IN WOMAN'S INTEREST

White Linen Tennis Suit.

The skirt, beautifully fitted over the hips, is finished at the bottom with a box-plated flounce. The plaits are stitched at the edges and ornamented at the top with pearl buttons. The flounce is headed by two stitched bands of the linen, between which are little straps of the same, fastened at the ends with pearl buttons. Above this are two more stitched bands, which extend up each side of the front.

The box-plaited blouse and sleeves are made and trimmed to correspond, the stitched bands and straps forming a round yoke extending well over the shoulders. The turn-over collar, the cravat and the cuffs are of red foulard, dotted with white, and the belt is of red leather.—Wiener Chic.

Colored Silk Popular.

The use of the colored silk slip is growing. It is a fashion that has been out of favor for many years, but the foundations differing in color from the gown are the ones preferred now. Many of the fashionable changeable effects are gained in this way, putting a thin voile of one color over a silk foundation of another.

The following gown is a nice example of this fashion. The material is a light gray voile, hung over a green silk. The skirt is shirred about the hips and twice below, and finished at the bottom with several rows of green velvet ribbon. The yoke of the bodice is made of diamonds of green taffeta and ecru lace, and from the yoke falls a little full bolero of bands of lace dotted with velvet circles and plaitted panels of the voile. The sleeves are shirred and trimmed with lace bands.

It is probable that the little Directoire scarfs will come again this summer, but more often made up of embroidered batiste and lace than of silk and mousseline de soie. The rage for linen and heavy laces is astonishing.

Smart Afternoon Costume.

Here is a charming taffeta costume. The skirt is arranged with flat plaits on the hips and in the center of both back and front, finished at the hem with heavy folds and tucks. The coat-shaped bodice is short at the back and has a big collar of cream embroidery decorated with silk fringe and tassels; it opens in front over a double-breasted folded waistcoat of old world pink and black chine silk, which is cut away to show a tucked chiffon vest and a cravat of d'Alencon lace. With this is worn a pink chiffon hat, trimmed with a wreath of green foliage, the brim lined with black chip. With this is carried an abnormally long-handled pink silk parasol with large black spots thereon. There is a quaint picturesqueness about this frock which would commend itself to lovers of the beautiful, as well as to those who want a practical yet smart afternoon costume.

Shirtwaist suits of very tiny blue and white checked silk are popular house gowns of the plainer sort.

White silk to match is the preferred lining for a wool gown, a light or shade of the same color is sometimes used.

Plaid poplins and woolens in old-fashioned Scotch designs are again much used for little girls' gowns and kilts for small boys.

A pretty white tulle hat made in the flat shape is simply trimmed with a wreath of forget-me-nots and bunches of blue velvet ribbon.

Two tiny pendant silk-covered balls finished the tab trimming on the back of a very smart green and blue hat shown by one of our leading milliners.

Horizontal effects have almost entirely superseded the up and down tuckings for fashionable skirt trimming, although the long lines of the perpendicular styles are much more becoming to short, stout women.

Battenberg Centerpiece.

The handsome battenberg centerpiece shown above is a beautiful centerpiece worked from the fact that the open pattern allows a polished surface, or a color that may be used underneath, to show through, producing an artistic effect, says the Gentlewoman. The leaves and scrolls of the design should have rather close filling stitches, and the many rings used add greatly to the effect of the work. Battenberg braid will be the best to use, as it is strong and durable and will last for years with careful laundering. Cost: cambric, 16 cents, materials, 86 cents.—Boston Herald.

Theater Blouse.

Blouse of mousseline de soie, shirred and puffed at the top to form a yoke. The large sleeves are also shirred at the top and again at the bottom, forming deep cuffs.

The wide corslet girdle is of velvet, as is also the little bolero. The latter is bordered and embroidered with arabesques of gold in several tones, some old and faded, others more brilliant. Here and there are tassels made of threads of gold in the same tones.—La Mode Artistique.

Rose Favorite Paris Color.

Rose color still continues to be one of the favorite Parisian shades. A very smart afternoon frock in soft white silk de chine is decorated with a border of silk covered with pink spots. The skirt is caught up on the hips in panier fashion, while the embroidered silk de chine, edged embroidered silk de chine, edged with a heavy fringe and worn with an all-black tucked tulle toque, covered with wheat-ears and pale pink poppies.

Dainty Frock for Little Girl.

Girl's frock of cream veiling, made with stitched plaits, those on the skirt opening out near the bottom. The plastron is of cream lace, bordered with a yoke-like collar of the material, or of cream taffeta, embroidered with cord and light blue dots. The cravat is of blue surah. The cuffs and girdle of the embroidered material or taffeta.—Chic Parisien.

Child's Frock.

A neat frock for a little girl of six, eight or ten years may be developed as in the accompanying sketch in a variety of materials. The costume shown is in an blood red, with black straps stitched and set into the seams of the skirt toward the front. The blouse is a combination of cream, white and the red, while the cape collar is embroidered in the same color as the body of the frock. This is a design that will lend itself to any of the plaids. The collar may be of lace appliqued over silk and stitched as indicated. The cuffs also carry out the same design as the collar. Six yards of material 27 inches wide are required to develop the frock for a ten-year size; of the white goods used in the waistcoat and collar, 1½ yards.

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Bottles should never be cleaned with shot, as there is a risk of lead poisoning.

Bamboo furniture should be scrubbed with cold water and salt. Don't make wetter than is absolutely necessary, and dry in the open air as soon as possible.

Blacklead stains on carpet may be covered with a paste made of fullers earth and water to which a little ammonia has been added. Apply a second time if necessary.

An excellent polish is made by shaking well together equal parts boiled linseed oil, turpentine, vinegar and spirits of wine. Apply very sparingly with a piece of flannel, and polish with a soft cloth.

Lace curtains that are torn are best mended in this way: Wash and iron as usual, then, while the curtain is still lying on the ironing board, dip a piece of plain net in cold starch, squeeze as dry as possible, lay over the hole, and iron till dry. The edges of the hole should be drawn together as much as possible first.

The Kitchen

A creaking door hinge may be silenced by applying to it a tiny bit of soap and rubbing it on with the point of a lead pencil.

Do not scrape a frying pan, as it is liable afterward to burn. Instead rub well with a hard crust of bread and wash in hot water.

A new lampwick should be soaked in vinegar. If this is done there will be neither smell nor smoke, and a much brighter light will be given.

Before cleaning out a fireplace sprinkle a good handful of tea leaves among the ashes. This makes the ashes lift easier and prevents the dust from flying about the room.

One of the best sauces for fish is made by chopping a tablespoonful of capers very fine and then rubbing them through a sieve with a wooden spoon. Mix this with an ounce of cold butter and season with salt and pepper.

Very often cakes stick to the tin, and it is difficult to get them out without breaking the cake. Wring out a cloth in cold water and wrap it round the sides and bottom of the tin. Leave it for five minutes, then tip it up and the cake will slip from the tin without breaking.

On Slender White Hands.

Lace mitts are seen on white slender hands at all evening functions, and it appears that these filmy coverings that were first introduced in Paris, have become a part of the evening fashionable woman's toilet. The handsomest of these hand coverings are of real lace, and to wear even the simplest ones is expensive, while the costly ones sell as high as $120 a pair. These mitts come in all lengths, some even reaching to the shoulder, where they are held in place with a thin rubber band.

For dinner parties lace mitts are especially popular, as they are so easily removed, and every woman who has beautiful white and well-formed hands is delighted at the reappearance of this delicate, cobwebby hand covering.

SUMMER GOWNS FROM VIENNA.

The first gown is of pongee. The blouse has a round yoke, shirred and puffed and bordered with a ruffle of the material forming a sort of shoulder collar or bertha. Over this is a little collar of red and green embroidery, finished in points, from which hang pendants of passementerie. The sleeves, full at the top, pouch over large shirred puffs, which are finished with cuffs trimmed with embroidery.

The upper part of the skirt is shirred and puffed at the top, forming a hip yoke, and is finished with a ruffle of the pongee, which falls over another group of shirrings, also finished with a ruffle, and this in turn also falls over two more flounces. The girdle is of red and green silk, or red velvet and green silk.

The other gown is of ecru figured foulard. The skirt is box-plaited all round and finished with a flounce, plaited and draped in festoons. This flounce is ornamented with little bows of golden brown panne and headed by a band of guipure insertion. It falls over a flounce of plaited silk gauze of the same shade as the gown.

The blouse is also of the plaited gauze, and over it is a bolero of the foulard, plaited and draped like the flounce. It is ornamented at the top with the panne bows, and from under it escape golden brown cords and tassels matching the bows. The collar and cuffs are tucked and trimmed with guipure, as are also the box-plaited sleeves. The girdle is of the golden brown panne.—Wiener Chic.

THE TERRIBLE SMALL BOY.

How He Created Discomfort for Passengers on Car.

He couldn't have been more than fifteen, and he was a perfect specimen of the type of street boys one reads about but seldom sees. He was standing on the back platform, smoking, when the attention of the genial passenger was first called to him, and this because the boy brushed off the genial passenger's coat and apologized for nearly setting it on fire.

"Been ter the ball game?" the boy inquired. The genial passenger admitted that he hadn't had that pleasure.

"Peach of a game," said the boy.

Just at this point a fashionably dressed young man boarded the car and went inside, where, after seating himself, he pulled up his trousers, displaying a pair of brilliantly colored socks. The boy moved over to the doorway, and, crouching with his head inside the door, fixed his eyes in a fascinated stare on the gayly clad ankles. When he was sure he had attracted the attention of all the passengers to the offending articles he yelled derisively:

"Bum show! Drop der curtain!"

By this time the genial passenger had reached his corner, but before he had a chance to get off a good looking middle aged woman pushed by him and stepped off the car, remarking sharply as she did so on the evils of smoking. Of course her speech was directed to the boy. Quick as a flash he retorted: "The old gal's mad because I wouldn't flirt with her."

The car moved off, with the boy smiling and happy and the woman flushed with anger and wishing she could box the young scamp's ears.—New York Press.

THE SAGACITY OF RATS.

Two Instances Which Show Their Almost Human Intelligence.

I commented recently on the way in which small carcasses are disposed of by nature's scavengers, says a writer in the Pal Mall Gazette. A farmer on the moorlands, whence I write, observed a curious instance of this lately. One of the young fowls lay dead in a field. From the opposite side of a low hedge he saw a rat approach and pull at it. Being too heavy for the raider to drag away, he left it, and the farmer, guessing what would happen next, jumped over the hedge, and, after picking his bird up, hid again to watch the rat's tactics. Very soon he returned to the spot with two other rats. The expression on these creature's faces, when no chicken was to be seen there, was, he says, intensely human. They looked at their unfortunate companion, who had, as they considered, deceived them, for a moment or two, and then, falling on him together, actually did him to death.

They are truly wonderful beasts; a friend, whose hens' eggs had been taken largely, hid up in his fowl house and patiently waited till he saw a large rat run up a short hen ladder to a nest, and seize an egg between his paws. He then land himself on his back, and held the egg on his chest. More rats appeared, and forming themselves into a chain from the ground, they positively drew the rat with the egg down the ladder, passing it along from one to the other till it was safely below.

Love's Reticence.

There is no love more glorious than the dawn
When heavenward to still crags his fervors fling
White arms of worship, and the harmonious
That mean all music from his bright lips ring
But my love, though it neither falls nor flags,
My love is like the calmness of the crags.

There is no love more piteous than the quest
That some lone-wandering moorwind may avow
O'er some blank moor wherefrom it years to wrest
The tremulous woodcraft of a single bough.
But my love, thought it bides profound, secure,
My love is still the muteness of the moor.

There is no love more passionately phrased
Than when his wondrous voice, half song, half light
(As though from each new note some new star blazed)
The nightingale pours bounteous on the night.
But my love, though its faith no tremor mars,
My love is like the silence of the stars!
—Smart Set.

Why He Wanted a Wig.

"I am going to buy a wig," said a bald-headed man, as he ruefully rubbed the bare spot on the top of his head. "No, it isn't out of pride. I do not object to the appearance of my shining pate. But the flies nearly drive me frantic. They never light on the head of a man who has plenty of hair. For a time I cultivated what I used to call a 'bluff.' I let the hair on the side of my head grow about six inches long and then combed it over the bald space. This kept the flies off for two or three years; but now it is so thin that the flies are not bluffed at all. That is why I am going to buy a wig."

To Pasteurize Milk.

Any housewife can "pasteurize" milk, making it sterile, if she cares to go to a little trouble. Place a pan of cold water on the stove and put the vessel containing the milk into this pan. Just as soon as the water comes to a boil take it off. Add a pinch of baking soda to the hot milk, the proportion being a little less than half a teaspoonful to the quart. If the milk is sweet it will remain so for twenty four hours even in the hottest weather if put in a stoppered bottle. Physicians recommend this method of treating milk for the use of babies in summer.

Annoyed.

"Everybody has his little peculiarities," said the broad-minded man. "I don't doubt that you have your own way of looking at some things."

"My dear sir," answered Mr. Meekton, "I wish you wouldn't talk about my having my own way in that offhanded manner. Henrietta might hear you."

Few Insane in Egypt.

Egypt, with nearly ten million people, has only one lunatic asylum.

Trees and Rainfall.

The minimum rainfall at which trees will grow is 8 inches.

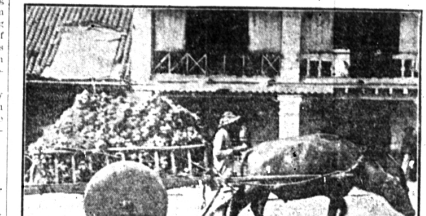
TRAVELING IN LUZON.

American Describes Journey to the Volcano Taal—Primitive Mode of Conveyance Leaves Lasting Impression of Discomfort—Some of the Habits of the Natives.

(Special Correspondence.)

The provinces of Rizal and Laguna are more dissected than any others in the island of Luzon and have been filled with ladrone bands, which still exist in a scattered condition. The route to the volcano, Taal, lies through these provinces. There is a line of steam launches—boats perhaps ninety feet in length—owned and mismanaged by Chinos, which takes the traveler part of the distance from Manila to Taal, passing through the whole length of the River Pasig and through the lake from which the district of Laguna takes its name.

Along the river is a continuous line of native villages, the inhabitants being engaged in fishing and farming. As fishermen their methods are unique. Some of the men just wade out till their heads only are out of water and then, taking a long breath, they go below and actually catch fish with their hands. This may appear to be incredible, but we saw it—saw them actually come up with the fish; it is true that their catch was made only once out of a dozen dives, but they got there at times. Others use nets, wading in the river and holding the net, which is a sort of trap mounted on bamboo sticks, in front of them as they walk along the river bed. The fish are plentiful, or their methods would have poor results. She women do most of the farming.



Caribou and Cart.

The road from Calamba to Ambalon, the village nearest the volcano, was a native road. The ride was a wild dream, or rather, nightmare. The vehicle, drawn by two native ponies was the complete and perfect work of the evil one. It rattled, jolted and threatened to go to pieces. The seat of the vehicle was of hardwood; the makers had not considered the possibility of their containing anyone larger than a Filipino and the head of a fairly tall American just touched the roof. Every time the cart struck a stone the American's head struck the roof and as this road was all stones the tops of our heads were pretty well mashed by the time the lake was reached.

The end of this ride brought us to the lake—Bombon or Taal lake—which is about ten miles long and seven or eight wide. The volcano is on an island in the center of the lake and is reached by dugout boats, with outriggers of bamboo to steady them. The natives here were very poor and some of them told me how much they regretted the departure of the soldiers who were station there some time time ago. In the first place, the soldiers spent money there and money is as scarce with them as with any community I know of. And in the second place, we found that the soldiers had become personally popular with the people.

Common Scene In Pasig River.

The volcano is not a particularly impressive mountain from a distance there being several other mountains within sight of three times its height. The ascent is easy, over a bed of cinders, and can be made by an athletic person without once stopping to rest. The crater is about a mile across and can be entered by a gap broken in the vertical wall near the top. Inside the wall drops about 100 feet straight down, but below this there is a long slope of cinders, at an angle of about thirty degrees from the vertical, which may be descended by making diagonal tacks across its face. At the bottom of the crater is a small central crater, from which issues a roaring jet of steam, from a vent hole about fifteen feet across. There are other steam vents, but this one is the largest.

The last eruption of any consequence was in the eighteenth century, but there is evidence on a small scale, relatively recent eruption on a small scale. Over the whole of the interior of the crater and to some extent on the outside, is a deposit several inches thick of brown volcanic dust, which has a crust of about a quarter of an inch thick, due to the action of the rain.

After leaving the volcano the mad ride recommenced. We had passed over the road the first time in the middle of the night, but the return trip was made by day. All along the road the native population was strung out to see the caravan of Americanos.

At Calamba we were lucky enough to hire a Filipino house for the night. At least we had all we wanted of it, the family using the room that we did not occupy. There was one large room, divided by a wardrobe into two sections. The floor was of strips of bamboo, one inch wide, with spaces of a quarter of an inch between them.

The furniture consisted of two bamboo benches and a stand two feet by eighteen inches and three feet high. The floor served for bed, dining table and washstand. In fact, everyone squatted in real Asiatic fashion. In this town there was a Chinese restaurant, with a Chinaman who spoke English. He had a printed bill of fare, in English, which quoted prices for oysters, pork chops, beefsteak and other things. We asked what he actually had on hand, and it appeared that he had fried chicken and eggs. We ordered the whole bill of fare and after a short time we heard loud squawking in the kitchen, and then the Chinaman stuck a beaming face into the room, saying: "Can do mucho chucky squawk, mucho chucky fry, can do?" He was just killing the chickens, after going around the neighborhood to find them.

After eating we were ready for sleep. We went to our house to find all the women of the house waiting to put us to bed. It seemed to be the correct thing to put a guest safely to bed, and there they were waiting for us to undress and to put the pillows under our heads and cover us up. The floor was covered with pieces of matting and all the cushions in the house laid for us to sleep on; and as one of the cushions was a little soiled the lady of the house got out from the wardrobe her own white petticoat and wrapped it around the cushion for a pillow case. Lying awake after the house was quiet I heard a faint scuffling, and, peeping out, I saw the whole family going to bed on the other part of the floor, back of the wardrobe that formed a partial partition between us and the rear of the house.

Before leaving the subject of the Filipino houses in their villages I should say they have in many of these villages a stream of water running along the side of the road, in front of the houses, and two or three stone steps leading down to the water in front of each house. In the early morning the women put on their bathing dresses and take their little ones down to this stream to wash. The stream is also used to wash clothing. I am not sure whether they all drink the water, but I know some of them do so.

When Water Tastes Good.

This is a Texas story. There was gathered at one of the country towns the usual crowd for the county court, which included the judge, the district attorney, sheriff, clerk, a number of lawyers and, on this particular occasion, a young army officer. Well, they celebrated to rather a late hour on the first night and when bedtime came it was found that most of them had to sleep in the one large room called in the West the "school section," because everything in the school section lands in the early days belonged to everybody. About daylight the next morning the district attorney crawled out and found a pitcher of ice water. As he poured it down his throat it fairly hissed. After a long draught he stopped and said: "No d——d sober fool knows how good water tastes."—Washington Post.

MYSTERY OF WILD ANIMALS.

What Becomes of Those That Die Natural Deaths in the Woods?

"The forest has many mysteries," said an old Pennsylvania woodman, "but none deeper than that of wild animals that die natural deaths.

"The four-footed dwellers of the woods certainly do not live forever. Age and disease must carry them off regularly, as human beings are carried off, but what becomes of their bodies?

"I never heard of any one's coming across a wild dead bear or deer or wildcat or fox that had died from natural causes. I found the carcass of a big five-pronged buck in the woods once, but a rattlesnake, also dead, had its fangs buried in one of the deer's nostrils. There had evidently been a fight to the death between the reptile and the beast.

"Another time I followed the trail of a bear from a clearing where it had stolen a half-grown lamb. I came upon the headless body of the lamb a mile or so out on the trail, and a half mile further on, near the edge of a swamp, I was surprised to find the body of the bear.

"Its jaws were open, and its glassy eyes were pushed far out of its head. I held a post-mortem examination of the dead bear and found the lamb's head lodged in its throat. How or why the bear ever permitted it to get there I am unable to explain.

"I have many times found other dead animals in the woods, but never one that did not show unquestionable evidence of having died from violence of some kind. Every woodsman will tell you the same. What becomes of the dead wild animals that die natural deaths.

JUST A MATTER OF NUMBERING.

The Great Detective Explains the Delay in a Murder Case.

"No, we haven't made any arrests yet," the great detective told the reporter. "You can say this much, however. We know who the murderer is.

"He is one of four men whom we have been watching from the first. The fact that only one man committed the crime has been sworn to by witnesses.

"Neither the first nor the second of these four men was present when the shot was fired. The third man was also away at the time.

"The fourth man is the one we want, and we can lay our hands on him whenever we're good and ready."

"Then what are you waiting for?" asked the reporter. "Why don't you arrest him now?"

"Well," said the great detective, "you see we're not yet sure as to the proper numbering of these men. We know that the fourth man is the one we want, but which of these four is the fourth man? That's what we're working on now."—New York Sun.

Not Taking Any Risks.

It seems that James M. Barrie, the novelist and dramatist, who recently purchased an automobile in London, has not—or until very recently had not—mustered up the courage to use the machine. Just before he left the British capital the other day for Paris with Charles Frohman, to be present at the Paris performance, under Mr. Frohman's direction of his play, "The Admirable Crichton," he invited the Anglo-American theatrical magnate to accompany him on his first ride in his new "devil wagon."

"No, thank you, Barrie," replied Mr. Frohman. "When I get ready to commit suicide I have a previous engagement with a friend in New York."

This is believed to be an obscure reference to the Admirable Crichton of the Rialto, Alf Hayman.—New York Mail and Express.

Meum and Tuum in Science.

Little Mildred's mother objected to the freedom with which her young daughter bestowed her kisses, and read her darling a lecture on the impropriety of the practice, concluding with the startling information that there were microbes in kisses.

Next day the young minister called, and as he and Mildred were fast friends he lingered in the act of departure.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hatton, but I can't kiss you any more," she said tearfully. When he urged her for an explanation of this sudden change she blurted out:

"I can't kiss anybody any more 'cause—'cause—mamma says there's you-crobes in kisses—and—I mustn't."

Shadows.

Ah, honey-bee! ah, honey-bee! how eager
is your song!
And how the flowers are trembling to
see you swing along;
Ah! surely as a lover you are come, or
do you roam
Only for honey—then home?

And ivyweed, and ivyweed, how tenderly
you grow!
It is an oak that lifts you from many
a year ago.
Do you, then, love the shade so that you
should never roam,
But only there, and home?

Shall I, then, as the ivy be, or be a
honey-lover?
And live a lover in the shade, or rover
in the clover?
The Shadow to the Sunbeam says, "A
little you may roam,
Only a little—then home!"

Temperature of Heated Bodies.

Some years ago Wier worked out a rule for calculating the absolute temperature of a heated body from the wave length of its most energetic radiations. From this rule, which gives very probable results, the sun's temperature is found to range from 4850 degrees to 5450 degrees F.; that of Sirius, from 5700 degrees to 6400 degrees; Vega, 5700 degrees to 6400 degrees; Arcturus, 2450 degrees to 2700 degrees; Aldebaran, 2550 degrees to 2850 degrees, and the electric light, 2550 degrees to 3500 degrees. White and blue stars are much hotter than red and yellow.

Nothing Doing.

"I don't think I'll wager with you," said the baker, "you haven't the dough."

"That may be," replied the butcher, "but I don't see you putting up any stakes."

Not Too Soon.

"This is rather an unusual hour for you to be going to lunch. Not hungry so early, are you?"

"No, but I will be by the time the waiter condescends to notice me."