

LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL

EVERY YOUNG GIRL SHOULD BE INTERESTED IN HER CLOTHES.

No One Can Afford to be Indifferent to the Seductions of Dress—The Child Dede and Precocious Infant an Abomination—An Ingenious Young Girl.

I never could understand why a fondness for pretty, and becoming dress in a young girl should be regarded as a sign of moral degeneracy, by straitlaced old people, who, having no charms of their own can well afford to be indifferent to the seductions of pretty clothes. It is a fact nevertheless that a taste for dainty clothing is so regarded by many people who should know better, and they wag their heads over every manifestation of interest in their personal appearance, that the luckless young folk show, and prophesy all sorts of evil which is to befall them in punishment for their vanity. I am not speaking of children, for although it is perfectly natural that every healthy child of the feminine persuasion to take an interest in her pretty new hat, or new dress, nothing is more abhorrent to all sensible people than the child dede, the precocious infant who thinks of nothing but dress, and only lives to outdo her little companions, in that respect, who talks fashions and has pronounced opinions about what she will, or will not wear, and flatly refuses to go to church in a cotton dress. This development of nineteenth century culture is an abomination and should be rigidly repressed. But the school girl in her teens, the little maiden standing—"where the brook and river meet" is an entirely different person, and one who is well within her rights in taking a large amount of interest in herself, and her clothes! Indeed I don't know of anything sweeter than the pretty school girl of fourteen or fifteen who takes such an interest in her appearance that she is always neat and dainty, and keeps her clothes and her whole person as fresh and sweet as her bright face, and her pure soul. Such a girl always has her hair not only well brushed, and the oughly clean, and if a ring or two sparkles on her fingers, looking rather out of place for one so young, the fingers themselves are sure to be daintily clean, and the nails well trimmed and free from objectionable borders of grime.

It has always seemed to me that in some way which I can scarcely explain the outward form and raiment expressed the inward and spiritual woman, and that such expression began very soon, long before the woman ceased to be a child, in fact. A refined mind is sure to find expression in a love of dainty surroundings and the girl who is fond of spotless collars and cuffs, and fresh shirt waists, that sooner than do without them she will learn to do them up herself, and be independent of the laundress, is pretty certain to develop into a helpful useful woman, who is self-reliant, independent and probably a first class housekeeper. At any rate she will always be able to make the most of a little, and therefore succeed, where others would fail, and that in itself is a strong argument in favor of a fondness for dress in girls, since it might almost be said to be her liking for dainty clothes which first started her upon her career of usefulness.

It is a curious thing how the artistic temperament will triumph over all obstacles and assert itself in a child in spite of the most adverse circumstances. I knew a child once—knew her very intimately in fact—who was born with the most pathetic love of the beautiful and the least opportunity of gratifying or cultivating it that ever fell to the lot of any poor victim of circumstances. Her family had a rigid contempt for everything that was unnecessary in the shape of decoration or clothing; there was not a scrap of fancy work in the house, not even a sofa cushion, and as little drapery as possible, such things were useless in themselves, and they caught the dust and were unhealthy, and made unnecessary work. Flies and dust were the two great evils in life to be dreaded, in that household, so the sunshine was excluded most of the time, and the house kept cool and dark. There was also a firm conviction rife in the household that children should be dressed "sensibly," and that vanity in a child was more to be dreaded than symptoms of diphtheria. Therefore the human atom who loved beauty better almost than life, wore thick shoes and white cotton stockings, and on week days in summer she wore plain sensible dresses of dark gingham, with a white pinafore in the afternoons. On Sundays she had a white dress made just as plainly, and in winter she wore nice dark merinos in sensible serviceable colors such as dark green, and dark brown. I can see those dresses now, with their long skirts finished with a deep hem, all solid substantial and plain—deadly plain; and I wonder if the poor little girl who wore them had any idea how she looked. She was a thin, pale, solemn child who needed plenty of color, and ample draperies to make her at all tolerable, and in her "sensible" gowns she was indeed a pathetic sight.

Long before she was grown up her love of warmth and color and beauty asserted itself, and broke all bound, and with it a most extraordinary ability for gratifying her passion. From filling up her plain room with ferns, ivies and potted plants, to

teaching herself to embroider, and puzzling out intricate lace stitches, there seemed nothing that pale solemn child could not do if she tried; and by the time she was fourteen she had emerged from the chrysalis state of her brown and green garments, and blossomed out into dainty raiment of her own making. Give that child a yard of white muslin, and a skein of embroidery cotton, and behold her next white dress a bewildering array of embroidered flowers and ruffles. A few skeins of silk and a strip of the material transformed her winter dress into a throng of beauty, while a bit of linen, or cotton, if the linen has not forthcoming was soon transformed in her hands into a set of collars and cuffs, and these were always fresh and clean, because she had taught herself the art of laundering them to perfection. Skirts, dresses, blouses, were always in such order that it was hard to believe they were not new. "I never let anyone else starch or iron my things now," she used to say. "Because no one can do it as well as I can myself." Before that girl was really grown up she was an expert milliner, dressmaker, and laundress, as well as excellent in embroidery, and all fancy work; she could easily have earned her living at either dressmaking or millinery, and many a dollar she did earn by making her friends dresses for them.

She has a profession of her own now, which somehow by hook or crook she managed to acquire; and she is just as independent and as self supporting as any man in the land. I think I am right in saying that but for her love of pretty things, and her inability to get them except by her own exertions, she would never have risen above the dead level of ordinary girlhood. And yet I saw a letter written by that girl's mother, to a bosom friend, in which she described her daughter thus—"Mary is not pretty, but she is very fresh looking, and bright, she is sensible and clever enough as girls go, but I am sorry to say she already shows signs of being fond of dress. Perhaps however, she will improve as she grows older!"

And the moral of this little story is, girls—don't let anyone persuade you that it is wrong to take an interest in your dress! Don't be a milliner's doll, thinking of nothing else, and there is no need for you to be either vain, or conceited, but if you have to choose between being what the girls call a "dude," or a slattern, by all means choose the former, and it may lead you to many pleasant possibilities, which the latter will never do.

SOMETHING ABOUT LAMPS.

The Story of the Accidental Discovery of the Argand Chimney.

To the Egyptians, have been given the honor of inventing the lamp, but it seems more than probable that they received it from the older civilization of India. The lamps originally used by the Hebrews, the Egyptians, and the Greeks were simple flat vessels with a small handle at one end, and at the side a little projection with a hole forming a nozzle. In the back was a larger opening, into which the oil was poured. The oil used was generally vegetable, but according to Pliny it was sometimes of liquid bitumen.

The lamp commonly used in Egypt at the present time is a small glass vessel, with a tube in the bottom in which is placed a wick of cotton twisted around a straw. The common lamp of India is a small earthen saucer, with a bit of twisted cotton for a wick. The ordinary traveller's torch or lamp in India is a bundle of strips of rags on the end of a stick, with oil poured over it. In "Bible lands" the lamp commonly used is a small earthenware plate, with the edge turned up to make it hold a small quantity of oil.

Among the most beautiful ruins of antiquity that have been preserved are a great number of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman lamps, formed of clay, metal, terra cotta, and bronze. The museum at Naples contains the finest variety of specimens to be found anywhere. These were recovered from the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Some lamps were hung with chains to bronze candelabra; some were supported by beautiful brackets.

In 1784 Ami Argand, a Swiss residing in London, made an entire revolution in artificial light by inventing a burner with a circular wick, the flame being thus supplied with an inner and an outer current of air. To Argand we also owe the invention of the common glass lamp chimney. He was very desirous of increasing the light given out by the lamp that he had invented, and to that end had made many experiments, but all to no purpose.

One night, as he sat at his work table thinking he noticed an oil flask lying near, off which the bottom had been broken, leaving a long-necked, funnel-shaped tube. He carelessly picked this up and "almost without thought" placed it over the flame of his lamp. The result astonished and delighted him, for the flame became a brilliant white light. Argand made practical use of the hint thus given him by devising this lamp chimney.

Given an equal number of strands to make up the rope, and each of the same circumference, it may be readily shown that wire twisted into rope form, will make a rope so strong as to admit of no comparison even with the best white hemp rope. Twisted hempen cords will sustain 8,746 pounds, if the rope be one inch thick; but one-eighth of an inch in diameter of iron will sustain more than one inch in circumference of hemp rope. No rope, whatever its material, could bear comparison with an inch rope made of piano steel wire, such a rope being able to bear not less than 268,000 pounds, or nearly 120 tons, before it could be torn by a dead weight.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

CAPTIVE BALLOONS HARD TO HIT.

Surprising Results of Experiments Rifles Can't Harm Air Ships.

The aerial spy has for some time been closely studied by French, German, Austrian, and Russian officers, and the results of recent experiments are noteworthy. It appears that it is not easy to shoot down a captive balloon. The balls of the modern rifles don't harm it much. The holes which they make in it are so small that the escape of gas is insignificant. This has been clearly proved by the results of infantry fire at a balloon held at an elevation of 300 metres. The only possible enemy of a balloon is the shrapnel shell. Experiments with these shells have been made with balloons at elevations ranging from 200 to 800 metres and at a distance of from 3,000 to 5,000 metres from the firing ground. Out of thirty shrapnel shells the Russian artillerymen put twenty five balls through a balloon 200 metres high and 3,200 metres from the firing ground. At 5,000 metres from the firing ground the Germans made twenty holes in a balloon 250 metres high out of twenty-six shrapnel shells. But when the air ship was 800 metres in the air and the firing distance 5,000 metres, only two balls struck it out of sixty-five shells and three balls out of eighty shells during the experiments last year in Austria.

Wounds that the balloon receives are not generally mortal. Indeed, it often happens that the shrapnel and the broken fragments of the shells produce no more effect upon the balloon than the bullets of the small-bore rifles. With eight holes in the envelope the balloon still preserves its ascending power, and these that are brought down fall very slowly, like parachutes. But, on the other hand, when a huge rent happens to be made in it, the balloon drops rapidly.

From all these experiments the conclusion is that, in order to keep the balloon beyond the reach of dangerous projectiles, it must be kept 5,000 metres from the enemy and at an altitude of 800 metres. These conditions are severe, especially as in the experiments the oscillation of the air ship were calculated at twenty metres only, whereas in reality they are 80 metres.

The trials were then recommenced with the balloon rolling and with frequent changes in position. The "Budapest," which was the target, is a balloon 10 metres in diameter and 14 in height. They set it up to a height of 800 metres. A battery of eight guns was placed at 5,250 metres from the windlass. Firing was begun, but the balloon constantly changed its position. Men in shelter moved the windlass by means of a cable. This obliged the gunners to alter their pointing constantly. They fired eighty shells at it, that is to say, all that were allowed for the experiment, and when the balloon was hauled down it was found that there were only three insignificant holes in it, which had little or no effect upon its ascending power. Now it should be remembered that the eighty shrapnel shells represented 10,000 balls and pieces of broken shells. So the Austrian officers came to the conclusion that a balloon at that elevation and moved in the manner described had very many chances to escape all danger from the fire of an enemy, and that the efforts of the artillerymen should be directed against the windlass and the servants of the balloon.

An altitude of 800 metres is considered the maximum. Beyond that observations are uncertain. The distance from the enemy should be from eight to ten kilometres. Major Renard, who who has charge of the department of military aviation at Meudon-Chalais, who compiled the documents that we have here condensed, says that in order to toll the fire of an enemy's artillery it is not sufficient to a balloon in a straight line, because it is clear that instead of following it in its backward and forward movements the enemy would confine his attention to the extreme points of its reach, and fire upon it only when it came within the line of range. It is necessary to vary the direction of its movements and even its altitude. In this way the enemy would be compelled to alter the pointing of his guns constantly; and while this operation went on the aeronaut could quietly attend to his business in the line of observations.

To put the thing in a nutshell, the captive balloon is able to defend itself with considerable facility.

Lancashire Pastime.

Among the strange sports of Lancashire, England, is a game known variously as "coddam" or "tip it." As the Lancashire man of sporting tendency must have a wager on everything that engages his attention, a lot of money changes hands on this game, generally in a small way, but quite frequently in substantial sums. Indeed, there is a recognized champion player of "tip it," who is open to back himself \$100 to play anyone.

And this is how it is played: The rival players take a button, or some small article, and sit on opposite sides of a table. The beginner puts his hands under the table, and, taking the button in one of them, raises his closed fists into view, and the business of the other is to say in which hand the button is held. The button changes sides as it is found, and the game goes on till the points are reached.

It is often played with two or four a side, and the champion will meet a dozen

at a time, and discover the hand holding the button by a sort of instinct. The position of the thumbs decides whether the game is "coddam" or "tip it." On this trival pastime hundreds of dollars change hands every year in some parts of Lancashire.

The Idiom. "Why for ez it zat a woman's face ez used on zee silver collar in zis country?" inquired a visiting foreigner. "Because," growled the impetuous native, "it is the idiom of our language that money talks."—Detroit Free Press.

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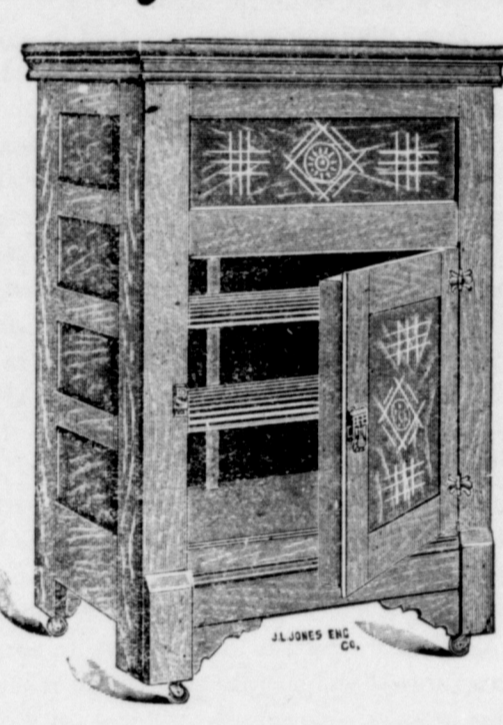
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