HATS AND COATS

LONG COATS AND LONG CAPES IN FAVOR THIS FALL.

Long Capes of All Kinds are Fashionable—Extremely Long Coats Will be Worn—Box Coats Both Long and Short—Furs are Conspicuous.

Time was when a coat was a coat, and about the only thing to be decided upon in the purchase of a fall wrap was whether one should have a long or a short coat, a light or a dark one. This year, however, there is such a bewildering variety in the form, color, trimming and other details of wraps that one may exercise as much individuality in their selection as in that of a gown or a hat. The best houses import or manufacture no two alike of their finest garments.

Large capeline of beaver felt trimmed with an aureole of panne to match giving an impression of light fur. Hat is trimmed with loops of tender pastel blue velvet.

Long capes of all kinds and for many purposes are fashionable, but the short cape is out of favor entirely. Graceful and beautiful are the nais biscuit and other light-colored cloth capes for evening wear. The cloth is extremely fine, thin and light and is lined with thin, soft silk, pale blue, rose pink, primrose, crimson or some other contrasting shade. These have the appearance of being four capes superimposed one over the other the lowest reaching about to the knees and the top one coming just over the shoulders. They are cut with a flare, and are full enough to have a frill-like effect and to afford glimpses of the lining. Some of these are without ornamentation except for a ruff and ends of mousseline or lace at the neck, and again they are embroidered or trimmed with lace fringe or feathers. More elaborate evening cloaks for the opera and other full-dress occasions have a combination of silk and lace in black or colors with handsomely jeweled clasps.

For simpler occasions there is a useful and handsome long garment, the lower portion of which falls almost to the bottom of the skirt, the upper being from twelve to eighteen inches shorter. Both are heavily stitched and have silk-faced revers. Another cape for distinctively street wear is made of boxcloth in serviceable shades. It is stitched around the edges, and has a corded yoke outlined with passementerie and mink fur. For mourning or half mourning this garment would be good made of black or gray cloth, trimmed with astrakhan, caracul or Thibet lamb.

One of the most elegant of the fall coats is made of light cloth in a modified Empire style. The plaited skirt is a little more than three-quarter length and the double cape and high turned-over collar are outlined with two rows of stitching. The sleeves show one of the newest developments, following the mode set by the gown sleeves this summer. They are of the ordinary coat size to the elbow, from which they flare to the rolling cuff, from below which extends a soft silk undersleeve gathered into a narrow wristband.

Extremely long cloaks showing only about an inch of the dress skirt below will be worn more this season than for many years. Most of these garments are rich in material and elaborately fashioned and trimmed; velvet, both brocade and plain, fur and heavy silks being used in their construction. A handsome silk and wool mixture is made up effectively by having the full front caught on the breast with a rosette with long, fringed ends little to the left. Below the waist it hangs in straight lines. The skirt is slashed on each side and in the back. All the edges are outlined with stitching. A fur collar finishes the neck, and the sleeves from the elbow to the wrist are of fur treated in a distinctively novel fashion, terminating in a puff after the fashion of the silk undersleeve.

The box coat, both long and short in fur and in cloth, appears again this season, and it is said will make more headway than heretofore. Certainly there are some fetching things in this line of coats and they are being bought by many of the most fashionable and conservative people. One of these was of mulberry colored faced cloth lined with peach colored satin, [illegible] and fashionable combination. [illegible] about the bottom—the box coat must do that to be of the most approved cut. Rows of stitching ornament the edges and the revers of the coat. There is a slightly double-breasted effect which permits of the use of two rows of handsome oxidized silver buttons.

Another jacket has no plaits, as the Norfolk has, but its stitched strappings take their place to a certain extent. The stitched flap fastens with fancy buttons from the left shoulder to the waist line. Below the girdle, which is of heavy silk, fastened with a gun-metal clasp, the jacket is slashed, making sort of tabs stitched around the edges. The sleeves are correspondingly slashed over full silk undersleeves.

Furs are shown so conspicuously among the earlier garments that the indications are that they are to enjoy a tremendous popularity for the winter. The sealskin sacque, approved through many winters, will be worn with few modifications, and Persian lamb continues to bear the seal of fashion's acceptance. Crown Russian sable will be worn by those who can afford it and its imitations by the less luxurious. For those who cannot have a full garment of fur there remain possibilities in fur trimmings and the possession of boas, storm collars and other neckwear. These will be fashionable in marten, ermine, mink, sable and fox. The scarfs fastening with clustered tails will be worn in all qualities and by all conditions of women. One might as well have a long fur garment as a muff this year judging from their size. Eastern mink, Hudson Bay sables and Russian sables will be most used for the gigantic muffs that fashion decrees for this winter's use.

Woman has found a new method of adding to the pins and brooches and clasps of gold and silver that make up a glittering array of her already much bedizened toilet. Not content with adorning her Etons and boleros with show buttons of metal, plain or enameled in colors, she now puts metal ornaments on the end of every ribbon or velvet with which she encircles her neck or waist. It must be admitted that they are extremely pretty, these little gold or silver ribbon ends, wrought in pretty designs and sometimes enameled or set with imitations of precious stones. In order that several of them may be employed bows are made with three, four or more ends of varying colors, each tipped with one of these ornaments. As one walks they jingle and sway, which adds to the glitter and decorative effect. Bows for the hair are similarly finished.

People are likely to regard house servants as persons of a prosaic turn of mind, little given to imagination. The contrary is the case. Nowhere do superstitions linger with such force as in the kitchen. Every little incident there is big with the mysteries of fate. Mystery and imagination are with the housemaid's life and career, from the time when she rouses herself unwillingly from her heavy slumbers in the early morning and flies to the "dream book" to see what strange and wonderful happenings are predicted by her latest nightmare, to the hour when she is about to retire to rest. Before going to bed she makes sure that the kitchen clock is wound up, for if it should stop in the night it is a sign that her employers will have a visit from country relatives, which will necessitate a great increase in her work. A hunchback guest means luck, and this is why, when

waiting at table, servants hover around the chair of the deformed person, passing and repassing it as often as possible. If a knife is dropped it means that a strange woman is about to visit the family; if a fork, the stranger will be a man. A maid who drops a spoon will suffer some grievous disappointment.

A visit paid on a rainy day by a red-haired woman to the mistress of the house means "a month's notice" to the maid, so auburn-haired women are advised to stay at home instead of paying calls in wet weather. To drop a flatiron means a death in the family.

Miraculous is the Growth of Flies.

It is an old saying that if you kill one fly forty will come to the funeral. These little skirmishes with fly poison and sticky paper are useless. To fence ourselves in with screens is hardly worthy of civilized people. It is like living in forts besieged by savages, says Harvey Sutherland in Ainslee's.

It is sometimes said that the old-fashioned housekeeper who is forever cleaning up is bothered with few insect visitors of any kind. But I put up an umbrella against the storm of indignation sure to break over my head by declaring that the most scrupulous cleanliness will not avail when there is a stable near.

So great has been the progress of the trolley car, the bicycle and the automobile that every one has confidence in the ability of invention to give us horseless travel, but we shall look long and look in vain for the day of cowless milk. Till then we shall have to endure, with Pharaoh of the Exodus, the plague of flies."

No wonder the flies are a nuisance.

ORIGIN OF THE TIGER'S STRIPES

A great many years ago, away off in a country called India, there lived a great big yellow tiger. Now, in those days tigers were a beautiful yellow color all over, and very proud they were of their lovely skins too.

This tiger lived in a deep, dark forest, which was also full of all sorts of other wild animals, such as leopards and monkeys and elephants, and his name was Old Yellow Eye, because he had such beautiful great yellow eyes. But, oh, dear me, he had a most shocking temper and used to fly into such rages and rush about roaring so horribly that all the other beasts were frightened almost out of their wits.

Now, I'm sorry to say that Old Yellow Eye had another very bad habit. He used to eat little monkeys when he felt hungry between meals, just as you eat a cracker sometimes when you are so very hungry you simply can't wait till dinner time.

Well, one day he woke up from a long nap in a thicket feeling very hungry indeed, and of course it was nowhere dinner time, for the sun was still sending his bright, hot spears down through the thick trees of the

STRIPING OLD YELLOW EYE.

jungle, and it would not be time for dinner until the sun's sister, the round moon, was turning all the open forest glades to silver. Old Yellow Eye got up and stretched himself and gave a low growl and showed all his beautiful white teeth, which in tiger language meant "Oh, how hungry I am! I could eat a whole elephant!" Then he pushed his way out of the thicket and walked slowly along the path looking for something to eat. It was a long time before he found anything, because all the beasts had moved out of the neighborhood, he was so disagreeable. So he walked and walked, and the longer he walked the hungrier he got, until he was almost ready to fly into one of his passions.

All of a sudden he heard a great noise and chattering going on in a little glade near by, and then he stuck out his long red tongue and licked his lips, saying to himself, "A-a-a-h, I think I hear my luncheon not far off at last!" Then he crouched down and began to creep through the long grass and bushes toward the monkeys' playground, and when he was near enough he gave a spring and landed among the monkeys, scattering them right and left.

That night if you had been there and had used your sharp eyes well you might have seen light footed little figures flying along in the shadows of the bushes or swinging by long slender tails from tree to tree. These were the monkeys all going to a big meeting which was to be held that night in a glade far away from Old Yellow Eye's house. The whole monkey tribe was there, and they all sat around in a big circle, while the ones who were to make speeches sat on a mound in the center of the ring. First the chief monkey, an old gray bearded fellow, arose and said: "Friends and brothers, we are here tonight to decide what shall be done to our enemy, Old Yellow Eye, to punish him for killing and eating our relatives. For years he has worried and chased us from place to place, our children are never safe from him, and our pleasures are spoiled. Something must be done."

After the chief monkey had ended there were many other speeches, and as the first light of day began to creep into the jungle the punishment was decided upon, and ten brave monkeys were chosen to administer it.

The next day as Old Yellow Eye was lying sound asleep in his thicket there came dropping silently down from the trees over his head ten softly moving monkeys carrying leaves of the palm tree full of sticky black stuff which smelled horribly. Then while the tiger still slept they painted him with the sticky paste in long black stripes across his beautiful yellow skin until from the tip of his nose to the tip of his long tail he was striped with black. Only his breast and stomach remained soft and white, because he was lying on them and the monkeys could not reach them. It was all done in a minute, and the little workers were gone.

Pretty soon the dreadful smell and sticky feeling of the paste woke up Old Yellow Eye, and then there was a pretty howdedo! He was almost wild with rage and fright. Around and around he flew trying to get rid of those awful stripes. He rolled on the ground, he jumped into the air, but all to no purpose. The stripes were there for good. And all the time the monkeys sat up in the trees and were glad to see their enemy in such a fix.

But after awhile Old Yellow Eye grew so tired that he had to crawl into his thicket and go to sleep.

And never after that day could the old tiger catch a monkey, because wherever he went the smell of the paste went with him, so that the monkeys always knew when he was coming and could get out of his way.

And ever since that day tigers have worn stripes.—Agnes Follansbee Clease in Pittsburg Dispatch.

A RAINY DAY HUNT.

Miss Neale's Way of Banishing Disagreeable Thoughts.

It was the second day of Miss Neale's house party, and the programme was all out of doors, but what's a programme when rain comes like that? Rivers over the window panes, rivers over the walks, shrubs and grass washed low.

"Look at it!" cried Josie and lugubriously sighed.

The breakfast talk was half drowned by splashing, and the piazza's tin roof made more noise than all.

"Just as if nothing else were getting wet," Bess said severely.

"As to the tennis court," grumbled Joe, "it's a marsh."

The hostess looked around on their solemn faces and smiled.

"One cannot beat or bribe weather, you know," she said. "We'd better compromise. How about a hunt?"

"Tadpoles?" groaned Ned.

"Not eels?" came anxiously from Bess.

"Both if you like," answered Miss Neale, "but you need not raise an umbrella or get wet."

"In the"

"In the library. Come."

They trooped after her and glanced keenly about the room.

"Is the creature wild?" Josie inquired merrily.

Already the roar and splash outside were falling into the background, curiosity to the fore.

"Shall we hunt a wild creature," said Miss Neale, smiling; "something powerful and dangerous?"

"Oh, delightful," cried Bess, "if we do not catch him or he us."

"Well, we'll begin with one that's as old as the hills," announced Miss Neale, "but still as powerful and dangerous as ever. There was a name given him far in the frozen north by the Vikings. They feared him, brave as they were, for he wrecked ships and mercilessly buffeted the drowned and roared to weaken the stoutest nerve. There was no conquering him. They admired and wondered. You see, he was such a grand foe! So finally they prayed to him."

"Oh!" remonstrated Bess.

"Yes. They realized their weakness, those great vikings, amid the grandeurs of the universe and they worshiped the strength of it, incomprehensible, unconquerable forces, such as fire and thunder and storm winds. They called them gods, Jotuns, and bowed down."

"Poo-or things!" murmured Josie. "I wonder if we should have done any better?"

"We are still afraid," said Hugh, "of the Jotuns."

"And the name of the—the creature we hunted?" asked Bess.

"The sea tempest. It was called Aeger, now eager," answered Miss Neale. "And Carlyle tells how memory of the old Jotun clings, how even now on the river Trent when a dangerous eddying swirl comes the old bargemen say, 'Have a care; there is the eager coming!'"

"Yet the dictionary," thus Hugh in sudden contempt for that learned book, "has tamed it to be just desirous."

"But know the history," cried Josie, "and you see it reaching out to conquer."

"Are there many story words?" Bess asked.

Miss Neale nodded. She had taken a pencil and a card from her desk.

"Here are four," she said, writing. "Consult the books about them while I am gone."

The door's closing behind her was echoed by the opening of bookcases. Interest was unabated when she came again.

"We are catching ideas," said Josie.

"And growing them," added Hugh.

"What a fortunate rain!" said the hostess.

"Rain?" said Bess. "Where is it?" Then they saw that she was dabbling her hands in a belt of sunshine fallen across the room, and the tin roof was still.

"That's the way with disagreeables," Ted remarked, putting on his most learned air. "Show them you don't mind, and they go."

"But if you do mind?" Bess suggested.

"Then—hunt," commanded Josie. So they laughed and began to hunt rubber shoes.

The words on the card? Disaster, guy, sincere and mercurial.—E. E. Garnett in Philadelphia Times.

What Hurt Him.

Little Frank was playing in the kitchen garden when he was stung on the toe by a bee. He raised a perfect warwhoop as he ran to his mamma.

"Oh, mamma! Oh, mamma! My toe, my toe!"

"Why, what in the world is the matter with your toe, Frank?"

"Oh, it's bit! It's stung!"

"Bitten! Stung! How?" cried his mother. "What stung you?"

"A drate bid fly with a splinter in his tail!"

The Little Wildflowers.

The little Wildflowers to sleep have gone,
Way down in their cozy beds;
A thick brown blanket of leaves they've drawn
Right over their little heads.
For well they know cold weather's about—
The time when Jack Frost appears—
And that some night, if they don't watch out,
He'll come and bite off their ears.

They know that his partner, Mr. Snow,
Will also in time be due,
For old Mother Nature told them so,
And they know that it must be true.
So, tightly tucked in their beds, they lie
And laugh, in their dreams so fair,
To think that neither, in passing by,
Will be able to find them there.

The little Wildflowers are tired of play,
And weary of field and sun;
The birds and the bees have gone away,
The song of the rain is done.
So now they nod on their beds of sod,
While winter winds o'er them sing,
And sleep so deep, knowing well that God
Will awaken them in the spring.

—James Courtney Challiss.

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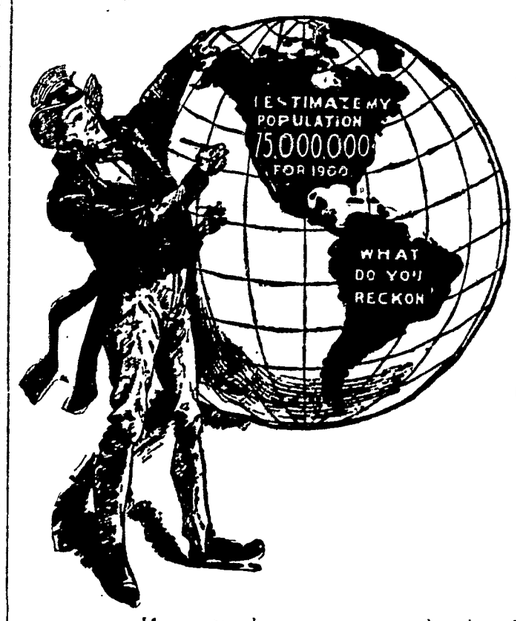

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To aid subscribers in forming their estimate, we furnish the following data:

Year	Total Population	Increase	Per Cent.
1790	3,929,214	929,214	31
1800	5,308,483	1,379,269	35
1810	7,320,881	2,012,398	37
1820	9,638,453	2,317,572	32
1830	12,860,020	3,221,567	33
1840	17,069,453	4,209,433	33
1850	23,191,876	6,122,423	35
1860	31,443,321	8,251,456	35
1870	38,558,371	7,115,050	22
1880	50,155,783	11,597,412	30
1890	62,622,250	12,466,467	25

The population of 1900 at an increase of 21 per cent over the population would be.....75,772,922
(An increase of 13,150,672)

At an increase of 22 per cent it would be.....76,389,144
(An increase 13,776,864.)

At an increase of 23 per cent it would be.....77,025,366
(An increase of 14,403,116.)

At an increase of 24 per cent it would be.....77,651,588
(An increase of 15,029,338.)

At an increase of 25 per cent it would be.....78,277,812
(An increase of 15,655,562.)

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To the nearest correct guess	$15,000
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To the 4th	500.00
To the 5th	300.00
To the 6th	200.00
To the 7th	100.00
To the 8th	90.00
To the 9th	80.00
To the 10th	75.00
To the 11th	60.00
To the 12th	50.00
To the 13th	40.00
To the 14th	35.00
To the 15th	30.00
To the 16th	25.00
To the 17th	20.00
To the 18th	15.00
To the 19th	15.00
To the 20th	15.00
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My Guess.....

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