

NEW YORK FASHIONS

FANCIES OF THE MODERN WOMEN IN DRESSING.

Some of the ideal things worn to-day—Latest thing in Paris—Very Pretty Blouses.

No More Family Breakfasts.
It is not without a degree of sadness that we realize that the family breakfast is becoming a thing of the past.

Conditions have changed since the "good old days" when the entire family, servants and all, assembled, not without serious detriment to the breakfast which was to follow, in the family living room, for family prayers. The strenuous life of the present day leaves no room for the family breakfast, not to mention family prayers. Whether the family be composed of men and women engaged in business and office work, or of students and school children, or even of the so-called laboring classes, there is no longer any tender rite or ceremony attendant upon the morning meal.

A number of causes have contributed to this—the rapid pace at which we live most of all. The variety of ready-cooked foods which enterprising manufacturers have placed upon the market has had a large share in doing away with the necessity for a cooked breakfast.

Increased individuality is perhaps another cause. We no longer do things because our ancestors did or believe as they believed, for the sole reason that they did so believe.

One member of a family will sit up late because he can study better at that time; another will get up early and go to bed early for the same reason. The head of the family rushes for an early train, and the children are allowed to sleep as long as their school hour permit, because "sleep is good for children"; and so, for one cause or another, this assembling of the family at a given hour has become an impossibility.

Now coffee is prepared, possibly a dish of cereal, with fruit and perhaps toast, and these viands are served to the straggling members of the family as they make their appearance.

And fast on the heels of the passing of the family breakfast is the passing of the breakfast itself. The "no breakfast" fad is getting to be immensely popular, and while it may only be a natural reaction from the gross and overabundant American breakfast, so that in time we may settle down to the light Continental breakfast, there is little likelihood that the first meal of the day will ever be taken again en famille.

Just think of the loss to the novelist, who can no longer adorn a tale with the picture of a happy, smiling wife behind the "brightest of coffee urns," or point a moral with that of a slovenly one with her hair in curl-papers at the breakfast table.

Alas! there is no breakfast table. The bright side of the picture, however, is that this will eliminate from the menage a large part, if not all, of the little family jars, which take place, if ever, in the morning, when one is apt to be a trifle less amiable than usual from cold or heat, or because one has had too little sleep, and that dinner will in consequence have all the effect of a joyful and happy reunion.

Full Dresses.
All woolen and cloth gowns are made without skirt hangings, a fashion which not only conduces to lightness but to ease in walking. The newest skirt trimming is the gathered tuck. The tucks are first stitched in, then gathered and drawn into place. In grenadine, etamine or canvas suits this trimming forms the heading or



finish to the flounce, and is repeated crosswise upon the waist and upon the tops of the sleeves. A serviceable petticoat is made of the fine saten, closely fitted to the figure as far as the knees, where a circular flounce of the material is sewed on having a two-inch dust ruffle. This deep ruffle is covered with frills or ruffles of silk and this garment if not black is of a somber hue.

Popular Lines.
Candy lace has become out, but it

has new features.

The black fibre laces, with a bright color woven through them, are novel. White pongee and gray laces with contrasting colors, together with the Persian or Scotch effects are pretty. All black clunies come in medallions and straight bands for insertion.

Real Irish crochet lace is popular, as well as the wool laces.

The colored laces are still seen. There is a dull blue cluny that lends itself wonderfully well to coat decoration. A loose sacque of heavy yellow cluny is lovely over dark brown.

A Pretty Blouse.
Here is a blouse that, after the handwork is done, can easily be made in a day. The handwork is pretty stamped in a palm-leaf pattern and briar-stitched down each leaf in O N T. cotton No. 50. The collar, cuffs, shoulder straps and plive down the front are all made of a very open imitation Irish point inserting, from under which the material should be cut away. The hat illustrated here is of shiny yellow straw, dull green taffeta, drawn over the brim, and a garland of shaded leaves over the crown. This is a pretty hat for the early autumn.

Autumn Hats.
The first autumn hats are more suitable to wear with the gowns and coats just described, or with the severe tailor gowns. A good model is the low crown medium width brim, made in the rough felt or beaver and trimmed with ruffings of satin, silk or velvet, the exact shade of the hat, around the crown, or with a succession of soft ostrich tips put on in the



same way. The ostrich tips are soft and perhaps more comfortable than after all, are not in keeping with the general style of the hat which is intended for any sort of wind or weather to which ostrich tips certainly are not best suited. An all black hat of this description is immensely useful, but the same idea carried out in gray, tan or red is most attractive and can be worn either with black or the same colored gown.

Extravagant Autumn Fashions.
The predominance of lace is really extraordinary. Never in the history of dress has it been more fashionable. Beautiful scarfs of lace are twisted round some of the models in beaver and velvet hats, and another very favorite mode of today is the chiffon scarf with very deep ends of black chantilly lace clasped with a gold ornament. How costly it all sounds! Real silk beaver, priceless lace, beautiful plumes and gold and silver trimmings.

A Modern Touch.
A famous duchess whose hospitality is proverbial has introduced the latest luxury in the way of perfumed beds. She manages to find out the favorite flower or perfume of the guest remaining over night, and putting numerous flat-shaped sachets between the sheets, gives to the sleeper the desired perfume.

Business Not a Bad Preparation for Marriage.
The business woman for many reasons makes the most helpful wife. Experience makes her the explanation.

She has learned that business people must go on a certain train, and she knows how unpleasant it is to leave the breakfast table, still hungry, to catch that train. She has learned the precious value of time. She has learned, most important of all, if she is a poor man's wife, the value of money and how to make a little go far. Also how to resist many temptations of the shops. She is no stranger to a sharp word and does not go into sulks at either imaginary or real harshness. But best of all, she has learned to sympathize with the tired feeling in the evening and so feels many of man's worries and can be more patient when he comes home not exactly genial.

All the unpleasant experiences of her business life have taught her to make the married road a smoother one.

He's So Careless.
Mrs. Gaddie—My husband's so sup-shod. His buttons are forever coming off.

Mrs. Goode (severely)—Perhaps they are not sewed on properly.

Mrs. Gaddie—That's just it. He's awfully careless about his sewing.

Most Unreal.
Wife—I dreamed last night that I was in a store that was just full of the loveliest bonnets, and—

Husband (hastily)—But that was only a dream, my dear.

Wife—I knew it was before I woke up, because you bought me one.

FEMININE OVERSEER.

The woman's idea of a poor Christian is one who keeps on her kid gloves at a church social, and bosses the rest.

When a girl walks home swinging her parcel in a reckless sort of way, it is a sign that she lacks a nickel with which to pay her street-car fare.

A girl visiting in Atchinson has four party dresses in her trunk. This means that she expects four parties and her hostess is looking scared to death.

To a girl who has never been in love but once, love is a very serious matter, but after a girl has been in love six or seven times she pays about the same attention to it that she does to Christmas.

It can usually be said of every daughter of sixteen years that she runs the house.

Many a woman who becomes indignant when called tough, glows when called a bohemian.

Women have the most to wear, but men have the most to eat.

One of the incomprehensible things to a man is that when a woman offends her husband she asks the Lord to forgive her, and then feels all right about it.

An Atchinson woman offended her husband and half her friends, spent \$25 and gave a party. Result: Those not invited abused her, and those who were there had headaches the next day. She didn't please any one except the caterer, and he thought her order was a "stingy one."

An Atchinson man, to get even, has taken to selling his wife's old clothes. He says every time he puts off a summer suit to put on a winter suit his wife sells his clothes to a second-hand dealer, and he proposes to sell his wife's party dresses to get even.

ATTAINMENT OF LONGEVITY

The following rules have been drawn up by Sir James Sawyer, a physician of Birmingham, England, as embodying the secret of longevity. Sir James sees no reason why any one who will faithfully follow them should not live to the age of 100:

1. Eight hours' sleep.
2. Sleep on your right side.
3. Keep your bedroom window open all night.
4. Have a mat to your bedroom door.
5. Do not have your bedstead against the wall.
6. No cold tub in the morning, but a bath at the temperature of the body.
7. Exercise before breakfast.
8. Eat little meat and see that it is well cooked.
9. (For adults) Drink no milk.
10. Eat plenty of fat to feed the cells which destroy disease germs.
11. Avoid intoxication, which destroys these cells.
12. Daily exercise in the open air.
13. Allow no pet animals in your living rooms. They are apt to carry about disease germs.
14. Live in the country if you can.
15. Watch the three Ds—drinking-water, damp and draughts.
16. Have change of occupation.
17. Take frequent and short holidays.
18. Limit your ambition.
19. Keep your temper.

SENTENTIOUS SAYINGS

The aristocracy is led by the pocket; the democracy by the passion.

This is the middle-class, the future is for the millions.

There are those who regard religion as the symbol of respectability, and respectability as an aid to raceality, give them sufficient respectability and they will commit any insanity.

The mediaeval system was based upon the principle that "might is right," the modern on the principle that "right is might."

In these enlightened days the community is not governed by soldiers, but by policemen. It is not force which governs now, but justice.

The press is the popular conscience. The still small voice of the leading article should be unaffected by any considerations but those of right conduct.

Publicity is to the community what fresh air is to the individual.

HOUSEKEEPING.

To Cure a Cough—Lime-seed tea, boiled thin sweetened with honey and flavored with lemon juice, is excellent for a cough.

Dusting a Room—After sweeping a room allow a full hour for dust to settle. Dust with a damp cloth, followed by a dry rubbing.

To Brighten a Carpet—Wash a faded carpet with strong salt and water. This will often restore the brightness of the colors.

Lemons—Wash lemons with a small brush before grating for puddings or pies. The little black specks often found on them are eggs of insects.

Coal Dust—Coal dust is very injurious to the throat and lungs. Sprinkle coal before putting on the fire.

SAGE OF SAWHAW.

A flat is always to be poohed at. Reproof isn't evidence of guilt.

There are all manner of men with all manner of manners.

Some people are never missed until they are dismissed.

LL SORTS.

A Japanese custom has been borrowed by certain theatre managers in Wales, and persons leaving places of entertainment, with the intention of returning, have a rubber ink stamp pressed against the back of the hand.

A Connecticut company, the National Electric Manufacturing Company of Milford, gets the award for furnish electric bell for Windsor Castle. The company obtained the contract—which calls for fifty fire-alarm boxes—after a competition in which fifty English firms took part.

What a flavor of fine old antique aristocracy there is about the name Pausanofote! The father of the present distinguished wearer of the name began life as a Smith—a descendant of thrifty Banker Abel Smith of Nottingham. Lord Carrington is another of Abel Smith's descendants. Hartford Courant.

To be prepared for emergencies, many of the European monarchs have large amounts of money on deposit in the Bank of England. Napoleon III, when he saw that his star was on the wane, contrived to send a vast sum to England's great bank. This deposit has enabled Empress Eugenie to live in becoming dignity and luxury.

A considerable number of workmen having recently lost their lives by inhaling deadly gases in sewers, a medical officer of health recommends that to avoid danger workmen should take off all the covers and wait some time before going in, besides pouring lime-water into the catch-pit, and lowering a lighted candle to see if the air is pure enough to enable it to burn.

A Minnesota man captured a king-fisher when it was young, made a pet of it, and trained the bird to capture fish and lay them at a master's feet. In summer, the bird is known to the river, where it is known to abound, and set at liberty. It poses high in the air, and suddenly dropping grasps fish whittens and promptly delivers the fish to its master.—New York Tribune.

A firm of fish dealers in Mobile, Ala. is experimenting with a railroad tank car which is so constructed, they will transport Spanish mackerel, pompano, Gulf bluefish and other southern fishes alive to Northern cities. They believe that necessary aeration and regulation of temperature in a sufficient quantity of sea water will be feasible.

The weight of the heaviest horse ever known was 3,000 pounds. This Clydesdale English horse was exhibited at New York in 1889. It was 20 1/2 hands high at the withers, five years old, measured 45 inches round the middle of the chest, 39 inches girth, 34 1/2 inches round the hip and 11 feet 4 inches in length. It was of perfect proportions, with a head 36 inches in length.

RANDOM COMMENT

Russian soldiers are supplied with handkerchiefs at the expense of the government.

The Nile is the longest river in the world, 4,200 miles. The Niger is 2,500 miles, and the Zambezi 1,600 miles.

Mrs. D. M. Rice of Ames, Cal. is the oldest daughter of her own parents born in that State. She is but 53 years old.

There are two hospitals for lepers in this country one in New Orleans and one in San Francisco. Each contains about thirty-five patients.

An Englishman has invented a new process for the disinfecting of sewage, consisting of mixing unslacked lime, gas tar and water while under agitation in a closed vessel and then applying the liquid in a diluted and hot condition to the sewage.

One of the queerest acts of the Bangor (Me.) police, the other day was an intoxicated man who went into a leading hotel and telephoned himself for the patrol wagon. When it came he climbed in and rode over to the City Hall to be locked up.

To protect shingles from the weather a Nebraskan has patented a metallic covering of proper shape to fit under the lower edge of the shingle and extend upward under the next course, thus preventing snow and water from coming in contact with the wood.

The oldest tree on earth with an authenticated history is the great baobab tree of Burmah. For 23 centuries it has been held sacred to the Buddha and no person is allowed to touch the trunk. When the leaves fall they are carried away as relics by pilgrims.

In Japan there is a proverb among the medical fraternity that "when the twin enemies disease and poverty, invade a home, he who takes anything from that home, even though it be given him, is a robber." Accordingly no doctor ever thinks of asking a poor patient for a fee.

The reform against food binding is gaining ground in China. There are few who defend the practice in itself, but custom is stronger than reason. Several organizations have been formed among the Chinese to promote the reform, such as "The Heavenly Foot Society" and "The Advantage of the Body Society."

In Lake Derwentwater, in England there is a species of fish called vendace which are never caught alive. They are said to frequent the deepest parts of the lake, and are never met with in the rivers. One or two dead specimens of the breed which have been found in the lake are treasured as curiosities.

FEMININITIES.

Marks caused by wine, cut flowers, etc., may be removed in the following manner: Put into a bottle a raw potato, cut into small pieces, with a tablespoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of water; shake well until stains are removed, then rinse in clean water.

To Clean White Silk—Dissolve some soft soap in water as hot as it can be borne. Rub the silk between the hands in this soapy lather and rinse in tepid water. Then pin it on a cloth and dry. White brocade may be cleaned with dry bread crumbs.

A CUBAN EPISODE.

'Twas in front of Santiago, and the loudly screaming shell commingled with the cannon's roar and ringing Yankee yell; While the rattling bullets and the cries of fear and pain Combined to make a picture none will want to see again.

The Spaniards held the trenches and declared they'd never run From all the Yankee porkers that were rooting 'neath the sun; We soon found they were foemen not unworthy of our steel, And some of us, 'm very sure, uneasy quite did feel.

This was my first experience in real war's inhuman ways, And I found it very different from what I'd seen in plays; But I screwed my courage up and resolved to blaze away And do some deed of valor that would help to save the day.

I aimed at a fat captain with a large and roomy front— Big game I always do select when I start out to hunt— I pulled the trigger and there was a sharp, resounding crack, And that Spanish captain doubled up just like a jumping jack.

'Twas then my conscience smote me and shivers through me ran, As I thought how I'd deliberately shot down a fellow-man Yet, while my knees were shaking—my courage almost flown— I smiled to think 'twas painless, for he didn't even groan.

But when the fight was ended, 'mong prisoners at the rear, I found my robust captain, still alive, but acting very queer. His stomach seemed to hurt him, and, asking how he felt, I learned my shot 'd wasted—on the buckle of his belt.

—Chicago News.

GUDULE VALE.

Albert Blight thought he had never seen a more perfect face and figure than Gudule Vale's as he sat upon the railing of the bridge as she went by.

"Good evening, Mrs. Vale. How much better your sex is than ours? I have been watching the church door. Twenty ladies have entered it and only three men. Two of these were grandfathers and one under age."

"And you never thought of increasing the number by one?" asked Gudule, with arch gravity.

"In this weather?" cried Albert. "Ninety in the shade!"

He had been in the broiling sun all day on the deck of the yacht lying in full view. She knew it, and shook her little head.

"You do not know how delightfully we watch the breezes on the yacht. Can't I persuade you to join our Thursday's party?"

"I regret that it is impossible," she answered, and gave him a little bow and hurried off.

There were many ladies' parties on the yacht. The three Misses Flyaway were always there. Mrs. Capt. Vincent and Mrs. Blush, and also—good gracious, to think of it!—Signora Tambourin of the opera who sang deliciously in the moonlight evenings.

"No company for you my dear—for the Rev. Dionysius Vale's niece," her aunt had cried in horror, when her invitation arrived, and a regret had been sent at once.

"What a dear little girl she would be but for that absurd primness!" said Albert to himself, as he leaned whistling over the bridge.

And, truth to tell the yachting party had lost all its charm to the first speaker, and the evening service half its sweetness to the last.

However, the yachting party came off on the following Thursday. The Misses Flyaway had new hats, very much over the left ear, for the occasion. Mrs. Capt. Vincent was said to have flirted terribly.

The signora sang so that the whole village heard her, and uncharitable souls on shore, envious of the jollity, declared their opinion that there never could have been so much laughing had there not been too much wine on board.

"And they say that Albert Blithe is engaged to that pretty little friend of Mrs. Capt. Vincent—Violet Carmen," said her aunt to Gudule.

"A very suitable match, indeed, from all I've heard of her," replied pretty young Gudule, with all the acronymy possible to age, ugliness and spinsterhood, and then she went up to her own room and locked the door, and set down by the window overlooking the garden.

"Children are so happy!" sighed Gudule. "My poor uncle used to call him a fine little fellow. He was like a brother to me—exactly like a brother." And a few tears compelled her to draw the fine handkerchief from her pocket. "As for me," she added, "I do not suppose a more lonely girl lives. My aunt Jane is only an aunt by marriage, and she will marry again, I am sure. I think it is my duty to go out with the Persian mission. I will give in my name to-morrow."

And so it came to pass that a few days after it was pretty well known throughout the village that the late surate's niece, Miss Gudule Vale, was going out to Persia with the new members of the mission, who were to join it in December. And Miss Barnaby, who had wavered for a while as to the mission, reproached her with having "taken her place."

"But I shall come out next year," said Miss Barnaby.

And now the time was very near, and again the great bell of St. Ursula's was ringing, and the fashionable bonnets climbing the hill to evening prayers of a Wednesday afternoon; and, although the branches were bare and the last yellow leaf was whirling along the road, Albert Blithe sat perched upon the bridge rail, as on that day months before and watched the road that led from the gates of the parsonage garden.

Along it she came, trim in her woolen dress of French gray, made for the voyage with a demure, little, neutral-tinted bird in her prim little felt hat. "Gudule!" He had not called her that since they played in the garden together, but the missionary was too humble in heart to resent it. She paused and answered:

"Yes, it is I. Good-evening."

"Stop a moment," said Albert, huskily. "Don't pass me like that. I want to speak to you. Are you really going to Persia with the missionaries? You?"

"Yes, really, I," she answered, "I hope I am not unworthy."

"Confound it, Gudule! Don't talk like that," said Albert. "We are old friends; I must speak. You are too delicate, too young, too. What I mean is you are going to your death."

"We go to our death always. I want to do some good before I die," said Gudule.

"And must you go away from all who love you? Must you go to Persia to do good?" asked Albert.

"It seems so to me," said Gudule, faintly. "And very few love me much." Somehow the tears arose in her eyes. Her heart softened, but she said something in a low tone about Miss Carmen making him happy, etc.

Albert interrupted her. "Gudule, I am glad that you desire me to be happy, but I cannot understand why you should associate our names, even in your prayers."

"Your future wife," murmured Gudule.

"Miss Vincent is not that. There has never been any thought of it," cried Albert Blithe. "You think me a black sheep, a wicked fellow with no good in me, but you are the only woman I ever loved or ever shall, don't leave me and go to Persia."

At these words poor little Gudule began to tremble all over, and hid her face from him.

"I'm a heathen granted! Albert continued. "You have it in your power to convert me to anything good you like. Am I not as well worthy as some dusky-skinned Oriental? Really Gudule, I shall go to the dogs without you; with you I shall be too happy to do anything but the very best I know how. Be my wife and my salvation from evil, darling!"

Poor little Gudule! I am afraid her heart was very weak. Thus put to her, this one heathen appeared to be worth all the others yet unknown.

"And Miss Barnaby is so anxious to go," she said, half to herself.

She knew what would befall her; how her admirers would despise her; how her set would be shocked at her choice, but she felt that it was not in just that he had said to her: "Be my salvation from evil," and that a good wife may well be that. And he knew also that his merry ways of bachelorhood must be put by, and that his gay friends and this little gray love of his had nothing in common, but in her love was the peace he sought. And so, with four words more from him and one from her, the mission lost Gudule Vale and gained Miss Barnaby.—New York News.

Woman's Natural Superiority.
The curve of the forehead, much more acute with woman, is the cause that one scarcely sees face-ways, but the forepart of the frontal bone while the eye embraces at once glance the totality of the masculine forehead, in virtue of its less curved form. It is well to remark that the accentuation of the frontal curve is an advantageous characteristic, which tends to increase the capacity of the frontal bone, and which is formed only in the human race.

The sexual difference in the total (not relative to body) interior capacity of the skull is scarcely anything. Men's skull bones being thicker makes many suppose their brains are larger. I may say that the skull of woman is of the frontal type—that is, the torsead, or intellect, is most developed—and I arrive at the conclusion that man is largest in the parental (or side) rehighest part of the head which is occupied by the moral sentiments.

With women the coronal joint is more oblique than with man, and it is known that this advantageous disposition is more accentuated with men of civilized races than with those of inferior races.

To sum up, it is a fact that in whatever respects the brain and body of man differs from the lower races, and from apes, the difference is still more accentuated between these and women; besides which, woman stands at the head of the scale of creation in having the greatest number of organs; and does not Genesis make her, in the order of time or evolution, "God's all crowning work?"

Turning Away Wrath.
"It really made me indignant, Henrietta," said Mr. Meekton, "when you intimated that I had not accomplished much in this life."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I don't like to dispute your opinions. But to suggest that a man succeeded in becoming your husband hasn't achieved much does seem just a little bit unjust."

When a woman says that she can't do this or that because her husband will not let her, how nice and old-fashioned it sounds.