

A KNOT OF RIBBON.

A knot of dainty ribbon,
That decked a snowy gown,
And hid in the soft, thick ringlets
Of sunny golden-brown.

Oh, little face, with the glimmer
Of love in your sweet, blue eyes,
That were deep as the waves of ocean,
And bright as the summer skies.

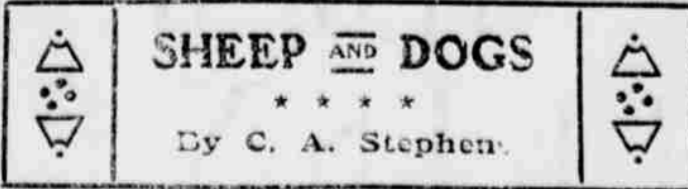
To think you are gone forever,
Resting alone in your grave,
While over your mossy pillow,
The wild rose garlands wave.

Did the roses spring from your lips, dear?
Those lips so sweet and red;
Are you 'er lonely now, love,
Down in your quiet bed?

I have nothing left but the ribbon
Of love in your soft, brown hair,
The kiss of the gentle maiden,
Who was once so sweet and fair.

A knot of half-worn ribbon,
So dim and faded now,
Aids me the sad life long,
Above the wearer's brow.

—Waverley Magazine.



SOME years ago, when so many were still about the city, I was in New England, and with an un-
usually large party, we went to a farm for establishing a country com-
fortably. We were then situated in one of the green spots in Boston. We were not altogether happy in our occupation, for we liked out-of-door life. As we had been prudent enough to save a little money, we thought we might look about, buy some old farm, stock it with sheep, and live leisurely and healthfully on our motto and by the sale of our wool.

We talked the scheme over through-
out one entire winter and spring, and spent our two weeks of summer vaca-
tion driving through the northern
counties of Vermont, New Hampshire
and Maine, in quest of old farm prop-
erty. At last we found in Maine what
satisfied us pretty well—a four-acre
land adjoining homesteads of about 100
acres each; and we were able to pur-
chase all for \$2800.

As there was much stiffer farm
property near by, we could, if our ex-
periment proved a success, add to our
territory and increase our stock. At
the outset, and during the succeeding
autumn and winter, we purchased 130
sheep, which we divided into four
flocks.

On one of the four farms was a fairly
comfortable old house, and in the
spring we went there to live, having
engaged as housekeeper an elderly but
very energetic woman we called Aunt
Deborah.

Our neighbors were seven or eight
families, none wholly prosperous, some
slovenly and shiftless, and they all
kept dogs.

Within a radius of two miles of our
sheep pasture there were, as we soon
had occasion to reckon, seventeen or
eighteen dogs, including four hounds,
and all exceedingly dear to their own-
ers. There were "deer dogs" and
"bear dogs" and "partridge dogs," and
a great many very valuable "wood-
chuck dogs." And many of these pre-
cious animals were fond of making
unseasonal raids into our sheep pasture.

Now, one feature that we did not left us
in darkness as to what steps we should
take against mischievous dogs. Whoever
will examine the statute books of most
States will find articles limiting dogs
strictly, and declaring that if a dog transgresses the
statute he may lawfully be killed. For
Massachusetts the provision is that
any person may lawfully kill a trespass-
ing dog "whenever and wherever found."

In the first spring after we had taken
up our sheep farm we had 140
lambs when the sheep were turned out
to pasture on the third day of May.
Four days later six lambs and two
sheep were missing. Bits of wool,
bones and the remains of sheep and
found in secluded places, showed that
some animal had killed and eaten them.

As bears or wildcats were not numer-
ous in that locality, we felt naturally
certain that dogs had done the mis-
chief, and we particularly suspected
two dogs kept by a neighbor named
McFadden, living a mile distant. One
was a bulldog, the other a large mongrel
cur, one of the highly esteemed
woodchuck dogs.

My partner and fellow shepherd,
Ward, carried two buffalo skins to the
pasture, hid himself in a clump of low
hemlocks, and watched during the fol-
lowing night with a gun resolved to
shoot any dog that came near the re-
mains of the sheep. He saw none, al-
though a lamb was killed during the
night in another part of the pasture.
When dogs do sheep killing they seem
to revert to the cunning and slyness of
their wild ancestry.

In all these vexations we had a warm
sympathizer in "Aunt Deb." She had
dogs on general principles, and for
the special reason that on a number
of nights when the bullock door
chanced to be left open, some animal
stole into the cellar and raided her
pantry of doughnuts, custard pies and
other eatables.

"Now, boys, just you let me try my
hand on those dogs," she said, at the
breakfast table, "I'll fix 'em for you.
When it comes night you just go to
bed and sleep. I'll answer for the
dogs."

"Go ahead, Aunt Deb," we said. "You
shall have a lamb for every dog you
dispose of."

Toward night we saw her ponding
something in an old mortar; and just
at dusk she went alone into the sheep
pasture. She had, although we did
not know it at the time, pounded up
two glass bottles, and with the powder
she "doctored" the remains of the
sheep and the lamb last killed. The
next day we discovered that the car-
casses of the sheep had been taken away,
and on the following day finding news
that McFadden's two suspected dogs
had expired, and were supposed to
have been poisoned.

Now, if we had been wise we should
have remained quiet. A mere suspec-
tion of law, which was all we pos-
sessed, is dangerous knowledge for a
man to act on, and is pretty sure to
get him into trouble. We knew that
we had a right to kill a dog attack-
ing our flock, and that we could legal-
ly collect double damages from the
dog's owner; and as we thought we
had good evidence that these dogs
were the transgressors, we went im-
mediately to McFadden and demanded
damages for the seven lambs and two
sheep killed.

McFadden threatened us with his
gun, and his wife, declaring that she
would scold us, put the kettle on a hot
fire. They were very angry over the
loss of the two dogs, particularly of
the woodchuck dog, which Mrs. Mc-
Fadden feigningly asserted had kept
the family in fresh meat all summer.

Instead of obtaining damages from
McFadden for our sheep and lambs,
he sued us for poisoning his two dogs;
and, unfortunately for us, we had sup-
plied him with all the evidence he
needed. When at last the case came
to trial we found the law far differ-
ent from what we had supposed it to be.
The following points came on:

First, the fact that three two dogs
came up and ate of the dead sheep
did not prove that they had killed the
sheep.

Second, as Aunt Deborah was our
aided housekeeper, we were as much
responsible for her act as if we had
done the deed ourselves.

Third, although we had a legal right
to kill dogs molesting our sheep, we
did not right to poison them; and the
proved fact of our having "hid our
poison" for them subjected us to a fine
of \$50, and also to payment for the
dogs, which were to be worth \$8
each.

Fourth, since, although not poison in
its ordinary form, was held to be poi-
son to all intents and purposes when
pounded to a powder and put into
meat for dogs to eat.

Fifth, as we went home from the
trial, the malicious McFadden drove
behind us and reviled us.

Our own indignation was slight,
however, compared with that of Aunt
Deb, when the results of her dog
poison were made known to her. I
reilly thought for a time she would
fall sick of her indignation, and we
had some difficulty in preventing her
from visiting the McFaddens in per-
son. Aunt Deb's exploit cost us an
extra \$1000, in fines, price of dogs and
costs; but our lambs were not molest-
ed again that season. That was our
one crumb of comfort, for there re-
mained not the slightest doubt that the
two poisoned dogs were the offenders.

The fine for poisoning was for ex-
posing poison which other animals, or
possibly human beings, might partake
of, rather than as a punishment for
this particular mode of killing dogs.

In law it is a far less criminal of-
fense to poison a dog than to poison a
sheep, a cow or a horse. For horse-
poisoning, indeed, the culprit, in Mas-
sachusetts, may be sent to prison for
five years, and in Maine for four years.

In the next summer the sheep of an
other neighbor named Fotherly came
into our field, where potatoes and peas
were planted. They pawed heavily
of the green peas, and not only of
them, but of Paris green, which had
been sprinkled on the potatoes to kill
potato bugs. Two of the sheep
died; and mindful of the McFadden
tragedy, this ill-disposed neighbor
prosecuted us promptly for exposing
poison, and declared that he would
"land" us in Thomaston jail for it.

But this case went against Neighbor
Fotherly. In addition to the costs, he
had to settle with us for the peas at
our own figures, and also to pay dam-
ages for a malicious prosecution, be-
cause of his threatening publicly be-
fore trial that he would do with us.
He suffered to his amount of \$150,
for in this case it was held that the
poison was lawfully used. So it is a very
nice question when a man may law-
fully expose poison. If those sheep
had come into the field through the
last night on our part, the result
might have been more agreeable to
Fotherly.

The year following our sad legal con-
troversy with McFadden lambs disappeared
mysteriously week after week from
our pasture. At first we suspected
human thieves, as no trace of wool or
bones could be discovered; but a boy
whom we had employed to watch re-
ported that a large brown and white
foxhound had leaped the wall, seized
a lamb and jumped out with it, all in
less than half a minute. He identi-
fied the hound as the property of one
Clucker, a poor neighbor living half a
mile away.

The hound was the mother of five
puppies, and could obtain nothing, or
next to nothing, to eat at home. It
was doubtless a case of dire necessity
on her part; and our hired boy, who
frequently visited the family, affirmed
that the Cluckers shared the lambs
which the hound captured.

My partner pointed himself behind
the pasture fence with a gun loaded
with buckshot, but on the following
afternoon the hound entered the pas-
ture and caught a lamb before Ward
could get near enough to shoot. Jump-
ing the wall, the hound ran for home,
half dragging, half carrying the strug-
gling lamb.

Ward gave chase, but was unable
to come near the hound until it gained
his master's dooryard, where it turned
and faced him, growling savagely.
Ward fired and the hound fell, just
as its master opened the door and
raised an expostulating hand to prevent
the shot.

It is evident that in the excitement
of the moment my partner had made
a rather free use of his gun, but he had
in mind the words of the law: "Any
person may lawfully kill him whenever
and wherever found."

Clucker, the owner of the dog, in-
cited by McFadden and Fotherly, took
legal advice and began suit to recover
damages for the unlawful killing of
his foxhound, which we professed to
value at \$50.

A most stormy trial followed; and in
the decision Ward was held to be in
fault in shooting the hound after its
owner had raised his hand to forbid it;
and there was a grave doubt expressed
as to whether he had not laid himself
liable for unlawfully entering Cluck-
er's premises with a gun, in pursuit
of the hound.

In the end we paid \$25 for the fox-
hound; but by a rather curious legal
offset, damages to about that amount
were allowed us for the lambs killed
by the hound. The costs of the trial
fell on us. The court shrewdly looked
out for itself as to that, Clucker be-
ing utterly impudens.

The conclusion which we arrived at,
after the above litigation, is that per-
secution as the law seems to be against
dogs, the killing of one is liable to
prove a costly bit of vengeance.

If a neighbor's dog thistles our
lambs, we deem it far safer to shoot
him on our own premises than to off-
end him on his master's premises. The
safest method of all is to catch him in
a trap at the scene of his depredation,
then summon his master, and at the
same time invite one or more disinter-
ested parties to see and hear what
takes place.

In the State of Massachusetts, and I
believe one or two other States where
dogs are licensed and taxed, the "dog
law" provides that any farmer meeting
with losses from dogs may file a
claim, with proofs of loss, at the as-
sessor's office, and be paid the amount
of his loss out of the town treasury.

Or, if he chooses, he may bring an ac-
tion against the owner of the dog and
recover double and in some cases tri-
ple damages; but he cannot
adopt both methods. In Maine and
most other States, however, the suffer-
er must bring the owner of the dog
to terms, if he can; he has no other
mode of redress.

In cases where two, three or four
dogs, belonging to different parties,
went off by night or day on a joint
foray into a flock of sheep, it has been
held that each dog's owner was respon-
sible only for what his own dog killed
or maimed, if anybody could find that
out; otherwise all were liable.—Yonkers
Companion.

Servants of the Married Dramatist.
It is doubtful if the casual playgoer
realizes how many dramatists have
and have their wives into exalted
places, far above those more talented
actresses who have failed to reckon
the advantages of matrimony. If Anne
Hathaway had utilized the advantage
of being Mrs. W. Shakespeare in the
direction of a stage career, her name
would have come to us as the patron
saint of leading women. But among
Americans the most difficult case is
surely George M. Colman's. Here is a
young man, who supports himself and
four others of his family with parts,
and has the further complication of a
brother-in-law as manager. A mother
and daughter can amply adjust
"leading lady" honors; but a daughter-
in-law has complicated things to the
extent that half of last season's sister
Josephine did not appear as one of the
Four Colmans, and this season Mrs.
George M. will disregard that fact cati-
cally, and figure in the public eye
as Ethel Lavery, star. When this popu-
lar family came to its fourteenth
street Theatre with "Running For
Office," the press agent stood in the
lobby on the first night and handed
typewritten slips to the critics, assur-
ing them that there was only one
"leading lady" among the Four
Colmans; Miss Josephine and none
other had the right to claim that title.
But if indications of stormy weather
showed in the lobby, not so on the
stage. Colman, one and all, kissed and
embraced when bowing to critics, and
in a box sat a young Colman, fondly
waving a rose to "matrons" when she
appeared in male attire leading a
street parade.—P. Elderton Pyles, in
Everybody's Magazine.

A Child's Order.
The little girl has been in the habit
of going to the kitchen with her mother
when the orders were given to the
marble man, who came around every
morning. Sometimes the lady has
even allowed to give the orders herself,
after her mother had made out the list.
Her father had rather encouraged
the child in taking an interest in
the marketing. It seemed to indicate
that some day she might become a no-
table housewife.

Last Friday afternoon the little girl's
mother happened to be in the kitchen
when the marble man delivered the
goods ordered that morning. He
brought in two large baskets, and she
was a bit surprised at the number and
size of the parcels.

"What's all this, Tom?" she asked
the boy.
"Half a basket of eating apples,
ma'am, two pounds of mixed candy,
half a pound of figs, a pound of
English walnuts, a pound of raisins
and a can of maple syrup."
"But I didn't order all that stuff."
"No, ma'am, but the little girl did.
She come back just after you left the
kitchen this morning, and said: 'Tom,
here's some more things you can
bring,' and then called off that list. I
thought you wanted 'em, ma'am."—
Chicago Tribune.

Alligator's Long Fast.
B. M. Lingle has an alligator that he
took to Paoli, Ind., from Florida in
1881, and which liberates for some
days at a time without food. When
he procured the animal from the South-
ern waters it was one and a half years
old, and the thermometer registered
ninety degrees. When he arrived at
Paoli with it the temperature stood
twenty degrees below zero, but it sur-
vived the sudden change, and was soon
acclimated. On about the 15th of
September of each year the animal
refuses to eat anything and continues
its fast for several weeks. In the
winter of 1890-'01 it went fourteen
weeks without eating. In the winter
of 1900-'01, twenty-eight weeks; and
in 1892-'02, thirty-three weeks, and up to
this date has not had a particle of food
for over eighteen weeks. The animal
when brought here was about fifteen
inches in length, but is now three
feet long. It comes out of its winter's
fast with a brisk and lively disposition,
and is then willing to devour large
quantities of meat and other food.—In-
dianapolis News.

Woman's Realm

Notes by Woman.

There are lots of people of ability
and ambition who complain that every
field is overcrowded, and there seems
to be no way of breaking in. Every-
body has to hustle and make his or
her own little corner in the world. The
first thing to do is to prove one's right
to do it. Then work, work, work. The
best paintings are yet to be written;
the best books are yet to be printed;
the sweetest song yet to be com-
posed. Perhaps it is not one's des-
tiny to be the greatest, but there are
modest successes well worth having.
One's best is the least one can give.
Don't be limited in what you do by
the work of even the greatest. They
were but men and women, and I war-
rant you hard workers. Claim your
own place in the world and don't allow
yourself to be dispossessed if you've
won fairly.

The busiest person in the world, and
the person who gets the least credit
for industry, is the woman who is try-
ing to keep up with the fashions.
Womanhood has but a short space in
which to enjoy the interval between
paying for the last of her winter's
finery and the first of the spring ones.

An anecdote of unmarried ladies used
to take place annually in Babylon. In
every district they assembled on a cer-
tain day of every year all the virgins
of marriageable age. The most remark-
able was first put up, and the man who
bid the largest sum of money gained
possession of her. The second in per-
sonal appearance followed, and the
bidders gratified themselves with
handsome wives according to the
depth of their purses. But, alas! it
seems that there were in Babylon
some ladies for whom no money was
likely to be offered, yet these also
were disposed of, so provident were
the Babylonians. When all the beau-
tiful virgins were sold, the cried or-
dered the most deformed to stand up;
and after he had openly demanded
who would marry her with a small
sum, she was at length adjudged to
the least, and in this manner the
money arising from the sale of the
handsome served either as a portion to
those who were either of disagreeable
looks, or that had any other imperfec-
tions. This custom prevailed about 500
years before Christ.

Through English Eyes.
In the vernacular of the day, we are
"it" dear girls, for here is an Eng-
lish paper doing us, after the follow-
ing fashion: "As to the analysis of
her charm, it lies partly in the Ameri-
can girl's 'serious independence of
personality' and partly in her 'su-
perior unconsciousness.' Apropos of
the latter quality, the article in ques-
tion continues: 'She takes the sugges-
tion of men for granted, as her natural
woman's right; she asks not for admis-
sion to equality; she neither demands
nor maneuvers for their notice; she
simply takes their respect and homage
for granted, and by her very fear-
lessness and trust secures their admi-
ration and their fealty, and so a man
can show his pleasure in her society
and seek it and enjoy it in the perfect
confidence that she will not think she
is the object of his special regard.
Englishmen seek out girls only when
they are in love with them; American
men seek out girls for the pleasure of
their company.'

"But there is a reverse side to the
picture; and we see it when the girl
has left her throne of girlhood and
stepped down into the bustling throng
of women. The bright activity of
mind grows into restlessness; her so-
cial instincts lead her to become gre-
garious in excess; and she looks to
the countless women's clubs that over-
run America to such an extent that
it would seem as if an American
woman cannot cook a dinner, rear a
child or read a book unless she joins
a society to help her do it."

"And yet the amazing fact remains
that, from the nervous, club-rushed
American mother the spoilt, prece-
dious child is born, who shoots up into
her heritage of royalty and becomes
again—the American Girl."—Pittsburg
Dispatch.

Paris Tea Rooms.
For the ordinary person who is not
given over heart and soul either to
milliners or to muscians, who does
not conceive Paris to be solely the
apothosis either of chiffon or of cul-
ture, perhaps the most perfect con-
solation to be found in winter is in
the tea-rooms. All the more important
hotels boast a tea-room, that of the
Elysee Palace being notable for its
elegance and enormous extent. Al-
most the whole of the ground floor
of this great caravansary is set with
teatable arranged among a forest of
palms and exotic plants. An agree-
able orchestra discourses light music
which invariably includes, with
thoughtful regard for the American
numbers—that is to say, a coon song
and a Sousa march. Everywhere the
Old World conception of what Ameri-
cans value in art is as painful to our
vanity as it is the contrary to the
truth.

One would believe that literally tout
le monde goes to the Elysee Palace
for tea, such crowds of well-turned
out men and women gather there. But
this is cosmopolitan, and it is to a
smaller, less ornate resort that the
vraie Parisienne will conduct you—
to Columbin's, a patisserie just off the
Rue de Rivoli. Ravishing toilettes,
beauties that, after the French fash-
ion, are both fearfully and wonder-
fully made, personages distinguished
in the social world—all this is to be
seen at Columbin's under conditions of
a peculiar sort of intimacy.—Harper's
Bazar.

Made in the Home.
Harmony diffuses happiness in the
domestic circle. What more beautiful
picture than the family group about
the piano? The counting-house cares
flee away from father's mind, under
the magical witchery of the old-time

ballads of "Annie Laurie," "Bonny
Doone" or "Donald, Donald, Tendet
and True." Grandmama smiles as the
peaceful strains of her favorite hymn
waft her fancy to the New Jerusalem.
The anxious worries drop from moth-
er's heart as joyous notes of the gos-
pel songs ring out, and the baby crows
and claps his hands with delight over
colicking, rag-time jig-a-jig.
A second-hand organ, paid for in
instalments, is a better investment for
a family where there are young peo-
ple, than cigarettes, theatre tickets,
flimsy lace and cheap jewelry. They
might better live on two meals a day
until a musical instrument is theirs.
Music soothes the sorrowful, strength-
ens the weak, revives the drooping,
brings happiness out of discord, ele-
vates the spiritual nature, makes life
better to live, and death easier to face
—Emma B. Van Deusen, in National
Magazine.

The First Riding Lesson.
The pupil of a good riding master is
usually disappointed at not being al-
lowed to do more in the first lesson.
She expects to mount the horse at
once, start off with a trot and wind up
with a canter. She is a little annoy-
ed upon finding that the first lesson con-
sists almost wholly of oral instruction
and a great part of it on foot at that.
If the master is conscientious he will
not permit the anxiety to be off and
going to interfere with a proper under-
standing of the A B C of the art.
Should the beginner apply at one of the
big riding academies in New York for
instruction, the first lesson will begin
with the leading by a groom of a
horse, bridled and saddled, into the
course of the ring. The riding master
and the pupil take their stand close
by, and the former begins to explain
the painstakingly the various parts of the
saddle and bridle and their purposes.
Before anything further is attempted,
the pupil must be able to answer
simple questions in regard to the pom-
mel and the girth, the curb and the
snaffle, and to know the uses of the
two bits.

The American Woman.
The impression made upon visiting
foreigners by a certain phase of social
life in America finds interesting ex-
pression in an article by Henry W.
Lucy ("Toby, N. P.") in Harper's
Weekly. "There is nothing in London
society," he notes, "equal to the tremen-
dous efforts the American woman
of recognized position puts into a day's
work." New York society women are
sleeter in evidence than their London
sisters, more self-reliant. They are
save in respect of funds, less de-
pendent upon fathers and husbands.
They pitch their voices higher in con-
versation, and they are not so studious
in the effort to obtain quiet effect in
dress. "Toby" sees no reason why,
although they are not men, women
should not wear men's hats, sailor-
knotted neckties, horsey breastpins,
gay waistcoats and cut-away coats;
he also implies, quite plainly, that he
does not see why they should wear
those things.

About Eyelashes.
Nature must feel somewhat cheap
when she sees how she is outwitted
by modern science. Beauty-making is
certainly entitled to be reckoned among
the sciences.
The happy time has not yet arrived
when we can go into a shop and buy
ourselves a new face, as we can for
the dollies. But such a possibility is,
perhaps, not far off.

In the meantime, there are beauty
scientists to offer every solace where
nature has been faulty. The latest
thing is the false eyelashes.
It seems it is no longer necessary
for a lady to dye and coax her lashes
into luxuriant growth; she has only to
buy new ones and add them to her
own.

They are quite effective, and war-
ranted "to give a most brilliant lustre
to the eye by their backward curl."

FASHIONS OF THE DAY

Shepherd plaids in velvet appears
for spring wear.
The fair Parisian is wearing mitts
with her dinner toilet.
Now and then a really smart little
stock is to be picked up for a quarter.
As a consequence of the full skirt
vogues the waistline must move high-
er up.

Some of the new French organdies
look like misty, delicate pictures of
rose gardens.
Pelerines of heavy venise or Irish
lace over white chiffon and brocade are
elegant accessories.
Among all the variety of pocket
handkerchiefs in the shops it would be
hard to find an ugly one.
Knitted waistcoats with lined and
padded sleeves of taffeta in the same
color are useful accessories.

To get the most approved effect from
your long fur stole, curl the ends in
two soft loops about the wrists.
Very smart little hats are the Na-
poleon shapes of white felt or angora
with just a touch of gilt in the trim-
ming.

The cotton and silk mixtures con-
tinue to come in. Among them flecked
tissue de soie silk gauzes, satin lisse
and pointille cotton are familiar in
name, but are much more beautiful
this year than before.
A light mode brown satin straw tur-
ban to sit well over the face has a
rolling brim wider in the back than in
the front and flattened against the crown
in the back. A fold of brown chiffon
velvet fills the space between the brim
and crown, and a fold of velvet helps
to hold the fattness in the back.

Cabochon Ornaments.
Artistic cabochons of rhinestones,
wide or six and a half yards forty-
four inches wide with seven and a
half yards of banding to trim as il-
lustrated.

Simple Fashions

New York City.—Narrow box pleats
are much in vogue and are always ef-
fective. The novel May Manton blouse
illustrated shows them used in groups

coral, faceted jet, mock turquoise,
crystals, malachite and cut steel, with
all manner of oriental semi-precious
gems, are an important item in mil-
linery; and a single buckle, well se-
lected, is sufficient to trim a rich fur
hat or toque, and far more attractive
than a lot of flowers or feathers.

Elongated Effect.
In silk and other dress waists the
elongated effect is oftener made by ex-
tending the yoke or the trimming over
the tops of the sleeves. An ivory white
crepe waist printed with a small Dres-
den design of pink blossoms has a
yoke made of tiny tufts, the yoke
square in the back and shaped in
square scallops in front. It is mod-
erately long in the shoulders and is
bordered with round medallions of
Teneriffe lace, each medallion having
in the centre a tiny application in the
form of a pink satin rosebud. The
stock and cuffs are trimmed with the
lace.

Wide Bands.
In hemstitched and drawwork linen
sets the tendency is towards wide
bands to lie flat over the collar and
cuffs, instead of being tucked in on a
band. This kind of collar is trying
because it adds to the size of the neck,
and a thick throat is almost as unbea-
tiful as thick ankles. The cuffs are
very good, and one is able to keep
them fresh with less trouble than the
other kind.

Loosening Robe.
Loosening robes always possess sub-
tle attraction for the truly feminine
woman and are looked upon by the
wise among the sisterhood as neces-
sary adjuncts to comfort and true
economy. The graceful May Manton
model shown is both new and desir-
able and suggests relaxation in its
very lines. The model is made of pale
blue cashmere, with handings of Per-
sian colors in the more subdued tones,
and is exceedingly dainty and charm-
ing. The long shoulder line, given by

the quantity of material required for
the full length at the centre, to the
yoke depth at the shoulders, and the
back to form a V. The trimming is
lace edging two and a half inches
wide, two strips of which are all-over
to form the epaulettes, but joined
lace or the material trimmed or em-
broidered can be substituted. The
sleeves are ample and form the fash-
ionable puffs below the elbows.
The quantity of material required for

A Late Design by May Manton.



the medium size is three and three-
quarter yards twenty-one or twenty-
seven inches wide, or two and a quar-
ter yards forty-four inches wide, with
three and a half yards of lace two and
a half inches wide to trim as illus-
trated.

Princess Effects.
Frocks are more and more fashion-
ed in the princess spirit—that is, looking
all in one, though more than likely
separable into skirt and bodice all the
time; and such frocks are of light fab-
rics, whether of pale or dark color,
consequently the blouse—I mean the
dressy type of blouse—is lost much
of its value, and is much less in de-
mand than it was—the blouse that
cost a good many guineas and which
was valued because it brought light-
ness and laciness to the upper part of
the figure, although the lower might
be encased in a quiet dark skirt. The
frock entirely formed of thick chiffon
or crepe de chine or fine voile has
made the dressy and expensive blouse
a superfluous, unless one falls upon a
plan of buying one in order to get a
skirt made of it of its own fabric,
thereby creating the frock of princess
effect, in which case the blouse ceases
to be a blouse and becomes a bodice.—
The Gentlewoman.

Veils to Prevent Freckles.
The season of tan and freckles is
not so many weeks ahead, and the
summer girl is already taking precau-
tions to preserve her fair complexion.
Authorities say that the best preven-
tive of freckles would be an orange
colored veil, as the yellow rays are
non-actinic. Inasmuch as there are
but very few girls who would be will-
ing to wear such a brilliant hued veil,
the next