Your Corner

Late Ideas for Costumes That Have the Sanction of the Smart Set—Juliet Cap a Favorite Form of Headgear.

Handkerchief Kimono.

Handkerchiefs as material for garments of various sorts are continually growing in demand, but are never more attractive than when made up into a kimono such as the one illustrated. Those used for the model are of white Japanese silk with border of blue silk dotted with white, but there are innumerable ones from which a choice can be made. Those of linen with borders are pretty and always launder satisfactorily, and dealers are also showing a considerable variety woven specially for purposes of the sort. The handkerchiefs are joined on indicated lines and are so adjusted as to form deep points in front, back and sleeves, while the neck edges are turned over to give a collar effect. To make the kimono for a woman of medium size will be required five handkerchiefs 20 inches square or, if preferred, it can be made from material with applied banding, in which case 3¼ yards 22, 27 or 22 or 2 yards 44 inches wide, with 12¾ yards of banding will be required.

Design by May Manton.

The Juliet Cap.

For dressy occasions there is no prettier ornament above the stirish face than the Juliet cap, familiar to every admirer of Shakespeare's heroine.

This dainty garniture is especially effective with the low style of hairdressing now in vogue, particularly when the hair is gathered in a net at the nape of the neck.

The cap is not a cap in the strictest sense of the word, but a net woven from gold threads, or tiny gold beads, studded with small gems; or it can be made from small pearls, rhinestones or other gems. Beads, pearls or other gems should be exceedingly small, so that the general effect of the mesh is gauzy and light.

The cap is worn directly on the crown of the head, and droops gracefully toward the back. When a curl is worn over the shoulder, it is sometimes followed by loops and ends of the pearls.

Lace for Ankles.

A pair of lace medallons, left over from the summer frock, can be put to excellent use in trimming stockings to match the gown.

For instance, with a pongee gown piped with lace medallons, a plain pair of tan lisle stockings were made very smart by the use of lace medallons, one just above each instep.

They were first appliqued on the stockings with silk thread, in very fine stitches, then the lisle beneath was cut away, and then edges of the stocking buttonhole stitched closely and finely to the wrong side of the medallon. Worn with brown suede shoes, they gave a dainty finishing touch to the costume.

Told in Her Boudoir

Tortoise shell is the newest shade of brown.

Sleeves widen and shorten as the summer comes on.

Silks strewn with mauve orchids are simply exquisite.

The modern raincoat tips the scales at less than one pound.

A small collar finishes the back of many fashionable jackets.

Net ruchings, very fine, are smarter than those made of chiffon.

Forget-me-nots are among the very charming hat trimmings.

Sleeves are as elaborate as ever and still bouffant below the elbow.

Silver, especially antique, is among the smart metals for buckles.

The 1830 or French blouse is the latest idea in black taffeta coats.

Embroidered muslin picture hats are among the pretty lingerie hats.

Circular skirts, cut in three or more section, are among the latest models.

Street Costume of Mistral Voile.

Voile in its fashionable varieties easily leads the fashionable procession in the spring and early summer gowns. The mistral voile has a coarse canvas weave with a rough, crepy surface, and lends itself well to decorative purposes. The little Eton opens with a roll shawl collar over the lingerie blouse, a narrow black and gold braid being effectively used for trimming. The skirt is cut with double effect, the upper portion pointing in front, tablier fashion, and rounding up shapely to the back. A deeply kilted flounce applied beneath a double band of braid gives the correct flare at the foot, this being maintained by a narrow band of princess haircloth on the drop skirt or petticoat.

Making Perfect "Noodles."

Nothing parzles the amateur cook quite as much as the comfortiness of "noodles." Sometimes they mix up nicely so they can be rolled and cut to full perfection, at other times they turn into a sticky, soggy mass, utterly impossible. An infallible rule is to fill one-half the shell of the egg used with cold water and then beat or "fold" in only as much flour as can be absorbed. Put enough on a molding board and rolling pin to prevent adhering, and the result will be a smooth, brittle paste which can be shredded without any difficulty.

Kid Belts, Hand Painted.

Broad, straight belts of white kid have delicate traceries of gold for their decoration. There are other white kid belts, daintily hand-decorated with flowers, done in water colors, that are specially handsome for wear with white linen shirt suits.

Very chic are those white kid belts with peacock feather ornamentation! Very correct belts of heavy linen, showing dull gold buckles, are to be had for strictly tailor shirts, and the plain white crushed kid ones with harness buckles still hold exclusive patronage.

Summer Piazza Gowns.

For elaborate summer toilets all the gauzes and their weaves of wool and silk are called into play. Chiffon cloth, mousseline, voile, veiling, chiffon louisine and messaline are this season's leaders.

Messaline and chiffon louisine have both been brought out in a host of exquisite effects.

Among the thin louisines checked changeable surfaces cannot be provided by the manufacturer fast enough.

In chiffon there are stunning patterns combining wide satin stripes and big discs made up of graduated polka dots. The flowered cotton nets have had a big sale and will be aired later on summer verandas. These, like all the nets, are made over an interlining of net which veils the silk foundation.

Colored nets are used for flimsy frocks for both old and young women. A frock of this kind seen lately had a skirt of orangely veiled with net, over which the outer skirt hung. All were of the same delicate shade of rose pink.

Informal Talks

Rub all rusty places on iron with kerosene oil.

Wicker seats and back of chairs are easily cleaned, with salt and water.

Varnished woodwork can be easily cleaned and brightened with crude oil.

Any brickwork rinsed off with ammonia and water and then carefully dried will be wonderfully brightened by the process.

A few drops of alcohol rubbed on the inside of lamp chimneys will remove all trace of greasy smoke when water alone is of no avail.

Alcohol rubbed into a carpet will effectually remove a varnish stain. This should be done after the carpet has been taken up and shaken.

Acceptable to Invalids.

To prepare brown bread coffee for a sick person take some pieces and crusts of brown bread and dry them in a slow oven until thoroughly hard and crisp. Place in a mortar and pound. Then pour boiling water over them and let them soak for about fifteen minutes. This, when strained carefully, is very acceptable to invalids who are weary of the ordinary drinks, such as lemonade. Crust coffee is made in the same manner, only white bread is substituted for brown.

White Pongee With Lace.

White, or bleached, pongee is one of the novelties of the season and is

Design by May Manton.

charmingly dainty and effective. The very pretty gown illustrated shows the material trimmed with applique of cream Venetian lace and finished with frills of the softer Liberre in the same shade. The combination of tones is a satisfactory as well as a fashionable one, and the material lends itself to tucks with singular success. The blouse is made over a fitted foundation and closed invisibly at the center front, but, when made of muslin or other washable fabric, can be left unlined and also allows a choice of long or elbow sleeves. The skirt is cut in seven gores, the front one being extended to form a yoke at sides and back. It is tucked in groups that are stitched to flounce depth and give graceful fullness and flare beneath that point. To make the gown for a woman of medium size will be required: for the blouse, 4⅝ yards of material 21, 3⅞ yards 27, or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide; for skirt, 10 yards 21, 9 yards 27, or 5¼ yards 44 inches wide.

Bulgarian Embroidery.

Bulgarian embroidery is now being utilized for belts, with mountings of kid. A belt of linen embroidered in Bulgarian tints and pattern, and edged with narrow, stitched bands of patent leather, is especially striking for wear with a linen shirt waist suit.

Correct Thing in Gloves.

Pique suedes in white and pale tints are new arrivals. The tan gloves of this season have very little red in their composition. The woman who knows selects something ranging between the cream and pearl tints and mole color or beaver brown.

A SMART LITTLE COAT.

Design by May Manton.

Jaunty little Etons made of pongee, silk and the like are among the smartest wraps shown and are exceedingly attractive, whether made to match the skirt or of contrasting material. This one includes a stole collar, that provides the broad and droop ing shoulders, and is made with deep pointed sleeves under which the full ones of the blouse show to advantage.

As illustrated the material is cut by own taffeta, combined with tan color and trimmed with little ornaments of braid, and matches the skirt, but all the materials mentioned are equally appropriate. To make the coat for a woman of medium size will be required 4 yards of material 21, 2½ yards 27, or 1¾ yards 44 inches wide

GOOD WORK OF FILIPINOS.

Faithful and Industrious in an Unaccustomed Climate.

Sixty Filipinos on the United States cable ship Burnside did excellent work on the rough seas off the coast of Alaska last year. Twenty of them were detailed for laying and repairing cables. They were thus engaged for three months, during which time they experienced a great deal of rough weather, one voyage having been so trying that the Burnside narrowlly escaped destruction. The Filipinos, however, in spite of the severe climate and the difficult nature of the work, proved so efficient and trustworthy that Lieut.-Col. Allen of the United States signal corps says in his official report: "The work was always cheerfully performed by them, and in no case during the entire trip was any sort of punishment administered to these men. They continually grew in strengtah, and with the exception of slight colds from exposure they were in excellent health throughout. The point desired to be made prominent is that these men taken from the Philippine islands and sent directly into the cold of Alaska were able to perform all the duties required of them in the most satisfactory manner." Gen. Greely says: "The marked success of the past year has caused the chief signal officer of the army to engage a Filipino crew for the operations in Alaskan waters for the coming summer."

SHE GOT THEM MIXED.

Explanation Dawned Rapidly on Mind of Housewife.

A lady walked into a grocer's shop one day with her sleeves turned up to her elbows and a fighting light in her eyes. "This 'ere," she observed with a sniff, as she barged a piece of yellowy substance on the counter, "is the soap that does the washin' of itself. The soap what makes every washin' day a kind of glorified bean feast; the soap what gits all the linen as white as snow and as sweet as a hadlant by dinner time, and lets the happy housewife spend the rest of the day gigglin' with the children, and here am I been scrubbin' three mortal hours with that lump, and ain't got so much lather out of it as I could git from a brickbat." "I beg your pardon," remarked the grocer, "but it isn't the soap. Your little boy came in here yesterday for half a pound of both soap and cheese; that's the cheese."

"The cheese!" rasped the lady. "That accounts for the other thing then."

"The other thing?" queried the grocer.

"Yes, the other thing," came the reply. "I was layin' awake half the night wonderin' what it was made the Welsh rabbit we had for supper taste so funny."—Kansas City Independent.

Kate Sanborn Queries.

After speaking of vast piles of decaying carcasses of the herons, slain for their plumes and the thousands of young birds left to starve, all for the sake of securing the plumes for women's hats, Mr. Scott says: "I wish clearly to emphasize the fact that I do not blame the women who use these decorations, for men are the responsible parties. No woman ever wore a decoration of any kind, much less the feather of a bird, for her own pleasure, or to attract the attention of other women. The object for which women wear decorations is to enhance their attractiveness and beauty to men, not to themselves, or to each other. And as long as men care to have women's hats decorated with feathers and express their approval by admiration bestowed, just so long will the custom endure."

Does Mr. Scott know women as well as he does birds?—From her article in National Magazine.

Play you Are the Sunshine.

You say you're feeling blue, lad!
That things are going wrong!
If that's the case for true, lad,
Cheer up and sing a song.
You'll find 'twill always pay, lad,
For all—for me and you
To play we are the sunshine
And let the skies be blue.
When the skies are blue and clear, lad,
The world is at its best;
Whenever you drop a tear, lad,
It saddens all the rest.
Smile on—don't mind the knocks, lad,
Just keep your own heart true—
Play you're the golden sunshine
And let the sky be blue.
When you are feeling blue, lad,
And half inclined to cry,
You're at the jobs its true, lad—
Intended for the sky.
The sunshine role sits better
On husky chaps like you—
Then be a human sunbeam,
Let but the sky be blue.
—Baltimore American.

Ceremino in Old Age.

Geronimo, the famous old Apache chief, is still in good health, although he is very aged. His home is ten miles from Lawton, O. T., yet he usually walks to and from the place to do his trading. He is often asked to give an exhibition of his skill as a marksman with bow and arrow. This he readily consents to do provided a nickel is made the target and it is to become his own in case he hits it.

In a Profitless Chase.

In regard to the British operations in Somaliland the London Telegraph said recently: "Our chase of the mad mullah has lasted longer than the chase of Dewet and we have not caught him yet. Our troops have done their best in a region which produces nothing and has defied all attempts to make it grow laurels."

Resigns from Brown Faculty.

Archibald Delaney, for nearly twenty years steward of Brown university, has resigned, his resignation to take effect Aug. 1. Mr. Delaney has served the college in the capacity of steward since 1885 and is well known to Brown men throughout the country. He will be succeeded by E. A. Burlingame, a civil engineer of Providence.

Long Term of Faithful Service.

On Tuesday, May 10, Prof. Charles Koeti completed his fiftieth year as organist of St. Mary's Catholic church in Ottumwa, Iowa. His compensation has always been small. He began with a little melodeon and it is said that he has never omitted a mass, vespers or benediction at which he had promised to play. He is now 69 years of age.

Friendship is one of the things that cannot be preserved in alcohol

ANDALUSIAN CITY OF MEXICO

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

Imagine an Andalusian city, semi-oriental, with much of the Moorish in its architecture, hung into a great mountain gorge; its streets sometimes so narrow that neighbors are neighbors indeed; streets that ascend the mountain side with amazing steepness, with here and there massive arches thrown across, and everywhere color to delight an artist.

There is nothing like it anywhere else; for sheer picturesqueness, for something that seems remote from America—a city that might be found in the heart of Asia or in northern Africa—Guanajuato is without peer or rival. And underneath these streets that wind and climb, and down which on rainy afternoons the water pours in torrents, are some of the deepest mines in the world, mines whose production in silver and gold, the ore often rich in the yellow metal, now reaches to more than a thousand million dollars.

Mines there are here dating back to 1548, to the days when the king's conductas, or treasure trains, with their little flags flying, passed safely down the long and dusty roads to the capital where the viceroys ruled. There is always romance in mining, and nowhere more of it than here. The product of the mines of Guanajuato, flung into Spain, upset the rates of gold and silver in distant India in the years when the emperors reigned.

Indian Boy With Baby.

Mexico lacks her Bret Harte, else all this would have passed into verse and story. Nowhere such gamblers as in the centers of the yield of the precious metals. Nowhere such reckless spending, such a riot of life and such sudden enrichments of humble men. Mining, with all modern scientific methods, is still much of a lottery; fifty years ago it was still more of a lottery.

Here, within almost a quarter of a century after the Spaniards, those men of iron and valiant hearts, had conquered Mexico, the hapless Indians toiled as slaves in the bowels of the earth that men might live as nobles in two lands, and their patient labor was transmuted into an Asiatic luxury for the fortunate few who held the titles to the mines. The decay of Spain dates from the opening of the mines of Peru and Mexico; opulence and ostentation succeeded the long centuries of martial simplicity when Spaniards were, with frequent reverses, driving the Moors down to the south of the Iberian peninsula, and then across into the Africa whence they had come.

The veta madre, or mother vein, of Guanajuato is one of the world's great ore bodies. Several parallel veins, or more it, running from northwest to southeast, and varying in width where they unite from five to eighty yards. The points where the veins approach one another most closely, and are richest in silver, correspond with the valleys that intersect the direction of the vein. The city has been built as the surrounding mountains allowed; there was no other plan possible, hence its astonishing picturesqueness.

Spaniards and Britons have operated here, and a vast amount of British capital in former days has gone into the mines and reduction works. Here worked, in the early part of the last century, the famous miners from old Cornwall, the Cornishmen recognizing no other real miners in the world. They won evil fame here for their drunkenness and turbulence, but were recognized to be superior miners, more at home under ground than on top of it.

Today American capital is heavily invested here, as in most mining camps in the republic; the installations are modern, and a new hope animates every one, for "Guanajuato is looking up again," as people will tell you. There can be no doubt that the district is very rich and far from exhausted.

In this city, besides the mines, and the colossal reduction works, and the modern buildings and parks, the stranger is attracted by the great and richly ornamented churches of much antiquity. Wealth has been lavished on them, the Church of la Campania being the most notable. It dates from 1747, and to prepare a level site for the edifice in this city of hills a great level space had to be blasted out, a work costing much money. The facade is adorned with many images, the principal figures being those of St. Ignatius Loyla and Charity. Above the lateral doorways are statues of Hope and Faith. In the church tower is a fine chime of bells.

The stranger will do well also to visit the Church of San Francisco, which is of simple design, but in excellent taste. It has a most silvery toned bell. The main altar and the six side altars are superbly decorated, and the show of gold is magnificent. Note also the image of Our Lady of Refuge, which is much venerated by the women of Guanajuato.

Mexican Indian Village.

Walking these streets of modern Guanajuato, one feels that he is on top of a vast anthill, for far below are the burrowings of the miners, down in the deepest darkness of the ancient earth. The activity of the city under the light of the sun is matched by that of the city under ground. Thousands of men pass their daytime hours far below the light and color of this strangely beautiful place.

Modern Guanajuato has strange contrasts, as does every Mexican town and city, for nowadays the modern jostles the antique, and customs as old as the Romans and Moors in Spain live by the side, as it were, of new ways imported from Yankeeland. So is the most foreign of lands and right at the doors of the great and busy American union.

It can never lose its picturesqueness and its charm for the cultivated traveler, for the mountains and the valleys will remain, and most of the ancient buildings erected by the Spaniards were made imperishable. Here and there some ancient edifice gives place to a modern structure, but as in the cities new residential quarters arise, the wealthy go there, leaving the poor in the old quarters, which resemble nothing more than old Spanish towns of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and, in fact, it was old Spain, in her proudest days, that gave inspiration to the architects who came over in the wake of the conquest.

Hernan Cortes brought into this country artists and artisans, famous builders and wise men of his time. That map of genius richly endowed the land he conquered. Mighty men of old were "los conquistadores," valiant in battle, enduring every imaginable hardship and bent on making an empire for their king in this new world. Greedy, cruel, strangely enlightened oftentimes, and yet superstitious, as was their age.

After them came missionaries, painfully toiling in their sandals up the mountains from Vera Cruz, and striving to mitigate and assuage the inevitable asperities incident to invasion and the planting of a new denomination in this "new Spain," as they fondly called it, leaving here many a place-name derived from Spanish towns and cities, even as did our ancestors take English names to New England.

TICKLE GRASS

BY BYRON WILLIAMS

'Twas Ever Thus.

Scene—Six little girls playing on the village green.

"Oh, Goodness!" with a shriek. "Look there, girls! Lookee!"

"He's coming this way!"

"Oh, my!"

"He's running!"

"Oh, dear!" wailing. "He's catching—us!" panting.

"Oh, Oh! Now—you—just—stop—that! Oh!" with a shrill cry that startles the neighbors for blocks.

"Oh, dear! Boo-hoo!"

Chorus—"Boo-hoo!" Tears, more tears! Shrieks!

Then a man's voice calls out from Brown's raspberry bushes:

"Here, you! What are you doing to those girls?"

"Aw, g'wan! I ain't doin' nothin' to th' fraidy-cats!" and little Johnnie Brown throws a dead garter snake across Smith's barbed-wire fence and slinks away down the alley!

It is when we get these glimpses of

"GIT AWAY FROM ME!"

boyhood that we are reminded of Byron's excerpt:

"A little curly-headed, good-for-nothing,
And mischief-making monkey from his birth."

In the Soft Moonlight.

They were alone!

And in a hammock at that!

The playful zephyrs rollicked in the moonlight and blew the loose tresses of her hair so riotously they tickled his ear!

He felt that he was in danger, but he would not declare himself. She said nothing. The owl called weirdly from the scraggy monarch on the hill. The lake chattered, and, as the dock, the boat chains grumbled! Far away he heard a bow-wow bark and the tinkle of a bovine bell!

Still she said nothing!

He did not look at her. He dared not. Yet he knew what a pretty picture she was making as the moonlight ravished her face for kisses!

But, no! He would remain firm. He——

She stirred slightly.

He gave no heed.

"Jack," in a quiet, conquered spirit.

"Jack, you——"

He turned toward her patronizingly.

"——you may——put——your——arm——under——my——head——if——you——like."

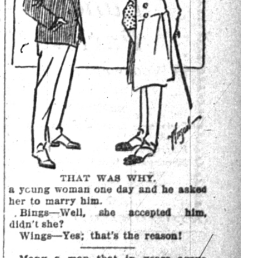
But, after all, this is none of our business.

"Oh Love! young Love! bound in thy rose band:
Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,
These hours, and only these, redeem life's years of ill."

Unduly Prejudiced.

Bings—Why is Brown so prejudiced against automobiles?

Wings—He was out in his auto with



THAT WAS WHY.

a young woman one day and he asked her to marry him.

Bings—Well, she accepted him, didn't she?

Wings—Yes; that's the reason!

Many a man that in years agone scaled a wall to steal a kiss, and fell into the raspberry bushes without complaining, makes a great fuss nowadays when he slips on the hall rug and bumps his elbow, as he kisses the same woman good-bye of a morning.

Many a young woman has been importuned to fly with a young man who couldn't buy a pair of chicken wings in a Chicago restaurant to save his life.

Extreme wealth is often a greater curse than extreme poverty—yet many men would be cursed for the coupons.

Too many people fix one eye on death and one on heaven, forgetting that God made the earth as well.

Kentucky's female politician has married. Of course, she'd wear 'em!

Many a husband is hungry for the love his wife wastes on the dorg!

The poet says "a black eye is the best one!" The idea!

The alarm clock has lost many a man a fortune.

Yes, we saw him* yesterday on State street.

*The man with the frat straw hat.