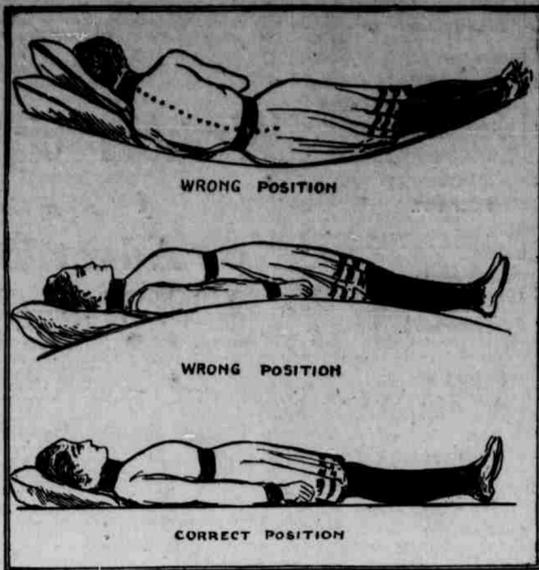


HAWAII

Now, do believe me, in this lovely land, Bewitching beauty smiles on every hand...

THEY ARE TRYING TO PROVE THAT SLEEP IS A MATTER OF HABIT.



An experiment that is as strange as it is interesting is being tried by an organization of students in several American universities...

beds might be almost indefinitely extended. The theory upon which the members of the association are working is that it will be possible for them to gain such complete control over the body as to keep part of the system at rest while the other part is engaged in its labors...

PUT OUT NOVELTIES.

MAKERS ARE SCHEMING FOR CHANGES IN TAILOR-MADES.

Some of the New Things that Are So Unusual as to Be Odd - The Woman's Waistcoat - Downfall of Sheath Skirt Already at Hand.

New York correspondence:

A tailor gown few radical changes have been adopted recently, and tailors are scheming to the end that just such shifts should be taken up. They are experimenting in novelties of combination and finish, and these are put forward confidently...



SKIRTS THAT SHOW CHANGE AT THE HIPS.

are not few. Nearly every swagger tailor has one, but one picture is popular that put with the initial at the head of this column will suffice for an illustration. Of this suit one's first thought surely would be, "Has the tailor made a mistake?"

ly. Some of the lovely squares that were quickly done to death as a material for bodices are being turned into sashes. One about the waist ties by the corners, and another dangles by one corner for the "end." For the biscuit-colored poplin gown that comes next in the picture was such a wash showing a lovely crush of blues, roses and greens...

Something decidedly new in skirts was put in the last of these three gowns. Here was a light-weight, smooth blue cloth starting in a deep yoke of smocking. Below the smocking there was a very little fullness, for the skirt was set on so cleverly that the seam was hardly discoverable. The result was that the required fullness was given about the hips, yet the skirt below was not bulky. No wonder the jacket was cut up the side to show that wonderful yoke. Lining of black taffeta showed all about the edge of the jacket, and cutting of the cloth showed the taffeta in a shaped band about the shoulders. Collar and yoke of figured white silk were part of the jacket. The long back of the coat fitted finely below the waist without pull over the hips to hold it, and was almost a marvel of accuracy.

Though the sheath skirt is being discarded, the woman who has a figure that can stand the first gown of the next illustration need not feel regret. This princess under gown was sheathed from well below the hips to half way up the back. Here the edge of the short bolero met it.



FOUR NEW TYPES.

Delicate pastel cloths suit this fancy charmingly. Take the first of the three gowns the artist puts in a row. It was a pastel-finish camel's hair in delicate green. Its skirt was all pleats that fell quite free from about the knee, and that were not "pasted flat" above. At the back they were free from a few inches below the belt. The odd shield front was a three-layer affair, the top layer matching the skirt, next a panne velvet edge of the same color showed and last came a touch of black. At the back the e-ton went straight across below the shoulders. A light blue scarf knotted about the waist, and the yoke was to match, the needed touch of black coming in velvet buttons and a row of black spangles on the edges.

undergown of white lawn from the bust line. A square yoke of white silk showed a dash of black velvet with buttonhole stitching at the collar line, and was without collar. The poplin fronts were faced back with lace-covered silk, which extended back under the arms and across the shoulders. From the center a box-pleat of silk fell in a long train, a panel of lace down its full length. This was a trousseau wrapper, according to its maker; and a premium on marriage, if made could be sure of such wrappers in their wedding outfits. Copyright, 1900.

John Bull's naval pension list consists of 5,927 persons. Patronize those who advertise.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

England has a Garden City Association whose aim is to build cities in such a way that they shall combine the advantages of country life with those of town life.

Professor Forbes, State Entomologist of Illinois, has estimated that without the assistance of birds the State of Illinois would be carpeted with insects, one to each square inch of ground, at the end of twelve years.

In a description of the compulsory arbitration law of New Zealand Henry D. Lloyd says that its compulsory nature is three-fold. It compels publicity, reference to a disinterested arbiter in case the disputants will not arbitrate voluntarily, and finally obedience to the award of the arbitrating tribunal.

At Blackpool, England, the municipal authorities operate the street railways, carrying passengers at 3 1-3 cents per fare. On this basis a sinking fund has been laid by, interest and taxes paid, and a profit left.

When the Prince of Wales ate a 30-cent dinner the other day the fact was considered to be of sufficient importance to be cabled across the Atlantic at 20 cents a word. Yet some people claim it is the thing that is done which counts and not the person who does it.

A woman at Council Bluffs, Iowa, attempted to commit suicide by poison recently, and a near-by druggist saved her life by administering emetics. Now she threatens to bring a damage suit against the druggist on the ground that his pharmacist's license did not entitle him to practice medicine!

That the Boer war affects all classes was proven by a recent painful incident at the London War Office. One of the few journalists who have been there nightly since the beginning of hostilities, on making his customary inquiry for the latest list of the casualties, was handed a list whereon, under the head of killed, was the name of his own son.

A celebrated veterinary surgeon asserts that ninety per cent. of our worn-out horses are only crippled in their feet or legs because of some foot disease, and that all but a fraction of that number owe their premature incapacity to our system of shoeing—not merely bad workmanship, but the use of iron or steel shoes.

The cultivation of fruit trees along the high roads of France is being extended year by year. Following the example of the government, the communes in certain departments adopted the practice as a source of revenue; and now it has become an important branch of national history.

The Rev. A. B. Church, pastor of the Universalist Church at Akron, Ohio, advocates the abolition of coffins, and says that the dead should be interred with only a shroud wrapped around them. He says that coffins prolong decomposition, and should, therefore, be abandoned. He would also do away with the use of hearses and funeral cars as a needless expense.

The bulletin issued by Superintendent Andrews of Chicago in which he directs teachers in the public schools to ascertain the physical causes of apparent inattention and dullness on the part of certain pupils and to make special provision for accommodating these defects merits unqualified commendation. The bulletin recognizes the obligation of the schools to take some account of the differing capacities and physical delinquencies of children, and is therefore in line with modern educational progress.

The soft coal deposits in the United States are of such vast extent that the danger which now threatens Great Britain—viz., the exhaustion of her remaining stores of coal, mostly down in the deep levels—cannot arise in this country for many years. It would, therefore, seem to be a wise policy to market our surplus stock of coal, widely distributed near the surface of the ground, at a time when there is a feverish demand for the black diamonds all over the world.

A Long Island nurseryman has undertaken the experiment of raising flowers by electricity. His theory is that the lighting of his greenhouses during the night will keep his flowers awake and the plants will increase in the same ratio. When such experiments are made with animal life nature usually revolts and the results are disastrous. The Long Island man's experiments in floriculture will be watched with interest to see the effects upon vegetable life.

The Philadelphia Press says: "The decision of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania in the case of Foot vs. American Product Company establishes the right of bicycles on the street to be exactly the same as that of other vehicles, and if a wheelman is run down by a garbage cart or other vehicle, whose driver thinks he owns the street, the victim may recover damages for the resulting injury. Many drivers are slow to learn that a bicyclist on the public street has as much right as a driver of horses to be respected. They delight to interfere with and obstruct wheelmen."

Statistics of cremation, presented by M. Bourneville at the recent annual meeting of the society in Paris, show that the number of incinerations at the Pere Lachaise Crematory has almost steadily increased since 1880, and that the whole number last year was 4,513, making 37,008 from the beginning. A fair proportion of the burials were women. There are now in Europe and America seventy crematories, twenty-seven of which are in Italy and twenty in the United States. Cremation is making good progress in England, where four crematories are reported from, and two are in course of erection. Germany has six, where 423 incinerations took place in

1898; Switzerland and Sweden have two each, Denmark one and one has been authorized in Norway.

It is judged that the fire losses of the first quarter of the year 1900 will show up rather discouragingly to the insurance companies. The losses for the whole country will approach, if not exceed, \$40,000,000, a stupendous sum, when all its bearings and influence are considered. Electric wiring has grown to be a source of destructive fires, of quite unexpected magnitude, and peculiarly difficult to trace. Besides defective insulation of wires, the old trouble of "defective fuses" still holds its supreme rank as a destroyer. Superficial building inspection costs the country many millions every year; the characteristic recklessness finds no rival in any other country, and the deplorable weight of fire premiums, ten times as large as those common in Europe, has to be borne by the reflecting intelligent part of the people, wondering that the masses do not see how easily our domestic architecture might be placed upon a higher level of safety.

It appears that the recent attempts to restrict by legislation the erection of high buildings is not a peculiar outgrowth of our modern "skyscrapers." A writer in the Central Law Journal says that Lancelotti, the well-known Roman archaeologist, has discovered that a law was passed in Rome in the time of the Caesars restricting the heights of fronts of buildings to sixty feet. The builders and contractors managed to evade this law by making the fronts only sixty feet, as required, and then adding several stories to the rear portion. Just what the local Building Commissioners, the various art societies, and others interested did or could have done does not appear. It seems that there were also other laws enacted in the early days for the purpose of regulating the height of buildings.

The Government has always made money by the loss or destruction of bonds, notes and paper money which cannot be presented for redemption. Many drafts and warrants upon the treasury issued in payment of current treasury have never been presented. Some may be lost in the mails or mislaid by people who own them. Of course it is impossible to explain where they go to, but the records of the dead-letter office every year, because of mistakes in addressing envelopes and other forms of carelessness on the part of the senders; whereas the natural loss and destruction of money from unavoidable causes is quite a great. The government lost fully a million dollars in the Chicago fire, but that could be replaced. The amount lost by citizens cannot be calculated. There must have been several millions of paper currency destroyed at that time in the cash drawers, clothing, vaults and tin boxes of people whose houses and stores were consumed.

Get rich in Chicago and then move to New York. That is what seems to be the goal of ambition in the lives of a score or more of the wealthy citizens of Chicago. Within the next few months half a dozen wealthy men of the city will join their fellow millionaires in the metropolis. More than \$400,000,000 has been taken from the city by persons who enjoy the gayety of Broadway and the deep mystery of Wall street. One of Chicago's best known men, who has taken up his home in New York City, explained the reasons for the exodus. He said: "Chicago is all right, nice place and all that, but you know it is not New York City. My grandfather came from the old country and settled on a farm in Iowa. My father grew up, wanted to make money and moved to Chicago. The result was that he soon was rated a rich man. I came in for some of that money and since then have more than doubled my share. I know nothing but Chicago, and in my turn I want to move. Now, on the other hand, there is not the slightest doubt that New York City offers more advantages to the man who has money and is willing to spend it. Even Chicago people who have been East will agree with me."

Tutors and schoolmasters incur strange dangers with houses full of uncured lads, but Mr. Hazzard, of Austin, Tex., who was plaintiff in a recent suit before the courts of the city, seems to have run an abnormal risk in undertaking the charge of Master Harold Xavier Tolke. This prodigy's mind was not so his mother averred—unhinged, only "he had mania for doing things." The thing which he had a mania for doing to Mr. Hazzard was to burn down his house, and this he accordingly did. Mr. Tolke, as the now more or less grown-up defendant, relied for his sole entirely upon this mania for doing things. He is "hazy" as to the incidents of the fire, but upon cross-examination, he stated that he was "very fond of writing elaborate letters," a rare quality in these days, and in itself almost proof of a "kink." He wrote many of these to himself. Yet he was not precisely mad. But, he added, in further proof of the "kink," that, as a boy, he wanted to be all sorts of things, among others "an organizer or a reporter." That may have settled it to his mind, but the jury has decided that Mr. Tolke was sane, that he suspected, and has awarded damages to the burned-out schoolmaster.

In the "Reminiscences" of Miss M. Betham Edwards is the retort of a boy hired to do the dirty work about the kitchen. Evidently he was not destined to rise. At least he had no idea of making his toll his religion. One day the farmer's wife, seeing him dawdling over his work, took up a knife and showed him how to clean it well and quickly. "Ah, but, ma'am," said he, "you do it so because they're your own."

JUST A HINT OR TWO.

MR. WESTON, widow of 23 years, was seated upon the piazza of her pretty summer cottage reading. The afternoon was warm, and she was attired in a dainty white muslin dress. She was a very pretty widow. Her husband, Col. Weston, had been dead two years, and she had just returned from an extended trip abroad. People remarked that she did not fret much about her loss. Why should she? Not likely the pretty schoolgirl of 18 married the millionaire Colonel for love. The front door-bell rang, and she had barely time to twist her hair up when Paulette, the French housemaid, announced Walter Courtenay. She turned to greet him with eyes sparkling and cheeks aglow. "Oh, Walter!" she exclaimed, rapturously. "I am so glad to see you. Be seated." He grasped both her hands and pressed a kiss upon her fair forehead. "Walter!" she cried, "you forget I am no longer a schoolgirl. You must not do such a thing again." He was a tall, handsome fellow. He and Mrs. Weston (Constance Keith) were born and bred in the old town of Lynne, and although he was the son of an earl and she only a vicar's daughter they had always had a very friendly feeling toward each other. She often recalled the many happy times they had together, when he in boyish admiration told her she was the most beautiful girl under the sun and the only girl he could make his wife. But when he was sent to college, and old Colonel Weston, who had always admired her, asked her to become his wife, she forgot all about Walter and accepted the Colonel. But Walter did not appear to fret much, for it soon became known that he was engaged to "Fifi Clark," a star opera singer. So there was still that friendly feeling between them. "Fardon me, Connie," he said, seating himself in a cozy rocker, "but I was so delighted to see you I could not help it. It's about a year since I last saw you, I think." "A year and two months," corrected Connie. "Do you think I have changed?" "You are prettier, if possible." "Silly as ever; tell me about yourself and everyone. You are my first visitor since I returned home. Are you married to Fifi yet?" "No; let us change the subject. Do you think I look well?" "To tell the truth you don't look well." "Nor I don't feel well either. You see, Connie, I— His voice quivered, his face flushed. She took both his hands in hers and said gently: "Come now, Walter, you must tell me all. You know you can trust your old schoolmate, your truest friend." "Oh, it's nothing, Con, only—well—heart trouble." "Yes," said Connie, smiling. "I understand—a woman." "Oh, hang it! If you must know, the fact is I've been jilted." "By Fifi?" "Yes." "How did it happen?" "She found out I had little money and threw me over for a millionaire Chicago pork packer. My folks are delighted, but I shall not survive it," he said mournfully. "You really loved her?" "I adore her." "Still," said Constance. "Yes, and always will. The light is all gone out of my life now. I shall never be happy again." "Is there no one else you could ever learn to love?" she asked, hopefully. "No, there is no one else." She swallowed the lump that arose in her throat, and said: "It was real cruel of Fifi." "She's like all other women; it's money they are after," he said gloomily. "Oh, indeed?" said Constance, with a pout. "Forgive me, Connie; I mean all excepting you." "I wish I could comfort you, Walter. But are you sure this love you speak of is naught but a temporary infatuation, and when the girl who loves you for your own true self comes along you'll forget all about Fifi?" "I think not, Connie; but no such girl will ever come along." "Why, there are lots of girls, Walter." "Name some." "No, I shan't, but I have one in mind who loves you for your own true self." "You're joking, Con." "You know I never joke, Walter. I shall tell you her name in a month." "A month!" cried Walter. "Yes, a month from to-day. I shall give you that time to think what girl

of all your friends has seemed to think very highly of you; one who has known you many years; one who is not 'after money.' Of course you will think of the one I have in mind, then go and propose to her, and I'll wager she'll tell you she has loved you many months." "Has she ever spoken well of me to you?" asked the unsuspecting young man. "She has told me that she loved you; that you were her ideal of perfection in man, and the only person she could ever make her husband." "Then my happiness is not a thing of the past," he said. "The future will tell," she answered. "Is she rich, Con?" "She is far from being a beggar." "Young?" "Comparatively." "Pretty?" "People call her very pretty." "Then my happiness is complete. Only for you, Connie, I'm afraid I'd become a rusty old bachelor." And as he bade her "good-afternoon," he was so happy he looked as if he would have liked to repeat his former offense of kissing her, but he dared not—yet. When he had gone Mrs. Weston leaned back in her chair and laughed merrily. "It's not leap year, but then I had to give him a hint or two," she told herself. A month later Constance sits in her luxurious drawing-room waiting to receive him. She wears a pale-blue dress and a single Jack rose (his favorite flower) in her hair. She hears his step up the pathway; the bell rings, and he stands before her. "Well," she exclaims after a minute. "I give it up, Con. I find there is no one I can ever learn to love as I did Fifi unless—don't laugh at me, Con—it's you yourself." "Of course it's me, you dear old goose." And it was not for hours afterward that Courtenay discovered what a fool he had been.—Boston Post.

WAS RUINED BY A HEADLINE.

Serious but Amusing Typographical Errors that Cost a Man His Paper. Amusing typographical errors in newspapers that have at times added to the mirth of nations were under discussion by a small crowd of newspaper men in a favorite resort one morning last week. Among the numerous stories that were told the following was the most amusing example of the callousness and recklessness of the old-time "traveling comp.": "I was working on a Detroit paper in the early '80s," he said, "when I got a chance to buy a sheet in a small town back in the State. Of course, I constituted the entire editorial staff, but I took up from Detroit a printer whom I meant to make my foreman. With the exception of requiring a two days' drunk each week, and one more day to sober up on, he really had few faults—for a printer—and I was glad to get him. For quite a time after we got established everything went well. Business was good, I had the indorsement of the right people in the town, and flattered myself that at last I had secured just

the position suited to my eminent abilities. Here came my undoing. "I had been there nearly three months when the daughter of the most prominent citizen of the town died. She was a leader in all church and society events, and extremely popular. The obituary notice I got up for the occasion was about the best I could do. It really was fine, and with it I wrote a 'splurge' head that I think was all right too." "The paper was printed Thursday night and that morning I was summoned to Detroit. I left most explicit instructions with the foreman and supposed I could trust him. Naturally I was out early next morning to get a copy of my paper. I got it, and never came so near fainting in my life. That scoundrel had given the obituary notice the most prominent place in the sheet, as I told him, but I had written the headline 'One More in Heaven.' He had made it 'One More in the Oven.' "There was nothing to be done. I got back as soon as possible, but my foreman had gone and left no address. I put in the day explaining, offering to print the whole issue again, and did everything I could to square the thing, but I was done for in that town, and sold out soon afterward. "The scoundrel who ruined me had the impudence to write and say he had had a few drinks that day and 'misread my writing.' I have never seen him since, and maybe it is just as well."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Spread of the English Language. Writing on the decline of the French language, M. Jean Finot points out that at the end of the last century French was the language spoken by the greatest number of civilized people, whereas now it stands fourth. English is spoken by 116,000,000, Russian by 85,000,000, German by 80,000,000, and French by 58,000,000.

Unexplored Regions of the Earth. Throughout the entire world there are about 20,000,000 square miles of unexplored territory. In Africa there are 6,500,000 square miles; Arctic regions, 3,800,000; Atlantic regions, 53,000,000; America, 2,000,000; Australia, 2,000,000; Asia, 200,000; and various islands, 900,000.

Good All Round. Smith—I understand you are working half time now. Jones—Yes, and loafing the other half. Smith—Well, working half the time is better than nothing. Jones—Yes, and half a loaf is better than none.—Judge.

Glad She's Still Alive. "Is it true that Mrs. Dragger reads such exhaustive club papers?" "Exhaustive? Of course, nobody ever says anything, but when she gets through every woman in the club breathes as if she had crawled through a tunnel a mile long."—Indianapolis Journal. Every woman believes that next to religion, a cigar, and the privilege of sitting with one's feet on the table, would be great consolation in time of trouble.