

# OLD TIME FAVORITES

GIVE ME THREE GRAINS OF CORN, MOTHER.

By AMELIA BLANDFORD EDWARDS.

In these days, when a portion of the world is undergoing severe famine, this poem, which was inspired by the great Irish famine of 1845, when the potato crop failed throughout the Emerald Isle, is of peculiar interest.

Give me three grains of corn, mother—  
And three grains of corn,  
It will keep the little life I have  
Till the coming of the morn.  
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother—  
Dying of hunger and cold,  
And half the agony of such a death  
My lips have never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf at my heart,  
mother—  
A wolf that is fierce for blood;  
All the livelong day, and the night beside,  
Gnawing for lack of food.  
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother—  
And the night was heavy to see;  
I woke with an eager, famishing lip,  
But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother—  
How could I look to you,  
For bread to give to your starving boy,  
When you were starving, too?  
For I read the famine in your cheek,  
And in your eyes so wild,  
And I felt it in your bony hand,  
As you laid it on your child.

The queen has lands and gold, mother—  
The queen has lands and gold,  
While you are forced to your empty  
breast  
A skeleton babe to hold—

A babe that is dying of want, mother,  
As I am dying now in gold!  
With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,  
And famine upon its brow.

What has poor Ireland done, mother—  
What has poor Ireland done,  
That the world looks on, and sees us starve,  
Perishing one by one?  
Do the men of England care not, mother—  
The great men and the high,  
For the suffering sons of Erin's isle,  
Whether they live or die?

There is many a brave heart here, mother,  
Dying of want and cold,  
While across the channel, mother,  
Are many that are glad,  
There are rich and proud men there,  
mother,  
With wondrous wealth to view,  
And the bread they fling to the dogs to  
eat.

Would give life to me and you,  
Come nearer to my side, mother,  
Come nearer to my side,  
And hold me fondly, as you held  
My father when he died;  
Oh, dear! I cannot see you, mother,  
My breath is almost gone;  
Mother! dear mother! ere I die,  
Give me three grains of corn.

# A SIMLA TRAGEDY.

Showing How One of the Great Men of the Empire Met His Complete Undoing.

By Claude Askew.

"NOW that is the position," sighed Kitty. She leaned her pretty, tear-stained face forward and sighed. Mrs. Chevenix laughed a little, then yawned.

"I know what I should do in your place," she rested her head back against the chair cushions and gazed at Kitty with dark indolent eyes.

"And what would you do?" The voice was fretfully eager.

"Amuse myself, my dear child—with other men."

"That I would never do," answered Kitty with a fine burst of indignation, and she repeated firmly, "never—never."

She was a pretty little thing, Kitty Gascoigne. A fair haired, fluffy little person, with a pair of appealing blue eyes and a soft babyish face. Plenty of wit and character behind the curls, though, and a warm hearted and affectionate girl as one could wish to meet.

She was the wife of George Gascoigne, a man upon whom the powers that be looked with high favor, a man who was climbing slowly but surely the great ladder of success.

Mrs. Chevenix — but everyone in Simla knows Mrs. Chevenix. She is the woman upon whom everything turns, and whom all men adore—a wonderful, dark-haired beauty, a clever skater on thin ice, envied and hated of women.

Yet Kitty Gascoigne and Olive Chevenix had struck up a warm friendship, possibly because they were such opposites, this woman who loved her husband and the other whose flirtations no man could number.

"George used to be fond of me," continued the little wife; "he was perfectly silly during our engagement and whilst we were on our honeymoon, but directly we got back to his station he became absorbed in his work—and even during this holiday at Simla he studies blue books and native reports—anything but me."

"A good and faithful Civil Service servant," sneered Mrs. Chevenix, "generally makes an impossible husband, dear."

"If I'm just as good looking as I was, why doesn't he love me as much?"

"Because, Kitty, you have the most dangerous rival a woman can have—ambition."

"Ambition?" repeated the other.

"Yes, ambition. Don't you understand that you have married a man whose one idea is to be successful? George wants to write his name in big letters over some Indian province. He yearns to hold the reins of power and drive his chariot right up to the winning post. He loves you, my dear, but you are only an incident in his life."

"I won't be an incident," cried Kitty, with flashing eyes. "He ought to think of me before everything."

The elder woman lost her sneer. She also in the years that the locusts had eaten had loved and been miserable, and she was sorry for little Kitty.

"There's only one force in the world stronger than ambition," she replied, slowly, "and that's jealousy. Make your husband jealous."

"I will do it," she said, aloud, with quiet decision, "to be happy again is certainly worth a lie."

George Gascoigne was writing letters. Not ordinary letters by any means, but missives addressed to some very big men indeed—missives these men would read with attention, and ponder over.

"Success," muttered the man to himself—"success at last!" He heaved a deep, long sigh, and stretched himself as one does who throws off a burden. To-day had brought George Gascoigne good tidings. He was no longer the man striving—he was the man there. Promotion? Yes, but something more than promotion—the ripest, reddest kiss of Dame Fortune—for George Gascoigne had arrived.

"I must tell Kitty!" He smiled a little as he rustled up his papers. "She won't understand a bit what it means to me," he thought, "but she will like the title—and, by Jove, won't she play the great lady splendidly? Dear little Kitty!"

"Kitty's been a brick, a real little brick. She's never bothered round for other women and talked chifflons whilst I was trying to rule men, or, anyway, to understand them."

"George, I want to speak to you for a moment. Can you spare me a few seconds?" Kitty stopped her husband as he was about to leave the drawing room that evening. Husband and wife had been dining alone, and even George Gascoigne noticed vaguely how smart Kitty looked for their tete-a-tete din-

ner. She had a vivid spot of color on each cheek, and her eyes glistened.

"Yes, if you have anything very important to tell me, dear," he answered, "but I am rather busy this evening."

"I wonder when you are not busy," she retorted bitterly. "Well, George, I will be as brief as I can. I want to go home to England. May I go?"

"My dear Kitty" (his astonishment was obvious), "why on earth do you want to go home? You feel well?"

"Oh, dear, yes. I always feel well. I want to go home because—oh, because," she added recklessly, after a long pause, "you would not miss me, and another man would."

"Another man?" he looked at her as one who does not hear aright.

She stood her ground, though she would have given worlds to revoke the lie.

"Yes, George, another man. I know you are absolutely indifferent to me—but, well, he loves me."

"He—who?"

"Ah, that I will never tell you," she cried, playing her part finely and with a certain amount of artistic skill, "his name must be a dead letter. But we have both been true to you in word and deed, George."

"Also in thought, I suppose?" he interrupted, with a low, mocking laugh.

"I always remembered—I was your wife, George."

"How you must have cursed your good memory," his face had grown livid. "When did you first begin this platonic game?" he asked, sternly.

"I will not answer any more of these questions," she said with a rush of desperate courage. "That is my secret, and his. You have only yourself to thank for the situation. When we were first married I adored and almost worshipped you. It is your cold neglect that has killed my love, and only my own self-respect that has kept me straight. Do you think a wife is only a toy, who can be kissed and petted when she is new and put to one side as soon as her novelty has worn off? If so, you have made the biggest mistake in your life. A woman once awakened to love needs love, and she gets it by fair means or foul."

She ended her speech by suddenly bursting into a passion of tears, and covering her face with trembling hands ran out of the room.

George Gascoigne leaned back in his chair.

"The biggest mistake in my life," he muttered between his clenched teeth, "the biggest mistake."

He put his hands up to his burning, throbbing forehead, and wondered dimly why all the furniture in the room seemed dancing around him. He became conscious of the roaring noise of loud waters and it puzzled him whence the sound came. Then for a few seconds George Gascoigne saw red. Only for a moment, for suddenly with a thundering roar and crash the man's house of cards fell to the earth, and with a babble of empty words and silly laughter George Gascoigne joined the ranks of the foolish, the men of no understanding, merry phantoms of their dead selves.

So the servants found the great white sahib, the man who was to rule a province, he who understood the beating heart of the strange brown land and the complex mind of its people.

A man who laughed shrill at them and made ugly mouths, keeping his eyes fixed on the door, shaking a trembling finger in their fearful faces, babbling vaguely.

It was to see this man they summoned Kitty—Kitty who, sitting in her bedroom, was beginning to wonder when the handle would turn and her husband enter, ready indeed to throw up her part and confess her deception, plead for forgiveness on her knees.

"George, George?"

A sharp, wild cry burst from her when she entered the drawing room and came face to face with the appalling thing who stood there laughing, laughing, but she got no answer to her agonized cry, no return to her frenzied caress.

"George, my darling, my husband! It was a lie! I never loved any one but you! I only spoke as I did to make you jealous—to win your love back to me!"

The wretched girl flung herself on her knees before the man, pouring out her confession.

"Kitty, Kitty?"

He put his hand on her soft curls. She caught and kissed his fingers hopefully.

"Yes, darling, yes," she answered,

"tell your Kitty that you forgive her."

"It's a very funny thing, Kitty," he replied in a slow, inane voice, pointing to a dim corner in the drawing room. "but the Viceroy is standing there bowing to me. But I don't quite remember what I want to say to him, and I know you are in a hurry to catch the train to England, so shall we run away, dear? Ha, ha!"

To the sound of his loud laughter Kitty fainted dead away.

"I could have told you from the first what would happen," a man remarked a few months later to Mrs. Chevenix. "No man alive could work his brains as poor George Gascoigne did without a breakdown. Talk of high pressure and overwork—why, the Government ground the poor devil in its mill, ground him to chaff—and such a man of men, too! Where is the poor chap now, by the way?"

"Kitty has taken him home," replied Mrs. Chevenix nervously—she was all ways nervous on this subject. "They have got a pretty little house at Ascot, and she nurses and watches him with most rare devotion, and the doctors hope in time—"

"That he'll recover to find his career ended and his life work spoiled," answered the man bitterly. "Better to live on a merry fool!"

The woman shuddered, for none knew better than Olive Chevenix whose hand was responsible for this little Simla tragedy.—New York Times.

## The Unknown Swamp.

Within twenty miles of one of the largest and most energetic of the Southern cities of the coast, and on the border lands of two of the oldest Southern States, there lies a district some two or three hundred square miles in extent, but little better known at this day than it was 150 years ago when George Washington himself laid out a route through its wilderness.

The name of "The Dismal Swamp" is a by-word everywhere. When the spring is far enough along for the wild honeysuckle and jasmine and the arbutus vines to be hanging in delicious masses over the sides of the ditches and reaching down to the red-brown water, of a color so clear and warm and sunny, then there is a festival time in the Swamp. Companies of young people come from the villages lying around the borders of the swamp, twenty or thirty at a time with some slight camping outfit, embark on large, flat-bottomed dugouts that draw but little water, and there are poled up the ditches for ten or twelve miles from the fertile farmlands of the outer world to the savage luxuriant beauty of a lake hidden in the midst of the wilderness. Then at a camp on the lake shore they spend a night or two, fishing in the lake, poling along its shores, doing a little shooting perhaps, much dancing in the evenings and merry-making, until they are poled out again, often by a different route. A real spring festival that has been a habit in that country for many years.—Leslie's Monthly.

## Massachusetts State Flower.

Women from all over the State attended the meeting of the Boston Branch of the Massachusetts Floral Emblem Society Saturday afternoon. The hall was decorated with garlands and wreaths of laurel, and the electric lamps and candles were shaded with pink.

Mrs. Clara P. Bigelow introduced Mrs. Ellen A. Richardson, State President, who said that for ten years a society has existed in the State to feel the heart of the people in regard to a flower that shall express the character of the State. At one time it seemed as if the mayflower or arbutus would be the choice of the people, she said, but when we learned it had been adopted by Nova Scotia as an emblem, we turned our attention to the mountain laurel, which has been a habit in that country for many years.—Boston Herald.

## Day of the Cook.

This is a commendable day. Granted women, as well as men, have come to look upon a life's vocation from the standpoint of its promised returns in dollars and cents. Some people complain of wages not keeping pace, in up and down flights, with the cost of living. But this need not worry the accomplished cook, who works for salary, no wages. Trusts and the coal question touch not the cook.

Girls who are working in stores at the rate of from \$5 to \$8 a week, an endeavoring to appear well clothed and well fed, with the fear of losing their job ever before them, may prefer the precarious sort of independence to do domestic service at the rate of \$10 or \$12 a week, with food and lodging included; for whenever this alternative is proposed to the average girl, who has her living to get "somehow," she says she would rather starve, and then adds that she does not know how to cook. But cooks are made, not born, and she can now be taught the science as she is clever enough to get along in the pittance paid for her eight hour in a shop.—Duluth News Tribune.

## Origin of the Bunyip.

In the fifties, when the gold fever was still high, a walrus came ashore near an Australian town, the creature was captured and sold to an enterprising digger, who constructed a booth put the walrus in it, and wrote over the concern in flaring letters, "The Bunyip has arrived." The show was a great financial success, but the change of environment did not suit the spurious bunyip. In two or three days, in spite of a compulsory diet of fresh fish, he died, and the body was sold to the curator of the local museum. Mr. Stock suggests that this unfortunate walrus may have been stuffed and labelled "The Bunyip." Certainly the popular idea of the bunyip has much in common with the walrus, and many legends have grown up from less likely beginnings.—The Academy.

# WORLD'S OLDEST LAWS

INSCRIPTIONS ON THE GREAT STONE STELA OF HAMMURABI, THE ASSYRIAN.

DID Moses write the laws ascribed to him in the Bible? This question has been asked with considerable insistence, especially during the last century. While the orthodox of all creeds accepting the Bible have not faltered in their belief in the Mosaic authorship, a large body of scholars, upon various grounds, have held that Moses could not have written these laws, and that they were composed not earlier than the time of the Babylonian exile of Israel.

The latest discovery in Persia will upset many of the theories of the high critics, for it proves that laws closely resembling those ascribed to Moses were the law of the land in the time of Abraham, a thousand years before the great Jewish legislator was born. It is generally agreed by scholars that Abraham lived 2500 B. C., while Moses did not live earlier than the thirteenth century B. C.

In the book of Genesis, chapter xiv., there is an account of a conflict between Abraham and some of the neighboring kings, Amraphel and Chedorloamer by name. A few years ago the King Amraphel was identified with Hammurabi, of certain cuneiform inscriptions, but instead of being a minor king, such as might have been expected from the mention in Genesis, he proves to have been the mighty monarch of Babylonia.

Now, from distant Persia come the discovery at the hands of M. J. de Morgan of a great stone stela bearing on one side a picture of Hammurabi receiving the laws from Shamash, the sun god, and on the other side 280 laws put in force by this monarch of almost prehistoric ages. These laws constitute the earliest code of human laws known, and cannot fail to awaken widespread interest, not only among Bible students, but among all who are interested in tracing the beginnings of civilization.

It is more than surprising that 4300 years ago society was so far advanced as to be possessed of laws implying social relations of a complexity approaching those of our own day. The fact of the existence of these laws must broaden our conception of the history of mankind and extend the horizon of our understanding of human progress.

## A DISCOVERY AND A MYSTERY.

The discovery of this stela in Persia instead of in Babylonia is explicable in the light of the recent discovery of the dominance of the ancient Elamite kings over Babylonia. When these early monarchs of ancient Persia, or Elam, as it must have been called then, took possession of the fertile land to the southeast, they carried away to their capital the finest monuments that they could find in Babylonia, and among these was this remarkable stela of Hammurabi, as well as one still older, dating from 3000 B. C., erected by Naram Sin.

The older stela has also been found by the French expedition to Susa, and is a striking presentation of the mighty conqueror in the act of dispatching his foes, while his retainers bring up the rear.

The laws of Hammurabi are introduced by these words: "By the command of Shamash, the great judge of heaven and earth, let righteousness go forth in the land; by the bidding of Merodach, my lord, let no destruction befall this thy monument. In the temple of E-Sagzil, which I love, let my name be ever repeated; and let any oppressed man, who has a case at law, come and stand before this my image, as King of Righteousness, and let him read the inscription and understand my precious words, and this inscription will explain to him his case, and he shall find what is justice, and his heart shall be glad so that he shall say:

## A RIGHTEOUS RULER.

"Hammurabi is a ruler who is as a father to his subjects, who holds the words of Merodach in fear and honor; who has achieved conquest by the help of Merodach over the North and the South; who rejoices in the heart of Merodach, his lord; who has bestowed benefits forever and ever on his subjects and has established order in the land."

"When he reads the record let him pray with full heart before Merodach, my lord, and Zaranpit, my lady; and then shall the protecting deities and the gods who frequent E-Sagzil graciously grant the desires daily presented before Merodach, my lord, and Zaranpit, my lady.

"Hammurabi, the King of Righteousness, on whom Shamash has bestowed right, am I. My words are well considered; my deeds have not their equal; to bring low those that are high, to humble those that are haughty, to expel insolence. If a succeeding ruler consider my words, which I have written in this, my inscription; if he annul not my law and corrupt not my law and corrupt not my words, nor change my monument, then may Shamash lengthen that king's reign, like that of me, the King of Righteousness, that he may reign in righteousness over his subjects. \* \* \* If this ruler hath wisdom, and he is able to hold his land in order, then will he consider the words which I have written in this inscription; the rule, the institutions and laws of the land which I have given, the decisions which I have made, will this inscription show him; his subjects let him rule accordingly, to speak justice to them, to make right decisions, to drive misersants and criminals out of his land, and to benefit his subjects."

## LAW OF RETALIATION.

Such is the introduction to this great body of law promulgated by the founder of the first Babylonian dynasty in the twenty-fourth pre-Christian century. When we come to the law itself we are startled by its resemblance to the Mosaic code. The verbiage is almost identical in many instances. Hence is the law of "an eye for an eye," as given in the Babylonian code: "If a man put out the eye of any one his eye shall be put out.

"If a man break the limb of any one his limb shall be broken.

"If a man knock out the tooth of any one his tooth shall be knocked out."

While in the Bible we read: "Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe." Exodus xxi., 24-25.

So the famous "Lex talionis," as this law of retaliation is called, for whom Moses has been blamed by many critics, is at least a thousand years older than he.

The laws of this ancient mighty monarch, engraved upon his monument and set up in the temple of the sun god at Sippar, dealt with the particular relations of the men and women of that time as carefully as did those of Moses with the relations of the Hebrews at a later period. If we apply the "deadly parallel," we see how close this resemblance is, and are forced to the conclusion that Moses must have had many of these laws before him as he wrote, for while he has at times advanced beyond the ancient Babylonian statutes, yet he seems to recognize many of the same principles of justice, different though they may be from our views to-day.

## SOME UP-TO-DATE LAWS.

The old Babylonian monarch went into some details which are, however, lacking in the Mosaic legislation, and approach more nearly some of the legal enactments of our day. Witness this remarkable law: "If a man's wife, who lives in his house, wishes to leave him, plunges into debt, tries to ruin her house, neglects her husband, and is judicially convicted; if her husband offers her release, she may go her way, and he gives her nothing as a gift of release. If her husband does not wish to release her, and if he takes another wife, she shall remain as servant in her husband's house."

Here is a humane provision, perhaps higher than the enacted law by which a man may secure divorce if his wife be insane: "If a man take a wife, and she be attacked with a disease, if he then desire to take a second wife, he shall not put away his wife who has been attacked by disease, but he shall keep her in the house which he has built and support her so long as she live."

## SHOW HIGH CIVILIZATION.

There are also peculiar laws as to the practice of surgery, which go to show how great the scientific attainments of the age must have been, and commercial laws which show that business even in those early days was greatly diversified. There are also some old laws as to the responsibility of builders: "If a builder build a house and finish it, but does not make it solid, and if then the house fall and kill the owner, that builder shall be put to death. If it strikes the owner's son dead, then the son of the builder shall be put to death."

There are many other interesting laws, but these must suffice to give an idea of the extent of the legislation of that ancient day. Besides the stela of Hammurabi and of Naram Sin, M. de Morgan has made many other discoveries of early remains of Persian civilization and of the inscriptions which the conquering Elamites brought back with them from Babylonia.

At no time, however, in all the history of the last century has so interesting a discovery been made as this of the laws which underlay the Mosaic code. Old Hammurabi must have been a mighty monarch indeed, but, more than that, he must have striven for justice, even though he did live 4000 years ago.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## A Problem Solved.

The man approached the wire cage of the adjuster of the life insurance company. His face resembled a cat's paw of nature. He was on crutches.

"Insured here for \$200," he said gently. "I'd like \$100 of it now, please."

"How's that?" inquired the adjuster, rudely interrupting.

"I got into a little argument last night with Mike Finnissy. Mike half killed me. He says so himself."

"Sure?" queried the adjuster.

"I'd get \$200. I'm half dead, as Mike says, and I want \$100 of course."

He moistened his thumb and put himself in position for counting the money.

"Oh, that don't do," said the adjuster.

"Then that makes Mike out to be a liar," said the man, turning round.

"Mike?" he shouted, "this here gent says you're a liar."

A gigantic and mammoth man with a face of iron and fists of carbide came suddenly into view, swearing horribly.

He carried with him a short scaling ladder, which he threw up against the adjuster's wire cage.

Tip-up he climbed. Moments seemed like days. Days seemed like years. Would he never reach the top?

Time alone could tell.

This, it will be perceived, is a problem story, but the moral is undeniable, however it be construed.—New York Sun.

## Assigned by the Court.

Nine-tenths of the defendants in the New York criminal courts have no money to pay a lawyer's fee. The result is that these nine-tenths are tried by counsel who are assigned by the court when the prisoner is called for trial. Hence these lawyers numbering about 200 in all the courts of the county, who frequent these courts for the express purpose of getting these assignments, try ninety per cent. of the criminal cases of the county. The remainder of the defendants—the paying ten per cent.—is largely made up of gamblers, poolroom owners, keepers of all sorts of dives, or, in short, prisoners arrested for vice—as distinguished from crime. The defense of such clients has little to attract the average lawyer who possesses a good civil practice. The necessity, also, of rushing cases through the courts has done much to change the popular idea of what is necessary to constitute a criminal trial.—The World's Work.

# FOR THE FAIR

## LATEST NEW YORK FASHIONS

New York City.—Blouses that close invisibly and are arranged in tucks that extend from the shoulders are greatly in vogue and are much liked



BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST.

both for odd bodices and the entire costume. The stylish May Mantou model shown is made of crepe de Chine in pastel blue, with stitchings of corticelli silk in self color and trimmings of cream lace and narrow black velvet ribbon. At the front are drop ornaments of silk. All waisting materials are, however, appropriate and the lining can be used or omitted as the occasion demands.

The waist consists of the lining, made with fronts and back, and the fronts and back proper. The back is tucked for its entire length on lines that give the V shape and produce the tapering effect, but the tucks in front extend to yoke depth only and provide becoming fullness over the bust. At the front edge are box pleats that meet and beneath which the closing is made. The sleeves are in the new bishop style, tucked at their upper portions and left free to form full puffs over the pointed cuffs. At the neck is a stock

may be said that the hat brim does not exist in the rear. It ends not on a straight across line, but in downward bending curves, and this drooping tendency is emphasized by ends of ribbons, drapery of veiling, chiffon or the long ends of flower stems, sometimes placed there.

## A New Pique Waist.

A white pique waist has been made in rather an unusual way. Fancy bands of heavy cream lace are in the front, and it has trimming of embroidery in a deep cream shade. The sleeves show no lace, but there is a small point of it on the front of the stock. The tops of the sleeves have the cream embroidery.

## Creasents of Black Velvet.

Large and small creasents of rich black velvet are in demand to trim spring millinery. They are occasionally used to decorate the edge of a broad brimmed hat, and are then placed end to end with the convex line below, or "upside down," with the concave curve above.

## A Novelty in Wash Goods.

Linon gingham is a novelty shown among the wash goods. It is highly mercerized, and can be classed with the silken fabrics that are said to launder, no matter how high their sheen.

## Lovely New Gowns.

Lovely new gowns of gray, purple and black are seen everywhere, modeled mostly on the skirt and short jacket or the shirt waist style, with skirts just clearing the ground.

## For the Girlish Figure.

For the girlish figure the full, pouched bodice will probably continue long in favor. Variations from it are the lace bertha reaching as far as the wide folded belt or girdle.



PRINCESS GOWN.

cut in a deep point which matches those of the cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is five yards twenty-one inches wide, four and one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and three-fourth yards thirty-two inches wide, or three and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide.

## Woman's Princess Gown.

Gowns cut in princess style are exceedingly becoming to many figures and make most satisfactory home gowns. The admirable May Mantou model shown in the large drawing fits snugly and smoothly and becomes simple or elaborate as material and trimming are one or the other. As illustrated it is designed for morning wear and is made of cashmere in a pretty shade of beige, is simply stitched with corticelli silk and finished with gold buttons.

The gown consists of fronts, backs, side backs and under-arm gores. The fronts are fitted by means of single darts and all the portions flare freely at the lower portion, so giving the fashionable effect. At the neck is a simple turn-over collar. The sleeves are in bishop style with straight cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is eight yards twenty-seven inches wide, six and one-half yards thirty-two inches wide, or five and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide.

## The Strapped Brim.

The modified turban shape reigns among the models. One of these is a confection of Peru straw in a coarse and heavy braid. The brim is deep and made important by a monopoly of all the trimming used. At intervals of scarcely an inch and a half it is strapped with bands of inch-wide rich black velvet ribbon. These come from under the hat and are fastened down firmly on top of the crown, thus holding the brim as supporters. At the left side is a double cockade which looks as if it were made of spun glass, but it is really made of glistening horse-hair. This springs up from under a flat medall