## AT THE SIGN OF THE APPLE.

I halted at a pleasant inn
As I my way was wending—
A rosy apple was the sign,
From knotty bough depending.

Mine host—it was an apple tree—
So smilingly received me,
And spread his choice and sweetest face
To strengthen and refresh me.

Full many a gayly-feathered guest
Came thro' the branches springing;
They lightly flew from bough to bough,
Their merry carols singing.

Beneath the shade I laid me down
And slumber sweet possessed me;
The south wind sighing through the leaves
With touches soft caressed me;

And when I rose and would have paid
My host so open hearted,
He only shook his lofty head—
I thanked him and departed.

—Helen Walters Avery.

## DAVENPORT'S STORY

By L. M. Montgomery.

IT was a rainy afternoon, and we had been passing the time by telling ghost stories. That is a very good sort of thing for a rainy afternoon; and it is a much better time than after night. If you tell ghost stories after dark they are apt to make you nervous, whether you own up to it or not, and you sneak home and dodge up-stairs in mortal terror, and undress with your back to the wall, so that you can't fancy there is anything behind you.

We had each told a story, and had had the usual assortment of mysterious noises and death warnings and sheeted spectres and so on, down through the whole catalogue of horrors—enough to satisfy any reasonable ghost taster. But Jack, as usual, was dissatisfied. He said our stories were all second-hand stuff. There wasn't a man in the crowd who had ever seen or heard a ghost; all our so-called authentic stories had been told us by persons who had the story from other persons who saw the ghosts.

"One doesn't get any information from that," said Jack. "I never expect to get so far along as to see a real ghost myself, but I would like to see and talk to one who had."

Some persons appear to have the knack of getting their wishes granted. Jack is one of that ilk. Just as he made the remark Davenport sauntered in, and, finding out what was going on, volunteered to tell a ghost story himself—something that had happened to his grandmother—or maybe it was his great aunt; I forget which. It was a very good ghost story as ghost stories go, and Davenport told it well. Even Jack admitted that, but he said:

"It's only second-hand, too. Did you ever have a ghostly experience yourself, old man?"

Davenport put his finger tips critically together.

"Would you believe me if I said I had?" he asked.

"No," said Jack, unblushingly.

"Then there would be no use in my saying it."

"But you don't mean that you ever really had, of course?"

"I don't know. Something queer happened once. I've never been able to explain it—from a practical point of view, that is. Want to hear about it?"

Of course we did. This was exciting. Nobody would ever have suspected Davenport of seeing ghosts.

"It's conventional enough," he began. "Ghosts don't seem to have much originality. But it's first-hand, Jack, if that's what you want. I don't suppose any of you have ever heard me speak of my brother, Charles. He was my senior by two years, and was a quiet, reserved sort of fellow—not at all demonstrative, but with very strong and deep affections.

"When he left college he became engaged to Dorothy Chester. She was very beautiful and my brother idolized her. She died a short time before the date set for their marriage, and Charles never recovered from the blow.

"I married Dorothy's sister, Virginia. Virginia did not in the least resemble her sister, but our eldest daughter was strikingly like her dead aunt. We called her Dorothy and Charles was devoted to her. Dolly, as we called her, was always 'Uncle Charley's girl.'

"When Dolly was twelve years old Charles went to New Orleans on business, and while there took yellow fever and died. He was buried there, and Dolly half broke her childish heart over his death.

"One day five years later, when Dolly was seventeen, I was writing letters in my library. That very morning my wife and Dolly had gone to New York en route for Europe. Dolly was going to school in Paris for a year. Business prevented my accompanying them even as far as New York, but Gilbert Chester, my wife's brother, was going with them. They were to sail on the Aragon the next morning.

"I had written steadily for about an hour. At last, growing tired, I threw down my pen, and, leaning back in my chair, was on the point of lighting a cigar when an unaccountable impulse made me turn round. I dropped my cigar and sprang to my feet in amazement. There was only one door in the room and I had all along been facing it. I could have sworn nobody had entered, yet there, standing between me and the bookcase, was a man—and that man was my brother Charles!

"There was no mistaking him; I saw him as plainly as I see you. He was a tall, rather stout man, with curly hair and a fair, close-clipped beard. He wore the same light gray suit which he had worn when bidding us good-by on the morning of his departure for New Orleans. He had no hat on, but wore spectacles, and was standing in his old favorite attitude, with his hands behind him.

"I want you to understand that at this precise moment, although I was surprised beyond measure, I was not in the least frightened, because I did not for a moment suppose that what I saw was—well, a ghost or apparition of any sort. The thought that flashed across my bewildered brain was [illegible] that there had been some ab[illegible] mistake somewhere, and that my [illegible] had never died at all, but was here alive and well. I took a hasty step toward him.

"'Good heavens, old fellow!' I exclaimed. 'Where on earth have you come from? Why, we all thought you were dead!'

"I was quite close to him when I stopped abruptly. Somehow I couldn't move another step. He made no motion, but his eyes looked straight into mine.

"'Do not let Dolly sail on the Aragon to-morrow,' he said in slow, clear tones that I heard distinctly.

"And then he was gone—yes, Jack, I know it is a very conventional way of ending up a ghost story but I have to tell you just what occurred, or at least what I thought occurred. One moment he was there and the next moment he wasn't. He did not pass me or go out of the door.

"For a few moments I felt dazed. I was wide awake and in my right and proper senses so far as I could judge, and yet the whole thing seemed incredible. Scared? No, I wasn't conscious of being scared. I was simply bewildered.

"In my mental confusion one thought stood out sharply—Dolly was in danger of some kind, and if the warning was really from a supernatural source it must not be disregarded. I rushed to the station, and, having first wired to my wife not to sail on the Aragon, I found that I could connect with the five-fifteen train for New York. I took it with the comfortable consciousness that my friends would certainly think I had gone out of my mind.

"I arrived in New York at 8 o'clock the next morning, and at once drove to the hotel where my wife, daughter and brother-in-law were staying. I found them greatly mystified by my telegram. I suppose my explanation was a very lame one. I know I felt decidedly like a fool. Gilbert laughed at me and said I had dreamed the whole thing. Virginia was perplexed, but Dolly accepted the warning unhesitatingly.

"'Of course it was Uncle Charley,' she said confidently. 'We will not sail on the Aragon now.'

"Gilbert had to give in to this decision with a very bad grace, and the Aragon sailed that day minus of three of her intended passengers.

"Well, you've all heard of the historic collision between the Aragon and the Astarte in a fog, and the fearful loss of life it involved. Gilbert didn't laugh when the news came, I assure you. Virginia and Dolly sailed a month later on the Marseilles, and reached the other side in safety. That's all the story, boys—the only experience of the kind I ever had," concluded Davenport.

We had many questions to ask and several theories to advance. Jack said Davenport had dreamed it and that the collision of the Aragon and the Astarte was simply a striking coincidence. But Davenport merely smiled at all our suggestions; and as it cleared up just about 3, we told no more ghost stories.—Waverley Magazine.

### The Evolution of the Soda Fountain.

The rapid increase in the trade enjoyed by the proprietors of soda fountains in the leading cities of the United States has led to the installation of many very elaborate and costly outfits. Most of the finer ones are made of Mexican onyx and cost in some instances as high as $15,000 or $20,000. A $15,000 soda fountain would be made of the finest material and would be of great size. It might have thirty draft tubes and 100 syrup cans. Very beautiful onyx fountains of the dimensions more commonly used, say with ten syrups and three draft tubes, can be bought for from $850 to $1200. In fact, a handsome onyx fountain can be bought for $600. But not everybody wants an onyx fountain. There are yet purchasers who prefer one of marble. A marble fountain with onyx trimmings could be had at, say, $450. An old-style marble fountain might be had for $150.

Fifty years ago or thereabouts soda water was drawn from a silver tube rising out of the counter. Then came the first visible soda fountains, small marble boxes, placed on the counter. From these developed the elaborate and often costly fountains of marble that preceded the onyx fountain of the present. Beautiful and costly marble was brought from all parts of the earth to be used in the construction of soda fountains, but now the fashion is onyx, with a canopy or superstructure of wood. Along with its great development in beauty has come a corresponding improvement in the soda fountain's working parts. The modern fountain is far more convenient and efficient in operation than its old-time predecessors.—American Exporter.

### She Forthwith Obeyed.

A story is going the rounds wherein figure two well-known Columbus ladies and a parrot. Mrs. A paid a special call at the home of Mrs. B the other day and was ushered into the living room by the maid of all work to await the appearance of Mrs. B.

Mrs. B had come into the possession of a parrot only a short time before and had been keeping the bird in the living room. "Polly has a very good command of English, and appears to know when to use it. Mrs. A sat down with her back to the bird without noticing it, and as Polly made no sound she remained in ignorance of its presence.

Observing a beautiful vase on the mantel, Mrs. A arose from her seat and, crossing the floor, took down the dainty piece of bric-a-brac to examine it. She gazed on it rapturously, completely absorbed by its elegant decorations, when suddenly from just behind her came the shrill and stern command:

"Drop it! Drop it!"

Mrs. A obeyed and turned with a scream to face the imperturable gaze of Polly, who sat in her cage with her green head slyly perked to one side. On the floor lay the beautiful vase, smashed to bits. At this most embarrassing moment Mrs. B entered the room. Before Mrs. A could explain the situation Polly shook it out its feathers and remarked.

"You're it! You're it! You're it!"—Ohio State Journal.

### The New Man.

The diffidence and nervousness which attend a man in a new position pass away the moment he discovers that his employer doesn't know any more than he does.—New York Press.

# FARM AND GARDEN.

### Setting a Hen.

I begin with a box, putting earth into it, then straw, then a handful of wood ashes scattered over all. I try the hen a day or two on the nest egg, and if she means business I take that away and give her a full setting. If the eggs have been traveling, let them stand in a safe warm place for twenty-four hours to put the germs in right position when set. If you give them to the hen just after the journey, you will probably have spoiled eggs instead of chicks. Sprinkle the eggs two or three times a week to give them necessary moisture. Feed the hen every day, and see that she returns to her nest and is not disturbed.—Mrs. E. Schoenborn, in the Epitomist.

### Cleanliness in Dairying.

The dairy business is one that is open to any enterprising farmer who will make it a point to deviate from the methods now practiced on some farms. A visit to many dairy farms will disclose the fact that but little regard is given to matters that are essential to securing high prices. Cleanliness in the stable is more important than in the dairy. Cows are frequently milked with their bodies plastered with manure, and even the teats and udders are often filthy. Milking is done in a hurry, and it goes to market containing filth in a soluble form which the strainer cannot remove. All dairy farms are not conducted in such a slovenly manner, but there are hundreds of dairy farms upon which thorough cleanliness is lacking. Each cow should be kept clean, her hide brushed, udder washed and the stalls made clean. There should be no filth in the stable, and the hands of the milkers should be washed clean before beginning the work of milking.

### Growing Peas For the Cannery.

Peas for the cannery require a good, strong soil and plenty of cultivation to get the best results. They should be sowed very early to avoid the possibility of being destroyed by the green fly, an insects so disastrous to the pea crop in many sections. Some years the pea crop is a profitable one to grow, while other seasons it is almost a total failure, farmers often not getting their seed in return. This is very discouraging when seed at present prices ranges from $5 to $6 per bushel.

We find that any good corn soil is best suited to peas for canning purposes. The land should be prepared in the best possible condition before the seeds are put in the ground. We use from 200 to 400 pounds per acre of any good standard fertilizer. In our experience we have obtained the best results where they are planted in drills and thoroughly cultivated. We usually plant them in rows thirty inches apart, using three bushels seed per acre. We drill the fertilizer in at the same time. In this section we pay $1.75 per 100 pounds shelled peas at the cannery. Farmers who expect to succeed with this crop should give it the same careful attention as for corn.—F. F. Hubbard, in New England Homestead.

### Putting Butter on the Market.

Where butter is to be delivered to the consumer direct, it is desirable to have fresher butter, if they will accept it. When salted one-half ounce to the pound, the butter will have a flavor peculiar to itself, and the consumer soon comes to recognize and desire it. He will probably not be able to secure in the open markets similarly salted butter, and by three months' use he will become so accustomed to it he will be satisfied with no other, and you will have secured a permanent customer, provided your butter be prime in all other respects.

The secret of success in delivering to special customers is to have a class of goods that has an individuality peculiar to itself, and that will attract the customer to it. If you can do this you will soon have a trade you can command, instead of its commanding you. Salting to special flavor will secure this in butter better than any other one thing. Uniformity in color is also important. Of course, you must cater to different tastes and suit all. If some customers desire more salt, you must have one churning for each delivery suited to meet that kind of customers, and have it alike every time. Prime and uniform flavor, color and quality are the sine qua non of the farm dairyman. Make frequent inquiry among your customers as to any changes they desire, and let them know you desire to suit them. If you do this you will find there will not be enough others doing the same thing to form a dangerous competition.—New York Tribune Farmer.

### Principles of Gardening.

The phrase "landscape gardening" frightens many people unnecessarily, says the Pilgrim. The idea is abroad that landscape gardening is only for the rich, and that it requires more land than plain folks have. The trouble with this statement is that it "contains a nine per cent. alloy of truth." As a matter of fact, gardening is often really expensive business. Of course, the large, open country-like view, which is the glory of our large parks, requires more space than a city lot; and if one does not love gardening and hires everything done, the work is very costly. On the other hand, it is wonderful to see what can be accomplished in a small city lot by a business man who likes to work an hour or two a day in the garden. Those who live in or near the country are to be envied. They can bring home the plants they like, and it need not cost them anything in cash outlay. The flora of the United States is one of the richest in the world, and some of the happiest and prettiest homes in America are surrounded by trees and shrubs procured from the immediate neighborhood. The truth is that the principles of landscape gardening are entirely applicable to city lots, suburban yards and farm homes as well as to public parks and Newport cottages.

The principles of landscape gardening are three:

First, preserve an open, central lawn.
Second, plant in masses at the sides.
Third, avoid straight lines.

The central lawn flanked by shrubbery is the secret of landscape gardening. In making nature-like pictures with plants, the lawn is the fundamental being. The lawn is comparable to the painter's canvas, while side planting is the frame of the picture. The sprinkling of the front yard with trees and flower beds is a common mistake.—Philadelphia Record.

### Breeding For the Future.

The expense of starting a good dairy must necessarily be quite considerable, but if one understands his business well he can keep up the standard of the herd, and increase it, at a very nominal cost. On the other hand, if one does not look forward constantly to the future he will soon find that the cost of keeping up the work will be so great as to eat up the profits. The successful dairyman must consequently be somewhat of a breeder himself. He must raise stock for the future, and do it in such a way that the best results are obtained. A great many can start well with a good dairy herd, and they can feed and care for the stock all right, but they fail to look far enough ahead to keep down expenses. In other words, every few years they find it necessary to buy blooded stock of a breeder at a cost that takes down the average of profits. Their theory is that it is necessary to purchase such high-priced animals to prevent the herd from running down.

A good sensible method of breeding at home for the dairy would prevent any such necessity. With good stock to begin with, it is not so difficult to maintain the standard of the animals, especially if new blood is introduced from outside sources occasionally. To accomplish this, however, it will be necessary to keep the choice heifers of the best cows, and sire them to pure bred bulls. It is largely a matter of intelligent selection. The cows and heifers selected for breeding should be chosen for those special points which are needed in the dairy business. It must be remembered that these animals are raised for their practical value and not for exhibition, nor even to establish some record for a high yield. The dairyman requires good, strong, healthy cows, which will average the year around plenty of rich milk and cream. Form has nothing to do with the matter beyond that which is necessary to preserve the type of the breed. The milking qualities are the first essential, and also the endurance of the animal under ordinary conditions. The very high-strung dairy animal which has no hardihood whatever may do for exhibit, but not for practical dairying. Moreover, we need dairy animals which are gentle and docile. A high-strung animal which refuses to be milked without creating a disturbance, or a vicious brute, should find no place on the practical dairy farm no matter how much milk she gives. The trouble and uncertainty of milking would make the animal unprofitable. A hard milker is also to some extent an unprofitable animal. Time is money on the dairy, especially at milking time, and anything that tends to consume it increases the cost of the business.—C. S. Waters, in American Cultivator.

### The Care of Palms.

A very successful amateur gardener gives the following advice on the care of palms: Well grown palms are, of course, more or less expensive, depending in some degree on the variety; economy sometimes compels the purchase of smaller plants than we could wish for. But a larger plant at a higher price pays in the long run, no matter how cheaply small palms may be had. Palms at their best are slow growers, and it takes years to grow fine specimen plants. For the same reason it would prove a useless waste of time for an amateur, even with greenhouse facilities, to try to raise them from seed.

Always buy as large a plant as you possibly can. If not in a pot when received put it up at once as follows: Select a pot large enough to comfortably contain the ball of roots with a little space all around. As the roots of palms generally strike downward, depth in a pot is more desirable than width. Scrub the pot clean, put in about an inch of drainage material, and then an inch or so of soil. On this set the ball of roots, just as received; keep the plant in the centre; fill in a handful of dirt, firm it around the ball with the fingers or with a small stick, and continue this until there is about an inch of space from the top of the soil to the rim of the pot. Do not set the plant deeper than indicated by the old mark on the stalk, showing how deeply it was planted before. Carefully avoid the breaking or bruising of any of the roots; should it occur, cut away the injured part cleanly with a sharp knife.

A good soil for palms is composed of two parts of sandy soil and one part of good, rich loam. Do not use leaf mold. Palms are impatient of frequent repotting, and this can be deferred by simply replacing the top soil with fresh, rich dirt, without disturbing the roots and by giving occasionally doses of liquid manure. A good substitute for this latter is soot or the ashes from a wood fire. Both of these must be used sparingly, for they are apt to burn the plants if too freely applied. For a medium-sized pot work about two teaspoonfuls into the soil not oftener than twice a month.

Keep the plants in strong light. In winter a sunny window is the best place for them. Apply tepid water when watering becomes necessary, and give enough to soak the whole ball of soil. Shower or sponge the foliage with lukewarm water once a week or so, keep free from dust and watch for insects. See that no water is allowed to stand on the leaves where the sun is apt to strike it, as it may burn and discolor them. Give fresh air on warm days by slightly lowering a near-by window or opening a door for a short time.

In the summer the pots may be plunged to the rim in the garden. Select a place facing the east, so they will have only the morning sun, and see that it is so sheltered that high winds will not break the stalks or tear the leaves. Putting a handful of coal ashes under the pot will prevent worms from working up through the drainage hole. During this season frequent watering will be necessary — much more so than in the winter.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

## DIFFICULTY WITH VERBS.

### Troubles That Children Have in Learning to Talk.

It has been truthfully said that children learn more during their first six years of life than during the eight years spent in the ward schools. During this period the child shows remarkable precocity in learning the mother tongue, and appears to learn two languages as easily as one. He will learn a foreign language, if thrown among foreigners, better during these first six years, than he can in a complete course in school. This is proved by the thousands of six-year olds in this city who speak good English, while their parents cannot speak English at all.

The strenuous effort of these little ones to acquire a medium for the expression of their quaint ideas, as well as their own desire to speak correctly, was shown the other day in a conversation between a little student and her mamma. The child had experienced much difficulty in mastering the various forms of the verb "to be," and had been corrected times without number by the mother, who believes that the time to teach correct English is during the first stages of progress. The child persisted in mixing her "ams," "weres" and "beens" to an alarming degree, and had been corrected, until the mother had lost all patience, and at last told the child that in the future she would not answer questions not properly framed, thinking this plan would make the child more careful in the selection of words.

The other day the mother was sitting crocheting a jacket for the baby, and Lucille stood near, wondering what her mamma was doing. Finally her curiosity became so strong that she said:

"Mamma, what is that going to be?"

The mother, busy counting stitches, failed to hear the question, and continued her count without answering. The child, thinking she had not answered because she had made another horrible blunder, thought a while and at last said:

"Mamma, what is that going to are?"

This the mother heard, and simultaneously recalled the first question of the child. Wondering what would come next, she maintained silence, and the little one stood in perplexity, first on one foot, then on the other. After some weighty thinking, she said:

"Mamma, what are that going to is?"

No answer, and another period of silence, then:

"Mamma, what am that going to were?"

Still no answer, and tears filled the blue eyes, and the red lips became pursed with perplexity. The eyes filled and ran over, and still the mother sat unmoved, with a mischievous smile lurking in her eyes, waiting for further results, and determined to make up for all of this anguish by a bountiful supply of hugs and kisses.

In one supreme effort, as though realizing that this was her last chance, Lucille burst into a mighty sob, and breaking the bonds of self-restraint with which she had bound herself, screamed out:

"Mamma! What was that a'goin' to was?"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

### A Moonlit Garden.

The following bit of description is from "Confessions of a Wife," by "Mary Adams," a new novel dealing with marriage, in the Century. It is a young woman who is speaking, and Job is her dog:

"For Job and I went out into the garden, and the world was as white as death, and as warm as life, and we plunged into the night as if we plunged into a bath of warmth and whiteness—and I ran faster than Job. The yellow June lillies are out, and the purple fleurs-de-lis; the white climber is in blossom on the tree-house, and the other roses—oh, the roses! There was such a scent of everything in one—a lily-honey-iris-rose perfume—that I felt drowned in it, as if I had one flower trying to become another, or doomed to become others still. It was as quiet as paradise. I ran up the steps to Ararat, and Job stayed below to paw a toad. The little white rose followed me all over the lattice, and seemed to creep after me; it has a golden heart, and such a scene as I cannot describe; it is the kind of sweetness that makes you not want to talk about it. The electric light in the street was out, for this suburb, being of an economical turn of mind, never competes with the moon. There was moon enough—oh, there was enough, I think, for the whole world! For, when that happened which did happen, it seemed to me as if the whole world were looking at me."

### Old American Bottles.

In early American glassware the history of our national art progress has been written. Choice and precious indeed are the crude blue-green and brown amber bottles made early in the nineteenth century—the portrait bottles bearing busts of Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, De Witt Clinton, Zachary Taylor, Kossuth and Jenny Lind. Local decorative subjects on many lines of idea were treated by the first American bottle-makers; and the most exquisite Venetian bottle cannot outrank in value, to a patriotic American collector, the primitive old flasks ornamented with Indians, Masonic emblems, the eagle, stars, flags, log cabins, cannon and steamships, or such outdoor themes as the seasons, birds, fruits, trees, sheaves of wheat, the fisherman, deer, the gunner and his hounds, and the first bicycle. The earliest American railway, with a car drawn by a horse, is historically celebrated on a glass flask, as well as the bold Pike's Peak pilgrim, with his staff and bundle.—The Century.

### A Zoological Stamp Album.

The latest novelty in postage stamps, says Golden Penny, is made to look something like a menagerie, each page being covered with bars. The only stamps admitted are those which bear a design of an animal—and there are more of these than one would imagine at first sight. From the United States come a pony and a buffalo, from Labuan a stag and a crocodile, Liberia has a hippopotamus and an elephant, Newfoundland has a dog, a codfish and a seal, and West Australia rejoices in a swan. The book is made doubly interesting if it is illustrated with pictures of the trees and foliage belonging to each place.

# NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES

New York City.—Jaunty jackets of taffeta and peau de soie have been worn for several seasons, and are still fashionable, but the latest thing in

LADIES' COLLARLESS ETON.

Etons is black moire. Some lovely watered effects are shown in this rich fabric, and the linings are usually of ivory satin.

As illustrated the garment is shaped with shoulder and underarm seams, a perfect adjustment being maintained in the back.

The fronts are fitted with single bust darts and cut away slightly at the neck. The Eton terminates at the waist line in the back and has a stylish dip in front. It may be fastened with invisible hooks and eyes, but is usually worn open.

The regulation two-piece coat sleeves have slight fulness on the shoulders, fit the arms closely and flare in bell effect at the wrists.

Machine stitching on the edges and seams form a smart finish. Some of the collarless Etons this season are strapped with bands of the moire, and others have black broadcloth figures appliqued on the back and sleeves.

To make the jacket in the medium size will require two and one-half yards of twenty-two inch material.

### Shirt Waist Costumes the Vogue.

Shirt waist costumes will enjoy an extended vogue during the coming season, and many charming effects are produced in these stylish toilets.

The large illustration shows one of the most popular modes developed in blotting-paper blue linen, with ecru lace trimmings.

The blouse has for its foundation a glove-fitted lining that closes in the centre front. This may, however, be omitted, and the adjustment made with shoulder and underarm seams, if preferred.

The back is plain across the shoulders, and has slight fulness at the waist arranged in small pleats. The fronts fasten with buttons and buttonholes worked through the centre pleat.

A rolling collar completes the neck and forms revers in front that are drawn together beneath a jaunty tie. It is trimmed with bands of ecru lace. The shield and sailor collar are of dark blue linen, embroidered in light blue dots. These are adjustable, and a pleasing variety may be had by making several shields of embroidery, tucking or lace to wear with each blouse.

The regulation shirt waist sleeves have slight fulness on the shoulders and fit the arms closely. They are completed with straight cuffs and laps at the opening in the back.

The skirt is shaped with seven gores, fitted smoothly around the waist and over the hips. The closing is made invisibly at the back under two inverted pleats that are flatly pressed.

Clusters of three forward turning tucks are arranged at the front or straight edge of the side and back gores, the first tucks being adjusted to cover the seams.

The skirt is cut off around the bottom and the flounce applied to form its lower portion. Three tucks at the top of the hem form a stylish finish to the flounce, which is very full and flares gracefully at the floor.

A band of lace is applied at the top of the flounce. The mode may be developed in batiste, pique, mercerized cotton or duck, trimmed with lace, embroidery or stitched bands.

It is also appropriate for serge, cheviot, wool canvas or challie, which may be worn for yachting and outing parties of all kinds.

To make the waist in the medium size will require two and one-quarter yards of thirty-six-inch material. To make the skirt in the medium size will require six yards of thirty-six-inch material.

### Gray Pongee.

Did you know you could buy gray pongee this summer? You can if you ask for it, and this gives another welcome change to the girl who is coming slowly out of mourning and wishes to add a blouse durable and valuable as pongee is, and gray, an available color, to her all-black and black-and-white wardrobe. Hitherto our pongees have been of an ecru or yellowish tinge, but the coming of gray is a decided advantage.

### Shirt Waist Sets.

Shirt waist sets include not only collars and cuffs, but also bands or a plastron to ornament the waist front. From the first simple beginnings of hemstitched sets they have developed into numerous other effects. The materials used are as numerous as the designs.

### A Beautiful Parasol.

A pretty parasol has the lower part of the cover of bright red tucked in pinch tucks, and above that the top of plain white silk embroidered at intervals with small palm leaves in red, outlined with black.

SHIRT WAIST COSTUME.

### A Handsome Lorgnette.

A very handsome lorgnette shows a heavy raised design in brilliants on a ground of soft green enamel.

### A Smart Waist.

The smart waist illustrated is made of china blue and black polka-dot percale, with pale blue trimmings.

The back is plain across the shoulders and drawn down close to the belt, where the fulness is arranged in small pleats. It is faced with percale to a pointed yoke depth.

The waist closes with pearl buttons and buttonholes worked through the centre pleat. There is slight fulness at the neck and the lower portion forms a stylish blouse over the narrow satin belt.

A plain collar completes the neck. It is partially covered with a jaunty satin stock and tie; the bishop sleeves are shaped with inside seams, and have comfortable fulness on the shoulders. They are gathered at the lower edges and arranged on cuffs that are pointed in front and shallow at the back.

The mode may be developed in pique., madras, linen, lawn or any wash fabric. It is also appropriate for taffeta, peau de soie, albatross, Henrietta and French flannel. The cuffs, collar and pleat may be of contrasting material or machine stitched.

To make the waist for a miss of fourteen years will require one and three-quarter yards of thirty-six-inch material.

MISSES' SHIRT WAIST.