

# OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

New York City.—The jumper waist is one of the attractive novelties whose simplicity commends it to a glance and which is suited to all the



lighter weight materials. This one is made of pale blue lousine silk, trimmed with a simple banding and is worn over a guimpe of Persian

## House Gown.

The house gown that is made with the slightly open neck and elbow sleeves is the favorite one of fashion, and is so ideally comfortable that it appeals to the woman of practical mind as well as to the one who seeks for novelty and smartness. This one is eminently simple, at the same time that it is absolutely graceful and can be made from a variety of materials. For the cool weather challie, cashmere, abtross and soft silks are all appropriate, while for immediate wear muslins can be utilized. In the illustration ring dotted batiste is trimmed with banding of embroidery, but there are as many trimmings as there are materials, so that every opportunity is offered for the exercise of individual preference.

The gown is made with the fronts, backs and under-arm gores. Both fronts and backs are gathered, and the backs are pleated to give a Watteau effect, after which they are joined to a narrow yoke. The sleeves are the favorite ones of moderate fulness, gathered into straight bands. When still shorter length is desired the gown can be cut off on indicated lines and any trimming that may be preferred can be used at the lower edge.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is eleven yards



lawn combined with lace. The materials are exceedingly dainty and charming and the soft silk lends itself to the design of the waist with perfect success. The model can, however, be utilized both for the separate waist and for the gown, and will be found charming in every material that is soft enough to drape with success, which means very nearly all of the fashionable ones, if we except the suitings designed exclusively for street wear.

The guimpe is of the regulation sort with front and backs, that are faced to form the chemise of lace, and with full elbow sleeves. The waist is made with front and back, which are laid in tucks at the shoulders and is without an opening, being drawn over the head and confined at the waist line by means of a tape inserted in the casing or in any way that may be liked. The sleeves are pretty and oddly shaped and make a singularly good effect over the white ones of the guimpe.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is, for the waist two and three-fourths yards twenty-two and one-fourth yards twenty-seven, or one and five-eighths yards forty-four inches wide, with twelve yards of band; for the guimpe, two yards thirty-six inches wide, with one yard of all-over lace.

## Keep Pumps From Slipping.

A vexed question among women who follow the styles is how to keep pumps from slipping up and down at the heel. Pumps are pretty and approved of fashion, but annoying because of this tendency. One clever young woman who had purchased an expensive pair of pumps and didn't like the idea of discarding them had a couple of eyelets made one each side of the pumps just above the toe and laced across ribbon ties. Of course the appearance of the pump was lost, but in its place was gained a degree of comfort worth the style that was lost.

## Smart Little Topcoats.

Smartest of all are the little topcoats, very short over the hips, a trifle longer in the back and a trifle longer still in the front. They have double revers, the under one of velvet or silk, short sleeves with three-inch turned-back cuffs and either brass or enameled pearl buttons of quite magnificent size.

twenty-seven, ten and three-eighths yards thirty-six, or seven yards forty-four inches wide, with six and one-



fourth yards of banding to make as illustrated.

## Separate Waist Liked.

Scarcely anything but members of the linen family, or, at least, wash materials, are being worn for street and morning gowns and the heavy skirt and lingerie waist seems to have fallen beneath the hammer of the artist-writer, whose sensitive soul was jarred by its unfitness. In foreign watering places, however, this separate waist is still extremely well-liked, although the skirt with which it is worn usually shows some very strong note of harmony even if it is not of its own color.

## Bows For Short Sleeves.

Almost too much of a lingerie effect is given a short-sleeved white lawn dress by tying the sleeves in to the arms with ribbons that are knotted at the back into generous bows. A wider ribbon of the same color is used for the belt, and there is a knot of the same at the throat. Although we see such frocks about the stores, and without gloves, it is needless to say they are not strictly intended for shopping wear.

# THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. DR. F. W. GUNSAULUS.

## Subject: The Shut Door.

New York City.—The Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, D. D., LL. D., of Chicago, is filling Dr. Donahoe's Sage Mackay's pulpit in the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, and Sunday morning, to a very large congregation, he preached on "The Shut Door." His text was Matthew vi: 4, "Shut the Door." Dr. Gunsaulus said:

I wish I could by some contrast impossible for me and possible only in the experience of your own hearts emphasize the difference between this command, as it comes to us loaded with infinite love, and the commands that come out of recollections of our childhood, that might give us some idea of the different texture of life, the life from which the heart is always moving into the infinite ranges of God's life, into which we are invited day by day. "Shut the Door." I think the instant demand, especially upon the life, with its swollen veins and arteries, its various confusions and stary look and stumbling feet, is to get out of the whirl and hear a voice speaking with deep, fine authority, saying to us as we go through life, with its cares, duties, amusements and contradictions, "Shut the door." This is the voice of Jesus. He is telling us the secret of prayer, in the closet—secret prayer in which the human soul comes alone into the presence of God; prayer in which man finds his true attitude and attitude; prayer in which alone a man is able to look into motives, perceiving the values of life, in which he gains his spiritual heredity and in which he assumes his sonship unto God through God's grace.

The one thing that Jesus seems most intent about, that you and I should enjoy the privilege of prayer and receive its benefits, is all explained and emphasized in these words, "Shut the door." We are living at a time when prayer is a fact and a force. The world of the materialist has passed; the world of the idealist is here. The scientists of today are telling us, "Let us pray." It is not strange that we should begin to realize the unifying and exalted influence of prayer upon man's mental life. What, after all, is there so special in life's issues and so profound and even tragic, that will unify all one's powers—the powers of the mind and of the affections—as will prayer? When I pray in secret I am unified as a man. If man is to be re-made, if he is to be made whole so that his various parts shall be no longer fragments, each afar from the other, he must be divinely unified. But, my brother, if that is to be your experience, "Let us pray." Here is the Master coming singly from the fields of Galilee into your heart and mine, urging upon us, as the old, deep harmonies of the religions of all ages sweep into His soul, urging us, not only that we should pray, but pray alone. We see Him at Gethsemane, at the very crisis of His life, leaving Peter and James and John behind, and going alone to pray. I think the most significant announcement with regard to Saul, who was to become Paul, and his experience on the road to Damascus was made unconsciously by the one who said: "Behold, he prayeth." What an entire transformation! What a prophecy of his future!

Do you think that Christ is calling you to an easy task when He says: "Shut the door?" Do you even know the pathway back to the old closet of early days? The road is now all overgrown. But since that day there have grown up brambles over the pathway. First of all, we must find this path, if we are to find our manhood and womanhood. Is it not an astounding fact how little secret prayer there has been in our lives? How this passion for publicity has linked itself to our willingness to remain away from the secret place. True, a while ago, when we were in trouble, we found our way back. How sweet it was! But that was not secret prayer, for we did not "shut the door." We were praying with the door wide open, through which we were looking back at the things from which we were trying to escape. You say, "I can get back to that place." Are you quite sure that you like it? If so, "shut the door." How we like to peek out and see what the majority are thinking—how our neighbors feel about things. How we want the door just a little way open in order that we may hear the sounds of the claims of good causes, in which we are interested! Surely, there is nothing wrong about that. "Shut the door." Let us take the words of Jesus into our hearts to-day as simply as we can and sincerely accept them. "Shut the door." "Why, surely," you say, "that is something I can do with one hand, while I grasp other things with the other hand." No, both hands must be inside. There must be no effort, to grasp things without. "Well," you say, "what shall I shut the door against, there are so many things with which I must keep in touch?" I don't know. He says, "Shut the door." "But," you reply, "there is my church, my family, my relatives, my dear friends." O, poor soul! it seems such ordinary talk, does it not, in the presence of the great, sweet Being, Who is saying, "Shut the door?" I must be alone with God; I must feel again my personal relationship to my Father. I must realize again that if there were only one being in the world, and I were that being, while the moral universe subsisted, still there must be a cross, still a Christ, still a Gethsemane, still the morning of the ascension, still the open sepulcher. The only way to be rid of our enemies is to "shut the door." The real truth is that, when the real crises of life come, my only enemy is myself. This is the one I need to conquer; there are passions, prejudices, hates, lusts. Oh, my friend, whatever your gain or loss, realize this, that never until you shut the door will you go into the presence of God; never until in secret prayer you are alone with your enemies. What can any man do to harm me, unless I harm myself? If ever you are tossed about upon seas of darkness, it will be because you neglected to put in the anchor on board and your ship is at the mercy of the waves. "Shut the door."

After all the limitations of life that are serious are the limitations that come to us through loved ones. If there is one thing that a man needs, it is in some holy and grand way to be separated from these friends. I know of no other right, gentle and loving way but to pray, and shut the door. Inside of that door I will never lose my power of friendship, my soul's friendship is real, lighting her altar fires for her friend, and when the prayer is over and the door open my friendship will

be tenderer and deeper and I shall say, "My own, dear friend, my heart to you and my friendship that is all divine. Thou art my friend. I have been inside where the door was shut."

I wonder where this door is to be found. I wonder, sometimes, when I try to have a secret moment in my own life, if there might not have been a second meaning in the word when He said: "I am the door." For surely there is nothing in this universe responsive enough, great enough to shut everything else out and to shut the soul in—great enough in tenderness—so that the slightest touch of an infant soul will "shut the door." Here is the authority of Jesus Christ. No one knew the world outside as He knew it; no one knows the world inside as He knows it; no one else will take my thoughts, my heart to you and my friendship that is all divine. Thou art my friend. I have been inside where the door was shut."

How about that past? There it is. Nothing rankles more than man's past, that will lift its head up and say: "Ah, here I am. Look at me. I know you. I have heard you pray before. Those hands, I know where they have been. That heart, I know how dark it is." Have you ever tried to shut the door against a past like that? Have you ever known what it is to have the past hiss and sting? Sometimes you think you have the door shut, but all the past that past that seems a giant, fully armed, too big to get into the door, suddenly transforms, flattens itself out, lies like a serpent, and by and by you hear it wiggling at the door, hissing. Oh, I must have a door: accurately fitting, that whether the past slithers like a serpent or comes like a giant, I can shut that door. Oh, how at last the soul takes hold of one thing and severs all from the past, and that one thing is Jesus Christ.

I am interested in men's problems. Do you know anything that is interesting enough in this world to keep the past out, except Jesus Christ? Is there anything that so appeals to your interest that you actually turn your back upon the past and say: "I have a present. Thank God. I have a present. I am looking to Him who says, 'Follow Me.' He has never yet told us we have followed Him too far. Since He says that, and as long as my will keeps in harmony with Him, I have a future." Your past is out of doors; your present and your future here, simply because you have "shut the door." I tell you, brethren, the manliest, the grandest, the greatest thing you can do this morning is simply to accept Jesus Christ as the door into the communion. The door moves upon such hinges of love that you need but to say: "I am a sinner; I want to be alone with God," to start it moving—to get in, with the past outside. My friends, I will look for them by and by. And my enemies? I want to conquer only one of them. I want to be alone. I will "shut the door." May God's holy Spirit, who is here this morning, quicken every heart. Get back this very day—now, and "shut the door." You need not be afraid that the world will lose anything. You will be a better man when you go out, with a whiter face, cleaner hands, a more loving and a braver heart. "Shut the door."

## Dependence on God.

Our heavenly Father keeps us constantly in the condition of uttermost dependence on Him. Were it otherwise with us how wanton would we become. Therefore, He writes the sentence of death upon ourselves, and also upon our choicest temporal mercies—not that He always means to remove them, but to hold them as a special gift from Him; and, despairing of all succor but His own, that we should place our trust not on self, not on valued fellow-creatures, but on God who can raise up to help us when the very dead (2 Cor. i: 8-10). He is considering our weakness, and our need, and our work; and in perfect wisdom and love has already arranged for the very best.

## How Christ Will Come.

He will so come in like manner as He has gone. We are not to water down such words as these with anything short of a return precisely corresponding, in its method, to the departure which was visible, corporeal, literal, personal, and local; so, too, will be His return from Heaven to earth. And He will come as He went, a visible manhood, only thronged, amidst the clouds of Heaven, with power and great glory. This is the aim that He sets before Him in His departure; He goes in order that He may come back again.—Rev. Alexander MacLaren.

## The Only Hindrance.

What hindrance that you should be a child of God? Is not salvation free? Is not the invitation to it hung out to you on every page of the New Testament? Is not Christ offered to you in all His offices, and are you not welcome to all His benefits if you want them? Is not the Holy Spirit promised to them that ask Him? Nothing can hinder you from being a Christian, but your own worldly, selfish, proud, obstinate, unworldly and self-righteous heart.—Ichabod Spencer.

## The Place of the Soul.

A little girl who had just returned from church, was asked what the text had been. She replied: "keep my soul on top." The father did not remember such a text, and inquired where it could be found. Eagerly the child took her Bible and pointed out the well-known passage where the apostle says, "I keep my body under." The child was a born commentator of the right sort.

## Take God With Us.

To enjoy God and heaven it does not require that we wait till the last touch of death reveals all things in the light of eternity. We may take God and heaven along with us every day, and carry their peace and glory into all the dull and prosaic scenes of earth.—Thomas Lathrop.

While you have to walk to Heaven a little horse will be a big help on the road.

## No Real Grievance.

"I s'pose you're takin' a vacation?" "Yes, and I've earned it, by George! It's the first time I've had one for a year. Been working like a horse for twelve long months." "You think that's tough, do you, mister? You don't know what hard luck is. If you had to hunt jobs, the way I do, you'd change your tune. I've only had three months' work 'till the last year." "Then you've had nine months' vacation, you lucky dog. What are you kicking about?"—Chicago Tribune.

## A DANGEROUS PRACTICE.

Burning Off Paint Makes Insurance Void.

It seems that considerable danger to property exists in the practice of burning off old paint before re-painting. The question has long been a subject of debate in the technical journals, and now house-holders and the newspapers have begun to discuss it. Those of us who, with trembling, have watched the painters blow a fiery blast from their lamps against our houses, and have looked sadly at the size of our painting bill because of the time wasted on this preliminary work, are interested in the investigation by the Greenfield (Mass.) Gazette and Courier, which gives considerable space to the reasons for the practice, questions its necessity and suggests ways to prevent the risk of burning down one's house in order to get the old paint off. It says: "There is a good deal of discussion among house-holders as to the desirability in painting houses, of burning off the old paint, a practice that has grown very common of late in Greenfield and elsewhere. Insurance men are strongly opposed to this policy. It makes void insurance policies for fires caused in this manner. Several houses in Greenfield have gotten afire as the result of this method, and in some places houses have burned as a result.

"It is undoubtedly true that when a house has been painted over and over again there comes to be an accumulation of paint in bunches. If new paint is put on top of these accumulations it is almost sure to blister. To burn it off is the quickest and cheapest and perhaps the surest method of getting rid of this old paint."

The Gazette and Courier quotes certain old patrons to the effect that accumulations of paint are unnecessary. These old-timers lay the blame partly on the painter who fails to brush his paint in well, partly on the custom of painting in damp weather or not allowing sufficient time for drying between coats, and partly to the use of adulterated paints instead of old-fashioned linseed oil and pure white lead. The paper says: "Many of the older house-holders say that if care is taken at all these points, it is absolutely unnecessary to have paint burned off. They advise that people who have houses painted should buy their own materials, and to have them put on by the day, so as to be sure to get good lead and oil. Of course the burning off of paint greatly increases the cost of the job."

The trouble house-holders everywhere have with paint is pretty well summed up by our contemporary, and the causes are about the same everywhere. By far the most frequent cause of the necessity for the dangerous practice of burning old paint is the use of poor material. The oil should be pure linseed and the white lead should be real white lead. The latter is more often tampered with than the oil. Earthy substances, and pulverized rock and quartz, are frequently used as cheapeners, to the great detriment of the paint.

Painters rarely adulterate white lead themselves and they very seldom use ready prepared paints—the most frequent causes of paint trouble. But they do often buy adulterated white lead because the property owner insists on a low price and the painter has to economize somewhere. The suggestion is therefore a good one that the property owner investigate the subject a little, find out the name of some reliable brand of white lead, and see that the keg is marked with that brand.

The linseed oil is more difficult to be sure of, as it is usually sold in bulk when the quantity is small; but reliable makers of linseed oil can be learned on inquiry and, if your dealer is reliable, you will get what you want.

Pure white lead and linseed oil are so necessary to good paint that the little trouble necessary to get them well repays the house owner in dollars and cents saved.

## Serious Loss of a Matrimonial Broker.

There is trouble in Honan. A certain gentleman, who besides his ordinary profession of storekeeper, is also a marriage broker, had three beautiful young girls entrusted to his care for the purpose of finding them husbands. The next day it came to the ears of some robbers, who promptly raided the house, and at the point of a revolver carried off the girls. The populace is indignant, the parents are raving, and the poor marriage broker is in terror of his life.—Shanghai (China) Times.

## Pimples on the Face

Those annoying and unsightly pimples that mar the beauty of face and complexion will soon disappear with the use of warm water and that wonderful skin beautifier,

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## A Use For Silk Hats.

A quantity of cast off clothing, says "Answers," which a charitable society gave out for distribution among the poor of London, included several silk hats, which were sold as nosebags for pedlers' donkeys.

## The Dog Disappeared.

A New South Wales farmer went out the other day, and tied his small dog to a fence. On his return he found a large carpet snake attached to the end of the leash and no signs of the dog.

## Side Lights on History.

The ruthless vandals were burning the great Alexandrian library. "They may destroy it, if they will," said the librarian, "but another one will be established on its ruins!" With the light of a deathless hope illuminating his pale but resolute face, he sat down and wrote to Mr. Carnegie.—Chicago Tribune.

The Roman police have cleared the city of soothsayers, who have been doing a flourishing business there for years.

# Tired, Nervous Mothers

Make Unhappy Homes—Their Condition Irritates Both Husband and Children—How Thousands of Mothers Have Been Saved From Nervous Prostration and Made Strong and Well.



Mrs. Chester Curry Mrs. Chas. F. Brown

A nervous, irritable mother, often on the verge of hysterics, is unfit to care for children; it ruins a child's disposition and reacts upon herself. The trouble between children and their mothers too often is due to the fact that the mother has some female weakness, and she is entirely unfit to bear the strain upon her nerves that governing children involves; it is impossible for her to do anything calmly.

The ills of women act like a firebrand upon the nerves, consequently nine-tenths of the nervous prostration, nervous despondency, "the blues," sleeplessness, and nervous irritability of women arise from some derangement of the female organism. Do you experience fits of depression with restlessness, alternating with extreme irritability? Are your spirits easily affected, so that one minute you laugh, and the next minute you feel like crying?

Do you feel something like a ball rising in your throat and threatening to choke you? All the senses perverted, morbidly sensitive to light and sound; pain in the abdominal region and between the shoulders; rearing-down continually cross and snappy? If so, your nerves are in a shattered condition, and you are threatened with nervous prostration. Proof is monumental that nothing in the world is better for nervous prostration than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; thousands and thousands of women can testify to this fact.

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.

British Strikes Decrease. Strikes were few in Great Britain last year. Only one in every 100 of the industrial population had any trouble with an employer.

The Abyssinian peasant is bathed but thrice in his life—at birth, at marriage and at death. N.Y.—39.

FIT'S St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$3 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. R. Kline, L.D., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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"I feel it my duty to parents of other poor suffering babies to tell you what Cuticura has done for my little daughter. She broke out all over her body with a humor, and we used everything recommended, but without results. I called in three doctors. They all claimed they could help her, but she continued to grow worse. Her body was a mass of sores, and her little face was being eaten away; her ears looked as if they would drop off. Neighbors advised me to get Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and before I had used half of the cake of Soap and box of Ointment the sores had all healed, and my little one's face and body were as clear as a newborn babe's. I would not be without it again if it cost five dollars, instead of seventy-five cents. Mrs. George J. Steese, 701 Coburn St., Akron, Ohio."

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