

SUITS AND GOWNS FOR 1904.

The Shirt Waist Suit Will Be the Fore-runner and Put the Hat in Gown.

The 1904 spring shirt waist suit is a more carefully studied costume, to all appearances, than its predecessors. It is, as a rule, rather more elaborate, despite the fact that the original intention of the suit was simplicity, and that its popularity was the result of an inward protest against the overtrimmed gown, says the New York Post.

Another suit is trimmed with clear blue and white cross stitched bands. The shirt is tucked in two groups of wide tucks on either side of a stud band of the cross stitch. Short pointed bands are stitched flat between the groups of embroidery and applied bands is very good indeed.

Shirt waist suits of tannish linen and cottons are put together with fagoting or bands of self color embroidery. In the main the skirt is trimmed to match the waist. Very few plain skirts are seen as yet.

The vogue of shirred and puffed gowns, especially those for evening wear, is undeniable. A shirred gown needs to be made by a skillful dressmaker, or else the wearer must content herself with looking like a barrel. Care should be taken not to use too much material. The shirring can be made to look quite full without being bunched. One pretty shirred gown was worn at a recent dinner. Rose pink silk muslin over steel spangled net was the material, and the skirt was shirred in four large puffs beginning at the hips and ending above the graduated flounce which formed the train.

LACKING IN SENSE OF HUMOR.

Plaid as a Pileated. Yet His Wife Couldn't See the Point of His Joke.

"Here's a new one," said the conundrum fiend, buttonholing Jack Dillard, as the latter was leaving the club the other day, relates the New York Times.

"Oh, go to thunder!" replied Jack indignantly. "I haven't time to listen to your stale jokes. Try 'em on the door mat."

"Oh, but say, this is a daisy—funny, you know! You can take it home and amuse your wife and children to-night at the dinner table."

"All right. Blase away," uttered Jack resignedly.

WAS ONCE THE OCEAN.

Proof conclusive that the Waters of the Pacific at One Time Extended as Far as Salt Lake.

A recent dispatch from Salt Lake City, Utah, states that Mrs. B. F. House, a former Cincinnati woman, has made a discovery which proves conclusively to scientists, according to the dispatch, that Salt Lake was once a part of the Pacific ocean, states the Cincinnati Times-Star.

For years geologists and learned scientists, including experts from the Smithsonian institution, have made vain efforts to discover some convincing proof that the inland sea was once a part of the great Pacific. Parties of scientists have lived on and traveled the shores of the big lake, but none of their discoveries was ever accepted as positive proof.

Diligent search was made for other specimens, but the big coral rock, yellow with age, was all that could be found. Prof. Henshaw, geologist at the Walnut Hills school, said that while the discovery was a great one and while it was the most convincing proof yet established, he would not accept it as positive, although he had never heard of any like specimens being found except in the ocean.

WATER NOT NECESSARY.

Animals That Can Get Along for Lengthy Periods with Nothing to Drink.

Other creatures than the camel are able to get along for extended periods without drinking, says the New York Post. Sheep in the southwestern deserts go for 40 to 60 days in winter without drink, grazing on the green, succulent vegetation of that season.

But the most extraordinary case is that of the pocket mouse, one of the common rodents of the desert. This little creature, by the way, has a genuine fur-lined "pocket" on the outside of its cheek. When it is hungry it takes food from this pocket with its paw, just as a man would pull a ham sandwich from his pocket.

Tiny Timepieces.

It is a prevalent idea that ladies' watches, on account of their usually small size, fall as good timekeepers. There is, however, a young woman in England who for some months has used no other watch than that set in her engagement ring, and she always keeps her appointments. It is a marquise ring, all set about with diamonds, and showing in its center a perfect convex crystal magnifying a wee watch face without hands. The mechanism of this fairy time-piece was made in Switzerland at great cost, but the idea of so small a watch set in so quaint a fashion is no newer than the reign of Louis XIV.

Steel Like Grass.

A steel-like grass from the volcanic slopes of Oran, Algeria, is so elastic that it can be used instead of springs in the manufacture of furniture.

COINS IN CORNER STONES.

Origin of a Custom That Has Been Rigidly Observed for Many Centuries Past.

Very terrible in its significance is the custom of putting coins under the foundation stone of a building about to be erected.

For these pieces of gold and silver and bronze are the latter-day equivalents of the human beings that would once have been immolated there and then "immured." They constitute the ransom for blood that by rights should be shed, but is not, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

This latter terrible use was at one time well-nigh universal, and traces of it survive almost everywhere. In many parts of Europe, for instance, when the hole is dug to receive the same foundation stone the masons will throw to the spot some stranger. Then while one engages him in conversation another will creep behind and measure his shadow, the measure stick being afterward buried and the mortar stamped down on top of it.

And in not a few out-of-the-way parts of the world, whose inhabitants stand psychically about where we did 20 centuries ago, the original custom still prevails in all its primitive hideousness.

Only last year, at Mosdok, in the Caucasus, three builders were arrested for kidnaping and murdering a lad, whose body they afterward built into the foundations of a tower they were erecting.

In 1865 two children, a boy and a girl, were similarly consigned to a living grave by some laborers working on a blockhouse at Duga, in Asiatic Turkey.

A house that was being built at Sontari became shaky. A "wise man" whose advice was sought decreed that the defect would increase unless a human victim were walled into the foundations. So the three brothers who were working at it agreed to immolate and immure the first of their wives who came to the place to bring them food.

Similarly instances might be multiplied indefinitely. In 1855, when Holworthy church in Devonshire, England, was being restored a skeleton with a mass of mortar plastered over the mouth was found imbedded in an angle of the building.

The castle of Liebenstein might stand impregnable a child was bought for hard cash of the peasant mother and walled into the donjon tower.

A roll was given the little one to eat while the masons were at work and the unnatural parent stood by to quiet it in case it cried out. "Mother, I can see you," laughed the child when the wall was breast high. "Mother, I can see you still!" Then, wailingly: "Mother, I see nothing of you now."

In the museum at Aixiers is a plaster cast of the mold left by the body of one Geronimo, who was built into a block of concrete in the angle of the fort in the sixteenth century.

NOT ALL SWIFT OF WING.

Some Birds Take Their Time in Migrating from the North to the South.

Birds of passage are not prone to manifest haste in changing their places of abode in the spring and autumn. While many of them are exceedingly swift flyers, they do not all use their greatest speed on their journeys. It used to be said that some would fly at the rate of 50 or 60 miles an hour, and to keep this up for eight and ten hours a day, as if anxious to get back to their winter or summer haunts. The very contrary has been found to be the case.

The migration journey is a period of harvest-time joy and celebration for the birds. It is a period of feasting and oftentimes of song. The birds move slowly if the food is abundant, lingering in one place for days and weeks where the harvest is particularly good.

Instead of traveling rapidly in their great migration they frequently in the autumn move only at the rate of a few miles a day, and infrequently only a few miles a week. When the seeds of the weeds ripen in the late summer and fall the millions of migratory birds begin their journey southward, devouring the weed seeds at the most critical stage of their lives.

A few of the birds eat a number of seeds throughout the whole summer, but the majority eat them in the early autumn and early spring, a few staying north to pick up seeds which fall on the ground when covered with snow. They gorge themselves with the weed seeds until their stomachs are distended to three times their normal size. All the common song and plumage birds are great seed destroyers.

Blackbirds, meadow larks, sparrow, goldfinches, doves, quails, skinks, crows, hawks and grass birds will eat all the way from 100 to 1,000 seeds of weeds at a single meal. It is becoming evident to students of birds that they are influenced by the climate. Formerly it was supposed that the birds started southward as soon as the chill of autumn approached, but cold, frosty weather might come in August and the birds would not begin to migrate. They are not weather prophets at all, but simply hungry little creatures in search of ripening seeds.

CONSUMED IN A LIFETIME.

The Amount of Meat, Bread and Drink That Goes Down the Average Man's Throat.

The most modest eater in the world or even the man who complains that he "never has an appetite" would probably be appalled if he could see passing by imposing procession before him all the solids and liquids he will consume in a lifetime, says London Tit-Bits.

But let us assume that we have to deal with a man who is not ashamed to admit that he enjoys his meals, and let us place before him all the food and fluids that he will require to keep him going for a lifetime of 70 years.

Such a man will make light of disposing of 100 pound loaves every 12 months, so that we must provide him with 7,000 substantial loaves, a weight of bread sufficient to raise a couple of hundred men and women off their feet. If he is not sufficiently impressed by this spectacle let us engage 75 herculean car men and make them file past him in procession, each carrying a sack of flour 230 pounds in weight, every one of which will be required to supply him with bread for his life.

Of meat he will eat on an average a pound a day, and if we limit him to beef we shall require nearly 40 bullocks to provide the necessary joints for life, or if he prefers mutton we must sacrifice about 40 sheep on the altar of his not immoderate appetite every ten years. Of potatoes 200 weight should last him a year. This means that his aggregate consumption of tubers will weigh seven tons, representing 24 sacks, each weighing 168 pounds, or approximately the entire produce of a couple of acres of land. We shall require half a dozen strong horses to draw our potato supply, and each year's consumption will weigh more than our subject himself.

Of fish we must allow him one-half hundred weight a year, so that his "aggregate fish" if not so large as a whale, will yet turn the scale at one ton 15 hundred-weight, and will tax the strength of 30 strong men to carry it to his lair.

Our purchase of eggs will be on a formidable scale, even limiting our man to an average of fewer than two eggs a week. In all, we shall want 7,000 eggs, weighing at least 700 pounds, and representing a year's industry of about 80 hens.

Assuming that we only provide seven-tenths of a glass of milk a day—a very modest quantity for all purposes—we shall find it necessary to monopolize the services of a cow for two years and a quarter, and the resultant milk will measure 1,120 gallons and will weigh more than five tons. To contain the milk we must provide a can five feet in diameter at the base, three feet at the top and more than 14 feet high, or something like two and a half times as high as our subject.

Nothing less than 18 pounds of butter can be considered sufficient for a year's supply, and this means that in his lifetime our man will dispose of the contents of more than a dozen barrels, each containing 100 pounds of butter, while, limiting him to one pound of cheese a month, we reach an aggregate of 840 pounds, or, assuming that we are providing for a man of 160 pounds weight, more than quarter times his own weight.

So far we have laid in a stock of food which will take 600 strong men to carry to our imaginary lair, for it weighs well over 30 tons, and this, as can be seen, but an instalment of what we shall require.

Of tea and coffee we will furnish no more than a pint a day, having regard for our patient's nerves, and yet we shall find that he will drink during his life no fewer than 3,220 gallons. A coffee pot large enough to contain the two beverages (for we can safely mix them for our purposes) will stand 18 feet high, with a base of seven feet and a top five feet across. The pot, with its contents, will outweigh three companies of soldiers and 50 people could be stowed away inside of it if they did not object to a little temporary discomfort.

"Just Folks."

"My boy," said a certain well-to-do business man of the state of Texas to his son, who was starting out for a career in an eastern city, "my boy, let me tell you something which may be of help to you. You get up there, and you may see a heap of people who have got more money than you have, a heap of people who have got more brains than you have, and more success. Some of them may even be better looking than you are. Don't you worry about that, and don't you be scared of anybody. Whenever you meet another man who allows he's your superior, you just look at him and say to yourself, 'After all, you're just folks!' You want to remember for yourself, too, that you're just folks. My boy, after you have lived as long as I have, and have knocked around the world, you will come to see that that's all any one of us is—folks."—Field and Stream.

Sewage a Cleaning Agent.

Snap for sewage sludge is an extreme example of by-product economy reported in the Zeitschrift of the Austrian Society of Engineers and Architects. The process, briefly stated, is as follows: Dosing the sewage with sulphuric acid, heating to 100 degrees C., compressing into cakes, drying and treating with benzine, which latter dissolves out the fatty matters. The fats recovered by distilling off the benzine are of a slightly yellow color. Thus has science not only provided a way to dispose of sewage, but has actually transformed it into a cleaning agent for household use!—N. Y. World.

An Inconspicuous Plan.

"Yes, my husband has almost given up smoking." "Indeed! It must have been a hard struggle." "It was. But every time the craving grew too strong for him I let him have one of those bargain cigars I bought for him Christmas and he promptly swore off again."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WITHOUT MUCH CEREMONY.

Burials at Sea Are Not Marked by Any Great Display of Reverence.

I had always conceived a burial at sea to be a very solemn and awe-inspiring event, but I was quickly disillusioned, by this burial at any rate, says a writer in The Sea Wolf. One of the hunters, a little dark-eyed man whom his mates called "Smoke," was telling stories, liberally interspersed with oaths and obscenities, and every minute or so the group of hunters gave mouth to a laughter that sounded to me like a chorus of wolves. The sailors trooped noisily aft, some of the watch below rubbing the sleep from their eyes, and talked in low tones together. There was an ominous and worried expression on their faces. It was evident that they did not like the outlook of a voyage under such a captain and begun so inauspiciously. From time to time they stole glances at Wolf Larsen, and I could see that they were apprehensive of the man.

He stepped up the hatch cover and all came off. I ran my eyes over them—20 men all told, 22 including the man at the wheel and myself. I was paradoxically curious in my survey, for it appeared my fate to be pent up with them on this miniature floating world for I knew not how many weeks or months. The sailors in the main were English and Scandinavian and their faces seemed of the heavy, solid order. The hunters, on the other hand, had stronger and more diversified faces, with hard lines and the marks of the free play of passions. Strange to say, and I noted it at once, Wolf Larsen's features showed no such evil stamp. There seemed nothing vicious in them. True, there were lines, but they were the lines of decision and firmness. It seemed rather a frank and open countenance, which frankness or openness was enhanced by the fact that he was smooth shaven. I could hardly believe, until the next incident occurred, that it was the face of a man who could behave as he had behaved to the cabin boy.

At this moment, as he opened his mouth to speak, puff after puff struck the schooner and pressed her side under. The wind shrieked a wild song through the rigging. Some of the hunters glanced anxiously aloft. The whole lee rail, where the dead man lay, was buried in the sea, and as the schooner lifted and righted the water swept across the deck, wetting us above our stow-tops. A shower of rain drove down upon us, each stinging like a halibut. As it passed Wolf Larsen began to speak, the bareheaded men swaying in unison to the heave and lunge of the deck.

"I only remember one part of the service," he said, "and that is 'and the body shall be cast into the sea.' So cast it in." He ceased speaking. The men holding the hatch cover seemed perplexed, puzzled, no doubt, by the brevity of the ceremony. He burst upon them in a fury.

"Lift up that end there! What the—'s the matter with you?"

They elevated the end of the hatch cover with pitiful haste and the dog flung overboard, the dead man slid first into the sea. The coal at his feet dragged him down. He was gone.

WHERE HEAT IS INTENSE.

One Has But to Dig Deep Enough to Reach a Perfectly Torrid Climate.

The last coal commission appointed by the state of Pennsylvania recently made its report, a document in which there is much of interest, says the Chicago Chronicle. The members of the commission have reached the conclusion that at a depth of 3,000 feet the temperature of the earth would amount to 93 degrees Fahrenheit, but it was considered that a depth of at least 4,000 feet might ultimately be reached in coal mining.

The rate of increase—the commission estimates, might for ordinary cases be assumed to be one degree Fahrenheit for every 60 feet, but it is in reality impossible to give any fixed rate of increase. The report of the British Association committee on underground temperature during the last 50 years tends to show not only that the temperature gradient varies considerably in different localities, but that it is not easy to reduce a fixed law of increase applicable to all cases.

In some parts of western America the heat at 3,000 feet is almost unbearable, while at the Calumet & Hecla copper mine in north Michigan, U. S. A., there is a rise of only four degrees Fahrenheit in a depth of 4,400 feet, although no artificial ventilation is resorted to. The temperature of the coal on discovery at the Rosebridge colliery in Lancashire was stated by the management to be 93 degrees Fahrenheit, but it afterward fell to 63 degrees Fahrenheit.

Insect Disguised as Leaf.

A well-known naturalist tells of an insect in Nicaragua so completely disguised as a leaf that a whole host of the ants who prey upon it actually ran across it without recognizing it as their food. Mr. Seaton noted in South America another insect—one of the Membracidae—which not only mimicked the leaf, but, for its own protection, but, like its model, carried in its jaws a fragment of leaf about the size of a sixpence.

Behind the Veil.

J. D. Rees, a lecturer on Persia, says that the veils worn by Persian ladies are more of a privilege than a punishment. Screened behind it woman may walk wherever she pleases, and even her own husband dares not question her movements. Doubtless many Persian ladies make the most of their opportunities.

KILLING OF A REGICIDE.

One of the Assassins of the Late Queen of Corea Was in Turn Murdered.

One of the murderers of the queen of Corea, who fled the country and has been living in Japan, has fallen a victim to her avengers. Two men were sent to kill him, and they have fulfilled their mission, says the New York Sun.

The matter has been kept quiet because Japan cannot surrender the murderers or condemn and execute them without giving grave offense to one of the political parties of Corea. The facts, however, were published in that country recently.

After Japan's triumph over China, the dominating influence in Corea was Japanese. The king and queen soon found that the liberal laws and many reforms introduced by Japan had stripped them of most of their power. The strong-minded queen was beside herself with rage, and, rightly or wrongly, she was accused of plotting to assassinate the new cabinet installed under Japanese influence.

Native friends of the Japanese decided to kill her, and one night a party of armed men burst into the palace and stabbed her to death. None of them was caught, and all got safely out of the country. Prominent among them was a man named U-Pom-sun, who fled to Japan.

Most Coreans were tired of the Japanese regime, whose reforms were a little too rapid for their conservatism. They were horrified, also, at the murder of the queen, and when it became certain that U-Pom-sun was a refugee in Japan, there were loud demands that he be sent home for punishment, but Japan refused to surrender him, asserting that his crime was political and he was not extraditable.

A band of Coreans took a vow that they would never rest until U-Pom-sun had paid for the tragic death of the queen with his life. But the man whom they sent to Japan to kill the regicide could not find him.

He was living in retirement and under an alias. It was not till October last that his out-of-the-way place of concealment was discovered.

One day two men came to the hamlet where U-Pom-sun made his home. They did not delay that they were Coreans. They were traveling through Japan following the country and having a good time.

Their intended victim had no suspicion as to their real character. He had never seen them before. They drank and played cards with him, and the three became quite friendly. Strangely enough, they lived in the same house with him for three or four days, and he was not at all disturbed by their presence.

On the evening of October 25 the three men were drinking together, when one of them pretended to take offense at some remark made by U-Pom-sun and suddenly whipped out a knife and stabbed him. At nearly the same instant the other man struck the victim on the head with a piece of iron, fracturing the skull.

His death was almost instantaneous. The name of the man who stabbed him was Kim Yum-yeon; the other assailant was No Won-nyun.

The men were at once arrested as common murderers. Each of them drew from his pocket a paper declaring that they had been deputed to go to Japan to avenge the death of the late queen.

At last accounts the murderers were still in jail. It is not believed in Corea that Japan will inflict severe punishment for their crime.

WILL START SEAGULL FARM.

The Novel Scheme of an Old Whaler Who Says He Knows All About the Birds.

The thousands of seagulls which have been making themselves at home in the eastern part of this city and on the waterfront for the past month or more show no signs of returning to their accustomed haunts along the coast, reports the Portland Oregonian.

An old retired whaler, who lives by the Ladd tract, where the gulls most do congregate to hunt for earthworms, etc., has an idea of capturing and confining a lot of them and keeping them to produce eggs for market. He has visited the Arctic regions on both this coast and the east coast and has seen whole schooner loads of eggs of gulls and other seagull birds gathered about Labrador, in the Farallone islands and on the coast of Alaska, and sent to market. He has many a time feasted on omelet of gulls' eggs, which find ready sale in many markets. He says they are not so delicate as hens' eggs, having a slight tinge of a fishy taste, but they are wholesome and nutritious, and are much better than no eggs at all, which of late has formed a part of his breakfast very often. He believes that if the gulls were kept here in confinement awhile and properly fed their eggs would be as good as hens' eggs and much larger.

Stack to the Truth.

Mrs. Bragg—I gave quite a nice little luncheon the other day. Didn't Mrs. Jenkins like you? "Mrs. Sly—No." "Strange! Why, she was one of my guests." "Yes, she told me that."—Stray Stories.

Used in China for Centuries.

Finger-prints for the identification of children have been used in Chinese foundling asylums since the eleventh century.