WOMAN AND HOME.

KEEP UP WITH THE TIMES.

A WORD TO WIVES AND MOTHERS THEY WILL DO WELL TO HEED.

Dancing School Training—Custom House Inspectresses — A Gracious Princess—A Hatpin Incident—Visiting the Sick—Stitches Taken in Time.

Keep in advance of your boys and girls. Be prepared to lead them, and do not, as you value your husband's love, allow him to develop and improve while you lose your hold upon those things which contribute so largely to a woman's attractiveness.

I see about me every day sisters who when they married were, I haven't a doubt, intellectually equal, if not superior, to the men with whom they cast their lot. In some occult fashion they drift apart.

A man in daily contact with bright minds, in his traveling, thinking, planning, reading, unconsciously grows away from the woman of his choice, unless she is in turn keen witted enough to make up her mind that this shall not be the case.

A man likes at night, when he puts on his slippers and settles down for a smoke, to discuss the topics of the moment and not babies and the delinquencies of the cook. Where one woman can do this a dozen would be utterly at sea if an attempt were made to lure them away from the, to them, always fascinating themes, kitchen and nursery.

Be wary lest in your devotion to sewing machine, bread-board and broom you allow blessed opportunities for self-culture to slip by until you find yourself a target for somebody's commiseration.

A mistaken notion of duty ties woman down to petty details, when many precious moments might be given to something that would elevate and refine.

To come right down to practical truths. Too much time is given to ruffles and puffs, to scrubbing and sweeping, to toiling, and, in fact, that the young people of the household may enjoy themselves little by little the frail shoulders of the mother are overweighted, and after a time you will hear her say:

"Oh, I am getting too old to do this or wear that! I leave all the fol de rols to the young folks."

The soft, pretty complexion grows hard looking; veins stand out on the hands that were once so fair and dainty. One by one her charms of person disappear, until from a sweet and lovely woman with a mind capable of housing the cleverest thoughts she degenerates into a household drudge.

The boys and girls may love their mother, but this love is tempered with a critical consciousness of lack of refinement. Her girlish admirer may still be true to her, but even his loyalty cannot shirk the palpable fact that lines and sallowness, ugly gowns and a dull mind have obliterated the many charms of persons which but a few years ago were so captivating.

It won't do. You owe a duty to husband and children to care for soul, body, manners and mind. Accept this truism before it is too late, and whatever your duties make them subservient to higher ideals. Do this, and old age as it creeps on apace, bringing silver threaded locks and softly etched lines, will but give an added graciousness to your individuality.—Golden Days.

Dancing School Training.

It is the exceptional boy who is fond of dancing school; yet it is the boy, not the girl, who specially needs its teachings. Grace, self-possession and a knowledge of what to do with one's hands and feet—all these come naturally far oftener to the average girl than to the average boy, but it is the boy who, not having them, has to be prodded to go where he may acquire them.

Of several women discussing this trait in their sons at a luncheon, three of them agreed that the battle was not only getting the boy to the class, but as well making him do the proper thing after he gets there. Said one mother, "I have to bribe my boy to dance with the girls," and it at once came out that the others did the same, and, moreover, the practice was a common maternal ruse.

"And," related a second mother, "the ordinary rate of a penny a dance, the second cent to be forfeited if he danced twice in succession with the same girl, did not answer at all with my young man. He demanded 3 cents a partner, and I had to comply. But it did not last long. After one term I noticed that he took his dose of girl with increasing enthusiasm, and I suspected that this was not due alone to her market price. I finally asked him if he did not find that girls were rather less objectionable than he had fancied, and he thought perhaps they were. 'And you really enjoy dancing with them now?' I persisted. 'Well, yes,' he did. Whereupon I promptly pointed out that it was hardly honorable to force me to pay him for what was a pleasure. He agreed with me, and since then my pocketbook has not suffered, nor has his dancing zeal abated."

It may be a weapon in the hands of mothers with sons disinclined to take dancing advantages offered them that so stern a man and so fine a soldier as the emperor of Germany severely criticises the dancing of his officers and insists that they shall be proficient in the art.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Custom House Inspectresses.

The inspectress in the port of New York holds an important office. Nine women are employed in that capacity at the custom house. They have an office in the building and they are in constant service. The inspectresses have the responsivility imposed on them of seeing that no woman enters the port with smuggled articles. They search through the mysterious recesses of a woman's wardrobe and the clothing she wears as no man could or would be allowed to do, and the finding of loads of smuggled goods on the persons of women makes a large percentage in the yearly records.

The women inspectors are paid at the rate of $3 per day all the year round. They are headed by a superintendent who details the work. As each steamer arrives from foreign ports two of the inspectors are detailed to duty on it. They repair to the pier where the steamer lands and await developments. If a woman passenger creates a suspicion, the inspectors take her and submit her clothing to a minute search. They find silks, satins and valuable lace nicely inlaid in the woman's skirt, or diamonds and jewelry nestled away in the most unapproachable place. Then the women inspectors search through the wearing apparel stored away in women passengers' trunks and do work which the male inspectors could not do creditably.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Making a Home.

It is foolish to talk about fashions in house furnishing. The best bred people, the most artistic and the most real are those who never consent to adopt a thing on its merit of fashion. They put into their homes what they love and desire. They buy nothing because their neighbors have done so and nothing for its price or vogue. Those ladies who buy white and gold chairs because they are all the fashion, who are crazy this year for sixteenth century furniture and the next year for Sheareton—why, such ladies are hardly worth considering, and their home rooms have no character at all. A woman also is in an unhappy fix who is contantly comparing her possessions with those of her neighbors to the disparagement of her own belongings and who desires to cast them aside for new things. A real housewife grows to love her chairs and sofas and her carpets. They are the dear, familiar face of her home, and she should not any more desire its flippant change than she should desire to give up the tranquil and constant change of a Romany Rye.—Boston Herald.

A Gracious Princess.

In The Woman at Home Miss Katherine Lee gives a gossiping sketch of Princess Louise as daughter and bride, sculptor and painter, as well as royal personage. She tells an incident of the princess's sojourn in Canada, for which she is unable to cite the authority, but which she thinks "is worth repeating as an instance of that total absence of fine ladyism" which is in its best sense so noticeably absent among the royal ladies.

"It seems that one day the princess was walking without any attendant near her, when she came to a cottage. The only person visible was an old woman busily ironing one of her husband's shirts. The princess was thirsty after her walk, and stopping at the cottage door asked the old woman if she would kindly get her a glass of water. The busy old woman somewhat shortly refused to do so. 'The spring was a little distance,' she said, 'and she was busy ironing her old man's shirt, for he was going with her to see the queen's child on the morrow.'

"The princess, no doubt with a secret thrill of amusement, said that she would iron the shirt if the old lady would fetch her the water. The compromise was quickly agreed upon. The old woman went to the spring, and the princess did the ironing. When the old woman returned the shirt was handed over to her. Needless to say it was nicely ironed.

"In exchange for the glass of water the recent laundry woman informed the astonished old woman that she was the 'queen's child.' The startled old woman took the shirt, declaring that her old man should never wear it, but that she would keep it forever as a memento of the 'queen's child'."

A Hatpin Incident.

I overheard the following conversation the other day in a popular refectory:

"Do your children mind you?"

"I guess not. They never pay any more attention to me than if I was a dummy. It takes their father to bring them to terms every time."

"I am glad to hear it. I like to know that somebody else besides me has a hard time with their children. I declare, the only way I can get baby to mind already is to jab him with a hatpin."

I waited to hear no more. With a sad precipitation I gathered up my check and fled. Had I waited another minute I should have said to that mother: "Madam, I will give you a problem to solve. If, at at the age of three, a child needs the impetus of one hatpin to make him obey, how many meataxes will it require to keep him in order at the age of ten? And if you are such a poor, miserable failure as a mother and a woman now, just at the commencement of an immortal destiny, what have the eternities in store for you?" Why, oh, why are children sent to people who have no more idea about bringing them up than a trout has about training hopvines? It is a question that has given and does give me much uneasiness.—Martha Evarts Holden.

Visiting the Sick.

Choose the middle of the day for your call. Toward night the patient is weary. By no means go to see a sick person in the evening unless you have been sent for. Do not make long calls even though your presence seems much appreciated. Be cheerful and quiet; this you owe to those in attendance as much as to the patient. Enter into no lengthy discussions or arguments and avoid all subjects upon which the patient may be sensitive or excitable.

Do not discuss or find fault with the doctor in attendance. The family must have faith in him, else they would not employ him. No matter how intimate you may be with the family, do not press your favorite doctor upon them.

Do not insist upon certain remedies which you know to be a "sure cure," as the attending physician no doubt has used them long before. A kind suggestion is frequently appropriate, but be very careful about forcing advice upon nurses. Those who are confined to the house with their loved ones for a long time, with no prospect of recovery, often have sorer hearts than we imagine, and a word or look of tender sympathy and heartfelt cheerfulness is more of a help than we can think. If you cannot do that, stay away.—Good Housekeeping.

Stitches Taken in Time.

It isn't because a stitch in time saves nine or saves money that it should be taken as soon as the need for it occurs, but because womankind in general is so much daintier and attractive when put together taut and trim, without any ravellings or pinned up ends of lace or ribbon about her.

Artistic disheveiment is all right to talk about, but very few men fall in love with a slovenly woman. The masculine eye may be slow to recognize certain details of a woman's toilet, but it never fails to detect a loose skirt braid, a rip in the body of a gown or buttons missing from where they ought to be.

Look carefully to these details, for they count against perfection in so great proportion that an entire ensemble is utterly ruined by one of these facts. Pins are all right in their place, but that place is not to keep shoe buttons on. A rip sometimes cannot be avoided, but it can be prevented from growing until it becomes an unsightly gaping hole. Keep the needle and thread ever ready, for, even though milliners argue that no hat is stylish that is not pinned together this rule does not apply to the other portions of a woman's wardrobe.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Feminine Extravagance.

One hears a great deal about feminine extravagance in dress and its deterrent effect upon the marriageable young men, who shrink back in terror from the altar when they consider what it costs to dress a girl according to the dictates of modern fashion. Therefore it is interesting to read of a certain Miss Phraser's new gown, made in the year 1676, which cost $1,676, and of which it is recorded, "It frights Sir Carr Scroope, who is much in love with her, from marrying her, saying his estate will scarce maintain her in clothes."

Verily there is nothing new under the sun. Not in centuries has there been made a gown so resplendent as that worn by the Medici's queen, whereon were embroidered 3,200 pearls and 3,000 diamonds. And what belle in the last cycle has been arrayed so resplendently as that Mme. de Montespan, who wore at a great court festival "a gown of gold on gold, broidered in gold, bordered with gold and over that gold frieze stitched with a gold mixed with a certain gold which makes the most divine stuff that has ever been imagined."—Exchange.

The Ringworm Fungus.

The fungus of ringworm is very similar in character to the mold fungus that forms on bread. The different families of vegetable fungi prefer different soils upon which to grow, and the fungus of ringworm forms no exception, as it grows only on so-called epidermal structures—that is, upon the scaly portion of the skin and hair. This fungus will not grow on every person, but children are peculiarly susceptible to it, and when it attacks one child in a family or institution it is apt to spread widely and rapidly. The disease is therefore contagious.—Babyhood.

Children's Eyes.

A physician advises mothers to discard bangs even for their smallest daughters, these very little girls being the only ones whom fashion, at the moment, permits to wear them. There are, it seems, sensitive nerves about the eyebrows which are weakened when the hair is long enough to rest upon them. These nerves directly concern the sight, and that important function is more or less tampered with by this constant though slight weight of hair.

And another physician inveighs against another practice, which has never been regarded as having any specially serious effects—that of having night lights in children's bedrooms. This he pronounces very injurious. Instead of allowing the optic nerves the perfect rest afforded by darkness, the light keeps them in perpetual stimulation, with the result of causing the brain and the rest of the nervous system to suffer.

Queen Bess's Silk Stockings.

An old tome credits Queen Elizabeth with being the first woman to wear silk stockings. Here is the story:

In the second year of Queen Elizabeth, 1560, her silk woman, Mistress Montague, presented her majesty as a New Year's gift with a pair of black silk stockings, the which, after a few days' wearing, pleased her highness so well that she sent for Mistress Montague and asked her where she could help her to any more. Mistress Montague answered, "I made them very carefully on purpose only for your majesty, and seeing these please you so well I will presently set more in hand." "Do so," quoth the queen, "for indeed I like silk stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings."

For Nervous Women.

A physician who is a specialist in nervous diseases says that women should sleep at least nine hours at night and one hour in the daytime. A woman will plead that she hasn't time to lie down a few minutes in the daytime, and she will infringe upon the hours of the night which should be given to sound, healthy, needed sleep in order to finish some pieces of work which could as well be completed on the morrow. She will rush and hurry all day long, and then, when the household is hushed in slumber, she will sit up to read the daily paper, thinking she will not have to pay for the time she is stealing from the health-giving sleep that comes before midnight.

She Has Voted Early and Often.

Mrs. S. A. Williams of Colorado has voted in Wyoming, Washington, Utah and Colorado and has voted for candidates for every elective office in the state and nation. Many years ago Mrs. Williams, with her husband, endured the hardships and discouragements incident to mining life, but finally, when they had exhausted their food supply, their last chance of blasting powder brought up good silver ore, and their fortunes turned. Mrs. Williams is a widow and attends personally to her many business and mining interests.—Denver Letter.

Her Inspiration.

Miss Mathilde Blind, daughter of Karl Blind, while in Scotland was prompted to write one of her most important poems, "The Heather on Fire," a dramatic story of the woes of the crofters. Miss Blind wrote it after a stay in the island of Arran, where an old peasant woman aroused her indignation by her account of an eviction there.—Woman.

AN AUTHOR'S HELPMATE.

Sketch of the Life and Talent of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson is a writer and an occasional collaborator with her husband.

On the title page of one of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's novels, "The Dynamiter," a woman's name appears as collaborator with the wonderful Scotch romancer. It is that of his wife, the mother of Lloyd Osborne, who has also joined his name with Mr. Stevenson's in some of his latest productions. The signature "Fanny de G. Stevenson" has been frequently met under stories and sketches in various American and English magazines, but only the initiated knew that it belonged to one of the great Stevenson firm.

MRS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Mrs. Stevenson was a Miss Van de Grift, a California girl of Dutch parentage, who in youth was as brown and wild as a gypsy. While very young she married Samuel Osborne, a protege of Leland Standford. Two children were born to the Osbornes, and after they grew up Mrs. Osborne went to Europe to place them at school. She was a woman of culture, an artist, and in Paris met the budding Scotch novelist, then in his twenties, with fame to make. A divorce with many romantic episodes followed, and Mrs. Osborne, son and daughter were transferred to the Stevenson household.

When Mrs. Osborne met the romancer, he was a confirmed Bohemian and, in fact, lived in a community of artists and literateurs near Paris. Mrs. Stevenson has made a domestic man of him, for she is a practical and sensible wife as well as literary genius. A writer in a recent Australian periodical gossips about her personal appearance and occupation as follows:

"She is the most charming of women. There are beauty and character in that dark complexioned face, with the big soft eyes which can be so stern. With a fanciful imagination and a mind rich in observation, she is a bluestocking who disowns bluestockingdom. She prefers her Samoan flower garden to the paths of literature and professes to write only when she wants money to spend foolishly."

Stevenson's father and mother were strict orthodox Scotch presbyterians and naturally felt scandalized over Robert's vagabond tendencies and especially his marriage with a Californian who had divorced her husband on other than scriptural grounds.

But the clever woman was able to disarm their prejudices, and at his death Father Stevenson left the bulk of his wealth to the novelist, and the elder Mrs. Stevenson is a happy and contented member of his home circle.

THEO. HOLLAND.

THEY ALL HAVE FADS.

RULING PASSION OF THE WIVES OF SOME GREAT STATESMEN.

Mrs. Bland Often Wields the Scrub-Brush—Mrs. Gibson Milks the Cow—Mrs. Carlisle Is a Connoisseur in Finance—Mrs. Peffer's Hobby Is Woman's Rights.

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The wives of the nation's rulers who reside in Washington, notwithstanding their reputed sagacity in public affairs, are noted for those essentially feminine attributes which are in nowise connected with statesmanship, and which are frequently alluded to in colloquial parlance as "fads."

Mrs. Bland, for instance, the wife of the famous free silver orator, has a fad that cannot fail to command the respect and admiration of the nation. Mr. Bland, who is known in private and domestic circles to have somewhat of a disregard for the conventional cuspidor, is fond of dilating upon his wife's veneration for the scrubbrush. In outward appearance there seems to be nothing compatible between the pretty, dark-eyed senator's wife and a big tub full of soapsuds with a floating sponge and a hard bristled scrubbrush, as Mr. Bland says there is.

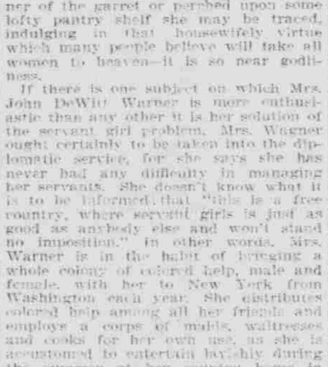
MRS. BLAND WITH SCRUBBRUSH.

On the same authority, which is certainly a good one on silver coinage and equally important matters, it is said that Mrs. Bland can retire gracefully from the piano or from a profound discussion on political economy participated in by the distinguished statesmen of the capitol, and away to some obscure corner of the garret or perched upon some lofty pantry shelf she may be traced, indulging in that housewifely virtue which many people believe will take all women to heaven—it is so near godliness.

If there is one subject on which Mrs. John DeWitt Warner is more enthusiastic than any other it is her solution of the servant girl problem. Mrs. Wagner ought certainly to be taken into the diplomatic service, for she says she has never had any difficulty in managing her servants. She doesn't know what it is to be informed that "this is a free country, where servant girls is jest as good as anybody else and won't stand no imposition." In other words, Mrs. Warner is in the habit of bringing a whole colony of colored help, male and female, with her to New York from Washington each year. She distributes colored help among all her friends and employs a corps of maids, waitresses and cooks for her own use, as she is accustomed to entertain lavishly during the summer at her country home in Ithaca.

This is what she says for the benefit of the wives, cooks and mothers of the nation: "I find that colored servants hired at intelligence offices in Washington are much more competent and obliging than the run of imported white help. If two girls or men are hired together, there will never be any difficulty in retaining them. Most of the servants obtained at the capital are trained to the needs of Washington society, and I find that even a new cook will surprise me by her delicious cakes, fruit preparations, ices, and so forth. They seldom need any teaching, which advantage is seldom to be found in hiring servants of the various nationalities in the north. I do not think that the negro servant could possibly be improved upon."

Mrs. Senator Charles H. Gibson of Maryland has a fad that is unquestionably shared by thousands of her countrywomen. It is almost too closely allied with nature and art to be vulgarly termed a fad. It should be called the "farming instinct." Mrs. Gibson is handsome, wears jaunty tailor-made gowns that bespeak a 350 fit right on the surface of them, and with four-in-hand ties, jeweled studs and a proud, faultless carriage looks like the crack horsewoman that she is. She likes horses, farming, and cows and is very much averse to protection, whether in political economy or elsewhere. Mrs. Gibson was asked to discuss her hobbies. About farming she said: "I own a lovely farm on the shores of Chesapeake bay. It is known as Ratcliffe Manor and has been in my family for many years. There is a peach orchard of several hundred trees on the estate, and I send my peaches to Baltimore to the canneries every year."



MRS. CARLISLE TALKING FINANCE.

About protection she said: "I raise wheat in large quantities and get only 67 cents a bushel for it. Scandalous! It has all been on account of that McKinley tariff. Protection makes us pay all sorts of fabulous prices for imports and lowers the prices of our own products." About horses and cows she said: "I have a large grazing area and own several cows which are my especial delight. Horses? Well, I guess! I am fonder of driving than of any other pastime, and I remain out in the country all the year round, with the exception of the short season that I am compelled to stay in Washington, in order to be near my horses and cattle and farming interests generally."

Mrs. Secretary Carlisle's fads are of a highly intellectual character. It is well known in Washington that her favorite intellectual diversion during the present administration is discussing the finances of the country. Mrs. Carlisle is surrounded at all times by a rare and glorious atmosphere of statesmanship. She hears in her elegant home discussions of everything that science and politics have revealed concerning finance and political economy. Learned and eloquent cabinet officers, impressive diplomats and grand old senators with years of legislative distinction are accustomed to pour forth their oracular utterances at the table where Mrs. Carlisle presides.

Mrs. Senator Walthall denied that she had any fads whatsoever. When questioned about cook books and certain recipes she is alleged to have contributed to certain journals she confessed to a weakness for the culinary art, but modestly declined to furnish any of her favorite recipes for publication. In fact, she absolutely refused to discuss her kitchen range or any of its celebrated appurtenances. Her formulas for angel cake may, notwithstanding, be found in back numbers of Mrs. Logan's magazine, which is now extinct. Mrs. Walthall has a habit that is so unusual to womankind that it is certainly eligible to a place among the notable fads of women. It is a total disregard of the fashions. "Do you know," she said, "I never could see why some women are so fond of fashions. I expect I am a perfect guy in the matter of dress. When I have a dress made I don't notice half the time whether it fits me or not. I don't even look in the mirror before I go out in the street. But don't quote me as saying that," she added nervously, "or everybody will look to see if I have my things on straight hereafter."

Mrs. Geary, wife of the author of the Chinese exclusion bill, talked at considerable length about her fad. She has had it photographed in the form of six handsome children. The fads are pictured in a photographic procession, which is meant to illustrate that the children were born in mathematical order, there being but fourteen months between them. The babies look like a row of peas in the shell. They all have banged hair, full red cheeks, and big, round black eyes, like beads. They succeed admirably in excluding all other fads.

MRS. GEARY'S INTERESTING FADS.

Mrs. Senator Bate of Tennessee is devoted to the "divine art." She says she never meddles in politics and spends most of her time at her piano studying the German composers.

Mrs. Crisp, wife of Speaker Crisp, has been unfortunate enough to lose her fad. It was her dear old antebellum "mammy." The recent death of mammy, who has always called her "honey," almost prostrated the distinguished southern lady. No one who has not suffered from the cruel reverses of the late war can understand the devotion of those faithful slaves, who, after the law of might and bloodshed had said that they were free, still remained with their old masters and shared all their hardships with them. "Mammy" had nursed every one of her honey's seven children and when the fate of war deprived them of their home on an aristocratic southern estate, and a succession of misfortunes and deprivations followed, it was always mammy who smoothed the troubled brow of Mrs. Crisp. When mammy became sick years afterward and needed some one to care for her, it was Mrs. Crisp who watched by her bedside until she died. Mammy's only daughter was her legacy to the mistress she loved.

"Woman suffrage" is declared to be the fad of Mrs. Senator Peffer. According to Mrs. Peffer, who is a keen observer, "Kansas is the cleanest, best governed state in the union, because it has white ribbon legislation and women municipal authorities." When asked about her personal exercise of the franchise, she said: "I never voted but once, and then I voted for the wrong man—that is, the man who turned out to be the poorest candidate. I did it because he was a friend of my family."

Mrs. Sayers of Texas, who is a beauty and a favorite of Washington society, is feverish on the subject of the brush and palette. Of course she has painted some pretty pictures. When asked to discuss painting as her well known fad, she said she had done considerable scenery in oil and had indefinable aspirations in the line of portraits of members of her family and is now engaged in doing one of a relative, which she is going to keep secret until it is finished. One of Mrs. Sayers's strongest ambitions is to retire from the world and live in an obscure and interesting fashion, after the custom of grand traditional artists who used to starve for inspiration. Nobody in Washington will let her have her wish, so she just goes on making pictures of them all and forms a pretty picture herself at all the notable society events in Washington.

LILLIAN DE GROFF.

THE INDIANA GIRL.

A Sense of Humor and a Disposition to Deceive Mankind.

Two bright young women of Ft. Wayne came to Chicago yesterday with their father, a prosperous merchant of that city. The daughters are but little more than girls, and clever and mischievous Indiana girls, too. Their numerous visits to Chicago have opened their eyes to many of the nimble phases of metropolitan life. The father and daughters went to the Grand Pacific hotel, where they were given rooms on the Jackson-st. front. They spent the morning shopping and were tired. The father was to be busy until train time. The girls said they would remain in their rooms during the two remaining hours and rest. So the father went his way, and the pretty, vivacious sisters asked each other, after the fatigue was gone, what was going to happen next.

Just opposite the hotel is the great office building of the Western Union telegraph company. A little city is employed there, and it is a frequent thing for dapper young men, and lively old men, too, to stand beside the windows and scan with peculiar expectancy the hotel windows opposite. Just at the particular time yesterday that a self-confident young man stood twirling his blonde mustache by a window he spied a laughing face opposite that belonged to one of those Indiana girls. She spied him, too, and in a few minutes had summoned her sister, and he the head bookkeeper, and the situation was interesting. Something like this happened in a fast increasing number of other windows of the office building, where old men who pass in business circles for very sedate individuals, and young men who pride themselves on their own general effect, stood each unconscious of the others' like situation, bowing, smiling and waving hands at these Indiana girls. The latter, by using several windows and deftly swinging the blinds, impressed each smirking individual opposite that he was, just at that moment, the only real fascinator in the world.

To the hidden occupants of the rooms in the hotel the scene in some thirty of the windows opposite was highly entertaining.

It all resulted in each man considering himself especially invited to quietly come over to the hotel parlor. Coats were doffed, hats and clothing brushed, mustaches were curled and hair, if the happy man had enough, carefully brushed. Then, one by one, these old and young married and unmarried office occupants began to emerge from the great doorway. Some went around to the La Salle and Clark-sts. entrances. Others slipped across to the general side entrance. Now and then a determined man walked straight across to the ladies' entrance. On both corners are bandos of chrysanthemums. A happy thought seemed to strike almost every one of these gentlemen, and the flower market took a lively turn at once.

Attendants in the hotel bar wondered what caused a sudden influx from all directions of men, each carrying two and three large chrysanthemums. Each wanted a bracing decoction, and wanted it quick, as if about to do something desperate. There was a ripple of uneasiness on the faces of these blossom carriers as they glared at each other, and now and then nodded hurriedly at an acquaintance as if to ask: "What are you doing here?"

Guests in the hotel noticed blossom bearers on the main staircase. They met them in the elevator, on the ladies' staircase. The same men who had touched elbows at the bar and scowled at each other's handsome chrysanthemums regarded each other with scorn in the upstairs hallways. Pretty soon there was a score of fidgety men with at least two score of blossoms sitting on the edges of the furniture in the connecting parlors twirling their flowers or their hats uneasily, while at least ten more were scattered about the halls casting furtive glances at this unusual gathering.

Just then a distinguished-looking gentleman with gray hair, who seemed to be suppressing laughter with great difficulty and whose eyes twinkled merrily, stepped in sprightly, put his overcoat and sachel on the table and stood, as if expecting some one. In a moment the two pretty, mischievous faces of the Indiana girls appeared, chic in jaunty hats and furs, and carrying little sachels. They glanced quickly about and then at each other as they stood in a doorway.

"Come, father," said one, half stifled with laughter, "we're all ready. You know we never keep anybody waiting."

Peals of dainty laughter, in which a resonant bass seemed to be harmonious, rang from the descending elavator. Five minutes later a lot of half-concealed chrysanthemums were being sneaked across the street. Business was so pressing just then that thirty or forty men wouldn't speak even to old acquaintances.—Chicago Herald.

A Sure Thing.

Van Demmit—"I made a couple of cinches late yesterday."

Fenilworth—"What about?"

Van Demmit—"I'm going on a railway trip, you know; so I bet one man the train would be wrecked, and another man bet me it wouldn't be robbed. I don't see how I can lose."—Puck.

Solidifying Himself.

The Rival—"Did young Cubleigh propose to you last night?"

Miss Budd—"Yes, and I refused him. How did you know?"

The Rival—"He told me he was going to propose to the prettiest girl in town, and of course I couldn't help knowing."—N. Y. Herald.

FASHION NOTES.

Fancy waists are extremely popular this season and seem to have taken a permanent and important place in every wardrobe. Among French costumes very many elegant skirts of richest silks are completed by waists of entirely different material. Chiffon, lace and silk are being extensively employed for evening bodices. Our model is fashioned of crepe in rainbow effect, but it is equally handsome in black chiffon. The edges of the ruffles on the sleeves are finished with narrow black velvet ribbon, and a wider velvet ribbon comes from the arm-holes and crosses in front.

However in the world it is accomplished no one can tell, but the bodices of house, reception and dinner gowns still preserve the glove-fitting effect in spite of the many folds of rich material and puffs of chiffon in which they are draped. It is a thing of beauty and work of intricate art is this fin de siecle bodice. The fabrics for these gowns are of surpassing richness and the skirts are often left untrimmed. But an amount of material is lavished upon the corsage that would a few seasons ago have sufficed to make a whole gown.

Silk muslin is extensively used for ornamenting black satin dinner dresses. An accordeon-pleated flounce at least sixteen inches deep surrounds the skirt and the bodice is trimmed with a bertha and epaulets to correspond. Colored satin dresses embroidered with spangles and beads are trimmed with silk muslin to match the satin. The bodice is entirely covered with the silk muslin and the sleeves are puffed on the satin undersleeves, with bows of satin ribbon nestling in the folds of the drapery. Very rich black satin dinner dresses are embroidered with jet round the skirt, the seams of which are marked with jet passementerie. The front of the bodice is a mass of jet and is finished with an added basque composed of three frills of silk muslin. The puffed sleeves are caught in with strings of beads above the elbow.

Woman's Work.

"Don't talk to me about men's work," began the excited looking woman, dropping into the first convenient chair, "Look at me! I was up half the night with the baby. I appeared at the breakfast table to send John and the children off happy. I had a letter from my mother-in-law; she's coming to visit us. I went to market. I went to the dressmaker's. I rushed home in time for the children's luncheon. I went to club and read a paper on woman's place in the business world. I visited my 'poor' family. I hurried home to make the dessert. I dressed for dinner. John brought home unexpected company. I put the children to bed. Went to the theater with John, who thought I needed recreation, and who would have been grieved if I had declined it. Came home and was up three hours with the baby."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Have a Sewing Room.

The wise housewife is she who would rather dispense with a reception room and have a sewing room than vice versa. The sewing room does not need to be large. It must not contain carpets or upholstered furniture. The floor should be stained and varnished, so that the daily brushing up may be easily accomplished. There should be hooks on the wall, from which the piece-bags should hang. Several shelves are necessary, where boxes containing buttons, trimmings, findings, patterns and the like should be kept. A lapboard, an armless rocking chair, a dress form and a big closet for unfinished work are other necessaries. The machine should be placed in a strong light, and there should be a long mirror, in which the "hang" of a skirt may be viewed with ease.

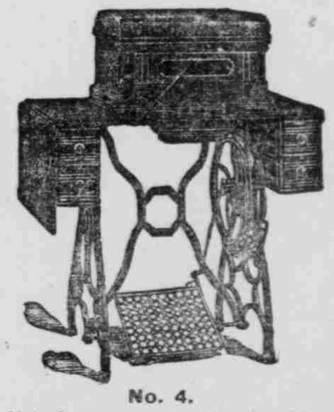
Jane Hading's Eyes.

Mme. Jane Hading is a great woman. She has a pair of greenish red brown eyes that can be as eloquent as love one moment and burn holes in an offender the next. If she didn't have a tongue in her head, she could talk—rave, coax, woo, supplicate, command, conquer—with those eyes.—Stageland.

THE BEST MACHINE ON EARTH

Your wife will be in want of a

Sewing Machine



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Anticipating the demand, THE SENTINEL has made special arrangements to supply your wants.

OUR OFFER:

We will furnish the Famous SENTINEL SEWING MACHINE (No. 4) and the STATE SENTINEL for one year for

$17.25.

This Machine is fully warranted and money will be refunded if it is not as advertised. No. 3, same as No. 4, except with two drawers instead of four, will be furnished with the STATE SENTINEL one year for

$16.00.

POINTS OF SUPERIORITY.

INDIANAPOLIS SENTINEL SEWING MACHINE

Has the latest design of bent woodwork, with skeleton drawer cases, made in both walnut and oak, highly finished and the most durable made.

The stand is rigid and strong, having brace from over each end of treadle rod to table, has a large balance wheel with belt replacer, a very easy motion of treadle.

The head is free of plate tensions, the machine is so set that without any change of upper or lower tension you can sew from No. 40 to No. 150 thread, and by a very slight change of disc tension on face plate, you can sew from the coarsest to the finest thread. It has a self-setting needle and loose pulley device on hand wheel for winding bobbins without running the machine.

It is adjustable in all its bearings and has less springs than any other sewing machine on the market. It is the quickest to thread, being self-threading, except the eye of needle. It is the easiest machine in changing length of stitch, and is very quiet and easy running.

ATTACHMENTS

Accompanying Each Machine

ARE AS FOLLOWS:

One Ruffler, with Shirrer Plate,
One Set of 4 Plate Hemmers,
One Binder,
One Presser Foot,
One Hemmer and Feller,
One Braider Foot,
} Attachments in bracket are all interchangeable into hub on presser bar.
One Tucker,
One Quilter,
One Plate Gauge,
One Slide for Braider,
One Oil Can (with Oil),
One Thread Cutter,
Six Bobbins,
Seven Needles,
One Large Screw Driver,
One Small Screw Driver,
One Wrench,
One Instruction Book.

WARRANTY.

Every Machine is fully warranted for five years. Any part proving defective will be replaced free of charge, excepting needles, bobbins and shuttles.

Address all orders to THE SENTINEL, Indianapolis, Ind.

P. S.—This Machine is shipped direct from the manufactory to the purchaser, saving all middle men's profits.