Your Corner

A Guide to the Height of Heels.

There are four different heights, with as many different names of the military heel alone. As a guide to those who want to be right on the subject of heels, remember the following: Up to one and one-quarter inches a heel is a military, up to one and five-eighths inches it is a Cuban, above that it is a Spanish heel. When it goes above two inches it is a Castillan. The French heels range from one and one-quarter to two inches usually—and are called Louis XV. The Du Barry heel runs from two to three inches—and quite a few women wear it.—Shoe Retailer.

Boy's Military Suit.

Love of the military is inherent in every normal boy's composition, and clothes that suggest the soldier are sure to find their way to his heart. This very stylish little suit satisfies that ambition and well suited to daily wear. The model is made of dark blue serge, stitched with corticelli silk and trimmed with braid and gold buttons and is worn with a belt of braid tied at the left side, but a plain belt of the material or leather can be substituted if preferred, and mohair and other light weight wools are quite as much used as is the serge.

The suit consists of blouse and knickerbockers. The blouse is made with back, fronts and a center front that is applied over them and held by brass buttons. At the shoulders are true military straps and the neck is finished with the characteristic collar,

while the sleeves are plain and trimmed to harmonize therewith. The knickerbockers fit smoothly over the hips, but the leg portions are drawn up by means of elastics inserted in the hems and bagged cunningly over the knees. At their upper edges are waistbands by means of which they can be attached to any underwaist and pockets are inserted at the sides where the closing is made. The blouse is closed at the front, the center portion being buttoned over over the right side.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (6 years) is 3¾ yards 27 inches wide, 2¼ yards 44 inches wide or 2 yards 52 inches wide.

Irish Crochet Coat.

A white Irish crochet coat is exceedingly smart in style made with a deep collar of white linen, trimmed with medallions of the lace, and having the lace sleeve made with turn-back cuffs of the linen and also finished with fluffy lace-trimmed undersleeves. A coat of this style should be worn with a linen skirt trimmed with lace insets. It would also look well with a skirt of white mohair, with the soft, silky finish. But then the cuffs and collar of the coat should have white silk substituted for the linen.

It is quite the smart fad of the day when wearing a lace coat to have the hat made to match. With the Irish crochet lace coat a white picture hat is good style with the flaring brim faced with the coarse lace, and an ostrich feather caught through the brim and drooping over the hair at the left side. If the wearer feels that a touch of color will make the hat more distinctive it may have the crown a mass of green leaves or formed entirely of pansies, forget-me-nots or blue hyacinth blossoms.

The Newest Corset.

The new corset has a twelve-inch clasp, with the material extending below it for several inches. Over the hips the depth from the waist line to the lower edge is sixteen inches. This section of the corset is boned with fine single whalebones. From the waist up the corset is formed of four horizontal shaped bands, ranging from one inch and three-quarters to three inches wide, the upper band being finished at the top by plaited net lace. This is especially adapted to long-waisted, full figures. Many, and in fact most of the new corset models show the higher bust line, but not over an inch higher, with the dip as deep as ever below the waist line.

Paris Facts and Fashions.

In Paris they are wearing the basque again; the jaunty little short coat always finds favor with Parisians. In brown, black or gray suede, with silver or brass buttons, this is about the smartest specimen of sartorial art we can have, worn with a cloth skirt of the same shade, strapped with suede. Suede is beyond the price of the average amateur, which is fortunate, for it is a fabric which can only be successfully manipulated by experts.

Then, again, in Paris the tweeds, plaids, plain cloths and serges are cut with a short, full bolero and cape-like sleeves, and worn with a wide kid band.

Corduroy did not have a very long run among tailor-made frocks. The velveteen which boasts a mirrored effect and narrow stripes is much smarter. A good many of these have been made with a regulation bodice and a skirt which just cleared the ground—hardly of the tailor-made order of things, yet not quite a reception toilet.

A Wire Salad Basket.

A wire salad basket is a very useful piece of kitchen furniture. It is a kettle-shaped basket with a small neck and a ball handle. After thoroughly washing the salad it is put in the basket and shaken until every drop of water has been shaken off. Then basket and all is put near the ice to crisp the leaves. Oil will not cling to wet lettuce and unless the leaves are well coated with oil the dressing is a failure.—New York Evening Post.

The Kitchen

Mix plaster of paris with vinegar instead of water and you will find it excellent to stop the cracks in the wall.

Jars and bottles that smell of onions will be quite sweet and odorless if left out of doors filled with sand or garden mold.

After rice of macaroni is cooked place in a colander and drain off the water, then quickly turn cold water through and you will find that the stickiness, which is so undesirable, will be prevented.

To boil eggs for invalids, bring the water to the boil, then take the saucepan off the fire and place the egg in it for five minutes. This will cook the egg perfectly without making the white hard and indigestible. It is also well to boil an egg intended for a young child in this manner.

Cold milk pudding can be used to form extremely nice dishes and, when tastefully arranged, will certainly disguise the fact that they are made up of ends which would often be wastefully thrown away, or eaten with distaste because so unappetizing to all save the ravenously hungry.

Useful Fruits.

Figs, dates and prunes are all times at this season, and make valuable addition to the ordinary bill of fare. Each of these fruits should be thoroughly washed before using.

If you have never had graham gems with dates for breakfast, try this recipe and see if it will not be called for again: Beat the yolk of one egg with a half teaspoonful of salt until lemon colored and thick. Add to this one cupful of milk, half a cupful of boiled rice, a cup and a half of graham flour and half a teaspoonful of melted butter. Beat the mixture until it is bubbly. Then add carefully one quarter cupful of chopped dates, one teaspoonful of baking powder, and the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Fold in, but do not stir. Fill buttered gem tins half full and bake in a slow oven.

Pretty Things of Fashion

Blue roses are one of the anomalies in millinery.

Dark muslins are to be more worn this summer than for years.

With elbow sleeves the long lace mitten looks like a summer fixture.

Shoulder knots are made of narrow ribbon with long ends falling to the waist and finished with tiny pink balls.

Braided insertions to be used as headings for fringe are new in the shop.

Violets of a pale burnt-brown shade are new to nature, but most effective in Paris millinery.

A pale blue gown with deep girdle and trimming of bright orange velvet is one of the striking importations.

Along with the yellow craze come millinery cowslips, marsh marigolds, kingcups, caffodils and all the golden blossoms known to nature, save only the beautiful but despised dandelion.

Fancy Waist.

Full waists worn with fancy boleros are extremely smart and allow of many charming and effective combinations. This one shows a full waist of dotted silk mull with slashed bolero of pale green mousseline taffeta, which matches the skirt, but there are numberless other materials that are equally desirable. Yellings are always pretty made with waists of cotton, soft silks or muslin and very nearly all the season's fabrics can be utilized. The yoke of lace with collar to match makes an attractive feature and is finished with bow or other banding when the bolero is not used.

The waist is made with a fitted lining on which the full fronts and back are arranged and is closed invisibly at, and on a line with the left edge of the yoke which is hooked over onto the left shoulder seam. The sleeves are wide and full finished with double

frills, and can be made full length by using linings to the wrists and facing the lower portions to form cuffs. The slashed bolero is cut in one piece and is arranged over the waist, being finished with a pointed lower edge.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is, for waist 4½, joined to it at the lower edge beneath the full belt, yards, 21 inches wide, 3¾ yards 27 inches wide or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide, with ½ yard of all-over lace; for bolero 1¾ yards 21 or 27 inches wide or ⅞ yards 44 inches wide.

Short Sleeves and Gloves.

The fashion of short sleeves is, of course, going to make gloves an important and expensive item of the wardrobe. The wrinkled suede gloves will undoubtedly be worn, and the glovemakers are showing some novelties in the shape of long wrists embroidered with fine beads or silks, or inset with lace. The latter are especially pretty. The short sleeves may also be given a little impetus to the fashion of wearing lace mitts, which was tried last season with little success.

DOTTED NET AND LACE.

No waists of the season are more charming and attractive than those made of the many pretty nets in soft cream and champagne tones. This one is sipply dotted and is combined with a yoke of heavy lace which makes an admirable contrast, but

stripes of banding held by fancy stitches are equally fashionable and greatly liked. The blouse is full at both upper and lower edges and is made over a fitted foundation, between which and the net is an interlining of chiffon, but the fitted foundation is optional and can be used or not, as may be liked. The broad shoulder line of the yoke is eminently graceful and the full sleeves, with their ample frills, fall over the hands most becomingly. To make the waist for a woman of medium size will be required 6 yards of material 18, 5 yards 21 or 2¾ yards 44 inches wide, with ½ yard of all-over lace for yoke, 2 yards of lace for frills and ⅝ yards of silk for the full belt.

WHISTLER PAINTED THE SIGN.

And the Miller Was There, Though Not Visible.

Gov. Murphy of New Jersey told recently at the Annapolis Naval Academy an interesting story about the painter Whistler.

"While Whistler was at West Point," he said, "he turned an honest penny now and then by painting portraits, and even by painting signs.

"There was one day a facetious miller, who asked the young man to make a picture of his mill that he might hang, by way of a sign, over the door.

"'Paint the mill,' said the miller, 'just as it is, and paint me at the window, looking out. But I must not be idle in the picture, and so, when anyone looks at me I must pop in my head.'

"Here the miller laughed heartily.

"'Can you paint a picture like that?' he asked.

"'To be sure,' Whistler answered quietly.

"And he painted the mill, leaving out the miller altogether, and then he submitted the picture for approval.

"The miller looked at it carefully, then he nodded and smiled.

"'This is good,' he said, 'but how about me? Where is the miller?'

"'He was at the window,' Whistler answered, 'but when you looked at him he popped in his head.'"

WAR SPIRIT OF THE JAPS.

Their Fanatical Bravery a Thing to Wonder At.

Lieut. Masaki of a Japanese warship writes to his wife: "After all there is plenty of luck in battle and a fellow of good luck cannot die if he wish to. For instance, a shot or ball cannot hit a man's body like me. On the occasion of the fight of Feb. 9 the only things I had in my bosom were the charm you sent me and a photograph of Ito (the lieutenant's eldest son). During the fight I took the photograph out and looked at it, and directed the fire of the broadsides. Just when the range had increased I ordered to cease firing. Then I took out Ito's photograph and turned it face toward the scene of the battle, addressing it as if it were Ito in person. 'If as a result of this war,' I said to it, 'the situation of the far east is firmly fixed and no war should occur during your lifetime, then you might think yourself born in vain as an officer's son. Therefore you should carefully observe this battle even from your photograph, so that the sight may inspire in you the proud warrior spirit worthy of a man.' If, however, fortune favors you with a chance of being under fire, as I am now, then there is all the more reason to observing this scene carefully for your future benefit."

Banns of Marriage.

The custom of publishing the banns of marriage dates back to the primitive church, and Tertullian, who died A. D. 240, states that marriages of intended marriages was given among the early Christians.

It appears that the publication of banns was habitual in many places long before there was any general law on the subject. Gregory IV (1198-1216) speaks of the banns (from Latin bannum, a proclamation; Anglo-Saxon bann) being given out in church, according to custom. The practice was introduced into France about the twelfth century, and in 1176 was enforced in the diocese of Paris.

The earliest enactment on the subject in England was an order made in the synod of Westminster in 1200 to the effect that no marriage should be celebrated till the banns had been published in the church on three several Sundays or feast days. This rule was made obligatory throughout the church by the fourth Lateran council held in Rome in 1215. By act of parliament banns must now be given out in England on three Sundays.—London Answers.

Fate's Answer.

"What is the time?"
A little child asked on a fair June day.
"'Tis time to play," said Fate;
And tramping hurriedly it went on its way.

"What is the time?"
A boy asks, half in earnest, half in jest.
"The time to think," said Fate.
"To wield the chain of knowledge, link by link."

"What is the time?"
The bent-to manhood grown now eager asks.
"'Tis time to love and wed," said Fate.
"To give the heart precedence to the head."

"What is the time?"
A father with grave face is asking now.
"'Tis time to strive," said Fate.
"To toil for others and for others thrive."

"What is the time?"
At last an old man, bent with years and care, the question puts.
"'Tis time to die," said Fate.
"And in the earth which nourished thee to lie."
And this was the last question and reply.

"The last 'mid earthly scenes;
Yet who shall say
That in some other clime—
Unknown and here unknowables—
More answers will not follow those of Fate.
"Mid all the cycles of an endless day.
Answers indeed, but not like those of time—
Blunt, brief, and harsh of sound;
But filled with love that hath no mete nor bound.
—C. J. Augustin, Glenwood, Wis.

The Fascination of Golf.

There are a good many people who think that golf is just foolishness. These are generally people that have watched one or two games without really understanding them and have never been driver, lofter or putter into their own hands and played. There is no game that grows in fascination more rapidly than does golf. The peculiar sense of freedom that it gives, the constant yet not violent exercise, the beauty of the long stretch of greensward resting tow-tired eyes and the spaciousness that belongs in equal measure to few other common sports, are recommendations that need only to be known once to be forever enjoyed.—Indianapolis News.

Colorado Wool Output.

The wool season closed in Monitrose county, Colorado, with the record of over 300,000 pounds of wool shipped out, the largest output in the history of the county. About 50,000 head of sheep were maintained on the range, in this one county, last season.

Country Has Too Much Money.

Argentina's money market is overstocked. Piles of useless coin are lying in the banks and heavy remittances of coin are still being made from London and New York.

SELF-TORTURE
BY
PERSIAN FANATICS

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

Availing myself of the influence of a Turkish friend, who procured for me a privilege seldom accorded those who are not followers of the prophet, I have just witnessed what is probably the most gruesome and bloody exhibition of self-inflictet punishment and torture on a wholesale scale, that can be seen anywhere within the confines of civilization.

"If you think that your nerves can stand it," said my friend to me, "I will show you something that I guarantee you will remember as long as you live; but I warn you that it may cost you one or two bad dreams."

So, by appointment, a few days later—it chanced to be Palm Sunday—we met in Stamboul and wended our way to the Valiede Khan, or Mother's House, where live most of the elect of the Persian residents of the capital. The only entrance was through a

Punishment of the Bastinade.

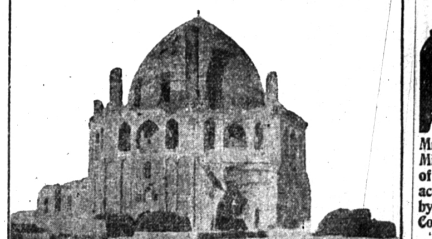
vaulted passage, which was guarded by a strong detachment of Turkish troops, but my companion produced a document which their leader carefully scrutinized, read at a word from him the soldiers made way for us.

A black-garbed individual, after inspecting something like a ticket which my friend showed him, gravely conducted us to an upper room in one of the houses, and when it was had squatted on the floor, Turkish fashion, before the iron-barred window, and pushed aside the black drapery sufficiently to let us see all that went on, my Turkish companion explained what it all meant.

"Know unbeliever," he said, "that this is the Mouharrem of the Persians, the season when Persian Mahometans mourn the death of Ali and his two sons, Hasan and Hussein, true successors of the prophet. Misled and deceived by the devil, they slew them 1220 years ago, and to-day, the anniversary of their assassination, having prepared themselves for it by twenty-four hours of fasting and lamentation, praying and weeping, they expiate the terrible crime of their ancestors by undergoing self-inflicted punishment and torture."

At this moment a stir among the silent throng announced the arrival of the Persian ambassador and his suite, who were conducted to a kiosk at one side of the mosque. Then the square was cleared and the priests gathered on the steps of the mosque.

The dirge-like wail of funeral music reaches us and relieves the tension of silence. Black robed men appear marching with slow and solemn steps, bearing on staffs surmounted by silver hands pointing heavenward, banners of purple, green and black silk, with inscriptions upon them of pious import. One of the banners is white,



Mosque of Sultana.

Then follows a band. It consists only of a few flageolets, drums and cymbals, and its music is restricted to six bars, repeated again and again with monotonous insistency, but despite its lack of melody its effect is as mournful as that of the "Dead March."

Behind the band follows a large number of men, walking two and two, bare shouldered, but for the rest clad in the all-pervading black. Each right hand wields a short staff, to which bunches of steel chains are attached. As they march, with the pendulum-like regularity of some gymnastic exercise they smite themselves over each shoulder alternately, keeping time to the music, and uttering in chorus the mournful refrain, "Hasan! Hussein! Allı!" each name being punctuated by a cruel blow.

Round and round the square they march with what seems exasperating slowness to one who feels for the pain they are enduring, voluntary though it is. Black welts soon give place to red streaks, and then the blood flows freely, but for an hour they keep it up, showing no abatement in the fervor of their self-inflicted penance, with each repetition of the sacred names smiting their raw flesh and allowing no sign of suffering to show itself on their set and stoical faces.

It is with much relief one sees them retire at last, leaving the square occupied by elderly men, black garbed, who rend the air with their loud lamentations, the tears trickling down their cheeks attesting the sincerity of their grief. But it cannot be classed as physical suffering, and does not try one's nerves. Meanwhile attendants light lamps and torches around the square.

Now comes another procession, but this time all the figures in it are clad in white. Following the banners are two superb white horses of purest Arabian breed, each led by two men. Two crossed swords adorn the shoulders of each horse. Behind the swords are perched a pair of white doves. The long white trappings of the horses are smeared with blood, which affords a sinister hint as to the purpose of the 200 men who follow behind them, armed with yataghans, which gleam in the light of torch and lamp as they whirl them around their heads, wailing as they advance, "Hassan! Hussein! Allı!"

One sees at a glance that these are men of a different type from those who formed the first procession. They are dervishes; their eyes are ablaze with frenzy, their strong features distorted with the fierce fervor of fanaticism. As I glance around the square I note that it is now lined with Turkish troops with backs to the wall and bayonets fixed. Their quietness is to prevent any of the fanatics from running amuck.

Headed by some dozen men who carry aloft gigantic flaming torches the procession slowly moves around the square. Before it has made the circuit once, to the oft-repeated cries of "Hassan! Hussein! Allı!" an old white-bearded priest receives an ugly gash in the throat from one of those whirling, gleaming yataghans. But as he is being carried away my Turkish friend assures me that it was "a mere accident," that there was no intention of offering him up as a vicarious atonement for the 1220-year-old crime of the Persians.

The cries of "Hassan! Hussein! Allı!" grow fainter. A note of deputation appears in the wailing tone in which they are rendered. The murderous yataghans cleave the air more viciously as the second circuit nears completion. And then, suddenly, by what prearranged signal I could not discern, the cry of "Hassan! Hussein! Allı!" was delivered with redoubled volume and energy, and immediately, so quickly was it done I did not see one of the self-inflicted blows delivered, each face of those

200 fanatics was drenched with blood, and their white robes were dyed red.

Still they pursued their course around the square, slashing and hacking at their shaven crowns with their razor-edged weapons with each utterance of the sacred names and never flinching. Their features indistinguishable, their drenched garments leaving a trail of blood behind them, most of the dervishes succeeded in making that horrible third march around the square. A few reeled and fell and as a special honor were carried to where the ambassador sat, and laid at his feet, to die perhaps, in the blissful assurance of being immediately transported to paradise, for such is the reward promised those who perish of these self-inflicted wounds.

Six hundred more fanatics, in batches of 200, went through the same ghastly ceremony. Long before they had finished the square looked like shambles and the air reeked with the odor of blood.

My friend had spoken truly. It was a sight that I shall always remember, and the like of which I have no wish to see again.

It is the things that we want the least that we cry the most for.

AT GATE OF JERUSALEM.

Active Business Is Carried on by Small Hucksters.

Jerome Hart gives the following sketch of street scenes in Jerusalem: "Just outside the gate, on the Jaffa road, there is a multitude of booths of small dealers and rows of native cafes where laborers sit on rude benches smoking. There are also large numbers of donkey drivers waiting with their animals for hire. Although the wall is a massive structure and the gate some fifty feet high, the entrance is narrow, with a right-angled turn—one of the methods adopted in the old days for defense. Through this narrow gateway there pours an endless stream of camels, donkeys and footmen all day long. Without the gate you see jostling camel drivers and camels kneeling to receive their loads. Scores of hucksters are squatting on the ground behind their heaps of oranges, dates, lemons, onions, radishes and other vegetables. There are also many venders of bread—a staple in Jerusalem, as in all the eastern world; it is piled up in stacks, very much as we handle cordwood here, and with about as much attention to cleanliness. Many of these hucksters have a stock so small as to be pitiful—some two or three pounds of wormy figs, for example, worth perhaps five cents."

A Happy Mother.

Maple Hill, Ia., May 30.—A very remarkable case occurred here recently. The people here have never seen anything like it and it may interest many to know.

From his infancy, Verne, the little five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Barfoot of this place has been sickly. His mother consulted a doctor, but he did not begin to improve till someone suggested that she try a remedy called Dodd's Kidney Pills. From mistakable symptoms she had always believed that his kidneys were the first cause of all the trouble, so she bought a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and began giving little Verne two pills a day.

In two or three days she noticed an improvement and she kept on till he had used about two boxes when to her great joy he was all right. Everybody remarks how much better Verne looks and Mrs. Barfoot always explains, "Dodd's Kidney Pills saved his life."

First Opium Smokers.

Opium was first smoked by the natives of Java, from whom the Chinese learned the habit.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Ethel—How did the bride look? Marie.—Well-grooned.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Ask Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder. It rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. At all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25 cents. Accept no substitute. Sample mailed Free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.—Menchus.

ALL UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPERS Use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers.

Contentment gives a crown where fortune hath denied it.—Ford.

All cruelty springs from hard-heartedness and weakness.—Seneca.

A prominent club woman, Mrs. Danforth, of St. Joseph, Mich., tells how she was cured of failing of the womb and its accompanying pains and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Life looks dark indeed when a woman feels that her strength is fading away and she has no hopes of ever being restored. Such was my feeling a few months ago when I was advised that my poor health was caused by prolapsus or falling of the womb. The words sounded like a knell to me, I felt that my sun had set; but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound came to me as an elixir of life; it restored the lost vigor and built me up until my good health returned to me. For four months I took the medicine daily, and each dose added health and strength. I am so thankful for the help I obtained through its use." MRS. FLORENCE DANFORTH, 1007 Miles Ave., St. Joseph, Mich.—*$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.*

"FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN."

Women would save time and much sickness if they would write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice as soon as any distressing symptoms appear. It is free, and has put thousands of women on the right road to recovery.

Send Top of Package

of **Mapl-Flake** for a handsome COLOR BAROMETER, to Hygienic Food Co., Advertising Dept., Battle Creek, Mich.

Mapl-Flake