Women's Literary Clubs of Columbus A Distinct Force in the Community

Through Their Efforts the Public Library Was Established and a General Intellectual Activity Promoted...Personnel of the Organizations

WHILE Columbus has never borne a reputation for being a club town, it has a number of literary clubs and social organizations which compare favorably with any in the State. Although the present number of clubs is devoted to different lines of work, and some to no work at all save that of keeping life from being dull, the three clubs which have been organized longest and are considered the most substantial are the Columbus Culture Club, the Monday Literary Club and the Suburban Reading Club. These clubs were each organized for some distinctive thing, and, while all are socially inclined, the members are given to good hard work of the kind so rarely seen in many of the so-called "literary clubs."

In any city the women exert a certain influence in affairs. While the influence is sometimes exerted toward municipal reform or betterment, it is more often turned in the direction of the schools of the city, and out of the schools grows the free public library. Hardly had the two older clubs here become firmly established than they began to see the need of a public library. The question was discussed at club meetings. Discussions counted for naught, and the women took the subject dearest to their hearts and advocated it. The younger club also took an interest in the matter, and the combined efforts of the club women of Columbus were brought to bear on the then burning question of "Library or No Library." The School Board had money enough in the treasury to start a library, and the club women decided that to see the library start would be to see half the battle won. They were finally successful, and rooms in the city hall were rented, where the library opened. The library grew and the clubs prospered. At length Andrew Carnegie was appealed to, and gave the city $15,000, to which enough money was added to construct a building that, from point of administration, is outclassed by none in the State. The library is now the Mecca of the club members, and they are justly proud of the part they took in its conception. Other movements have been inaugurated by the women's clubs of this city, but none has been so far reaching or has accomplished the good which the library movement accomplished.

The Columbus Culture Club was organized in October, 1896, at the home of Mrs. Mary Long, who has since removed from the city. Mrs. Harriet Amanda Arwine was the first president, and at her death Mrs. Jennie McEwen was elected to fill the vacancy. She retired at the end of three years' service, her death resulting a short time later. Mrs. Eugenia Wright was the third president and the present presiding officer is Mrs. Carrie MacCoy. From the first the club has taken an active interest in the study of literature and current events and its motto—"Attempt the end, never stand in doubt; nothing so hard but search will find it out"—is well chosen. The club colors are purple and white, while the club flower is the violet. In 1898 the Culture Club became a member of the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs, which membership is yet retained. The present officers and members of the club are: Mrs. Carrie MacCoy, president; Mrs. Lucy Clay, vice president; Miss Anna McEwen, secretary, and Mrs. Nannie Wieser, treasurer. The members are: Mrs. Agnes Cochrane, Mrs. Julia Miller, Mrs. Irene B. Hawley, Mrs. Carrie MacCoy, Mrs. Eugenia Wright, Mrs. Lucy Clay, Mrs. Ella Stansfield, Mrs. Elizabeth Keyes, Mrs. Emma Perry, Mrs. Lide Price, Mrs. Mabel Snider, Mrs. Nannie Wieser, Mrs. Francis Fitzgibbon, Mrs. Josephine R. Wolfe, Mrs. Kate Stevens, Mrs. Alberta McGaughey, Mrs. Clara Arnold, Mrs. Millie Roesgen, Miss Anna McEwen, Mrs. Alta Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Belle Brewer, Miss Lida Newson, Miss Vida Newson, Mrs. Mary Sigmund and Mrs. Myrtle Rogers. The honorary members are Mrs. Mary Long, Miss Mary Long, Mrs. Nina Pentzer, Mrs. Amy Holst, Mrs. M. F. Hinman and Mrs. Louise Hogue.

The age of the Monday Literary Club is about the same as that of the Culture Club. It was organized in 1896 at the home of Mrs. Ella Winans, the charter members being a number of congenial people who believed that an organization by which the members would be brought in closer relationship with each other would be mutually advantageous, and so it has proved. While the Monday Club has always given a great deal of attention to such subjects as are usually considered important by such organizations, it has not forgotten the social side of life, and in this manner it probably has done more than any other club in the city. Social affairs where the husbands and men friends were made welcome have been frequent, and are happy memories in the history of the organization. The motto of the club is much to the point. It is from Lavater and says: "Sedulously attend, pointedly ask, calmly speak, coolly answer and close when you have no more to say." The carnation is the flower of the club and gold is its color. For some time the Monday Club was a member of the Indiana Federation of Women's Clubs, but for several valid reasons the connection with the federation was severed. The officers of the club are: President, Mrs. Anna Ong; first vice president, Mrs. Vida Hughes; second vice president, Mrs. Ruth Glanton; secretary, Mrs. Ella Winans; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Nettie McCullough, and treasurer, Mrs. Margaret Way. The membership includes Miss Flora Atkinson, Mrs. Sarah Campbell, Mrs. Matilda Curtiss, Miss Zoe Cooke, Mrs. Mary Donner, Miss Lillian Donner, Mrs. Mattie Doeller, Mrs. Ruth Glanton, Mrs. Vida Hughes, Mrs. Hattie Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Nettie McCullough, Mrs. Minnie Mason, Mrs. Emma McSweeney, Mrs. Mary Louise Richards, Mrs. Anna Ong, Mrs. Adella Perry, Mrs. Ella Winans, Mrs. Linnie Pope, Miss Bertha Wallace, Mrs. Margaret Way. The corresponding members are Mrs. Bertha Frazier, Miss Ada Perry, Mrs. Carrie Woodard, Mrs. Ora Swift, Mrs. Sina Cooper and Mrs. Stella Farr.

The youngest, but by no means the least active of the three clubs is the Suburban Reading Club, which was organized in 1899. The purpose of the club is the study of literature, history and art and also the promotion of the general intellectual and social culture of its members. The Suburban Club, as its name implies, counts its members mainly from the residents of the two suburbs of the city—Orinoco and Maple Grove. The people in these two parts of the city felt the need of an organization by which those who were inclined toward the study of literature and kindred subjects might be benefited and the organization was at once effected. Its growth and work since that time have been dignified and helpful and it is now looked on as a full fledged sister of the other literary clubs. The club selected the rose as its flower, and purple and gold are its colors. Miss Ella Duncan is president, Mrs. Lucretia Armen first vice president, Mrs. Mary Everroad second vice president, and Mrs. Gay Denison secretary and treasurer. The members are: Mrs. Lucretia Armen, Mrs. Katherine Doup, Mrs. Zurilda Miller, Mrs. Lydia Caldwell, Miss Grace Price, Mrs. Frances Fitzgibbon, Mrs. Isabel Gaston, Mrs. Gay Denison, Miss Ella Duncan, Mrs. Elmira Brown, Mrs. Rose Pence, Mrs. Catha N. Jewell, Mrs. Emma Edenburn, Mrs. Mary Everroad, Mrs. May McEwen, Mrs. Bertha Sappington, Mrs. Nellie Hathaway and Mrs. Lina S. Reeves. The corresponding members are Mrs. Fannie Dowell, Mrs. Sue L. Aker, Miss Fannie Pope, Mrs. Alice Denison and Miss Belle Denison.

There are other women's clubs in the city such as the Gibson Club, Les Bon Temps and others. These clubs are purely social. One club, the Kappa Kappa Gamma, is composed of the members of that college sorority who are residents of Columbus. The men's clubs are numerous, as are the clubs which include both men and women, but as this deals with literary clubs, the others are "another story."

Columbus, March 10.

MRS. GAY DENISON
Secretary Suburban Reading Club

MISS ELLA DUNCAN
President Suburban Reading Club

MRS. CARRIE MACCOY
President Culture Club

MISS ANNA M'EWEN
Secretary Culture Club

AS WE PASS ALONG

Street-Car Mysteries.

"As we go to and from business," a daily patron of the Massachusetts-avenue line remarked, "we see droll human nature exhibits on the street cars. Not long ago I saw a fat man on the cars, tenderly nursing in his lap an old-fashioned bandbox, papered with old-time big red rose wallpaper. The box was tied up carefully with strong twine, and he cherished it as if it had all his worldly wealth in it. It nearly killed me to have to get off the car and not find out what the fat man had in that bandbox. My wife guessed a hen and chickens, but I'm inclined to think it was a game rooster. Any how, we never can know, and it saddens me every time I think of it.

"Another street-car mystery I ran across lately was in two sections, as it were. As I went down town in the morning a tall, rather commonplace-looking man, dressed only so-so, got on the rear platform with two small pillows under one arm. One pillow had a lace-trimmed cover and the other was plain. People looked quizzically at the man with the pillows, but he didn't seem to care. He rode past Washington street and away off down town somewhere. In a day or two, when I was coming uptown, another commonplace man, much like the man with the pillows, got on the car with two quilts, or comforts, over his right shoulder. He stayed out on the platform with his two comforts—one bright red and the other dull yellow—and acted as if the whole world traveled with their bedclothes over their shoulders. I hoped he would go up and get off where the fellow with the pillows got on, but he disappointed me, and got off before we reached that place. Now, of course, I never can know where these two men came from or went to, with their pillows and their bedclothes. Isn't it sad?

"When I told my wife about it, she laughed, and said:

"'I wonder how those two men happened to lose each other.'"

March in 1826.

An "Indiana Christian almanac for the year of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, 1826," lately turned up in a pile of old second-hand pamphlets in a book counter along the street. It was printed at Salem, by Eleazor Wheelock and "edited by a minister of the gospel," with astronomical calculations by Joseph De Pew. The little yellow book, much less than the modern almanac, states that it was not designed for any one sect but for Christians of all denominations, and that, though calculated for the meridian of Salem, it will serve for any of the adjoining States. Also it was intended to meet the needs of people who had little or no preaching, few books and no means of acquiring religious knowledge. Price, $8 per gross; 75c per dozen; 12½c a single copy.

For "March, third month, 1826," the old calendar opens:

"When verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day.
Hark—how the feathered warblers sing,
'Tis Nature's cheerful voice;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice."

Then follow weather prognostications for the month: "March 2, fair, followed by snow on March 8; March 14, fair and mild; windy and perhaps rain and snow in third week; snow and rain on Friday, March 31." Opposite the calendar appear these March notes to farmers: "See that your tools are in order. Sow oats as soon as the ground is fit to plow. Plow your garden and sow early radishes, beets, cabbages, etc. Plant early peas, beans, potatoes and vines; they make a cheap and wholesome diet. Stick your peas before they begin to run. Give your cattle plenty of salt when you first turn them out to grass. Roll and burn your logs soon, if you have not done it.

"Come, Friend Wise, try to agree with your friends and neighbors to abolish the use of whisky at log-rollings. I know some neighbors who have done so, and they do twice the work in the same length of time."

Religious foot-note for March: "The cross of Christ is a crabbed tree to look at, but sweet and fair is the fruit it yields."

The Lawyer and the Bread.

Outside of business hours it may safely be claimed, even professional men are but "children of a larger growth."

"Last night about supper time," said the man behind the counter in the neatest and cleanest little back-street corner grocery in town, "Lawyer Vogue stepped in here for a loaf of bread. He said that he didn't generally have to walk around town with loaves of bread under his arm, but something had gone wrong in the suburb with the family grocery carts, and his wife telephoned him for goodness sake to bring home a loaf of bread.

"He's a great man for politics, Lawyer Vogue is, and we always have a little good talk on politics. Nobody else was in the grocery, and as we stood and talked, near the door, he opened the end of the package and pulled off the long point of the loaf to eat. Talk went on, and the lawyer went on, too, with the loaf of bread; he pulled off more crust, and then a lot of the inside of the loaf, poking it into his big mouth with a relish, between politics. Finally, I couldn't stand it any longer, so I said: 'Mr. Vogue, excuse me, but your wife didn't telephone you to eat your half of the bread on the way home, did she?'

"'Gracious goodness, no!' he said; 'you'd better give me another loaf.'

"As I wrapped up the bread, Lawyer Vogue kept on eating off the first loaf, and he said: 'Well, this is an old trick of mine. Boys used to be sent to the grocery when I was young. I used always to eat bread and crackers on the way home. They never sent me to the bakery for cake. Once, I remember, I had to carry a whole codfish home, and ate so much of it that for two days I did almost nothing but drink water. May be I can finish this first loaf on the way home. I'll have to try, or it might get me into trouble.'"

Dolly's Society Gait.

Dolly is a fine old roan country mare with a registered pedigree. Blood will tell, under all circumstances, and pulling the plow, wood cart or hay wagon have not impaired Dolley's mettle or altered her patrician outlines and high-born bearing. Gentle, as a rule, she now and then kicks out at fate with a gamesome hind leg, and has even been known to bite viciously at the back of some low-born farm hand's ragged coat. She likes good company, and genteel manners, old Dolly does, and her discrimination in such matters is marvelous.

Along the lanes in the suburbs or on back streets in the city, when driven by men, Dolly wastes no speed or airs; she deports herself as a tame old country "plug," with no observers worth a moment's notice and no object in life except to get to places that she doesn't want to go to, at as slow and reluctant a gait as she can manage. When the girl of the family drives her, however, and when her hoofs strike the asphalt in the well-to-do parts of town, Dolly is an altered creature. She dances on hoof-toe, she prances sideways, she shies at street cars which she scorns to notice in the suburbs; she arches her neck, draws her flanks up proudly and takes on a speed which almost alarms the girl. On the asphalt, with well-bred, well-dressed people to observe her, she is on her native heath, and must show her savoir faire. Once more on the old out-of-town pike, and all is over. The asphalt-gait is left behind; Dolly's head sticks forward, her frame droops, she almost sleeps as she plods along, and is again merely an old high-born country "plug," who has to be urged forward by voice and rein.

Business Before Health.

If the American race, as is claimed, is not so hearty as its ancestors, no doubt American habits have something to do with the matter.

"Doctors get rich these days," remarked a doctor, smiling blandly, "because, in the main, men don't follow the prescriptions for which they have paid. In my dealings with business men who are running down in health, I find that the average man is irregular in his meals. Boys are offenders in the same way. 'I have to wait luncheon until half-past two for my son,' a lady tells me tearfully, 'and dinner for my husband often waits until half-past eight o'clock.'

"Now, I take that kind of a man in hand and I say, 'dear sir, this won't do; you can't help being out of condition with such habits as these. You must be regular at your meals; your son must go promptly home from school; you are breaking your wife down with household anxiety and nervous uncertainty. As a rule, the man doesn't reform; he continues to get his luncheon and his dinner whenever there is no more business in sight. He drops off, after while, and his only son—only sons are very prevalent these days—drops off, too, before he is fifty. It means something vitally wrong when there are forty widows on one street, in ten blocks, and well-to-do widows, too. The men have lived wrong, and have died young.

"When I was a boy," concluded the doctor, "our family meals came next to religion, and all the neighbors set their clocks by my father. If I was late to dinner or supper, I didn't get any. But times are different now. Business comes before health."

Illumination.

Dark was the night my soul knew till you came—
A shackled thing, imprisoned and prone,
A tongueless bell that made not any tone,
A heart all bare of Love's illuming flame.
And then—your kindling kiss!—that swift did claim
My life as very fuel for its own.
My little days but as the faggots strown
To feed the fires sacred to Love's name.

And now the darkling ember and the ash
Of that great hour are left to me alone;
Upon my life the raindrops dash,
By the chill breath of waning autumn blown;
Yet, heart of me! the shining and the light
Of that first kiss are with me still to-night.

—Jessie Storrs Ferris, in Literary World.

THE WINNERS
IN THE
Edwin Drood Mystery Contest
WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN THE
Sunday Journal of March 20

The prize-winning solutions will be published in that issue. The contest has aroused great interest in the city and State, and every admirer of the great Dickens should read the prize-winning solutions of the mystery left unsolved by his death.

DON'T MISS NEXT SUNDAY'S JOURNAL

A MARCH PRELUDE—PLAYED BY BIRDS

WHILE "the huge world which roars hard by" has a deep rhythm of its own that is traditional, beyond its vibrant rise and fall is a music of the hours which soothes the eye and ear and heart of all who were, in infancy, "breathed on by the rural Pan." It is the old, old song of the elements at their ceaseless work, planning the days and nights, months and years. How blithely its benediction sends the human struggler back to his own natural task.

There are days at hand when the sunlight plays upon the hillside and the sombre little wood, so darkly green and so warmly brown, as on a harp of color; now the little landscape sounds a melody to the eye, now is stilled awaiting the magic touch. With strong, soft power the wind mutes the cords of light with fleecy clouds, and makes its own appeal to the ear. In the green dusk of the pines its murmur might be the voice of the softly-falling snow, and, again, in the leaf-hid oaks, the icy patter of sleet. Quickly, then, is the restraining touch withdrawn, and a burst of light flashes across the waving plumes of the red broomsedge and leaps to the bowing pines and quivering oaks, while wind and sun play a brilliant harmony together. And eye may travel after the wind, now, through these "bare, ruined choirs" across many hills and valleys that shall soon be draped in vendure to hide the mysteries of spring.

In the mighty harmonies of nature birds are but like grace notes, and the part they play easily lost on the ear. But now, over the wet meadow, meadow larks soar and sing once more. Their recurrent strain seems to say, "We are here again. We are here again," with a lofty, minor sweetness. Through the little wood the chant of many robins is wafted from the foot of the hill. Serenity is the robin's theme—though there is ever a luscious suggestion of cherries in his tones. The cardinal has found his voice, but his reiterated wooing song is interrupted frequently by sharp notes of ejaculation and the flash of carmine wings. Indeed since Saint Valentine's day Orlando is abroad in many guises with "infinite wings," and Rosalind, in sooth, is of many minds.

Towhee, ever neath the catbrier, emerges and mounts the treetop to fling his spring song on the air. This he manages with considerable dash and spirit in spite of his habitually plain ways. So riotously gleeful has the Carolina wren been all through the rigors of winter that it would seem difficult for him to invent a single new note with which to hail the advent of spring, yet his repertoire is quite equal to any surprise. He makes glad the hours with his matchless tones. From the hilltop he carols and from the valley another answers, the pair vaunting different songs in different keys. There is no chance in this joyous antiphony; one awaits the other's response, and so they continue, alternating their proudest notes indefinitely, the spirits of "Daphnis and Menalcas sharp contending." Once more the jubilant whistle of the titmouse thrills the air, and a distant chickadee swings his censer softly. Chickadee, perchance, seems less moved than some of his winged contemporaries by the spirit of the hour. All winter he has had another chickadee tagging at his heels, with whom he has held much whispered colloquy, and now they have quite the air of Darby and Joan. Yet at times there is a silvery quirk in his wee chuckle, and it is not too late if he, too, has some cunning idea of "sprucing up" and playing the lover.

Even the jay has abandoned his cynical sneer for the musical swing of the timber song and a species of mewing persuasiveness. But of all the home-keeping winter birds the Bewick wren alone appears to have sequestered the note of spring. That thin, minor song, delivered with so quaint a modulation and emphasis, hints unmistakably of marvels yet to be; in the rippling cadence of the modest song sparrow—trilled by the waterside always—the same silvery thread is to be traced.

Of all March wooers, however, none is more fondly conspicuous than the favorite bluebird. Along the lanes and in old orchards he assumes the character of persistent questioner, and there is an insistent sweetness in his voluble discourse that is not to be denied. His gentle tones are quite changed from the calm, reflective song of winter days and her response follows faintly upon his eloquent mutterings.

Fifteen of these "sky-guided" visitants may be counted in the orchard, divided into groups of three, which are composed of proud she, triumphant he and disconsolate other. But the vanquished suitor is not often wont to submit amiably to his fate, and so there are wreathings of bright blue twisted about the apple boughs as one swain hotly pursues the other, and tiny plumes sealed with heaven's own blue are strewn in the grass. Fain would Aegon cure a bluebird's heartache by the sword.

On a little knoll where a few veteran apple trees are hedged about by a wild thicket, a pair of bluebirds are actually house-hunting—or perchance the male thus caps the climax of his attractions by displaying the charms of a possible abiding place. In one tree is a smoothly rounded door which has cost some downy woodpecker many an hour's toil. Into this the bluebird pokes his head. After a critical survey he retires and sings its praises with a persuasiveness delightful to hear. At length Rosalind condescends to investigate its merits. Now Master Bluebird leads the way to another tree, where he exhibits a large, jagged orifice in the trunk. He may or may not be ignorant that here came to an untimely end the domestic bliss of a handsome pair of great-crested flycatchers, but in he goes to show off its roominess. Close after him comes a meddlesome tufted titmouse, fidgeting with all the air of declaring that he had previously made up his own mind to pre-empt that spot for his nest—for he, too, is a hole-builder. Following titmouse comes a third bidder on the scene—a tiny chickadee—who flits here and there distractedly with a sort of timid boldness. As bluebird remains in possession, the intrusive pair at last move on and inquisitively examine the woodpecker's snug retreat. Apple tree lodgings are certainly looking up! How these three Benedicts, who like a roof over their heads, and are mainly dependent upon natural decay or upon woodpeckers' cast-off belongings, must wonder at the cunning of his chisel? When all the would-be tenants have disappeared to look elsewhere, possibly, and the bluebirds have set off on one of their frequent sky voyages, I, too, am moved to look in upon the vacant premises. As I peer into the woodpecker hole, a loud indignant note from the wood hardby seems to indicate that the owner is not indifferent as to who spies upon his work. Meanwhile, April will declare who keeps house there.

ELIZABETH NUNEMACHER.

IF IF

Your paper is not delivered to you regularly and early enough in the morning, be so kind as to notify us, that we may remedy the fault.

It should miss delivery, a telephone message will bring you a copy by messenger within half an hour.

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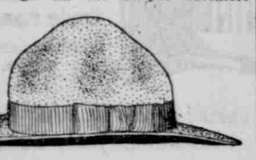
THE MILLER OIL & SUPPLY CO., Indianapolis, Ind.

Spring Hats for Men are of Very Becoming Styles

Many Men Quite as Particular as Women When They Come to Select Headgear...The Shapes to Choose From

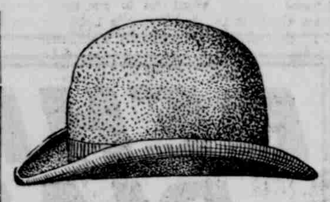
IT is generally understood that women are particular about their hats, but it must be acknowledged that men are also a little vain about this part of their apparel and are also becoming very particular as to their headgear. As it nears the Easter season much attention is being paid to hats by both men and women, for it is then that everyone wishes to have a new one. This custom of having new hats on Easter is becoming more general each year with men as well as women, and the leading hatters say that from all indications the sales this year will exceed any previous year, and that many men have already bought their spring hats. The lines that are being carried this year are very complete, and all of the stores are now displaying their spring stock.

Men's hats are not as elaborate as those worn by women, and consequently are not so expensive. They vary in shape, however, as much as those of the women, and this season there will be worn hats of many styles, though all the shapes resemble each other very closely. This is especially true of soft hats. A clerk in one of the down-town hat stores says that all of the soft hats this year might be said to be of the same family; that often in selling them the customer cannot see the difference, and has to be shown the points of variance between two of them before he is able to discern them.



Both soft and stiff hats will be worn this spring. Never was this so universal in former seasons. The styles have either all tended one way—either to soft hats or derbies—but this year both are going to have a certain amount of popularity. Of course the derby hat is always stylish, because it does not lose its shape as a soft hat does and is always dressy. There has been a great change in the derby hat of this spring from that of last fall. The derby hat that is to be worn by young men this spring is what is called flat brimmed. Instead of having the deep curl at the sides as the ones worn in the fall the brims will be straight. The derby hats also will not be quite so high in the crown and rather low and tapering. Then there is the conservative derby that is always in style and worn mostly by older men. This hat changes in style very little, but there is a slight change in it from that sold in the fall.

The colors of the derby hat this spring are brown and black. No other shades will be worn. It is a hard matter to say which of the colors is the more popular.



for each finds favor with a great many men. One thing about the derby hats of this spring is that there are no novelty shapes among them. While they look a little odd after seeing the large, full-crowned hat with the wide curled brim which has been worn all winter there is nothing absurd and extreme about them. They are very stylish and will, no doubt, be quite popular among the better dressed men.

MUST BE PARTICULAR.

Hats are something that a man has to be very careful in purchasing, for if he gets one that is unbecoming to him he will be noticed at once. Hat dealers, as a general thing, endeavor to induce a man to get a becoming hat, for it helps them in their trade. If a decided novelty hat is not becoming to a man they will usually tell him so, for it hurts their business for a man to go out of the store with something on his head which makes him look absurd. They contend that if a man leaves their place of business wearing a hat which is very dressy and becoming to him it is a better advertisement than any they can have, for every man who sees it will want one, as he will imagine that the hat is as becoming to him as it is to the first man.

Varieties of soft hats this spring are numerous. However, one of the most stylish, and one which it is said will be worn extensively, is the broad-brimmed hat, something similar in shape to those worn by the cowboys. Some of these hats have perfectly straight brims while others slightly curl at the back and sides. Instead of having a crease down the center, as the soft hats previously worn, they have a rather oval crown and are dented. Most of them are worn with four dents—one in front, one on each side and one in the back. The soft hats that are to be worn are mostly novelty hats. Besides the broad-brimmed hats there is a smaller one with the brim curled all around. This hat is slightly more dressy than the cowboy style, but it will become men of a certain cast of countenance only. Men with large faces will look very well in the wide-brimmed soft hats, and the smaller built men will look very stylish in the low-crowned soft hats which turn up all around.

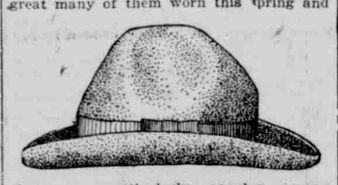
One of the prettiest novelty hats that is being displayed in the stores is called "The Exposition." It is a soft hat, with a large brim that curls up at the sides and back with a deep role and with a drop in front. This hat is likely to prove very popular, it is said, with young men. It will take the place of the Stanhope hat that was worn a year ago. In colors it comes in black and covert or light brown. The covert makes the prettiest hat, especially with a contrasted band.

Every year the hat manufacturers design some novelty hat and put it on the market as a leader; this year they have decided on "The Exposition." It is seldom that a novelty hat is as pretty and artistic as this one. There is nothing absurd nor outlandish about it, as is often the case with novelty hats, and in the light color on a man dressed in the latest spring styles it will prove quite pleasing. The unusual fact about this hat is that its use is not confined to any one locality, and is worn in both the East and West alike. As a general thing each city has a hat that is distinct with it, but this new novelty hat is worn by young men all over the country, and no doubt at the St. Louis exposition, from which it takes its name, a great many of them will be seen.

Another soft hat that will probably prove quite popular is one which has not such a broad brim, and curls up both at the sides and back, and has a slight drop in front. Universally the soft hats will be in color similar to the derbies, and nothing but brown and black will prevail. There will be various shades of brown, however, and they will vary from a light fawn color to a dark brown.

FOR SOCIETY USE.

Silk and opera hats will be very much as they were in the fall. A silk hat is like an evening suit in that is seldom changes style, and when it does only slightly. The opera hat is becoming popular for evening wear and is rather taking the place of the silk hat. The silk hat is now for the most part being only worn in the afternoons with Prince Albert coats, and is popular for Sunday wear and all afternoon social functions. It is said that there will be a great many of them worn this spring and



they are particularly popular among church-going men. The opera hat is worn more by younger men. It is seldom that a young man is now found who does not possess an evening suit, for all social functions occuring after 6 o'clock call for evening dress, and with this the men are wearing opera hats.

Many people are under the impression that the silk hat and opera hat are sold mostly in the fall, but in this they are mistaken. There are many if not more sold in the spring than in the fall. Many social affairs take place soon after Easter and men like to be ready for them, so they purchase new outfits. As spring is also a time for many weddings to occur this prompts men to buy evening outfits, and to have one of these complete a man must possess an opera hat, for these hats are not only dressy, but are convenient as well, and when one is attending a social function occuring after 6 o'clock he looks out of place without one of these hats.

The hat stores also carry a line of broad-brimmed soft hats which are known as staples, and they could no more get along without them than a grocery store could be conducted without sugar and coffee. A certain class of men, for the most part politicians and professional men, wear this style of hat, and they could not be prevailed upon to wear any other. These hats are expensive, and one will last a man a year or more. The manufacturer who makes them never varies in the style, and they are the same to-day that they were fourteen years ago. Some like them with exceedingly broad brims, and will pay extra to have them thus. When a man one time becomes accustomed to wearing this style of hat it is said that he will wear no other, for when people become used to seeing him with it on they would hardly know him in any other, and that is the reason many of them are prompted to wear this hat.

FOR THE WEE FOLK

Fine white Persian lawn, Valenciennes lace edging and insertion with ties of blue ribbon at the neck comprise the simple materials used to develop this pretty sacque. The full fronts and back are gathered onto a square yoke of shallow depth, the broad round collar completely hiding this feature. The sleeves are full in bishop style, gathered into wristbands of the insertion and finished with lace frills. The kimono, which is a separate garment included with the sacque pattern, is cut in one piece and is made of fine French flannel embroidered on all its edges, the sleeves and front being tied into place with narrow ribbon bows. To make the sacque for a child of two years of age will be required 1⅝ yards of material 27 or 32, 2¼ yards 44 inches wide, to make the kimono, 1 yard 27 or 32, or ⅞ yard 44 inches wide. A May Manton pattern, No. 4650, sizes 1 to 4 years, will be mailed to any address by the fashion department of this paper on receipt of 10 cents.

PATTERN COUPON.
For patterns of garment illustrated above send 10 cents (coin or stamps.)
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