

MATERIAL FOR SPRING.

Black and White Extremely Popular, and Worn Out of Mourning as Well as in Cashmere Coming in Again.

PARIS, April 13.—The great business of selecting spring toilets is at hand, and the first points to which women of fashion will direct their attention are the material and the color; for the shape, either the old-fashioned or the new, is a question of fashion, which has to do with the suit their beauty best, or are more becoming to their complexions. Others are guided to the same conclusion by common sense, because they are surer of having harmony in the many details of their toilets.

Generally speaking, one goes out to order a dress with a fixed idea of having it black, white or red. It is, therefore, upon the materials and colors in vogue that information is interesting.

There are women who purposely always select the same shades. They are often refined coquettes, who have found from experience that the shades in question suit their beauty best, or are more becoming to their complexions. Others are guided to the same conclusion by common sense, because they are surer of having harmony in the many details of their toilets.

In cases like these black and white render enormous service. Moreover, their reign is by no means over. The court mourning in England has given a new impulse to the combination, which is always perfectly distinguished. Moreover, a trifle can brighten up a black and white costume; a flower in the hat or a colored scarf or even a sun-shade of some subdued color is sufficient.

Cloth is the only wear for the opening of the season, but the new materials of this description are incomparably supple and lighter. Cashmere, which had gone out of fashion is coming in again. The fact is that its suppleness responds to the prevailing note of fashion.

For tailor-made costumes, which are the most classic of all, manufacturers have created materials in checks, stripes and spots, which, however, will be mostly used for fancy costumes.

Alpaca, velvety, pacha and tummy come in with the medley, and considerable license has been given to fancy in the composition of original fabrics.

Fortunately, the soft shades of color give to this fancy a character of good taste; they are akin to those of old tapestries. Ash grays, cigar color, pastel blue, violine mauve, old ivory white, etc., are still the most in request.

Supreme style continues to insist on a symphonic harmony of color; nothing must clash with the general design, and a touch of color should be that of old tapestries. Taffetas will still be in favor but extremely soft in texture, and many with printed patterns. Then there are shot taffetas, with all the colors of the rainbow. There is an inquiry for taffetas of certain periods. The lovely stripes and checks, which have been so popular, are for they are copied from Louis XVI. and 1830 designs, combined with modern softness, which gives them quite a new aspect.

Stripes will probably be the prevailing fashion. Some charming patterns made with garlands of old designs, blending in the most becoming manner.

In foulards we may expect some charming surprises. The material is so much the rage that it is likely to find a place among the linings. There are whole series of absolutely novel designs, stripes and checks, which will be offered for dresses, and will detract the everlasting blue and white which has hitherto been the prevailing note in this material.

Then the ethereal, snowy effects are reserved for muslins and gazes, printed regardless of color. The lovely stripes and checks, which have been so popular, are for they are copied from Louis XVI. and 1830 designs, combined with modern softness, which gives them quite a new aspect.

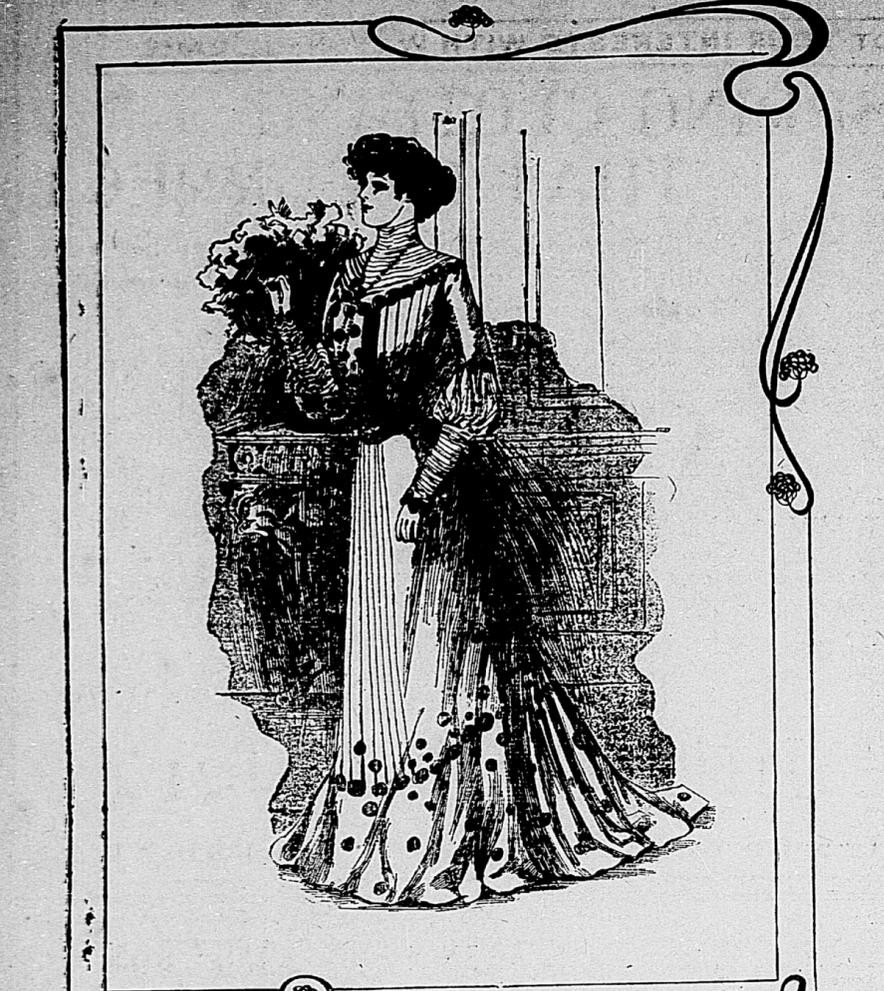
If Paris dress-makers create marvels, it must be admitted that they are splendidly backed up, if not forestalled, by the creators of all the delightful materials which form the best agencies of success, and even point to the route to be traced in making dresses. Last, let me add that lace dresses will be worn to an enormous extent.

No More Mother's Cooking.

"The pies that mother used to make," the longing for maternal cooking on the part of young husbands, to the great annoyance of their inexperienced wives, is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, to live on the route to be traced in making dresses.

In these advanced days very few mothers do any cooking, and, therefore, few are preparing their sons to sometimes remind a young wife of those "beautiful light biscuits." This is surely a gain, and the bride of to-day has—more so, in fact, for she is not so easily deceived as advertised. Take the case of Mrs. Mary McCann's begging syndicate. Mrs. McCann sent out pitiful stories by the parcel, and received the old Criminal Court building was surrounded by private broughams and liveried equipages, the occupants of which were anxious to help Mrs. McCann get a nice, long prison sentence. "Society" stands for many a swindle, but not for publication as an

How many mothers of young men of your acquaintance do any cooking? Very few even occasionally make cake. In the old days the mother-in-law, who did this work, and mother devotes her energies to other matters. If she has very



DRESS WORN BY MRS. J. J. GARDNER IN LES MEDICIN COSTUME OF OPERA HOUSE GAZES. CORSET WITH VELVET SPOTS TO MATCH.

The yoke is of closely pleated mousseline de sole. The corsage is made in narrow pleats, and the skirt is finished off with a shaped flounce, giving great width to it. The corset petticoat shown is of white ground brocaded silk. It laces down the front and fits the figure very closely. If stiffened it would take the place of the corset for a supple, slight figure. The bottom is trimmed with insertion, alternating with groups of narrow pleats.



INDOOR DRESS OF COQUETTURE ON A GOLD GAUZE—TRIMMING OF FEELISH PINK MUSLIN.

The corsage opens down the front over a waistcoat of bouillonne flesh pink mousseline de sole, held by narrow stripes of black velvet. The lower part of the skirt is edged with a wide flounce of pink muslin, with applications of ecru lace. The sleeves are of gathered muslin. The waistband is of black velvet, fastened by an antique button.

Work Women's Clubs Might Do.

The Suggestions of a Woman Who Has Joined No Club as Yet.

It was plain that she was not a club woman, although that type scarcely retains recognizable characteristics to-day, says a writer in the New York Sun. But something in her appearance made it evident that she was not one of the club kind, and when she told her friend audibly that she had just refused another invitation to go into one of those women's clubs, everybody in the train near enough to hear felt assured from her looks that she was not the sort of a person to have accepted the offer.

"One of the things that made me say I wouldn't come in," she went on in rather nasal explanation, "was the trouble I had finding out what the real object of the thing was. My friend told me that it was going to study something about Zend-Avesta, and she seemed to think that was the sort of a thing no woman could ever get along without, but as I had never heard of it before and I had lived to be 46 and kept in good health, I couldn't see why I should join that club more than any of the other ones I had heard about.

"I don't mean to say that there aren't certain kinds of clubs I would be very glad to be in. One of those, for instance, would be a club made up of women who had the power and the willingness to do something about the serious question that they are talking about all the while. That's just the sort of a club that none of the women I ever knew cared anything about. I should like to see a club that trained women to be good waitresses, helped them to go to cooking schools, or to learn how to set a table, taught them to sew and then helped them get places after they were educated to do what was required of them, and then still kept on

its good work by helping the mistresses keep hold of the girls when once they got them. That's the sort of a club I would like to join, because I know just how much good it would do in the town I live in, which is enough like all the others in this country to make it plain that it would serve the same good purpose as over the country. There are other kinds of clubs that I would be just as willing to belong to.

"One of these would be a club of women that would do something in our sun-baked town to see that the streets are lighted every night and that the roads are every where kept in good condition. For the last ten years there has been talk enough about that kind of thing to keep Greater New York always illuminated. If the amount of discussion had only been directed into some practical channel. But it never got beyond the talking stage. The sort of a woman's club that did this good work could accomplish nearly as much by making some of the poorer people that live on the outskirts of the town ambitious enough about the appearance of their houses to keep them in good condition. There are yards in this region that are an eyesore to everybody who passes them, which could very readily be turned into attractive enough places, but nobody ever suggested to the men and women who live there that it might be worth their while to go to a little trouble with their gardens.

"Just how much could be done if \$10 was offered as a prize for the man or woman who had the best kept garden or yard, limiting the plants, of course, to a certain kind within the means of the average person. That's the sort of a club that would do more practical good than any that bought a hickory gavel trimmed with silver and devoted itself to Oriental philosophy.

"I have often occurred to me that in New York there is the greatest outlook for women's clubs that want to serve any really useful purpose. Think what an influential, rich organization could accomplish that devoted its energies to

finding homes or occupations for women who had escaped from one kind of life and were doing their best not to fall back into it. A woman's work that kind would be more valuable than all the literary or poetical discussion of which its combined members were capable. Think of a club that undertook to educate the children of the poor for domestic service and made it seem to them something different from the kind of social degradation that Americans have come to regard as the only thing that wouldn't have much trouble explaining what their purpose was when they were looking for the members. Their object would be to give the children of the poor a better way of any organization devoted to the study of Zend-Avesta."

Ideal Gardens. The ideal garden, says Harper's Bazar, is one in which there is a succession of bloom from the earliest flowering scilla and crocus till frost kills the chrysanthemums. Such were those of our great-grandmothers, each with its single straight path leading from house to gate, and bordered by a crimson phlox. In shape either square or oblong, it had a border four or five feet wide, in which grew a profusion of shrubs and flowers—lilac spraying, tiger lilies, strawberry-shrub and the sky violet. Within this border was a walk surrounded either a single central bed, or a number of geometrically shaped plots, all edged with spruce box. There was a wealth and riot of blossoms; here could be found sweet-william, pinks, pink, Johnny-jump-ups, cherokee roses, tall foxgloves, blue lupines, mingled with flower-de-luce, faded-down-dilly, cinnamon-scented wall-flower, snap-dragon, whose odor was like strawberries and cream, gill-over-the-ground, and clove-scented stock. Rosemary, pot marigold, bachelor's-buttons, grew not far from tall hollyhocks and blue larkspur, which only half concealed the quaint old sun-dial in the centre of the garden.

known educator, and in presenting the more practical side of commercial arithmetic to the masses of the people.

TO NAZARETH OR TARSUS. By the author of "Not on Calvary," "The First Millennium Faith," etc. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. Bound in cloth, 12 mo., 217 pages, price \$1. The theory upon which this book is based is that the door through which all religious imposture entered was that asserted special revelations of the divine mind and will. Taking this as a basis, the author attempts to prove that St. Paul was self-deceived in his belief that he listened to special revelations; and concludes that only in the message that our Lord delivered through His apostles was the divine truth, the divine will revealed to man. The masterly logic of the Pauline Epistles bears on their face the contradiction of the theory that St. Paul was mentally irresponsible.

THE CHILDHOOD OF JI-SHIB; THE GIBBONS. By Ernest Ernest Jenks, Ph. D., author of "The Wild-Rice Gatherers of the Upper Lakes," and "Economic Plants used by the Ojibwa." Madison, Wisconsin: The American Thresherman. Bound in cloth, special cover design, illustrated, 130 pages, price \$1.

This is a most charming little story of life, as seen from the standpoint of an Indian boy, a child of the Ojibwa tribe. It gives most interesting details of Indian life, their opinions of the world around them, their peculiar regard for animals, their mythology and their religion.

The book is of special value, as showing deep insight into Indian character, and as describing the Indian as he might have described himself. Withal it is written in such pure and simple English that the veriest child can understand it, yet it claims the older reader even more by its refreshing simplicity of style. The pen and ink marginal sketches, also the work of the clever author, add much to the charm of the text.

THE HEROINE OF SANTIAGO. The above is the title of a new historical romance, which comes to us from the pen of Antoinette Sheppard, a young

Virginian, who bids fair to win laurels equal to those won by her sister writers—notably one who comes from the same portion of old Virginia. In this, her initial literary undertaking, Miss Sheppard has a distinct advantage in being the first explorer in the realms of romance as connected with the Spanish-American War—that is, so far as any serious work is concerned. Very skillfully has she performed her task and so gracefully intertwined fact and fancy that there is no trace of the boldness and flatness usually pervading attempts at bringing romances into the cold glare of everyday life in the present day.

The heroine of Santiago is primarily a book of unusual merit and value from a historical standpoint. Miss Sheppard has entered the whole field of the war, from post to finish, with truly wonderful completeness, and the historical portion of the book is given with unusual vigor and clearness. At no time is the romance so cleverly interwoven permitted to interfere with the forceful setting of the facts and the character of character she has shown decided talent and she has given to the world the best rounded and most complete portraits of some of the gallant heroes of the war that we have yet seen.

In the minds of a great portion of the people of the United States the Spanish-American War is but a confused jumble of hazy facts—none well defined and not clearly understood; to this class Antoinette Sheppard's work will be of the greatest value, as presenting an intelligent, connected view of the entire proceedings, told in a clear, simple, and unclouded way, while the narrative is so easily and naturally interwoven as to hold the attention, and the historical portions unconsciously acquired and retained.

The descriptions of the country and the life of the people are so beautiful and give the impression that the writer has lingered long among the enchanting bowers of the "Pearl of the Antilles" and fully imbibed the spirit of both place and people.

In all young writers, the book contains the best result of a pretentious hand. This time will speedily remove, and we predict for the "Heroine of Santiago" a rapid and encouraging success and a future, when abandoning her nomme de plume, the author will be content to give the world a proper share of the glunder from his own district. When a police officer has made his "deal" with a thief or gang nothing short of awful tortures by his superiors, the local magistrates and judges, will cause the policeman to capture the gang who are making their fortune as well as their living in certain towns, not thirty li from Peking, live some highly respected men of wealth, noted for their correct lives, their virtue and probity. Their houses are castles, and they have many servants. Once or twice a year they go to visit their friends in Peking. During their brief stay they are committed some daring and successful robberies, always in the houses of the rich, and articles of great value are taken. The victims are peacefully drugged by the perfume of a burning incense, which they sleep off by the aid of his friendly hand, he locates the gold and precious stones, and then he vanishes into the night and leaves no trace to the vulgar "Society" stands for many a swindle, but not for publication as an

A Roman Temple in Prussia.

A Roman temple in a walled square was found the other day at Naundorf, in the Hunsrück Mountains, in Rhenish Prussia. The square is about 220 feet long by 200 broad, and the temple, which stands in the center, covers an area of about 60 feet by 50.

The whole inclosure formed part of a settlement, of which seven buildings can be traced. Numerous objects, especially terra cotta, and evidently votive gifts, have been found on the southern side of the temple. About one hundred figures are still complete, most of them being goddesses, with fruits in their laps or holding children. These have not yet been identified.

Small bronze statues, representing Mars, Jupiter and Mercury have also been found. The temple is richer in terra cotta, and evidently votive gifts, discovered in Germany.—Berlin Dispatch to London Telegraph.

Chinese Thieves as Policemen.

The highest qualification that a policeman can have is that he is an expert thief. He has been trained in schools of thieves and can detect in every barefaced hay or outrage by his details to his school of crime the perpetrator belongs. But he is only a thief wearing official clothes, and he merely catches enough thieves to save himself a beating, and then he selects strangers or those who have failed to give him his proper share of the plunder from his own district. When a police officer has made his "deal" with a thief or gang nothing short of awful tortures by his superiors, the local magistrates and judges, will cause the policeman to capture the gang who are making their fortune as well as their living in certain towns, not thirty li from Peking, live some highly respected men of wealth, noted for their correct lives, their virtue and probity. Their houses are castles, and they have many servants. Once or twice a year they go to visit their friends in Peking. During their brief stay they are committed some daring and successful robberies, always in the houses of the rich, and articles of great value are taken. The victims are peacefully drugged by the perfume of a burning incense, which they sleep off by the aid of his friendly hand, he locates the gold and precious stones, and then he vanishes into the night and leaves no trace to the vulgar "Society" stands for many a swindle, but not for publication as an

Are Rarely Caught.

They work alone, and follow the Scriptural advice to charity. "Let not the thief know what thy right is doing." I asked a Chinese magistrate why the police did not pay a friendly visit to the palaces of those great men of probity and virtue. But he shook his head. "It would be a rash thing to do." There are stories that when the police have tried they either found nothing but an indignant man of such virtue that his outcries aroused the neighborhood, and the minions of the law had to flee, or every policeman disappeared, and rumor has it that the castle courtyard in that village is their tomb.—Sydney Adanson in Leslie's Weekly.

Interlude. Alike to grief, to joy, to thrill of song. To all the sweet futurity of fears, To pain of singing or to rapture strong. To tremble of hope or gift of tears, Comes silence. Sweet amid the fire of morn Is singing, and beneath white blossoms.

But Silence, mother of all beauty born, Shrines in a hush the tenderest note of all. As unto day dusk brings beatitude, To life in silence warden of the best; O may Time's silent dusk—past tumult fade. Past all regretting's bound, or sad unrest— Love, gather to thy heart some thought that be. Through winnowing of years, the best of me!

—Virginia Woodward Cloud, in the April Bookman.

An American on English Trade.

Mr. Chalmers Roberts, who is in England for The World's Work, writes of English trade conditions as seen by an American and tells his story of the conservatism and desire for the well-known and tried article on the other side of the Atlantic.

them at the cost of the old ones." "That may be," said Mr. Bull, "but they are not the kind I ordered nor what my customers ask for. I sell what they want, and am not in the educating business." The pens had to be sent back to America.

No Saloons on English King's Private Estate.

The new King and Queen of England are prohibitionists in dealing with the private sale of drink on their great Sandringham demesne, embracing nearly eight thousand acres. In all the five villages there is not one public house, drunkenness is unknown, and the whole population is notably temperate. Should sickness arise, where wine or brandy is ordered by the doctor, a permit for the same may be secured from the village vicar, each of whom has in his hands a sum of money provided by the King to treat necessitous cases in any required way. Each village has a well-equipped "Working Men's Club," where ale may be obtained by members, but no one may have above a pint a day.—Woman's Home Companion.

Rapid Postal Service.

That the postal service of Berlin has long been the model (as yet unattainable) for the rest of Europe is well known. But it is not equally matter of common knowledge that the excellence of the Berlin postal arrangements of yesterday no longer satisfies the postal authorities of to-day. The latest innovation has been a still more frequent clearing of the letter-boxes and a more rapid delivery than ever. The letter-boxes in the principal thoroughfares are now cleared every fifteen minutes during the busy hours of the day. The rapidity of delivery of letters recently even resulted in the saving of a human life. A girl determined to commit suicide, wrote to her father, which was delivered within an hour of being posted. This enabled the father to hurry off in a cab to the spot in the Thiergarten in which his daughter had mentioned as that where her body would be found, so that where her body was found.

Cases Bell.

Papa—You know, James, how much I disapprove of fighting. Still, it is good for you to know that you have beaten a bigger boy than yourself. Why did you fight him? James—E said I looked like an old-moosehead.



YOUR UNCLE LEW. BY CHARLES REGINALD SHERLOCK, a newspaper man of twenty years' experience, traces in a character sketch of "a natural-born American." The author's training in a profession which requires accurate observation, stands him in good stead when he thus undertakes to portray a "type" of Central New York. While necessarily "Uncle Lew" reminds one of "David Harum," it is merely a resemblance for "Uncle Lew" is an individuality, a personality all his own. True to life, he appears to the mind's eye of the reader, and there is perfect harmony in the creation. Who but "a natural-born American" would give utterance to such apponuses as the following: "There's a sucker born every minute, but sta-ist-tics show they die at the rate of one a year." "Always take things as you find 'em, but look where they are." "Riches and havin' money's two different things. It's what you get out of this world, not what it gets out of you." "Did you ever think how many good things there are in this life and how few we get of 'em?" "An here are specimens of his horse-lark." "Horses are like men-folks—have their winks and wrinkles." "That horse goes so fast the telegraph poles look like teeth in a fine-tooth comb." "The muck's much better than a piece of all-steel furniture, but if you