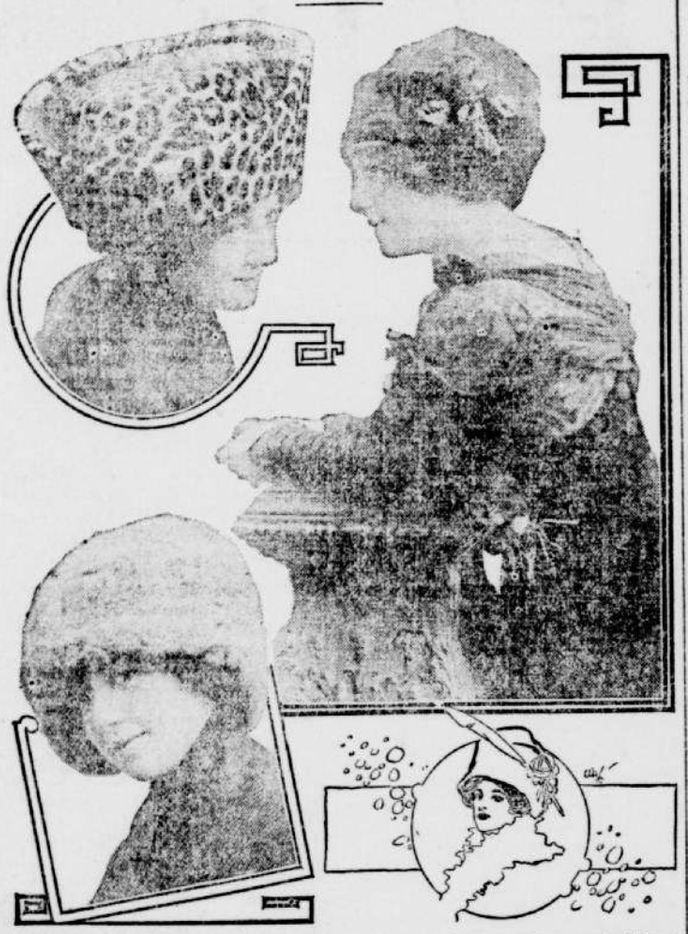
Decoration for Fur Hats



The home milliner has been able to find a turban covered with fur of almost any description and almost any shape. The matter of trimming it at home is a problem of easy solution. Fur turbans are not exactly trimmed—they are decorated. The soft shapes, made without wire, carry bows, rosettes or motifs, applied flat to the body of the hat; or tinsel and silk roses, a smart cockade or an aigrette fastened on with an ornament, all easy to procure and the trimming easy of accomplishment. Fashion permits the trimming to be placed anywhere, from back to front, at the sweet will and sense of style possessed by the wearer.

Where the turban is made by covering a buckram shape with fur, plumes and fancy feathers, wings and ribbons are all available. The soft caps are more simply trimmed.

Soft caps of fur or fur fabrics are easily made at home. The crown is in four sections, like a boy's jockey cap, and the brim a slightly curved collar, which is wide enough to turn up about the crown. This is lined with silk or satin. A fine wire may be introduced in the outside brim edge to advantage. It should be put in between the fabric and the lining, and will serve to keep the hat shapely.

Such hats of plush or fur are very comfortable—a real protection to the head, and the becomingness is a new discovery. It is all in adjusting the right shape to the head in the right way.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

CHECKED SILK WAIST.

This most attractive waist is of checked old blue and white foulard, with pretty yoke of old blue cashmere. The guimpe, undersleeves, and frills are of white tulle. The girdle is of plain blue liberty.

THE NEW SHOE BUCKLES

Cut Steel and Rhinestone Predominate for Decorating Evening Slipper This Season.

Cut steel and rhinestone predominate in the shoe buckle for decorating the evening slipper this season. In the cut steel, which has a very refined appearance, the designs are very beautiful. The buckles made of this material seem to be the leading ones.

They are made oblong and large, and though this is actually the choice among the metals, there are other sizes and other metals still available, for though it is quite new, it does not exclude any of the others that with some are still popular.

Rhinestone buckles are favored next to steel and there is a wide variety of these from which to make a choice.

Small and large ornaments, square and round ornaments, oblong and star-shaped ornaments—in fact, in the rhinestone one can get an ornament in almost any shape a person desires.

As to Brasses.

There is nothing that lends so pleasing a note of color to a somber room as an attractive bit of brass. A brass bowl filled with autumnal flowers or foliage, placed in a dim corner, an odd pair of candle-sticks on a mahogany mantel and a brass book-rack on the center table, are very charming and decorative. If one is fond of artistic things and wishes to add touches of beauty to one's home, very quaint pieces can be gathered at moderate prices at the old shops that abound in every large city. Antique brasses are becoming rare, and they are within the means of almost every one.

Butterfly Note Paper.

The butterfly, a dominant novelty of this season's fashions, trails its frivolous wings across the latest note paper. Flights of sulphur-colored insects upon a delicate green ground, and of bright, soft blue ones over a cream white surface, none of them too perceptible are seen. It is a fanciful idea, to have these decorated missives as frivolous and brief as their own short lives.

CONCERNING USE OF PLUMES

Newest Trimming in Millinery Shows Styles Such as Our Mothers Never Dreamed Of.

The newest trimming in millinery emphasizes the use of plumes. Such plumes! The word conjures up an infinite variety of styles of which our mothers or grandmothers knew nothing, and fair women of today can be doubly grateful for the efforts of milliners.

Garlands of plumes are used on broad, low hats. They are spotted and flecked with color, and some are made of layers of different shades, giving a wonderfully irridescent effect.

On velvet turbans the use of a single plume attached at the front, and extending toward the back in a slanting line, is quite evident. This line for the plume is used on large hats as well. And speaking of the wide, flat shapes leads us to the introduction of ostrich feathers to edge the brim. Two successful Paris milliners have done this with great effect.

Feather rosettes are made of ostrich plumes. Concentric circles of cut feathers are placed around a jeweled center. At the side of a turban or on the upturned brim of a large velvet hat this new type of ornament is extremely chic.

A feather band is being used on many large hats. Black and white plumes are favored for these ornaments. They are detachable, hooking at one side. This idea is attractive, for a change of trimming means a change of hat.

Cretonne Lampshades.

The very newest and prettiest thing in home decoration is the lampshade of shirred cretonne or flowered silk. For these, heavy wire frames are purchased, the round shape being the best. The cretonne or silk is then shirred tightly under this frame, and clamped or glued to it. A narrow border of furniture gimp conceals the joining place.

In tapestry, this variety of lampshade becomes really gorgeous. The idea, of course, can be applied in any of these materials to candleshades as well.

Divided Skirt Practical.

Frocks of velvet have been so much worn that little costumes of tweed, serge or other woolens are a trifle more novel. The divided skirt worn in Paris is certainly practical and might well be adopted for hard wear.

To Freshen a Lace Waist.

A tight-cut lingerie waist of white lace and embroidery gains wonderfully in elaborateness by the addition of the latest French fancy. This is a broad band of net in a pastel shade, embroidered in soutache braid of the same color and applied just over the bust. With this is worn one of the new neck scarfs of chiffon, in a color that exactly matches and with the ends embroidered in the soutache. Both of these are easily made up at home by any clever needlewoman, and will go a long way toward hiding the deficiencies of a pretty but aging lingerie waist. The chiffon scarf is especially charming when embroidered its entire length with large coin dots in satin stitch.

Sea and Shore.

Hyker—What did the highwayman say when he covered you with his revolver?

Pyker—He said "Throw up your hands!"

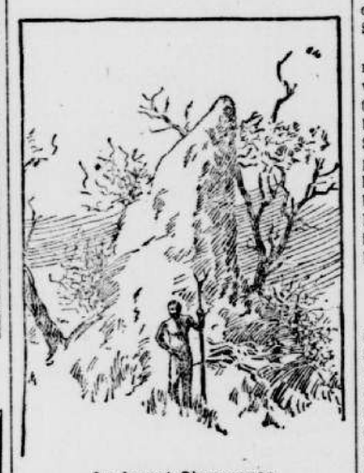
Hyker—Huh! Had he been a pirate instead of a highwayman, I suppose he would have said "All hands aloft!"

AN INSECT "SKYSCRAPER"

A Termite "Ant Hill" in South Africa Which Is by No Means Extra Large.

Boston.—Though most abundant in hot climates, the termites, improperly called white ants, reach far beyond the tropics extending into our own hemisphere, from Chile to New England. The African species build great pinnacled nests, 50 feet in circumference at the base and sometimes 40 feet high. Formerly the plains of Africa were in many places thickly studded with these hills, but the advance of civilized man has driven them back from the neighborhood of the foreign settlements.

The nests are destroyed partly to obtain the clay, which is valuable for



An Insect Skyscraper.

building purposes, but principally to rid the country of the insects which are the most formidable pests of that climate.

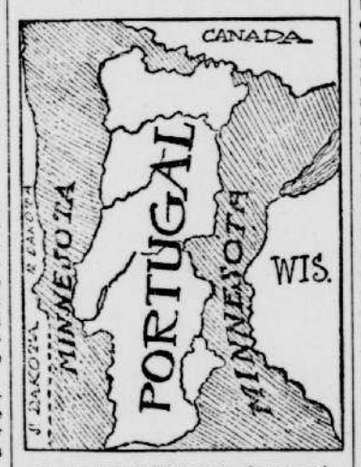
In founding a nest the termites erect first a single pinnacle several feet high and very small about the base, and then others near it; finally these are consolidated into a single dome and the middle pinnacles, having performed their part as scaffolding, are removed. When it has reached its maximum size the nest is a rounded dome of hard, solid clay upon whose outer surface grass and weeds grow freely, and in the dry season it looks not unlike a haycock.

The injuries wrought by these insects are terrible. They invade every vegetable fiber except cotton and destroy wood, matting, linen and woolen clothing, books and parchment by sap and mine. They habitually avoid the air and light, not because of an antipathy to them, but because of their helplessness and their necessity of a moist atmosphere. In consequence of this peculiarity their ravages are unobserved till everything sinks into ruins. When they desire to reach a certain point a covered gallery is immediately built to that point, that they may reach it unseen. African villages which have been abandoned, in a year or two have utterly disappeared and the ground on which they stood is found covered with vegetation. Posts are sometimes so riddled that a slight kick will dissipate them, leaving nothing in their stead but a heap of dust and debris. At Tournay, Charente, France, a whole dinner party, guests, host, table and all were let down through the floor into the cellar without a moment's warning in consequence of the termites' depredations in the flooring and beams.

PORTUGAL'S RELATIVE SIZE

New Republic Is Not Such a Great Country, as the Accompanying Map Shows.

Washington.—Recently the citizens of Portugal overturned their king's throne and established a republic, and many people may get the idea that



Portugal and Minnesota Compared.

Portugal is a great country; but it isn't. Portugal contains 35,490 square miles of territory, and the state of Minnesota 83,365 square miles. They are shown in comparison in the picture. The state of Maine, with 33,040 square miles, comes nearest the size of Portugal.

Chew Tea In Siam.

Tokyo, Japan.—In Siam they chew tea in place of tobacco. They call it mieng. It is in a plug, like chewing tobacco, and has a villainous smell due to the fermentation it has undergone. The tea that the Siamese employ for chewing purposes is a very coarse, rank plant. It is gathered like ordinary tea, but the leaves, after being compressed into plugs, are buried for 15 days. They ferment during burial and on their resurrection are very, very fragrant, indeed. The Siamese boatmen chew tea, the rickshaw men chew it and even the litterateurs chew it. They say it makes them work better.

The Canary's Ears.

Boston.—A canary's ears are back of and a little below its eyes. They are not hard to find when one has learned where to look. There is no outer ear, such as animals have, but simply a small opening which is covered by feathers. It is quite surprising that birds should possess the very acute hearing which they do while lacking the fleshy flap which enables the animals to catch sounds.

One From the Cashier.

The harmless customer leaned across the cigar counter and smiled engagingly at the new cashier. As he handed across the amount his dinner check called for he ventured a bit of aimless converse, for he was of that sort.

"Funny," said he, "how easy it is to spend money."

"Well," snapped the cashier as she fed his fare to the register, "if money was intended for you to hold on to the mint would be turning out coins with handles on 'em."

Lo, the Rich Indian.

The per capita wealth of the Indian is approximately $2,130, that for other Americans is only a little more than $1,300. The lands owned by the Indians are rich in oil, timber and other natural resources of all kinds. Some of the best timber land in the United States is owned by Indians.

The value of their agricultural lands runs up in the millions. The ranges which they possess support about 500,000 sheep and cattle, owned by lessees, bringing in a revenue of more than $272,000 to the various tribes besides providing feed for more than 1,500,000 head of horses, cattle, sheep and goats belonging to the Indians themselves. Practically the only asphalt deposits in the United States are on Indian lands.—Red Man.

Our Voices.

I think our conversational soprano, as sometimes overheard in the cars, arising from a group of young persons who have taken the train at one of our great industrial centers, for instance, young persons' of the female sex, we will say, who have bustled in full dressed, engaged in loud, strident speech, and who, after free discussion, have fixed on two or more double seats, which having secured, they proceed to eat apples and hand round daguerreotypes—I say, I think the conversational soprano, heard under these circumstances, would not be among the allurements the old enemy would put in requisition were he getting up a new temptation of St. Anthony.

There are sweet voices among us, we all know, and voices not musical, it may be, to those who hear them for the first time, yet sweeter to us than any we shall hear until we listen to some warbling angel in the overture to that eternity of blissful harmonies we hope to enjoy. But why should I tell lies? If my friends love me, it is because I try to tell the truth. I never heard but two voices in my life that frightened me by their sweetness.—Holmes.

Add to Cost of Living.

The American Magazine reprints a letter which was sent to the Massachusetts cost of living commission. It goes as follows:

"It seems to me that the elimination of waste is nearly impossible in households where there are numerous servants; at least, I have found it so, with only one, and the waste rises in geometrical progression with the number employed. I have now been doing my own cooking for nearly a year and I feed my family twice as well on about two-thirds the cost. A large part of the saving comes in the economical use of meat. I make a delicious dinner with a few scraps of meat that a cook would give to the dog.

"Then I depend a good deal on soups, which I invent to suit my larder. A few cold baked beans, with a little tomato and a bit of meat on a bone, or a little left over gravy, make a soup that all eat with much pleasure and it is so nourishing that it goes far to make the dinner. Most people do not understand how different a soup is when it has simmered a good many hours. The soup that has been boiled fast a couple of hours will taste flat and uninteresting, whereas the same soup five hours later will have such a delicious blend of flavors that all you know is that it is nice without being able to distinguish the ingredients. Again it is time that counts. Cooks waste the coffee and tea horribly. Mix the coffee with cold water the night before with an eggshell and bring it to a boil in the morning and you do not need a great deal for a good cup of coffee. The tea in the kitchen is piled into the teapot and thrown out with but little of the goodness extracted. Another frightful waste is the coal. I use less than half as much as any girl I ever had and my stove bakes better. I never complain of the draught, as she does or did after burning all the goodness out of her coal in the first hour after lighting."

Thanks to Burnt Cork.

"Gosh! But the colored race is a-comin' to the front fast!" whispered innocent Uncle Hiram, at the vaudeville show, as the black-face comedian was boisterously applauded.

"Yes, indeed," smiled the city man; "anyone can see that that fellow is a self-made negro."

A Medical Compromise.

"You had two doctors in consultation last night, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"What did they say?"

"Well, one recommended one thing and the other recommended something else."

"A deadlock, eh?"

"No, they finally told me to mix 'em!"

The "Country Churchyard."

Those who recall Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" will remember that the peaceful spot where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" is identified with St. Giles', Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire. In the prosaic pages of a recent issue of the Gazette there appears an order in council providing that ordinary interments are henceforth forbidden in the churchyard.

MAKE UP YOUR MIND.

If you'll make up your mind to be
Contented with your lot
And with the optimists agree
That trouble's soon forgot,

You'll be surprised to find, I guess,
Despite misfortune's darts,
What constant springs of happiness
Lie hid in human hearts;

What sunny gleams and golden dreams
The passing years unfold,
How soft and warm the lovelight beams
When you are growing old.

Home Thought.

"It must have been frightful," said Mrs. Bossim to her husband, who was in the earthquake. "Tell me what was your first thought when you awakened in your room at the hotel and heard the alarm."

"My first thought was of you," answered Mr. Bossim.

"How noble!"

"Yes. First thing I knew, a vase off the mantel caught me on the ear; then a chair whirled in my direction, and when I jumped to the middle of the room four or five books and a framed picture struck me all at once."

Even after saying that, he affected to wonder what made her so angry for the remainder of the evening.—Mack's National Monthly.

No Slang for Her.

"Slip me a brace of cackles!" ordered the chesty-looking man with a bored air, as he perched on the first stool in the lunchroom.

"A what?" asked the waitress, as she placed a glass of water before him.

"Adam and Eve flat on their backs! A pair of sunnysiders!" said the young man in an exasperated tone.

"You got me, kid," returned the waitress. "Watcha want?"

"Eggs up," said the young man. "'E-g-g-s,' the kind that come before the hen or after, I never knew which."

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?" asked the waitress. "You'd a had 'em by this time."

"Well, of all things——" said the young man.

"I knew what he was d'ivin' at all the time," began the waitress as the young man departed. "But he's one of them fellers that thinks they can get by with anything. He don't know that they're using plain English now in restaurants."

All Need the Earth.

"There is an Antaeus in every one of us and in the whole of us which needs the earth," says Henry Demarest Lloyd in his posthumous book. "A grandmother was spreading before the vision of a beloved child a picture of the beauties of heaven with its gates of pearl and its pavements of gold. 'What,' said the scornful boy, unpactivated, 'no mud?' There spoke the real philosopher. We are earth-animals, and we need contact with all the aspects of nature, human nature, and other nature. They who feed wholly on white bread and the tenderloin and the sweetness and light of the best people, art for the art's sake, cannot get phosphates enough and soon develop the rickets. The man I heard say he liked to eat with the common people once in a while, the woman you heard say that she thought it was her duty to associate with the middle class, confess the approach of extinction. They are losing touch with the source of all personal and social power."

Moslem Traditions.

Ramadan is the month exalted by Moslems above all others. In that month the Koran—according to Moslem tradition—was brought down by Gabriel from heaven and delivered to men in small sections. In that month, Mohammed was accustomed to retire from Mecca to the cave of Hira, for prayer and meditation. In that month Abraham, Moses and other prophets received their divine revelations. In that month the "doors of heaven are always open, the passages to hell are shut, and the devils are chained." So run the traditions.—The Christian Herald.

The League of Politeness.

The League of Politeness has been formed in Berlin. It aims at inculcating better manners among the people of Berlin. It was founded upon the initiative of Fraulein Cecelie Meyer, who was inspired by an existing organization in Rome. In deference to the parent organization the Berlin league has chosen the Italian motto, "Pro gentilezza." This will be emblazoned upon an attractive little medal worn where Germans are accustomed to wear the insignia of orders. The idea is that a glaance at the "talisman" will annihilate any inclination to indulge in bad temper or discourteous language. "Any polite person" is eligible for membership.

Why He Laughed.

Miss Mattie belonged to the old south, and she was entertaining a guest of distinction.

On the morning following his arrival she told Tillie, the little colored maid, to take a pitcher of fresh water to Mr. Firman's room, and to say that Miss Mattie sent him her compliments, and that if he wanted a bath, the bathroom was at his service.

When Tillie returned she said:

"I tol' him, Miss Mattie, en' he laughed fit to bus' hisself."

"Why did he laugh, Tillie?"

"I dunno."

"What did you tell him?"

"Jus' what you tol' me to."

"Tillie, tell me exactly what you said."

"I banged de doah, and I said, 'Mr. Firman, Miss Mattie sends you her lub, and she says, 'Now you can get up and wash yo'self!'"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Exaggeration.

On her arrival in New York Mme. Sara Bernhardt, replying to a compliment on her youthful appearance, said: "The secret of my youth? It is the good God—and then, you know, I work all the time. But I am a great-grandmother," she continued, thoughtfully, "so how can these many compliments be true? I am afraid my friends are exaggerating."

Mme. Bernhardt's laugh, spontaneous as a girl's, prompted a chorus of "No, no!"

"Yes," said the actress, "unconscious exaggeration, like the French nurse on the boulevard. Our boulevards are much more crowded than your streets, you know, and, although we have numerous accidents, things aren't quite as bad as the nurse suggested.

"Her little charge, a boy of six, begged her to stop a while in a crowd, surrounding an automobile accident. 'Please wait,' the little boy said, 'Want to see the man who was run over.' 'No; hurry,' his nurse answered. 'There will be plenty more to see further on.'"

Had Money in Lumps.

Charles H. Rosenberg of Bavaria had lumps on his shoulders, elbows, and hips when he arrived here from Hamburg on the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria. In fact, there was a series of smaller lumps along his spine, much like a mountain range, as it is presented on a bas-relief map.

The lumps were about the size of good Oregon apples, and as Rosenberg passed before the immigration doctor for observation, the doctor said softly to himself, "See that lump." Then he asked Mr. Rosenberg to step aside.

"You seem like a healthy man," said the doctor, "but I cannot pass you until I know the origin of those lumps on your body." "Ah, it is not a sickness," laughed the man from Bavaria. "Those swellings is money."

Taking off his coat he broke open a sample lump and showed that it contained $500 in American bank notes. He informed the doctor that he had $11,000 in all, with which he was going to purchase an apple orchard in Oregon.

He was admitted to the country.—New York Tribune.

Economy in Art.

"Of course," said Mr. Sirius Barker, "I want my daughter to have some sort of an artistic education. I think I'll have her study singing."

"Why not art or literature?"

"Art spoils canvas and paint and literature wastes reams of paper. Singing merely produces a temporary disturbance of the atmosphere."

Economy.

The late former Governor Allen D. Candler of Georgia was famous in the south for his quaint humor.

"Governor Candler," said a Gainesville man, "once abandoned cigars for a pipe at the beginning of the year. He stuck to his resolve till the year's end. Then he was heard to say:

"'By actual calculation, I have saved by smoking a pipe instead of cigars this year $208. But where is it?'"

Hard on the Mare.

Twice, as the bus slowly wended its way up the steep Cumberland Gap, the door at the rear opened and slammed. At first those inside paid little heed; but the third time demanded to know why they should be disturbed in this fashion.

"Whist," cautioned the driver, doan't spake so loud; she'll overhear us."

"Who?"

"The mare. Spake low! Shure, Ol'm desavin th' crayture. Everry toime she 'ears th' door close, she thinks won o' yez is gettin' down ter walk up th' hill, an' that sort o' raises her sperrits."—Success Magazine.

Where He Was Queer.

The negro, on occasions, displays a fine discrimination in the choice of words.

"Who's the best white-washer in town?" inquired the new resident.

"Ale Hall am a bo'nd a'tist with a whitewash brush, sah," answered the colored patriarch eloquently.

"Well, tell him to come and whitewash my chicken house tomorrow."

Uncle Jacob shook his head dubiously.

"Ah don' believe, sah, ah'd engage Ale Hall to whitewash a chicken house, sah."

"Why, didn't you say he was a good whitewasher?"

"Yes, sah, a powe'ful good whitewasher, sah; but mighty queer about a chicken house, sah, mighty queer!"—Mack's National Monthly.

New Process of Staining Glass.

The art of coloring glass has been lost and refound, jealously guarded and maliciously stolen so many times in the history of civilization that it seems almost impossible to say anything new on glass staining. Yet a process has been discovered for making the stained glass used in windows which is a departure from anything known at the present time. What the Venetians and the Phoenicians knew of it we cannot tell.

The glass first receives its design in mineral colors and the whole is then fired in a heat so intense that the coloring matter and the glass are indissolubly fused. The most attractive feature of this method is the surface acquires a peculiar pebbled character in the heat, so that when the glass is in place the lights are delightfully soft and mellow.

In making a large window in many shades each panel is separately moulded and bent and the sections are assembled in a metal frame.

Fidelity to Parole.

Judge Crain of the Court of General Sessions has just held a reception more worthy of note than any ball, banquet or other high function of the season. It was held in his courtroom at night. In response to its summons came 117 men and women, some old, some young every one of whom was a victor over some form of temptation; an example of what human faith can do to help human weakness to redeem itself and be strong.

Each of the company had been convicted of some first offense against the law, and each had been permitted to go out on parole of future good behavior. Each had kept the faith. The word was as good as a bond. Those who might have gone down in the struggle had found a way to rise and fight again. They were all able to report good work done and bright prospects ahead.

Time was when no one was trusted on his word save men of high degree. Fidelity to parole was deemed a princely virtue. Perhaps it is. There was nothing in Judge Crain's reception to disprove it.