

Fads And Fancies Of Fashion



Hats That Look Cool.

The milliners' windows just now are devoted to hats that look cool, and suggest outings and the joys of summer time out of doors. Cold, white, brilliant black and the spirited hats that combine these two, dominate all the displays. There are some lovely new felts and summer velours in pale "sweater" shade that are trimmed with ribbon rosettes that look like wonderful, newly discovered flower ferns. Place is made for them among the new arrivals in the millinery shop, but white and black fill most of the millinery horizon just now.

The public is already latched with vividly colored headwear for sports and country wear, so that, even with an avalanche of white-and-black hats at the height of color in headwear.

The three hats shown in the group pictured here are types of the new styles. A milan sailor that looks as cool as a breeze from the sea has a crown of pure-white satin and a narrow brim-binding of satin. Its trimming is a wide collar of white grosgrain ribbon with a flat double bow at the front. The soft felt hat is in a pale greenish yellow shade with ribbon col-

lar and tailored rosette in ribbon of the same color edged with a silver cord.

A pretty hat of white crepe georgette has a narrow drooping brim, faced with black velvet. The upper brim covering of crepe is soft, falling beyond the brim edge in a narrow drop, and the top crown is a soft puff of crepe. A fan of plaited ribbon—white grosgrain—passed against the side crown and a bar in three pale colors of yarn, put on in long stitches, proclaim this a new idea—the latest fancy of some clever creator of new things in millinery.

Of White Silk Wool Tufted.

The novelty of the season is the combination of white silk and soft shetland wool which is being seen in the smartest millinery. This flatteringly sailor seen in a shop downtown is of white taffeta underfaced with black and the round crown is dotted all over with tufts of white wool like the seed pods of some great flower. A dash of black occurs in the two flat tabs slipped into a slot in the brim.



Blouse and Jabot Join Forces.

The jabot, having accomplished a triumph in fashions, after the manner of conquerors has compelled blouses to adapt themselves to its way of thinking. Its way of thinking is, that necks should be covered with high, wrinkled collars of the finest and softest of net and crepe. And that ample cascades and ruffles of these dainty materials shall fall from the high collar. The jabot knows no rival in popularity so far as neckwear is concerned.

A new blouse for midsummer, shown in the picture given here, accepts the mandate of fashion and betters its chances of success by joining forces with the jabot. To do this successfully it changes the usual order of summer blouses and fastens at the back instead of at the front. It is made of georgette crepe and is quite plain, like most late models. There is a group of five tucks at each side of the front

extending from the shoulder to the bust line. The sleeves are somewhat full and gathered into deep cuffs. All seams are hemstitched and the jabot is finished with a picot edge and decorated with hemstitching.

The too-sender woman will welcome the high neck and the blouse fastened at the back and especially the full front of ruffles and frills that fall from the collar. Although the designers of styles profess to adore the slim figure and the long-neck, blouse styles for the past year or so, have been much better adapted to full necks and the rounded lines of plump figures.

Julia Bottomley

The establishment of two universities for South Africa, one at Pretoria and the other at Cape Town, is being urged by a government commission.

lissette with a bretelle girdle of the colored goods.

Careless Management.

If the term "carelessness" must be used, it might well be applied to management which permits hazards to exist; but surely not to the injured themselves, for self-preservation is the first law of nature, and it is inconceivable that anyone with rare exceptions, should wilfully permit or cause injury to themselves.—H. Weaver Mowery, in Industrial Management.

JURY REFUSES TO CONVICT WOMAN

Split on Verdict Where Unwritten Law Is Invoked in Defense.

KILLED SISTER'S BEAU

Second Trial Is Ordered by Judge, Who Insists Accused Shall Be Found Guilty in First Degree or Acquitted.

Topeka, Kan.—The jury in the trial of Miss Lena Kinderknecht of Topeka, Kan., charged with the murder of Frederick P. Richardson, her sister's beau, failed to reach a verdict after deliberating three days, and a mistrial resulted. The case was one of the most unusual ever placed before a Kansas jury and involved the question of whether a woman had the right to invoke the unwritten law to protect the honor of her sister. Eleven members of the jury said she had. One was opposed to this novel application of the law.

As a result of the mistrial Miss Kinderknecht will have to stand trial again, because of the ruling made by Judge Ripenthal that she must either be convicted of murder in the first degree or acquitted. He allowed no alternative degree for the jury to consider.

Unusual Features of Tragedy.

The circumstances preceding the Kinderknecht tragedy, as adduced by the evidence, indicate that Miss Mary Kinderknecht, aged twenty-three years and strikingly pretty, was interested in Frederick P. Richardson, a traveling insurance agent. He was good looking, dressed well, had plenty of money, and a motorcar and called often to take her riding. The members of the Kinderknecht family did not like him. The father, a brother and Miss Lena, a sister of Mary, suspected the man's intentions as not being of the best.

Early last winter the Kinderknecht family decided to break up the rela-



Miss Lena Fired Two Shots.

tions of the younger sister and Richardson and succeeded for a time. Then several clandestine meetings followed, and on February 5 Mary disappeared from home. Miss Lena Kinderknecht and her brother located and followed the couple as they alighted from Richardson's car, they began an argument.

Fired Two Shots.

Miss Lena fired two shots and when she, her sister and brother started for home, Richardson was standing by his car. Later Richardson found that he had been shot in the abdomen. He died two days later.

Miss Kinderknecht insists that she did not know she had shot her sister's sweetheart, as there had been no outcry and she saw no blood. Miss Mary explained to the authorities that she liked Richardson because he had given her flowers and candy and had a "nice automobile."

"COINER" PULLS A NEW ONE

Subtle Hypnotic Influence, He Says, Led Him to Become a Counterfeiter.

Los Angeles.—Subtle hypnotic influences, working subconsciously on the mind of a man who was out of work and needed money badly, caused John Kly to become a counterfeiter. His weird story of how mental suggestion caused him to make bogus coins of small denominations failed, however, to give him his freedom and he was sentenced here to five years in prison. Kly said the imprint of a half-dollar in the mud brought the first criminal thought. Next came a display of dentists' molds in a window. This was followed by a desire to test his ability. With a silver plating outfit and homemade mold he finished several bad half-dollars. His landlady demanded rent. He had no money and decided to give her the bad coins, which she accepted, and the coins fell into the hands of the police.

Rich Man Handles Potatoes.

Seranton, Pa.—When a carload of seed potatoes designed to help plant extra large crops this year was held up in the railroad yards in this city, early the other morning, through a strike of the freight handlers, Millionaire Benjamin Throop turned freight handler, took off his coat, and went to work transferring the potatoes from one car to another, so they could reach their destination at Clark's Summit, in the heart of the farming regions. Mr. Throop had advanced \$3,000 to get the potatoes here, and did not want the farmers seeking them disappointed.

LIFE'S LITTLE JESTS



AS A CHILD INTERPRETED IT.

The city's diners out are hearing a new story this season. Rabbi Stephen S. Wise of the Free Synagogue says: "Not long ago a mother of one of my little pupils came to me and said: "Doctor, how could you speak to my little daughter so cruelly? She came home from the synagogue in tears, and never wants to go back." "What did I say to her?" I asked in astonishment. "You told her if she didn't come oftener you would throw her in the furnace," the accusing mother asserted. "I thought it over, much puzzled, and then I recalled that what I really did say was this: "If you are not more regular in attendance I shall have to drop you from the register."—New York Times.

Out of the Question.

"From an esthetic point of view, what do you think of the average cabaret?"

"I cannot answer your question," replied Prof. Blinkers.

"Why not?"

"For an obvious reason, sir. It is just as impossible to take an esthetic view of the average cabaret as it is to apply a profound knowledge of the classics to an analysis of soup."

TESTED HUMOR.



Editor—I can't use these jokes. Jokesmith—That's odd. They've been used by all the best papers in this country.

Uncientific Barbarism. The savage mind was narrow. That's how it came to pass Men used a poisoned arrow Instead of poisoned gas.

Started at the Back.

"I've begun to read that novel you loaned me."

"The first chapter is peculiar, isn't it?"

"I haven't come to that yet."

Cart Before the Horse.

She—You never take me to a show any more.

He—You spend so much for theater goods, there's nothing left to take you there.

Then It Happened.

"What made you think he would propose to me?"

"Why, when I refused him he said he didn't care what became of him; but, perhaps, he wasn't serious."

Not Very Comforting.

"Dobbins, the art critic, has roasted my pictures unmercifully."

"Don't mind that fellow. He's no ideas of his own; he only repeats like a parrot what others say."

A Safe Bet.

Soekson Buskin—I'm going to play Othello.

Bookyer Betts—Didn't know he was runnin'. I'll bet he's a dark horse!

Two Chances.

Hix—What do you think of this new automobile gun for modern warfare?

Dix—Fine. If it doesn't shoot the enemy, it will run over him.

Fishing for Compliments.

Critic—That's a beautiful picture. The Artist—You must be short-sighted.

Critic—Well, I guess I am.

Safe.

"Dubson has been calling on the Twobble twins and says he doesn't know which one he'll propose to."

"If Dubson knew what the Twobble twins think of him, he wouldn't have to bother about making up his mind. He could propose to either one without running any risk of having a wife or his hands."

A Different Tramp.

Jack (somewhat of a pedestrian)—I took a tramp to town yesterday.

Kidder—What did you do with him?

"Are you still taking exercise in your room?"

"No. I found it didn't pay."

"That's strange."

"Not when you understand the circumstances. Some fiend in human form greased the handles of my Indian clubs and I broke a forty-dollar mirror."

Jealous.

Dodge—I hate a man of one idea.

Hodge—Naturally. No one likes to be excelled

LONG LEGS WIN BRIDE FOR MAN

Mistake of Manufacturer of Artificial Limbs Results in Happy Marriage.

Boulder, Colo.—A mistake in the artificial legs sent him resulted in the winning of a bride for John Paloni of this city. A pair of long legs intended for a taller man were sent to replace the ones that Paloni lost in an accident, and as a result of his increased height the Colorado miner won the girl he had long sought.

Jean was only five feet three inches tall, and Pippa, the daughter of a neighbor miner, openly expressed her



Won Bride by Long Legs.

dislike for a short man. After a mine accident John sent to a St. Paul manufacturer for a pair of wooden legs. In time the legs came, but a new shipping clerk had mixed two orders and John received a pair of long ones.

When the error was discovered the St. Paul firm wrote to both men, asking them to return their legs. The tall man returned the short legs, but no word was received from John. An investigation showed that John's increased height had resulted in his marriage and that he would not return the long legs for any consideration.

SNAKES IN THE BARROOM

Vision of Rum Demons Clears Saloon, but Owner of Reptiles Is Held for Theft.

Pittsburgh.—J. M. Weaver, who says he has no home but likes Louisiana, caused wild excitement in a saloon in this city. He entered with a box and placed it near a table. He ordered a drink. An instant later a young man who was lounging against the bar and discussing the submarine situation uttered a wild yell and disappeared. His auditors beheld 12 snakes wriggling about and sought table tops for cover.

While Weaver was scraping the reptiles off the bar a policeman entered and placed him under arrest.

Weaver admitted he stole the snakes from a carnival company, and was sent to spend several weeks in a workhouse.

SHOT OUT HIS WIFE'S TOOTH

Husband Blew Away Aching Molar While "Fooling" Woman With Gun He "Didn't Know Was Loaded."

Chester, Pa.—Charles Wright, shot through his wife's cheeks and blew out an aching tooth, while attempting to make her forget her misery. When arrested he handed the revolver to the authorities and said that he "didn't know it was loaded."

Mrs. Wright had been complaining of the toothache. Producing the gun, Wright said:

"Here, I'll shoot that tooth out."

"Go ahead," said Mrs. Wright, laughing.

The man pulled the trigger and his wife fell to the floor with a bullet hole through her cheek.

GIRLS WHO LOST ARE MOURNERS AT WEDDING

Cleveland, O.—Wedding mourners are the latest addition to indoor sports among the social elite of this city. They made their appearance at the wedding of Dorothy Kreps and Arthur McArthur, society favorites.

The plan calls for each girl who has ever been courted by the groom, even though he did it half-heartedly, to drive to the wedding dressed in black and carrying a black handkerchief. Rejected male suitors haven't followed suit as yet.

READ BY LIGHT OF GUN FIRE

American Serving as Sergeant in British Army Tells Some of War's Queer Phases.

New York.—Sergeant Arthur G. Empey, an American who served in the British army a year and a half before he was wounded, told members of the New York University Alumni association that intense bombardments raging along the western front give sufficient light to read a newspaper in the first trench.

Empey said army chaplains hold services sometimes on gun carriages with one eye on the Bible and the other on German airplanes. The Prussians, he said, are the most ferocious fighters, with the Bavarians next and the Saxons third.

Queer Things in Tibet



PALACE OF THE DALAI LAMA

TIBET has had for centuries a fascination which has led many explorers to their death. It occupies an immense area of the oldest of the continents, and it is inhabited by strange Mongoloid people who have vainly tried to live a hermit existence. Several centuries ago a law was enacted and made part of the Tibetan religion prohibiting any European entering the country, and this law was rigidly effective until the British expedition under Colonel Younghusband captured the capital of Tibet several years ago. The remoteness of Tibet, the hardships to be met in crossing the immense ranges of mountains, the hostility of the barbarous tribes of the country and the jealousy of the lamas or priests aided in keeping this region unknown to the rest of the world, writes Henry L. Peterson in Grit.

Tibet is practically treeless and bitterly cold, for the mountains here reach great altitudes and nature presents her wildest and most repellent moods. The ruggedness of the landscape is reflected in the people themselves who are very low in the scale of civilization. One explorer of this little-known country says in describing the inhabitants:

"Among the varying scales of humankind the Tibetan is entitled to the lowest position; it would be impossible to imagine a people more unenlightened and barbarous, savage and degraded in all the terms savagery and degradation imply. One who has never seen a Tibetan nomad on his native heath can have no conception of his unpleasant appearance; the swarthy complexion, long black hair, piercing coal-black eyes, half-naked figure with an enormous spear slung on his back and a rusty matchlock in his hand, makes the best figure for a painter I ever saw. When opportunity presents itself to attack and plunder a small caravan without chance of resistance he is a perfect embodiment of vainglorious leavenery, but at the first show of aggression, or even the feeblest of real dangers, he is the veriest coward."

The veil which has for centuries hidden Tibet from the rest of the world has been lifted, but the spectacle revealed has not been a particularly enviable one.

MAN IS TAKEN AT OWN VALUE

Humility Is Called a Virtue but Ceases to Be One If It Is Carried Too Far.

Humility is called a virtue. It is unless carried too far. A man is usually taken at his own value. It makes too little of himself, he is likely to be thought of little worth. Unduly humble man will lack strength of character needed for success. He will have little influence in society and will not be fitted to a responsible position.

While too great opinion of self stands in the way of progress, great humility is worse, says the Awake Journal. Conceit needs many knocks in life and may be in a man; too much humility dom receives the needed correction. Conceit in a child is corrected when he comes to mingling with other children in school. Great humility gives his schoolmate a chance to put upon him and to him as an inferior—a chance which will seldom be neglected. A child becomes crippled in spirit for life this way. Even teachers sometimes fail to see what is the trouble with child and to give him the encouragement he needs. Beware of lowering a child's self-confidence. Irreparable injury may thus be done. Train him to feel that he is of value and is able to do what there is in him to do. Think well of yourself; you would have others think well of you.

Holland landlords are prohibiting law from raising rents during panic by tenants.

Wretched Lot of the Women.

The traveler cannot fail to be struck by the hardness and misery of the Tibetan woman's lot, says the writer just quoted. Although, owing to the disparity between the sexes, a woman is a valuable commodity, she is treated with contempt and her existence is indefinitely worse than that of domestic

Food Conservation.

She was of the stage. That was plain. For she had certain curls, certain hues of cheek, and certain looks of the eye which told this story. Then, too, she had a dog, which sat behind her chair, as she ate her meal, brought from the bread line which passes the steam tables.

Oscar—why call all dogs Fido?—sat behind the chair and waited very patiently. He evidently was trained. Then, suddenly he was waited upon. There dropped from above, where the debris had been carefully collected and placed in a piece of paper, quite a meal. Oscar set upon it, and ravenously gorged it down.

Then, led by his mistress, he left the restaurant as if something very unusual had happened.

"Food conservation" murmured the fat man, who was starting upon his record variety of pie.—Columbus Evening Dispatch.

Good Humanity.

One of the largest American industrial concerns has a regularly organized educational department which

publishes all manner of practical which tend to raise the physical, and financial standards of the throughout the country. You may secure a book from them telling to do with their product—plows, harrows? Nothing at all, except their venom-covered feet may death to those who buy plows and rows. Good advertising? No! good humanity.—Adapted From Etude.

At the Wild West Show. "Surprised to see me here, S. I'd rather have a quiet smoke at but my wife bullied me into coming to take care of the boy, you know." "He's a fine little fellow, aren't you?" "Jumping Jupiter, that's no boy. Where in thunder is that?"

The Psychological Moment. She—"Now is the time to ask He (with cold feet)—"Why now?" "The cool talk of leaving is our family too large. Pull down the curtain to induce her to stay."