

# A LORD ON THE RANGE

By ROGER POCKOCK



I had better own up at once that I ain't a writer, but was only raised to punch cows, and not to tell stories. And, anyway, this no-account story which I have to tell is only about a British lord which I met with once in Arizona. It lays no claim to Sunday-best English, but only stakes itself out for being truth.

Away back in '80, me being restive in old Texas and wishful just to see the ocean, I pulled out on the long trail for California.

In the first hundred miles or so I was no way adventurous. I reckon the good traveler shies clear of dangers before they come, and the most excitement happens on the worst man's journey. Still, sometimes a danger comes along pressing and insists on getting right in the way. Before I left Texas a bad man tried to get my outfit, pointing his gun from behind a rock, but he was hurt when we parted and needed a surgeon's hand.

Then, in New Mexico, a bear happened into my camp, and not disturbing me, politely walked off with my provisions. Further on, the water holes seemed to stray out of my course a whole lot, or else they saw me coming along thirsty and dried up me cautious. Near the edge of Arizona one of my ponies died of rattlesnake, aggravated by a bullet through the head. Still, on the whole, I didn't get scalped by Indians or wiped out by border ruffians or diminished by hunger and thirst to any great extent. The betting was in favor of my winning through to the Pacific Ocean.

The day after my little mare's death I was riding along and driving the pack horse, when I heard in the silence the small voice of a rifle far off to the left. Maybe some hunter was missing a deer in the distance, so I pointed that way to inquire. After a mile or so I heard the rifle speaking again, and three guns answered, splintering quick and excited. That sounded mighty like a disagreement, so I concluded I ought to be cautious and roll my tail at once for foreign parts. I went on slow, nearing a little hill. Again a rifle shot rang out from just beyond that hill, and two shots answered—muzzle-loading guns. At the same time the wind blew fresh from the hill, with a whiff of powder, and something else which made my horses shy. "Heep bad smell!" they snuffed. "Just look at that!" they signalled with their ears. "Eh!" they snorted.

"Git up!" said I, and charged the slope of the hill. Near the top I told them to be good or I'd treat them worse than a tiger. Then I went on foot with my rifle, crept up to the brow of the hill and looked over through a clump of cactus. At the foot of the hill, two hundred feet below me, there was standing water, a muddy pool perhaps half an acre wide, and just beyond that on the plain a burned out camp fire beside a couple of canvas-covered wagons. It looked as if the white man there had just been pulling out of camp with their teams all harnessed for the trail, for the horses lay, some dead, some wounded, mixed up in a struggling heap. As I watched, a rifle shot rang out from the wagons, aimed at the hillside, and when I looked right down I could see nothing but loose rocks scattered below the slope. After I watched a moment a brown rock moved. I caught the shine on an Indian's hide, the gleam of a gun barrel. Close by was another Indian, painted for war, and beyond him a third lying dead; so I counted from rock to rock until I made out thirteen of the worst kind of Indians—Apaches, all edging away from cover to cover to the left, while out of the wagons two rifles talked whenever they saw anything to hit. One rifle was slow and cool, the other scared and panicky, but neither was getting much meat.

For a time I reckoned, sizing up the whole proposition. While the Apaches down below attacked the wagons, their sentry up here on the hill had forgotten to keep a lookout, being too much interested. He never turned until he heard my horses clattering up the rocks, but then he yelled a warning to his crowd and bolted. One Indian had tried to climb the hill against me and been killed from the wagons; now the rest were scared of being shot from above before they could reach their ponies. They are making off to the left, in search of their ponies. Off a hundred yards to the left was the sentry, a boy with a bow and arrows, running for all he was worth across the plain. A hundred yards behind him, down in a hollow, was a mounted Indian coming up with a bunch of ponies. If the main body of the Apaches got to their ponies they could surround the hill, charge and gather in my scalp. I did not want them to take so much trouble with me.

Of course, my first move was to up and bolt along the ridge to the left, until I gained the shoulder of the hill. There I took cover and said: "Abide with me and keep me cool: if you please," while I sighted, took a steady head and let fly at the mounted Indian. At my third shot he came down flop on his pony's neck, and that was my first bird. The bunch of ponies smelt his blood and stampeded promiscuously. The Apaches, being left foot, couldn't attack me none. If they tried to stampede they would be shot from the wagons, while I hovered unpleasantly above their line of retreat, and if they stayed I could add up their scalps like a sum in arithmetic. They were plumb surprised at me and some discouraged, for they knew they were going to have disagreeable times. Their chief rose up to howl, and a shot from the wagons lifted him clean off his feet. It was getting very awkward for those poor barbarians, and one of them held a rag on his gun by way of surrender.

Surrender? This Indian play was robbery and murder, and not the honest game of war. The man who happens impudent into his own bear trap is not going to get much chance by claiming to be a warrior and putting up white flags. The game was bear traps, and those Apaches had got to play bear traps now, whether they liked it or not. There were only two white folks left alive in the wagons, and one on the hill, so what use had we for a dozen prisoners who would lie low until we gave them a chance and then murder us prompt! The man who reared up with the peace flag got a shot from the wagons which gave him peace eternal.

Then I closed down with my rifle, taking the Indians by turns as they tried to bolt, while the quiet gun in the wagon camp arrested fugitives, and the scary marksman splashed lead at the hill most generous. Out of sixteen Apaches, two and their boy got away intact, three damaged and the rest were gathered to their fathers.

When it was all over I felt unusual solemn, running my paw slow over my head to make sure I still had my scalp, then collected my two ponies and rode around the camp. There I ranged up with a yell, lifting my hand to make the sign of peace, and a man came limping out from the wagons. He carried his rifle and had a yearling son by his paw.

The man was tall, clean built and of good stock for certain; but his clothes were in the second-hand style—a deerstalker cap, pane of glass on the eye, stand-up collar, spotty necktie, buffed shirt, riding breeches with puffed sleeves most amazing, and the legs of his boots stiff like a brace of stavepipes. His near leg was all bloody and tied up with a tourniquet bandage. As to his boy, Jim, that was just the quaintest thing in the way of pups ever saw loose on the stock range. He was knee high to a down, but cradled his gun like a man and looked as wild awake as a little fox. I wondered if I could tame him for a pet.

"How'd ye do?" squeaked the pup, as I stepped down from the saddle. I allowed I was feeling good.

"I'm sure," said the man, "that we're obliged to you and your friends on the hill. In fact, very much obliged."

Back in Texas I'd seen water so close to sleep with the cold—but this man was cool enough to freeze a boiler.

"Will you—er—ask your friends," he drawled, "to come down? I'd like to thank them."

"I'll pass the glad word," said I; "my friends is in Texas."

"My dear fellow, you don't—aw—mean to say you were alone?"

"Injuns can shoot," said I, "but they can't hit."

"Two of my men are dead, and the third is dying. I defer to your—er—experience; but I thought they could—er—hit."

Then I began to reckon I'd been somewhat hazardous in my gun play. It made me sweat to think.

"Well," I said to his civil, "I can't late I'd best introduce myself to you all. My name's Challenge Davies."

"I'm Lord Balthamton," said he, mightily polite.

"And I'm the Honorable Jim du Chensy," squeaked the kid.

I took his paw and said I was proud to know a warrior with such head his names. The man laughed.

"Well, Mr. Balthamton," says I, "your horses is remanant, and the near fore-wheel of the wagon is sprung to bust, and them Apaches has clipped your tail, which it's broke out bleeding again, so I reckon—"

"You have an eye for detail," he says, laughing, "but if you will excuse me now, I'm rather busy."

He looked right into my eyes, cool and smiling, asking for no help, ready to rely on himself if I wanted to go. A lump came into my throat, for I sure loved that man from the beginning.

"Mr. Balthamton," says I, "put this kid on top of the wagon to watch for Indians, while you dress that wound. I'm off."

He turned his back on me and walked away.

"I'll be back," said I, busy unloading my pack horse: "I'll be back," I called after him, "when I bring help."

At that he swung sudden and came up against me. "Er—thanks," he said, and grabbed my paw. "I'm awfully obliged, don't you know."

I swung to my saddle and streaked off for help.

II.

With all the signs and the signal smoke pointing for war, I reckoned I could dispense with that ocean and stray round to see the play. Moreover, there was this British lord, lost in the desert, wounded, helpless as a baby, game as a grizzly bear, ringed round with dead horses and dead Apaches, and his troubles appealed to me plentiful. I scouted around until I hit a live trail, then streaked away to find people. I was a bit doubtful if I had done right in case that lord got massacred, me being absent, so I rode hard and at noon saw the smoke of a camp against the Tres Hermanos Mountains. It proved to be a cow camp, with all the boys at dinner.

They had heard nothing about Apaches on the war trail, but when I told what I knew they came glad, on the dead run, their wagons and their pony herd following. We found the Britisher digging graves for three dead men, and looking apt to need a fourth for his own use.

"Er—good evening," says he, and I began to wonder why I'd sweated myself so hot to rescue an iceberg.

"Gentlemen," said he to the boys, "you'll find some coffee ready beside the fire—and afterward, if you please, we will bury my dead."

was surely a great chief, that Lord Balthamton.

The men who had fallen a prey to the Apaches were two teamsters and a Mexican, all known to these Bar Y riders, and they were sure sorry; but more than that they enjoyed this short-lived, this tenderfoot from the East, who could stand off an outfit of hostile Indians with his lone rifle. They saw he was wounded, yet he dug graves for his dead, made coffee for the living, and thought of everything except himself. After coffee we lined up by the graves to watch the bluff he made at funeral honors. Lord Balthamton was a Colonel in the British Army, and he stood like an officer on parade, reading from a book. His black hair was touched silver, his face, yellow and gaunt with pain, was strong, hard and manful, and his voice quivered while he read from the little book:

For I am a stranger with thee, And a sojourner, as all my fathers were; O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength. Before I go hence, and am no more seen.

I reckon that there were some of us sniffling as though we had just caught a cold, while we listened to that man's voice and saw the loneliness of him. Afterward David Bryant, the Bar Y foreman, walked straight up to Lord Balthamton.

"Britisher," said he, "you may be a sojourner, and we hopes you are a whole lot, but there is no need to be a stranger. Shake!"

So they shook hands, and that was the beginning of a big friendship. Then Lord Balthamton turned to the crowd and looked slowly from face to face of us.

"Gentlemen," he said, kind of feeble, and we saw his face go gray while he spoke. "I'm much obliged to you all for—er—coming. It seems, indeed—ah!—that my—er—little son Jim and I have found friends and—er—neighbors. I'm sorry that you should find my camp in such—a—way—in such a heady mess; but there's some fairly decent whisky in this nearest wagon, and—er—"

"The man was reeling and his eyes seemed blind. "When we got to my new ranch at Holy Cross, I—I hope you'll—friends—aw—and—"

And he dropped in a dead faint.

The Bar Y foreman knelt down to loosen the stranger's collar, while one of the boys brought water from the camp, and the rest of us stood watching. "These Britishers," says he, "runs to two breeds, the lords, which they say 'er—haw' and the flunkies, which cast their niches and says 'orse' for 'haws'. That's how you know their brand, and this Mister Balthamton here is a sure lord. I reckon, boys, he looked all round at us, "that we'll all has met with a man which were sure to be proud to have for a friend and neighbor."

"Er—haw!" said one of the boys. "Hay-men!" squeaked another.

"That's how it all began, and I put in twelve long years at Holy Cross, riding for Lord Balthamton—Black and White.

III.

Climate in Philippines.

When the treaty with Spain by which we acquired the Philippines was under debate in 1898, ex-United States Senator Edmunds in public speech affirmed that the climate of those islands was so fatal to a white man that no American could expect to live there and bring up a family. At that time the Oregonian quoted the fact that Englishmen had lived many years in a worse climate—that of tropical India; that Macaulay was able to do hard legal work in Calcutta when the mercury stood at 96 degrees above zero; that Thackeray was born in India, where his parents had lived for many years, and that Lord Roberts had campaigned over forty years in India. Secretary of War Taft is over six feet and weighs 320 pounds—not a very good subject to endure a tropical climate—and yet he returned from the Philippines in perfect health, and he suggests that the newspapers "can help the American Government by denying the lies circulated about the terrible climate there."

Of course, no man of common sense fails to adjust himself and his habits to his environment. No man wears the same clothing in winter or summer in western Oregon that he would wear in western Massachusetts. There are vast areas of country in the United States where no white man can live long because of malaria. Neither the bottom lands of the Mississippi nor the swamps of South Carolina, where negroes can live, are healthful for a white man. There are, doubtless, such lands in Cuba, in Porto Rico, in Africa, in India and in the Philippines; but it is not necessary that white men should pick out a patch of malarial country for a homestead.—Portland Oregonian.

Application of Radium in Surgery.

Before the Technology Club in New York recently Dr. W. J. Morton of the New York Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital explained many of the uses to which radium may be put in the treatment of internal diseases. He exhibited a fluid containing quinine sulphate which had been exposed to the action of radium and had acquired the property of fluorescence, so that when placed in the path of a strong X-ray it became luminous. He suggested the possibility of employing such a fluid for treating internal disease. After being absorbed in the body of a patient, X-rays could be sent through it, thus producing internal radio-active effects. He regarded radium as a promising agent in the treatment of cancer and thought that the curative powers possessed by some spring waters might be due to radium contained in them.

His Disability.

The lawyer was examining him concerning his qualifications as a juror. "Have you ever served on a jury?" he asked.

"No, Sir," answered the man. "I've been drawn a good many times, but I was always too smart to get caught on a jury."

"What's that, Sir?" interrupted the Judge, sternly. "Do you boast of your smartness in escaping jury duty?"

"No, Sir," said the man. "Not at all. When I was always excused because the lawyers thought I wasn't ignorant enough."—Chicago Tribune.



## IN WOMAN'S REALM

A pretty way for decorating the mantelpiece, or ornamental shelf, frequently adopted in the tropics, is to get a small wooden box, two feet and a half feet long and five inches wide, with the back three inches high and the front only one inch. This is filled with a mixture of rich mould and sand, in which are planted as many small ferns as the box will hold, says the Chicago News. The ferns in front must be planted in such a way that they fall gracefully over the edge of the box.

When the box is placed on the mantel it makes as pretty a decoration as could possibly be devised. Softly shaded lamps and candles, shedding a dim light, make the simply furnished fern-decorated drawing room even prettier by night than by day.

Gentle and Womanly.

"In personal conversation with the Czar one is struck immediately with the shrinking shyness and softly apprehensive, almost feminine sweetness of the Russian Emperor," says Arnold White in Everybody's Magazine for March. "The contrast between the melancholy and reflective Czar and the exuberantly vital Kaiser, bubbling and boiling with unexpended life power, can be appreciated only by those who have conversed with both. It must not be supposed that the Czar Nicholas II. is destitute of strength because his habitual outlook on life is rather one of Oriental resignation than of the hopefulness that might be expected from the head of a great Christian nation. The Czar is remarkable for a dignity which is the more noticeable because he is small in size, and his voice is gentle and womanly. The dignity is like the dignity of Queen Victoria, which impressed everyone who entered the presence."

The Business Woman.

She has not hundreds of dollars to spend upon her wardrobe, consequently. If she is wise she finds out what color is the most becoming and buys an office gown of that color and uses it as the foundation upon which she builds her system of dress.

This color scheme makes it possible to wear one article with various articles of clothing without appearing radiantly dressed like a bird of paradise, and nothing in a business woman's office dress is more detestable than finery.

Simplicity, cleanliness, harmony are the three qualities essential to the business woman's wardrobe.

Since the woman who earns her bread must be economical the scheme of adopting as a foundation a certain becoming color and buying other articles to harmonize with that color is the surest way of saving money.

It is the high and false estimate of the value of fine clothes which leads many a girl to a discontent which causes ill for her future.

It is not so much how many clothes the business woman possesses as it is the kind of clothing she wears and her general appearance.—Exchange.

The Leap Year Proposal.

Leap year still holds the interest and attention of women, but one can scarcely imagine the state of mind of the girl who needs to inquire of an editor how to propose. Given the fact that the lady wishes to propose, there are surely plenty of ways open to her, not necessarily always a formal proposal in words; the pressure of a hand, a look, a broken sentence, a silent tear, are often far more efficacious; and in the language of love books stand for words. Only the most dry-natured and abrupt think it necessary to "pop the question" in so many definite sentences; both in books and in real life the art of wooing is very different from the stereotyped idea of the general public. Three confessions of the inner life would reveal in many instances that the woman had taken the initiative, that she had encouraged, assisted and actually led her lover unconsciously into marriage, and that no actual proposal ever really took place.

The proposal of a heavenly minded divine must differ radically from that of a rough and unpolished soldier, while the flowery compliments of the poet might leave his hearer in the lark as to his actual intentions; but such is the subtlety of the girl, whatever her age and experience, that she knows instinctively, without words, her lover's meaning.

What Girls Can Do.

It is the girl who does things in this world who is attractive, both to men and to her own sex, which last counts a little, too, in the long run.

You may not be able to do great things, to paint great pictures or to sing in grand opera, but you can learn to make bright little things for yourself and your friends, and perhaps to play the light, "catty" airs of the day so that your friends will enjoy them, and if you can't do anything else cultivate the art of talking brightly and of being sympathetic.

Every girl can do one thing well if she will only take the trouble to find out what that thing is.

The difficulty is that she often looks in the opposite direction; she wants to do something great and showy or nothing at all.

But there are other talents within reach if she will only seek them. Her talents may be such a comfort to her in her dark hours that they will make life better and happier both for her and those about her.

How the world likes a cheerful, plucky girl who makes a brave fight and hides her skeleton in a closet instead of folding her hands and whin-



New York City.—Waists of lace over chiffon or mousseline are eminently fashionable and are charmingly becoming and attractive as well. This one

cream or red are equally good and the rosette at the left back is particularly good. And one word before we leave this subject. The short coat walking suit is much more becoming to most of us than the short skirt with a long coat.

Pretty Neckwear.

Any woolen waist, and especially colored ones, are made twice as attractive if, instead of tight linen collars, airy lace or embroidered linen or lawn ties are worn with them. This is a little feminine touch never omitted by a French woman. The fine handkerchief cravat, easily made at home, is pretty, and the innumerable dainty and fragile neck pieces for sale in the shops are also wound twice around the neck and fastened with a gold pin at the throat. Any of these lighter cloth or flannel waists wonderfully.

Deep Cream Hoars.

In the short ostrich boas to be seen this year a pretty one is a deep cream. Deep cream or pale tan is seen in many ways this year, in embroidery in white or entire garments made of it, and the cream ostrich boa matches costumes better than the plain white as well as being prettier and more becoming.

Pattern Evening Gowns.

Fine silk nets are embroidered with paillettes for pattern evening gowns. These come in delightful colors and combinations. A pale green net is embroidered with the paillettes in the same shade, a brown net has applied leaves of a dark brown velvet and brown gold paillettes, and one of the most elaborate gowns is of white net

made of cream repress lace, the yoke being composed of strips of insertion with French knots, and is lined with chiffon only, cut exactly like the lace, but the fitted foundation can be used when liked. The cream lace over the white makes a most attractive effect and the deep belt of cream mousseline satin is both correct and in harmony with the waist. When lace is not desirable thin silks, chiffon and indeed all materials soft enough to allow of shir-

ring will be found equally satisfactory, the design being suited to all such.

The waist consists of the fitted lining, which is optional, front, backs and yoke and is closed invisibly at the back. When the lining is used, yet a transparent effect desired, it and the material can be cut away beneath the yoke. The sleeves are simply full, finished with bands and frills of lace.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is six yards eighteen inches wide, five yards twenty-one inches wide, or two and five-eighths yards forty-four inches wide, with four and one-fourth yards of insertion for yoke, two yards of lace for sleeves and three-eighths yards of silk for belt.

The Tricorne Shape.

A smart little hat is the tricorne shape in pale blue fancy straw, soft Japanese ribbon in blue and black being threaded through little straw straps on the brim, an effective finish being provided by a feather cockade at one side, while the crown is encircled with narrow black velvet ribbon. It can be procured in other colors as well, and in many instances it is threaded with the new Vienna scarf, which is promised an immense vogue this season. White, cream and pale yellow tints, with touches of black or blue in the border or ends, are the favorite colors for these scarfs. They are very chic draped around a turban or wide hat.

Smart Walking Suit.

With the walking suit in the foreground of favor this fetching model comes as a particularly pleasing addition to our wardrobes. The Eton is jaunty personified with its silken frogs and olives, and the cleverly gored skirt shows the necessary fullness about the feet. Here we see the one-color costume, the entire arrangement being carried out in a soft tan shade. Colors may come, by the way, and colors may go, but tan is one of the lasting favorites. The blouse worn with this suit is of creamy batiste, inset with lace. Lace in the same shade serves as an effective applique along the edge of the modish tan sunshade.

Most richly does the natural shade of shape to fit the sleeve and is adjusted, allowing both the upper and under part to be pressed by simply turning the form eye.

An aid to dressmakers is the sleeve form, which is made of iron, nickel plated, and is so light that it can be carried anywhere. It is of the adjustable shape to fit the sleeve and is adjusted, allowing both the upper and under part to be pressed by simply turning the form eye.

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