

DO CLOTHES MAKE THE WOMAN?

ARE JUDY O'GRADY AND THE COLONEL'S LADY, AFTER ALL, SISTERS UNDER THEIR SKIN?



Do clothes make the woman? "They do," answers Mrs. Alma Powell, wealthy society leader of Brooklyn. Mrs. Powell declares the tailor stands in America as the chief distinction between my lady and my lady's cook, and a working girl can be metamorphosed into a society belle "while you wait" by merely dressing her in a costly gown. She recently presented to her fashionable friends two girls from New York's East Side, who, masquerading in her gowns, made a tremendous impression at a ball at which Mrs. Powell was hostess. Before the evening was over one of the girls had a millionaire at her feet. The other had captured a count. It was afterwards suggested to hoodwink it. "Apologize to society!" said Mrs. Powell. "Why, I have dressed Mary Corrigan, who is our cook, in my black lace gown, and she looks as refined as I do. And, as for the rich and the cultured, I have yet to find anywhere those who are really more handsome, better or more intelligent than the girls and women whom I meet among the poor."

Mrs. Powell's introduction of dressed-up working girls to fashionable society constitutes a unique sociological experiment, says a writer in the Chicago Inter Ocean. It may or may not have any general significance. There is no occasion to use the incident as a basis for invidious class comparisons. It may mean merely that the individual girls concerned were nice, clever young persons.

Still, it is not to be forgotten that opportunities for quick fortunes have played strange tricks with the social fabric in America. The laborer of to-day is the millionaire of tomorrow, and in a year or a month girls step from a factory to a mansion. In view of this, it is satisfying to know that the value of education and good breeding is recognized by all classes, and that the humbler levels prepare themselves for the higher station which in a democracy like this may await them at the first turn of fortune's wheel.

Mrs. Frederick M. Smith, vice president of the Killo Association, and Mrs. Raymond Robbins, who for years have taken an active interest in the welfare of the Chicago working girl, believe with Mrs. Powell that the principal difference between poor girls and rich is the difference between silk and linsey-woolsey.

"Many of the girls who at an early age are forced into the working field are without doubt the superiors of many society girls," said Mrs. Smith. "They possess more character, as a rule, more tact, more ingenuity. A girl who is naturally of a strong character is helped by being thrown on her own resources. Clothes, of course, make a material difference. Take



a poor girl who is graceful—and nowadays the majority, even the poor ones, are—put her into a pretty gown and she becomes identical with her sister of the '400'.

"Even emigrant girls soon acquire a certain amount of grace. They imitate their employers and they are not long from the 'old country' before they spend as much on a hat, for instance, as their mistress. I remember having in my employ an Irish girl who, after being in the country seven weeks, invested \$15 in an Easter bonnet, and in short order was so natty that she would probably not have been recognized by any of her old friends. She was good looking and I am quite sure that if I had followed Mrs. Powell's example and dressed her in one of my gowns she would have made a very creditable appearance."

Mrs. Powell introduced to society two inconspicuous little school teachers who, although educated and refined, had never had any social opportunities. Prior to their introduction to society their acquaintance with the doings of that select body was limited to a weekly glance at the Sunday papers. The occasion of their entrance into this august maelstrom was a St. Valentine ball masque. Mrs. Powell invited them, and the two elaborately gowned girls failed to recognize their own reflections in the big chivalrous mirrors, but, entering into the spirit of the occasion, concealed behind silken masks, they bravely followed their hostess to the ballroom. Their entrance created a sensation. From the moment they appeared they were the cynosure of all eyes. With their dance programs filled in a trice, they were soon in the midst of the giddy whirl; a part of that world that they had lived in only in the books they had read.

When the supper hour arrived Mrs. Powell conducted the girls to the music room, where she heard them sing. One of them possessed a voice of rare promise, and Mrs. Powell has offered to lend her assistance in its cultivation. While the other girl had a good voice, she was told she would probably not achieve distinction on the stage.

Without waiting to bid farewell to their admirers, the girls donned their own simple, inexpensive clothes, and, after expressing their profound gratitude to their kind hosts, who had given them an evening in fairyland, they wended their way back to the East Side, still under the spell of the music and flowers and lights.

The story is not finished yet, nor will it be until Mrs. Powell grants the request of two young men and reveals the identity of her two proteges. That the young men are willing to wait they have already avowed, and it is possible that Mrs. Powell may be induced to change her mind. She has already told them that the girls are poor, that they eke out the barest sort of an existence, both being the mainstays of their respective families, and that they were born and brought up on the East Side. All this finds the impatient lovers undaunted in their desire to renew the acquaintance of the two girls who were sweet and pretty, refined and clever, and, above all—different.

Mrs. Powell is the daughter of the late Henry Hall and a grandniece of Daniel Webster. Her first American pioneer ancestor was Sir Henry Hall, who came to Boston from England in 1723. The family estates were in Virginia, where Pendleton County is named for one of its branches.

When Alma Powell was a little girl of 12 or so, her father lost his money. And from a life of luxury Alma awoke to one of cruel vicissitudes. She knew what it was to trudge back and forth between the factory and the humble quarters she called home, carrying large bundles of lace net mittens, which the ladies years ago were wont to wear. Alma used to wait until the street was quite empty before she ventured out with her burden, and then she would run as fast as her pride and her feet would take her, fearing that some one she knew might see her. She was only 15 when Mr. Powell, an ornamental and wealthy piano manufacturer, met her and became interested in her. She had a pretty voice and she sang in his choir, and Mrs. Powell lives in a palatial home. The drawing room is 100 feet long and there is a stage at one end, where she frequently has presented theatrical productions. She often takes part in these plays herself, as she is fond of acting and is a clever actress. Perhaps it was her theatrical instinct that prompted her to dress up the little teachers. Maybe she recognized in them the ability to play a part and play it well.

TRULY REMARKABLE WOMAN.

Mrs. Alexander, an American in Italy, at 90 Years Still a Writer.

One of the most remarkable women of the time is Mrs. Francis Alexander of Florence, the widow of an American artist and herself an artist and author. Her daughter, Miss Francesca Alexander, is known as the author of "The Story of Ida," "Tuscan Road Songs" and other books, and perhaps still better known as having been the protegee and friend of Ruskin, who was the first to discover her to the world. Miss Alexander is now almost blind, says Lillian Whiting in the New Orleans Times-Democrat, and is more infirm than is her mother, who is in her ninety-sixth year. It was about 1890 that the Alexanders went to Florence from Boston, and these sixty years their home has been among Florentines who love and revere them. Mr. Alexander died many years ago, but his wife and daughter have lived on in their picturesque home at the top of the Hotel Bonclan. Here they have an apartment and a terrace and years ago Miss Alexander told me that sometimes for six months at a time she did not descend to the street. The Italian folk tales, of which Miss Alexander is the recognized interpreter, have all been told to her by the contadino, who regard her as their especial heaven-sent friend and patron.

When Mrs. Alexander was 90 years of age she compiled that beautiful book entitled "Il Libro d'Oro," a collection of medieval religious legends, and her manuscript, copied by her own hand, was a marvel of beauty and clearness.

Mrs. Alexander still receives visitors and carries on an extended correspondence with American and English friends.

MAN IS A FAILURE.

When he has no confidence in himself nor in his fellow men.

When he is so busy doing that he has no time for smiles and cheering words.

When he values success more than character and self-respect.

When he does not try to make his work a little better each day.

When he loves his own plans and interests more than humanity.

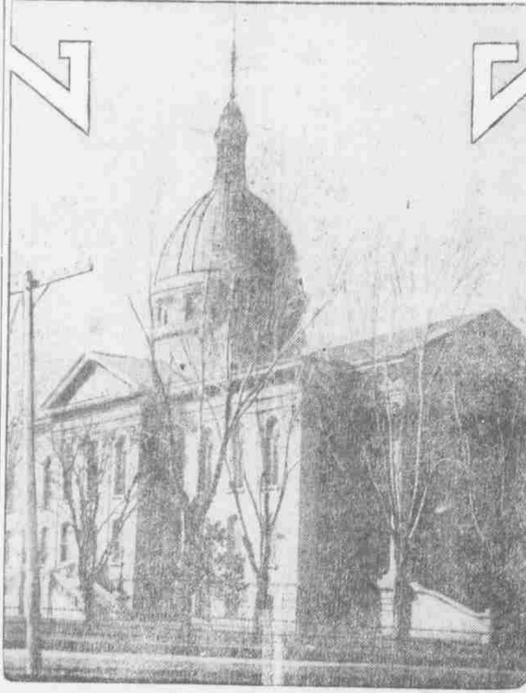
When he tries to rule others by bullying instead of by example.

When he knows that he is in the wrong, but is afraid to admit it.

When his friends like him for what he has more than for what he is.

When he values wealth above health, self-respect and the good opinion of others.

FAMOUS COURTHOUSE AT CARLINVILLE, ILLINOIS.



July 21 is the date selected for a unique celebration at Carlinville, Ill. Macoupin County will on that date herald to all the world the announcement that its famous courthouse, commenced in 1857 and which cost the taxpayers the enormous sum of \$1,658,000, will have been paid for. Only a few State capital buildings cost more than Macoupin County courthouse, and there is no other known instance of such a colossal expenditure for a county courthouse. The early taxpayers who were confronted with such a burden of debt were too dazed to take much action, and no one was ever punished.

At the forthcoming celebration Gov. Dunesen, Speaker Cannon, Senators Cullom and Lorimer, and others prominent in public life will attend. John M. Woodson of St. Louis, one of the early Mayors of Carlinville, will be asked to speak. Jesse Posibles, the present Mayor, will be chairman of the celebration, and Gen. John I. Rinsker, one of the early pioneers, and who led the fight against such an expensive building, will hand the last bond to Speaker Cannon, with the request that he touch a match to it.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

A good corn country is never a summer resort.

"If THEY can afford it," a wife frequently says to her husband, "we can."

We are always afraid of a man or woman who is quiet, and has little to say.

It is every woman's opinion that, no matter who gets the divorce, nor what for, a Mother is entitled to Her children.

COMFORTS BY THE WAYSIDE.

Public Resting Places Are Being Built by Private Owners.

The proverbial selfishness of the owners of beautiful country seats can no longer be charged to the property owners of suburban Philadelphia, the Record of that city says. The old-time practice of having the main features of decorative garden beauty well screened from public view, with a mere stretch of open lawn or neglected margins reaching out to the public highway, no longer finds favor, either with the owner or with the landscape gardener in charge of the place. The fad for initiating wayside attractions, distinctly for the benefit of the traveler, has of late become very noticeable in various sections of eastern Pennsylvania, and it is claimed that in no other part of the country is this idea more pleasingly developed today.

The building of convenient and decorative bridges over streams crossing public highways was one of the earliest indications of thus decorating the entire country side in the vicinity of private estate.

Now a still more interesting form of resting place is becoming popular. It invariably takes the form of some sort of sheltered seat on the open highway with every evidence that it is intended for public instead of private use.

Great circular seats, built about fine old shade-trees growing by the roadside, are the most common form of this shady shelter, but the very attractive summer houses have become popular.

There are various drinking fountains built by private funds for private use along the trolley lines in the open country, but few are more frequently utilized than those along Old York road.

PROGRESS AND INDUSTRY.

Soapbuds is a ready remedy for burns.

A pretentious electric plant near Hamburg, Germany, is driven by a windmill.

It takes sixteen tons of beetroot to make one ton of sugar.

Oil and coal are successfully burned together under boilers in England.

Puy-de-Dome, an extinct volcano in France, yields large supplies of carbolic acid.

The underground railways of Paris have a length of 22 miles. Twenty-three more miles have been authorized.

A process has been discovered by which tea and coffee is robbed of its toxic qualities without interfering with the flavor.

CHINA A CAUSE OF FEAR

British Foreign Officer Sees Danger of Mongolian Encroachments on India.

ALL THE RESULT OF A RAID.

Col. Younghusband's Expedition Into Tibet Has Left a Tense Situation in the East.

China as next-door neighbor to India is being looked at askance by the foreign office. Ever since Col. Younghusband's raid into Tibet and the consequent readjustment of territorial speculation has been rife as to how the tribes on both sides of the new border would conduct themselves with regard to their trade and tribal regulations. A high official in the Indian service, according to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat's London correspondent, has the following to say of the situation:

"The disappearance of a buffer State between India and China will operate in two ways. In some respects it will be easier to deal with the Chinese direct, but on the other hand, Chinese authority will be very much nearer the Indian frontier and this will give many more facilities for intruding with border States which the Chinese already regard more or less as subjects of sister States. Whatever may prove to be the exact extent of Chinese activity in Tibet, that fact has to be taken into serious account and must necessarily call for increased vigilance on the part of the Indian political department.

"The neighboring friendly State of Bhutan is seriously opposed to anything in the nature of increased Chinese activity. Only a few months ago the Indian government was informed that a number of Chinese, who gave themselves out as traders, but were armed, attempted to enter Bhutan, but were turned back at the frontier by the Tongpa Penlop, who afterward advised Calcutta of what he had done. How Nepal, Bhutan and Sikkim will regard the new development is a question which needs careful watching. It is the principal factor in the situation and must cause no little concern. Some of these States is fond of China.

"The position of India is that she cannot put a foot across the frontier. Her relations with Tibet are simply trade relations, and no one except a bona fide trader is allowed to cross from India. If, however, applicants can prove that their business is really trade, they are permitted to go to Gyantsu, but not farther.

"The Indian government has been aware for some time that China has been more active than ever in Tibet, and it was known in official circles that small bodies of Chinese troops were dribbling into Lhasa. Probably no large organized Chinese force has reached Lhasa, but tidings of what was going on nearer the Sino-Tibetan frontier doubtless induced the dalai lama to quit Lhasa and flee into India.

"It seems unlikely that he would have fled merely because he was apprehensive of seeing his power limited. The news of the Chinese forward movement and the actual increase of the Chinese garrison probably influenced his action."

BABE PLAYS WITH A SNAKE.

Her 16-months-old daughter playing with a rattlesnake as she might with a kitten was the alarming sight that greeted Mrs. Arthur Wilkinson of Trinidad, Colo., when she missed the little one and went in search of her. The child had been playing in the house, but had wandered into the yard when her mother found her seated in the grass, holding a rattlesnake in one hand and softly stroking it.



with the other. The snake seemed to enjoy it. Mrs. Wilkinson knocked the reptile from her daughter's hand, who set up a cry for the return of her pet. The snake showed fight to Mrs. Wilkinson, who killed it with a spade. It was two feet long and had four rattles.

"Sweethearting" in Church.

Speaking of the custom which was once widely spread of making men sit in a different part of the church from the women, an English minister was told the following anecdote by a Gloucestershire rector: "I remember when I was a boy a young couple coming into the church here on a Sunday afternoon and seating themselves together on the women's side. The man was soon turned out of his seat by the vergor, with the remark, uttered in an audible voice, 'We don't have no sweethearting here.'"—London Tit-Bits.

The Chinese newspaper is generally printed on a roll, so that the purchaser may tear it off and throw away that part which he has perused.

Spanish telephone companies make their charges according to the occupation of the patron. Social clubs labor under the highest rate.

To prevent a person soiling his fingers when squeezing a slice of lemon at a dinner table a dainty silver implement for the purpose has been invented.

CHILD TOOK HER OWN LIFE BECAUSE OF LONELINESS.

"No one understood Lucy—that's why she wanted to die."

Such is the explanation Tomaso Zipparelli, an Italian laborer, once a prosperous merchant of Chicago Heights, Ill., gave for the tragic suicide of his only child, 14 years old, in their humble home.

The father's belief was sustained by the testimony of three witnesses before the coroner's jury. The girl made no acquaintances among the neighbors, but was content with the daily exchange of postal cards from her former schoolmates at a convent in St. Louis.

No postals came during the week, and this seemed to distress her. For ten hours she sat alone in her room writing. She called at the postoffice again.

"No mail, little girl," was the cheerless message the clerk gave. An hour later a shot rang out from the direction of the girl's room. Neighbors



LUCY ZIPPARELLI



found her body on the bed, bathed in blood, a shotgun at her side, and a string wrapped about a finger and securely fastened at the other end to the trigger.

"We are poor folks now, and, like our neighbors, we ain't educated," said the old man, sobbing. "Lucy went to a convent. There she met girls from rich American homes and—well, she couldn't get used to our way of living. She wasn't meant for such as us, I guess. She didn't want to cook, wash dishes, sweep and make beds. 'Her mother is over in Italy, and wouldn't come to us, and Lucy had no one to go to for sympathy but me, and I guess I didn't understand her. I tried to, though. I was good to her in my own way. She had lots to eat, good clothes to wear, and she went to church and I was proud of her."

No Occupation.

She rose before daylight made crimson the East. For duties that never diminished, And never the sun when he sank in the West. Looked down upon work that was finished.

She cooked an unending procession of meals, Preserving and canning and baking. She swept, she dusted, she washed and she scrubbed, With never a rest from it taking.

A family of children she brought in the world, And raised them and trained them and taught them. She made all the clothes, and patched, mended, and darned, Till miracles seemed to have wrought them.

She watched by the bedside of sickness and pain.

Her hand cooled the raging of fever, She carpentered, painted, upholstered, and scraped, And worked just as hard as a beaver.

And yet as a lady of leisure, it seems, The government looks on her station;

For now by the rules of the census report It enters her: "No occupation."—New York Sun.

LITTLE ABOUT EVERYTHING.

There's money in pipe dreams—if you are a plumber.

It's awfully hard to forget a friend who owes you money.

There is nothing quite so empty as an empty compliment.

After you have made good try your hand at making better.

Society is harder on a woman's complexion than housework.

If at first you don't succeed, try from some other direction.

Beware of your victims. You can't trust a victim out of sight.

Jonah was the first man on record to acquire inside information.

It's usually advisable to give a narrow-minded man a wide berth.

And a crank thinks he is the easiest man on earth to get along with.

What is your specialty—pointing with pride or viewing with alarm?

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. It cures itching, smarting, burning feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and blisters. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight shoes and new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, pruritus, eczema and itchy scalp. We have over 25,000 testimonials. TRY IT TODAY. It's the best ever known. Do not accept any substitute, sent by mail for 10c in advance. FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail.

FASHION HINTS



The back view of this little dress is so attractive that it deserves a word all by itself.

The jacket tab at the waist, and the cute little knot of the girle that crushes up to it, are very distinctive. In front, the overskirt finishes in a deep point.

Assisting Him.

"Hello!"

"Hello!"

"Is this the complaint department of the Daily Bread?"

"Yes."

"What's the matter with your thundering old shenanigan, anyhow? I've been trying for five minutes to get you!"

"I know it. I thought I'd give you something more to holler about. What's the kick this time?"—Chicago Tribune.

Simple Truth.

You can only do clean washing with clean soap. You know that cocconut oil, borax and naphtha are natural cleansers and sterilizers and that they can't harm fabrics. Easy Task soap is the only one that combines these scientifically, and for that reason it cuts washday work in two and does the work better than it ever has been done. Ten cents to test it; money back quickly if it isn't what is claimed for it.

Snowsheds of Concrete.

"Railways in the West are preparing to build immense snowsheds of concrete this summer, wherever there is any possibility of a repetition of the recent disastrous snowslides on lines in the West, when trains were swept from their tracks, killing scores of passengers," said Henry Gruber, an engineer of the Northern Pacific Railway, according to the Washington Post.

"The Northern Pacific has many dangerous passes in the Cascade and Rocky mountains, where snowslides are a constant menace in winter to the passenger traffic. There are many similar danger spots along the line of the Canadian Pacific. At most of these places the railways have long wooden snowsheds, but these have not proved effective in preventing accidents. In many cases avalanches and immense snowslides have swept these structures completely away, though they were built of the most massive timbers that could be obtained.

"The roads have learned that wooden structures won't do, so this summer all these snowsheds are to be replaced with great concrete structures, which will be built so strong and enduring that even a cyclone would not be able to budge them. People in the East who have never seen one of the snowstorms of the Rocky mountains have no idea of the immense mass of snow that covers everything, and they cannot conceive of the violence of an avalanche."

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