ON A DYING INSECT.

Thou fluttering mite of gauzy green,
That by untoward flame to-night
Art rudely summoned from a scene
That for some days hath shed delight
On thy small senses—what has been
Thy profit from this sunny world,
Ere into darkness and oblivion hurled?

A few short flights on shimmering wings,
A few warm ecstasies in air,
A golden glow, a glimpse of things
Not understood, and everywhere
A great, glad life that soars and sings:
Was it not well? Who asketh more
To carry to the all-forgetting shore?
—John Hall Ingham, in Lippincott's.

The Vigilance Committee.

By W. R. Rose.

IT was a moonlight night and the roadway shone white and clear between the straggling fences. A number of men, a dozen, perhaps, were coming up the hill from the village in the valley with its twinkling lights. They were plodding along in a little group and busily talking as they advanced. Presently they paused at a gateway and crowded a little closer. The house within the yard was old and weather beaten. It was a story and a half building. There was a porch along the front with two windows beneath it, one for each side of the door. Through the window at the left shone a faint and flickering light.

The group of men at the gate lingered irresolutely for a few moments, talking in eager whispers. Then a tall young man with a smooth and kindly face broke from the party and led the way up the graveled walk to the front door. When he reached the little porch he paused and held up his hand. Then he went to the window through which the faint light flickered and went in.

That Abner Moxham was a hard man nobody in Winterfield doubted. He was unsociable. He was close in his dealings; he lived quite alone in the old cottage on the south hill. He was tall and lean and yellow, and his sixty years had touched his hair with white, and filled his lean cheeks with wrinkles. He cared nothing for the matters that interested the villagers. He took no interest in politics nor in public improvements, and very little in religion.

Occasionally he would stray into the white church whose steeple was the tallest in the village, and sit quite by himself through the service. Then he would hurry away without a word to his fellow worshipers. The young pastor had called on him once, but it was not believed that he had repeated the visit. In fact, he never stated clearly what occurred while he was there. It was said that Abner was the possessor of a small library of books that were calculated to destroy all faith in orthodox views, and that he pored over them a great deal of his time. Where the old man's income came from no villager knew. That it was limited everybody felt sure. His way of living was so simple, his clothes were threadbare, and the purchases he made in the village were not of a character to suggest the possession of even a moderate income. He came and went and bothered no man, yet was a thorn in the flesh of the gossipy hamlet.

And then his standing as an object of neighborly interest was suddenly and greatly increased by the rumor that he had brought a boy home to live with him. Abner had a habit of disappearing for a week or more at a time. He might have been supposed to be in his cottage during these absences if it hadn't been for the fact that he was seen to take the train. But where he went Winterfield didn't know.

It was reported once by Ezra Kimball, whose business took him to the great city every month, that he ran across Abner there one morning, but that the old man didn't look at him and hurried along.

"And what's queerer," said Ezra, "is that he was talking to two swells at a carriage door as I came up, and the lady gave him her hand and the man took off his hat to him. Then they drove away."

But Winterfield pooh-poohed this picture and assured Ezra that he must be dreaming.

When the boy arrived it was early evening and he was so muffled up that his face could not be seen. He was a little fellow of perhaps eight, and Abner had hurried him away before the curious stationmaster could get a good look at him. It was a full mile from the station to the old cottage on the hill, and in the dusk of the evening Jim Perkins had met the tall old man trudging up the hill with the lad on his back.

When Winterfield heard of this addition to the Moxham household it frowned ominously and shook its sagacious head. It was no place for a boy. It couldn't be a home for anybody. The boy was to be pitied. In fact, the village must keep a sharp lookout for his welfare.

It was a day or two later that the child and old Abner appeared at the postoffice, and the postmistress got a good look at the little fellow.

She stared at him out of her little window.

"That' a delicate appearin' child you have there,' 'she said.

"Yes," Abner replied, as he reached for his letters. If it hadn't been for his mail the old man's visits to the village would have been greatly decreased in number. He received more letters than any man in Winterfield, a fact that thoroughly convinced the villagers that he must be engaged in some nefarious pursuit where letter writing was a part of the swindle.

The little postmistress yielded up the letters reluctantly.

"Needs a lot o' good care," she said with her beady black eyes on the boy.

"Yes," Abner agreed, as he turned away.

"Most unwholesome child I ever saw," the little postmistress explained to Mrs. Baxter, the wife of the village banker. "He looks scared and abused, and I'm just sure that old miser's home's no place for him."

"Somebody ought to look after the poor little vagabond," said the banker's wife. "What have we got humane societies for?"

The boy was rarely seen in the village. He was delicate in appearance and seemed timid. He kept close to the old man and resisted all attempts to draw him away.

"He's thoroughly cowed," said the little postmistress to the young minister as she held that worthy with her glittering eye. "Looks to me like a child that's been half starved and beaten and had all the spirit taken out of it. Somebody with authority ought to investigate—and right away, too, or it may be too late."

The young minister flushed a little and seemed about to speak. Then he abruptly checked the impulse and picked up his letters.

"I think," said the little postmistress, "that it's your duty to interfere, Mr. Browning."

The young minister smiled.

"It isn't always easy to see one's duty clearly, Mrs. Twitters," he said.

"And while you are waiting for clearer vision the worst may happen," said the little postmistress.

The minister's face grew grave.

"I hope not," he said, and turned a

The little postmistress gave a sniff as he passed through the door, a little sniff that was expressive of profound contempt for the dilatory ways of masculine humanity.

Then came a time when the boy was not seen for several weeks and public anxiety grew intense. Nor did the old man appear. He was there in the ancient cottage. The milkman and the baker and the grocer saw him on their rounds. But they saw nothing of the boy.

"How is the little fellow?" the grocer volunteered to ask one day.

"He's all right," the old man gruffly replied.

"I haven't seen him out," the grocer persisted.

"No," said the old man, and closed the door behind him.

At the expiration of three weeks Selectman Briscom sought out the young minister.

"Parson," he said, "I'm here at the request of several of our most reputable citizens. They think something should be done about Old Man Moxham and thatboy."

"What do you propose?" inquired the young man.

"We thought maybe you could suggest something."

The young minister was silent for a moment.

"We must be careful," he said.

"Of course."

"We have no proof that anything is wrong."

"It looks mighty queer."

The young minister hesitated.

"Out where I spent a year or two after I left college," he said, "they would have made this the subject for a vigilance committee's attentions. When a social duty of this sort was under consideration a rope was usually at hand where it could be found when wanted."

"Of course," said the selectman hastily, "we don't intend to go that far."

The young man smiled.

"But the vigilance committee idea suits you?"

"The idea of a committee to visit the old man suits me."

"Good," said the young man. "There can be no harm in that."

"And you'll join us?"

"Yes."

"To-morrow night?"

"Yes."

"We'll meet at the church at 8 o'clock."

"Very well."

The selectman paused.

"And will you lead us?"

"If you desire it," said the young minister.

And so it happened that the first vigilance committee that Winterfield had ever known plodded determinedly, although at a leisurely pace, up the long hill in the bright moonlight, and finally entered the old man's yard and halted before the ancient cottage. And it was the tall young minister who advanced and peered through the lighted window.

There was a brief pause.

Then the tall young minister turned to the others.

"Come," he said in a whisper.

He rapped lightly on the door. Waiting but a moment he opened it and passed in, with the others following him.

The door opened immediately into the big living room of the cottage, a comfortable apartment with a great fireplace with a log burning on the huge andirons, a log that sent out the flickering light that had illuminated the window.

The old man was there, seated in a low chair by the fireplace. He looked up as the committee entered, but showed no surprise.

He only nodded and then held up his hand with a slight warning gesture.

The boy was in a cushioned chair by the old man's side. His head with its long light hair was pillowed against the old man's shoulder. He sat at such an angle that the committee could see the little white face, and the long white hands, and the closed eyes. The boy was asleep.

But even as they stared at this picture the child stirred uneasily.

"Daddy," he cried, "daddy!"

It was a cry of terror.

"Yes, yes, dear boy, I am here," said the old man gently as he patted the white cheek. The big eyes opened wider and rested on the old man's face. The pale lips parted in a sigh.

"I had a bad dream, daddy," he murmured.

"Yes, dear boy. But it was only a dream."

"I dreamed they were beating me again, daddy."

"They will never beat you again, dear boy."

The child was silent for a moment. Then he sighed again. This time it was a sigh of contentment.

"Daddy," he softly said, "it's like heaven to be sick, isn't it?"

The old man stroked the white hands tenderly.

"There's a little pain again in my shoulder, daddy," said the boy. "If you'll rub it just a little it will go away and then I can sleep."

The old man reached across and gently stroked the ailing arm and the tired eyelids slowly closed.

Presently the stroking ceased and the old man looked up. The committee were grouped about the door, each man with his hat in his hand and they were all very still.

"The child has been ill," said the old man softly. "He has had a fever, the result of his malarial surroundings and of ill treatment. But he is much better, and will, please God, live to be a strong and healthy child. I have nursed him through this illness, because I felt competent to do it—I am a graduate of a medical school—and because in his timid and nervous condition the sight of a strange face would have greatly retarded his recovery." He paused and gently shifted the child's head into a more comfortable position, and then one of the little hands crept into the brown and rugged one and stayed there. He looked up again, but before he could speak the tall young pastor had stepped forward.

"Mr. Moxham," he said, in his deep, low tones, "these gentlemen are a self-appointed committee who have called upon you in a neighborly way with the desire of proffering such aid as you may require. They have been worried and even alarmed by your non-appearance in the village and are here because they felt it was high time that they asserted their humanity. We are not a demonstrative people in Winterfield. We act slowly, but when we do act we are thoroughly in earnest. And I speak for each member of this committee, sir, and for all the village, too, when I say that if there is aught we can do to help you in any way you can command us to the utmost limit of our resources."

He paused and the old man slowly nodded.

"I thank you, Mr. Browning," he said, "and I thank you all, gentlemen. But at present there is nothing I need. Should any occasion arise, I will be glad to call upon you." And his head dropped again over the child.

There was a moment's pause.

"Good night, sir," said the tall young minister.

There was a little murmur of good nights behind him.

"Good night and my thanks," said the old man.

And the Winterfield vigilance committee passed out.

It was the young pastor who broke the silence as they strode down the hill.

"We have misjudged this old man," he said. "I believe I am free to say so. It was a dreadful domestic calamity that brought him to this state. It humbled his pride, it crushed his ambition. He crept away here to hide his wounded soul. And yet he has not entirely forgotten his fellow creatures. A great institution for the care of child waifs flourishes in the city through his liberality. And I hold in my hands a goodly sum for the benefit of our village poor, a thank offering for the recovery of his daughter's child. Yes, that is her child. And under Providence I fervently hope to see it the means of drawing him back among his fellow men." He paused and half turned. "Oh, my brethren," he said, "never let charity lose its place in your hearts."

They trudged on in silence until the parsonage was reached.

They paused at the gate.

"Gentlemen," said the selectman, as he glanced around, "I move that the Winterfield vigilance committee do now adjourn sine die."

Then each man went his way.—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

The Japanese Garden.

The classical garden, like a sonnet, is governed by special laws of harmony and rhythm. It must have its five hills, its ten trees and its fourteen stones. You can get along without the hills, and you can get along without the trees, but you cannot get along without stones. Indeed, the perfect type of the flat garden is nothing but an archipelago of rocks in a sea of white pebbles. The stones must be the foundation, the rest are mere accessories. Speaking stones are what is wanted—stones that suggest moods and passions—for the Japanese recognize that there are sermons in stones. Each stone has its name and relative place in the composition. There is the guardian stone in the centre and opposite it the belleview stone. Across the cascade is the moonshade stone, and so on.

The hills unmask each other by rule. The principal hill has its two foothills, its spurhills, its distant peak, seen through a valley, and the low hill, that must stand on the opposite side of the lake.

As there is a principal stone and a principal hill, so must there be a "principal tree," the shojin-boku, around which the Tree of Perfection, the Tree of Evil, the Tree of the Setting Sun, the Tree of Science and the Tree of Solitude bow their lesser heads.

These are the essentials. Now add one pond, one island, two stone lanterns, three bridges and mix thoroughly, garnish with lotus and serve with goldfish and mandarin duck. There is a recipe for a Japanese garden.—William Verbeck, in Country Life.

The Woods to the Soul.

In the woods a man casts off his years as a snake his sloth, and, at what period soever of his life, is always a child. In the woods is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods we return to reason and faith. There I feel that nothing can befall me in life—no disgrace, no calamity (leaving me my eyes), which nature can not repair. Standing on the bare ground—my head bathed by the blithe air and up-lift into infinite space—all mean egotism vanishes, I become a transparent eyeball; I am nothing; I see all; the currents of the Universal Being circulate through me; I am a part or particle of God. The name of the nearest friend sounds then foreign and accidental; to be brothers, to be acquaintances—master or servant—is then a trifle and a disturbance. I am the lover of uncontained and immortal beauty. In the wilderness, I find something more dear and connate than in the streets and village. In the tranquil landscape, and especially in the distant line of the horizon man beholds somewhat as beautiful as in his own nature.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

WOMAN'S REALM.

ART IN NEEDLEWORK.

Origin of the Chief Stitches—Some Facts and Explanations.

Embroidery begins with the needle and the needle (thorn, fish bone or whatever it may have been been) came into use as soon as ever savages had the wit to sew skins together to keep themselves warm; and if the stitches made any sort of pattern (as coarse stitching naturally would) this was embroidery.

* * *

The term is often vaguely used to denote all kinds of ornamental needlework, and some with which the needle has nothing to do. This is misleading, though it is true that embroidery does touch on the one side tapestry, which may be described as a kind of embroidery with the shuttle, and on the other, lace, which is needlework pure and simple—construction "in the air" as the Italian name has it.

* * *

The term is used in common parlance to express any kind of superficial or superfluous ornamentation. A poet is said to embroider the truth, but such use of the word hints at the real nature of the work — embellishment, enrichment. If added, there must first of all be something it is added to—the material, that is to say on which the needlework is done. In weaving (even tapestry weaving) the pattern is got by the interweaving of warp and weft; in lace, too, it is got out of the threads which make the stuff. In embroidery it is got by threads worked on a fabric first of all woven on a loom, or it might be netted. There is inevitably a certain overlapping of the crafts.

* * *

Embroidery is merely an affair of stitching, and the first thing needful alike to the worker in it and the designer for it is a thorough acquaintance with the stitches; not, of course with every modification of a stitch which individual ingenuity may have devised—it would need the space of an encyclopedia to chronicle them all, but with the broadly marked variety of stitches which have been employed to best purposes in ornament.

* * *

They are derived, naturally, from the stitches first used for quite practical and prosaic purposes, button hole stitch, for example, to keep the edges of the stuff from fraying; herring bone to strengthen and disguise a seam; darning to make good a worn surface and so on. The difficulty of discussing them is greatly increased by the hap-hazard way in which they are commonly named. A stitch is called "Greek," "Spanish," "Mexican," "South Kensington" or what not according to the country whence came the work in which some one first found it. Each name it after his or her discovery, or call it perhaps vaguely Oriental, and so we have any number of names for the same stitch, names which to different people stand often for quite different stitches.

* * *

When this confusion is complicated by the invention of a new name for every conceivable stitch or combination of thread strokes, or for each slightest variation upon an old stitch, and even for a stitch worked from left to right instead of from right to left, or for a stitch worked rather longer than usual, the task of reducing them to order seems rather hopeless. In the so-called English work the stitches probably all came from the East. Why not drop titles and call stitches by the plainest and least mistakable names? It will be seen if we reduce them to their native simplicity that they fall into fairly marked groups or families, which can be discussed each under its own head.

* * *

Stitches may be grouped in all manner of arbitrary ways—according to their provenance, according to their effect, according to their use and so on. The most natural way of grouping them is according to their structure, not with regard to whence they came or what they do, but according to what they are. This way they are worked. This is the plan that it is proposed here to adopt. A survey of the stitches is the necessary preliminary either to the design or the execution of needle work. How-else suit the design to the stitch, the stitch to the design? In order to do the one the artist must be quite at home among the stitches; in order to do the other, the embroideress must have sympathy enough with the design to choose the stitch or stitches which will best render it.

* * *

This is not the moment to urge upon the woman the study of design, but to urge upon the designer the study of stitches.

Certain stitches answer certain purposes and strictly only those.

The effective worker (designer or embroiderer) is the one who works with judgment—and you cannot judge unless you know.

A stitch may be defined as the thread left on the surface of the cloth after each ply of the needle. And the simple, straight forward stitches of this kind are not so many as one might suppose, may be reduced indeed to a comparatively few types as may be seen in the following lessons. — Philadelphia Record.

Light Colors For Spring Coats.

Cloth jackets and coats for spring run very much to light colors. Of course, for practical purposes the short, tight-fitting tan-colored cloth jacket is the most worn. The up-to-date girl, however, has become rather tired of this. She very much prefers the dashing little black silk coat that is quite warm enough for spring and far newer and more attractive. She is very fond of the short or medium length white or cream-colored coat cut more on the box order.

The light-colored idea has even invaded the realm of automobile costuming, and among the novelties of the season is a white kid automobile coat. The collar, cuffs and lapels are applied with self-strips in light blue, creating a pleasing contrast. With this may be worn a regular auto hat.

There is no more fashionable style of street suit for this spring than that showing the long-skirted coat. For spring this is a decided but pretty innovation. Rough fancies are mostly employed, and they are little adorned Box pleats, however, are a very prevalent feature. The skirt may just touch the ground or again may be a short walking length.

A simple but attractive model is of fancy rough goods in a dark mixture. Around the neck is an application of black silk edged with self-colored braid while the lapels are similarly treated. The cuffs and belt as well are of this silk. Narrow box-pleats extend like suspenders over the shoulders and terminate at the waist line on either side. There are also two box pleats on either side of the skirt of the coat. The short walking skirt is box-pleated all the way round.—New York Mail and Express.

Domestic Science.

The question is often asked "What is Domestic Science?" The answer is simplicity itself. It is housekeeping in the best and easiest way.

Our grandmothers, who rejoiced in the distinction of being good housekeepers, gained their knowledge through experience. But experience means a long and circuitous path to travel, and the modern woman, who has more things on her hands than grandmother ever thought of attempting, wants a short cut to the elysian fields that surround the perfectly ordered home.

For her, applied science, that is the application of the scientific laws and principles which she has gained in school, is now to be drawn upon for daily living and household management, and the 'ologies and 'ographies turned to practical account.

Nor is domestic science confined, as some people believe, to cooking alone. Its field is too broad to be bounded by the stove and its precincts alone. While the subject of dietetics, which relates to food and feeding, is probably of the first importance to the well being of the family, there are also the question of clothing, of home construction and sanitation, the principles and methods of housework, the draining and plumbing, the lighting and heating, how to keep the family well and how to care for them if sick or injured, how to look after the household expenditures so that there need be no leaks, and how to satisfy the demands of social conscience. All these important and varied requirements fall into line under the head of domestic science.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Well-Dressed Woman.

These are a few of the things that the well dressed woman never does:

She never hangs her jacket by a loop at the back. If she has no coat hanger she puts it away in the drawer.

She never puts a waist away before it is thoroughly aired.

She does not wear a veil until it is stringy, soft and filled with dust.

She does not put her gloves away without blowing them into shape and smoothing them.

She does not leave her hats uncovered, but sees that they are well covered with tissue paper before putting them in a box.

She never leaves her shoes standing empty, but if she has no boot trees she fills them with paper.

She does not throw down her street dress when she takes it off, but carefully brushes it and hangs it away.

She does not keep her furs where dust can get at them.

She does not put up with a grease spot nor broken stitch, but remedies both at once.—New York American.

Colored Handkerchiefs.

Among the very latest things in the way of fads is having handkerchiefs dyed or made in colors to suit each gown. They are dainty squares of lawn or thread cambric with very narrow hems, and they match in color any tint for street, house and evening gowns. These colored handkerchiefs are very plain, while the white ones for general use are often elaborately trimmed. The prettiest is of white silk with a narrow border of velvet—an artistic and extremely dainty accessory of milady's toilet.—American Queen.

The Newest Fashions.

An inverted box pleat is at the back of most skirts.

Hats built of heavy lace inlet into the straw in medallion effect is a new and smart mode.

The silk slip in a promenade dress drags very little, no matter what the length of the train.

Pleatings or ruffles edge slip skirts, a soft but heavy cord being in the edge of the skirt proper.

Some lovely parasols of white taffeta are bordered with a wreath of violets, while on many others lace medallions run riot.

Seeded silks in solid colors are among the revivals in silks. They will be useful for summer shirt waist frocks and separate waists.

One pretty hat in cornflower blue straw has a wreath of cornflower on the brim, the stems arranged in a daintily lattice-work effect.

The sunflower rosette is new. Soft silk is made to represent the petals of this symbol of Kansas, and the centre is built of innumerable loops of tiny velvet ribbon.

A narrow scarf, looping and falling in the front in Ascot style, encircles many of the transparent stocks at the bottom, thus covering the band of the blouse. Bands of white linen fagotted together make up useful stocks of this kind.

Spanish lace, which used to be so fashionable years ago, is in style again. The woman who has a scarf or fichu or flouncing of Spanish lace can now bring it out of its seclusion and wear it, with the consciousness that she is in style.

White taffeta belts have round buckles of mother-of-pearl and large buttons of the same set along the pleated postilion pieces are added at the backs of these belts, and the pearl buttons, besides giving a finish to them also help to keep them in position.

Silk, linen and cotton embroideries mingle in many novel ways with the new laces. A charming imitation Irish crochet frames pink, blue or white batiste insets exquisitely worked, with black and white. Filet laces are combined with white linen medallions wrought in cut-work, and soft or cord. These combinations come in edgings and galloons, some of which are made in separable ornaments.

FOR THE FAIR

LATEST NEW YORK FASHIONS

New York City.—Blouse jackets are among the notable features of the season's styles and are much liked both for general wraps and jacket suits.

BLOUSE JACKET.

The smart May Manton model illustrated is adapted to both purposes and to all the season's suitings, to etamine, to cloth and to silk; but in the original is made of tan colored canvas with trimming of fancy braid and makes part of a costume.

The blouse consists of fronts and back and is exceedingly simple and easily made. It does not require any snug fit of a jacket and is, therefore, far less exacting and better suited to the needs of the home dressmaker. The back is plain and without fulness, but the fronts are gathered and blouse slightly at the waist. The cape is circular and fits smoothly over the shoulders, but can be omitted and the blouse left plain when preferred. Both neck and front edges are finished with a shaped band. The sleeves are the new bishop sort and are gathered into pointed cuffs. The lower edge can be finished with the close fitting peplum or with the belt only as individual taste may decided.

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

Tucked Blouse or Shirt Waist.

Shirt waists that combine horizontal with vertical tucks are among the novelties of the season and are shown in a variety of styles. The very stylish May Manton one shown in the large picture is adapted to both washable fabrics and to the many waist cloths and silks. The original, however, is made of white madras and is held by four large pearl buttons at the centre of the box pleat.

The waist consists of the tucked fronts and plain back, with the fitted foundation, that can be used or omitted as the material requires. The fronts are laid in narrow vertical tucks that extend to shallow yoke depth and in wider horizontal ones below and at the waist line, where they droop slightly. The back is smooth across the shoulders and the fulness is drawn down snugly in gathers at the belt. The sleeves suggest the Hungarian style and are made with snugly fitting upper portions, tucked on continuous lines with the waist, and full puffs that are laid in narrow vertical tucks at their upper edges. The cuffs are oddly shaped and closed with buttons.

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

Gray Roses in Hats.

Gray roses are among the poetic things pressed into the service of the milliner this season, and very pretty they look, too, mingled with pale pink and green buds. This novelty was seen on a big picture capeline of rose-colored straw—the pale rose of the seashell—the wide brim of which was draped with lace. At one side this brim was raised by a big posy of forget-me-nots and pink roses, and in the heart of the knot of roses was placed half a dozen gray buds. The effect was striking—in a gentle way—and very pretty.

Fabric Gloves.

While plain silks, lisles, taffetas and Berlins are the most active lines in this part of the world, says the Dry Goods Economist, a feature of steadily increasing importance is the large demand for fancy effects in these. It is the open-work and particularly the lace patterns that are coming to the front. This development is the natural forerunner of the craze for lace mitts that is to be the feature of later business. Lace mitts, in fact, are even now moving freely, and are taken for early delivery by the smallest, as well as by the largest and most exclusive retail houses. The fad for laces permeates all parts of the dry goods market that provide for women's adornment, and that there is nothing strange in the fact that plain silk, lisle and other fabric gloves should be early forced to give way to lace effects and to lace gloves and mitts.

Box Pleats.

More and more in favor grows the box pleat. The box pleated flounce is especially good on a skirt. But the designers seem to have decreed that it shall not be anything but the simple, straightforward one of old. It must be trimmed around the lower edge or not, but there seems to be a rule demanding some kink at the upper edge. The one most favored is the model in which each box pleat extends above the flounce proper in a tab effect, of two to five inches in length. Two or three little buttons, or one larger one appears to catch it. The same idea may figure in the short square pleated jacket reaching hardly to the waist line. In this case the full pleated sleeves are also given two pinces corresponding to the yoke, onto which the pleats of the jacket are caught.

In Sheer White Goods.

Embroidered Swisses, jacquarded muslins and grenadines are the leading sellers in sheer white goods. In the two former lines the medium and large sized figured effects are most stylish.

Stock and Belt Sets.

The stock and belt sets for wash shirt waists in contrasting shades of heavy linen are smart and effective. A plain buckle of pearl or the gilt harness type fastens the belt.

Woman's Tucked Waist.

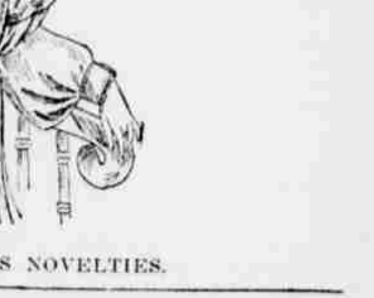
Waists tucked to form yokes are exceedingly fashionable and are charming in all the soft fabrics that are so much in vogue. This stylish May Manton example is made of dotted black

ONE OF THE SEASON'S NOVELTIES.

Brussels net, over white taffeta with trimming of Chantilly lace, and is daintily attractive, but all the soft materials, cotton and linen materials, soft, pliable wools and silk are appropriate. The flowing sleeves are graceful and new, but those in bishop style can be substituted when preferred. The model is made over the lining, which is cut away at yoke depth to give a transparent effect, but thicker materials can be used over the entire foundation. The tucks are hand sewn, but machine or fancy stitching with corticelli silk is effective on heavier fabrics.

The waist consists of the fitted lining, fronts and back. Both fronts and back are tucked to yoke depth, then left free to form soft folds and are gathered at the waist line. The closing can be made at the left shoulder and under-arm seam, as in the case of the model, or invisibly at the centre front. The sleeves can be cut in full or elbow length and are tucked at their upper portions, left free below. When used in full lengths they are gathered into narrow cuffs. At the neck is a plain stock that closes at the back.

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



TUCKED WAIST.

thirty-two inches wide, or three yards forty-four inches wide, with five and one-half yards of lace to trim as illustrated.