Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., April 8, 1910.

LITTLE GIRL WITH THE CURLS.

Little girl with the curls and the passionless eyes,
With your heart that is pure as the cool springs that rise
In the green of the hills and with cheeks that are fair
And unsoiled of the world as the snowflake in air;
With your dreams that are sweet and that always come true,
Little girl with the curls, here's a blessing for you.

Little girl with the curls and with grace that is sweet
From the toss of your head to your fast-flying feet,
With the light in your eyes that is brimming with truth.
And the straightforward gaze that's the glory of youth;
With your smiles that are glad and your days that are fair.
Here's a blessing as rich as the gold of your hair.

Little girl with the curls and with kisses as light
As the butterfly's kiss of the flower in its flight
With your heart all atune to the beauties you see,
With the song of your days sweet as music can be,
With your peace, like the pardon of Heaven unfurls,
Here's a blessing for you, little girl with the curls.

And, oh, be the days of thy trial as far,
From the deeps of the sea as the snowy peaks are,
And, oh, be thy heart in its singing atune,
Thy skies be but blue with the splendors of June,
So bless the and keep thee and spare thee—with pearls
Be thy days strung through life, little girl with the curls.

T. W. Foley.

Does Education Pay.

It has come to our attention that within the last year a young man who took the Creamery Course at the Pennsylvania dairy school and who was employed at a salary of $60.00 per month asked for a small raise in wages. His employer short-sightedly refused, and the young man accepted another position. A new man was hired at a salary of $50.00 per month, thus saving the creamery $10.00. During the month the new man handled 49,000 pounds of butter fat, but the overrun fell from 19 to 13 per cent. Alarmed at this decrease, the proprietor asked the former buttermaker to return and help him restore the overrun. He came back for a month and put the overrun up where it had been before, thus demonstrating that it was his skill which secured the higher overrun.

Six per cent overrun lost on 49,000 pounds of butter fat would amount to at least 3,469 pounds of butter. Allowing that this butter sold for 25 cents a pound, which as a matter of fact was below the market price for that month, the loss to that creamery in one month of over $869.00, but they saved $10.00 by putting in the cheaper butter maker, and lost $869.00 in butter.

This instance carries two lessons, one for the creamery management which refuses to pay a fair salary to the man who earns it by demonstrating that he can deliver the goods.

The butter maker is worth to himself all that he can get; he is worth to the creamery in proportion to the money he can make for them.

The butter maker must first equip himself to do the work in such a way as to be worth to the creamery what he asks, as did this young man.

This year this young man will receive at least a half more salary than he did before he and his former employer realized his efficiency.

An interesting contrast to this story is that of a co-operative creamery in our State employing another student of the Dairy School. When he asked for a little raise, the manager refused, and purposed to secure a cheaper man. The patrons heard about it, demanded that the directors take action and the result was a new manager. The butter maker got his increase. At the same time that this information came to my attention, it was said that this buttermaker had done more for the general agricultural advancement in the community tributary to his creamery than any one man who had ever been in the community.

H. E. Van Nornan,
Professor of Dairy Husbandry.

Pennsylvania Butter Contest—New Plan.

The Dairy Husbandry Department of The Pennsylvania State College will conduct this year's contest on a slightly different plan. Many creameries are closed part of the year and many dairymen are unable to spare even the five pounds during the winter months, and for this reason only four samples will be required.

The purpose of the contest is entirely educational. By a thorough study of methods and friendly rivalry, the interest in better butter is stimulated.

The plan of the contest is for the College to furnish the five-pound tub and pay express charges both ways. The butter will be scored according to market requirements by expert judges. A personal letter will be sent to each contestant, giving the score, moisture content and criticisms by the judge and suggestions from this Department. There will be four contests for the year, on the 15th of April, June, August and October. The butter becomes the property of the College to partly defray the expense of the contest.

At the end of the year, a diploma will be presented to all who have taken part in each contest, and have no score less than 90 and an average of 91, providing, also, that the entry blanks furnished are filled out as completely as possible by the contestant.

The butter should be sent by express, charges collect, in time to reach State College not later than the 14th of April, June, August and October.

If you wish to enter the contest, kindly write the Dairy Husbandry Department of the Pennsylvania State College at once for tub and entry blank.

—It is not advisable to turn the cows on the permanent pasture till the grass has made a good start. There are at least two good reasons for this. One is that the young grass is immature, watery and lacking substantial nutritive qualities. It is relished by the cows, yet they cannot get a full flow of milk on it alone. Another reason for not turning them on the permanent pasture early is that they will injure the soil by walking on it while it is wet and soft.

Native Life and Conditions on the Isthmus of Panama.

The Fourth and Last of a Series of Impressionistic Stories of the Lower Mississippi Valley, the Great Canal and Native Life in the Tropics—As Seen by a Centre Countian on the Way to Panama.

Sitting in the Central Plaza of Panama Sunday evening, February 20th, 1910, listening to the National band playing in the pavilion my mind went drifting back to the Pennsylvania home I had left only two weeks before. There they had twenty-four inches of snow and mercury playing hide and seek with zero, here was probably the most cosmopolitan crowd to be found in any place in the world. Clad in the cool whites and gay colors of the tropics they sauntered round and round the Plaza and though we knew that poverty would be staring the most of them in the face were it not for the building of the canal there were naught but expressions of happiness and content to be seen; did you look at the native Panamanian, the Haitian, the Barbadian, the Jamaican, the Hindoo, the Jap, the Chinaman, the Portugese, Spanish, Swede, the Frenchman, Englishman, American, Indian or other of the many nationalities represented.

Panama is the capital of the new Republic of Panama. Its revolutionary establishment you know well of. It is a city of about 35000 population, with no industrial occupation of any sort and might truly be said to have a parasitic life on the construction of the canal. Originally the natives lived on bananas, cocoanuts, sour saps, plantain and such fruits as grew wild and could be had without work; then the French brought money to them and meats and more expensive things became part of their existence; now Uncle Sam is the good angel and we wondered whether they would sink back into the old languor after he has done his work and gone. There is an agricultural region in the north of the Republic where horses, cattle and hogs are raised, and some farming is done, but not as we farm or raise stock. The fact that there isn't a road over which you could drive a wagon between any of the towns of the Republic—excepting those in the Zone—is the best evidence of the extent of the development.

The native Panamanian seems to have little if any ambition. He lives because it is easy to live. The sun gives him warmth and the earth its fruits and that suffices. A most persisent search in the stores of Colon, Panama and Bocas disclosed nothing of native ingenuity or manufacture and I think I am doing him no unjustice—in the light of what history tells us and as a consequence of my own observations—when I say that the only things the native does make are babies and trouble; everything else nature provides.

Spanish is the native tongue of the Panamanian and the Spanish idea of caste prevails among them. The rich are grandios in manners, arrogant, haughty and respectfully admired by the poor. None of them have the features of our negroes and for the most part look like white men burned brown by ages of torrid sunshine. Their streets are narrow, made so to keep them as shady as possible, their houses are all built on the street line, without front or side yards for the same reason. The older ones are of dobe or plaster, most of the new ones of light frame with corrugated iron roofs. The latter have no plastering, no windows and the board partitions run to within about three feet of the ceiling; above that is lattice work or netting so that currents of air may circulate freely through them at all times. The first stories are invariably stores, without show windows, great wooden doors enclosing their entire fronts. When these are opened all of the wares are displayed to the passers on the narrow pavements. Nearly every store is a grog shop though I saw little drunkenness. They drink rums of many kinds, odd concoctions of cocoanut milk and brandy and great Pabst signs on all sides told us that they knew of Milwaukee's fame. Jewelry stores, groceries, clothing, chinese laundries and all have their booze counters where age is no bar and Mississippi Legislators are not feared.

Silver is the basis of their monetary system. The government issue is twelve million dollars guaranteed by a deposit of six million gold made by the United States under our treaty arrangements. Our dollar buys two of theirs, but before the unsophisticated traveler finds it out he has been "taken over" for more than one pesos. The government is administered by a President elected by popular vote. He appoints his cabinet and judges. The people select their general assembly, councils and alcaldes, or mayors. The standing army numbers seven hundred policemen on duty all over the Republic; because a standing army isn't really necessary so long as Uncle Sam stands ready at any moment to swing the big stick.

I said they had no form of industry. It was a mistake in a measure for the Panamanian lottery is the great, grand bonanza of the Republic. Dukey, a Cuban said to possess American naturalization papers, is the bell cow in the Lottery and every Sunday morning the grand prize of $15,000.00 silver or $7,500.00 gold, and numerous other prizes are drawn for. Old women, children, store keepers, everybody sells lottery tickets. They cost fifty cents each and are sold in strips. The drawing is absolutely fair, though often times the prize winners are never found; then the money is supposed to go to the church. The church and the government are partners with Dukey in the business and draw their regular percentage of its profits.

The old city of Panama lies along the beach about seven miles south of the present city. It was the one Balboa built and was reputed the richest place in the world when Morgan, the buccaneer sacked and destroyed it three hundred years ago. Nothing now remains of its ancient grandeur but the old tower and a few ruins of the cathedral. I saw in the arches of the latter red brick the like of which are probably made nowhere today.

Neither flowers nor birds are much in evidence, unless among the latter you would be pleased with buzzards and chickens. They are everywhere and fresh eggs are as easy to get as bananas or cocoanuts, though they cost 75 cents the dozen. The riot of bloom that you might expect as part of this tropical landscape is confined almost exclusively to a flower bed as big as a silver dollar in some of the Plazas. Everything else is green. Green from one year's end to another. Always the same green, green, green. I asked a gentleman why none of the government houses on the Zone were painted white. He replied that the glare of the sun on them would prove more than the people could endure and I was there long enough to realize what he meant. Up to this moment I have forgotten to state that what is called the Zone, the ten mile wide strip from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is entirely American. Everything is American in its government and life, while Colon, Panama and the other points I am now telling you of are purely Panamanian, except for their sanitation.

Colon is a city of about ten thousand population. In general it is a small counterpart of Panama. Buildings, streets and habits are practically identical and as it is the Atlantic port of entry many more ships touch there than at Panama so it is correspondingly more in touch with the rest of the world. This doesn't mean much, however, for the papers published in the States on February 13th, the day we sailed from New Orleans, were the latest ones they had at the news stands when we sailed for home on the 23rd.

Outside of the Zone the only positive evidence of energy I saw displayed was by the little horses drawing the cocheros or hacks about Colon and Panama. They are a trifle smaller than our bronchos, lean and thin of limb. In fact they are so diminutive that when three of us scrambled into a hack, on arriving at Panama, to be hauled up the hill to the Tivoli I actually felt as though a more equitable adjustment of labor would have compelled us to pull the horse. The price to any point in the city is ten cents, gold, for a ride in these hacks; and everybody rides, because it is too enervating to walk. The little horse trots, trots, trots, whether the load in the carriage be two or six. I saw a carriage containing six large persons on its way over the eight mile drive to old Panama. Five miles of the road are splendid because they were built by our government but the rest of the way is no road at all; only a trail over broken and washed ravines, yet one of these little horses was drawing the load with apparently little effort and to make the situation all the more ludicrous there were a second set of lines fastened to the bridle and hooked about the dash board. Curiosity prompted me to ask our driver what they were for and, imagine how funny it appeared, when he replied in all seriousness: "Oh sir; that horse might run off any moment and them lines would come in handy to hold him, sir." Cocheros are everywhere on Colon and Panama, for they have no street cars or taxicabs and only a few automobiles for private use. Cocheros are more numerous there than hacks with us on fair days and you merely have to step to the curb looking tired when one of them is in front of you inviting you to enter and ride.

A peculiar condition of affairs that I found existing everywhere on the Isthmus was the variance in the answers different persons gave to the same question. Strange as it may seem no two people would tell you the same story about the same thing. Such discrepancies were calculated, to say the least, to cast doubt over everything one heard and after two days of such experiences I came to the conclusion that all that could be done was to form one's own estimate as to the truthfulness of the matters discussed.

Panama hasn't a single industrial development that I could learn of. Even such souvenirs of the Isthmus as are offered for sale have been made in the States or imported from Jamaica, China or Japan. The cigars and cigarettes are all Jamaican and even the Panama hats come from Equador and cost more than they can be bought for in the States. Everything is expensive and when you lay down a big Panamanian dollar for two bottles of beer you feel as though you were buying champagne. Just at this time a company from Decatur, Ill., is arranging to install the first big lumber operation in the country. They have a tract of 70000 acres of fine mahogany, oak and Spanish cedar, the wood from which cigar boxes are made, in the Biennia river country and are putting in a plant to cut it. Under present conditions practically all of the lumber used there is imported. Strange as it may seem there are more shoemakers and fewer shoes worn and more tailors and less clothing used, than anything else. In fact, aside from these two trades, I saw no evidence of any others excepting the American developments on the Canal Zone. Most of the shoemakers and tailors are Jamaicans, not Panamanians, for, as I have said before, the native and work seem to have nothing in common. He is either in politics and has grabbed up as much of the public land as possible or he is a poor squatter living in a thatched hut and happy because his living grows wild at his back door. The natural products of the country are plantain, which resembles the banana tree, yams, a white tuber that grows in the ground; yam-pea, a purple skinned tuber; yucca, a succulent bush; alligator pears; guava, a vegetable; sour-sap, looking not unlike a pineapple in shape but white as flour inside and sweet; raddishes, cucumbers, bananas, sweet potatoes, sugar cane, and a few other tropical products. They cannot grow Irish potatoes. The natives thrive on these products; in fact all the blacks do and I saw some of the most splendid specimens of physical development among them that could be found anywhere. Of course they have meat occasionally, for they do raise some cattle; cattle that look not unlike guernseys except that their horns are very large and spreading. Then chickens are everywhere, but beef and chicken are both spurned by the native who is fortunate enough to capture a guano, a large land lizzard, a reptile that grows to be four or five feet long and is to the Panamanian what possum is to our colored people.

Any attempt to cultivate crops there must necessarily involve much labor because everything grows so rank that the last of a ten acre patch could scarcely be cleaned off before the first part of it would be over run again with the wildest sort of growth. Pieces of land along the Zone that have been cleared and drained are covered with grass resembling our wire or fall grass and it needs constant cutting to keep it in any kind of condition.

Outside of the cities the houses are all built on piles; this plan being necessary to lift them out of the swamps and permit the circulation of air under them; for the trade winds are blowing over Panama always. There is never a day without a breeze. The native house is built of bamboo sides and thatched roof, though boards and corrugated iron are displacing the old ones wherever a builder is able to procure the more modern material. The style of the house is not changed, however, for one room serves all the family needs as the cooking is either done on the porch or in the yard and charcoal pans or braziers furnish the heat, as stoves are never seen.

The temperature ranges from 80 degrees to 86 degrees, rarely varying and with the trade winds continually blowing one could say that climatic conditions are ideal were it not for the terrible humidity, which even in the dry season makes everything feel sticky and is so bad that mucilage on the postage stamps is practically worthless. My observations justify the conclusion that life there is possible only to the northerner when the most careful sanitary precautions have preceded his advent. The canal could have been built without the sanitation that has been done, but it would have been at such a sacrifice of life as would have made it altogether out of the question. The daily thought of the foreign resid nt is of his health and everyone just naturally becomes a quarantine law unto himself. At Bocas del Toro, for instance, most of the town was originally built on piles driven into the gulf. It once was a miniature Venice. This was done so that the tides would carry away all of the sewage that it was impossible to care for in other ways. It was a novel sight indeed to see homes entirely surrounded by water and even chicken coops up on stilts with the waters lapping lazily underneath them. So far as the mosquitoes are concerned they are no worse in the districts bordering on salt water than they are in New Jersey, though in the swamps of the interior there is no living unless everything is encased in netting. The natives, I think, have hides impervious to attack, for in addition to the mosquito they have what is called "the red bug" a microscopic insect like the "tick" that is everywhere and burrows under the skin to add torments of itching to the existence of the whites.

The temperature varies so little that were it not for the intense humidity a more delightful climate could not be hoped for anywhere, excepting for the prevalence of those everlasting trade winds. They are always blowing, day and night, so that their increasing currents make it impossible to light a cigar without sheltering the match and flags are flapped to pieces on a pole in a very short time. They told me down there that the winds get "on the nerves" of some persons very soon and have such an ill effect that it becomes impossible for them to remain.

The land is a rich loam and clay, with so little stone that, generally speaking, they might be said to have none. As a consequence of this soft condition and the torrential rains it is cut into gullies and deep ravines everywhere, and land in one place before a rain might be miles away after one of those sudden dashing rains that they have almost continually from April to December.

The two most conspicuous trees of the tropics are the cocoanut and royal palms. Both are beautiful in their symmetry and foliage and stately in their height. As a rule their trunks are about a foot in diameter always cylindrical and without a break to a height of about thirty or forty feet at which point they are crowned by the great radiating palm leaves. The cocoanut palm produces 365 full cocoanuts in a year. They grow in green hulls immediately below the foliage and in clusters of three to six. When green practically all of their contents is water or what we are accustomed to calling "milk." This is used extensively for drinking as it is both refreshing and nourishing.

The royal palm differs from the cocoanut palm in that it bears no fruit and the upper portion of its trunk is in bright green rings.

As stated before the native house is a hut built of bamboo with thatched roof, though boards and corrugated iron are fast displacing the primitive materials. And this brings up the question of the quality of modern roofing irons. The iron roofs on the old buildings erected by the French on the Zone are practically as good as when put there years ago while the iron that the Americans are using there now lasts, at most, only three or four years.

As to the characteristics of the cosmopolitan crowd of blacks living on the Isthmus inquiry revealed the fact that they are a very different type from our North American negro. They are a peaceable, fun loving class; neither impudent nor in danger of becoming "set up" when a little bit of responsibility is reposed in them. For this reason one of the officers of our army there told me that a uniform could be put on any one of them without fear of his imagining that he owned the earth. They love to play cricket, still indulge in the native dances and appeared to be deeply religious. In fact I met an old harbor pilot at Bocas who had just returned from some great church gathering in Jamaica and of his family of fourteen he had already sent two daughters and a son to Colleges in the States to be educated. He was a Jamaican and the Jamaicans seemed to be in the majority among the blacks. Possibly that is the reason that I have the impression that all of them are types so superior to our own. And it should be remembered that the native Panamanian is not in this class, for he does not consider himself a black. As I said before the Panamanian is not a worker. The labor is done by the Jamaicans, Barbadians and others, while he plans political intrigues or leads his indolent life depending on nature to provide for him.

TAKING ON A CARGO OF BANANAS.

We bade Colon good bye on the afternoon of February 23rd and steamed away for Bocas del Toro a small town about one hundred miles to the north. It is the port where the local offices of the United Fruit Co. are located and as we were traveling on a fruit boat we were to carry a cargo of bananas on the home trip. On touching there the quarantine officers inspected us, after which we were permitted to land and spend a few hours in the town while preparations were being made for the trip on up the river to Almirantes, where the terminus of the railroad that runs out of the Changuinola banana plantation is located. Part of the preparation was taking on two hundred native loaders and when this was done we steamed away for the ten mile run for the fruit.

Once tied up at the side of a splendid steel and concrete wharf the work of getting ready for the loading was done with about the same order that a well trained circus gang displays. On the wharf stood 120 cars, very like our stock cars, packed full of the green fruit. Four of them at a time were pushed directly opposite the opening to the holds of the ship and runways were thrown out. These runways were padded with thick, soft mats and the great bunches of fruit, green and hard, were rolled along on them by hand to the holds where they disappeared into the great dark bowels of the ship. The holds are five stories, of eight feet height each. When fruit is the cargo the bottom one is not filled and a refrigerating plant reduces the temperature in them to about 40 degrees for the fruit must be kept cool enough so that it does not ripen before reaching the States. Down into the holds the fruit is passed from hand to hand at levels just the height of a man and at each level it is placed on a mat before the men below take hold of it for every precaution must be taken to save bruising or breaking the bunches. In the various rooms of the holds they are set up on end and packed so neatly that they do not crush with the pitching of the ship or by their own weight.

Our cargo consisted of about seventy thousand bunches; valued here at about fifteen cents the bunch, and though it had taken 240 medium freight cars to carry it, the additional weight made the ship ride scarcely a foot deeper in the water. While standing on the wharf watching the loading many of the characteristics of the natives were noticed and here again, like the circus, the first thing attended to was the cook house. Scarcely had the loaders scrambled off the ship than some of them began setting out a row of small braziers, very like the lower half of an egg stove. These were filled with charcoal and fires started at once. One by one the workers would place their buckets on the coals to begin cooking the grub they would eat during the twenty-four hours of loading. Cattle cannot be raised in this part of Panama because it is all swamp. In fact the houses are built on piles and the visitor goes from one to another in boats if the community has not developed far enough to have boardwalks on piles. Fresh meat, therefor, is seldom seen or used and all of these dinner pails were filled with native products as the taste of the owner prompted. I saw some with yams, rice and fish, others with papayo, cucumbers and bananas but the combination that would spell sure death in the North was the bucket in which cod-fish and bananas were boiling. Everything is boiled because they have no grease to fry with and that probably accounts for the fact that we saw no boxes of Stuart's dyspepsia tablets sitting around near the improvised cook house. At Bocas they have no water but the rain water and as they have no cisterns a drought long enough to empty the barrels and buckets they use instead is necessarily a very serious condition of affairs. Providence has been good to them, however, and rarely dispenses a day without some rain. The plantations from which all of this fruit is secured are located about 12 miles northwest from the wharf and cover an area of 27000 acres. They are the property of the United Fruit Co., of Boston, which is putting more acreage under cultivation as rapidly as possible. Cultivation means merely the cutting out of all other growths, for if this were not done regularly in three month's time the plantation would again be the almost impenetrable jungle it was before it was cleared, so rank is the tropical growth. Banana plants are set out about fifteen feet apart, each way, so as to permit driving mule carts between the rows when cutting is done. Each plant develops a bunch and when this is done the plant or "sucker," as the growers call it is cut down. It springs up from the old root again and in seven or eight months produces another bunch for market.

All night Thursday the loaders rolled away at the bananas. Sometimes singing, sometimes swearing in Spanish but only permitting a break in the great chain of green that was being lowered into the ship when four cars had been emptied and four full ones were to be pushed up. This took but a moment or so and the work might really be said to have gone on uninterruptedly for twenty hours. In order to break up the monotony of our twenty-four hour stay at the Changuinola wharf on Friday morning the entire party was invited to ride out to the banana plantation. As you might infer there were no passenger cars available so we all scrambled inside observation cars and were rolled away ten miles inland over a road that would make even the Bellefonte Central look like a trunk line. Arrived at the plantation we witnessed the cutting and hauling of the fruit to the cars and were most hospitably entertained at the home of Col. White, of Columbus, Ohio, at an informal luncheon. His establishment in the heart of the jungle is beautifully located on the banks of the Sixola river which divides Panama from Costa Rico. He is one of the plantation superintendents and, like everyone else we met, the personification of an agreeable gentleman.

[Continued on page 3.]

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Man while he loves is never quite depraved,
And woman's triumph is a lover saved.

Hon. G. Lamb.

The low neck is to prevail during the summer; there is no doubt of it. One almost wonders, as the vogue extends, if the stock collar is to be banished altogether for everybody. And meanwhile, says a writer in The New York *Evening Sun*, "all the world" is resorting to remedies and bleaches for throats spoiled by long swathing.

Neckwear departments while supplied with stocks of the usual attractiveness, are abundantly fitted out with Russian and Dutch collars, frills, front plaits, ruffled on one or both sides, and low collar and cuff sets of endless variety. The girls are busy embroidering plaits and trills for the front of their summer shirt waists and often match them with cuffs and belts. One of the whimsies of the hour is to make such accessories of linen the color of the suit with which they are to be most worn and embroider them in white, or to reverse the process and do the work in a color on a white ground.

Such sets make ideal gifts for the linen showers which are now being fitted out for spring brides. Those worked in all white will be sure to go with everything, while those made with colors may hit the need, and then again they may be numbered with the gifts which are appreciated for their association rather than for their usefulness. The plaits all have buttonholes through which link buttons fasten both waists and plait.

Wide neck frills are found in great choice at neckwear departments, and are made of embroidered batiste, hand-run net, lace and net combined and a hundred other combinations.

The new Russian collars with square neck outlines are at their best in fine hand-loom linen inset with hand-made Cluny or Russian linen lace. They are worn with gowns and coats alike. A girl who can sew at all can make up such finery at half the expense she can buy it. A good many yokes of gowns are being made of self colored net over white—not a novelty, to be sure, because such yokes have been seen through the winter, but one of the standby styles that are not easily packed off once they gain a foot hold.

Blouse with Gibson plaits and wide plain fronts are the leaders, and the round necks and fronts of such waists tempt the embroiderer and braider to no end of work.

It sounds inconsistent to say anything about narrow clothes, when the majority of the talk for the last month has been about full clothes. It is difficult to describe the gowns of the day, for they are both narrow and full, and, therefore, any one who dwells on either point is correct.

The fabric is gathered in most frocks, and yet it is so peculiarly soft and without body that the last effect is that of exceeding narrowness.

One designer characterizes these gowns of today as rag-like. It is a word we have been using in regard to fashionable clothes for weeks.

It is this quality that gives the result of narrowness and gives that tube-like figure that the women are trying hard to achieve just now. Skirts go in at the ankles in a marked and rather absurd manner. Whenever skirts for the street are made without plaits and fastened down the front they have heavy seams down the hips and are only a yard and a half wide at the hem. They have much the look of old-fashioned peg-top trousers.

While every one admits by this time that skirts are narrow at the hem, and that trains are frequently abolished, every one is beginning to admit that the material is full in every case. It is quite possible to shirr and gather a chiffon marquisette, chiffon veiling, meteor satin, charmeuse and gauze. One can do this without adding to the size of one's figure, provided one omits any unnecessary piece of underwear.

The women of today do this. It is true that the softest kind of net and China silk petticoats are worn by many women in the evening, yet it is equally true that the majority of women will not take up petticoats again, or at least not just now. They allow the lining of the gown to act as petticoat and drop skirt in one.

Another decided feature of the new spring clothes that makes them look narrow, even though they are gathered and shirred, is the fact that many of them have not a lining with body to it. In the old days, when the conventional taffeta, with its rustle and slight stiffness was used, even the softest fabric wouln gain some width on the figure by its lining; but the new way of lining; the thin gown does away with any chance of stiffness.

There is only a princess slip of satin, which has no bones in it and which has no ruffles on the skirts. This is the accepted and fashionable lining.

It is a drastic change from what has been before, and it makes an exceedingly comfortable gown. It is not a princess slip. It is made in two pieces, put together at the belt. The skirt is cut without fullness, on narrow lines, and is merely finished with a six-inch hem. There is no balayeuse under it. It must hang into the ankles and it must not rest for more than an inch on the floor, if it does that.

The bodice is cut on square peasant lines, without fulness at the shoulders, and the sleeves, without gathers or plaits, just match the size of the armholes.

The belt on this slip is not too tight, otherwise it would outline the figure in rather too severe a manner for the present style. Over such a slip is dropped a gathering, shirred or smocked frock in any of the chiffon fabrics that rule the day. It is never necessary to have lining and frock of the same color. In truth, the artist gets her chance to work up a color scheme in this combination.

Hardwood floors which have been badly scratched or damaged must be sandpapered and treated to a coating of wax.

The wax must be allowed to dry throroughly before the floor is used. Twenty-four hours is not long enough.

In the case of parquet flooring, it will be necessary to scrape it first and then coat with shellac.

If the floors are discolored where they are not protected by rugs, the scraping or sandpapering will remedy this also.

Batistes and organdies which do not look well starched, yet are limp without it, should be rinsed in milk, which will give them a pleasant stiffness.