces.

Uses of Olive Oil.
Not every one realizes the medicinal properties of olive oil. It is quite true that the machinery of the body needs oiling occasionally, like any mechanical machine which is constantly in use, and olive oil, taken internally, will be exceedingly beneficial. A tablespoonful will aid the digestion and ease liver trouble. This oil should be served frequently as a dressing and is not only pleasant on vegetables, but serves as an appetizer as well. Taken internally, either with salads or alone, it is beneficial for catarrh, either of the stomach or throat. It is known to be a great help in cases of run-down nervous system and loss of weight. It should be rubbed well into the skin, the entire body being massaged with the oil, particularly the spine. After massaging with olive oil use a Turkish towel, rubbing well over the body. As a preventive of colds mix it with quinine and rub on the chest and back. It can also be applied mixed with camphor to cure soreness of the throat.

How to Wash Lingerie.
Now that so many women wear lingerie cravats, it is good to know how to wash them.
Make a lather of soap and water, then squeeze the lace through and through the lather several times, taking care not to wring it.
Rinse in milk, when the lace on them will become quite crisp, without being too stiff.
If a cream tint is desired, add cold tea to the milk till the proper shade is obtained.
Iron on the wrong side on some thick material.

Night Air.
At night in bedrooms the fresh air is a necessity of life. It is folly to rail at "night air" as if it were a mysterious poison. As a matter of fact, there is no air at night but night air, and it happens to be always far purer than dry air, at any rate, in towns.
It should be freely admitted without doubt, there can be no doubt that, though impure air may be a slow poison, it is a sure one. It lowers the whole tone of the system, and lays the unsuspected foundation for numerous and fatal diseases.

Idea for Birthday Party.
This interesting scheme was carried out by a daughter in preparing for her mother's sixtieth birthday. Previously to the occasion she wrote to a number of friends and relatives asking them to write a reminiscent letter to reach her on or before the day. These were put in a basket decorated with roses, presented to her mother who read them aloud to the guests, who were all old friends asked in to "drink tea." These missives from afar were most entertaining and furnished all the amusement necessary.

For Mending China.
For mending china the white of an egg and pulverized unslaked lime is a strong cement. Dip a small brush into the egg white, slightly beaten, and brush the edges to be joined. Then quickly touch one edge with a little of the lime and place the edges together accurately; hold in place firmly for a couple of minutes, then set aside to dry. This must be done quickly.

Had Tempered Wife.
A gentleman was once driving with his wife, who did not possess the best of tempers, when their carriage had some difficulty in passing a wagon in a narrow part of the road. The lady, who was growing impatient, began to speak rather sharply to the driver, who suddenly went up to the side of the carriage and asked if he might speak to the gentleman. The lady, whose temper

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LONG COATS.



carrying out the color used in some detail of the gown's trimming. Delicately tinted linens in pale blue, green and rose color may be embroidered in black, brown or whatever color goes well with the linen and matches some color in the costume. Mauve and yellow are charming in linen embroidered in darker self tones of the same color, if mauve; if yellow, then in brown or black.

To Improve the Complexion.
Water will do wonders for one if people but realized it. As a complexion maker, for instance, it is a great beautifier, used both internally and externally.
An excellent tonic effect may be had by taking a face bath at least once a day in cold water. Fill a basin with the water, placing it on a stand or chair, where it can be conveniently reached without too much stooping.
Drawing a long breath, dip the face in and out of the cold water for about two or three minutes. When it is necessary to breathe the mouth can be lifted from the water, but immediately take another deep breath.

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SHEAR NONSENSE

"Everything comes to him who waits," mused the man in a restaurant; "but it comes cold."

Head Walter—What's he want?
Walter—Says he wants a little of everything. Head Walter—Give him hash.—Chicago Journal.

Customer—Have you an oil painting of John D. Rockefeller? Clerk—No, ma'am; no one has. He has never been done in oil.—Leslie's Weekly.

"I should never have thought that studying would have cost so much money." "Yes, father; and if you only knew how little I have studied."—Judge.

"Do you ever meet Dr. Ryhold?" "Often. He and I—er—are thrown together a good deal. We travel on the same suburban trolley line."—Chicago Tribune.

The Caddy (as the colonel misses the ball for the sixth time)—Go on, mister. Say it. Don't mind me. I've been in the business for three years now.—The Sketch.

"Be mine!" cried in a voice surcharged with anguish. "If you refuse me, I shall die!" But the heartless girl refused him. That was sixty years ago. Yesterday he died.

Mrs. Hoyle—I've found out where my husband spends his evenings. Mrs. Doyle—Where? Mrs. Hoyle—At home. You see, I had to stay in myself last night.—Harper's Weekly.

Miss Blondlock—How dare you tell people my hair is bleached? You know it is false. Miss Ravenwing—Yes, dear, I know it is. I told them it was bleached before you got it.

Irate Passenger (as train is moving off)—Why didn't you put my luggage in as I told you? Porter—Eh, man, yer luggage is no sic a silly as yersef. Ye're t' wrang train.—Tit-Bits.

"Yes, just as soon as the parson starts his sermon he stops all the electric fans." "What's that for?" "He knows that the hum is much too soothing on a warm day."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Woman—Now that I have fed you, are you going without doing your work? Tramp—Oh couldn't wurruk on an empty stomach, mum; an Ol miv wurruk on er full one. So there yez be!—Smart Set.

Sunday School Teacher—Did you ever forgive an enemy? Tommy Tuffnut—Wunet. Sunday School Teacher—And what noble sentiment prompted you to do it? Tommy Tuffnut—He wuz bigger dan me.

"Can you be trusted with a secret?" he asked. The woman drew herself up proudly. "You have known me for years, haven't you?" she replied. "Yes, I do know how old I am!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Little Fergie (after watching her small brother devouring several large sections of chocolate cake)—Mamma, isn't it funny how much larger Jimmy really is than he appears to be from the outside?—Judge.

Smith—What's that piece of cord tied around your finger for? Jones—My wife put it there to remind me to mail her letter. Smith—And did you mail it? Jones—No. She forgot to give it to me.—Harper's Weekly.

Teacher (in geography)—There are so many people in China that every time you breathe someone dies. (To small boy puffing vigorously)—Harry, what are you doing? Harry—I'm killing Chinamen.—New York Sun.

"If ye please, mum," said the ancient hero, in an appealing voice, as he stood at the back door of the cottage on Monday, "I've lost my leg." "Well, I ain't got it," snapped the woman fiercely, as the door closed with a bang.—Victoria Eagle.

Mistaken Idea.—"But, my dear," remonstrated Mr. Meekum, "there's a good deal to be said on both sides." "No, there isn't," answered his spouse. "I've told you what I think about it, and that's all that is going to be said."—Chicago Tribune.

"Yes," said the old man, "my daughter is still studying French. But she can't speak the language at all, can she?" remarked the friend. "She couldn't at first, but now she can speak it just enough to make herself unintelligible."—Philadelphia Press.

The Remittance Man.
Throughout the west from Cape Nome to San Diego, stretch long ranks of pioneers, building great cities, turning arid deserts into fertile plains, harnessing mighty rivers to do man's bidding, clearing away primeval forests, laying the foundation of an empire in lands where solitude has reigned so preme. But one figure stands aloof from the stern-faced, hurrying throng, unmoved by all their clamor and contemptuous of their feverish strivings. It is the Remittance Man. Here on the skirmish line of civilization, with the roar of battle ringing in his ears, with men on every side of him rushing eagerly into the fray, some to emerge victorious, some to fall fighting gallantly against odds, he remains an only-slightly-interested onlooker. The remittance men in large numbers come from England and are supported by money regularly sent to them. They have left their native lands on account of some scandal, or infraction of the law, or family disagreement, and form few ties here.

A Modern Suggestion.
"The tone of the voice has much to do toward making a speech attractive." "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "A number of us would make far better impressions on our constituents, if we could send out phonographs instead of copies of the Congressional Record."—Washington Star.

Nothing makes a girl so mad as to have a young man attempt to kiss her and bump the job.

SERBIA'S HISTORY WRITTEN IN BLOOD.



Murder, intrigue, vice and insanity have marked the reigning house of Serbia. The history of the little kingdom and its court is written in blood. All the kings of Serbia in the last century have been compelled to abdicate or have been assassinated. On June 11, 1903, King Alexander and Queen Draga were murdered and Prince Peter Karaogevitch became monarch. He has three children, Crown Prince George, Prince Alexander and Princess Helene. For a while after the two rulers were murdered King Peter was a popular idol. But as time went on, he, too, got into the bad books of his subjects. He has frequently been called on to abdicate. Every year, on the anniversary of the rulers' assassination, there are threats of murder against him.
Alexander, when 13, took the throne after King Milan had been forced to abdicate because of his vices and dissipation. He was made bankrupt and irresponsible by his orgies. Alexander got the title, but Draga ruled. Her desire to reign in society was insatiable. But even the Czar of Russia, her close friend, had to withdraw his attentions because of her disgraceful conduct, and Queen Victoria, when alive, contemplated breaking off diplomatic relations because of the vulgarity of the Serbian court.
The viciousness of the king and queen finally crystallized the hatred of the people. One night they returned to the palace from a fête. Their own soldiers turned against them, assassins stole their way into the royal residence, and the king and queen were murdered in their private apartments after a struggle.

EX-SENATOR JONES.

Prominent Democratic Leader Who Died in Washington.
The death of ex-Senator James K. Jones, of Arkansas, which occurred in Washington recently, removes a widely known political figure and a man once prominent in Democratic councils. He was best known to the country at large through his management of the Bryan campaigns of 1896 and 1900, when he was a prominent figure as chairman of the National Democratic Committee. He conducted those campaigns with vigor and originality, if not with success. He was opposed nevertheless to the nomination of Bryan in 1896 and hoped to turn the convention to Senator Teller, of Colorado. In this he was opposed by Senator Tillman as he was in his candidacy for chairman of the Democratic National Committee. But he won the latter position and continued to hold it until 1904, when Thomas Taggart succeeded him.

Mr. Jones was a native of Mississippi but removed to Arkansas as a young man. He was a member of the United States Senate from 1883 to 1903 and served on the sub-committee of the Committee on Finance which drafted the Wilson tariff bill. He was active in connection with legislation in the Senate, and although he never became

Gall-Stones.
An attack of gall-stone colic in its severest form is one of the most painful affections which humanity is ever called upon to endure. Fortunately it is not a very common affection, and it is not always so painful, but one never knows when it may become so; hence the occurrence of one attack, however mild, is a danger signal which the sufferer will do well to heed.

The pain is due to the passage of a gall-stone through the bile duct toward the intestine and varies from mere discomfort to intense agony, according to the size of the stone. The pain usually begins suddenly, when the stone enters the duct leading from the gall bladder to the intestine, and ceases with equal suddenness when the offending body drops out of the bile duct into the intestine. The pain is sharp, usually continuous, but occasionally intermittent, and may last from a few hours to several days.

If the attack continues a long time, it is accompanied by vomiting and signs of collapse—pined features, cold, clammy sweat, extreme restlessness, palor or blueness of the skin, hiccough, rapid and feeble pulse and chills. Jaundice is not uncommon, but is not always present. There may be only one attack, but as a rule there is a succession of them, some mild, others severe. The treatment is therefore twofold—relief of the immediate pain and prevention of future attacks.

The sufferer should keep as quiet as possible, lying on the back with hips elevated. Sometimes a firm bandage encircling the abdomen affords great relief. The patient should take no food, not even milk, as long as the attack lasts. Fasting even for two or three days will do no harm. The popular fear of loss of strength from starvation in such cases is groundless.

Water, preferably hot, may be taken, unless, as sometimes happens, it increases the pain. Olive oil in generous amount often seems to give relief and shorten the attack, although the belief that it dissolves the gall-stones is probably erroneous. If simple remedies do not bring relief, more powerful ones, or even a surgical operation, may be necessary.

After the stone has passed, treatment should be instituted to prevent a return if possible. The patient should live chiefly on fruits, fresh vegetables, and a moderate amount of farinaceous foods, avoiding meat, especially fat meat, and highly seasoned foods of all kinds.

A course of treatment by such mineral waters as Vichy or Carlsbad is highly beneficial, and abundant exercise in the open air will assist greatly in the treatment.

Battlefield Logic.
Among the men who served with Roosevelt's rough riders in Cuba was a little Dutch Jew, who, according to the men in his own troop, was "the very incarnation of cool, impudent bravado in a fight." He was a consistent fatalist.

One day he observed a comrade dodging a spent bullet that had whistled uncomfortably close to him.
"Yer's do me to tude, Com palmer!" sang out the little Jew. "Dey'll hit you bust as vell vere you are as vere you ain't!"—Everybody's Magazine.

It's sometimes better to give in than to give out.

Old Favorites

Advice of Polonius.
Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act,
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.
Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man the thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee.
—William Shakespeare.

Treasures.
Let me count my treasures,
All my soul holds dear,
Given me by dark spirits
Whom I used to fear.
Through long days of anguish,
And sad nights, did Pain
Forge my shield, Endurance,
Bright and free from stain!

Doubt, in misty caverns.
'Mid dark horrors sought,
Till my peerless jewel,
Faith, to me she brought.

Sorrow, that I wearied
Should remain so long,
Wreathed my starry glory,
The bright Crown of Song.

Strife, that racked my spirit,
Without hope of rest,
Left the blooming flower,

Patience, on my breast
Suffering, that I dreaded,
Ignorant of her charms,
Laid the fair child, Pity,
Smiling in my arms.

So I count my treasures,
Stored in days long past—
And I thank the givers,
Whom I know at last.
—Adeleide Anne Procter.

SEAL TAKES FISH OUT OF HAND.

Old Ben, Pet at Avalon Harbor, as Wise as a Trained Seal.
Old Ben, the famous old seal of Avalon, is still in his old haunts among the rowboats and launches that dot the little harbor, says the Los Angeles Times. He has been there for thirty-five years and in that time became as tame as the seals which are confined in parks and aquariums. He is as wise as the trained seals of Ringling's circus, and were he to be captured and put with them he would cost his keepers a tidy fortune, for he has the biggest appetite of any of his kind ever known.

Old Ben feasts on the big fish brought in by the hundreds of anglers that visit Catalina each summer. At each meal he will consume a half-dozen big albicore or skipjacks, aggregating 150 pounds in weight. When he is hungry he swims up near the boat landing, where his favorite befriender, Charles Tompkins, has his boat stand. After a glance at the fish rack he sets to barking and diving about until he has attracted the attention of those on the pier. He will crawl clear up on the float after food, but even when extremely hungry he cannot be induced to remain there. As soon as he has seized his fish, he dives back into the bay, rising to the surface now and then to give his food a vicious toss as he tears out mouthfuls of flesh. At these times he is often followed by other smaller seals which are too timid to approach the landing. Gulls also pursue the old sea lion and seize the morsels which are torn loose from the fish as it is being consumed.

This old pet of the bay has attained a great weight from the constant supply of food within his reach. He has never been on a scale, but estimates of his weight, made by causing him to cross planks up to a size 32, would no longer bear, give 500 close to 1,400 pounds. His sleek, gray-brown back is often seen dashing between the bathers, who scatter in wild commotion whenever he appears. He has an utter disregard for people and things and roams about the bay in whatever place suits his fancy.

Before Catalina was made a resort Old Ben is supposed to have been the chief of the colony on Seal rocks. Presumably he was vanquished by some younger rival, and now leads the life of an outcast. He seems to find this entirely agreeable, however, and has succeeded in coaxing several others of the colony into the bay with him. His face is scarred with the marks of many battles, and he has lost the sight of his right eye, but he rules his little band in the bay as supremely as his successor on the rocks governs the colony.

A Doubtful Assertion.
Brown—They say that drowning men catch at straws.
Towns—Yes, but I doubt it. I've seen a number of men drown, and those of them who had any preference at all seemed in favor of a plank. In fact, I do not now recall ever having been asked for a straw by a gentleman who was drowning.—New York Journal.

Boll down almost any man's prayers in five words, and you will find them to be: "Reward me. Punish my enemy."

A girl enjoys picking her way daintily over a muddy crossing just as much as her brother enjoys splashing through.

The best intentions are sometimes most embarrassing," remarked the philosopher.

"That's right," answered the man who applies everything to himself; "I set the alarm clock at night with the best intentions imaginable, only to be fatuously awakened by my stupidity in the morning."—Washington Star.

Nearly everyone can remember something he said when a baby, and which has become a family tradition because it was so cute.

It's sometimes better to