

The Society Girls' Latest Photographic Fad



dot whether she is stylish or not, and just how stylish. If she dresses a la mode she is not going to wear the Psyche of a half-dozen years back, is she? If she loves to be well groomed she is not going to let her locks loil in the nape of her neck.

They are gathered to the crown or top of the head, or possibly lower. They are dressed pretty flat. They are pulled over the ears. They are drawn up trimly at the back and clasped with a long pin made for the purpose. Then you know in a minute that she is well tailored—that her coats fit as well as her skirts hang, and that to perfection.

Or some other locks are allowed to droop a bit more loosely. The owner is probably not tailor-made at all, but given over to the frills and furbelows of the dressmaker, whose mortal enemy is the ladies' tailor.

A rose or a curl added unto the coiffure and your girl has a touch of coquetry. A droop to the head and she is graceful; an upward tilt and she is haughty.

Is the fad merely a fad? Or has back photography a real significance?

To Make a French Omelette.

To secure the semi-liquid delicacy of the omelet served by French cooks, great care is required. It should be made in a perfectly clean saucapan—one that is neither burned out nor defective in any other way. Beat the yolks of three fresh eggs until light and creamy; add a tablespoonful of sugar and one of lemon juice, and, lastly, the whites of three eggs, beaten stiff. These should be folded in, not stirred or beaten. Put the mixture in the pan, in which a good lump of best butter has been melted, but not burned, and cook slowly until done. Fold and serve on a hot platter, preferably on a folded napkin. This omelet admits of indefinite variation. Appetizing in combination with it is fresh peas soup. Two full tablespoons of the fresh fruit, grated or chopped, are sufficient. Fold in just before serving and dust the top with powdered sugar.

may indicate the worst thing possible—the narrow, caved-in chest. Shoulders that droop overmuch must of necessity involve this kind of chest. But the slightly sloping line is lovely even to classicism, and by long tradition it is associated with all those traits most distinctly feminine. Perhaps even the ancients recognized something aggressive in the high, thrusting shoulder, that forced its way through the world, much as a pushing, strong-minded elbow does.

Then what a volume of comment the necks call forth. Not throats, as we more poetically say when we look upon a front view. By right of anatomy the back of them is the neck, and nothing else. Long and short they, too, are, and curved and straight. Some slope easily and gracefully into the shoulders, so that you can't for the life of you tell where the one ends and the other begins. Some, alas, drop a perpendicular, which forms right angles with the horizontal of the shoulder.

And the hair! You can build the girl's whole costume from the way she dresses her hair, just as Professor Dryasdust can construct a mastodon from a handful of bones and a footprint. You know to a

WHATS in a back? A good deal, if we may take the word of the up-to-date photographer and his up-to-date sitter. For the fad of the hour, the newest thing in photographic and society circles, is the picture of your back.

Perhaps this is all a fad, a fashion of the hour, that will live not as long as the lovely woman's shoulders which it depicts are still lovely. Perhaps it is, in truth, one of the developments of this new century, one that has come to stay, and perhaps its work will be regarded as so significant that our children and children's children will be displaying our shoulder views in antique cases and explaining that this is how our shoulders looked in the year 1901.

There can be no disputing the fact that a woman's shoulders are as lovely (when they are lovely, let us add) as the long list of long-sighing poets have made them. No doubt they are usually carved from ivory or molded of driven snow or hewn from the gleaming alabaster. Therefore must one not acknowledge that, being a beauty, they are worth preserving in some lasting form, such as a photographic negative?

There are backs and backs, as one recognizes from an inspection of different camera specimens. All are full and curved else, obviously, they wouldn't be photographed. But only a few have the adorable crease that your beauty specialists cry aloud for.

How much do you know of the woman from this view of her? For one thing, if this crease exists you can be reasonably sure that her figure is for the rest lithe

and rounded. Many of good form lack this crease, but the vice versa is seldom true. It is the supreme test.

Then look at the outline of the shoulders. They may be long, short, high,

sloped. They may be rounded or they may display the outline of their scaffolding.

The high shoulder is never a mark of beauty, although the opposite, in extreme,

Queer Superstitions of Negroes

STRANGE customs and beliefs which are relics of barbarism linger among the so-called Gullah negroes, who inhabit the sea islands near Charleston, S. C. Many of them still cling to the custom of wearing rings in the nose. They differ greatly from the ordinary negro in the South. Their language is not the same, and is difficult even for a Southerner to understand. They are superstitious to the core.

One superstition affects babes born with a caul. The caul, according to island lore, represents the queen of the hoodoo, and indicates the presence of a devil, which must be cast out. As soon as the child can be moved it is taken out and buried up to the knees in mud, and kept there for a half-hour. The parents and their friends stand by and chant and sing. The rain may be beating down on the unprotected head of the child, but it matters not, for the negroes believe that the child was born under the hoodoo, and this hoodoo must be driven from the community even at the expense of a life. Frequently the child dies from the exposure. Death has been known to occur while the little creature was still partly buried.

The child that dies with the hoodoo receives the best burial known to the Gullah tribe. The negroes do not mourn its death much, because they believe that it had either to die or else be turned into a spirit which would wander unhappily over the face of the earth. For a child that recovers there is honor and glory. Certain men and women on the island are pointed out for distinction because when babies they fought with the devil witch and won. The more intelligent negroes who have drifted to the islands have endeavored to stop the inhuman practice of the half-burial, but in vain.

These people look upon medical skill as a survival of the black art. Some of them will take with blind faith under the name of physic anything that comes from a bottle, from whisky to ink. One aged negro was called into a plantation home to take

out a china jar filled with various old medicines that the mistress of the house wished to have destroyed. "There were liniments, cleansing preparations, pills, lotions, powders and scores of other remedies.

"Crow dem med'cin' away!" she cried. "I ent none gwine fur throw 'em 'way. Dis a berry well med'cin'. I gwine fur keep 'em 'gainst de chill day."

"Oh, it's no good; throw it away, it's poison," remonstrated the mistress.

"How he can pizen dey? He berry well med'cin'," the old woman argued. "Dat young doctor gie you'unk, an' abery drop dey cost money, ent 'ee?"

"Of course," said the mistress, impatiently. "But the medicines were for different things and they are all mixed together now."

"Den he de moreset good, he bou' fur strike something wot wrong dey on de inside," she bottled up, the mixture safely and stored it away in spite of protestations and warnings.

The matter was forgotten until a little friend of the woman, a small woolly-headed pockanikin with fried egg eyes, felt a victim to malarial fever and a physician was summoned. He took her temperature and left quinine powders to be administered at intervals. The old woman was highly indignant.

"Dat young doctor, wot you' der tink 'ee do? I tell he de young gal hab a misery in 'ee back an' pain in 'ee stummick, an' all 'ee der do is fur stick a glass stick in de chile's mout' dey, an' leave some dis yere bitter flour in wite paper dey fur he tur teke. Gie um? No, I ent gie 'em. I measure out a lebel tea cup full dat med'cin' I save up an' I gie 'em. Well, no mis', she admitted on being questioned, more closely, "ee work 'em well endurin' de night, but I ent kno' wedder 'ee cure 'um fur true, 'case dat chile dun gone by mornin'—'ee run off, and' ent say so much as a tenk-yur ter I. Him ent hab a gratitude," and the old woman let it go at that.

Other negroes have as great faith in superstitious cures. Sleeping with twigs of hazel crossed under the pillow is believed to cure all diseases and the twigs are looked on as a protection from fevers. Because they have been taught that Christ spat in the eyes of a blind man to make him see these negroes try to cure rheumatism by spitting upon the parts of the body affected and rubbing them.

In the churches on the days of communion the service begins as early as 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning and drags on slowly. The communion cups are filled with whisky instead of wine in some cases. Men and women who went to communion early in the service will return to the altar for a second drink and offer to fight the minister if he should remonstrate about the greed for the drink. "Christ blud am sweet," is the burden of their song, and they will stick by the altar until the last of the whisky is passed around. The singing is often marked by rich melody. Their hymns sometimes show unexpected changes, as is indicated in the following example:

And who built de ark,
Nora, Nora,
Who built de ark,
Nora, Nora,
An' den dey sail away.

The Gullah negroes have a custom of their own in the manner of raising church expenses at the Sunday meetings. The plates are not passed around by the elders, but a little box is placed in front of the pulpit and the members have to march up, one at a time, and drop in the coins. If the collections are slow the minister will call up members of the congregation and chide them for not paying.

Little Ethel—I guess I didn't paint that calendar very well after all.
Little Amy—What makes you think so?
Little Ethel—Why, even grandpa didn't seem to admire it very much.—Somerville Journal.

A San Francisco Boy Who Looks Like Napoleon



OUT here in California there has been discovered a boy who looks like Napoleon.

Queer thing, isn't it? When for all these many years pseudo descendants have been arising and trying in vain to make good their claims; they have lacked the curving, sensitive lip, perchance, or the great brow, or the incisive chin that would have aided their cause. And here comes along Horace Davison, a Keswick 20-year-old, who has never paid any more attention to Napoleon than to Homer or Nero or any other of those old fellows who were all right in their way but of no particular interest to a wide-awake, up-to-date young man of this generation. And all without knowing it he bears more resemblance to the famous Bonaparte than does any actor who struggles with false nose, false voice and false hair to play the popular part.

He is not quite American. A line of Spanish ancestry on his mother's side is responsible for the dark, talking eyes, for the strait of the blood is pure Castilian. What is American of him shows in the

strength and energy of the face.

He happened in upon the photographer, George Parmenter, one day when the rain was drowning out the whole country round, and he wore a rain coat of the most ordinary pattern. The collar was turned up, and as Davison strode into the studio and stood talking there with arms folded there occurred to Parmenter a resemblance. He snatched an old cowboy

hat that was at hand, with two pins he gave it the Napoleonic shape, then with the tweak of a forelock he was ready. The sun happened to appear for a few moments, and it was quick work to snap the poses.

Did you ever happen to read a little story of Gilbert Parker's (one by no means famous), whose hero during lifetime keeps up a bluff of being one of Na-

oleon's descendants and bulldozes a community into believing him? Then he dies and makes a deathbed confession of the fraud, and the odd thing is that after his death it is discovered that he was after all, unknown to himself, that descendant whom he had pretended to be.

This Davison boy reminds one of the story.

The change in the size of bath tubs is one of the recent phenomena of New York's growth. This valuable and cherished adjunct to civilization dwindles daily in size, and, as the demand for a bath tub grows daily more imperative in New York, there seems a probability that it will some day reach the proportions suited to a hall bedroom.—New York Sun.

"Senator Pettigrew is asking for information," remarked the observant boarder.

"He needs it," replied the cross-eyed boarder. "The trouble with Pettigrew is his propensity to give out information which he does not possess."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.