FOR WOMEN READERS THE MOAT AND THE BEAN

ODOR OF GASOLINE IN MODERN FICTION

Every Story Now Contains an Automobile and the Heroine Must Drive It Herself

A long article might be written about the automobile in the fiction of today. The odor of gasoline pervades the modern story to an absurd degree. Either the hero owns a machine or plays he is a chauffeur and takes the heroine riding round Europe, making love to her

tinctly old style, and the heroine who

tinctly old style, and the heroine who walks or drives even a pair of cobs is hardly up to date.

Yet it is only by a wide stretch of the imagination that one can consider automobiling—even with one's best beloved—as a romantic pastime. There is the horrid smell of gasoline, the never to be forgotten fear that always accompanies fast riding, and the natural preoccupation of the chauffeur, who must give up nearly all of his time and attention to his machine. Lovemaking certainly proceeds more smoothly in a neat little runabout drawn by a jog trot sort of horse that does not need constant attention. Then the hero finds time to look at the heroine and say the proper thing. But the fatal desire to be "in it" has impelled modern fiction writers to sacrifice the refinements of lovemaking to the fad of the moment and it may safely be said that the auto is that.

When the automobile fiction first became a craze it was always the hero

When the automobile fiction first be came a craze it was always the hero who drove recklessly, while the heroine held on tight and tried to look pleasant, at the same time.

Of course the heroine who lets the hero make love to her when he is his own chauffeur is taking great chances, as it would be much better for him to keep his eyes fastened upon the road before him, rather than upon the face of the girl beside him. But then we

throughout Europe. He began his musical career at the age of 10 as a cellist, but two years later abandoned this instrument for the piano. Since coming to this country he has given recitals in a large number of American cities with marked success and has been recognized by critics generally as one of the most promising of the younger planists.

Beneficent degree, Apollo council No. 69, Modern Samaritans, will give a card and dancing party tonight at Masonic hall, Payne avenue and Wall

Mrs. L. M. Keiter of Lincoln avenue gave a luncheon yesterday.

Mrs. J. H. Horton of Holly avenue entertained her whist club yesterday afternoon.

The Misses Elsinger of Summit avenue have returned from New York.

Mrs. W. L. Goodkind of St. Albans street has been spending a few days in Minneapolis attending the opera.

Mrs. G. S. Fernald of Lincoln avenue has returned from the Pacific coast and

NEWEST OF BATISTE BLOUSES

(Copyright, 1905, by R. F. Avers)

There is one distinctly new feature in the latest blouses; one which is by no means agreeable to the woman who has been able to disguise the imperfect fit of her soft waists by the aid of a pouched front and a deep adjustable girdle. The waist line now must be clearly defined and above the belt, which is a component part of all modish blouses; there must be no pouch whatever. A little fullness is allowed across the bust, but the material must be brought down smoothly and snugly into this well fitted girdle, which is attached to the blouse all round.

It is obvious, then, that blouses are to be worn outside of the skirt, which means that unusual care will have to be taken in molding the blouse, as well as shaping the skirt around the waist

Generally speaking, the blouse girdle or belt, if it is extremely narrow, which is sometimes the case, is made of the same material from which the garment is fashioned, though it is not unusual to see triping the same that the same triping the same triping the same triping to the same triping triping the same triping t to see trimming or a contrasting fabric folded gracefully round the waist in a perfect fitting ceinture. All blouses, except in a few thin batiste models, are mounted upon a tight fitting lining, but the yokes of these may be cut out to increase their comfort and coolness.

Today's sketch is replete with suggestions for either silk or linen. The very shallow yoke forms points, one coming in the center, one in the back, and two interrupted ones over the shoulders. The inside part of the yoke is made of a thin lace, upon which individual patterns are worked so that a mere glance assures one that the demere glance assures one that the design is specially made for this use. Outlining the yoke and separating the various sections is a strip of fine em-broidered beading. This is joined to the yoke and body of the blouse by hand and the batiste is fulled slightly over the bust and then drawn down without a pouch into the belt, which is tight fitting and shaped somewhat broader across the front.

On either edge of the high stock is a band of embroidered beading with a strip of fine batiste run with tucked shirrings between. The inside seam of the double puffed sleeve is shirred its entire length, and across the middle of the unper arm there is a straight the upper arm there is a straight width of tucked shirring, and another comes at the bottom of the second puff. This forms the upper edge of the long tight cuff which presents a pretty al-ternation of beading, shirring, puffing

and lace frills for the wrist.

The majority of batiste and satin blouses fasten in the back. This is the case with the following design, in which may be noted more than one unique and pretty effect: Cream colored washable satin formed the foundation. This was tucked for about an inch on to a deep V shaped yoke, or, more properly speaking, a chemisette of lace, which was edged with a flat fold of the satin. The arrangement of tucks provided a becoming fullness over the bust, and then, instead of having this brought with a straight effect into the girdle, the folds produced by the tucks were allowed to radiate from the chemisette. Some of the fullness naturally spread to the armholes seams, and the rest, that part which came directly in the center, was disposed of in such a way that it formed a pointed corselet, upon the bottom of which appeared the inevitable belt. This was made of bias folds of the satin measuring altogether not more

The upper part of the sleeve fell into

all know that heroines are in a very afflicted with the "automobile face"-"The Lightning Conductor," a

novel varies the thing a little by having the automobile owned and driven by the very charming heroine, who is an expert chauffeuse and drives at such a pace that she can with difficulty find anyone willing to risk his neck to ride with her. A kind old gentleman whom she picked up begged her to let him out half way to town, and he walked the rest of the way. The eight men who were in love with her—each of whom she invited to ride at various times—shut their eyes and trusted to a times—shut their eyes and trusted to a kind fate to bring them to their destination safely. The servants whom she had accompany her at times were let out at various spots on the road, but the heroine went merrily on without accident, protected by the particular god

heroines in general. Nowadays one looks a book through to see whether one can catch the smell of gasoline, and if so all is well. The story without an automobile is dis-

HAND SAPOLIO

FOR TOILET AND BATH

Fingers roughened by needlework catch every stain and look hopelessly dirty. Hand Sapolio removes not only the dirt, but also the loosened, injured cuticle, and restores the fingers to their natural beauty.

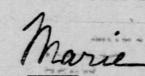
ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTE



upstanding frill of lace separated by a narrow fold of satin. Three smart bowknots of satin were placed in a

row down the center of the chemisette For a simpler and more tailor-like design the following is suggested: White grass linen, which possesses a charming silky appearance, and pipings of white embroidery. The front of the blouse should be laid in a wide graduated center pleat flanked by pleats of the same width reaching to the belt. On the outside of these there should be a a moderate sized puff of satin, and a shorter pleat, coming just to the bust

a countenance taut with anxiety—one cannot blame him for looking the other or in the Lightning Conductor," a sort of glorified guide book to the good roads of Europe, the hero pretends he is a professional chauffeur and gets himself engaged by the heroine to drive her across the continent. Of course he has fallen in love with her and takes this manner of being with her, and of course it, ends happily after a number of hairbreadth escapes. Then a late novel varies the thing a little by having the automobile owned and driven in the timid, shrinking girl of apother.



Mainly About People

A benefit card party will be given this evening at Central half, Sixth and Seventh streets.

Mrs. P. G. McGill of Superior is visiting her mother, Mrs. J. McGuinness of Aurora avenue.

Mrs. W. C. Thorn of Laurel-avenue is entertaining Mrs. Bauman and Miss Borth of Winona.

Rudolph Ganz, the planist, who is to give a recital for the Schubert club Monday evening at the Park Congregational church, has been in this country only four years. He was born in Zu-rich. Switzerland, and is the descendant of a family of musicians distinguished

long, tight cuff of lace formed the remainder. The juncture was trimmed with two downward falling and one upstanding frill of lace separated by air. The stock should be plain and the property fold of soils. have piping, while the sleeve should be moderately full and have an inverted pleat down the middle, with an edging of embroidery.

Redfern

is entertaining Miss Loomis of Ta-

entertaining Mrs. W. H. Anderson of Des Moines.

Mrs. Walter Lindeke gave a small oridge party yesterday afternoon

Mrs. E. P. Sheard of St. Peter street has gone to the Pacific coast

FIRST ENGLISH QUEEN TO VISIT GIBRALTAR

Alexandra Is Welcomed at the Rock With Flowers and Cannon

GIBRALTAR, March 28 .- The British royal yacht Victoria and Albert, with Queen Alexandra and party on board, entered the bay here today amid the thunder of salutes from the Atlantic fleet, all the vessels of which were dressed with flags and manned with cheering bluejackets. This is the first time a create of East of the cheering bluejackets. time a queen of England has visited Gibraltar in the history of the famous

ROME, March 28.—Dowager Queen Margherita today received American Ambassador Meyer in farewell audience. Mr. Meyer will be received in audience by King Victor Emmanuel on

By LEONARD FRANK ADAMS

(Copyright, 1905, by T. C. McClure) ARGARET left the elevator at the second floor and went down the dim corridor holding a filmy akerchief to her left eye. She sed before a door numbered 209, bearing the legend:

"Now really—" the uocto.
"It is purely a professional matter, please remember," said she.
Pray smiled deprecatingly.
"Since you insist," said he, "it will be one cent."

Margaret made a little mocking or imance. ARGARET left the elevator at the handkerchief to her left eye. She paused before a door numbered 209, and bearing the legend:

OCULIST

Office Hours-10 to 12 a. m. 2:30 to 4 p. m.

She consulted a tiny watch beneath her boa. It was 12:15. Then she oked irresolutely at the door. Should she walk in boldly, or should she rap? The burning irritation in her left eye called for the former course; an innate sense of the delicacy of the situation

sense of the delicacy of the situation demanded the latter. She stepped to the door and tapped gingerly.

There was a sound within as of some one rising from a desk, then masculine footfalls across the floor. The door was pulled open, and then Dr. Theodore Pray looked at her for a moment with incredulous surprise, and the next moment with an expansive smile of genuine pleasure.

ment with an expansive same of genu-ine pleasure.

"Margaret!" he cried. "This is a welcome surprise. Come in."

"I came to consult you profession-ally," she hastened to assure him as she seated herself at the edge of the nearest chair. Somehow she reminded him of a timid bird on the verge of "I see," he said, gravely, as he noted

He laid a few instruments and a few squares of linen on a corner of the desk.

"Now, if you'll sit here by the light,"

he suggested again.

Margaret moved to the chair by the window and the doctor deftly raised her eyelid.
"Hurts, doesn't it?" he asked. "I'll be as gentle as my professional cal-lousness will allow. Ah, it's a big fel-

He caught up the square of linen and quickly twisted it to a point, with which he probed beneath the lid.

"There," he said after a moment, "we've got him. Just a minute! Let me bathe your eye with this."

He hathed the eye warn goatly after.

He bathed the eye very gently, after which Margaret sat up blinking uncer-"You'd best rest here a moment until the irritation is relieved somewhat," he suggested. "The matinee will wait,, won't it?"

Margaret leaned back comfortably in the chair, and they chatted pleasantly for a time "Now I must be going," she an-nounced at length. "How much is the

give a farewell dinner in his honor, which is an unusual distinction. The ambassador will leave Rome on Sat-urday for Paris, where he will meet his successor, Henry White, and will arrive in St. Petersburg on April 7.

GOSSIP FROM GOTHAM

the contents of a "vanity box," not ers just above her ears. many of them are following the new fad of their elders in carrying such was seen. Another girl said beamingly that the silver dog at the end of her wrist chain had been modeled after her

Dwellers in Boston's Back bay always have liked to dabble in the mysterious. They are much like the little group described in a New Englander's poem "And with consentaneous clamor they pronounced for the occult." But mere casting of horoscopes is too common to excite more than a languid interest in Miss Beacon Hill, and palmistry long ago became a "chestnut" in Chestnut street. So Mrs. "Jack' Gardner has come to the rescue—as always. Her latest protege is a young foreigner who reads amazing things in a crystal ball. Women are flocking to him to have the yell of the future lifted. The years. Mrs. W. P. Gates of Canada street is ntertaining Mrs. W. H. Anderson of Well, some of them would prefer to keep that veil down. The new adept's seances, if they may be called such, take place in a dimly lighted studio, fitted up with barbaric splendor and fragrant with perfume. When a wom-an enters the high priest of the future goes to a harp. After much waving of arms he asks her to speak, and as she does so he strikes a chord in the same key. Thus having established "thought harmony," he hands to her one end of a wire connected with the crystal ball. After these preliminaries the wizard begins to "see things." With a snake-like wand he points out his visitor's past and future in the crystal depths A Boston cynic says that when Mrs.

"Jack" is the subject the session must
last all day, and then with half left unsaid, for she has accomplished much said, for she has accomplished much in the past, and as for the future the

Gibraltar in the history of the famous rock, and she was accorded a great reception. The queen landed at Governor's pier and was received by the governor, Field Marshal Sir George White, and his staff and a guard of honor. After the presentations her majesty entered the governor's carriage, and accompanied by Gov. White drove through the principal streets, under an almost continuous shower of flowers from the crowds lining the thoroughfares and occupying the windows overlooking the route. The queen's carriage reached the line on the northern front, while the guns from all the galleries of the rock were still booming a royal salute.

Meyer Is Saying Farewell

Originating in the Monumental city, where forty lovely members of the Moman's College Alumni association a few evenings ago plloted guests to their places for a plano recital. The graduates were twoscore personifications of dignity in collegiate caps and gowns. Nothing could be more piquant than such attire for an occasion of the kind. The forty girls moved with stateliness in the flowing black silk of their alma mater and it was noticeable all the men who went to the Lyric had eyes for them more frequently than for the performer on the stage. The idea may prove impracticable, however, if adopted for a Broadway house. It would take so long to seat the average youth—thanks to his maneuvering—that the ushers would have no time to appland the play or concert. Fancy applaud the play or concert. Fancy trying to make a first night successful without the aid of the ushers' seasoned

audience by King Victor Emmanuel on Two of our young society matrons, Thursday, and that night the king will Mrs. James A. Stillman and the

hend," said she.

"Will you spare me just a few minutes more from the matinee?" he asked. She nodded hesitatingly.

"Well," said he. "I have just cast out the moat from your eye while I have a beam in my own eye."

"Yes," she said.

"A very, very troublesome beam," said he, "one which excludes everything else from my vision."

She looked at him questioningly.

"There is only one person in the

"There is only one person in the world who could cast it out for me," he went on. "It's the image of a girl—a wonderful girl—in short. The Girl. The image is wonderfully like you, Margaret. And the only one who could cast it out—is you."

bill for eviction?" she asked, drawing

grimance.

"I don't wonder you oculists get to be such bloated bondholders," she observed ironically, and she laid a penny on the corner of the desk.

"I shall keep it as a souvenir of my most pleasant professional experience," he said.

"Still, I don't feel I've really earned "said he. "I fear I haven't followed

the scriptural injunction."

"Which one?" she asked.

"The one that says—er—oh, something about casting moats from your brother's eye when you have a beam in your own eye," he explained.

"I'm afraid I don't quite comprehend," said she

The girl flushed

said she.

"I see," he said, gravely, as he noted the filmy handkerchief pressed to her eye. He placed a chair near the window. "Won't you sit here, please? It's an overpresumptuous piece of dust or a cinder, I imagine."

"Something of the kind," said she. "I was on my way to a matinee, and—it's very provoking, but it's also painful."

"Of course, of course," he said, sympathetically. "Just a minute, and we'll oust the intruder."

He laid a few instruments and a few wonderful girl—in short. The Girl. The image is wonderfully like you, Margaret. And the only one who could cast it out—is you."

She was idly pulling the gloves in her lap.

"You say you find it annoying," she said. "Pleasant annoyance," he said. "Pleasant because the image is wonderful girl—in short. The Girl. The image is wonderfully like you, Margaret. And the only one who could cast it out—is you."

She was idly pulling the gloves in her lap.

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"You say you find it annoying," she said. "Pleasant because the image is wonderfully like you, Margaret. And the only one who could cast it out—is you."

He leaned toward her suddenly.
"Margaret, won't you cast out the
beam for me?" he asked in low tones.
"There are several ways—" she be-

gan.

"Only one," he interrupted. "You must say I have the right to the image—and then it will cease to be a beam."

The girl rose and began hurriedly to draw on her gloves. For a moment he thought she was angry.

"I didn't mean to offend you," he said contritely. "Please forgive my presumption."

She said nothing, but walked to the

sumption."

She said nothing, but walked to the door. There she turned and faced him. Her cheeks were very red, but her eyes were glowing.

"It—it seems to me," she said haltingly, "that—that according to the scriptures you shouldn't be casting out moats when you have a beam in your own eye—and—and so just to fulfill the scriptural injunction I'll cast out the beam—in—in the only way."

beam—in—in the only way."

She fled, slamming the door behind her, and left him standing there a trifle dazed. And Dr. Theodore Pray, being very human, indulged in decidedly unprofessional hilarity.

countess de Rougemont, have aban countess de Rougemont, have abandoned their tiaras for hair ornaments
consisting of bunches of flowers
grouped on either side of their heads.
They have a follower in this fad in
Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, who was at
the opera one night last week with
Mrs. John Jacob Astor. Mrs. Guinness As the fresh and pretty "buds"—
they wouldn't deserve that title, of course, if they were not in the stage of youthful prettiers—buy no productions.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor. Mrs. Guinness has adopted the sort of costume and attitude that Gilbert burlesqued years ago in "Iolanthe." Sitting beside Mrs. Astor, the Englishwoman's affected limpness of costume and pose was not youthful prettiness—have no need of improved by the two bunches of flow

Who gave Violet Cruger her new an article. But there's an oddity about the adornment that has made the girls dog? Society is asking itself that catching. They have found it, and it is far more bizarre than the "vanity box." In the avenue recently three blooming maidens, not together, wore gold chains dangling from wrists, and depending from every chain works. question over the teacups and at varidepending from every chain were a dozen or so tiny animals in metal. There were miniature dogs, cats, deer, lions and tigers; barnyard fowl, too. But some of the silver or gunmetal creatures were such as never existed in the waters, or on the earth, or in the air. Appropriately, one golden calf was seen. Another girl said beamfingly that the silver dog at the end of her ward this poodle. ward this poodle.

THE ST. PAUL GLOBE JUVENILE FASHIONS



The young master of the house wears out many suits during the ante-trousaid, for she has accomplished much in the past, and as for the future the possibilities are unlimited.

Barnard college will adopt for its next affair the pretty girl usher idea originating in the Monumental city, where forty lovely members of the Woman's College Alumni association a look untidy. The pompadour front is continuous and sometimes his fond mother finds herself quite at a loss for new ideas for the young man's ward-robe. We give here a suggestion for a frock which can be easily made in any of the soft wool fabrics or butcher's linen. Being in one piece, it will not be coming apart so as to make the lad look untidy. The pompadour front

900 DROPS For Infants and Children The Kind You Have

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Aperfect Remedy for Constipa-fion, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP. Fac Simile Signature of

Chart Fletcher. NEW YORK. As b months old 15 Doses - 35 CENIS

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CURRENT VERSE

The Ballad of Modest John John Canny is a modest youth As e'er the sun shines on; So modest that 't is only truth To call him "Modest John."

John, in the literary game, Ne'er overlooks a bet. And yet he is, despite his fame, A very violet;

A modest, timid, shrinking chap, Who sings small as a linnet, And shyly works his lit'ry snap For every cent that 's in it.

His friends say, when one comments on The largeness of his snap, "Yes; but success has not spoiled John, He's such a modest chap." The calcium beats upon his brow, Its flerce white light upsets him. John tries to dodge it—but, someh The limelight always gets him.

Publicity has always nagged
This youth so void of craft;
And now I hear he has been dragged
Into the lecture graft.

Perhaps this modest youth you know, Who says, with streaming eyes: "Yes, print my pleture, sir—but, oh! I hate to advertise."

His sigh of deep distress I hear, The rattle of his chains. He can but wipe a salty tear And salt away his gains.

His publisher, a man of guile, Remarks: "Oh, yes, John's shy.' And then he smiles a sordid smile And winks the other eye.

Love Is a Rose The bud unfolds in sunshine and dew,
Its incense clirgs round the heart of you.
Love 'is a rose.

Love is a rose. Its petals wither and fall away, The incense dies—and all in a day. Love is a rose.

Leah Durand, in Smart Set.

My Garden
There is a garden in my soul,
A garden where I may not go,
Where all the day the sun shines fair
And only softest zephyrs blow.
The winding pathways cross the turf
Thro's unshine to the restful shade,
Under the low arched chestnut trees
And elms, that throng the quiet glade,
Out in the noisy street I fare,
With all its dust and hideous cries,
Lonely, and slaving at my task

With all its dust and hideous cries,
Lonely, and slaving at my task
As long as daylight fills the skies.
But sometimes for an hour I steal
And by the gate, beneath the stars,
I lean and long and look within,
And cool my forehead on the bars.

Shella M. MacDougall in Harper's Magazine for April. azine for April.

A Song for Summer, The meadow lark ripples out o'er the fresh stubble A bugle note merry to herald the sun— Come wander, Oh, wander! A truce to all trouble. Sing hey, nonny, nonny, the summer's

Sing hey, nonny, nonny! The scent of the haying— The dew of the morning—the sweet of the year.
The hearts of us now are too blithe for the saying
Of aught but "Hey-ei-o! The summer is here."

A-perch on the fence post the squirrel sits sentry;
The rabbit runs skipping—the creek sparkles by;
Small folk of the hill—the sky woodland Sing, each in his way, "Oh, the summer and I!"

dow a-quiver
With dew brushed green where the quail
trooped past—
The haze on the mountain—the glint on
the river—
Sing hey-o, the summer!—it's summer
at last!

-Ralph E. Gibbs, in Leslie's Mountain—the Sing. hey, for the dawning. The mea-

Progress
In the golden maze of the dear old days
There was time and enough to spare,
The world was new and love was true,
Men brave and maidens fair.
A rose grown cot was the happy lot
Of the bridegroom and his bride,
With a garden gay for a primrose way
And a moss grown well beside.
But we've passed all that and a five room
flat
Is the home of our medern pair.

Is the home of our modern pair, No drift wood's light on the hearth at

night
But a gas log's glittering glare.
No longer he waits at the garden gate
While she comes through the gloaming pale, He watches her drift down the hallway

pale,
He watches her drift down the hallway lift
To list to the old, old tale.
He brings no flowers wet with fragrant showers
That he's gathered in the dell,
But violets coy by a messenger boy
He sends his love to tell.
He proposes by wire in words of fire
Ten little words alone,
And she whispers yes—as you may guess,
Over the telephone!
Then the wedding day and the word
"obey"
Is stricken from the vow,
For thus they mate in the up to date,
In the great Step Lively Now;
And Lohengrin is the joyous din
Of the planola's tune,
As off they skim to the purple rim
Afloat in a big balloon!
—Puck.

PEOPLE AND THINGS

The term "ptomaine poison" is in everybody's mouth, but few know what it really is. It develops, says "What to Eat," through the action of acid on tin. That is why every can of meat or vegetables or fruits should be turned out into an earthen bowl or crock immediately upon opening the tin can, and that is why mayonnaise should never be put into tin receptacles. Only recently several women were made seriously ill by eating saiad at a reception. Investigation showed that the mayonnaise, in which was considerable lemon juice, had been allowed to stand all day in a tin pail. According to the physicians, enough poison was generated to kill forty men, and had the women eaten the mayonnaise from the bottom of the pail it would have been fatal to them.

All good citizens will join White Ribboners in condemning the kind of whisky recently analyzed by Dr. B. H. Warren, the pure food commissioner of Pennsylvania. "Most of the cheap whisky sold in Pennsylvania." he says, "is manufactured from wood alcohol and red or India pepper, the latter element giving the deadly dose the desired 'snap.' Ninety-five per cent of the samples so far examined have shown the presence of wood alcohol in poisonous quantities along with the pepper. No wonder that our asylums are full."

Breakfast is said to be an entirely modern invention. About a hundred years agouthis meal consisted of a draught of ale or a cup of tea or chocolate. Two meals a day used to be the rule—dinner ranging from 9 a. m. in the fifteenth century to noon in the seventeenth and supper from 5 o'clock to 7. Bread and a few relishes, such as radishes, were added to the morning meal in the eighteenth century, and when cold meat and fish appeared about a hundred years ago they were thought a great innovation.

Modern science has made havoc with many ancient beliefs and now bids fair to clear the reputation of that unfortunate and much maligned woman, the first mother of mankind. Eve is accused of having brought sin into the world by eating an apple, but in the light of modern dietetic science this is obviously impossible, for the eating of apples has now been discovered to be productive of every virtue. Eat apples, and you will be both happy and good. This is the latest dictum of the dietitians.

The woman of fifty—how difficult she is to find in society these days, when by facial massage, hair treatment, rouge and girlish gowns the semblance of youth is clung to after the goddess herself has long since fied. "One who knows" declares that instead of being forced forever into the background by acknowledging herself to be elderly, a woman and inexperienced girl in influence and attractiveness, so why should she ape the latter's bread and butter charms?"

A simple expedient for overcoming the fear of the bath which afflicts some nervous children is to cover the bath with a sheet and then lower the little one into the bath, sheet and all. As he does not see the bath he does not realize what it is, and, coming gradually into the pleasantly warm water, he rather enjoys it, as a rule. In a very short time this precaution will be found unnecessary, even with the most nervous of babies.

Detroit has a woman as clerk of the United States district court, the only instance of the kind known. Miss Carrie Davison, the new appointee, began her career as acting clerk for her father, the late Darius J. Davison. She was then promoted to be deputy clerk of the court, and after a year's apprenticeship in this position has been advanced to a full clerkship. clerkship. It is said that a head of lettuce may be

produced in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours' time in winter by planting the seeds, which have been previously, soaked for twenty-four hours in strong brandy, in a box of rich earth, mixed with one-third of slaked lime and moistened with warm water. Glass jars are now much used by progressive housekeepers for spices, cereals and other such supplies. They have obvious advantages over opaque receptacles, and it is an easy matter to collect them by buying goods that are put up in glass.

It is said that oil paintings that have become soiled by age may be freshened by rubbing them with raw potatoes, cut in halves, and afterward wiping with a damp sponge and drying with a soft rag.

Soapbark jelly is the best all around cleansing agent that a woman can keep on hand. It may be prepared by putting a handful of soapbark in a quart of boiling water and letting it cool.

Beating the Gas Trust

"Let me show you my new scheme for beating the gas trust." said the actress housekeeper, leading the way to the kitchen, where the gas meter was installed. On a shelf just over the kitchen door was a bulky object swathed in flannel. The flannel was wet, and a pan underneath caught the drippings.

"That's all there is to it." she said triumphantly. "Just get an old petticoat, soak it in water and wrap it around the meter. You will find that your gas bill will be reduced by at least one-helf. Don't ask me the explanation of it; all I know is that the results are there.

"When I first took this flat my gas bills were terrible. A friend told me to try this wet cloth plan, and now I burn just as much gas as before and at helf the expense. When the man comes to inspect the meter I take off the cloth. The cold water treatment doesn't affect the mechanism so far as I know. At any rate the inspector makes no complaint, and I am saving money."