

THE DEBTS THAT STAND.

Often I think that the world is cold
And that men are unkind, unkind;
Often I mope and fret and sigh,
And coddle my own despair,
And often I think mankind must be
In league for the shame of defeating me.

Yet, railing at men, I ought to know
That I sin when my plains are made,
For there's many, oh, many, a debt I owe
That never can be repaid.
What if deep in my heart they could
Sometimes see—
The kind ones who have befriended me?
—S. E. Kiser.

TRUMPETER MEULLER SOLDIER

HANS MEULLER used to tout a trumpet in the Third Cavalry. Hans was more or less a butt for the jokes of the men of his troop. He took all kinds of ribes with a good nature that was as perfect as it was stolid. The trumpeter knew more about music than he did muskets. When for a while he tried what the other men called straight soldiering, he was continually getting tangled up with his equipments, and on several occasions at skirmish drill he came within an ace of shooting himself. His comrades told Hans that as long as he confined his efforts to killing himself they would offer no strenuous objection, but that if he got careless and shot the head off of some one else he must look out for trouble. As a matter of fact he did one day come pretty close to putting a bullet through the heart of Sergeant Peter Nelson, who forthwith thrashed Hans in an approved style. Captain



"I'M GOING AFTER DODDS."

Roberts called Hans "gross," and said that he must stick to his trumpet. The chief of his band made Hans feel badly. He blew the whole scale of calls, from reveille through fatigue, recall and drill to taps, but his soul wasn't in his music. Down deep in Hans' soul there came the thought that somehow he was not like other men. The smartness of appearance which characterized Sergeant Nelson, Corporal Brady and a score of privates he knew could never be his. There was lacking in Hans' makeup that something which gives dash to a soldier. Hans used to fall over his feet in a most unilitary way, and his hands were never in the proper places. There was one thing, however, that could be said of him, he always tried to obey orders implicitly. He generally blundered a number of times while making the attempt, but the intent was right, and that covers a multitude of sins much more serious in nature than mere blunders.

The Third Cavalry was in the Wyoming country in the Elk Horn Creek region. There had been a good deal of trouble with the New Braves and I. Troop had been kept on the jump most of the time for a month. L Troop was Hans' outfit. There had been one constant succession of scoutings. It had been necessary to send small squads in half a dozen different directions at one and the same time. The trumpeter had been forced to stay with the main body, which was not a very big body at that, at all times. He had been in everything in which the whole troop was engaged, but the idea of sending Hans out on a reconnaissance where coolness and the subtlety of the devil were necessary for safety, was the last thing that had entered the head of the commander.

One day, however, one of the coldest days of the second winter month, it became necessary to send a scouting party to investigate the rumor of the approach of a band of savages. Now it happened that the whole command was fagged out, and this in a nutshell is the reason why Hans Meuller found himself for the first time in his life in a position of acute responsibility. He was ordered by Captain Roberts to proceed with Sergeant Nelson and two privates northwest until something was "felt," or until the Sergeant was satisfied that a wrong report had been turned into the camp.

When the little body set out on the fatigue of the individual members of the troop showed that it was not, so to speak, strong enough to keep these same individuals from giving Hans a send-off. Hans had a carbine and a revolver. His trumpet was hanging up on a peg. One of the bystanders said to the Sergeant in command, "Look out for Hans if you happen to get into a scrimmage. The first thing you know he'll forget himself and he'll try to blow 'retreat' on his carbine. You may lose one man if Hans puts his mouth to the wrong end of the barrel."

Then they said a few other things to Hans. He was told to be sure not to get his canteen mixed up with his cartridge belt, and to make sure that he took note of the landmarks on the way out, so he could get back to camp in a hurry if he happened to hear an Indian shout off a gun. Hans took all this well enough, because the thought of actually going out on a scout was sufficient to knock all other things out of his head, resentment along with them. They had left the camp far behind them. Sergeant Nelson, who was an old and tried campaigner, turned to his men and said: "We are getting near the place where we may expect to see something." Then he spoke seriously to Hans: "Meuller," he said, "you're not half as bad, perhaps as the troop makes out, but I tell you honestly that I'm kind of afraid of you when it comes to a pinch. Do the best you can and don't run. As a matter of fact, I think Jim Gros-

by was pipe-dreaming when he brought the rumor of reds in this vicinity into camp, but you may have a chance to see trouble, and if you do, please stick."

That was a pretty tough thing to have to say to a soldier with Uncle Sam's uniform on his back. Stick! Meuller's face went almost white under realization that the true significance of that admonition was that the Sergeant had a pretty strong fear in his heart that his trumpet tooter was a coward. Stick! He would show them if he was only given a chance.

Sergeant Peter Nelson was an old and tried campaigner, indeed, but that day he made a mistake. He led his three men straight into an ambush. There was a score of painted Nez Perces straight across their track. The Indians had very little cover, but they used it so artfully that the old soldier Sergeant had actually thought that the bit of embankment and the few scattered boulders did not offer cover enough to conceal a jack rabbit.

The first intimation of the Indians' presence was a volley. Sergeant Nelson went to the ground with a wound in his side. One of the privates, shot through the shoulder and leg, fell with him. The two men crawled behind a couple of rocks and secured temporary shelter. At the savage volley Hans Meuller's heart went to his throat. With the other privates, who, like Hans, was unfit, he fell back about forty yards and behind an adequate cover. There for five minutes they exchanged shots with the reds, who, in accordance with Indian custom, would not charge across the open, but depended rather upon being able to pick off the soldiers and then go forward without danger and take the scalps. Hans Meuller found that he could use his carbine. His heart went down out of his throat. He looked around him and saw that there was some chance of holding the savages off for hours. Out beyond he saw his two stricken comrades. They were not dead. He knew that because he saw them move and occasionally weakly raise themselves and send a shot in the direction of the red foes. Hans said to himself: "Those men must be brought back here." Then he handed his carbine to his comrade and with it his belt and ammunition. "You may need these," he said, "if those fellows hit me." Then he jumped over the rock in front of him, and with his long, shabbling, ungainly stride he made for the side of Sergeant Nelson. The Indians pumped at him. The halts whizzed by his head, cut his clothes in three places and spat spitefully into the dust at his feet. Telling Nelson to grab his carbine, Meuller raised the Sergeant in his arms and made back for cover, his track all the way marked out for him by the shots of the savages. He dropped the Sergeant under the shadow of the rock and then stood on his feet.

"Where are you going, Meuller?" said Nelson, feebly. "I'm going after Dodds," said Meuller, and he cleared the little rock to the front once more. "God bless you, Meuller," was what he heard above the cracking of the rifles to his front. He reached the side of the wounded Dodds, raised him and started back with him across the strip of hill. Twice he staggered, as volleys rang out, but he reached the sides of his comrades, and placed Dodds between Nelson and the unwounded trapper.

Then Hans Meuller fell dead. Relief came to the three surviving privates. The two wounded lived. In the little cemetery at a post in the far Northwest there is a headstone which is inscribed thus:

HANS MEULLER, TRUMPETER AND SOLDIER; HIS COURAGE WAS BULLET-PROOF.

—Edward B. Clark, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

The Red Busting Coat.

The origin of the red coat is a mystery. There is a story told "that one of the early Henrys was so enamored with the sport of fox hunting as to ordain it to be a royal sport, and the red coat was worn in consequence." This, however, has been pointed at as absurd, as in those days scarlet was not a royal livery at all. One thing there can be no doubt about, and that is that the scarlet coat is very popular for those who hunt regularly. And it must be confessed that it adds picturesque-ness to the scene. The question of color seems to be very much a matter of taste; it is looked upon as an indication of social position. In the abstract any one can don the pink, if so desired, but it is considered out of taste for any one to adopt that color if he does not liberally subscribe to the hunt fund. The black coat is considered to come next in social position, and the ordinary infantry garment for those whose subscription is very small indeed.—Tailor and Cutter.

Two New French Cases.

Two remarkable cases have been discovered in France by Messrs. Captain and Breuil, in which the walls are covered with drawn and painted figures of the paleolithic epoch. These are mostly figures of animals, and some of them have been drawn with striking correctness. In the first cave, at Combarres (Dordogne), the figures are drawn with a deeply engraved line and are vigorous in execution. They include the mammoth reindeer and other animals extinct in France. In the second cave, at Font-de-Gaume, not far distant from the former, black lines are used, and sometimes the whole animal is painted black, forming a silhouette. Red ochre is also used in the figures, which are sometimes four feet long. Many of the figures are covered with a stalagmite deposit which often reaches an inch in thickness.—Scientific American.

Easy.

The girls of Smith College at Northampton, Mass., are indignant at a new set of rules, one of which forbids any one of them taking a carriage ride with any students of Amherst College unless engaged to be married to him. There must always be two girls, but there may also be two men, provided they are all in the same vehicle. An announcement of many engagements are expected.—Philadelphia Times.

GOTHAM'S BIG GARDEN

IT REACHES NOW TO FLORIDA AND THE PACIFIC.

Some Vegetables and Fruits It Supplies Nearly All the Year 'Round—Seasons For the Others Greatly Extended—The Prices of These Luxuries Lower, Too.

"Lima beans," said a man acquainted with the green vegetable trade, "were received in this city on December 9 from Florida, and on December 11 from California. There are, in fact, comparatively few green vegetables that cannot now be had the year 'round, grown in the open air, somewhere within the borders of our own country."

"When this all-the-year-trade in green vegetables began to assume considerable proportions, fifteen or twenty years ago, green peas were the great early vegetable luxury, but now we have beans and squash and so on, just the same in midwinter as in midsummer, if one wants to pay for them. As to the cost of these things, it is now only about half what it once was, and the consumption of them has enormously increased.

"Things that were once considered high luxuries and were consumed by comparatively few, are now eaten by many people. The greatly increased demand resulted years ago in enormously increased production, and that in vastly improved facilities for transportation. And the methods in shipping have in recent years been very greatly improved, though here there is room for great improvement yet."

"Florida is the most advanced among the Eastern seaboard States in this respect. She sends stuff in such condition and in such packages that it comes in good order and can all be sold before it gets here, no waste. There's money in this way of doing business. Of course there are shippers in other States as well, that send their stuff to market in perfect shape, but yet Florida is on the whole now the most advanced in the art of shipping."

"A comprehensively novel thing in this business consists in the practice, which has sprung up within six or eight years, of working the latitudes both ways. Formerly when we had had the last of a thing, grown at the North, in the early autumn, we waited, with a blank space intervening, for the next of this to come from the far South, in the winter. But now after finishing at the North, we begin again at Norfolk, where the temperature conditions just meet this requirement. These fall crops from this mid-region help us through that season until we begin to get things from the far South, which we now get earlier than ever, and thus the gap is closed and there is no season in which we do not get open-air-grown green vegetables of some kind."

"All this is true of many green fruits as well, which we now get the year 'round or in greatly extended seasons. These fruits come, it may be, from California, or from the various States along the Atlantic coast. On this seaboard the Florida fruit is first, and fruit ripens with the advancing sun in one State after another, farther and farther North until, with the summer sun falling here, we get them from our old-time and once virtually exclusive local and neighboring sources of supply.

"These early fruits, like the early vegetables, are now cheaper than they once were, and for the same reasons, and yet some of them, as for example, January strawberries, are still beyond slender purses. On the other hand, some of them have now been brought within the reach of all; as for example, the noble peaches of the good years we get in such splendid profusion from Georgia, weeks, if not months, before we had even begun to dream of peaches in the old days, and this fine and beautiful fruit is so plentiful above ordinary prices. And all this Georgia peach business has come about practically with half a dozen years.

"Coming back to green vegetables for just a minute, one among these not now supplied the year around is that decided luxury, green corn; though the period through which this may be had is steadily lengthening, and it extends now, in fact, from February to frost. Corn will no doubt be, in time, included among the vegetables to be had the year around. The February green corn that we get, which is not much yet, comes from Florida.

"Then in May we begin to get corn in some quantities, comparatively speaking, from North Carolina, this being something new. Then, early in June we begin to get South Jersey corn, and then it keeps coming to us farther and farther north till we begin to get it from our own actual latitude, from Long Island and from North Jersey, and New York State, up the North River, and from various regions as far north as the State of Maine.

"So, you see, counting the present green corn season, not as from February to frost, for we get, as yet, but little corn from Florida; it is practically from May to frost; six months, or thereabouts.—New York Sun.

American Fog.

The recurrence of a foggy season directs attention again to a serious municipal problem. It causes us to wonder whether the heaviness of the atmosphere of Philadelphia is due most to the dampness or to the soot and gas which are emitted from every five and chimney pot, and are unable to ascend during these periods of meteorological depression. It is a well known fact that a London "particular" is little more than the smoke of the great metropolis, which for the time being refuses to rise and overwhelms man and beast. The heavy atmosphere of Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Cleveland hangs over these cities like a pall, and when dampness accompanies the habitual condition of smokiness the evil is aggravated, becoming at times intolerable to people who have never known a clearer and happier climate.—Philadelphia Times.

Money Changes.

The man who starts into active business with a beautiful nature and comes out with great wealth seldom brings the same nature with him.—Indianapolis News.

THE SCRAPBOOK HABIT.

Many Phases That the Fancy of Collectors Take.

With all the other epidemics present and threatening, there runs along that of keeping a scrapbook. Almost every man, woman and child has in some stage or other, for there are many stages. Some never get beyond the first—that of buying the best book to be found and stowing away loosely in it a bundle of clippings to be pasted in at the first opportunity. The opportunity never comes, really, but just threatens to set in every time one who has passed through a succeeding stage tells of his experience. Some persons again let their scraps accumulate and have one happy season of pasting, while others paste from day to day, almost from hour to hour, the subjects suitable for the preservation process.

There is no end to the variety of things that may compose a scrapbook. It may be a collection of one's own effusions published or refused such honor, or it may be simply newspaper pictures or monograms, or hotel letters, or souvenir postal cards, or dance orders, or menus, or dramatic criticisms, or book reviews, or rise to the dignity of a collection of opinions on the Chinese situation or the constitutional convention. Some are capable of keeping as many scrapbooks as there are subjects for them, and thereby become the possessor of a scrapbook library, to be consulted once in a decade on rainy days by the compiler, and to be thrown into the dust heap when the compiler's heirs and assigns are faced with the question of what they shall do with it.

Perhaps one heir and assign in a million will have among his emotional assets a fondness and respect for anything which is evidence of the disconsolable compiler's handwriting, and so cherish the collection; but the percentage of folk so fine grained is not larger than this. As this rare person is not of the kind to live long, probably his heir will be sure to regard the willow treasure as rubbish. This sad fact of the American average is rather worth thinking on by all the scrapbook makers as they set about a task that they fondly and foolishly fancy will be a light and a joy down to the third and fourth generation.—Boston Transcript.

When the Autos Pass.

"No, grandfather, we must not cross the highway just yet."

"And why not, child?"

"Because, grandfather, the safety gates have been raised at the turn a half-mile away, and the red ball is up on the signal station on the hill."

"Yes, I see. But what does it mean?"

"It means that an automobile is due and coming."

"But can't we get across before it gets here?"

"Not on your life, grandfather. The last man who tried it was thrown clear across yonder meadow and into a greenhouse. Look! There it goes."

"I saw nothing but a whirl of yellow dust."

"That was it. Come now. No, we must wait again. The yellow flag is up in the other direction. That means a race. There they go! See them?"

"I saw nothing but more dust."

"They were too quick for you. That was a bunch of millionaires. They got dreadfully reckless. Only yesterday we picked up what was left of one of them in our front yard, and there wasn't enough of him to fill a peck measure."

"Can't we cross now?"

"Dear, no! All the yellow flags are up and all the red balls are up, and all the signal men are signaling. They are coming from both ways. If we have real good luck we may see a collision. We get a commission at our house every time we report a collision to the coroner."

"But how will we get across?"

"I guess we will have to walk up to the covered bridge at the corner of the next block."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Rules of English Court Life.

There are numerous rules of court life in England which would be irksome to the average American sojourning there, yet they must be conformed to. In addressing the royal personage "Sir" and "Your Majesty" must be used. When the opportunity for conversation with royalty arises, royalty takes the initiative. When passing a member of the royal family at a social function a courtesy and bow is expected. When an Englishman entertains the sovereign the house becomes for the time being his property. His meals are served separately, and the host and hostess can only eat with him at his invitation. A piece of paper on which a letter is written to the sovereign must never be folded, but must be enclosed in an envelope large enough to hold it without folding. At a ball a subject, however high his rank, may not ask a princess for a dance. If a princess wishes to dance with any man present the proposition must come from her. She signifies her wish to the enquiry in attendance, who at once conducts the favored one to her. The obligation to comply with the request is imperative, and a man must even leave a lady whose escort he is in order to obey the wish of the princess.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Increase of Cheap Telephones in Chicago.

It is only a year ago that the nickel-in-the-slot telephone was introduced in Chicago. Now the demand for this class of instruments is enormous, as they fill a place hitherto unprovided for in the telephone service of that city. Two classes of nickel-in-the-slot machines are used—one on a two-party line and the other ten-party line service. The rate at which these instruments are put in is limited only by the rapidity with which they can be turned out from the factory, and the necessary wires run and provisions made on the exchange switchboard; in fact, the company is overwhelmed with new business and is even going to the extent of letting out different portions of its work of placing instruments, running wires and building pole lines to various contractors. The number of five-cent telephones put in since this service was started about a year ago is in the neighborhood of 7000, which means an enormous additional load on the company's exchange.

LAKE STURGEON DYING OUT.

Species is Almost Extinct and Caviar is Scarce.

The sturgeon family of fish is practically extinct so far as the lakes of North America are concerned, and makers of caviar are wondering what will fill their cans in the future. With the passing away of the sturgeon comes the announcement that none but "cultivated" lobsters now exist.

When fish merchants took stock with the closing of the season for the Great Lakes they discovered that one of the former substitutes for whitefish and trout during the months of November, when none of these varieties of the finny tribe is allowed to be taken from the lakes, was missing. There is no fresh sturgeon to be had.

The public is already provided with a substitute for smoked sturgeon in the meat of the Mississippi River catfish. True, the flesh of the catfish is about as tenacious as rubber hose, but it looks good. Then many persons prefer the smoked halibut of the Pacific Ocean.

The history of the discovery, introduction into the market and extinction of sturgeon in American lakes dates back twenty-five years. Then the sturgeon was first placed on the market, though few persons ate them. The flesh was not considered very dainty. The big fish could be taken from Lake Erie by the wagon load and sold at a low price.

In fact, the price was so low that few persons engaged in catching the fish. Then some one discovered that the fish was more salable when smoked. Thousands of the fish were smoked and palmed off on the credulous public as smoked halibut, which was quite expensive. The increase in supply of halibut out of the price of sturgeon to such an extent that the fishermen who had been dealing in sturgeon were threatened with bankruptcy.

It was about this time that caviar became very popular with Americans. Caviar is made from the roe, or eggs, of sturgeon, but it had been supposed until some fifteen years ago that the roe of the sturgeon from Russian seas was the only kind for caviar.

Some one discovered that the roe of American sturgeon made quite as good caviar as did the Russian fish. That was the beginning of the end of the sturgeon tribe. The great fish were hauled in by the boat load and ninety-five per cent. of those taken were females full of roe. Caviar became cheaper and sturgeon became dearer. From a fraction of a cent a pound the fish advanced to twenty-two cents a pound. Even at the price the Great Lakes failed to produce the coveted fish. Then recourse was had to the lakes of Manitoba, Canada.

Now the sturgeon have been annihilated almost entirely. As the supply of this family became scarce some one started to substitute Mississippi River catfish. When this rubber fish is dressed and smoked it looks exactly like smoked sturgeon.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Milk Dealer's Lament.

The milk dealer, who also sells meat and other necessities of life, sighed as a customer went out indignant because the dealer insisted upon his having a receipt for his intended purchase of milk.

"They come here," said the dealer, "and expect me to furnish them with milk bottles and all. But I've gotten tired of that sort of game. Those bottles cost us quite a sum, and in nine cases out of ten where we let them go we never see them again, notwithstanding the promises of customers to return them. Then, of course, we have to buy more bottles. I was 'easy money' so long that the milk department of the store was cutting into the profits."

"What do they do with the bottles? Why, they use them to put up catsup and fruit. I got after one woman that had been working me for bottles for some time and a search warrant showed thirty-five of my bottles on her preserves' shelves."—Detroit Free Press.

Sunnites and Shilite Religions.

The Mahometan religion is divided into two principal sects, the Sunnites and the Shilites. The members of these sects can be readily discriminated by the fashion in which the hair grows on their arms, for while on those of the Sunnites the growth turns downward from shoulder to wrist on the interior side and upward from wrist to shoulder posteriorly, the hair on the Shilite arms presents the contrary appearance on both sides of the arms. This singular divergence is produced by the manner of washing their arms as prescribed by the tenets of the sects respectively, for while Sunnites hold it orthodox to stroke their arms, after washing them, from shoulder to wrist on front and from wrist to shoulder on the back, the Shilites adopt the practice and stroke their arms in the opposite ways, and hence the two directions in which the hair is seen to grow on the arms of the two sects.—The Lancet.

The Chinese Junk.

Another meritorious, so-called modern invention, the water-tight bulkhead, is now attributed to Chinese experience, as John Chinaman rarely adopts an innovation unless he happens to discover it by accident. In a paper presented to the Institute of Marine Engineers the use of the bulkhead principle on Chinese junks from time immemorial was pointed out. There is generally one bulkhead forward and one aft, but occasionally the cargo hatch is also subdivided. The prototype of the modern turret ships also is to be found in certain Chinese junks on the West River, which are said to bear a remarkable resemblance to modern civilized productions.—The Marine Review.

Our Conversation.

No observer of modern life could pretend that English is now spoken well; polished phrases are found tiresome, if not vulgar; the slang of the music halls and sporting papers give weight to any expression of emotion or opinion which, told in pure language, would not be respected. A killing anxiety is, thus, rather a bore, a calamity is hard luck; our best friend is not a bad sort.—John Oliver Hobbes, in Outlook.

NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES

New York City.—Fancy waists of all sorts are much in vogue. But no style is more popular or more generally becoming than the one which included



WOMAN'S FANCY WAIST.

The smart, may Maunton collar, the stunner May Maunton model shows one of the very latest styles, and is adapted alike to the odd waist, and the entire costume. As shown it is made of wool crepe de chine, in pastel pink, with yoke and front of white Liberty satin, and trimming of black velvet ribbon, with tiny jewel buttons, and is worn with a skirt of the same; but all waisting silks and wool materials are equally appropriate.

The fitted lining closes at the centre front; on it are arranged the tucked yoke and front, which closes at the left shoulder, and the portions of the waist proper. The back is plain across the shoulders, and drawn down in gathers at the waist line, but the fronts are tucked and open to reveal the full narrow waist. Finishing the low neck of the waist is a simple round herbin collar, and at the neck is the regulation stock. The sleeves are in bishop style, but with the new deep cuffs that give a novel effect.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size, four yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three yards twenty-seven inches wide, or two yards forty-four inches wide, and two yards of black velvet ribbon to trim as illustrated.

A Fancy Blouse.

The blouse that closes at the back is a favorite of fashion, and allows



A FAVORITE BLOUSE.

especially effective trimming. The smart May Maunton model illustrated is adapted to many materials, both silk and wool, but as shown is made of white satin Sapho with trimming of Persian bands.

The foundation or fitted lining closes at the centre back, together with the material. The waist proper is tucked at the back in groups which extend from the shoulders to the waist and produce a tapering effect. The front is novel and gives the square effect now so fashionable. The tucks at the centre extend to yoke depth only, then fall free to form soft folds, but those at the shoulders are extended to the waist line, the trimming being applied between to form the square neck. The sleeves are in bishop style, with velvet and Persian banded cuffs, and at the neck is a regulation stock of velvet over which the trimming is applied.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size, four yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three yards twenty-seven inches wide, or four yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with two and one-half yards of embroidered bands to trim as illustrated.

New and Stylish Necklets.

A new and very fashionable style of bracelet and necklet is composed of pearls and enamel "bugles"—to use the old-fashioned word for those long, narrow-tube beads, which are again in evidence. The bugles are black, white or colored. Black studded with white pearls, and with a black and white enamel shamrock pendant, are charming for mourning. White beads, with the faintest pink pearls, and little rose pendant, or green bugles punctuated, as it were, with smoked pearls and with ivy-leaf pendants, are one and all extremely pretty. Turquoises are well used with white or gray enamel beads and forget-me-not pendants, and any artistic jeweler could evolve a dozen different and equally attractive modes of blending the slender tubes and round pearls.

The White Fox's Tail.

There are white fox tails which dangle in a row from the ends of your new ermine pelerine or stole. Ermine tails would be ridiculously inconsequent if attempted, but the snowy

fur of the white fox is conspicuous in beauty and softness, and so is appropriate to be used in connection with other white furs. A fox tail has some thing very handsome in its proportions. It is especially noticeable this season in fine neck furs. The tail is not needed on the muff, but it gives appropriate finish to a stole, boa or pelerine, continuing the length of the garment, and preserving the long lines now so much admired in winter furs.

Worn Well Forward.

In dressing the hair for an evening, whether it be spent at home or abroad, be sure that you pin your pompon or algrette very well forward. Even if you arrange your coiffure low at the back of the neck, the bow-net does well in the street, and is gaining slowly indoors, but most of us comb the hair up on the head. The "forward wave" is so becoming to a youthful profile, and it sets off a profusion of natural tresses.

The Summer Girl is Coming.

Lest we shouldn't take the pace with proper spirit, Dame Fashion digs in her spurs viciously with a showing of wash materials fit for midsummer menderings. And we are prodded on to investing in dimities, ducks and the rest. A very pretty fabric is a mercerized organdie narrowly striped with a heavy weave. Though of the same color the difference in texture gives the two-toned effect.

The Revealing Redingote.

For full two years femininity has struggled to persuade herself that the utter swaggoness of the long, loose, shapeless English box coat atoned for its concealment of the human form. But it was not a go, and now she is wearing a rakish raglan or a redingote equally long, which reveals as well as conceals by means of a number of cleverly curved seams.

Umbrella Crystal Handle.

A beautiful erystal ball for an umbrella handle shows in its depths the bright colors of an automobile and a gayly dressed party of people filling it.

Spider Web Trimming.

A cheerful looking blouse of crimson flannel is ornamented half-way between under arms and the waist line with a broad, horizontal band of trimming. This consists of a series of pastelles of black taffeta silk, cut out



A FAVORITE BLOUSE.

like spider webs, but having all the lines radiating from a common centre. The rim of the pastelles is deep enough to accent the circular shape. This is a stylish and effective little blouse.

Child's French Dress.

No style of dress suits the childish figure more perfectly than the long waisted one. The very pretty May Maunton model shown is adapted to many materials, but in the original is made of pale blue cashmere, with collar of blue silk and trimming of black velvet ribbon.

The waist portion is laid in box pleats and is arranged over a lacy lining. The skirt also is laid in box pleats, but wider than those of the waist, and is joined to the lower edge of the body portion, the seam being concealed by the slash. At the neck is a becoming pointed collar that flares apart at both front and back. The sleeves are short and form full puffs that are gathered into bands. The closing is effected invisibly beneath the centre box pleat at the back. When desired the frock can be worn over a gumpie, thus making the high neck with long sleeves.

To cut this dress for child of six years of age, six yards of material twenty-one inches wide, four and one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide.



A PRETTY CHILD'S DRESS.