

It is not far to yesterday.
And there we turn our eyes
To where the good, glad memories
In pleasing pictures rise.
The faded roses of to-day
Grow red and rich with dew,
And where gray clouds are spreading now
We see the skies of blue.
Just down the way is yesterday—
There sunshine always beams;
To-day we close our eyes and see
Our yesterday in dreams;
To-day we hear the long-dead song,
And now we understand
Its cadence, and know why it made
Our yesterday all grand.

YESTERDAY.

A little way to yesterday—
Today may have its fears,
Yet yesterday it filled with smiles,
To-morrow has its tears—
To-day is to-morrow—What of them,
When we can find the way
That leads us to the golden land—
The land of yesterday?
It is not far to yesterday,
With glamour of the rose;
With haunting echo of the song
That thrilled us to the close.
To-morrow and today will lose
Their darkness and their gloom,
And each will soon be yesterday,
With melody and bloom.
—W. D. Nesbit, in Baltimore American.

FOR LOVE OF A TOMBOY.

A Love Story. By JOHN FORD.

REGGIE COUSINS and Maurice Blount had been close friends as long as the former could remember. In casting mental glances back across those years of affection and close union between them I often wondered what had prompted their intimacy in the first place. Blount was some five years older than Cousins, being a staid, rather matter-of-fact man of thirty at the time when fate threw the two friends into the constant society of Monica and Maudie Finlay, the colonel's orphaned niece. Blount, however, was a captain and Cousins merely a lieutenant. He was extremely loyal for his age, seldom taking anything seriously. The whole world seemed to be to him "one huge joke," as he himself expressed it. But it was his hearty laughter, his mischievous pranks and his good-natured temperament that endeared him to all his fellow officers. But first and foremost in the young man's heart stood Maurice Blount. This affection was fully returned, and they were known as the "Inseparables."

Of course it was almost a foregone conclusion that the arrival of Monica and Maudie on the scene was bound to make a difference to one or other of the two officers, although they had hitherto been known to declare that neither intended to marry, and that each found all he could desire in the close comradeship of the other. But it was more than unfortunate that they should simultaneously lose their hearts over the younger of the sisters. Maudie, Monica was, if anything, lovelier than Maudie, her gray eyes were full of a winsome sweetness that won the hearts of every one of us, always excepting those of the "Inseparables." It was apparently to be in their affairs of the heart as in all things—Cousins followed in his senior's footsteps, laying his hand and fortune at the feet of Maudie Finlay.

It was a puzzle how they came to pass over the sweeter, gentler, elder sister, to fall victims to the boisterous, rather tomboyish charms of the younger. Maudie only tossed her head at them, delighting in their devotion, which was clearly of the faithful-dog-fetch-and-carry order, merely because it gratified her vanity, she having previously been well informed that neither Captain Blount nor Lieutenant Cousins had ever been known to fall in love before.

I was on sick leave at the time this was happening, but I heard it all, with somewhat exaggerated details, when I rejoined, and the odd part of the business appeared to be that both apparently saw through the girl they worshipped!

The elder man had been heard rebuking the younger for his foolishness in allowing himself to be foiled with the heartless coquette, and the younger man had been seen persuading Blount not to go near the fascinating Maudie on various occasions. It was mysterious, to say the least.

At dances they vied with each other in obtaining the greatest number from the younger Miss Finlay. At picnics they outdid each other to the best of their abilities, in carrying tempting dishes to Miss Maudie, in seeing after her comfort in every possible way. Neither of them entered for the "Thread and Needle Race" at the sports because Maudie could not be partner to them both.

And all this while Monica was practically left to herself, not that the entire regiment behaved as idiotically as the "Inseparables," but because Monica, quite early in the game, gave the others to understand she did not require their attentions. The fellows chaffed me, saying it was only on account of my age that she tolerated my presence so graciously, that no one would think if she was seen about with a man old enough to be her father.

About the time that we received our marching orders I noticed that Monica had become rather paler than usual; naturally I wondered at it and whether our move to Egypt had anything to do with it. Then one day I saw Blount looking at her; Monica's face was half turned from him, and the view he had of it was perfect. I felt sure, I knew her profile so well and could fancy any man's heart being stirred by its beauty; for all that I was puzzled by the look in Blount's eyes and his lips were set in a hard straight line across his teeth. Then, for one brief moment Monica lifted her sad gray eyes to his, and he sighed. The next—she was gone, and Reggie Cousins slipped his arm through that of his friend, pulling him round with a jerk, and they both laughed. The laugh I thought a nervous one.

Soon after that we sailed. The campaign of 1894 was the first active service young Cousins had ever seen, and I was interested in him and his impressions more than in those of our fellow officers. He was wildly excited on the voyage out, and by contrast his very excitement appeared to make the captain's manner more staid, reserved and unobtrusive. They were not, however, quite so much together as they had been formerly, and it naturally became the subject of comment. "Blount is jealous, I believe," said one.

stand the greater chance of winning her, and Cousins knows it," said another.

Already we spoke of the love affair of the "Inseparables" with an "if." Cousins, like every subaltern leaving home and England for the first time, had his ambitions, dreamed his dreams—in all of which "Inseparables," "Medals," "Victoria Crosses" and promotion figured largely in a delightful jumble, and all in connection with himself. And who has not dreamed those dreams on the voyage out? Who has not looked back on those dreams with a weary smile of resignation, acknowledging, reluctantly enough, that those are not what they seemed—on the voyage home?

As I had expected the campaign was not of very long duration, neither was it of deadly peril or full of the trials and sufferings so many expeditions are entirely made up of. There was the usual amount of trouble, work and endurance to put up with, the fatiguing marches being the most active part of it, and I felt almost sorry for our juniors who had expected so much—most sorry, not knowing what was to come, for young Cousins.

Our wounded were few, our dead fewer; the most terrible part being that many fell victims to a dread disease, losing their lives, if not in actual conflict with the enemy, nevertheless while obeying the call of duty.

However, it is of one battle I wish to write, no other event having any bearing on my story. It was a Saturday, the 19th of September, and we were roused from sleep at 3 a. m. We had lain down on the sand and were out to think of enemies other than human, of vipers, scorpions and such like. Four o'clock found us creeping along in the dark, uncertain of what we might come upon, but when the rays of the early sun came to our aid a disappointment was in store for us. We discerned K— to our right, but not all the noise of the cavalry, nor the rumbling of horse batteries awoke the apparently sleeping Derivish camp.

We were unopposed. The reason was soon forthcoming. Wed Blahara had taken his men to Hafr in the dead of night.

No rest was given us, no break in the long march; our orders were to advance two miles further, and then we faced Hafr. It was nearly 7 o'clock before we opened fire on the Derivishes, but it was not till later in the day, till the lead came splashing at regular intervals into the water to our right, rattling like hail against the gumbats, and bullets came flying through the air, that I chanced to come upon the "Inseparables." I saw them standing side by side, their faces turned to the enemy. Suddenly, as I looked, young Cousins sprang forward and threw his senior on the ground with the force which he hurled himself upon him, and then—the most tragic event of the day—Reggie Cousins rolled over mortally wounded at our feet!

Quick as lightning I turned. Just in the nick of time. The Derivish soldier who had crept unware upon us, half hidden in the long grass, had turned his weapon upon me.

But I was before him. I took a sort of grim satisfaction in chattering the event in those few words. Had I stayed a moment longer nothing could have prevented me from cutting the dead body of Cousins' murderer to a thousand pieces.

With Blount's help I got the young fellow to the rear, and, once in safety, stooped to see what could be done for him. The Captain knelt with his face buried in both his hands, down which the blood was trickling. He had received a wound as we lifted the boy to carry him away. I did not realize how bad and serious a one it was.

Cousins opened his eyes and his lips moved. "You are hurt," he said, looking at his friend. "I—I wanted—to save—you—life. Have—I—failed?"

His voice was terribly weak. "Blount was holding in a heart-broken fashion. "Steady yourself, old man," I whispered, "and speak to him."

"It—was Maudie," Cousins continued. "I—I fancied Monica was much the best—and—you—would love her—like I did—and I tried—to help you by—oh, you know—but you wouldn't take—the best—always left the best—for me."

"Oh, Reggie, Reggie, don't!" Cousins' eyes fixed themselves on me. "It's all up," he said. "Tell—Maudie—not—to—be—long."

With a great sob of unutterable misery Blount fell across the body of his friend. Every spare moment I had spent by Blount's bedside after that. But life was despaired of for him, and—he did not care to stay. Reggie's dying words seemed to haunt us for nights after, for we knew Maurice was obeying his chum's last request. But from the lips of the captain a very little while before the end I learned the answer to the riddle that had puzzled us for so long.

It was only a wonderful piece of self-sacrifice on both their parts. Each had loved Monica in the depths of his heart and each had tried to leave her

—peerless as they knew her to be—for the other.

"We blinded each other so completely to the true state of affairs," Blount said with a sad smile, "that I think if we had gone home we should both have asked Monica to marry us, believing the other to be really in love with Maudie."

Then one day I found myself telling of the tragedy of Hafr to Monica, and I told her of the love of the "Inseparables."

Maudie was engaged to be married to the rector of the place. "It will not hurt you to know it?" I asked.

I was anxious, for she wore so strangely sad a look. "It never hurts a woman to know she has been loved," she said, "even though it comes too late."

I knew then she had loved as well. But which of the two, to this day, no one knows.—News.

The Manners of Society.

A Newporter who has just returned from a fortnight's stay at Newport thinks that he has discovered a new tendency in the manners of society. He found that the old-fashioned, sceptical and rather supercilious way of talking had quite gone out of the mode.

"It is most refreshing to observe the undisciplined enthusiasm and amiability which has come to be the fashion in society here," he said on his return, "and there is never a word of criticism or disapproval heard from any source about any person. In the language of the dwellers at Newport, all the women are perfectly beautiful or charming while the men are most attractive and handsome. All the parties are perfectly delightful, nobody is ever bored and the most unmeriting good humor and charity are exercised continuously. Any person who happens to speak unpleasantly or critically of another is heard in chilling silence or compelled to defend his opinions in heated argument."

"What all this gentility and love for their fellow men may mean among the people of society nowadays, nobody can tell unless the new manner is so distinctly the mode that nobody dares to talk as he or she may feel. Of course, nobody believes that these remarks and admirations are really genuine. There is merely a new style which is luckily a little pleasanter in its results than its predecessor. Carping, fault finding and criticism are not likely to be heard soon in society and to be bored now is also hopelessly out of date. These qualities are distinctly vixen just now are very much in style."—New York Sun.

Convinced the Class Room.

To the freshman at Harvard there is perhaps no figure more familiar or fraught with more awe inspiring power than that of C. T. Copeland, known in the "yard" as "Copp." This instructor makes it a habit never to miss an opportunity of reminding the new comer of his mastery of the art of not too gentle sarcasm. His own class in English A, the freshman course in English, he keeps constantly in mingled terror and hilarity at the witticisms sent forth from behind the desk.

Some time ago, while lecturing to a large class, numbering several hundred, Mr. Copeland was annoyed by late comers, who insisted in struggling to their own seats in a vain attempt to be marked present. This required climbing over a number of persons already seated, and created a good deal of disturbance. At last one man—the very latest—lost track of his seat and began to whirl around and around in a confused way. "Copp" named in his lecture, lowered his head, and glowered angrily at the disturber. The whole class followed his gaze and beheld the gyrations of the unfortunate man. There was a second of profound calm, then "Copp," who is an elocutionist as well as an instructor, roared forth in a thunderous tone: "Rest, perturbed spirit, rest!"

Amid a general shout that followed the victim sank back into an empty seat, and the lecture was resumed.—New York Tribune.

Encouragement.

Without encouragement and faith from without, the stoutest heart will in time grow faint and doubt itself. It bears the yelping of the pack, and there creeps in the question, "What if they are right?" Then comes the longing and the necessity for the word of praise, the clasp of a kindly hand, and the look that reassures.

Some one must believe in you. And through touching finger tips with this some one we may get in the circuit, and thus reach out to all. Self-reliance is very excellent, but as for independence, there is no such thing. We are a part of the great universal life, and as one must win approval from himself, so he must receive corroboration from others. Having this approval from the clear few, the opinions of the many matter little.

How little we know of the aspirations that wither unexpressed, and of the hopes that perish for the want of the right word spoken at the right time! Out in my orchard, as I write, I see thousands and thousands of beautiful blossoms that will never become fruit for lack of vitalization—they die because they are alone. Thoughts materialize into deeds only where some one vitalizes by approval—very good thing is loved into life.—Thbert Hubbard, in The Philistine.

One Misery of Anglo-Indian Life.

Every night at dinner the Anglo-Indian holds a fond dance of levee. The insects which attend gaily round the lamp, and one has to watch one's plate and glass carefully lest some of the insects should dance into them. There is one insect—a little, flat, brown, shining creature—which emits the worst odor in the world. If one of these touches your food the whole is tainted and rendered inedible. You dare not kill these pests, for if one be squashed the whole room becomes filled with its disgusting smell and is uninhabitable for the next half hour. So these abominable pests fly about with impunity while the poor Anglo-Indian must perform luck helplessly on and inwardly sigh "Spero meliora."—London Saturday Review.

WOMAN'S REALM.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

One of the Essential Possessions is a Graceful Carriage.

If your mirror tells you that you are not beautiful, do not allow that to depress you. In our liberal interpretation of the word "beauty," there are many degrees; and helplessly homely, indeed, must be the woman who cannot be included within some one of them.

A pair of bright, sparkling eyes, a sweet, lovable mouth—no matter whether it be large or small—fine hair, a good complexion, or a graceful figure—the possession of any one of these constitutes a claim to a certain amount of comeliness, the amount being altogether dependent on the determination of the possessor to make the most of what has been given her.

A well-poised body, for instance, is no less essential to health than to physical beauty, and the woman who desires to be physically perfect, even though she may be indifferent to her personal appearance, cannot be too careful in guarding against faulty positions of the body.

In standing, rest the weight of the body principally on the balls of the feet, letting the heels lightly touch the ground. The chest should be elevated and thrown forward, and the head held erect, while the lower part of the spine should be thrown backward.

In sitting, one is apt to be even more careless and slouchy than in standing. The body should be in an upright position, and the lower part of the spine thrown a couple of inches back of the shoulders, bringing them into a line parallel with the hips, the feet resting lightly on the ground.

One of the first endeavors of a woman who wishes to improve her personal appearance should be to acquire a graceful carriage.

Have you ever noticed how an admirably beautiful woman carries herself? How erect she holds her head! How daintily she steps along, not setting her heel down first, as so many heavy-footed, ungainly-looking women do, but springing lightly, placing the ball of the toe first to the ground, and the heel afterwards.

A graceful carriage gives an air of distinction and high-breeding that nothing else can. It enhances a good figure and lends to an imperfect one an ease and dignity.

Look to your walk, then. Don't wobble from side to side. Hold your head up. Take in deep breaths, which will give your chest breadth and fullness. Don't put your feet down flat as you move along. Practice putting the balls of your toes down first instead of your heels, and see what a difference it will make in your appearance.

Smooth skin, a clear, healthy complexion, and bright eyes, no matter whether they be round or almond-shaped, small or large, blue, black, green, gray or brown, go a long way toward making a woman good to look upon. Every woman, provided she is not troubled with some affection of the skin (in which case she should consult a reliable physician), can have these, if she will take even the most ordinary care of her health.—Marguerite Brooks, in Success.

Newest Styles in Hairdressing.

From the styles in hair dressing worn it is safe to predict the coming ultra-fashionable coiffure. The hair is worn almost as low on the forehead as that of Queen Alexandra's present dressing. Instead of the bang, however, there are soft, flat puffs and a part at the side.

Many persons are using adjustable false hair under the puffs to produce the effect of mass and to keep the hair in place.

Hairdressers in England named these additions "coronation transformations," and assured their titled customers that at the "dramatic moment" when they heard the words, "Peeresses, assume your coronets," they needed to have no fear of their hair becoming disarranged with one of these pieces deftly tucked beneath the puffs.

Small, close waves are entirely out of date, as is the long, useless curl, which was given a temporary revival last winter. Simplicity is the keynote now, and wide, soft, natural waves like those in the portraits of Romney and Cosway, are altogether in favor.

The broad undulations have also a practical as well as an aesthetic advantage, for they require much less curling with injurious hot irons than was needed for the narrow ones.

In the back the hair is worn extreme low; even more so than last year. Although the knot, when completed, should have the appearance of pleats, actual braiding is not part of the process.

First divide the hair into an upper and lower strand, and then put a soft loop low on the neck, and pin the end in under so that it resembles part of a braid.

The upper strand should be arranged in the same manner and finished off with a round comb at the top and shell pins.—New York Herald.

Modern Woman's Versatility.

One of the greatest charms of the attractive modern woman, says a French author, lies in her great variety of moods. She presents a different type half a dozen times a day, so that one is never bored in her company, while the interest is constantly sustained by wondering what phase will be presented next. Certainly the girl of the new century answers to this description, for she has almost as many sides as there are facets to a diamond. She is charmingly girlish in her simple white frock in the morning, arranging the flowers or performing some other pretty domestic service. She is beliculously feminine gowned in her buff muslin driving about in her low basket wagon, like a girly girl of long ago. She is decidedly masculine in all her riding togs, with all the courage and dash of an adventurous youth in her pursuit of sport by land and water. Afterward

strangest of all the transformations, looking like a gnome from elfland, she appears in goggles, visor and coat while taking out her French racing "bubble" for a spin. Later, returning dusty and grimy, like a butterfly emerging from a chrysalis, she finally reappears in a bewitching French concoction, with long silken train, ready for conquest in the evening.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Women's Clubs in Alaska.

The first woman's club in Alaska was organized at Sitka, in November, 1893, at the suggestion of Mrs. W. L. Dietz, who was President for the first two years. Shakespeare's comedies and tragedies were studied the first two years, the historical plays coming later, all of which were read as thoroughly as possible with the limited reference books at hand. This club recently acquired the old house built by the Russian traders in 1830 on the site of an old block-house which formed one of the first boundaries of Sitka. The club room is always opened on "steamer day," and if any visiting club woman happen to be in that vicinity, they will find a delightful welcome.

The Women's Club of Nome was organized in 1900, with twenty charter members. In character, social and philanthropic, it aims to meet the demand of conditions arising in the newly populated Arctic country. Its members, from every State in the Union, now number over fifty.—The Delincaur.

Dairy Work For Women.

An opening for women's work that is not at present overcrowded, and is pleasant, is dairy work. Queen Elizabeth is said to have envied a milkmaid, and the life of the latter is not without its charms. Dairy work, too, has now become recognized as a field for the employment of educated women. If women are thoroughly trained, openings may be found in connection with the management of dairy businesses or factories, or as dairy superintendents on the estates of noblemen and other land owners. In order to qualify for such posts, a six months' training at a good dairy school is required. Certificates may be obtained, which are recognized by the Education Department. Another branch of dairy work is opened by the City Councils, who employ certified teachers to instruct classes in all parts of England. The work is thoroughly interesting, and, as a certain amount of scientific knowledge is necessary, it is quite suitable for women of good education.—Lady's Magazine.

Too Much Exercise.

"Do you know," said a pale young invalid at a health resort recently, "I believe that the articles that are written on the necessity of physical exercise for women are mostly rot. I am a case in point. Ever since I was born I have been fed on hygienic foods, have done hygienic things—and have been an invalid. To develop my muscle I have steadily attended gymnastics, and my room is equipped with chest-weights, dumbbells, Indian clubs and a punching bag. Now, at the age of twenty, I am as thin and pale as a factory hand. My cousin Mary has never considered her health. So far as I know, she never ate anything because it was good for her or refrained because it was bad for her. She never pulled a chestweight or swung a club in her life, yet she is the picture of health, with a color and figure any one would envy. Exercise may be a pleasant form of diversion, but I am convinced it has very little to do with one's health."—New York Tribune.

Lovely Dresses of Challies.

Surprisingly lovely dresses are made of challies, both plain and figured being fashionable this season. Stripes and polka dots on dark grounds are selected for cool days and general wear, and the light grounds with rosebud pattern for the daintiest of dress occasions. All the shops are having sales of inexpensive but beautiful laces that will trim challe gowns nicely.

Millinery Notes.

Panne for headgear, both in plece goods and ribbon, is a thing of the past.

All indications point to many and decided changes in the millinery world for autumn wear.

The very flat shape must go. The low crown has been in too long, so is to be superseded by quite high ones.

Fur will only be seen in rare cases except in a matched set, where there is hat, muff and neck piece to match.

A bird and feather season is announced for autumnal chapeaux, with ornaments conspicuous by their absence.

A great vogue of green is predicted. Weird shades of green, mostly in adjunctive touches in velvet ribbon, about four inches wide, are to be in mode.

The new shapes are pretty, graceful and far less eccentric than for some seasons past. A raised side with drooping back is a feature of many of them in felt.

Wing effects in every color and combination are to be prominent trimming features this autumn. Whole birds, both large and small, and coque plumes are also shown as to be among the most favored hat garnitures.

Together with the favor of a higher crown is a decided lessening in the width of the brims. All the smartest hats have but a medium, often an actually small brim. Fashion arbiters construe this as an indication of the fog and turbid shapes as to be most swaggar.

For every day wear black will, of course, be first favorite with a few cherry reds and green worn by younger women. For dress occasions white will be first favorite with very bright tints of gray and brown, and an almost white tinge of blue worn to a certain extent.

A new lace, called the Queen's lace, of a pale ecru tint, will be used on handsome hats as an around the brim trimming, and to fall down in the back, much in the style the veil was used this summer. It is to be very swaggar as a material to form crowns, also. This new lace is one of the latest and smartest points of the millinery world. Velvet is to be by far the most-used fabric for "made hat."—

New Ideas in TOILETTES

New York City. — Rough-finished is arranged in an underlying pleat at each side of the closing. These pleats are flatly pressed and present a perfectly plain appearance.

The skirt is sheet fitting from waist to knee. The flounces are narrow in front and graduate in depth toward the back. They are of circular shaping and flare stylishly at the lower edge, where the hems are finished with machine stitching.

To make the waist in the medium size will require one and three-quarter yards of forty-four-inch material, with one-half yard of all-over lace and three-quarter yards of velvet.

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

Fluffy and Straight Hair. To make the hair simply fluffy with-out curling it, moisten it with a preparation of alcohol or rectified spirits of wine, two ounces; cologne, one ounce; bicarbonate of soda, one-half ounce and rosewater, four ounces.

For the maid whose hair will curl, and she don't want it to, there is a remedy, fortunately. It calls for two ounces of bay rum, one-half ounce of sweet oil and a few drops of essence of violet. Put this on the hair and brush thoroughly.

The Melon Sleeve. The latest sleeve is shaped exactly like a watermelon, although in certain poses it looks like an egg, since it is pointed at one end. It is made out of a melon-shaped piece of material, which is gathered at the elbow and fastened on to an elbow sleeve. At the wrist it is laid in little side pleats and fastened to a deep cuff of lace. The sleeve is called the "Newport."

Becoming to Youthful Wearing. Effective combinations of black and white are seen in children's garments as well as those intended for grown folks this season, and it must be admitted that they are very becoming to youthful wearers.

Two backward turning pleats on the shoulders are stitched down a short distance, providing becoming fullness over the bust that forms a blouse at the waist. The jacket is completed with a narrow velvet belt that fastens with a cut steel buckle.

The fronts close in double-breasted style, with two rows of steel buttons that are the only trimming used on the suit. The neck is finished at the collar line with machine stitching and the collar is omitted.

The sleeve is shaped with an inside seam, has slight fullness on the shoulders and is gathered at the wrist. The sleeve is arranged on a wristband, with

and gray homespun is shown here developed in strictly tailor-made style. The blouse is shaped with shoulder and underarm seams only. The back is plain and the garment smoothly adjusted under the arms.

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LADIES' STREET SUIT.

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Two backward turning pleats on the shoulders are stitched down a short distance, providing becoming fullness over the bust that forms a blouse at the waist. The jacket is completed with a narrow velvet belt that fastens with a cut steel buckle.

The fronts close in double-breasted style, with two rows of steel buttons that are the only trimming used on the suit. The neck is finished at the collar line with machine stitching and the collar is omitted.

The sleeve is shaped with an inside seam, has slight fullness on the shoulders and is gathered at the wrist. The sleeve is arranged on a wristband, with

and gray homespun is shown here developed in strictly tailor-made style. The blouse is shaped with shoulder and underarm seams only. The back is plain and the garment smoothly adjusted under the arms.

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