Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., June 20, 1919.

JOHNNY'S GARDEN.

I'm going to have a garden, yes; but you need not suppose
That in it will be planted a tulip or a rose,
For I am going to purchase the plants that I like best,
And here's a list of some of them—I've not thought up the rest.

I'm very fond of oyster stew, and oysters broiled or fried,
And so I'll have an oyster plant, to keep me well supplied.
And as I just love omelets—and sometimes hens won't lay—
A thrifty egg plant I'll set out, and pick the eggs each day.

Then, I am very fond of pies—and they're kept out of reach—
So I'll have three large pie plants, apple and mince and peach.
And I shall have a rubber plant, and when there's rain or frost
I'll just run out and pick a pair—for mine are always lost.

Another plant I want to buy—I've never seen it yet—
But seems to me it would be wise some candy-tuft to get.
And so, you see, I've thought up all the things that I like best;
And, as I said, I haven't yet decided on the rest.

—Youth's Companion.

THE ACE'S STORY.

At the end of the second act of "The Straight Road" the popular leading man himself obligingly held the curtains apart at the center for the young aviator who limped reluctantly through them onto the narrow strip of stage before the footlights. For an instant even Remsen Orr's keen eyes were dazzled by the bright glare of the big crowded theatre, and the sound of hand-clapping came to his troubled ears as though from a great distance. He wondered vaguely who it was they were applauding, and it was only when he made out the distinguished Miss Cromer leaning far forward in her box and tapping her white gloved hands together at him that he realized that he himself might be the object of this enthusiasm.

So he swallowed the lump that had suddenly and inconveniently come into his throat and smiled ingratiatingly at his audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I want to start right with you by making a confession—this is the first speech I ever made in my life!" And then he added ingeniously, "I don't mind telling, because I expect most of you would have guessed it, anyway, before I had finished!" A little ripple of laughter floated up to him at this sally. "You see, even if I am an aviator, I am not a wind-jammer! And I'll make another confession—I never felt so like flying in my life!" He smiled again confidentially at his amused audience. "But Miss Cromer made me promise to say something to you tonight, and you know what Miss Cromer says, goes." He threw out his good hand—the left one was bandaged—toward the handsome white-haired woman in the box, who frowned in mock anger and shook her head at him.

The audience laughed again, this time at the distinguished Miss Cromer, who was known to everybody as an enormously rich, philanthropic woman whose word was law, and then the boy, moving a step nearer the footlights and leaning a little heavily on his thick stick so as to take the weight off his injured foot, suddenly dropped his light manner and began to speak seriously:

"I felt it was a great compliment for a—a youngster like myself to be asked to speak in this theatre tonight on behalf of the Third Liberty Loan. But I know that I was asked only because I have had the privilege of being for six months at the flying front. If you don't mind," he went on earnestly," I'd like to tell you in a few words just what the Third Liberty Loan means to us airmen, and if I can make you feel the least little bit of what we feel about it, you'll come across with your dollars. Shall I try?"

He shifted himself on his hurt foot and glanced inquiringly and brightly at his attentive audience. There was a low murmur of assent and then a tense quiet more complimentary than any noisy applause could have been. And in the silence he began to speak, diffidently at first, and then with a straightforward telling power and convincingness born of experience that went direct to the hearts of his listeners.

"We believe that this game is literally in the hands of the airmen," he said by way of peroration. "This war is going to be won by the allied aviators, than whom there is no braver set of men—though I say it who shouldn't, perhaps. They do not know fear—" Suddenly he stopped. "That's not quite true," he said. "There is one fear that besets us all, and that is that when we fall there will not be others to take our places—to carry on.

"Of course we know that this Government is doing its best, but we are impatient, we airmen. More than anything else in the world we want to be sure every time we take the air, that, should disaster be our lot, there will be a hundred, a thousand others, better taught, better equipped, to take our places. That means that we must have thousands of planes—the best, the fastest, the stanchest. Those planes will cost money, huge sums. I know it! And to furnish those huge sums the Government must have money, and to have money you, ladies and gentlemen, must buy Liberty bonds!"

He bowed and limped backward a little. There was a burst of applause from the audience and the cast of "The Straight Road," bunched together in the wings. The leading man was grinning encouragingly at the young speaker and making signs for him to go on. But the boy shook his head. At the curtain he hesitated, and raised his good hand.

"If there is anybody here who would like to subscribe—" he said tentatively.

"Ten thousand dollars," said a quiet voice from an upper box, and a portly gentleman, leaning forward, beckoned to an usher.

In an instant the theatre was in an uproar. Ushers and young girls in white with the Liberty Loan tricolor across their shoulders scurried up and down the aisles furnishing blank certificates to people impatient to lend their money to the Government. Above the hum of voices rose the staccato announcements of big subscriptions, drowned instantly in wave upon wave of applause. Hands shot up in air in every part of the theatre, from the orchestra to the fifty-cent seats in the top gallery, signaling willingness to buy bonds, large and small. Back of the still lowered curtain the leading man, the actor-manager and young Orr were seated at a table receiving the pledges brought in and counting them up.

Miss Cromer left her box and went behind the scenes. She laid a hand on the young aviator's arm.

"Good boy, Rem!" she said, and then she turned to the two men. "Didn't I tell you he'd make a hit?" she demanded enthusiastically. "How much has come in?"

The leading man glanced hastily at a paper the management shoved over to him and and added the total to his last column of figures.

"Thirty-eight thousand and something over—we haven't got the second balcony returns yet."

"That's what I call a truly successful speech, Remsen," said Miss Cromer appreciatively.

"Beginner's luck, Aunt Kate," he grinned. She wasn't really his aunt. only one of his mother's oldest and best friends and his godmother.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Cromer authoritatively. "I'm very much pleased with you, and as a reward of exceptional merit I'm going to take you off to my apartment for supper with a few nice people who are dying to see and talk with a real aviator."

The young man groaned. "Oh I say, Aunt Kate; you've butchered me to make a Roman holiday once this evening—isn't that enough? I don't want to do the 'real aviator' act for your idle rich. Honestly, I want to go to the club and to bed. The unusual excitement of making a speech has brought on fever, I think—"

"Nonsense, Remsen!" interrupted Miss Cromer briskly. "You can try that sort of camouflage on your family down in simple, unsophisticated Philadelphia. It won't go here in New York. You come right along with me. Those people will be mad if we keep them waiting too long. The supper will be good, I promise you."

"I don't deny that food is attractive after six months at the front," said young Orr in a hollow voice. "What I don't like is people. I won't go."

"Well—you'll like some of these people, and you'll simply have to do the 'real aviator act,'" retorted Miss Cromer. "You know you said yourself, that what I say goes." And then she added soothingly: "One of the prettiest brides of last summer is to be there, Lily Morgan, she was. Married Meredith Carlisle, you know. She came out two or three seasons ago—before your time, I expect, but you've probably heard of her."

Remsen Orr turned sharply and looked at Miss Cromer.

"Lily Morgan!" he said in a curious tone, and then he added quietly, "Yes, I've heard of her." He waited an instant. "I'll go," he said.

It was Miss Cromer's turn to look at the young man.

"Oh, very well," she said drily. "Fletcher's outside with the car and the manager's making frantic motions for us to get off the stage. They're trying to set it for the last act, I expect. We'd better be going." And she led the way to the waiting motor.

As they sped up Fifth Avenue Miss Cromer turned to her godson with an inquiring glance.

"Ever seen Lily, Rem?"

The young man shook his head.

"Never laid my eyes on her," he said carelessly. All his interest seemed to have evaporated. "You'll have to introduce me to your 'prettiest bride.'"

Eventually they sat opposite each other at the long Italian table in Miss Cromer's dining-room, and Orr acknowledged to himself that she must, indeed, have been one of the loveliest brides of the preceding, or any other, summer. Yet with all her fairness her little red mouth drooped in a curve of childish selfishness. She was fascinating—and unmistakably a darling, but a spoiled darling. The young man caught himself staring a good deal. Her husband sat near her. He was a handsome, well-set-up chap, and Orr decided that they were an uncommonly good-looking couple.

The "few nice people" had evolved into a dozen or more, and Orr, in spite of his modesty and honest objections to being lionized, couldn't help a thrill at the flattering attention of all these people. When he talked they listened with rapt interest. Of course there were a good many foolish questions. But he was prepared for that, and he answered with truly marvelous patience and politeness.

"Isn't it awfully thrilling up there alone, above the clouds," inquired the pretty debutante at the end of the table.

"Why yes—that is, I suppose so," assented young Orr rather vaguely. "But, you see," he explained apologetically, "I never really thought about it before. There is so much else to think about when one is doing 'ceiling work'—your drife meter, your angle-of-attack, the signal lamps, the oil and gasolene gauges, the alimeter, the inclinometer, the air-speed meter, the stabilized telescope, the distance indicator, the spirit levels, the sextant, the compass, the planes, enemy aircraft—"

"Oh!" said the girl breathlessly, "excuse me!"

"Certainly," said young Orr politely, and a trifle puzzled. "I was just telling you. Of course if there is any time over one may, perhaps thrill—or pray; lots of the boys pray, and some of them think of their mothers and their best girls. One man told me that that was his prayer—the girl he was going to marry. He just thought of her, and things went right, he said. He was the bravest and finest chap I ever knew. I think his prayer must have been the best sort of prayer, because—" He hesitated and began twisting the stem of his unfilled wine glass between his thumb and finger.

Lily Carlisle looked across the table and smiled inquiringly at young Orr.

"Because what?" she asked.

Orr raised his keen eyes to the girl. They were cold as steel and as inplacable.

"Because it saved him—until he no longer had her to pray to," he said evenly.

The wife of one of the French secretaries turned quickly to the young aviator.

"You intrigue us, Monsieur," she said. "Are we not to hear?"

"What's the story, Rem? Out with it! You mustn't trifle with the curiosity of the people!" commanded Miss Cromer from her end of the table.

Orr gave a little shrug. "There isn't much to tell and you won't believe what there is, but if you'd really like to hear it—" He looked tentatively around the table and once again let his glance rest on the girl opposite.

She threw up her head a little.

"Of course—why not?" she said, and then with a sudden movement she turned quickly and looked at her husband. He was leaning forward interestedly.

"Go ahead, Orr," he said. "It sounds bully, so far."

"No; it isn't a 'bully' story—it ends wrong."

"Well, that is a handicap," admitted Carlisle, pulling at his cigar. "But I bet it's a good one up to the ending."

"Yes," assented Orr eagerly, "it's a good one—up to the ending. Any story about—Prescott, we'll call him—is bound to be good; he was such a corking chap, you see." He stopped and looked down thoughtfully at his plate.

Madame de Roseauville raised her charming eyebrows. "We wait, Monsieur," she said plaintively.

The boy looked up quickly. "I—I beg your pardon. I was thinking of the first time I met—Prescott—and of how kind he was to me. I had just gone to the flying front, and of course I had a lot of things to learn. Prescott was awfully good about putting me wise to the game. I remember one day, telling him I thought I'd be pretty well scared if, when alone on patrol duty, I should happen to meet a number of enemy chasse machines. He turned on me quick as a flash.

"'Of course you'll be scared; I'd be scared, too, only I have a sure talisman, Orr. Nothing can happen to me!"

"He gave a queer little laugh and I laughed, too, rather foolishly, because I didn't understand—I thought he was joshing me. I came to learn, little by little, that he meant what he said."

The boy stopped again for an instant, and then, recollecting himself, took up the thread of his story.

"Of course, almost any young fellow with perfect nerves and eyesight and hearing can become an aviator of sorts. But for the superfine work, the absolute mastery of all tricks of air maneuvers, the quick and perfect judgment, the instantaneous co-ordination of brain and eye and hand which makes the brilliant fighting pilot—well, he must be born, not made. What others have to be taught, he must know by tuition. To watch a really great aviator fly is to become convinced that the Darwinian theory is susceptible of variations. It is easy enough to believe that he derives from some great bird of the air.

"Well—Prescott wasn't that sort of a pilot at all. In spite of his splendid record, no one thought of him as a wonderful airman. I don't know how we knew he wasn't, but we did. We all felt that way about him, as though some unseen power were guiding him and keeping him from harm, rather than any great skill of his own."

"But," objected Carlisle, leaning back in the chair and speaking between little puffs of cigar smoke, "if he was under—special—and—supernaturally powerful—protection—how did he—happen to be—killed?"

"That," said the boy slowly, "is the story."

Madame de Roseauville gave a little sigh of satisfaction.

"Enfin!" she said.

"Oh," countered the boy, "don't be too elated; I warned you it wasn't much of a story!"

"Go on, Remsen!" commanded Miss Cromer. "Do you think we are going to be cheated out of that story at the—literally—eleventh hour?" and she glanced at the clock.

The boy shrugged his thin young shoulders again. "Oh, very well! . . . . I hardly know how Prescott and I got to be such pals. He was a good deal older than I am, five or six years, I expect. Perhaps it was because I was young and in need of a good friend—Prescott was like that. There was nothing of the 'Viking of the air' about him. He was rather short and ugly and unassuming. In spite of his exploits—he shot down three Boche planes in one day for one of them!—he never got the least bit of a swelled head.

"'Why should I be proud and haughty, Orr?' he would say laughingly to me when we talked over some particularly daring stunt he had pulled off. 'You know there are a dozen airmen who can do better jazz work than I can, but they're apt to get killed and I'm not; so it's up to me to go aloft and do the dirty work.'

"When he said that sort of thing with that sort of air, what was one to do? I would just stare a little and nod, as though I understood, and he would talk on. When I was away from him I would swear to myself that I'd ask him straight out, the very next time I saw him, why in the dickens he felt so safe and sure, but of course I never did. I'd get cold feet when I was with him.

"And so it ran on for a month and more. But one evening I found out . . . . The day's work was over and we were lying out on the ground near the hangars, smoking and talking, when up came Allen from a Y. M. C. A. hut with a bagful of mail. It was about as unexpected and as welcome as manna from heaven. We all took it as though it were manna from heaven—at least no one bothered to thank Allen or inquire how he happened to bring it. We just fell upon the letters and papers. I snatched my own, and as I was turning away I saw an envelope addressed to Prescott, so I grabbed it, too, and took it over to him. I mechanically looked at the letter as I went, and I saw that the superscription was in a girl's handwriting. . . . Prescott had been quite a bit off from the rest of us lying quiet on the ground, smoking and looking up at the darkening heavens after a fashion he had. There was no moon—so we were fairly easy about a Boche attack—but it was still light enough for me to see his face when I handed him the letter. I was simply thunderstruck by his expression. He looked as though he had seen a vision from heaven. I had always thought him ugly until then. Before I knew it I had blurted out, 'So that's your talisman!' and then, feeling that I had made an unpardonable ass of myself, I began to stammer some sort of an excuse.

"But Prescott stopped me. 'Can that nonsense, Orr!' he said amiably. 'You've stumbled on my secret and I'm glad of it. I've wanted to talk about her to somebody, and you—well, you are the only one I could talk to.' He smoked for a moment in silence. 'Let's read our letters and then we'll talk. This one's frightfully overdue,' he said, looking carefully at the postmark.

"So we sat there, reading our letters by the light of two hooded torches, and afterward we talked. I'm glad we did—it was the last time I ever saw him so brilliantly and entirely happy."

Young Orr looked around the table anxiously. "Am I boring you?" he asked. "I'll try to hurry . . . Well, it was a rather fragmentary story Prescott told me. I gathered that he had been a wild lad, reaping where he had not sown and sowing where he had decided it were wiser not to stop to reap. I judge he hadn't had much to be proud of in his career until this girl had fallen in love with him. That had changed everything. And at first he had been supremely and unthinkingly happy. And then his awakened conscience told him he hadn't deserved such wonderful good fortune. He felt that he ought to square himself with life before he could accept such happiness. He was in arrears with life's opportunities and responsibilities, he told me. . . . And then the war came and he had his chance to make good. She hadn't wanted him to go, it seems, and Prescott had to fight not only his own desires but hers, too. But he was firm—he had to do something to make her proud of him, to purify himself by fire, to be worthy of her, he said."

The boy stopped and looked around at his audience. "Think of that—that humility from a man who was risking his life, not once but many times every day, for right and justice and humanity!

"'At last she saw the thing as I did, Orr,' he explained, 'and she promised to wait for me and to watch over me while I was gone. I can't tell you how safe I feel—I don't believe anything can touch me. I feel about her as these poilus do about Notre Dame de Bon Secours. Well—she's my lady of Succor, and I'd like to put up an ex-voto to her like those we saw in that little church the Boches shelled the other day!' He looked at me again with that wonderful expression on his face.

"'As long as she's with me I'm safe, utterly safe, Orr,' he said with absolue conviction.

"It was the next day that he brought down the three Boche planes. He fought superbly, Marmont, the French ace, told me. I had a sprained wrist and had to stay below. Prescott went up alone at first and ran across a pair of Albatrosses in no time. He climbed and maneuvered until he got betwen them and the sun, and then shot them down, one after the other, in an incredibly short time. I saw the trails of smoke and the burning planes falling—falling! Then Marmont and Thornberry went up and were near enough to see him outmaneuver another Albatross, come to the aid of the others, and riddle the fuselage with a well-directed shot. That evening Prescott came into his own. Those who had honestly doubted whether he would ever develop into a great fighting pilot made amends.

"'You're cited for valor in my report, and you'll get the Croix de Guerre all right, all right, my boy,' our captain told him joyously.

"I felt that I hadn't done him justice, either, and I told him so. But he only smiled at me, linking his arm in mine and drawing me outside to pace up and down in the soft darkness.

"'I feel like a fraud, Orr, with all this fuss being made over me,' he said. 'You know the truth—she's doing the fighting for me. I wouldn't take the cross at all, except—except that it might be a proof to her that, with her aid, I've done something a little worthy of her.'

"He talked to me for an hour, and I never saw a man so in love, and so humble and so eager to be worthy the woman he adored."

The boy stopped and pushed his chair back from the table.

"Go on, Rem!" said Miss Cromer. "You always stop at the most interesting places!"

"I was thinking that perhaps it would be best to stop there entirely—to leave Prescott happy and safe, walking up and down in the soft dusk,' said young Orr thoughtfully.

"Oh, please finish," begged the little debutante at the end of the table.

"All right, only I told you—you won't believe the rest of it, anyway! Well, for a month after that letter came Prescott was a terror to the Boche airmen, if ever there was one! He did wonderful stunts in his 220 h. p. Hispano-Suiza. He seemed to lead a charmed life, sure enough. There were six stars on the ribbon of his cross by the end of the month. He had all the rest of the escadrille looking like has-beens.

"And then one day his luck changed. He began having accidents, small ones at first, then more important things. . . . I could see that they worried Prescott—but not in the usual way. Any other fellow would have gone around openly bemoaning his streak of bad luck, cussing out the Boches generally and, very possibly, begging for a mascot. But Prescott didn't do any of those things. Instead, he grew very quiet.

"'There's something wrong,' he said to me one day in a dull voice.

"'What do you mean?' I asked.

"'You know well enough what I mean, Orr,' he said, and without another word he turned and left me.

"It was about a week later that we got a bunch of mail—all, that is, except Prescott. That's a way the mail has of coming over there. You wait until you are heartsick for a word, and then, all of a sudden, out of a clear epistolary sky will come innumerable letters and papers and you'll gorge yourself with home news.

"In the evening Prescott came to me. I was lying on the ground in the dusk, smoking and resting after a hard day's work up above. The Boches had been particularly nasty for several days and it was all one could do to get a little rest and time for a cigarette.

"I was feeling pretty good, but a look at Prescott's white face destroyed all my contentment. He had had a bad accident that day. An enemy bullet had cut away the metal stability control of his machine, and it was only by holding the broken part in place by one hand while he steered with the other that he managed to land safely. Nobody but Victor Chapman had ever come out alive after such an experience.

"He stood looking down on me. 'What's the matter?' I asked quickly.

"'I've lost my Lady of Succor, Orr,' he said in a curious, frightened voice.

"'What do you mean? How do you know? you haven't had any letters,' I stammered disconnectedly.

"Prescott gave me a queer smile.

"'Lord! I don't have to wait for the postal service to get me the news,' he said.

"I stared at him uncomprehendingly, and suddenly he stopped smiling and became quite serious.

"'I want to talk to you a little, Orr,—if you don't mind,' he said very gently.

"'Cut ahead!' I choked over the words. He seated himself on the ground beside me.

"'It's only this—there's something gone wrong.' He recurred again to the familiar, vague expression. 'I don't know what. I only know that I am no longer protected, no longer safe—I'm vulnerable, like you other fellows now, and I want to ask a favor of you, Orr. When I "go west" I want you to take her the cross and these few letters of hers I've saved, and tell her that I've tried honestly for all these months to be worthy of her. Tell her that I've loved her with all my heart and soul, and that all I ever asked of fate was to live to go back and tell her so. . . . .'"

The boy stopped once more and waited an instant.

"And he did not get back, Monsieur?" asked Madame de Roseauville pityingly.

"No—he was killed the next day."

"How?" asked Miss Cromer.

"We had a free-for-all fight with the 'Traveling Circus!' . . . An enemy shot set Prescott's gasolene tank on fire, and he fell in flames—dropped from the zenith like a falling star!"

Meredith Carlisle leaned forward interestedly.

"But you haven't told us the most important part, Orr. What had 'gone wrong?'"

Madame de Roseauville lifted her dark eyes to Carlisle's.

"Oh, that is not the most important part, Monsieur: the essential is—did this poor Monsieur Prescott know before he died?"

Orr turned quickly to the Frenchwoman.

"That's the way I felt about it." he said. "He had lost her—why, didn't particularly matter, I take it. But, no—he never knew."

"What didn't he know, Rem?" Miss Cromer spoke in an aggrieved voice.

"That she was to be married to another chap. She married the day Prescott was killed." He glanced at his wrist watch. "By jove! it's awfully late—you people will have to excuse me for talking so much!"

Young Orr opened the door of the motor for Lily Carlisle while her husband ran back for the fan and gloves she had left in the dressing-room. For an instant the boy lingered, leaning on the sill of the lowered window and letting his hard young eyes rest on the girl's frightened ones.

"Shall I keep my appointment with you tomorrow, or may I give you the—things—now?" he asked.

She put her trembling hands over her pale face.

"Now!" she said in a low voice.

The boy felt in an inside pocket and drew out a small package which he dropped in her lap, and gravely lifting his hat he turned away.—By Abbie Carter Goodloe, in Woman's Home Companion.

The Disadvantage of Education.

The advantages of education are so numerous and so evident that they do not have to be proved. Occasionally, however, there are disadvantages as well.

The daughter had just returned from finishing school.

"That air," interrupted her father, as they were talking together in the dining room.

"Father dear," interrupted the girl, "it's vulgar to say that air." You should say 'that something there,' or preferably just 'that.'"

"Well, this ear—" commenced her father.

"No," his daughter interrupted again. "That is just as vulgar. You should avoid such expressions as 'this ere—"

"Look here, my girl," said her father. "I am going to say exactly what I mean. That air is bad for this ear of mine and I am going to shut the window."—Youth's Companion.

SUGAR WILL BE SCARCE.

Canners Warned to Order Early or Go Without Supply Later.

The United States Sugar Equalization Board issued a statement warning American distributors that unless they place orders early they may not be able to obtain sufficient sugar to meet the demands of the canning season.

"Reports from Europe," said the statement, "indicate an even greater demand for sugar than was expected. As soon as shipping is more plentiful so that Europe may begin importing its sugar supplies in larger quantities, the demand on American refineries will be so heavy that they will find difficulty in caring for orders that will come in later from American dealers."

Dealers can hope to gain nothing by withholding orders, the statement concluded, as there is little likelihood of a decrease in prices.

Anxious.

Waiter—All right, sir, all right. You'll get served in time.

Diner—Well, rush it. I want to get through this meal before the prices rise again.—San Francisco Chronicle.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

We must learn to see the good in the midst of much that is unlovely.—George Eliot.

Have you noticed that the silhouette, that rather indefinite thing which causes fashion designers as many anxious hours as the ticker does the stock investor, is slowly changing? Or maybe you are like most women, who go to bed calm with the assurance that the new silk frock is perfectly lovely and wake up the next morning to find it all wrong. Maybe it is your shadow that gives the information or the shop window that contrasts your figure with that of the ultra-fashionable woman beside you. To be on the safe side, therefore, keep your eyes open for wider skirts, and shorter ones.

Tailors tell us that the fall suits will not be any shorter than six or seven inches from the ground and that they will average about forty inches in width. Waistlines are growing more definite every day. Especially is this so in the thin summer frocks which are belted quite frankly at the normal waistline with satin and moire ribbons and sashes of self-material. Their tucked or ruffled fullness springs in straight lines from this waistline, for, of course, one could not expect to hobble along in an abbreviated organdie dress, for instance.

Silk frocks, however, are doing some of the things that may be expected for fall. They are taking on what is known as the "toy-top" skirt draping, with exaggerated fullness at the sides and flat effects front and back. One skirt so draped drops its fullness in "umbrella" pleats at the sides and crosses its two breadths at the back in diagonal line. It is extremely narrow at the foot, but the double breadth at the back, which is not seamed but left free, allows perfect freedom of movement.

It could hardly be expected that the decidedly uncomfortable skirt would last long, and while American women will probably not adopt the skirt so short that it leaves "nothing below the knee but the shoe," as one writer ably put it, they will welcome the return of the moderate skirt that is practical and becoming as well.

To keep a sweater from losing its shape take a piece of tape and sew on the shoulder seams and underarm seams. The same thing can be done with a knit sweater that does not have the seams. Just sew the tape where the seam should be, on the inside. This is especially good for school children's sweaters, as it always holds the shape and looks well.

Developments in the sweater line seem to be confining themselves to curtailments of the new filet sweater until it is often seen as very little else but a girdle of the filet mesh in some bright color and attractive design, with shoulder straps also of the mesh. Besides the wool, these are being made in mercerized cotton, real silk and the lustrous fibre silk. Their sole purpose is to add a touch of brilliant color to the thin summer frock or white blouse and skirt.

Some retail dealers, says the Boston Transcript, are reported as opposed to button boots for women next fall. They object to being obliged to devote so much time to fitting them to their customers, for, as compared with the lace boots, they do not fit so smoothly over the instep. Therefore, they do not try to sell button boots. In spite of this trade objection, it is probable that by the time the retailers are called on for boots for fall and winter a supply of button boots will be forthcoming, and many will be sold.

All over the country the retail trade is working to sell low-cut shoes to women. Window displays show few, if any, boots for summer wear, and, as the sentiment just now favors oxfords and pumps, a good movement of such merchandise is the result. Since the temperature at times is high enough to make the spats unnecessary, buckles are coming into their own, for a spat generally conceals the buckle. Dealers are having a large call for buckles, and as prices range from 50 cents to $30 a pair, the variety is great.

Real Irish Crochet.—There is a tendency to collar and cuff grandmotherly calicoes of modern smartness in real Irish crochet, and nothing could radiate more chic.

Organdies are particularly interesting. A little frilled coat of peach organdie looks most at home over a skirt of cream net, and one finds colored organdie frocks inset with bands of hand-embroidered white organdie.

There are cotton frocks, too, with trimmings of taffeta, chiefly bands and quillings ,and some of these frocks have little jackets of the taffeta.

White swisses, dotted in color, often have inset bands of organdie in a plain color to match the dots, and there are also frillings of point d'esprit.

If you would be well dressed never weary of observing detail.

Iced Coffee Cup.—Strain into a bowl one quart of strong, clear coffee, add sugar to taste and sufficient rich milk to make it the desired strength. Chill thoroughly and pour into tall, thin glasses, half-filled with cracked ice. Top each portion with a mound of sweetened whipped cream, flavored with vanilla extract, and dust the cream with a tiny bit of ground cinnamon.

Boil together one quart of water and one pound of sugar for seven minutes. Then add the grated yellow rind of two lemons and three oranges and boil for three minutes longer. Let stand until cool and strain. Allow the liquid to cool, add the juice of the lemons and oranges, one quart of pitted sweet cherries with their juice and two diced bananas. Let the ingredients become thoroughly chilled, add one quart each of cracked ice and carbonated water and pour over a small block of ice, placed in a punch bowl.

Pare and grate a large pineapple; pour over this the juice of four lemons, add one cupful of sugar and one quart of unfermented grape juice. Set in the ice-box for three hours and add one quart each of the carbonated water and the chilled water. Pour into a tall glass pitcher, half-filled with cracked ice.