

New Turban Recently Evolved Is Known as the Mephisto



There is a new turban which is but developed in black, lustrous braids, and it has been christened the Mephisto. This sinister name seems to apply, inasmuch as his Satanic majesty has always been considered interesting and that is what may also be said of the new turban.

It is a narrow, close-fitting hat with an oval crown and a coronet sloping up to sharp points at the front. It is made of a fine, lustrous and pliable black braid. At the front two standing antennae stamp the turban with a certain individuality. Although made all of black no one will pronounce this piece of millinery either quiet or somber. On the contrary, it is full of "go" and suggests a little mischief.

The same shape, with coronet omitted, is finished with folded maline in bands of red, blue, green and yellow in the strong shades, this season called Bulgarian.

A vivid cockade, made of silk fibers in green, black and red stands up at the front exactly like the brush at the front of a drum major's hat. There is such a flavor of the Orient in this creation that it has been variously named, but always with reference to India or some other far eastern country where the people dare to use color in a way we call barbaric. But we find they glow like jewels and prove captivating. We buy them. This oriental turban and the Mephisto make an interesting pair.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

SURELY A SEASON OF COLOR

About Every Variety of Shade Is to Be Employed to Adorn Feminine Costumes.

Experts whose business it is to anticipate feminine fashions declare that the coming season will find garments of daring and varied hues.

From milady's shoes to her sunshade she will present a picture of color that will embrace all shades known to man, and a few more of her own invention.

The simple blue costume, which has satisfied woman's capricious taste more than any other dress, will have to go with the black shoes and black stockings.

This is what the experts say, but a buyer at a fashionable shop said that the change would not be quite so violent.

"There is no doubt," she said, "that this year there will be much more color in women's dress. The desire for a change from the more sober colors has been felt for some time, and has expressed itself in various ways.

"The first step towards the color scheme was made by the hostess who introduced stockings in all the shades of the rainbow. So popular did these become that bootmakers were obliged to follow, and for the past two or three summers there have been almost as many shades in shoes as in stockings."

"Is the blue tailor-made costume doomed?"

"No, I do not think so. Blue suits women too well for them to give it up altogether. We shall probably not see so many plain blue costumes this year, but I question if the provincial girl will follow the new fashion blindly.

"Women, you know, are not quite the slaves to fashion that men suppose. Nor do they dress to please men, as many of you fondly imagine. A woman's mirror is another woman's eyes. If she excites admiration there she knows she has succeeded.

"Blue suits most women, and that is why they continue to wear it."

Bits of Color.

The irrepressible little colored-flower bouquet consisting of a tiny flower of conventional form, but strange color, set inside two green leaves, crops up in the new summer materials more than ever insistent. A decorative effect is so easily gained by this odd little combination that one cannot wonder at the continued success.—Harper's Bazar.

AFTERNOON GOWN



An afternoon gown of dark blue, black and red and green flowered chiffon, showing a riot of colors that are now the rage in Paris.

Cluny Laces Used.

Cluny laces are used in touches of trimming at the neck and sleeves on many of the most expensive gowns.

MONTANA RATTLER SWALLOWED YOUNG

Hunter's Story of an Encounter on a Game Trail.

ALMOST STRUCK HIM

Mother Reptile Stowed Away Fourteen of Her Five-inch Babies—They Obeyed Her Call, Hurrying Over Rough Ground to Escape.

Seattle, Wash.—"During my ten years' stay in Montana I had some experience with the rattlesnake," said an old hunter the other day, discussing this poisonous reptile and some of its characteristics.

"In Montana many had been killed by the rattlesnake. The most dangerous period is what is known as the dog days of July and August. In these months the reptiles are blind and always coiled for action. Very few ever recover if bitten during either of these months, as the rattlers are more poisonous at this period than at any other time. The rattler is very savage in its blind condition and will strike at all sounds that appear near him.

"Although we are king of all animals, we hate to meet Mr. Snake. The people of Washington should be thankful to have such a prosperous state, splendid climate and to be entirely clear of the poisonous pests that people in many countries dread.

"In the first week of September, 1896, I had a queer experience with a rattlesnake family. This is a true story. I was on a hunting expedition in the South Crow creek country in Montana.

"The morning was cold and chilly. I was in a hurry to cross the Quartzite divide, which is the home of the dreaded reptiles. In picking my way over the rough surface I generally followed old game trails, especially when they led any way near my direction. I just reached the first big butte closer to the summit than a large rattler jumped from a flat boulder and challenged me to fight. She



Received Them All With Open Mouth.

almost struck me before I succeeded in getting away from her reach. She was more than five feet long and game to the tail. I think it was the most vicious snake I ever met during my travels in various mountain countries.

"In looking around to see what I could find in the nature of a weapon to kill the venomous enemy I nearly stepped on a large bunch of baby snakes. The little poisoners were huddled up close together. They were about five inches long, brownish in color, fourteen in all, and certainly were true counterparts of their mother, who was only a few yards away.

"You can imagine my surprise in looking down on this reptilian family. I was about to get a step closer when the old snake made a peculiar noise. I had no idea what it meant, but I was soon informed by the babies, for they knew the call and made a dash for the mother. She received them with open mouth, swallowing her little darlings as fast as nature allowed her to give them transportation. It was comical to see those little reptiles hurrying over the rough ground to obey mother's call when she gave them the signal of danger.

"After storing her babies she looked twice her former size, and, expecting trouble, coiled herself for battle. At this moment a thought struck me that I would kill the reptile with my rifle, although I had never heard of anyone shooting a snake. Drawing a fine bead on the body of many lives I penetrated her with four shells from my 40-82 Winchester rifle."

Many Heathens Left.

New York.—Rev. Sweeney, retired brigadier general, former United States district judge and former consul at Constantinople, said that there are 100 heathens for every converted Christian.

"FRAT GUYS BOOBS" SAYS WASHED TRAMP

Hobo Looks on College Life as Nothing to Be Proud of After Bath.

Evanston, Ill.—George Henderson says there is no fun in being a college "frat guy." He knows, because he tried it for a while the other day. George belongs to the vast army of unwashed and is as loyal to the traditions of his society as any hobo who ever chalked a cross on a back fence. Naturally anything that necessitates familiarity with soap and water calls for disapproval.

He made the mistake of picking out the back door of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon lodge at 1614 Hinman avenue as



Applied Strong Soap Vigorously.

a promise of pie. He knocked and stood ready to deliver his usual hard luck appeal.

The hands of Crawford Warden, full back on the Northwestern university team, gripped him. He was dragged inside, where a half dozen others were congregated.

Strong arms enticed him to the bathroom upstairs. Strong soap, applied vigorously, elicited equally strong but impotent protests.

Trunks were rummaged and George was fitted out with a light canvas coat, white tennis trousers, straw hat, red and white shawl and white canvas "pumps." Then he was put through a series of initiation stunts. Finally he was given a meal and 75 cents and turned out. He almost had reached the city limits when the police got him.

"Frat guys, huh?" he exclaimed. "All them boobs think about is takin' a bath. Who wants to be a frat guy?"

GRAVES BATH BY TEACHER

Boy Never Was in Tub and Envis Youth Who Gets Cleanliness Prize.

Gary, Ind.—Paul Chuchu craves a bath.

Paul Chuchu is 8 years old, a pupil of the Froebel school, and somewhat soiled. Also he is envious—envious of that swaggering Andy Hatrack, 7-year-old braggart, who boasts of his intimacy with bathtubs—"dad blame 'im"—and flaunts a red necktie as a proof that he is the cleanest gentleman in the grade. The grade is the first and is presided over by Miss Laura Knaggs, who recently presented the tie as a prize for cleanliness.

Paul Chuchu glowered all day long at Andy Hatrack and his brilliant tie. He waited after school.

"I want to be gaved a bath," Paul demanded of Miss Knaggs when the others had fled from the room. "I ain't never had none yet. But don't you tell Andy Hatrack that. I want you to give me a whole bath. Wash me up an' downs. 'Cause if yer don't give me a whole bath, I'll—I'll punch Andy Hatrack on the bean, I will."

Miss Knaggs was convinced of the urgency of action. Her investigation developed the fact that there never had been a bathtub in the Chuchu household, but one will be borrowed and the bath given.

BEAR WRESTLER PUT IN JAIL

He Fights Humane Society Agent Who Reproves Him—Bears Were Also Arrested.

Allentown, Pa.—Following a lively wrestling match on the streets of this city the other day, James B. Stuber, agent of the Lehigh County Humane society, and Pierre Teyrent, an Alpine animal trainer, with two giant bears belonging to the latter, apparently as much interested as the spectators, Teyrent and his bears were arrested and locked up in the local jail.

Teyrent was charged with assaulting the humane society's officer and the bears were to await the outcome of the hearing before Alderman Bowser.

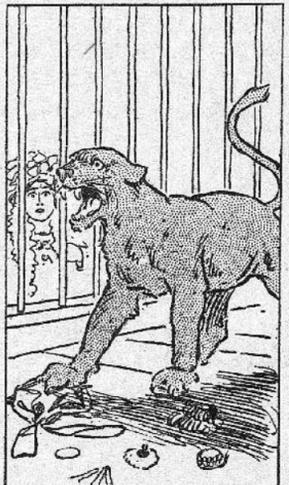
Officer Stuber claimed that Teyrent's treatment of the bears was not only inhuman, but that they frightened passing horses. Teyrent resented Stuber's interference and a fifteen-minute scuffle ensued, culminating in the arrest of the bears and their trainer.

LIONESS WOULD KEEP PUFF AND HAIR PINS

Big Cat in Central Zoo Snatched Woman's Handbag Through the Bars.

New York.—There is not a more disgruntled lioness in the world than Miss Fulton, the 3-year-old big cat in Central Park. She thought she was to have a chance to make herself the best looking lioness that the city ever owned, but the keepers could not see it that way. As a result Miss Fulton threatened a hunger strike, but, unlike the suffragettes, could not withstand the smell of food.

Miss Fulton was asleep in her cage the other day when a young woman entered the lion house. She carried a large black handbag on which were the initials in gold "N. T." Miss Ful-



Was Highly Pleased With the Result of Her Haul.

ton had one of her forepaws resting against the front bars of the cage and the woman could not resist reaching over the railing to tickle the lioness' toes. She did not know how quick a lioness could move and in a second Miss Fulton had snatched the bag and pulled it through the bars. One bite and the bag was in halves.

Out rolled a set of false teeth, a powder puff, a bundle of hair pins, a picket mirror, some false hair and a lot of silk remnants. Miss Fulton was highly pleased with the result of her haul and roared out the news of the prize to all the other animals.

George Sickett, one of the keepers, was appealed to by the owner of the handbag and with an iron rake got what was left of it and its contents out of the cage.

Miss Fulton did her best to keep the mirror, puff and hair pins, but they finally were taken away from her. Then she got angry. The woman refused to give her name and hurried away.

EYE PECKED OUT BY CRANE

Efforts to Be Made to Restore Man's Sight Lost in a Peculiar Way.

Plattsburg, N. Y.—Samuel Dandrow of Plattsburg, who had one of his eyes pecked out last summer by a crane, is to be taken to Montreal to consult a specialist, the expense to be paid by the city in part and part by private individuals. Dandrow now is totally blind, having lost the sight of his other eye through an accident when a child.

One Sunday afternoon last summer Dandrow and his wife and children and a friend were at the mouth of the Ausable river when a friend shot a crane and Dandrow went out in a boat to pick up the bird. As he raised it from the water it struck him in his good eye with its bill. He has been unable to work since, and has been a charge upon the city. Recently two women raised \$50 toward the expense of an operation on the eye which was injured in childhood, and interested a surgeon in Montreal in the case. The common council voted \$100, which will complete the amount of the surgeon's fee.

FROG WEIGHS FORTY POUNDS

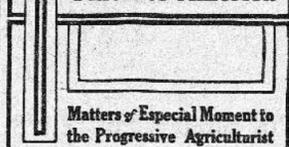
So Big It Knocks Down One Hunter and Jumps Over Another's Head.

Allentown, Pa.—The residents of Guthsville, seven miles from here along the Jordan, are excited over a monster bullfrog, said to weigh at least forty pounds. Alexander Hartzell, while frogging in the stream, was knocked down into a deep pool, when the brute jumped against his chest. Peter Krause mustered up courage to go after the animal with a shotgun, but the frog escaped him by jumping over his head. The rest of the terror-stricken natives are now after the frog in squads.

Long Life Ends.

Bristol, Tenn.—Mrs. Jane Trinkle of Virginia pioneer stock, died here the other day in her 102d year. She was born June 12, 1811. She was the mother of fifteen children, all dead but three, and is survived by 45 grandchildren and 65 great-grandchildren. She attributed her long life to fishing with hook and line and other outdoor experiences.

Farmers' Educational and Co-Operative Union of America



Matters of Especial Moment to the Progressive Agriculturist

The road to success; work better, brag less.

Killing time makes one a packer of trouble.

He who travels too swiftly is apt to cast a shoe.

The love of the dishonest dollar is the root of evil.

The profit-producing hog makes both ends meet.

Shooting the bird is a good way to help the grasshopper.

It is easier to select the seed than it is to grade the grain.

No matter what kind of a farmer you are, do not be a grouchy one.

If his folly did not betray the fool, the detective couldn't make his salt.

A fool learns from nobody; a wise man learns from every one, even from the fool.

Good hired men shun the farmer with a reputation for having no mercy on himself.

To farm successfully you must farm with your brain as well as with your hands.

A fool curses the horse that shies. A wise man takes the blinkers off the brute. Be wise.

The demand for breeding cattle of the beef breeds is good and getting better all the time.

When you travel so fast you cannot see the blossoms by the wayside. It is time to slow down.

The man who gets up early enough to catch the worm usually spends the rest of the day fishing.

Being good is like using an umbrella—you have to keep it up in order to get any benefit out of it.

Just as soon as business and system find their places on the farm, guesswork and bad luck vanish.

The creaking of a wind-mill in need of oil gets on one's nerves; but it is music alongside of a crotchety neighbor.

GLAD DAY FOR HOUSEKEEPER

Fifty Families in New Jersey Town Are to Try Co-operative House-keeping—Some Flaws Seen.

Fifty families of Montclair, N. J., are to try co-operative housekeeping if the plans of an enthusiastic committee do not miscarry. They are to hire a general manager at \$1,200 a year, a head cook at \$3,000, ten maids and ten under cooks. Meals are to be sent out in two converted automobiles, and the ten maids are to clean windows and do other housework for the families in turn.

There are 739 opportunities for trouble in this scheme. Only \$120 a year is allowed for unforeseen expenditures, say the New York World. If one motor car breaks down, the other must carry diners to 50 families, all at the same time. Repairs will be a pretty penny. Housewives entitled to one-fifth of one maid's time will find it short. No allowance of time is made for going from house to house. People will complain of the cooking. Even if the dinner is brought prepared it is some work to serve it, and if mamma and the girls are dressing to go to the theater they will not care to bother. They will want pretty tableware of their own, and it will not wash itself. In short—

Co-operative housekeeping is perfectly feasible. Any fairly successful hotel man could devise a workable scheme if the families concerned really wanted co-operation badly enough to subordinate their individual ways and wants. They will not, or will not often, do it. They do not actually want co-operation at the price it costs. Few people, but here at times a fleeting fear that they might find millennium dull.

Killing Calves.

Some one has conservatively estimated that around 6,000,000 calves are annually slaughtered in this country, including those slaughtered on the farm. These thousands of calves are annually slaughtered that are of good beef type. Their owners slaughter and market them at a tender age to rid the cow of her charge and put her into the dairy service again. The dairy cow is a short road to profit, but her steer calf, if kept on the farm until he had attained the yearling age and then sold to a beef cattle feeder, should in the long run net more profit. It might not all be represented in dollars and cents, but that calf, having the run of the farm for a year, would help enrich the soil fertility enough to well pay its keep.

Correction of Soft Shells.

The presence of soft-shell eggs is always an indication that an overfat condition in the hen exists. There is much in the usual diet of hens that had better be omitted. In the first place, fresh meat should not be fed more than three times a week, and then a pound should be the limit for sixteen head, or announce per fowl. Red pepper is too highly stimulating and should never be allowed in the poultry bill of fare. All the grains should be scattered in hay or straw, so that the fowls will exercise freely.

CO-OPERATION MAY AID SOME

In Endeavor to Grow Bigger Crops Farmer Must Not Forget That Success Comes With Ability.

Occasionally a word of protest is heard against the teaching for bigger crop yields. The usual argument is that when the crop is big the price is low, so "what's the use trying to grow bumper crops?"

Aside from the lesson of statistics which proves this theory fallacious, there is not a farmer in the land who would rather pick 25 bushels of corn per acre than 100 bushels.

Prices are fixed by the unvarying law of supply and demand, not by speculators who thus arbitrarily govern prices to their advantage, writes H. A. Bereman, in the Farm, Stock and Home.

In ten years the total wheat yield in the United States has increased 33 per cent, but its total value has increased 82 per cent. Corn has increased 50 per cent, in total yield and 100 per cent, in value. Other crops show similar records.

After a pretty steady gait for 40 years (about 25 bushels per acre for the United States) except that for the last 20 years the average yield per acre of corn is 1 1/2 bushels less than for the former 20-year period, any sudden increase in yield per acre or aggregate for the whole country, is highly improbable. The total production of corn fluctuates slightly year by year, according to the weather in the corn belt.

In view of all these facts, it behooves the farmer who decides to grow corn, to see how far he can beat the average. In this direction lies all hope of immediate profit.

If the smart farmer can grow 100 bushels per acre, while his neighbor with the same land and labor, grows only twenty-five, is there any doubt as to which will get rich first?

Farmers sometimes forget that they are subject to the same laws of competition as other enterprises. Under the fierce competition of 6,000,000 farmers, the only way to make ordinary farming pay, is to do it better than the other fellows.

One drawback with the average farmer is, that he does not know what it costs him to grow a bushel of corn or wheat or potatoes. Hence he does not know what he can afford to take. He blindly accepts the "market price."

The cost of production of corn for instance, will vary with the farm management, the soil, season, cost of labor etc. If one finds he cannot grow corn at a profit, his chief recourse is to quit and try something else or change his methods.

Co-operation may help some, but it is developing slowly in this country. In the meantime let us not forget that the man who raises average crops makes no profit as a general thing. It is the man who raises above the average who buys the automobile. Usually the difference lies in the quality of his mind, and not in the size of his muscles nor the amount of "luck" which drifts his way.

The writer has inspected a great many farms in a large number of states. He has never yet seen a big success without superior quality. The successful men are usually those who form the habit of independent thought, who put their farms on a sound business basis, and who, either through natural instinct or superior training, manage to do things better than the rank and file, and thus cut out competition.

Instead of seeing how little we can grow, which is an absurdity in itself, why not try to grow as big crops as our brains and land will permit, or quit the business and try something else?

In the long run the man who grows small crops will dream of debts while the man of larger crops will realize luxuries.

SOME PROFITS ARE NEEDLESS

Excellent Illustration is Given of Man in Which "Middleman" in General Operates.

An excellent illustration of the manner in which the "middleman" in general operates, and of the injustice of his profits, has been afforded by a "case" against an express company in Minneapolis. Quite recently a resident of that city presented to the company a package to be delivered to an address in another town. The charge was 40 cents. As it happens, the sender had the package addressed to himself, and his surprise can be better imagined than described when he received it through the parcel post, by which method the company had sent it at a cost of 22 cents.

With a minimum of trouble the express company made a profit of 18 cents on the transaction, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. Had the man sent it by parcel post direct he would have saved that profit for himself.

In much the same way the middleman, or rather the middlemen, are exacting profits on all sorts of commodities and increasing the price to the ultimate consumer. Foodstuffs go through certain specified channels in order to get from producer to consumer, and at every twist and turn an additional cost is placed upon an article.

When we arrive at a more direct method of getting commodities from the farm to the family a great stride in reducing the cost of living will have been made.

Preseverance Will Win.

All people who stick to hogs and learn to handle and feed them properly will win out.