THE MAIDEN'S PLAN.

BY FRANK DOUGLAS PARKER.

On the white Carolina Bay,
Underneath the deep, dark pines,
Right in the forest, in the sun
The scent of the honeysuckle

Perfumed and soiled with rain and mold,
Those fragile blossoms, unfolding,
Pale, exquisite, out of dark
Right from the dreary depths

A Robin has begun the nest
On the gaily blossomed limb and
And with the last strawberry head
The mockingbird has the ripe berries.

Remembrance the modest face
Which, blushing, bought the roses
Fashioned of the soft red rose
Not back to her, and smiling, he finds

Fading, warm at back of earth,
Underneath the deep, dark pines,
A [illegible] the light,
The fashion of the pensive face

And all the dress dead fading now,
From deep my grave at Fields Creek
But, with the dreary depths
As then they did the Summer Moon.

But when the dawn wind grows the sun
Back to the dark the dreary depths,
Fading, fading, the blushing face
A rose of Summer, the

And whose in that beneath there
Remembrance the modest face,
Perhaps in the long, long years
The soft, unblemished

HER MOTHER'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

BY HONORA.

"MIRIAM," said the mother, "there is one more letter to write. I have left it till the last because it will let you into a family secret a very happy one dear."

The worker smiled saucily at the handsome daughter, who sat in a low chair at her side. The girl's face flushed, she held her hand over a sudden flash which lay in her lap, and turned it nervously between her fingers. The soft autumn breeze from the open window blew her brown hair into little curls, and it clustered softly about her white neck. The mother let fall a moment, watching a rose flush rise in the white forehead.

"Is there no chance for Arthur, Miriam?" she asked gently.

The girl lifted her head with an haughty gesture—it was an odd movement which characterized her as a child. The mother had often laughed at it in the little girl, for the gesture seemed to belong exquisitely to the tall, spirited woman. Miriam looked into the loving eyes bent upon her and shook her head with perfect decision. Mrs. Oldfield sighed.

"Will it be the letter, dear?" she asked. "Address it to Bateman W. Hawley, Esq., 241 St. James Building, New York."

Miriam's fingers moved quickly across the paper.

"My Dear Mr. Hawley:"

Mrs. Oldfield paused and put her hand across her eyes as if she were thinking.

"This is not an easy letter to write, Miriam. It is hard to give away one of your own, no matter how much pay your a year."

The girl sat gazing into the sunshine garden.

"It is just like one of mother's dull, original little tricks to break the news to me in this fashion" she thought. "Mother never does anything as one would expect her to." A smile hovered about her lips while she put into rapid shorthand characters her mother's dictation.

"I can assure you, my dear Mr. Hawley, of the complete surprise your letter brought to me. Of course, I am glad, since the happiness of one so near and so dear to me is bound up in such an answer. No one so well as I can tell you how wisely you have chosen a wife. The love to our house of one who is so dearly loved I cannot yet realize, but I know that when I give to you my sister Elizabeth, I——"

Miriam dropped her pencil and gazed at her mother with a whitening face. She sprang suddenly to her feet. The notebook fell to the floor.

"Mother!" she cried, with a long, sobbing breath, "do you think Elizabeth—our Elizabeth——"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Oldfield. "Didn't you guess it?"

"My—my—Elizabeth!" The girl's question was a private whisper.

"My daughter!" cried the mother, "what is the matter?"

Miriam had sunk upon the low chair. The mother drew her gently to her arms as if she were a child again and caressed the crying brown hair.

"Doesn't it make you happy, Miriam?" she asked. "I think it would, dear, if you knew she is well as we do."

"It is—it is not worthy of Arthur Bloomsby," cried the girl passionately.

"Miriam, what do you know about Mr. Hawley? You have never met him."

"I know just enough to feel enough for Elizabeth. Mother, please write your poor, poor—"

"I am going to write to him, Miriam. I am going to tell him that we have left our home in the South."

Mrs. Oldfield set faring along the silently said after her departing figure of her daughter. Miriam was a strange, lovely, unreasoning daughter. The mother turned from her face pale at college with a pride of manner, and an exquisite ability in household and social affairs which astonished even the neighbors. The pantry was a large, airy room, generous too, and Mrs. Oldfield presided over the girl's dainty concoctions of feeding. She was sure the boy too great hearted for prudence to resist her in this. It must be the thought of poverty. She pitied more than she had thought the boy's mere heredity. She had imagined Miriam would accept it with delight. She turned to her desk to write the letter to Mr. Hawley herself. She sighed while she folded the sheet and put it fingeringly in the envelope. It hurt her to think of the looking up of the home roots and of Miriam's grief.

The girl returned from her tramp in time for luncheon. The morning fell cool and wind had blown a magnificent color into her cheeks and whipped the exhilarating drench of her hair into the curling curls. Yet there was a new determination and a shade of resolve about the glowing face which the mother felt rather than saw. She did not speak anyone of the prospective wedding to-day. Herring it seems for other letters. Late in the afternoon Mrs. Oldfield decided to the depot to meet her young guest, who was returning from a few days' visit in Boston.

"Do not speak to Miriam of the engagement," said Mrs. Oldfield, with the same haggard relentlessness.

"Why?" asked Elizabeth, with surprise.

"She feels the breaking of society ties far more than I had say this she would. I have wished such her give war as completely as she did today. Let her entire to you to talk it over when she feels like it."

That night Miriam came. Elizabeth sat curled up in a big chair before a crackling wood fire. She was a blonde creature, who lured warmth and light and beauty. She had caught a few sticks of driftwood among the glowing embers. Long tongues of blue and green flame shot up like a weird illumination. Miriam drew a low chair in front of the hearth and wrapped her arms about her knees. It was another children pose which had clung to her. Elizabeth smiled when she noticed it.

"I suppose you are very happy, Elizabeth" said the girl slowly, "and I ought to say all sorts of lovely things to bribe you—happiness. That is the custom, is it not?"

"Yes, only I want you to feel your congratulations, Miriam. You will, I think, when you come to know Bateman as well as I do."

"Tell me all about it—where you met him, when you were engaged and—everything."

Elizabeth smiled happily.

"I met him two years ago in Switzerland, when your mother and I were rowing with the Hamilton. I went back to my studies in Paris. We corresponded in a friendly sort of way until last spring. One afternoon when I left Marguerite's he was waiting for me on the sidewalk. I had fancied him in America. I could not believe for a minute it was Robin. That evening he asked me to marry him. We agreed to keep it a secret. He is considered an unknown man in an old circle who does not know him or worry, and I——Elizabeth laughed delightfully—well, I just called on Bloomsby for some short being wedded to me yet that I—well, I do not feel like announcing my engagement immediately. I did not tell even your mother."

"Where will Mr. Hawley go to Paris?" asked Miriam slowly.

"Why, to Paris, with Bloomsby."

"It was in Spain. Where is it that the gypsies tell of love adventures beneath mother Mother's eyes?"

"Really, do you Miriam?" cried the other girl, startled. She leaned from her easy low chair and drew herself to a full, slender height.

"Elizabeth, do you love Arthur?" glanced at her sister. "I want to be quite sure the man who takes her away from our home is worthy of you."

"Do so? said Elizabeth, decidedly. "My money was not come into Betty inheritance. He was to be a wealthy man himself, if he really wanted it. There is no need for him to marry a rich wife."

"Forgive me!" pleaded the girl at her side. "But what Elizabeth's money had spoiled her? Oh, you poor, poor!"

"Do I seem poor to you?"

"Quite as incomprehensibly charming perhaps, since Bloomsby thought it worth while to give up his home, his friends, his country, his—everything—to have me as well as money?"

"Yes," replied Miriam, decisively "there is no doubt in your mind as to how that I should wish him to quite forget his money."

"Why, Miriam, Bloomsby decidedly—there is no doubt in your mind as to how that I should wish him to quite forget his money."

"Why, Miriam!" cried Elizabeth.

"I want to see you emptying of a lovely mansion in old age."

"Do I to so good? Is it natural?"

"It is not delicate," said the younger girl sadly. "I do not think it does with be delicate. It will—somebody else—pass us."

"How long yours age?" Elizabeth laughed gaily.

"Years and years and years ago, it seems to me." Miriam spoke in a low voice. "I was very young then and very ambitious and very proud. You your mother took you to Europe, when I was a pupil at college, I was left. I remember, St Cecile Sparry's. At a party one day I met a young man from Boston. He was handsome and fascinating and different from anyone I had ever known. I thought it was so manly to have a secret. We got engaged. I had only seen him twice since that time—when I have been at Uncle Sparry's. We have corresponded regularly. I had a letter from him two days ago. He said he was coming to see my mother next week. I was so happy. Then yesterday mother she read a letter to me—for him. At first I thought it was her droll way of doing things, giving us lovely surprises as she sometimes does. Then——"

Elizabeth had risen to her feet again. She was looking down with frightened wide open eyes at her sister.

"Who was he?" she asked in a whisper.

Miriam put her hand to her throat. She drew out a slender chain and slipped from it a gold locket. She opened it and handed it to Elizabeth.

"Bridge" cried the girl in a shocking voice. Then she sank back in the chair and covered her face with her hands. The locket rattled to the floor. Miriam stooped and picked it up, then she looked at him a little curse of pain and loss. Around it the blue and green flames of the driftwood leaped gleefully.

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Last June I was a guest at a beautiful church wedding. I arrived early. There was a long wait in the flower adorned church. I could not help hearing a conversation close to my ear.

"Miriam ought to be one of the most beautiful brides who ever entered this church," said one woman.

"And one of the happiest. Poor I never fancied she would marry Arthur Bloomsby. He evidently wanted desperately determined she would marry him."

"She looks like today. I believe, so he does too. She will make a remarkably good wife, for mother has given her such a splendid training. She ought to be a power in society in Albany. Arthur goes to the Senate this fall. There is nothing in the way of their efforts that Miriam is not thoroughly familiar with. He has a way in the minutes that makes them others feel. I once had a girl from the Children's home who quoted Miss Miriam to me constantly. She has all sorts of traits that make servants love her. She is considerate of their comfort, and always looking out to give them a bit of pleasure or an outing when she can, yet I think from something this Miss of other days said, half their respect and adoration of Miriam is because she knows as well as better than even her servants do how every kind of work should be done. I suppose come from the training she took in domestic science."

"Yes and partly from her mother's fine common sense upbringing."

"That's true. What a different future Miriam has from her pretty little cousin, Mrs. Hawley. You never knew her, did you?"

"No."

"She was a little beauty, and had a wonderful voice which she had cultivated in Paris, and her grandmother left her a fortune. Mr. Hawley—the New York man she married—spent her fortune and then treated her badly. She left him and went on the concert stage. Last winter her singing made a sensation in the West. She is——"

"Bridge!" the bridal party is coming!"—Good Housekeeping.

Surprising the Teacher.

They have a amiable custom in some of the Brooklyn schools of giving the teachers what are termed "surprises." When a class has been with a new teacher a reasonably long period and she feels developed any disagreeable traits, such as a passion for "keeping in" or writing notes to parents, it is agreed among the pupils to give her a "surprise." It is customary to call on the principal for "aid and comfort" in carrying out the scheme. The first thing is to buy a pot cactus for the desk member of the class. Then the mother of the girl is determined on, and lastly the principal is waited on. At a given hour she is requested to send for the class teacher on some pretext. While the teacher is out of the room the gift is placed on her desk. Presently the unsuspecting teacher is the class with a tremendously interesting look on her face. At the moment of her entry the pupils greet her with the cry of "Surprise!" uttered simultaneously by the whole class. Of course she is properly surprised and she is "sure great sweet rose" to that cause for the rest of the afternoon.—New York Sun.

Marriage in Italy.

No matter how willing the marriage of an Italian woman, no matter how eligible she has been as a friend, she cannot accompany her to the church. Neither can a girl enter the office of her lover, and so explicit is the rule that it is considered going out for a woman to pass by the house of her love in such a public way that she may be sure of not the door bell rang. The best girls generally accompany the bride to the church, and the bridegroom is followed by the groom and such friends as choose to do so. In all ranks in Italy and contentment the groom can seek for future bride in the priority to call office, especially in Sunday Days. Sunday is the only busy day in the week for wedding, as all others have some business connection. If the wedding is on Monday in society, it is described. Thursday is another day, a Tuesday morning will bring good nothing, etc. In Venice the telegraph poles remain "on pole" poles for the purpose generally. Thanks cookies for the mass and plenty of consent for the contrary.—Singer Sewing Machine Company.

A Working Begin

Referring to the "Finger and Fork" exercises issued by Dr. Harvey, in cooking experiment, copy the Brooklyn hospital, a Bond Lending university motion. "I think the collaborate school cooks effective, but we get too little of it."

"I recall in this connection the sight of the young students working hour with one of the others after the anniversary of the first surgeon. After some moments' stress the latter exclaimed, "Lou Wots not long." "I am very glad to hear you say so!" replied the position chief: "I was afraid I was tedious." "Oh," was the crushing reply, "you were tedious."

WOMAN'S REALM.

THE BAG HABIT NOW.

Bangle Frame Rods the Bell and Waist and Large Ones Carried.

The bag habit used to be a special characteristic of Bostonian femininity, and the ugly but serviceable little receptacle of cloth and leather that could stretch to hold all sorts of previous small belongings from a volume of them to a safety hairpin was celebrated as the Boston bag from Maine to California. To-day the bag habit has seized on womankind and spread like an epidemic. No shopper, or caller, or traveler of the political persuasion feels able to venture beyond the shelter of her own home unless a bag is hung to her left or swings from her fingers, and nine-tenths of the feminine population wear two bags at a time and confidently boasts of possession of half a dozen others at home.

To enumerate a few of the curiously shaped receptacles so essential to woman's convenience is to mention at least the side bag, carriage bag, railway bag, walk bag, handkerchief bag, theatre bag, and shopping bag. These are made of everything, from alligator skin, with pewter mounts, to the most gold wire network, in the mesh of which dozens of tiny diamonds or turquoise beads are meshed. Thus bags are so very delicate and so very costly that they will only carry the owner's colored pocket handkerchief, while their price, if both metal and stones are real, mounts instantly into the thousands. The bag, however, in which the majority find the greatest joy and convenience is the stout, capacious safety shopping bag of glazed baby alligator skin, lined with suede, fastened not only with a snap lock, but satchel clips on the side, and adjusted by strap and buckle to one of its outer sides, is an ample purse with change and bill pockets.

Within the bag is divided, along its leathern walls, in flat compartments for samples, hairpins, cards, fountain pen, pencil, shopping list, mirror, comb and smelling salts. The centre of the bag is left free to hold parcels, and as the bottom of the bag pulls out like a bellows a most amazing number of small things can be crammed in without overtaxing its capacity. This sort of bag can be bought, all ready, or the purchaser can put her own things into its compartments, though the manufacturer, with great forethought, mounts the bag itself, the tiny mirror, comb, pen, pen and safe bottle in aluminum.

Silver and gold and gun metal side bags have not had their popularity injured in the least by the appearance of the exquisite brocaded satin and beaded silk side bags, mounted with metal, tape and chains; and the wrist bag is in as high favor as ever. The excessively smart wrist bag is made no longer of suede, but of sweet morocco, perfumed Russia leather, or velvet calfskin. If you want to pay the top price for a wrist bag, ask for an imported one of sea cow skin, mounted in gun metal and powdered with diamond sparks.

Women who ridiculed their parents and suffer from that gentlest form of aberration called aberrant of mind are adopting joyfully the English expedient of having their bags chained to their wrists. At the shop where fine leather goods are sold broad band skin, morocco or Russia leather bracelets are brought to buckle or lock on the left wrist. From the bracelet depends a short silver or gun metal chain, that can be adjusted to any bag, and which effectually prevents any trick of errant memory, or of pickpockets and sneaklifters. The leather bracelets are made to hold watches, but the most fashionable also merely show the owner's initials burnt or carved on the skin, and the same lettering is repeated on the bag that the chain and bracelet effectually guard.—Washington Star.

In Dressing the Hair.

Never in the history of Dresses has there been so much allowance made for individual styles as now. In other days all women wore their gowns made in exactly the same way and dressed the hair in precisely the same mode. Now, she may see in any gathering of fashionable people a score of different styles in dress and coiffure.

This is especially to be noticed in the coiffure, as so that detail even more latitude is allowed for individuality in form in coiffure. The leading coiffeurs say that this is largely due to the great improvements made during late years, in the preparation of "artificial" hair. "False hair" and "switches" are to some, are no longer recognized in polite circles. They are "artificial" hair and "tresses."

The new methods of preparing hair for sale have removed the objection that so long have deterred thousands of women from using any but their own hair. And the hair now sold is so very natural, so much like the real thing, and so well adapted to the wearer, that it is no longer a matter of shame to use it.

The old fashioned "switch," with its thick "stem," has gone under long in which were fastened balls of varying length, usually straight and coarse, and hung replaced by the hair. This is made of soft, fine wavy hair, of equal length, fastened at the upper end to a small loop, which is caught in with the hair on the head. The growing hair is waved lightly, and the ends are twisted into a soft, full wave or series of waves, so that there is no hint of permanent hairdresser.

It seems far less more than usually unpopular, the most novel fashion is the arrangement of the hair so as to be easily made so to easily dressed. The hair is usually in a high Roman or pompadour style, when the amount of trouble involved in making it considered. The hair which serves as a foundation is made of the least white hair, and a single knot is caught in every month. The process is easy and tedious, and demands the utmost delicacy of touch in the operator. The hair and hair are all imported, mostly from France, and are operated by the American hairdressers into the graceful and becoming coiffures that are shown on wax heads in fashionable shop windows.—New York Tribune.

Full Fashion.

The new misty grayish blue is called wraith, possibly because it is the color of the heavens when the mid-day sun of a hot summer's day gives a hazy atmosphere to the sky. It is a shade which is becoming to blonde and brunette alike. Delicate reseda, pale heliotrope, champagne and silver gray are also favorites.

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The newest lace mitens have their owner's initials executed in a high decorative Roman design upon the back of the hand. They are liked because they display the profusion of rings with which some women now load their fingers.

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Cromwell shoes, with large buckles, are introduced again for walking, and for the full dress toilette satin shoes, with lace tabays, touched with jewels, are sold.

* * *

Point d'esprit, with pleated ends of plain lawn, edged with narrow, old-fashioned Bouvier, is wound round the throat, and plain lawn has baby ribbon threaded through it, to make it set invisible.

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Most of the new shirts of batiste and lawn are left without neckbands, so that deep Puritan collars of scalloped lawn can be worn with them, or the still more alluring soft cambric ones of great depth with hand-wrought embroidery at the edges.

* * *

A dashing stock for the manly girl is formed of a broad width of black satin twice wound round the throat, the square ends being laid in front with an ornamental pin, or tie pin with a jewelled head attached by a fine gold chain.

Why Our Girls Are Getting Braver.

At Bryn Mawr we consider out-of-door exercise, in connection with gymnasium work, very important. Our students are encouraged to play basket-ball, hockey, tennis, golf and rather ball; also to swim, and to ride horseback and on bicycles. In the spring we have our match games in basket-ball. Our out-of-door games tend, moreover, to develop a spirit of generosity, endurance and fortitude. These last three considerations are very strong ones in favor of the rough sports.

For instance, a pupil came to me the other day with a very badly hurt thumb, which I noticed although she said nothing about it. She had hurt it playing hockey, but she did not seem to think it was anything at all. Ten years ago, a college woman would have considered it a rather serious injury. Surely no one can consider incidents like that without realizing all they stand for, and what they will mean in the future lives of college women.—Louisa Smith, in Success.

The Kaiser's Little Daughter.

It is whispered in Berlin that the real ruler of the imperial family is the Kaiser's little daughter, Princess Victoria Louise. Her father adores her and she keeps her brothers in great order, says Home Notes. One day the Emperor was discussing his small daughter with one of his sisters, and said: "When she is talking to me she sometimes forgets that I am the Emperor, but she is never oblivious of the fact that she is His Imperial Majesty's daughter." Her Imperial Highness, who is now ten years old, is not exactly a pretty child, but she has a bright, expressive little face, and she has inherited the physical energy characteristic of her race.

Panne Applique.

Applique of painted panne have a richer effect than the embroidered crepe de chine sprays, although in similar style, and the practical method of using these trimmings is over hands of broad diversion or in imitations of net or chiffon. Tiny buckles in paste, filagree or enamel are naturally in favor when velvet ties and sashes are so literally used, and when jewelled lace is employed the dainty little slides of turquoise, coral or pearl are decidedly fully worn.

Pretty Things to Wear.

Black satin is used for a short jack for a small girl.

Silk petticoats with polka dot designs and flounced were trending quite powerfully plaids, taffeta are still and pretty.

A new summer textile goes to Paris recently received of a mixture the silk which is a variation of the mousseline, with a velvet stripe effect.

The newest tucked opera cloak is a lavender silver or gun metal with wings embroidered. The velvet or satin cloak is passed through and pulled the center of the body.

Hand-painted white linen showing designs of performed Egyptian conventionality and symbolism is quite prominent in one of the most elegant of the new embroideries.

Small turquoise collars in pastel shades of pink, blue and other popular colors, worn a Roman band, by designs introduced in gold lines of varied or even silk.

The experiment in the last issue that more interesting colored lace has given place to a few new with angle lines and sight being further imagined, formed with a large loop or stick tassels. Short shapes are usual for street wear.

With a long red coat's coat bedecked with two rows of white pearl buttons is worn an effective collar of fine lace. It is made of the silkiest lace and knotted on the edge with red and white lace, and on is not a lot of red and white alternating.

A couple of other little stocks which are pretty and dainty are made out of narrow plaid silkiest lace and the stock of finally, with a tiny bit line of black and small circles. Both of these are made with top collars, and rather narrow ends, which tie in small bows.

Flannel jackets and sweaters are to be seen in the black silk short coats gentlemen for women. The white of the jacket is made of wide pleats, and the sleeve is the sleeve, opening in a full bell at the wrist. Some of these jackets are very short, coming up to the center of both front and back, and they are not much more than apologies for garments.

NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES

New York City.—One of fashion's latest fancies is the shirt waist that is embroidered in front. One of the prettiest waists of this kind is shown here.

LADIES' SHIRT WAIST.

developed in white madras, worked with the most delicate shade of blue. The back is drawn tightly across the shoulders and displays slight fullness at the waist, arranged in small pleats. It is faced with materials to a pointed yoke depth. The fronts are fastened with turquoise buttons and button-holes worked through the centre box-pleat. Deep pleats extend from the shoulder to belt, and are stitched their entire length, simulating a broad shield that is embroidered.

The collar is plain, a bow of white silk is fastened by a turquoise heart. This shirt waist sleeves have slight fullness on the shoulders and fit the arms closely. They are finished with deep cuffs. The mode may be effectively developed in heavy taffeta, peau de crepe, mohr or French flannel. When these materials are used the fronts are decorated with chiffon, batiste and lace motifs, or an elaborate design worked with jet and steel beads.

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

Sensible Bathing Costume.

For several seasons we have had silk tuxedo suits made of lightweight cloth intended especially for summer wear, but those developed in wash fabrics, modeled in tailor style, are entirely new. The skirt worn in these suits are entirely plain, and the shirt reaches to the ankles, giving the freedom that is desirable when long walks or strenuous exercises are anticipated.

The costume illustrated in the large drawing is made of light green seersucker trimmed in black.

Two deep pleats extend from shoulder to belt in the back. The waist is usually adjusted between these pleats and under the arms.

The waist worn is lined with soft batiste and tucked into yoke, worked through the entire box pleat. These deep pleats are arranged on the shoulder, the front one is stitched all the way, and the stitching in the pleats terminates half way down, providing fullness that forms a stylish effect over the bust.

The sleeves are cut with single point cuffs. At the lower edge they are plain in front and tucked in back, where they drape gracefully over pointed cuffs. A pointed collar completes the neck, and is trimmed with black velvet stock.

The upper portion of the skirt is a plain yoke, fitted snugly around the waist and over the hips with small darts. The fullness in the back is arranged in an undulating pleat at each side of the center closing.

The skirt is tucked and arranged at the lower edge of the yoke. The pleats are stitched flatly for a few inches and pressed their entire length. They flare widely around the bottom, thereby stitching on the tucks and form provides a fullness. Large pearl dots, interlined gingham and other heavy wash fabrics are used for suits in this style.

To make the waist in the medium size will require three and three-eighth yards of twenty-seven-inch material.

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

As to Nets.

Nets are used in any number of ways. Whole net dresses over silks are classics, and these nets are of any number of sorts, though the square mesh, or one with even more sides to it is just now in demand. It serves well for yokes and panels, too, and in some instances basis lots of applied silk or velvet. The great French dressmakers use it a great deal on elaborate dresses, in intricate appliques and also as a foundation for tiny lace appliqués and chiffon embroidery.

Beautiful Handkerchiefs.

Diminutive handkerchiefs are of such dainty and beautiful design that they are in requisition for many purposes besides those for which they were originally intended. They are used as trimmings on many garments for children and they make a delightful finish for fine night robes.

White Broadcloth Suit.

A fine white broadcloth suit is made with a pleated skirt and a bolero. The waist itself is not blouses, but is of deep saffron-tinted lace. A touch of very tender green appears in a soft silk sash.

A Novel Combination.

A novel combination of materials is seen in a new skirt. The sleeves and the body are of verne-tinted cotton crepe, while the cuffs and bosom are of figure piqué.

A Handsome Coat.

A handsome coat for an older girl is of dark blue cloth, and the broad collar is of white moire, with a wide edge of Irish lace.

Popular With Little Girls.

Although it seems odd to see little girls in shirt waists and skirts, these suits are very popular and will be much worn during the summer. In some cases the skirt and waist are made of the same fabric.

The suit illustrated is developed in pale green and black polka dot percale with lace for trimming.

The shirt waist is made over a fitted body lining that closes in the front. This lining, however, is omitted, and the waist adjusted with shoulder and underarm seams, if preferred.

The back has a pointed yoke facing. The fronts are full at the neck, and these are the back rather full. The closing is made with buttons and button-hole, worked through a series bell pleat.

A plain collar completes the neck. The broken sleeves are shaped with inside seams only, and adjusted at cuffs that are gathered in the back and pointed in the front. The cuffs and collar are of lace.

The full skirt is gathered at the upper edge and arranged on a pointed belt. A band of lace is applied at the top of the hem.

The short waist may be made up as a separate garment and worn with the skirt. The suit is also stylishly developed in shades other than pink.

GIBSON SHIRT WAIST AND PEDESTRIAN SKIRT

GIRL'S SHIRT WAIST COSTUME