

Bellefonte, Pa., May 6, 1910.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.

Dew of dawn on hills of dream, Beaten eggs and lots of cream; Breath of bloom from vales of sweet: Taste of flavor while you eat. Layers of snow and bars of gold In between them, crushed or rolled, Berries from the vines that run To the reddening of the sun. Gods, upon Olympus' height, Cross your hands and take a bite

MADAM BLUEBEARD.

She came to be known on the boat as Madam Bluebeard before we were two days out from Calcutta. No doubt this was largely due to the fact, spread by some busybody, that she had married three husbands and survived them. I do not think that this past zeal for marriage would in itself have procured her the title. After all, some people with the best intentions in the world have a run of ill luck, and Mrs. Mandaford might have been one of these.

It was her appearance that made the name so suitable. Not only was she enormous, a colossal figure of a woman who dwarfed the biggest man on board and suggested that she could pick up a couple of us in either hand, but she wore at times a most terrific frown. Seeing it, we felt that if she did pick a couple of us up and were feeling annoyed at the time she would not hesitate to drop us overboard.

Personally I thought her smile even more alarming, and I know that Colonel Gregory, once she had beamed at him in return for some small piece of civilityplacing her deck-chair for her in some sheltered spot-fled in haste to the smok-

I call you people to witness," he said as he sank into a seat, "that I'm stopping here for the rest of the voyage."
"Why so, Colonel?" asked one of the

men present. ecause she's looking for a fourth and, by Jove! she'll have him too." and, by Jove! she il have him too.

He rang for a peg and cut into a bridge four with trembling fingers. Yet he was an elderly bachelor, marriage-proof, you would have said, and not devoid of courage. He had seen service on the frontiers and also in Somaliland, where, by

the way, the dervishes run large. His example was followed by most of the bachelors who could stand an equal amount of smoke and heat, but there were times, especially in the Indian Ocean, when he had to come out, andas the Colonel said-run the blockade. Married men like myself did not so greatly fear Mrs. Mandaford's awe-inspiring affability. We felt that we had in front of us, as a screen and protection against forcible remarriage, all the authority of the Church and State. Besides, she sorted us out into the married and unmarried, the goats and the sheep, with an infallible accuracy. Several of us were traveling single, but she left us alone. I suppose there is something about a married man that distinguishes him. A joyous tranquility, is it? A look of having passed the worst and emerged? The appearance of a miner who has found gold, or of one that knows that for him there is no gold to find?

Gradually, but in a very obvious way, she began a weeding process among the bachelors. The skill with which she set aside the undesirables! The knowing ones were rejected first, then the reckless. She had brought them down to a half dozen within as many days. Then to three—to two—to one. I think we had all had a presentiment who the one would

He was a Mr. Luptons, a little man, of course. He had been in the Salt Revenue in India and was retiring on a pension. He intended, he told me, to do a little fruit-growing in England to keep him occupied; and because he had few friends there, and no relations to speak of, he was bringing with him his native bearer, Peter. I think Peter gave his master away as much as anything. To begin with, Peter was a Bengali and a Christian, and strict sahibs in India do not have such for bearers. They are too apt to steal, they say. Also they are almost invariably of the lowest caste, and bearers are best when they belong to a high caste. You do not want a sweeper about your person. Generations of a dog life have made him impervious to cleanliness and courage—virtues the sahib hank-ers after. The deduction, therefore, to be made from Peter was that Peter's master must be of a lenient, not to say soft, disposition. I do not contend that Peter had all the failings of his type. He was always in spotless white linen, when he came into the cabin I shared with Mr. Luptons. And that he was at least faithful I shall have cause to show. Only, if Mr. Luptons had been a strong-willed sa-

hib, he would never have engaged him.
Perhaps it was obvious, without Peter, that strength of will was not Mr. Lup-tons' leading feature. A thin dried little man who looked as if he had lived on salt as well as by salt for many years, with absurdly small features and large eyes, he had the most apologetic manner l have ever seen in a man. He had lost a good deal of the hair on his head and still more of the intelligence that once, no doubt, reposed beneath it; and I suppose it was owing to the latter circum stance that for quite a long time he remained unaware that Mrs. Mandaford had marked him down, or that the other bachelors on board regarded him as their scapegoat-as it were, the Jonah to be thrown to this whale. Peter saw. Often during those long days in the Red Sea, while the ship drove through the still water checkered with oily currents, and Mr. Luptons, all unconscious of his doom, sat blinking landward at the burning rocks and white hot sand, making polite answers at intervals to Mrs. Mandaford's exacting conversation, the sallow Indian would steal up behind and watch them with an expression of excruciating mel-ancholy. I fancy he foresaw the time when this lady would be his master's ponderous mem, who knew not Peter, or -if she did come to know Peter-wou make things uncommonly unpleasant for him. Few bearers welcome the prospect many idle moments in which to poke about the house. But I sympathized

with Peter.

It was just before we entered the canal that Mr. Luptons became uneasy about Madam Bluebeard. He came down into our cabin rather late that night—he had been chatting with her—and having apologized to me for turning on the light, be
"Happy Mr. Luptons!" I murmured, too taken aback by her self-possession to say more. But I finished the tag as soon as I had got to a safe distance. "If only he knew his happiness."

"N-no," he said, shivering slightly. "Peter—?"

"Peter—?"

"Peter-s' ready," I said. "So's the boat."

"Is it to be now?" asked Mr. Luptons. "Yes," said Mrs. Simeon, with decision, and nodded to me.

Looking round to see that I was unobserved, I strolled over to where Peter ——the county superintendent and one or

"I'm not a bit sleepy," I assured him.
"What about Mrs. Mandaford?"
"A splendid figure of a woman," he said. "If I may be excused for mentioning a lady's figure. You are a friend of hers?"

"But you've spoken to her, of course?" "Really? You surprise me. She is so very affable—and to me of all people. It

greater part of the conversation.' "Interestingly?" I asked. He put down the brushes with which

he was smoothing his thin fluff and "I hardly know what to say," he said, "I am such a poor hand at it myself that I don't like to seem critical. If I might venture, I should describe Mrs. Manda-

ford's conversation as a trifle too senti-"Sentimental!" I repeated. "That cossus of a widow!"

"My dear sir," he said, deprecatingly, board call her Modes Bluet of the companionway. She came straight at heard call her Modes Bluet of the companionway. She came straight at me. mental."

that is why I am afraid of it." said, hardly able to keep from laughing. He gave me an appealing look.

"It is so difficult with ladies, or so it seems to me. I am afraid of not respond-nog in the proper key—of jarring."

his unwillingness."

"He will," I prophesied.

ing in the proper key—of jarring."
"I see," I said. "Or what would be worse," he went on, agree. It is so extremely difficult with

tion from you?" He had some difficulty in explaining, but I gathered that she had begun to ogle

him quite obviously. "She seems to feel that voyages are apt to be so romantic. She says that one meets twin souls on board. More than once she has spoken of the curious way in which people who have never met before become engaged in quite a few days."
He shivered slightly as he stressed the

last words. "I suppose they do," I said.
"Yes—but—but I am not myself a marrying man. I shall never marry. I once thought—" He paused and I thought he was going to reveal one of those stories which people think are romances, but are, as a rule, only most pathetic fallacies. He didn't, and I liked the little man the more for it, though I failed to see how he was to be helped out of his dilemma. "V The few efforts that I did make to intervene between him and Madam Bluebeard's sentiment were unavailing. I used to go up to them and point out the mirages that were to be seen across the desert as we moved up the canal. Or I would dilate on the utility of the camels that hove into view among the sand dunes, carrying bright-colored riders, or heavy bags of sand to strengthen the embankments. But one man cannot do all the talking for more than a few minutes

long to her.
You know that dull white city on the edge of the drab desert, with its wide shops overhung by latticed balconies and scum of a half-way country. Too taw-dry to be Western and too dull to seem like the East, it lacks interest except for those who like to buy gorgeous Oriental wares imported straight from Birmingwares imported straight from Birmingham. When a boat anchors, the big impudent Arabs come climbing on deck with bales full of every kind of bargain with bales full of every kind of bargain anvithing, and Mrs. Simeon was touched.

"Tell Mr. Luptons," she said to me, "not Refore he goes on shore at Marconjuring boy who comes—a glib dusky boy with a Western patter and an Eastern insouciance that usually brings a not getting off there altogether, is he?" crowd round him. The crowd on "No, we're all going round by sea this occasion, however, was biggest, I think, round the group consisting of Mrs. Mandaford, Mr. Luptons, and a one-eyed rich scene, the copper-colored merchant draping his glittering wares round Madam Bluebeard's expansive shoulders, she coyly wondering which of the flimsy things most became her, Mr. Luptons dully smiling a fixed smile at each and

He bought two, a white one and a black at an exorbitant price, and Mrs. Mandaford kept them on her knee for all the ship to see until we sailed. Everybody concluded after this exhibition that Mr. Luptons' fate was sealed and I expected him to tell me so in the cabin that night.

But all he said was,
"Are there sharks in the Mediterranean as well as in the Red Sea?" He did not speak after I had reassured him, and lay with his eyes fixed vacantly on the porthole while I undressed. We had a bit of a tossing that night, and in life-belts and shout to the port boats to the morning Mr. Luptons was ill. He pick them up. After about half an hour was worried about this for my sake, but of great confusion, we shall have to sail, still more, evidently, because he feared that Mrs. Mandaford would think he was what to do with the bodies when they are

ised to remain in his berth. "If you will be kind enough to let Mrs. Mandaford know that I am not quite the "Mrs. Mandaford?" I affected surprise,

but he was not to be pumped.
"If you please. I was to read to her

"Perhaps she is ill too," I suggested.
"I am afraid—I mean I think she is an excellent sailor," said Mr. Luptons. I found that she was, and stoutly immobile in her usual place after her usual breakfast

"Mr. Luptons ought to pull himself together," she said, severely, after I had given my message.

"He seems far too depressed," I said.
At that she looked me up and down most suspiciously. "I think you are mistaken," she said. "All that Mr. Luptons needs is female society. of a mem-sahib at any time. She has too Luckily, in future he will get it . . . we are engaged to be married."
"Happy Mr. Luptons!" I murmured, too

sulting her.
"May I?" I said, as I sat down beside

She would not take me seriously at first.
"Talk of a woman meddling!" she said.

You men are much worse. And meddling in a love-affair, of all things."

"Love is a very funny thing. I've known water.

Instrumental? I repeated. That collossus of a widow!"

"My dear sir," he said, deprecatingly.
"Scarcely a kind description, is it? And perhaps I am wrong about her. I am so devoid of sentiment myself that perhaps devoid of sentiment myself that perhaps when are gossips," she said. But I were shouts of man overboard and people were rushing about.
"Men are gossips," she said. But I were shouts of man overboard and people were rushing about.
"Mr. Luptons," I said. "He's gone to save Peter." you what," she went on after a little pause and screwing of eyebrows. "If it's a certainty that the little man has been driven into it against his will, I'll try and help him out of it. But we must be sure of that. No guess-work! He'll have to state I shrank back dismayed. A man It is rather superfluous to say more about foulard when so much has been body consisting of five members appointing about foulard when so much has been ed by the Governor, decide what text books shall be in use in the State for the shops and the dressmakers. The two faband screwing of eyebrows. "If it's a cer"Oh, you're afraid of it, are you?" I tainty that the little man has been driven that. No guess-work! He'll have to state

"Tell me what he does," she said. "Or what would be worse," he went on, anxiously, "of seeming to agree with things with which I do not and cannot day or two, nor was it till we had passed gymnastic effort of which I should have through the Straits of Messina that he dies."

spoke. Ours was one of the first big over the rails after her betrothed. A great boats to go through after the earthquake, sousing noise showed that the sea had rethese topics that require so much discre- and as every one was busy looking ceived this brave woman. . . through glasses at the strewn heaps of stone and dust that once were lovely Southern cities, the chief officer joined a little group of us.

"There's the strangest feature of the whole thing," he said pointing with his finger to a patch of smooth water on the port side.

of waters that had sucked down the ships of legendary heroes, galleys from Tyre, daford, wet but undismayed. The two slave-rowed Athenian triremes, there was no trace left. Yet, as the the chief officer afterward she came, Amazonian from the dollars is first placed to the credit of any color if we are busy women because said, it had been a real thing. He him-said only a few months back had seen a despairing glance and joined in the cheers

"Wonderful!" murmured Mr. Luptons.

I do not know if Mrs. Mandaford, who was sitting close by in her usual place, disapproved of his having left her to come and stare with the rest of white the start of the start

on her words, for that same night, without any pumping from me, his confession came out with a rush. He had made a mistake, he said, in regard to his engageits unwindowed drinking-taverns and arid boulevards haunted by all the half-bred man of the world, advice him as to a way out of it? I told him that I had seen it all coming, at which he seemed surprised. I told him that a woman's advise was what he needed more than a man's and with

to worry. Before he goes on shore at Mar-seilles I shall want to speak to him. He's "No, we're all going round by sea to London, I believe," I said.

"That's right," said Mrs. Simeon. "Iv'e got a lovely plan."

She would not tell me what it was until Mohammedan who was trying to make Mr. Luptons buy some of his Egyptian scarfs—all net and beaten silver—evident—was a great friend of hers and a humorist. ly for Mrs. Mandaford's use. It was a I could not help thinking that his hand as well as hers was obvious in the plan, when I heard what it was. It certainly had the merit of simplicity, and my only part in it was to persuade Mr. Luptons not to fail at the critical moment. Briefly, the plan was this. About half an hour before we left Marseilles, by which time it would be dark, Peter was to fall overboard, and after a moment's natural hesitation Mr. Luptons was to dive to his

rescue. Neither was to be heard of again.
"Unless, of course, Mr. Luptons is an idiot," Mrs. Simeon explained.
"You see, what will happen is that the
French rowing-boat, which the chief officer says he can easily have in waiting, will instantly pick them up in the dark and land them. On board, we shall be in a great stew. We shall throw over malingering if he did not get up. I picked up. If Mr. Luptons is wise he strongly advised him not to, and he prom-will go and grow his fruit in British Columbia. Can you persuade him?"

"I thing so," I said, and did after some And now the scene shifts to the port of Marseilles at night. I wish I could reproduce in words the effect of the long dark wharves, the lights glittering from the hillside city, the ship's deck quiet, save for an occasional gliding Lascar and the murmur of passengers as they sat in their chairs and talked their after-dinner talk. Mr. Luptons had dined on shore with Mrs. Mandaford, and came on board rather late, staggering under an enormous

"The latest French hats?" asked Mrs. Simeon, pleasantly, as they came by us. Mrs. Mandaford nodded and walked on as if she were going down to her cabin. Mr. Luptons came to a stop; he was pale and did not look like the hero he was in-

Simeon. "No repentance?"
"N-no," he said, shivering slightly.

sulting her.

"May I?" I said, as I sat down beside her after handing her to a chair. "I think I am like Mr. Luptons—in need of some female society."

"Is Mr. Luptons?" she said.

"Is Mr. Luptons?" she said.

"Mrs. Mandaford has just imformed me so. Also that he will shortly get it, as they are going to be married."

"Poor little man!" she said and laugh.

"Sahib wishes it?"

"The sahib wishes you to go overboard now," I said. "You will not drownd. He will save you. There is the boat." I pointed to where it lay dimly visible a few yards from the ship. "Go down to the lower deck, and when no one is looking jump into the water. You will make a loud splash and the sahib will come after water. The card and makes a note of the number. The card should be encouraged. The habit of whist-live water should be encouraged. The habit of whist-live water should be encouraged.

"Really? You surprise me. She is so very affable—and to me of all people. It is very kind of her."

"Peor little man!" she said, and laugh-very affable—and to me of all people. It is very kind of her."

"Perhaps you have tastes in common," I suggested mischievously.

"Oh no," he said, very quickly. "I mean—I am really a person without any mean—I am really a person without any tastes. Mrs. Mandaford sustains the tastes. Mrs. Mandaford sustains the tastes. Mrs. Mandaford sustains the tastes with really a person without any large term of the country and laugh-with the number. The card the number. The card the number. The card the number. The card the number of the country on the rails just above, and I turned my head to see that Mr. Luptons, who had taken my chair, started up nerticular to the envelope which is then returned to the number. The card the control. To whistle properly one must take a deep distinctly audible. I was leaning content that you don't think they'll be happy?"

"I think it 'll be tragedy," I said. "That's turned my head to see that Mr. Luptons, who had taken my chair, started up nerticular to the envelope which is then returned to the number. The card the control. To whistle properly one must take a deep distinctly audible. I was leaning content the number of the court of the said to the number of the court of the number of the

vously, but sat back again.
"It's your bearer, I cried. "You're not

"It's not," I said, stoutly. came trotting over, and the next moment "How do you know!" she insisted. he, too, was struggling in the black

I shrank back dismayed. A man books shall be in use in the State for the shops and the dressmakers. The two fab-doesn't care to be taxed with his coward-ensuing six years. This insures a uni-rics one hears most about are chiffon ice, even if he knows that it is dsplomacy. form system of text books and prevents finite variety of weave and color and they I shrank back, but before I could gather deemed her incapable, had flung herself

up and down, shouting of directions, and sacrificing of life-belts. In the darkness Mrs. Simeon and I sat and quaked. What, and other taxes. To raise the school tax, would be flooded with foulards before if somebody had been drowned? Not till nearly twenty minutes later were we re-"What's that?" said Mrs. Simeon.
"That's where Charybdis used to be. Scylla's opposite. The earthquake has wiped the whirlpool out of existence."

Certainly it was strange. Of that whirl of waters that had sucked down the ships of waters there pulled a down the sign of seven dollars for every child eligible of s

"Well, the earthquake did one good stalked off to her own cabin.

serve him. I only hope and trust that cient. If this does not reach the requir-

intervened at that point.

"I dare say," she said, ponderously, "that, for all we know, earthquakes do a lot of good. People want to be shaken up now and then."

"Obligation intervened at that point.

"Good heavens!" I said. "I never thought of that. I think I shall go and see."

I went, inwardly afraid, but I was des-

you."
"What on earth for?" I asked. "For being the means of showing me he great happiness in store for me. Sir, he went on fervently, "I am a wretched, unimaginative man, and I am ashamed to own that even after I had won her I did

not sufficiently appreciate her."
"Mrs. Mandaford?" I interjected to make sure. "Yes," said Mr. Luptons, ecstatically "Yes. The noblest woman in the world! and pay more than And the bravest. I told her so in the it to their teacher.

"You didn't, I suppose, mention," I began, cautiously, "our little—"
"Plot?" said Mr. Luptons. "No. I shall never do that. It would spoil the ro-

"The romance?" I echoed, and added hastily. "Yes—of course."

But Mr. Luptons was not heeding me.

"It is such a romance as I have never reamt of." he said, thoughtfully. "to ave a heroine for my wife. She has dreamt of." he said, thoughtfully. "to have a heroine for my wife. She has promised to marry me as soon as possible after landing.'

"Heartiest congratulations," I said, and turned to go, for I was keeping Mr. Luptons half out of his bed. Then a thought struck me. "About Peter—?" I asked. "My future wife says that she will never willingly allow me to part from Peter -if he can stand our climate. You see, but for him it would never have happened. He is a part of the romance. "Quite so," I said. There was nothing else to say.—By R. E. Vernede, in Harper's Weekly.

Education in Oregan.

ANCHOR, OREGON, APRIL 30, 1910. Special correspondence of the "Watchman."

The educational system of Oregon is machine in the highest sense in which the 1908. term is used. Each part of it comes in Pupils enrolled (6 to 21 years). contact with the central power. Every pupil who graduates from the common school comes in touch intellectually with the State Board of Education. This body consists of the Governor, Secretary of State and the State Superintendent of Public instruction. One of its duties is to prepare the questions for all examina. tions above the seventh grade and for all teachers' examinations. The latter are held twice every year, extending over a period of three days. One begins the second Wednesday in February ending the Friday following, the other begins the second Wednesday in August and the second wednesday in February Ending prints every day in the year the undoctored news of the day, only weeding out mere sensation and smut. lasts until the following Friday. All teachers throughout the State who are candidates for teachers' certificates at the record each day of actual transactions. Its market figures are the basis the same time answer the same questions buys on the date of its quotation. It is a on the same day, in the same manner, on recognized authority.

There is no other paper printed in the same kind of paper-legal cap; and "You're ready, are you?" said Mrs. those in each county at the same place, usually the county seat. This, in some thoroughly posted.

gan upon the subject that was to be close to his heart.

"That Mrs. Mandaford . . ." he said.

"You'll forgive me talking at this time of night?"

"I'm not a bit sleepy," I assured him.

"A charming person whose slender figure and sympathetic way made her the strongest possible contrast to Madam prepared for his fate, I suspect, with opium. I tapped him on the shoulder.

"I must drownd now?" he said, simply, coming to his feet with a salaam. "The state superintendent sends the questions in sealed packages to the

questions is now opened and a number of . going to let the poor fellow drown, are sealed envelopes—one for each branch in the curriculum-are taken out. These ness, pockets are a prominent feature. "No, no," said Mr. Luptons, and I saw
Mrs. Simeon whisper to him. At that he
came trotting over, and the next moment

tions are distributed; the answers design.

Fancy tailor-mades from Paris show tions are distributed; the answers designated by numbers are written with pen are written with pen are controlled. In these the coats are only long. "Good!" I said to myself, throwing a and ink, on legal cap and signed with the to allow a place for the pockets below the "Good!" I said to myself, throwing a and like, on legal cap and agree what to help him the companion way. She came straight at the card. The result of this method is a ed or em

No teacher may teach within the State In these suits collars are of the shawl without first passing an examination in tpye in the waistline or near it. Oregon School Law.

brary Commission and paid for out of the larity there is no question.

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Mr. lined to more surprises than one that day. As I entered our cabin, Mr. Luptons rose in bis berth hold out both hards and in his berth hold out both hards and his hold out both hards and hards and his hold out both hards and hard the talking for more than a few minutes at a time even to save his brother's soul, and neither Mrs. Mandaford nor Mr. Luptons supported me. By the time we look and attention to getting the lines of their

> fund is used. Every school must be in sessiou not less than six months during the school year, and must cost at least three hundred dolbe paid to teachefs'. But many districts the worst taste. They have contended have more than six months school, spend that a woman's neck should be as bare as more than three hundred dollars on them and pay more than eighty-five per cent. of

Some districts have school in the summer because the amount of rainfall in the winter makes traveling to and from have done it for so long that it will be school quite difficult west of the Cascade hard to remember them otherwise. And mountains, and east of the mountains the snow gets deep and the weather cold. But town schools and many of the coun-

The course of study is arranged by the state board of education, and is uniform; every school in the State being expected two years. to do a prescribed amount of work in a given period of time.

Through the courtesy of Hon. J. H. Ackerman, state superintendent of public instruction, I am enabled to give the following figures, taken from the bienniel report made in the year 1908. When readreport made in the year 1908. When read-ing the figures given below, it is well to spring and summer looks better with one remember the fact that the law making on; age has nothing to do with it, for the the minimum length of term six months and the minimum amount spent on leach as the advantage of a youthful school three hundred dollars annually did | contour. not go into effect until 1909. Also that the fine, resembling in its workings a vast population has greatly increased since

Pupils registered in estimating school tax (4 to 20 years Number of teachers employed. 4.243 Amount paid to teachers... Amount paid for library books. Value of school property. 7.041.416.00 The University of Oregon, school for

the blind, and the school for deaf mutes are all state schools and belong to the educational system of the State.

The Philadelphia Record

M. V. THOMAS.

upon which the seller sells and buyer

Pennsylvania that takes such painstaking care to keep farmers and merchants

instances, means several days travel if There is no other paper that more the applicant happens to be located in a strongly appeals to the general readers to be informed. There is no other paper in the State of

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

As thou sowest so shalt thou reap.

makes a note of the number. The card should be encouraged. The habit of whis tling develops the skill in breath control.

In suits with any pretense of elaborate-

Fancy tailor-mades from Paris show In these the coats are only long enough

the card. The result of this method is a strictly impartial grading of certificates.

Often the edges of the jacket are braided or embroidered in the same way, and the lapels and collars always are.

needless changes being made. School are used singly or together. The fashion boards have nothing to do with the text for veiling foulard with the transparent books. Pupils furnish their own books fabric in another color or another and school supplies. But the State furnishes free library books to all the schools.

has gone steadily into popularity. It is possible that the exclusives are a little afraid of it, and individual gowns will not These books are selected by the State Li- be made up in this way, but of its popu-

library fund. The library fund is secured by an additional tax of ten cents per who have not full purses. It looks, from capita to be collected with the school present indications, as though the world the county court levies a tax on all prop-The material as it is now woven and deerty, sufficient to amount to the sum signed is artistic, durable and cool. And

every school in the county; the balance of the manner in which this fabric crushbig liner turning in it as helpless as a and clapping that greeted her. is then divided among the schools accordes and needs ironing. Foulard is different. If it is a good, strong quality it will not in the number of pupils belonging to each school. If these two sums do not out quickly. It does not retain the mois-

The practical absence of lining in the come and stare with the rest of us, but she intervened at that point.

"I dare say," she said, ponderously,

"Good heavens!" I said. "I never cit is made up by an appropriation from more suitable for one-piece frocks. Even in the handsome gown boned lining is not Public lands that have been set aside popular. Those who have full figures probably need a lining that is boned over

> school fund. Only the interest of this figure absolutely correct and trimmed before the gown is put on, the need of lining is not severely felt.

> Artists in dress will be delighted this season at the taboo put on the high-boned lars, eighty-five per cent. of which must stock. They have always considered it in her face, and if the neck is yellow or scrawny it is because she has abused it with bones and tight bands. Possibly this is true, yet it will be difficult to convince all women to wear collarless frocks at all

It is not a fashion. The English women they have lovely necks. It is the French fashion fo encase the neck in the straight jacket. And the French have ugly necks. There is much to be said for the

been steadily going without collars for Now that we have grown entirely accustomed to seeing the collarless frock on the street in winter and in summer the majority of women are losing their fear of being conspicuous if they adopt the fashion. This is all that held many of them back.

what good necks the girls have who have

There is no denying that every woman woman of 50 who has a full neck looks

Dinner gowns, those for the theatre, for luncheons, for weddings are all collarless, but the shirtwaists are, too, and so are the foulard, pongee and linen one-piece frocks.

There are all manner of ways to arrange this slight decolletage in an effective and graceful manner. One cannot class the clown collar in this list, for unless it is worn down a bit in the front of

The severe Dutch neck is not popular, and possibly it was a bit trying. There is more or less of a V in all the new gowns at the neck and decidedly so in blouses There is a rolling collar of linen embroid ery worn with the summer blouse, finished at the point with a loose cravat of soft

Skirts for early summer will be short except for early summer will be short except for formal occasions. It seems rather paradoxical, but it is true, that they will be both full and narrow writes Mrs. Simcox in the *Delineator*. They are made for the most part with gathered flounces or overskirts held in by bands or sashes so that they are just wide enough to walk in without actual discomfort.

The vard-wide band in which a woman

The yard-wide band in which a woman can only wobble, which was proffered last February by Paris, has been definitely re-jected by New York. But the 21-4.yard band is another matter. It preserves the quaintness of the style and eliminates its ridiculous features.

There is a new white wash suede that has taken the place of silk and lisle gloves with fashionable women.