

The Winter Girl Is Already in Raptures Over Her New Summer Frocks.

Some of the Charming Costumes That Will Bloom in the Spring and That the Wise Woman Is Now Planning to Secure.

White Mohair Shirt-Waist Suits Will Take the Place of White Cloth.

WISE is the woman who "takes time by the forelock" and secures her spring wardrobe early. Many of the choicest fabrics come only in limited quantities, and when later she sees some charming gown in the wardrobe of an acquaintance, and tries to duplicate it, there is no more to be had.



Taffeta, Especially the Soft "Chiffon" Kind, Promises to Have a Great Vogue with the Followers of Fashion Next Spring.

English Eyelet Embroidery Will Be a New Effect in the Summer Girl's Frocks.

embroidered sentence. Others have less intricate; still others are in openwork patterns. The sentences are all hand-embroidered in black and white on black grounds. Completing it all are various designs, with hearts predominating, embroidered in color. Every pair is placed in a neat box lettered in gold "To My Valentine."

Living on \$18 a Week.

A Woman Married Eight Years Explains How a Family of Three Do It.

To the Editor of The Evening World: BELOW is the itemized living expense per week of myself, husband and six-year-old son. We have a breakfast of eggs, rolls, coffee or cereal—with milk and sugar and butter in plenty. Luncheon for two consists of soup, bread, left over meat, or eggs and fruit and tea and always one glass of milk for the boy at each meal. Supper—Oysters, and fish, potatoes and some vegetable or soup meat; also coffee and fruit and pastry or some rice or oatmeal pudding, and frequently pairs de foie gras, caviar, sardines or some relish sauce. This is the best quality in the market, the best of everything.

Table listing grocery items and their costs, including flour, sugar, butter, and various meats and vegetables.

THE NIMBLE DICE. PUT two dice between the forefinger and thumb of your right hand, holding your hand before you with the knuckles up. Now move the thumb so that the dice will turn over, bringing the spots first exposed under your finger and the spots that were against the thumb into view. That is movement No. 1. Now move the thumb back to its first position, which will bring the dice into their original position. This is movement No. 2.

PASTEBOARD SHIELDS. During some firing experiments by the Swedish Government the bullets failed to penetrate targets made of pasteboard three inches in thickness, yet they easily pass through planks five inches thick.

Oyster Recipes.

Oyster Salad.

STEW the oysters in their own liquor until the edges curl. Then pour the whole into a bowl to cool. To four dozen oysters add three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one of oil, with a little salt and pepper, and set all on ice until wanted. Cut up the tender part of a head of celery into dice and mix it with the oysters, adding a cupful of mayonnaise dressing. Arrange in the salad bowl, decorating with white celery leaves and pour more of the mayonnaise over the top.

Oyster Cocktails.

To make cocktails for six persons, clean and chill three dozen small oysters of fine flavor. Mix and let stand in a cold place an hour or longer, that the various ingredients may become well blended, half a teaspoonful of fine freshly grated horseradish, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, a fourth of a level teaspoonful, three-quarters of a level teaspoonful of salt, a table-spoonful of tomato catsup, a table-spoonful of vinegar and three table-spoonfuls of lemon juice. At serving time dippe the oysters, coating each for each portion, in sherry glasses, lemon or orange shells, or in tomato cups, and pour a table-spoonful of the mixture over each portion of oysters.

Oyster Rarebit.

Drain and pick over a pint of oysters. Scald them in their own liquor until the edges curl, then drain, remove the muscle and place where they will keep hot. Break half a pound of rich, soft cheese into small bits, put it into a saucepan with a table-spoonful of butter, a quarter of a table-spoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne and a table-spoonful of mustard. Pour the strained oyster liquor over two slightly beaten eggs, cooking six minutes, and stir constantly. As it melts, add gradually the oyster liquor and eggs. When soft and creamy add the oysters, let heat one minute, then turn out on hot toast and serve.

Escaloped Oysters.

Drain the liquor from a pint of oysters and wash them in a bowl of clear water. Put a layer in a small buttered baking dish and sprinkle with salt, pepper and bits of butter. Cover with a layer of fine, dry bread crumbs, add more seasoning and bits of butter, and proceed with these alternate layers until the oysters are all used. The top layer should be of crumbs and thick enough to hide the oysters. Strain the liquor and pour over it and let stand for a few minutes. Then pour over all half a cupful milk and sprinkle generously with bits of butter. Bake for fifteen or twenty minutes until a rich crust is formed.

The Man Who Is Robbing His Brain of Its Executive Force by attending to minor details which should be assigned to a subordinate may see his need and perhaps will answer One of the 150 Applications For work in the Male Situation columns in the great SUNDAY WORLD WANT DIRECTORY tomorrow.

white lace collars that are now a popular accessory to correct costume.

The separate waists in linen are beautifully embroidered, and those of damask linen are rich with shining brocade designs. Mercerized materials are so pretty and really wear so well that they are sure of popularity; and the seersuckers, batistes and lawns, both soft colors and fancies, are bewilderingly lovely.

Our illustrations show some of the new effects in summer frocks, among which English eyelet embroidery holds a prominent place. The revival of this pretty work is due to the whim of one willful woman, as was the revival of Irish crochet, but both have been warmly welcomed.

The eyelet work was aptly described as "outting holes and sewing them round," and oh! the infinite labor in the trimming of one dress were this all hand work as of old; but the magic machines have brought this lovely work within the reach of all. It is not only done in lawn and sheer muslins, but in silk, cashmere (which, by-the-by, is greatly in demand for early spring frocks), cloth and even terrays. But eyelet work will not displace the dainty embroideries shown in other models. In these new to match are offered insertion, a deep lounce, and narrower widths for sleeves and other trimmings. For certain designs lace is used in combination with embroideries. Valenciennes being rather preferred because of its well known behavior at the laundry; but there are new laces that give equal satisfaction and are just as pretty.

For thens the heavier laces are

THE ENCHANTED WALNUT.



HERE is an amusing after-dinner trick. Take a walnut between the thumb and the second and third fingers, as shown in the illustration, so that the pointed end of the walnut is on top and your thumb and fingers touch the groove between the two parts of the shell. Squeeze the nut very hard until the shells separate slightly at the point and stop squeezing. The shells, as they come together again, will pinch between them a tiny fold of the skin of your forefinger. Now you may open your hand wide and show the walnut hanging from your forefinger by the invisible fold of the skin.

HEART OF THE FIRE.

From the heart of the fire does the vision rise. It is good to sit in the after-glow, While some one's hand in your big one lies. And nobody there to know, Ah, golden gleaming its many tow-ers. The pulchre ye build, ye twain! Where two shall dwell thro' the love-lit hours. In a golden castle in Spain.

Who is it laughs in the dust behind? Who lurks in the shadows there? Will the years that are coming to you be kind, And the end of the dream be fair? Ah, boy and girl, with the love-lit eyes! Will the faith and the love remain When only a crumbling ruin lies—Your fallen castle in Spain? —Sydney Bulletin.

The Illustrations That Appear To-Day.

THE English eyelet embroidery frock pictured is of white lawn, with its panels, bands and flounces of pretty eyelet work. There is really much work on the simple-looking skirt and the blouse is tucked and inserted to correspond. The new sleeve has a double bell over the under-sleeve; this has a puff of lawn set in with comfort, easily easy cuff band of insertion. The stock of the same is edged on both sides with tiny ruffles of lace on bend-ins.

No wardrobe is complete without the useful black taffeta waist. The exceptionally pretty model illustrated is developed in chiffon taffeta, light and soft, the cordings over the shoulders giving it a very new tone, as also do the low shirred under-eyes, the full upper puff being drawn up with cordings at the shoulder. The chemise and stock of tucked and fagoted white taffeta give a cool, dainty finish to the waist. With skirt to correspond this would make a charming suit, and the design would be equally pretty in color.

One of the early imported models of spring hats is shown. It is in the new "Napoleon" form, made of folds of black tulle laid in lattice over a tulle-covered frame which is edged with velvet Tuscan lace. The back is turned up flat with a couple of flat rosettes of black velvet ribbon, ends of which, with tulle ties, form a smart bow against one ear; there is a small crown covered like the brim, and two big, black silk roses with yellow centers are posed on the left of it. That is all, very simple, but very chic.

Smooth, fine and supple as silk is this beautiful white mohair spring waist that is pictured. The deep equester caps is strapped on to the sleeves with blue silk-covered buttons, with which silk the cape and applied tucks are piped and bound, as also the straps. The buttoned straps are repeated on the deep cuffs, the pretty knitted tie being also of the silk over a folded stock of white chiffon on a featherbone foundation. Incidentally our young lady shows the new style of coiffure with the fascinating side curl.

Some Novelties Seen in the Shops

AMONG the novelties of the season are the automobile bags for journeys. They are about the size of a shopping bag, and are made of leather. Ivory and silver fittings, hair brush, clothes brush, tooth powder bot-

The Illustrations That Appear To-Day.

tle, scent and powder boxes, manicure set, mirror and card case.

A new style of vanity bag is made of buffed alligator, and is 12 inches long and 4-1/2 wide. Its distinctive feature is the small flap under the handle, which admits of the taking out of the card case and coin purse in compartments thereunder without the unslipping of the lower and larger flap on the side.

The vest-pocket camera is no larger than an ordinary-sized watch and looks exactly like one, so that no one need be aware that you are taking their picture. This miniature camera loads in daylight, has "times" and "instantaneous" exposures and carries a film spool for twenty-five pictures.

A novelty in the hosiery line is hosiery stockings with Valentine Day sentiment in catchy sentences embroidered thereon. They are in plain black lisle, some perfectly plain, barring the

Siberia; or, The Vengeance of the Czar.

(Copyright, 1905, by the Press Publishing Co., New York World.) (Adapted from Barclay Campbell's play, "Siberia," produced at the Academy of Music by William A. Brady and Joseph R. Grismer.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Through the machinations of Jaracoff, Governor of Kishineff, and Michael Sparta, his secretary, Sara Jacobson, daughter of one of the nobles, is imprisoned in the prison of the White Sea. She is caught and sentenced to a flogging. Sara takes the blame of the theft on herself, and Nikolai is ordered to die hereof.

CHAPTER VI.

A Fight for Freedom.

THE soldiers had already begun to tie the unfortunate girl to the blood-stained whipping post, when Smaloff, a grin on his brutal face, signalled to Nikolai to begin the punishment. Nikolai stood irresolute for one instant. Then, hurrying the great wall full into Smaloff's face, he turned and rushed toward the door. With a few mighty strokes the bell was heard throughout the settlement. Almost on the first stroke of the bell a throng of white-faced men poured up through the mine-shaft, headed by Ivan. "What does that bell mean?" demanded the furious Smaloff. "It is the signal of liberty!" shouted Nikolai. "Friends of Russia, to arms!" "Quick!" ordered Nikolai, turning toward his men. "Into the mines with them all and bar the doors from the outside! Then let all food in the barracks be divided and let each one of you make his own way toward safety!" His orders were rapidly obeyed, but in the midst of the distribution of food the sound of sleigh bells was heard just outside the main gate of the settlement. Trotsky hurried in. "There is a courier coming," he reported, "with a courier from St. Petersburg."

The Joke Book Puzzle.

GRINGRAN, the court jester, had a joke book. He used to take the book to the woods and hunt up new jokes to spring on the King. While thus engaged one afternoon the wind caught the pages of his book and twisted out a number of leaves, tearing them into confusing bits. It was a chapter of old sayings, and although Gringran tried his best to make head or tail out of the scraps he could not do so. All that he could read was "Hit His Toe," which was not at all funny. Cornered by time and circumstances, Gringran made the best out of the situation by presenting the problem to the King and his court. Said he: "The pages read 'Hit His Toe,' and the one book once reads 'Laugh.' Now, where does the laugh come in?" The wise old sages worried over it and plodded over it. "Hit His Toe," they muttered to themselves—now,

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lect by our passports, we can reach freedom."

Spring had come. Along the quay at Odessa wandered a number of emigrants for a ship was about to sail for America. The little cafes and restaurants fronting on the quay were doing a brisk business. Into one of them strode a sinister man with grizzled hair and beard.

"Laudoria!" he called sharply. "I am a Government officer. My name is Michael Sparta. I demand to see your list of guests for the last three days. News has come of escaped Siberian exiles, and I have reason to think they are headed for Odessa."

He glanced over the list which was handed him and shook his head in disgust. "Not here yet!" he muttered. "I must have left the cafe; and in doing so I almost collided with a party of five people muffled in furs who were just entering. Sparta gave them one startled look of recognition and hurried away."

"Said at last," said one of the five, a woman, as she threw back her hood. "Careful, Sara," warned another of the quintet. "The spies of the Government are everywhere."

The other three removed their furs and seated themselves at a table ordering refreshments. They were Ivan, Marie and Trotsky.

"Can we get a private dining-room upstairs, landlord?" asked Ivan. "We shall only want it until the ship for America sails."

"There goes the first bell on board the ship now," answered the landlord. "You've no sense to lose if you mean to sail on her."

"They were turning toward the door when the threshold was suddenly blocked by soldiers. Sparta stood at their head and shouted:

"By what authority do you try to interfere with us?" asked Nikolai as Sparta clasped his arms in terror. "I arrest you all in the name of the Czar!" replied Sparta, and of— as Jaracoff followed him into the room, of the Governor."

"But what is our offense?" pleaded Ivan. "You are escaped convicts!" shouted Jaracoff. "Guards, arrest them and take them to prison!"

"The girls stepped forward to obey. An old man wrapped in furs and his face half hidden in a long beard and cowled hood, who had been sipping vodka at a distant table, now hobbled forward.

"I beg of you, sir," said the old man respectfully to the Governor, "to let these people go."

"You low beggar!" cried Sparta. "How dare you speak to the Governor?" "Arrest him, too," ordered Jaracoff, pointing to the bent figure.

"But, sir," pleaded the old man, "I have committed no offense."

"You have interfered with justice," declared Jaracoff. "For these poor people have right and justice on their side. You must not imprison them."

"Who are you?" cried Jaracoff, angrily. "How dare you question my authority?" "I am," replied the old man, his voice changing to one of serious authority; "I am one who has watched you secretly for months. But now the time for secrecy has passed. In fact, I am three years older than your full height, tingling off the long cloak and false beard."

"The Governor-General," screamed Sparta in panic as he recognized the stern features of Jaracoff's father-in-law. "Young man," said the Governor-General, addressing Nikolai, "you and your friends have my permission to depart in peace, go!" Sparta fell on his knees. "In behalf of the Governor, sir," he pleaded. "He is no longer Governor," said the Governor-General sternly, "nor are you his secretary. You are both henceforth life prisoners to Siberia!"

THE END. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Always remember the full name. 25 cents.