

## Woman Goes Shopping in Bloomers



Mrs. Alma Webster Powell Ready for Department Store Bargain Counter Crush.

"No more skirts for me," said Mrs. Alma Webster Powell, a Brooklyn musician and society woman. Then she consented to be photographed in "a trousered costume that will not offend a minister."

It consists of a pair of black serge bloomers, fastened to a piece of goods that fits smoothly over the hips, a long easy-fitting black serge coat, with black satin buttons down the front, and shining black boots that extend half way to the knees. The bloomers are full and are pleated upon the smooth hip covering. With the boots

they form a combination much like that worn by Russian dancers. Over all is a long cape, fastened at the side with frogs, and lined with satin. The small black satin hat is trimmed, save for a frog of gold lace.

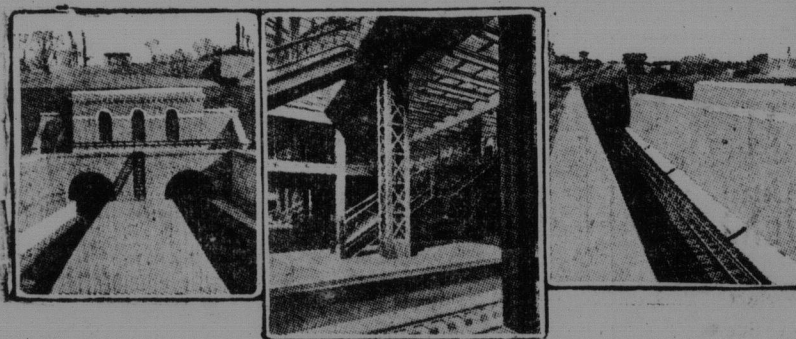
This street costume costs a mere \$25, but Mrs. Powell says it might be duplicated in cheaper materials for \$40.

Mrs. Powell hopes to set the pace for women's emancipation from skirts. "There's solid comfort in this costume," she said. "You can hop across

puddles and walk fast and not get the bottom of your skirt all mud stained and rumpled. If women would wear an easy-fitting thing like this they could give their minds to something above dress. They would have better bodies and better brains. And there would be more desirable posterity.

"I'm going to lecture on 'The Evils of the Long Skirt' before a society club at the Hotel Astor soon, and I'll wear a \$375 evening gown with the trouser foundation. And it will not scare me to see ministers in the audience."

## GOING THROUGH NEW YORK WITHOUT SEEING CITY



The traveler from the west shoots you on go through New York without into this tunnel in New Jersey, passes under the hills and the North river, and enters the depths of Manhattan island. He waits for a moment in the mammoth underground train shed, then is swept along beneath many blocks of the great city, under the East river, and emerges again in the daylight on Long Island.

The latest wonders of engineering are the Pennsylvania railroad's tunnels under Manhattan island. Seated in the car in which you left

your home, you hear some passenger say, "Well, we're almost there, New York is only a few miles away."

Unexpectedly you dash into a tunnel. For over three miles you ride thus and suddenly the train enters the vast shed. You are in the very heart of New York; if you walk up the stairs you will find yourself on the New York street. You had none of that stirring experience of seeing the city before you reached it.

But suppose you do not wish to go to New York, but to some place on Long Island, which stands between

the Atlantic ocean and Manhattan island. You remain on the train in the train shed. The train starts, after a time, dashing directly from the underground shed into another tunnel. For three miles it speeds. Then it dashes into the daylight on Long Island. You have passed completely under Manhattan island and under the two-mile wide rivers which bound it. You have never seen the wonderful city, but, if you crane your neck from a window and look backward, you will see the towers of the town in the far distance.

## Oklahoma City's Skyline Shoots up in Few Months



Semiretless, gunless and wearing store clothes, Oklahoma City, the fastest growing city in the world, according to the official census, is in the saddle for a ride. The first ride in Oklahoma City was 21 years ago, when hardy men from east and west and north and south, at the crack of a pistol, put spurs to their horses and rode for homes. This ride is to be different—a figurative riding toward a commercial goal. In 1900 Oklahoma City had a population of 10,037. The census figures of 1910 give it 64,205, an increase of 539 per cent. "A population of 250,000 by the time the city is 30 years old," is the slogan of the chamber of commerce.

In 21 years the town has paved 108 miles of streets, built 85 miles of electric street railway, erected 21 ward schools at a cost of \$1,600,000, a high school costing \$500,000, 40 churches at a cost of \$2,000,000, a public library at \$150,000, and 11 first-class hotels, one 10 stories high, with an

other 10-story hotel in course of construction. Morris & Co. are operating a \$5,000,000 packing plant and Salsburg & Sons are building one to cost an equal amount. Building permits for the first 10 months of 1910 total \$4,621,929. Upon sites which cost the original owners less than \$20 in fling fees, there stand in Oklahoma City today seven buildings erected at a cost of \$1,750,000. The lots alone are valued at \$1,600,000.

Two men filed on the lot occupied by the \$350,000 State national bank building, now valued at \$1,600,000. The Pioneer building cost \$225,000 and the lots are valued at \$40,000 to \$50,000. C. A. Galbraith, first territorial attorney general, sold the lots in 1907 for \$12,500 and believed he was getting a top price. Not all of the men who came to Oklahoma in that first mad rush across the plains became rich. There was that man who needed a mule and traded some town lots for it. On that

mule trade he rode away and he hasn't come back. These lots were sold in 1906 for \$140,000, and upon them now stands a 10-story hotel, which the owner values, with the ground, at \$75,000. In the sky line today stands the American national bank building, erected at a cost of \$190,000; the Colcord building, which cost \$350,000, the \$140,000 Egan building, the American national bank building and others—all erected within 15 months.

## NO DANGER OF POVERTY

Many Ancient Usages Would Provide King George With Income in Event of Civil List Not Being Voted.

London, Dec. 9.—Besides the income allowed him by vote of Parliament, the King of England possesses several resources which he has the right to draw upon, although he never asserts the privilege.

These ancient privileges of the Crown will be surrendered, or rather held in abeyance, by King George so long as the civil list, or yearly royal allowance, is sanctioned, but while they are merged in the national income in accordance with a mutual arrangement by which the sovereign receives a definite amount from the state annually for his personal expenditure, it is beyond dispute that the statute by which the compact is arrived at carefully confines the surrender of rights to the lifetime of the monarch. Hence the King elected to prefer the casual and uncertain process of replenishing the Crown coffers by the operation of royal perquisites instead of troubling Parliament, he could constitutionally command a myriad of ancient customs for the purpose of supplying his financial necessities, which would make the versatility of a modern chancellor of the exchequer appear commonplace.

Excepting during periods of unusually heavy calls on the royal purse, King George would not deem it really necessary to go beyond the immemorial right claiming all gold and silver mines, not only on his own land but upon any of his subjects' lands, within his dominions. This special privilege is traceable to an apprehensive ancestor whose imagination triumphed over his logic. He contended that there was a considerable element of danger in permitting a subject to become too formidable by investing in him so immense a treasure as a mine of gold or silver. Moreover, if mines containing baser metals also contained gold and silver, the entire mine belonged to the king, because gold and silver, being the nobler and more valuable metals, necessarily attracted the less refined elements, and as the subject cannot hold property jointly with the king, the royal right was unassailably right.

As the British Empire last year produced \$300,000,000 in gold and silver, the exercise of the ancient right would perhaps suffice; but if any doubt would crop into the calculation, there are other contributory sources which might be tapped.

Every tenant of a "knight's fee" is required to attend the king for forty days each year, but the obligation became irksome and pecuniary satisfaction was substituted. Hence the royal household became a repository for almost every kind of merchandise contributed by subjects. All ships which carried wine to England had to yield up two tuns to the king's butler for replenishing the royal wine cellar. Although these gifts have long since been compounded, a few still survive.

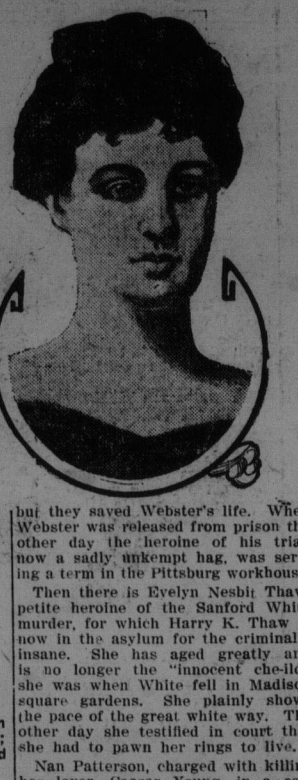
Incidentally, the king is entitled to receive a pair of white doves, a pound of cinnamon seed, a pair of scarlet Pouter, and a silver needle from his tailor, and on the principle that every little helps they might not be deemed less unworthy than half a whale, a whole sturgeon, or a swan "with two nicks."

Swan a Royal Favorite. The swan has always been a royal favorite, and "no person other than the son of a king could have a mark or game of swans excepting he held lings. And if any person, not having lands of the same value, shall have in such swans it shall be lawful for any of the king's subjects, having land of the said value, to seize the swans as forfeit whereby the king shall have half, and he that shall seize the other."

The "deadend" is another form of forfeiture which would open up distinct possibilities. Its origin is buried in the superstitious past, but for hundreds of years it was hard worked as a fruitful means of restoring health to a sickly exchequer. "Any article freehold land to the value of 5 shillings occasion of the death of any reasonable creature is a deadend, or a thing which should be given to God as a sort of expiation for an unwilling offence." Wherever a thing not in motion caused a man's death, that

## MURDER TRIAL HEROINES PASSING TO OBLIVION

Where are the murder heroines of yesterday? Briefly in the limelight of publicity, they fall back into the mass of humanity again, unknown and unnoticed. Ethel Clare Leneve, "heroine" of Dr. Crippen's flight and capture, is



At top, from left to right, Evelyn Thaw, Nan Patterson, Josie Mansfield; at bottom, Mrs. Annie Bradley and Mrs. Claudia Haines.

already lost behind the curtain that fell over her when her murderer-lover was sent to the gallows, and she was left to seek forgiveness of a heart-broken family.

Nine years ago the country was aroused over the trial and acquittal of Florence Burns, a beautiful young Brooklyn girl, charged with the murder of the man who betrayed her. Only the other day she was sentenced to a long term in a New York prison for working the "badger" game. The pretty young heroine of 1901 had become a hardened creature of the lowest type.

Jessie Morrison was paroled from a Kansas prison recently after a confinement of 10 years for the murder of a successful rival for the affections of Olin Castle at Eldorado, June 23, 1900. Castle is married again and lives in California. Jessie Morrison, now about forty, was and haggard. She has gone to her sister's home in Excelsior Springs.

Mrs. Annie M. Bradley was acquitted in Washington, D. C., just a few days ago of the murder of Senator Arthur

Brown of Utah, the father of her children. She went back home, poor, and ill, and in a little two-room hut, supporting her children by the hardest work. Neighbors shunned "that Bradley woman." Now a court has awarded her illegitimate children a part of Senator Brown's estate, and she has taken them where her story and their's is unknown.

Claudia Haines, young, beautiful, is suffering the pangs of faithlessness in a New Hampshire village to which her identity as the mistress of Billy Annis, killed by her husband, Capt. Peter Haines, has not followed her as yet.

Bertha Claiche, the "white slave" who slew Emile Gendron, her master, is in a sanitarium in Pennsylvania.

Marie Barbieri, who killed the man who betrayed her into a life of dishonor, was recently in the New York police court begging protection against the man whose mistress she became when starvation threatened her and her children. The once beautiful Italian girl is now a withered, pathetic figure.

When they saved Webster's life. When Webster was released from prison the other day the heroine of his trial, now a sadly unkempt hag, was serving a term in the Pittsburgh workhouse.

Then there is Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, petite heroine of the Sanford White murder, for which Harry K. Thaw is now in the asylum for the criminally insane. She has aged greatly and is no longer the "innocent child" she was when White fell in Madison square gardens. She plainly shows the pangs of the great white way. The other day she testified in court that she had to pawn her rings to live.

Nan Patterson, charged with killing her lover, Caesar Young, in a cab, spent 11 months in the Tombs, and was freed on the disagreement of the jury in her second trial. Her husband forgave her, but Nan soon grew tired of humdrum home life and hurried to the gay life of Pittsburgh. A few months ago her name was connected with the mysterious attempt to shoot a young bank cashier.

Josie Mansfield's fatal beauty resulted in the assassination of Jim Fisk, Jr., president of the Erie railroad, in the Grand Central hotel, New York, in January, 1872. Josie was in the zenith of her bold, brilliant, gray-eyed beauty, courted by men of wealth and station. Fisk won the proud beauty and fasted her in a splendid establishment. He introduced her to his friend Stokes, whose infatuation brought jealousy and murder. Josie Mansfield is now over 70 years old, in feeble health and, since her brother's death, an object of charity at Watertown, South Dakota.

The murder heroine, however pretty and petted, is nothing but a flitting shadow rushing into the oblivion of shame and death.

## BUDS WILL BLOOM ALL WINTER IN THE WHITE HOUSE



Miss Helen Taft, Her "Coming Out" Ball will be at the White House, December 23.

Miss Helen Taft is staying home from college this year that she may enjoy to the full the festivities of the winter social season, following her debut at the Christmas ball at the white house.

As a result the social season promises to be the most brilliant of the Taft administration. Other Washington society girls of "coming out" age have been holding back their debuts in order that they might be debutantes in Miss Taft's season. According to ancient custom all the "Washington buds" will be entertained at the white house by Miss Taft at least one debutante ball.

It had been Mrs. Taft's intention to have Helen complete her final term at Bryn Mawr, but she has found herself quite unequal to the task of disposing of all the social functions given at the white house, and, too, the president's daughter is said to be any- lous to step into the shoes of "American princess" which Alice Roosevelt, now Mrs. Longworth, wore, with such conspicuous success while her father was in the executive mansion.

Miss Taft is a splendid type of the American girl. She is extremely pret-ty, with great masses of brown hair and big blue eyes, clean cut features and a slightly tilted nose and up-turned mouth. She is free from affectation—a perfectly natural girl.

She excels at tennis, plays a good game of golf, is an accomplished horse woman, a graceful dancer, and a fine linguist. She and her mother are constant companions, although the daughter has many friends in the official and residential circles of Washington.

Miss Taft's coming out ball will be on Dec. 23 at the white house. The national capital's daughters who will share that evening with the "American princess" are: Miss Louis Cromwell, Miss Ida Norment Smith, Miss Adelaide Culp, Miss Elizabeth Reeside, Miss Eliza Porter, Miss Jessie Krogstad, Miss Alice Wright, Miss Ruth Wynne, Miss Doris Haywood and Senator Maria Villages, the only girl of the diplomatic corps who will enter society this season.

There will be gay times at the white house after Helen's crowd get ready started. They are all fun-loving girls and much attached to each other. Foreign attaches and under secretaries are brushing up their gilded uniforms in anticipation of "great do-ings" in society.

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