

# The Chance of a Lifetime.

THE loud knock of the postman resounded through the thick-walled walls of Waterford Villa, and the third which followed, as something heavier than a letter fell into the letter box, struck a knell of apprehension in Mary Donovan's heart.

Her first instinct was to rush into the hall, and seize the long official-looking envelope which she knew by painful experience was lying there.

The presence of her mother and sisters, however, acted as a deterrent, for they were not in sympathy with her, and if what she feared was a returned story proved to be only a circular, her undae inside would have immediately caused them to put into words what she would prefer to remain unexpressed.

"Letters," cried Nora, "Patterns I ordered," declared Elsie. And they hurried out of the room.

An audible whistle, and then a long-drawn exclamation of disgust, followed by an ominous pause, the import of which Mary knew only too well, and the packet was laid before her.

She left it untouched on the table while, with trembling hands, she continued sewing some buttons on her gloves.

Her eyes were swimming with unshed tears, and the lump in her throat grew bigger and bigger.

The cheerful conversation of her relations, which the advent of the postman had interrupted, was not resumed.

The silence was more painful than any comments could have been, and perhaps Elsie, the youngest of the girls, realized this in her easy, good-natured way, for, after humming a few bars of the latest waltz, she began to talk about the dance to which she and Nora were going in the following week.

But it was fogging a dead horse; the subject had already been exhausted, and the returned MSS. had suggested thoughts of an unpleasant nature which were not to be diverted.

Mrs. Donovan had been left a widow, with three daughters and a modest income.

The eldest and youngest of these girls, Nora and Elsie, were fashioned after her own heart, both as regards mental attainments, up-to-date accomplishments and social tastes.

But Mary was a thorn in the flesh, the fly in the ointment, a very real disappointment.

For, whereas her sisters had imbibed the minimum of instruction from their school lessons, Mary had thirsted to drink deeply from the well of knowledge, and as they all grew older her tastes differed from theirs in every respect, and almost unconsciously she dropped out of their lives, and led a more or less solitary existence.

Certain duties were relegated to each one, for the household only boasted a woman servant and a boy. Mary performed her tasks faithfully, but while her sisters danced and enjoyed the pleasures which the late Major Donovan's friends seemed to find delight in showering on his widow and her attractive daughters, she dreamed away the hours.

Such conduct was incomprehensible to Mrs. Donovan, who, naturally enough, used to calculate what a number of things Mary might have done in the time wasted, and when she had not the sum total clearly represented in her mind, she would lay it in its appalling nakedness before Mary's shrinking gaze.

But the day came, as it comes to all who are afflicted with a temperament like Mary's, when she thought she would "write."

Success lay before her mental vision writ in huge letters; she would pour forth into the ears of a sympathetic public what had hitherto remained unspoken in her own heart.

But "the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," and oftentimes a yearning to those who have to listen to them, and considerate editors guarded their public from being bored with those expressed by Mary Donovan.

She cast her bread on the editorial waters, only to have it returned after many days.

When she had propounded the idea of her venture in all its newness to her people their attitude had been non-committal.

Mrs. Donovan acknowledged that it might answer, but her dubious expression conveyed her disbelief in any success, and she told Mary that any expenses, such as typewriting, postage, etc., must be paid for out of her dress money.

To their credit be it said, her family was very long-suffering with her, and at first the duties which she straightway neglected were done by her sisters without complaint; but as the months went by, and the only results of her hours of labor were several headaches, and the sure and certain return of all the MSS. she sent out, their patience began to diminish, and Mrs. Donovan had almost come to the conclusion that a long enough trial had been given and that Mary must leave her scribbling and try to give her mind to "the common round and trivial task" of daily life.

The return of this last story turned her judgment into determination, and thinking it a fitting opportunity for expressing it, she was about to do so when her eye lighted upon a letter which she had not noticed before, lying by the side of the post rejection.

"Haven't you better read your letter, my dear?" she said, in a voice which suggested that sympathy and irritation were having a tussle in the maternal bosom.

As Mary leaned forward to take it two sending tears fell on the envelope.

She would have given all she possessed to have been able to rush to her room and have her cry out, but, instead, she tried to read the words which danced before her misty gaze.

But as she read the first sentence, and her cheeks flushed with excitement, "Listen," she exclaimed, and in a voice which shook in spite of her effort to control it, she said:

"The Talbott, Tuesday Afternoon.  
My Darling Mary:  
"How are your stories getting on?"

was so sorry to hear you had that one about 'Love's Revenge' back. I thought it splendid, but it's always so; nothing that is really good gets published. I have sent some sweet poems up to several papers, and they always come back. But, cheer up, dear, now is the chance of our lifetime.

"Tom has a friend coming to spend a week with us. They were at Oxford together, and think the world of each other; and, my dear, he is an editor. Think of it, Mary! And another says I may ask you to come and stay with me at the same time. Could anything be better?"

"Bring everything you have ever written, and I will collect all my poems (how fortunate we don't clash, and it will be a strange thing if, after this, we don't get everything published).

"Good-by, dear, I am so excited."  
"Yours ever,  
KITTY."

"Oh, I shall expect you by the 14th on Saturday. No more returns, Mary!"

The joyfulness of the tones in which Mary read the last words proved quite contagious. Mrs. Donovan instantly abandoned the idea of nipping her daughter's hopes of a literary career in the bud, at all events until this wish had been paid, and then gave her living consent to Mary to go.

Nora and Elsie, who knew nothing of editors, asserted their firm conviction that Mary would suddenly leap into fame.

An acceptance of the invitation was hastily penned, and the following days were spent in making preparations for the event.

Mary's mother and sister were indefatigable, and by Saturday morning she possessed a dress basket full of pretty clothes, and the paring fawcetts she received from her family when she had taken her seat in the train which was to bear her to Letbury were mingled with earnest exhortations not to forget their instructions respecting what she was to wear, and when she was to wear it.

"I do hope something will come of it all," murmured Mrs. Donovan fervently, and on her way home from the station she took the opportunity of paying several calls wherein, with no intention of impropriety, she gave the impression that Mary—"that quiet little puss, you know"—had actually got her foot on the ladder of fame and fortune, and at the present moment was on her way to see an editor about her "novels."

When Mary finally arrived at her destination, her excitement and a new and delightful sense of self-importance prevented her from observing that her friend Kitty, who, with her brother, had come to meet the expected guest, was looking particularly dejected.

"Don't mention literature," was hastily and emphatically whispered in her ear under cover of their girlishly effusive embrace.

She was mystified at the tone, but not until she and Kitty were alone before they dressed for dinner was any explanation vouchsafed.

And then, with tears of mortification, Kitty told her that Tom had found out what she had intended to do, and he had been simply horrid about it.

He had said it would be behaving shamefully to put his friend in such an awkward position, and he had made her promise not to say a word about the poems or stories.

"Silly trash!" he called them," said Kitty. "Oh! brothers are hateful!" she added, vindictively; "but I had to promise, or he said he wouldn't take me to the Elgotts, and I have a particular reason for going this year," she said, frowning conscientiously.

"It was with a feeling akin to despair that Mary went down to dinner—the editor was to take her in. But what did it matter now? What would they say at home?"

It was a week later. On the morrow Mrs. Donovan would return home, and her visit would be a thing of the past.

The world was full of spring sunshine, and Kitty had suggested a walk through the woods to her old nurse's cottage, where they could have tea, and then a walk home in the moonlight.

The idea had met with instant approval, and the little party of Kitty and Mary, Tom and his fiancée, her brother and John Graham, otherwise the editor, had sallied forth.

It seemed to have become the custom for John Graham to escort Mary Donovan, and on this occasion he started with her as a matter of course.

He was nearly forty; she was not eighteen.

Kitty, whose cherisher was still a minor, apologized for this discrepancy of years. "It's too bad," she said. "Looked at in the light of an editor, age doesn't matter; but as a man, he's no fun at all for you." Mary smiled enigmatically, but made no rejoinder.

The afternoon tea in nurse's kitchen round the open fireplace was over. Tom and his fiancée and Kitty and her Oxonian had vanished mysteriously. John Graham and Mary Donovan were left alone.

"Shall we go into the woods?" said the man.

A pang went through Mary's heart. "He finds me dull," she thought. They went out into the sweet, blue-scented air. A thrush trilled joyously near by.

"It isn't only a young man's fancy which lightly turns to thoughts of love in springtime," said John Graham, wistfully.

Mary looked up questioningly, and then, as she saw the yearning look in the face bent toward her, her eyes fell and her breath came quickly.

"Mary, am I too old for you to love?" Mary did not reply in words, but in some mysterious way negated the suggestion.

The thrush sang on unconcernedly, but Kitty, who was just appearing round the corner, retired discreetly.

"I am glad you are not one of those girls who go in for writing 'Mary,'" said the editor, some hours later.

Mary laughed inside. "I go in for being engaged," she said, mischievously.

"My darling!" said the man.  
"And after all," said Kitty, "it was the chance of your lifetime."—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

## THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

Men Now Enlist in the Army For the Steady Work and Pay.

The American soldier is beginning to come in for some of the appreciation which is his due. It has been the misfortune of this individual that he has had a vast amount of hard work to do of late years in a quiet unobtrusive sort of way that, without attracting much public attention, has, nevertheless, been most effective.

The soldier has had the advantage over the soldier that wherever he has been assigned to duty he has been accompanied by a cruiser, or a battleship, or some other kind of craft that has reflected dignity and a certain amount of glory upon himself.

On the other hand, the soldier has had nothing of this sort to bolster up his pride, or to alleviate the hardships of his lot, and with the advance of the years, he has lost much of that gaud and pomp of equipment which in days gone by made him a personage of distinction.

The American soldier particularly has been scorned of the paucity of war. The red coat and gold braid, the shining helmet and all the other splendors of the military life have, in this utilitarian age and community, gone the way of all other gloriously useless things.

Khaki has superseded the resplendent trappings of the soldier of other days and of other climes, and in this present generation the only relic of the bygone days of pageantry is the drum-major, and even he, in the presence of the grim and dusty lines of brawny men with slouch hats and yellow uniforms, suggests more of the circus than he ever did before.

It is an interesting development, and if, as time passes, we find that men are willing to enlist for the steady work and the steady pay of a guardsman's life rather than for the allowances of person which in older days became their privilege, we venture to think our armies will be the better and the stronger for it.—Harper's Weekly.

## They Had No Fear of Man.

The great auk, that was formerly a fairly common bird on the northeast American coast, had so much confidence in the human animal that it could be knocked down with a club, and even picked up. Some years ago I visited a key on the outer Florida reef where a tern was nesting, and found the birds remarkably tame, though not to the extent that they allowed themselves to be picked up, this being true in the case of several gulls.

The terns were in such numbers on Bird Key that they formed a black cloud over it, at times distinctly visible two miles distant. When I landed the noise was so loud and incessant that the human voice could scarcely be heard, even if words were shouted. It was a babel worse confounded—the incessant clamor of thousands of birds; yet I found that absolute silence could be produced for a few seconds merely by shouting at the top of my voice, whereupon every bird apparently stopped crying to listen; then the furious clamor would be continued. These birds were so tame that they flew so near my head that I could almost touch them, and the noddies on the nest sometimes refused to move, and even allowed me to stroke them.—Scientific American.

## The Fur of the Muskrat.

The fur of the muskrat is dense and soft, resembling somewhat that of the beaver, but it is shorter and inferior in denseness, fineness and durability. It resists the water during the life of the animal, but is readily rotted immediately after death. The color is generally of a drab blue, in some cases with a whitish appearance, and tipped with reddish brown. The fur is concealed by long, stiff, brown overhairs on the upper part and sides of the body. The general color of the animal is dark amber brown, almost blackish brown on the back and gray below, but specimens are found ranging through the various shades of brown, blue and yellow to pure white. The white muskrats are of no more value in the fur trade than those of ordinary colorings, yet they are highly prized by collectors of natural history specimens.

The fur of the smaller muskrat found in Alaska is of a light silvery color, almost white on the abdomen, and is very fine, the pelts from that locality having been highly prized when beaver hats were in fashion.—New York Times.

## Fish Without Fear.

In rare instances fish appear to be without fear. This was particularly noticeable in the case of several trunk fishes which I found on the Florida reef in an old dead coral head of large size. At low tide I could reach from my boat nearly to the bottom of the head by bending over, and in attempting to dislodge some gorgonias which were clinging to the coral I was surprised to see several of the little armored fishes swim up to my hand and permit me to touch them—an act which I often repeated. The mullet is very tame. I have frequently stood knee-deep on the outer reef and had large schools all about me within eight or ten feet, and even when I moved along they were not alarmed. This sociability explains the possibility of taking them with the cast net.—Scientific American.

## Takes the Pain For Ugliness.

For sheer ferocity of appearance unredeemed by any milder facial attributes, says the Westminster Gazette, a lizard called after "Moloch, horrid king," Moloch horridus, is pre-eminent among reptiles. The body is so covered with spines that, as it has been put, nature seems to have endeavored to ascertain how many spines could be inserted on a given area. But, unlike its tutelary deity, who seems really to have spelt himself Moloch, the lizard does not demand the blood of children. It is indeed vegetarian, and only very rarely takes a very curious faculty of drying up water. A specimen placed in a shallow dish was observed to attract the water like a piece of blotting paper. Three specimens have recently arrived at the Zoological Gardens from Australia, where the creature lives.

## PRESENCE OF MIND RARE

A VALUABLE QUALITY TO HAVE IN TIMES OF DANGER.

Hundreds of Lives Are Saved Every Year Through the Brain Function, Which Enables Some People to Think and Act Quickly.

There are certain mysterious attributes of the human mind which baffle even the most searching scientific investigation. For instance, who can account with any degree of satisfaction for that mental condition inspired by emergency and commonly designated as presence of mind? Hundreds of lives are saved every year through the brain function which makes it possible for human beings to think and act quickly with seemingly supernatural powers, yet no one can say positively whether he possesses a mind so endowed until opportunity opens the way for a practical demonstration.

Presence of mind is, as a matter of fact, an exceedingly useful condition in the matter of life saving. It is in reality the one generally effective agency through which persons are rescued from death, for without presence of mind there would be no such heroism as is encountered almost every day. And a remarkable thing about this attribute of the brain is that it is developed only through opportunity.

Perhaps every man given at all to romancing has at one time or another wondered what he would do if brought face to face with a situation in which a life was endangered and he had the power to save that life. It is a pleasing thought to contemplate one's self rushing into a burning building and rushing out again amid the cheers of bystanders with a helpless victim under each arm. It is also satisfying to think of dragging a child from in front of a thundering train, or fishing a drowning woman out of a lake, or stopping a runaway horse, or performing some other act of bravery calculated to produce a hero. But is there any one who can tell with any degree of accuracy what he would do if faced by any one of these emergencies? It is in this field that presence of mind dominates.

By considering cases where lives have been spared through presence of mind it will be seen that even in accidents of the most shocking character persons are snatched out of the jaws of death by the ability of the mind to remain active even under exceedingly trying conditions. Oftentimes it is the person who afterward is heralded as a hero who displays wonderful presence of mind, and not infrequently it is the victims themselves. But the general principle is the same in both cases.

Another remarkable feature about the mental activity known as presence of mind is that it is as well developed in children as among grown persons.

This fact is governed by the heroic conduct of six-year-old Edith Ruthem, of New Brunswick, N. J. The tot started from her home to take her small brother for a walk. The children passed directly in front of a rapidly approaching trolley car. The mother shrieked a warning, and with wonderful coolness the little girl pushed her brother out of harm's way and then, unable to escape, jumped into the fender of the car and hung on until the motorman, white with fright, brought it to a standstill. She was unhurt save for a slightly bruised side.

Here is another similar illustration, in which Mary McCarthy, of Detroit, Mich., is the heroine. She lived with her uncle, Daniel McCarthy, seventy-eight years old. Their house was discovered on fire at 12:30 o'clock in the morning, and the girl ran into the street in her nightgown. Looking back she saw that her uncle had not followed her. Running back into the burning building, she found that the aged man had stopped to put on some clothing and had been partially overpowered by smoke. She plunged through the flames and after a hard struggle landed her aged uncle safely on the pavement.

It was surely presence of mind that saved Katie Collins from a horrible death in a silk mill at Haverstraw. While working near a rapidly revolving machine her hair caught in the wheels and she was being drawn with terrifying swiftness to a fearful death when her presence of mind asserted itself and she grasped her hair with both hands and pulled with all her might, thus retarding its progress. Then she faltered, and a young man who also had presence of mind, rushed to the power wheels and threw off the belt.

Harry Brown, of Philadelphia, is another whose presence of mind served him well in the face of almost certain death. He was working at the top of a huge steel smoke-stack while it was being hoisted into place. The tackle broke, and Brown, perceiving that the stack was about to fall, dived inside. It dropped with a tremendous clatter and bounded from one steel beam to another until it struck the ground fifty feet below, with Brown still inside. His comrades hurried to the spot, expecting to find him crushed to death. When they looked into the stack he was slowly crawling out. He said he didn't think he was much hurt, but an ambulance surgeon found his right leg broken and one shoulder bruised.

The fact that Gregory McGregor, a master plumber of Elizabeth, N. J., was a thin man with presence of mind also saved his life. He was crossing the iron girder bridge of the Jersey Central when an express train overtook him. To continue across the bridge was an impossibility, and there was no way for him to get out of the path of the train except by pressing himself tightly against the iron work across his mind in an instant, and, by accepting the one avenue of escape, he saved his life.

Animals are frequently no less heroes than human beings, and an incident of the recent burning of the steamer City of Pittsburgh near Ordea Landing presents a striking illustration of this fact.

Michael Burt and his family took the steamer at Owensboro, Ky. It was a family of thirteen and but one survived a fire of thirteen years. When the family boarded the steamer a large Newfoundland dog followed them on the boat in spite of the fact that every effort was made to keep it off. When

the animal saw that it would be forced to leave the steamer it ran in hiding until the boat was under way, and during the trip would walk along and hide, afraid to come out for fear of punishment at the hands of the master or some member of the crew.

When the fire broke out on the steamer the dog saw members of the family perish, and finally the ten-year-old child, with whom it was accustomed to play, plunged into the water. The child had no sooner fallen than the faithful animal went after her, caught her dress in its teeth, and swam with her to the shore, where it kept watch until the child was taken in charge by rescuers.—Chicago Tribune.

## LOTS OF PENNIES.

About 65,000,000 Are Annually Put Into Circulation.

"You would think that a large post-office would take in through its stamp window more pennies than it pays out, but the contrary is the case," said a clerk in the Washington city office.

"I often have to exchange silver for pennies in the afternoon with the newsboys who sell The Star on the front steps of the Postoffice Department building, and we are always ready to accommodate the boys when they offer their nickels and dimes. In this way the pennies the people pay for The Star are at once thrown into the mighty stream of circulation, as I often pay out over 300 pennies in a day more than I take in. In fact, we at all times keep a reserve stock of the handy little copper coins.

"Yes, I know that many people suppose that we receive pennies largely in excess of what we pay out, the idea originating, no doubt, because those who hand in pennies for stamps may suppose that a majority of the sales are thus paid for. I have sold a single penny postage stamp, a two-cent stamp, a penny newspaper wrapper or a single postal card, and received a twenty-dollar bill to change. In short, the stamp window of a postoffice is really a place for changing bills of all denominations, and silver coins, especially on the department pay days, when the large bills drop in here like the dry leaves in the fall."

A Treasury official told The Star man that there was a big demand for pennies from all over the country, but there was no scarcity of the coin.

"During the last calendar year," he said, "we put into circulation about 70,500,000 pennies, and the average yearly output is about 65,000,000. Beginning with August the mint in Philadelphia, which is the only mint where pennies are coined, will begin to turn them out by the millions to meet the demand for the fall and holiday trade. We have greatly increased our facilities for coining pennies, and we now have ten presses for that purpose, as we do not use the presses with which we coin gold and silver pieces for copper coins. We buy the copper in strips by the avoirdupois pound, and one press can strike off 100 a minute, or we can turn out in a day of seven and a half hours about 750,000 pennies.

"Pennies disappear like flies—no one knows where they go, but they go, as may be judged when it is remembered that we have coined in all 10,600,000,000 pennies. The old white eagle pennies, which few of the present growth of small boy have seen, are redeemed when turned in and made into nickel pieces, which, by the way, are more copper than nickel, as they are made of an alloy of seventy-five per cent copper and twenty-five per cent nickel.

Around the holidays, and before the coming of the circus into town, the pennies are hoarded by the small boy all over the land by the millions, one Washington boy of my acquaintance having dropped into his little home bank \$9 in pennies to go into a savings bank. The railroad companies and other corporations and firms who receive pennies in quantities turn them into the treasury in bags subject to count, and they are redeemed in currency. There are untold numbers of pennies all over the country in the hands of children, which are withdrawn temporarily from circulation. People do not like to receive pennies in change, yet, because they do not like to carry them in the pocket, often have to go out of their way and to much trouble to secure them when needed."—Washington Star.

## Samar's Population.

In population the Island of Samar, P. I., has 185,386 registered inhabitants and about 10,000 native refugees living in the mountains away from local authority. The inhabitants are wholly Visayan stock, there being no material infusion of other blood. Although, in numbers, not so large as on the neighboring islands, these people have always held themselves well in Spain, of the two dominant races in the Philippine Islands the Visayans number almost two to one. They occupy the islands which bear their name and have shown themselves a higher type than their rival, the Tagalos, being a colonizing race, less given to politics and more to industry. They also show strongly the characteristics of their Malay origin. From the earliest occupation of these islands they have kept themselves in touch with the progenitors of the isles of Oceania by means of expeditions in pursuit of plunder or peaceful traffic. There are thirty-two towns and upward of 300 villages in the island. Cebu, the capital, the open to coasting trade and a military station, has a large trade with Manila in hemp, sugar, rice and coconut oil. It has a population of 672.—New York Sun.

## Couldn't "Kid" Him.

"Have you ever known what it is to be an orphan?" asks one of the characters in the "Pirates of Penzance," and another replies, "Often." The similarity between the two words causes almost a page of good Gilbertian fun. It would have been otherwise if either of the characters had happened to be an average London boy. The tale is told of a London boy on his country holiday who was asked by a carter to hold one of his horses. "Which horse?" asked the lad. "The off 'un," said the driver. "Horphan," said the boy. "How d'ye think 'H knows which of 'em's a horphan? Gern, you don't kid me." And that closed the incident.—London News.



New York City.—At this season of the year much attention is given to the making of comfortable house garments and dressing saques. Something cool



LADIES' DRESSING SACQUE.

and loose is most desirable, and yet many women wish them to have a neat appearance also.

A saque that combines all these requirements is illustrated here, made of white wash silk, with lace and embroidery for trimming.

It is fitted to the figure with backs and under-arm gores, and is plain across the shoulders in front. The neck is cut slightly low and square, finished with a band of lace.

The full fronts are gathered at the upper edge and arranged on the lace. If preferred beading may be used to finish the neck and upper edge of front and ribbons drawn through the beading, tied in a bow at the neck.

The saque is trimmed with a band of embroidery at the lower edge. The sleeves are shaped with inside seams which, have comfortable fullness on the shoulders, and have a casing stitched about three inches from the lower edge. Elastic run through this casing draws the sleeve close to the arm be-

worn with skirts of black and white plaid. These skirts are mostly in tiny checks, though some broken plaids are seen, and the kilt, the pleats attached down to the knees, is a favored model. In some instances the blouse is of the checked silk, but more often it is of cream lace, which shows only as a vest and o.g. undersleeves once the jacket is on. The jacket, by the way has pleated sleeves in flowing effect.

A Favorite Combination. White and green are also a favorite combination. In some cases the green predominates, and the white in others. A large turban of coarse white braid has a facing of three large braids of green straw divided by folds of white silk. Two slender wings, one white and one green, lie on the crown, and on the brim is an ornament of cut steel, from which two green wing points behind the ear.

Hand-Painted Ribbons. Most delectable are the white satin ribbon sashes, hand-painted with graceful bunches of daisies or violets, at the ends and single blossoms scattered artistically over them, or those covered with sprays of the most natural-looking wild roses.

Pretty Little Dangling Ornaments. Pendant ornaments of all kinds are in high vogue. Very pretty little dangling things are made of taffeta and silk cord and shaped like a fuchsia.

Buckle Prettiness. A pretty thing in a belt buckle if made of two disks, each a little larger than a quarter, with a fleur de lys in purple enamel.

Mexican Drawn Work. Mexican drawnwork is used about the hems and inserted in the yokes of children's fine sheer linen gowns.

An Attractive Waist. Sheer tan batiste is used for this attractive waist, with ecru lace collar and



LADIES' GARDEN PARTY GOWN.

low the elbow, the lower portion forming a ruffle. Narrow lace is applied over the casing.

Stylish saques in this mode may be made of lawn, Swiss or dimity, with pretty ribbons and lace for trimming. It is also appropriate for albatross, veiling, silk crepe, cashmere or any soft woolen fabric with bands of taffeta to take the place of lace or embroidery.

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

## Gown For a Garden Party.

The gown illustrated is made of pale green satin foulard, with spots in a face and white liberty satin.

The waist is mounted on a glove-fitted feathered lining that closes in the centre front. The foulard is drawn plainly across the shoulders in the back and displays slight gathers at the belt. A smooth adjustment is maintained under the arms.

The skirt is shaped with five gores, narrow front and sides, and wide backs, fitted smoothly around the waist and over the hips without darts. The fullness in the centre back is arranged in an underlying pleat at each side of the closing.

To make the waist in the medium size will require one and one-quarter yards of forty-four-inch material, with three-quarter yard of contracting material for puffs and piastron, and five-eighth yard of all-over lace.

To make the skirt in the medium size will require four and three-quarter yards of forty-four-inch material.

## Folds Masquerade as Tucks.

Broad tucks boost a certain style, but are not altogether simple in the making; especially do they take on kinks when one attempts to adorn a faring blouse with them. This is really enough to test the heat of tempers, and the sensible ones get around it by laying on rows of overlapping bias folds. The amateur will find her hands quite full enough with letting a few of these tormentors into the blouse. One thing they eat up an immense amount of material whichever way one manages.