

What You Will in Suits



In suits the powers that be in the world of fashion have been indulgent. They countenance widely different styles and allow us a choice to suit ourselves.

On coats and skirts. But if they are not to your liking you may be let off with a single big button at the front of your coat and a company of smaller ones in single file along the outside of your sleeve, from elbow to wrist.

Two New Lingerie Blouses



Dotted and embroidered swiss, fine cotton voile and organdie, have a fairy charm that rivals that of sheer tulle and silks.

finished with wide hemstitched hems. One group of tuck at each side of the front runs from shoulder to waist and a second group crosses them just below the bust, running from the hem to the underarm seam.

Julia B. Bromley

Floating Veils.

Since the veils worked with gold and silver thread were first launched on their successful careers, veils have been increasing in importance every day.

Blouses Have Mock Pockets.

About half way down the front of the new blouses where one might logically expect pockets, there are odd little motifs of white embroidery, which really do not look like pockets at all, but manage to give one that impression.

To Wear With Separate Skirts.

Combinations of afternoon blouses on the elaborate type made to wear with separate skirts that may be used at home or bought in the shops are very successful.

trope flowers. There is a flat yoke of the mousseline which is finished in three piped battlements.

Revival of Onyx.

Black onyx is revived by smart women. Heirlooms from the day of the Civil war are being taken out and worn to fashionable functions.

DIVIDE THE SPOIL

Chinese Coolies' Greed Wipes Out Half of Village.

Find Unexploded Shell Which They Believe Is "Little Sun" and Try to Split It in Four Pieces.

Greenness wiped out half the population of a small village in China, according to Capt. Fritz Utmann, who was formerly principal of the Seaman's Church Institute in New York city.

The Chinese government had been making experiments with some new shells. A mile from the village a company of soldiers had been doing target practice with the shells, and had then been sent to garrison a fort some distance away.

Some months after the target practice had ceased and the villagers had forgotten about it, two coolies, digging in a field, came upon a bright, round object. It was very heavy, and pointed at one end. Neither knew what the object was.

"It is mine," said the man who had dug the shell up.

"No, it is mine! I saw it first!" cried the second coolie. "You would not have known it was there if I had not seen it."

"And you would not have seen it if I had not dug it up."

For half an hour the two men argued, each advancing his claim in high-pitched, squealing tones. At last they agreed to let an aged Chinaman, who was said to be very wise, settle the question for them.

"You must divide it equally," was the verdict of the old man.

Then came the question as to how they should divide it. They tried to break it with a rock, but the shell could not be crushed that way.

"Let the blacksmith divide it," suggested the old man.

"To the blacksmith they went."

"I do not work for nothing," declared the smith. "I will divide it into three parts: one for the man who found it, one for the man who saw it first and one for me."

That arrangement had almost been decided upon when the old man who had given the decision in the case objected. If the blacksmith was to have a third, then he himself ought to have a piece for settling the dispute.

"Divide it into four parts," urged the old man. "One for the finder, one for the man who saw it first, one for the blacksmith and one part for me."

To that they all agreed.

By this time the entire village had become greatly excited, the relatives of all four men crowding into the little blacksmith shop to see that justice was done.

The blacksmith laid the shell on his anvil, and round him gathered all the people of the village. He swung his heavy hammer in the air and brought it down on the shell.

Bang!

The explosion killed all but two of the coolies who were in the blacksmith shop and injured half a dozen who were standing at the door and the two windows.

For a long time the Chinese government could not find out the cause of the accident. The natives were convinced that a miniature sun had fallen from the clouds and, offended, by the rough handling it had received, had become angry, and annihilated the guilty ones with their relatives and friends. The mystery was not explained until a small part of the shell casting was found.—Youth's Companion.

Heredity.

"I have known them ever since I was a boy, and there has always been something queer about the whole family," said the landlord of the Petunia tavern. "One of her uncles thought he couldn't cross a room unless he walked a crack in the floor or came up the road without following a wagon track. Another uncle had a notion that it developed upon him to sit in the open doorway, rain or shine, and wait for the coming of the Angel Gabriel. Her grandfather on her papa's side was a prominent Greenbacker. And now, although she is acknowledged to be the prettiest girl in the village, she openly declares that she don't believe that she was predestined to be a motion-picture actress!"—Kansas City Star.

Incompatible.

The caller was inclined to be affected, and so informed little Ruth that everything in her home was "couleur de rose."

"What did he mean, mother?" Ruth asked after he had gone.

"He meant color of the rose," explained mother, "but he said it in French."

"Oh, mother," exclaimed Ruth, "I always thought he was from Missouri!"

The Expensive Columbus.

The discovery of America cost a little more than \$7,000, at least so say some documents that were found in the archives of Genoa. These documents give the value of Columbus' first fleet as \$3,000. The great admiral was paid a salary of \$300 a year, the two captains who accompanied him received a salary of \$200 each, and the members of the crew were paid at the rate of \$2.50 a month each.

Considered Incident Bad Omen.

"Yesterday," remarked the Old Scout, "I had luncheon with my fresh young nephew. At the close of the meal he ordered a package of what I, being an old-fashioned man, call 'coffin nails,' and just as he did so a belloy went through the dining room paging, 'Mister Spikes, Mister Spikes!' I looked upon it as an omen of bad luck."

CAD and BELLS



Long Drawn Out.

"There is apparently no end to a 'best seller'."

"What do you mean by that?"

"First it appears as a serial in a magazine."

"Yes."

"Then it is published in book form."

"Exactly."

"Then it is dramatized on the stage."

"Naturally."

"And finally flickers through some thousands of feet of film as a movie."

ENVIUS



She—He acts almost human, doesn't he?

He—Yes, I would, too, if you made as much of me.

Wanted to Know.

"I'll be down in a minute," called Mrs. Dubwaite from her dressing room.

"Just a moment, dear," answered Mr. Dubwaite.

"Well?"

"Do you mean the minute that is now being ticked off by the clocks and watches, or a minute that will begin about three-quarters of an hour from now?"

Hopeless Case.

"Are the Gadder girls still doing settlement work?"

"They dropped that long ago."

"They were not discouraged, I hope?"

"Very much so. They tried to interest a family of poor Italians in photography, and when Tony told them he would rather have a bushel of potatoes, they gave it up in disgust."

Good Advice.

"My soul is filled with poetry," said the temperamental young woman.

"Keep it there, my dear," answered the fatherly old gentleman, "and be happy. Don't get the idea, because there are so many magazines published in this country, that you ought to share the poetry of your soul with the low-browed reading public."

TO THE POINT



Howe—Every rose has its thorn. Wise—Also its price.

What Do They Care?

Serve eyes in 4 ways. And give each dish a foreign name: Sir Rooster 'round the barnyard strays, Dame Partlet's mood is still the same.

Just Like a Woman.

"I see that a Kansas man has just married a spinster who owned over 1,000 chickens," said Mrs. Diggs. "That's just like a woman," rejoined the man who was paying the freight for her. "If a woman can't get a man by fair means she will by foul."

Where She Scores.

Doubleday—No man living admires his wife's taste in neckties. Mrs. Doubleday—Perhaps not; but he always approves her choice of a husband.

Matter of Years.

Editor—And you say this joke is original with you? Humorist—Well, you don't look it. Editor—Don't look what? Humorist—To be four hundred years old.

In After Years.

He—Is Miss Willing waiting for her deal here? She—Oh, my, no; she's now skimming around for a man that has more dollars than sense.

MANY ODD HOUSES

Great Number of Queer Habitations Found in England.

Old Cottage That Is Much Like Peggotty's Douthouse and Other Freak Dwellings Are Encountered.

The largest private dwelling known in England we know. It is Westover, Woodhouse, the seat of Earl Fitzwilliam, in Yorkshire. The oldest inhabited house is said to be the so-called "Jock's house" in London.

Many tourists who know Conway will be doubtful of once seeing for the miniature house to be found in that town on the quay, and actually built beneath the grim, ancient walls of Llandudno's massive castle. It thus forms an extraordinary contrast with that great fortress, for it is "the smallest house in Great Britain," as the notice-board on its very miniature frontage declares.

The people of Conway seem to be rather more proud of the fame this little slip of a house brings the town than of the greater fame brought by the bigger building, and picture-postcard vendors do a large trade in cards of it.

Between Gravesend and the village of Chalk, and situated in a curious position, with the Thames on one side and the Thames and Medway canal on the other, is an odd cottage that is half a boat. It has stood there certainly since the time of Charles Dickens, who lived in the neighborhood and may well have had it in mind when he invented Peggotty's berthouse on Yarmouth sands in "David Copperfield." This is almost such another, and is formed from one of the boats of the old wooden man-of-war Wellington, sold out of the service in 1822. The boat, upside down, forms both roof and upper floor of the cottage.

A whimsical freak house of considerable size and great interest is that known as the "Tripped house," standing in the village of Goodrich, on the River Wye. It was built in 1633 by Rev. Thomas Swift, vicar of Goodrich and grandfather of the famous Dean Swift. His idea was to thus typify the train, and to do so he designed and built the house on this curious plan—a central hall, with three wings branching from it at equal distances.

The unfortunate vicar and builder of this quaint house was a devoted royalist, and as such his odd dwelling was pillaged no fewer than twenty times by the soldiers of the parliament, who also stole all his cattle and farm stock. He did not live to see the restoration of Charles II., dying, as he did, in 1656.

Our next example of an eccentric dwelling house is to be found in a very different part of the country—away in Lincolnshire, near Horncastle. From its fancied resemblance to a teapot it is locally known as "Teapot Hall." It was built, according to tradition, by a retired captain of one of the old "tea clippers," as the fast sailing ships in the China trade used to be called.

A very fine and particularly striking residence is that known as "The Grange," Leominster, Herefordshire, and it has an astonishing history, having once been the town hall and Butter Cross. Built in 1633 from designs by the famous Herefordshire architect, John Abel, who worked chiefly in timber, it is a structure entirely of elaborately marked wood, and formerly stood in the center of the town. It had an open ground floor used as a butter market. This extremely beautiful relic of the seventeenth century was in 1833 found by the town council of Leominster to be in the way and it was sold at auction for £35.

Hay in Church.

A curious custom has been observed from time immemorial at Old-Weston, Huntingdonshire, in England. The church there is dedicated to St. Swithin, and on the Sunday most nearly approaching St. Swithin's day the edifice is strewn with new-mown hay.

The tradition is that an old lady bequeathed a field for charitable purposes, on condition that the tenant provide the hay, to lessen the annoyance caused by the squeaking of the new shoes worn by the villagers on Feast Sunday. There are other explanations—one that it is an offering of the first fruits of the hay harvest, and another that it is a survival of the customs of strewing the church (when the floor was only beaten earth) with rushes.

Character Forming.

The education of the will is really of far greater importance as shaping the destiny of the individual than that of the intellect. Theory and doctrine, and inculcation of laws and propositions, will never of themselves lead to the uniform habit of right action. It is by doing that we learn to do, by overcoming that we learn to overcome; by obeying reason and conscience, that we learn to obey; and every right act which we cause to spring out of pure principles, whether by authority, precept, or example, will have a greater weight in the formation of character than all the theory in the world.—Dr. J. D. Morell.

Compromise With Stupidity.

The public mind is nearly always slow working. The deliberations of a body of men must usually wait upon the intelligence of its least intelligent member, and the final result of such deliberation will ordinarily be closer to the mentality of the stupidest member of the conference than that of the most intelligent. Intelligence must compromise with stupidity. The broad-minded must compromise with the bigoted. Stupidity and bigotry are nearly always reflected in public opinion.—William Maxwell in Collier's Weekly.

Generous Distributor.

"Bliggins is longwinded, but he isn't mercenary." "I wish he were mercenary. He'd save his friends a lot of time if he'd insist on being paid for lecturing."

Famous California Trees

One of the first things which the visitor notices when he enters California is the number of palm trees which are everywhere to be seen. You can find them on the coast of San Diego, on the coast of San Francisco, and on the coast of San Jose. They are also to be seen in the mountains of California, and in the valleys of California.

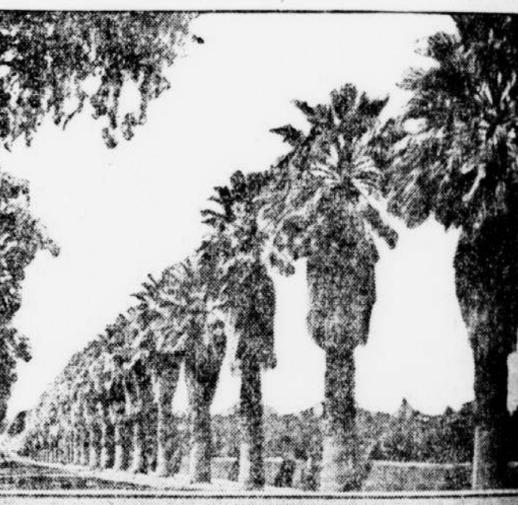
From a historical standpoint, the most unusual palm tree in the state stands at the foot of the Presidio Hill, in San Diego. It was planted by Father Junipero Serra, who brought European civilization into California in 1769.

For years a group of these tall palm trees stood on this spot, much scathed and neglected. In April, 1887, a fence was built to protect them from further destruction. Six years later, one of them was taken up and displayed in the glass horticultural building of the Chicago Columbian exposition. It did not live long, however, probably because it suffered from the long journey across the continent or missed the salt breeze it had enjoyed for a century and a quarter.

Old Landmark Preserved. Several years ago, a severe windstorm had damaged another of these veteran sentinels and it, too, succumbed, leaving but one of the group standing. This impressed the authorities with the necessity of protecting this old landmark, and so it has been braced and taken care of, and as a result it bids fair to live for many years.

But this reminder of California's mission days is not by any means the oldest or tallest palm in California. In Riverside county is Palm Canyon, located in the dry, barren hills forming the eastern slope of Mt. San Jacinto. There may be found thousands of native fan palms, many of them over a hundred feet tall, that are estimated by scientists to have been standing when Columbus discovered America.

Dr. Wellwood Murray visited this unusual canyon about thirty years ago, and upon viewing these wonderful trees, was at once struck with the possibilities of using them for ornamental purposes. He gathered their seeds, shipped them to seedmen throughout the country, also to Europe, and today there are hundreds of thousands of these palms.



MAGNOLIA AVENUE, RIVERSIDE

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Pride of Los Angeles. The two oldest trees in Los Angeles stood near the River Station of the Southern Pacific and when the railroad company decided to use the land for building purposes, they allowed a wide-awake real estate dealer to move the palms to a new subdivision near Santa Monica. The experiment was watched with great interest. Unfortunately, as they were being raised from the wagon on which they were being transported, the tackle parted and the veterans were broken.

The most notable and successful example of moving old palms, however, was accomplished by John McLaren, the famous landscape gardener, who has made Golden Gate Park, in San Francisco, one of the beauty spots of the world. His crowning achievement at the Panama-Pacific International exposition was the stately Avenue of Palms which he built by transplanting

beheld them in great numbers flanking the winding roadway in the valley below. They reminded me of a regiment of erect soldiers marching with precision, two abreast, carrying huge umbrellas over their heads to protect them from the intense heat. And as we watched them from a speeding automobile, there was the added optical illusion, owing to the angle from which we saw them and the regularity with which they had been planted in double rows, of the trees actually moving with long strides out of the valley and disappearing over the rolling hills.

The city of Fresno boasts a palm-lined avenue that is without doubt one of the finest in the state, not excepting the famous Magnolia avenue of Riverside. It was graded, planted and improved in 1802 by the late Theodore Kearny at his own expense and devoted to the county. Think of a smooth, level road eleven miles long, 140 feet wide, bordered on both sides with fan palms, oleanders, eucalypti and pansy grass! The roadway runs through beautiful stretches of vineyards and fruit trees, and in places, along the grain fields, are masses of California's state flower, the poppy, of such vivid golden coloring as to suggest a flow of fiery lava in a sea of emerald.

Nut Eating.

In general, nuts are as easily digested as other foods, if they are thoroughly masticated, and if eaten in moderate quantities. The fat of nuts thus enters in an emulsified state and cannot interfere with the digestion of other foods. The addition of salt does not assist their digestion in any appreciable degree.

Real Fortune.

Willis—Did you ever read the story of the sword of Damocles? Just think of a man sitting through a whole meal with a sword above him suspended by a single hair. Willis—"Ha! He isn't in it with the woman who can dance serenely all evening with her whole wardrobe depending on a dinky little shoulder strap."

How They Work.

In an argument against feminism the late General Funston said to a correspondent: "Even the looking glass and the wine glass have their uses. The looking glass reveals our defects to ourselves; the wine glass reveals them to others."

Criminal Carelessness.

"What brought you here, my poor man?" asked the prison visitor. "Just a little bit of absent-mindedness," replied the prisoner. "How was that?" "I forgot to scratch the monogram off a watch before I pawned it."