

HOW TO KEEP COOL

Sage Reflections Upon Our Mode of Dressing.

PRETTY WHITE AND BLUE GOWN

Some New Outing Gowns and Pretty Hats—Notes Picked Up at Random.

Everybody seems to be looking rather cool and comfortable in spite of the warm weather. There was a time when it seemed well-nigh impossible to keep cool, for we were obliged to wear, no matter how fiercely the sun beat down, stiff white skirts, and a certain number of them, to give our dresses the desired effect. There was not allowed to appear in any part of them the slightest suspicion of that effect which is now so much sought after. Everything at this time must stand out well to be in mode, and that most greivous of all inventions for women's apparel, the bustle, added its little weight to the rest; so that when we attempted to make our way through a crowded thoroughfare or car, we were driven almost to desperation by the effort. No wonder we grew warm and warmer in the face of vigor-



SOME SUMMER HATS.

ous fanning, cooling drinks and inviting sunshades. The other sex has certainly shown much more common sense in their manner of dressing, and a man always looks enviably cool even on an excessively warm day. And the woman of observation noting this fact, straightway set herself to copying, to as great an extent as she dared, the apparel of the cooler sex. And hence our tight-fitting silk underwear, our sparseness of skirts, our thin clinging robes, our shirt fronts and blazers. No wonder we grow more athletic and healthy every year. Who wouldn't, in a garment that one can actually kick in, or run or row in, or ride on a wheel in? Why, the girl of a few seasons ago is a different creature now. Where are her languor and pretty airs, and dainty steps, and timid climbing, and general shrinking back at every new idea proposed for the summer outing? Gone, all of them, with the old garments. But is she masculine then, and self-assertive, and loud-spoken and independent? Nay, none of these; she is still a woman, more truly a woman than before, and more able to win and to hold the admiration and regard of the other sex.

This train of sage reflections was started by the sight of a fair young girl who stood leaning against a country stile, and whom I had been watching for some time, as I lay in the shadow of a tree, pencil and paper in hand, wondering why there was such a thing as fashions this season of the year, when one felt like doing nothing but idling. She certainly was the embodiment of coolness, clad in a white crepon gown; the dress was all trimmed with narrow pale blue velvet ribbon, in a very pretty way. At the bottom of the skirt was a deep ruffle of crepon with a wide heading, and just beneath the heading were three rows of the blue velvet. Then over the velvet, all around the skirt, at



THE GIRL IN GREEN.

Intervals of about three inches, were little puffs of the white. The waist was made simply, just gathered, and had this same velvet and puff arrangement at the belt, and also at the throat. It was repeated again in the puffed sleeves and at the wrist. There were a good many little knots of blue all over her, and she held a pale blue fan in one hand and a white parasol in the other. With the dark green of the trees for a background she made a very pretty picture.

As I turned my head to look for my pencil, I caught sight of something green moving in the distance. At first I thought it might be the waving of the leaves, for it was almost that color, but I concluded it wasn't, and rose quickly to my feet and pursued the moving green. It turned out to be a woman, and she was walking by the side of a tall man. The green she wore was China silk of a soft, exquisite shade, and had a green and white pattern running over it. At the bottom of the skirt there were five ruffles of silk ribbon; the lowest was of a shade to match the gown, and each one above was a trifle darker green, so that the top one presented a striking contrast to the silk of the skirt. The plain, tight-fitting waist was girdled by a broad full slash of dark green, and at the neck was a mastic robe of fine white lace. So far

Our Mid-Summer Clearing Sale a Grand Success

That people appreciate bargains was plainly seen Saturday by the immense rush we had all day of customers picking up the many bargains we are offering in all our departments. This sale will continue for a few days and the bargains are as complete as they were Saturday. Those who fail to take advantage of this sale will certainly miss it.

WE SHALL DAILY ADD MANY NEW ATTRACTIONS

Tomorrow we shall offer some extraordinary bargains in SILKS.

Note a Few Prices!

Table listing various silk items and their prices, such as 'All Silk Figured Chinas' for 25c yd and 'Black Faille, well worth \$1.25' for 99c yd.

VOIGT, HERPOLSHEIMER & CO.

78, 80 and 82 Monroe Street.

I liked the dress, but I didn't like the long, black lace jacket which fell over it, a jacket which was fitted in tight at the back, which had a large high collar, big puffed sleeves and was turned back from the front of the dress in long, double revers. The points of it almost touched the ruffles at the bottom of the skirt.

Some of the girls here have very pretty hats. One wears a big straw hat with a high slender crown, chestnut color, and she has some velvet folds of the same shade in front, over which hang long plumes of creamy yellow. Another plume hangs over the back of the crown, and down over her hair are still more plumes in rich luxuriance. I like a little rose-colored one very well that is made of sheer crepe over a small frame. The folds are held down by a twist of ribbon that runs around and is tied in a piquant bow at the back. Some plumes and aigrettes stand up in front. Another is worn by a bride, and is all in gray. It is a little capote, embellished in a fine gold pattern, and has some fine gray flowers in front, and a full facing of gray velvet in front.

Outing dresses are made now in white, but it isn't white serge or flannel or anything of that sort. Oh! no; it's a heavy, coarse linen material that looks more like common crash than anything else, but which costs a good deal more than crash. Some varieties of it are after the mummy cloth order. It makes splendid outing dresses—plain skirts, blazers and striped silk fronts, and they are the coolest looking things imaginable. Wear white chamois gloves with them, and the whole thing can be done up as often as you please, so that you can always look spotlessly clean in one of them.

The tennis girl and the outing girl have some more devices for keeping cool. The tennis girl wears a jacket now that has no sleeves, so that her arms are very free when covered by nothing but the thin silk of her shirt. And the outing girl, instead of putting her silk front on a thin linen back, simply puts it on nothing. She fastens a band of elastic to each side of the front, which clasps tight around her waist,



LEANING AGAINST THE STILE.

and at the neck she runs a little ruffling all around, which hooks at the back. This keeps everything well in place, and now she only needs a blazer.

The new bodices are widest under the arms and narrowest both back and front. Sleeve puffs aren't a bit smaller. They're a trifle shorter, however, and a little broader. The baby shoulder puffs are very pretty.

There's such a run on fine linen lawns that it's impossible to find any more pretty ones. EVA A. SCHUBERT.

A City in Two Hemispheres. In one respect at least Quito, the capital of Ecuador, is the most unique city in the world—it is situated in both the northern and the southern hemispheres, a distinction claimed by no other place of importance on the globe. At Quito the sun rises and sets at six o'clock the year around. You may forget to wind your watch while you are visiting the Ecuadorian capital, but you need not hunt up a regulator—set it when the sun rises or sets and you will be sure to be right. Old Sol makes no mistakes. In one part of the city the summer season does battle with old winter, who is just across the street. The seasons, as far as names are concerned, change almost instantly, but, as the temperature is remarkably even,

these curious points are seldom thought of or commented on by the 50,000 people who make Quito their home.

Women Who Deal in Tea. There is in London a firm of women tea merchants who have bought an estate in Ceylon and carry on their business entirely through women blenders, tasters, packers and agents. The greatest difficulty encountered by the women is in packing, but this they are fast conquering under male instructors. The rooms where this essentially feminine luxury is dispensed in London are marvelously decorated and daintily appointed and are becoming a favorite rendezvous for women, where they meet and entertain their friends in the nearest approach to the man's club method yet evolved.

IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

An Amazing Smuggling Story Related by the Victim.

The rector of one of the most fashionable churches in this city tells this amusing story at his own expense, says the Philadelphia Record. During a visit to England a year or so ago his mother, who lives there, asked him to take back to this country a small silver tea set and some spoons, which were family heirlooms, and which she wished to give to her married daughter in New York. The good rector said that he could only do so on condition that he declared the articles and paid the duty on them, but womanlike, his mother would not hear of Uncle Sam's benefiting by her gift to her daughter, and so she continued to plead with her son to still the whisperings of his conscience and do this little bit of smuggling even at the cost of a fib. It was all in vain, however, and when the worthy man bade her good-by she gave him a motherly scolding about his unadvised treatment of her, and hoped he would come to so regard his refusal and repent it as he ought. Safely landed in New York and at the residence of his sister he accepted her offer to unpack his luggage for him, and was as completely overcome with astonishment as she was in finding a teapot in one of his boots, a sugar bowl in another, and the balance of the tea set and a dozen or so of spoons hidden in the pockets of his clothes. And by the next mail came a letter from his mother, which was filled with gleeful mirth at his expense. But whenever the good man hears the fashionable sin of petty smuggling mentioned he shivers at the thought of what dreadful time he might have had if a customs inspector had discovered that silver.

CLEVER ROGUES IN ASIA.

Hindoo Will Work for Days in Order to Make a Quarter Dishonesty.

It is doubtful if any race of swindlers can quite equal the Asiatic. The short, which is childlike and bland, of the accomplished Chinaman, often masks a profundity of cunning that the Caucasian cannot rival. Even the mild Hindoo has a faculty for fraud that is not always suspected. In the bazars of Calcutta and Bombay the vilest poison is sold to the English sailors as whisky or brandy in bottles branded with a reliable dealer's name. Jack pays the price of the genuine article, but is supplied with a villainous compound of native concoction. The dealer knows the value of brands. He lays in a stock of genuine bottles and never disturbs labels or capsules. By the skillful application of the blowpipe he drills a small hole in the bottom, draws off all the genuine liquid, replaces it with his poisonous stuff, closes up the hole so that no trace remains, and palms off the bottle on unsuspecting Jack as real "Martell" or "Fine Old Irish." The abstracted liquor, of course, always sells on its own merits elsewhere.

Pope's Pin.

Nearly all the forests of Powhatan county, Va., have been destroyed by insects and among other trees the famous Pope's pine, a noted landmark. It stood on an eminence from which it was visible for twenty miles or more around and towered high above all surrounding trees. In old times Col. Pope, a local patriot, put a liberty cap like that stamped on our copper cent pieces on top of the tree, and every year when Fourth of July came around he celebrated the anniversary by holding a barbecue at the foot of the pine. Col. Pope lived to be ninety years old and knew personally every president from Washington to Polk and was a famous character in Va. life.

AIDS FOR THE COOK

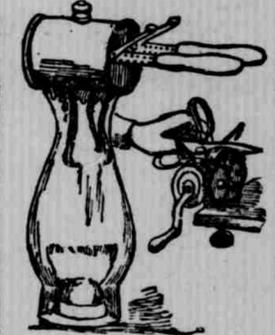
Unique Inventions That Will Interest the Housewife.

ODD AND NOVEL MACHINES

An Electric Flatiron—A Cork That Will Fit Any Bottle—To Prevent Windows From Rattling.

One of the latest products evolved from the brain of the ever-present inventor is an electric flatiron. It is alleged that this device will reduce the work in the laundry to a minimum. Just where the electricity is to come from is not plainly stated. It is claimed that the iron will heat in two minutes and retain an even temperature indefinitely.

ADJUSTABLE CORK. Another invention is a cork which will, it is claimed, fit any bottle, from the two-ounce vial up to the five-gallon demijohn. This cork is made of rubber,

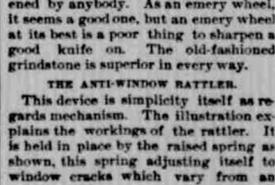


KNIFE AND SCISSORS GRINDER AND CURLING IRON HEATER.

as shown in the cut, and after it has been introduced into the neck of the bottle the thumb button is released and the cork takes the form shown in the cut. The inventor gratuitously offers the suggestion that the cork will be found very useful for application in champagne bottles or in retaining other liquids of an effervescent nature.

KNIFE AND SCISSORS GRINDER. Knives and scissors in a state of dullness are the cause of much loss of time and no little annoyance. The remedy for this is a knife and scissors grinder, which is shown herewith. According to the originator of this machine, anything with a cutting edge can be sharpened by anybody. As an emery wheel, it seems a good one, but an emery wheel at its best is a poor thing to sharpen a good knife on. The old-fashioned grindstone is superior in every way.

THE ANTI-WINDOW RATTLER. This device is simplicity itself as regards mechanism. The illustration explains the workings of the rattler. It is held in place by the raised spring as shown, this spring adjusting itself to window cracks which vary from an



ELECTRIC FLATIRON AND THE ANTI-WINDOW RATTLER.

opening the thickness of a piece of cardboard up to one-fourth of an inch. The rattler is made of brass and is nickel coated.

DEVICE FOR CLEANING WASTE PIPES.

This invention is especially designed to relieve the agony of those persons suffering from stopped waste pipes, whether it be the wash tub, sink, wash bowl or bath tub. The device is constructed as follows: A semi-circular

cup is arranged on the end of the handle; the cup is made of rubber and has a flange above it to keep it from turning inside out, like an umbrella in a gale. Water is run into the vessel to be cleaned until it is about four inches deep. The cup is then put over the pipe, and a pressure exerted on the handle forces the water under the cup into the pipe.

HANDY CURLING-IRON HEATER. This invention is probably the outcome of a brain belonging to a married



1.—ADJUSTABLE CORK. 2.—WASTE PIPE CLEANER. 3.—INDICATING OIL CAN.

man who has had to hold a curling-iron over a gas jet at arm's length. The heater is intended for use on an ordinary lamp chimney, but may also be used on a gas jet globe. The heater is held in place by the spring arm on the under side. It is made of brass and is so arranged that two irons may be used and delays in curling reduced to a minimum. A very vital point is not touched upon by the inventor; that is: Who is to pay for the chimneys broken?

INDICATING OIL CAN. This invention is made with the idea to overcome the overrunning of a lamp during the process of filling. By reference to the illustration a small wheel will be seen arranged on the spout. The spokes or paddles of this wheel stick down in the spout and when the oil is flowing from the can into a vessel the wheel revolves. The casing of this wheel is glass. There is also arranged on the spout an air vent. When the oil in the lamp reaches the end of the spout the air is shut off and the wheel stops, signifying that the lamp is full. The can is specially valuable for use in filling lamps in which the oil reservoir is made of metal and therefore non-transparent. W. W. BRETT.

His Successful Bluff. There is a maiden within the limits of greater Boston who blushes furiously at the mention of one little word of three letters—S-I-R. It is a short story. There was a little entertainment at the academy where Alice graduated. She attended, of course, and was introduced to a charming young man—an undergraduate. "He suggested that we stroll in the corridors," she said afterwards to her most intimate friend, "and we talked about dances, the professors and the same old things. Then he tried—Oh, he must have forgotten himself, and I don't tell you what he tried to do. I wanted to bring him to his senses. 'Sir!' I said sternly, drawing myself up to my full height. Quicker than lightning he straightened himself, and, with twice as much dignity as I had, said in a tone of freezing interrogation: 'Madam!' I almost fell through the floor. I had not been doing a thing, and he knew it, but I blushed and felt as cheap as if I had tried to—to put my arm around his waist."—Boston Herald.

A Wild Yearning for Pockets. European papers have had a great deal to say about Miss Mary Poe, who recently died in Vienna and whose eccentricities caused even the Austrians to hold up their hands. It seems that Miss Poe's most noticeable "eccentricity" was a wild yearning for pockets. She had them all around the hem of her dress and used them for various and startling purposes. In one she carried her lunch and in another her dinner the third secreted a salt cellar, while knives, forks, towels and medicine bottles found convenient resting places. Men may think that all this is funny, but women who wear bell skirts will have nothing but words of praise for the departed. Moreover something has to be done for them, and it is very possible that they will be forced to follow Miss Poe's example.

WHAT'S THE SENSE

in saying ten cents for a cigar when

SMOKETTES

are retailed everywhere

FOR A NICKEL!

ASK OUR AGENTS FOR THEM:

- List of agents for Smokettes in various cities, including John J. Steketee, John C. Dutmers, J. S. Morrice, E. J. Carrol, Norman Odell, A. J. Dayton, J. M. Wolcott, F. E. Bridges, B. Schrouder & Co., D. J. Doornink & Son, Maggie A. Formby, Fred E. Cross, I. VanBochoven, D. C. Scribner, P. T. Williams, White & White, F. B. Chapin, F. V. Finch, G. T. Haan & Co., T. A. Baxter, J. N. Wells, Wolverine Drug Co., Peck & Gould, Thum Bros. & Schmidt, Swartz & Son, Geo. E. Hicker, Fred E. Cross, I. VanBochoven, Thum Bros., S. T. Newson & Co., Cherry and Packard.

It's The Town Talk

That Siegel's great Removal Sale is a record breaker on low prices

Cloaks SUITS

Tea Gowns, Wrappers, Silk Waists, Infants' Coats, Outing Skirts, etc.

IS IT ANY WONDER?

We have never yet, nor ever will advertise one thing and do the other. It does not pay. The right thing for any "good concern" is to

Back Their Advertisement!

And that always has been and always will be at

SIEGEL'S CLOAK AND SUIT DEPARTMENT!

SECOND FLOOR, MORSE'S.