

MANDATES OF FASHION

Variety of Dress Details That Are Seen in the Season's Costumers.

Drop ornaments of cotton ornament some of the new shirt waists of heavy weight.

The monochrome costume idea is so universal that always gloves and often shoes match the costume.

The leading milliners are as usual copying from old pictures, but are bringing their models up to modern requirements.

For the throat, to wear with demi-ballet frocks at the theaters, are wafle of tulle threaded through frames of gold and jewels, matched by fillets for the hair.

The sharp-pointed turbans called torpedos have been generally becoming too long faces, which are simply extinguished under picture hats and broad brims.

Rosettes and paste buttons give a quaint effect to many of the season's new frocks. A gray frock with narrow ruffles of white lace on the skirt and a fichu of white lace on the bodice has a picturesque contour of fold.

The back view of coats and pelisses is a very important one, for herein lies one of the chief changes in fashion. Nearly all are tight-fitting, but a few sack backs are seen.

As for fabrics, there is no doubt that zibeline and the rough mixtures are far and away the best materials for street suits.

The black bow for the hair bids fair to supplant sprays and aigrettes this winter. It requires rather skillful manipulation to twist it just in its most elegant form and a discerning eye to place it when made precisely where it will enhance the beauty of its wearer.

AMUSING SICK CHILDREN

Suggestions Which May Be Helpful to Weary Mothers and Attendants.

Those who have had the care of a sick child through long, weary weeks of a slow recovery will understand why most mothers are glad of suggestions which may help to pass the hours pleasantly and profitably, and yet not tax the little invalid beyond his strength.

In many of the current magazines are well-printed reproductions of works of art. These may be utilized by an older child in making pretty ornaments for the walls of the nursery.

Whatever is given a child for amusement should require as little mental strain as possible, and the materials should be of light weight.

To one quart of sifted pastry flour add five level teaspoons of baking powder and one level teaspoon of salt and sift again.

Mrs. Subbans. For goodness' sake! Why do you want to call on the Boston tonight?

Mince three small lamb's kidneys, after removing fat and fibrous portions, and fry in butter. Do not let them get shriveled, but dress just to a turn.

HOW SHE CURED HIM

BY F. B. HANDELL.

"I could get along with him, I'm quite sure," cried Minnie Roberts.

"Nobody could get along with him!" chorused the three other Miss Roberts in unison.

Uncle Henry was the personage of whom they spoke. A crabbed, irascible, little old man who lived in a superb old country seat in Suffolk.

"Emma, Madge and Rhoda had each tried it without success and were telling their experiences when Minnie, the youngest, tallest, and prettiest of the four girls, spoke up:

"I could get along with him, I'm quite sure," she said.

It was sunset—a red, flaming sunset—when she came upon the terraced flight of steps that led to the house. Uncle Henry stood on the steps.

"So you are Minnie!" said he, surveying her with little twinkling eyes, like glass beads.

"Yes, I'm Minnie," said the bright-cheeked girl, giving him a kiss.

"You are late," said Uncle Henry. "I am late," said Minnie. "I thought the old carriage never would get here. The horses fairly crept and the roads were horrid."

"It's a dreadfully warm day," growled Uncle Henry.

"I'm almost baked," sighed Minnie. "The whole summer has been rather warm," said the old gentleman.

Uncle Henry gave her the keys that night, just as he had three times before given them to her three sisters.

"I shall expect you to take charge of the whole establishment," said he. "The servants are miserable—"

"No more than one might expect," interrupted Minnie, with a deprecatory motion of her hand. "Servants are mere frauds nowadays!"

"And nothing goes right about the place."

"Nothing ever does," said Minnie. At breakfast next morning Uncle Henry began to scold as usual.

"Fish again!" said he. "This makes four mornings this week we've had fish."

"I detest fish!" said Minnie, pushing away her plate.

"And the bread stale again!" growled Uncle Henry, breaking one open.

"Please give me the plate, Uncle Henry," said Minnie, and she rang the table bell sharply.

Betty, the cook, a stout, good-humored woman, made her appearance.

"Betty," said Miss Roberts, "be so good as to throw this bread out of the window."

"But what am I to eat for my breakfast?" bewailed Uncle Henry.

"Biscuits, of course," said Minnie. "Anything is better than impiling one's digestion with such stuff as this!"

"My dear," said Uncle Henry, "Betty is generally very excellent if—"

"Dear uncle," interrupted Minnie, "pray permit me to be the judge of these matters."

Old John, the gardener, was not exempt from his share of the general turmoil. Miss Roberts chanced to hear her uncle reproaching the old man for some fancied neglect in the flowerbeds, the pride of his horticultural heart, and she promptly came to his aid.

"Gardening! indeed! Do you call this gardening?" she said. "Uncle Henry, I'm astonished that you keep such a man about the place!"

And the torrent of taunts and reproaches which she showered upon the luckless head of poor old John was enough, as that individual observed, "to make one's flesh creep."

"My niece is a young lady of spirit and energy," apologized the old gentleman, when Minnie had gone back to the house.

"Verra like you, sir, verra like you!" said old John.

"Like me!" said Uncle Henry slowly. And he stood full five minutes, quite speechless and motionless. At the end of five minutes he spoke to other words, and only two.

"There's no knowin' the master, he's that changed," said Betty in the kitchen a week or two later. "He's as mild as a lamb and as peaceable as a kitten."

WHERE MEMORY FAILED

The Man's Hobby Was Dates, Expecting These on Which His Debit Fall Due.

"I understand," said our friend Reilly to an old acquaintance whom he happened to meet the last time he was in the city, "that you have a great memory for dates, I relate London Til-Bits."

"Oh, yes," said the man, quite flattered by the remark, for dates were a hobby with him. "I know the dates of many important events."

"Perhaps you could tell me when Alexander the Great was born?" said Reilly, with a half-quizzical smile.

"Certainly. He was born in the year 356 B. C. and died 323."

"And when did King Arthur of England die?"

"A. D. 542."

"Quite wonderful!" exclaimed Reilly. "And will you oblige me by giving the year of the massacre of St. Bartholomew in Paris?"

"1572. You may give in that I'm not on dates. Do you know that the painters Vaadyke and Velasquez were born in the same year, 1599? Yes, and Cromwell, too, was born that year, one year before Charles I., whose head he cut off."

"What a head for dates you have!" exclaimed Reilly.

"And John Milton, Corneille and Rembrandt were all three born in 1606."

"When was Waterloo fought?"

"June 18, 1815. I tell you, old fellow, when you stick me on dates, you will have to get up early in the morning."

"It certainly looks that way," said Reilly, "but there is one date that I am a good deal puzzled about, perhaps you can clear it up."

"What is it about?"

"It is about two years ago, when I was in town the last time, you borrowed \$2 from me, and promised to send it to me in a letter. I don't remember the exact date when I was to get it, but I think you said 'Next week.' Now, can you tell me what date next week will be?"

The man of dates turned red as a boiled lobster, mumbled some words about his poor memory of recent affairs, and giving Reilly another promise to liquidate, he slunk away.

THE KITCHEN STOREROOM

Should Be Fitted Up with Shelves for the Various Kinds of Canned Goods.

If the larder is light and airy jam will keep very well. If jam will not keep in any special larder there is something wrong and other foods will go bad in that place also.

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NELLIE'S RUSE

Nellie Nash had two lovers. One, Ernest Crauford, was a boarder at the only hotel in the little village and was from the city.

Ernest Crauford, was a boarder at the only hotel in the little village and was from the city. He had come early in the month of January, and although he had previously intended to return in February, he was still in Eastlake, for the reason that he had been attracted by Miss Nash's beauty and the wealth of the prosperous Mr. Nash.

"Oh, yes," said the man, quite flattered by the remark, for dates were a hobby with him. "I know the dates of many important events."

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CONCERNING FOREIGN WOMEN

Some of the Peculiar Customs of the Feminine Members of Foreign Nations.

Denmark possesses a unique organization. It is that of an old maid's insurance company. Each member pays an annual sum to insure her against poverty stricken old maidenhood.

The women of Japan have an ingenious way of assisting men who are inclined to enter upon the matrimonial career. Young girls who are willing to accept a husband arrange the hair in the front in the form of a fan or butterfly and adorn it with silver or colored ornaments.

Russian women have made for themselves a distinguished name in the medical profession. There are a goodly number of women doctors in our country, but it is to Russia we must turn to see them in great numbers.

The noblest born as well as the most lowly born German girl undergoes a course in cooking. The empress is an excellent cook and her little daughter is in training to become equally skillful.

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THE GREAT POTATO LAND

Germany Leads the Entire World in the Production of the Vegetable Tuber.

The annual crop of potatoes in Germany is colossal, and far exceeds that of any other country in the world, states the New York World.

Last year, for example, the area under potato crops was 8,207,465 acres, while our crop occupied 2,367,587 acres. The German acreage was thus more than three times as great as that of the United States.

The yield in Germany was 1,593,621,074 bushels, while our production was 344,633,787 bushels. Germany, therefore, raised more than five times the quantity of potatoes that we produced.

Last year Germany raised 28.37 bushels of potatoes for every man, woman and child in the empire. The per capita production in our country was 4.73 bushels.

These figures are approximately correct, though not exactly accurate, because they are based upon the population of both countries at the time of taking the last census; but they show the enormous difference between the per capita production in the two countries.

The Germans export comparatively few potatoes, and they cannot begin to eat what they produce. They have ways, however, of disposing of their potatoes that have not yet been adopted to any large extent in other countries.

Almost seven-eighths of the alcohol produced in Germany is obtained from potatoes. Potato distilleries are found on many of the large farms, and Germany has stimulated the industry by removing the internal revenue tax on alcohol of inferior grades, which may be used for fuel, but not for human consumption.

The Germans are now utilizing far more alcohol for illumination and for driving automobiles and some other forms of machinery than any other nation. They have no great petroleum fields, and they are trying to reduce the imports of kerosene by substituting alcohol.

Their inventors and scientific men have been giving great attention to this problem for several years, and many new and successful lamps and engines have been produced for the consumption of alcohol as fuel.

Last year Germany produced 92,956,946 gallons of alcohol, and the production is increasing every year.

Many factories also use potatoes in the manufacture of starch, glucose and other products. Still, by far the greater part of the potatoes raised in Germany are consumed as food, about half by the people and the remainder by domestic animals.

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