TIME TO BUY SHEER BLOUSES.

REAL BARGAINS TO BE HAD NOW BY THE SUMMER GIRL.

Beauty of the Lingerie Blouses at Their Best—The Thin Shirt Waists—Lavish Use of Embroidery and Lace in Trimming Them—Materials for the Blouses.

The shirt waist is strictly American and though the Parisian women would have none of its tailor-made serenity, the American woman has clung to it loyally, season after season. This summer she has still kept her tailor-made shirt waist, but she has cast covetous eyes upon that apotheosized shirt waist which Parisians call a blouse and which is the French woman's idea of what a shirt waist should be.

The sheerest of blouses in lingerie or silk have not been too sheer for American

summer girls, the most extravagant quantity of hand work lavished upon the garments has not been too extravagant. Following the use of the dainty blouse has come its abuse and in thin, coarse materials, loaded with cheap machine applied trimmings, the thin blouse has become an eyesore from which one cannot escape.

The first essential of the sheer lingerie blouse is that its material should be exquisitely fine. French mull and batiste are prime favorites, but all the very fine lawns are desirable, and the dotted swisses and mousselines are used effectively.

Silk batiste, silk mousseline, chiffon, silk voile, China and India silks are the fabrics chosen for the sheer silk blouse, and of these the China and India silks are the only materials that can pretend to great durability, although the silk batiste wears fairly well and the new double chiffon is really stout stuff.

As important as the fineness of the material is the daintiness of the work upon

it. Hand work is of course the extreme of elegance, and the simplest of French blouses, entirely made by hand, has more charm and cachet than the most elaborate and lace-trimmed machine-made blouse. If machine work is used, however, it may at least be carefully used, and many of the wholly or partially machine-made blouses are very lovely.

Especially popular with fastidious women are the blouses of mull, batiste or finest lawn, buttoning in the back and with no trimming save a pointed yoke of tiniest vertical tucks and perhaps a touch of valenciennes lace at throat and wrists. If these tucks are hand run, so much the better, but if machine run, the very finest thread must be used and the greatest care exercised.

These simple blouses come in white, pink and pale blue, and for the hand-made ones a rather discouraging price was asked; but now, in common with all the other

sheer blouses, they are marked down to a price within reach of even a woman with a small allowance, and the woman who buys one will make no mistake.

Bargain counters are piled high with thin shirt waists and blouses now, and while many are ugly and almost all are so soiled and tumbled that they look unattractive, the canny woman who will hunt patiently can pick up extraordinarily good bargains which cleaning or laundering will make as good as new. Even the exclusive makers and importers are offering such blouses at low prices rather than carry them over until next summer, and with all of August and September ahead of us, the investment is a good one, even if the blouse should not be of use next season, as it probably would be.

Tucking, drawn work, hand embroidery, inset lace and embroidery, shirring, &c., are lavished upon many of the blouses, and some combine both fine batiste or swiss embroidery and lace, or different kinds of lace. One blouse of batiste has a deep yoke coming well down on the shoulders and made of alternating rows of valenciennes and torchon. The body of the blouse and sleeves are laid in inch-wide horizontal tucks, and the long close-fitting cuff is of the row of lace.

Another blouse in batiste has groups of very fine tucks running from top to bottom and in the spaces between the tucks are embroidered delicate trailing vines. Tiny embroidered blossoms, garlands, wreaths, &c., are introduced in various ways upon the blouses and are the most charming of trimming for them, but lace inset is effective, becoming, and, unless real lace is used, less expensive than the hand embroidery.

Teneriffe and Mexican drawn work medallions and bands are also effective, though somewhat difficult to handle. As a matter of fact, it takes an artist to apply medallions to a blouse or bodice so that they will blend with the general lines and be becoming to the wearer. In nine cases out of ten medallions break up the graceful lines of the blouse and make it look

splotchy; and the frocks badly broken out in medallions which are to be seen on the streets nowadays are a lamentable sight.

Shirrings, plain, corded or tucked, are attractive in blouse designs, but, of course, put laundering out of the question and should be used only when the owner of the blouse expects to send it to the cleaner early and often.

Epaulette effects and other devices for giving a long and drooping shoulder line

are in vogue for blouses, as for all bodices; but this idea should not be carried far enough to interfere with the wearing of a coat, for the blouse is essentially a part of a three-piece costume and should look the part, even when worn without the coat.

Not only are the ready-to-wear blouses marked down at this season, but the materials for making them may be had at prices greatly reduced. Remnants of fine mulle, batiste and lawn are for sale in almost every shop, at prices that would make it well worth the while of any thrifty woman to invest in them, even if she shouldn't intend using them until next season.

Embroideries, too, in the finest qualities may be found in short lengths, ample for blouse trimmings, and at less than half their earlier price. The sensible woman picks up midsummer embroidery bargains for use upon next summer's tub frocks, and by avoiding bizarre patterns or forms

and choosing fine material she may be sure that her purchases will not become démodé before she is ready to use them. In regard to wash laces, too, one may feel fairly secure. Other laces rise and fall in esteem. Filet may be the rage one season and passé the next. Cluny may have a triumphal career and fall from grace; but there are few good wash laces, and those few vary comparatively little from season to season, so it is always safe to pick up a bargain in them.

Many of the fine all-over batiste embroideries which have been so modish and so beautiful this season are marked down to the cost price, and even below, to avoid carrying them over, although they will undoubtedly be worn next summer, and these sheer embroideries make lovely blouses. One house is showing such batiste all-over embroidery in delicate écru with slight touches of dull green or blue through it, and is quoting it at $2.50 a yard instead of the $15 a yard originally asked for it. In another shop a short length of the finest white French mulle, embroidered in tiny pale blue dots was marked at 50 cents a yard and, though soiled, would wash perfectly.

Verily this is the time to go out and get sheer blouses, made or unmade, and no woman with a heart for chiffons should neglect the opportunity.

THE MODERN GIRL'S WAY.

If She Loses Her Purse, She Knows How to Get a Temporary Loan.

When our mothers lost their pocketbooks and found themselves far from home without a nickel, they boarded a homeward bound car and confided their troubles to the conductor. The modern girl in such a predicament has other resources and shows more nerve.

The first thing her penniless condition suggests is the pawn shop. It is no uncommon thing nowadays for the girl who is temporarily in need of money to search out the sign of the three gold balls and pawn her valuables. She finds it the easiest and surest way to raise a small amount of money in a hurry.

A girl lawyer with a case in court at 10 felt in her pocket for her purse upon reaching her elevated station at 9:30 and found it missing. Without hesitation she made for the nearest pawn shop, hocked her watch, caught the next downtown train, and reached court in time.

It takes the superstitious girl longer to pawn anything. She knows it's a process that hoodoos any lucky thing one may have, and so takes time in making up her mind to it.

One of these girls entered a pawn shop with much uncertainty of purpose. She wore three possible pledges, her fraternity pin, her grandmother's engagement ring, and an old Egyptian snake ring that brought wealth to every wearer.

As a matter of loyalty to her sisterhood she couldn't leave the badge of that society in pawn, so she renounced that idea. It lay between the two rings. It became a question of family pride and possible lucre, and she sacrificed the poor family and handed over grandmother's ring to the man behind the counter.

A girl who was bound for a Jersey house party had her pocket picked of all she then possessed. She was near Seventh

avenue, and had the inspiration to sell her coat.

She sought out a second-hand clothing establishment, and after brief bargaining disposed of her covert cloth coat for the modest sum of $7. Then she went to the nearest telegraph office, and sent a message to her brother with a full description of the coat and instructions to go up and buy it back immediately. This over, she went on her way Jerseyward rejoicing.

Her brother found the shop, and after much haggling got the coat back for $10. The girl lost $3 and the cost of the telegram on that deal, but she made her train.

FOR HER BROTHER.

The Girl, the Pajamas and the Clerk Who Did or Did Not Understand.

She had worn them for several years, just as a number of her friends had worn them, and, like them, she made no concealment of her preference for the new over the old-fashioned garment dedicated to the hours of sleep. But she did not care to let all the clerks in the shops she visited know so much about her manner of dressing.

"I want to pick out some pajamas for my brother," she said. "Silk and linen mixed."

The samples were shown to her, and she found a dozen tints that suited exactly. When they had been put aside she opened her card case and took out some measurements marked on a slip of paper.

"Those are my brother's measures," she said. "Just follow them and the suits will fit. Let my brother have them, please, by Friday, as he is going away on Saturday.

"I'll send 'em," said the clerk, looking over the address. "But don't you think it would be safer for me to send you one pair to try on? Then they might fit your brother so much better, you know."

She looked at him sharply for a minute, and then decided to decline the suggestion.

"That won't be necessary," she answered, buttoning her dogskin glove. "You just have them home by next Friday."

WOMAN WINS IN NEW FIELD.

MRS. TUTT'S ELECTRIC POWER ENTERPRISE IN ARIZONA.

Gives Up Home Life for Her Chosen Field of Work and Is on the Road to Fortune—Gets the Arizona Legislature to Exempt Her Property From Taxation.

Even in this day of business women, the woman who can successfully launch a three-million-dollar enterprise demands more than passing notice; particularly when the field she has invaded has remained up to this time man's own.

The woman who has done this is Mrs. Iva E. Tutt of Los Angeles, Cal. The project which she conceived and which is now well under way is the building of two big electric plants to furnish power to the mines in Arizona.

Mrs. Tutt is a mechanical and electrical engineer who has worked her way up until she is now recognized as one of the leaders of her profession in the Southwest. Strangely enough, her business career is a matter of choice, not necessity.

"I couldn't help being an engineer," she answers in reply to the inevitable question. "It was a natural bent. My father was an engineer before me, and from my earliest childhood I was his constant companion, going with him on his steamboat trips on the Mississippi. He treated me as he would a son; in fact, he always called me his boy until by a second marriage he had a real son. He always explained to me the workings of the machinery, and I absorbed the knowledge of it as naturally as I learned the English language, without knowing that I did. He subscribed to all the engineering and scientific periodicals, and these I read as eagerly as most children read their Mother Goose. When I could not understand things, he explained them to me.

"Of course it never occurred to me that I would ever make use of this knowledge of mechanics, and I have never taken a college course in civil or mechanical engineering. While still very young I married and moved from my home in Minnesota to my husband's ranch in Montana; but I hated ranch life and I began to realize that I was not living up to the best that was in me when I stayed there doing nothing. We were not poor; I had everything I wanted, but I felt that I was unfair to myself when I stayed there doing nothing while others were doing the things that I knew I could do as well as they, or better. I don't care for idleness and society and women's clubs. It is so much more interesting to conceive a plan for the development of some natural resources and work it out, thus having something to show for one's time and thought and energy."

This was why Mrs. Tutt saved her money instead of spending it as most women are pleased to do; and when she had enough gathered together to invest she went from Montana to Los Angeles to look for an investment. Here she discovered an opening for an electric light plant at one of the neighboring beach resorts and organized a company. When it came to finding a manager for the company, there seemed to be no one available who was better fitted to undertake it than herself, so she was both president and superintendent.

There were many things, Mrs. Tutt now admits, that she did not understand about electricity. The most she had was a well-grounded practical knowledge of machinery; and by working around the dynamos, seeing them set up piece by piece, and by study, she soon mastered the problems of ampères, voltage and potentials, as she had already done with fly wheels, shafting and pistons.

The electric plant flourished, and before long lines were being stretched to give lights to adjoining towns along the beach. Meantime Mrs. Tutt found time for housekeeping and for doing much church work aside from singing in the choir and keeping up her musical studies. But her will and energy outran her physical strength, and a few years of managing a prosperous and growing business, a home and a church choir brought her to the verge of nervous prostration. To save her health she sold out the electric light plant and moved to Los Angeles, where she invested the proceeds of her sale. Her few thousand dollars capital had increased many times, and her real estate investments enabled her to live comfortably enough to suit the majority of people.

It suited her, too, while she was regaining her health; but with the return of physical vigor her mind went out again in active search of some new venture along her special line of work.

While on a trip to Arizona she discovered two unused water rights that were about to lapse and which could be bought for a reasonable sum by any one who would promise to organize a company and proceed with the storage of water and the development of electrical current. Here were great possibilities. The water rights were in the heart of the mining district, where as yet steam and hydraulic power are the only ones in use. It took pluck and money and hard work to undertake such a proposition, but Mrs. Tutt had all these to give. She contracted at once for the water rights, organized an engineering party and followed the transit every step of the way back into the mountains, following the course of the creek over a difficult and dangerous abandoned trail, where few men and no woman had ever gone before. For weeks she was in the saddle all day long, sleeping under a tent or wagon bed at night; and when she returned, bruised from head to foot by falling rocks and broken branches of trees and tangled underbrush, she had all plans formulated in her mind for the prosecution of her work.

Yet this was only the beginning. The next step was the financing of the enterprise. She was willing to risk her own money, and this helped to interest additional capital. Two companies were formed, one to build a 6,000 horse power plant, the other 7,500 horse power. Of both companies Mrs. Tutt is vice-president and general manager, and she has entire charge of the construction work of both plants. The headquarters of both companies are at Prescott, Ariz., and the board of directors of each is so divided that whether Mrs. Tutt is at Prescott or Los Angeles, there is a quorum for business. Her salary of $2,500 a year is a small matter as compared with what she expects to receive in dividends when the plants are ready for operation, and would be no inducement to her to undertake the work she is now doing. She has gone into it with the masculine spirit of multiplying capital by the development of natural resources.

In perhaps no other way has this woman displayed her keen business sense more fully than in the securing of the passage of a bill, at the last session of the Arizona Legislature, providing for the exemption from taxation of her companies for a term of years. By this means there is an annual saving of many thousands of dollars, which is of great importance during the first years, when such vast sums of money are being expended, with little or no return.

The idea was Mrs. Tutt's own, and she undertook it with the knowledge that the Democratic party, which controlled the Legislature, had a plank in its platform opposing concessions of all kinds. She had her attorneys draw up the bill, which she took personally to Phœnix, making an individual canvass of the members of both houses. She argued that her companies were pioneers in an enterprise that would be of lasting benefit to the Territory, whose mineral resources are its chief claim to wealth, and whose surface has only been scratched as yet; and, besides, that they were bringing into the Territory several millions of dollars, a large percentage of which would be distributed there in wages. So potent were her arguments that when the bill came up it was presented by the leader of one of the three factions into which the Legislature is divided, seconded by the leader of the second, and supported by the leader of the third, securing all but three votes.

And for all Mrs. Tutt's business ability, she is very much the woman. She has not sacrificed an iota of her femininity. She is frankly fond of her pretty gowns, and looks upon them as part of her capital, believing that it is just as legitimate for the business woman to make the most of her femininity as for the man to push forward by the sheer force of his personality. For this reason she counted the money paid to her dressmaker well spent when she went to Arizona with a trunkful of the handsomest gowns which had ever been seen at the capital.

Quite as frankly does she disapprove of a business life for women. She holds that they were never intended for the struggle, justifying herself and her inconsistency by merely saying: "What else could I do when I was made a woman with a man's brain?"

CUT RATE MILLINERY.

Complaint of a Woman Who Tried to Buy a Hat at a Reduced Rate.

This is the season when the milliners sell out their wares at reduced prices, for whatever they can get for them, in fact. But the saleswomen, in some of the shops at least, seem to do the work under protest.

"I don't see why they offer to sell out the goods at all if it hurts them so," said one New York woman who bought a new hat early in the season, only to have the color fade out of it after three weeks. "They act as if they had a profound contempt for people who buy marked down hats, even if they do put signs in the windows trying to coax people to come in and buy. I had an experience with them this morning.

"'Of course, we have very few hats left over now,' one of the saleswomen began, when I entered the shop, 'everything was sold long ago!'

"I couldn't get what I wanted there, and went on to another shop which had a large sign in the window offering anything in the place for any price that anybody was willing to pay. I went in there to be greeted in a very patronizing style by a sunburned girl in a white shirt waist. She put an apple green hat on my head that made me look like a monkey, and was furious because I wouldn't take it.

"'I want a black hat,' I said firmly.

"'But there are very few hats of any kind to be had now,' she said with stinging sarcasm in her tone. 'Women who are particular about what they wear generally buy them in May.'

"I was patient, because I had come there to buy a cheap hat and that was my object above everything else. But I left the store in a frame of mind that boded no good to the next saleswoman I met in a hat shop.

"I went into a place on the block above. The saleswoman there seemed a little less bored than the others, but she put down reluctantly the paper novel she was reading. After I had found a hat that suited me she became quite indignant when I asked her to take out a yellow feather on one side.

"'These hats are only a few that are left over,' she said rather pettishly, 'and we don't trim up hats, of course, at this time of the year. Most of our hats are sold in the spring.'

"That was too much for me.

"'I know perfectly well that most of your hats are sold in the spring,' I began, feeling myself getting very much redder in the face than a lady should ever allow herself to get. 'I bought five at that time myself. I happen to need another one now, however, and you are evidently anxious to sell what you have left over or you would not advertise them so. Now, how do you intend to treat the people who come in here to buy these cheap hats—as if they were customers or beggars?'

"The girl wilted. She did not know how many experiences of that kind I had been through in one day, else she might have been less astonished. My outbreak created the right respect, however, as she was very polite and took out the yellow feather without a word."

DEEP HOLES IN THE HUDSON.

One at West Point, Where a 50-Fathom Line Failed to Touch Bottom.

FISHKILL LANDING, Aug. 1.—It is well known that there are a number of deep places in the Hudson, but few persons are aware that places of a depth ranging from 20 to 24 fathoms are frequently met with south of the Highlands. The deepest spot in the river is just north of West Point, where a fifty-fathom line failed to touch bottom. It is in the narrowest part of the river, where, during the Revolution, a chain was placed as an obstruction to British men-of-war.

Not long ago it was suggested by Gen. John M. Wilson, Chief of Engineers, that the enormous quantity of stone taken from Dykman's Cut could be dumped into one of the big holes.

A few years ago, when one of the Hudson River steamers was wrecked south of Cornwall and afterward drifted to the north dock, which is a little east of the so-called bottomless hole, a diver was sent down to examine the boat. He barely escaped with his life.

The boat rested on what appeared to be a ledge, and began to sink rapidly. The men on the surface felt the tugging at the ropes, and knowing that something was wrong, pulled the diver to the surface. When he told them of the bottomless pit that nearly swallowed him the men all laughed, but the diver got out of his apparatus and refused to go down again.

From Haverstraw to Ossining the depth of the river is not more than seven fathoms, but off Fort Montgomery, where another chain was stretched during the Revolution, it is 13 fathoms. There is a hole off Fort Washington which shows a depth of 24 fathoms.

At the base of Cro' Nest is a stretch of water 30 fathoms deep. There many soldiers have been drowned while bathing.

Just south of this is a place whose depth is not known. It is called the World's End. How it got the name is a mystery of the dangerous spot.

At Blue Point, a few miles above Newburgh, there is another deep spot where scores of skaters have lost their lives. It is a curious fact that over these deep holes only the thinnest ice forms.

There are many legends connected with these deep holes in the Hudson, and lots of yarns about them are told by the old boatmen who ferry passengers across from West Point to Cold Spring.

DELIGHTS OF DYED LOCKS.

OBSERVATIONS BY A MAN OF WOMAN AND HER HAIR.

Peroxide Blonde in a Bootblack's Cellar—The Lady With the Purple Tresses—Case of the Chorus Girl—Error of the Gray-Haired Woman.

Hair dye must, like virtue, have its own reward. The man who came to this conclusion could find no other explanation for the singular places in which hair dye appears. It is always on the head of some woman. Beyond that peculiarity, there is no characteristic common to users of hair dye.

He had seen a girl of 17, who acted as cashier in a bootblack cellar. She sat at a desk near the door, spent half her day in semi-darkness and received for that service no more than $4 a week. Her clothing was, of course, poor. Her face was pale, and her entire physique was of the kind described at the Coroners' inquests as "poorly nourished." But she wore, triumphantly, her crown of lightly dyed hair. That lifted her above the level of the sordid cellar and added some sort of glory to her dull life at least. There was no other reason apparent why she should have gone to the expense and trouble of having her normal locks turned to shiny yellow.

Another example of the mysterious delights of hair dye was seen in a case in which it seemed equally inappropriate. One of twenty waitresses in a quick lunch restaurant was rather whiter and wearier looking than the others. She was certainly the thinnest of the staff.

But she had one other distinguishing feature still more marked. Her hair was yellow with a metallic splendor that bespoke peroxide beyond a doubt.

Not all of the hair was equally yellow. Some streaks of it were, indeed, much darker than others, and at the roots it remained or had almost returned to its native dark brown. Tips had evidently not been abundant enough of late to make the purchase of a new bottle of hair dye or a visit to the hairdresser possible.

But what the French call the "beautiful remains" were still there. There were unmistakable traces of the hair dye, and the top of the head even remained brilliantly yellow. And that was enough to make her different from those around her, and struggling under the weight of the heavy stone dishes she seemed happy.

One woman in New York has changed the color of her hair so frequently that a return to its natural brown makes no greater impression on her acquaintances than the most pronounced blond. She is the only woman who ever had the courage to come back from Paris with her hair dyed a bright purple.

That unfortunate fashion was brief, but while it continued she attracted all the attention that the most ambitious person could have desired. Wherever she went, all eyes turned toward her purple hair.

In her victoria on the avenue, at restaurants and the theatre, the woman with the purple hair held, of course, the centre of the stage. Had she worn a ring in her tilted nose she could not have attracted more attention.

The effect was not beautiful, of course, and the little beauty the woman possessed nearly disappeared under this trying crown. But she was delighted with the sensation her hair created.

Her case was just as incomprehensible as that of the girl in the bootblack's cellar. She was less pardonable, probably, than that girl for whom the simple joy of hair dye took the place of gowns, hats and jewels. Yellow hair represented to her all these joys. Purple hair merely insured for its owner the equivocal distinction of being the person most stared at.

Few women who dye their hair do it with the certainty that they will be better looking. Young women attack the operation in a spirit of bravado when they do not dye their hair as a badge of the dramatic profession. Most of the young women not decided brunettes who go into the chorus dye their hair yellow, not because it is certain to make them more beautiful, but because since the days of Lydia Thompson chorus girls have had blond hair.

Black-haired show girls and chorus beauties are likely to keep that tint of hair, since they are distinctive enough. It is only the brown-haired girl who is forced to take to peroxide and thus make herself distinctive in one way or another. She takes of course, to the blondest hair possible.

Women who begin to dye their hair when white appears are much more numerous than most people would suppose. Few women can see with composure the approach of age as it comes to them through their hair. So many restoratives are at hand that the temptation to try one of them is irresistible.

They are called restorers, or ointments or anything but dyes. They are in reality nothing more than dyes that turn the whitened hairs to a color approximating what they were in the first place. They are not intended, like other hair dye, to be noticed. The desire is to conceal their effects.

Yet even these modestly restored hairs are easily recognizable. In a strong light there is no mistaking dyed hair. Its presence is shown in other ways also.

When the average woman's hair begins to whiten the process is only a small part of the general physical change that is taking place in her. It is natural, therefore, that her hair should be mixed with gray, when her face shows the age that she has reached.

Dyed hair makes a woman's expression hard and robs her of most of the gentleness that should come with gray hair. And the loss of this expression which dyed hair always robs her of makes her look older than a crown of white hair would.

BURIAL PLACE FOR PRIESTS.

Catacombs Under the New Mortuary Chapel in Calvary Cemetery.

One of the oldest customs of Christianity is to be introduced in America by Archbishop Farley, who plans to erect for the Catholic clergy of this diocese a mortuary chapel, and build extensive catacombs in Calvary Cemetery. A new chapel has been contemplated for several years, but the addition of the catacombs is due to Archbishop Farley. He conceived the idea during his stay abroad last year, when he saw how fittingly were the clergy of the Old World interred, and contrasted the poor system used in this country.

It is proposed to erect the new chapel and build the catacombs on the site of the present small frame chapel near the centre of the older section of Calvary. The chapel will be constructed in the form of a Latin cross, and will be about 60x120 feet, with a tower rising to a height of about ninety feet.

The impressive portals will be surmounted by a sculptured representation of the Resurrection. On each side of the sanctuary marble stairways will lead up to the high altar. Between the stairways a wide flight of marble steps will lead down to the catacombs through a vaulted passage. At the extreme end of this is the lower sanctuary. Surmounting the tower will be an heroic figure of Christ in the attitude of bestowing blessing, while below on the front chapel wall and surrounding the large sculptured panel of the Resurrection will be carved, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

Work will be begun on the catacombs in the fall, but it is calculated that it will require several years to complete the whole work. The cost will be defrayed by the 800 priests of this diocese, Archbishop Farley contributing largely to the fund.

Hair Goods for Summer Wear

of my make are light and delicate, and yet I guarantee them to keep their curl and wave in seashore or mountain air.

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ATHLETICS FOR THE EYES.

THEY MAY BE STRENGTHENED BY PROPER EXERCISES.

Good Results Obtained by Turning Them Up and Down and From Side to Side—Bathing and Massage Good—Warning Against Belladonna and Such Things.

That there should be special exercises, athletics, if you will, for the eyes, is perhaps a novel idea to many. But it is said that one way to strengthen the eyes is to turn them alternately upward and downward as far as possible twenty times in succession. Do this slowly.

Next turn the eyes on the level from right to left, repeating as before. Turn them to the upper left corner, and then to the lower right corner. Then alternate the motion from the upper right corner to the lower left corner, and repeat.

Conclude these exercises by rolling the eyes around, first to the right, then to the left, in the extreme limit of the muscular extensions. Be very careful when performing the exercises not to strain the muscles.

The eyes should be bathed every night before retiring to remove any dust that might have gathered on the lids during the day. Cold water should be used, although lukewarm water is good occasionally.

Open the lids and let the water bathe the eyeballs. Wipe them with a soft towel, taking care to rub toward the nose. This motion has a tendency to remove any foreign matter.

To preserve the round shape of the eyeballs occasionally rub them gently, and always toward the nose. As one grows older the eyeballs have a tendency to become flat. Gentle rubbing or massage helps to preserve their shape.

If the lids are inflamed by cold or study a little rose water is good for bathing them. Cold weak tea, weak salt water and warm milk are also good for occasional use. The milk should be diluted with water.

Bathing with equal parts of witch hazel and water is very restful to the eyes. Another plan is to bathe the eyes with warm water in which are dissolved a pinch of powdered borax and two or three drops of spirits of camphor.

A soft linen cloth, which is employed for no other purpose, is better to use when bathing the eyes than a sponge.

The eyes should never be used when they are tired or weak from illness, nor should they be exposed to a strong light at any time. The light should always fall on the work or book from over the left shoulder.

The creams used for the complexion are bad for the eyes and should never be applied. On no account should the eyes be touched with lotions or ointments except under the supervision of an oculist. The sensitiveness of these organs is so great that they resent the slightest maltreatment.

To stimulate the brilliancy of the eyes by the application of belladonna is certain to do injury. The Eastern custom of darkening the inside of the eyelids and eyelashes with powdered kohl is not unknown in this country. Moore, in "Lalla Rookh" represents the women of the harem in the performance of the various operations of their toilet, as mixing:

> The Kohl's letty dye,
> To give that long, dark language to the eye
> Which makes the maids, whom kings are proud to call
> From fair Circassia's vales, so beautiful.

No Eastern woman considers herself completely dressed till she has tinged her hair and the edges of her eyelids with the powder of lead ore. The operation is performed by dipping into the powder a small wooden bodkin of the thickness of a quill, and then drawing it through the eyelids over the ball of the eye.

This is what the prophet Jeremiah means when he speaks of rending the eyes with painting. The original words regarding Jezebel painting her face are: "She adjusted her eyes with the powder of the lead ore."

Another reason against the practice of painting the eyes, which should appeal to every woman, is that the paint in time makes the flesh around the eyes wrinkled.

NEW VIOLINIST COMING.

Jacques Thibaud, Having Won Fame in Europe, Will Now Play Here.

Jacques Thibaud, who is coming to the United States next winter, is about the handsomest virtuoso of the fiddle who has visited this country in many a day. He is free from any eccentricity of appearance. He is tall, slight in figure and only 24.

Thibaud comes of a musical family, and his two brothers are professionals. One is a 'cellist and the other a pianist.

He studied first at Bordeaux with his father, who took him in hand early, and at 14 he was prepared to go to the Conservatoire. He was a pupil of Marrick there, and in 1890 won the first prize for violin playing.

After he finished his course at the Conservatoire he became a member of Edward Colonne's orchestra, and at the Café Rouge, in the Latin Quarter, he occasionally played violin solos, which soon attracted the attention of Paris musicians.

His first appearance as a soloist under conspicuous circumstances was at the annual musical festival at Angers, five years ago. Although a member of the Colonne orchestra he had never been asked to take part in the concerts as a soloist until this appearance established his reputation as an unusually gifted violinist.

With his début as a soloist at one of the Colonne concerts Thibaud's fame in Paris may be said to have been fixed. He played there frequently, gaining with every appearance a larger public and greater critical praise. After a year he became the most conspicuous of the French instrumentalists. During the second year of his public appearances he continued to play in Paris and the provinces.

During these two seasons Thibaud's success was said to be so completely French that he might not be nearly so great as his compatriots thought. Two years ago he went to play in Berlin and Vienna, and his triumphs there proved that his talents were, after all, for all markets.

He was judged by the standards of Joachim in his prime, and came brilliantly through the ordeal. He has since made his reputation more than ever international by his tours in Russia, Switzerland and the Netherlands. Last spring he was the most successful musician of the London season.

Thibaud is a classical player, excelling in the interpretation of Bach and Mozart and possesses at the same time the technique so essential to-day. His reluctance to come to the United States before—managers have every year endeavored to persuade him to play here—was due to his desire to make a reputation in other European countries before trying his fortunes here.