

RAISING THE WAIST LINE.

Wide Belts Are Worn Which Lead an Appearance of Roundness to It.

There is a slight tendency to raise the waist line a trifle, and it is noticeable more upon the gowns of evening than upon those that are intended for the day.

The new evening belts are a little looser than the shortening of the waist, for they are so very wide and so very effective.

A debutante wore a wide white leather belt the other evening with a white tulle dress.

An evening waist of light brown lace was caught at the belt by a crush grille of panne silk.

Those who are slender enough can take this wide crush belt and clasp it round and round the waist with a great buckle.

HOW LANGUAGE IS FORMED

This Style of Work Would Undoubtedly Be Disapproved Of by Lexicographers.

They were enriching the English treasury of figurative speech, relates the New York Press.

"Go, I like your work. You seem to think you're all the eggs," said one.

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose I carry just about as much pressure as you do," said the other.

"Is that so? Then turn around and let me look at your steam gauge."

"Oh, it ain't necessary. I don't suppose I'm no radiator, like you, am I?"

"I know what you are, Jimmy. You are a furnace, but you've got a bum draft."

"Is that so? Well, I don't see no storm doors on your face."

"No? I guess that's becuz your windows is frosty. You want to get somebody to wipe you with a hot cloth."

"Gee, your full o' come-backs, ain't you? Where's all your medals? Got 'em on the other vest?"

"No, I can't wear 'em. I'm so hot I melt 'em. Feel o' me. I've got asbestos underclothes."

"They tell me different."

"Yes? Well, that's slumpy work. They tell me different. You must 'a' read that on some wrapper."

"Don't let that annoy you. No matter where I get 'em, I pass 'em back to you every once in a while."

"Oh, I don't know."

"Oh, I guess yes. You know you ain't the north pole. You can be reached."

"Yes? Well, you ain't the only shirt in the laundry, neither. You can be done up."

"Yes, easy—but not by the boy that drives the wagon."

"Huh!"

STRENGTHENS MUSCLES.

Jolly and Helpful Exercise That May Be Indulged In at Home.

Here is a bit of work that will strengthen the muscles involved. The two opponents may be designated as number one and number two, writes H. Irving Hancock.

After three exercises in this position, the two boys should change places and then again twist in the same fashion to the left.

Just Help Himself. He—if I tried to kiss you, would you call for help?

She—Would you need it?—Sma't Set.

TRUE ECONOMY IN DRESS.

Even Though the Purse Be Slender It Pays to Buy Good Dress Materials.

It is an acknowledged fact that among the people of moderate circumstances there is too much neglect in regard to personal appearance.

Even though the purse is a slender one, it pays to buy goods of a reasonably good quality.

Then by adding lace or embroidery and making a few other changes the dress will pass for a new white one.

The making, when hired, usually costs as much as the material of ordinary dresses.

Man of Gall Gives a "True Gentleman" a Distinct Thrill of Deep Disgust.

ONE WAY TO GET A SEAT.

Man of Gall Gives a "True Gentleman" a Distinct Thrill of Deep Disgust.

He entered a crowded tram-car the other morning, and after a look around he reached out his hand to a middle-aged man and saluted:

"Good-morning, sir. How do you do this morning?"

"Good-morning," was the stiff reply of the other, relates London Tit-Bits.

"Don't you remember me?" queried the man hanging to a strap.

"I can't say that do."

"That's funny. Six weeks ago last night I was on one of these tram-cars with my wife. You were also a passenger."

"I don't charge my mind with such trifles," replied the man sitting down, and who didn't seem to like the attention attracted.

"Yes, it was a trifle, but trifles show a man's character! Don't you remember my saying to you then and there that you were the only gentleman in the car besides myself?"

The man sitting down began to get red in the face and move about uneasily and the man standing up loudly continued:

"I said to my wife as we got off: 'Mary, the man who gave you his seat may not be rich or famous, but he is a gentleman, and if ever I see him again I shall express my gratitude.'"

"Yes, sir, you are a gentleman, and I don't care who hears me say so. Will you get off and have a glass of wine with me?"

"Please drop the matter, will you?" asked the "true gentleman" as he grew more embarrassed and uneasy.

"Of course I will, if you wish. That's the way with true modesty. You probably didn't think you did an act of true heroism that night, but I know, and the world shall know, that you did."

"You could have sat there, and sat and sat, but you didn't do it. The minute you saw my wife you got up—so, and lifted your hat—so, and smiled—so, and insisted that she should take your seat. Did Caesar ever do a finer thing than that? Was Brutus a greater hero? One may search the records of the whole world, sir, and not find—"

The "true gentleman" couldn't stand any more. He rose up, hurried out, and dropped off, and the thankful man dropped into the seat thus vacated, and finished:

"—the records of the whole world, and not find another such act of unselfish heroism."

Good Spring Medicine.

A distinguished physician upon being asked what was the best spring medicine replied that it was breathing.

People have been exceptionally deprived of air during the past winter and as soon as the cold air becomes sufficiently tempered not to injure the lungs those organs should be built up again by daily breathing exercises.

Breathing is a sovereign remedy for our national disease of nervous depletion.

Correct breathing brings into play all the internal organs and at the same time develops the heart, liver and kidneys.

THE MAID WAS NO FOOL.

Gentlemanly Intruder with Thievish Intention Compliments the One Who Foiled Him.

Thieves, if the adage may be trusted, have a fine sense of humor. This is the story of one who was enough of the fine gentleman to recognize ability and admire it, even when its possessor had foiled his best laid plans for generous loot.

One afternoon a few days ago the mistress of one of the most beautiful of the new houses along Riverside drive went out in her carriage, with the information that she should not return for several hours at least.

"Mrs. Blank has gone out and left no word as to when she will come back," said the maid.

"Has she been gone long?" inquired the polished stranger.

"About two hours," said the maid.

"Unfortunately," murmured the stranger, in a vexed voice, "it is so important, may I come in and wait for a short time? She may return."

The maid led the way into the reception hall and bade the elegant stranger be seated. He settled himself comfortably, and looked around with critical interest.

"I beg pardon, but I think it will hardly be possible for me to wait longer. I shall therefore leave a message for your mistress. Would you mind providing me with paper and pencil?"

The maid bowed respectfully, and touched an electric button. The polite stranger watched her with interest.

"Annette, this gentleman desires to leave a note for madam. Will you please get paper and pencil from the study?"

She returned to her polite attitude near the window. Her profile was remarkably well defined.

"Kindly give this to your mistress. No, it will not be necessary to leave my card. She will understand perfectly."

He bowed and was gone. The maid watched him until his smooth silk hat disappeared from view.

A few minutes later her mistress returned, and the maid handed her the note.

"A gentleman left it, madam, asking that I should give it to you immediately you returned."

Her mistress handled it curiously, observed the address with some doubt, and opened the envelope. She read carefully twice and then looked inquiringly at the maid.

"What does this mean, Mary?" she asked. "Here, read it."

Mary took the note and read it. She smiled slightly as she handed it back.

"He means, madam, that he did not enjoy his stay. I think."

"Mrs. Blank—Dear Madam: A complete stranger takes the liberty of informing you of what you are probably already aware, and with great pleasure attests to the valuable fact that your maid is no fool."

"Her profound admirer."

"A FRIEND OF RAFFLES."

GARB OF BRITISH TROOPS.

It Is Reported That Officers Are Very Much Dissatisfied With Their Uniforms.

But, for some inscrutable reason, our soldiers appear to think their uniform is a badge of shame, or, at least, of servitude, says the London Truth.

Any self-respecting officer, so far as I can see, would rather die at the head of a forlorn hope than go to a theater or restaurant or a private ball full of regimentals.

A noncommissioned officer who sees a brother warrior privileged to walk down the street in plain clothes turns sick with envy.

Any rank seems to consider that uniform can enhance his attractions to the female eye, and the only way in which I have ever heard of its being used for this purpose is by the humble, impetuous private, who charges a female admirer so much an hour—two pence, I believe, the usual fee—for walking out in company with him.

What makes this the more strange is that it is entirely peculiar to the British army. In every foreign country soldiers—and officers most of all—seem to be extremely proud of themselves therein.

The effect of smart military uniforms in brightening up a crowd, whether out of doors or at any evening assemblage, is undeniable.

Pneumonia Kills Thousands. During the months from November to April one-fifth of all deaths in the large cities of the United States are from pneumonia, while but one-ninth are from consumption.

REGARDING MEN AND WOMEN

According to a Woman Writer Men Are Loyal and Easy to Get Along With.

Various apt, inclusive comments made by Gall Hamilton almost half a century ago on "Men and Women" are in most respects equally full of force to-day.

"Men are strong; they do things, and don't mind it," admits this vigorous woman writer.

"Moreover," continues this commentator, "men are so easy to get along with. They are conveniently blind and benevolent."

"But a woman finds out in the first three minutes that the fringe on your dress is not a match. In four she has discovered that the silk of your sleeves is frayed at the edge."

"But if men, in their strength and courage and independence, are enviable, men in their gentleness are irresistible," concluded the writer.

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MARK HANNA'S COURTSHIP

How, When a Young Grocer, He Wooed and Won the Daughter of Daniel Rhodes.

Nearly 38 years ago Mark Hanna was just starting on his business career as a grocer in Cleveland.

"Gussie Rhodes was one of the rich coal owners of the state. He had one daughter, Gussie, the very idol of his soul."

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AN UNDESIRABLE CANINE.

Fritz Had Been Too Busy Among the Chickens to Be Much of an Acquisition.

Hanley was a newcomer at Ossining. He had never heard of Fritz. So when his caddy, after duly depositing him on the platform at the station, said:

"Would you like to have a dog, Mr. Hanley?" he answered: "Sure," without asking what kind of dog Fritz was or other questions in regard to his general character or make-up.

"The caddy whistled softly, and Fritz came from under the coat, wagged himself and looked his new owner blandly in the face."

"He was a likely looking dog, a cross, as well as Hanley could make out, between a water spaniel and a Spitz with no tail to speak of, a mild eye and a heavy jaw."

"Hanley gave the caddy one dollar extra, called a boy handed him a half dollar, with instructions to take Fritz to his new home and tell his man Friday to look after him, and took the next train for New York."

"Fritz and the episode then entirely slipped his memory until he boarded the smoking car some time in the evening, bound for Ossining and home. His friend Jones, the lawyer, came along and sat down beside him."

"I hear," he began, "that you've got a new dog."

"Yes," smiled Hanley. "Fritz is his name, I believe," went on Jones, puffing away at his cigar.

"Yes," assented Hanley. "Fritz, my caddy gave him to me this morning just as I was about to start for New York."

"Um," said Jones. "He smoked awhile. Then he put a question: 'Do you know anything of the dog laws of Ossining?'"

"No," answered Hanley. "Why?"

"Nothing," replied Jones. "Only this. For every chicken caught and killed by a dog his owner must pay 50 cents in cash."

"Well," demanded Hanley, "as Jones continued calmly to smoke, 'What of it?'"

"Nothing," said Jones again. "Only this. They've been trying for a solid year to locate an owner for that dog, Fritz. There's \$125 against him for chicken killing. If you own him for 24 hours you pay the \$125—what's the matter?"

But he talked to flying chickens. The train had stopped at a little station. Hanley had sped out and off and was busily engaged presently in sending his telegram to his man Friday.

"Chase that dog Fritz off the place the minute this reaches you. Will explain later."

WAR AND SILK INDUSTRY.

The Supply of Raw Material, Which Comes from China and Japan, Is Uncertain.

A peculiar situation exists in the local silk industry at present. Just as the new crop of silk began to appear in large quantities, and operatives were anticipating a busy season, the outbreak of the war between Russia and Japan makes the question of silk supply very uncertain.

Roughly speaking, one-third of the raw silk used here comes from Japan, and two-thirds from China. As long as hostilities prevail, in that quarter the silk traffic will be involved in uncertainty.

There are several reasons for this. In the first place, the production of silk by the Japanese will soon be checked by the war diverting men from the industry.

Then, again, silk shipments are liable to be cut off by blockades, and this applies to China as much as to Japan.

Almost the entire supply of silk comes from these two countries. The amount of Italian silk used has grown less year by year. There was a time when the mills went to Italy for a good deal of their silk, and thought they could not get the best grades anywhere else.

The quality of silk produced in the east has steadily improved, especially in China, and much of the Chinese product is now regarded as not a whit inferior to that which comes out of the Mediterranean, while the low wages paid in the orient give the eastern manufacturer an advantage.