

**QUEEN ALEXANDRA**

**ENGLAND'S FIRST LADY FEMININE IN HER CHAIR.**

She Delights in Dress Even if She Has Many Grandchildren—Has Magnificent Jewels and Likes to Wear Them.

The greatest appeal that Queen Alexandra makes to her immediate household as well as to her subjects is the appeal of perfect womanliness. She has all the feminine weaknesses which are said to be fast disappearing in her sex—a desire to keep young, a love of dress and jewels, a vanity which prompts her to read all that is written about her in England at any rate, a tender heart and boundless sympathy.

An American who was summoned to a private audience at the palace said that the thing which most impressed him about the Queen was her air of motherliness, a sort of gentle protecting manner with also a tacit appeal to chivalry in it.

There is no more devoted mother in all the country than Queen Alexandra has been, no more tender daughter than she was to Queen Victoria, and no more loyal and (so rumor has it) long suffering wife. Besides these characteristics her desire is to bestow an almost universal charity, which has to be modified by those who take charge of the money she wishes to distribute.

The love of what is beautiful in art makes the Queen choose her gowns and those of her only unmarried daughter with more than the usual woman's interest in dresses and dresses. To the first lady in the land, soft fabrics, dainty lace and rich furs all possess an artistic value aside from their charm as adornments.

Queen Alexandra sometimes spends half a morning choosing a combination of colors for a reception gown and the jewels which shall help to set it off. All of which seems rather strange when one stops to consider the extreme simplicity of her life and dress in her childhood days in Denmark.

Diamonds and pearls are the Queen's favorite jewels, and her most prized brooch is one that was given her by the late Lady Cadogan. It is formed of a single pearl of great size and wonderful luster which was found in an oyster taken from the oyster beds in Clifton, Ireland.

Besides all her dog collars, ropes, paws and earrings of precious stones the Queen possesses many jeweled orders which serve to enhance the beauty of her gowns when worn on state occasions, since she always is careful to wear the order which will harmonize with the color of her dress.

No woman in the world has her vanity more assiduously administered to than England's Queen. The papers vie with one another in serving her with accounts of her beauty, her taste, her grace &c., which must pall a little sometimes even on the recipient of those rhapsodies.

But she never disappoints those who admire her charms, for at each public function she always appears in a gown which is a marvel of skill and beauty, and always she preserves a girlish figure, blond hair and a youthful face though her children are reaching middle age and her grandchildren are multiplying fast.

**Current Cleans House.**

Electricity is now being used to operate carpet cleaners. A Pittsburgh man recently patented the apparatus shown in the accompanying illustration, which is more serviceable than the pneumatic cleaner for small houses. It resembles the family carpet cleaner in appearance. A motor operates a turbine and brush, the revolutions of the latter agitating the nap of the carpet and loosening the dirt. The turbine creates a suction, drawing up all dust and depositing it in a dust receiver provided



**OPERATED BY ELECTRICITY.**

For the purpose. It is claimed that carpets can be thoroughly cleaned by the floor and every corner can be reached. Nothing need be moved. Attachable appliances are also provided for treating walls, ceilings, corridors, chandeliers, curtains, etc. Mattresses, cushions, upholstered furniture and pillows can also be treated as well as cleaned by this apparatus. The machine works noiselessly and quickly. Power to operate the apparatus can be obtained from the ordinary incandescent socket.

French laundries are controlled by laws. All soiled linen and its contents are disinfected when removed from the laundries.

**FROCKS WITH SMART COATS.**

Tailored Elegance is Indicated in These Two Costumes.

The very last word in tailored elegance is indicated in these two costumes, and the styles stand out boldly among a season of unusually pretty frocks. In the foreground is a suit of checked pongee of the rough quality so much the rage in Paris. The skirt is trimmed with narrow folds of Persian embroidered braid and these are finished with large flat buttons of boldly striped silk finished with pendants of silk.

The cutaway coat is almost as long as the skirt which, by the way, is even ankle length. It is self-trimmed except for the collar of plain natural color pongee stitched with



**WITH SMART COATS.**

soutache and soutache stitching about the front and sleeves. The vest is an oddly shaped little affair of the silk with strappings of plain pongee. The skirt is close-fitting and with it is worn one of the new Turkish sashes in dark blue silk.

In the background is a costume in pale yellow face cloth having the skirt trimmed with a border of changeable silk and coarse flet lace. The coat is made entirely of heavy lace and outlined with bands of the silk that finish the skirt. There is a vest of yellow cloth secured with fancy buttons.

**The Key to Married Happiness.**  
If all people could but marry for genuine permanent love, love of the kind which counts its joys to endure hardship for the sake of the beloved, the "marriage question" would be practically at an end.

But genuine, permanent love which changes not, seems to be rare, and there is not enough of it to go round. There is no truer proverb, no sharper blade in all the armory of old saws than "Marriage in haste and repent at leisure." True, it does not invariably hold good; but the exceptions are so rare that they may be fairly said to prove the rule.

The average woman learns in time to cling to and be fond of any husband who is kind to her, while community of interests forms on both sides a bond not easily to be broken. Even if there is no passionate love to begin with, people who have a modicum of common sense soon learn that in order to walk together they must be agreed and assimilate their tastes and habits to those of each other.

**Household Suggestions.**

To prevent those awful holes in the heels of stockings, try pasting a piece of velvet around the heel of the boot. This has been tried with great success.

To freshen and brighten old faded carpets brush them to remove dust, dip broom in a pail of hot water to which has been added a little turpentine. Brush vigorously.

When anything needs overcasting, like towels, which are fringed, instead of doing it by hand take it on machine and stitch just a little above the fringe and it will wear much longer.

Boiling water for drinking purposes can be greatly improved by beating rapidly. Do this with an egg-beater just before using. This takes away the peculiar lifeless taste.

**The Rainy Day Girl.**

She is extra sunny, as if to shame the gloomy day.

She comes down to breakfast with a smile and soon her sunshine lifts the family downcastness.

What though her pet plan for the day is shattered, that is no reason for her to shatter the happiness of everyone within hearing or sight.

If she cannot go out she keeps herself busy indoors and enjoys to the full the unexpected catching-up time.

But she goes out if she can, for the real rainy day girl revels in being in the midst of a downpour.

She loves a rainy day, but even if she didn't she would pretend to just by way of keeping cheerful.

The rainy-day girl may not know it—indeed, usually she has not the least idea of it—but she is as good as a whole storeful of tonics and a sanbath thrown in to every depressed man or woman she meets on a day of gloom and gray.

**MAKES BEAUTIFUL FIGURES.**

More Than Cleanliness and Neatness to be Gained in Doing Housework.

There is more than cleanliness and neatness to be gained in doing housework, for a woman who wishes to may turn the daily drudgery into exercise for physical development, thus improving her figure and complexion.

The beauty part of the routine begins with protection. The hair and hands should be saved from dust, for the latter is most detrimental in its drying effect, quite apart from the soil it makes. Therefore, before commencing the household duties after breakfast, the head should be covered, either with a pretty frilled cap that may easily be removed upon emergency, or a square of clean muslin. For the hands, kid or dog-skin gloves belonging to some masculine member of the household should be put on. They must be large enough to permit of the free use of the fingers. These should always be worn except when washing dishes or doing laundry work, and when cleaning soiled china, &c., rubber gloves should be worn.

As to the physical development gained by housework, sweeping, if a woman will not stoop over the broom, is one of the best exercises for chest expansion. For the labor done by the shoulders in pushing the broom will develop in strength and shapeliness and hollows in the chest will be filled. At the same time muscles of the arms are brought up and any superfluous flesh is worked off, so that the arms become well rounded. It is an acknowledge fact that laundresses always have shapely arms, whatever they may lack in figure, and the use of the broom is almost as good as the washboard for beauty purposes.

When washing the tendency is to stoop from the shoulders, rather than from the small of the back. If the latter is done the work, unless a woman is obliged to do an enormous amount, becomes strengthening to the back and will do much toward making the spine straight.

Even the numerous times of going up and down stairs will be turned to account by holding the figure erect and walking on the toes instead of flat of the foot. Superfluous flesh about the hips can be taken off in this fashion, while the muscles below the waist will become strong. On the other hand, leaning way over when going up stairs will cause the abdomen to be disproportionately developed and the figure will be spoiled.

It is a wise woman who, before sweeping, protects her face with a rubbing of cold cream to prevent dust working into the pores. If the cream is washed off afterward the skin will be soft and fine.

**In Lettuce Green Velling.**

This dainty frock is one of the most successful models of the season and its decorative scheme is charmingly unique. It is carried out in lettuce-green velling mounted over taffeta of the same shade. The skirt has an apron tunic laid in small tucks about the raised waistline and bordered with a broad fold of Oriental braid. A band of this trimming also decorates the underskirt, ending on either side of the front panel.

The blouse is trimmed with bands of braid drooping over the sleeves to give the long shoulder effect and



**IN LETTUCE GREEN.**

ending at the top of the girde in very narrow points which are taken up by intertwined rings of green silk embroidery. The yoke and vest are outlined with folds of lace bordered with soft green silk and the yoke is of grass linen embroidered in green and pale apricot silk. A jabot of butter colored lace takes the place of a vest and the lace has the designs marked out with green and apricot colored threads.

Undersleeves of grass linen match the yoke and are inset with lace insertion and finished with cuffs of the same.

**The Wedding Ring Finger.**

The tradition is that because a nerve is supposed to run straight from that finger to the heart it was chosen as the one consecrated to bear the wedding ring.

No marrying person has yet been brave enough to advertise, "Money back if not satisfied."

**LEARNING TO LIVE.**

A Task Greater Than Amassing Great Riches.

A Western millionaire who spent forty-five years of his life in a nerve killing, remorseless struggle to reach the golden pinnacle of seven figures, having more than achieved that end, declared that he would begin learning to live.

Calloused by sordid influences, so worn in the counting house that he had become a mathematical machine, it is doubtful whether he will ever be able to learn thoroughly a lesson which removes one entirely from material things and takes no store of percentage, rebates and loans.

This man who wrested from the fiercest competition wealth, which he thought would satisfy every desire, now finds himself with a greater ambition unfulfilled. He will have a task before him greater than the amassing of his wealth, provided he has not drawn from him like a garment the traits and the secret springs of character which made him what he is.

You have probably heard the saying "As we journey through life let us live by the way." This man, who had to do with the welfare of thousands of men, who had a hand in the choosing of lawmakers, according to his own naive admission, did not live at all when he journeyed along the piteous way. And now, like a statue of gold with a faint miracle of life in its cold atoms, he longs for the broad blessings of existence, with their smiling and serious joys.

Marcus Aurelius, long dead of body, but impressively alive of thought, said, and his message comes clearly through the dust of the decayed centuries:—

"The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts; therefore, guard accordingly."

The man who carefully guards himself has an onerous custodianship, full of sudden alarms and unforeseen emergencies, full of struggles and repressions.

There is no easy road with a prize worth having at the end of it. This is a tiresome truism to a man who has enormous wealth. Nevertheless, effort must be made if the lesson of life is worth learning and true happiness is to sit at the hearthstone.

Of endeavor, kings of men are made, since they gain the crown of things accomplished. Each thing so gained is an expression of power, of dominion. But the rewards earned from self do not come as readily as craftily enmeshed dollars.

To struggle is the very nature of man. Anything that requires effort is a struggle, and effort is the precious key to open a treasure house.

To struggle also is to live in its fullest sense. When a man "lies down and quits" he is dead, even though he live.

**Cheerfulness as a Doctor.**

There are men who are old before they are 30. There are men of 75 who are still in full enjoyment of health and capable of taking an active interest in the affairs of the day. Some of the reasons for this disparity between age of years and age of condition were admirably set forth in a recent address by Dr. George F. Butler of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. In substance it was an admonition to cultivate cheerfulness, to avoid hypochondriacs and hypochondriacal worries, to work heartily and play heartily and to stop regarding old age as inevitably a period of inactivity and uselessness and slovenly habits.

Most men and women pay some heed to the fact that longevity is directly determined by physical condition. How fat that is dependent upon mental condition and how much mental condition. In turn, it is influenced by environment and by innumerable details in habits of working, playing, eating and dressing is too generally ignored. Yet any psychologist knows that even such a detail as one's personal habits with regard to dress by an insensible reaction may affect both mind and body.

Let the person who crosses the border line of 50 adopt a cheerful view of things and stop thinking that he is growing old. Thus the shawl-and-rocker period may be long postponed.

**Great Losses by Fire.**

One record used by the American people in 1904 is not a record to which we can point with either pleasure or pride. We refer to the amount of property destroyed by fire during the year, the amount reaching the stupendous total of \$250,000,000, an excess of about \$115,000,000 over the year 1903, and the largest loss ever known. Insurance Engineering, from which these figures are taken, finds a partial explanation for this tremendous and unprecedented fire loss in the rapid growth of the country, and especially in the equally unprecedented increase in building operations of an expensive kind. It cites the fact that the new buildings for which permits were granted in Greater New York in 1904 involved an outlay of \$75,267,780, while the figures for Chicago were \$45,120,840.

**A Unique Collection.**

Among the curious ways by which some persons in England make a living is the sale of cast-off garments belonging to distinguished personages, for which the curiosity-loving fashionable world affords a sure and profitable market. One English lady has a collection of corsets, including articles from the wardrobes of reigning imperial and royal personages, as well as objects of historical interest. Among the latter are a leather corset belonging to Charlotte Corday, the heroine of the French revolution, and a construction of whalebone and steel worn by Marie Antoinette, with an eighteen-inch waist.—*Follies*.

**The Printer's Mistake**

"It's no use, Edna, the Lord never meant me to be happy in this world. I'll have to take what I can get and be thankful."

The two girls were directly opposite types. Eleanor was tall, graceful, high strung, nervous, full of life and energy. Her most attractive features were her eyes, dark and deep set, with a longing, unsatisfied expression. Edna was of a type, much less interesting, cold, phlegmatic and clear sighted, a much smaller woman, too, with colorless gray eyes.

On the bed lay lingerie of the most alluring kind, the sort of things that women can appreciate. Pile upon pile of lacy stuffs were scattered about the room. Surrounded by these pretty things that women love, Edna nor Godfrey, who to-morrow would be the bride of Tom Grant.

"There's one thing I can never regret," she said. "I told Tom everything before he took me. It was brutally frank, I admit, to tell your future husband that the best love of your life had been given to another."

"Poor boy! indeed. Don't I have to live with him? Don't I have to see him waste his life? And is it nothing that I have to eke out an existence, crushing down my sighs, forcing back my tears?"



Walking across the room to where Edna sat, she put her hands upon a pair of very unsympathetic shoulders.

"How can you judge? You do not know the case. Now, listen. Every breath I breathe, every prayer I utter, every breath of my aching heart is for Jack Winston. I've loved him ever since I was a little girl, but you see I could not very well marry him because he never asked me."

"Then, too, Jack is so poor, and all my life I've been longing for things that Tom Grant's money will buy for me. I don't deceive him. I said I didn't love him; but he, still knowing this, wants to marry me, and I accepted. Now judge me if you will."

Edna straightened up a bit and the lines about her mouth seemed to grow deeper in an instant.

"One question, please, before I render the verdict. You take upon your soul the wrecking of this man's existence. You will check the honor, the peace of the flower of his life and leave him nothing but the tomb. This is easier for you than being an old maid. Then, too, supposing that Tom was in love with some other girl."

"I plead guilty to the charge, Judge, and accept the sentence of the court. Your logic is getting stale; so let's go to bed that I may get my beauty sleep and I make a handsome bride. Think of it, dear girl; to-morrow at this hour my visiting cards will read, 'Mrs. Thomas Kemp Grant.'"

The next morning was colorless, the air heavy; in fact, just the sort of a day to make a bride look-out of the window and wonder if she really were superstitious.

It was nine o'clock, and Tom was whistling one minute, and singing the next. He walked into the bedroom where his friend and best man lay peacefully sleeping.

"Get up you lazy vagabond, we can't keep the bride waiting you know. That's her privilege."

The best man rubbed his eyes, yawned a bit, and finally crawled out.

Tom was practically ready. After working about an hour on it, he managed to arrange his white puff tie to his entire satisfaction. He had buttoned and unbuttoned his waistcoat until his thumbs were blistered. He had pulled it down in front and buckled it at the back until the seams threatened to give way.

By eleven the men were already on their way to the house. As they neared it Tom became more and more nervous. There seemed to be a weight on his heart that he could not lift. At that moment the best man was hanging out of the cab window cursing the driving for the small-like pace they were pursuing.

"I say, cabby, this a wedding that we are going to, not a funeral. I'll give you an extra dollar if you hurry."

"An extra dollar, is it? You talk like a politician. Well, sir, you might corrupt me, but the horse can't be bribed; at weddings or funerals, his gait is always the same. Rest easy while you can, sir—the lady will drive you fast enough, once she gets the reins."

The best man was about to rail at the Irish as a nation, when Tom said: "If anything should happen"—"Jumping Juniper, Tom; brace up! You look as if you had curvature of the spine. Pull yourself together, will you?"

will you? Any girl who had such a limp looking object as you on her calling list would be ostracized, by good society, and one who would marry you would be declared mentally incompetent."

"All right. I'll pull up, but I've a terrifying idea that something is going wrong. Jack, old man, I can't do it. I'm in love with Edna Cross and not with Eleanor. I've just begun to realize it."

"You old poacher, then why did you ask Eleanor to marry you, when you knew that I have loved her all my life, and have been trying to forget her for months. Night after night I went over and sat with Edna, trying to make myself think I was forgetting Eleanor."

"And every night," said Tom, "I went to see Eleanor because you were over at Edna's and I had no right to trespass on your preserves. A nice mess we've made of it. What are we going to do?"

"Do? Why that's easy enough," assured Jack. "I'm going to be the bridegroom and you can just shift back into my boots as the best man. We'll blame the whole thing on the printer. Trust me, old man, I said I'd see you through this ordeal and I'm going to keep my word."

As the cab finally reached the house the men stepped out and were ushered into the room where the minister was waiting for them. No word of explanation was uttered, and the men took their places by the minister, who was to pronounce them man and wife. The wedding march was played, and as Eleanor in her gorgeous robe, came forth to meet the man of her choice, Jack Winston stepped forward and offered her his arm.



The best man was hanging out of the cab window, speechless, but too happy to resent, and before the gaping crowd the minister tied the knot and made them one "till death do them part."

Then Jack began his explanation: "Simply thing in the world," he said. "You see, Tom ordered the invitations, and, of course, the printer took it for granted that it was his wedding—merely a typographical error, nothing more."

Eleanor's mother stepped in at this moment, and with a haughty manner inquired:

"Then, may I ask why Tom gave the bachelor dinner—why Tom bought the ring?"

"Yes, mother," said Jack, with a proprietary manner, "you see, I was broke at the time, and Tom, as you all know, is just loaded with money, so I gave him carte blanche to go ahead as if it was his own wedding, and I'd pay him back in good time. You see, I only came into my inheritance yesterday, and that would have been too late to order invitations, give dinners, etc. Any way, how could you ever think that Tom was going to marry Eleanor? Why, he's engaged to marry Edna, and if you don't believe me, ask them for yourself. I tell you it was a typographical error, nothing more."

The color that suffused Edna's face and the smile that glorified Jack's verified the statement, and the guests were in a flutter of pleasurable excitement, while in the corner Jack was shaking Tom by the hand and saying:

"Didn't I tell you I'd see you through it, old man?"

**Royal Remains on View.**

For centuries past deceased English royalties have not been exhibited in public as they used to be. In days when it was deemed advisable to place a sovereign body on view, so that people could see that death had actually taken place. The sight satisfied a good many folk and also furnished security to the successor that the predecessor had already departed. More than once the body of a king who had died under suspicious circumstances was laid out in some great church, such as St. Paul's Cathedral or Westminster Abbey. With the face exposed or bare from the waist upward, to allay any doubts as to his entire satisfaction. He was laid out in a casket, and the cause of death. Once entombed though, the royal corpse was left in peace, save when the necessity of removal or some accidental disturbance allowed a privileged few to look at it.—*Modern Society*.

**Cactus Leaves and Mosquitos.**

Cactus leaves may be used instead of oil for the extermination of mosquitoes, writes Consul Bishop of Palermo, Italy. They are now being used in Africa for the purpose. The leaves are pounded into a thin but sticky paste and this is spread upon the surface of the stagnant pools. It acts as oil does by forming a layer through which the mosquito larva cannot pass to obtain air, and asphyxiation results.

**Luminous Owls.**

That owls were seen who threw out a bright yellow light is now proved. Nevertheless, we do not believe that a capacity to show a light is generally possessed by an owl. If the phenomenon is ever scientifically explained we believe that it will appear that the light is an accompaniment of some peculiar disease.—*Outlook*.