

Woman's World

EUSAPIA PALLADINO.

The Famous Italian Medium Who is Doing "Stunts" in This Country.

The American people, and especially the amateur psychologists, are very much excited over the performances of Eusapia Palladino, the famous Italian spirit medium who recently arrived in New York city. She is a middle aged and unprepossessing woman of the peasant type.

Her hair is gray and decidedly white on the left side. Under that part of her hair rests the famous scar which is said to give out a cold breeze when she awakens from her trances. Her skin is lightly pitted as with an old attack of smallpox. Her large yellowish brown eyes are filmy and dead; they never seem to hold an expression. This is a description of the medium given by a person who attended one of her seances.

Palladino is a woman of no education and no polish of manner. Her family, she says, was of humble origin—in fact, many of her countrymen remember her cooking supper for her husband on the sidewalk of one of the principal streets of Naples and publicly dishing up the macaroni for both him and herself. She has now a second husband, a handsome young Italian of twenty-five, of whom she seems very proud. How did Mme. Palladino come to know that she was "gifted?" She was cleaning up her father's house one morning many years ago—she is now fifty-three—when she saw a chair moving around apparently of its own accord. Young Eusapia Palladino then was, she knew that this was no way for a chair in a respectable household to behave, and so she began to investigate.

Now and then, an acquaintance whispered, she used this gift in her household work, especially at the spring and fall cleanings. Then she gave little exhibitions to friends, and after that professional "mediums" took her up. In 1872 Signor Damiani, an ardent spiritist, began to "develop" her, keeping her under his tutelage for ten years. About 1888 Professor Chiari of Naples began to write to Professor Cesare Lombroso about her. Lombroso at first refused to take any stock in her, although he became a convert before his death. In 1901 he had his first sitting with Mme. Palladino, since which time she has been a foremost figure in spirit investigations and literature.



EUSAPIA PALLADINO, THE FAMOUS ITALIAN MEDIUM.

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When she was quite a young woman Mme. Palladino was waked up one night by a shade which stood near by.

"Is that my father?" she quotes herself as asking. Two knocks said "No." She asked if it was her mother, and again there came two knocks.

"Is it, then, my good guide whom I call John?" she asked, and three knocks on the side of the bed said it was truly John.

Mme. Palladino when asked if all spirits used the same code answered that all mediums do. The code, she said, is as follows: Two knocks mean "No," three knocks "Yes," five knocks "Turn off the light" and seven knocks "Call off the seance."

Dr. J. H. Hyslop says that a great many people hear knockings and that they pass them by, thinking them only the creaking of the wood under change of temperature or explaining them by assuming that some one sweeping in the next room has hit the wall with a broom handle. If people who hear knockings would but ask questions, he says, they might get in touch with another world in a most commonplace sort of way.

Mme. Palladino's greatest stunt is making a table rise unaided by some occult means a foot from the floor. Directly under the full light of a sixteen candle power electric lamp, with two men holding her feet and knees and with her hands in plain view a foot above the table, Signora Palladino recently caused it to rise again and again—three times with all the feet clear of the floor. In all of these levitations the spectators on the edge of the circle could look under the table and see her feet and knees quiet and absolutely controlled.

The price of being present at one of her seances is \$250, but doubtless that will make no difference to those who can afford to be psychologists and live in New York at the same time.

The New Woman.

A negro woman has been licensed to drive a taxicab in Paris.

THE PRINCESS SLIP.

One Piece Undergarments Not Novel, but Very Useful.

One piece combination undergarments may not be novel, but they are of especial value at the present moment, when the slender effect is the goal after which every woman is striving, for any extra material beneath the carefully fitted gown is likely to spoil the otherwise perfect effect. Many women have been inclined to regard the princess slip or foundation dress as somewhat of a needless extravagance, but the exigencies of prevalent



A PRINCESS SLIP.

ing fashion have made them readjust their ideas on this subject.

The woman, therefore, who wishes to obtain the best results in her dressing will find this garment of no small importance and a matter of such convenience that, once worn, she will not be able to do without it. The usefulness of this princess slip is to avoid the fullness and gathers which occur at the waist when a separate skirt and camisole are worn and to clothe the hips without any unnecessary material. The bottom of the skirt may be full, but the top must be gored out until the garment fits perfectly.

The model pictured here is carefully shaped to the figure by seams both back and front, and the opening, which comes at the back, must be fastened with snaps, hooks or buttons. If the latter method is adopted, be careful to have small buttons and buttonholes. It is unnecessary to have large buttons, which only make the garment look clumsy.

The combination slip may be developed in one of the lightweight silks or tulle, lace edging serving as trimming on the waist. The skirt is constructed so that the founce is detachable, a point which increases the utility of the garment, as a change of founces is easily possible.

If the founce is made of the foundation material, seven and three-quarter yards of twenty-seven inch width will be needed. If silk is not desired, lawn or bainsook will give very dainty results.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

If you want white hands do not depend too much on cream and lotions. Redness of the hands, like redness of the nose, is often caused by poor circulation.

Delicate women who fear catching cold from having the hair shampooed in winter should buy a good tonic, which dissolves the dust and dandruff that are bound to accumulate without great care. Ask your hairdresser for a cleansing lotion for the scalp that can be rubbed in every few nights and will keep the head free from dust and dandruff and the hair soft and brilliant.

Women who are compelled to do a good deal of housework and whose fingers are constantly in water should try the plan of washing their hands in the ordinary way with soap and water and while wet of rubbing dry salt over the cuticle. This will remove all grime and stains and will keep the hands smooth and white. A slice of lemon is invaluable for preserving the fine texture of the skin and should be rubbed over the hands while washing.

Light hair is apt to grow darker with age, and anything that would entirely prevent this would be so drying as to be injurious. There is a shampoo mixture, however, that will do no harm and may aid you. It is made of raw egg, a teaspoonful of powdered borax, half a teaspoonful of violet ammonia and a quarter of a teaspoonful of sub-carbonate of potash. Beat well together and then stir into a quart of warm water. Wet the scalp and hair thoroughly, massaging at the same time. Use no soap.

Dyeing Tan Shoes.

Every one does not know that tan shoes can be dyed black. The cost is small, and the result is that the shoe will serve through the winter.

CENTER OF THE EARTH.

The Zuni Indians Marked the Spot With a Crude Shrine.

Why all this fuss and controversy as to whether it was Cook, Peary or either of them or both that discovered the north pole? Surely the center of the earth is as important as either extremity, and the Zuni Indians have the center safely corralled and appropriately marked upon their reservation. They feel quite sure of it, and that ought to be sufficient.

In the Zuni cosmogony the earth is conceived of as flat and shaped like a pancake. Being a chosen people of the gods, they were commanded early in their tribal career to go to the exact center of the world and there build their homes, and one of the most interesting legends of the people relates the story of their wanderings in search of the middle place and tells how they knew it when they reached it. It is about 200 yards south of their village in western New Mexico, thirty-five miles south of Gallup, on the Santa Fe route. It is marked by a crude shrine, built like a bake oven, out of flat stones. Two large removable flagstones close the entrance, which faces the rising sun.

On the top are a number of concretionary formations, known to the Indians as thunder stones. In the interior are large numbers of feather tufted prayer sticks and several earthenware vessels filled with sacred meal. Numerous ceremonial dances, in the nature of rainmaking rites, are performed around this holy place.—Kansas City Star.

The Birthplace of Napoleon.

There is some talk of establishing a small museum in the house at Ajaccio where Napoleon I. was born. A good deal of attention has been given, it appears, to it by visitors to Corsica of late. The house, according to a French paper, is a little old world Italian villa of yellowish plaster work and windows with shutters which are nearly always closed up. It has just the same outward appearance as its neighbors in the narrow street in which it is situated. A small garden, with palms, cactus and other semi-tropical vegetation, separates the house from the roadway. There is not much to single out the historic building as having any special interest, unless it is a marble slab over the doorway with an inscription, "Here was born, the 15th of August, 1769, the founder of the Imperial dynasty."—Westminster Gazette.

They Liked New York.

Now that the British squadron has returned from participation in the Hudson-Fulton celebration, it is ascertained that more than 300 deserters were left behind in New York. This item, coupled with the very heavy entertaining allowance, will make Sir Edward Seymour's ceremonial trip a costly little business. A fully trained bluejacket costs the state on an average about \$120. The action of the United States authorities in refusing to deliver up deserters from foreign warships in their ports may be "constitutional," but it is assuredly not calculated to encourage friendly visits. The moral is when next we send a friendly expedition across the Atlantic to make together that element which can be best spared from our navy and not to stint shore leave.—London Truth.

The Lion of Lucerne.

The Lion of Lucerne, the famous monument to Swiss valor, which is one of the world's artistic triumphs, is said to be in danger of disintegration through the action of water upon the rock. The noble monument is an object of national pride in Switzerland, and every effort will be made to protect and preserve it. It commemorates the heroism of the Swiss guards who were killed while defending the French royal family during the attack on the Tuileries in 1792 and was executed in 1821. The effigy of the dying lion, whose paw still guards the fleur-de-lis escutcheon, is twenty-eight feet in length and eighteen feet in height. Few visitors to Switzerland miss this monument, which is carved in a great wall of rock, and every beholder is awed by its simple majesty.—Youth's Companion.

Musical Novelties.

One of the comic papers of Berlin prints a cartoon under the caption, "An Orchestra of the Future," which includes, besides the conventional instruments, bells of all kinds, a pavement pounder, steam whistles, grindstones, a "thunder machine," a cannon, a dog, a cat and near the group of drums children of various ages waiting to be spanked. The cat is made to yowl by a member of the orchestra, who brings the animal's tail in unpleasant contact with a clothes wringer, and the dog to bark by having his caudal extremity stepped upon. "All this may be expected," is said in explanation, "when we see the novelties introduced by the modern musicians."

Jealous of His Title.

The following letter has been sent out in circular form by an English baronet who feels it incongruous that he should be addressed in the same way as the unanointed:

"There is a strong feeling among baronets that the expression 'Dear Sir' being constantly used in commencing a letter nowadays to their servants is therefore not only incongruous, but also discourteous when applied to members of this ancient and hereditary degree. I will therefore ask you in future to kindly accord me my title and commence your letters to me 'Sir Baronet' instead of 'Dear Sir.'"

A Disconcerting Question.

Father—Wasn't Santa Claus good to bring you all these things?

Johnny (quivering and looking earnestly at his train of cars, tin soldiers, games, books, sets of blocks, patrol wagons, mechanical toys, plaster schoolhouses, Noah's arks, music boxes, toy phonographs, trolley cars, Teddy bears, picture cards, candy boxes, soldier suits, bows and arrows, toy guns and other things too numerous to mention)—Yes, but ain't you an' ma goin' ter give me nothin'—Judge's Library.

His Method.

"I never make Christmas presents," announced Cawker solemnly when the subject of holiday gift giving was under discussion.

"Don't you?" replied four or five hearers in unison.

"No, I never make Christmas presents, I buy them."—New York World.

She Changed It.

"My dear," said Mr. Timid to his fiancée, Miss Strong, "I think I ought to tell you that, while my disposition is good enough at times, it's rather fluky. That's the worst of it."

"Ah," she remarked significantly, "I'll make the best of it."—Catholic Standard and Times.

There Has Been a Change.

"Do you think that there is such a person as Santa Claus?"

"Of course there is, but in these days when women are doing men's work it occurs to me that possibly Mrs. Santa Claus has taken the Christmas duties of the old man's hands."—New York World.

Makes a Difference.

Jags—Has a smoke, old man. Baggs—Is this on you or on your wife?

Jags—I don't understand you. Baggs—To tell you the truth, I'm a little suspicious in holiday time, especially about taking cigars from married men.

In a Real Box.

Jack—I was in a box at the opera last night.

Tom—Were you? Jack—I should say I was! I took two ladies there and then discovered that I had left the tickets at home.—Boston Transcript.

After the Mass Play.

"How's yer boy doin' at college, Cy?"

"First rate. He hopes to be out o' the hospital some time afore Christmas."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Poor Santa Claus.

Bobbie—Santa Claus must have a hard time to get all the presents he gives.

Papa—He has a harder time paying for them.—Judge.

In the Boudoir.

'Twas the night before Christmas, and al through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

Her stockings reposed just where dropped on the floor.

And they couldn't help hearing their fat owner snore.

"I'll be hanged!" remarked one, with a chuckle of glee.

"We must follow the time worn traditions, you see."

"I'll be darned if I do," said the other "You know

Just as well as I do I've a hole in my toe!"—New York Times.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Appointments will bring me to this vicinity for a few days during the latter part of January or the first of February, and I would be glad to meet and have a talk with anyone interested in the specialty of designing the landscape effect of small residential properties, ranging in size from a 50-foot lot to five or ten acres.

Conditions at each place are different and it is my method to have the owner's personality show in the construction of the landscape effect, by carrying out as far as possible, in a practical way, the owner's ideas.

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The cost of my designs is small, varying with the importance of the plans. In most cases the owner is saved more than the original cost the first season.

I will gladly give advice free of charge and there will be no obligation to retain my services. In order to make sure of an appointment, write me at once.

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