SUMMER STORAGE

How to Care For Your Pet Fur and Woolens.

MOTH BALLS TO THE FORE.

Although We Can't See Our White Winged Enemies Flying About, The Larvae May Even Now Be Born Into Our Ermine Stoles and Sables.

Now is the time to lay away all woolens, furs and similar articles which must be stored during the summer.

The time when the moth does most damage is not when we see them flying around. The mischief has been done by the biting of the little larva or worm from which he came.

The first thing to do in laying clothes away is to see that they are perfectly clean. Everything woolen like bath robes, blankets and underwear should be brushed with a whisk broom, if it cannot be washed first, and exposed to the sun and air.

If the garment cannot be washed in water and we do not care to send it to the cleaner it should never be laid away dirty with spots of grease and food, because these are just the things that will attract the moth worm first.

The little spot on the lapel of the overcoat, the slight dirt on the shield of a child's flannel suit, these are the places that Mr. Moth Worm goes for first. Materials which are not thoroughly washable in water should be given a bath in gasoline and thoroughly aired.

Dresses trimmed with fur should never be laid away with the fur on them, but have the fur ripped off, cleaned in gasoline, brushed and placed in separate packages. In fact, all fur must be thoroughly cleaned, brushed and aired before being laid away.

Moth balls and camphor paper have been used for a long time and are still used, but we have modifications of these now in the tar paper bag and camphor bag, which are more efficient in many ways.

These bags come in various sizes, some very small for children's coats and sweaters, others half length and others even full length for evening dresses or for overcoats.

Another cheap way of putting clothes away is to put them into the paper boxes, such as come with underwear and other articles and seal the covers firmly with strips of gum paper.

There are many other articles which we perhaps cannot lay away, such as tufted furniture, cushions, etc. The best plan is to spray them with gasoline or benzine, using a small atomizer or hand spray, or they can be very carefully sponged with a diluted solution of corrosive sublimate in alcohol made just strong enough to leave a white stain.

Light, air, low temperature and frequent inspection are the things necessary for perfect storage.

A MERMAID'S CAP.

Spanish Effects Invade Even Our Sea going Garb

Best quality of soft terra cotta rubber has been plaited into this good looking bath cap. Over the ears are

READY TO DIVE.

two rosettes finished with a chic little rubber cord and tassel. These caps come in extremely gay shades to tone up somber bath suits.

Fish Bisque.

A fish bisque is made from one cupful of cold fish minced very fine, one cupful of hot milk and a cupful of any white stock. The carcass of a chicken cooked slowly will yield an excellent stock for this purpose. The seasoning consists of a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, salt, a dash of cayenne and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley.

Put fish, seasoning and stock together in a pan. Mix one tablespoonful of flour and the same quantity of butter together and stir into the fish mixture. Cook and then stir in the boiling milk, adding a tablespoonful of cracker crumbs.

Between 595 and 1,950 tons of soot to the square mile fall upon Pittsburgh every year. That ought to be plenty.

The way to eliminate mosquitoes is to drain their breeding place, which is vastly more pleasant than swatting.

"Population of the United States 98,000,000." It will take less than a year's increase to make up that missing 2 per cent.

RULES IN THE GAME OF LAW.

A Thousand Volumes on the Conduct of a Criminal Trial.

An eminent American jurist was recently the guest of a foreign representative at a country house in one of the fashionable colonies of New England. After dinner in the library the lawyer noticed a shelf of volumes on chess.

"This must be the most complicated game in the world," he said "with so many books of rules."

"By no means," replied the host "the most complicated game in the world is played in your profession." He indicated the bookshelf.

"There are a dozen volumes on the rules of chess, but there are a thousand volumes on the rules for the conduct of a criminal trial in an American court."

This was no exaggeration. There is, as a rule, with its interminable refinements, for every step in a criminal trial. Sixteen years ago the state library of Pennsylvania contained the works of fifty authorities on the single subject of evidence—that is, on what a witness may and may not say. These works were often in several volumes of from 500 to 1,000 pages each. Lately, a hundred volumes of 50,000 pages on the rules for a single phase of a legal trial.

Since that date a great number of volumes have been printed on this group of rules. Wigmore alone has written four volumes on evidence and he has assembled 31,000 cases construing and interpreting their refinements. The Cyclopedia of Law and Procedure alone contains 1,300 pages citing 65,000 cases on this one subject.

It seems strange that in our long familiarity with the procedure of criminal trials we have not observed that they degenerated into mere rule ridden events. The counsel for the state plays on one side, the attorney for the prisoner on the other, and the judge is the referee. The object on the part of these players is to win. The interest of the judge is so to conduct the game that he will have made no mistake in the application of the rules.—Melville Davisson Post in Saturday Evening Post.

Curiosities About Fish Scales.

The thin silvery coating of fish scales derives its luster from many minute crystals of lime mixed with a peculiar substance called "guanin." This coating of silver crystals is very easily rubbed off the scales and in the case of a European species of carp known as the "bleak" the crystals are so numerous that a metallic pigment, commercially known as "argentine," is made from them. The large globular glass beads known as "German" or "Roman" pearls are coated on the inside with this substance. In some species of fish with lusterless scales the silvery lining is found on the inside of the body. A well known example of this is seen in the common herring.

An Eye to His Epitaph

Edmond de Goncourt, the French novelist, admitted that he worked with an eye to his epitaph and he wanted the epitaph to endure for long time. He records in his journal [illegible] forever. [illegible] defrauded by a [illegible] piano [illegible] 44,000 20,000, even 10,000 would be a fortune for the poor [illegible] I have seen the privations I have suffered. Under these conditions I would have very better to commit suicide than to drag on a struggle of my life away."

Origin of Mythology.

Myths are the result of the curiosity and the unquenchable desire of man's part to know the reason why of things. In the early stages of human society this instinct was as strong as it is today and when a question came up that faraway time one had his attention called to some phenomenon which had taken no obvious reason or explanation he invented and told a story to account for it. [illegible] way [illegible] from [illegible] of [illegible] home.—New York Evening Post.

The Alarm Clock

[illegible] off the [illegible] with the [illegible] fluff from [illegible] axle work. Wipe off all [illegible] benzine, carefully oil with a drop of pure sperm oil on the feather all the arbors, but avoid letting oil come in contact with the balance spring or the clock will run irregularly.—Exchange.

Loaves And Ladies

A Victory For the Wives

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Alonzo Dibble's store on the main street of Roseville and in the same room with the postoffice was the forum in which the male citizens of the village got together to discuss every new departure from the beaten track of the world's ongoing.

Alonzo Dibble being peculiarly interested in the sale of twenty five cent packages of smoking tobacco and cigars at prices all the way up from one cent stogies to five cent perfectos, took care that the meetings should not want for a topic and that the debate should not end when it struck a rut.

While the men of Roseville had been discussing these problems the women had started the suffrage society. The men had not yet entered upon this topic and might not have done so had not Amos Gwynne squelched the war in Mexico by his unpatriotic remark. There had been no sales of stogies for some time, and no one had called for birch beer. The shopkeeper, fearing that the meeting would break up without any more purchases, placed the palm of his hand on the counter and flourished his other arm dramatically.

"I say," he shouted, "there's more honor for a woman to bake a perfect loaf of bread than it is to vote nine times for a president of the United States."

There was an instant's silence among the men gathered around the glowing stove, then Hen Lariday broke the stillness.

"There ain't much honor for any one, man, woman or child, to vote nine times for president, not on the same day, no, sir!"

After the laughter had died away the storekeeper resumed his exhortation.

"It's all right to make fun of it, Hen, but you ain't got no wife, and your ma is one of the God fearin', old fashioned kind who don't want no votes but the vote of her family that she's the best mother and the best cook in the world. But what I do mean is this: Ever since the women of Roseville started this here Ladies' Suffrage society they've stopped being such good housekeepers. Look at the business in homemade baking that Mrs. Dell Smith has built up. Why, I'll bet I've sold more flour to Mrs. Smith than to any one else in town. See 'em come in here day after day and buy Mrs. Smith's bread and take it home to their families. I'll bet there's more men in this here store this minute who said to his wife at supper tonight, 'What good bread Mrs. Dell Smith makes!' When a man says that, well, his wife ain't got anything to be proud of."

"You're right, Alonzo," agreed James Gray. "But what we going to do about it?"

Alonzo was distinctly cross eyed. Now, one of his orbs was fixed on James Gray and the other wandered over to the door where a woman's form stood motionless by a barrel of brooms.

"Yes, what we going to do about it?" hawhawed Hen Lariday.

"Can't do anything," said Alonzo slowly. "But I don't blame any man for getting tired of a woman who hints all day about running the gov'ment when she can't even bake a decent loaf of bread." Some day the women will wake up and find they've got the vote, nothing else, by gosh!"

The door closed gently.

The woman by the barrel of brooms had slipped out.

"Who was that?" asked Hen Lariday.

"Susie Pinkham."

"Great Jeck! Do you suppose she heard what you said, Alonzo?"

"I hope so," said the storekeeper grimly.

"If she did—" he went on. Hen impressively: "the news is running like wild fire through the hull village. Susie Pinkham's the worst gossip in Roseville."

"And the best," Hen Lariday jibed Alonzo.

James Gray walked slowly up the street toward home. He was turning in his mind all that Alonzo had said about bread and women and he had reason to agree with the storekeeper on more than one point of his argument.

Mrs. James Gray was the president of the Ladies' Suffrage society, and she it was who was urging the fair members to affiliate themselves with the state organization. It was Mrs. Gray who had suggested to Dell Smith's wife that home baking would be a profitable enterprise. From that moment the idea had taken possession of Roseville's women.

Hitherto good delicious homemade bread on the table of Mrs. Smith had been taken for granted. The members of the society were from the industrious [illegible] who was not even [illegible]

"Oh, I [illegible] Mrs. Smith [illegible] Dell pay off the mortgage. When that's done I'll think about it."

Meantime she baked and baked, and the women of the society met and debated and tried to better conditions in the village.

James Gray was thinking about these things. He did not quarrel at Alonzo's outburst of wrath. Alonzo's wife was secretary of the society, and instead of keeping his books as she had heretofore she had pleaded too much other work in hand, so Alonzo had hired a bookkeeper.

The supper table was set when James Gray entered the house. His wife was at the stove, a pamphlet had silently greeting over the top of it, but she went back to her reading without making any remark.

The table looked very inviting. There were an immaculate cloth, the white and gold china, a platter of pink boiled ham from the store, a dish of store pickles, another dish of tinned baked beans, a glass dish of canned peaches from the store, some of Mrs. Smith's delicious graham bread and a plate of cake that was undeniably Mrs. Smith's production.

James washed his face and hands and brushed his hair, then he sat glumly down to supper. Mrs. Gray had put away the pamphlet and was sitting behind the teapot when he entered.

There were only two of them for their daughter, Annibel, was married and lived across the way with her husband, Oscar Wren.

"Good bread," muttered James darkly as he helped himself to a second slice.

"Isn't it?" asked his wife eagerly. "Lizzie Smith can make the best bread in town."

"She can hold the championship so long as none of the other women compete with her," hinted James morosely.

Mrs. Gray regarded her husband with calm surprise.

"I suppose you were in the store when Alonzo expressed his opinion of the Ladies' Suffrage society?" she asked curiously.

"Susie Pinkham been here?" he countered.

"Why?"

"Oh, I recognize the signs. Please pass me some of Mrs. Smith's cake," he said pleasantly.

Mrs. Gray frowned and was silent during the remainder of the meal.

After supper James put on his coat and went to the lodge meeting. Mrs. James put on her hat and went to a special meeting of her society.

Three weeks later Alonzo Dibble entered his store one evening and found his plump little wife in possession of the bookkeeper's desk.

"Where's Ida Jones?" asked Alonzo.

"I sent her home—paid her off and discharged her," responded his wife, making an entry in the daybook and carefully blotting it. "I've got plenty of time to do this work."

"What! You give up that foot society?" demanded Alonzo.

"No. I can do both if you don't bother me by talking too much," she smiled at him.

"Oh, I ain't got any time to talk," he said hastily. "You know I've got my hands full looking after this store. You can't do more'n one thing at a time," he added as he moved away.

Mrs. Dibble looked at the three clerks nimbly waiting on customers. She glanced at the stableman standing by the barn door. She thought of herself in the bookkeeper's cage, and a little smile curled her lip.

"Alonzo certainly has plenty of help," she mused dipping her pen in the ink.

For a number of weeks Alonzo Dibble was silent on the question of women's votes. He noticed that Mrs. Smith omitted her usual order for flour and he told his clerks that she was probably buying from his competitor.

On the tables of the members of the suffrage society continued to appear delicious home baked bread, toothsome pies and cakes, and the town rang with the praises accorded Mrs. Dell Smith as a model wife and mother and gave credit to the fact that she was not a member of the society.

"A woman can't be a good wife and mother and tend to her baking and brewing and do men's voting too," declared Alonzo Dibble to his usual audience.

From the back door leading to his house came the calm voice of Alonzo Dibble's wife. Behind her, twenty strong, were the members of the society.

"I don't think," said Mrs. Dibble, "just because a man can't attend to more than one thing at a time it's no indication that a woman may not be able to do two or three things well."

"Prove it!" barked Alonzo. "Just look at us! Mrs. Smith's bread and cake and pies we've been eating all be'ause our wives ain't got time to do it and from their blamed old society."

"Pooh!"

A ripple of feminine laughter came from the back door.

"You tell them, Mrs. Smith," urged Mrs. Gray's voice.

"Well," began Mrs. Dell Smith in her brisk manner, "I'll confess I haven't done any baking for any one outside my family for over three weeks. If you men folks have enjoyed your bread and cake and pies I guess it's all to the credit of your wives. I think they patronized my home cooking more to help me pay off the mortgage than anything else." Her voice broke and she had herself among her friends.

Mrs. Dibble shed the argument [illegible] "Well, I'm sure," she said, "the women of Roseville can attend to their house keeping, do their sewing and bake their own bread and organize a suffrage society and vote when the time comes."

Alonzo Dibble was piling guesses with sweet cider.

"Let us drink to the success of the Ladies' Suffrage society," he said solemnly.

And so ended the discussion of loaves and ladies, it having been proven that the ladies were quite capable of looking out for the loaves.

SALVINI'S STAGE FURY.

It Was So Realistic That It Made Edwin Booth Afraid.

Commendatore Tommaso Salvini was not only the greatest tragedian that modern Italy has produced, but a world figure in dramatic art. His gift of blinding tragic power made him famous no less in St. Petersburg than in New York, in London than in Rome. It may truly be said of him that he spoke a universal language.

Salvini was the son of an actor, and he reared sons who became actors. He was born Jan. 1, 1829, in Milan, and therefore was eighty-seven years old when he died. At fifteen he was an apprentice in his father's traveling company. At twenty he left the stage to fight for Italian independence with Garibaldi. At twenty-seven, back on the stage, he had already demonstrated his right to fame, especially while acting with the great feminine histrionic genius of his day, Adelaide Ristori. He came to this country first in 1873 and returned six times. He retired from his profession in 1903 to a private life of honor and comfort.

It was Salvini who popularized the works of Shakespeare in Italy, mainly by his passionate impersonation of the Moor in "Othello." By this role he is best remembered by American theater goers of a generation ago.

Edwin Booth acted Iago to Salvini's Othello during one of the Italian tragedian's visits to this country, and he is said to have actually feared the impassioned Italian. "Hold him fast!" exclaimed Booth on the night of the second performance. "He'll kill me; I know it!"

"If I were not an Italian I would wish to be an American," the tragedian is said to have remarked on one occasion while recalling his American triumphs. But his triumphs were not only here. A great crowd of admirers in St. Petersburg once waited three hours outside the theater, when the thermometer was 20 degrees below zero, to escort him to his hotel.—New York World.

She Was Too Enthusiastic.

"Teaching to me," said an enthusiastic young schoolmistress, "is a holy calling. To sow in the young mind the seeds of future knowledge and watch them as they grow and develop is a pleasure greater than I can tell. I never weary of my work. My thoughts are only of"—

"I am very sorry," interrupted the young man to whom she was talking, "that you are so devoted to your profession, Miss Clara. I had hoped that some day I might have asked you—in fact, I called tonight—but I hardly dare go on, in the light of what you"—

"You may go on, Mr. Smith," said the young lady softly. "I am a little less enthusiastic at times, perhaps."

Found the Saint's Day.

One Russian peasant sued another to recover the sum of 50 rubles, the debtor having faithfully promised to return the money on St. Henry's day. But, having failed to do so for a long time, the lender discovered that the Russian Orthodox church includes no such saint as St. Henry, and the judge before whom the case was tried was much puzzled as to what verdict he should give. Happily for him it occurred to him that saint or no saint, All Saints' day included even the most doubtful, so he gave judgment that the 50 rubles should be returned next All Saints' day.

Mohammed's Cat.

The cat should receive special reverence from the followers of Mohammed, for legend has it that his cat, Hezza, aided the prophet in the compilation of the Koran. While he was composing his system the cat curled up on his sleeve and its purring helped his reflections. One day the prophet dreamed of paradise and Huezza fell asleep. Coming back to thoughts of earth and having to be gone on other business, Mohammed rather than disturb the sleeping cat cut off his sleeve and gently rose from his seat.—London Chronicle.

The Irony of Life.

One of the saddest phases of human experience is the way a man, just about the time he succeeds in getting his brain developed to the point where he might accomplish something with it, finds that he has to devote all his attention to his teeth, stomach and legs to keep going at all.—Utah State Journal.

Demonstrated.

"Do you think Mr. Binks is much in love with her husband?"

"You know Binks, don't you?"

"Yes."

"She lives with him, doesn't she?"

"Certainly."

"What more proof do you want?"—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

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